

Florian's Tale

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Chapter 3

Clad in the dubious privacy of a room bustling with a gaggle of giggling serving girls and the commanding Wooster, Florian permitted himself to be disrobed.

It was the way with the aristocracy, the luxury of high lords and refined ladies not to need doff and don their clothing under their own power, yet still it uneased the painter, Florian feeling more on show with so many faces attending to his dress than he would have been stripping off at the side of the Thames.

It was all in the subtleties of the composition, he decided.

Shaking off sweaty clothes for a plunge into cooling waters was not so far from permissible... even if that mighty river was less than advisable to swim, with the runoff of a million homes filtering down into its flow.

Here, in the rarified air of Grosvenor Palace, attended by beauteous youths in a room which was itself a work of artistry, Florian was nettled by a contradictory sense of impropriety.

It was all the stronger for the manner in which they worked on him.

Unnamed fingers poked and pried, brusquely unbuckling boots and popping open buttons with an attitude of business rather than subservience.

"I say, careful with my vest," protested the young man, as the valet tugged it down his arms, "it was embroidered in India, don't you know."

"Yes Sir, I shall take special caution with the garment," Wooster spoke, with a tone which should have parched even a desert.

"But you know, I can't imagine that we really need so many hands as this just to costume me for the ball... don't you think I might just as readily manage with only yourself, Wooster?"

"Order of his lordship," the valet replied.

His impassive countenance made clear he would brook no further disputation on the matter.

Disheartened, but not dissuaded, Florian made another attempt to diffuse that disquieting tension.

"I've not been out there myself. India I mean. But I wonder have any of you young ladies had the pleasure? Perhaps accompanying Lady Esmeralda? She does love to speak of the country, and all those ancient writings and whatnot that she discovered out there. Can't say musty old tomes hold such great appeal to me, but they know their dyes and needlework alright, eh?"

The words had an effect decidedly removed from their intended one, as a girl with a snub nose caught his toes under the heel of her shoe.

Smarting, he clutched at his foot, biting back a curse.

Wooster's firm hands pulled him back upright as the man removed his inner shirt.

The chest of their charge exposed already, they fell upon his trousers next, gripping him to manipulate his body in a most unwholesome fashion. Florian let slip a soft yelp, as he felt an unidentified hand on his buttock, indulging in what felt remarkably like a *grope*. A moment later, as he was regaining his balance from the removal of his legwear, they came again for his smallclothes.

Bewildering as it all was, his body responded, with a constriction in his loins most ill-timed and unwelcome.

"I say now, is all this *really* necessitated, just for some costumery? Shirt I can accede to, even pantaloons, but I see no need to abide the plundering of my--"

"Lord Grosvenor did request your cooperation, as a *personal* favor," Wooster reminded him.

The image of that noble figure returned to him then, in his moment of ignobility. His lordship had been so eager... would be most grateful, certainly. Though he could not quite explain it to his own satisfaction, Florian was loathe to deny the lord his wish, just as he was to leave without seeing that same noble figure at the ball that evening.

Perhaps Lord Grosvenor would land his own hand on Florian's arm, just as the valet did then, and take hold of him with that wondrous, magnificent will.

His smallclothes grew ever tighter, as the thought captivated him.

Resistance quelled by that mysterious compulsion, he committed himself to Wooster's masterful hand, emitting only a small noise not unlike a squeak, as he was laid *wholly* bare.

His manhood was exposed entirely now, springing free with lewd abandon, as if entirely unconcerned and innocent in its master's denigration.

The eyes of the maids were brazen, wantonly admiring the man they were there to serve, *inspecting* his figure, even his phallus directly as they traced its motions, following his sex as it swayed and rose to full attention, like a perverse soldier at arms. One well equipped for its

duty at least, as Florian was wont to flatter himself. Few gentlemen he had observed could best his six and a half inches.

"Oh I say, it's so cute!" a servant girl exclaimed, holding her cheek in unabashed delight.

Irritation flashed in Florian's eyes, for his manhood was certainly far from so diminutive a thing as to term it '*cute*'.

"Just adorable! It's just like a toy little soldier, ready for marching!" another announced, to a chorus of giggles. "I'd not mind playing myself, if you take my meaning!"

That simile, so similar to his own thoughts, yet turning proud notion to denigrated parody, pricked at Florian's ego. The deflation quite stopped any answer he might have made, as self-conscious shame overtook protest.

Even as the valet grasped him so crudely about his very shaft.

Bare skin was enclosed in that disinterested hand, fingers sinking into the spongy sides of his sex. Florian twisted, breath sharp as he felt himself held, *compelled* by that mastering touch, twisting and shivering not just with surprise, but the bright, burning rush of humiliation, dying his head as pink as its counterpart. That lower mouth was running despite the contraction of the upper, those smaller secondary lips releasing a glistening flow onto fingers and floor as he was constricted.

Wooster squeezed harder, ignoring the release. His aspect was as though testing a piece of meat, prior to presenting it for his master's consumption. Florian shuddered all the harder at that thought. Lungs venting crudely, he tried to pull away, and found himself held fast in the casual, dismissive touch, stayed by an imperious *tug*. No woman had ever handled him so, with such demanding, disrespectful fingers, yet his phallus grew only more engorged as it swelled to fit the hand which had claimed it.

"I can see no worth in so undisciplined, *underdeveloped* a recruit," the valet announced, "I should say it will be singularly ill-fitted to military purpose, and lacking even in civilian, *recreational* pursuits."

The imprisoned man shuddered at that surreal pronouncement, even as his sex grew ever more crassly enflamed.

"I-I say, you are to... unhand me at once!" Florian managed to mutter, through the mist of embarrassment clouding his thoughts. "I shall inform his... his...."

Righteous indignation died on his lips, as the man holding him by the shaft met his eyes.

A thumb brushed, brazenly over his glans, and the younger man flinched as she felt his own wetness smeared over aching flesh.

No force had ever so totally taken charge of him before, not even as a babe, and Florian had never even imagined so... compelling a mastery could be held over him through a simple hand, holding his body. It was surely some fell poison, or queer fever of the brain, which made his heart race so, and set his nethers aflame with tensing, throbbing sensuality.

"It shall have to be dealt with most severely," Wooster finished, with a flourishing *twist* which drew fresh whines from his charge.

Tugging him forward by the tense, taut flesh of his trapped loins, the valet maneuvered Florian's legs apart, as he might have done a hound, ready for the veterinarian. The captive man was red of face, yet mounted no further resistance as he felt himself guided by his hips, to step into a fresh set of breeches.

Leather, the garment was tight and stiff, newly made and yet to be worn in, hugging his thighs and buttocks. His manhood was fed into an odd pocket in the front, released from one imprisonment into this new cage among in the folded layers, grasping just as tight as those sorely missed fingers did, as the strings were tightened. As they laced him up, Florian watched his erection smooth into a sorry mound, straining muscles powerless to defy the trap. Every pull seemed to find new slack, and his unseemly, bulging front flattened noticeably each time, even as it continued to throb with such contrarian intensity.

It ought not to have been possible, he felt, for his loins were as demeaningly engorged as ever, yet despite the tension and tightness at his crotch, there was only a rounded hump to be seen, the mere *suggestion* of something more.

"Much better," the valet remarked.

One of the bolder maids laid her hand atop the hillock, and gave the patch a squeeze. She gasped gleefully at the deformation of that squishing expanse under her fingers, sucking in her digits greedily, Florian likewise both stimulated and befuddled by the pliant uniformity of his sensually trapped sex.

"Just like a little tuffet, lovely and soft, see?" she asserted, with another probative clench of forefinger and thumb. "Why I could just take a seat right there, eating of my curds just like in ma's rhymes!"

Florian shuddered at the surreal image, his nethers throbbing in her grip.

"That will suffice, thank you Mary," spoke their superior, "Mister Florian has a costume to don."

With that Wooster seized the dangling strings, and Florian found himself marched out before he could formulate any further thoughts of resistance.