OUTSOURCED FROM THE REFORMATORY

 **TALE** **THREE** - **Continuation**

 **Authors note:** This is a continuation of TALE THREE, which should be read first.

 Emma was now half way through her outsourced two week period in the custody of Butch and Gladys. The household routine had become well established. Each of the three of them knew generally what each day would bring. It was accepted by all, while knowing that Emma would be returned into the care of the reformatory in another week. As a runaway Emma dreaded that, knowing that upon her return, still in ball and chain, her feet would be beaten severally enough to force her to hobble painfully as she walked about for three or four days.

 Each day now would start to the sound of bells as Emma made her way down the hall and stairs to fix herself some breakfast. She was free to do this as she was only teetered to her bed while Butch and Gladys were at work during the day. Of course she always was teetered to her fifteen pound “Blue Ball” - to that fifteen pound bowling ball and heavy chain clothed in a baby blue shroud and sheath and cuffed to her ankle 24/7. It was the pair of bells that were fastened to the chain that clanged as she made her way down the stairs, having to hold up the heavy ball by the sheathed chain, and thus with her hands unavailable to try and keep the bells from swaying and clanging like some Swiss cow.

 Upon being wakened by the bells Butch and Gladys would think of the fifteen year old Emma there in their custody, available at all times to be beaten and sexually abused at their pleasure. If one was not already awake and erotically thinking of their young new slave, they would do so quickly upon hearing those bells. Tender love making sometimes followed. This was like a second honeymoon, albeit they had never gone through any old fashion marriage ceremony.

 After her self-made breakfast Emma would go outside in her street clothes and into the large pet pen to say good morning to the two jack russells - and to get some fresh air before being confined to her bedroom. When she did that the tolling of the bells told Butch and Glades, and the two dogs, just what she was doing.

 Weather permitting; Emma would remain in the pen throwing a tennis ball for the dogs to fetch. When raining, she would sit with the dogs in their large dog house until Gladys would yell for her to come in . . . that it was time for her to chain her to her bed and go work at the dinner.

 Emma would promptly go in, making sure the shrouded ball was clean, and lug the heavy thing upstairs to the guest bedroom where *she* was the guest. There she would find her lunch already prepared by Gladys that typically consisted of a sandwich, chips, pickle, apple or banana and a coke. A few minutes later Gladys would come in, and if Emma hadn’t beaten her to the punch, lock her bed chain around her ankle for she was always teetered to the bed when she was alone in the house – in addition to teetered by her other ankle to her blue ball.

 Emma would know when Gladys left because the electricity to her room would suddenly go off as Gladys hit the circuit breaker downstairs to cut off any lights and the TV. Butch would usually leave about the same time. Then Emma would find herself at liberty to do what she wanted for the next eight hours – within the limits of the bed chain. Other than for the loneliness, it wasn’t so bad. It could easily have been worse – like tied down spread eagle with rope or the like for punishment and to not have her homework done when she was returned “home.”

 Emma would lie on the bed, look out the window, and do her homework. Before noon she would take a nice warm, long bath. A problem with that was that she had to raise her leg some since the chain was too short to allow for the ball to rest on the floor beside the tub. You see, she was cuffed to the ankle that was furthermost from that open, access side of the tub. Sometimes though she would put take the shroud off the ball and chain and sit it inside the tub with her, then later dry it off and remount the shroud. All this time, of course, her other ankle would remain chained to the bed. And since she was as the limit of the chain’s reach when in the tub, she would have to raise that ankle a little for the chain to remain grounded and not pulling on her.

 Emma would usually be sleeping when Gladys return home. Her return would be announced by the dogs’ bark and the sudden return of electricity to her room. Gladys would arrive at her room after having looked at the mail, checking for phone messages and un-cuff her. Then she would give her her instructions as to what house work she wanted done. It would be an hour more before Butch got home, took a shower and got around to attending to her daily punishment needs. The inspector could arrive at any time, he would explain. Emma’s ass had better be ready for inspection.

 By this time Butch had moved on from the strap and whip to beating her with the two rattan canes. Damn it if they weren’t something. You see he had had Gladys try out all of his birthday gifts on himself so that he could appreciate the pain that they were capable of delivering. He quickly learned that the canes really did more than just sting. They felt as if a hot wire had just been laid down on flesh.

 Butch insisted that Gladys join in on the fray. At first she had used the snake whip Maybe she wasn’t using it just right in cracking the popper right at ass impact. But it wasn’t that bad. No it’s appearance and sound was greater than its delivery, at lease in her opinion. Its bark was worse than its bit. But the canes; now they were something else.

 The smaller one was what was called a senior cane. It was fairly thick and quite flexible. Butch learned on the internet that it was used mostly on school boys. Now the larger one; damn if it didn’t deliver a lasting punch.

 That larger one was what was called a juvenile judicial cane. It was a full half inch with a rough surface, heavy and less flexible. It delivered a longer lasting, deeper line of fire whose flame burned far longer than the senior cane. The resulting welt was vividly engrained for a couple of days in the landscape of the rear end of its unfortunate recipient. Oh God but did it hurt. It only took one for him to call it quits to Gladys when Butch had had her try it out on him. He got the picture.

 “Fifteen minutes to party time,” Butch would yell out when he was ready to get to work on their guest, Emma. He would also call out where the happy event was to take place – the guest room, the master bedroom or the living room. So far he had always had Gladys join in the fray. This and dinner were the only times that Emma had to wear her reformatory uniform. Today he called out “living room. Today he also was in a bad mode. Things had gone terribly at work. A guy had skipped out on him without paying.

 Butch and Gladys sat waiting on the living room sofa. She saw that he was in a bad mood and told him so. He explained. Then they heard the bells as Emma made her way down the upstairs hall and then down the stairs backwards as she lowered the fifteen pound ball down on each step as she descended. Once down she picked up her “Blue Ball” with both hands and walked over to the sofa, stopped and lowered the heavy ball – all to the ding-dong ding-dong tune of the two bells fastened to the chain. She remained still and quiet while Butch and Gladys looked her over in her fresh, sailor-suit like reformatory uniform, complete with its cute schoolgirl hat. Emma saw that Butch was not happy. She also watched as he selected his old razor strap form the punishment instruments that lay on the sofa. He started to pop it like an accordion.

 “You don’t seem to have any trouble getting around these days with that ball and chain, do you?”

 “I manage.”

 “You manage, do you? Maybe we ought to swap it out for a twenty pounder. What do you think.”

 “That ain’t up to you, Mister Butch. The reformatory makes that call.”

 “Is that a fact? But it doesn’t make the call on how we beat on you, now does it?”

 Emma didn’t answer.

 “I didn’t quite catch that. Who makes that call?”

 “You and Miss Gladys.”

 “That’s right. Until we get that twenty-pounder, I guess I’ll have to make up the difference. Hold out you hand.”

 Emma saw just where this was heading. Without further instructions she extended her right arm straight out, palm up, and held its wrist with her other hand. Butch stood and raised the razor strap up high and then swung it down hard onto the girls open palm with a “splat.”

 Emma didn’t flinch but keep looking straight ahead.

 Butch had another go at it. “Splat.” No reaction.

 In all, Butch laid six strokes of the strap on the girl’s right hand. The third brought tears to her eyes. When the fourth struck she made a guttural sound and wrung her flaming hand. It was all she could do to manage the fifth and sixth ones by herself – but she did.

 “Left hand, girl.”

 Another six were repeated on that hand.

 “Maybe that will make holding up that fucking ball a bit harder. What do you think?”

 Emma didn’t answer but just stood there in front of Gladys sitting on the sofa wringing her red hot hands.

 “I’m going to take that as a ‘no.’ Let’s do another six each. No; cancel that. Let’s get those shoes and socks off.”

 “Oh no, please Mister Butch. That hand strapping did the trick. It’s going to be real hard and painful, you know, with me now having to lift the ball with my hands. Don’t, please don’t beat my feet.”

 “Shoes and socks, if you please, girl.”

 Emma put her two burning hands over her wet eyes and started to sob. God but did she hate a foot strapping. She kept on sobbing.

 Gladys felt sorry for the girl. It wasn’t her fault that Butch had had a rough day down at the shop.

 “Maybe that’s enough, Butch. That will make it harder for her to get around.”

 “Shut up;, the both of you. I know what I’m doing here. In a couple of hours she’ll be right back. No, feet last longer.

 “ Kneel on the sofa girl. Gladys, take her shoes and socks off and hold her foot by the ankle, good and strong. I know what I’m doing. Don’t forget that she’s a fucking runner – a fucking runaway truant. Hold onto the back of the sofa, girl. Let go and it’ll cost you.”

 The two females reluctantly obeyed. Butch took up a measured position and then lit into the naked foot presented out to him. Emma screamed. Butch paused just long enough to put the ball-gag in to her mouth. Five vicious swats followed as Emma fought to hold onto the sofa back. It took all her strength for Gladys to hold the targeted foot in position. Then Gladys moved to the girl’s other side and took up the other foot for a repeat performance.

 By now Butch’s feelings had changed from one of taking his frustrations of the day out on Emma to one of sexual arousal. As the girl struggled Gladys had to struggle also to hang on, legs being stronger than arms. Gladys was grimacing as she gave the ankle a death grip like she was trying to strangle it.

 After each blow the battle for control would shift to Emma from the excruciating pain and her foot would gyrate right and left. Gladys now was standing for added leverage in holding on. Butch would wait until the battle slowly shifted back to Gladys and the foot, now turning blue-stripped from the blows, would become reasonably still. Then WHAM and off it would swing again with Gladys trying to hold on.

 After twelve blows in total to the girl’s feet Gladys released her ankle. She now

 saw “that look” on Butch’s face and knew what was next up. He unzipped and out sprung Oscar, ready to go forth and give battle – to battle-ram the castle gates open. But Emma’s ass was too low, what with the sofa being lower than a bed.

 “Quick, girl; get over the sofa arm. Quick! Quick!”

 Relieved to know that the foot beating was over, Emma sprung up, started to straighten her skirt and was reaching for her hat which had come off during her frenzied beating.

 “Fuck the hat. HURRY, Goddamn you.”

 Emma turned, took a step and fell to the floor. Her battered feet had given out just when the battering ram behind her was primed for action.

 With both his cock and balls out of his fly Butch grabbed one shoulder. Gladys gave an assist with the other. Together they hauled Emma over into position.

 “Spread ‘um. Hurry, Goddamn it. HURRY! We’ve got us a ***fucking*** ***emergency*** here.”

 Now in a full sexual frenzy Butch sloppily wetted and pressed the tip of his ding-dong Oscar to Emma’s brown hole. Just as he felt it start to enter, disaster struck. It was the ding-dong of the front door bell that went off just as he was still all primed for his ding-dong to go off. “GODDAMN IT TO ALL HELL,” he cried out as he turned to see a shadow image of someone standing at the front door.

 Gladys garbed one of Emma’s arms and hauled her up as Butch’s cock withdrew like a turtle’s head withering back into his shell upon sensing danger. Thank God at least for that, he thought; I could never get the famished monster tucked back in time, if he hadn’t done it himself. He’s smarter than me.

 Butch opened the door to see this large, stranger-woman standing there with a clipboard.

 “Sir, I’m from the reformatory, here to check on how things are going with, let’s see here, with Emma Readon, oh yes, the runner.”

 “Oh; oh yea; about Emma,” he said with his face still flushed.

 “ From what I heard coming up the walk, it sounded a bit like she having herself a whopping good time – if you get what I mean.” She laughed; Butch returned a weak smile.

 Butch glanced at the badge of authority that the matron briefly flashed. “Please come on in. Gladys, it’s the inspector from the ‘formatory,” he called out.

 “This won’t take long. I know it’s almost dinner time. I hope I haven’t interrupted anything,” she said with a broad, knowing smile just as the blush on Butch’s face had started to fade.

 “Nothing that couldn’t wait,” he lied.

 The matron/inspector followed Butch inside to find Emma and Gladys standing together by the sofa. Emma was in uniform except for her hat and for her shoes and socks which were on the sofa. And, of course, she was blue-balled.

 “Hello, Emma. How are you today?”

 “I’m okay, I guess . . . . . . ma’am.”

 Now that’s a little improvement in attitude, thought the matron.

 “Folks, I’ve got to give her a full body inspection and ask her some questions. So if you don’t mind, I’d like that to be done just between us two.”

 “Oh; of course,” answered Butch. “We’ll be in the kitchen if you need us.”

 Before they had even quite made their way out of the living room they heard the matron order: “STRIP.” Emma obeyed and placed her uniform in a neat pile.

 “I see you’ve been to the barber.” The matron was testing her. “Nice clean cut.”

 “Yes ma’am.”

 The matron took a seat on the sofa as she thought, yes, better attitude, all right; and so fast!

 The matron started at the top and worked her way down. She ruffled her hair, looked in her teary eyes, into her mouth and over her torso.

 “Spread ‘um,” she said with her face close to the same heights as Emma’s privates were.

 The matron looked at her pussy but didn’t touch. She would save the institution one pair of surgical gloves.

 “Turn.”

 The matron looked over Emma’s ass cheeks carefully. Having seen so very many, she was a seasoned professional in accessing just how it had been punished; and, of course, that it *had* been punished, as the institution required. The ass had been well attended to. “Spread.”

 Emma spread her ass cheeks and the inspector took a look into the cavern.

 Oh yes, this ass had been punished, all right as she closed back the cavern and took another look. She could see an abundance of cane lines, snake whip blotches, and more razor strap straps than normal. Yes, her ass passed inspection – even for the more rigid requirements for a runaway. Her anus was in good shape.

 From there it was onto her legs. The upper thighs were also marked satisfactorily. She noted that the girl’s breasts and back had by and large been spared. Finally, there were the feet.

 The matron/inspector saw at once that the feet had just taken a whipping. The blue marks from the strap were hot. The shade of blue also indicated freshness. That was what she had heard from the outside as she had made her way to the front door.

 “Looks like the punishment is going along okay. Any complaints?”

 “No ma’am.”

 “What then should I check here then? Unsatisfied, Satisfied, or Very Satisfied?”

 “Uh; uh; uh, I guess Very Satisfied.”

 “Good! We’ll have us another very satisfied customer when they hear that.”

 “It’s just – it’s just –just.”

 “It’s just what?”

 “He’s beating my feet.”

 “So? So what?”

 “When I get sent back – back home, you know – you all are going to beat my feet too.”

 “Don’t be silly; why of course we are. You know the rules. But look, don’t worry; we’re not going to beat a dead horse.”

 “Oh thank you – thank you so much. You’ll write that down, right?”

 The matron did so on the inspection report sheet there on the clipboard where there was a diagram of the female body, front and rear, with her notes and a couple of small sketches of where she had been beaten.

 “How is your health? Any illness?”

 “No.”

 “How’s the food? They feeding you okay?”

 “Oh the food is great. They are both cooks – good cooks – and they let me have all I want.”

 “And your homework? You keeping up with it?”

 “I’m ahead on it. You see, when they go to work they leave me alone in my bedroom. I got nothing to do but homework and lie about. No TV, you know, ’cause they flip the circuit breaker to my room when they go. All I have to do is homework.”

 “Bedroom? You’re not chained in the basement or the garage but in a bedroom? Let me see it.”

 Emma got fully dressed, including the hat, and up they went slowly with the bells clanging all the way and with the matron having to help her up, what with her feet having just been beaten.

 “Nice,” said the matron when they got there. She walked around, checked the bathroom and looked at the back yard view from the window. After taking a brief scan of the homework and checking under the bed for the integrity of the chain cuff there, they went back down stairs with a ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong. Once again the matron had to help because of the feet having just been beaten.

 “Folks, you passed.”

 “That’s it – just a passed?”

 “Yep; you either pass or fail. But I will tell you that Emma judged her punishment to be *very* *satisfactory*.”

 “She judged us?”

 “Yep; even said that you all were good cooks. Now ain’t that nice to hear?”

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 After dining on a wonderful pot roast with carrots and celery and onions, the three turned to their desserts and Butch and Gladys also to their coffees.

 “So you gave us a *very* *satisfied* grade this afternoon, I understand,” said Butch.

 “Yes, Mr. Butch.”

 “Well I am just so happy that you approve. Guess that means I must be missing some things. What am I missing here?”

 “No, you are doing a good job of whipping me. That’s what I meant. You are really whipping my ass good, inside and out, you know.”

 “Don’t the others?”

 “Some do and some don’t. But they do other things, you know.”

 “No, we don’t. Tell us about these other “things.”

 Emma looked at their eager faces. Now what have I gone and done?

 “Well?”

 Emma looked at Gladys and then at Butch, who was so expectant. Tell us – tell us, was written all over his face.

 “You all let me sleep on a bed. Many don’t. How about a floor – a concrete basement floor?

 “And look here at this dinner table. Think this is what most get to eat?”

 “But we enjoy cooking. So our food is above average. Is that it; the others don’t feed as well?”

 Emma laughed. “You don’t understand. Lots Lot’s of outsourcers don’t want to spend money on us – give us half rations. Others are into punishment food.”

 “Punishment food?”

 “Well, you know, like . . . like . . . Know the rule of a third? No, you don’t. With the one-third rule a third of your meal is what you’ve already eaten. You got to eat it again.”

 “You mean you have to spit out a third and eat it,” asked Butch.

 “Ha! You have to shit and piss it out and then eat it with your next meal.”

 Butch and Gladys looked at each other in amazement. How disgusting.

 “You all let me go to a regular bathroom like I really was a guest. Lots of people don’t. Those lucky enough to get a bed are chained to it so that you can only get to a chamber pot on the floor right beside it. And with that rule of one-third each day you have to eat and drink a third of whatever you’ve pissed and shitted. That’s got to be returned to sender, you know. Return to sender. And if you piss or shit anywhere else, they will find it.

 “That’s sickening,” said Gladys. “Don’t they get sick?”

 “Don’t think so. Urine is sterile – just salty. Shit has got all kinds of bugs in it, but they’re your own bugs, you know.”

 “So they have to do that when they get up out of bed? Drink piss and eat their own shit?”

 “No, that would be too easy. They want to watch you and drag it out it all out. You have to eat and drink it with your meals – with *all* of your meals. You’re having eggs, sausage and orange juice for breakfast? Then two of the sausages would be real and the third one made of your own, one-hundred percent pure - shit. But you still need to get down more, so instead of putting jam on your toast, you have to ask “please pass the shit.”

 “My pleasure,” joked Butch.

 “You put your knife into the shit jar and shit-spread some it on your toast until it’s all gone – your breakfast portion, that is. A nice, thick layer of pure shit. Jelly? Sure; be our guest; that’s up to you. Optional, you know but a shit butter and jelly sandwich will be a-waiting for you for lunch. Every day a shit butter and jelly sandwich; don’t cost much, you know. Cheaper than peanut butter.”

 “I’d lose my fucking appetite,” said Butch. “Don’t it stink?”

 “So what; they’re sitting at the other end of the table; up-wind.”

 This girl *does* know shit, thought Butch.

 “But don’t forget the piss waiting there for you in a tall glass beside your glass of orange. How you get it down is up to you. Drink your orange juice first and your piss second, or vice versa. Or you can mix ‘um; you know, like a cocktail mix. It’s so nice to have your choice, ain’t it?”

 “What else? I’m getting indigestion with all this shit,” said Butch.

 “And what happens when you are on a one-third ruler? You get hungry and so you eat more. When you do that you eat and drink *more* piss and shit.”

 “What else, I said.”

 “There’s a whole world of bondage. Ever been hog-tied? No fun. Ten, fifteen minutes? How about trying out a frigging hour? Ever been mounted on the horse? Suspended? Suspended upside down? Or standing up on your toes with your hands tied behind you with a rope hung from the fucking ceiling? Or how about . . . .”

 “You seem to know a lot about this stuff; this shit.”

 “Girls talk – and talk – and talk, you know.”

 “That’s enough, Emma,” said Gladys. “We get the point. I don’t think any of those things are our cup of tea. Are they Butch?”

 “Oh I don’t know. Honey, would you pass me the piss please? Piss please.”

 “On its way.”

 They chuckled.

 “So many of them are just so plain mean. They do all these little things just to make your stay miserable. They close the vents so your room gets no heat or air. They draw the blinds so that you can’t see out. You have to ask permission to go to the bathroom. Some keep you in diapers 24/7. Some lock your bathroom and won’t let you take an unsupervised piss or shit. One man would sit on a stool while the girl sat on the throne and tell her: “We’ll start first with your shit – just the shit. Okay; go! Okay stop! Switch over to piss now. Okay; go. STOP! Back now to the piss. Back and forth; back and forth. Can you believe that shit?

 “Some won’t let you even cut the light off at night when you go to bed. Just plain meanness, if you ask me. They don’t have to do any of that shit, you know.”

 “Butch, you had a little interruption before dinner, as I recall. Don’t you have some unfinished business to attend to?”

 Emma’s smile faded as she looked down, still wearing her schoolgirl hat.

 Butch rubbed his stomach. The whiskey before dinner and the wine with the big meal had not put him in a mood for sex. He yawned.

 “Not tonight. I think I’ve had it. But you girls can have a go at it – after you’ve cleared the table and washed the dishes, that is. I’m going to turn in.”

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 After Butch had left the table and gone upstairs, Gladys and Emma sat there. “Emma, tell me. Just why are you at the reformatory? What was your crime?”

 “That’s the problem; there wasn’t any “*crime*.”

 Gladys looked at her dubiously.

 “Sure, I see you saying: That’s what they all say. But it’s true.

 “My mother died. My father took to the bottle. Lost his job; took to beating me. I ran off.”

 “And that landed you in the reformatory?”

 “No. You see they found and turned me back over to him. Only he had gotten worse. He’d come back from the bar, knocks me around for no reason. One day I hit back. He goes to the police, swears that I drove off in the car – twice – and had starting stealing his stuff. Wanted to be rid of me, you know. Bang – juvenile court – reformatory. I was going to get someone killed in that car they said. Only problem was that it wasn’t true – any of it – other than me hitting back.”

 “What’s he doing now?”

 “Don’t know and don’t care. He don’t want to ever lay eyes on me again, and me neither.”

 “Let’s get these dishes done.”

 After they had finished Gladys told her to get to bed - that she would be there after she had gotten dressed for bed, herself. Do I bring, you know, the “things,” she asked. Of course you do; you don’t want them in the living room, she told her.

 Gladys had meant just that; nothing more; but Emma assumed the opposite - that she would be “caning her off to bed.” Then she dropped and broke a dish from her hands being swollen and painful. Gladys picked up the pieces, finished up and went up the stairs. Emma followed at a very slow and very laborious and painful way, knowing that the caning would probably be worse because of the broken plate.

 By the sound of the bells Gladys knew that Emma was following behind her. Her walk from the kitchen to the stairs was slow. Emma would tenderly grab the sheathed chain with her strapped hands and lift. That sharpened the pain in her hands. Then she’d take a step – and her feet would scream. Finally to the stairs she lifted the heavy ball by the chain and lay it down on the step in front of her. With her hands so sore she couldn’t swing it to the second step in front of her as she had done before the foot-strapping. Then she would step on the step, straddling the ball.

 Lifting her blue ball sometimes took three tries because of her swollen hands. Once the ball was up her feet would scream out because of the additional weight momentarily placed on them.

 It was five minutes before she had made it to a point just three steps shy of the top. That is when she realized that she had forgotten to bring the “things” with her. She sat down and sobbed. She had gotten so close.

 After a good cry she reverse course and went back down. Now she was faced with the new problem and going back up the stairs carrying the two canes, the gag, the whip and strap., and, of course, the blue ball. She tucked the implements under her arm and returned painfully to the staircase.

 Again she mounted the stairs ever so painfully, one by one, struggling to lift the heavy ball without releasing her grip on all the punishments implements tucked under her arm. But then she raised her arm too high and the walls came a tumbling down. Back to the bottom she went to collect the beating implements.

 This time she mounted the stairs more intelligently. She would place the implements designed for inflicting pain on a step about three above her before trying to climb. That worked better. Why hadn’t she thought of that before? Ten minutes later she reached the summit with the tedious and painful journey remaindering her of Christ’s tortured journey to the cross.

 Once in the bedroom she took off her uniform, made her toilet and put on her nigh- tee. She returned to the bed, made sure that the punishment implements were all laid out on the bed neatly, and then assumed the position, kneeling on the bedside, ass up, arms and head down. Everything now was in readiness for Gladys. Once this caning was over the day would be done, and yet she would be one more day closer to her return to the reformatory to have her feet beaten with a rubber hose on arrival. She was trapped; there was no way of winning.

 The door opened and in stepped Gladys. She looked with surprise at Emma waiting patiently there for her to be caned – as if she had not already had a full enough day of punishment. She had not planned to beat her. She looked again at the girl with her ass up and the canes ready. God, but wasn’t she inviting. Oh well; what the hell. The girl had gone to all the preparation and had broken a plate, even though it wasn’t her fault. She might as well get her expectations met.

 I’ll just give her a soft three she thought as she looked at Emma’s ass raised high from out of the bottom of her nigh-tee. She did deliver the first one softly, and the second and the third. Emma made no reaction. It was almost as if nothing was going on. I’m playing the fool here, Gladys thought.

 Gladys took up a strong stance with her feet spread. She drew back the senior can high over her head and let it rip. And rip it did, hard into Emma’s ass. She continued on quickly with additional ones until around the ninth when Emma acknowledged Gladys’s presence with a shrill shriek. The scream sobered up Gladys. What is this, she thought as she looked at Emma’s freshly caned ass with lines of red running this way and that. I’m becoming like Butch. Why am I doing this? Just look at her poor feet, all strapped to hell.

 “Okay; that’s it,” said Gladys. “Good night, sweetie.”

 While pulling the sheet and blanket over her, Emma curled up into the fetal position, whimpering and with her eyes working like a faucet. Gladys turned off the light as she left the room, closing the door behind her, still shook-up from what she had done and which she now thought had been so uncalled for.

 It was no more than ten minutes later when Emma, lying curled up in her shell, heard the door open again. Gladys made her way to the bed and then took hold of her arm.

 “Come.”

 Without a word Gladys led Emma, still quietly whimpering, into the master bedroom. She turned back the covers on her side of the King-sized bed and put the blue ball up onto the foot of it near the sleeping Butch’s feet. Emma followed and laid down beside Butch. Then Gladys followed and pulled up the covers over the blue ball and chain, over Emma, and over herself.

 Gladys lay there listening to Butch snore and to Emma whimper. She tapped Emma on her shoulder. The girl turned and put her head onto Gladys’s shoulder and snuggled. The girl was so, so, so looking for love, thought Gladys. She was one sure love-starved teen.

 “Gladys,” she asked, using her name for the first time.

 “Yes child?”

 “Could you be my foster parents – you and Butch?”

 “Foster parents? I don’t think so. You have a criminal sentence to serve out.”

 “But could you ask? Just ask? I love you and Butch so much.”

 “The juvenile court would have to approve, I would think.”

 “Please; just ask. I’d be good. I really would. You and Butch could beat me every day; every single day. I love you, you know. I really do love you. I want to make you happy.”

 “We’ll see; we’ll see.”

 And so the four of them did slept, all cozy-like, the whole night through: Butch, Gladys, Emma, and, of course, Blue-Ball.