**Eradicating Knotweed**

Sometimes things once perceived as a thing of beauty are allowed into our lives; sometimes, like *Fallopia Japonica:* ‘Japanese Knotweed’ they can quickly overrun a situation-and take control.

He had managed to escape the humdrum, rat-race office life of Banking and Stocks; after 30 years in which the stress had nearly killed him, he had taken advantage of redundancy to pursue his hobby of gardening and make a meagre living from it. He remembered how grown men had held their heads in their hands and even shed tears at the news; he remembered having a quiet moment alone in the toilets in which he clenched his fists and punched the air in joy. He was free at last.

Now more interested in Fuchsias than futures he had purchased a van which sat in the driveway of the small house he lived in alone, having parted company with a business oriented wife some years ago. He would rise in the morning just to watch the breakneck pace of neighbours leaving in droves like clockwork, to catch trains or drive to their cars to the grindstones which awaited them. He would sip his tea or coffee, relax, and check his appointment book. At 9:30 or 10:00 he would then casually venture out into the clear streets at a leisurely pace to some suburban or rural residence to indulge his love of gardening and get paid for it.

This morning was destined to be a little different though he would never have guessed so at the time. ‘Mrs Grandellar-Favour: The Noke, Hobbs End.’ He chuckled at the name; sounds like ‘glandular fever’ he thought. Hobbs End was a very well-to-do area just outside town; huge detached houses with gardens measured in acres. Many of these residences had commercial gardening outfits tend their vast lawns, but smaller one-man-bands such as he were often preferred as the personal touch, smaller cost, and usually the guarantee of a decent job being done outweighed the alternative. He approached the property down a winding drive through a front garden the size of a small park. The house was typical turn of the 20th century; five or six bedrooms at least. Mrs Grandellar-Favour appeared, accompanied by her husband who gave him the once over, smiled and shook his hand then went back to his newspaper. She walked him round to the rear of the house, and he was pleased to see that the gardens had been kept fairly well maintained, but needed some attention. They discussed terms and they were both happy for him to start.

‘Oh, there is one thing’ she put in quickly on remembering an important point; ‘down at the wooded end past the walled garden near the boundary with ‘Red Gables’ property, I am afraid we have an infusion of that dreaded Japanese Knotweed. Whilst I do not expect you to rid us of it completely- I know what trouble it is- you will need to keep it in check for me if you would. I will see you get extra for it.’

‘It will be a pleasure- almost!’ he laughed; ‘It is a pet hate of mine, I hate the way it takes over.’

He was shown that he could take his van down as far as the walled garden, on a rudimentary drive way. Looking back the house seemed a long way off, and the wooded area even further. The sense of space made him take in a deep breath and smile. If only he had done this since the age of eighteen he thought. It was hot and he removed his shirt in the mid-day humidity, the sweat ran down the back of his khaki shorts making it look as though he had wet himself. He toiled back round toward the house filling wheelbarrow after wheelbarrow with offshoots and cuttings. His hairy chest adorned with leaves and petals. Suddenly he was aware of a presence. He looked up and there with arm outstretched holding a mug of coffee was a tiny waif like girl with bright ginger hair and soft white skin.

‘This is for you’ she said as her sweet little arm wobbled under the weight of the mug.

‘Thank you very much’ he said, as he gratefully took the mug from her. He could not help but notice that her radiant blue eyes which shone out from her delicately freckled face were not looking him in the eye, but surveying his sweating middle-aged body. She pursed her lips and smiled at him;

‘I must go now’ and she skipped away on her bare feet across the lawn to the house. Suddenly something inside him wished she had stayed. He felt an erection growing and felt a little ashamed with himself. The lady of the house approached and he pulled the tee shirt over his body; suddenly feeling over exposed, unnecessarily of course. He sipped the coffee as she approached.

‘You are working hard’ she said; ‘I know it is a big garden’

‘It is just fine’ he replied; ‘I am enjoying the day- thanks for the coffee’ he put in, as he wanted to enquire upon the waif.

‘Abigail was so determined that you should have a drink, watching you work was distracting her from the weekly dusting she comes in to do.’

‘So the little girl is no relation of yours then?’ Mrs G-F laughed;

‘No she is no relation and she is not exactly a ‘little girl’ either. Abigail is twenty I think; she is one of Miss Proctor’s girls from ‘Red Gables’ and one of her tasks is to come here once a week and do the dusting. We like to spoil her, as I get the impression Miss Proctor is a little strict with her charges. ‘Red Gables’ is a sort of private ‘Finishing School’ for young ladies. Strange thing is they all seem to have red hair! Most extraordinary.’

He thought of the sweet nymph again; he had thought her to be about 14, which is why he had been so ashamed at his excitement. He was now even more ashamed inside as this new knowledge had given his carnal persona license to dwell further on the milky innocence that had affected his blood pressure so. All of a sudden he was anxious to get to work with the knotweed down by the boundary. He could have a look; maybe, just maybe ‘Red Gables’ would require his services also.

A few days later he returned to the house, having mowed and tidied the front and done likewise with the immediate area to the rear of the property, he could now justify an excursion down to the woods at the far end, beyond the walled garden. As he ventured down, the house was completely out of sight behind him; the woodland was serene and he could have been somewhere entirely disassociated with the tended garden landscape back up by the house. The woodland was in its natural state, apart from the tubular growths of the knotweed which popped audibly as he struck it down with contempt. He was perplexed as he could see the boundary wall about 100 yards off and his curiosity just to see what lay beyond it toyed with his inner soul endlessly.

Something inside him came to a working decision which reached a compromise; he would work his way down to the wall and back again. He would cut the weed down first then set to the arduous task of digging the roots out. Just the action of hacking through the jungle of the invading plant with a machete had him dripping with sweat. He reached the wall, which was a lot taller than it appeared at 100 yards. He eyed a fallen tree which lay at an angle beside the wall; a large limb providing a natural route up and over the top. He thought for a moment then said to himself- “get a grip you fool!”- He turned to work his way back through another thicket and slashed away with the blade.

“Hello again!” an excited little voice rang out. He turned and there atop the wall was Abigail; another red-headed waif sat beside her who had a smirk upon her cherub like face.

“Would you like some of my juice” she said waving a small bottle of fruit drink at him. He looked at her and her friend and smiled. A lump came into his throat. ‘Behave yourself’ he thought to himself as he strode carefully up the fallen tree.

“Thank you” he said as he took the tiny bottle of juice from her and had to be careful not to consume it all-the sip he took half emptied it and barely cooled the inside of his mouth, but he was not about to let her know this. As he handed the bottle back she looked at him starry eyed and her friend delicately touched the hairs on his sweaty arm as he extended it. She giggled and licked her fingers.

“Don’t mind Cindy; she is a little crazy, she will get us into all sorts of bother with Miss Proctor” Said Abigail who panted making her little breasts heave as much as was possible for such a slight young lady.

“You do not mind us watching you work do you? We would love to help you but Miss Proctor would punish us if she knew we had spoken to a man we had not been introduced to by her or Miss Hunter.” He really did not know what to say, and felt he was somehow being manipulated by the minxes, but they were interesting to him, very interesting.

“No, I do not mind at all” he said as he turned and stumbled slightly on the log. As he did a soft white hand grabbed his and squeezed.

“Careful” said Abigail as she held onto his hand for as long as she possibly could. He felt the warmth through her delicate little palm and their eyes met, bringing back the lump in his throat and a lump elsewhere below. He scrambled quickly down ‘What are you doing allowing girls of that age excite you’ he thought. He was hooked though, and he had an idea they knew this too. He got back to his machete and smiled up at them.

“We must not get our skirts dirty on this wall or we will be in for a stroke or two!” Said Cindy, and the two in unison lifted their skirts and pulled their legs back provocatively, careful to allow him a view of their crotches; their tight white panties outlining a sweet little bulge. The two smiled knowingly. He now wished he had not ‘gone commando’; he smiled and cursed as he had to turn away from the sight- his erection now as stiff as the machete and very evident in his baggy khakis.

“You girls come here this instant!” The playful scene was suddenly shattered by a mature female voice from beyond the wall; the two looked terrified and Abigail put her erect index finger up to her lips to beg silence from him. The look of fear in the two girl’s eyes had rendered him motionless anyhow. He watched as they scrambled from the wall in as lady-like a fashion as they could muster; skirts hastily dropped to hide the femininity they had so freely offered him. He could just hear the muffled conversation beyond the wall.

“I hope you have not been smoking again Brown! Let me smell your breath.” There was silence for a moment. “And you Fisher” barked the unseen virago. She scared him, and he was a middle-aged gardener.

“Just what do you think you are doing; climbing up walls like tom-boys at YOUR age?!”

“I... I… I just wanted to show Cindy where I go once a week; it was my fault Miss Proctor”

His curiosity now got the better of him as the voices were a little fainter; they had obviously moved from the wall – he stealthily climbed the log and carefully peeped over the top, hidden by some convenient foliage he stared between the leaves. The sight that befell him only made him yearn all the more to be part of Red Gables. The ground on their side of the wall was three or four feet higher than his side, making the girl’s access to the top of the wall that much easier. Now stood about twenty-five feet from the wall was the source of the authoritative and assertive voice which had terrified the two waifs.

Miss Proctor stood there dominantly in tight white jodhpurs and full length boots, a tight black blouse displaying her full and rounded body magnificently. She was not waif like by any stretch of the imagination. She also wore black gloves and was pointing and swishing a menacing and flexible cane at the two sweet nymphs who were kneeling submissively before her. Though she was a very impressive example of mature womanhood compared to the two waifs, she also had striking red-hair; this time a deep auburn, and her skin was milky white, her arms in complete contrast to her gloves.

“Get up brown, bend over and show me your panties!” poor Cindy began to snivel; she knew that even stepping out of place would earn her a caning from Miss Proctor. She bent over giving all a full view of her silky legs and pert little bottom. She knew the wall would have left its mark on her panties and now Miss Proctor would leave her mark in recognition of that fact; she patted her panties with the cane. He saw the mature woman smile victoriously.

“Filthy!” she barked, making both girls tremble- and making his now firm erection pulsate-

“Panties down- NOW!” The tears were already evident on the poor girls face. She pulled her panties down around her ankles, her beautiful white bottom exposed invitingly and her sweet sex peeped out from below. The Jodhpur clad woman stepped round, lifted the cane above her head and held it there teasingly to allow the girl time to ponder the error of her ways.

‘Whup!’; she brought the cane down; the little white bottom flexed, Cindy cried out in pain and a stripe redder than the hair of any person present blossomed across her sweet little rear.

Without even giving her panties an inspection, Abigail was ordered to drop hers also. She bent over at a three-quarter angle to the wall and she turned to face it. She knew he would be watching. He marvelled at the submissive little waif and though he wanted to take her home and keep her warm and safe, something else inside him was jealous of the governess at her work; he would have liked to cane that bottom too.

She blinked in expectancy of the cane as she stared hungrily at the wall, hoping to meet his eyes as she was punished, just for him, she thought. Down came the cane;

“Whup!”; she yelped as the tears streamed down her pretty face and the red line glowed across her bottom. Both girls sobbed uncontrollably.

“Follow me. You shall have the other five strokes over a chair- I have guests who may be interested in your discipline!” He had been about to unleash his member and pleasure himself at the unbelievable spectacle until she had said this. His curiosity was now beginning to control him. He looked back and could just make out his van in the distance through the trees; it was behind the walled garden, so Mrs G-F would not know if he were there or not. He watched the three walk along a wooded path; the beautifully full rear of the vicious matriarch leading the way, the two sobbing waifs obediently following, closer to further punishment with each step. Occasionally Abigail looked expectantly behind her. Red Gables needed a gardener at this time, and she had been well trained.

He hopped down from the wall; it was barely five feet from the ground on this side. He dodged from tree to tree, and from clump of Knotweed to clump of knotweed; it was prevalent here as well and had suddenly become a friend. As he made a move a couple of hundred yards on, Abigail caught sight of him and her heart leapt; she knew he would appeal to Miss Hunter, not just because he was a good hard working gardener, she would appreciate his clean and polite ruggedness and would want to keep him –the way she had since she’d first seen him- they would both benefit from his entwinement.

He had to work his way around the perimeter for cover as he watched the dominant woman lead the two across an expansive lawn to Red Gables. The house was half as big again as the The Noke and had a suitably sinister air about it. Abigail saw him again as he moved to another point and smiled openly. She knew he would be caught and she was now looking forward to her caning. The two girls were taken into a downstairs room; the curtains to which were conveniently wide open with no nets. He had a clear view as he panted for breath; a large leather chair stood prominently in the centre of the room. Cindy was told to strip naked and was then helped over the black leather chair by two more red-headed girls, equally as soft and adolescent looking as the other two. Smiling eagerly they bound her wrists to the arms of the chair. Her now dangling feet were fastened to the chair legs to stop here lifting her own into the path of the stinging cane as she was punished.

Abigail had disappeared from sight, and though he was a little concerned about this he was sure that she was just being held back out of view to await her turn. He was consumed by Cindy’s plight. To his astonishment Miss Proctor turned toward the window, unzipped her boots and kicked them off before peeling her own clothes off. She was a truly perfect picture of a supreme woman in her prime and his cock was now virtually bursting from his shorts. He found it hard to focus on one area as he watched her deliver the five promised strokes to the helpless waif; the movement of the mature beauty as her arms legs and buttocks flexed as she wielded the cane in obvious pleasure was the most erotic thing he had ever seen. Likewise, the cries of the sweet waif as her protruding bottom rippled and clenched as she accepted the bite of the cane evoked a sense of eroticism in him he had not known was there until that point. As the fifth stroke was delivered and Cindy squealed and wept uncontrollably, Miss Proctor once again faced the window smiling knowingly. She then walked right up to it and he turned to move away.

His cock was protruding like a tent pole behind his shorts as he turned; there behind him was another formidable looking woman, and sweet Abigail, who half smiled-half frowned as she looked at him.

“A peeping tom! What would the police say to that, I wonder?” his face went as red as their hair.

This was Miss Hunter. She completed the red-headed theme; she too had the glorious trade mark- her flowing locks tied in a bun at this point. She, like Miss Proctor was a beautifully full shaped hour glass figure, aged about 50. She had a tight black silk blouse and tight black skirt. She stood dominantly on tall stilettos and also carried a short cane. She eyed him up and down, contemptuously at first, then she smiled sweetly and looked him full in the eyes whilst patting the cane in her palm.

“There is an alternative to the police, of course. I hear from Mrs Grandella-Favour that you are a very good gardener – we need one here. We would want you to live-in though, as you would have other ‘duties’. I know this would be easy for you; I’ve looked into your life in your little house and know you are alone; we can soon have that on the market. What do you say?”

He was astounded. Abigail looked at him like a lost puppy; her lower lip trembled;

“Please come and look after me” He was as lost as she sounded, what was happening to him; he thought of the consequences of the police; although he had not actually done anything wrong, it did not look to clever.

“I will make you very comfortable here” edged Miss Hunter as she saw him swaying toward her way. Having seen he was just as the waif had described him she was determined to make him hers.

“OK” he said.

“Good” she looked at him sternly and placed the cane on his protrusion; “We will have those off now.” He was compelled to do as she told him; he felt as submissive before this woman as did her charges. He dropped his shorts and stood naked, his cock fit to explode with the afternoon’s events. He noticed the faces smiling through the window. Cindy’s tear stained face looked across at Abigail.

Miss Hunter smiled triumphantly; she too looked at Abigail. “You have caused our new gardener a great deal of trouble today, have you not?”

“Yes Miss Hunter, I should be punished for it” She knelt and looked up at him; his erect cock wavering before her delicate little nose.

“I have deceived you and want you to cane me.” She stared longingly up at him. His cock throbbed.

The naked Miss Proctor appeared next to him; she smelled beautifully in her aroused state. She looked wickedly at Abigail as she handed him the cane.

“Welcome to Red Gables” she said.

TO BE CONTINUED