OUTSOURCED FROM THE REFORMATORY

 **TALE** **THREE**

 Another Friday morning at the reformatory found the auditorium close to being filled. You see this morning’s auction was for the leasing of girls from the girls unit rather than boys. As the girls unit was but a quarter of the size of the boys, this auction was held but twice monthly. For this men were allowed to participate in the bidding along with ladies, there being somewhat more interest of the men is taking custody of girls rather than boys. Of course there was an abundance of men that marched to a different drummer.

 The rules were mostly the same for the handling and punishing of girls as they were for boys. No permanent injuries, and whipping restricted to once a week, although first and last days of any single week were permitted.

 A couple more rules did however apply to outsourced girls: No virginal intercourse for girls who had not yet reached puberty. And though the outsourcing of girls was timed with their menstrual period, should an adolescent who had reached puberty become pregnant, the cost of abortion was to be borne by the leaser. Fortunately that did not occur often due to the monthly timing for outsourcing and special preventative douches promptly applied on site. Neither the institution, the successful bidder, nor the girl wanted that. In addition, the administration of corporal punishment and sexual activities was restricted to members of the household of the successful bidder. They were forbidden from getting into the pimping trade, even for the short time of their custodian.

 “Good morning ladies and gentlemen,” said the superintendant as he walked onto the brightly lit stage. “I see that we have an excellent turnout today, and so without further ado let’s bring out the girls and start the auction.”

 Contrary to the boys in the reformatory, most of the girls were adolescents. It seemed that boys started misbehaving at an earlier age.

 Today there were twelve girls: a ten year old, an eleven year old, two thirteen, four fourteen, two sixteen and two seventeen. Similarly to the boys, the girls wore a reformatory uniform of a nautical flare. A V appeared beside the name of one into today’s brochure which indicated that she was a virgin. There would be an unannounced minimum placed on her. There also was an R placed by the name and picture of another which indicated that she was a runaway. For those there the limitation on punishment days was waived. Severe punishment was encouraged. Runaways were a costly embarrassment to the institution.

 The girls wore a reformatory uniform that was a girlish version of the boys’ sailor suit style uniform. This consisted of a white blouse with a sailor-style collar and pleated black skirt. Accompanying this was a kerchief, knee-length white stockings and white penny loafers. The hat was white with a black brim.

 Every girl in the reformatory was outsourced once a quarter for a one week period of corporal punishment, work, home-work and debauchment, if desired. This was the price they paid for having put the county to the expense of housing and feeding and educating them. For those who misbehaved they would be outsourced almost immediately for a two week hellish period, the institution hoped, and that would not waive their quarterly. The money derived from the auction went to the county to help defray the cost of operating the institution.

 One by one the girls were presented, starting with the youngest. Each would come to center stage, state their name and age, and take off their uniform for a body inspection, leaving just their shoes and stockings on. She would then be auctioned off while remaining nude.

 In the audience today was a woman called Gladys. This was her first time and she was here to purchase a miscreant as a birthday gift for her man. No doubt that she was the only one here on that mission. Indeed, this may have been even a first for the reformatory, had it been told.

 Gladys, 41, was a day shift assistant manager at a local fast food restaurant where she manned the drive-through window. She was neither a looker nor trim, being somewhat overweight from munching on the ever-present French fries. Her work environment was her pat excuse.

 Gladys had now been living with a man named Butch who was four years her junior. Butch wasn’t a looker either, for he had developed a beer belly and always had a stubble. Shaving was a weekly task for him. But Butch had inherited the home where he had grown up. He had also followed in his father’s footsteps by being a mechanic at his dad’s successful auto shop.

 Butch not only provided Gladys a place to live but also brought home the larger share of the bacon. So why had Gladys lucked out? First, cooking was a hobby for each of them. They would together or alternatively cooks good dinners with a passion. Butch also had a keen sense of humor and kept Gladys entertained, even if she sometimes laughed more than what should have come out spontaneously. Also, not only was Butch well endowed and oversexed, but he had a spanking fetish. Gladys submitted to that and would satisfy Butch’s fetish which accompanied their love making.

 Twice weekly Gladys would submit to the razor strap. The strap was a butte – 32 inches of heavy, well-oiled leather with a handle. It was rarely used for punishment for the sake of punishment, but rather for its erotic effect. Butch also considered it a constant reminder as to just who it was that wore the pants in the house.

 Butch *loved* tobeat Gladys’s ass with that strap before he mounted her. He loved to look at those fresh welts that were still in the process of blossoming and changing color as he thrust up her ass. But to even things sexual out, one night a week would be ladies night when he would do her bidding in bed, usually in a sweet, loving manner. This had been their arrangement now for over a year and a half.

 However, in the last few weeks Butch had found that same old, same old, was no quite satisfying. He needed new sexual excitement but he didn’t want to try and find another woman. His living arrangement with Gladys was just fine, and finding another woman who would willingly submit to his fetish craving, from an unshaven and often smelly Butch, would be too challenging and involve too much effort. When he went to a bar it was to relax; not to be on a mission that could succeed or fail on any given night – and more often fail. So he upped the ante on Gladys. She had to pay the price. It was just the way things had now turned out.

 The strappings became more severe. He was now wielding the razor strap harder, almost angrily, and increasing the number of strokes. Sometimes now he would also whip her thighs. A couple of her co-workers had even commented on how painfully she seemed to move about at work. She pleaded arthritis.

 Moreover, Butch had begun to discuss the possible use of other instruments such as whips and canes. Which did she prefer; he asked one night after he had given her a strapping and vicious fucking.

 The next morning Butch asked her if she had gotten his birthday gift yet. When she said that she hadn’t, he put a small stack of upside-down papers on the breakfast room table and slid them over to her. When she turned them over she found that he had been browsing on the internet. Before her lay advertisements for punishment canes and whips of numerous sizes and shapes – and their prices. There also were a couple of bondage products. “Surprise me,” was all that he said.

 Gladys saw what lay ahead. That was when she looked around and found that a county reformatory had a shop that sold these implements. When she called she came to learn that the reformatory also had what they called an outsourcing program. She would just have time enough to acquire a stand-in, a surrogate, to whip, for his birthday “gift.” What a relief that would be. But now back to the auction.

 The bidding was brisk this morning and the prices were on the high side. Indeed, one very pretty girl went for nine hundred dollars, the highest paid in two weeks. Gladys was worried. She would have a tough time coming up with that much money. But then fate took a turn for the better.

 A fifteen year old girl was presented who was in sharp contrast to the pretty and meek young things that had preceded her. She was not pretty and her name appeared with an R beside it indicating runaway. She looked rather course and worn out for a fifteen -year old.

 The girl, named Emma, had jet black hair, black eyes and white skin, but not a healthy looking white. Her expression was sullen. Worse was her defiant attitude. Not only was she sullen but when she was instructed by the matron to undress she flung her clothes to the floor rather than carefully place them in a neat stack as the others girls had done as they took off their uniforms up on the stage for inspection. And when finished she had stood there with her legs spread and her hands on her hips, silently mouthing the words fuck you – fuck you – fuck all of you. With that she thrust her hips forward a couple of time which brought more attention to her thick mat of black pubic hair. Gladys thought to herself that the reformatory had errored in having had this one disrobe. The cute sailor style uniform should have stayed on.

 “Give them your name, girl,” ordered the matron.

 “Taylor; Taylor Reardon.”

 “Try again,” demanded the matron.

 “Taylor Reardon.”

 The matron looked at her standing there nude but still defiant. She raised her strong hand to give her a vicious slap, but then changed her mind.

 “Her name is Emma Reardon. Seems she wants to change it. You see her schoolmates call her *Enema* *Rear*-*end*, which she doesn’t take much to.”

 That brought a laugh – at Emma’s expense, of course.

 “When she’s 18 she can change it to whatever hell she wants. She can call herself Miss Fuck Off, for all we care. In the meantime it remains what he parents named her: Emma.”

 When the auction started the auctioneer was met with silence when he suggested a five hundred dollar start. To the audience this girl looked like nothing but trouble. The asking price began to fall. When it got to three hundred Gladys raised her hand but it went unnoticed as one of the men shouted out: “Seventy-five dollars – U. S.” The audience laughed and the girl gave him first one finger and then another with her other hand. This time she didn’t silently mouth the words but shouted them out: “Fuck you and fuck your fucking seventy-five dollars.”

 This time the matron didn’t hold back but sent her sprawling to the floor with a vicious slap. The girl lay there, but the auction proceeded. Who would buy this limp piece of adolescent shit on the floor? Gladys would be glad to.

 “Two hundred,” cried out Gladys. Bidders looked at her and then at the girl who was curling into the fetal position, but none bid higher. She looked like nothing but trouble that they didn’t need.

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 When Gladys went to the cashier to pay the man there gave her a copy of the rules. Then he took the liberty of commenting on her selection. This was not commonly done. He explained that the girl was a runner - a runaway type runner. He said that she was being outsourced this time for having done just that. She had run all the way to L.A. A black pimp had spotted her at the bus station as clearly being a fresh runaway. He followed her to the ladies room and waited. When she came out he pounced, but so did a plainclothes police woman who had been watching.

 After making a confirmation on her laptop that she was a runaway she had been whisked to the airport for return “home.” That was just yesterday. Normally she would have been welcomed home with a severe beating on her feet and then locked in isolation. But since the auction was the next day, she had not received the beating. They didn’t want to auction off damaged goods. That was saved for outsourcing. Her beating of her feet with a rubber hose would wait for her return from outsourcing. Gladys said that she understood and that that would be no problem.

 The cashier also explained that the girl, Emma, would be delivered under restraints. When Gladys asked about beating instruments he directed her to the reformatory shop that he also serviced from a different window.

 There she found a wide selection of punishment goods for sale at what appeared to be reasonable prices. There was an array of paddles, rattan canes, tawses and whips, plus a variety of restraints from which to choose. Having spent far less than she had expected in acquiring Emma, she was in a buyer’s mode.

 First she looked over and immediately dismissed the straps with which she was well acquainted. Their cousins, the Scottish tawses, were met with the same disdain. She handled several wood paddles and pictured Emma and herself getting hit with those on naked flesh. They seemed too masculine - more appropriate for swatting boys. She moved on to the whips.

 Here she was somewhat more in familiar territory in that they were flexible and leathery like the razor strap. Yes, she could picture Butch wielding that on that arrogant runaway’s ass. Heck, he could use that equally as well on her back and her thighs and even her breast. He would have a field day with one of them. But what about what would happen in two weeks when Emma would be returned to the Reformatory? Good Lord, then he’d likely start using it on her.

 Gladys had an idea. She would tell Butch that the reformatory had only loaned them out and that they were to be returned with the girl. But would that work? Then he would probably just go and buy whichever one he liked best and she would lose some birthday giving credit. She might as well go ahead now.

 Now she found herself in a real quandary. She wanted to pick something permanent as a birthday gift, and something that was worthy for that trashy piece of shit, Emma. At the same time though she needed something that wouldn’t be as hard on her as that wicked razor strap.

 After visualizing Butch using the various whips, first on Emma and then likely on herself, Gladys settled on a plaid snake whip. It appeared to be of fine quality with red leather strips woven amongst black strips to form a plaid. Being some 36 to 40 inches long it was suitable for indoor use and it didn’t look anywhere as near threatening as say, one of the bull whips.

 She took the snake whip and started back towards the cashier’s cage down another aisle. This aisle has a very large selection of plastic and rattan canes on display. These were unfamiliar to her. They came in a wide variety of lengths and thicknesses and degrees of flexibility. Some were simply straight, like a stick, with a leather grip. Others had crooked handles.

 Gladys tried to picture Butch using a cane. Well that would certainly be a change of pace. She had heard that they had been used in England on children, so they couldn’t be very hard on adults. Yes, that would work. If he were to use it on her after Emma had left, it would certainly be better on her than the razor strap or the snake whip.

 Gladys gave the canes a serious look-over. She found the plastic ones too artificial; no, the rattan looked better. When she got to the question of size she stopped and thought. If I get a couple of these Butch will know that I had probably thought of myself in making my selection. I best then get a couple of the larger ones. I’ve got to get him away from that strap.

 She selected a flexible “senior cane” and a heavier, thicker one called a “juvenile judicial” without giving it much more thought. No, that red and black snake whip was really what was going to turn Butch on. Hell, he’ll probably oil it like he did the strap before he uses it for the first time. Finally, to accompany the red and black snake whip, she took a red ball-gag. She passed on the handcuffs; Butch already owned two pairs which he occasionally put to use.

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 The next afternoon Gladys was on the lookout for the reformatory minibus as it made it rounds in delivering and retrieving auctioned-off inmates. She saw it slow in front as the driver read street address on the mailboxes. She opened the front door to make her way down to the street, but then the bus turned into the driveway, which, unbeknownst to her, was not normal. It made it all the way to the side door that led into the kitchen before stopping. Gladys quickly followed as the two jack russells in the back yard pen started to bark.

 The minibus door opened and out stepped the driver. He explained that they delivered runaways differently from the others, for security. Deliveries also had to be more discrete for the boy or girl being delivered was literally in ball and chain.

 “Ball and chain; are you kidding?”

 “No ma’am, I’m not. She’s teetered to a fifteen pounder for two months. After that she goes to a ten pounder for another month. Here’s a key, but it’s just for the bells.”

 “Bells?”

 “Yea; bells. Here, let me get her and then you’ll see.”

 A moment later Emma appeared at the top of the minibus steps in her freshly cleaned and cute, sailor-like reformatory uniform. Stitched on the blouse was “Emma - 3981” She was also wearing a white schoolgirl hat with a black brim that matched her black skirt. Immediately she turned around but not to return to her seat. No, then she started down the bus stairs with a duffle bag slung over her shoulder. Her two hands were carrying hand some obviously very heavy as she backed sown, some blue thing that had two bells which were sounding ding-dong --- ding-dong, as she climbed down. Naturally the two dogs joined in with a bark-bark bark-bark.

 Once out of the bus and on the drive she turned and faced Gladys. What she had been laboriously holding while dismounting the minibus was indeed a ball and chain. But it was nothing like what one would picture – nothing like one on a prisoner in some medieval dungeon. Yes, it did have a fifteen pound black ball, like a bowling ball, with “Clayton Reformatory” embossed in white, but the ball was hidden from view by a form-fitting, onion-shaped shroud in a cheery baby blue color.

 From the shroud extended a sheath, also in that cherry baby blue color, through which a hidden, heavy chain extended down to an ankle sheath that was locked about one of her ankles. Inside the ankle sheath was a well padded steel cuff that was held securely about her ankle and a padlock. The reformatory held the key to it. Velcro fasteners made easy the task of taking the shroud and sheath on and off.

 Emma stood there before Gladys holding the ball out in front of her a foot off the drive with both hands gripping the sheathed chain. Then, with a quick look back over her shoulder at a couple of kids looking out the windows of the bus, she dropped the ball with a thud between her two feet. One of the kids at the window gave her a thumbs-up.

 The driver stepped back into the minibus and returned after retrieved a clipboard and a bag, locking the bus door behind him.

 “Normally I would have just dropped off the girl, but with a runner I need to get her all situated inside before I leave. Do you have any tools that she could possibly used to cut through a steel chain? If you do, she’s apt to find them.”

 “No, I can’t think of any, but I’ll ask my husband when he gets home to make sure. Come on inside.”

 Bark bark bark bark.

 “Jack Russells, huh,” he asked as he watched the two chase each other. “They are a high strung breed.”

 “Yea.”

 “Good. Between the bells and them two dogs you should have no trouble in hearing if she tries to give you the slip in the night. And don’t think she might not try. She’s one bad egg. She’ll take off again, given half a chance.”

 Glades looked at the girl in a new light. Lord, she was supposed to be here just to solve her little mating problem. Now she realized fully that she had a criminal on her hands. No wonder I got her so cheap, she thought as she turned to led the way inside which would shut the dogs up.

 Again using two hands Emma picked up the ball by the sleeved chain and walked up the three stairs that led to the door. As she walked she had to hold it out in front of her to keep it swaying from hitting her. The driver followed her.

 They made their way through the kitchen with the girl behind her, struggling with her duffle bag and her “blue ball,” as it was called at the reformatory. “Guess you’ll be blue-balled,” they would say.

 When the trio reached the stairs to go up to the bedroom Gladys turned to see if the driver wasn’t going to help the girl by at least giving her a hand with that cannon ball. Nope; he wasn’t about to. “Get on up,” is all he said as he nudged her by poking his clipboard sharply in her back. Drivers from the reformatory were hardened; that didn’t take any shit. So up they climbed to the tune of ding-dong; ding-dong, like a Swiss cow. The dogs started back up again with their barking in echoing the bells, but soon quit. They apparently were less alarmed with bells clanging deep inside the house.

 Once in the upstairs bedroom Emma threw the duffle bag on the bed and sat down beside it, resting her fifteen-pounder on the floor. It made for quite a sight what with her sitting there all prim and proper like in her cute sailor-suit reformatory uniform, complete with white knee length socks, and her blue and white school-girl hat along with, of course, her concealed ball and chain. What a contrast.

 The driver knelt down and examined the bed frame. He opened his bag and drew out a naked chain that had a padded cuff on one end. He secured one to Emma’s other ankle and walked with the chain into the bathroom. There he cut the chain with a heavy chain cutter taken from his bag and attached another padded cuff. He returned, put the excess chain in his bag and fastened that other cuff to the bed frame. He stood back up and straightened the bedcover so that the cuff fastened to the frame was no longer visible.

 “That should hold the little tramp,” he said. “Only two ways she can get loose on you: key or steel chain cutter, unless, that is, she were to take off with the bed frame. It’s welded.”

 Emma remained expressionless, save for her scanning the room which actually was a conventional guest room. “Her chain will allow her to move about in the bedroom and go to the john. All this plastic sheathing should keep the blue ball from scratching or marring the floor or furniture. It’s easy to wash: just hose it down. The bed-chain has a plastic coating too.”

 “Seems like you’ve done this before,” said Gladys. You are so professional.”

 “It’s just a job, ma’am. We get runaways from time to time, you know. Not many repeats, though. You see, when she is returned to us she will have her feet beaten. She’ll be a hobbling about for three or four days and after a week, guess what; back on the auction block she goes for another two weeks of outsourced punishment. That will go on for three months before she’s off the repeater’s program. Yes ma’am, we don’t have too many repeaters. That’s the damn truth.”

 With that he gave Gladys a copy of the rules, some telephone extensions at the reformatory, and a $575 voucher should she successfully bid again on Emma. Then he had her sign a receipt for one girl named Emma, inmate number 3981, one blue ball, and one bed chain.

 Gladys walked the driver back outside. She waved to the kids at the window as he backed down the drive. In return they naturally gave her the finger which she returned with a smile. She went back inside to prepare for Butch’s return and surprise birthday gifts.

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 A half hour later Butch came in from the garage as the dogs gave a welcome bark to find Gladys sitting at the breakfast room with iced teas for two and home-made chocolate chip cookies. “Happy Birthday,” she sang out.

 Butch smiled and took a seat.

 “No Champaign? Not even a frigging beer?”

 “Not this time. Not with the presents I’ve gone and got for you. You need to be sober for a spell.”

 Butch took a cookie and a snip of tea and then reached for the smallest gift. He opened it to find the red ball-gag.

 “Well I’ll be damned. But I haven’t had to gag you – yet!”

 “Go on. Please proceed.”

 Butch took another sip of tea. Inside the next gift wrap he found the snake whip. His eyes opened wide and a big broad smile appeared on his face. He couldn’t believe it.

 “Wow. Wow, wow, wow. Damn it all to hell; a fucking whip!!

 “You better believe.”

 “Where did you get this little sucker? What kind of whip is it?”

 “It’s called a snake whip. It’s flexible from end to end, so you can carry it around real easy like. Hell baby, you could tuck it in your shorts.”

 “I think I know someone who has grown a little tired of my old razor strap. Is that it?”

 “Please proceed, Mister Birthday Man.”

 Instead Butch uncoiled the snake whip and ran his hands over it.

 “Cool. I could oil this little sucker.” Then he stood and swung it over his head a few times and gave it a “CRACK” that was heard upstairs in the guest room.

 “Hot damn, girl. I’m going to have to practice with this before I go and lay it on you.”

 Now his curiosity turned him to the long, wrapped gift. He literally ripped off their wrappings to find the two rattan canes. He smiled again at Gladys as he ran his fingers along their lengths. Then he swished them in the air. Gladys did not like the sounds they made. Not at all! Maybe they were more wicked than she had thought. The guest upstairs thought she heard that too.

 “Girl, you have gone and outdone yourself this time. I got to hand it to you.”

 “Oh I’m sure you will,” she laughed. He laughed back, pointing his finger at her with one hand and giving another swish of the cane with his other. He gave her a seriously long kiss. “Thanks honey. I really mean it.”

 That left the card sitting there on the table to open. He put down the cane, took a sip of his iced tea, wolfed down another cookie and opened it. It was one of those generic cards that you write your own message on. The handwritten message read: “Emma is waiting to be whipped by you up in the guest room. Happy birthday; enjoy!”

 Butch appeared bewildered. He looked to Gladys, studiously.

 “Let me explain.”

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 Gladys was all excited as she led the way up the stairs with Butch right behind her carrying his new toys. Just wait, she thought, when I open the door and he sees that young thing sitting there in her uniform, meekly waiting for him and for her first whipping here by him. But as they reached the guest room door Gladys hear the TV. She opened the door to find Emma sitting up with a pillow behind her chewing gum and watching the cartoon channel. Gladys’s excitement turned to angry disappointment. She stormed over to the girl and gave her a slap.

 Butch adrenaline surged as he took in the scene. Not only were his eyes seeing this young girl stranger sitting in his own guest room, but they were also taking in the sight of this out-of-character, belligerent act of Gladys.

 Gladys grabbed the remote, hit the power-off button and pocketed it. She squeezed Emma’s mouth open as Emma was holding his just-slapped check. “Out with the gum.” The girl obeyed by wadding it into a ball in her mouth and spitting it out. Gladys slapped her other cheek causing the girl to bite her tongue. “You watch TV when we tell you that you can watch TV. Got it?”

 Emma didn’t answer. She was looking at the unshaven Butch standing there and imaging him fucking her as he surely would do with his beer belly and all. Well, it wouldn’t be the first time, or second or third or - - -.

 “Stand up,” ordered Gladys. The girl stood. “Say hello to Mister Butch.”

 Silence.

 As Gladys’s started to turn red she drew back her hand high over her shoulder. Seeing that this lady really was mad, she whispered a “hello” just in time for Gladys to abort the slap.

 “What’s your name, girl,” asked Butch.

 “Taylor.”

 “Liar,” screamed Gladys as she laid another slap on her cheek. “You’re ruining my birthday party, you little tramp.”

 “What’s your name, girl,” asked Butch again.

 Emma looked up at Gladys who now had her hand raised high for a hard back-hander. This was futile, she realized.

 “Emma,” she whispered.

 “Enema, huh?”

 “Not enema – *Emma*.”

 “Says here you are a runaway. Where did you run off to?”

 “L.A.”

 “How was it out there in the land of fruits and nuts?”

 “Don’t know. Didn’t stay long. So it’s your birthday, is it? Happy birthday, Mister Man.”

 “Thanks. Nice uniform you have. Take it off.”

 This man didn’t mess around, she thought. Emma had done this so many times that she didn’t give it much thought as she peeled. Off came the blouse and bra, then the skirt, and then the special panties configured with that blue ball in mind and which came off sideways like a skirt via Velcro on one side.

 “Like it,” she asked as she stood there defiantly in just her shoes and high socks and hat.

 Butch looked at her thick mat of black pubic hair. That was a black mark on this picture.

 “Not bad, except that for that forest you are growing down there. I ain’t fucking no fucking forest, no matter how much you begs for it.”

 “That’s how she comes, Mister Man.”

 “You think I’m a bushman?”

 “No; you’re no bushman – more like a Butchman, Mr. Butch.”

 Butch first reaction was to get mad. Instead he laughed. “You got spunk, I gotta say.”

 “Wait here – don’t go away,” he said as he left the room. A minute later he was back with his glistening razor strap plus his straight-edge razor. Emma was still standing just as she had been when he had left.

 “No way, man; you ain’t a-cutting on me.”

 “You’re right; I ain’t going to cut you; I’m cutting away that disgusting mop – that there bush you have gone and grown down there. Now lay back.”

 Emma looked up at the six foot man above her, sharpening his razor blade on his razor strap. Then she looked at Gladys who was still mad at not having had things gone the way she had planned. She was dying to resist but realized that she would probably get cut by accident if she did. She surrendered, laid back down on her back and spread her legs as wide open as she could vulgarly. “Go to it, man.”

 As Butch went to work shaving her pussy Emma looked away from his eyes over to Gladys. Gladys seemed now to have lost her look of angry disappointment. That was good, but then she saw her looking at her and puckered her lips and blew her a kiss. In no time flat Gladys had gone from being angry to taunting. It was rare for her these days, but suddenly Emma felt truly humiliated as Butch shaved off the last of her pubic hairs while running his finger along the perimeter of her pussy lips, her lips of Venus, and flicking away some of the cut hairs. To announce that he was finished he gave a little pinch to her clitoris. “FUCK!” cried Emma. Gladys smirked. Round One was not going well for young Emma. Adults; they always seem to win out in the end.

 “On your knees, girl. Ass up; head and tits down. I’m sure you know the routine.”

 Emma obeyed. She had done this many times before and felt that she knew what the man, like all men, wanted.

 Butch folded and pocketed the blade. He took up a position for strapping the young ass now properly offered up for her whipping.

 “Happy Birthday, Butch.” **SPLAT**! He had thrown most everything he had into that first one. It was certain to make an initial *impression*. First impressions were important, you know.

 He eased up a bit to the following lyrics which he sang out. “Happy Birthday, Butch.” SPLAT! “Happy Birthday to Mister Butchhhhh.” SPLAT! “Happy Birthday to you.” SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT! SPLAT! **SPLAT**!

 When Butch paused Gladys walked to him and put her arms around him. He returned the favor as they stood there, bonded together, watching the red marks left by the strap as they matured. Then they realized that the the girl had not once screamed. Amazing.

 Time seemed to stand still. It was suddenly so quiet and peaceful, save for some quiet sniffing as Emma’s tears merged with some nose drippings. Finally Emma turned her head and looked back to see the loving couple still standing there with their heads together, contented. How fucking sweet, she thought. She turned her head back as more tears flooded her eyes.

 “Isn’t it time to try out one of your other birthday gifts? You know – one of those that aren’t alive and breathing,” asked Gladys.

 “Yea; maybe I *can* bring one to life.”

 Both Gladys and Emma watched as Butch strolled over to the dresser and took the snake whip. “Better stand back, Gladys.”

 With the way now clear Butch starting to twirl the whip over his head. WHIRL WHIRL WHIRL WHIRL and then to pop it: POP! POP! POP! **POP**! The last crack didn’t happen in thin air; no, it popped right in the middle of Emma’s right ass cheek right on top of the first strap mark which had now darkened and was starting to welt. A half-square inch bright red mark immediately took shape up where the popper had struck on the first strap mark which now was the darkest one.

 Butch leaned down to study it more carefully. While still leaning down he turned his head towards Gladys. She smiled and gave him a thumbs-up. He stood up and started to twirl the snake whip over his head and the girl’s ass once again. Emma looked back in fright. “Head down, girl. I’m rounding up the cattle.”

 WHIRL WHIRL WHIRL WHIRL **POP**!

 By damn if he hadn’t done it what he had planned. He had hit the same darkest, first red strap mark once more with the snake whip at a point just an inch away from his first strike mark.

 That’s looking good, he thought. He continued on with the goal of making a half- dozen snake-whip marks where its snapper had struck along the entire length of that first strap mark. The vicious last one broke Emma and brought forth a deafening.

 Butch had now come close to meeting his goal. Only two of the six pops had been slightly misaligned so as to lie at the border of the background strap mark. The result looked like an amateur job had been made in producing a piece of tacked nail leather of a sofa, only it was living girl skin instead of animal hide that had been tacked. These were soon to fester into small blisters.

 Gladys came over for a closer inspection. “You should have been a riveter – you know, like in an airplane factory.” Butch smiled. Lord but he wasn’t he happy – happy in his work.

 Emma was in distress – not only from the half dozen of the strap followed by an overlay of the half dozen of the snake whip, but having no idea where this was going or for how long. These people were total strangers. She knew absolutely nothing about this man or this woman – other than it was apparently his birthday and she was his gift.

 Gladys was gaining a new appreciation as to just what it was that made whipping ass so exciting to Butch. She was getting a new perspective and understanding from the male’s viewpoint. Here stood this full grown, dominating man with a whip in hand looking at the ass of a fifteen year old girl down on her knees on a bed that was waiting for whatever was to come her way. Her white ass bore six marks left from the razor strap and now six splotches where the popper of the snake whip had struck again and again. Her young ass was in a state of constant movement as it clinched and wiggled about as if beckoning: Come and get it! Come and ram me!

 Though Gladys wasn’t and never would be a man, she now had a better understanding of his sex drive in wanting to thrust his manhood deep into the body of a female who was submitted to a whipping. Yes, now she understood the thrill more and realized that it wasn’t pure sadism. No, it was mostly sexual. She had been able to gain this understanding by being a third party observer for the first time.

 Butch looked down at the girl who was now holding position without wiggling and clinching. He looked at the two untested canes that lay over there on the dresser. Then he looked back at the ass before him waiting for more strikes of the tongue of the snake whip. Feeling that he was about to cum in his pants, he unzipped to release his straining pecker, fumbling in the process. The canes would have to wait their turn. Damn it, he thought, the pressure inside him was as strong as if was trying to hold back diarrhea.

 Butch entered the cleanly shaven pussy. The girl was very tight. He thrust to make headway but her vagina was putting up a struggle – sustained resistance. Now he wished he had wetted. She was too tight and dry.

 He had only made an inch’s headway along his shaft behind his cock head when he felt it coming. Damn it to all hell! But try as he did he couldn’t hold back the flood any more than Old Faithful could be held back. Thirty seconds following lift-off he had separation; separation of his cum from his body. By the time a whole minute had elapsed since liftoff he was wiping cum onto Emma’s ass welts – that first one with the six rivets. “That will cool it off, girl; just trying to help, you know.”

 “What took so long,” asked Gladys, and then two out of three of them had a hardy laugh as Emma fell down from her knees, flat on her stomach. Butch however really felt that he had been cheated. Thirty seconds, for God’s sake. That’s just not right. Damn it, that’s unfair.

 “Want to have a go,” asked Butch as he held out the whip. Gladys looked at it and tried to picture herself, twirling it about like some cowgirl.

 “Maybe I’ll try one of these,” she replied as she took hold of the two canes. “I don’t want to break anything by swinging that whip about.”

 “Good idea. Here, I’ll hold this pillow to give you some practice.”

 Gladys selected the smaller cane. She ran her fingers down its length. Only then did she see that the bar-coded price sticker was still on it. Oh shit, she thought. To her chagrin she saw that the other, more powerful cane, also still had its price tag adhered. If he spots that there will be no claiming that these are out on-loan. There was no sense in trying to scrap it off now though, not with Butch’s eyes so focused on her and the cane.

 She took up a position and then gave the pillow a little whunk.

 “Come on, girl; you have to hit, you know. I said to hit it.”

 Gladys tried again, this time harder. Thunk.

 “Oh come on now. Don’t be a pussy. **Hit** the fucking thing.”

 And that she did; harder and harder and harder, and with surprisingly good control.

 Emma watched, just as any *party* *of* *interest* would have. The pillow was taking a serious beating.

 Emma couldn’t believe her eyes or ears. Here was this woman who apparently had never punished someone with a cane who was about to acquire some degree of beginner’s skill out on her. Who knows where she would hit.

 “Back up, girl,” ordered Butch. “Looks like we got us a new cane here to try out. Looks like we also got us a new caner. Well, you two girls have a go at it. Give it your best shots. And most of all remember to - to - ENJOY YOURSELVES! That’s the most important thing.” And then he sang: Enjoy yourselves – it’s later than you think – enjoy yourself – while you’re still in the pink.” That Butch did have a sense of humor. “Going to change some of this here pink, though.”

 Back up on her knees went Emma. Gladys looked down. Now before her was no pillow. Now presented to her was living, feeling, young, tender and sensitive flesh.

 She looked up at Butch. He gave her a full golf swing gesture with a full, high follow-through. Gladys took three steps back and sprang forward, swishing the cane down as hard as she could. She hit low, right at the tops of the girl’s two thighs. Emma screamed bloody murder and pounded the bed with her fists. Surprisingly, there no echo by means of any barking from the dog pen.

 Gladys and Butch looked at each other as the scream subsided.

 “Don’t worry,” said Gladys, “the house next door on this side is in foreclosure. There’s no one there.”

 “Never know,” replied Butch as he took the red ball-gap, pushed it into Emma’s mouth and fastened it behind her head and neck. Too much and the dogs would start up. He held Emma’s head in his hands and tilted it up to face him with tears streaming down over the gag and her teary eyes, pleading.

 As the caning proceeded Gladys grew more accurate even without backing off on the throttle. She was really getting into the swing of things.

 Gladys continued on, longer than Butch had anticipated. As soon as she finished her follow-throughs, running a couple of steps beyond her target, she would walk straight back to her starter position. There she would take a couple of deep breaths and promptly spring forward again, viciously slamming the cane into Emma’s tortured ass. Damn if this wasn’t better than any damn Prozac at relieving anxiety and depression. Those doctors would be better off giving an Rx for a caning.

 Emma was in a frenzy of pain. Her flaming ass was rocking from side to side which caused several cuts of the cane to go off target. Her head was thrown back and tossing from side to side in her agony with significant sounds now escaping through the ball-gag.

 Butch was once again as hard as granite. He unzipped and his hairy cock sprung out like a jack-in-the-box. With heaven’s gate blocked by the gag, and with the wild, unrelenting movements of the creature before him, he held up his hand for Gladys to stop.

 “That’s enough.”

 “But I haven’t tried out the other one,” she said as she panted from having become so worked up.

 “I said enough.” He was worked up just as much as Gladys and it was *his* birthday.

 He ripped off the ball-gag with his hands shaking in his intense excitement. With a squeeze he had Emma’s mouth wide open. To the back of her mouth he thrust his cock and then down into her throat. Again it took less than a minute before he gushed.

 As Emma gasped with cum spilling out of her mouth there suddenly came a *THWICK*! Without permission Gladys had taken up the other cane – the juvenile judicial -and struck again.

 **AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH**

 With that a mass of cum that had been slowly slithering down Emma’s throat came spewing out as one elongated glob and onto Butch’s cock and fly.

 Quickly he wiped off what he could onto the closest thing at hand - Emma’s face. Without taking the time to tuck in and zip up, he was onto Gladys who had by now worked herself up into such a frenzy that she was actually trembling. He took hold of her arm just as she was about to start yet another run-up.

 “Cool it, baby. Cool it. Really; that’s enough for now. I’m ready for a *real* drink. And remember, it is *my* birthday.”

 Gladys handed him the cane. “I’ll be down in just a few minutes,” she said as she slipped off her panties.

 Butch looked to see he now make her way over to the bed.

 “As I just said, you girls *enjoy* *yourselves*.”

 As he left with the canes and whip in hand he quietly closed the guest room door behind him.

To be continued . . . . . . . . . . . . .