

Betty's Diary 1: My Greatest Birthday Ever!

(minors, nasty, mast, strap, otk hand, nc, femdom, M/m, M/b, gggggg/mb)by Nialos Leaning

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My Greatest Birthday Ever! (by Nialos Leaning)

Dear Diary,

Betty here again. Today I turned twelve and can't wait to tell you about my birthday party. It was the best one ever!

Mom had said I could invite six girls for the party and a sleepover. Of course, I invited Kathy and Marcie, my absolute greatest, best ever friends in the whole wide world.

*I also asked Patty, Roberta, Susie, and Jean, who you just never ever better call Jeannie.*

*I protested, and the boys protested, but mom insisted that the two brats be at the party.*

*"They're your brothers, and they will be there," she told me when I tried arguing with her.*

*The boys also argued. Teddy, who turned thirteen four months ago, claimed that as a teenager he was too old to be going to a little kids party. Too old! Little kid! Who does he think he is, he's only a year older than me! Mom wasn't buying it, however, and he backed off when she started calling him "Theodore." When she does that, using our real first names, Theodore, Elizabeth, Richard, you know that there's real trouble ahead. A brat Teddy may be, a dummy he is not.*

*After Teddy, Dickie had his go at mom. He should had known better, he didn't change her mind either. Maybe as he gets older, he'll get smarter. I sure hope so, it'll be so embarrassing if he continues to be such a dumb-dumb. Anyway, he whined that hanging around with a "bunch of stupid girls" would be boring and no fun. Mom let the "stupid" comment go, he's always saying that about girls. Must go with the age, I remember when I was ten-and-a-half, like he is now, saying the same thing about boys!*

*"Discussion closed," declared mom, "the boys will be there, and that's that."*

*And so it was. Me, six of my girlfriends, and the two brats all together at my party. Almost from the beginning, the brats were horrid. Teasing my friends, mimicking what we said, being as rude as they could get away with. Mom, and even Dad, warned them more than once to "cease and desist" as dad put it.*

*But, no, they just couldn't listen. Mom has always accused all three of us of "letting it in one ear and out the other." The brats were sure trying their hardest to prove her right!*

*When it came time to open my presents, the bratty duo became even worse.*

*When I opened a doll from Marcie, Teddy said, "see, told you she's still a little kid, getting toys for presents."*

*That Dumb-Dumb Dickie, himself being young enough to still want toys for presents, could only think to say, "yeah, a stupid doll for a stupid girl." This made me mad, as the Rebecca series dolls were special, all the girls in my class wanted one, and they weren't exactly cheap. I lost it, and started hollering at Dickie and Teddy both. Soon, I was*

*crying, I was so upset at those two.*

*"Enough, already!" shouted mom. "Theodore, Richard, this is your very last warning, you two boys just better start behaving yourselves and showing your sister and her friends some respect for a change. No, make that a lot of respect. Do I make myself clear?"*

*"Yes, mom," they both said at the same time.*

*"Good," continued mom, "and you, Richard, I don't want to hear anymore about girls being stupid. Am I stupid to you?"*

*"No mom," answered Dickie, "but you're my mom."*

*"And like the girls," mom told Dickie, "I'm a female. When you call them, or any other female stupid, that's the same as calling me stupid. No more, do you hear me young man?"*

*"Yes, mom," Dickie mumbled in reply.*

*Well, that made things better for a little while. But then I started opening the presents with clothes. My idiot brat brothers just couldn't resist.*

*"Ugh, clothes," said Teddy, "who would want to get that as a present on their birthday?"*

*"Yeah," chimed in Dickie, "who but a sissy girl?"*

*"That's it you two," mom practically roared. "That's it with the disrespect."*

*"Sorry, mom," they both said, both barely audible.*

*"Glad to hear it," said mom, "but it's too late. Since you seem not to like clothes so much, I know exactly how you can start showing Betty and her guests some respect. You will give her the honor of appearing at the rest of her birthday party in your birthday suits. Now."*

*"No way!" Teddy shouted.*

*"What's a birthday suit?" asked Dickie.*

*"Your bare skin, dummy," Teddy told the dumb-dumb.*

*"Do it, now!" hollered dad, snapping one of his belts against the sofa. In all the excitement, no one had noticed him bringing it into the room. We all knew what that belt meant. Obey, or get a spanking. Even though we didn't spank in our house. But boy, oh boy, the boys were about to find out that wasn't any longer true, for them anyway. But Dear Diary, I'm getting ahead of myself.*

*Quickly, the brats began stripping down, to our giggles.*

They weren't about to defy dad. Teddy may be a teenager now, but he's no match for dad, who's very big and strong. As a little girl, I used to brag to all my friends about how big and strong my daddy was. And of course, between Dad and Dickie, there's no contest at all. Nor against Dickie and Mom, who's no slouch herself. I think even Teddy would still have trouble with her.

Soon, the moment of truth had arrived. The brats were down to just their briefs. All seven of us girls were holding our breaths, waiting to see if mom and dad would make the boys show us everything they had. Once a brat had turned six and entered the first grade, I was no longer allowed to see him naked. Just like when I entered first grade, they could no longer see me naked. It's a family rule.

A rule that I hoped was about to be changed, along with some others. Another rule was that once we turned ten, we could bath and dress ourselves without help, although for the boys either mom or dad could still supervise and be in the same room, for me only mom could. It's one advantage I had as a girl over the brats, once ten only mom could see me naked, but the boys had to let either mom or dad see them. Dad's explanation to the brats was "that's what moms do."

Once twelve, like I'm today, things get better. Teddy, and now me, are allowed complete privacy concerning nudity. We don't have to let, and Teddy doesn't, our parents see us nude at all. I know I'm going to keep mom out of the bathroom too. My breasts have started growing, I have some hair down below, and it embarrasses me for anyone to see me naked. As I'm sure it does Teddy. I bet he doesn't even let Dickie see him naked. But all that was about to change.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" demanded mom. "Get those underpants off, now!"

"Now!" echoed dad, snapping his belt once more against the couch.

Very, very fast, the brats had their briefs off, which they held in front of themselves, trying to hide their privates from us.

"We'll have none of that disrespect," shouted mom, "drop those to the ground, now!"

"Now!" echoed dad again, once more snapping his belt.

As their underwear went to the ground, the boys' hands went to cover up.

"Hands away and at your sides," mom ordered.

"You heard your mother," said dad as he again snapped the belt. "You don't play with yourselves like that in public."

"Unless told to," mom added, to my complete surprise and bewilderment.

Right away their hands were at their sides. I couldn't believe how red the brats' faces were.

"Well, well," taunted Kathy, "looks like little Dickie has a little dickie." We all seven giggled at this. I quickly glanced at mom, sure she would say something. But she didn't, she simply smiled.

"And I thought," said Marcie, "that Teddy was a big teenager. My brother Ray's much bigger down there than that." This, of course, caused more giggling on our part. I did wonder how Marcie knew what Ray, who's fifteen, looked like, but didn't ask. Teddy was definitely much bigger than Dickie, who most definitely was little. I even had to look hard to see his scrotum. Not so with Teddy, his penis did nothing to hide his own sack, which hung down for us all to see. Also unlike Dickie, Teddy had hair growing above his penis. Oh, excuse me, I mean his dick, mom said that as long as the boys were naked, we were to use the "dirty" words for their privates. So, I guess I should also be saying "balls" instead of scrotum. And to think, mom always threatened to wash our mouths out with soap if we used such words!

I did know one thing, however. From the pictures I've seen in some of Jean's magazines that have pictures of naked men, sometimes with hard ons, Teddy is no man yet even if he thinks he is. He's not even close, he needs lots more hair, and he better hope his prick and balls do a whole lot more growing.

"Teddy, get over here," dad commanded my older brat brother. "You need a taste of this belt."

Which he promptly got. In a flash, dad had the naked Teddy bending over the end of the couch while he repeatedly wailed at the now not-so-big teenager's bare bottom. In no time at all my older brat brother was crying. Soon he was shouting, no make that shrieking. He kept begging dad to stop. But dad didn't listen, he just kept on swinging that belt, warning him not to move out of position or they would start all over. After a while, Teddy didn't plead anymore, he was too busy howling. His butt turned redder and redder. He kept dancing in place, having a lot of trouble keeping his feet on the floor. Finally dad stopped, making Teddy stand facing the wall, his beaten red ass (oh, I just love being allowed to use words like that!) on display for us all.

Then it was Dickie's turn. He got the same medicine, only not as much. After all, he is smaller, it didn't take as much to get the same effect. A red bottom belonging to a howling dancing little boy. Dad sent him to stand next to

*Teddy. Now we had two shining bare boy behinds to stare at.*

*But that wasn't the end of it, oh no! After ten minutes or so I saw mom whisper something to dad. He tried to whisper back, but was a little louder than I think he wanted to be. I heard him tell her, "you and that Fem Internet site. Okay, go ahead, you're the boss in this." He didn't sound too happy about it.*

*"All right boys," mom said, "turn around and face the girls. Which they did, hands again immediately covering their most interesting parts.*

*"Get those hands away," ordered mom.*

*"What did I tel you about playing with yourselves?" asked dad, snapping his belt. Maybe he should take up lion training, the way he likes whipping that thing around.*

*Before they could answer, as if they would have anyhow, mom said, "well, since they want to play with themselves, they can do exactly that for the rest of the day. Get your dicks hard, now!"*

*"No way!" Teddy said for not the first time.*

*"Do it!" shouted dad, snapping his belt once again.*

*The brats began rubbing their dicks. Soon both had boners pointing right at us. Of course, all seven of us girls were giggling again and smirking.*

*"Now," mom instructed, "I want those dicks of yours to stay hard the rest of the day. A boy with a hard on in front of a girl is telling her that he likes and respects her. I know you both like and respect your sister and her friends, do you not?"*

*No answer from the crying, red faced brats.*

*"Answer," shouted dad with yet another belt snapping.*

*"Yes, mom," they both answered. I don't think they meant it, but they weren't about to take any chances with dad still swinging that belt around.*

*"Good," continued mom. "Now for the rules of this little game. Neither of you can touch your own dick. It's up to your brother to keep you hard. Anytime you lose your boner, your brother gets a spanking for letting it happen. Do you understand?"*

*"Yes, mom," they answered for the umpteen time.*

*"And no cumming. If you cum you get spanked, and your brother gets spanked for making you cum. Understand?"*

"Yes, mom," came the answer from Teddy.

"What's cumming?" asked the dumb-dumb.

"Theodore, explain it to your brother," mom commanded.

"Its when, after playing with your dick, you shoot off that white stuff," Teddy told him.

"I don't make any white stuff," Dickie said.

"Well, you still cum," explained my older brother, an apparent expert in these matters. "You know, how after a while you feel real good and start shaking?"

"Yeah," mumbled Dickie, obviously not wanting to talk about it.

"When that happens," Teddy continued his lesson in Jerking Off 101, "you're cumming."

"It's called a dry orgasm," added dad.

"Dry cum," corrected mom, "and that's how we'll know when you're cumming. Do you both understand the rules so far?"

"Yes, mom," they answered. They should had tape recorded that answer, they were saying it so much!

"And, finally," mom dropped her bombshell, "the girls can help you stay hard anytime they want. Refuse them or don't cooperate, and it'll be a spanking."

"No!" screamed Teddy. "You can't let them!"

"Yes, I can," mom calmly replied, "and I will."

"No arguing," shouted dad as his belt once more went snap.

"Suppose they make us cum?" asked the crying Teddy.

"Then you get spanked, but not your brother."

"What about the girls, for making us?" asked dumb-dumb Dickie.

"That's their privilege," mom informed them and us. "Now, why aren't those dicks hard yet?"

"Do it," snapped dad and his belt.

Quickly, the brats had hold of each other's dicks and were rubbing furiously. Before long, both had boners! All seven of us girls were giggling and laughing hysterically.

"And, by the way," mom told everyone, "the girls will be giving you any spankings you earn." When she said that, I knew that I would be trying my hardest to make those two hard brat dicks cum and cum And cum. I'm sure the other girls felt the same. They, and I, certainly did try, and succeeded, very well.

"One more thing," mom finished, "anytime you cum you have to shout out for us all to hear that you're cumming. If you don't, your spanking is doubled."

Before long it happened. Teddy screamed, "I'm cumming!" Spurt after spurt of white jism shot out the end of his prick. Dickie just kept rubbing away on Teddy. Finally, Teddy grabbed the dumb-dumb's hand and stopped him. While mom was explaining the spanking rules, both boys went soft. Mom said that was okay for Teddy, that after a cum, the boy would be allowed a five minute rest, followed by his spanking. During spankings, the boys could also be soft but two minutes after the spanking had to be hard again. She said that even though Teddy had been busy cumming, it was still his job to keep Dickie hard. So in addition to both boys being spanked because of Teddy's cum, Teddy was to get a second spanking for letting Dickie lose his boner!

The spanking rules were simple. Each girl was to give each boy the same number of hand spanks as his age. The spankings were to be over our knees. So, in no time at all, Teddy was over Roberta's lap, getting thirteen hard slaps to his still red bare bottom. She finished and handed him off to Patty. When Patty finished her very punishing smacks of Teddy, he went over to Jean. At the same time, Dickie now went over Roberta's lap to receive his first set of ten spanks. And so it went, in assembly line fashion, each boy passing from girl to girl. I deliberately was last. By the time they got to me, each brat was crying and begging for mercy. Which I, of course, ignored. I don't usually like reruns, but I certainly enjoyed causing a rerun of the boys' howling dancing. And I absolutely adored the rerun of Teddy's second trip across our laps. Boy, talk about a red bottom, his was absolutely on fire!

After the spankings, mom made an announcement. "I've decided that each girl can only make you cum once. But your punishment isn't over until all seven have."

The brats, of course protested at this. Causing mom to threaten an even more nasty punishment.

"You will be quiet this instant," she hollered at them, "unless after this punishment is over you want to spend the rest of the evening lying on the living room floor sucking on each others' cocks. At least you won't be yapping with your traps stuffed. And the same rules about not cumming will apply."

"You heard your mother," yelled dad, doing his belt snapping act.

To my dismay, both brats, even the dumb-dumb, were smart enough to not say another word. I would had loved to see that little show! Well, maybe another time.

All this took us a little over six hours to finish, including a break for dinner. During dinner, mom made the boys keep hard. They also had to do the dishes without losing their boners or cumming. I don't know how they managed that, but they did!

All together in that six hours, we got to spank Teddy thirteen times, his age, unlucky for him, lucky for us. We spanked Dickie eleven times. We each made the boys cum once apiece, good for seven spankings each. Teddy made Dickie cum twice, and Dickie caused Teddy one cum, the one I told you about. These cums earned each brat three more spankings. Dickie's eleventh spanking was for the one time he let Teddy get soft. Teddy had Dickie go soft on him a total of three times. Apparently, little dickies that don't shoot are harder to keep from cumming, and harder to keep hard!

Afterwards, mom decided that the boys had to stay naked, but not hard, till the last girl left tomorrow. But that's enough for now, Dear Diary, the others are calling me to come over to the computer. They want me to have a look at the pictures of the brats mom let us take with dad's digital camera. With those pictures in our possession, the boys will have no choice but to be our slaves, our naked slaves, whenever we want.

But, as mom said, "what better way for a boy to show a girl respect than by being her naked slave?"

Like I said, Dear Diary, I'm going to have to find that Fem site of mom's. And, like I said, it was my greatest birthday party ever! Over and out, for now.

## Betty's Diary 2: My Naked Slave Brat Brothers

Dear Diary,

Betty here again. It's Friday afternoon now, sorry about missing last night. So much has happened with the brats yesterday and today, I just haven't had the time till now to write. I can't wait to tell you all about it! I'll have to hurry, though, because we're all about to leave for a "retreat" we're going on this weekend. More about that later, let me catch up first!

As I told you on Wednesday, Teddy and Dickie were going out of their way to be perfect angels and not do anything that mom would consider as disrespect toward her, me or my friends. They

*desperately wanted to avoid a repeat of the embarrassing naked punishment they suffered during my birthday party last weekend. Amazing what a strong session of "training" as mom now calls it, does for a boy's attitude toward, as mom put it, us "superior" females!*

*I was dying to see the boys naked again, with their boy things hard and pointing toward the sky. The digital pictures we took of the brats at the party just aren't the same as a live show. Of course, thirteen-year-old Teddy and ten-year-old Dickie were just as anxious not to let me, their twelve-year-old sister, see them in the all-together, showing off everything they had, boners and all.*

*Last Sunday at my party mom said I could make the boys be my naked slaves whenever we wanted, using the pictures as "blackmail" if necessary. But whenever I've asked her since to make them, she'd merely say, "we'll see," without making them. So, as you can imagine, I was getting really frustrated.*

*Well, boys will be boys, I guess, and quickly forget their lessons. Yesterday, just before dinner it finally happened, my frustration ended. It was my turn to set the table, but I wanted to see the end of the television show I was watching.*

*"I want my two slaves to do it," I said when mom called me to set the table.*

*"No way, I did it last night," responded Teddy.*

*"Yeah, no way," echoed Dickie.*

*"Yeah, way," I told them, "after you get naked."*

*"No way," Teddy repeated himself.*

*"Yeah, I'm not undressing anymore for any stupid girls," shouted Dickie. What a dumb-dumb, mom had just told him last weekend not to call us girls stupid. I was sure she was going to make him pay for that comment, but she didn't say anything.*

*"Yes, you are," I informed him and Teddy. "You have two minutes to be naked slaves setting the table."*

*"No way!" Teddy repeated himself for the third time.*

*"Me neither," said the Dumb-Dumb.*

*The belt dad had used last weekend on the brats was still laying by the couch. Picking it up, I shouted, "do it, now!" as I imitated dad in snapping the belt against the side of the couch.*

*"Theodore, Richard," mom finally intervened, "you heard your sister, you have two minutes to be naked and setting the table. Get to it!"*

*Boy, oh boy, you never saw two boys tear out of their clothes as fast*

*as those two did. When they were in the dining room, I asked mom why she was now letting me have them be my naked slaves.*

*"Because," she told me, "you took charge and ordered them, instead of asking me to do so."*

*"But they'll listen to you before me," I protested to her.*

*"Well," mom responded, "that's something we have to work on, starting now."*

*"What do you mean?" I asked.*

*"You have to exercise authority over them, be their boss," she answered.*

*"You have control over them and over their bodies, but you have to use it, not me for you."*

*"But, but," I answered, "I'm only a girl, not the parent!"*

*"True," she said, "but you're a female, and in this family that now gives you the right."*

*"But, but," I blubbered another protest, "Teddy's older than me!"*

*"No matter," mom said, "it's actually better that way. The boy learns that your ages have nothing to do with it, you're the boss because you're a female, not because you're older."*

*"But, what about Dickie?" I asked.*

*"You're still the boss because you're a female, not because you're older," she replied. "But it would be good if sometimes we had a younger girl in charge of him."*

*"Well," I said, "both Marcie and Kathy have younger sisters."*

*"Now, that's an idea," replied mom. "We'll have to arrange something real soon."*

*"That would be great!" I answered her.*

*"What would be great?" asked the naked Teddy as he walked into the room, hands cupped over his boy parts. Dickie followed, hands similarly occupied.*

*"None of your beeswax, slave," I told him. "And why are you two covering up?"*

*"You were warned before about playing with yourselves without permission," mom scolded them. "It's disrespectful to us females."*

*"Hands away," I immediately told them. "And come stand right in front of me." Quickly, they complied. The two red faced brats were less than an arms length away, giving me an up close and very personal eyeful of everything they had between their legs. I made*

sure they knew exactly where I was staring.

As I've told you before, Dear Diary, Dickie is still very much a hairless little boy down there, with, as my friend Kathy put it, a little dickie. A little dickie that did a good job of making it hard to see his little nut sack.

And, like I've also told you, Teddy down there is no man yet, and according to Marcie much smaller than her fifteen-year-old brother Ray. But Teddy is definitely much bigger in the privates department than Dickie, with easy-to-see hanging balls and even a small patch of hair.

I decided that Little Dickie's little dickie would soon be a hard dickie. And Teddy's bigger dick, too. I reached out with both hands, and began fondling and stroking their now not-so-private privates, my new boy toys.

"Stop it," shouted Teddy.

"Yeah, leave me alone," echoed the Dumb-Dumb.

"Will not," I responded, giving both their balls hard squeezes. Immediately, they dropped to their knees, shouting in pain, grabbing at their now sore nuts. Mom didn't say anything, she just smiled.

Everything about it was fantastic. The sense of power and control over my brothers, made easy because of their anatomy. Making the brats cry out in pain, just because I wanted to. Knowing that I was deliberately hurting them, and mom was letting me get away with it. The squishy feel of Dickie's little balls and Teddy's larger balls. To be perfectly honest, it was making me feel tingly down there between my legs.

In the middle of all this, dad came home from work. He didn't say anything about what was going on, like having two naked sons with aching balls was an ordinary everyday thing in our house. He greeted me and the brats, gave mom a kiss, and sat down in his easy chair, next to mom on the couch, as if they were about to watch a show.

A show which I promptly put on, with the boys as the unwilling naked stars.

"On your feet," I ordered my moaning slaves, "and hands away." As they slowly raised up, I said, "since you want to continue to play with yourselves, I want you to keep those dicks hard the rest of the day. Same rules as last Sunday."

The rules were simple, each boy had to keep the other hard, if one went soft, the other was spanked for letting it happen. And if one had cum, both were spanked, one for cumming, the other for making his brother cum. And I, or any other female present, could help them be hard anytime we wanted. Each female could make them cum once each. Which would be a spanking for the boy who came, but not for the female causing it.

*"No way, I won't do it!" shouted out Teddy.*

*"No, I won't" parroted Dickie, still being a dumb-dumb.*

*Snapping the belt, I told the boys, "Yes you will. And for all your arguing and protesting, you're both getting a spanking, right now."*

*"No, mom, don't let her," pleaded Teddy.*

*"Please, mom," begged Dickie.*

*"Mom isn't going to help you," I told the two brats. "Teddy, over the couch, now!" I ordered, snapping the belt once more.*

*"Do it!" mom reinforced my edict.*

*Quickly, Teddy was in position. Just as quickly, I began raining my hand, hard, down upon his bare bottom. I soon had him squirming and wiggling about, his rear rapidly turning pink. Before long, my teenage brother was acting like a little boy, crying real tears and with each spank, making real noises of pain. As his bottom started to turn red, and my hand started to hurt, he was out and out sobbing.*

*Picking up the belt, I told him, "that was just a warm up." I immediately began whipping his butt, time and time again. From the very first blow, he was howling and screaming, furiously dancing and kicking in place. His wailing soon escalated to an ear piercing crescendo.*

*I finally stopped when his bottom was a bright cherry red. "Get up, slave, hands on your head," I ordered him. "Will you argue with me anymore?"*

*"No," he half mumbled.*

*"No, what?" I demanded.*

*"No, ma'am," he replied.*

*"Ma'am, I like that," I told him. "From now on, that's how you two will answer me, understand?"*

*"Yes, ma'am," they both answered in unison.*

*"Except," mom interjected, "for places like school or the mall, where it could make trouble for us."*

*"OK, Dickie, get your little dickie over here, now!" I commanded the Dumb-Dumb.*

*"Yes, ma'am," he meekly muttered, blushing at my insult to his boy parts. I think, just for the fun of it, I'm going to start calling him "Little Dickie." Even more quickly than Teddy, he had himself in position for a dose of my now somewhat rested hand.*

He was crying hard by the third smack. That wasn't surprising to me, as after all, as his little dickie proved, he really was a little boy. Fortunately, as my hand was hurting sooner than with Teddy, it didn't take as long as with my teen brat slave brother to turn Dickie's little bare behind red. And his dancing, kicking, jiggling reaction to the belt was much more impressive and eardrum shattering than Teddy's. Even though his smaller bottom received a smaller dose!

"Stand next to Teddy, hands on head," I instructed the Dumb-Dumb. He did so, without protest, still busily and noisily crying. Teddy wasn't sobbing out loud any more, but he was still sniffing, with tears running down his cheeks. Both brats were finding it impossible to stay still, shuffling their feet about, doing an in-place jig.

With the digital camera, mom snapped a few pictures of the boys, front and rear. "For your collection, dear," she told me.

"Thank you," I replied.

"You're welcome," she answered.

"Now, slaves," I addressed the brats, "I do believe I said those dicks of yours were to be hard the rest of the evening. So get to it!"

Before I had finished snapping the belt on the couch, each had hold of the other's dick, rubbing away for all they were worth. In no time at all, I was awarded with two boy boners pointing toward the sky. Boy, I just love the changes around here since my birthday party last weekend. Who would had thought that being twelve would be so much fun?

Dear Diary, it was a real hoot at dinner watching the boys trying to at the same time eat and keep each other hard. So that the rest of us could keep a check on whether the boys kept their boners, mom had Dickie sitting on a high stool and Teddy kneeling upright on his chair.

The two brats were doing so well at keeping each other hard that what I knew would happen did happen. Dickie caused Teddy to cum. All over both their dinners, much more on Teddy's than the Dumb-Dumb's. It was a wonderful thing to see, Teddy's thing shooting white stuff all over the place.

During all this, Teddy somehow managed to keep rubbing Little Dickie's little dickie. I guess my older brother didn't want to risk a repeat of last Sunday, when the first time Dickie made him cum, he let go of the little brat's dick. Which had very quickly gone soft. So in addition to a spanking for cumming, Teddy had gotten one for letting Dickie lose his hard on. So this time the Dumb-Dumb not only stayed hard, he ended up cumming too!

Now, of course, Little Dickie, with his little dickie and almost invisible nuts, still being a little boy, didn't shoot out anything. But we could all tell by the way he was shaking and shouting that he was

definitely having what mom calls a "dry cum."

"You can stop rubbing," I told both brats once it was obvious they were done cumming. Another rule was that after a cum, the boy was allowed five minutes before he had to be hard again.

"For cumming, you're each getting a spanking after dinner." I informed my very red faced slaves. "And for making each other cum, you're each getting a second spanking."

"Please, no," begged Teddy.

"Yes, please, don't" pleaded a now softly crying Dickie"

"Yes, please, I will," I told them, "and since neither of you bothered to let us know you were cumming, your spankings for that are doubled." That was another rule, when a boy came he had to shout out "I'm cumming." If he didn't, his spanking was twice as long.

"No, no," protested Teddy.

"Yeah, no," echoed the Dumb-Dumb.

"Yes," said mom. "And I expect you two to eat everything on your plates, no arguing, no hesitating."

It was hilarious, Dear Diary, seeing the faces those two made as they ate their cum splattered food. You could tell that they didn't like it one bit. Well, that was just too bad. "waste not, want not" as mom reminded them.

"Oh, boys," I reminded them in the middle of all this, "time's up, so get those dicks back up!" Which they, having no choice in the matter, promptly did.

Unfortunately for me, but fortunately for them, my two naked brat brother slaves managed to get through the rest of dinner and the cleaning up afterwards without cumming again, or going soft. I knew I would soon be changing that.

After they had finished putting away the dinner dishes, the boys came into the living room for their spankings. Once more they protested, once again to no avail.

"I'm tired of hearing you two arguing with me," I calmly told them. "So, after your spankings I have a special punishment for you two, a punishment that I guarantee will have you keeping your mouths shut the rest of the evening."

"What is it?" asked Little Dickie, surprising me by being brave enough to be the first to say something, instead of waiting for Teddy.

"You'll find out soon enough," I answered him. Actually, it was a punishment mom threatened last Sunday, but didn't impose. I was anxious to see if she would let me get away with using it.

*"A surprise, I like that," said Mom, smiling at me.*

*"Now, slaves," I announced, "it's spanking time. Teddy, get over here now!"*

*Quickly, I had Teddy positioned over my knees. Just for the heck of it, I trapped his dick between my thighs. A very blushing Teddy complained to mom about this, to no avail.*

*"Your sister can position you anyway she wants," mom informed my older brat brother.*

*"Now, slave," I told him, "the normal number of spanks for cumming is your age. But, because you didn't announce you were cumming, that's doubled to twenty-six."*

*Which I promptly began delivering. But after only four smacks to my teenage brother's bare bottom, mom interrupted me.*

*"Here, dear," she said, handing me a wooden hairbrush, "save your hand, use this."*

*Which I immediately did. Boy, oh boy, Dear Diary, you should see the difference that a brush instead of a hand makes on a boy's naked fanny. I could see it, and Teddy could certainly feel it. His screaming, crying, squirming and kicking were all much more furious than from any of his hand spankings.*

*After the final spank, my now not-so-big big brother had a very red behind indeed. He was madly hopping about the room, vigorously rubbing his bottom, his privates bouncing all over the place, tears running down his face, still loudly crying. Ha, some teenager he is.*

*Then it was the Little Dickie's turn. I used the brush for all twenty of his spanks, getting the same results as with Teddy.*

*"Well," I said, "that's your punishment for cumming. Now for your spankings for making each other cum."*

*The brats didn't like it one bit, but I very much did. After an additional dose of thirteen with the brush for Teddy and ten for Dickie, my naked slaves were giving a repeat performance of their dancing routine of a few moments before. I loved every minute of my little show!*

*Once the brats had calmed down a little, I sprung my surprise on them.*

*"Okay boys, for your continued arguing and complaining, I have a cure that will keep you quiet the rest of the evening."*

*"Oh goodie," mom jested, "I can't wait to hear what it is, and I'm sure neither can your slaves."*

*"For the rest of the evening," I let them know, "you are to lay on the floor and suck on each other's dicks." Quickly I glanced at mom, expecting her to prohibit this.*

*But, she didn't, she supported me. As soon as the boys started their inevitable protesting, she intervened. "You heard your sister, so get going."*

*"Now!" I commanded.*

*Fortunately for me, mom took charge. I had no experience in how two boys perform a "sixty-nine" as my friend Jean calls it. But apparently mom did.*

*She had the boys lay down facing each other with their heads in opposite directions. "Get those mouths on those dicks," she commanded.*

*Reluctantly, the brats did so. Teddy had to bend somewhat so that Dickie could do so. "Now," mom instructed, "start sucking."*

*Which they did, cheeks puffing. "At all times," mom continued, "you must be doing at least one of three things to that dick in your mouth. Sucking on it, licking it with your tongue, or moving your head up and down on it."*

*"And, if either of you cum," I said, "you'll both get a spanking for it. With the hairbrush."*

*"But," added mom, "since your sister doesn't want to hear you speak, and it isn't polite to talk with your mouth full, you don't have to announce you're cumming."*

*Thinking of something, I said, "And no stopping except when I tell you after a cum."*

*"Or," mom elaborated, "your sister tells you to stop so that we can check and make sure you still have those boners you're supposed to be keeping."*

*I hadn't thought of that. Mom was being so helpful that I could just hug her.*

*Dear Diary, the next two hours were just unbelievable. My two brothers, my two naked brat cock sucking slave brothers, making a spectacle of themselves, giving mom, dad and me the greatest show I've ever seen.*

*It was great for me, but not the boys. Teddy came three times, and Little Dickie's little dickie five times. So that was eight more spankings I got to give their bare behinds. I don't know how they ever managed to stay seated in school today.*

*Poor Dickie, he almost gagged on all the spunk the first time Teddy came. He quickly had his mouth off Teddy's dick, spitting out the cum. Teddy shot all over Dickie's face.*

*I scolded Dickie for letting his brother's dick out of his mouth without my permission. I was about to announce his extra punishment for*

*this, when mom nixed it before I could even say it*

*"Since Dickie can't make any cum yet," mom declared, "it's not fair to make him swallow his brother's. Teddy, you'll have to find a way to let Dickie know when you're about to shoot off."*

*I had a mean idea. "Teddy," I told him once he was standing in front of me for his spanking for cumming, "whenever you're about to cum, you're to signal Dickie by giving his bottom two hard spansks. Do you understand?"*

*"Yes, ma'am," he replied, his face going a deep red.*

*"And Dickie," I told my littlest slave, "as soon as Teddy gives you two spansks, you can take your mouth off his dick. Understand?"*

*"Yes, ma'am," the Dumb-Dumb answered.*

*Later, mom told me privately that my solution was brilliant. She said that Teddy cumming without anything or anyone touching his dick would be much less satisfying and enjoyable, and in fact, somewhat frustrating for him. Good, let him be frustrated, for all the frustration I had suffered earlier this week waiting to be able to again see my brat brothers naked, boners and all.*

*All throughout this, mom was busily taking digital pictures, "for my collection." After two hours, she whispered to me that perhaps we should let the boys stop, that they're dicks were probably pretty sore by now. I had wanted them to continue another hour till bed time, but didn't want to risk mom taking away some of the power and control she had given me over them.*

*"Okay, slaves," I told them, "you can stop now and come stand next to me."*

*Mom was right, their dicks were almost as red as their bottoms. I knew they had to be hurting, front side and backside both.*

*"Now," I instructed them, "you are to stay naked until right before time to leave for school tomorrow."*

*"Yes, ma'am," they both half mumbled in reply.*

*Deciding to show mom that I could be sensible about my slaves, I added, "and you don't have to have boners the rest of the evening, unless you show me or mom more disrespect"*

*"Yes ma'am, thank you ma'am," responded Teddy. I could tell that this was just tearing him up inside, to have to take orders from his sister, his younger sister.*

*"Thank you, ma'am," chimed in my Little Dickie.*

*"And, here's a little reminder not to give us any trouble," I said as I gave each of their balls a very hard squeeze. Immediately they screamed loudly and went down to the floor, writhing about in the*

*new agony I'd just caused them. Now, they had aching balls to go along with their aching dicks and bottoms. A matched set, so to speak.*

*On Friday morning, the boys came to breakfast naked and red faced.*

*"Glad to see you're obeying so well," I told them, "it means you don't have to have boners this morning."*

*"Thank you, ma'am" Teddy replied, quickly followed by Dickie.*

*"I sure do like you dressed like this," I gigglingly teased them.*

*They blushed even more, but didn't say anything.*

*All too soon they had to get dressed for school, too bad we can't get away with making them go there naked. But, I decided I would have them that way right after they got home from school.*

*Which I did, as soon as we were all three home.*

*Once they were naked, mom said, "perfect, once they put their shoes and socks back on, they'll be all ready for a little family trip we're making this weekend."*

*"What do you mean?" I and Teddy both asked at the same time.*

*That's when mom told us about this "retreat" that she and some of my friends' mothers earlier today had planned for the weekend. Us, Kathy and Marcie and their families, and Marcie's Aunt Jenny's family. Mom didn't go into details, but it was clear that there was going to be a lot of naked boys around for us girls to "train" on. I can hardly wait.*

*That's the doorbell ringing, Dear Diary, I've got to run. I'll tell you all about it when I get back Sunday night!*

### **Betty's Diary 3: My Fantastic Bus Trip**

*Dear Diary,*

*Betty here again. Wow, the retreat this weekend was something else, even more fun than my birthday party. Let me tell you all about it, beginning with the bus trip and right before that.*

*When I stopped writing Friday, the door bell had just rung. Turned out it was my friend Kathy and her family. Kathy's twelve like me, brother Charlie turned fourteen last week, her other brother Justin is eleven, and her little sister Nancy is ten.*

*Little Nancy couldn't help herself, she kept staring at my naked brothers' not-so-private privates. As did the rest of her family. Our Thirteen-year-old Teddy and ten-year-old Dickie both blushed at all the scrutiny they were receiving.*

*"How come they're naked?" asked Nancy.*

*"For the same reasons your brothers are about to get naked," replied her mother. "To learn a lesson in respect, respect for us females."*

*"No way," shouted Charlie, protesting much like Teddy had the first time.*

*"Yeah, no way," echoed Justin, same as Dickie had. "No girl is going to see my thingy!"*

*"Oh, yes they are," said their mom, "right this instant. Strip, both of you!"*

*"No!" they both shouted at once.*

*"Now!" Kathy's mom shouted back. "You have two minutes, starting now!"*

*"No, no, please, we can't," they continued to protest.*

*"Yes you can," their angry mother informed the two boys. "You just earned yourselves a spanking, further delay will only make it worst."*

*"Do it," shouted their dad, moving toward Charlie. At the same time my dad moved toward Justin. The boys got the message. Crying and blushing furiously, they began undressing before the men reached them. Soon the red faced duo were down to their briefs.*

*"Those too," ordered their mom.*

*Kathy, Nancy and I held our breaths waiting to see what would happen. Apparently, Justin isn't the Dumb-Dumb that my Little Dickie is, as he immediately removed his last body covering. Unlike Dickie the first time, he was smart enough not to cover himself up. He looked much like Dickie, hairless with a small cute prick that pretty much hid his tiny balls. Unlike my brothers, he was uncircumcised.*

*Giving in to the inevitable, the blushing Charlie removed his underpants, revealing a surprise to us all. Boy, was it ever a surprise. Charlie's uncut cock and his balls were both just a tad bit smaller than Teddy's, but that wasn't the surprise. The surprise was that he was still hairless!*

*"Well, well," said his mom, "looks like Charlie's more of a little boy than we thought." Charlie blushed even deeper at this little dig about his manhood.*

*"Charlie, over my knees now," ordered his mom. "Denise," she asked my mom, "would you be so kind as to do Justin."*

*"My pleasure," replied mom.*

*So soon, we had two kicking, crying, squirming boys having their bare bottoms turning a bright red. Hand smack after hand smack descended upon two increasingly burning behinds. Not to mention two increasingly painful behinds. All too soon for us three girls, the show was over. Only to be replaced with a show of two dancing, prancing, rubbing, sobbing boys jumping all about the room.*

*"Now it's your turn," mom told Teddy and Dickie.*

*"What did we do?" asked my older brother.*

*"Yeah, what?" asked my younger brother.*

*"Nothing, yet," said mom. "This is just insurance to make sure you behave on the bus."*

*Mom had said we were going on a bus. And it looked like the boys would be naked on that bus. I couldn't wait, but before I could fully comprehend the implications of the bus, the brats were being spanked. Mom did Teddy, Kathy's mom did Dickie.*

*Just like Charlie and Justin, we soon had two more howling red bottomed boys energetically exercising all over the room.*

*Speaking of exercise, I decided to exercise some of my power over my two brat brothers. And embarrass them in front of our guests.*

*"Teddy, Dickie," I told them, "until I tell you otherwise, I want your dicks hard. You know the rules."*

*The rules were simple. Each boy was responsible for keeping the other hard. If one went soft, the other was spanked for letting it happen. And, no cumming without permission. The boy who came was spanked for cumming, the other for making it happen. Any female in the room could help at anytime in keeping the boys hard, and each female could make each boy come once. No spanking for the girl for causing the boy to cum, but one for the boy if he didn't have the required permission.*

*"Please, no," begged Teddy, "not in front of everyone."*

*"Yeah, please don't make us," stammered the Dumb-Dumb.*

*"Start, now," I calmly demanded. "You know what happened the last time you protested my commands." That got them*

going, they definitely didn't want to have to sixty-nine in front of all the people in our living room.

Very quickly, I was awarded with the sight of my naked brothers' hard dicks pointing toward us all.

Mom explained to Kathy's parents the concept that a boner, like nakedness, was a sign of respect toward any present females. And that a boner was especially a sign of respect after an infraction or offense of any kind.

"Well, in that case," said Charlie's and Justin's mother, "I think my two need to be imitating your two."

Which, despite their protests to the contrary, they promptly were doing. Quickly, us three giggling girls had four boners to look at and play with.

But before we could touch dick, a horn sounded outside.

"Good, the bus is here," said mom.

The bus, the bus! I was so excited with anticipation, wondering what would happen now.

"Betty, get your bag," mom told me. "What little the boys will need is already in my bag."

"The girls' stuff is in our car," said Kathy's dad.

"And the boys' things are in Kathy's bag," said her mom.

"Well then," proclaimed my mom, "let's get this parade on the road."

A parade is exactly what it was Dear Diary, once mom had it organized. Carrying my bag in one hand, my other hand on his cock, I led Charlie out the door. Followed by Kathy tugging on Teddy's prick, and Nancy leading Little Dickie by his little dickie. Mom had hold of Justin's diminutive little thingy. All four dicks were still hard, of course.

We marched toward a small bus parked in the street, door open. All four boys were blushing red as beets.

Boarding the bus with Charlie still in tow, I saw that my friend Marcie's dad was driving.

Seeing my questioning look, he explained, "I chartered it from the company for the weekend. They agreed to let me drive."

Of course they did, he was now some kind of big shot manager for that tour company. And, before getting his degree and being "kicked upstairs" as he put it, he had been a driver for them.

*As I and Charlie made our way to some empty seats, still linked by my hand on his cock, I received another surprise. Marcie, her eight-year-old sister Susie, her brother Ray, fifteen, and their mom were all aboard. That wasn't the surprise. The surprise was that Ray was stark naked, blushing just as badly as the other boys, with little Susie working her hand up and down his hard on.*

*Turns out that what we did to my brat brothers at my birthday party was nothing new for Marcie. Her family had been treating Ray that way for about four years now. That's how she had known that Ray had a bigger dick than Teddy.*

*Kathy's dad didn't board, he had to work tomorrow. Once everyone else was on and we were underway, Marcie's dad, Raymond Melick, senior, made an announcement over the P.A. system. "Welcome aboard everyone. Girls, I hope you have a good time on the trip, feel free to have any fun you want with the boys. Boys, if you dare cum on this bus, I will personally spank your asses red. And, you will have to thoroughly scrub down the interior before I return it to the depot Sunday."*

*Of course, with that kind of encouragement, we now five girls knew exactly what we were going to do. Using our hands to make the boys cum. And we did, switching boys every three minutes, my ever helpful mom keeping time. In the next twenty minutes Ray and Teddy each erupted once, their white creamy cum getting all over their chests. Charlie came twice, not quite dry, but not shooting either. Both times, only a few clear drops leaked from the tip of his prick. Dickie and Justin both came three times, dry. That pipsqueak Justin's tiny thingy is just as much a dry cummer as Little Dickie's little dickie!*

*We girls made sure that Mr. Melick knew each time a boy came. We had the rule in effect that each time a boy came, he had to announce loudly "I'm cumming!" Just to make sure, we five would then shout out that the boy was cumming, by chanting out, for example, "Charlie's cumming, Charlie's cumming!" Of course, we used the name of whichever boy it was who had dared defied driver's orders.*

*"Well, that's one spanking for cumming coming right up," Marcie's dad would cheerfully reply on the P.A. to our giggles.*

*Just after twenty minutes, we pulled up to a house.*

*"My Aunt Jenny lives here," said Marcie. "With my two cousins, little Rachel, who's nine, and her pest of a brother, Kenny."*

*"Kenneth's twelve," said Marcie's mom. "Jenny thinks he's gotten far enough out of hand that a strong dose of our*

*training is needed."*

*"You mean, taking him into hand the hard way," joked mom. "Or is that taking his hard on into hand?"*

*We all laughed out loud at that. We were still laughing when Marcie's aunt and two cousins came out their front door. Kenny had on just some briefs, with comic book super hero characters on them. Kind of babyish for twelve, I thought, but then they did look somewhat too small for him.*

*"That's his punishment outfit," explained Marcie, he has to wear them whenever he's being spanked.*

*"They're cute," I said, "but will have to come off once he's in here."*

*"They will, and before that," said a slightly annoyed sounding Mrs. Melick as she and my dad made their way to the front of the bus. "Just watch."*

*Looking out the window, I saw why the two adults were agitated and leaving the bus. Kenny was giving his mom a very difficult time. Holding a travel bag in one hand, she was using the other to try to pry Kenny loose from his firm grip on the railing adjacent to their front stairs. Obviously, he had no intention of walking to the bus on his own, showing off his cute undies.*

*Quickly, my dad and Kenny's Aunt Marcie were on the scene. Dad gave Kenny a mighty whack on his bottom, eliciting an immediate yelp we even heard in the bus, his hands flying back to cover his behind. Just as immediately, dad grabbed his hands, holding them in place behind the now crying boy's back. And just as quickly, Mrs. Melick whisked his briefs down and off, tossing them far into the yard. Now, he had a bigger worry than showing off his little kids' underpants, he was showing off everything that nature had given him!*

*Smacking Kenny's cute butt every step of the way, dad frog walked him onto the bus. Where he was greeted by the sight of five dressed girls standing next to five very naked boys, naked just like him. Except, they had boners, and he didn't. But we knew that would be changing real fast.*

*Kenny's boy parts were definitely bigger than Dickie's and Justin's, but not as large as Teddy's and Charlie's. He was circumcised, like Ray and my brothers. He had a very small and thin smattering of pubic hair, very short and non-curly, maybe extending only a few inches to either side of his dick and maybe a half inch or so up from his cock toward his stomach.*

*"Girls, this is my sister Jennifer," Marcie's mom introduced the new arrivals. "And this is her daughter, my niece, Rachel." Like Nancy at our house, little Rachel*

couldn't help but gawk and giggle at all the naked boys.

"And here we have her son, my nephew Kenneth," she continued. "Girls, why don't you welcome Kenny with a proper hand shaking."

Grinning, knowing what Marcie's mom had in mind, I reached out and grabbed Kenny's prick, giving it a good shaking up and down.

"Hi, Kenny, I'm Betty," I introduced myself to the red faced boy.

"Stop that!" he shouted, new tears welling in his eyes.

"No, you stop it," roared his aunt, giving his bare behind two hard smacks of her own. "You do not tell any female no, ever," she added, smacking his already sore bottom again. "Do you understand me, young man?" Another spank.

"Yes, Aunt Beth," the now openly crying boy replied.

"Good," chimed in his mother, "From now on, I expect you to show proper respect for females at all times. I don't care if they're nine like Rachel or sixty-seven like Grandma. Do you get me?"

"Yes," mumbled the still crying Kenny.

"Yes, what," roared Mrs. Melick, giving his balls a hard squeeze, causing Kenny to moan and bend over double. "Answer me," demanded his tormenter.

"Yes, ma'am" responded the suddenly not-so-big twelve-year-old.

"Straighten up this instant," ordered his mom. Which, somewhat surprisingly to me, he did, still moaning and crying.

"That's better," said his aunt, Marcie's mom. "Betty, would you please shake again?" she asked me.

"Gladly," I answered, repeating my introduction, to Kenny's complete horror.

Which only grew, along with his dick, as each girl followed my example. To his extreme embarrassment, his little sister was last. She was very timid and tentative, needing coaching and help from her cousin Marcie. But we weren't worried, we knew by the end of the trip she would be a real trooper, almost as good as us older girls. Susie was already a pro, and we had Little Nancy well on the way. When Rachel finished with her greeting, she was laughing so hard she couldn't stand up straight. But her brother's dick certainly was standing up straight.

*"Being naked in front of females is a way of showing them respect," Marcie told her male cousin.*

*"So is that boner you have," piped in Kathy.*

*"Which you just better keep the rest of this trip," I added my two cents. We wanted to quickly establish that us six girls were in charge of him and the other boys, no questions asked, period.*

*"Make me," said the defiant little prick with a slightly bigger than little prick.*

*"Gladly," said Marcie. "Mom, the hairbrush please."*

*"Here you are dear, said Mrs. Melick, handing her daughter the brush."*

*"I think a dose of my persuader here will persuade you" said Kenny's cousin, waving the brush about.*

*"Okay, okay, I get it," replied Kenny, furiously rubbing away on his dick.*

*"Oh, you'll get it alright," smirked Marcie, "but not right now, as you're so busy with other things. Or should I say with your thing?"*

*Kenny, of course, didn't say anything. A lapse that Marcie let pass, but only temporarily as it turned out.*

*"Everyone, please be seated," announced Mr. Melick, "we're off to the mountains."*

*So, once more, the bus began moving. A thirty foot long, twenty-five seat bus that now had four moms, one dad as the driver, one dad as a passenger, six girls, and six very naked, very hard boys.*

*We ordered the boys to keep each other hard. We teamed Ray with Justin, Charlie with Dickie, and Teddy with Kenny.*

*In the next half hour, all the boys came once. As before, Ray and Teddy painted their chests white, Charlie dribbled his clear drops, and Dickie and Justin remained dry. And, we had yet another surprise. Despite his small cute patch of pubic hair, Kenny was another dry cummer.*

*I was losing count of how many spankings we owed the boys for cumming. But fortunately, Marcie's parents didn't.*

*I felt the bus slowing down, and then stopping.*

*"Okay, everyone," announced Mr. Melick, "rest stop and spanking stop, all off please."*

He had pulled into a roadside rest area, directly in front of some picnic tables. To the side were restrooms. Bushes partially obstructed the view from the two Lane highway. The bus completely obstructed anyone traveling by on the road from seeing the tables. And, fortunately for the embarrassed and still hard boys, no one else was about. But then, the highway itself wasn't very busy at the moment.

It was hilarious, Dear Diary. The adults made the boys go to the restroom, in their teams of two, still rubbing away all the way there and back. When one team returned to the tables, the next team ventured out. The first team of Ray and Justin managed their round trip without a car passing by. Unfortunately for Teddy and Kenny, a car on the far side sped by as they were returning, just as they reached a gap in the bushes. As fast as the car was going, and being on the other side, I don't think the occupants really saw anything, but from the boys' red faces, they sure did think so.

Charlie and Dickie were our unlucky duo. Just as they left the men's room, a car pulled up in front of the building. A car with a mother, little girl of about six or seven, and a boy who looked to be about eight. To their credit, and our delight, our two lads, heads down, wanking each other, marched back to the tables.

By now, Marcie's parents had worked out the spankings. Which they promptly announced. Justin and Dickie had each come four times, so that would be four spankings each from Mr. Melick for cumming on his bus, and a total of five each from us girls, one for each come and one for the time they made their partner come. Charlie had come three times, earning three spankings from Marcie's dad and four from us. Ray and Teddy each had two each from our driver and three from the "Sisters Brigade, as Kathy now dubbed us.

Kenny was the lucky one in all this, having only come once, when Teddy had been jerking him off. So the little prick was getting off easy, one spanking from Mr. Melick and two from the Brigade. But Marcie, supported by her mom, had other ideas. She added another from us girls for his "disrespect" when he first boarded the bus.

"No way, it's not fair!" the crying Kenny loudly protested to his cousin, mom, aunt, us and the whole world.

"Well, that's too bad," replied Marcie, "and you just earned one more for protesting. Care for some more, little boy?"

"No, Marcie, ma'am," mumbled her sobbing cousin.

The adult organized everything. As between them, the boys had twenty-four spankings due from us girls, we were each assigned four to give. I had Kenny, Ray, Charlie and

Justin. Marcie's dad would give each boy one spanking, splitting the other ten they had coming between the other five adults, two apiece. Each spanking would be hand, smacks equal to the boy's age.

So very soon, we had a spanking marathon going on full swing, a real "spankathon." Oh my, Dear Diary, the screaming, shouting, howling, wailing and just plain crying was unbelievable. I was almost sorry I hadn't brought my ear plugs, but on the other hand, that racket the boys were making was music to my ears.

Our red bottomed boy troupe put on a wonderful dance performance, doing a much better "Full Monty" than the guys in that movie. I just loved all those boy dicks and balls bouncing all over the place! I bet our crew even out danced those Chippendale dudes, not that I've ever seen them. It's kind of weird when you think about it. I get to see all these naked boys, with boners yet, and to play with their dicks, but I'm not old enough to see some men dancing who don't even strip all the way down.

A little after thirty minutes, our "rest" stop was over. As I was getting on the bus, I spotted the family that Charlie and Dickie had encountered at the restrooms. I had been so engrossed with our naked bus boys that I hadn't noticed that this family had stayed around for our entire show.

"Now, that's what I should do to your brother when he pulls his shenanigans," I overheard the mother tell her daughter.

"No mommy, no," blubbered the little boy, tears streaming down his face.

All four of the moms in our group went over to talk to the other mom. Mrs. Melick wrote something on a piece of paper, handing it the lady. Her son was still crying. Jeez, what a baby! No one had touched him, he had all his clothes on, he wasn't hurting, but he was crying.

The family headed toward their car, our moms boarded the bus. From my window, I could see the little boy's mother starting to strip him. At least now, he'd have something to cry about!

And then we were off to the retreat, the wonderful retreat. The four mommies suggested that we let the boys rest their dicks the remainder of the way, so they would be fully ready for all the surprises awaiting them. But the telling of that will have to wait till next time, Dear Diary. Tomorrow is a school day, and mom is hollering up for me to go sleep. I always listen to mom, after all, I don't want to risk losing control over my naked brat brothers and end up being a naked brat myself!

## Betty's Diary: My Most Wonderful Retreat

Dear Diary,

Betty here again. When I stopped writing the last time, the bus had just left the rest area after we'd spanked all the boys. Our four moms, backed up by the two dads, insisted that we six girls give the boys' dicks a rest. So we did, but that didn't keep us from staring, the sight of six naked boys being much more interesting than anything out the window!

After another thirty-five minutes or so, we pulled off the highway onto a gravel road. Driving a short distance around two bends, we arrived at the retreat, my most wonderful retreat. It was the start of the greatest, most fantastic weekend any of us six girls had ever had. And the most horrible the six boys had ever had. Let me tell you all the glorious details.

"All off," announced our driver, Mr. Melick. He's the father of my friend Marcie, who's twelve like me. Marcie's entire family was on this trip. Her mother, her eight-year-old sister Susie, and big brother Ray, fifteen. Of all the boys, Ray, who was also the oldest of the bunch, had by far the biggest prick and balls.

"Each girl grab a boy's dick," instructed my mom who, along with my dad, was on the bus. As, of course, were my brat brothers, the no longer so big thirteen-year-old Teddy and our ten-year-old with the hairless little dickie, Little Dickie.

Kathy's mom made the assignments, girl to boy. Kathy, also twelve, was my other friend on this adventure, accompanied by her mom and younger sister Nancy, ten. Both her brothers were among our boy victims, Charlie, fourteen and still hairless, and eleven-year-old Justin, also hairless, and like Dickie, a dry cummer. Charlie, despite his age, only leaked a few clear drops whenever he came. Ray and Teddy, both with hair, were our only two real shooters.

"Okay, everyone, let's go," said Marcie's Aunt Jenny. She was the fourth mom of the group. She was aboard with her nine-year daughter Rachel and twelve-year-old son, Kenny. Kenny, like the other boys, was, of course, naked. In many ways, Kenny was the most interesting of the boys. His no longer so private privates were bigger than the little boy ones of Dickie and Justin, but not as big as Teddy's and Charlie's. Kenny also had hair down there, not anywhere as much as Teddy, who himself had much less than Ray. But the most intriguing thing about Kenny was that despite his hair, his thing was still a dry cummer like our youngest two boys!

We marched off the bus. I led Ray by his dick, followed by the others. Marcie with Charlie, Kathy with Teddy, then

*Nancy and Kenny, followed by Rachel and Justin, with Susie and Dickie bringing up the rear.*

*We were outside a large house. Marcie's mom unlocked the door. We entered into a very large living room. Two huge sofas seating five people each and a smaller one for three lined two of the walls. Against another wall were nine hard wood chairs, each with a large diameter screw hole in the center of the seat. Each boy had his name taped to one of the chairs, leaving three unassigned chairs.*

*A coffee table was in front of each sofa. My attention was immediately caught by the array of goodies on the tables. Not the snacking kind, but the smacking kind. Paddles, hairbrushes, straps, tawses, several cat-of-nines, even a selection of canes. I didn't even know that they still made canes, now that British schools aren't allowed to use them.*

*Also on the table also, various containers of lubricants and ointments, and even lemon juice. As well as a collection of Hand cuffs, both the metal police kind and soft clothes ones.*

*I knew right then that this was going to be one fun weekend for us girls, and one hell of a weekend for the boys. And, boy, was I ever right!*

*"Okay, first things first," announced Mrs. Melick. "Let's get everyone settled into their rooms." The adults had rooms upstairs. My mom and dad in one, Marcie's parents in another, with Kathy's mom and Marcie's Aunt Jenny sharing a room with two large beds. That left two empty bedrooms, one with two beds, one with one bed.*

*Us girls had a downstairs room to ourselves, with an adjacent bathroom. This room was set up with nine very comfortable cots, three more than we needed.*

*The boys also had their own room, next to our's, with the hallway door removed. Unlike us, they only had nine thin mattresses on the floor, each covered by a bottom sheet, but without top sheets or blankets. Their large doorless bathroom was off the hall, this had three sinks, three toilets, and three shower stalls with clear see through curtains. They certainly weren't going to have any privacy this weekend!*

*Once we were all settled in, we gathered back in the living room. The boys on their hard chairs, the rest of us on the nice soft sofas.*

*"Each of you girls is in charge of whatever boy you brought in from the bus," started my mom. "You are responsible to make sure that at all times your boy follows the house rules."*

"What are those?" asked Susie.

"First," Marcie's mom took over, "except when in bed, each boy is to have a boner at all times, unless one of us mothers say otherwise."

"And except for five minutes after cumming," my mom modified.

"Which brings us to rule two," continued Mrs. Melick. "You control when the boys can cum, any cumming without permission, or not cumming when ordered by you, means punishment for that boy."

"Now for rule three," said Kathy's mom, "the boys are to have red bottoms at all times from fifteen minutes after getting up in the morning till they get in bed at night"

"How they get that way," said my ever helpful mother, "is up to you. But red means red, not white, not pink, not polka dot." We all laughed at that.

"What about purple?" asked Kathy.

"And black and blue?" asked Rachel. "My mom's always threatening to turn Kenny's butt black and blue"

"Well," her mother answered for the adults, "don't on purpose try for any of those colors, but if they happen, they happen."

I noticed that all the boys were squirming on their hard chairs. Little Dickie, Justin, and Kenny, our three non-shooters, were all crying already.

"I would suggest," said Kathy's mom, "that as much as possible you girls work as a team in enforcing the rules"

"Which," said my mom, "it's time to start doing, beginning with the red bottoms."

With that, we girls set to work in our roles as enforcers of the rules. We each had our boy get over our laps. I used a nice hairbrush on Ray, as did Susie on Dickie. Marcie elected to paddle Charlie, Rachel also used a paddle on Justin's bare behind. Kathy with Teddy decided on a cat-o-nines, and Nancy picked the tawse for Kenny's tender bottom.

As you can imagine, Dear Diary, it didn't take long for the room to be filled with the sound of crying, howling and wailing from our group of little and not-so-little boys. We all six kept up our spankings until each boy's behind was a brilliantly bright red. Once let up, they comically danced and hopped all over the place, dicks and balls flopping every which way.

"No rubbing that hiney," Susie hollered at her boy, our Little Dickie, whose little dickie and sack at the moment was giving quite an animated show. "And, get those dicks hard," our youngest girl added for good measure.

Quickly, the rest of us gave our boys similar orders. Then, the doorbell rang.

"Betty," asked my mom, "will you be a dear and get that please? It should be our special guests."

"Sure, mom, no problem," I answered, curious to see who these "special" guests were. When I opened the door, I was greeted by the sight of two naked little boys, younger than any of ours, hard dicks being held by two even younger girls. Behind the kids stood two smiling ladies. I recognized the brother and sister and their mother from our rest stop on the trip up, but had no idea who the other family was.

"Hi, come on in" I almost stammered in my surprise.

"Hello everyone," said the woman from the rest area. "I'm Theresa Jordan, Terry to my friends," she introduced herself. "That's my son Brandon, who's nine," she continued, pointing to one of the boys.

"And that's my seven-year-old daughter Lisa holding Brandon's little willy," said the other woman. She was right, Brandon's hairless circumcised dick was tiny, the smallest of any of the boys in the room. "By the way, I'm Joan Shaffer, Terry's next door neighbor," she finally introduced herself. "Brandon and my son Ryan," pointing to the other boy, "are best friends."

"That's my daughter, Taylor, holding Ryan's thing," Mrs. Jordan completed the introductions. "She's seven, like her friend Lisa." I noticed that both girls were big eyed, they couldn't stop staring at all the naked boys, dicks stiff as a board.

"How old is Ryan?" asked Nancy.

"He's eight," responded Mrs. Shaffer. Ryan, like Brandon, was hairless. Unlike Brandon, he was uncut. His dick and balls were bigger than best buddy Brandon's, but not quite as big as our Little Dickie's.

"I think," said Mrs. Melick, "that it's time for the new girls to redden the behinds of the new boys."

"And," said Kathy's mom, "the rest of you girls can demonstrate on your boys."

So that's what we did, giving a repeat lesson on our boys' already red bottoms. Lisa and Taylor caught on quick.

before long they had their two little boys screaming and crying just as loudly as our six, with bare bottoms just as red.

Once again, the boys were giving and howling their entertaining fire in the behind dance. Only this time, we had eight sets of dicks and balls flopping about, instead of six. Needless to say, the noise was music to the ears of all us girls. But, after awhile, it did get bothersome.

"Perhaps," said my mom, "you can quiet them down some by stuffing their mouths. Betty knows a perfect way, don't you honey?"

"I sure do," I enthusiastically replied, remembering the scene in our living room the other night when I made my brat brothers sixty-nine each other. "They can suck on each other's dicks."

"I'm no fag, I won't do it!" shouted Kenny.

"No way!" chimed in Charlie, "that's disgusting."

"You will do it," I emphatically told them and the other boys. "And no cumming, if you do, you and your partner both get spanked."

"That's not fair," protested Teddy.

"Yes it is," I told him, squeezing his balls just to show who was in charge. He moaned and quickly dropped to the ground, clutching at his sore nutsack.

In very short order, we had the boys sucking away. As our only two true ejaculators, we had Ray and Teddy teamed up. We put Charlie with Kenny, Justin with Brandon, and Dickie drew little Ryan. It was a most grand sight, Dear Diary, eight boy mouths working away on eight boy dicks, a sucking and slurping symphony so superb.

Before long, Little Dickie was our first boy to cum, his shaking and trembling giving him away. Almost immediately after, the other three "little" guys, Justin, Brandon and Ryan, also came.

"Keep sucking," I meanly instructed, "you'll get your spankings after supper."

"Which should be here in about an hour," Terry, our newly arrived mother, informed the room.

Well, as you can imagine, in that hour there was a lot of cumming going on. Brandon's little willy set the record, with six dry cums. Dickie and Ryan had five dry cums each, followed by four each for Justin and Kenny, also dry, of course. Charlie did his clear drop squirting act three

times. Teddy also unloaded into Ray's mouth three times, Ray reciprocating two times.

A little after an hour, the doorbell rang once more. Once more I opened the door, once more I discovered a surprise. This time, standing outside was a man, a girl older than me, and a teenage boy. The boy was in tee shirt and gym shorts. Each held four pizza boxes, making for an even dozen delicious smelling pies.

"Hello," said the man, entering with his entourage, "I'm Barry Brewer, Terry's brother. This is my son, Douglas and daughter Jacquelyn. Their mom had to work this weekend."

"Call me Jackie," said the girl, "I turned thirteen last week."

My Mom, Kathy's mom, and Marcie's Aunt Jenny took the pizzas from the new arrivals, putting them in the dining room.

"Doug's fourteen and in desperate need of some of the training I see is already going on here."

"Forget it," said Douglas. "I'm not getting naked, and I'm not doing that," pointing to the sucking boys on the floor.

"Young man, you will do whatever you're told," said his Aunt Terry, "starting with stripping bare assed naked this instant."

"I won't and you can't make me," said the defiant teen. Not a very smart move, as very fast all three men were all over him. They literally tore the clothes off him, despite his struggles, he rapidly was as naked as all the other boys. As I've said before, Dear Diary, my dad's not someone for a kid to argue with, you will definitely lose. And neither Mr. Melick nor Mr. Brewer were anywhere near being ninety pound weaklings themselves.

Douglas himself was slightly taller than our Teddy, with about the same amount of hair as that brat growing above his uncut prick. Duggie, as we started calling him after his sister told us he hated that as being a little boy's name, had balls about the same size as Charlie, making them somewhat bigger than my older brother's.

The men stood Duggie up. His aunt came over and squeezed his balls hard as she explained the new facts of life to him. Try as he could, the squirming boy couldn't escape from the hold of the three fathers or the punishing female hand pulverizing his most sensitive part. "You will be naked all weekend, you will not cover up in any way, you will have a hard on all the time, you only cum when told, your ass will be kept red, and you do everything you're told by any girl or adult in this room, when you're told. No

*arguing, no backtalk, no hesitation. Is that clear enough for you?"*

*"Yes, Aunt Terry," he sputtered out, tears steaming down his face, as he collapsed to the ground as the men released their iron grip on him.*

*"Jackie needs to redden up Douggie's behind before dinner," said Mrs. Melick, "and you girls need to freshen up your boys butts, too."*

*So, we gave the order for our cocksuckers to stop, giving their very sore dicks and mouths a much needed respite. All eight had bright red peckers, a color we quickly had their bottoms matching. Jackie took to spanking like a pro, going to town with a paddle on Douggie's white behind, which very soon matched the red hue of the other eight boys.*

*We lead the still crying boys by their sensitive sore dicks into the dining room for dinner. You would had thought that after all the cumming that had just taken place, the boys had no more in them. But we were wrong. In trying to keep hard, little Ryan dry came two more times, our other dries once each. Charlie, Teddy and Ray each spurted onto their food once, adding flavoring they weren't too pleased to have to eat. And we all found out that the red faced Douggie was most definitely a shooter, raining cum on his food three times.*

*I won't bore you with the details of the post dinner spankings for all the unauthorized cummings that had taken place while the boys were sixty-nining and eating. Suffice it to say that all nine brats were happy to drag their crimson aching sorry asses off to bed. And to let their by now very much hurting dicks recover for whatever new agonies awaited them in the morning.*

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*Dear Diary, Saturday was every bit as glorious as the night before. Before breakfast, we reawakened the fires in the boys' behinds, leaving all of them sobbing loudly. It was fun watching them stoke their dicks with one hand while eating breakfast with the other.*

*But the real fun started after breakfast. We girls decided that it wasn't fair that Douggie had missed out on the treat of tasting dick. So we set out to rectify that.*

*We had all the boys except Douggie line up standing next to each other. From the left, we had Ryan, Ray, Brandon, Charlie, Dickie, Terry, Justin and than Kenny all the way on the right.*

*"Okay, Douggie Dearest," instructed his sister Jackie, "starting with Ryan, you're to suck off each boy until he*

comes, and you just better swallow every drop that comes out of those pricks."

"And, oh boys," I added my own instructions, "you can let those dicks go soft, let Douggie do all the work. And, yes, you have permission to cum in his mouth."

Soon, the crying Douggie was working over Ryan's little boy thing, trying to bring him off. Which didn't take long at all, the moaning little guy treating us to the most violent dry orgasm any of us had yet seem. Ray's much bigger prick gave Douggie much more trouble, we weren't sure he'd swallow all the older boy's cum, but somehow, he managed to do so. Brandon, like his best friend Ryan, had an intense dry cum. Douggie obviously was a natural at cock sucking, Charlie was less problematic for him than Ray, spurting his few clear drops. Dickie dry came almost as strongly as the two youngest boys had. Surprisingly, Teddy deposited a bigger load into Douggie's mouth than Ray had managed. Justin and Kenny didn't disappoint, each having impressive dry cums of their own.

"Turn about's fair play," declared Jackie, "so each boy is to suck Douggie till he cums, eight boys, eight cums."

I never knew before what it meant when a story said someone blanched, but that's exactly what Douggie did, he most definitely blanched. "That's impossible," he shouted out in protest, "I can't cum eight times in a row, no man can."

"I don't care if it's possible or not," rebutted his sister, giving his balls a vicious squeezing, "that's exactly what you'll be doing. And, you're no man, you're just another little boy like all these others here."

Once more Douggie was on the floor, writhing in agony from his tortured nuts.

"Listen, twerp," interjected his Aunt Terry, "if you want to leave here tomorrow without destroyed balls, you better learn to stop arguing and start doing."

"Yes, Aunt Terry," came the weak reply from the sobbing teenager. No, make that little boy, his sister was right, they were all little boys, no matter their age.

We had the boys go in the same order they had lined up. Little Ryan, needless to say, had trouble even getting part of the bigger boy's prick in his mouth. But, giving it a valiant effort, he did, having the teen shooting in under two minutes. Ryan just couldn't swallow it all, some dribbled down the sides of his small mouth. Giving the size differential, we girls decided to be charitable and not impose punishment if the younger four couldn't manage to keep all the cum in their mouths, as long as they did swallow more than not.

Ray, being the biggest, had a much easier time of it, taking ten minutes to bring Douggie to his second climax. Ray, of course, didn't let a drop leak out. It took a struggling Brandon a little over twenty minutes to get Douggie to produce a much diminished load, a load small enough that the little guy actually swallowed it all.

Charlie huffed and puffed for a half hour only to be awarded with a few measly drops of thin cum. Trying as hard as he could, after fifteen minutes Little Dickie just couldn't get Douggie hard. The tears were furiously running down Doggies face, his nose running. By now, His dick had to be really sore and super sensitive. After another five minutes, Dickie had Douggie semi-hard, and five minutes later hard. Three minutes later, Douggie shuddered in an obviously painful dry orgasm. Now he was loudly sobbing, giving evidence to his distress.

"I think," said my mom, "that's all he can do now. You'll have to have the other boys try later today."

"Besides," said Kathy's mom, "it's time to redden up those behinds before lunch."

So, Douggie's dick got a rest, and all the boys got a spanking. At lunch, it took Douggie a while, gingerly stroking himself, before he could get a boner. His sister gleefully reminded him that his lack of respect in not being hard would mean an additional spanking later.

After lunch, the adults had a new delight for us girls and a new torment for the boys.

"I believe," said Kathy's mom, "that it's time to introduce the boys to the special feature of their chairs."

"What's that?" asked Marcie.

"These," said her Father, opening a box on the table in front of him. "They screw into the chairs." In the box were penis shaped pegs, in various sizes. "Pick out the one you want for your boy."

Little Susie picked first, taking the largest one. "That's probably a little too big for Dickie," her mom told her. "Why don't you try this one," she said, handing her daughter a peg that was about five inches long and three times thicker than Dickie's middle finger. So that's what the rest of us did, picking pegs about three times thicker than the boys finger sizes. The thickest, Ray's, was about seven inches long; the thinnest, Ryan's, was about four inches long. The other pegs were in between these lengths.

The two men screwed in the pegs for us while we had the boys bend over in front of us. Mom showed us which tube of

lubricant to use on their assholes. This was after she had us put on rubber gloves, of course. Boy, Dear Diary, you should have heard the screaming and crying just from having one finger stuck up their little behinds. If our skinny fingers were hurting them so much, I couldn't wait to see what the pegs would do.

We finished up our boys. I had Ray so slick, I was surprised at how easily and fast I could slide in and out of him. From what I could see, the other boys were just as well greased up. "Stand up and turn around," I ordered my charge. I was surprised, and gladdened, to see that he had a hard on, obeying that rule. Once all the boys were standing, it was obvious that all nine had boners from their finger fuckings.

As they stood in front of us, they couldn't stay still. Mrs. Melick explained why. "Oh, by the way, that lotion you used is specially designed to itch and burn, as is the stuff that the men put on the pegs."

"I think it's time you sent the boys to their chairs," said my mom. "And when you get there, you boys have two minutes to be fully seated on your peg, or else."

"Or else what," asked Lisa.

"Or else," mom replied, "we spank that boy, squeeze his nuts till they're ready to explode, and double the size of his peg."

A wicked idea came to me. "I think we should cuff them first."

"Good idea," agreed Marcie.

So we did, cuffing each boy's hands behind their backs, using the soft cloth things. Then we gave the order to "sit, now!"

It was hilarious, Dear Diary, watching the helpless and handless boys impaling themselves. Once they started down they couldn't stop themselves for long, their straining legs not up to the prolonged effort, they could only temporarily delay and slow the inevitable. Mom counted out the remaining time, "sixty seconds, fifty seconds," all the way down to "three, two, one, time!"

Somehow, the boys made it in time, give or take a second or two. I was surprised, they were all sobbing out loud, even Ray. Boy, oh boy, those pegs must really hurt the boys. I was also surprised that despite not being able to touch themselves, the boys all had raging hard ons.

But, the grown ups had yet another surprise. "Here, put

these around the boys' waists," said Marcie's Aunt Jenny, holding out some belts. As we attached the belts to our boys, we discovered that near the buckle was a clip, obviously designed for something to be attached.

"Now, for the masturbation rings," said Mrs. Melick. The men had these strange looking devices lined up on the table. Each was a small box with a short arm sticking straight out the side. On the arm was a small rubber ring gleaming with some kind of lubricant. Some of the rings were larger than the others. We could see that the arm slid back and forth along the box.

"They attach like this," said my mom as she put on Brandon's. The box hooked onto the clip, which was movable so that the ring was at the boy's dick. Mom put Brandon's little willy into the ring, which stretched to fit around his dick head. Next, she took a slimmer version of the ring from Kathy's mom, which she slid onto Brandon's little soldier, positioning it near the tip of his dick.

"The rings will expand or shrink with the size of his dick," said my mom, "so they'll stay in place if he gets harder or goes soft. The one on the end will keep the ring on the arm from slipping off."

Marcie's Aunt Jenny slid the arm all the way back to the base of Brandon's prick, and let go. The arm started sliding back and forth, jerking the eight-year-old off. Soon, we all had these clever devices stroking the other boys.

"How do they do that?" asked Kathy.

"It's called oscillation," explained my dad. "There's a spring in the box that causes the arm to move. If the boys would stay perfectly still, eventually, the arm would stop, unless you girls help it along. It doesn't take much to keep it moving, just give it a push like this."

"Sort of like the old self winding watches we had before battery watches," added Mr. Melick.

"What's a self winding watch?" asked Marcie.

"That sounds like a library research project for you when we get home," was the answer she got from her mom. Parents, thinking of school work even when we're having fun!

Brandon was the first to cum, but far from the last. We reminded the boys that as they didn't have our permission, each and every time they came would be a spanking.

We kept the boys on their pegs and in the rings for three hours. When it was over, I don't know what hurt worse, their assholes or their very red dicks. Ryan came fifteen times

that we counted, Brandon twelve, Dickie, Justin and Kenny were in a three way tie with eleven comes each. Of course all those were dry. Teddy had ten cums, the last two dry. Charlie also came ten times, the last four completely dry. Douggie and Ray each managed eight; Douggie dried up after a very weak fourth, Ray was shooting till his last one.

We removed the devices from the relieved boys. The other ones were drenched in sweat. We had them get off the chairs, there was an audible pop as each asshole came free of the now brown stained pegs. The boys were sent to the showers to clean up, with orders to be back in 30 minutes.

When the now clean boys returned, we of course demanded that they get their dicks pointing back up. It was great watching their distress, as they tried touching themselves as lightly as possible. After the dicks were all hard, we began the spankings for all those unauthorized cums caused by the rings. By dinner time, we had some mighty red bottoms glowing at us.

After dinner, we reddened up those bottoms some more. Then it was time for the remainder of Douggie's blow jobs. Teddy was up first, causing Douggie's still sore pride and joy to erupt after three minutes. Teddy, as I would expect from my now well trained slave brat brother, swallowed every last drop. Justin took in as much of Douggie's organ as he could, having him give up a somewhat smaller dose of cum after about eight minutes. Now, it was Kenny's turn at bat, at Douggie's bat that is. He took twenty minutes to produce a few drops, but it was a cum, so it counted.

After that, we made all the boys jerk off for us. After they came, Douggie dry this time, we freshened their bottoms up and sent them off to bed to dream of their final day here at my most wonderful retreat.

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On Sunday, we, of course, first spanked the boys and then had them produce boners. After breakfast we decided on some outdoors field and track. We divided the boys into three teams, based on age. Ryan, Brandon and Little Dickie, our three youngest, were one team. The middle three of Justin, Kenny and Teddy were another team. Charlie, Douggie and Ray were the other team. We had all the boys on a team stand back to back, forming a sort of three sided triangle. We next tied the boys on that team together by tightly looping a single length of rope around their balls. Unless they moved in perfect unison, the rope would painfully be yanking on each others balls. Ouch!

We went outside.

"Listen up," I said, "for each event, the team that finishes first doesn't get spanked. The team that finishes second

gets spanked, the team that's last gets a double spanking"

For our first event, we had the boys fast walk to some trees about 100 feet away and back. That was a hoot, as they struggled not to pull on their partners' balls too much. Didn't work, each team was in tears upon their return. Amazingly, the little boys were the fastest, then the big boys, and in last place the middle boys.

Next, we had them run to the same tree and back. This time the big boys were first, the middle second, and the little guys last. Several times, the little ones fell down, losing much time, talk about hurting.

For our last event, we had them lie on the ground and roll to the tree and back. Fortunately, the whole area was a well kept lawn. The middle boys, in much pain, finished first. The little boys were close behind, helped by their light weight. The big boys were last. The pain for them had been so bad that they literally at times had to stop in place for brief rests.

Once inside, we undid the boys and promptly doled out their spankings. Now they had sore bottoms to go along with their aching balls. That left only their dicks and assholes.

So, once more, we had them sit on their chairs, only this time with slightly larger pegs installed. We told them they were to jerk off till lunch time, no cumming allowed, of course. And of course, in that seventy-five minutes the idiots came each at least twice. Once more Ryan led the pack with five. Brandon pulled himself off four times, as did Dickie. Justin, Kenny, Teddy and Charlie all achieved a triple play. Duggie and Ray were our laggards, with two cums each.

Just before lunch, we sent the boys to clean up. Right before eating, we gave each boy a solid spanking, setting off some real fireworks in their bottoms. We promised the balance of their spankings at the rest stop on the trip home.

We had our final lunch at the retreat, packed up and prepared to depart. Everyone who came on the bus left on the bus, as did all the new kids and Mrs. Shaffer. Mrs. Jordan and Mr. Brewer followed in their cars.

We now had twenty-four people occupying the twenty five seats in the bus, with Mr. Melick again driving. As on the trip up, we made the boys keep their boners, which caused each one to cum one more time. All too soon for the boys we arrived at the rest stop, the same one as on the trip up. Being a beautiful Sunday afternoon, there were many more people about than on Friday. But that didn't matter, we made the boys get off, boners and all, for all to see.

*We pretty much did what we had on Friday, splitting the spankings up among us, ensuring that each boy received his allocated number. Oh, the tears were many, the howling loud, the anguish terrific, as each boy bottom was administered its multitude of spankings. Every bare bottom was a dark red, some bordering on purple, when we were finished. Many of the onlookers, some with children in tow, applauded when we finished, including two state troopers.*

*"Now, boys," mom announced to our bare bottom brigade, "from now on we parents have agreed that whenever possible, you're going to be kept naked, especially at home. You must obey any order from any girl, no arguing."*

*"If," said Kathy's mom, "a girl tells you to go stand naked in the front yard and jerk off for an hour, you do it"*

*"If," said Marcie's mom, "a girl wants to spank you, she can, for as long and as hard as she wants."*

*"If," said Marcie's aunt, "a girl wants to show your boner off to her friends, than so be it."*

*"As long as," said my mom, "it's not a place like school where it could cause trouble. But who knows, we plan to talk to your Principals and the people at the malls and some others."*

*All, this, of course had the boys crying even harder.*

*We said our good byes to the Jordans, Shaffers and Brewers, with promises made all around to visit soon. Turns out none of them live more than a forty minute drive from our house. The good byes said, us original bus people boarded for the journey home and the dawn of a new age for all of us.*

*And, that, Dear Diary, is the most wonderful story of my most wonderful retreat.*