**MICKEY** **AND** **THE** **THREE** **BOY** **MICE** -

SUMMARY: Mdom b B spank humil anal enema

Mitch moves into Sadie’s house to bring discipline to three boys ages 8, 11 and 14 that she has taken custody of. Mitch quickly straightens the boys out with switches, paddles and canes plus man-boy sex and humiliation.

Mitch and Sadie first met at a truck stop where Sadie worked as a waitress. He was her last customer for the night, and she had told him so as he sat there alone in a corner booth.

“Well then, have a coffee with me before you take off, honey.”

“I’ll pass on the coffee, but I will have a slice of the apple pie. It’s hot, right out of the oven.”

It wasn’t often that a man showed interest in her for she was not a looker, and she wasn’t about to pass up his offer, even if he did look like an ape. Of course a lot of truckers looked like apes or a Hell’s Angel at the truck stop.

Over coffee and pie they sized over each other. Mitch was an unmarried, semi driver who was now back home for a couple of days before his next run, “home” being a cheap room at the roach motel across the highway from the diner. That, plus a connivance store with gas and diesel pumps, was all that there was here at the brightly lit truck stop out in the sticks of south Alabama, well below the gnat line. The nearest town was almost six miles away.

Sadie was a worn-out-before-her-time looking woman who still had a good, trim figure and a pleasant enough looking face for extra job security at the dinner. Her only flaw was a missing bicuspid which caused her smile to be restricted so as not to review the gap. Her cheap clothes were all from the second hand, hand-me-down rack at Goodwill, making her best attire her blue dinner uniform. Too bad she couldn’t wear it to church where the country preacher’s motto was: Spare the rod and spoil the child. She dearly wished that she could pull that off.

Sadie’s home was an old, run-down frame house that sat on twenty acres a quarter mile off the highway. Six months ago she had inherited it from her sister. Once she had moved in she considered herself no longer to be trailer trash. Of course she couldn’t shake the fact that she still was southern white trash.

Unfortunately her windfall with the house had come with the condition that she not sell it for five years during which time she would have to finish raising her sister’s three boys. The boys were:

Timmy Age: 8 A happy little sandy haired boy who was quick to smile and laugh.

Sammy Age: 11 A shy, frail, submissive, blue eyed blond who spoke in whispers and wore thick eyeglasses.

Jeff Age: 14 A husky, gruff boy who was a bully both at home and at school and who would stand up to Sadie and talk back.

For a half hour the two chatted away. Sadie explained how she was at her rope’s end with the boys. Just the other night Jeff had slapped her and she had slapped him back. Then he had slapped her back even harder. With that she had grabbed him by the hair and given him a half dozen hard slaps which were followed up with a boxing to his ears. She had prevailed that time but knew that in another year he would have become stronger than her. If she and he were to split she would never make the five years before the house and land would become hers for her to keep for good or sell.

The more she talked the more Mitch became interested. He loved to discipline boys. That was his thing, even though he had to keep it quiet. He loved to see their eyes as he would bring out his razor strap and order their pants off. They would literally tremble as they would look up at this ape of a man towering over them with his shirt off showing his barrel-sized chest covered with a mat of black hair. His thick, muscular arms looked somewhat like those of Popeye, but they too were covered with a pelt of dark hair. A sight worse would lay ahead for them when he would be pant-less to reveal a monstrous cock protruding from a thick forest of black hair much like the turret of a German panzer tank emerged from the Black Forest in search of prey to belch forth a flow of white hot lava onto. But then it did underlay a middle aged gut that had arrived before its time while Mitch sat and sat and sat driving a rig.

“Sadie, I think that we should team up. Tell you what. Let me get my stuff out of the roach motel and move in with you. Sounds like you have plenty of room for me to park my rig when I’m not on the road. When I’m here I could even run the boys to school or church in the cab. And I can promise you that you that you won’t have any more problems with them if you let me loose to discipline them like I want.”

“Mitch I got to tell you that I can’t have intercourse. I was injured once, you see. You know – raped bad. That’s why I could never have kids of my own. So our sexing it up would have to be just oral, you know.”

“That’s good as far as it goes, but it ain’t far enough. What about the boys – when I’m not whopping them?”

“The boys? Ha. Those kids? Hell you could bugger the shit out of all of them anytimes you like. I’d love to watch you ram ‘um. Damn it if that wouldn’t be nice; *real* nice.

Mitch and Sadie - the perfect match.

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The next day Mitch moved in and unloaded his shit in Sadie’s bedroom. Sadie rubbed her hands together excitedly when he showed her his array of discipline tools. “Wow, you do come equipped. The preacher man here would approve.”

“Wait till you see my ramrod, baby.” But first Mitch just had to demonstrate his skill in swinging his straps, paddles and canes, of which there was plenty came in various sizes and weights.

“This here one should be good for that 8 year old – Timmy, is it?”

Mitch showed her the small wood paddle.

“This one too,” he said as he showed her a junior rattan cane. “ ’course I’ll be plucking some green switches in the back and getting them good and soaked for his rump. Yea – switches might be best for him.

“Now these should work good on that Sammy boy. He’s eleven, you said.”

Mitch showed her a longer and thicker wooden paddle and a longer and thicker cane which he swung about like he was attacking someone with a sword. “Swish - swish – swish – swish.”

Sadie was now getting giddy – and aroused. She could just picture one of those slamming into meek Sammy’s ass.

“And for that teen of your – Jeff - these will help breaking in that horse, I promise you. “ ‘course, I don’t like having to tie ‘um up. That’s no way to teach ‘um *self*-discipline.

With that Mitch showed her some handcuffs and gags, and there in the mix jumped out a Mickey Mouse mask which he presented to Sadie with a smile. Next out came a long paddle that was as big as any college frat paddle, but only worse. Its surface was rough and grainy and with holes. It was so rough that electric tape had had to be wrapped about its handle to be gripped forcibly. Spotting an armchair he arranged a large cushion on it. Then he took a couple of steps back and swung it with both hands with all his might.

“WHAM.” Sadie nearly jumped out of her skin but instead smiled in glee and rubbed her hands together. “Wow.”

Lastly Mitch produced his disciplinary cane - long, thick and knotted with nodes along its length. He saw Sadie’s eye open wide in excited amazement and then smile. He stepped away from the cushion, turned and ran at it. “TWACK!’. “And if that ain’t enough, I think I saw some bamboo stalks growing down there by the pond. Nothing quite like a good soaked stick of bamboo to wake up a boy’s ass.”

Sadie grabbed him and pulled him by his free hand over to the bed. And they had at it.

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While Sadie went to pick up the boys from school Mitch checked out the boys’ room. In Timmy’s room he found several photographs of the boy fishing, playing ball and on a bike. One caught his attention in particular. It was a picture of the boy when he must have been about six walking with a grown man who was holding his hand. The man was smiling but Timmy wasn’t.,

Having found nothing of special interest to him in Sammy’s room Mitch found Jeff’s room to hold several interesting photos. One had him posing as a boxer with his dukes up. Another showed him wrestling. He was standing in wrestling attire behind a shorter boy who was grimacing as Jeff held him in a half-nelson. This was no pose – he was hurting him. Another photo had him lifting a barbell high over his head in triumph. Jeff obviously thought of himself as hot shit.

When Sadie got back with the boys she shouted out: “Mitch. I’m back. Come on down.”

Mitch actually had to come up for he had found a workshop down in the basement and was busy examining a sawhorse that he knew he could make good use of . . . with some modifications. In fact he could see himself making a small stable full of them.

“Boys, I want you to meet Mitch. He is now living here with us. He is to be your new daddy.”

The three boys looked to see this hairy ape-like monster of a man who had just emerged from the bowels of the basement. Timmy and Sammy stood still with their eyes and mouths open. Good God, they thought.

Jeff however just stared at him without expression. Then he looked at his aunt Sadie, also without expression. He turned back to face the man. “Hello Mitch man.”

Sadie nearly exploded. She walked over to Jeff, raised her arm up high above her head and brought it down with a resounding slap to his face.

“You see, Mitch? Did you see that? Absolutely zero respect for their elders. You are going to have your work cut out for you with this one.”

Sadie turned back to face Jeff.

“ ‘Mitch’ is only Mitch to me, you hear. To you all he is your new daddy. You will call him ‘daddy.’ Understand? ‘daddy’ and only ‘daddy’ or ‘sir.’ Got that?”

“Timmy. Say hello to Mitch.”

“Hello . . . .”

“Hello, who?”

“Hello . . . . daddy.”

“Come here son and shake my hand.”

Timmy looked around at his brother and aunt and then slowly walked over to Mitch who extended his ape-like hand out to him. The boy put his tiny hand into that of the ape’s which swallowed it such that it looked like Mitch was just holding a white branch. Timmy hand had seemingly disappeared.

“Give your daddy a welcome home kiss,” said Mitch.

Timmy stood up on his tiptoes with his head raised, but his lips couldn’t reach. Seeing that, Mitch picked the child up, bringing them face to face.

“On the lips, son; on the lips. We’re all family now.”

Timmy hesitantly put his lips onto those of the ape who backed off a tad and then licked the boy’s lips as he studied the lad.

“Fag.”

“What was that? What did you just say?” asked Sadie of Jeff.

“That’s alright, Sadie. I heard what he said.”

With that he put Tiny Tim down. Light as a fucking feather, he thought. Sweet Jesus; puff and he’ll blow away like a frigging dust-angel. A fucking virgin angel too, I bet.

“Sammy, go meet your new daddy.”

Sammy walked over and extended his hand. Mitch looked down with approval, but didn’t extend his own.

“Sammy, is it?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the boy as he continued standing there with his hand limply extended and his head down.”

“How old are you Sammy?”

“Eleven,” he whispered.

“Eleven what,” demanded Sadie.

“Eleven years old.”

“Eleven years old, SIR. Now give your new father a welcome kiss.”

Sammy dropped his limp arm, raised his head and looked into Mitch’s eyes through his eyeglasses that had an out-of-date prescription which made the ape Mitch’s face somewhat blurred . . . and more frightening. Then he put his two thin arms up and grabbed Mitch by his broad shoulders while maintaining eye-to-eye contact – of a sort.

Mitch gripped the back of the boy’s head and cocked it to one side. Then he leaned down, squeezed the boy’s cheeks to open his mouth, and then thrust his tongue into the boy’s mouth. “Hello there, Sammy.” Then he turned and looked over to Jeff who was silently mouthed the word “fag . . fag . . fag.

“Your turn now, Jeff,” said Sadie.

“Fuck that,” he said as he turned and left the room.

Timmy and Sammy looked at Sadie and Mitch to see what they would do, but neither did anything until Sadie spoke. “Well Mitch?”

“Boys, I want you to remember how your big brother just now behaved. Remember it well for believe me you’ll never see him act like that again. No sir re. Now you two git to your rooms. Dinner may be a little late this evening.”

JEFF’S ODEAL

Ten minutes later Mitch opened the door to Jeff’s room to find him standing, staring out the window. An old, beat-up suitcase lay open on the bed.

“Planning on a little trip, are we?”

“Fuck you,” whispered Jeff.

Jeff walked over to the boy and brought out a pair of handcuffs from his back pocket.

“Put your hands together behind your back. You know as well as I that you need to be straightened out. You need a good sound beating. You are well overdue for one.”

“You don’t need any fucking handcuffs. I can take whatever you got to dish out without any fucking cuffs.”

“Good. That’s the first intelligent thing I’ve heard out of you. Now lead the way to your mom’s room. She’s awaiting us.”

They entered the large master bedroom to find Sadie standing, holding the large wooden paddle with the holes. “Look at what your father has brought for you. Isn’t this great?”

Jeff stared at the size of the monster paddle. He had never seen one that big. He brought that? He had had that all the time. What else did this man bring?

“Jeff, I’m not going to fuck around with you. If ever a boy needed straightening out, it’s you. Don’t you agree?”

The sight of the paddle, and of this ape standing here in his aunt’s bedroom ready to beat him, quickly sobered the boy up. Already an attitude change, thought Mitch as he watched Mitch’s reaction.

“You aren’t going to use that frigging thing on me, are you man?”

With her free hand Sadie gave him a vicious slap.

“Man? Man? What’s this here man? Business? It’s daddy, and only daddy to you.”

“Off with the genes, boy,” commanded Mitch before the boy could frame a response.

“No way, man; I’ll take your fucking paddle, but on the genes. . . . . on the genes, man.”

WHAM. Mitch’s slap sent Jeff sprawling onto the floor.

For a moment Jeff didn’t know what had happened. Then he realized that he was lying flat on the floor with his face stinging. Instinctively he looked to his pseudo-mom. “He hit me. You saw it . . . ugh . . . ugh . . . mom.”

“She ain’t your ‘mom’ anymore, boy. From now on she’s your fucking ‘mom-my.’ Got it?”

Jeff raised himself to a sitting position and put a hand to his burning cheek.

“Ain’t right; she’s never seem me naked.”

“Not a question of what’s right; it’s a health question . . . a safety question. I have to see my target. Understand? I can’t be a guessing where your fat-ass buns are and where your tailbone is. I don’t want to go and bust your tailbone. Now slide those genes and underpants off and stand up.”

Slowly Jeff complied while covered his gentiles.

“Stand next to the bed and put your elbows on the bed. I need that ass up . . . up high.

Jeff did as he was told.

“You stay in position with your fucking head up and fucking ass cheeks unclenched. Count each swat out loud and clear following by a ‘thank you daddy. I’m sorry.’ Got it?”

Jeff nodded.

“Daddy asked you a question, Jeff. Answer him!”

“Got it; I got it.”

“Got it who?” half-yelled Sadie.

“Got it . . . it . . . it . . . it . . . daddy.”

“Okay then. I’ll now just going to give you a dozen as a way of introduction.”

A “WHAM” resounded throughout the bedroom as wood meet flesh.

“GODDAMN! What the fuck?” yelled Jeff as he shot up and grabbed his ass with both hands.

Mitch and Sadie both lit into him, slapping his face several times.

“You Goddamn fucking little piece of undisciplined shit,” Sadie yelled into the boy’s face.

“Get back down. Let’s give it another try,” said Mitch, calmly. ‘course, that one don’t count.”

Slowly Jeff got back into position as he gave his buns a good rubbing.

“SPLAT” came the sound as the paddle slammed into Jeff’s bare ass right where it had hit before to leave a fresh, bright-red target.

Jeff fell forward onto the bed as his hands flew back again to his ass. This time however no words came.

Mitch tapped him on the shoulder with the paddle. Jeff turned in disbelief and resumed the position. No sooner had he did that when:

“SPLAT” came the resounding sound of wood slamming into ass meat again.

This time Jeff held position. After waiting for the boy’s words and hearing none, on came the next one.

“THWACK” went the paddle onto his ass. Jeff threw his butt from side to side but still said nothing.

“KABAMB!” went the paddle again.

“I’m ready to get started whenever you are, boy,” said Mitch in a calm voice. I’m still waiting for number one, you know.”

Jeff looked back over his shoulder at Mitch with tears now beginning to fill his eyes. Mitch gave his a quizzical smile in return.

Jeff turned his head back. His ass was now on fire with welt lines now forming around the boarders of where the paddle had struck and about the outlines of the paddle holes. The center of where the paddle holes had been were now beginning to blister.

“SPLAT,” as the paddle hit home, again.

“ONE! ONE! ONE! THANK YOU DADDY . . . . I’M . . . SORRY !!!”

At that moment a flash went off in the room. Jeff looked around and saw Sadie holding a flash camera with one hand and a thumbs-up in her other as she gave the boy a big smile which clearly revealed her missing front tooth, and a thumbs-up. God, he realized, they are going to take pictures too.

Mitch now realized that the large, four-poster bed was going to interfere with the picture taking. He reached down and grabbed Jeff by an ear.

“Come on, Jeffie-boy. Let’s move over here.”

With that he half-dragged the kid over to a small desk that was only some eighteen inches deep. After clearing away the few articles that were on it he had Jeff bend over and grip its far side. Then he yanked the boy’s head into a position looking straight ahead as Sadie got into position for her next shot. Mitch positioned himself behind the boy for his next crack at the kid’s ass.

Holding the monster paddle with his two burly hands he let rip with a resounding THWACK just as the camera flashed again.

“aaaaaaaaaaHHHHHHHHHH !!!!!!! ”

Mitch waited.

“TWO . . . . . . . . . thank you, daddy. I’m . . . I’m . . . I’m . . . a SORRY.”

Mitch looked over to Sadie to see her holding her chin with her mouth open in joyous amazement.

“SPLAT !!!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH.”

After a silent interlude during which Jeff struggled to absorb this latest one, and to find the, words he literally screamed out: “THREE! . . . . . THANK YOU DADDY . . . . I’M SORRY, SO SORRY.”

Mitch smiled. He had just broken in this young stallion. This last one have been the tipping point - - - - the point of no return.

“You can rub, boy.”

Jeff released his grip on the desk, sprang up and grabbed his flaming buns with both hand as he arched his back backwards and looked straight up at the ceiling.

“I shouldn’t be having all the fun here. Hey Sadie, why don’t you have a go? Here, I’ll show you.”

With that Mitch grabbed a long cushion off the sofa and handed Sadie the paddle. Then he held it upright to his chest. “Here, practice on this. Give it a good whack.”

Sadie took the large paddle, studied it, and then gave the cushion a tap.

“Hey girl; hit the fucker.”

Sadie looked at the cushion which presented itself much like a boxing bag in a gym. Then she looked at Jeff who was still rubbing his burning buns as he studied her.

Sadie gave the boy her wide, tooth-missing smile, stepped back and swung the paddle into the cushion. Her aim however was poor and Mitch had to move sideways a bit in order for the paddle to be called a strike. This did not go unnoticed by Jeff. Holly shit, he thought. After a couple more misses with Mitch having to make small side steps, Mitch stopped her.

“This sucker is too big for you, baby. Here, try this one.”

Sadie took a somewhat smaller paddle and swung away with better results. She was hitting the cushion pretty much right where she would aim. Her confidence surged; Mitch’s confidence surged; and Jeff’s fear waned a bit. He then realized that the more she improved the sooner it would be his bare ass that she would be hit’n.

Sadie started to swing harder and harder. Then she started alternating the whacks between her forehand swing and her backhand swing. “THUD THUD THUD.”

“Take that you piece of horse shit.” **THUD** “How was that one, Jeffy boy?” **THUD** THUD THUD. She began to work up a sweat – just like a boxer.

Jeff became mesmerized. She’s going to do that to me? Goddamn. For God’s sake, no. Mitch too knew that he had found a soul mate.

“Enough practice. I think you’ve got it. I think you are into the swing of things. Okay boy, get back down into position.”

“No; not her. You do it. Please; you”

“Hey kid; you saw her in action. Isn’t she competent? Don’t you think she’s now qualified – now certified to bust your ass? She’s a-now hitting where she’s a-aiming. So shut the fuck up, get down and give your Mommy a good ass-welcome home.”

Jeff got back down. Sadie took up her position and looked at her new target. No longer would it be a cushion that was she hitting. Now it would be living, human flesh . . .flesh that would feel. Oh God, she thought; what’s this going to feel like?

Gently she tapped the boy’s already paddled ass. Jeff looked back at her. Maybe this won’t be bad after all, he hoped.

“Head straight ahead and up, boy,” commanded Mitch. Give the lady a nice welcome.”

Now a flood of bad memories of Jeff filled Sadie’s head. It was time for revenge - - for retribution. She stepped back and swung the paddle down onto Jeff’s ass with all the might she could muster.

“SPLAT!” The paddle hit home.

To Sadie the sound and feel of the paddle hitting this target was so very different from that of hitting the cushion – punching bag. Ass hitting was so much better. The sound – the feel – the anxious waiting – and then the deed.

“Well boy, what do you say?”

“Uh; thank you, thank you, aunt - ugh - thank you, Mummy. I’m sorry”

“SPLAT!” “Thank you Mummy.”

“SPLAT!” “Thank you, Mummy.”

“SPLAT!” ‘THANK YOU Mummy!!!” he yelled.

Sadie loved it; just loved it. Now she paid less attention to Jeff, the person, and more to the target – the pitching and squirming ass-target. She now was ignoring Jeff’s head and face and words and just slamming cooked ass meat.

“Hey girl,” interrupted Mitch. “I think I might just have you finish the kid up. You are a quick learner. Just remember to snap your wrist at impact and to follow through. But first it’s time boy for you to meet your new daddy’s willy.”

With that Mitch took off his clothes, save for his shoes and socks, and stood in front of Jeff who was still sprawled out over the desk. Mitch spread his arms and put his hands on his hips.

“Well boy? Does I pass muster?”

Jeff stared at the harry ape standing in front of him so proudly with his monstrous, harry cock standing proudly at full erection just a couple of feet away. Mitch was a large hairy beast alright, but not like that of a handsome muscle man. No, he showed his age and somewhat of a pot belly. Sitting all the time driving a rig did keep his arms working but not his abdomen.

“Well? Do you approve? Do you think Willy here is big enough for the likes of you? Big enough to be rammed up your fucking ass?”

Jeff couldn’t speak. He just continued to stare at this harry monster of a cock standing there before him below Mitch’s belly, all primed like a rifle with its safety now released for firing.

“Stand up, boy.”

Mitch proceeded to change places with Jeff, only now he stood with his own butt against the desk rather than facing away it. Then he had Jeff bend over in front of him with his hands on his knees into position for more of the paddle. Mitch grabbed the boy’s ears and pulled his head bringing the tip of his cock now with a little pre-cum ooze coming out of it against the boy’s lips.

“All ready, Sadie?”

Sadie shook herself out of her trance that she had gone into as she had watched this new spectacle before her. She took up position behind Jeff and took a firm stand with her feet apart and her new found love – her paddle – in hand. She remembered Mitch’s instructions about snapping her wrist and making a good follow-through like a golfer.

“Open up boy. Daddy is coming home and needs to check out your throat before he has the pleasure of checking out your ass.

Slowly Jeff parted his lips and in went Mitch’s cock as he pulled the boy’s head by his ears to him. It didn’t take him any time at all for him to be balls deep and Jeff gagging.

“GO,” ordered Mitch as he looked at Sadie who already had the paddle raised high like a baseball batter ready for the pitch.

And off they went with Sadie methodically swinging her new love paddle time and time again into Jeff’s ass as Mitch pumped his cock down in and out of the boy’s throat.

SPLAT! gag SPLAT gurgle SPLAT aahh/gag-gag-gurgle/aahh SPLAT

On and on and on and on went the beating as Mitch rammed his cock again and again furiously down and out of boy’s throat, reaming it, while holding his ears and occasionally giving Jeff’s head a twist. In just under a minute Mitch had shot his abundant wad, had Sadie take two final swats, and had Jeff get to work licking up and swallowing the gooey mass of cum that easily measured the better part of a half-cup. Some of the cum had seeped into the folds of his cock skin as it had shrunk back to a more relaxed position. The final licking clean-up was made recovering and swallowing the cum that had flowed down over his balls.

“God all mighty Mitch, that was good,” said Sadie as she stood there winding down with her arm still holding the paddle. “God but you’ve got me worked up.”

“More like worked out, I’d say.”

Sadie felt her forehead. Yes, it was all sweaty.

“Boy, git out of here. Go get cleaned up in that there bathroom. I’ll fetch you back out here in a bit. I ain’t a through with you yet. It may be a while.”

“Yes, sir . . . I mean daddy.”

With that Mitch took Sadie to bed and attended to her needs before they took a brief nap.

A half hour later Mitch woke to find Sadie sitting up in the bed.

“Couldn’t get any shut-eye?”

“I tried but - - now I don’t mean that you weren’t good. You were good; more than good. It’s just that my adrenaline is already back, you’ve opened my eyes to another world I’ll have you know. But what if he . . .”

“Should tell? Or run away and you lose out on the house?”

“You got it. You’re ahead of me.”

“Don’t you worry. Not the first time I’ve had that little problem. I’ve got the fix for that which never fails me.”

“What’s that? Tell me.”

“You see, I’ve got me a couple of hobbies. I like photography and am pretty damn good at it. I’ve got me all the equipment I need to take pictures and videos. I’ve got the old film type and digital and the equipment to develop and print.”

“I take good pictures too,” said Sadie.

“Good.”

“What’s your other hobby?”

“Shop; wood shop. I already found that shop down in the basement. Good supply of wood too – that’s been going to waste.

“What do you make – carve. Some kind of artwork?”

“Nah. I make utility-like things. Things that boys definitely don’t like.”

“For punishment?”

“Bingo. Now listen up. When I fetch Jeff we’re going to have another little session with that boy. This time though it will be a photo-op.”

It wasn’t long before Mitch had set up some lights for the photo shot. When he went to get the boy he found him sitting on the john looking at the floor. “Come on boy; as I said I ain’t quite finished with you yet. Git up.”

Mitch led the way back to the bedroom where the little desk set in the center of a space illuminated by three self-standing lights. They went right to work much like the boy had been hired as a model.

Picture after picture was taken of Jeff from all angles and with different facial expressions. His ass was of course the subject of many shots which showed the effects of the paddling. By now it was at the height of its raw ugliness. It looked much like a raw mass of meat in different shades of red and blue with raised blister ridges that outlined where the paddles had struck as well as circular ridges that outlined the paddle holes. In the center of each circular ridge stood a blister.

The ass shots reminded Sadie somewhat of meats on display at the local butcher, some of which had been kneeled for tenderization. She keep visualizing the displayed fresh meats on display, the steaks, the chops and the like but her eyes kept returning to the . . . rump roast. Jeff’s own roasted rump however had small wood splinters from the paddle-whammings engrained in it. That would give the boy something to attend to later when he had to pluck them out, one by one, ever so gently from his beaten-to-smithereens rump.

Then they took a series of “family” shots with Mitch and Sadie fully dressed as if for church and with Jeff naked from the waist down to his high-rise white socks and shoes. Several frontal shots of the ‘happy’ little family, such as it be, were made with the camera timed. There would be Jeff standing, facing the camera, with his “parents” standing behind him with Mitch’s arm around his shoulder and Sadie’s around the his waist. Mitch and Sadie would be sporting proud smiles and Jeff an obviously forced one. One was made when Jeff had his cock standing at attention and Mitch and Sadie giving a proud salute. Another was made when the boy had his cock limp and his head down, as if in defeat. In this one Mitch and Sadie were holding their paddles raised high in triumph, for they had overcome. Had it not been for the boy’s 14-year-old below-the-waist nakedness, many of these would have made quite the traditional family portrait.

Some of these shots Mitch had the boy trying to look happy; others had he looking down in shame. One had Jeff looking up at Mitch as if in love, but the tears in his eyes were not those of love but of humiliation.

A few of the shots had the boy holding the big paddle, much like Fred Astaire would hold his cane on stage. Another had Mitch and Sadie holding their paddles crossed in front of the boy. Jeff thought the photo humiliations would never end.

Following the posed, still shootings Mitch took off his shirt for a series of live actions shots. Out came the paddles again. For these Mitch also brought out a video sound camera. He had Sadie go first pounding away at the boy’s ass with renewed vigor. On and on it went, for Mitch was somewhat of a perfectionist and wanted it well photographed from several angles and distances.

“Sorry this taking so long boy but I’m serious with my photography. If I was a Hollywood director there’d be so many retakes that the producer would be all over my ass. But I want to get it right. No half-ass stuff for me,” he said with a laugh as he pointed at Jeff’s ass.

God, thought Jeff. It’s one thing to have to pose over and over for a damn camera but here with each pose I have to get slammed again with that fucking paddle.

The longer it lasted the more worked up and aroused Sadie became, as Mitch had predicted, and the more he concentrated on her for a few shots. Then they changed places and Sadie recorded the final whackings of the day to be made by Mitch. With that the stage was set for the final event – the coup d’état.

Back over the desk went Jeff. Mitch took off his pants and resumed his position in front of the boy’s face.

“Remember your old friend here boy?”

Once more Jeff looked at the hairy beast before him. Not only was the cock huge, it was hideous.

“Now don’t go and get all choked up. Your throat is safe this time. No, all you need do is wet it up real good. You see, this time it’s a going up your ass – *way* up your ass . . . woe woe woe.”

All this time the cameras had been turned off. No, Mitch was smart enough not to have any pictures taken that would qualify as child porn which identified him. Spanking, now that was one thing, but sex, no. Pictures of him spanking a minor might qualify as illegal porn, but that was questionable if he were dressed.

After Jeff had fully lubricated the monster Mitch walked behind him. He looked over and smiled at Sadie as he put on his Mickey Mouse mask. “How do I look, boy? You like Mickey?”

Jeff looked up at the mask now over Mitch’s head. Mickey Mouse was wearing a broad smile with his eyes wide open, happy like, and his eyebrows raised high. Mickey’s two big black ears stuck straight out. With the mask now securely in place Mitch spoke: “Lights – action –camera.”

With that Sadie began slowly to walk in circles around the set and film away. She caught the big hairy ape-man with the Mickey Mouse mask first looking down at his prey with his own mouse cock at full attention. Then she shot Mitch approaching to admire and inspect his prey more closely and thrust his cock down Jeff’s throat again – just for show. One shot had him laughing and pointing down at Jeff with his mouth and throat full of cock. Next he walked behind the boy and looked at his waiting ass and rubbed his hands together. Dinner!

He grabbed the boy’s ass cheeks with both of his ape-like hairy hands and spread them wide apart. It took but a moment for the head of his cock to have opened and passed through the boy’s sphincter.

“NO!!!!!! screamed Jeff. “BACK OFF!” And though he knew that it wasn’t allowed he turned his head to look back over his shoulder at the intruder - at Mickey Mouse with that hideous smile on his face. That image was to remain with the boy for the rest of his life.

“Hi there, Jeffy. How’s it going?” And with that Mitch plunged ahead bringing his cock half way into the boy.

“**AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH**.”

Downstairs Sammy and Timmy were watching TV when they heard that chilling scream.

“What was that?” asked Timmy.

“I think it was Jeff,” answered Sammy.

Timmy turned off the sound to the TV. The two waited.

Back upstairs Mitch turned to see that Sadie was filming it all as he had instructed. Good, he thought as he saw her zoom in on Jeff’s facial expression of abject agony. Then Mitch went into his rodeo routine, riding Jeff like he was riding a bull, shooting for the full ten-second ride.

“Woo-ha,” he cried as he raised on hand high over his head. “Woo-ha,” he cried as he waved his hand around and around.

“Likes that, does you?”

“Jeff went into a frenzy and clearly was about to lose control.

Mitch paused to give the boy to calm down a bit and have a chance of coping before proceeding further. He enjoyed the pause as he watched Sadie filmed away, switching occasionally back and forth between still and motion picture.

Mitch wiggled from side to side with his grip loosen. The boy’s ass responded in like manner. Then he tightened his grip and resumed his bull ride with a deep, penetrating, sadistic thrust.

Mitch watched as his meat completely disappearance into the boy causing him to emit a shrill scream.

“***NNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO*** . . . . . . . . . . **AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH**HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

Downstairs the hairs stood up on the boys arms. There could be no mistaking the sound this time. The scream was Jeff’s.

“I’m sure glad we’ve been good.”

Sammy looked at Timmy. Timmy was naive, he thought to himself. I don’t trust that man.

And then Mitch began his rhythmic fucking, much like oil being pumped out of a well.

Jeff let go of the desk and tried to rise up.

Mitch released the boy’s ass, grabbed him by the shoulders and pushed him back down flush upon the desk top. Bill started wringing his hands out to his sides in mid-air, much like a baby bird learning to fly.

“STOP! STOP! You’ve ripped me. I can feel blood. STOP STOP!”

Mitch looked down. There was no blood.

“There is no blood boy. Now get your hands back in place.” With that he gave the boy another truly vicious thrust as he pressed down on his back.

“**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH**.”

With the boy fully impaled Mitch stopped and looked at Jeff’s hands that had now let go of the desk again and were now making wide circles in the air. Then he looked for Sadie and found her still catching it all on camera. Good girl; good girl.

With Mitch motionless and Jeff fully impaled and pressed down, the boy’s screaming ebbed and his flailing of his arms came to a halt as they fell limp Slowing Jeff looked back over his shoulder. Yes, Mickey was still there all right with that fixed broad smile unchanged. No matter what this Mickey did his smile remained fixed. In resignation Jeff raised his arms and re-gripped the desk’s far edge.

Again Mitch grabbed the totally broken boy’s two ass cheeks and resumed his oil drilling motion for he wasn’t finished yet. In no time Mitch felt the volcano brewing and brewing more within him and coming to a boil. He increased the tempo and strength of his fucking. The volcano erupted and spewed its lava deep inside the boy’s rectum. Now relieved he had the presence of mind to look over to Sadie who had just lowered her camera.

“Print. That’s a wrap. Good job, everyone.”

After that Mitch had the boy clean up in the bathroom and then return to the bedroom and dress.

“Can I go now?”

“Go now – what?”

“Go now - - - sir?”

“Remember Jeff that it is alright to call me sir and your aunt ma’am, but only in private. When you are in front of your brothers or *anyone* else you say ‘daddy’ or ‘mummy.’ Got it? Now sit down here on the bed with us.

“I know you may be a hurting and a acing a bit. That’s okay; that will go away. I ain’t ever going to really hurt you. Oh yes, I’ll give you a good ass-whipping from time to time and a good bugging for you just ain’t been raised properly. You’ve been undisciplined and disrespectful to your elders.”

“Can I say something?”

“Shoot.”

“None of my friends are treated this way. They aren’t beaten. They aren’t - - - “

“Fucked? Buggered? Oh how little you know, boy.

“You ever see any of your schoolmates miss a day at school? When they do, do you think it’s because they are sick? Well sometimes they are and sometimes they ain’t – except sick in the ass causer they’ve been beaten too hard to go to school and sit all day. You gotta believe this because I know that as a fact. And those times when you see them at school with a black eye or a burn or with a busted arm, now you think that’s always just by accident? Well sometimes it is, and sometimes it ain’t.”

Jeff looked at Mitch with new eyes. They he looked at Sadie who nodded.

“Now I know that you must be a fretting over all those pictures that we took. But don’t you go a-worrying none. Just like I promised that I ain’t going ever really hurt you, I also promise that none of those pictures will ever see the light of day outside of this here house unless you call for it. And how would you go about calling for it? There are two ways. The first way is to say anything about how we go about with our disciplining you boys to anyone outside of this house. It’s none of their damn business. The other way is to run away. You see, we made those pictures for insurance – insurance that you keep your fucking mouth shut and that you won’t go and run off. It won’t be too long before you have finished school and then you can go off wherever you want. And with the discipline you get here, and with a diploma from high school, you will be perfect material for the military. The army or navy will want you for sure. Want you real bad. Okay now?”

Jeff sat there wiping away his few lingering tears. He looked into Mitch’s eyes and then into Sadie’s eyes who give him one of her slight, full-set-of-teeth smiles.

“But you enjoy it.”

“Damn right I enjoy it. I need to get paid for my services, you know. Do you want your aunt Sadie to have to pay me in cold hard cash . . . cash that she don’t have? ‘course you don’t. So I’m helping out here by getting paid by servicing the inside of your ass. That way you’re getting it inside and out. Now you understand?

“You know in the military the guys in the unit all must stick together. A band of brothers it is. Each must do his part. If one screws up the whole unit could get wiped out. That’s why when one fucks up the others pay the price along with him. They hate the thought of that happening. The only thing worse is when the others get punished and the culprit don’t. God if don’t bring him down. And now just like in the military your disgraceful behavior makes it necessary to punish your two brothers too for *your* sins. I’ll be a doing this in the next few days. And when I do, I will explain why - that why being because of their big brother Jeff’s sins. Now git your ass out of here.”

SAMMY’S ORDEAL

And so Mitch settled in. Sadie couldn’t believe her good fortune. Mitch was so strong, so commanding, and best of all, so smart. Lord if he didn’t know everything. Look how he had turned that boy Jeff around in no time at all. What a blessing this man would be for them. Of course Jeff wouldn’t agree. Nor would Sammy, nor Timmy, what with all that screaming they had heard. Yet they surely did like Jeff’s newly acquired attitude. Gone was his bullying of them.

That night at dinner Mitch set the record straight. He explained that the three boys were a band of brothers. And like all good band of brothers, when one fucked up all got punished. He reminded them about Jeff’s having called him a fag right there in front of them all. For that Sammy and Timmy would also have to be severely punished. The eleven year old Sammy was scheduled for the next day. By then, thought Mitch, I’ll be really raring to rock and roll as he looked at the two frightened younger boys. I think they’ve fell for that band of brothers shit.

The next afternoon after school Sammy knocked softly on the bedroom door.

“Come in boy,” ordered Mitch.

Sammy quietly opened the door and just as quietly closed it behind him.

“Come over here and let me have a good look at you.”

Sammy walked over to Mitch and Sadie who were sitting on the side of the four poster bed. Even with Mitch being seated, once Sammy was standing in front of him Sammy still had to look up a bit to make eye-to-eye contact.

Mitch looked down at the meek, sandy-haired boy standing there obediently in front of him to be punished, not for anything that he had done but for his brother’s sins – or so he had been told. God if the boy’s eyeglasses weren’t thick.

“Well? Give your new daddy here a kiss. We *are* sort of kin now, you know.”

Sammy looked at this strange, huge stranger who had now intruded into his life. He looked for a place on Mitch’s unshaven face to plant a kiss. He couldn’t find one. He was standing too close and his eyeglasses were way out of date for him to see distinctly. So he just stood there frozen, taking in the smell of the giant.

“Open your mouth, boy.”

With a look of bewilderment the boy opened his mouth and searched staring in Mitch’s eyes for any sign as to what this man was all about.

Mitch put his ape-like, hairy hand behind the boy’s head, cocked it to one side and then captured the boy’s lips within his own. In went his tongue. There was no reaction from Sammy.

“A little fidget, are we? Well let’s see if we can’t wake up a little life.

Go put your clothes on the armchair over there and come back. Just leave on your shoes and socks – and your spectacles.”

Sammy went to the armchair and undressed. Then he returned, keeping his hands in front of his genitals.

“Spread your legs and take your hands away from your cock.”

Sadie smiled. This is going to be good too; just different.

Sammy did as he was told.

“You too?” said Mitch as he saw that the boy’s little pecker was hard, pointed straight out – and at him from anxiety. Lord what lily-white skin the boy had. Must be some sort of British decent. No sunburn for this one. No, it will be a cane-burn for him. About time he got some blood flowing to his skin.

“What do you feed these kids, Sadie? Whatever it is, include me in. The kid is hard as a fucking rock.”

With that Mitch took Sammy’s little prick and balls in one hand and move it all around, up and down and side to side as if carefully examining a fish at the market. “His nuts haven’t dropped, yet,” he said to Sadie as shy Sammy stood there still, with his head turned away in shame. Then while still holding his pecker and balls in hand Mitch explained the rules about calling the boys calling him and their aunt “daddy” and “mummy.” He also explained about the band of brother’s rule and as to how he was today being punished for his older brother’s misbehavior.

“See that basin over there?” asked Mitch. In it you’ll find three rattan canes that have been soaking since yesterday just a-waiting for you. Just itching for you. Go bring ‘um over here.”

Sammy walked over and found, sure enough, three canes lying submerged in the basin. These were junior canes of three different lengths and thickness. The largest was knotty with a few nodes.

Sammy reached down and took them in a gathered bunch with his two hands. He returned to Mitch walking with his head looking at the soaked canes as with water dripping fell off and onto the floor.

“Which one, Sammy? Which will it be today?”

Sammy looked down at the three wet canes. What do I do? he wondered. I don’t dare hand him the smallest. Which one does *he* want? Then he meekly handed Mitch the biggest and meanest looking one.

“Great! That’s the spirit. This one is as big as they come in junior-cane sizes. I’m sure it’s going to make a real impression on you. ‘specially with all the time it’s had soaking up water. You see the water had given it added weight. I need that for a good feel just as I need my golf sticks to have the right weight for me. Here, you go; go ahead and try it out - give it a try.

Sammy took hold of the cane and moved it as if it were a little fly swatter.

“More, boy; swing it like you would swing a baseball bat.”

Sammy backed away from Mitch and then swung it but without putting any body weight into it. “swish swish swish.”

“Nah; that’s not it, boy. Here, give it back to me.”

Mitch took it from the boy and then literally ran across the room and slammed it against a sofa cushion with a “SPLAT.” His momentum carried him on past the sofa.

Sammy nearly jumped out of his skin as he stood there naked, frozen in his exposed pure iceberg-white skin in wide-eyed horror. He thought his heart would leap out of his body. Never before had he been as scared shitless.

In a split second this man, who had just been talking so quietly, had transformed into a monster right before his eyes. Sadie saw that Sammy was on the verge of fainting and broke the spell by walking over and tussling his hair gently. “Your new daddy here is really something, isn’t he?” But still the boy didn’t move – until Mitch spoke.

“Now see how it’s done?” Now your turn.”

Mitch offered the cane to Sammy but still the boy couldn’t move. Damn, thought Mitch, I’d best not scare this one to death. I’d better let him in on what this was.

“No? Don’t want a go at it? Okay then, get your ass over to that desk there and we’ll get started. And remember you’re getting this spanking because of your brother Jeff’s misdeeds. You can thank him later. But now we’ve got us some real whipping to do, don’t we?”

When the boy failed to move, Sadie took his by the arm and led him over to the desk.

Once again Mitch explained his rules of his canings to the fresh white-meat boy bent over the desk, waiting. With the camera rolling Mitch went to work. This time he skipped the fake stroke. The boy was scared enough as it was. No, this one needed to know just how it actually felt right off the bat.

“Swish - SPLAT!” No momentary white line on this one. No, his skin was just too white. But no sooner had blood started to flow into the cane induced impression when came the boy’s meek and obedient response in the pitch of an eleven year old.

“One. Thank you daddy. I’m sorry.”

Well now, that’s not bad, thought Mitch.

“Swish - SPLAT!” The second one hit just below the first.

“Two. Thank you, daddy. I’m sorry.”

“SWISH - SPLAT! “ came the third with more muscle behind it this time for reason unknown to Mitch.

Mitch waited as he watched the three, close-together cane lines slowly grow in their color intensity and texture. Kid’s taking this too well, he thought.

“Three. Thank you, daddy. I’m sorry.”

SWISH - SPLAT! came the fourth which Mitch had placed directly upon the first one. This time Sammy was a bit slow to respond. To him it felt as if a swam of wasps had all simultaneously lined up in formation and stung his first line of fire from one end to the other. With a struggle he managed to whisper:

“Four - - - - Thank you . . . you . . .dad - dad - dad - daddy. I’m sorry.”

“Best save some of your ‘thank-yous’ for Jeff. Yea – you’ll a-be a-needing to give him a great bid hug with a plenty of ‘thank-yous, bro.’ “

Mitch leaned over and whispered into Sammy’s ear. “But still, you are quite are welcome.”

“SPLAT!” resounded the cane as it struck into the most sensitive crease between Sammy’s ass and thighs.

Mitch waited. Nothing. He waited longer. Still nothing out of the white-skinned frail boy there with his think eyeglasses.

“SPLAT!!” came the sound of the cane as it re-struck the same place.

This time the boy threw up his arms and made a full body turn over the desk that was followed by a half turn to have him lying on his back with his speechless mouth wide open gasping for air.

Mitch hovered over him staring at the boy’s head with his wide-opened but soundless mouth. As he looked down at the eyeglasses it looked like he was at an aquarium. Most of the space between his glasses and eyes was now flooded with tears. Down his gaze went to see the boys chest heaving. But still no words. Mitch leaned down.

“We having some kind of fucking contest here, are we boy? Don’t count on winning.”

With that Mitch flipped the boy back over in position. He was so mad now with the boy’s stoic impassiveness that he passed up the golden opportunity to soak in the beautiful visual state then of Sammy’s stricken ass. Instead he said to himself ‘you don’t fuck with me, boy,’ made a u-turn, took five steps back wishing to hell that he had a senior cane in hand, and then unleashed his most vicious blow yet to the boy’s ass, again right into that crease where ass and thighs met that had already been twice struck.

“”””SPLAT””””

Mitch brought his run-out to an end, still without having a sound out of the boy’s mouth. He stopped, turned and then put his face directly into that of the boys with their noses almost touching. Suddenly the pent-up dam burst coming as the sound of an explosion burst into Mitch’s ears which matched any that an orchestra could made.

***AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHH***

As Sammy’s voice had not yet begun to change, the horrific screech was uttered in his yet still boy-child’s voice. At first it was a shocking surprise but slowly it transformed into splendid music to Mitch’s ears.

“***AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH***”

“***AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH***”

“***aaaaaaa aaaaaaaaa aaaaaaaaa aaaaaa****”*

*“aah aah aah aah aah aah”*

“Mitch leaned down. Felt that one; did we boy?”

Down the hall both Jeff and Timmy heard Sammy’s screeching. Knowing just how quiet and meek Sammy was, his screeching mad them shutter. What could the man have possibly done to have Sammy scream like that?

Mitch looked over to Sadie and nodded. She understood instantly and put down the camera.

While Mitch was taking off his trousers and jockeys Sadie fetched a jar of Vaseline and then gave the boy’s anus a good lube job. By then Mitch had finished stripped and had donned his Mickey Mouse mask. Seeing him now as the aroused Mickey with cock primed for action, Sadie applied a little Vaseline also to it. Then she returned to take back up her station as cameraman.

Mitch walked over in front of the Sammy’s head for him to see just what now was in store for him.

Sammy tried to see through his tear stained, out-of-prescription eyeglass at what it was there before him. Then he realized just what it was. It was this giant sized version of Mickey Mouse, his new ‘daddy,’ with his cock at full attention and primed for action. From the Vaseline that now coated his anus, he knew instinctively where the action was now to begin and it wasn’t to be in his mouth. He had heard of bugging and knew that he was now to experience that first hand.

Sammy raised his face in total submission to see Mickey now looking down at him with that big smile and ears that ordinarily would be cute but now was a sadistic sneer. Mickey nodded his head a few times and then gave him a gentle pat on the head. “Be sure and tell Jeff just how much you enjoyed this.”

With the video camera now rolling Mitch took up his bugging position behind the eleven year old and pressed his greased cock against his anus. Then with his ape-like paws he spread the Sammy’s caned ass cheeks wide apart and pushed. Greased up like it all was, it didn’t take any time at all before Sammy’s sphincter gave way for Mickey’s entry into his mouse hole.

As Sammy felt Mitch’s massive cock entry he started to pant. Instead of uttering any sounds he simply panted wildly gasping air. While still holding the boy’s cheeks spread wide apart Mitch pushed onward - and onward - and onward more until he had reached absorbed the most beautiful of sights on earth for him: That of his hairy, massive cock fully embedded in an obedient boy’s well caned ass.

And so he fucked and fucked and fucked and fucked as the boy continued to gasp for air swing his head and his ass from side to side in silent agony. This drove Mitch into doing his cowboy routine with his hooping and a-howling. Following that Mitch made his final thrust that was accompanied by his shooting of a massive load of cum into the innermost part of the boy’s rectum, caused Sammy’s eyeglasses to come off and fall to the floor. With that he was rendered almost blind – almost like he was suddenly cast into a thick fog, what with his eyesight being as bad as it was. But he wasn’t conscious for sight. He had passed out from having inhaled too much oxygen

After Mitch extracted he walked around to the other side of the desk, picked up the eyeglasses and replaced them on Sammy’s nose. Seeing that the boy was non-responsive suddenly sobered him up. But slowly the kid began to stir to both Mitch’s and Sadie’s relief. The boy had simply hyperventilated.

Sammy opened his eyes not to see pearly gates but to see Mitch’s massive, animal-like groin with its huge cock, balls and forest of hair, now all soaked in fresh cum. “Clean up time, boy.”

Slowly Sammy comprehended and started to work on his assigned tongue-licking task in licking up and swallowing the cum-goo from wherever it was found. From time to time he looked up only again to see the ever-smiling Mickey still there, overseeing his work and from time to time Mickey would wag his big ears as he rock his head from side to side and utter ”ummmm - good.”

Once again Mickey had prevailed. So with the lecture about the photographs and the code of silence, and instruction to be sure and thank his brother Jeff for giving him this opportunity and experience, Sammy was excused with the only physical souvenir being some cum adhered to his eyeglasses.

TIMMY’S ORDEAL

It was now two mice down with one to go: little 8 year old Timmy. But Mitch was now running short of time. He had to be back on the road in two days. So without a day’s break this time Mitch set Timmy’s day of punishment for the following day. In one way that wasn’t too bad as he had had Sadie do the preparation to her delight.

You see, Mitch had pondered just how to treat this happy, cheerful, well behaved boy of eight. Then it came to him. Bring his cheerfulness down a notch. Cheerfulness and discipline did not go hand and hand. But how? His whipping, if anything, would have to be milder because of his age and size. Then it came to me. With some cross-dressing; that was how! His older brothers would laugh themselves silly to his utter humiliation. So off he had sent Sadie into town where there was a dress shop.

On her return Sadie was quick to show off the new outfit she had bought specially for Timmy. First she brought out a vividly pink dress sized, of course, to fit the boy. She held it up against herself and wiggled. “Aren’t I cute?” Mitch approved. Next she brought out a pair of pick shoes and pick socks. “Pretty in pink,” she explained. She had also purchased a pick bonnet with streamers in the back, a pink training bra and two pairs of silky pink panties. When she had happened across a pink tutu and top, she had bought that as an impulse item.

“Gifts for a relative, the sales clerk had asked.

“Yes, you might say that,” she had responded with a wink to leave the lady perplexed.

“You done good, girl; Timmy will love it,” said Mitch.

“Timmy will hate it.”

“I know – just kidding. No, it will be Jeff and Sammy who really will love it. They’ll know too that they are too big to fit into it.”

God I love this man, thought Sadie. He’s *so* smart.

When Timmy got home that afternoon he went straight to his room to put away his jacket. There laid out neatly on his bed was his new girlie outfit.

Timmy looked at the ensemble in horror. Then he saw the note.

“Timmy, this will be your punishment outfit. You can thank Jeff later. Put it on and come to the bedroom at four. Leave the extra panties behind, and leave the tutu. You can also thank Jeff later for it.”

Timmy looked at the clock. It was already quarter to four. Quickly he undressed as he continued to stare at his new girly attire. After having stripped he put on the silky panties. What a weird feel they had. Next came the training bra. After finding it too big he adjusted the catch on the strap on the back. Now it made a snug fit. He found that the dress had to go on over his head. Its fit was perfect. Finally came the socks and shoes, which reminded him of those in the Wizard of Oz. The pink bonnet topped it all off.

With that done Timmy went to the long mirror that hung on the inside of his bathroom door. He stood there with his hands over his eyes and then slowly opened them, much like opening barroom doors. And there he/she was in all of its prettiness – together with the phantom image of Jeff pointing and laughing – and laughing – and laughing. Timmy reclosed his hands and shuttered.

Quickly he recovered as he remembered the time. He went and slowly opened his room door. He peeked out and looked up and down the hall for any sign of Jeff or Sammy. With the coast apparently clear he took off in a run but the unfamiliar dress slowed that down immediately to a trot as he held the dress up with one hand.

Timmy looked back over his shoulder to see if the coast was still clear. Trotting in a dress with the new shoes while looking back set him up for a fall and down he went. Quickly he recovered and made his way to Sadie’s bedroom door and gave it a quiet rap.

“Who is it?” asked Sadie.

“It’s me, Timmy,” he said in a near whisper.

“Who is it? We can’t hear you.”

Timmy looked back, fearing for the worst.

“Timmy; it’s me Timmy. Let me come in.”

“Are you here for your punishment?” asked Mitch with a wink to Sadie.

“Yes.”

“What was that?”

“Yes, for punishment.”

“For you, or for Jeff?”

Timmy wasn’t sure which way to answer. He had to guess.

“For Jeff. Please let me in.”

“But it’s your ass that is to get the whipping, right? On behave of Jeff.”

“Yes, yes, yes - for a whipping for – for – Jeff. Please, *please*, let me in before he sees me out here.”

“Are you going to take your whipping like a man - - or like a Tiny Tim or a little girl?”

Timmy didn’t know how to answer that question either. Once more he guessed.

“Like a girl.”

“Like a girl pretty in pink?”

“Yes.”

“But Jeff is a boy, isn’t he?”

Oh God, he thought as he stood there at the still closed door now hopping from one foot to the other like suddenly he had to go to the bathroom and while repeatedly looking back over his shoulder and down the hall.

“Yes – yes. Oh ***please*** let me in.”

“So you’re anxious to get whipped? I never knew a boy who wanted to get whipped. You really want to get whipped for your brother?”

“Yes – yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes I really want to get going with the - - - my whipping. Please let me in so you can start whipping me.”

“Really, really, really?”

“Yes; really, really, really.”

Sadie and Mitch were about to break up and laugh out loud, but managed not too so as not to break up the charade.

“Then you must like to get whipped.”

“Yes - - - Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, I like to get whippings.”

“Even for your brothers? Very well, if that is what you really want.”

“Yes, that is what I really want.”

“Alright then, you may come in.”

With relief Timmy opened the door, entered and closed it gently behind him. Immediately he reopened it and took one last peek down the hall. No brother was in sight. He exhaled.

“Come let’s have a look at you,” said Sadie.

Timmy walked over to the four poster bed and stood in front of Mitch and Sadie who were sitting on its edge.

“Well, what do you think Mitch?”

“She’s real pretty. Just like cotton candy, all pink-like. You done good; real good.”

“And you, Miss Timmy; Miss Tiny Timmy. How do you like your new punishment dress? I sure hope you do ‘cause it cost a bundle.”

Timmy just stood there. Then he started to hop about from one foot to the other. This time it really did seem that he had to pee. But he hadn’t had to go before he had left his room.

“You need to go potty? But you just got here?”

Timmy continued to just stand there hopping while alternatively looking at Mitch and Sadie.

“Very well, go in the bathroom over there.”

“And remember, you are a girl now – you have to squat, you know,” added Mitch.

“Here, I’ll help you for this one first time,” said Sadie. “We girls have to stick together, you know.”

Once in the bathroom Sadie had Timmy put down the toilet seat as he stood there hopping about. He really had to go – to take a nervous pee.

“Okay. Now grab each side of your dress and lift it up as you squat down.”

Timmy felt it coming. Yes, a couple of drops were now making their way down his wiener.

“I feel it coming. I’m going to pee.”

“Pee? Don’ be silly; you can’t pee yet. You still have your brand spanking new panties on.” The charade was continuing.

“But – I can’t help it!”

“SIT,” she ordered, like she was addressing a dog.

Timmy lifted his pink dress and sat. But his panties were still on.

“IT’S COMING!”

“Be quiet now and pay attention, for God’s sake. Now lift yourself up just a bit off the seat and pull your panties down to your knees.”

Frantically Timmy did as he was told. But as he did so he knew it was too late.

“I’m sorry.”

“Sorry? Sorry about what? You don’t mean . . . YOU **DIDN’T**! Hand me the panties.”

Sadie examined them. At first she couldn’t find anything but then, sure enough, there in the crotch were two little pee spots.

“You are so undisciplined. I don’t believe this. Hey Mitch – Mitch. Come take a look.”

Mitch came in and looked at the panties. At first he didn’t find anything either. Then Sadie pointed out the two tiny pee spots.

“I told you these boys were undisciplined. All of them. Sadie, do you have an enema?”

“An enema? Sure – at least I think so.”

“Good. Go give it a good fill of warm water for me.”

“I still have to pee.”

“Hold on boy; there will be time enough for that later. There’s no hurry. We have nothing here but time; plenty of time.”

In no time at all Sadie was back with the enema.

“ Here,” said Mitch, “ I’ll hold it up while you plug him in. Then you can fill him up – just like at a gas station.”

Timmy couldn’t believe it. Here he had to expel liquid an instead they were going to add liquid. But stand he did in his dress as the warm water flooded his rectum while still feeling that he had to pee.

“Please stop. No more PLEASE.”

“Shut up kid. I’ll tell *you* when you’re filled. You don’t tell *me*.”

On and on the warm water entered. Now instead of just having to hold his bladder he was having to hold both his bladder and his bowels.

“Okay; clamp off the hose. Ain’t it time now for his make-up?”

“Shouldn’t I put a butt plug in him?”

“Hell no; this is a lesion in discipline. Now git your panties back on boy and sit back down on the toilet. Your mummy is going to show you how to do your makeup.”

Sadie opened a drawer of the vanity table and took out a tray full of lipsticks. Now let’s see what color and shade we need here, she wondered. I know; this here pink one. With it and a couple of more makeup articles in hand she returned to the bathroom. There stood Mitch looking still down on Timmy who was swaying from side to side as he sat on the toilet with his dress unfurled over the seat, trying his best to hold in the warm water that filled his gut and not to pie. There could be no sound of anything pouring into the toilet water. Sadie pulled a stool over and sat down facing the struggling boy.

“Now hold still,” she said as she started to apply the pink stick to the boy’s lips. “Open up, and for God’s sake will you stop that wiggling and keep still.”

Keeping still for Timmy with all that warm water in his belly as Sadie delicately applied makeup made for a real battle – a supreme struggle.

Ever so carefully Sadie applied the lipstick, much like an artist would to her canvass. But try and try as he did to keep still, he couldn’t.

“Boy, you’ll have plenty time later to pee. Now hold still,” commanded Mitch as he laughed to himself. Damn if I didn’t do something right. This dress and all was a good investment.

“Now open wide for me.” Timmy did so while staring with pleading eyes up at Mitch. There now, he thought, I think I’m going to make it, as he saw Sadie lean back and take a satisfied look. Yes, I think I’m going to make it!

“And now for some blush and eyeliner. This should only take a couple of minutes or so and then you can potty – after we’ve fixed your hair, of course.”

“I CAN’T!!!” The time had arrived for unconditional surrender.

With a rush dirty brown water poured out of his anus, through his silky pink panties and down into the john. A little piss was quick to follow and mix in the downpour.

“This is unbelievable. I told you these kids had no discipline,” Mitch said as he looked at Timmy with disgust. “That’s gonna cost you plenty, boy. I’m now going to have to add a punishment of your own now to your punishment for Jeff. You can say goodbye to that naughty, filthy ass of yours. Farewell, ass. Farewell as. Yes, you’ve *really* gone and pissed me off.

“I tried. I really did try.”

“But not hard enough. Go ahead and finish up here,” he said to Sadie.

Sadie applied blush to the boy’s cheeks – much more than was really called for. She finished up with some eyeliner and a quick comb of his hair. Finally she had Timmy take off his soaked panties and put them in the sink, flush the toilet and clean his ass.

A photo shot followed.

Pictures of the sissy boy were taken with Timmy wearing various expressions. A few family shots were made with Timmy standing in front of Mitch and Sadie dressed in their Sunday’s best. A couple had Timmy holding the paddle in the family pose. Another had his offering it to Mitch.

At the conclusion of the “nice” photo shoot Mitch explained once again how the photos would never see the light of day outside of the house unless one of the brothers broke the code of silence or ran off. This was followed by the instructions on how he was to behave while being whipped. Then it was off to the desk to get the deed done.

When Timmy reached the small desk he found three freshly cut switches lying there. One was fairly short with just a rough surface. The next was substantially longer and more sturdy and with prickly burs extending along most of its length. The last was a really wicked looking one, dark in color, long, thick and stout and bearing a number of thorns, somewhat like those on a rose bush.

“Okay, which is it to be Timmy?” asked Mitch.

Without hesitation Timmy picked up the smallest and handed it to Mitch.

“Well I’ll be dang. Who would have guessed it would be the baby one? Well, you guessed wrong. Try again.”

Timmy picked up the mid-sized one and proffered it.

“Right; you got it right this time. Your mummy will be getting you acquainted with that right soon now. I had planned on using it but the way you showed such total lack of discipline there in the bathroom, makes me have to use that there sucker. It looks like a real humdinger; a real dozy. Damn, why did you go and make me have to use that one?

Timmy looked back down to the desktop. Still waiting there was the monster switch in all it ruggedness. He looked back up at Mitch who winked. Timmy picked up the evil switch with two fingers between two of its ugly thorns. His eyes started to water.

“Thanks kid; appreciate it.”

Mitch took the switch and then took off his shirt and undershirt and started switching the air. “Just feeling it out, you know. Just getting a feel for it.”

Timmy looked in horror at this monster of man with his big, now exposed, hairy chest thrashing about with his monster switch.

“Into position girl; you too, Sadie. It’s show time!”

With that Mitch walked over to the bedroom door and opened it. He wanted Jeff and Sammy to hear their kid brother’s screams.

As instructed, Timmy stood on the step that had now been positioned before the desk and then bent over the desk at about a forty-five degree angle. Once there he spread the hem of his dress wide out and looked straight ahead where Sadie stood ready with the camera.

“Smile,” said Sadie. Timmy responded with that forced smile that he had quickly developed.

“Tiptoes, girl – just like you are a ballerina . . . the prima ballerina, ‘cause you’ve gots our undivided attention.”

Up he went and held position as Sadie snapped several shots from various angles.

“SWISH - - - THWICK”

For a moment Timmy just stood still, feeling nothing. And then it came.

“AAAAAAAAAAGGGGGHHHH” he shrilled in his young boy’s voice. But he held position.

“SWISH - - - THWICK”

“***AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH***”

With a slow and methodical rhythm Mitch continued on with the switching while Sadie continued on filmed away. Amazingly enough the eight year old stoically held his potion with his arm out stretched while holding the dress away from his naked rump making it so inviting.

SWITCH SWITCH SWITCH - - - - TWICK!”

“AAAAAAAAAHHHHH”

SWITCH - - - **TWiCK**!

“**AAAAAAAAHHHHHH**”

The intensity of the child’s screams remained as high as possible but their lengths slowly shortened as his sounds of panting began to accompany his screams.

Down the hall Jeff and Sammy had been in Jeff’s room quietly watching TV when Timmy’s shrill screams had begun to ring out. They looked at each other as Jeff cut off the sound. After the second scream they had gotten up and looked down the hall to find Sadie’s door wide open.

Jeff started walking down towards the open doorway and Sammy soon followed, keeping close against the wall from where he was less likely to be seen from the bedroom – as had Jeff. When Jeff reached a point just a few feet from the open doorway he stopped and pressed himself against the wall. Sammy did the same several feet down from him.

By now Mitch had had Sadie stop shooting and join him in the fray with her using the mid-size switch. She took a forehand position behind Timmy while Mitch took a backhand position. Mitch had thought to demand Timmy to call out the cuts, not only properly, but to keep a separate count for each him and Sadie. Then he decided that that wasn’t going to work – that it would be hopeless and fruitless for the kid in his present state. The only way the boy was managing to hold position was with his screams as an outlet for the pain which were still as loud as ever, but in shorter bursts.

Then the switching really began in earnest. It became a dreaded double-team switching with Sadie switching as hard as she could with her forehand and with Mitch bearing down hard too with his backhand since he too was right-handed. Sadie kept wanting to speed up the pace as she became more and more aroused, but Mitch kept resisting that temptation. Nevertheless, Sadie would let go with one just as soon as Mitch had struck and gotten the monster switch out of the way.

“**AAHH** **AAHH** AAHH AAHH”

This rapid fire, short burst of screams maintained a constant, steady pace without regard to when or where the switches struck. Mild strokes mixed in with the hard one brought screams that were just as intense. It was Timmy’s only way of coping, beside he now couldn’t even distinguish between mild one and strong one. A mere tap would still have produced a shrill screech.

It didn’t take long before Timmy’s ass was a bloody mess. It looked like a living mesh what with Sadie’s and Mitch’s cuts having mostly crossed one another, diagonally. At the crossover points, and where the thorns had made impact, blood was oozing to form fine lines and droplets. Occasionally Mitch had aggravated the matter by dragging the switch along its line of impact which caused thorns that faced the skin to make scratches. Of course this only increased the intensity of the pain and prolonged it.

Mitch felt his cock now ramrod straight in his pants. Goddamn, if he kept on like this he was going to cum in his pants. That, he surely did NOT want. So he brought the double switching to a halt and had Sadie take his, the larger, heavier and thornier one.

Mitch put on the Mickey Mouse mask and stripped off his pants and jockeys. As he was laying them across the back of an easy chair he clearly heard a sound just outside of the open doorway. He smiled to himself. One or both of the other boys had to be there, listening.

Mitch went and stood in front of Timmy who was now off his tiptoes but still holding his dress out. Indeed, it was stretched to the point of almost ripping. Timmy in turn looked at the hairy naked ape in full heat before him in horrid disbelief. Only then did he see that the head of this ape was not now Mitch’s, but of that of Mickey Mouse. His brothers had not told him about this feature.

“Lean down on the desk, girl. Mickey is a-coming a-calling. Now open those pretty pink lips. You don’t have to get back up on tiptoes, but you keep those ass cheeks unclenched, you hear?”

For the first time ever Timmy felt, tasted and smelled a man’s cock inside his mouth.

Mitch looked down to see his cock halfway in Timmy’s mouth, encased by his stretched lips coated with pink lipstick below his pink bonnet and ribbons that streamed down from its back. Then he took a final look at the still outstretch pink dress, and at Sadie who had had Timmy loosen up on the dress before it ripped so that it now drooped.

There she stood almost trembling anticipation, eagerly waiting for his signal to begin with the big switch. She took his quick nod to mean, much as a sprinter would with the sound of a starter’s pistol. She took a full backswing and sprang the thorny switch into her waiting target.

With the TWICK of her first strike Mitch started in with his face-fucking. Holding the girl-boy’s head firmly in hand he jabbed and jabbed and jabbed as Sadie switched and switched and switched. Now she was drawing the switch back along the switch line after each delivery so that the little thorns would scratch. Here and there a bit of blood was seeping into the seams.

And just like that it was over as Mitch unloaded into the Timmy’s mouth. With that Timmy lost control, let go of the dress and tried to shove Mitch away. The result was that Mitch’s massive cock came out followed by a tsunami of cum that engulfed the boy’s face. In sudden disappointment, Sadie lowered the switch while trying to lower her blood pressure.

“I’ll get a towel.”

“Not before you’ve got a few more shots.”

Quickly Sadie took pictures of Timmy’s face beneath his pink bonnet all covered in cum. One included a shot of a string of the gooey cum extending in a droop between Timmy’s nose and the tip of Mitch’s cock. Finally she fetched a hand towel and cleaned off enough of the goo to prevent it from getting on the dress. She left plenty enough on though so that it still covered much of Timmy’s face, including some in his eyebrows and about his eyes.

“There we are,” she said as she handed the towel to Mitch for him to clean himself up with. Then as a final insult Sadie squirted the boy’s ass with disinfectant which immediately brought forth a final, drawn-out scream that resounded throughout the house and raddled the rafters. Thank God they were far off the country road.

Timmy slowly gathered his senses and bearing and then smoothed his pretty dress.

What a sight he was standing there in his pink dress and bonnet, shoes and socks with cum half covering his face with all of its makeup. What a contrast his pink lipstick coated lips made against the white cum. What a final photograph that made for.

“Okay Timmy,” said Mitch. “You can go to your room now and clean up for supper.”

“With the dress?” he asked through the span of cum that bridged his two lips as he spoke.

“Of course with the dress; that’s part of the punishment. You wear the outfit, the whole outfit including the bonnet until you go to bed.”

“Use that other pair of panties,” injected Sadie. “I’ll clean up the pair that you so carelessly soiled this time – but only time.”

“Git,” ordered Mitch.

With his switched-to-smithereens, disinfected ass which was still on fire, and with his face still covered with streams of cum, Timmy made his painful, pitiful retreat in pink, now longer having the presence of mind to care about his brothers seeing him. Even so, half-way down the hall he came across Jeff who stopped him.

“Wow, but aren’t you pretty. And I see that you’ve met Mickey. Did you like Mickey? How was it?”

Timmy shook Jeff off and continued on.

As he walked past Sammy a little further down the hall he saw him simply stare at him through his thick glasses trying once more to believe what he was looking at. Then Timmy hurried into his room and shut the door. He didn’t have much time left before he had to be in the dining room for dinner, cleaned up and pretty and pink for his brothers, his mummy and his daddy. How would he sit, he wondered.

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Following the initial encounter with the truck driving storm trooper, the family settled into its new routine, headed up by its new daddy. Weekdays would find Mitch on the road. Weekends would include a discipline day for one of the boys so that each boy had a three week interval before he would be scheduled for “maintenance,” as Mitch referred to it. Of course it was understood that any misconduct or lack in proper attitude would immediately call for a “spanking” by Sadie at any time. Those incidents were rare. The boys’ attitudes and conduct became exemplary. In fact one day the principal at Jeff’s school told her how impressed she was with the change in Jeff’s conduct and his grades. Some day she would have to let principal lady in on her secret in having brought that about.

So one weekend it would be Jeff who would have an hour spent in his “daddy’s” and his “mummy’” bedroom getting the outside of his ass whacked to blisterines with the big holey paddle, and the inside of his ass impaled with Mickey’s cock. The next weekend it would be Sammy turn and he would have his ass caned and fucked. To complete the cycle it would be Timmy’s time to dress up all pretty like in pink to have his ass soundly switched and his mouth filled with cum. Then it was time to repeat the recycle.

Mitch went on to stay with Sadie for almost eight months before he felt the call of the road to move on. Before he left though he made up a special collage of pictures of each boy to be permanently hung from the wall over his bed. Each picture had a wood frame that measured three feet across and two feet high. Each was unique in that it was double-sided.

On one side there were a number of pictures of the boy playing sports and the like. Flip the frame over however and there would be a collage of the pictures that Sadie had taken of the boy as he was being humiliated, beaten, face fucked and buggered. These were placed in an array about a larger picture of Mickey. That side of the picture frame always remained hidden from view except for the boy’s scheduled day for punishment and atonement when the humiliation side would be displayed. To remind the boy of what lay ahead, and to keep the boy minds from ever forgetting, there was a self-standing picture of a real Mickey Mouse at Disneyworld, measuring 11 by 14, on permanent display in his room. In their minds of course all they could see in it was Mitch. Yes, Mitch had indeed thought of everything.

When the time eventually came for Mitch to hit the road permanently, Sadie calmly accepted it. Any man half way as horny as Mitch wanted pussy, and that she would never be able to provide. Blow jobs alone just didn’t hack it. She did of course know that he got his balls off once a week with one of the boys. But that had gone on now for some seven months. That had now also lost some of its sparkle and sense of new adventure. She understood that and that he had new horizons ahead and new waters to fish and new rows to hoe. After all, he *was* a trucker.

In preparation for his final departure Mitch scoured the house for all of the nasty pictures. True, none of those that showed his face engaged in sexual activity. Nevertheless, in an abundance of caution he didn’t want any left behind – including, of course, those on the reverse side of the framed picture in each of the boy’s rooms. He even found the secret stash of pictures that Sadie had taken such pains to hide.

At the last supper Mitch gave the boys the word. Tomorrow he would be gone from their lives forever. He was moving out of state. His latest new job required it. The boys were now good boys; their behavior now was fully acceptable. His mission here was now accomplished. Then he had Sadie talk.

“Boys, it’s true. Your daddy is leaving for good in the morning. The burden for finishing your upbringing will be back on my shoulders again. Mitch and I have discussed how best to keep you from falling back. So here’s the deal.

From now on you are to call me ‘Aunt Sadie.’ Timmy can now throw away – that is if he wants to – his girly dress. Besides, it wouldn’t be too long before he outgrew it. That’s the good news for Timmy though. From now on Timmy’s spankings will be with a cane – a junior cane to start. In fact it will be the cane that I will be using on all of you for maintenance. Your good behavior has to be maintained – and it will be with periodic canings.

“You’ll get the cane on your birthday – only on your birthday.”

The three boys looked at each other and smiled.

“Just that you’ll have a birthday each month, rather than each year. How much of a whipping you’ll get will depend on just how well you have behaved. If you’ve been good, *real* *good*, you’ll just get six-of-the-best. But I do emphasize ‘best.’ I’m just a lady, you know, so I will have to be a-swinging as hard as I can and using a large, wet, senior cane on you two, Jeff and Sammy. It will be the smaller one for you Timmy, until you’re older. But I’ll still be a-swinging it with all my female might.

“You said if we’ve been good. What if you say that we haven’t been good?” asked Sammy.

“Six will be the monthly minimum. From there it goes up, depending on just how good you’ve been. I’ll max you out at a birthday spanking number – you know, your age plus one to grow on. Now understand that this is just for routine maintenance – to see that you continue to behave and have a proper attitude and show me respect. Screw up and you’ll get an extra, *punishment* session in my bedroom in the blink of an eye.”

“And boys,” injected Mitch, “I will be keeping in touch with your aunt here. She has my cell number just in case she needs me to drop in on you when I’m next in the neighborhood.”

But that didn’t become necessary. Though the boys would hear Mitch’s voice on the phone from time to time, they never saw “Mickey” again.

That night Mitch told Sadie that he had a parting gift for her. He took her down into the work shop in the basement. There they stood – an identical replica of her dining room chairs and an identical replica of her barstools. The wood texture and color were a perfect match. Even the ornamental carvings were the same. It was only the shape that differed. You see a wedge with its edge up had been substituted for the contoured seat. It was like a sawhorse had been transformed into a piece of furniture.

“Beautiful, just beautiful. So well made you would think it came from the factory.”

“Thank you. Know how to use them?”

“I can guess, you big devil.”

“Of course you can use them however you want. But I’ll make a suggestion or two. Have the kid sit on it at the dinner table on his day for maintenance. Breakfast, lunch and dinner. He could sit on his genes but that would be like using a rubber. No good feel. No, I’d suggest that you make a denim skirt for him to wear that day. You could make it full length so that no one would see that he was sitting on that there wedge. You could even have guest over for dinner table who wouldn’t even know his predicament, if the boy was already seated before they got there. Best of all, he would want to stay there on top of the damn thing until they had all left.

Or you could make one of them faux-pants that look like shorts, but ain’t. On some of those days you could have dinner at the bar and use the tall barstool. That way their feet are up off the floor. Yep, that will give them indigestion eating their din-din on top of it a-squirming and a-bucking away and their brothers probably making faces. And if one tries to get relief with his elbows on the table, just recite:

“Sammy - Sammy Strong and able. Get your elbows off the table”

Not only did Sadie follow Mitch’s suggestions, she embellish on them. When the kid’s behavior had not been up to snuff she would prolong his unique sittings. One of her favorite ways was to have a coffee and smoke after the two others had left the table. Ever so slowly she would sip and smoke. Sometimes she would have the boy describe his “birthday from beginning to end. That would include his talking about the picture in his room and reminisce about his punishments at the hands of Mitch. It would include the day’s own caning with his having to describe how each stoke had felt. Each would have had to be described as having felt different. Then he would have to describe in great detail just how he felt right then; how each cheek was feeling ; what he had and was doing to try to get relief. Finally she would excuse him from the table with a gentle kiss and a “Hope you had a good day.”

Mitch and Sadie did keep in touch vicariously. They would have phone sex. You see Sadie had made sound recordings of her “maintenance” sessions with the boys. She would play them as she narrated over the phone which Mitch would have on speakers in the cab of his rig. She would know when he had climaxed in his beating off by the sound of three short blasts on his rig’s air horn. WYAAA WYAAA WYAAA. Then, if she was in the mood and asked, he would talk dirty to her as she masturbated with her own new set of pictures of the boys’ canings laid out on the bed.

Later Jeff went on to join the navy the day after he graduated from high school. Sammy would become a computer nerd. And Timmy, well Timmy became all of the girls’ idle – when he wasn’t busy cross-dressing in his room, that is.