ANOTHER TEA WITH LADY BIRCHFIELD

**PART** **ONE**

Elizabeth couldn’t wait to tell her 9 year old twin daughters Sabrina and Simmy the exciting news. Lady Birchfield had invited them to another one of her fabulous afternoon teas.

Ah, summertime in the Cotswolds in the eighteen hundreds was just as nice as summertime there is today. Forget that business about global warming. True, there would be globules to be warmed that day, but it would be the rear ends of the adolescent offsprings of the workers and farmhands who toiled on the Baroness’s estate. You see, once a boy reached 14 he became a member of the stable of boys that the Baroness maintained for entertainment to the delight of all of her friends. This entertainment most often was provided during her afternoon teas which occurred monthly in the warmer seasons. Being a female did not provide sanctuary. No, the teenage girls of the land were also made participants.

Elizabeth’s carriage was brought to a halt by two footmen at the entrance to the manor. As usual they were busy handling the horse-drawn carriages of the invitees who arrived close to, if not precisely at, four o’clock. Some used the opportunity to bring along their dogs so that they could romp outdoors on the vast estate as adolescent rumps were being romped both outside and inside the manor.

“Ah, Elizabeth; I’m so glad to see you,” welcomed Lady Birchfield. “None of my little teas would ever be as successful without you.”

“And my daughters,” added Elizabeth. “These two are my insurance policies for your invitations, I trust, my lady.”

“Ah, such insight, but alas, no. Rest assured that you would remain on the list without Sabrina and Simmy. They will grow up, you know.”

“My, Lady Birchfield, you remember their names.”

“Of course; they are such delightful little devils, and so creative. I dare say that they add to the festivities, what with their devilish pranks. Is their father’s name Lucifer, per chance?” They both laughed as the Baroness turned to welcome the next guest.

“So good to see you again,” said the housekeeper who escorted Elizabeth and the twins away.

“Why thank you. Tell me, will there be chariot races and fencing matches again?”

“Well now I can’t tell, you know, but there will be races of a sort, but no fencing. However there will be an indoor contest that I’m sure you’ll find enchanting.”

“Elizabeth!”

Elizabeth turned to see another guest approaching with a smile.

“Gertrude, how nice to see you. My but you are looking ravishing this afternoon.”

“Nothing like a Lady Birchfield tea to perk one up. And I don’t mean just from the hot beverage.”

“Ha! I think you do enjoy seeing those boys thrashed almost as much as I.”

“Not just the thrashing, but the deserts served in the private chambers afterwards. Well hello Sabrina; Simmy.”

“You also remember their names. I’m more impressed.”

“Well they certainly make an impression on me. What little she-devils they are. Absolutely adorable the way they torment those boys which brings me to a little matter I’d like to discuss with you.”

“Oh?”

“You know I am a contributor to Saint Judas; the private school.”

“Saint Judas? Surely you jest.”

“Well it’s not actually called Saint Judas, you know, but that’s what I call it. Anyway, the school has to discipline the boys all of the time, and rather severely, I might add. But how many times can you beat a boy? Once their butts have been whipped to smithereens you have to move on, you know, on to other body parts. There was a most unfortunate incident a couple of weeks ago where a ten year old . . . well . . . well . . . let’s just say he met a most regrettable end. He . . .”

“That is most unfortunate; how distressing.”

“Yes. Now I am of the opinion that the school simply must provide forms of punishment other than birching and caning and the like; tormenting, for example, like only your little twins seem capable of.”  
 “Ah, so you want to borrow Sabrina and Simmy?”

“Oh yes; please, mama!”

“I suppose. I don’t see . . . Well I should be with them . . . to supervise, you understand.”

“Why of course; that should present no problem.”

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“To the terrace, ladies; the festivities are about to commence,” called out the housekeeper.

“I hope the race is not another one of those soapy pigs one,” said Elizabeth.

“Race?”

“Opps; I wasn’t supposed to say.”

The twins took off as Elizabeth and Gertrude ambled their way outside and onto the huge elevated terrace with each taking a colorful parasol from a servant at the door.

It was a glorious day. Some of the ladies were sitting at round table beneath large colorful umbrellas but most had already made their way to a low stone wall with their parasols and were looking out over the vast grounds below. Sure enough a racetrack had been marked off in the grassy field that lay between two estate gardens. To their left sounded a horn. All eyes turned as a parade commenced to a tempo set by a squad of drummers not yet in view.

Lead by a girl leader and another girl with a long horn came a platoon of teenage peasant girls all wearing simply Romanesque skirts and sandals, marching at a slow jog with their breasts a swaying. Four wore red skirts and the others in groups of four wore skirts in the colors of green, blue, yellow and lavender. Obviously they had been scrubbed for the big event.

The girls marched four abreast, making for eight breasts in total, in five columns, with the big mamas in the front row and the smaller to the rear. The last row was filled by the budding breasted ones which was largely occupied by thirteen and fourteen year olds. Not much swaying there. Their leader was a very large girl with very large jugs who was marching backwards with a rattan cane raised on high. Hers was a skirt of many colors; the five colors just mentioned. You see, these colors represented team colors.

The slow jogging topless girls held a bell in each hand. The bells in the leading row carried by the big bosoms had the lowest pitch. Those to the rear had higher pitches with the last row occupied by the budding buds having the highest. The group was clanging out a folksong that was familiar to all under the direction of their big baboon leader. The ladies up on the elevated terrace eyes lit up and their faces broke out into broad smiles. Lady Birchfield smiled as she saw her invitees smile. A good start.

Next came twenty boys whose number matched that of the girls, also jogging slowly in the same formation. Their costume too was topless. Actually it was the most simplest of costumes, consisting solely of a loincloth. The front flaps of the loincloths was sufficiently long for their privates to remain private, but the rear flaps measured a mere three inches. Again, four wore red while the others wore the other four colors. A line of drummers brought up the rear.

The ladies up on the terrace soaked in the youths’ figures as they entered the race track and jogged for one full lap while played out the tune to the bells and the trailing drummers. Once the initial lap was done they received a round of polite applause from the refined audience up on the terrace. Then they fanned out to take up four relay stations that were spaced equally apart along the racetrack.

With the relay stations now each manned with a boy and girl of the five teams, a servant extracted ten canes from a cag of brim up on the terrace and tied ribbons to each end that bore the team colors. Another servant followed behind bearing a silver tray with twenty ribbons tied in bows. Once more there were four of each of the five team colors. When a lady selected a bow she was selecting a team. Oh what fun! The wet canes were then taken down to the field and distributed amongst the relay stations.

At the sound of a single prolonged note the racers at the first station in front of the terrace took an On-Your-Mark stance. There now were five boys in the five different colors representing the five teams down in their On-Your-Mark position with their jaws gripping the middle of its team cane – its team standard, so to speak. To their rear stood each boy’s female teammate with her same team colored cane raised on high.

Upon two blasts of the horn the five boy racers at the first relay station all rose into their Get-Set position. A hush fell over the assembly of ladies in all their finery, protected from the sun by their colorful parasols. Many noticed that it were the boy runners who now held the bells that the girls had earlier borne and rung.

What a spectacle it was seeing the five boy runners in their loincloths with their bared asses raised in readiness to sprint forward bearing their team standard – the cane with its team color ribbons – in his mouth. The tension was broken as the horn sounded the first blast bringing all into a trance. Now came the second blast which only served to heighten the tension. Finally the third blast sounded. The five girls at the first relay station all let it rip as they whipped their canes forcefully into their teammates raised asses with a “GO GO GO!”

And that they did with the bells clanging like an orchestra tuning up – all dissonant.

Five abreast they sprinted forward with their heads held high with their team cane in their mouths with its colors flying and their noses flared. “Go Blue,” called out one of the invitees. “Hurry, Green,” said another. “Don’t tarry, lads. No loitering; tee-hee.”

It didn’t take long before the racers found themselves approaching the second relay station – just a quarter-lap – where the girls were shouting “GO GO GO” and waving their canes. Contrary to a modern day relay race the second station runners did not start running themselves. You see, the passing of the batons – the mouth-held canes – had to be done mouth to mouth for their bell ladened hands could not be used in the relay transfer.

The Red team sprinter saw his receiver standing up ahead at the second relay station with his mouth wide opened. He came to a halt beside him, panting. Their noses touched first and then they were cheek-to-cheek. The retriever bit the cane but the other one hung on, unsure that the exchange had been completed. A cut of the cane by the girl teammate along with a “LET GO!” did the trick.

As soon as the exchange was made the girl teammate shouted out an On-Your-Mark. The moment that the boy had stopped and gone down into his all fours she shouted out her Get-Set. With that done she instantly slammed her cane into his raised ass to give him a rocket send-off. “GO YOU LAGARD, GO!”

The tea party ladies were enthralled. The exchanges were all so different. While the Red team receiving boy had been waiting, some of the others tried to keep moving. The first to do that – the Blue team at station two – almost was run over by the charging boy. He stumbled back only to catch himself from falling with one hand. His donor was screaming through his clinched teeth “GET UP, IDIOT.” When he did so he went to reach for the cane for support without thinking, only to be stopped by his girl teammate who shouted “NO!” That would have made for a disqualification with all of its implications.

Just after the exchange was made, followed by the on-your-mark and get set positioning, the retrieving boy was sent on his way, spurred on by a vicious blow from his distraught girl teammate who had seen that the Red team had moved significantly ahead. The ladies on the terrace were pointing and laughing. Lady Birchfield noted this and smiled in silent contentment.

On the relay teams raced in the first lap. When a cane was dropped during the exchange there was a price to pay for its return: Two cuts to each offender overseen by the station-master referee. There was no incident where a cane was dropped while at a sprint.

Now one runner dropped a bell. The closest referee had to run over to make a snap judgment call. Two cuts and he was on his way now back with both of his bells clanging. Only two other times did a referee intervene for an infraction of the rules and execution of summary judgment – penalty strokes of the cane. It wasn’t long until the second lap was at hand.

For the second and third laps the bells were exchanged for pails of water to be carried in each hand. Filled with water from a nearby stream, they only weighed only some three or four pounds. Spillage carried penalties. Measurements would be taken at the end of the race.

During the first lap the ladies on the terrace had noticed that a number of the estate children had been gathered together in the center of the track. They all held something in their hands. Just what it was, was unclear. Whatever it was they had been playing with it by poking or swatting each other until their supervisor had had them cut that out.

The children had giggled as the race proceeded and, for the most part, been ignored by the tea party invitees. There was simply too much else going on. However just as the third lap was about to commence the children were released and dispersed with groups going to each of the five relay stations. As they made their way it became clear just what they had been playing with: Birch twigs.

As the runners now made their runs for the exchange they would see a swarm of the children waiting there screaming and swishing their birch twigs all about. Now a boy approaching with the cane in his mouth and with his hands loaded with the pails of water as level as he could, would find himself running right at his waiting teammate but into the middle of the swarming children who were screaming and swishing their birch twigs all about. Though the retriever would be off-limits to the little brats, the donor was fair game once the donor reached him. Needless to say this made the exchange more challenging.

The exchange of the cane was now made with the two runners in a cane bite exchange. The two pails of water also had to be exchanged while trying not to spill. All the while they would find themselves in the middle of a swarm of wasps that was screaming and slashing away at their legs, their feet, and their loincloth-covered privates plus their naked butts. Quite a challenge, indeed. Below the waist was unrestricted territory. Thus the hands and wrists trying to hold the pails level made for tempting targets whenever they dropped below the waist.

As they ran their bottoms and legs had multitudes of points that stung like wasps had indeed stung them rather than birch twigs.

When a runner would go into his On-Your-Mark posture he often would see taunting children right in front of him pointing and screaming and horning in on him like juvenile hornets. His rise upon Get-Set would be meet with birch twigs pouncing on his ass. His girl teammate would often find her swing area cluttered by the little taunting insect brats in their free-for-all play. She would have to wave them off with her cane to clear the approach zone . . . with its accompanying delay.

Still then there would be a kid lying on the grass trying to swat the loincloth draped cock and balls. Thus the smash of the cane which triggered escape could come as a relief. At least it stopped the ticking away of the time and the birchings. The children quickly learned not to be directly in front of the boy at Go as they would get run over as the boy tried to avoid hitting them himself or with his pails of water. To the ladies on the terrace it looked like swarms of wasps trying to protect their nests.

Once a runner did sprint forward he would easily out-distance the children. Not to be outdone the little brats started to play interference between the relay stations. This was against the rules as the little brats were supposed to stay at the relay station. Bedlam. They would run at oncoming racers screaming and waving their birch twigs in making a frontal attack only to part ways when the racer was on them.

When two boys on one team tripped over each other on their exchange attempt, they were immediately pounced upon by a swarm. It looked like a pack of hyenas devouring falling prey.

Oh how the children enjoyed being given free range. Not often in this strict era of children should be seen and not heard were they given such freedom. And did they ever make the most of it.

To the ladies up on the terrace the moving packs and swarms had their perverted charm with it looking like there simply was no escaping the little bastards swishing away with their birch twigs. But then the stationary swarms had their own special charm too – they looking like packs of insects devouring prey. Both were so delightful. To Sabrina and Simmy however it was an envious sight. They were missing out on all the fun. Just the price to be paid for being a member of the gentry. But alas; all good things must eventually come to an end.

With race’s end it was accounting time; time to account for those to be held accountable – for those for whom the bells tolled. The children were caroled back in the center of the racetrack and provided refreshments.

The first through fifth place winner – and losers – was determined. Then the pales of remaining water of each team were measured. More winners – and losers. Elizabeth’s team had come in dead last on all counts.

The awards ceremony was now at hand. Before proceeding to the terrace however, each of the sweaty runners was doused with river water. The girls put on flocks for decorum inside the manor.

Once on the terrace each member of the winning team was personally awarded a small coin of the realm by the charitable and benevolent Lady Birchfield. Second place winners were simply sent on their way to the participants’ party for refreshments. Third place called for another lap around the track while fourth place had two laps. The losers had three laps and no refreshments. After their third penalty lap they were sent straight home without refreshments with a stout birch rod in hand which their disgraced parents would most assuredly reduce to smithereens on their wretched, loser bodies.

As for the ladies with the winning team – their prize was a bottle of the finest of the estate wine; not Lady Birchfield’s, of course, but of one from Burgundy. That Lady Birchfield; so gracious; so creative; so benevolent and charitable. Now it was time to move inside for tea.

**PART** **TWO**

Handing their parasols to servants at the doors the assembly moved into the Great Hall to take their seats in comfort before the tea tables. For some twenty minutes they were left to enjoy their teas and teacakes while gossiping and discussing the most unusual and delightfully wicked race. All the time Lady Birchfield circulated as she sipped her tea, enjoying the comments regarding the race. Naturally they were all most positive within her hearing range. A string trio provided added sophistication to the refined setting as its three lady musicians in long flowing black gowns played selections by Handel and Mozart.

“Mama; that lady there asked if me and Simmy could go up to her room when you ladies go up. Can we? Oh please: can we?”

Elizabeth looked to see that it was Gertrude that had asked. Gertrude gave her her most engaging and enthusiastic smile. “We’ll see.” Now Lady Birchfield took center stage and tapped her cup. A hush ensued.

“I am most pleased to hear that you dear ladies enjoyed our little race.” This was met with light applause. “Unfortunately I cannot take credit for its creation. No, that credit goes to none other than the manor housekeeper. Let us lift our . . . our . . . teacups to Susan and James.”

That they did.

“And with that I shall ask Susan to explain the indoor entertainment this afternoon. Mrs. Harris.”

“Thank you so much for the recognition, my lady. I dare say that our little race did meet my expectations. Now for our other little program we have a contest. Well I suppose a race is a contest, but this one is quite different. This contest is to test the ability of the girl participants to cane the boy participants’ rumps to the limit. That limit is the point of drawing blood. A single drop of blood, as proven by it’s being on my finger, calls for disqualification and for the attendant consequences of disqualification. The winning team shall be the one that created the most perfect, the most thoroughly beaten rump, leaving no area however small unattended to.”

“Sort of like Salomon’s pound of flesh.”

“Why yes; I suppose you could say that.” That brought polite laughter.

“I do realize that it may prove somewhat difficult to judge the most perfect. Indeed, there are innate individual differences here. As an aid in this determination there will be a discount assessed for any wayward cuts. Any high marks will not be awarded, shall we say high marks, but with penalty discounts. This also applies to any marks on the legs. What we strive for this afternoon is the delivery of the perfect rump roast; a rump that is welted thoroughly and with loving care throughout to perfection: like a perfectly risen soufflé. I do realize that the owner of the best beaten rump may not appreciate his being associated with the winner. Then again, who knows, tee-hee.”

“To the first ten eliminated they will have the privilege of punishing their girl caner with six-of-the-best for having made a poor showing. The housekeeper shall insure that they are all laid well on. No slackers, you understand. James that I doubt there will be many, if any, for I feel confident that the boys will want to take revenge on the girls who have been beating their precious buns.”

“Thank you Susan; thank you James. Ladies?”

The ladies expressed their approval by tapping their teacups.

“With that said, let the contest begin with the contestants first from the Red team. Good luck to all. Happy caning!”

The four boys and four girls from the same Red team that ran the race came forward to take their positions at four caning stations that were side by side yet spaced apart. The ladies and their children recognized these from an earlier tea.

At each station was a bench to one end of which was mounted two upright posts with three slots much like a gun rack or a track race hurdle. A prickly pin rod was seated in the slot that best matched the height of the boy with his being up on his tiptoes. The boy would then lean over the pin rod while up on tiptoes, drape his loincloth’s front flap over the pin rod, place his elbows on the bench and have his wrists clamped in hand-stocks. He head was prevented from dropping by a clothes pin clipped to his hair from which a taut lanyard extended.

With that done a boy would have to concentrate on not having his thighs touch the pin rod which had a cylindrical field of prickly pin. No, he didn’t dare touch that. That feature helped insure that he stayed up on his tiptoes which of course added further stress to an already stressful situation.

As his ass was thrashed that would become even more difficult. A rather devilish set-up because each time the cane struck he would have to rebound and jut his butt back towards the caner, which was the reverse of anyone’s normal reaction. The test was both inseparable physical and mental.

“Good; I see that the Red team is ready to begin. Children, feel free to do your little heckling. On the table there you will find some feathers and nursery tawses or floggers to play with. We don’t want the boys to get bored with our little contest now do we? So have fun.”

Sabrina and Simmy took off ahead of the other children. “And ladies; do feel free to roam amongst the rumps at your pleasure. You might even wish to provide words of advice. Well then, let the contest begin – and – let the best ass win! Hee-hee. Musicians; if you please.” The string trio commenced to play.

During Lady Birchfield’s talk the girl contestants had been studying their counterpart targets – their teammates - in planning their rear end attacks. From the relay race there were quite a number of welts already formed, of course. So the girls were studying just where to concentrate without striking too high or too low. There were mark from the birch twigs along the legs, but those scratches were easily distinguishable from tramlines created by the canes. With study period now over the girls went to work.

The ladies sitting on the chairs and sofas watched as the four girls starting raining down their canes on the asses so precisely and delicately positioned in front of them. Contrary to the relay race, they took their time. No, now was certainly not the time to rush. They had their work cut out in finding ass areas that were in need of being welted. Care had to be taken in not striking a welt that was already close to the point of breaching for that well might produce blood. Care also had to be taken in not striking high nor below the crease where legs met ass. This called for surgical precision.

With the child floggers and feathers in hand Sabrina and Simmy went to work in tormenting and creating general ciaos to the delicate strings of the trio. This of course provided a distraction for the girl caners. No one wants distraction while working in surgery.

The clever two she-devils quickly recognized this and took advantage. Sabrina took to putting her face right in front of a boy’s face and laughing. “Ready to start,” she asked as she began giving little slaps to the distressed boy’s face which couldn’t be lowered because of the taut lanyard. It was on her fourth slap that the cane slammed into his ass. Having lost concentration because of Sabrina’s antics he failed to remember the pin rod. Right into it his thighs went.

Sabrina was just about to deliver her fifth slap when the boy screeched. Not to lose the unexpected opportunity she dropped her flogger and feather, grabbed his head with both hands and planted a kiss on his wide open mouth which cut off his screech that was interfering with the enchanting sounds of Handel.

The boy’s girl teammate and partner looked down to see the results as he jerked back towards her and off the pin rod. Her inspection however was hampered by Simmy who was feathering the fresh tramline like she was dusting. Meanwhile the boy was trying to cope with the fresh cut of the cane and his thighs with multiple pin pricks while his mouth remained inhabited by Sabrina. Instinctive his hands reached to push her off only to be arrested by the stocks. His entire being was overwhelmed.

Ah, tea with the Lady Birchfield. What a thrill; what a delight! Just then the string trio picked up the tempo at tad.

The girl teammate pushed Simmy out of her way with her cane. “Get away,” she screamed. Meanwhile back in front the boy had just given Sabrina’s lips two quick jabs as a warning that he was about to bit. Sabrina broke off her coy kiss and with a “you don’t like my kissing?” She started back to slapping his face back and forth. “You don’t like my kissing, do you?” The boy ignored her as he tried to feel exactly where the pin rod was in relation to his thighs. Damn if he was going to hit that prickly thing again.

Once he touched it he backed away. The only way open to him in doing so was to try to go up even higher on his tiptoes. Conveniently, that served to raise his ass target higher.

With the next cut of the cane the boy managed to maintain his position spaced slightly away from the pin rod high upon his tiptoes. Now Simmy worked away on one foot in rapid-fire little flogger blows until the boy couldn’t stand it and tried to kick her away. Being up on but one foot would cause him to lose or almost lose his balance and brush the dreaded pin rod. Back down he would go just by the time that Simmy had started to work on the raised bottom of his other foot. These back and forth gyrations impeded his caner as she now had to work with a moving target. “KEEP STILL, you fool; I’m trying to work back here, you know. Or have you forgotten about me? What a self-centered idiot.”

By now Sabrina had recovered her feather and flogger from the floor. She called to her sister, “feather his feet.” And that Simmy did – tickling the tender bottom of his stretched feet. Seeing that that produced no discernable reaction she substituted the little flogger for the feather.

Sabrina started in on the boy’s armpits with her tickling feather but when that didn’t produce any reaction – simply because the boy had more urgent matters on his mind - she started feathering his eyes which instinctively closed. Not for long though for a moment later his ass received a vicious blow. Understand that the blows had to be hard for otherwise they would have to be repeated as the clock ticked on.

Clever Sabrina had seen that coming and was prepared just like a girl scout. When his face suddenly reacted with his mouth and eyes opening wide, Sabrina unleased her saved up wad of spit into an eye. When his eyes instinctively closed she launched another kiss attack on his still open and gasping mouth.

This time Sabrina added still another feature: She pinched his nose closed. The boy’s torso almost went into convulsions as it and his shoulders were the only body parcels that weren’t stretched to their limits. Still he needed to breathe.

His concentration shifted to stretching his mouth as wide open as possible to gasp for air. This of course was the opposite of a biting action, as before. Never one to miss an opportunity Sabrina thrust her tongue into his mouth. A tongue battle ensued as the boy rocked his shoulders and slammed his wrists against the stocks, gasping for air while engaged in tongue fight.

Lady Birchfield caught sight of this latest antic. She was most pleased. At the same time she noticed how the three other boys, though also being caned, were not being subjected to the torment that the twins were delivering. She whispered to the housekeeper who moved the twins over to the next boy. Simmy, who had been working the back of the boy’s thighs with her little flogger, resisted momentarily but then obeyed. There was little room for disobedience in the strict Victorian era when children were to be seen and not heard – except of course during a performance at one of Lady Birchfield’s afternoon teas.

Just then the changing-of-the-guard bell rung. Once the Red Team boys were released from their hand stocks their hands flew back to their asses as they straighten up and moved away from the pin rods. Then they made their way, urged along by their girl caners with their canes in their backs, over to the massive spiral staircase where The Housekeeper stood in wait. It was like four prisoners making their way to the bar to receive their sentences from the judicial bench.

Once the contest had begun in earnest the string trio broke up. The violinist and the violist rose to become strolling minstrels leaving the cellist to carry on while remaining seated. The strolling musicians in their flowing black gowns separated far enough apart so that their individual playing did not interfere with each other. They first made their way past the ladies who were still seated, nodding graciously. Then one by one they serenated the team players. Nothing like having some background music as one worked.

While playing classical selections of their choice they would stop by a girl caner and smile tenderly. Elizabeth watched one who would raise her fiddle and bow as the caner raised her cane. The girl had to stop and laugh. Another member of the trio would play in an ad hoc manner, much as an accompanist. When the caner would pause at the top of her swing she would saw away repeated on one note to provide added tension. What a horrid sound this made for the poor waiting boy. When the girl swung the cane forward the note would be sustained into a screech. This brought some polite applause from the guests to Lady Birchfield’s delight.

Not only was the rears of the boys serenated, their fronts were too. The black attired lady musicians would lean down playfully in front of the boys’ faces and smile oh so friendly-like as she fiddled away. One went into a Scottish jig with her shoulders rocking from side to side as she played with gusto. The sole Scottish guest couldn’t help but rise from her tea table and prance away to the applause of some of the other guests. Oh what a party. A refill; please.

The violist, with her lower tones, played the opposite role. She was the simpatico player. She would play mournfully and sympathetically as a boy’s ass was met with the cane. She would even tuck her long black gown and go down on one knee right in front of the boy’s face. As his head would jerk to a cut with his face wet with tears she would draw her bow slowly and mournfully as she would whisper “Oh poor boy; did that one sting? Oh you poor, poor thing.” Then she would rise and move down to the next boy to give him some musical solace and sympathetic words of fake comfort as his ass was being smelted in a furnace, line by line, as if by a hot poker as the cane struck again and again and again.

The simultaneous torments of the children added to the strange and unique mixture of sound and sight as they in their childish way jeered and taunted and flogged with their nursery floggers and taunted with their feathers. Today one might call this a sound and light show.

Over half of the ladies stood and made their way over to the four work stations. Others that were engrossed in conversation, simply took more tea. It wasn’t long though before they too ambled over, for no matter how refined one was, one could not resist this circus.

When Elizabeth arrived at the boy who the twins had been tormenting she saw his caner engrossed in a discussion with another lady. The lady had her head down for a close inspection of the welted ass and was pointed to an area that she felt needed more attention. The girl took hold of that site and squeezed it so that the lady had a better view. They both nodded while chatting, obviously in agreement. More attention was indeed needed there.

Elizabeth proceeded on with her ass tour. She found no two alike. Some had one bun in better condition than the other. Translated, that meant that the better one was more thoroughly welted than the other. Some were bright red, some deep red, some black and blue and some simply a kaleidoscope of colors and textures. Ah, what diverse tapestries.

When Elizabeth reached the fourth station she found the twins at their play. Simmy was busy with her feather, sweeping it continuously back and forth over the beaten ass there. Only when she saw the cane swooshing down would she pull off to make way only to return immediately to sweeping the line of fire just stoked. Indeed, she would concentrate her efforts for a brief period before resuming a full sweep of the area as if dusting a lamp shade.

Elizabeth found Sabrina seated between the boy’s legs. Recall that the front flap of his loincloth was draped over the pin rod. She was busy feathering his cock which was looking down mournfully at her. She tried to imagine the boy’s feeling of having his boyhood feathered as he stood there up on tiptoes before the dreaded pin rod receiving one cut of the cane after another as the music played on. Now Sabrina moved on to his balls. When the cane suddenly struck his tortured ass Simmy feathered the spot. briefly before returning to his cock and balls. There was no time for dust to settle here.

When Elizabeth moved in for a close inspection of this boy’s tortured rump his caner made way. She leaned down for a close inspection and was surprised by the heat being radiated by his roasted rump. She conjured up an image of the perfection being sought out today. She imagined that two be two twin semi-globules of uniform raw meat – much like two red balloons pressed together, but that was not what she found. What she did find had texture made from a composite of welts. What a challenge it presented in trying to sculpture a uniformly round mass of beaten ass meat when your sculpturing instrument was not flat but a rod. Ah, what a challenge for the sculpturer. What grueling work.

Gently Elizabeth removed one of her gloves and put her hand onto the swollen hot rump. At once it quivered and its owner jumped away right onto the pin rod. With a screech the boy backed off. Now the kid knew it was the gentle hand of one of the distinguished guests. Odd how he could manage a cut of the cane only then to give in with a gentle touch of a refined lady’s hand.

Elizabeth moved her hand gently and smoothly over the hot globules to find that the texture of the work piece was indeed rough and uneven.

These were tiny hills and vales with discolorations resembling ridges lit by sunlight in reflecting direct and ambient light. How interesting. Lighting was so important for artists.

She noted that the hidden areas where the two cheeks meet to be mostly untouched. She raised up and pointed that out to the girl caner; his partner. With a ‘thank you my lady’ the girl pulled one globe away from it mate and went to work with a rapid fire of short, close-on-hand strokes. The boy screeched as the music played on. Then it was on to the other cheek. When she was satisfied she pulled away which allowed the crevice to close. No longer were unattended to areas in view. The girl smiled. “Thank you, me lady; thank you so much, right Johnny?”

Unfortunately her ‘thank you’ had been misplaced for when Elizabeth went to put her white glove back on a spot of red appeared on it. Her muttering of ‘oh my’ was not missed by the butler who took one look at the tiny red bloc and put his own un-gloved hand to the rump. BLOOD! No more than a small drop but nevertheless, BLOOD! This duo of was instantaneously disqualified. The girl who just moments before had been so thankful now gave Elizabeth a mean look of betrayal. “Thanks a *lot*.”

As soon as the boy was out of the stocks the butler led them both by an ear to the disqualification area in disgrace. Seeing this the other three stations fell silent. The violist went into a funeral drudge as she accompanied the three. Once corralled he called out: “That’s all folks. There’s no problem here. Back to work, contestants.” The musicians swung back into songs of merriment as the three other caners returned to their work.

One guest made her way out onto the terrace to escape the noise and seek some temporary reprieve. It was a bit overwhelming for her. Now she heard the sound of the great outdoors mingled with the sounds coming from inside the Great Hall. The hounds were baying. What a dissonant symphony that made. There was the intermittent screeching of the boys and the barely audible sound of the swooshing canes (not cranes) and floggers overlaid with the mixture of music – some classical and some folk. The sounds of the children added further to the calliope. Finally when she heard two of the guest laughing loudly, she gave in. The party continued on in full swing. Not to miss out, she returned to the controlled bedlam.

As Elizabeth moved to another caning station she heard its teammates engaged in a distressful discussion. She immediately saw the cause for alarm. On the right cheek there were two high parallel welts that straddled an unblemished valley. When the girl caner had tried to strike the valley she had missed repeatedly only to hit the raised welt side walls again. With each hit the budding hills had grown and bloomed, only to render it more difficult to strike between them. She had tried spreading the ridges apart with one hand and cane the valley with the other only to hit her own fingers. Naturally she took her frustration out on her partner.

“Hey, I need some help here guy; some cooperation, YOU HEAR?”

“I’m trying; God, I’m trying.”

“Fuck that. You keep jiggering. Damn it you got to keep them cheeks still. How can I work back here with you keep moving. Be considerate.”

“Fuck you.”

With that she laid the cane in the serene valley. Slowly she lifted it but not carefully enough. It slid along the side of the closer mountain. The cheek recognized that by not only jiggling but by having the entire ass clinch as the boy cried out.

“Goddamn you; I don’t believe this shit, you little shithead. You are more self-centered than my dog.”

With that she raised the cane far back above her shoulder and, to vent her frustration, swung it down with all her might. Miraculously the cane hit the valley square on. The boy screamed as his thighs hit and bounced off the pin rod causing the cane to press against one of the welt ridge slopes. That one of the small children was making a funny-face right in front of his face did little to mute his outcry.

Elizabeth applauded politely and moved on to the next tapestry and its kaleidoscope of textures and colors. Actually she waltzed her way over to the melody of a Brahms waltz. Such a nice tea party.

On and on continued the contest – the quest for the perfect caned ass-of-the-day under most challenging conditions. The quest for two giant, uniform welt-globules; a truly Herculean task befitting a Don Quixote quest.

At its conclusion all of the boys were brought down from the Great Staircase and lined up with their girl teammate caner standing in front of them holding their canes like soldiers hold their rifles. The time had arrived for a pass-in-review for those who had not been disqualified. The trio ceased their playing.

The lady guests made their way slowly down the line passing in review the asses. Comments flowed freely. There was some laughter, pointing, and an occasional friendly pat on a bun. The housekeeper and butler brought up the rear of the line for their official inspection and judgment.

Upon completion of their pass-in-review the ladies proceeded around in front of the line of girls as the housekeeper and butler finished up their work and made their decision. The chosen one’s ass was as good as it comes, working with a cane. Two cheeks glowing like twin red planets. Simply celestial were the pairs of welt globs. The housekeeper quietly asked the boy the name of his teammate and then equally as discrete so informed Lady Birchfield.

“Ladies, may I please have your attention. We have reached a verdict and I now am most pleased to announce the winner.” That said, accompanied by the housekeeper and butler the hostess made her way down the line of the girl caners. She and her entourage stopped in front of the winner. All three gave her a broad smile.

“Ladies, I present to you the winner of today’s contest: Miss Audrey Smith!”

The guests and musicians and house servants broke into a sustained applause. “Please step forward Miss Audrey Smith.” The stunned girl did so. Lady Birchfield might be the baroness but *she* was queen of the day.

Once the applause had ended one of the servants handed the baroness a large, beautiful bouquet of mixed flower who in turn presented them to the girl as she stood there front and center still holding her rattan. A baroness kiss to each cheek followed the girl’s curtsey. “A most hardy congratulations to a job well done.” Had the guests been male there would not doubt been ‘hear hears’ galore, but as there wasn’t there simply was more polite applause.

Other house servants came forward. Two carried a large tray carrying a bronze of a clothed girl with a cane raised high over her shoulder in readiness to deliver. The servants knelt down in front of the girl now holding the flowers. “The name Audrey Smith will be etched on the name plate that you see here. Your parents will be so honored, I sure.” More applause and teacup taps.

“Miss Audrey, do you see any friends here in our gathering? Surely you must.”

The girl looked up and down the line and nodded politely. “Select two if you would to serve as your maids of honor to accompany you home in the Baroness’s personal carriage.”

“Jennie; Beth,” she said as she nodded to them.

“Please step forward, girls,” said Lady Birchfield. That done the two were also presented with flowers and baskets of fruit.

“Ladies, that concludes the contest. Again, our champion is Miss Audrey Smith. Butler, please escort her and her maids of honor to my carriage which stands in wait at the entrance. Miss Audrey’s own basket of fruit is already there.”

Led by the butler the champion and her maids of honor were escorted out of the Great Hall to the manor entrance and carriage. “The rest of you girls may now made your way out onto the patio where refreshments await.”

Waiting there also was the regrouped string trio which started in with some lively folk dances. The remaining girls now watched as the ten losers that had been waiting in detention were caned by their male teammates with a vengeance. Their outdoor howls were responded to by the hounds.

As the Great Hall emptied the boys were simply left behind still standing in a line. No directions were given to them. They were simply discards; throw-aways. But what about us, they wondered. Were they simply to be ignored? “But what about me,” asked the boy whose ass had been adjusted to be the Best of the Show? “Don’t I get a prize? Don’t I get something; anything?” A servant girl standing there just shrugged an ‘I don’t know.’ Of course they were not to be forgotten. They services would still be needed in the private chambers of the manor.

**PART** **THREE**

“Ladies,” announced Lady Birchfield with authority; “those of you who chose the winning team may now make your way over the boys and make your selection for the final event of the day that I know so many of you have been anxiously awaiting: The private session up above. Once you have made your selection merely summons a maid who will collect your bow and pin it to the boy’s loincloth.”

With much ado those ladies carried out the baroness’s instruction as the others waited in hope that the one that they had been googling would not be taken. When a member of the second group cheerfully called out that she would have like two, Lady Birchfield graciously obliged, knowing that they her supply of boy toys would not be exhausted. From past experience she knew that three or four of her guests would decline the private session, and that two others would be asking for one of the girls out on the terrace.

To Elizabeth’s misfortune her team had come in dead last. One by one she saw the cream of the crop have a ribbon of another team’s color pinned to his loincloth. When ten boys had been pinned they were pulled from the line and delivered to their lady. This was done due to the limited number of private chambers available today on the upper floors. Ladies of the third and fourth placed teams would have to wait as much as a half hour. They would not be bored since, as it was, they would be free to roam the manor.

When Gertrude went up the Great Staircase with his chosen boy and the twins, they had waved her a fond goodbye. Elizabeth returned the waves.

Finally the five ladies of the last placed team were invited to go shopping. It was like going to the market just before closing time. The pickings were thin. There were now large gaps in the lineup of the few remaining. The rejects were downcast; these tomatoes were wilted, having been passed over repeatedly.

Elizabeth’s eye was drawn to a boy who was trying to get her attention. He had stood as the others had, not allowed to touch his burning ass for the longest time. Along with the others he felt rejected. That they could hear the girls having a good time out on the patio did not help. She went to inspect the boy with the pitifully pleading smile.

He was on the young side; probably just 13 or 14. He looked up at her through eyeglasses. She wondered how his parents had been able to afford them. His eyesight had to be just terrible judging from their thickness. She leaned down for a closer look to find that he had a harelip. These goods were clearly defective. She conjured up an image of his hair lip being applied to her hair lined lips of Venus. An unexpected interesting concept. “Turn around, please.”

Elizabeth looked at the youth’s ass. Two globules of thoroughly tenderized meat. As she moved one hand for a touch she could feel the heat.

The boy’s ass quivered to her touch but quickly settled down as she ever-so-gently caressed both cheeks. She moved back in front of him and lifted his loincloth. Sure enough his young year cock was standing at full attention like that of a toy soldier. She summoned a servant.

As her bow was pinned to his loincloth tears trickled down from the thankful boy’s eyes. His selection meant acceptance. Never mind that all four of these runts of the litter would likely be chosen. There was no other choice. At least this one didn’t smell.

The boy climbed the Great Staircase some three steps ahead of Elizabeth. With each step his ruby red ass cheeks jiggled to Elizabeth’s delight. Though today there would be no flogging instruments in the private chamber, her hands would be there right alongside of her. They were inseparable.

On and on they climbed with Elizabeth’s face level with the swaying, thrashed ass cheeks of the youngster. What a delight it would be just minutes from now when he was over her lap with his little manhood hard as a rock, or at least a pebble, as she spanked and spanked and spanked his already roasted buns. Then of course the adventurous treat of having a harelip hard at work buried in her fair forest would still lie ahead. Perhaps there would be time enough to have a second coming, as it were, as the little miner worked away on the cave entrance’s overhang. Elizabeth preferred open pit mining to cavernous.

By the time she reached the upper floor her heart was doing double time: Time from the climb and time from her arousal on the stairway to paradise. She paused at the top to gather her breath. With its return she nodded to the chambermaid that had been standing there. The maid curtsied, took the boy by an ear, and led the way to Elizabeth’s just- vacated chamber.

The youth hadn’t known just exactly Elizabeth would have him do once they were alone. It came as no surprise when she removed his eyeglasses and sprayed herself with perfume that was provided on the side table. What an unimaginable disappointment it was though when she took off her white gloves and his loincloth and pulled him over her lap for a spanking. Not more of *that*! Good grief. Then she perfumed his roasted rump.

How glorious it was when she caressed his hot, caned-to-smithereens ass cheeks. Round and round her hands went feeling the hot, thrashed globules. She checked the condition of his young cock to confirm that her feminine charms remained in good working order. With that confirmed made she moved away from caressing to patting. From patting she move on to light spanking with both hands. The boy’s cheeks jiggled as the so-tender-to-the-touch welts pranced.

Elizabeth took hold of the lad’s balls in one hand. Now her other hand move on to some serious spanking. SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT. One cheek then the other – hard. The boy gowned and moaned and sobbed as his arms fluttered like a wounded bird. Now so elated she couldn’t help but to break out in song.

Patty cake – SPLAT - patty cake – SPLAT - baker’s man

Bake me a cake as fast as you can.

Pat it – SPLAT- roll it,

And mark it with a B.

Put it in the oven for baby and me. SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT

Elizabeth played with him, both front and back. She would pat-pat-pat one cheek only to slam her hand hard down on the other to his surprise. She would pat-pat-pat another only to deliver it there. The boy could never tell. In between she would give his little boy package a friendly squeeze from time to time. One would say that she had her hands full.

Now she hummed like a bumblebee. “Now where will the little bee like to sting?” Then she flicks a welt with her middle finger and thumb. “There!”

Buzzzzzzzzzz. Buzzzzzzzzzzzz. Flick. “There!”

Now she walks about of the welts with her second and third fingers of each hand over each bun as if on a hike.

Buzzzzzzzzz. Buzzzzzzzzzzz. Flick. “Here!”

Here, there, and everywhere.

Now she moved her head down to one of the boy’s ears and tongued it. This he didn’t mind until she went to whispering buzzzzzzzzz buzzzzzzzzzz FLICK! Buzzzzzzzzzzz Flick. Flick!

And then it was time to move on – before she ran out of time. She didn’t want to hear the soft rap rap at the door by the chambermaid. She also couldn’t wait for the report from Sabrina and Simmy.

At last the boy entered Sherwood, or rather, the Elizabethan forest. She loved having a minor miner mine her outcropping. She much preferred open pit mining to cavernous. Simple feminine biology.

As Elizabeth was reaching her climax, down below in the Great Hall Lady Birchfield was reaching her anti-climax. Behold she had just learned that the Marchioness had commissioned an Italian sculptor of some notoriety from Genoa. He was to be in attendance at her annual summer erotic picnic. Rumor had it that he was also bringing samples of Italian marble. His erection would no doubt dwarf her bronze.

Oh how Lady Birchfield hated to be cast in the shadow of any other member of the peerage, regardless of rank, especially by one right here in the Cotswolds. One more thing to worry about, just when she had thought that she had it all together. One who was not so kind, gracious and gentile.

Ah Lady Birchfield; Lady Birchfield the Gracious and Benevolent. Lady Birchfield the Charitable and Merciful. But was there another side of the Baroness? Was there a latent Lady Birchfield the Envious, the Jealous and the Covetous lurking there just beneath the surface?