

Florian's Tale

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Chapter 7

Inquire with any aficionado of such proceedings and all shall agree wholeheartedly; it is no ball which expires with the turning of the day.

Such was naturally so for this, the event of the season, and the small hours ceded in turn to their greater while the revelry went on, even the fastidious decorum of those proud imperial potentates slipping as the time did the same.

Only the break of that most unhallowed hour of the social clock could disperse the lingering clouds of the final merry-makers – as that first rude dazzle of solar radiation pierced the once black monoliths of the ballroom windows it fell upon the dregs of the congregation, still sipping clean their final glasses.

Many more had stolen away, or retired to the freely offered repose of the many rooms of Grosvenor Palace, but now these last, fiercest upholders of the spirit of the Bacchanalian celebrant were at last freed of that ancient and primordial spell of abandon.

Partings were suffered, as were over-gracious thanks and improbable promises of reciprocation, and at long, long last, the grand ball came to a close, with the departure on four legs of those most honorable members of parliament and esteemed peers no longer capable of embarking upon the journey on two.

Even the orchestra, near collapse themselves, decamped and staggered away, to recuperate in the servants' wing.

The silence resounded, reverberated from every surface of that drastic space, so austere where it had been vibrant, decorated now only by a fine mist of detritus to match the wisps of vapor licking about hedge and tree outside the windows.

And by a comely statue, recently installed in prided place, at the center fore of the stage.

A solitary figure made languid step towards it, even Lord Grosvenor's sharpness dulled from the many hours of excess.

Still he cut a figure as stirring as he was handsome, against the rising golden aura of the sun's light, silhouetting him as the divine figure he surely was.

That dazzling master stopped before his possession, and admired how the plaything seemed to shiver in awe unadulterated by any inebriation save that of his own submission.

Florian experienced no exhaustion, even after standing guard over that spot for some hours. Instead it was a growing stiffness which seized his joints, the wooden figure rooted in place by the final command spoken to him.

Lord Grosvenor smiled, and the soldier was rallied by that warm expression as it seemed to soak into his lacquer, much like the warmth of the sun.

“You executed my order admirably, in the end.”

His eye lingered on the wide ladies’ hat, perched atop the wooden bicorn and adorned with an array of fruits, and on the scarves and other garments of feminine attire which encircled his toy about trunk and limbs, as though in parodic recollection of the royal Christmas tree.

“That will do. At ease.”

Florian wilted, as his joints were finally released, layers of foolish decoration falling away in echo of long discarded decorum.

Lord Grosvenor chuckled at the sight, even helping to brush aside a smattering of grapes adhering to his hat and tassels.

He had endured all, the exposure and the embarrassment, the humiliation and the aching hunger for a satiation none could grant. Now, finally, Florian’s evening of costume was completed.

The surreal experience had been as compelling as it was impossible, but the soldier was past such frivolities as logic or learning. He had long since surrendered to the surreality.

“So, my plaything, are you ready to be a man once more?”

The toy felt that tell-tale beat, deep within his loins, and nethers clunked as legs turned inwards, to press against the hump at the hedonistic core of his humiliation. It was only through grave exertion that no hand joined them in that self-abuse, as Florian contemplated the recuperation of his phallus.

Conflict was the last emotion he should have felt well up in his heart of oak, yet too many moments of thrilling domination replayed in his mind as he felt the perpetually unfulfilled promise of denial still smoldering in place of his relief.

Florian pushed those ideas away.

He had his work to return to, his life and prestige to... rebuild... and release to finally reach. Perhaps he might even continue to serve his master, as painter instead of plaything.... Not so striking an idea, but a pleading one nonetheless.

Ample reasons all, against vacillation.

"I. Want. To. Be. A. Man. Again."

Devoid as his words were, of the human quality of speech, the tones which constructed each isolated utterance carried greater emphasis than before.

"I see, yes," Lord Grosvenor nodded, "most understandable... and you have indeed done all I asked. I should say it would only be fair to let bygones be such, would it not?"

"Yes. Sir."

The human clapped his hands.

"Yes! There is only one... small thing, however...."

That powerful, imperial hand pressed to his sex, and Florian felt the shock of that nothingness anew, as his master gripped him by his most sensitive missing part.

"How are you to be a man, with nothing but smooth blankness between these wooden thighs?"

The other arm rose, and Florian's joints squeaked as fingers brushed over cheek and whisker and lip.

Utterly unlike the Lady Esmeralda, this was the demanding hand of a *lord*, one who commanded with merest thought, word, *glance*.

Brushing over the soldier's chin, his owner brought him close with the merest hint in his eye, Florian's wooden features pressing into his palm as might a loyal pet.

"Here too... a *person* would have a face, eyes and nose, mouth, even ears, yet I feel only lacquer and carving, as stiff as any other doll."

The sole point of his facial articulation, Florian's jaw hinged open, yet no ejaculation came.

Those deep, dazzling eyes shone brighter than even the sun, as his master met his gaze. Before that resplendent will, the wants of a mere puppet seemed petty and small. With Lord Grosvenor here before him, Florian's desires and aspirations were the silly fancies of a dream, no match for the compunction of personality and the relief of surrender.

The man took his toy tighter by the crotch, and the carved figure shuddered, creaking at the seams as he swayed and exclaimed incoherently with want.

"This is mine now."

It was so.

"Yes."

He took the plaything by the cheek as by the nethers, and held both tight.

"This is not a man, not now or ever afterwards. *It* is my toy. My doll Florian, for me alone to amuse myself, save when ordered otherwise. *It* exists to submit to my every wish and pleasure... and it shall have none."

It nodded.

"Yes. Yes. Yes."

"Yes," Lord Grosvenor echoed, "speak its only wish now, toy."

"It. Exists. To. Submit. To. Master."

The stroke of fingertips over its nullness at that perfect answer was a brush with the divine.

It knew better than to ask for more, for nothing could have been better.

The toy was as grateful in denial as in reward.

Both would be eternal, it understood now, for Lord Grosvenor would never allow it the bliss of release... and that was itself an ecstatic relief.

The certainty, the *safety* of being utterly, *eternally* refused release.

"The ladies of London are safe at last," his lordship remarked, "he who toyed so callously with their hearts has given his over utterly, to become the toy *itself*."

He leant in, gripping the plaything tighter about waist and head, and hapless like a doll it experienced the depth and potency of its master's kiss.

Whiskers tickled Florian's cheeks, those larger lips wholly dominating its own immobile face, probing, testing the indulgent smoothness of a mouth of polished wood, as a thumb brushed over the paintwork of those imperfectly detailed eyes and nose.

"A pity it can't put those talented lips to work now, but then we would not want it to forget itself... and think to see pleasure for any but its owner."

Lord Grosvenor withdrew, leaving his possession pulsing with the taste of him, more alive than ever it was as a man, to experience that passion... that domination.

A kiss it could not even return, from the very man who had demanded all it had to give.

Its hand slipped as it tried to hold the thigh of the man who had mastered it.

"It. Is. So. Dreadfully. Desirous.... Of.... Master."

“And rightly so, my delightful new amusement! It is naught but an object now, smooth wood and simple paint, but I shall indulge all the more for that delightfully decadent design it wears now... and always. Fingerless hands can still pleasure its possessor, even if they shall never pleasure *itself*, and that artful carving far exceeds the aesthetics of any portrait it might have daubed were it to retain the capacity. A charming reminder of bygone days and battlefield pleasures, and so quick to learn too. Already it is obsequious as only a trueborn submissive can be. Nay, a true-*carved* toy, I should better say.”

A hand patted its shoulder, and the wooden doll staggered back from the impact.

“Yes, I believe my Florian to be quite perfect in this form, its annulled nether-regions included. It may be useless for release, but I shall take pleasure all the greater in making it *squirm* to feel my touch, just as it shall delight in knowing how it pleases me with its unending chastity.”

He matched deed to word in that very moment, and the plaything gave a perverse whimper of tremolo notes as unseen strings of desire pulled it into the caress.

It could resist no more than it could release.

No thought of refusal remained in Florian’s mind, save as the distant recollections of some foreign tongue, half heard in the chaos of throbbing city thoroughfares. They made no more sense now than any other fragmentary memory, and were discarded as easily, for the toy had a greater purpose now.

A reason, beyond mere hedonism or egotistical self-aggrandizement.

Released from the burden of humanity, of personhood, it was finally free, to obey the strings by which Lord Grosvenor’s will guided his adoring puppet.

Florian pressed itself rapturously against its master, as its mind sank back into that exquisite abyss, and felt the will and wants of the man overtake all else.

In pure, helpless surrender, there was peace.

Rapture too, was all about, ingrained into every moment, its own ecstasy a rich and vivid reflection of the joys of its master, echoing his will and serving all the better to heighten his pleasure.

Infatuated with its own inability, it rubbed all the more eagerly against his touch, as he gave so freely that greatest reward, of utter denial.

Masochism and submission intoxicated it, the toy drunk with its own nullification, its reduction, its total transformation from person to possession.

“Perfection.... Now, come with me; my lady love awaits, and she too will surely enjoy it just as I do.”

Euphoria made light wooden limbs, as it marched along after its owner, Florian eagerly following his lordship up, to join Lady Esmeralda in the boudoir.

It was a gift between lovers, it understood, yet it had been given the greatest gift of all.

Giving up itself.