AFTERNOON TEA WITH LADY BIRCHFIELD

Elizabeth was thrilled. It was the year 1809, summertime in the Cotswolds, and she had just received an invitation for afternoon tea with Lady Birchfield. Within a select, secret circle the Baroness was renowned for her four o’clock teas which were at total odds with all things Victorian. You see, she maintained a stable of boys that would be the source of entertainment for the ladies, first communal and then private, following tea. The boys were referred to as the Baroness’s slave-boys.

Elizabeth’s invitation included a note that her twin girls, age 9, were included. She smiled. They were her insurance policy for invitation repeats as they had developed a particular knack for tantalizing and tormenting boys. Having participated for over a year now, they had no qualms about doing that to boys older or younger than them. Indeed, Sabrina and Simmy had developed the art to the point now where they engaged in their devilish deeds as much for their own amusement as for her parent’s and parent’s friends. Long gone was their tentativeness and hesitation. Now it was simply fun and exciting.

The morning broke on the cloudy side but by afternoon the clouds have given way to brilliant sunshine. Elizabeth selected a skirt and jacket and fashionable hat for the occasion since the invitation stated “undress,” meaning casual. No longer were brocades, lace and periwigs worn; no one wanted to appear like one of the nobles whom the French had so rudely brought to an end; cut off, you might say.

Her carriage was brought to a halt by two footmen at the entrance to the manor who had their hands full at the moment with all of the invitees seemingly having arrived at much the same time. Moreover, three had brought their dogs for exercise on the estate. There was a collie, two Dalmatians and three foxhounds, all ready for a good romp outside while rumps were being attended to inside.

Carrying a parasol Elizabeth descended along with the twins who were wearing matching box-plaided white flocks that extended to the neck. She exchanged pleasantries with a couple of other ladies and their children as they were led through a hall and back again into the sunlight on the large back terrace. There stood their hostess who had just finished welcoming another invitee.

“Don’t you look ravishing this afternoon, Elizabeth; and the twins; as ever, I can’t tell them apart.

“I am Sabrina, my lady.”

“I am Simmy, my lady.”

“I could put a ribbon on for identification, Lady Birchfield.”

“And spoil the fun? No, let’s keep that a mystery. Don’t you *love* mysteries?”

“As you wish.”

“I hope they are just as devilish as they were the last time. Though we shall be beating the devil out of the boys this afternoon, we shan’t want that to happen to Sabrina and Simmy. No, we want to devil to grow and fester in our young twins here.”

“That will require little effort,” replied Elizabeth with a laugh. “The manor has been the devil’s playground and school for these two.”

“Excellent.”

Elizabeth moved along as the hostess welcomed her next guest.

“Ah, it’s the twins,” said another lady wearing a hug, colorful, broad rimed hat. “Going to have some fun with the boys today?”

“Yes ma’am,” answered Simmy.

“Sucking some cock or whipping ‘um?

“I’ll let Sabrina do the sucking. I like to cane them. I like to see them cry, especially the big ones.”

“You’ll do whatever is asked of you, young lady,” admonished Elizabeth.

“Yes mother.”

As the ladies milled about on the elevated terrace a roving servant offered up glasses of Champaign and grapes. All accepted. The children were given fruit juice. Then a horn sounded out on the landscape which announced the beginning of entertainment. A few ladies took a seat at one of the many round tables, but most remained standing.

A procession came into view from the far left led by a bare-chest boy of about 12 wearing a Roman helmet and carrying the brass horn that had just sounded. Again he blew his horn. Behind him came a line of eight girl-pulled chariots, whipped along by boy riders. Behind them were three drummer boys who were beating out a marching cadence.

The pony-girls were in their mid-teens while the boys were in their early teens. They all were members of the families of farmers that worked the land for the Baroness. You see, one of the duties of these families, for the privilege of living on and working the land, was to have to offer up their children at the pleasure of Lady Birchfield for her entertainment and the entertainment of her guests. This had been going on for years and was engrained in their culture.

The chariots were little more than a seat sat upon a light weight frame supported by two light weight wheels. In other words, they were a bit like light weight buggies or rickshaws. The pony-girls were all wearing a Roman helmet with eye shields that restricted their view to just what lay directly ahead. A tall feather extended upwardly from the helmet. Other than that they only wore a mini-skirt and boots which left their chests and backs available for the dog whips carried by the boy riders.

Each girl pulled her “chariot” by griping two long poles that straddled them. They were guided and halted by a wood bit gripped firmly in their teeth of a harness controlled by the boy drivers. The boys wore headbands that supported plumage of a color that matched that of his pony. Their chests, backs and legs were also bare, save for a leather pouch for their privates. They too wore boots.

The dog whips had a stiff handle to which a leather snapper was attached. As the procession came well into view the boy drivers were cracking their whips over their heads and over the heads of their girl ponies. Occasionally one would strike the back of his pony if she was lagging behind. Upon being struck the tendency was for the girl to arch her back and through her head back. Often then the boy driver would yank her head from side to side with the reigns to show his total control and then bend it back before releasing it. A red mark would quickly appear where the snapper had struck, whether on her back or side and breast or on her ass as it jogged from side to side under the obvious strain in pulling the boy riding cart.

The led boy sounded his horn again and the procession sprang into a quick time run to the quickened cadence set by the three drummer boys. Now the boy riders were snapping their dog whips more often and here whipping their pony’s naked bodies more often. As they came closer the sound of the whips increased.

This was a sight to behold for the ladies up on the elevated patio as they watched the mostly 15 and 16 year old girls now running with their legs straining, their noses flared open and their mouths gasping for more air while the wood bits restricted that effort. Their breasts were swaying from side to side and their feathers flying about in the quick run. Now the boys were using their reigns more rigorously in pulling their pony’s heads from side to side and backwards. The whole procession was a frenzy of colorful and exciting boy-girl action to the percussion music of the drums and the whips as they snapped and popped. Lady Birchfield was pleased as she saw the rap attention that her guest were displaying for indeed, it was a truly captivating moment.

The procession came to a halt directly in front of the patio. Upon the call of a drum roll the charioteers turned to face the patio and Lady Birchfield. The led boy made a deep bow with his horn in hand.

Everyone up on the patio clapped their hands as they watched the girls standing now before them in their Romanesque attire panting heavily and gasping for air as sweat poured from their bodies. The boys bowed in accepting the applause, then descended and stood before them. In almost a military style they swung their dog whips over their heads and snapped them - crack-crack-crack - and then made another deep bow. The girl-ponies were ignored as if they were just mere animals at work.

“Well done,” said Lady Birchfield. “Yes, very well done, indeed charioteers. Bring forth water as I know they must be thirsty under all the strain that a quick step run entails.”

Two servants then made their way to the procession with small buckets of cool water. They made their way down the line but to the shock of the girl-ponies the cool and refreshing water was only served up to the young boys. A ladle would be dipped into the bucket and then the boy would pour it down his throat and splash some on his face directly in front of his pony. “Oooo – that’s good,” one proclaimed as the girl-pony watched with her bit still in her mouth. Another asked if his girl-pony wanted some. When she nodded vigorously yes, he slowly poured it onto the grass and laughed as he wiped excess water off his lips. When the guests saw all this they laughed and giggled. That Lady Birchfield: Always so devilish clever and original and with her acts apparently so well rehearsed. She should take her acts to Buckingham Palace!

Lady Birchfield looked over the entertainment to see that the disappointed girls had now at least regained their breath if not having unquenched their thirst. Sweat continued to glisten. Most bore bright red spots where the dog-whips had bit on their backs and breasts. The sweat made these stand out quite vividly.

“Prepare for the race!” she said to the horn boy who promptly gave blew out three quick blasts. Once again the pony-girls were to become beasts of burden.

As the charioteers made their way to the starting post a butler made his rounds of the invitees with eight cards with eight different colors that matched the eight different colors of the plumage worn by the girl-ponies and their drivers. Now the guests realized that the number of chariots matched the number of invites. The butler first served those standing. The ladies would remember those that had made an earlier impression or would now look out at the field and select a card. Of course the choice narrowed as each card left the tray.

The “track” was a miniature version to that of a modern race track, albeit it was grass. The starting post was to their right while the finishing post was directly in front. The charioteers were now lined up two abreast. Two would race and then two more would as the two in front reached the half-way post. Winners would then form a winners’ pool and the losers a losers’ pool. The four winners of the first round would then race, two by two, and then a final race of the remaining two to determine the champion.

Seeing all in readiness for the first two, with the outside chariot set ahead slightly, the horn boy raised his horn high above his head and waited. Finally Lady Birchfield raised her hand high above her hand, held it, and then dropped it. With that the horn boy gave a short blast and the first two made ready. He then gave one long blast and they were off, bright red versus bright yellow.

“GO BITCH,” shouted the boy with red plumage as he gave a sharp crack on his girl-pony’s back. It was hard to tell if that had any positive effect on her performance since she already was highly motivated to win and not face the consequences of losing. But the boys didn’t seem to appreciate that. The consequences for losing were just as dire for them and they simply had to doing something. With the reigns in one hand and the dog whip in their other, the whip became their main outlet. Their whips staying continuously busy cracking the air or cracking the backs of their ponies bringing red blotches to her skin.

“THE’RE GETTING AHEAD, BITCH,” screamed the charioteer in yellow. He cracked his snapper three times on the back of his pony. Then he leaned forward and began driving his whip snapped around the girl’s right side bringing the tip onto her right breast and then doing the same on her left with a backhand stroke.

“That’s slowing me down! Stop it or we’ll lose.”

“FUCK YOU; FUCK THAT!” CRACK CRACK CRACK. The boy wasn’t very smart.

The pony-girl turned her head almost around to see her stupid driver. The eye shields on her helmet however caused her to become disorientated and she stumbled to the grass, flipping over the cart behind her.

They both lay sprawled as they watch their opponent left them behind – and then further behind. As they stood they watched the red charioteer raise and frail his whip about in victory as he slowed his pony-girl down into a comfortable trot.

In the fall one wheel had almost come off. As the boy tried to move the cart the wheel wobbled so much as to make it un-ride able. When the following contestants passed they found the yellow team in trod ding defeat, walking off the balance of the track with the boy pulling his pony-girl by the reigns and the bit in her mouth. Had the following contestants had the time to gawk, they would have seen the girl-pony with an abundance of red marks on her sweating back and breasts and strips on her sides as she pulled the cart with one wheel wobbling. This was to her rear. To her front was her charioteer pulling and yanking on the reigns which caused her head to jut forward as her head harness and bit were being angrily pulled and jerked about by her boy who was now crying in their clear defeat. He had a vivid idea of just what now lay ahead for him and his pony as the one probably destined to come in dead last.

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The Champion of the day was the purple team that was composed of a stout, athletic girl of16 and a boy of 13. After unbuckling her harness they climbed the few stone steps up to the patio in triumph where Lady Birchfield stood waited. Once they were before her she had kneel and kiss her ring while still wearing their headgear and purple plumage. After asking their names she proclaimed them champions by name, placed a flower reef about the girl’s neck and awarded the boy two silver coins to the applause of all those on the patio. Recognition of the guest who had drawn the purple card followed. She was called forth to award her team members with a kiss. On her own she too gave each a token coin. Lady Birchfield then had a large and most beautiful flower arrangement presented to her that included a model of her team, complete with purple plumage.

The winning team was then whisked away sitting side by side on their cart pulled by the team that had come in second, sans the harnesses with bits and the dog whips. The winning team was dismissed for the day, while the other had to return to be available for afternoon debauchery. They were however exempted from the punishments that were now to follow for the losers.

Following that the two other teams that had survived the first round were herded up onto the patio. “Good effort,” said Lady Birchfield, but not good enough, I’m afraid. Today were are featuring bamboo. It’s our specialty of the day, you might say.”

With that they were ordered to remove their skirts. Following that the two boys and two girls stood before the ladies naked from their helmets with plumage down to their boots for the guests to inspect at their pleasure. And that the ladies did; first to their front and then to their rear. Some would speak to them, lift their shy faces and fondle. Where the two ladies whose card matched up with a team passed, the boy and girl received a good scolding and repeated slaps on their faces. One such lady was accompanied by a small girl who grabbed and twisted the boy’s balls until he screamed out. The other ladies laughed. The party was moving to a new phase of delighted debauchery.

Punishments followed, administered by bamboo canes that had been soaked in a salty brim. First the boy member of the chariot team gave 12 strokes to his girl-pony after being warned to hit as hard as he possibly could. This called for him to run up and swing the wet bamboo as hard as he could onto his girl-pony’s ass as she was bent over a short stone wall. Their screams were muffled by the wood bits that still remained in place, tied tautly behind their necks. This was followed by the girl switching places with the boy, a gag-ball being inserted into his mouth, and them giving him the same – in spades - since she was older and stronger. This was concluded by a retreat of the two teams to a holding pen where they were scrubbed down and given a clothes change.

Then it was time to attend to the four teams that had lost the first round. In similar manner they had to drop their skirts for inspection. This was again followed by the boys administrating a sound birching to their girl-pony with an almost four foot long birch rod that had been soaked overnight in the brim and which had the last foot sliced into four ragged stems. The number strokes given matched the girl’s age. This was followed by the girl-pony doing the same to her boy-charioteer with her ass still a blazing inferno. The older girls now had their chance at revenge for all the somewhat younger boys had inflicted on them during the race and the birching that followed. Most of them swung with two hands as hard as they could into the lily white, virgin asses of the boys. Several got so worked up in the process that they went beyond the allotted number of strokes, which was less than they had received due to their being of a younger age. The birch had to be wrenched from their hands with their being in such a state of raging revenge.

Following this three of the teams were sent to the holding pod for washing. The yellow team – the only that had stumbled at first, to come in last – was held back. Their fully birched asses were then caned by Lady Birchfield herself with a bamboo cane with sliced ends. At the conclusion of this Lady Birchfield was given a polite applause by the invitees. “I have to remain in good shape, you know. This is effective in preventing the upper arms from becoming flabby, you know.” Hearing that, a couple of ladies felt their clothed upper arms for any sign of sagging. The yellow team was then left tied with their arms and legs outstretched for all to view, still wearing their boots and helmets with yellow plumage. They were to remain there for a half-hour, open to body inspection and taunting by those having an interest in such.

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As clouds began to appear the guests were invited inside. It was tea time.

A servant stood at the ready behind a table with freshly brewed tea. Snacks were also there which consisted of finger sandwiches with watercress, cucumber and smoked salmon with lemon. With a nod to the summer season, mint was also added, as a refreshing complement. After all, they had watches all those boys and girls sweating in the races. From the table the ladies made their way to love seats with small end table on which to place their tea cups and saucers.

Lady Birchfield left the women to their gossiping and commenting on the now finished races for some twenty minutes. They she announced that the indoors entertainment was now to start. It, she explained, would consist of more matches, this time just amongst boys who had passed puberty. These matches would be in the form of fencing duels. Once again punishments would follow with the losers bearing the greater degree of punishment.

The ladies started chatting like a flock of chickens. From standing out on the patio sipping Champagne to now sitting indoors taking tea was a fine scenario of entertainment. Leave it to Lady Birchfield, a royal hostess and entertainment producer.

“Ladies; may I have your attention, please,” said the Housekeeper from her stance on the third step of an impressive stairway on the other side of the room. “I present to you the fencers!”

From the top of the staircase came the first fencer. He was a 16 year old boy wearing a blue headband from the rear of which a large blue feather jutted skyward. He also wore a blue protective bib, an eye shield, and flat blue slippers. The only thing else he was wearing, or rather sporting, was a blue ribbon over his pubic hairs that was tied to a loop about his privates from which a small bell was suspended that sounded with each step he took in descending the staircase. He carried a foil with a damp blue dyed small sponge on its tip.

After he had reached to the floor he came forward and gave a formal salute with his foil standing fully erect as he announced his name, followed by an “at your service,” before giving a deep bow. He did this to each of the two ladies seated on each of the love seats before stepping back to begin a line in front of them running right to left.

The ladies stopped sipping their tea, so enthralled they were with the boy, his presentation and his attire. It was a heart stopped when he stood before them with a prolonged salute with his blue headband and feather, blue bib, blue slippers with the crowning touch being the blue ribbon just above his 16 year old cock and the little bell swaying below his balls and emitting a subdued ting ting ting.

The salute was the key for the next boy to begin descending the staircase. One by one, sixteen boys in all, made their way down the staircase to present themselves. All were dressed identically to form a symphony in blue to the tune of sixteen little bells a clacking. The more endowed one provoked large smiles and quiet comments. As they strutted away from the ladies to join the line, it was apparent that none of them had participated in the earlier races. None of their behinds were yet marked.

Once the boys were all lined up, there was a short lull in the proceedings. During this time the children of the guest were released to do inspections. Sabrina and Simmy eagerly went over and started down the line examining the cocks and balls of the fencers who stood somewhat at attention as the twins twisted and turned their privates while joking with each other about nuances found in each and, of course, their sizes. Occasionally they would try to jerk one to see if they could get it to go hard. A 14 year old did in fact go hard prior to their reaching him. Both girls converged on him and on his hard pecker. Each in turn would give it a slap and say “down boy, down,” to no avail.

A 4 year old boy joined in the play. He ran up and down the line slapping each cock along the way while yelling out childish gibberish until him mother put a stop to that when he started to untie the blue bows over their cocks.

“Ladies,” said Lady Birchfield, “the format for the fencing duels will match that of the early races. Each duel will be won by a touché which will result in a blue mark appearing on the body of the loser. Following the matches, punishments will be again metered in measures matching the degree of success, or rather lack thereof, made by the fencers. Afterwards all of you may retire to our private chambers with one or two boys of your choice.

The order of selection will now be established by lot. Enjoy! And remember that a gong will be sounded at seven o’clock so that those still remaining in private may know that the tea party is officially concluded and that your carriage awaits. Oh, and before I forget, you will find an array of ‘toys’ provided in your chamber. Should you wish anything else, or perhaps run through your supply of bamboo, – ha ha – just ask the Housekeeper. We do have a plentiful stock on hand today.”

And so the duels began in the classic manner. One by one two contestants would have a go at it. They proved to be surprisingly short lived for it didn’t take much time before one would call out “touché” and point to a blue smug somewhere on the body of his opponent where the sponge tip had struck. The quarter finals were soon dispensed with and followed promptly by the semifinals. Following that the winner was proclaimed – a 17 year old, rather short but swift and dexterities young man. Lady Birchfield proclaimed him champion and awarded him a silver coin and a bottle of Champaign for his parents. The runner-up was thereupon awarded three strokes of the bamboo, administered by the champion.

As explained earlier, this day bamboo was in vogue for the Lady Birchfield. There must have been two dozen of them soaking in vats of concentrated brim. Their ends had been sliced in order to slice the losing fencers’ asses. It wasn’t enough that they just struck lines of fire; no they also had to pinch and bit; scratch and maw. Only the third and fourth fencers who had survived the first round were spared the sliced-end sticks of bamboo. They also were spared the bugging that following the beatings.

One by one a boy would be brought to a bench that had been set center stage for their beating. One side of the bench had an upright structure with three horizontal slots, much like a gun rack. Once the boy was standing in front of it a pin-rod would be set in the slot that fit his height. The cylindrical pin-rod was just that – a long rod covered by a field of small pins that projected outwardly. Were one to make body contact the pins would, of course, prick them. Worse however was the fact that straight on and straight off contact was unlikely. There would usually be some degree of sideways movement which would cause the pins to scratch. Simply said, one did not want to make skin contact with the pin-rod anymore than one would with an agitated porcupine.

Once the pin-rod was seated in the appropriate slot the boy had to lean over it and put his elbows flush upon the bench. His hands were placed in stocks on the far side of the bench. A horse bit from the earlier races was then placed in his mouth and tied off behind him to the right and left of his arched back. They were now getting a taste of their own medicine when they had pulled back on the reigns during the race. Finally the children were released to torment them as they were beaten.

Two boys at a time were made to draw a bamboo out of the brim and take up beating positions. They knew of course that giving anything but their best efforts would be met with dire consequences. This had the effect of each boy trying to outdo his partner for added insurance.

One by one the boys were punished for being losers. SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT. the wet, split-ended bamboos rained down on their asses. Almost at once the boy victim would scream, but the bit drawn tightly in his mouth muffled the screams.

If this was not enough, Lady Birchfield had also given the guests children present a short snake whip which they could use in whipping the boy’s back as he was suffering under the bamboo. Some used the little whip while others were most interested in yanking the reigns that held their heads up and back. Where the reigns interfered with the whipping, the children quickly learned to bring the middle of the whip onto the reigns whereupon the end would snap down on the back. They also slapped their faces, but that was rather restricted by the reigns. The smaller children seemed to like to pinch their noses and spit. There seemed to be an endless variety in their play.

Sabrina and Simmy liked their snake whips. They were black and red and measured just some three and a half feet. They wielded them time and time again onto the backs and shoulders of the boy. Midway through they both would watch the beater boy as he began his swing and try to strike at the same time that the bamboo struck. That wasn’t the only game they had between them, to the delight of Lady Birchfield. Another one was spitting. While being beaten they would spit in the boy’s eyes, Sabrina taking the left one and Simmy the right. The boy would of course close them but then they would wait for the next stroke. Upon getting that his eyes would involuntarily spring wide open only to spitted on. These two were definitely destined for great things as their matured.

Each time the bamboo would strike the boys buttocks he would be thrust forward towards the pin-rod. His mission thus became one of trying to push his ass backward towards his tormentor. For the ladies the scene became one of watching this back and forth rhythm as the bamboos struck again and again, all while the children continued their taunting and whipping, and the struggle with the boy as he tried to match a thrusting blow of the bamboo with a backwards thrust of his own to avoid the pin-rod. In this manner his ass would actually be moving towards the bamboo as it came screaming down it.

Each beating continued until the Housekeeper judged that the boy had had enough. Only it wasn’t really quite over for then the boy was in for a buggering by one or both of his beaters. But it wasn’t a simple buggering. No, the pin-rod made sure of that. Each time his buggier would thrust the boy would have to thrust back to prevent contact. This effort however was not always successful. Contact would be made and his thighs scratched. And when it was successful, the boy being buggered would have to thrust himself onto his buggier.

In one case the boy made contact with the pin-rod and before he could back off and was struck again in quick succession by the other beater-boy from the other side causing him to slide sideways on the pin-rod drawing blood. And before he knew it the original beater-boy had struck him again causing him to slide back on the pin-rod in the opposite direction thereby deepening the scratches to his thighs. Fortunately, each episode only lasted for a couple of minutes or so. But they were three minutes of living hell for the unfortunates.

“Ladies, that concludes our public tea. For those interested you may proceed now to the private quarters with a boy or two of your choosing. It’s been a delight to have had you over once again, and I hope the same has proven true for you. And before I forget, in addition to the “toys” you will find in your room, there will also be an antiseptic brim that I suggest you apply to your selection.”

Elizabeth looked at the twins. She found herself now tired of children. She was ready for a private one on one with one of the boys.

She sent the twins back outside and moved on to the line of boys with their severely tarnished rears and in a few cases, scratched thighs. Her drawn lot entitled her to third choice. Though it would not have been her first choice, it was her second. She selected only one, one with the most pleading, tear-stained eyes of brown.

She smiled at the lad and then took his reigns in hand and led him up the staircase. It was not until the horn sounded that she came back down to gather the twins and return to her carriage. When the housekeeper finally went to the private quarters that she had vacated, she found the lad quivering in a corner of the room in the fetal position. For him it had been quite a day to remember; for Elizabeth, too.