

Public Property

Codes:(nudity, humil, spank, mast, oral, anal,cbt, shave, nc, multiple/mmm)

by Nialos Leaning
nialos@yahoo.com

a Nudie Juvie festival story

For Nudie Juvie Story Festival details and submission guidelines, and to find all of Nialos' Leaning's youth punishment and sexual humiliation stories, plus those of selected guest authors, visit the always free <http://www.asstr.org/~nialos>

Copyright 2004 by Nialos Leaning, all rights reserved. Permission for noncommercial free (no charge) electronic distribution and personal use reproduction of this story is hereby granted. All such distribution, re-posting and reproduction must be without alteration of this story in any way, must include this entire copyright notice, and must in their entirety retain the following statements:

"This story is intended for ADULTS ONLY. It depicts three young teen boys undergoing a court ordered naked punishment as public property subject to spankings and forced sexual activity. If you are not of a legal age in your locality to view such material or if such material does not appeal to you, do not read further, and do not save this story."

"This story is pure fantasy, written for the enjoyment of adults. Behavior depicted in this story may in real life be illegal or considered by society to be abusive, harmful, unacceptable or undesirable. The author neither advocates, condones nor personally engages in any such behavior."

"This story, as is all fiction, is fantasy and not reality. The author does recognize the difference between the two. Please do understand that some of us, including the author, enjoy such fantasy material."

"Compliments and constructive criticism are always welcome."

* * *

Public Property

by Nialos Leaning

a Nudie Juvie festival story

"I further declare your private parts public property for the weekend," declared the Judge, glaring at the three naked boys in front of him. Three naked boys who just three minutes before had been three dressed boys. Dressed until

the Judge had made them Naked in Public Persons, or Nippers as it was commonly called.

Now they were Nippers, and PP to boot, all because of their obnoxiously atrocious behavior yesterday at Brenner Woods, the local theme park. A theme park where they had run amuck, terrorizing little kids, frightening elderly visitors, annoying everyone, causing some minor damage, and slightly injuring several small children. The police charged them with a host of delinquent acts, ranging from disorderly conduct, to vandalism, to simple assault.

More serious were the aggravated assault charges for the injuries caused an eight year old boy and his ten year old sister. On a packed pedestrian bridge, the teen terrors, whooping loudly, running full tilt, weaving in and out among the throng, shoved the two siblings out of their way. The girl gashed her forehead hard on a railing, the resulting laceration requiring five stitches. The boy collided full force into a light post, breaking his left arm.

"I hereby suspend your public property time, except for those hours tomorrow and Sunday that Brenner Woods is open," continued the Judge. "However, for the entire time the park is open this weekend, you will be there and public property, accessible to one and all."

Thirteen year old Kenny burst into tears, not being able to control himself. Being a Nipper for the next two weeks was bad enough, but being PP for the weekend was much worse. Anyone and everyone would be allowed to touch and play with his privates, as much and as often as they wanted. Privates that he very much didn't want displayed, let alone played with by strangers. Privates that very much embarrassed him. The youngest of the three boys, and the smallest at just under five feet tall, Kenny's ball sack wasn't yet very fat, but did hang down low for almost two very noticeable inches. His penis hadn't kept pace with his balls, being barely bigger than little boy size. He had a very small, sparse dusting of public hair extending about a half inch to either side and to the top of his dick. Pubic hair that couldn't be seen if standing more than a few feet away.

"At the park," the Judge droned on, "you will be under the supervision of two court officers. As your disorderly and disruptive behaviour yesterday showed a total disregard for the discomfort, distress and pain you caused others, the officers will show no regard for any discomfort, distress, or pain you experience."

Now the two older boys, both fourteen, had tears of their own leaking from their eyes. Towering seven inches over Kenny, Donny was the biggest, and by a few months, the

oldest of the group. Eddie was two inches shorter than his older friend. Both boys were much more developed than Kenny, balls fatter and fuller; dicks not yet adult size, but well on the way; pubic bushes respectable and still spreading.

* * *

"Man, we'll going to stick out like sore thumbs," complained Eddie to his fellow Nippers sitting next to him in the car's back seat.

"Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of, that'll we'll be sticking out all the time," replied Donny, knowing this wasn't quite what Eddie meant.

"Trust me," smirked the female officer in the passenger seat, twisting to look at the three naked boys, "you'll definitely be sticking out, all the time."

"That's for sure," chimed in the male driver.

Arriving at the park a half hour before opening, the two dressed adults and three naked boys went to the security office near the main gate. Both Kenny and Eddie sported boners, all three boys blushed furiously red.

They were greeted by a male security officer and a female nurse. A pretty female nurse, the sight of whom sent a blushing Donny's dick soaring skyward.

"Take these," said the nurse, dispensing each boy two pills and a cup of water.

"What are they?" asked a hesitant Kenny.

"Oh," cheerfully replied the nurse, "just a little something to keep you hard and horny all day."

"We like," said the female officer, "to have our public property properly displayed to the fullest extent possible."

"And always ready for public use," added the male officer.

"I can't take this," said a sobbing Kenny, "it'll be too embarrassing to be out there."

"Yeah," Donny and Eddie agreed in unison.

"What did the judge say would happen if you didn't cooperate and follow all orders fully and immediately?" asked the female officer.

"That, that," stammered the still sobbing Kenny, "that for each time it happened he would add three more days of being Nipper and make us be public property for all that time."

"Then I suggest," barked the male officer, "that you take your medicine, now!"

Reluctantly, all three boys did exactly that.

Twenty minutes later, after having "PP" painted on their chests and backs, the three handcuffed and naked boys were led into the park. Thanks to the medicine, all three displayed raging boners. Boners that they were desperate to touch and rub, to relieve their ever growing horniness. Relief that could only come from the hands of others.

The boys were positioned facing the entry turnstiles; every man, woman, and child entering the park would see the three miserable miscreants' shameful predicament. It didn't take long for their predicament to grow worse, and their dicks harder. A church group of preteens, chaperones in tow, made a beeline toward the three red faced teens.

Immediately, little hands were pawing all over the teens' no longer private privates.

"Stop that," shouted Kenny, voice quivering as he fought not to shoot off in front of hundreds of people, including a gaggle of kids.

"No, you stop your complaining, this instant," said the male officer, four times smacking loud and hard the thirteen year old's bare bottom. "She has every right to play with the public property in your possession, the fact that it's still attached to you makes no difference. But, If you want, we can do something about that."

Kenny shut up, he knew exactly what the officer was implying. Everyone in school had heard the story of the kid who had his boy parts cut off for constantly trying to keep the public from playing with the public property between his legs. A boy supposedly in his school, but whom no one seemed to know. A boy no one knew because the story simply wasn't true, just another urban legend. An urban legend that the court officers loved to fuel and keep going, as a means of eliciting cooperation from young misbehavers.

"Hey, bet I can make this one shoot his stuff before you can make that one," said an eleven year old girl, firmly gripping Donny's dick.

"You'll on," replied her fellow group mate, a ten year old girl who quickly latched onto Eddie's stiff cock.

"I want to try too," said the nine year old girl grasping Kenny's about to erupt erection.

And so, all twelve of the nine to twelve year old in the group conducted a jerk off contest in front of the many people pouring into the park. A jerk off contest starring the three hapless teens' harder than rock cocks.

Four times, each teen had a pair of preteen hands, some belonging to girls, some to boys, rub him off. Four times three teen dicks exploded, spraying cum everywhere. When all was done, the laughing church going kids declared Kenny the winner, being the fastest shooter each round. The three soon to be high school freshman were a sorry looking mess, cum drying on their chests, on their legs, dripping in long ropey streams from their still hard dicks, white drops on the ground, Eddie's and Donny's whiter and thicker than Kenny's.

And then, things got worse.

"I know you!" loudly proclaimed an older woman in her seventies, "you're the hooligans who bumped me at the mall the other day." Her accusation finished, the picture perfect grandmother grabbed Eddie's balls, squeezing hard. Her two companions, also elderly women, did likewise to Donny and Kenny.

All three boys shouted out in pain, quickly doubling over, the determined revenge seeking senior citizens still firmly gripping increasingly painful balls.

"Easy, ladies," cautioned the female officer. "We don't want to damage our brand new public property."

"Just teaching them some manners," said the ringleader grandmother.

"That's fine," said the male officer, "and what you're doing is fine, as long as you don't break anything."

With that tacit permission, others rapidly lined up to try their own hand at some ball busting. First up were some eight and nine year old third graders, two boys and a girl. While their grasps were no where near as powerful as the three ladies, they were still painful on already sore nuts.

Next up a group of four high school boys, all jocks, had a go. Jocks from the same school the teens would be entering in the Fall. Jocks who recognized the three naked teens as neighbourhood troublemakers and pests. Each jock took a turn

squeezing each teen's tortured testicles, as hard as they could. Each competing to force the loudest screams from their naked victims.

Several more people, kids and adults, had a go at this game before the officers granted the near to fainting boys a reprieve. A short lived reprieve, as things got even worse.

Kenny spotted his family approaching, accompanied by Donny's and Eddie's. "Uh oh," the still panting, still sobbing teen alerted his two fellow sufferers, "we're in for it now."

And so they were. Kenny's fifteen year old sister and ten year old brother marched up to him, immediately attacking his aching genitals. Eddie's sisters, eleven year old twins, did the same to him. As did Donny's nine and twelve year old brothers to him. All three sets of parents stood by, smiling at their errant offspring finally getting their just deserts. Just deserts that after two more cums each got much more worse.

"let's get some pictures," said Eddie's mom.

"Good idea," agreed Kenny's dad.

"How about in the stockades," suggested Donny's mom.

In what seemed like a flash to the boys, they found themselves in the stocks used for "joke" family photos. Their heads and now uncuffed hands protruded through the holes; lower down, their still hard dicks and red balls vulnerably and clearly on display.

After a few pictures of the boys alone, their siblings got in the act. First one sibling, than the other, than both would stand next to their respective brothers. In some poses, siblings pointed to their brothers' exposed dicks and balls, in others they held the public property dangling from the teens' crotches, in others the teens were ejaculating streams of cum at the hands of their brothers and sisters.

Just when the teens thought they couldn't be anymore embarrassed, they were.

"Okay, our turn now," said Kenny's mom.

"I agree," said Donny's dad.

"Absolutely," agreed Eddie's father.

Now the parents, mothers first, then the fathers, then both as a team, repeated the actions of their non-stockaded children, including forcing a cum or two from each stockaded

boy.

Throughout their ordeal the red faced boys were acutely aware that not only were their own families, but many other people as well, including kids, were snapping pictures and shooting videos. They quickly realized that their embarrassment was going to live on well past the expiration of their Nipper time.

"I think it's spanking time," said Kenny's mom. All the parents agreed. A park supervisor quickly procured three paddles that had earlier been placed nearby for that very purpose.

"Ready, set, spank" gleefully shouted Eddie's dad. In unison, the three moms brought the paddles down on their still stockaded sons' bare behinds. Again and again the paddles descended, burning and reddening ever more painful bottoms. Again and again the three teens cried out, not believing their own mothers could cause them so much pain and suffering. Again and again, three pairs of teen feet danced on the concrete ground, furtively attempting to lessen the agony in their owners' hindquarters.

Then it got worse again. The fathers took their turn. Red bottoms turned crimson, cries became shouts, feet flew off the ground, legs flailed wildly, tears flowed freely, snot ran continuously. On and on it went, till the dads were exhausted, their exhausted sons not able to take anymore.

"Folks, we need to give the boys a little break now," said the male officer. We'll have them over at the Blaster in about twenty minutes."

* * *

The officers took the boys off to an employee break room, where they were joined by the nurse.

"Having fun yet," asked the female officer.

"No way," moaned all three boys, still in pain front and back, bottoms hurting, sore dicks throbbing, balls aching.

"well, we're going to fix that," said the smirking male officer, "you get to ride the Blaster next."

"Do we have to?" whined Kenny, instantly realizing that it wasn't going to be any fun, just more pain. The Blaster was an old fashion wood roller coaster, the kind that going downhill lifted riders a few inches off their seats, only to slam them back down as it started up the next incline. That was going to hurt on their already blistered bare bottoms.

"Yes you do," came the curt answer.

"But first you need to drink this," said the nurse, handing each boy a glass.

This time it was Donny who asked, "what is it."

"A special mixture to help you produce more cum," said the nurse.

"Can't have you running dry before the day's over," added the female officer.

Break over, the three naked boys, again cuffed, their public property pointing the way, and their two adult warders got in line for the formidable Blaster. During the almost fifteen minute wait to board, they were constantly fondled, bottom smacked, and Kenny once ball squeezed, for cumming on a fourteen year old girls hand. In all Kenny came three times, the other two boys twice.

At the top of the line, the boys were directed to the front seat in the front car. As they neared the boarding gate, all three boys stopped in their tracks. Sticking up from the seat were three long, thick, glistening dildos. Dildos that obviously were going only one place, up their butt holes.

"The park's mechanical department prepared that seats especially for you three," said the female officer.

"With your hands cuffed, can't have you falling out," said the male officer. "Those are big enough to keep you safe."

Suddenly, the smiling nurse was there, right hand latex gloved. She handed a glove to each of the two officers. "Bend over, boys," she said, "it'll be easier on you if you're lubricated up first."

The red faced boys reluctantly did as ordered. Rapidly, three greased fingers penetrated three assholes, the three assholes owning the invaded assholes moaning loudly and blushing furiously.

"All done," pronounced the nurse, to the applause of those in line.

The gates opened, the eager riders surged forward. Eager except for the naked boys at gate one, who did everything but surge.

"Move," ordered the male officer, "you're holding up the

ride."

Once onboard, the boys gingerly positioned themselves over their soon to be ravishers.

"Sit, now," demanded the female officer, pushing down on Kenny in the middle. A ride attendant similarly pushed Donny down, while another on the other side pushed on Eddie. Before the screaming boys were all the way seated, the attendants had the safety bars in place and the ride on its way up the first incline. Gravity took over, finishing what the adults hadn't, forcing the boys firmly all the way onto their impalers. The boys screamed louder at the unbelievable pain in their asses.

The ride reached the summit, and then started downward, raising the boys up a few inches on their dildos, only to quickly force them back down as the car rocketed up the next incline. In the next two minutes, the boys repeatedly went up and down on the anal invaders, the Blaster thoroughly and painfully raping their till then virgin bottoms. The constant slamming of their sore spanked behinds onto the hard wood bench only added to their misery and distress.

Finally, the ride ended. All three boys, tears copiously flowing, slowly, with a popping sound, unimpeded themselves. Walking somewhat bowlegged and gingerly, they accompanied the officers to the exit.

"Now for something much more sedate," said the female officer, "the lake cruise." A leisurely fifteen minute boat cruise that the boys found anything but sedate. Almost all their shipmates, especially a group of kids their age, took delight in constantly bringing them off, forcing four cums from Kenny and three from the older two boys. Kenny couldn't decide what hurt more at the moment, his very sore asshole or his very sore dick. He also wondered what was in the medicine the nurse was giving them, there was no possible way that he and his friends could cum as many times as they already had today, but somehow, they had.

"Lunch time," announced the male officer as the group departed the boat.

* * * * *

Lunch in the employee cafeteria was a welcome relief for the three teens, with no one trying to forcefully relieve them. All too soon the boys finished eating their meals, surprisingly good tasting meals that they were too distraught to taste.

"Time for a booster," announced the nurse, handing each of

her charges a cup of water and two more pills.

"Got to keep our public property ready and able," commented the male officer.

"Okay," said the female officer, "it's Playground time!"

"Oh no, not that, please," begged Kenny, the very though sending shudders throughout his trembling body.

"Yes, that," gloated the male officer, "it should be fun."

"Not for us," muttered Donny.

"This sucks big time," lamented Eddie.

But, their

protests were to naught, as all too soon the boys found themselves at the Playground, an area specially designed for preteens aged five to eleven.

"Hey, look at those dorks!" shouted a nine year old boy to his friend, also nine.

"Yeah, let's get them!" the friend yelled in reply. Immediately, the three handcuffed naked teens were surrounded by a mob of giggling pointing teasing youngsters, many of whose ages were still single digit.

"No big kids allowed!" scolded a seven year old girl.

"You have hair, you're big kids," said an eleven year old boy.

"If they're going to be here," said a nine year old girl, pointing to the boys pubic area, "they should look like us down there."

"Right!"

"Yeah!"

"Cut that hair off!"

"No hair! No hair!" a few kids began chanting, the others quickly joining in. "No hair! No hair!" resounded throughout the Playground, louder and louder, as the preteen mob worked themselves into a gleeful frenzy.

"The public has spoken about its public property," laughed the female officer, "your hair has to go, now."

In a matter of minutes park staff gathered up the necessary

supplies for the impromptu barbering. Barbering performed by eager not old enough to have pubes of their own amateur barbers. The three soon to be shaved teens, laying on their backs on picnic tables, were mortified, crying, and more red faced than ever. Faces that grew even redder when they spotted their families standing in the first row.

"That's right," the female officer instructed the eight year old girl gripping Donny's dick, "hold it out of the way."

"You're doing great," the male officer told the ten year old boy using an electric razor to shorn Donny of his badge of adulthood.

When Donny's bush was nothing but a stubble, another team took over. This time, a giggling six year old boy gingerly held the teen's prick while an equally giggling nine year old girl liberally rubbed shaving cream over what remained of his hair.

"Perfect," the female officer encouraged the nine year old girl, now using a disposable razor to do in the rest of Donny's soon to be non-existent hair.

"Hey, careful!" shouted Donny as another duo, ten and eleven year old girls, went to work stripping the hair from his balls. "Ouch!" he yelled as one of the girls pressed down a little too hard on his all too sensitive family jewels.

Once no hair was left anywhere to be seen on or around Donny's genitals, other teams took turns ridding him of his underarm growth. And then, the worse indignity of all, wildly laughing kids removing what little hair he had in and near his anus. Teenager or not, he couldn't help but burst into tears at this embarrassment, his red tear streaked face reflecting his abject shame.

At the same time as Donny, other kiddie teams attended to Eddie and Kenny, treating them to the same treatment as their leader.

Before long, the now hairless, crying, red faced no longer tough guy tough guys stood in the midst of the jeering crowd of preteens. A jeering crowd of preteens that quickly subjected the teen trio to another endless round of thirty minutes of continuous fondling, cumming, and ball squeezing.

"My dad says that bad boys deserve a good spanking," pronounced a ten year old boy.

"Yeah, and these there were bad, weren't they?" chimed in an eight year old girl.

"Your dad's right," the male officer told the boy.

"And yes, they've been bad boys," confirmed the female officer to the girl.

The three bad boys found themselves bent over the picnic tables, an enthusiastic line of kids standing behind each bare behind. The three teens' two siblings each made a point of letting them know that they too were in line, even though Kenny's fifteen year old sister and Donny's twelve year old brother were technically too old for Playground activities.

One by one, the young wielders of justice in the never ending lines stepped forward to deliver two smarting paddle smacks to the bare bottoms of the bad boys in front of them. Bare bottoms that quickly turned redder and redder, causing crying to become howling, leg fluttering to escalate to dancing in place, dancing in place to devolve into furious kicking. When the kicking grew so wild that the kids couldn't safely stand close enough to deliver any more blows, the officers called a halt.

"Sorry guys," announced the female officer, "we have to give these guys a break."

"Not that we want to," added the male officer.

* * *

"Here, have a drink," said the nurse, handing each boy a glass.

"Have to make sure you make plenty of cum on the Boardwalk," smirked the female officer.

"I don't think we're going to like this," said Eddie.

"Probably not," replied the male officer, "but that's your problem."

"The park's prepared some special games, just for you," said the female officer.

Their break over, the two officers led the three again handcuffed naked boys to the Boardwalk. The Boardwalk was the park's game area, set up like a seaside boardwalk with arcades, games of chance, souvenir stores, food stands, and a few rides.

"Get a hole in one in our special holes, win a special prize," barked the barker at the Boardwalk' miniature golf course. A miniature golf course on which the three naked teens were on prominent display, bent over and tied to

wooden frames, their public property visibly dangling between their legs, large wicked looking corkscrewed dildos positioned just inches from their gaping assholes. Dildos that were mounted on arms extending from small machines, machines that to the boys' ears hummed menacingly.

Every time a player made a hole, one or more of the dildos spun round and round, moving closer to the terrified teens' holes.

"You're in for it now," gloated a chuckling twelve year old boy to Kenny, whose dildo was the closest to making entry of the three, barely brushing against his bare crack. The boy sunk his put into hole five, starting the machine.

"Oh no, ouch!" shouted Kenny as the corkscrewing invader invaded his most intimate, most secret spot.

"Hole in one!" shouted the barker over Kenny's screams, "we have a winner!"

Soon the older two teens were screaming right along with Kenny, as all three dildos drilled deeper and deeper into their sorer and sorer butt holes. When the ass ravishing devices couldn't penetrate any further, they were roughly pulled out and repositioned. In all, the teens had to endure three rounds of being ass fucked by the devious ass destroying devices. And than, they were led off to an even worse fate, a fate designed to inflict agony on the public property on their front side.

"Bust a ball, smash a bat, be a winner!" shouted the booth attendant. "One hit is all it takes to win, the more hits, the bigger the prize."

"There those dorks are," said a sixteen year old boy accompanied by an eight year old boy with his left arm in a cast and a ten year old girl with a bandage on her forehead. They were with a group of two other teen boys and four other preteens.

The three naked teens at the back of the booth visibly shuddered, recognizing the two injured kids as the very two they had injured yesterday on the bridge.

"No one hurts my little brother and sister and gets away with it," shouted the angry sixteen year old. "we've been watching you all day, and now it's our turn."

"You're going to get it good," gleefully proclaimed the eight year old boy. "He's a star pitcher, you know."

The three boys in the booth began shaking even more badly.

They recognized not only the pitcher, but the other two teens as being all star starters for the high school baseball team. All three of the naked delinquents were positioned behind wood backboards extending from their shoulders to a little above their knees. Their public property genitals were pulled through a hole in each board. Their balls dangled down directly in front of the unyielding boards, their hard dicks pulled upward and tied flush to the boards by a string just under their exposed dickheads.

"Prepare for extreme pain," shouted the sixteen year old pitcher as he picked up the first of his five hard rubber balls. His two teammates did likewise.

"Ready, aim, fire," shouted the pitcher.

"No," screamed the three exposed teens as three balls rapidly sailed toward their vulnerable public property. Three fast balls that quickly impacted onto three sets of boy balls.

"Strike one!" joyfully shouted the eight year old.

"Owww! Uh Um! Motherfucker! Hurts! Oh God! Shit!" were among the few discernible words among the mostly incomprehensible ear splitting yells emitting from the struck teens' mouths. Teens who suddenly had a desperate need to double over and clutch themselves, a need denied by their hard boards and handcuffs.

"Do it again," the ten year old excitedly urged her big brother on.

"You've got it," he said, letting lose another scorcher in unison with his teammates. These three fireballs landed squarely on three teen dickheads, renewing the screams of the three dickheads owning those dickheads.

"Strike two!" umpired the broken armed boy.

"Again," demanded the forehead bandaged girl.

"Foul ball" hollered the eight year old as the third pitches fouled full force the offenders' painfully aching public property balls.

"Ball one" was the declaration for pitch four, solidly smacking into each teens' dick mid-shaft.

As the three ball destroying ball players wound up for their fifth and final pitches, the strident screaming of the three tremendously tearful teen troublemakers could be heard far and wide.

"Strike three!" sickeningly smashed soundly onto already pounded balls, causing the already retching teens to vomit up their lunches.

After a brief reprieve for clean up, the preteens had their turn, starting with the injured boy and girl and another boy, and then followed by the other three pre-adolescents.

As many of their shots missed as struck home. None of their throws had anywhere near the ferocity of the high school stars, but those that made it home proved painful enough on already painfully swollen genitals.

Then several rounds of adults had a try, some throwing as hard as the teen ballplayers. This resulted in more tears, more snot, more hollering, finally culminating in more retching and vomiting. At which pint the officers called a halt to their charges torture.

"Dinner time," announced the female officer to the still loudly crying boys, boys who had to be assisted in walking by the officers and a park security person. The wobbly boys stepped gingerly, as every sway of their aching genitals caused agonizing agony to shoot through their bodies.

* * *

The bare boys barely ate, stomachs still in a turnover over their ball busting ordeal at the booth. As at lunch, the nurse gave the boys a booster dose of their pills. Despite all three of their sobbing pleas, she refused to give them anything to ease their pain and discomfort.

"Didn't the Judge say we were to ignore your discomfort and pain?" demanded the male officer.

"Yes, sir, he did," the distressed Kenny managed to sobbingly reply.

"Well then," said the female officer, "no painkillers for you."

Till dinnertime ended, the still tearful boys picked at their food, nibbling a bite here and there, sipping an occasional sip of their drinks.

"Showtime!" announced the male officer, "let's go."

Showtime was Brenner Park's amphitheater in the round, seating almost two thousand people. It was used for special shows, special shows far different than the special show the three teens were about to perform there.

"Howdy everyone," the actor in the Farmer Jack costume greeted the packed amphitheater, "welcome to my barnyard and Showtime!" Thunderous applause rained down, causing the three naked barely costumed boys backstage to noticeably nervously twitch.

"Now, I would like you to meet my three cows," the farmer told his audience. Tremendous laughter erupted as the three naked teens came on stage, walking on all fours, making "mooing" sounds as previously instructed. Black and white spots were scattered about various parts of their bodies, except mid-section, contrasting nicely with the adjacent unpainted skin area. Their heads were adorned with hats resembling cow faces, cloth cow ears flapped from their own ears. A cowbell dangled down from a cord loosely looped around the neck of each boys' ball sack. The boys blushed brilliantly red, knowing just how ridiculously ridiculous they looked and felt.

"Of course," said the farmer, "cows have to be milked. This being an educational farm, do we have any kids who want to learn how?"

An enthusiastic "me, me," from many young voices roared back toward the stage. Quickly, the farmers farmhands had a group of students signed up, mostly preteens, but also several young teens around the naked cow boys' ages.

Following the farmer's instructions, for three rounds, young hands "milked" the teens hard dicks, pumping their cum into clear plastic buckets.

"And now, for some special milkers," the farmer sprung his surprise for the final round. Up on stage came their eight year old broken arm victim, his ten year old stitched head sister, and a nine year boy whom the teens recognized as a neighborhood kid they bullied all the time.

"These cows have been mean to you," the farmer told the three preteens, "and no good farmer can allow that. You have to train them to behave, no matter what."

The three younger kids began milking the three older kids. The farmer, paddle in hand, continuously circled around, constantly smacking the teens' bare bottoms. This increased the three naked boy cows bucking, increasing the effectiveness of the milking hands on their dicks. When the trio had somewhat painfully cum into the bucket, the three little kids switched places. The milking resumed, the spanking resumed, the teens misery and shouts of discomfort resumed. After all three crying cows dribbled a painful few drops into the buckets, the preteens switched places for the

final milking. Bare bottoms burning, tears running freely, the straining teen cows managed to push a drop or two of cum out, finishing their milking.

The boys received a short respite as they were made to stand and contentiously circle the stage, showing off their public property while a song and dance troupe of middle school students performed "Farmer in the Dell" and two other farm related songs.

As the troupe finished, the nurse appeared. "We need to reinforce you boys," she said, giving each a cup of medicine to drink. "This is double dose, can't have you dry for the next bit."

As the applause for the middle school performers died down, the farmer reentered the stage.

"Oh, Mr. Farmer," a sultry female voice asked from offstage, "don't calves have to suckle their mamas?"

"Yes, indeed, they do," boomed the farmer, "and so do mine."

And that's how the three teen brats found themselves sucking each others' cocks in front of several thousand men, women, and children.

As Kenny went to work on Donny's overworked cock, the farmer informed, "hungry calves don't spill a drop of their mama's milk, they swallow it all, and so will you."

While Kenny was feeding on Donny's dick, Eddie was walking around the stage, beating his meat for all to plainly see. Both Eddie and Donny came about the same time, producing much more spunk than their previous cum, thanks to the nurse's magic concoction. Despite his coughing and dry heaving, Kenny made a valiant effort to drink all of his "mama's" milk, but still "spilled" a few drops, white cum running down his chin.

"Don't let that happen again," shouted the farmer, smacking Kenny's bare behind twice with the paddle, "or you're be in big trouble. Do you understand?"

"Moo," answered Kenny to much laughter, remembering that the three cows were not allowed human language.

Next Donny suckled Eddie, with Kenny parading about pounding his pud. After those cums, it was Eddie's turn to do Kenny, with Donny doing the stage prancing. After finishing, the boys' relief at being done with this disgustingly degrading act was short lived.

"That was so good, who wants a repeat?" the farmer asked.

"Encore, encore!" immediately overwhelmingly responded the applauding audience.

"You heard them, cows," said the framer, do it again."

This time, Donny did Kenny, Eddie did Donny, and Kenny did Eddie.

For the closing act, the middle school group came back on stage. As they sang one more farm song, the three teens, "moo moo" mooing all the way, danced about, beating their public property cocks to the beat of the tune, each cumming a last time to the delight of the cheering audience.

And thus ended the boys less than delightful and much less than fun filled humiliating day at Brenner Park. In the car, all three were crying, reviewing in their minds the terrible events of the day, dreading the sure to be worst events of tomorrow. They were all convinced now that the price of a life of crime was too high to pay. A price that was sure to continue long after tomorrow was over, in the form of their neighbours and classmates ridicule and teasing, not to mention the embarrassing pictures that would be showing up all over the place.

*** END ***