OUTSOURCED FROM THE REFORMATORY

**TALE** **FIVE**

The matron heard a little commotion in the auditorium. She was standing just off stage with the boys that were to be presented this Friday morning for auction. It was hard to see what the problem was due to the stage being brightly lit and the seats where the ladies sat was dark, being only dimly lit from the stage lighting. She left the dozen boys standing there offstage in the reformatory uniform, which resembled a sailor suit, and made her way down.

By the time she got there the problem had been resolved. A regular, which some referred to as the “old bat,” had now graduated from a walking stick to a foldable walker. She had taken an aisle seat and stood the folded walker up against her seat in the aisle. The area being so dimly lit for anonymity, another lady had halfway tripped over it in trying to get past the old bat to take a seat on the same row. The matron returned to her group of fidgeting boys.

The boys were nervous because they were about to be presented for auction. They would be outsourced for a two week stay at home of the winning bidder. This was done for two reasons: punishment and fund-raising. This was a quarterly event for all of the boys in the reformatory, whether they had behaved or not. If not, it would be for an extra punishment.

The money raised went towards offsetting some of the cost borne by the county in having to run the reformatory. How the boys were punished was left to the discretion and desire of the successful bidder – the temporary custodian. It varied immensely from the usual beatings and humiliations to bondage and sexual advances. However no injury of a permanent nature was tolerated. While outsourced, the boys would have to do homework plus work required by his custodian.

From the brochure handed out at the entrance, in exchange for the fifty dollar entry fee, the old bat, whose real name was Gerde Gottschalk, had set her eyes on a 9 year old boy named Sven. He was an innocent looking, blue eyed blond of obvious Arian blood. How a boy looking that sweet, frail and innocent had ever come to be in any reformatory, God only knew. She didn’t care. She was set on serene, sweat Sven. No other would do.

Being the second youngest boy of today’s lot, Sven was presented second. He dutifully came out with the matron in his cute reformatory uniform that resembled a sailor suit: white jumper with blue stripes, white short pants, kerchief, high white socks and shoes, and, of course, a sailor cap.

Once at stage center he gave his name – Sven Faber and age – 9. Upon the matron’s order he undressed and stood facing the audience of eager women with his hands over his privates.

“You know the rules, boy: Hands on head. Now turn around. Bend over and spread those cheeks. Good. Turn back – face the audience. Parade rest, if you please.”

The boy was unblemished. There was no sign of any recent thrashing. And his skin: it was white white – pure Arian stock if there ever was one.

Had Sven not have been as young as he was, the price for this lad would have been very high. But since many of the bidders wanted some hard work out of this slave-for-a-fortnight, Gerde was able to acquire him for five hundred twenty-five dollars.

Did she ever have a smile on her face as she later made her exit of the auditorium with the aid of her walker on the way to the cashier? It wasn’t just the walk that elevated her respiratory and pulse rates. A new boy each week was to her like a dialysis machine was to one at level five kidney failure. And she could easily afford it.

Gerde Gottschalk often pushed the limit on punishments. The reformatory loved her for her steady income flow to the institution. The boys hated her and when they didn’t call her “the old bat,” they called her “the Nazi,” even though many didn’t know the meaning of the word, other than it was hateful. Sven had heard that, but he’d heard dreadful things about many of the other outsource custodians.

The next morning the reformatory minibus pulled to a stop in front of Gerde’s big old frame house that was set back quite some distance from the road. There waiting for it stood Valda Fuhrmann with another uniformed reformatory boy who, having served his two weeks of living hell at the Gottschalk home, was now being returned. The neighborhood was not social, and any neighbor that would see this exchange of uniformed boys just assumed it was institutionalized – which it actually was. Valda herself was wearing some sort of brown uniform whose skirt almost reached her brown boots. She was a big woman; quite muscular.

Sven got off the bus with his duffle bag in hand. He looked at the other boy who was older – around thirteen – but the boy didn’t return his look. With a “git on up,” from Valda, the other boy did so without a word with his duffle bag in hand.

Valda looked down at the rather frail 9 year old from on high and smiled. She approved of what she saw. In return, Sven found sudden interest in his shoe laces.

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After exchanging receipts for the two boys, the minibus drove off on its appointed rounds with a handful of boys and a couple of girls looking out the window. You see, the understaffed reformatory also had a girls unit.

At Valda’s nudging Sven started up the drive toting his duffle bag with Valda close behind. They entered through a side door into the kitchen. There Valda stopped and put on a Nazi armband with Velcro that bore a red swastika. She always wore it in the house, but never outside. From there they went down a hall to a door that led to a basement. Valda turned on a light with a switch in the hall and down they went.

The basement had bare concrete walls and floor. Along the top of one wall was a series of small sealed windows that would have provided more daylight had they not been painted white, rendering them translucent. A 200 watt bulb was suspended from the sound-dampening tiles that formed the ceiling. Directly under the naked light in the center of the room was a cot – no sheets, no pillow, just a course, heavy woolen blanket over a thin pad atop naked springs. This basement room was used to storehouse pre-puberty kids. No frails; no much of anything.

It wouldn’t take anyone long to size up the room. Obviously someone had once decided to finish it out as a rec-room but had never completed the job.

The wall opposite the one with the skylight windows had cheap paneling, but only that one wall even had that. There was a bathroom, but it only had piping coming out of the concrete floor. It too had a small skylight window which for some reason had gone unpainted.

Surprisingly, the basement room also had an obviously expensive, custom-built chest of drawers. The handle of each drawer was a pair of cane crooks. Crossed canes adorned the sides. There also was a fine leather easy chair beside which stood a floor lamp in the shape of a giant cane. Thus the room was furnished with a mishmash of both the cheap and of the expensive, hand crafted items. In a way it really was a warehouse for excessive furnishings. How odd to have a 75 watt reading lamp beside a fine easy chair and above those a naked 200 watt bulb suspended lamp with a pull switch-chain.

“Put your stuff away and be back up in the kitchen in fifteen minutes.”

“I don’t have a watch.”

“That’s your problem.”

“I need to go to the bathroom. I don’t think that one works.”

“There’s one in the hall upstairs that you can use. Not at night, though, cause the basement door will be locked. There’s a chamber pot over there. Use it then and clean it in the mornings.”

“Should I change out of my uniform?”

“No.” With that said, Valda left.

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Sven arrived apparently on time in the kitchen. “You are now to be presented to your mistress, Frau Gottschalk. Sie ist die Herrin in des villa.”

“What?”

“You will address your mistress as ’Herrin.’ Understand?”

“Yes ma’am. Herrin. What do I call you?”

“Frau Valda. Follow me.”

Together they made their way upstairs and down a long hall to the master suite where Valda knocked gently on the closed door.

“Kommen.”

Inside they found Gerde Gottschalk sitting in her wheelchair. On the wall behind her were two large, crossed Nazi flags in red, black and white. Beside her stood another boy from the reformatory of age 14 looking down at the floor. All he wore was his reformatory sailor hat, kerchief about his neck, Nazi armband about one arm, his shoes and socks . . . and . . . a stainless steel, male chastity belt. Sven would soon learn that a boy with that Nazi armband was the one that would be beating or fucking the boy without one. Sven, of course, was too young to do any fucking yet.

Sven couldn’t believe his eyes and just stood there at the threshold until Valda gave his a nudge. He walked over and stood in front of Gerde in her wheelchair. Still the other boy just stared at his shoes, embarrassed at having this young 9 year see him, a 14 year old, mostly undressed and wearing a chastity belt, even though it was he who was wearing the armband.

Valda took a key from her pocket and unlocked the steel belt. “Take it off and clean the plug. I want that little fucker to shine.”

With his face turning red with embarrassment, Billy unlatched the belt but the device didn’t fall to the floor. It was still stuck in the boy’s ass by a three inch, steel, knurled butt plug. The boy Billy then pulled it out and went to work licking the plug from end to end, cleaning out each annular groove between its knurls, all in front of innocent looking, little Sven. He handed it to Valda who examined it closely.

“You missed this spot here.”

The boys licked it clean while looking at little Sven’s stare.

“You know about those things, boy,” asked Gerde from her wheelchair.

“A little.”

Valda gave his face a slap. “And just low did I tell you to address your mistress?”

“A little, eh, eh, Herrin, but not one like that.”

“Teach him how it works, boy.”

Still avoiding eye contact, Billy showed Sven the device up close. In almost a whisper, he explained.

“Your pecker goes in this tube and . . . and this here thing goes up; goes up; goes up your butt.”

“And just why are you wearing it,” asked Gerde.

“So I can’t get a hard on and jack off.”

“To keep you chaise and pure so that you don’t think nasty thoughts, right?”

“Yes, Herrin; I guess so.”

“Is it doing the job? Are you having any nasty thoughts of late?”

“Well . . . uh . . .no . . . I mean . . . well sometimes . . . I guess.”

You see, Billy’s room was a nice upstairs bedroom with a king size bed. Aside from its other fine furnishings it had a large bookcase that was filled with enough pornography to fill a small library. There were magazines and photo albums to accommodate all sexual tastes and fantasies. There were straight hunks, gorgeous girls, gays, kids from age 8 and up. There were consensual acts of sex and forced acts. There was no fetishism not to be found here. There also was a TV dedicated to CD and VCR players and an abundance of porn to be viewed at any time, day and night, at one’s pleasure.

The only slight problem with all this was that Billy was never in his room alone. Not only were there “security” cameras in plain view that covered the entire room and bath, but also there was a chastity belt always locked securely on him, albeit one without a butt plug at night.

Thus Gerde and Valda both knew perfectly well that Billy did indeed have “nasty thoughts.” He had them *all* *the* *fucking* *time* while he was in his room. And, as per Gerde’s plan, it drove him absolutely bananas. He was constantly wanting to rip that damnable thing off. It was driving him crazy to Gerde and Valda’s delight, of course, whenever they felt the urge to look in his room via the closed circuit TV. It was like looking at a caged big cat as it roamed its cage back and forth, back and forth, looking for an escape – when there was none to be had.

“Okay. Now that the little hairy beast has been released, Billy will fuck you. And after that, we’ll see,” Valda said as she mounted a red dildo securely about her own waist. But Billy was not to be home free as he fucked. No, now Valda handed him another device similar to the other chastity belt. This one, however, only had the cock plug. With it he could fuck away, but with each thrust the three inch plug would continue making his ass feel full, as if in need of taking an urgent shit.

Billy made eye contact with little Sven for the first time. His own eyes now lit up as he sized up the petit Sven that he was now about to fuck. For the first time in a while his cock breathed fresh air and started to rise. Yes, freed at last from the chastity belt bent-down tube, it expanded quickly as blood flooded in, causing it to harden and point up to meet Billy’s own eyes as if to say “hi there – I’m back, old friend.”

“Drop your pants and shorts, boy, lean over and grab the chair arms,” said Billy as he took charge, with his Nazi armband providing strength of authority. He knew the routine that his “herrin” wanted.

Sven slowly took his pants and shorts off and put them neatly on the floor along with his sailor hat. He looked over at the boy called Billy in hope of seeing his cock now having gone back limp under the gazes of the two women. No such luck: Not only was it still ramrod high and throbbing with anticipation, but now the boy’s eyes were looking with lust at Sven’s naked ass as he spit into his hands and spread the spit over his cock’s head. His gun was now primed for action.

Sven turned, leaned over and put his hands on the wheelchair. Gerde took his wrists and slid them down to the ends of the chair arms bringing Sven’s face right in front of hers. She smelled disgustingly old to Sven. Gerde nodded to Valda who then nudged Billy into fucking position.

Valda was kind enough to give aid now to Billy’s endeavor by spreading Sven’s ass cheeks wide apart. Billy’s face flushed and his pulse quickened as he placed his wet cock on the boy’s little brown hole. Then as Valda let go, Sven’s ass cheeks closed delightfully about Billy’s cock.

Billy grabbed Sven by his shoulders and thrust. Nothing happened, other than Sven’s feeling that his asshole was a castle gate that had just struck by a battering ram.

Billy thrust again. The castle gate held. He thrust harder. The gate remained firmly closed.

Billy changed his grip from Sven’s shoulders to his hips. Again and again and again he rammed to no avail. The castle gate was simply impenetrable.

“Too bad, boy – but you tried. Perhaps next time,” said Valda. “Guess it’s time for Big Red here to take over and get the job done.”

Both Billy and Sven looked studiously at the dildo. It was 7 inches long of hard red rubber with purple veins that bulged out here and there from the shaft. However only 6 inches of it was really operative, due to the space occupied by the oversized, hard red balls.

Billy looked at Valda in disbelief. You mean that was it – that it was all over for him? Then Valda took hold of the prior chastity belt and handed it to Billy. “Looks like Big Red is needed here. Switch ‘um out.’

Now it was Sven’s turn to look at Valda in disbelief. That monstrous thing would surely rip his bowels. As he was contemplating that, Billy came to the rescue – perhaps.

“NO NO NO. For God’s sake NO! I can do it. I promise; I can do it.”  
  
 “Don’t look that way. You’re just not man enough for the job. Now get that cock down so you can put the belt back on.”

Billy took off the belt with the open front. With that done Valda put the head of his cock into the entrance of the downwardly curved stainless steel tube. Of course no more than the head could enter as the boy’s cock was bent upwardly and the chastity tube bent sharply downwardly.

“Push. Shove it in.”

Billy actually tried, thinking that perhaps the cool tube would do this trick and cause his erection to go down. No such luck.

“Maybe this will help,” as she started to tap the boy’s ass with the junior cane.

Nope.

Tap tap tap tap. TAP TAP TAP TAP.

Billy pushed and pushed, to no avail. His erection was still as hard as steel - as hard as the steel of that chastity belt cock tube itself.

“I guess I’m going about this backwards,” said Valda as she repositioned herself in front of the struggling boy.

“Put it down.” Billy did so. “Now spread your legs. Put your hands on your hips. Now bend backwards.”

As Valda talked and maneuvered about, the red dildo pranced about from her movements. The boys couldn’t keep but watching its threatening action.

With the boy now in this completely new position, Valda gently tapped the bottom of his cock that was now pointed straight up as if preparing to give it a good, hard blow with the cane. Billy looked at her in horror. But his cock didn’t seem to mind. It was ready for action; for any kind of action. Come on; hurt me. Get on with it. Let’s rock and roll.

Valda brought the cane back in a horizontal plane with her eyes fixed on the cock ready to give it a vicious swat. Billy closed his eyes and waited - - - and waited.

“No, I think we will try something else. Sven, come give me a hand.

“Now you take that side boy and I’ll take this side. Together we’ll slap the bugger down. It’s not going to get the best of us.”

So with Billy still standing there with his legs spread and his hands on his hips and his back arched backwards they started to slap-cock.

“Slap! Down, boy.”

Sven followed suit.

“Slap! Down, boy,” he commanded in his childish voice as he joined in the fun.

This was repeated over and over. Who would give first? Who would win?”

The cock won, of course. After all, this was the cock of a 14 year old, fueled with a hormone- triggered flood of blood.

Then Gerde said something in German to Valda who turned, went into the bathroom. Billy heard the sound of water filling a small pan and twisted to look back over his shoulder as he maintained his position.

Valda returned with a small pan of cold water. “Try this.”

Billy bent back over in the opposite direction, took the pan in hand and lowered his cock and balls into the cold water as everyone watched. It somehow reminded him of chemistry lab in school as they all waited to see the results of the experiment.

Slowly his cock began to wilt. It had won some battles but now saw itself as losing the war. His cock went limp.

Valda took the pan and pointed to the chastity belt there on the floor. This time his cold cock entered the curved tube with ease. Billy then snapped the catch closed which locked the steel ring about his waist, entrapping his cold cock.

“Shall I get dressed,” he asked.

Gerde again said something to Valda who smiled.

“Not just yet. If you couldn’t give the boy a hot fuck, at least you can give him a cold one. You can - - - how do you say it - - - cold cock him with your cold cock. A dry fuck is better than no fuck at all. Get back down into position on the wheelchair, boy. Okay, now fuck him. Fuck him good.”

Billy stood there in his chastity belt behind the bent-over Sven, unsure of what he was expected to do.

“Come on. Fuck him.”

With that she once again spread Sven’s ass cheeks wide apart. Billy positioned the chastity belt tube up against the boy’s brown hole. Then Valda released Sven’s warm ass cheeks which enveloped the tube.

They all waited for something to happen. Just what, was yet to be known.

Slowly the steel tube warmed as it drew heat from Sven’s ass. As it warmed, so did Billy’s cock. However, as Billy was warming to the occasion, Sven’s asshole was shrinking from the loss of heat to the tube. As Billy’s cock expanded against the inside of the curved tube, Sven’s anus shrunk. They were going in opposite directions to get any real buggering done.

“Grab is hips and fuck him. Give him a good old dry fuck.”

Once again Billy was aroused. Once again he had his loins pressed against the hot little ass of young Sven.

“FUCK HIM!!!”

Billy started to hump. This was better than nothing, he thought. WRONG!

Billy’s cock strained and strained to rise to the occasion, with zero success. It was of course constrained from moving from its limp-down orientation by the steel tube in its permanent, congruent limp-down orientation.

“Fuck him. Fuck that little shit, hard. Get with it, boy!”

With that she started shoving Billy’s butt, pumping him again and again against the boy’s ass. All Sven felt was the metal tube banging the insides of his ass cheeks.

Gerde loved it. There was Billy with the weirdest expression on his face as he humped away with the assist of Valda’s pulsating shoves and with his cock screaming to high heaven to be released to rise to the occasion.

“That’s it; fuck the little prick. Fuck his hard!”

Billy’s cock was going crazy with lust and so informed its sometime’s master.

“Damn it. Damn it ***TO*** ***ALL*** ***HELL***,” he cried out in extreme sexual frustration and anguish.

Gerde couldn’t help but to give a little laugh and a wink at Valda. The boy was in total sexual torment. She loved it!

Valda slowed to a halt with her assistance. Billy soon followed suit.

“How was it, Billy? Did you like it? Was it good?”

Billy looked back at her to see her smirk.

“Well, tell us all; how was it?”

Billy could find no words to describe the experience.

“Would you rather wet fuck Sven?”

Billy shook his head.

“How about it, Sven? Did you like it – the dry fuck?”

“No.”

“Well then; how about a wet fuck now by Billy? Or would you like Big Red here,” she said as she pated the dildo strapped around her waist.

“No,” replied the child.

“Well it’s up to you; do you want Big Red or Big Billy? Which is it? We need an executive decision here.”

“Billy.”

“Then ask him nice like. Ask him to please, please fuck you.”

Sven turned his head back and up and looked At Billy standing there behind him still wearing the steel chastity belt.

“Please fuck me, Billy.”

“Do you want Billy to fuck you good and hard and deep?”

No response.

“No? Then I guess it’s to be Big Red here.”

Sven looked at the hideous monster strapped on Valda as she gave a couple of pumps of her hips which caused the upright dildo to bounce about.

“Please Billy; please fuck me hard and fuck me deep,” as he looked at Big Red with all those raised purple veins running this way and that along its 7 inch hard rubber shaft.

Billy looked at Valda and then down at the steel tube. Well?

“Oh; oh yes; I guess you will need to be unlocked. Okay then; go and bring me the number 4 cane and I’ll trade you the key for it. I’ll just use the baby one for now to help you pay attention and keep your mind on your work.”

Billy couldn’t really win, and he knew it.

Billy retrieved the number 4 and handed it to Valda who exchanged it for the dildo key.

Frantically Billy worked the key. To the sound of a click the latch opened allowing Billy to yank off the belt from around his waist and the cock tube to drop to the floor.

Immediately the boy’s cock started to rise. In no time it was fully upright and hard as the steel that had caged it. It looked up at Billy as if to say “thank you - thank you – thank you so much.” But Billy was not home free yet.

Valda handed him another chastity belt – one with an open front end but with the same butt plug as the other belt had. Billy took it, spit-wet the plug and snap-locked the belt on himself, thrusting the butt plug in, in excited anticipation for what lay just ahead.

Valda put cane between her teeth and spread Sven’s ass checks wide apart. In a flash Billy had the head of his cock up against Sven’s brown little asshole. He thrust. Nothing. He thrust again. Nothing. Sven’s asshole was closed even tighter now than before because of the cold steel from Billy’s earlier attempt. Valda gave him a sound stroke of the cane to urge him on.

Billy thrust. Sven’s gate remained closed. Valda gave Billy a harder stroke of the cane. Billy thrust. Sven’s gated asshole remained firmly closed to the would-be intruder. Valda gave Billy’s ass an even harder cut of the cane which not only created a new fire line but caused the butt plug to growl angrily from within his bowels. Gerde loved the little contest of wills.

Billy pulled back, panting, spit over and over into his hand and then rubbed the spit on the head of his cock. Back he went. Thrust – nothing. “Thwick,” went the cane. Thrust – nothing except for the oozing out of a little pre-cum. “Thwick!” Gerde’s luxuriated in the scene.

“Damn it. Damn it to all hell.”

“I’ll help you boy. **THWICK**!

“AAhh. COME ON. OPEN THE FUCK UP!”

“**Thwick**!”

Gerde stopped rubbing her crotch and unzipped. It was time to move in.

“**THWICK**”

“Aahh. Damn it DAMN IT ***DAMN*** ***IT*** **TO** **ALL** **HELL**.”

Gerde reached to a side table, took hold of a jar and twisted its cap off.

“Perhaps this might help, boy.”

Billy plunged two fingers into the jar of lub and then onto and into Sven’s tight asshole as Gerde closed and put the jar away.

Billy frantically wiped the remainder of the lub onto the head of his cock and then returned it to Sven’ well-lubed anus. With one determined thrust with his hands again gripping the boy’s hips, not only did the cock head penetrate but a couple of inches of his shaft followed it in.

“***AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH***” screamed Sven right into Gerde’s face. The intruder had breached his asshole gate.

Billy thrust deeper, bringing the full length of his cock into the 9 year old’s rectum. At that point he was, as they say, balls deep. Of course his ass remained all plugged up on the inside while it was being caned on the outside. The confused and conflicting signals were driving his brain crazy. It was simply overloaded with the dual sensations of fucking while feeling that he needed to crap.

Valda had given Billy’s ass but three more strokes of moderate strength when Billy came, shooting his wad deep into the boy’s bowels with repeated spurts of cum. Then slowly his humping action tapered off.

There now was a half minute’s lull in the action giving time for Billy and Sven to catch their breaths, with Billy’s cock still fully embedded, of course. That was enough for Valda.

“THWICK”

“You can do more than that,” she said as her cane struck home again. “Fuck him again. Here, I’ll make it easier for you,” she said as she unlocked and dropped the rear end chastity belt.

With that Billy was jolted back awake. Duty called once more. With that damn plug now out of his ass, this time it was going to be divine. WRONG AGAIN, of course. The ladies certainly would have none of that.

Billy cock began to swell and harden again inside Sven’s little ass. Harder and harder it became, somewhat to Billy’s own surprise.

He took hold of Sven’s hips once more. Just as he was ready to thrust he realized that company had arrived. Big Red was knocking at his own backdoor. The big bad wolf was at his door and just like that the wolf entered.

Suddenly he was doubly motivated to thrust forward with his assault for with each forward thrust he not only nailed Sven deeper, but his own ass moved away from the invaded wolf . . . Big Red. The only little glitch with this was that any pumping action called for both back and forth motions. With Billy’s first backward stroke Big Red rammed home, bringing his super-big balls against Billy’s ass. Billy’s scream wasn’t hard to decipher - it was a scream generated by the invasion of Big Red far more than any scream of ecstasy from his fucking. But after that initial rude penetration of the dildo, Billy regained his senses.

And away they were off to the races.

Gerde reveled in the sight as she watched Sven’s contorted face just inches away from her own. At the same time she soaked in the sight of Billy’s surreal face as he rammed forward with lust only to draw back for another thrust right into Big Red as it reamed his gut with its raised veins clawing at his rectum. The dual motion reminded Gerde of a choo-choo train chugging along.

“That’s the way, boy. Let’s see who can fuck the hardest – me or you,” called out Valda.

This proved too much for Gerde. She took her eyes off the scene being played out before her, all the while with Valda and Billy wearing those erotic Nazi armbands.

She grabbed the back of Sven’s head with one hand, thrust her tongue into his boyish mouth and throat and went to some serious work on her clic with her other hand.

There now was a five way action in play. With each thrust of Big Red impaled Billy and Valda’s clic clicked by the dildo’s stimulator. Simultaneously Sven’s ass was impaled by Billy’s cock and his throat invaded by Gerde’s jabbing tongue. The fifth action of course was the workout that Gerde’s was now giving own clic. For Gerde and Valda it was momentary perfection. It was a tad less than that for the boys.

Now Billy was once again back up to jack rabbit tempo of the young teen that he was, impaling - being impaled; impaling - being impaled; impaling - being impaled.

The sounds in the room were not of screams but of Valda’s leather uniform skirt and the dildo balls slapping against Billy’s ass, and of Billy belly slapping Sven’s ass, and of Valda’s quiet but unrelenting instructions: “fuck him . . . fuck him . . . fuck him.” As for the boys, Billy was quietly uttering “aoh-OOO-ouu; aoh-OOO-ouu” while Sven was gurgling and gasping for air under Gerde’s unrelenting tongue assault in his throat.

Billy came for the second time. Normally that would have initiated a cool down period but in this situation it went mostly unnoticed.

Valda continued on and on as if nothing had happened. She continued thrusting Big Red again and again into Billy’s rectum with him expended cock still encased inside Sven’s bowels.

And low and behold. As Gerde felt herself about to climax, she withdrew from Sven’s face gasping and looking to see Valda also gasping as she too came to climax. With the two boys between them, the two climaxed together.

As Valda withdrew Big Red, Gerde pushed Sven away and leaned back in her wheelchair. Then she snickered to herself as she suddenly visualized that handicap sticker on her automobile windshield. Not bad for a 72 year old woman in a wheelchair, she thought.

Once chastity belts were exchanged with Billy’s cock again entrapped in the tube and his ass plugged by the butt plug. Billy was dismissed and Sven was turned over to Valda for instructions on the house rules. The early matinee performance was over. Had it been done before a panel of judges, surely there would have been a couple of 9.0s awarded, or even higher.

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Once upon a time Gerde Fuhrmann had been a porn star of some notoriety in her native city of Hamburg. There she was known as Frau Faust, a male dominating mistress in the German style. She plied her trade in the great seaport where sailors often sought her services. She expanded her business by filming BDSM sessions. You name it; she did it, usually decked out in shiny black leather from head to toe.

Whips were her mainstay, often wielded in Nazi settings. From there she advanced her business by recording sessions and selling VCR tapes. Several of her customers began to ask for the involvement of teenage boys. Then, as these things are prone to do, they began to ask for younger teen participants, and then still younger.

For the first time the local authorities took an interest in her. When a 14 year old boy could not prove that he was of the age of legal consent – 16, she was given a verbal warning. Do that again and legal process would follow. The demand however remained, particularly by sailors from Holland, Demark and the UK. Not fluent in Dutch or Danish she relocated her business to London’s east side.

To her surprise her business thrived there. It seemed that a *real* German BDSM mistress was sought out by many in and around London. Her bank balances multiplied. She hired Valda, who spoke quite decent German, as her assistant and cameraman. She quickly learned that Valda had lived for quite some time in the states and was well acquainted with American Slang.

Of course the British culture differed from that of Germany. Customers wanted the cane which had been used before in schools. The market spoke and she answered the call, relying on Valda’s knowledge of the construction and usage of the rattan cane.

Once again the market forces came into play. There were still many BDSM traditionalists who wanted to be beaten, whipped, stomped on, have their balls crushed and such, but there also were those who wanted her dressed as a strict school teacher and disciplinarian. Of course, that was easy but with a school, that soon led again to clients bringing in with them real school boys and girl. When some clients found that she had no problem with 17 year olds, the next time they brought along a 16 year old. It wasn’t long before she was back to caning, degrading and humiliating 14 year olds once again in front of adults and small groups of adults.

With her Hamburg experience well in mind, with Valda’s aid of Gerde hedged her bets by applying for a USA work permit visa for the two of them and transferring a few of her bank accounts there. It remained over two years before the authorities began to make inquiries. A disgruntled defendant in a divorce case blew the whistle out of spite. Just as quickly as she learned of this, she departed to the states. When the police did show up, they were met with a “To Let” sign in the window. With her gone, they soon lost interest.

It took Gerde quite some time to acclimate herself to American culture. It certainly was different when it came to fetish magazines, films and activities. So many Americans were downright prudish. Nevertheless she did set up a small shop for select BDSM clients. Not needing the money, she was selective in her cliental. One virtually had to apply. One successful applicant not only became her client, but then became her husband too. His name was Karl.

Karl was an American by birth, but grew up fascinated by fascism. Having a gift for languages, he became fluent in German. Himmler, Speer, Goring, Muller, Hoss and Maria Mandel became his idols. When George Rockwell came along as leader of the American Nazi party, he traveled to hear him speak. He came that close to signing up, but got cold feet in the end.

Upon self analysis he came to understand that his interest in was really founded in sex; not in politics. BDSM simply was his cut of tea. That led him to Gerde, and to a lengthy marriage, and to his premature demise from unnatural causes. With his death Gerde inherited all of his BDSM paraphernalia.

By this time Gerde Gottschalk had lost all interest in commercial exploitation of BDSM. That chapter in her life was over. She now had more money than she would ever need. She retired to her own self-indulgence. Where others would live with their fantasies, Gerde played them out for real.

Months at a time she indulged in procuring young boys from the reformatory, taking sabbaticals from time to time, such as when she traveled, or just plain weary. She didn’t necessarily actively participate on a daily basis any more, but was content to know that boys, two at a time, were there at her beck and call; whatever a “beck” was. It sounded German to her ear; like the beer. Valda, of course, was the beneficiary of this, what with her being significantly younger than the old bat and loving to abuse young boys.

At four o’clock that afternoon the basement room door was opened and Sven was summons by Gerde back upstairs to Gerde’s master bedroom, in full uniform. It was time for the afternoon matinee. Sven’s had yet to be beaten. It was time to get the show on the road again.

Sven knocked so quietly and timidly on the master bedroom door that no one even heard it. His third rapping however was answered by a stern “Come in, boy.” Sven opened the door to find Gerde again in her wheelchair, but dressed differently. Billy stood to her right and Valda to her left. They too were dressed differently.

Gerde was in shinny black leather from her neck to her black jackboots with a silver SS insignia over one breast. On one arm she wore an armband with the red swastika. Her military cap bore a silver skull. A red dog whip lay in her lap which she mainly would just fiddle around with. Valda was in a shiny black leather catsuit, also with a red swastika armband and jack boots. A five inch wide black belt encircled her waist from which a hard rubber baton and a pair of handcuffs were suspended. She too wore a military cap with the SS emblem. But the most prominent feature of her attire was that seven inch, bright red, strap-on dildo that shined brightly against the black backdrop provided by the catsuit.

This time Billy was dressed - in his reformatory uniform to which his Nazi armband had been transferred. Thus everyone was wearing one of those except Sven. That was not a good omen for the boy. Sven also noticed the big bulge in Billy’s crotch. No doubt he was still wearing the chastity belt with its tube creating the big bulge.

Sven froze. For a moment no one spoke. Then Valda did.

“Come to me, boy.”

Sven did so.

“What do you know about this,” she asked as she thrust the paper she was holding into his hand.

Sven looked to see a note written similar to his handwriting and signed “Sven” just as he signed his names. Unknown to Sven, Billy had taken some of Sven’s homework and created the forgery.

“Read it, out loud.”

“Billy – I-m not mad at you for what you did

to me. They made you, I know. I hate this

place and those mean old ugly haitful women. Let-s

make a run for it at midnight.

Sven”

Sven looked at Billy. Billy looked at Sven.

“Well,” asked Valda.

“I didn’t write this.”

“Then who did?”

“I don’t know.”

“You don’t know, do you? Well someone did; right?”

“I guess so.”

“You *guess* so? You *guess* so?”

No response.

“If it wasn’t you, then it must have been Billy. You know – Billy. The boy who fucked you. Surely you remember that – being FUCKED by Billy?”

No response.

“I asked you a question, boy.”

“Yes.”

“Yes; what?”

“I remember.”

“You remember what?”

“Billy fucking me.”

“And how was it? Was it good? Did you like it, you fucking little fag?”

No response.

“WHACK.” Valda’s slap sent him to the floor.

“I asked you a question, boy. Did you like Billy fucking you?”

“No.”

“Are you saying that Billy is a bad fucker? That he doesn’t know how to fuck?”

“No, Frau Valda.”

“Did Billy write this note?”

“I don’t know.”

“Billy, did you write this note?”

“No, Frau Valda.”

“Then it must have been a ghost who wrote it; a ghost writer.”

No response.

“If it wasn’t a ghost writer, that leaves only you two. And I *will* find out which one.”

“Valda, the boy must have brought homework. Take a look at his handwriting,” said Gerde.

Valda sent Billy down to the basement. It didn’t take him long before he was back with a satchel. Valda rummaged through it, studied some of the handwriting. Then she compared that with the note.

“Look here, Herrin. The boy uses dashes instead of apostrophes. It’s the same here in the note.”

“You are quite right, Valda.”

“And look here. See how he spells ‘hate.’ He spells it ‘hait. Look here at the note. See how he spelled ‘hateful?’ He spelled it ‘haitful.”

“Show him.” As she did so, Sven started to tear up.

“Confess, boy.”

“I didn’t write the note. I promise. I didn’t write it.”

“So Billy wrote it?”

“I guess so.”

There was a long silence in the room as everybody looked at everybody else.

“Billy, Sven has accused you of having written the note. You have denied it, right?”

“Yes, Frau Valda.”

“Then it’s up to you now to get this little liar here to confess. You will now cane him until he confesses.”

“Yes, Frau Valda. Which cane should I use?”

“Show the liar our canes, Valda,” ordered Gerde.

Valda and the two boys walked across the room to a table that had an array of punishment instruments neatly laid out. Along one side of the table lay twelve rattan canes, side by side, with their crocked handles dangling over the side. When Sven arrived there he turned his head. He couldn’t bare the sight.

“Look at our arsenal, boy.”

Sven did so. The canes went from a small, whippy thin one on the left all the way up to a monstrous one on the far right that looked big enough to use on a horse. Beside each was a label with a number.

Valda lifted the number 1. Sven sighed in relief. He could take that one. But then Valda looked over to Gerde who shook her head – no. Valda slid her hand over to the second one and looked over at Gerde. And so did Sven, hopefully. Again Gerde shook her head – no. Sven started to bite his lip.

Valda slid her hand to the next one. The three of them then looked at Gerde. Once again Gerde shook her head – no. Sven’s started to breathe heavily.

“Use the number 4,” ordered Gerde. Billy took hold of it, lifted it off the table and started to swish the air with it to gain a feel. His cock strained against the chastity belt steel tube.

“Master Billy; proceed. Bring forth the confession.”

“Yes, Herrin.” Billy gave a sieg heil salute and took charge. Gerde was pleased with the opening of this, the later matinee performance.

“I shall now cane you boy until you confess. The sooner you confess, the sooner I will stop with the caning. Now put your uniform on that table there. You will leave on your shoes and socks and your cap. DO IT!”

Sven took off his uniform as instructed and returned to face Billy.

Lord but wasn’t the boy pure white, thought Gerda; unblemished, at least on the outside, until now.

“Now give the salute to your Herrin,” ordered Billy. Not understanding what that was, Valda whispered it into the child’s ear.

Wearing nothing but his knee-length socks, shoes and cap, Sven walked up in front of Gerda in her wheelchair and gave the seig heil salute that he had seen Billy give, and then repeated what Valda had whispered:

“We who are about to be whipped, salute you.” That was of course Roman and not Nazi, but what the hell. This was fantasyland and they all were but actors in a play.

From her wheelchair, Gerda returned the salute with a small raise of her hand. “Come here boy.”

Sven did so. Gerda took hold of his small dick and balls and examined them as if she were in the market examining a chicken. “Turn around.” Sven did so. Gerda moved her hands gently over the young boy’s ass. They were so soft and white. She gently caressed them, making circular motions. So tender; so virgin; so vulnerable. “Proceed. Beat the liar ‘till he confesses.”

“Place your hands on the wheelchair. Spread your legs. Up on your tiptoes and do *not* let your cap fall off.”

Sven followed Billy’s instructions to the letter to find him once again face to face with Gerde and her smell of old age.

“Now beg me to cane you.”

Billy loved ordering the boy like this. But his cock loved it even more and did all it could to rise. This served to temper Billy’s love.

Gerde approved. Billy was a fast learner.

“Please cane me.”

“Very well. How long shall I cane you?”

“I don’t know.”

“Yes you do. You heard what I said.”

“Until I confess?”

“That’s right.”

“But I have nothing to con - - -“

“Enough of all this,” ordered Valda. “Proceed with the damn caning.”

Billy took several practice swings. “Swish - swish - swish - swish.” He took up position under the intense watchful gazes of Valda and Gerde. He looked at Sven all bent over with his legs spread wide apart up on his tiptoes and with his head held level to support his sailor cap taking in the scent of the old bat who was just below his eye level, sitting there in her wheelchair. Billy raised the cane high over his head and back, paused, and then swung it down with all his might.

“**THWICK**!!!”

Sven’s hands shot back to grab his butt as his sailor cap went flying. Off he went from his tiptoes and into a dance as he held his butt. After all, he was only 9 years old and had just been hit with a cane that was more suitable for an 11 year old.

Valda went into a rage. She chanced him down, grabbed his by his hair, and gave him two hard slaps.

“How *DARE* you? Goddamn it to all hell; how ***DARE*** you?” With that she drug him back over in front of the wheelchair and pushed his hands back down it as little Sven sobbed and panted. With his hands now away, the line of fire on his butt intensified.

“Don’t you dare let go again or you will live to regret it, you little spoiled piece of shit,” said Valda. “Now spread those legs and get back up on your tiptoes,” she said as she plopped his cap back atop his head. “You do that little dance again and it will be **me** who will be caning you. Do you understand, boy?”

“I’m sorry. I’ve never had a cane like that before.”

“That’s why you are spoiled. Look at me,” commanded Gerda. He did so through tearing eyes.

“Now do you confess that you wrote that note?”

“But I didn’t; I really didn’t.”

Gerda looked up at Billy who was now in position to wield a backhander, and nodded.

Again Billy let loose with all his might.

“**THWICK**!”

This time little Sven managed to hold onto the arms of the wheelchair, but that was about all. He absorbed the blow by twisting and twisting his torso about as he continued to stand on his tiptoes and by shaking his head from side to side. As his sailor cap began to slide off, Gerde grabbed it.

Slowly Sven brought his hips to a halt. With his cap now off he lowered his head. Gerde placed the point of her baton under his chin and lifted it.

“Didn’t you lose something?”

Sven’s eyes caught sight of his white sailor cap there upon Gerde’s black suit covered thighs. Quickly he plopped it back on his head.

“Listen, you little shithead, you are told to keep that cap on for a reason. And that reason is: TO KEEP YOUR FUCKING HEAD UP LOOKING ME IN THE EYES. **GET** **IT**? You’re pushing your luck with me, boy. Don’t try to test me anymore. PROCEED!”

“**THWICK**!”

“**THWICK**!”

“aaaaaaaaaaHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

“**THWICK**!”

“**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH**”

As Billy changed positions to start with backstrokes, Gerde moved her hand to the crotch of her slick leather catsuit. The face of the boy as he struggled to hold his head steady so that his sailor cap would not fall off with tears streaming as he tried to make eye contact with hers was so arousing. That last outright scream was also music to hear. Never mind that he had screamed no more than inches away from her face.

The now developing, steady cadence added further enchantment. Swish-thwick-scream-gasp. . . . Swish-thwick-scream-gasp . . . To her ear this was heaven on earth. And the feel of the leather as she rubbed her crotch was divine.

She began to use both hands to caress not only her crotch but also her belly and thighs, making slow circles as her hands soaked in the feel of the slick leather as she soaked in the face of the tormented boy just inches away from her own face.

“**THWICK**!”

“**NOOOO**!!! **AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH**”

Billy had just unleashed his first backhander. He watched as the instant, off-white tram lines that had crossed the now darken red tram lines delivered by his initial forehand cut took shape. Without taking his eyes off that, he raised his arm high and back over his shoulder in preparation for another blow parallel and just below it. Just as he was about to unleash, Valda grabbed his arm.

“Do you confess now, boy?”

Sven just panted, gasping for air as Gerde rubbed away with a gleaming smile on her face. Valda released Billy’s arm.

“**THWICK**!” Another line of fire formed just beneath the prior.

“**AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHGGGGGGG**”

Sven shock his head from side to side. His sailor cap fell onto the floor.

Both Billy and Valda looked at the boy’s wretched little ass. His cock wanted a look too, but couldn’t, all caged up in that damnable tube.

There were now three parallel tram lines of fire that were in the process of turning from red, to dark red, with the first now forming an ugly, purplish welt that was steadily rising. Crossing these at a slight acute angle were the two tram lines that had just been delivered by Billy’s backhand.

“Now do you confess,” demanded Valda.

Sven now had his head lain over on her shoulder with his tearing eyes wide open and his mouth all contorted open as he rapidly gasped for air. Gerde’s eyes were wide open too. If she only had an oil painting of this moment to cherish forever. As Sven’s legs gave way from his tiptoed position, he slid sideways off of Gerde’s lap down onto the floor

“Get the little spoiled weakling back into position,” ordered Gerde.

Valda picked the boy up by her hands in his armpits. Once up, however, she couldn’t release him as his legs were still limp.

“I’m still waiting for an answer, boy,” she said as she continued to hold him up.

Sven looked into Valda’s eyes without understanding.

“I believe that he asked if you were ready yet to confess. Well; are you?”

Sven shock his head.

“Then I take that as a ‘no.’ Oh well; back into position. Stiffen those wobbly legs and get them apart. Up on your tiptoes. Now bend over and grab hold of the chair arms. Head up, and keep your fucking cap on,” she said as she replaced it.

Sven again felt Gerde’s baton nudging his chin up. Through his teared eyes he looked at her. He was rewarded with a pronounced smirk.

“Ready to continue,” asked Gerde.

A grain of thought passed through the boy’s mind as his legs still wobbled with his ass awaiting more of the cane.

“I - I – I - - - -“

“Yes?”

“I con - - - I con - - - I - - -“

“Yes?”

“I confess.”

“Well now; that wasn’t too hard, was it?”

Sven’s eyesight cleared enough to see that Gerde was now wearing a monocle under her SS hat.

“I guess you know what that means.”

No response.

“That means that you will have to be punished, of course.”

No response.

“That’s only just, isn’t it?”

No response.

“Well I think so. You *have* confessed; right?”

No response.

“How should we do that? How should we punish you?”

No response.

“I have it. I think you should be punished with A CANE! How about that idea? Don’t you agree? Isn’t that only fair? Shouldn’t a good caning do the trick?”

No response.

“But not with that number 4,” said Gerde. No; I think we should move up to a number 5 this time. It wouldn’t be much of a punishment would it if we were just to have Billy use that little old number 4 again. A child spanking you with a child’s little cane? No way; for your actual punishment I shall have Valda now give you 12 cuts with the number 5. Through punishment comes forth redemption, you must understand.”

“Please; I beg you.”

“But why? I don’t understand. You *did* confess, right? Why would you now beg and not accept your punishment?”

No response.

“Go and get the number 5 and give it to Valda, if you would.”

Sven stood and started to walk over to the table as Billy handed him the number 4 to be returned with a big smirk on his face. Once at the table Sven replaced the number 4 and took up the number 5 with a shutter. It was a couple of inches longer and a bit thicker and a bit darker and rougher than the number 4. He turned around with it in his hand.

Across the room stood Billy and Valda, both with their hands on their hips waiting and that horrid red dildo that stood out more than ever as it shined against a black backdrop instead of the brown uniform skirt of earlier. It too appeared to be waiting, for after all, she *was* wearing it for a reason. It had to be a lot bigger and rougher than Billy’s cock what with its raised purple veins meandering along its length. And regardless of how much action it saw, it would remain hard and erect and ready for action again and again.

“Back you go. Hands on the wheelchair, legs apart, and get up on your tiptoes. And for God’s sake keep your cap on and your eyes eye-to-eye with Herrin. I shall add one stroke to your twelve each time you through off your cap by moving your head. Is that clear?”

Now trembling from head to toe Sven resumed his position. Once up on his tiptoes the trembling increased. Gerde looked at the boy’s eyes there, so close to her own. They looked simply weary and resigned with his cheeks and chin streaked with dried tears. Upon hearing the horrid sound of Gerde now beginning to whip the air with the bigger and meaner cane he grasped the wheelchair arms so tightly that his knuckles seemed to protrude out of the skin.

Gerde looked down at the boy bent over, up on tiptoes with his legs shaking and his face in the face of Gerde’s, he with his sailor’s cap on and Gerde with her military hat and its black brim on. She looked at the boy’s raised ass with the series of crossed tramlines in their various shades of red and blue there waiting for her. To the sound of her jackboots she took several steps back. She took one final look at her frail target and a look at Billy to see him standing there near Sven with an expectant look of lust on his face.

Valda raised the cane high back over her shoulder and held position as the vicious red dildo looked at the ceiling. She looked at Billy who returned her look. Why was she waiting, he wondered.

The tense silence was broken by Gerde.

“Well he certainly failed that test, didn’t he,” she asked.

“Da,” Valda responded as she lowered the cane. Neither boy understood.

“Show him the papers.”

Valda walked over to a small table and retrieved a small stack of papers. Sven turned his head to see what was happening. Should he get down off his toes, he wondered. Having been told nothing, he thought he’d better not.

Valda returned to face Billy who was still standing there close behind and to one side of Sven who remained still trembling up on his tiptoes awaiting the cane.

“Recognize these, Billy?”

Billy took and thumbed through them.

“Sure; that’s my homework. Why do you have my homework?”

“We looked at that in our investigation of just who it was that wrote that despicable note.”

“So? You know that the boy there wrote it.”

“We know that someone wanted us to *think* that he wrote it. But it wasn’t him. Oh no; it wasn’t him.”

“But why?”

“Why, you ask? Because it was **you** who wrote it all along. It was *you* who had written it and you knew that as you caned Sven’s little ass over and over and over. And it was *you* who was all waiting for me just now to cane him again.”

“NO! I didn’t write it. Why do you think I wrote it?”

“Take a good look at the note here.” Billy took it in hand for the first time.

“Recognize anything?”

Billy shook his head. “No, Frau Valda. I’ve never seen this before.”

“Look at the paper it was written on and look at the paper your homework is written on. They are identical. Each is beige, not white. Sven’s homework and tablet is all on pure white paper.” Then Gerde spoke.

“You had the opportunity to make this forgery and you took advantage of it so that it would be this little boy’s ass that got more of the cane than your own. As a 14 year old you knew all about apostrophes’ and spelling. It was you.” With that she gave a nudge of her baton to Sven who stood up. Suddenly little Sven attacked big Billy, raining his fists on his chest.

“YOU BASTARD! YOU BASTARD!”

Valda took Sven by his shoulder and pulled him away.

Billy looked back and forth at Valda and Gerde, both of whom returned his looks with a sneering smirk. Now he understood. He and the boy had both simply been unknowing actors in a scripted play.

“Uniform off,” ordered Valda. “Give the armband to Sven. Now you boy, lie down on the floor on your back.”

Sven did so with his head just a couple of feet from Gerde in her wheelchair. He watched as Billy took off his uniform and return to face Valda standing there in her Nazi uniform with her hands on her hips and the horrid red dildo at the ready.

“WET,” she commanded.

Billy looked down at the monster all primed for action. He kneeled down and took it in his mouth. God but it was big – and rough. He wet and wet, trying to generate as much salvia as he could. But the taste of fowl rubber overcame his urge to generate salvia.

“Bend over – elbows on floor – face to face with the boy who you tried to get fucked – TWICE! The boy there who now wears the armband of authority.

“Now Sven,” Valda further instructed. “I want you to grab a good hold on Billy’s balls. Each time I thrust big red here up into his ass, you give his nuts a hard squeeze. Understand?”

“Yes, Frau Valda.”

“And Billy; you will keep repeating: “I’m sorry I fucked you, sweet Sven. I’m sorry I fucked you, sweet Sven. Got that?”

“Yes, sweet Valda.”

“WHAT’S THAT YOU SAID?”

“I’m sorry; I meant – I’m sorry I fucked you.”

“You’re sorry you fucked ME!”

“NO NO; I meant . . . “

“Get down. I’m sick of this.”

Billy bent all the way over, planting his elbows on the floor to bring him face-to-face with Sven.

“Spread!”

“Sven; Grab his nuts. Now squeeze.”

Billy gave a jerk as he looked into Sven’s eyes.

“SQUEEZE, I said.”

Sven did so, forcefully.

“Ahhhhhhh,” responded Billy with his eyes signaling to Sven that he was going to be getting back at him.

Valda looked at Gerde who now hand her hand inside the unzipped fly of her leather pants. Gerde nodded.

Gerde took up her fucking position, pulled Billy’s ass cheeks wide apart, and put the wet red monster against his ass. Again she looked at Gerde who gave her an enthusiastic nod.

With her very first thrust she entered the boy’s bowels. Seeing Billy eyes and mouth pop wide open, Sven gave a hard squeeze to his balls. Billy screamed. Sven not only held his grip but shook Billy’s balls side to side and back and forth. “You bastard,” he mouthed. “I’ll get you,” mouthed Billy back just before the next thrust of Big Red, accompanied by an even harder squeeze of his balls.

What was that? What did I not tell you to say?”

Billy recalled. “I’m sorry I fucked you.”

With that Sven gave him the hardest squeeze yet and twisted at the same time.

“AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH”

“Well,” inquired Gerde.

“I’m; I’m; I’m sorry I fucked you.”

Squeeze – twist.

“AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH

And so it went. Valda would thrust the six effective inches of the dildo in and out, bringing its inflated, oversized balls again and again into contact with Billy ass as Sven squeezed, unsqueezed; squeezed and unsqueezed the boy’s nuts. The tempo became fully established at a steady rhythm with Sven squeezing Billy’s balls just as the Valda’s thrusts brought the dildo fully embedded and it balls smack against Billy’s ass cheeks. On and on it went as Gerde masturbated in yet another well orchestrated scene. She was not alone in this.

Valda’s grip on Billy’s hips grew stronger and stronger. It was if she was trying to crush them. Her eyes intensely followed the red dildo as it time and again appeared, disappeared and reappeared. As the dildo had a stimulator, she too was approaching a climax as she saw Gerde approaching her own. All of this was accompanied by the sound of Billy operatic screaming into Sven’s face and Sven gritting his teeth in wicked determination.

And then there was silence – much like that in Mudville when Casey struck out. The curtain dropped.

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Dinner that night was had in the kitchen. Sausage, cabbage and greens along with a pitcher of Becks beer for Valda and Gerde who spoke nothing but German through the meal, laughing at times under the influence of the beer. It was a normal meal for the two boys, other than the fact that they wore no pants. It seemed that they privates had to be on call at all times. After the meal they adjourned to the living room. Billy’s, of course, were never on call, what with his cock in the chastity belt tube.

Once there they all took seats in a long sofa that faced an entertainment center. Sven was straddled by the two women with Billy to Gerde’s other side.

Sven looked around to see several oil paintings, perhaps originals, perhaps not, on the wall. Unknown to him, these were paintings of the Nazi leaders that Gerde’s widower had once adored.

Gerde turned on the super-large television screen and then hit the DVD player. Up sprang one of her old BDSM videos. At the same time she turned on a recording of Beethoven’s Erotica symphony.

Sven had never seen such a thing. Here was a much, much younger Gerde playing the role of a Nazi mistress. He sat spellbound as he watched her wield a whip on both men and women. My God but he could tell that it was her. Then he watched all sorts of BDSM techniques from suspensions to electric torture and balls torture. On and on it went as Gerde and Valda pointed, chatted solely in German and laughed. Then they started in, sipping cognacs. It was a good life – for them.

As Valda watched, listened and drank, she caressed Sven’s little balls and prick. To him it felt rather nice. Gerde unlocked Billy and put her free hand all over his cock and balls. Of course his cock would rise, become hard and get slapped repeatedly until it went limp. Valda would start over with cock and balls caresses until it became stiff again only to have the slapping start all over. All this time of course they would be watching the reruns of Gerde playing out the role of Frau Faust.

Growing weary at last, Gerde turned off the music and the video. How many, many times she had seen these reruns of herself is her heyday. Now she would nurse the remainder of her cognac.

Valda stood up. It was time to put him to bed.

Together they walked up the stairs to his bedroom with Billy carrying his daytime chastity belt. Once there he knew the routine. He took off the rest of his clothes, took a piss, lick-cleaned his butt plug, even thought there were other cleaning implements there to do the job, and brushed his teeth. Under Gerde watch he put on his nighttime chastity belt - the one without a butt plug – and snapped it locked. Then on went his long cotton nightgown.

“I think we’ll go shopping tomorrow,” said Valda as she tucked him in bed. “We’ll make the rounds of the girls clothing department and then the women’s. Doubt I’ll be buying, but it’s always fun to look – to see and to be seen.”

Translated, Billy knew just what that would mean. It meant that he would be wearing undersized, super-tight Bavarian brown short pants again that would exaggerate the bulge in his crotch, all for the girl and women shoppers’ surprising delight. Valda would be there beside him in her brown, insignia-free uniform with a large brown leather handbag suspended from her shoulder and with a leash of the size for a large dog in her other hand. Women would usually just turn their heads quickly away but many would stare and then smile, knowingly. That wasn’t hard to do, what with that two inch ring depending from his belt buckle, obviously available for the leash.

A few however would fully understand the situation and tell him or Valda to their face what a big boy he was becoming. On their last excursion one woman even stopped to chat.

“That’s a big boy you have there.”

“Yes, he has grown a lot recently – in certain places, right, Billy,” she asked while looking at his bulging crotch.

“ ‘Billy’, is it? I guess you like girls now, huh?”

No response.

“Answer the nice lady.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he whispered.

“Well I know they are going to like you – from the looks of things. You know what I mean, don’t you,” she asked as she too stared at his crotch.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Billy is from the reformatory. He’s staying with us for a spell.”

“Is he now? Well that’s certainly nice of you. Some sort of a reward for good behavior, I suppose.”

“You might say that.”

“Better keep him on a tight leash though. Oh, I see you do have a leash.” The two women gave a collective chuckle as Valda gave her a wink.

“Well bye, now,” she said as she looked around and suddenly actually grabbed his bulge and gave a squeeze. Billy was mortified.

Girls, if there were two or more shopping in convoy, would point him out to their friend or friends and then snicker and whisper to each other, and sometimes giggle. As per design, Billy hated it and longed to be returned to the house. Instead, Valda would prolong the ordeal; dragging it out, sometimes returning to a department store that they had already been to for a second go-around of their little parade, particularly where there had been a number of shoppers in their first round. And now he would be in for another round of all that humiliation in the morn. Good God.

Having now implanted that coming attraction thought firmly in his head, Valda gave him a kiss on his forehead with a “good night – sleep tight.”

In her process of leaving the room she laid out a few girlie magazines on the bed beside him for his perusal, and hit the remote control which starting the bedtime show that she had preselected for him to kick off his night of self-torment.

Tonight’s feature was that of a 13 year old, uniformed Girl Scout, kneeling on her bed in her room with her bare ass raised high and wiggling - - - oh yes, and with a box of Girl Scout cookies there beside her. Her wiggling stopped when she heard the door open. In walked her father with a leather strap in hand and his cock and balls jutting out from the open fly of his pants. Yes, yes; Billy would be sleeping tight all right, with his cock straining and straining inside its steel cage, tormenting his brain. It would be tight all right, but hopefully there would be a little sleep to be had, now and then.

Without turning off the light Valda left the room, locking the door behind her, leaving Billy alone with his thoughts for the night. And yes, the boy’s eyes were still glued to the screen as the man in the movie raised his strap high up over the waiting ass of his daughter.

Back downstairs Valda found Gerde taking her last sip of her nightcap. The video recording had ended but the set had yet to be turned off. Valda turned it off for her. She then went to Sven and took his hand. “Bed time, boy; kiss your Herrin goodnight.”

In somewhat of a daze from his overloaded brain, Sven gave Gerde a kiss on her cheek. In response Gerde squeezed his mouth open and gave him one last shot of her tongue. “Good night, boy. Hope you enjoyed your first day here with us. Don’t worry; we’ll have more fun tomorrow.

Valda took him by the hand and together they made their way down the hall to the hall bathroom. She opened the door and in he went. It didn’t take him a moment to make his final piss of the day, as he still was bare ass. Then he brushed his teeth and took several gulps of water as Valda watched from the hallway.

From there it was just a few steps to the basement door. “Good night, boy. Sleep tight. We *do* have a lot more things planned for you tomorrow.”

With a friendly rub of his hair she opened the door and urged him in and onto the basement stairs. She closed and locked the door behind him and waited. As soon as she heard him safely reach the bottom of the stairs she hit the basement room light switch, plunging it into darkness, save for the little light that came in through the skylight windows, and locked the door.

Valda returned downstairs to assist Gerde with going to bed. Gerde made her way to the staircase with the aid of her downstairs walker. Then, ever so slowly, they mounted the stairs together with Gerde gripping the banister with one hand and with Valda raising her up by her other shoulder.

Finally on top Gerde stopped and grabbed her breath. Then she made her way down the hall with her upstairs walker, along with Valda. As they passed Billy’s room they noted the light streaming out from under his door. Gerde look at Valda and smiled. “This *was* a nice day, wasn’t it,” she whispered.

Gerde sighed and stretched her legs under her bedcovers. Oh how wonderful the silk sheets felt as she gave a prolonged yawn and stretched. Finally she turned off the light to leave her bedroom lit just by the TV screen which showed Billy beginning his night of sexual frustration in the company of all that lustful young porn while he remained tormented by the imprisonment of his adolescent cock with all his hormones demanding action.

Yes, it had been a nice day, she said to herself as she turned off the monitor. Perhaps she would check in again on the boy in a couple of hours or so.