OUTSOURCED FROM THE REFORMATORY

**TALE** **TWO**

Another Friday morning arrived at the reformatory. Once again there were a number of ladies assembled in the auditorium awaiting the presentation of boys that were to be auctioned off for a two week stay at the successful bidder’s home. There they would be punished and put to work and made to study under stringent conditions. The boys never knew what to expect other than a hellish period since each lady had her own plans, her own taste in how to use a boy to satisfy her sexual desires, her own way of providing entertainment for herself and others, and how to beat and otherwise punish a boy. This was a short period of pertinence and atonement and punishment for boys who had broken rules of the reformatory. In addition, each boy there had to spend one week per quarter for simply having been sent to the reformatory at the cost of the county and its taxpayers.

The rules of outsourcing were simply. Absolutely no permanent injuries or the lady herself would be facing a magistrate. Beatings were restricted to once weekly. For boys sent for one week they would have two days of physical punishment – normally on their first and last day. Thus, for those sent for a fortnight there would be three. In between they could be punished in others ways such as by bondage and humiliation and by the use of rather unpleasant ointments and herbs on and in their person. They would also, of course, be at their mistresses’ beck and call for matters sexual when not working or doing homework.

“Good morning ladies,” said the superintendant as he walked onto the brightly lit stage. “It’s good to see you. I might add that the reformatory is most pleased with the work that you all have been doing. The boys simply hate to be outsourced. They truly dread it. Good work, and keep it up. Okay, come on out, young men; the ladies are waiting.”

Out came eight boys in a line, today in order of age. One was eight, one was nine, two were ten, one eleven, three twelve and two thirteen. Their rank in height pretty well matched their rank in age. The boys all wore the cute reformatory uniform that resembled a sailor suit with white shorts, white high socks and shoes, and a sailor cap.

“First up this morning we have Randy. Matron, please present Randy.”

The matron walked to the end of the line and took the 8 year old by an ear and brought him out, front and center. The young boy stood there in the bright stage lights and looked at the audience which sat in semi-darkness. There was a good attendance this morning . . . some eighteen eager ladies. Three were ladies who had lost out at obtaining a boy at the prior week’s auction. This time they said to themselves that they would go that extra dollar to get what they wanted. They weren’t to be denied again.

“State your name, age and the offense that put you here in the reformatory.”

“My name is Randy. I’m eight. I was a bad boy.”

“Be specific, boy. Just how were you bad?”

“I . . . . I . . . I copied another boy’s answers to a test.”

“So you are a cheater, are you?”

“No, not really; you see I only . . . . . . SLAP! The matron gave him a good one that almost sent him to the floor. He stood back up straight with his ear ringing.

“Are you telling us that your teacher lied? Are you saying that your teacher is a liar?”

“No ma’am,” he responded as he looked down.

“Take off your uniform. Let the ladies here with us today see just what they would be getting for their money, other than a cheat.”

Randy quickly took off his jumper and kerchief and put them atop one another on the floor. To that he added his white shorts and jockeys to the pile and stood back up straight. To the ladies delight he now stood facing them wearing only his cute little sailor cap, shoes and socks with his hands over his privates.

“Put your hands together behind you head. The ladies need to see all of you, Randy.”

The boy obeyed.

“Turn around.”

Again he obeyed. Then the Super had him face the audience once more.

“Alright, who will start the bidding at $500 for young Randy? As you see, he is unmarked. There’s nary a bruise on him. I guess we’ve saved that for you to take care of. Either that or he’s been a good little boy with us and this is simply his mandatory quarterly outsourcing. Which is it Matron?”

The Matron looked down on her clipboard. “It’s his quarterly.”

“There you go; it’s his quarterly. He’s only to be outsourced for a week.”

“It’s his first quarterly,” added the matron.

“What’s that? You say it’s his first quarterly? So this will be Randy’s first time outsourced. Ladies, what more could you possibly ask for?”

“$300,” came a bid from the ever present lady in Arabic dress, veil and all.”

The other ladies contemplated the situation. For many an 8 year old third grader was too young . . . still too much of a child. He certainly wouldn’t get any housework done, if that had importance. Nor could he be expected to do well with self discipline like taking a beating while unrestrained or while having to smile while getting the cane, or performing sexual acts while being strapped. No, it would be a died-in-wool sadist who would most likely what this one.

“$350,” came a bid from perhaps the oldest bidder in the audience.

“$400,” responded the Arab. And that did it. Randy had been leased for a week’s stay with this sadistic middle-easterner; for a week of unrelenting torment. Due to her reputation she would be given a special warning that the child was to be returned with no permanent injuries or scars. If, following ten days of his return, there was any remaining evidence of his beatings, she would be suspended – again – from being permitted to take a boy. Any such next time would be for a full year’s suspension.

You see the reformatory did have its limits. Over the years it had seen many instances where the punishment, humiliation and abuse had gone too far. Upon their return each boys would be examined for physical evidence. If a burn, even simply a single cigarette burn was found, the custodian was suspended from bidding. Significant rope burns were banned as well as shaving of the head or induced illness, usually pertaining to the digestive system. There had also been two cases where a boy’s shoulder had been dislocated. In the case where it had been promptly reported the lady had been given a warning without any prorated refund. In the other case the boy had suffered with it for several days until he had been picked up for return to the reformatory. That lady was suspended for a full year.

Also in the audience this day was a woman named Gabet Bouska. Some five years ago she and her husband had migrated from the Czech Republic. It had now been a year since her husband had died which had left it up to her to finish raising their two girls, Irka and Reza. Irka was now 13 and Reza 15. While alive their father had insisted that only Czech be spoken in the home since he felt sure that they would be returning soon to their European homeland. He was in the international hotel business and that was the norm. Indeed, he had just been given that reassignment when he had suffered his fatal heart attack.

While in school in Europe the two girls had studied German as their required foreign language. They had had no experience with English. Once over here they were put right away into an English for foreign students program. And they did learn English fairly quickly. Nevertheless, they still had quite an ascent which, being at the age they were, tended to make them shy at school and not integrate well socially.

This background is what had led Gabet to being a regular at the reformatory. She was virtually born with a sadistic streak and had married a man of the same persuasion. The girls were now at the age of finding boys attractive. But with socializing with boys being a strikeout for them so far, they too found now pleasure in male domination, just as did their mother, albeit for boys younger and smaller than them. So when a boy was outsourced to the Bouska home he was in for quite an experience – domination, humiliation, whippings and sex play from both the Czech mother and from her two teenage girls. The boy had to serve as the outlet for all the stress and frustration and sexual needs of all three. Moreover, some of their practices were foreign to Americans for after all, they were European – Slovak.

This day Gabet Bouska had her eye on a 12 year old, dirty-blond boy with blue eyes. If not him then she would settle on one of the 13 year olds at the end of the line. When the boy’s time came, leaving only the two 13 year olds left, and he had stripped, she knew that he was it. This boy had to be of Slavic descent. After the bidding was over, and once more she had outbid the old bat in the audience, the boy was hers. His name was Bobby, not exactly a Slavic name. It sounded funny and cute to her ear.

Gabet’s home was a little over twenty miles from the reformatory. She lived out in the country on twenty acres with a pasture and barn. She and her husband had been horse people and she had not let that tradition pass upon his demise. She had three fine mares that lived a fine life. With the life insurance proceeds and stock options she had inherited, she was very well off – more than just the preverbal “comfortable.”

Being in a horse environment was one thing special that the boys from the reformatory did enjoy. That is where they were put to work. Indeed, there was so much work in keeping up the stables and large farm house that Gabet keep a running stable of two boys at most all times. Nevertheless, aside from this benefit her boys were put through the ringer. Life *inside* the farm house could be a living hell that more than made up for their outdoor pleasures. If they didn’t have their heads buried in Gabet’s pussy, it was in Irka’s or Reza’s – not that that inofitself was bad, but often it was accompanied with a whipping. When oral pleasure was had on one of the days when beatings were off limits, then it was often accompanied by sort of form of torment for added sexual excitement. Finally, inside the farm house there were horses of a different bred; wooden horses that the boys dreaded having to ride.

You see, the women who frequented the reformatory were always curious as to how punishment was carried out there. Gabet came to learn that there was a special classroom there that had nothing but sawhorses for seats. They were made of teak with an inverted wedge for a boy to sit on. Boys would mount up using a stirrup. Once mounted the boy would be left sitting with the inch edge of the wooden wedge supporting the middle of his butt and his feet pushing down on the stirrups for relief. But that would be short lived for immediately the proctor would come and drop the stirrups, leaving his feet dangling a foot above the floor and all of his weight supported by the wedge. The proctor would then mount a tray for him to work on supported by a strap looped behind his neck.

Usually there would be an open textbook, a multiple choice test and a pencil. Once the test was completed, which would take quite some time, the boy could raise his hand to signal that he had finished. The proctor would check his answers with a template and, if he had passed, pull the stirrup back up and let him dismount. If he failed, that would be another thing. He would have to repeat the test, right then and there unless there was a nature call.

When Gabet hear about this she went to work immediately in implementing and incorporating that into her home environment for as a horse person she especially loved the concept. Of course she planned to enhance upon it – to adapt it to her own taste.

The principal room in the farmhouse was quite large with a high beamed ceiling and a large stone fireplace. It was referred to as the great room. Above the fireplace was a large tapestry that depicted the family coat of arms of her husband’s family that had lived in what today is known as Slovenia - the former eastern half of what was Czechoslovakia. To one side of the fireplace stood some medieval arms. To the other side stood a statue of a knight mounted on a horse wearing eye shields for battle. To these Gabet had added her two wooden punishment horses, similar to those in the reformatory which were set just astride the fireplace but modified.

The first modification was that the top edge of the wedge was sharper – only a half inch wide. The slopes of the sides were made steeper. The height of the horse was increased by a foot. Finally the stirrups – she made one for each side for aesthetic realism – were double-decked and offset to accommodate the increase in height.

To the basic design were added artistic touches. The horses had carved heads, one looking to its left and the other to its right so that when placed to each side of the hearth they were looking away from each other as if trying to escape the heat of the fireplace. Their noses were flared wide open as if in panic. One horse had bright red eyes while the other had bright yellow ones. Finally, each had a handsomely carved tail that was raised high and to the opposite side of the direction that the face was turned. They were exquisite, save for their utilitarian purpose which was readily obvious.

Being a horse person Gabet knew the importance that boots played in equestrian endeavors. She had several pairs of, not actually boots, but shoes specially designed and made for the boys to wear when sent to the punishment horse. She called these her “happy shoes.” Each shoe had a lead interior sole that was covered in thick plastic. Each weighed five pounds. Like the punishment horses they were black, save for a bright yellow decal on their top – a “happy face” decal.

The “happy shoes” had leather straps and buckles for holding a boys foot, much like a sandal. Once a boy was mounted on a horse wearing these, the two five pound shoes added ten pounds of weight to his own weight which his butt had to support upon the wedge. The shoes also served to keep him from lifting his legs and added stability to his prolonged, painful ride during which time his hands would be cuffed together behind his back. What an exquisite instrument of prolonged torment she had created.

As if that weren’t enough Gabet had two of her dining room chairs altered. Essentially their seats were replaced with wedges. A boy assigned to one of those chairs had to eat while sitting on the wedge. He could get relief by raising himself up off of it, but in a few moments of relief he legs would begin to give out and back down he would go. Of course he was not permitted to stand. Meals had on the horse-chairs were not happy meals; nor were they conducive to good digestion even though Gabet was an excellent chef in her own right.

The day after the auction 12 year old Bobby was delivered by the reformatory minibus into the good care of Gabet. When he got off the bus, wearing the reformatory uniform and carrying a duffle bag, 15 year old Reza was waiting with another boy of about 9 that had just completed his two week stay (sentence). Bobby looked down at the boy who turned his face away. Like Bobby he too was wearing the reformatory uniform that resembled a boy’s sailor suit.

“Get in, boy,” ordered the driver and the 9 year old obeyed with his duffle bag in hand. With that Reza handed the driver a packet which included the kid’s home work. The driver handed her a receipt for the boy and had Reza sign one for Bobby. With a “have fun, boy,” and a “see you soon,” the driver got back aboard and drove off further on his appointed rounds as a couple of other boys looked out the minibus window.

Reza led the boy straight into the great room of the spacious farmhouse. Bobby looked around and up at the high beam ceiling. Out the back windows he saw two horses grazing in the pasture. His first impression was that this house might not be too bad what with the pretty 15 year old girl and now the horses. Then he heard a sound and turned to look at the giant fireplace, the large tapestry, the medieval arms and knight and finally to the source of the sound he had heard – the sound of a mournful groan.

There mounted up on one of the punishment horses was another boy from the reformatory wearing a bright blue cape that went from his neck down just below his knees. Only his neck and face and the calves of his legs were exposed – except for some super large shoes on his feet. The boy’s face looked mournful and drawn with streaks of dried tears about his eyes and on his cheeks. As he was covered with the cape it wasn’t apparent just why he was groaning.

“Hey Bobby, I want you to meet Peter. Peter is from the reformatory too, you know. Maybe you know each other.”

No, Bobby didn’t know Peter. He had not been in the reformatory for very long. Had he been he may well have heard about this outsourcer that lived here on a horse farm. The boy raised his face to look at Bobby and right away lowered it back down.

As Reza led the way Bobby’s eyes went from Peter who, all decked out in bright blue, looked like a mini-pope, to the other punishment horse. That horse, he told himself, was waiting for him. That monstrous looking thing was going to be his horse, he bet. That was why the boy was moaning. God help me.

“Hi there Peter, Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater.” Reza liked these crazy American expressions.

Bobby looked at Reza more carefully. This girl was no American; not with that weird accent.

Reza lifted up Peter’s face which was drooping as if from exhausted from a long strenuous ride. “How ez my little bumpskin? Are we having us a good little ride today?”

With Reza holding his chin up, facing her, the boy moved his eyes over to Bobby and made eye-to-eye contact. “And how ez your work pants? You haven’t gone potty in them, have you? Take a lookez, Bobby. See if Peter has gone potty.”

Bobby reached down, took hold of the bottom of the blue cap and lifted it. The boy was naked. Except for his little white sailor hat which had blue band much the shade of the blue cape, the boy didn’t have a stitch of clothes on beneath the cape. This was not like at the reformatory.

“Well,” asked Reza.

“No, I don’t think so.”

“My name is Reza. You call me Reza.”

“No, Reza.”

“I’d better look.”

With that she put her face down almost into the poor boy’s crotch.

“What ez this? Your pecker is on the right side of the horse. Peter’ pecker ez all wrong. Your pecker must always be on the left side on a horse just like you always must mount up on ze left side, and you’se knows zit. Now moves it over.”

“With his hands cuffed behind his back all Peters could do was squirm, shove his abdomen back and forth and wiggle, which all served to drive the wedge harder into his ass.

“Ez still back where it no belongs.”

Peter began to squirm violently, thrusting himself backwards and forwards and from side to side while his “happy shoes” kept him down firmly on the horse. He threw his head back and screamed.

***Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh***

Then his squirming stopped. His screaming was replaced by heavy, labored breathing. They looked down. His pecker was not on the left side of the apex of the punishment horse.

“What’s going on here? What is the matter here?”

Bobby looked around to see that the mistress of the house – the one at the auction - had entered the great room. She was dressed for riding in wide brown pants and brown boots, holding a crop. She was marching straight at them in a determined manner.

“Peter had his pecker on the right side – again.”

“What? I don’t believe it. Is that true, Peter,” she asked as she lifted his face with her crop, a face that was streaming in fresh tears from having to reposition his pecker.

Peter gave a weak nod which caused a tear to drop down on his cape and make a water spot.

“You know better than to do that. Ez that not true?”

“Yes ma’am. I’m sorry.”

“You’ll be sorry to ze tune of an extra ten minutes Reza.”

Reza took hold of the large timer on the fireplace mantel. The boy still had ten minutes remaining. She twisted the timer handle. He now had twenty minutes left before the timer would start to ding.

The boy began to sob – long, slow, mournful sobbing. The cape had now been allowed to drape back down, once again covering him from neck to knees. He knew that once again he would be left to suffer alone in silence until the timer eventually dinged. Those ten minutes that he watched ever so slowly tick away were now back to be watched yet again by him as they ticked away.

“Your name is Bobby, right,” asked Gabet Bouska.

“Yes ma’am.”

“Have you met Ferdinand yet?”

“Ferdinand? No ma’am.”

“This is Ferdinand,” she said as she pointed to the other, vacant punishment horse. “And guess what?”

Bobby didn’t reply. He knew what was coming.

“That horse is yours! Ferdinand has been waiting for you. Aren’t you ze lucky one? He wants to give you a nice long ride. Won’t that be nice?”

Bobby again didn’t reply.

“I asked you a question, boy Bobby. Won’t that be nice?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Do you think you can break Ferdinand in? He’s a big one. A stallion, you know.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Or will Ferdinand be breaking you in?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Yes ma’am, what? Which will it be?”

“Ferdinand will be breaking me in.”

“I think you are right. Yes, I think Ferdinand will be breaking in your asssss. But not before I have had a go with it. I go first.

“Reza, take Bobby up to his room and unpacked. Then bring him out to the barn in his riding clothes. We are going to welcome our little Bobby with a good birching. How does that sound, Bobby?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Yes ma’am? Yes ma’am. Is that all you can say?”

“No ma’am. I mean, yes ma’am; I mean . . .”

“You HAVE been birched before; no?”

“No ma’am.”

“You American boys; you never get the birch. Too much trouble. Not enough time to prepare a good birch rod. But you’ve been switched?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Well it’s a little like getting a switching. However, I think you’ll find it more . . . more . . . how do you say . . . . more invigorating.“

“Mama, can me and Irka have some playtime before he’s birched? He’s so cute,” she asked in Czech.

“He is a cute one alright. But alright, you can have a play period. first,” she replied in Czech

“Irka – Irka; come here,” Reza called out. We got us a new one.”

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Reza led the way for Bobby to his room upstairs. It was spar ten, but adequate. It had been furnished with furnishings that had been brought over from the old country. All in all it was better than Bobby had expected. The only exceptional features were the chained restraints that were attached to the bed but rarely used, and three pairs of different size “happy shoes” that were placed on the dresser ready for fitting.

In the closet were hung several set of work clothes and riding clothes, shoes and socks all of differing sizes. A bathroom adjoined the bedroom which was shared with the next room down the hall.

“Put your stuff away and try on the clothes there in zee closet to see which fits.”

“Do I leave on the work clothes?”

“Nah. After you’re done, put back on your uniform – but not before you’ve given your- self an enema. it’s there in the bathroom. We’ll be back in a few minutes. We gots to get acquainted, you know,” she said as she puckered her lips and smiled.

Bobby did as he was told, including the enema. As he was finishing he heard the timer go off downstairs and then silence. A minute later he heard the door to the adjoining room close. The other boy’s ordeal was apparently finally over.

The door to his room opened and in came Irka and Reza looking all happy like and smiley. Play period was at hand. Their smiles broadened as they looked down at Bobby in his cute sailor uniform complete with sailor hat. They sat down on the bed to his sides.

“You like girls, Bobby,” asked Reza.

“Yes.”

Reza and Irka each put a hand on his legs just below his white shorts and started caressing.

“Have you ever fucked a girl,” asked Irka, the 13 year old.

“Ugh - - - no. No; not yet.”

“Do you think you could?”

“I don’t know; I guess so.”

“Do you jack off?”

“No.”

“Do you get hard?”

Bobby did feel a sensation – a budding sexual sensation as the girls hands moved up under his shorts and their faces pressed closer to his.

“Yes. Yes I think I’m getting hard now,” he said with a giggle.

“Well let’s see. Stand up and take off your shorts and undies.”

Bobby obeyed and then stood there as the two girls studied his wiener. His prick was pointed straight out and yet his balls had not yet dropped. Little Irka took hold of his cock and balls and moved it around in examining it, much like a doctor. Reza opened the bottom drawer of the dresser and pulled out a jar and some sort of a shinny fresh fruit of a light brown color.

“Lube up your finger Bobby. Get plenty of lube.”

Bobby looked at the gooey lube. They want me to put that on my pecker, he wondered. Then he looked at the freshly prepared fruit that looked like a five inch dark carrot but with a circumferential groove near its fatter end. Then he got it. That thing was destined for his ass. The girls saw his coming to this understanding and laughed.

“Never been figged, Bobby? Never had a stem of fresh ginger up your ass? I don’t believe it. What a virgin we have here, Irka. Okay, up and in.”

Bobby put a finger into the lube and then into his anus. As he was going back for more Reza cut him off by recapping the jar. So instead he took the ginger root and started fumbling around trying to insert it while standing.

“Hold on. Bend over spread your legs; put one hand on the floor and now try,” instructed Reza. Once all the way over Reza pulled one of his ass cheeks toward her and Irka did the same spreading his cheeks wide apart. With the way now clear Bobby was able to insert the ginger root four inches deep, leaving only a one inch stem out beyond his sphincter which had grabbed into the groove of the root.

“Okay, sit back down here. We’ve got some kissing to do. We do some loving.”

Bobby stood up ever so gingerly, trying to adjust to the feel of four inches of ginger in his bowels. He was equally as gingerly in sitting down again on the bed. His bowels felt so full – as if he had to grunt. That, of course, was not going to happen any time soon.

Reza started to caress his face with both hands. She took off his cap and stroked his hair. This was nice but Bobby felt the ginger root starting to sting a bit as its juices oozed out and started to seep into his bowels. Then Reza started in with her kissing as she continued to caress. She kissed his cheeks; she kissed his forehead. As she began to kiss his lips Bobby felt the stinging sensation in his ass increase. A whole four inch section of his colon was now stinging. Reza began to French kiss him just as he felt Irka’s hand starting to caress his thighs. He looked down to see her sitting on the floor between his two legs. She smiled up at him, lovingly.

The stinging in his bowels began to change into a hot, burning feel. Bobby was torn – a dichotomy. Here he had this 15 year old girl’s tongue exploring his mouth in a most exciting way and this 13 year old moving her hands ever so slowly up his thighs bringing its separate sense of excitement while at the same time his bowels were burning more intensely. Of course this was the girls’ game plan. This was exactly what the girls wanted – a tease – hot excitement mixed with a hot ass – a mixture of pleasure and pain for him but only pure fun and pleasure for them.

“Don’t you like my kissing,” asked Reza.

“Yes - - - but - - - “

“Yes - - - I’m burning. Please take that thing out. Please.”

“Oh that’s no problem. That will go away.”

“When? When will it go away?”

Reza looked into his eyes with a sweet smile.

“Eventually,” she said as she gently and lovingly stroked his hair.

By now Irka had reached her target. Bobby felt her hand feeling his balls as she studied his 12 year old genitals. Then Reza was back to exploring his mouth. For a moment she stopped.

“Put your arms around my neck.”

Irka moved on to his prick which was now rigid. She explored it from tip to stern. Then she kissed its head and licked away a little pre-cum juice. Into her mouth it went in a single gulp. Bobby’s bowels were now on fire – aflame. His ass started to twitch, involuntarily, but Irka held on to his pecker.

Reza was now down into the beginnings of his throat with her tongue. Bobby began to cry from the searing pain up his butt. He started to cry out loud but his crys were muffled by Reza’s tongue that was firmly embedded and fluttering in his throat.

Little Irka had now withdrawn and planning a new assault. She inverted her head and took Bobby’s hard pecker *and* his balls all together into her widely stretched, open mouth. His dick now barely entered his throat while his balls were captured in her mouth. She closed her lips as much as she could. She now had his entire genitals engulfed even with his twitching.

Just when he thought the flaming hot stinging along four inches of his colon could get no worse, it did. The ginger juices were now well absorbed into the tissues of his colon and doing their dastardly, unrelenting work at tormenting the boy.

As Bobby’s twitching got stronger both Reza and Irka rose to the occasion. Reza was now half standing with her head above Bobby’s fluttering her tongue in his throat. His crys of anguish were intermittently escaping into the room. Irka too was now half standing with her hands on his thighs and her mouth holding on to his entire package as he twitched and jerked about. She was determined to hang on.

The pleasure-torment continued uninterrupted for another three or four minutes. It only ended from the girls having tired out.

“Now wasn’t that fun, Bobby,” asked Reza. The boy sat panting and crying and now twitching uncontrollably.

“Oh please, please take it out. Please.”

“What a sissy you are. It’s only a little herb; just a stick of ginger. Herbs are good for you, you know.”

“Please, please, please - - - ooooooohhhhh”

“Oh alright, sissy boy; go to the bathroom, take it out, rinse it good and put it a Ziploc bag you’ll find in there. Then change into your work clothes. We’ll be back in ten minutes. Mother is waiting for you, you know. She’s got big plans for you, you know.”

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Several minutes later the girls were back. Bobby had now calmed down considerably. Indeed, when the girls entered his room they found him combing his hair in a mirror and adjusting and admiring his new work clothes. Well not really new; they had been used many times before on boys his size. What the girls did not know was that he had given himself another enema.

Once outside in the back Bobby felt renewed. The sky was a clear bright blue. The pasture was just what a pasture should be. The horses were grazing contently. And the young girls were joyous.

After having stood just outside and taken in the view, the two girls grabbed his hands and started skipping – yes skipping with him, happily into the pasture.

Bobby began to smile, not only because of his present circumstances out in a pasture with two pretty girls but also because the hot stinging in his butt was now almost gone, thanks to his enema. Yes things were not really all that bad. WRONG.

Gabet stood in the open barn watching the children’s slow approach. Occasionally they would stop and talk. At one point they put green stems of grass in their mouths. At another point they stopped to talk to and pet a handsome horse. Youth, she thought; what a shame it’s wasted on the young. She was a bit envious.

As they neared the wide open doors to the barn Bobby made out a dimly lit figure standing inside. As they drew closer the figure materialized into that of Gabet Bouska, standing there in her riding attire with her legs spread. Now she was no longer holding a crop but something else. It had to be that thing that she had mentioned – that birch thing.

At first it looked like a collection of branches but as they came closer it materialized into a birch rod – something definitely of an evil nature. Bobby’s smile faded, but not that of the girls. They were in for their next adventure. Oh goodie goodie goodie!

The girls entered the barn holding Bobby’s hands. They came to a stop directly in front of a smiling Gabet.

“Did you have fun girls?”

“Did we have fun, Bobby?”

Bobby looked up at this sizeable woman standing there with a broad smile on her face but with this wickedly menacing thing in her hand. Clearly it was meant for him. These people were so weird what with their being happy, cheerful, smiling and sweet on one hand while tormenting on the other hand.

“Well?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“I bet they kissed you, didn’t they?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“And I bet you kissed them back, didn’t you?”

“Ugh; yes ma’am.”

“Which is the best kisser?”

“I don’t know.”

“What do you mean you don’t know? Didn’t both of them kiss you?”

“No – she didn’t,” he said with a nod to Irka.

“Now Irka, why didn’t you want to kiss Bobby?”

“I did, sort of.” With that both of the girls laughed.

“Oh, so you kissed him but not on zee lips or zee mouth.”

Reza interrupted. “Irka got all of him in her mouth – both his cock and his balls. Isn’t that great?”

“She did, did she? You are one lucky boy, Bobby. Right?” With that she ruffled his hair in a cheerful manner, but he couldn’t take his eyes off the birch rod.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Well now it’s time for something different. I see you looking at what I’m holding. Do you know what this iz?”

Bobby shook his head – unsure.

“This is what is called a birch rod. You do not see this much here in America but you do in Europe where we come from. First of all you must have birch trees. Over here the sassafras tree is sometimes a substitute. They are not everywhere, you know. It takes vork to prepare a good birch rod. It takes vork to gather a bunch of birch branches of the right size and all. Then you must tie them together into a sturdy bundle. Then you must soak them for a long long time in a strong brim. And after you have used them on the rear end of a boy like you, you must clean up because they will be stripped of their little twigs and pointed stingers. You Americans don’t have ze time to do all that. And because of the mess they make is why we will now be birching you out here in the barn. Do you understand now?”

“Yes ma’am. When?”

“Now, of course. This one here is real nice, don’t you think? It was specially prepared for you. Isn’t it pretty?”

“Yes ma’am,” he replied while turning his head away from the horrible looking thing that was now confirmed to be used on him.

“Here; take it. Feel it; feel it real good.”

The girls looked at each other with knowing smiles. One was biting her bottom lip to keep from laughing.

Bobby gingerly took the wet ugly thing from Gabet. The thing was almost four feet in length and contains some seven or eight birch branches. The branches were green fresh and wet with dripping brim. All along their lengths were small but sharp, prickly little stickers. Bobby held it away from his body as if it were a bunch of snakes.

“Go ahead and feel it.”

Holding the cloth wrap in one hand he moved his fingers of his other hand along the lengths. They were sharp, very sharp and prickly.

“Is nice, no?”

Bobby nodded and handed it back to Gabet. The further away that horrid thing was from him, the better.

“Bobby we got to get that rump of yours worked on. The inspector from the reformatory could come by at any time. We have to beat him – as you say – to the punch. So come along and we’ll get our duty done – we’ll beat you. We don’t want him to catch us with your butt no beaten.”

Together the four of them walked further into the barn. They came to an open area which had nothing in it except a narrow, wooden bench that was set upon the dry dirt floor. In the middle of it lay a large feedbag. Each of the bench’s four legs had a restraint for the hands and feet of an offering that was laid down on it. If that wasn’t a bad enough sight for Bobby, what lay sprawled on the dirt floor for several feet all around the bench was worse. There lay the remains of a large number of used birch rods. None appears to have anything left on the stems. They had been stripped clean. What had been stripped lay on the dirt floor in bits and pieces. It reminded Bobby of a wood shop where chips and slivers and tiny pieces of wood would lay that had been sawed off. There were some twenty to twenty of these rods that had been stripped clean of their stickers on and by the asses of boys that had preceded him.

“O kee doke; we need to get started. Put your clothes on the bench, Bobby.”

Without hesitation Bobby stripped. Reza left with his clothes and returned with two small stools that she set near one end of the birch bench.

“Up you go.”

Bobby mounted the bench with his ass positioned upon the feedbag thus raising it up high. Gabe secured just his feet with the restraints. Reza and Irka sat down on the stools at the other end. Each took one of his hands. Bobby noticed that Reza was holding a bright red ball gag in her lap.

Gabet gently stroked the boy’s elevated naked ass with the birch rod. To bobby that felt as if a dozen cats had started to scratch him as if making their bed. Then Gabet started in for real with the birching.

She would raise the birch rod high up over her shoulder and then swish it down onto Bobby’s naked ass. At first he felt somewhat relieved. This wasn’t as bad as the cane. Gabet kept a slow but steady cadence as she moved up and down the ass offered up to her, overlapping a bit occasionally onto the upper thighs. Up and down and back up again, and then up and down and back again with a swish thwick swish thwick swish thwick.

Just like the ginger root had been, this too had been deceiving. At first it wasn’t too bad but the longer the process continued the more intense became the pain. The prickly little briers of the branches were slowly scratching away at his ass. Bobby could see the prickles flying off the branches as the birching continued. At least they will soon be gone, he thought. They had the sharpest points. But that was not in the cards.

With the sharpest prickly twigs and briers now stripped Gabet compensated by adjusting her strikes. She no longer would just lift the birch up and away following a stroke. No, after she had struck she would draw the prickly stems over his skin towards her, scratching all along the way. After the next stroke she would push draw the rods in the opposite direction away from her over his skin, scratching away at his flesh. The pain was horrific. He felt as if a dozen cats were now scratching him.

Bobby started to pled. “Please, no more. Oh please, stop. NO NO NO NO” he yelled. That was brought to a halt by a nod from Gabet. Into his mouth went the ball gag.

Gabet maintained her cadence. From high above her head she would swish the birch rod down – “thwick” – drag the rod along his scarred skin back towards here and then raise the rod back again high up over her shoulder. Now that so many of the prickles had been torn off the rods she began to press down as she pulled and pushed the birches over his skin immediately following her downward strikes.

When Bobby thought the pain couldn’t get any worse, it did. “swish” “thwick” drag “Swish” “thwick” drag. “swish” “thwick” drag

On and on , unrelenting it went as bits and prickly pieces were torn free of the stems and flew off of the rod down onto the dirt floor. Some didn’t make it to the floor but were stuck to his skin due to their having been submerged in the salty brim. They of course were driven back into his skin by subsequent strikes. Bobby felt as if he was being skinned alive.

It was all the girls could do now to hold onto his hands. Bobby’s head was now flinging from side to side as tears covered his face and the red ball gag through which screams escaped, albeit highly muffled.

“There, there; Bobby no likes ze birch,” said Reza.

Gabet stopped and gathered her breath. The reprieve however was short lived. She walked around to the other side of the bench to resume her labor from a different angle with her backhand.

“Swish” “thwick” drag “swish” “thwick” drag Being now on his other side the strikes were angled somewhat over those that had been made before. Tiny little specks of blood could now been seen at a number of these crossover points of his grazed skin. Bobby felt that swarms of wasps and swarms of yellow jackets were thrusting their stingers into his ass while red ants were nibbling away at his raw ass inside his skin.

Gabet was now sweating in her labor. Her breathing had quickened. Her smiles had long since faded. Now her expression was one of unbridled sadism. Fucking boys she said to herself. Boys that will grow up to become men. “Swish” Fucking men, you know. “Swish.”

Now it was harder for her to maintain a slow cadence. She looked to see that the birch rod was nearing its end. Most of the prickling stingers now lay on the floor. The rod was becoming barren. She compensated for that with a flurry of blows by her backhand as hard as she could. No longer did she draw the branches along the skin as they were becoming baron.

Both girls were now having to stand in order to hold the boy’s wrists as she viciously struck down in a flurry of final blows. His head was swinging wildly from side to side, but the ball gag remained in place, drowning out much of his screams. His nostrils were flared open as much as they could for his labored breathing. They reminded Irka of the flared nostrils of the two punishment horses inside the house.

And then it was over, just like that. Gabet stopped and flung the barren birch rod to the floor. Her gasping for air slowed. It would take a bit longer for her sweating to cease. She nodded to the girls.

Now at last the girls at last were able to loosen their grips on Bobby’s wrists. They still held them long enough to secure his hands to the restraints. Then Reza removed the ball gag, releasing his pent up screams. Soon however they ceased as he concentrated more on gulping in more air through his mouth.

Bobby lay there on the bench with now both his arms and legs restrained which preventing him from touching his ass. He was now breathing with both his nose and mouth.

Slowly his body went limp as all of his muscles seemed to give out. He now lay much like a display with his ass raised high on the feedbag totally inflamed and scratched raw with a mass of crisscrossed deep scratches. Though the ants were still eating away at his flesh, and the swarms of insects were still pecking away, not literally of course, at least it was now over, he thought. WRONG AGAIN.

“Bobby, we are now going to bathe your bun in ze brim. We don’t want any infection, do we?”

No response.

“Out here in the barn we have a lot of dirt and dust – and horse shit. Without the salty brim you could get an infection. I hope you will find it soothing. I know that your butt must be hurting a bit. Reza, bring me that pale of brim.”

Reza did so and then re-gripped his hand. Gabet took a sponge that had been soaking in it and applied it to bobby’s scratched-to-all-hell bun and slid it slowly over it and his thighs.

The salty brim seeped into all of the scratches and started its antiseptic work. At first its cooling effect felt good; it felt like relief to the boy. But then his scratched-raw ass and thighs returned to their prior level of pain. Then to his disbelief it started to get even worse than before. On and on the pain increased as the heavily salted brim seeped into his skin. His flaming ass became a raging inferno.

Bobby started to scream to all bloody hell but that was muffled quickly by a return of the ball gag which was easily inserted since his mouth was wide open. The fire flared much like a forest fire jumping a fire wall. The torment was horrendous. If that was enough, Gabet started to scrub him like a scrub woman would in scrubbed a floor, pushing down hard on the sponge and scrubbing in wide circles. It would be five minutes before a wet towel would finally replace the sponge, and the brim was wiped off.

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Bobby was left to rest until cocktail hour. He had a sandwich and a coke waiting for him in his room, which he devoured before trying to sleep. Though the pain kept him from any actual sleep, he did manage to rest as best as he could under his ass circumstances. When Reza came for him at five, he had fairly well recuperated and was ready – all prim and proper in his reformatory uniform – his sailor suit with cap. He had even managed a tepid bath.

Reza led him downstairs to the great room. The first thing that caught his attention was the room warmth. Four logs were burning in the hearth, emitting their unique smoky smell. They had been prepared by the other boy who had taken them from a wood pile in the corner. Chopping wood was one of the tasks here for the outsourced.

The second thing that caught his attention was the presence of another woman. She was sitting in an armchair as was Ms. Bouska. One was having a Cinzano aperitif while the other a port. A tray of cut fruit, cheese and French bread was set nearby. Each was smoking a cigarette. Ah, the good European life.

The other lady was also European. Though she too spoke English to some degree, she was fluent in Madam Bouska’s native language. They were both widows in need of sexual excitement that neither could find in American men. Of course you had to find one first and widows were not very attractive, unless, of course, scam artists were around who believed you to be well off. At their middle age, average looks and foreignness, finding a good, serious man was so difficult that they had given that up.

“Hana, this is Bobby.”

Hana lowered her head and studied the lad by looking over the top of her thin eyeglasses.

“Bobby, I won’t even try to say her surname for you – it’s too hard for an American – so you may call her ‘Madam Hana.’ “

Bobby nodded.

“Come here boy.”

Bobby walked over and stood in front of the stranger.

“Got much down here yet,” she asked as she grabbed his crotch with her cigarette still in her mouth.

Bobby jerked and gasped. The first thing this total stranger had done was to grab his privates, albeit they were covered by his shorts.

“Not much of a package, huh Bobby,” she asked while continuing to hold his privates.

“Answer her boy,” ordered Gabet.

“No ma’am; I guess not.”

“Well let’s see ’um.”

Bobby looked to Gabet who was taking a sip of her aperitif who nodded for him to proceed. Bobby dropped his pants and then his jockeys down onto his shoes.

Hana studied the boy’s prick and sac with interest. Then she took his pecker in one hand and his balls in her other and moved them all about. She squeezed just behind his balls so that they presented themselves well and then started to thump them by putting his middle finger against her thumb and then releasing her finger which would spring forward.

With each thump Bobby would jerk and gasp. Hana smiled at Gabet who returned her smile.

“Has he been up on the horse yet,” she asked in Czech.

“Not yet; I was saving that for you,” Gabet replied, also in Czech for they always spoke in their native tongue unless addressing a boy. “Would you like that? The other boy still has ten minutes left to ride and I could mount him too.”

“Wunderbar!”

“Reza, take Bobby back up and have him put on his happy shoes. Bring him back with Charlie. His happy shoes are still over there.”

Back in his room Bobby struggled to get his happy shoes on good and tight so that the shoes and his feet stayed snuggly together when he lifted them. Then he and Charlie, led by Reza, returned to the great room.

As Charlie put his happy shoes on once again Reza helped Bobby up which was not easy. To put a foot on a stirrup he had to lift it higher than one would normally due to its thickness and weight. Once up he felt the ridge of the wedge-seat against his shorts. At the reformatory he would press his thighs against the wedge sides to get some relief but when he tried that now the wedge sloped so steeply that it offered little relief.

Reza unlatched the stirrups. Suddenly Bobby’s entire weight and more was on the wedge. Now he truly appreciated what the additional ten pounds provided by the happy shoes did to enhance the punishment ride.

Quickly he put one hand on the wedge in front of him and his other hand also on it to his rear – and pushed upwardly. That provided some relief. God, what if I didn’t have my pants on, he wondered.

While pushing with his hands he saw that Reza was watching then. She grabbed his hands off the wedge and cuffed them together behind his back. His entire weight, plus that of his happy shoes, was once again supported by but some three inches of ass. Bobby found it far, far worse than any ride at the reformatory.

Bobby watched as Charlie finished putting on his happy shoes. From prior practice he was able to do it rather quickly. But as he looked at the happy faces on the shoes he couldn’t help but to begin to tear. Tears were an involuntary reflex for those happy faces represented so much time of unrelenting torment.

Just as quickly he was mounted to the other horse and cuffed. The two boys looked at each other. They were brothers in pain. They looked down only to see the happy faces on the shoes smiling up at them in return. They looked around the room only to see the two women and two girls smiling at them also. Everything and everyone were all smiles.

“Fifteen?” asked Reza in Czech. With a nod and an “ano” from Gabek, Reza set the timer at a quarter hour.

Reza left the room leaving Gabek and Hana to enjoy their aperitifs and cigarettes there before the fire while admiring the two mounted boys in their school uniforms and sailor caps. Bobby was looking up and grimacing while Charlie was looking down, mournfully. Every so often a boy would look at the timer, but that was much like watching paint dry. It seemed to take forever for the digital timer to click down from 15 to 14 minutes remaining.

Hana put down her cigarette, rose and went to the hearth with her drink in hand. She stood there feeling the heat of the fire between the two boys mounted upon the two ornate punishment horses. Then she turned around to face Gabet who had continued to sit.

“You do have a lovely arrangement here, I must say, Gabet. I do sort of envy you.”

“Thank you, dear. Yes, it does work out well. It was my lucky day when I learned of the reformatory and of its outsource program. Having two boys around to handle the horses and take care of the barn and pasture works out well. And, as you know, I do enjoy whipping and tormenting them too. Two provides me with a whipping day every three or four days. These boy will grow up to become nasty men, you know.”

“And sex; you must enjoy that too,” as she stroked Bobby’s leg, running her fingers up inside of his short pants.

“Of course, I do. What woman wouldn’t who gets and doesn’t have to give?”

“But the boys actually ride outside, right?”

“Yes, I encourage them to ride. I don’t want their memories of Gabet – that foreign lady – to be *all* bad. No, here they get the outdoors to enjoy which is special. Those other ladies at the auctions; well some of them I hear have dungeons – dark, damp dungeons. There’s none of that here at the happy farm.”

“And their happy shoes.”

They both laughed.

“Aren’t you concerned that one might simply ride off one day into the sunset?”

“One did a year ago. But he didn’t get far. Seeing a lone boy on a horse out here who has no idea where he is or where is going attracts attention pretty quick. He was back in the reformatory within a couple of hours.”

“Did they give you a refund?”

“No, just the horse back. They said there was never a refund for a runaway. A penalty of sorts, you know.”

The conversation continued as the two ladies sipped their drinks and smoked. It seemed that Hana was now considering the possibility of becoming an outsourcer. She would first have to make preparations at her home. Gabet encouraged her for that way she could enjoy yet more boys, sex and whippings when invited over, at no cost.

The timer slowly clicked down. The boys were both now sweating, what with the proximity of the fire – and their predicament.

“Shall we put the boys to work now – you know, some down-under work,” she asked with a wink. “I know it’s Bobby’s first day, so you can have him.”

“Let’s save that for our after dinner entertainment. I’m hungry . . . a full day, you know.”

“DING!” The timer went off.

The boys looked over to Gabet with relief. However, to their consternation the ladies ignored the timer’s ring and instead simply extinguished their cigarettes and slowly walked out of the room and into the adjacent dining room.

“Mrs. Bouska,” called out Bobby. But the ladies ignored him and continued meandering their way slowly out.

Bobby sat there now stunned. “But she said . . . she said . . . “

“Don’t worry, she does that. It won’t be much longer.”

And Charlie proved to be correct, for a couple of minutes later Reza and Irka came in and un-cuffed them.

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The boys first went to take off their happy shoes but the girls put a stop to that. Not until after dinner, they said. Then they looked up to see the two ladies returning. It seemed that Hana’s appetite was more at the moment for having a boy eat her than her eating the evening meal. Gabet has acquiesced since she was the guest and since the food would stay warm enough for some sex first. But she did suggest a race. She still was hungry.

Gabet was carrying two junior canes. She handed one to each girl. The boys’ hearts sank. Was this torment never to end, wondered Bobby.

Gabet and Hana set on oppositely facing sofas that bordered a large Persian rug. They were facing each other and once again enjoying the warmth of the fireplace.

“Take your take off your shorts, Bobby. I want to show our guest here my hard work this afternoon.” That of course had to mean for his underpants also to come off. “And you too, boy.”

“Okay, come on over here.”

The two boys dressed now only in their school jumper and kerchief, sailor cap and happy shoes and high socks walked onto the edge of the rug nearest the fireplace and stood facing the ladies, side by side. God they were cute! The picture would have been perfect had they had hards on. Their rides on the punishment horses had taken care of that.

“Bobby, show Miss Hana my hard work on your rear this afternoon in the barn.”

Bobby went over, stood in front of Hana and turned around.

Hana eyes widened as she looked at his stricken ass and thighs. It was one big continuous mass of rough, dark redden skin with crisscrossed scratches.

“Oh how I just love to see a well birched ass. No wonder you have an appetite. You must have worked real hard to achieve this. You are to be congratulated, Gabet. Well done, lady.”

“Bobby, lie down on Ms. Hana’s lap and let her feel.”

After Bobby did so Hana started caressing his stricken ass and thighs, feeling all the heat, stickiness and roughness.

“He’s tenderized.”

Gabet laughed.

“May I,” she asked as she raised her right hand off of his ass.

“Don’t be silly; of course you may.”

Hana didn’t hesitate, nor did she start with small spanks. No, she started right in spanking hard. Right butt – left butt – right thigh – left thigh – right butt – left butt and so on.

“**NO** **NO** **NO** **NO**!” Bobby screamed. He hadn’t been prepared for this. This had suddenly come out of the blue.

Gabet stood and walked over looking mad. Hana suspended her spanking.

“How dare you scream like that? HOW DARE YOU! Ms. Hana is our guest here. Do you understand? OUR GUEST! You cry out that again and instead of having dinner with us you will go without dinner. No, you will ride horse all while we eat. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“How rude of you; how disrespectful. You are . . . how do you say . . . self centered. Yes, you are a very rude and a very self-centered boy, just thinking about yourself. You apologize now to Ms. Hana, right now.”

“I’m, I’m sorry, Miss Hana. I’ll try to keep quiet.”

“Good; now please carry on Hana.”

Hana resumed her spanking. Right cheek; left cheek; right thigh; left thigh, right cheek while Bobby grit his teeth. Then she felt a wetness on his palm. She looked down to see a smug of blood on her palm. She looked at her target and saw that Bobby’s tenderized ass had now started to ooze a couple of smudges.

“Gabet; can’t we begin now? I’m getting worked up.”

“Sure. Which one do you want?”

Hana looked down at the bloody mass there on her lap. Her hand felt wet. Bobby looked back up at her with tears in his eyes and on his cheeks.

“As I said, this is your first night with this one. I think you should take him. It only fair,” she said as she wiped the smug on her palm against Bobby’s thigh just below where he had been soundly birched.

“Come here, Bobby,” instructed Gabet.

Bobby stood up and walked over to her as Charlie passed him on his own way to Hana.

Gabet and Hana slid off their panties and spread their legs wide apart which their flowing dresses permitted. Once the two boys had knelt and put their heads under the dresses the two ladies could see each other over the raised asses of the two boys plus Irka and Reza standing at the ready with their junior canes in hand. Each boy knew perfectly well what was expected of him and got his face in his lady’s crotch but was stopped just short of his targets.

“Boys, listen; we are about to begin a race. As soon as you feel the first stroke of the cane you can begin, but not before then. Remember, there is that severe penalty for coming in second.”

Reza and Irka looked at each other and then raised their canes. “Jdes!” commanded Gabet. With that they both laid on their first stroke. Each boy jerked and then started in licking and sucking his lady’s clic.

Irka saw precisely where she was striking as a bright red line would quickly form where the blow struck which stood out clearly from the darker red background of his tenderized butt and thighs.

Gabet leaned back enjoying the sensation of the boy’s tonguing and sucking of her clic as Irka steadily caned him, but not too hard. Bobby was so very eager in his labor. He simply had to bring his lady to a climax before Charlie.

Bobby tried not to let the caning interfere with his mission. He threw his whole being into this single mission. He had to win! He could not bear the thought of fifteen minutes more on the punishment horse the next day. With each stroke he would twitch which gave an added thrill to his lady.

On the other sofa Charlie was thinking the exact same thing. Anything but to lose; anything! Fifteen more minutes on the horse? No way. He did everything he could with his mouth and tongue to win the race. But it soon proved to be of no avail. To his horror he heard Gabet beginning to come to a climax. Then she yelled out: “yes, yes, yes, yes, YESSSSSSSSSSS!!! He had lost the race.

You see, as Gabet entered the final stretch she had fantasized that she was riding a real horse in a real horse race. Her horse was one length behind another. She watched the jockey on the one in front with his butt up off the saddle bouncing all around as he whipped his mount continuously. The finish line was just ahead.

On and on they raced in her fantasy but her mount remained in second place, one length behind the other.

She couldn’t take her eyes off the little jockey’s ass bounding up and down. And then she began to close. The finish line was coming up rapidly. The jockey’s ass was still bouncing and his arm wildly wielding his whip. The finish line was almost at hand. And then in a flash (of the finish line camera) it *was* over. She had reached her climax which, of course, was fortunate for Bobby who slid down as Gabet pushed his head away. He emerged into the fresh air gasping for air in relief.

As Bobby sat there on the rug with Irka’s work now done, Gabet leaned back against the sofa back and let her breathing slow. She turned her head to gaze at the fire and then looked over at Hana. Hana was swaying slowly with her head ever so slowly turning one way and then another. She was drawing this out. She was drawing this out deliberately!

When Charlie had heard Gabet come to her climax he had come to a halt in his work. He had lost; he was defeated. His tongue fell away and his mouth opened. But Hana was not to be denied. She had tricked Gabet and had deliberately let her win. How conniving; what fun! And now she was not going to be denied her prize. “Beat him,” she commanded Reza.

Gabet stood and watched – and watched – and watched as Hana enjoyed her feast, bit by bit.

This made Gabet recall her childhood when her older brother would challenge her to see who could eat a candy bar faster. She would gobble hers down quickly only then to watch her brother ever so slowly eat his. “Hum; hum; this is so good. Hum; hum; hum.” She would just stand there watching him ever so slowly devoir his candy while she felt a touch of indigestion from having almost swallowed it whole in order to win the race. This is what Hana was now pulling on her, with clics substituted for candy bars. She had played the same trick that her older brother had played on her years ago in her childhood.

Gabet continued to stand there watching Hana in her ecstasy, with rapture now on the doorstep. But seeing Gabet’s face of revelation Hana was determined to postpone it. She smiled lovingly at Gabet and swooned.

Gabet made a mock look at her wristwatch. She grabbed the cane from Reza and took over. Though she didn’t increase the pace of the caning, she did cane with far more authority. She was taking her revenge out, not on Hana, but on her servant-boy Charlie.

This unexpected new enhancement of Hana’s pleasure drove here over the wall. She couldn’t hold it back any more. Her climax came like a volcanic eruption.

“ !! #@&\*?//##$$!!!$%^&\*@??##!!! ” she cried out in Czech as she started to wave her dress about like she was a can-can girl. The expression in Czech had something to do with astronomy – shooting stars, comets, meteors and such.

The room gave a collective sigh of relief – of completeness – of fulfillment. Gabet dropped the cane as Hana let her dress go.

Slowly Charlie emerged from within Hana’s dress, crying and gasping for more air than the fanning of the dress had provided. Hana looked at him and spoke in English.

“That was nice. We must do this again soon.”

Gabet looked down at her and suddenly threw her head back and laughed. Then Hana joined in by laughing too.

They all then adjourned to the dining room where a delectable, truly scrumptious dinner was waiting. You see, in addition to horses and servant boys, cooking was Gabet’s other passion. Of course for the boys their dinner pleasure would be mitigated by their having to eat while seated on those chairs with their inverted wedges for seats. For, as I said, the state of their little rumps was never far from Gabet’s mind.

The *rump* roast was perfect. And Charlie’s *rump* would have the night off before he had to pay the price of having lost the race, back again nude beneath the blue cape.