

Зофия Мельник

**Femdom.
BDSM.
Spanking.
Summer rods
for
Marek**



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http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=63704722

SelfPub; 2023

Аннотация

The novel of the modern writer Sofia Melnik is devoted to female domination (femdom, bdsm) and corporal punishment (spanking, canning). The hero of the book, Marek Dembicky, is a lazy, undisciplined young man. Pani Felicia loves her nephew, however, this does not prevent her from severely punishing Marek when the young man commits bad deeds. Along the way, many other characters subject Marek to corporal punishment and humiliation: teachers Kazimir, Zdenek and Bozhena, maids Gracia and Alisha, neighbor Zofia, her daughter Irenka and others. To punish a young man, various devices are used – a comb, nettle, belt, rod, rattan cane. The novel features scenes of foot fetish and cunnilingus. All characters in the book are over 18 years old.

Содержание

PROLOGUE	4
CHAPTER ONE	8
CHAPTER TWO	13
CHAPTER THREE	19
CHAPTER FOUR	22
CHAPTER FIVE	25
CHAPTER SIX	29
CHAPTER SEVEN	34
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	39

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PROLOGUE

Marek fell asleep when the taxi was driving up to Kartuzy and woke up in twilight, because the car was shaking on a bad road. Behind the dusty window were floating dark trunks of pine trees. The headlights illuminated a green-painted fence. And behind the fence, Marek did not so much see as guess the familiar silhouette of a large country house.

"Is there the right place, pan?" the driver asked Marek, looking back to him, "the very house?"

"Yes, that's the house of Pani Felicia," answered Marek, "we're at the place."

Cicadas crackled in the garden. Marek and Pani Felicia were sitting in the living room at the table covered with a white cloth drinking tea from a samovar. A kerosene lamp burned on the table. The light from the lamp in the living room was low, and there were deep shadows in the corners of the room. There was a sideboard with faience, a wide sofa covered with a blanket, and closer to the window there was a high desk with a narrow sloping

table top against the wall. The aunt was sitting next to Marek, drinking tea from a saucer. Pani Felicia was in her early thirties. She was a tall, shapely woman, full-breasted and with seductive hips. His aunt had the pretty round face. Her long dark brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail. From under her bangs, which his aunt kept brushing away with her hand, her merry brown eyes looked at Marek, reflecting the fire in them.

"How much you've grown, how handsome you've become." Pani Felicia repeated, smiling at the young man and ruffling his hair with her hand.

Marek was drinking tea, burning himself. Gracia, the maid, in a modest dark ankle-length dress and a white apron with lace trim, set them a bowl of jam and a platter of pies on the table. Gracia was tall and thin girl with thoughtful green eyes and a long brown plait.

Having finished tea, Aunt Felicia began reading a letter from Marek's older sister Xenia. For the past year the young man had lived with Pani Xenia in Torun. Marek's parents went to work on a contract to Australia for a few years. It was a high-paying, prestigious job. They didn't want to lose the chance but they couldn't take Marek with them,

Frowning, she finished the letter and looked at Marek without a shadow of smile.

"Xenia writes that you are not a good student," said Pani Felicia. "And you didn't get a certificate this year. You couldn't pass physics, literature, and history. This is bad!... Xenia also

writes that you need to be flogged every day..."

Marek blushed and stared into his cup of tea. Gracia laughed softly. Pani Felicia shook her head and put the letter aside.

"Oh, Marek, Marek! You are the smart boy but you're so lazy," his aunt said, "I'll have to find teachers for the summer to pull you up for the exams, and here's something else. If you want, you don't have to go back to Torun to my sister when the fall comes, you could live with us. It's a big house, and I'll put you up in the outhouse."

"Thank you, Aunt Felicia," Marek said.

The young man had already visited his aunt two or three years ago. Marek remembered this large dacha and the pine tree forest and the lake nearby. Here, in a dacha village, there lived a girl with whom Marek were friends and with whom he was secretly in love. Katarzhina by name.

"You're at a difficult age," his aunt sighed and looked sadly at Marek through the bangs that had fallen over her eyes. "Pani Xenia writes that you absolutely do not know how to behave... Marek, do not expect me to close my eyes to your bad deeds! For your own good, I will be strict with you. Do you understand me, Marek?"

"Yes, Aunt Felicia," said the young man without raising his eyes.

"Whatever happens I will always love you," continued Pani Felicia. "Don't ever forget that. And try not to be offended if I have to punish you."

"I promise, Pani Felicia."

"Very well! Now kiss your beloved aunt and go to bed."

CHAPTER ONE

Marek woke up early in the morning because of the sunlight and birds song. In his dream Marek saw Aunt Felicia's beautiful, sad face in the dim light of the living room. Her bare full arms. Then the young man dreamed of a naked Gracia. The maid had small breasts and long, thin legs. Gracia walked around the garden, smiling thoughtfully and cutting birch twigs... while Marek was sleeping, his penis rose and hardened. The young man yawned and, throwing back the blanket, slowly began to pull his penis with the hand. For the past year Marek has been doing this handwork every morning.

The door creaked and his aunt looked in for some reason. Pani Felicia's laughing brown eyes ran around the room. Marek felt hot with shame, covered himself with a blanket and turned to the window. Marek hoped her aunt would pretend not to notice and leave. But it didn't work out that way. Pani Felicia quickly crossed the room and, bending over the bed, grabbed Marek by the earlobe.

"Now, you naughty boy, come with me!"

The aunt twisted Marek's ear painfully. Pulling up his pajama pants Marek got out of bed and shuffled barefoot across the cool wooden floor after Pani Felicia. They went through the dark corridor and came into the living room. It was bright with sunlight. The smell of coffee beans was delicious. The

gantly Gracia was standing with a coffee pot in her hand, and Katarzhina was sitting at the table. Thin and beautiful as a picture, with bright blue eyes and curly hair the color of ripe wheat scattered over her shoulders. The second maid, Alisha, was dusting the sideboard.

"Here, look at our guest!" his aunt said, not letting go of Marek's ear. "Tell pani Katarzhina what you were doing in bed."

The young man stood in the middle of the living room in pajama pants, red-faced with shame and looked at the floor.

"Well, then I'll tell you. My dear beloved nephew, Marek, was engaged in masturbation!"

There was a silence in the living room. They could hear a fly hitting the window glass. Marek glanced at Pani Felicia, and realized that his aunt was seriously angry with him. Her plump lips were pursed with resentment, her brows were frowned, and her eyes glowed with anger.

"Go to the desk! And you, Gracia, please bring the belt."

At first, Marek wanted to tell his aunt that he was an adult already and should not be punished. The young man wanted to shout that if Pani Felicia laid a finger on him he would immediately leave her house. Then Marek thought that there was the exact way that a boy would do on his place. The young man decided that it would be better to endure the punishment in silence, preserving his dignity. Marek forced his feet to move to the desk near the window. His aunt gave him a light push on the back of the head, and he obediently lay down on his stomach on

the narrow table top.

"Good morning, Marek," Pani Katarzhina said, "I haven't seen you for ages! As soon as you're free we'll surely talk about everything."

Marek looked at Katarzhina and saw that pannochka's eyes were laughing, and her wheat-colored hair was burning in the morning light. Katarzhina found the situation with the young man's punishment a little piquant and funny. And Marek was ashamed and wanted to fall through the ground. And even more, the young man was afraid to burst into tears.

The maid took a wide worn belt from a nail on the wall and brought it to the aunt. Pani Felicia pulled off Marek's pajama pants and lowered them down to his knees. The young man heard Pani Katarzhina laugh softly. At this moment, Marek seemed to see himself from the outside. Now he was lying on his stomach on the desk and his pajama pants had slipped off his knees and fallen to the floor, covering his bare feet. Aunt Felicia, Pani Katarzhina, and the two maids look at his bare pale buttocks.

The aunt lifted Marek's pajama shirt over his shoulders and took the belt from the maid. Gracia walked around the desk and took the young man's hands firmly in hers.

"Ten strokes will be enough for the first time, I think," said the aunt and she slapped on the thin boy's ass with her strong hand but not too hard.

Marek's whole body shuddered. He was lying on his stomach on the narrow sloping table top looking out of the window. Near

the verandah in the front garden there were lilac bushes and the sunlight burned on their leaves.

Pani Felicia sighed. Pursing her lips she swung the wide leather belt across the boy's bare buttocks. Marek jerked on the desk but the maid held his wrists tightly. The impact of the belt burned then the pain slowly faded.

"One," said Pani Felicia. She took the hand with the belt back, lingered a moment and gave it a second lash.

"Two... Don't you dare do any handwork in my house! It's disgusting!" the aunt said and lashed Marek for a third time.

His buttocks burned so that he gave a short cry and jerked again, and again Gracia held his hands.

"Three!... Four!... Five!"

After counting out five strokes, the aunt took Marek by the chin and looked into his face.

"And remember something well," said Pani Felicia, looking into the young man's eyes, "Every morning I will come to the outhouse and if you behave like a pig again... another time you will get whipped with rods! You must get rid of this bad habit once and for ever."

"Yes, Aunt Felicia."

Pani Felicia nodded to Marek and caressed his cheek with her hand...

Either the aunt began to lash more painfully or the young man's buttocks became more sensitive from the blows of the belt, but Marek got unable to endure the punishment in silence.

The young man twisted on the desk and could not contain his screams. Alisha, the maid, stood with a duster by the sideboard and watched the punishment without taking her eyes off. Alisha was a short hard-boned girl. She had a broad expressionless face small bright lips and narrow black eyes.

"Six!... Seven!... Eight!... Nine!... Ten!" counted Pani Felicia.

Gracia let go of Marek's hands. The young man bent down and pulled on his pajama pants. His buttocks, whipped by the belt, were on fire.

"Still corporal punishment is something like the dark ages in our enlightened age," said Katarzhina pushing aside her cup of half – finished coffee, "it looks so... so vulgar, if you like!"

"You may be right, my dear," Pani Felicia sighed, "but what are you going to do with these unbearable young men?"

The aunt gave the maid the belt.

"Marek, change for breakfast and we are waiting for you. And thank me for the spanking."

And Pani Felicia held out her hand for the young man to kiss. Marek looked at his aunt's face. Pani Felicia gave him a sad smile and straightened her unruly bangs that had fallen over her eyes.

"Thank you for the spanking, Pani Felicia," muttered Marek, and kissed his aunt's hand.

CHAPTER TWO

Pani Felicia's dacha stood on a hill in a pine tree forest. Marek remembered that there was a lake near the cottage. Once outside the fence he went by the path covered with pine needles. The young man was not mistaken, and soon the path led him to the shore of the lake. Marek wanted to go for a swim, but somewhere nearby he heard the splash of water and a girls' laughter. The young man crawled through the bushes and saw two girls of his age bathing naked in the shallow water. The sun was at its Zenith and the water in the lake was sparkling. From behind the bushes he could see the girls' brown thighs, white buttocks and breasts. The black-haired one had large breasts like a grown woman and the other, with red hair had no breasts at all. The girls splashed in the water laughing and screaming. Marek noticed the marks of a recent spanking on the white round ass of the red-haired girl. This observation for some reason excited Marek. Warmth spread down his belly. A sweet pain in the groin... Splashing water and laughing, the girls ran off in the shallow water aside. Now Marek could not see them through the bushes. A weather-beaten birch tree lay on the bank nearby. The trunk of an old tree lowered with one end into the water. Holding on to the branches Marek walked along the birch trunk. The girls' laughter rang closer and closer. At last when Marek reached the water's edge, he looked out from behind the bushes and saw them close

by. Marek even stopped breathing with excitement. A black girl with big breasts was looking for something on the lake bottom. Pannochka stood back to Marek bending down to the water's edge. Short thick black hair curled between her white unburned buttocks. . Shivering, Marek took another step on the sloping slippery log. The youth's feet slipped from the birch trunk and with a startled cry and a splash he fell into the lake...

It was a hot July afternoon. Pani Felicia was sitting in the arbor in the shade of the apple trees, fanning herself. The aunt listened to the pannochkies' complain about Marek. Or rather it was a tall black-haired girl who spoke. Her name was Lyudmila. There, on the shore of the lake Lyudmila gave Marek two ringing slaps. The boy's cheeks were still burning. Lyudmila's friend Irenka stood by and said nothing. Irenka was thin half a head shorter than Marek. The girl's red curly hair wet from the bath lay on her shoulders. Irenka had a small upturned nose, fretful plump lips and a sharp chin. The girl's hazel-colored eyes kept darting around. Marek stood beside his aunt with his head bowed and water dropped from his wet clothes onto the wooden floor of the arbor.

"The little ones are punished for this," said the aunt after listening to Lyudmila.

"Gracia, please, pick some nettles in the garden. Yes, tear the young one, it burns more painfully."

"I will, Pani Felicia," said the maid pulling on her gloves. Then she began to pluck the nettles that grew near the fence.

Gracia did not touch the old tall nettles but tore up the young ones with bright juicy green leaves.

"Ah, Marek, Marek!" Pani Felicia sighed.

The aunt rose from her chair and putting her hand on Marek's shoulder led him out of the arbor into a corner of the garden. There was an old wide long bench between two old apple trees.

"It's a shame to spy on girls," his aunt said to Marek and he felt his ears burn.

"You're an adult, but you're acting like a child. So I'm going to treat you like a child. I'll whip you with nettles... Well, what are you waiting for? Lie down on the bench."

Marek could see that his aunt was sorry to punish him for the second time that day. But she couldn't act another way. Marek also knew that it was his own fault. The young man did not argue and didn't try to beg his aunt not to punish him. He also thought that nettles might be easier to bear than a belt.

The pannochkies came and stood next to the bench. Marek tried not to look at Lyudmila and Irenka. The young man unbuttoned his belt, pulled down his trousers to his knees and quickly lay prone down the bench.

"And take off your underpants," reminded his aunt.

Marek heard the girls giggle. With clumsy trembling fingers the young man pulled the underpants off his buttocks. The marks of the morning's flogging were still visible on Marek's thin pale ass.

"Poor boy," said Pani Felicia, patting Marek on the head, "

you'll get it again."

The young man didn't answer but just jerked his head.

"Here are the nettles," said Gracia, coming up.

The maid handed the aunt gloves and a bunch of nettles. She went to the bench and sat on Marek's back so that the young man could not escape during the spanking.

"You will have to ask the girls to forgive you," the aunt said in a stern voice.

Marek turned his head and saw Pani Felicia standing by the bench with a bunch of nettles in her hand. His aunt was wearing a blue sundress with white polka dot. The sarafan covered her knees, and the young man could see the smooth full calves of the aunt and her strong ankles. Through the branches of the apple tree the white light of midday shone on Pani Felicia. Frowning and pursing her lips, the aunt made a low gesture with her hand and whipped Marek's buttocks with nettles. The young man gasped. His aunt whipped him again and again. The nettles stung more and more. Marek spun on the bench, wobbling his thin ass, trying to avoid the stinging kisses of nettles. And the aunt whipped him without hurrying.

The girls began to whisper about something, then Irenka laughed out loudly. At that moment, Marek hated her.

"Apologize!" reminded Pani Felicia.

With one hand Gracia grabbed Marek by the hair on the top of his head and forced him to raise his head. Marek saw the girls standing by the bench. The pannochkies were watching

the punishment with interest and excitement. Lyudmila's thick black eyebrows were raised in a surprise and she was breathing excitedly and biting her lower lip. And Irenka looked at Marek with a mocking smile.

"I'm sorry," Marek whispered... sorry for spying on you.... I'll never do it again..."

His voice was trembling and choking. The young man's buttocks were covered with purple blisters from nettle burns. "Don't cry, "Marek told himself, "don't cry! Don't let them see you crying!"

The aunt lashed the young man with nettles on his thighs, back, and under his knees. Marek mumbled and squirmed his stomach the bench, but he didn't cry...

In the evening the young man lay on a bed in his outhouse under a thin sheet. Marek tried not to scratch the blisters. His buttocks, legs and back were on fire. The torture had been going on for several hours.

Marek fell into a restless sleep and did not hear Aunt Felicia enter the room. His aunt was standing by his bed with a small jar in her hands. Marek lay on his stomach completely naked because the touch of clothes to the burned areas was very painful.

Pani Felicia threw back the sheet.

"Does it itch awfully, darling? How can you stand it?" she asked Marek with a smile.

"It itches and burns," the boy complained.

"Well, I think you have been punished enough," said Pani

Felicia.

The aunt opened the jar and put the cap on the table bedside. The woman sat down on the couch and began to apply lightly the ointment to Marek's burning buttocks. Then Pani Felicia scooped up some more fragrant ointment and treated the young man's lower back and thighs. The pain and burning began to subside.

"Thank you, thank you so much," Marek said and burst into tears.

CHAPTER THREE

Katarzhina was thin funny and simpering girl with bright blue eyes. When she smiled two dimples appeared on her cheeks. That day pannochka was wearing a colorful short sundress and sandals. Her long slender legs were tanned, and there were scratches on her knees. Marek and Katarzhina were walking in the woods near the dacha village.

Pannochka stopped every time when she came across a wild strawberry bent down and picked it. Katarzhina's lips were smeared with strawberries. The young man was not picking strawberries but was looking at Katarzhina holding his breath. The sun shone through her hair. There was a merry ringing in Marek's head. Pannochka was saying something to him but the young man did not hear a word. Marek stared into her laughing blue eyes, and then couldn't resist bent down and quickly kissed Katarzhina on her strawberry-smeared lips. Pannochka did not push him away and the kiss lasted for a few moments, which seemed to Marek an eternity.

"Well, well, that's enough," Katarzhina said softly and got to her feet.

"Katarzhina, I'm crazy about you!"

Pannochka laughed and went on along the path. The sun shone through her sundress. Marek forced himself to his feet.

"Katarzhina! Katarzhina..."

"Marek," turning to the young man said Katarzhina, "behave yourself or I'll complain to your aunt! Don't try to kiss me. And don't let your hands go. Remember, we are just friends."

"Katarzhina..."

"Marek, I have a groom," Katarzhina said and the sunny morning faded.

"The groom?"

Marek stopped on the path. He couldn't believe it.

"His name is Zdenek," Katarzhina said. "He's an officer. Zdenek is currently in the regiment on training but he should be back soon. We're getting married at the end of the summer... Marek, what's wrong with you?... Such a face..."

"It's nothing. Just a toothache," the boy lied.

He started to kick the pine cones on the path.

"Have you come to stay with Pani Felicia for all summer?" Katarzhina asked to break the long silence.

"That's right," Marek frowned. "My aunt has offered me to live with her but I have decided to return to Torun in the autumn."

"I heard that Pani Felicia has found a physics teacher for you. His name is Pan Kazimir. He teaches at our village high school..."

"Damn it! My aunt told me not to be late for dinner. What time is it?"

"You'd better run," Katarzhina laughed, "or you'll get the belt again."

And Marek ran.

CHAPTER FOUR

"Marek, you promised to be home for dinner," Pani Felicia was reproaching to the young man. "Pan Kazimir has already come and what about you? Where are you hanging around? Take the trouble to answer for your words."

Marek was leaning on the desk of the counter. His hands were gripping the edge of the desk. His trousers slid down his legs and lowered to the floor and his underpants were down to his knees.

"Pani Felicia! Do forgive me! I've forgotten all about it."

Pan Kazimir was sitting at the table and eating solyanka soup. He was a solid man of about fifty, in a brown coat and white shirt. Pan Kazimir had a shaved head, red mustache and beard. A monocle glittered in his eye. There was a red-checked bow tie his neck.

The aunt pushed back her bangs to keep them out of her eyes. Pursing her lips firmly, she pulled back the hand, paused for few moments then slapped Marek's buttocks.

"And be nice to count!"

She whipped the boy again with her belt. Again the pain burned his buttocks. Marek moaned, gritting his teeth. The young man imagined the wide crimson stripes of the belt marks appearing one after the other on his pale ass.

"Two!" began to count Marek, "Three!... Four! Aunt Felicia, I'm sorry! I am to blame... Five!"

While his aunt was whipping Marek with a belt pan Kazimir calmly sipped the solyanka. Gracia, the maid, sat on the edge of the table, her chin propped on her fist. She was smiling softly and looking out the window thoughtfully.

After counting out a dozen strokes pani Felicia hung the belt on a nail in the wall and sat down at the table. Marek sobbed softly and wiped the tears from his eyes. The young man winced and pulled on his underpants. He bent down and picked up the trousers that had fallen off his legs, then straightened his clothes and sat down at the table. The maid placed a plate of solyanka in front of Marek. His buttocks burned from the flogging, and the young man squirmed in his chair.

"I love the countryside," said Pan Kazimir turning in his fingers a glass of plum brandy, "I teach physics at a local school almost a quarter of a century. Yes, a quarter of a century..."

And pan downed his glass.

"Tell me," said the aunt, "do you think it is possible to teach a young man the sciences without being whipped?"

"I believe that nothing can be taught without rods," replied Pan Kazimir gravely, looking at Marek from under his bushy brows. "Yes, sir, it is absolutely necessary ... and you yourself, young man, what do you think?"

Marek didn't know what to say.

After dinner, the aunt led Pan Kazimir and Marek to the back of a large country house.

"There was a sort of schoolroom here when I was a child,"

said the aunt, "and I didn't go to high school. My parents hired tutors for me. This room hasn't been used for many years. I told the maids to clean it up."

Pani Felicia pushed the door to a spacious room with a large window overgrown with green ivy on the street side. There were a desk and a chair for a teacher, and there was a blackboard near the window. Marek felt awkward when he saw the whipping box in the corner of the room. Pan Kazimir also saw the box and smiled at Pani Felicia.

"Absolutely necessary thing for studying physics," the teacher joked.

"I ordered them to cut up some fresh rods."

Pan Kazimir looked around and noticed a bucket with birch rods standing near the door.

"Great!" said Pan Kazimir, smiling through his moustache. "Well, I guess we can start the lesson."

CHAPTER FIVE

Marek did not succeed with physics that time. Pan Kazimir's words came in one ear and out the other so he understood nothing at all. In front of his eyes there was Katarzhina's smiling face and her laughter kept ringing in his ears. In the end pan Kazimir lost his temper.

"You, young man, do not want to learn at all," he said to Marek, "You are in the clouds! Exactly for dreamers like you were invented rods! Take off your clothes right now and lie down on the box!"

Marek obediently removed his shirt and trousers, pulled down his underpants to his knees, and lay down. The whipping box was made so that the young man's buttocks were higher than his head. When Marek was lying on the box, his ass was unprotected. The young man's buttocks were slightly spread and exposed for blows of the rod. And this only thing made Marek frightened to death.

Pan Kazimir deftly fastened Marek to the box. Two belts under the knees, one belt at the waist and two more belts for the hands. The sun shone through the ivy-covered window of the schoolroom. The teacher took off his jacket and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. He pulled a long rod from the bucket, passed it through his fist and whipped the air.

"Good rods," said Pan Kazimir, "let's try to remember Newton's second law."

He went to the box, stood behind it and whipped Marek on the buttocks with the rod. Then he whipped the second time and the third. Each time Pan Kazimir struck harder. The pain from the rods was so bright and sharp that the young man could not bear the whipping at all. He began to shout in a voice from the first blows.

"Don't get your head in the clouds in class! Listen to the teacher!"

And painfully whipped the rod on Marek's thin boyish ass. Soon Pani Felicia came running to answer Marek's screaming. The aunt stopped in the doorway and clasping her hands to her chest watched in dismay Pan Kazimir whipping the young man on the buttocks with salt rods. Marek was twisting his body on the box and screeching.

"Oh no, you can't beat him so, Pan Kazimir," said the aunt and went into the classroom.

"For pity's sake, Pani Felicia, it's only a flogging," replied the teacher wiping his sweating forehead with a handkerchief.

They were standing by the box. The aunt looked with the tears in her eyes at Marek's buttocks which were streaked with thin purple stripes.

"Poor boy," Pani Felicia sighed, "you must have pity on him!"

"In this case you should look for another teacher," Pan Kazimir got offended and threw the rod on the floor.

"Ah, do as you consider it necessary!" the aunt waved her hand and quickly left.

Pan Kazimir listened to her footsteps fade away then went to Marek and asked:

"Well, young man, tell me the law of conservation of energy."

In a strange way after a dozen rods Marek's mind suddenly cleared. Katarzhina, with her brown knees sticking out from under her sundress, and her straw-colored hair spilling over her shoulders, had disappeared. The young man abruptly remembered what Pan Kazimir had said to him a quarter of an hour ago.

"The law of conservation of energy says that ... the energy of the body never disappears and ... does not reappear, it can only transform from one kind to another," said the young man stuttering and sobbing.

"Well-well, it's wonderful," said Pan Kazimir, "I see that your memory has returned. Could you, young man, give some specific examples of this law of the universe?"

Marek could give no examples.

Pan Kazimir took a new rod from the bucket and waved it several times in the air. The whistle of the rod made Marek's buttocks tighten.

"Then, young man," said Pan Kazimir, "follow my thought. The energy of the body never disappears; it can only change from one kind to another."

And then he whipped Marek painfully.

"Here is the kinetic energy," said Pan Kazimir and again he whipped Marek. "Where did that energy go now?"

"I don't know... Don't know, Pan Kazimir," pleaded Marek, "don't hurt me anymore! Please stop!"

"Watch carefully," continued Pan Kazimir, and again he lashed Marek's shivering buttocks with the rod.

The boy screamed.

"What energy has the kinetic energy of the rod transferred to?"

"I don't know, Pan Kazimir....I can't stand it anymore!"

"The kinetic energy of the rod has been converted into thermal energy," said Pan Kazimir, "and you, young man, can't help feeling it... And now you will feel it again..."

"Oh, it hurts!"

"Do you feel the thermal energy?" Pan Kazimir asked and his voice was a sneer.

"Yes! Yes! I feel it!" Marek shouted. "I understand! I do, I do..."

"Remember, young man, the energy of the body never disappears or reappears, it can only change from one kind to another. Well, let's continue..."

And Pan Kazimir threw the rod into the corner and went to the blackboard.

CHAPTER SIX

"It's disgusting to masturbate," Pani Felicia reprimanded Marek. "This is bad for the organism of a young person. If a young man sins he becomes lethargic and sleepy and he has no life force left."

It was evening. A night light was burning in Marek's room. The young man stood by the couch having no idea what trouble to expect from his aunt's late visit.

"I'm going to make you get rid of this bad habit," promised Pani Felicia.

The aunt was taller than Marek and broader in the shoulders. Now when Pani Felicia stood next to the young man in the small room, this was especially noticeable. She was wearing a faded purple bathrobe and slippers without a back.

"Here are the special long underpants I bought for you," the aunt said and handed Marek a pair of tight white long underpants. "To avoid unnecessary temptation, you will wear them every night. Try them on, I'll turn my back."

Marek stood with the underpants in his hands and didn't know how to make a joke of it. His aunt looked at him over her shoulder, raising an eyebrow.

"Now!"

"Yes, Aunt Felicia," Marek sighed.

He quickly undressed and pulled on the long underpants that

his aunt had brought. The underpants were very uncomfortable, made of thick coarse cloth. They were tight in the boy's groin.

"Very well," said Pani Felicia appreciating how her new clothes fit on Marek, "turn your back."

The young man turned obediently.

"There are special ties here. You can't untie them and if you do, you won't be able to tie them again."

The aunt tightened one of the cords at Marek's waist, then the other.

"You can't take these underpants off until morning. Until I come and see if you're all right," the aunt said. "And if you disobey me, Marek, and take off your underpants... and God forbid to take up manual labor..."

"Yes," Aunt Felicia.

"I will punish you," Aunt Felicia promised, and her eyes flashed menacingly. "I'll whip you right in bed! You will be hurt and ashamed."

"Yes, Aunt Felicia."

"Good night, my angel."

"Good night, Aunt Felicia."

Marek couldn't fall asleep for a long time. Outside the window the wind was blowing and branches were beating against the glass. The rough material of his underpants rubbed his skin. The groin itched. But the young man endured. He didn't forget that his aunt had promised to punish him. Towards midnight Marek fell asleep, and woke up at dawn because of the fact that his

penis rose, hardened and rested against the thick fabric of his underpants. Marek groaned and tried to pull off his underpants. Then he remembered about the strings. He put his hands behind his back and began to untie the knots by touch. Marek quickly finished with the knots because his aunt tied the laces in a bow. The young man pulled the hated underpants and habitually took the hot penis in his fist. Marek remembered Katarzhina's scratched knees and her sly smile. The boy groaned, arched up on the bed and poured semen over the sheet.

"I should hide everything and remember to put on those damn underpants," Marek thought and fell asleep. The young man was sleeping so soundly that he did not wake up in the morning when Pani Felicia went into his room and pulled the blanket off him.

"Oh, how disgusting! What a nightmare!" Pani Felicia exclaimed and pressed her hands to her face.

Her cheeks were flushed with indignation and anger. Pani Felicia left the outhouse and returned almost at once, in five minutes. She carried several long willow rods in her hands. The bars glistened with salt water. The two maids followed her. The lanky Gracia and the short, solidly built Alisha. Alisha had an expressionless broad face, narrow eyes and blue-black short-cut hair that lay on her small head like a helmet.

Three women were standing in the room next to Marek's bed, looking at the naked boy and the semen-stained sheet.

"Hold the boy by the legs and arms," the aunt told the maids, "and hold him tight!"

Standing at the head and foot of the bed, Gracia and Alisha gripped the young man's wrists and ankles tightly. Marek mumbled something in his dream and shook his head but he didn't wake up.

"Good morning, Marek," said Pani Felicia and with a low wave of her hand she struck the young man on the buttocks with a willow rod.

Marek, still half-awake, jumped up in bed. A cherry stripe appeared on his white buttocks and began to darken quickly. And the aunt hit Marek with the rod again and again. The young man screamed. The stinging pain of the rods snapped him out of a warm sweet dream in an instant. Marek's eyes were wide open and he looked around in alarm. Near the bed the young man saw Pani Felicia with a rod in her hand. The young man tried to jump to the floor but Gracia and Alisha held him tightly.

"Pani Felicia, why?" Marek shouted.

"You know why," said his aunt.

Pani Felicia whipped him slowly and counted out loud.

"Four!... Five!... Six!..."

Trying to avoid the rod, the young man twisted on the bed and wobbled his buttocks. He tried to suppress a scream and mumbled, biting his lip... Gracia was leaning over Marek at the head of the bed but the young man didn't know who was holding his legs. Turning his head he saw Alisha. The maid was smiling and staring at Marek with her narrow black eyes.

"Eight!... Nine! I will wean you from this sin!"

"I won't! Never again! Excuse me, Pani Felicia!" Marek shouted swallowing his tears.

"Ten!" the aunt lashed out with the rod one last time and threw it on the floor.

Probably Pani Felicia lashed the rod with all her strength to sum up the punishment. The young man jerked his whole body and even screamed from the unbearable pain.

The maids let go of Marek and walked out of the room. Pani Felicia held out her hand to Marek and the young man kissed her strong fingers with dark cherry-colored nails several times.

"Thank you for the spanking, Aunt Felicia," Marek said.

"Get dressed quickly and go down to the living room. I'll expect you for breakfast."

The aunt left. Marek was lying on the couch. His buttocks were burning unbearably from being whipped by the rod, and Alisha's smiling impudent face was in front of his eyes. Resentment, pain and humiliation almost made him crying. And for some unknown reason, Marek felt a strong sexual arousal; his penis began to rise and hardened again.

CHAPTER SEVEN

On that June evening Pani Felicia was sitting in a corner of the garden in an old arbor covered with ivy. Red sunlight glinted in the apple trees. Pani Felicia was reading a novel by the Russian writer Nikolai Leskov. The woman forgot the time reading it and heard neither the gate creak nor the light footsteps of a girl on the garden path.

"Pani Felicia, good evening!" Katarzhina called out.

The aunt looked up from her book. She saw a slim girlish silhouette and red hair spilling over her shoulders in the evening light.

"Katarzhina, good evening! I'm so glad you've come to visit us. Let them bring us the samovar."

Pannochka sat down on a chair and placed a bundle on the other side of her.

"Alisha, my dear, bring us the samovar!" Pani Felicia shouted.

Katarzhina looked back over the carved fence of the gazebo and saw the lanky maid Gratia who was cutting long twigs from a young birch tree growing in the garden.

"Is this for the rods?" asked the young pannochka with interest.

"And why," sighed the aunt, "Pan Kazimir will come to teach Marek tomorrow. He always requires the fresh rods to be."

Katarzhina was thinking about something. She looked

wonderful this evening, in a white blouse and cream-coloured long skirt. Katarzhina was wearing soft-soled sandals with three leather laces on her narrow feet.

"I keep wondering whether corporal punishment is good for Marek," Pani Felicia confessed, "and I feel sorry for him. Sometimes the boy gets down! I can't watch without tears when the master Kazimir thrashes him, and when I punish him myself..."

Meanwhile Alisha brought the samovar, cups and a bowl of jam to the gazebo. The maid was wearing a modest dark ankle-length dress and a white apron with lace trim. The aunt and her guest began drinking tea.

"Pani Felicia, that's why I came," said pannochka a little embarrassed, "your nephew, Marek, has offended me..."

Pani Felicia's beautiful ruddy face turned pale.

"What has he done again, he rascal?"

Katarzhina sighed. She took the cup and sipped carefully the hot tea. She was looking through the aunt at the garden, at the fence between the bushes. Katarzhina smiled sadly.

"I'm so sorry," pani Felicia. "You know, Marek and I were friends. I don't want to tell lies! But I can't stand his mischief anymore! When Marek came to see you, he wouldn't let me through. It was fun at first! Marek is a cute boy! He confessed his feelings, gave flowers. Molested me with the kisses... When I went swimming in the lake he spied on me. He would sneak into our dacha in the evenings and look in my window..."

"What an impudent fellow!"

"And today we had another conversation," the girl continued. "I told Marek I didn't want to see him again! My fiance is coming to see me next week and I want Marek to leave me alone! I turned and walked away. And he... and your Marek... He picked up mud from a forest puddle and threw it at my back! Hit me right between the shoulder blades! Here, look what happened to my favorite sundress!"

Katarzhina sobbed and untied the bundle. She placed a lace sundress stained with green swamp mud on the table in front of Pani Felicia. At first glance it was clear that the sundress was ruined!

In the country house of Pani Felicia a small cozy room was set up for the library. There were three high shelves in the middle of the room, and bookshelves lined the walls. In the corner of the room near the window, there was an old worn leather sofa and a low table next to the sofa. Marek closed the door behind him trying not to creak and began to walk between the shelves, peering carefully at the book spines. Finally he found the book in French that had pictures of women in transparent lace clothes. Marek took the book down from the shelf and began leafing through it hastily...

The door opened with a loud creak and the young man, startled, dropped the book on the floor.

Alisha, the maid, stood in the doorway. She had an

expressionless flat face and a small mouth with bright full lips. Her smooth black hair lay like a helmet on the head. Alisha stared at Marek with her dark eyes. From this sight Marek fell ill at ease.

"Your aunt forbade you to come here," Alisha said in a thin voice.

The young man picked up a book from the floor. The book swung open from his clumsy hands. On the opposite page there was the picture of a naked woman with a curvaceous figure. A woman covered with something looked like fishing net was lying on a low sofa, her hands behind her head. Alisha giggled, covering her mouth with the hand.

"What do you want?" Marek asked roughly.

"Your aunt is calling you to the gazebo," Alisha replied.

The maid laughter sounded like a crystal bell.

Marek ran out of the library, down the steps and toward the gazebo. In the summer-house he saw Katarzhina and Aunt Felicia. Katarzhina's sundress lay on the table, smeared with green mud...

It was a nightmare! This could not have happened to him in reality!

Marek met Katarzyna few years ago when he first came to the country to visit his aunt. The young man was charmed by the pannochka and instantly fell in love with her. Katarzhina with a charming husky laugh, with a twinkle in her eyes, with a smile that made Marek's heart ache... She, Katarzhina, thin and

flexible as a reed, stood near the bench and painfully whipped the young man's bare buttocks with rods. Katarzhina was angry with Marek and did not feel sorry for him at all. Pannochka steadily lowered her hand and the rod whistled thinly. And there was another purple stripe on the boy's thin narrow ass.

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