

## **Virgins Seduced, Cocks Reduced**

By Big Billie

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I am Patrick Baker and I was raised as the only child of middle class parents in south east London. My first wife's name was Margaret. We were wed in our teens and by our early twenties we had two infant sons, Paul (our first born) and Stephen.

Margaret was beautiful but flaky. She was not suited to baby care and nappy changing. She soon divorced me and married Alan, her rich boss, an older man, a father figure to steady her and to provide her with material security and domestic comforts. Margaret and Alan now have three children, raised with support from servants.

When our marriage ended Margaret and I sold our home and liquidated our mortgage. I decamped to my parents' house with our two little boys. Mom and dad are both retired teachers and they took to the role of live-in grandparents with dedication and efficiency. The boys grew older and started school.

One Saturday morning I was organising my CD collection and I came across a number of disks that belonged to Margaret. So OK, I thought, I'll drop these off for my ex-wife at Alan's place this afternoon. This was a large, detached Victorian mansion surrounded by a sizeable garden. I parked my car in the wide boulevard on which the house was situated and walked up the long drive. I arrived at the front porch and pressed the button. Within the house I heard the bell toll sonorously.

The door was opened by a young girl aged about ten or eleven years.

"Are Alan or Margaret at home?" I asked.

The girl gave me a welcoming smile. "You had better speak to my mom," she said, and she shouted back inside the house to her mother.

A lady came to the door and greeted me. I explained my mission and was told that Alan and Margaret did not live there. "Please come in. Let me explain."

The lady's complexion and hair were dark, and she was friendly and charming. Her name, she told me, was Rachel Denning. She had been

Alan's first wife and the house had been transferred to her as part of the divorce settlement. She was a paediatric surgeon by trade, and part of the property has been converted into reception and consultation rooms to service her practice. She lived there, she told me, with her two daughters, Sarah, the young girl I had just met, and Sarah's older sister, Leah.

That afternoon I spent between two and three hours in Rachel's company and we got on together really well. By the time I left she had agreed to a dinner date for the following Friday night.

For the next six days I excited myself with thoughts of Rachel. She reminded me of Zena the Warrior Princess in the famous TV fantasy series from the 1990s. Like Lucy Lawless (the actress who played Zena) Rachel is tall, big boned, meaty, curvaceous and fit; her figure is honed to a voluptuous, Junoesque shapeliness by regular energetic workouts at the gym, by lengthy sessions in the local swimming pool, and by vigorous exercises in front of the family television on her Wi-Fit console. If a man is not stimulated by Rachel he is unlikely to be stimulated by any lady. The poet John Betjeman had a fixation with big, sporty girls, and if he were still alive and met Rachel she would drive him to apoplectic distraction. When I first met her Rachel was barely thirty; she had been a teenager during her first pregnancy and she was still young, fresh and nubile.

But, of course, sexual attraction is not just a physical thing; there also needs to be a meeting of minds. So, I thought, I wonder how Rachel and I will get on during our dinner date. I got my answer the following Friday evening, and I learnt that our interests do not converge, but that the discrepancies are manageable.

I am an adult education lecturer. I teach at a college that specialises in courses that prepare unqualified and underqualified mature students for entry into university. The institution is a charitable foundation established by a rich local industrialist in the late nineteenth century. A lot of the work is in individual and group tutorials that discuss student essays and I love it. I have a first degree and a doctorate in English Literature, and I am passionate about English poetry: Geoffrey Chaucer, the Child ballads, William Shakespeare, Alexander Pope, William Blake, William Wordsworth, John Keats and the rest: I could study them forever and never get bored. I also love music: medieval, renaissance, baroque, classical, traditional, etc., and almost any serious paintings and sculptures. In contrast, Rachel is into women's sport: football (soccer),

tennis, hockey, netball and so on; and she also likes TV costume dramas, romantic films and chick lit.

Well, the fit is not perfect, but it is close enough. I am myself a big fan of our local football (soccer) team and I take an interest in cinema; and Rachel likes various genres of pop, and is willing to give almost any music a sympathetic ear.

Well, to cut a long story short, a few months after our first meeting Rachel and I got married. I left my parents' house and, together with my two young sons Paul and Stephen, I moved into Rachel's capacious residence. There I concentrated on what I considered to be my marital duty. Rachel was in perfect breeding condition and was likely to remain so for all or most of the next decade. During that time I resolved to give her as many children as she was prepared to bear for me. And oh, but the sex was exquisite! Stripped to its bare essentials human existence can be summarised, in the words of the Anglo-American poet T. S. Eliot, as "birth, copulation, death." And the only one of these that is pleasurable is copulation. So I copulate with Rachel whenever she will let me; and, I am pleased to say, she is a generous girl!

In the jousts of Venus I have been lucky. Margaret was the first of my two trophy wives. In bed with her my sexual pleasure was intense, greater than any man has a right to expect in this world of sin. She is blonde, she is buxom, and she is stunning. Alan is a very lucky man to have inherited her from me. I was devastated when Margaret left, and I never dreamt that I would ever again rise to such intense and extreme heights of carnal pleasure. But I did. I cannot in honesty claim that Rachel gives me better coition than Margaret. But, as Wellington said of the Battle of Waterloo, it is a damn close run thing, and I would not wish to call it. I love sleeping with Rachel. She has given me three children (two daughters and a son). I would like more, but that is probably not on. Rachel is a young surgeon and she has a career to develop; as a medical student and as a qualified medic she has now taken a total of five periods of maternity leave, and she says that she does not want to take any more.

But I digress and I am jumping ahead of myself. Let me go back to a domestic crisis that enveloped our household a few months after Rachel and I got married.

When I moved with my two sons from my parents' home into Rachel's palatial mansion it was an enormous leap up the property ladder. For the first time in their lives Paul and Stephen had separate bedrooms. By then they had both entered their teens (Paul was 15 and Stephen 13). They each had a mobile phone and, in their rooms, a TV, a games console, and a PC for academic homework and further access to games and social media.

Thirteen year old Leah and 11 year old Sarah, Rachel's two daughters, had a different arrangement. They each had their own study, and these two rooms, on the strict orders of their mother, were supposedly dedicated to academic work and to the completion of homework assignments. After lights out the girls shared the same bedroom, where they occupied twin beds and in which there was no television. Oh yes! Rachel was a fairly strict mother, and she regulated her daughters' online activities and their access to TV. If they wanted to watch television they had to do so in the family living room. This was not as bad as it might sound since Rachel and I did a lot of our TV viewing in our bedroom leaving the living room free; but even so, while my lads enjoyed a fair amount of liberty in their digital lives, in contrast Leah and Sarah were kept on a pretty tight rein.

Rachel was born and raised in Scotland and her parents live in Aberdeen. Her father's birthday is in late July and in the year we were wed it fell immediately after the end of the English school year. So the plan was that Rachel would fly up to Aberdeen for the weekend to see her parents and to celebrate with them her father's birthday. Meanwhile I was to take charge of the house and supervise the children until she returned on Monday morning.

Well at first all went well. Rachel drove herself to the airport and parked her car there with the intention, when her trip was over, to drive herself back home.

At the mansion, however, things got rather out of hand. I am a much less bossy and directive parent than Rachel and, unlike her, I tend to go with the flow and to give my children lots of options and free choices. I am also not much of a cook. So I purchased generous supplies of groceries and frozen food products from Aldi and Lidl, together with a load of beer and other alcohol for my own use.

I thought things were going well. With no set meal times the four children took matters into their own hands. The girls prepared vegetables, the boys microwaved frozen curries, casseroles, etc., and copious amounts of ice cream were devoured. It was late July, the beginning of the summer vacation, and the weather was fine. The kids stripped off to bikinis and swimming trunks, lay in the sunshine, read magazines and comics, listened to pop music, applied suntan lotion to each other's bodies, and sipped iced drinks. They seemed to appreciate my *laissez faire* parenting style, and a good time was had by all.

On Sunday evening I left the kids to their own devices. I prepared a microwaved meal for myself and ate it in the bedroom. I then ensconced myself on the bedroom sofa, watched TV, and drank beer and whisky. I eventually tumbled into bed in the early hours of Monday morning, tired, drunk and happy.

I was abruptly awakened from my slumbers at just after 9 a.m. Rachel had arrived back from Aberdeen and had just gone to check the kids.

"I think you had better come and see this, Patrick."

I sleepily got out of bed, put on a dressing gown and slippers, and followed after my wife. When we arrived at the girls' bedroom she put her finger to her lips and shushed me to silence. Then she quietly opened the bedroom door and signalled me to look inside. What I saw shocked me. The two single beds each held two sleepers, pushed up close against each other. Leah was in bed with Paul, and Sarah with Stephen.

Rachel gently closed the door and beckoned me back to our bedroom. "Well, what do we do about that then?" she asked. It took us about 10 to 15 minutes to decide, and then we returned to the girl's bedroom.

When we got there Rachel silently opened the door. She crept up to Leah and Paul's bed and I went to Sarah and Stephen's. Then, at a signal from Rachel, we both simultaneously whipped off the duvets to reveal the beds' occupants; and all four of them were totally naked.

Then Rachel, as the bossier and more managerial parent, took control. "Right!" she said. "You two," (addressing Paul and Stephen) "go and wait in the living room." The two lads, looking very sheepish and embarrassed, were given no chance to get dressed. They picked up their pyjamas from the floor, where they had discarded them, and, still naked, carried them off with them.

"Now," continued Rachel, addressing her daughters. "You two follow me. No. Don't get dressed. Come as you are, stark naked."

My wife then led her daughters off to the room that she uses professionally as a paediatric surgeon and surgical consultant. In the surgery the girls were laid on their backs on a bed and examined in turn.

"It's as I feared," reported Rachel. "These little madams have been deflowered. Neither of them is a virgin. Nor is there any scrap or remnant of their hymens or any hint of blood. Last night was not the first time they were ravished."

"Come on, girls," I chipped in. "In your own interests you had better come clean. Tell us what has been going on here."

The general answer to that question, of course, was self-evident. The girls filled in the details. Leah admitted to sex with Paul since shortly after he moved into the same house. Sarah said that she was not intimate with Stephen very often, but that she had performed the sex act with him sporadically for between six weeks and two months.

"Right," replied Rachel. "Do your morning ablutions and get dressed. Then report to the conference room at 11 a.m. sharp. Don't be a minute late or there will be trouble. Patrick, could you go and deliver the same message to the boys?"

Now as an interested male observer I had been taking careful note of these two young ladies from the moment when they were revealed to me in all their naked splendour by the removal of their duvets.

I concluded that Sarah, at 11 years of age, was far too young for sexual intercourse, and I was outraged that Stephen had seduced her into it. She was dark haired and, for her age, tall, lanky, thin, and fairly skinny. Her secondary sexual characteristics had not yet developed, and neither had any of the attitudes of the sexually aware female teenager. She was a little girl, friendly, charming and chatty, with a mischievous smile and a roguish sense of fun. She was my stepdaughter, I was her father, and I loved her, as a father should love his daughter. I wanted to support her, to protect her, and to keep her from danger. Stephen had taken away her innocence, and he had to be punished for it.

In contrast, 13 year old Leah still had a lot of growing to do but already the small swelling breasts, the widened hips, the meaty little rump, the beginnings of black armpit hair, and the velvety hirsute clump on her pubic mound, evidenced that she was fast developing to sexual maturity. Like Sarah, Leah was tall for her age, but she was endowed with a larger bone structure, and she looked set to develop, as her mother had done,

into a big, fit, meaty, Junoesque, well-proportioned lady. She had already attracted her first male admirer and, I thought, she would not lack for others. Even so, Paul had committed a serious offence against her. There was no excuse. He must be brought to account, and he must be punished for his wrongdoing. For Leah was still three years below the age of consent and five years away from legal adulthood. Like Sarah she was my stepdaughter, and I was her father. She was a minor. It had been my duty to keep her safe, and in this I had failed. And Leah too I loved, as a father should love his daughter. She reminded me of Rachel, both physically and in temperament. Despite this peccadillo, she was, I thought, a daughter to be proud of.

The conference room is part of Rachel's professional suite. It is a small meeting room where up to a dozen people can hold discussions around a table; and shortly after 11 a.m. the six of us were doing exactly that.

Rachel was very upset; indeed she was distraught. Her own first pregnancy was unplanned, and it had come when she was too young. She did not want that to happen to her own daughters. The malefactors had been rash and irresponsible. They had copulated without taking any contraceptive precautions. Added to that, the girls were very young and way below the age of consent, which in the United Kingdom is 16. What my sons had done to Rachel's daughters was illegal, she said, and all four of the miscreants must be punished for it. For the girls it would be six cuts of the cane across their bare bottoms. That punishment would be inflicted there and then. The rod, explained Rachel, was a family heirloom from a great aunt who had been a primary school teacher in Africa. It was of a type known as a junior cane, and it was made of very thin, light, whippy rattan. It would do no lasting damage but she intended to make it sting and smart.

As for the boys, they were to be circumcised, partly as a punishment and partly to help them to control their animal lusts.

"You are finding my daughters far too sexually stimulating," added Rachel, "and your passions need to be curbed." She cited the example of the English poet A.E. Housman. When he was 16 he and his younger brother had both been circumcised on the orders of his father. Houseman, explained Rachel, was a homosexual, and, she surmised, the two of them had probably been caught in some sort of sexual hanky-panky together.

After Rachel had finished her castigation of my sons she turned her attention to her daughters. "Sarah," she exclaimed. "Come here." My wife then bent her younger daughter across the table and instructed her elder daughter, from the other side of the table, to embrace her in a firm under arm grip. "Clasp your hands together and hold on tight, Leah," she commanded. "Sarah will probably struggle but do not let her break free. If you do it will be the worse for both of you."

Rachel then raised Sarah's short summer dress over her back and tugged her knickers down to her knees. Fortunately for Sarah's modesty Paul and Stephen were standing in front of her and had no clear sight of the target area. I, on the other hand, was positioned against the wall behind her, from where I enjoyed an intimate, close-up view of her exposed rear end. Her bottom was small, white and vulnerable, and her vulva was smooth, with no trace of pubic hair sprouting from it. Sarah had the bare bottom and the naked nether regions of a little girl. But the little girl was about to be punished on her bare bottom for a big girl's offence. I did not like the way things were going and, as I continued to leer obsessively at my step daughter's naked bum, I had a growing sense of foreboding.

Rachel then took the junior cane in her right hand and positioned herself to Sarah's left hand side. She addressed the undercarriage of Sarah's bottom with the cane, like a golfer addressing the ball, gently pressing and tapping it against the white, naked, unprotected meat. I then watched in horror as my wife drew back her arm. Then, after an agonising and expectant pause:

Swish... Crack!

Rachel brought round the cane in a wide arc to inflict a slightly upward cut just above the thighs. She struck hard, and the cane whistled down with an audible whir. Sarah was shocked and frightened by the force of the blow and by the sharp, almost unbearable pain that the rod inflicted.

"Ayieeee!" she cried out helplessly. "Ah! Ah!! Ah!"

Rachel was a skilful disciplinarian and she paused for about 5 seconds. During that time the cut from the cane changed its colour from white to an angry blue-red and, Sarah later testified, its initial sharp sting was supplemented by a ferocious tingling and throbbing. Then, just as this reached its crescendo:

Swish... Crack!

Sarah took her second cut from the cane and, like the first, it rang out loud, crisp and clear. It also bit into exactly the same piece of buttock meat and fell directly on top of cut number 1, so that the stinging, tingling and throbbing were incrementally added to that from the first cut.

This was more than poor Sarah could take and she burst into an uncontrolled hysterical fit, screaming and yelling loudly. Then she stopped, caught her breath, and began to sob in the most abject and pitiable fashion.

"Rachel," I cried. "Stop! This is more than the poor girl can stand!"

But my wife ignored my plea. She waited for another 5 seconds and:



Swish... Crack!

She landed a third cut directly on top of the previous 2.

At the end of her caning Sarah was sporting 6 deep reddish purple cuts, already turning blue black and closely bunched together across the back of her perineum on the plump meaty undercarriage of her rump between her bum hole and her pussy; and her loud sobs rent the air.

Rachel then kept Sarah bent over for 10 minutes with her hands on the table and strict instructions not to rub or massage her throbbing bottom. When she was at last allowed to rise she was still badly shaken, and it was 15 minutes or so before she had calmed down sufficiently to witness Leah's caning.

Rachel adjudged that Sarah was too slight of frame to restrain her sister during her caning and she called upon Paul to undertake the task. Soon Leah was positioned across the table and entwined in a firm mutual embrace with her lover.

Then Rachel gave Leah the cane, and she gave it to her just as hard as she had given it to her sister.

Swish... Crack!

Swish... Crack!

Swish... Crack!

Swish... Crack!

Swish... Crack!

Swish... Crack!

The six cuts, as with Sarah, were separated by intervals of about 5 seconds, and closely bunched together across the meatiest part of Leah's rump, the sweet spot just above her thighs, between her bum hole and her pussy.

Leah did not cry out as loudly as Sarah had done, but, even so, she was unable to endure her punishment in silence. Each cut was followed by a sharp, shrill scream of pain, and, after cut number 2, by loud, pitiful sobs and gushing tears.

From my vantage point to the rear of the victim I got a ringside view of the proceedings, and I reacted as I had reacted to Sarah's punishment. As a father I was shocked and appalled at the severity of my step daughters' canings. At every crack of the cane I winced in sympathy. I was particularly distressed at the plight of Sarah. She was not as meaty as her older sister and her bum was smaller and more vulnerable. Yet she

took a full six of the best, just like her sister, and she was caned every bit as hard. Rachel did not give her an inch by way of remission. I pitied her and I was deeply anxious for her wellbeing. But, at the same time, I was totally gripped by Sarah's punishment. My sexual arousal was sudden, sharp and violent, and by the time the sixth cut bit into her bum I had a raging hard on that lasted until well after the end of Leah's caning.

Rachel had instructed Paul and Stephen to pack overnight bags and to wait in the living room after lunch. From there my wife and I escorted them to my car and I drove the four of us to the hospital where Rachel practised as a surgeon. We left the boys overnight in a private twin-bedded ward where my wife had arranged for them to be "prepped" (surgical jargon for "prepared") for their operations the following morning.

Rachel told me that she wanted me to witness the surgical procedures on my sons so I went along with her as an observer. I watched in fascinated horror as my sons were both anaesthetised and then, one after the other, circumcised by their step mother. During these procedures there were nurses and ancillary staff present and Rachel kept silent. I observed, however, that she was very strict and severe with my sons; she circumcised them very tightly, and, with wicked skill and precision, completely stripped out their frenulums for them. In the American phrase, Paul and Stephen were chopped back to their balls. Rachel cut off every last millimetre of foreskin, shaft skin and frenulum.

Meanwhile I winced and gasped at the barbaric depredations of my wife's scalpel.

"Oh, wow!" I thought to myself. "That's tight! That's very tight! The lads will never live that down! They will feel Rachel's shrewd knife work every single time that they wank or shag, for the rest of their lives."

I was horrified and shocked at my son's kinky plight, but also seriously turned on by it. As I observed Rachel's shrewd and bloody knife work my cock grew to rock hard tumescence in my underpants, and my heart and my entire central nervous system fluttered and palpitated with sexual excitement and arousal.

After she had stitched up the boy's wounds Rachel dropped their foreskins and frenulums into two glass jars that contained formaldehyde and that were labelled with their names and the date of the surgery. She then carried these trophies off with her and we drove home, leaving her team to clear up and tend to the boys.

When we got to the mansion we found it empty, and there was a note from the girls. They had both gone shopping. They would lunch in town, and then see a film at the cinema. We could expect them back, they wrote, around late afternoon or early evening.

"Great!" said Rachel. "We have the house to ourselves for a change! Come on. Let's go to bed."

When we got there we both stripped off and lay beneath the duvet in a naked embrace.

"Well then," said my wife as she gently tweaked and tickled the underside of my cock. "What did you think of that then?"

"I'm shocked and angered. You were too severe. The boys did not deserve the punishment that you dished out to them."

"Yes they did; and you were seriously turned on by it, weren't you? The filthy little fornicators got no more than they deserved."

And my wife engaged me in long, intense eye contact and gave a smug, self-satisfied smirk.

"Wow! Have I cut their corns for them!"

"It's not their corns, Rachel. It's their cocks that you have cut; and ouch! You really butchered them. From now on they'll feel the work of your scalpel, tight and tugging up their stiffened shafts, every single time that they get an erection."

"Yes. Well. They deserve it for what they did to my daughters."

And so on. As our conversation progressed Rachel continued to expand on the theme of how her surgery would impact on my sons' love lives.

"It won't just be them. Their lovers will feel it as well, and their wives too when they get married. I have been reading up on the latest research and it indicates that a circumcised cock is damaged goods, and that it delivers to its lady recipient a considerably less ecstatic sexual experience. For those two young scamps there will from now on be no lengthy hovering on the brink of orgasm, no extended lingering at the gates of Nirvana before they enter in violent ejaculatory delight. They are no longer the proud owners of long sensitive foreskins replete with thousands of nerves and pleasure receptors. They no longer sport a purple coloured unkeratinised glans. They will now find it hard to deliver long, leisurely

copulatory love-making sessions. For them, most times, it will now be “wham, bam, thank you ma’am.” There will be lots of abrasive friction, and coitus that is nasty, brutish and short. Then, with the passing of the years, it will become more and more difficult for them to achieve erection and ejaculation at all. Oh yes! I’ve taught those two seducers of youthful maidens a lesson that they will never live down or forget.”

There was a lot more along the same lines. Rachel was clearly very pleased with herself, and amused and sexually stimulated by what she had done. As she developed her theme she rubbed and tickled me in all the right places. As for me, despite my sympathy for the boys, I too was seriously turned on by their kinky plight and by my wife’s salacious depictions of it. Before long my manhood was as stiff as a poker and I was copulating violently with my beautiful, kinky wife; and my own penis, foreskin and frenulum were all intact and I was lucky enough to enjoy my wife completely, fully, and as nature intended.

Three weeks later Leah reported a late period and when Rachel tested her she was found to be pregnant. The outcome was another family session in the conference room. Leah, decreed Rachel, would receive no further penalty since the pains of childbirth would be an adequate atonement. Paul, however, was sentenced to the same punishment that his lover had received earlier, namely six of the best on his bare bottom with the junior cane.

This was inflicted there and then by Rachel. In what I thought was a nice touch she made my son bend and stretch himself over the table. She then got Leah to clasp her hands together and hold him tightly underneath his arms and around his back. Next she took the thin, light, whippy rattan cane in her right hand and swished it through the air a few times. Since its last use Rachel had anointed it several times with olive oil, lovingly rubbing the lubricant into it to make it even more supple and swishy.

Rachel then lined up the cane across Paul’s sweet spot, just above his thighs, between the back of his scrotum and his anus. Meanwhile I gazed at my fifteen year old son’s bare bum. It was trim and meaty, with a covering of short, fluffy hairs witnessing to his pubescence. As Rachel lifted the cane clear of his rump and raised it into the air Paul’s bum gave a shudder, as if in anticipation of what was about to hit it. Then:

Swish!

Crack!

“Aaaagh! Ow! Ow! Ow!”

Oh, wow! Ouch! But did Rachel make the fornicator pay for his carnal pleasures!

Five more times the cane sizzled through the air and cracked home. Paul’s fifteen year old bottom was well whipped! Rachel took her time and gave the bare bum plenty of time to sting, tingle and throb between each stroke. By the end of his ordeal her victim was sporting six tightly bunched, livid, reddish black cuts stencilled into the meat of his backside, right across the back of his perineum.

Like the girls Paul howled plenty during his caning, and he wept piteously during the subsequent ten minutes of bending over, when Rachel held him firmly in place and bum rubbing was verboten.

I stood behind Paul and I got an excellent view. He was my son and I pitied him; but I could not help thinking that Rachel had brought him to heel far more comprehensively and effectively than I would ever have managed; from now on, I mused, he would be a more virtuous and a better governed youth—or else!

After these dramatic events our lives returned to domestic normality. Just over seven months later Leah gave birth to Rebecca, a beautiful baby daughter, and we brought in a full time nanny to help raise her. Meanwhile the kids continued with their education and Rachel and I got on with our jobs and with our lives.

Paul and the girls recovered fairly rapidly from their canings. The boys, however, deeply resented their circumcisions and, worse still, the constant teasing and mockery to which they were subjected by the family females.

I was the first to bear the brunt of the ridicule, and I continue to do so. It is usually inflicted by my wife Rachel when we are both naked in bed together. Rachel has now clamped the boys’ foreskins between glass plates and pickled them in large, jam jar sized glass receptacles filled with formaldehyde. These she proudly displays on the bedside cabinet at her side of our double bed.

Most of the ongoing mirth and mockery, however, is aimed directly at Paul and Stephen. They hate it, and this makes the teasing even more exquisite and delicious to Leah and Sarah.

"A foreskin for a hymen," I have heard Leah say to Paul. "It seems fair enough to me."

"You were a very naughty boy," Sarah will tell Stephen. "You needed to be brought to heel."

And so on. The boys are constantly regaled with an infinite variety of taunts and teases; and, to add to their intense sexual frustration, they dare not lay as much as a lustful finger upon their tormentors for fear that their stepmother will inflict further disciplinary penalties.