THE SANDMAN SEQUEL

 Johann took Tom’s advice. He expanded his business of selling rattan canes over the internet and took in weekend boarders. Well they weren’t exactly boarders but rather local miscreant adolescent visitors. These visitors however considered themselves inmates. But before proceeding with that business affair a further word about his and Brenda’s invention of the sand coated cane and its further development.

 Johann found schlock to be too messy and gummy to use in having the sand adhere satisfactorily to the rattan. His answer was found through experimenting with urethanes. One concoction proved just perfect. It was clear, easily stored and applied, and odorless. Most importantly, it permanently held the sand to the rattan cane even when flexed and applied to rumps without significantly reducing its coarseness. The granular sand retained its roughness and appearance despite its being coated. When he contacted the attorney who had perfected his sandman trademark about patenting it, the attorney advised him to keep it as a trade secret and save the cost of patenting. Besides, the market for whipping canes was just too thin to warrant that expense for a start-up business venture. He already had invested in the web site and programming for handling orders.

 Johann established an entire line of his sand-coated canes. They came in pre-teen, junior and senior sizes, both straight and crooked. The plastic-wrapped handles came in a variety of colors as did the sand. The sand itself came in degrees of coarseness and shades of hues found right there on the island key. A customer could custom tailor his or her order from the chart on The Sandman web site.

 In addition The Sandman offered a variety of artistic designs. Some canes came with several bands of different grade sands and hews. Some were stripped. Then there was one that proved quite popular. It had interwoven red and white spirals of sand that was sold under the brand name The Candy Cane. Rotating it while held against a fresh welt really provided an added feature. The red colored sand was coarser and more abrasive than the white.

 It wasn’t long before he, the retired-but-now-budding-entrepreneur, found that there weren’t enough hours in the day, as successful entrepreneurs are prone to find. There was the harvesting of the rattan palms which were abundant on the Florida key there under the hot Floridian sun. There was the hand crafting work in his workshop. There were orders to receive and fill, to handle and ship. There was the financial end. Had he foreseen this degree of success when he and his wife Brenda had decided also to take in juvenile delinquents on weekends, he may not have done it even though that sure did provide outlets for his and Brenda’s spanking fetish. But what was the point if they were too tired to enjoy it?

 The answer of course lay in hiring help. Initially it was just a gardener who toiled in the sun not only in harvesting the rattan but in maintaining the old hotel grounds which had long gone unattended. Hands off the herb garden, though; that was Johann and Brenda’s private domain. When the grounds keeper started helping out also in the workshop, he became a full time employee.

 Once the rattan cane business became stabilized Johann and Brenda turned their attention to the other matter of whipping kids for their own fetish gratification. The added income was merely a bonus. As they say, enjoy your work and the money will come naturally. In wanting to enjoy that on their own in private, they didn’t let Jose, the hired hand, in on that aspect. No; he was to work weekdays outside of the small hotel while the couple “worked” the weekends tormenting, humiliating, and beating the asses of local kids. The workshop was detached from the hotel proper.

 Their first free weekend after Johann had caned Deacon Tom’s ten year old son in his father’s presence – who had wanted to be trained in the use of the cane – was spent in disciplining a fatherless sixteen year old named Dwain. His father was a marine who was committed to a Vet hospital for a mental breakdown. The mother simply couldn’t handle the boy. She learned from Deacon Tom about The Sandman and his canes. She bought one and when she confronted her boy he simply laughed and broke it in half. Then when she grounded him he laughed again and drove off in the Jeep that she bought with borrowed money to try to appease him. That night he was pulled over, charged with DUI and placed in juvenile detention. When offered the opportunity to be released into her custody, he readily agreed. One call from her to the authorities though would send him straight back.

 Her first demand was that he spend the weekend with The Sandman. He needed a good whipping that only a man could properly do. Besides, she didn’t have the courage. Faced with the alternative, he reluctantly agreed.

 Johann pulled into the dock where the sixteen year old Dwain stood standing beside his mother. Once he boarded the boat she drove off – off to sell the Jeep and stop those note payments. This he did not know. Again, she hadn’t had the courage to tell him.

 “It’s a short ride – just four or five minutes,” said Johann. “Fuck you,” came the response. Johann had a teenage rebel on his hands and a daunting task ahead. He instantly met the task head-on, or rather hands-on, with a wicked slap that almost sent the boy overboard. Johann looked down at the stunned boy and then at his mother still standing on the dock. She gave him a friendly wave. Nothing else was said until they had made it to the island key. As soon as he had tied up the boat he laid down the law. Though he knew the boy’s name to be Dwain, he decided right off that he would only be called ‘boy.’

 “Now listen up, boy. I’m responsible for your sorry ass until tomorrow afternoon. My wife and I have been charged with the task of whipping you into shape. That we intend to do and will do so with gusto. One rebellious word out of your fucking mouth and it will be the county man who will be retrieving you tomorrow instead of your poor mother. Understand, asshole?”

 Recalling the slap Dwain managed just in time to abort his almost automated ‘fuck you’ response. Instead, he managed to answer with a faint nod. “Any boy who would treat his poor mother as you have when her husband, your own father, is laid up in a vet hospital, is beneath contempt. You’ve gone too long without discipline. I’m going to make up for lost time. You won’t be sitting down for a week after I’m through with your sorry ass. Now follow me . . . boy.”

 Johann led inside along with his small duffel bag which contained only a change of underwear, a fresh t-shirt, a swim suit, toothbrush and paste. “This is my wife who you will address as Ma’am. Brenda dear; this is our weekend guest, boy.”

 Brenda, wearing shorts and a t-shirt responded in a matter of fact way as she sized up the sixteen year old. “Yes, I’ve heard about you.” Dwain expected her to amplify but she didn’t. To his surprise she simply took charge. “Put your bag down; you won’t be needing it. Take this basket into the restroom down the hall on the left. Put your clothes, all of them, in it and bring it back to me.

 “All? But . . . “

 “Don’t worry, you’ll find your uniform of the day there. Put it on.”

 The boy put down the bag, took the basket and left.

 He easily found the restroom as it, having been built for a hotel, was marked with an outline of a male with a swimsuit. Next to it was the one for ladies marker with an outline of a female and two-piece swimsuit. Inside he turned on the light and looked for his so-called uniform of the day. The sole item of clothing to be seen was hung on a hook on the door. The item was bright pink diapers with two large pink diaper pins. He looked further, even opening the drawers under the sink, only to find a supply of toilet tissue. Out he went.

 “Hey, lady. If you think I’m wearing that . . . well . . . you’ve got another thing coming.” Having already anticipated that she walked over and gave him a slap with all her strength and handed him a cell phone. “Do you want me to make the call, or do you want to do it yourself? By the way, there are no refunds. Company policy.”

 Dwain put one hand to his burning cheek as his ear buzzed and looked at the phone in her hand. He hesitated . . . and hesitated. “Fuck,” he said under his breath. With that he turned around. He had clearly lost Round One.

 “Come back here.” He stopped and turned. “Come here, I said.” He walked up to her. Brenda gave him a hard slap to his other cheek. “It’s ma’am; not lady; remember? Now go and make your change.” God, thought the teen; she’s worse than him.

 As he retreated Brenda turned to see that Johann had been watching. He gave her a thumbs-up along with a seal of approval smile.

 Brenda waited and waited. Just as she was about to get fetch the boy he returned wearing only the pink diapers and holding the basket now filed with his clothes in two hands in front of the humiliating diapers. “Put it there by your bag.” He did so and then simple stood there looking away from her. “Now come over here for your get-acquainted-spanking. I’m sure it’s been too long in coming.”

 The boy turned to see her now sitting on a stool in wait. As he walked over she motioned with a finger for him to lie down across her lap. With a mean look on his face, he complied. Brenda unfastened the two diaper pins that held the diaper to his body and pulled down the rear panel, exposing the sixteen-year-old’s lily-white butt. Immediately she got down to business, spanking away. With his hands and toes on the floor the boy simply endured it, without a word. He just bit his lip, mad as all hell. Let them have their little fun.

 By the time she had finished, his rear about matched the pink color of his diaper. She pulled the back panel back up over his rosy red butt and fastened it in place, his privates having remained private the entire time. She ordered him up off of her lap and left the room with him just standing there in his pink diapers, not knowing what to do.

 The boy took his time looking around the room. Finished with that he thought of sitting down. But then he thought better than that. That woman had a strong hand. Finally she returned carrying a platter with four teacups of hot tea. When he reached for one she ignored his gesture. “Well then, what the fuck do you want me to do,” he asked.

 “I want you to think about how badly you have behaved and having to be sent to us for correction at your mother’s expense. Our services don’t come cheap. We will be advising her to having you work to earn the money to reimburse her for our services rendered. Now my husband and I are going to enjoy our tea, if you don’t mind, dickhead.”

 “And me?”

 “Right. Go stand in front of that large mirror over there. I want you to look at your ridiculous and pitiful self and contemplate all of your misdeeds.” He complied and stood there looking at himself naked in these stranger’s home wearing just pink diapers.

 Brenda came over carrying two teacups and saucers. “Extend your arms straight out to your sides - level.” When he did so she put one teacup and saucer in each hand. “Hold them just like that – just like your fifth grade teacher probably did with you holding books instead of hot tea. Do not droop those arms. Keep them straight and level like wings. Heaven help you should you spill a drop.” Just then Johann came in and took a seat on the sofa and took up his tea. Brenda joined him.

 The loving couple enjoyed their tea leisurely as they made small talk of no interest to the boy. It was as if he wasn’t even there even though he could see them in the mirror and vice versa. Then they began to talk about him. Johann pointed at him and then said something quietly to Brenda. She chuckled. Then she pointed to his diapers and said something back to Johann, who chuckled too. That continued and escalated until they were outright mocking and laughing at him in his pink diapers as he stood there in front of the large mirror with his arms extended out to his sides holding the teacups. By now there was a little spilt tea in the saucers.

 With his final sip of tea Johann gave an audible ‘ah’ then stood and went to a mantel over a fireplace and picked up two sand canes – senior sand canes. He walked to the boy who was struggling to keep his arms our but were now drooping a bit from the prolonged strain. “You may bring your arms together.” The boy had thought that this school room punishment was over, but it wasn’t. At least this new position gave him some relief. That relief however was short lived as Johann placed the two canes across his extended arms.

 Dwain looked down at the canes. God did they ever look mean. Leaving the boy with his thoughts and struggle Johann returned to the mantel and took two more canes that were the same as the others. Seeing that Brenda stood and joined him.

 To the boy’s horror he watched the two start moving about swishing their canes in the air. What a horrid sound they made as the canes cut the room air. His mind became overloaded. There he still stood with his arms begging for relief looking at himself in the mirror naked, save for the pink diaper and at the two canes – twins of those that were being swishing about behind him. Suddenly he wet his . . . his . . . diapers for all to see as their pink color darkened in spots as they became wetted with warm piss. These diapers did not come with any interior plastic; they were just cotton.

 “I’m sorry,” he said as he looked down as he drew his arms in towards himself.

 “Johann; look what the piss-ant has gone and done.”

 Johann walked over and bent down for a closer look. With his cane he nudged the boy’s arms back up to their fully extended and upright position. “We’ll have to change his diapers, honey. Pretty old not to be potty trained, yet.”

 Brenda tucked her canes under one arm and came to one side of the boy. Johann did the same. Now each unfastened one of the oversized pink diaper pins which allowed the wet diaper to fall to the boys feet with a ‘smush.’ Dwain looked down and then back in the mirror to see his privates now on parade for all to see. He didn’t have time though to be totally mortified as now he saw his hosts put one of their canes aside, face each other and bow to show their respect. They saluted each other with their canes like muscteers would with swords. He watched them take up positions for the work at hand. Brenda took forehand and Johann took backhand.

 “Welcome to the party,” said Johann. Keep your eyes looking at your pitiful and ridiculous wretched self and not at us.

 “But you were going to change me?”

 “Shut up.”

 “**TWACK** – **TWACK.**” The two sandy canes struck home almost simultaneously.

 The boy went ballistic with shock. The two canes on his extended arms fell to the floor with a clatter. The two teacup tossed about on their saucers. Just as the cups were about to fall off their saucers Brenda and Johann both managed to save the day – at least to save their teacups. They relieved the boy of the saucers

 “Hands on your head and eyes straight ahead.”

 By now Dwain was feeling as if two hot pokers had suddenly been applied to his rear.

 “**TWACK** –**TWACK**.”

 “**GOD**,” he screamed as his hands came flying down off his head and onto his stricken butt. Senior sandy canes were a world unto themselves . . . welcome to the New World.

 He spun around with no modesty as he faced them with his hands still clutching his stricken ass and his sixteen-year-old ding dong on full display. It was some time before his moved his hands back in front and over his pecker. Pain overrode modesty. Sweat was dripping from his twisted face.

 Two more doubles followed before he fell to the floor weeping like a baby beside his soiled pink diaper. He smelt the fresh piss. Johann and Brenda stood over him in silence as he withered in trying to cope with the eight cuts that he had received with the senior sandy canes. Apparently they had already broken him. Round Two scored to The Sandman.

 “Like to go for a swim,” asked Johann. The boy nodded meekly.

 “Then take your wet diaper back to the rest room, boy. You’ll find your bathing suit there,” said Brenda as she gave Johann a wink.

 Dwain half drug himself back down the hall carrying the diaper. Quickly he stood – naturally – over the toilet and let loose with what he had managed to save.

 As he poured forth he looked around for the bathing suit. There it was handing on the same hook that earlier he had found the diaper. The “bathing suit” comprised a pink G-string and a pink training bra. At this point he gave up on trying to avoid humiliation. Let them have their fun. Better that than the phone call. It would be over tomorrow.

 Soon they were on their way to the beach. Johann had the boy carry the large red and white beach umbrella and the cooler filled with beer and Coke and snacks. When he asked if he could wear his sneakers Johann laughed. “You aren’t here boy for comfort. Get it?” With that he added two light-weight folded beach chairs and two cut-off ones that you could sit on at the water’s edge and enjoy it lapping over you as each wave came to a halt and withdrew. As a final touch he added four canes to his load – senior sized Candy Canes with red and white spirals. Remember, those were The Sandman’s most popular – the ones with spiral sand; in this case, pinkish sand. Candy Canes for candy asses

 As they made their way towards the beach Johann and Brenda, both wearing sun glasses, bathing suits and straw hats, walked behind the boy as he struggled just ahead of them with his heavy load in the sandy soil. He kept his head down trying his best not to step on sand spurs. His hosts enjoyed the view - seeing him in his pink G-string and pink training bra and with the mature rust colored welts on his ass cheeks which jiggled every time he took a tender step. “Hurry it up, boy. We ain’t got all day.”

 Once at the beach they found the warm gulf water to be slightly choppy under an on-shore breeze. The sound of the moderate surf was pleasing to the ear. After the boy had erected the umbrella and placed the cooler in its shade, he handed the four Candy Canes to Johann who stuck them straight down into the sand in the sun. This added a festive touch – like a mini-circus – what with the four upstanding canes looking like barber poles astride the red and white umbrella. Now the boy sat down atop the cooler to catch his breath.

 “Just *what* do you think you are doing,” demanded Johann. “Are you trying to deny us access to our beverages? Now get your candy ass up and place these two chairs here under the umbrella and those other two there at the high water mark.” After having done that he returned to the umbrella to find his host sitting in the two chairs in its shade. Johann was handing Brenda a cool one from the cooler.

 “Can I have one – a Bud would be great?”

 “Good grief. Here you are sixteen and asking for alcohol? I hope you’re kidding. No, there’s a bottle of lemonade in there for you, but not just yet.”

 “We’ll, can I at least sit here and get a little shade? Could you squeeze me in?” The only reason behind this request was to lessen the exposure of the pink G-string and training bra.

 “Boy, you *still* don’t get it. You’re here for punishment; remember? No; see that spot there – the one with all those yellow shells? That’s your spot, boy.”

 Johann and Brenda watch the kid – mostly his welted ass – as he walked to the spot. When he started to sweep the shells to clear a bare spot Johann yelled “HEY.” The boy looked his way to find his shaking his finger ‘no’ and then point it down. Goddamn fucking assholes he said to himself. Then he most gingerly sat with his welted bare ass atop the shells while his hosts enjoyed the view in the shade of the large umbrella and with their sunglasses and straw hats cutting down the glare from the hot sun on the sand and adjacent sea. Ah, the good life. Another sip of beer. When Dwain looked at them enjoying the good life he couldn’t take his eyes off what looked like barber poles – those dreaded Candy Canes glistening the sun . . . and being heated.

 Dwain struggled as he sat upon the shells with his pink G-string providing scant if any relief as the shells ground away on his welts. He couldn’t find any position without some of them gnawing his skin. He ended up rocking from side to side to give intermittent relief to one cheek at a time. When he put a hand down in preparation of standing, he glanced over to his host to see Johann shaking his finger and then pointing it down. Shit.

 Time passed. The boy struggled but the more he struggled the rougher became his tortured bun. It didn’t take him long to realize that he simply had to sit still and endure. The rocking no longer provided a better option. When he saw them looking the other way down the beach he assumed a squatting position. Ah; relief. Maybe from this distance they wouldn’t notice. This relief proved to be short lived as Johann caught it and again waved his finger – no – and pointed it down. Back down he went.

 The boy looked out at the gulf. This really was a lonely spot. He could only spot one fishing boat that was several miles offshore. Well in one way that was good being that he was only wearing a pink G-string and, damn it to all hell, a pink training bra that a twelve year old girl would wear.

 The boy looked over at his hosts. There they sat in the shade with their sunglasses drinking their cool ones and enjoying themselves. When Johann turned and caught his eye he lifted his beer, mouthed the word ‘cheers’ and laughed. Then Brenda leaned over for a clear view of the struggling boy and lifted her beer too. Lucky for them there was no weapon around for him to tempt the pained and angry kid.

 Time passed. When Johann drained his last sip he crushed the can in one hand, dropped it and waved for him to come over. Thank God; relief at last, thought the boy. His relief again was short lived for as he arrived he saw his hosts standing up. Johann was handing one of the Candy Canes to Brenda.

 “Time for a little sport; sport. Time for a relay race. Come on, folks.” Then he sung out the call-to-post trumpet flourish like at a horse track. Boy was he in good spirits. Yes; life was good. The Bud helped.

 The threesome marched down off the soft hot sand and onto the cooler hard pack both near and at the water’s edge. “Here are the rules, boy. Ma’am will take up her position here. I’ll take up my position over there. You are to run back and forth between us passing the cane back and forth like in any relay race. When you arrive at her or me you will be carrying this candy cane in your mouth like a Labrador retriever and make the handoff.

 “Now when you hear ‘ON YOUR MARK’ you will go straight down into a racer’s starting position. At “GET SET” you will rise and remain up on your haunches with your mouth open to welcome the cane. That should be the easy part. The cane will be returned to you; well in a way. It will be delivered first to your sorry ass and then into your mouth. When you hear “GO’” you will sprint down to deliver the cane to the other one of us. Is this clear? Any questions? No? Well let the games begin. Come with me.”

 With that Johann and the boy marched off with Johann having his arms around the boy all friendly-like. “This should be fun. I’m looking forward to seeing how good of a sprinter you are. Nice day, huh?” Once some thirty yards away from Brenda Johann stopped and the two turned around to face her in the distance. He released his arm. His friendly demeanor vanished in a flash.

 “ON YOUR MARK!” The boy got down. As he waited he looked at his female birch host – Ma’am – waiting those thirty yards away near the water’s edge with her large arms on her hips, still sporting that straw hat and shades. “GET SET!” Up on all fours he went with his head straight ahead just like a runner.

 He waited.

 He waited.

 “Open your fucking mouth.”

 He complied.

 He waited.

 He waited. Just as he started to look back over his shoulder he caught a fleeting glimpse of Johann in the middle of a viciously hard swing and its accompanying whishing sound.

 “**THWACK**”

 Instinctively he took off like any racer would. It took four strides before he realized that he didn’t have the “baton.” There was nothing in his still open mouth. He stopped and turned around. Johann was shaking his head in disgust. He walked back and with nothing being said got back down into his starter’s position.

 “GET SET.” Up he went and waited; and waited; and waited. “**THWACK**.”

 Johann walked around in front of the boy who was still holding his set position trying to absorb the cut. Dwain still had he mouth open but his head was shaking from side to side in trying to cope. Finally his head came to a halt and lifted. Unfortunately he was now gritting his teeth blocking Johann’s attempt to insert it. “Fucking loser,” said Johann when his attempt to insert the cane was blocked by the closed jaws. “**RED** **CARD**. **PENALTY** **STROKE**,” he yelled out. “Boy, I went easy on you last time, but this takes the cake. How stupid of you. Now think about what you’re doing. THINK!”

 The boy watched as the cane was withdrawn and Johann walked around his side. The livid pain from the prior stroke was still rising when with a resounding “**THWACK**” the penalty stroke was applied and, as always with penalty strokes, atop the prior, offending one.

 Johann walked to the front of the boy and saw that tears were streaming down his cheeks and his mouth was stretched wide open in a silent scream. “Well now, that takes care of the penalty stroke. Now let’s see; where were we? Oh yes; I remember.” With that he walked back behind the boy who had dropped one knee onto the sand. “GET SET, FUCK-OFF.” As soon as he was back in his SET position Johann delivered another cut: “**THWACK**!”

 He returned in front of the boy who still had his head lifted and arched back with his mouth stretched wide open. Johann inserted the cane but when the kid, not being able to think under the rising pain, kept his mouth wide open with the cane merely resting on his bottom jaw, Johann closed his mouth into a cane-gripping position. “I told you to think, damn-it; THINK about what you’re doing.

 Johann walked back behind the boy, still up in his GET SET position, hauled off and kicked him in his tortured ass as he shouted “**GO**!”

 Finally, thought Brenda as her patience was waning. To her it looked like Johann was having all the fun.

 Like a trained dog the boy took off and in a way found some relief in his legs running and pounding the beach. Hopefully, he thought, the wind he generated would help cool down the furnace. Instead it served to act like a fighter jet’s afterburner kicking in. WHOOM.

 Both hosts enjoyed their own views. Johann watched the boy running in his pink G-string and training bar with the cane in his mouth like a happy retriever and his arms pumping away. He admired the fresh tramlines on the kid’s running ass. Nice work, he said to himself. Brenda watched his fast approach with his head held not only high but still far back as he carried the cane gripped between his jaws. His approaching face was in a grimace.

 Upon arriving at Brenda’s station he stood before her, panting from his sprint. She took hold of the cane with both hands. “Open.” Just as the exchange was made she shouted “ON YOUR MARK!”

 The panting boy couldn’t believe his ears. Was there not to be even a pause for him to get his breath? Seeing that look of bewilderment on the boy’s face she explained. “This is a relay race; remember? Time is of the essence. We have to have the quickest hand-offs possible. Got that?” Now, ON YOUR FUCKING MARK!”

 He had no sooner got down into his starting position than Brenda screamed out “GET SET!” Up he went.

 He waited up on his haunches as Brenda looked at the fresh tramlines just donated by Johann thirty yards away. He really had delivered, she thought.

 He waited.

 He waited.

 He waited. See, this waiting had been timed to give the kid time to catch his breath between sprints. Thoughtful and kind? No; just necessary. Time was of the essence indeed. Liar. He waited.

 “**THWACK**!

 Again instinctively the boy started to run but caught himself just in time. He held his position up on all fours as he absorbed this latest cut at this other relay station.

 Brenda took her time. She was dying to watch her welt develop and compare it with Johann’s, but knew that the show must go on. Then again, Johann had taken his time.

 She looked at the freshest welt that she had just given birth to and placed the cane on it. Then she depressed it with the cane and started rotating it against the welt as the spirals of sand grinded away working their magic. This was too much. Dwain screamed.

 “NO NO NO STOP THAT!!!”

 Seeing that he was able to hold position, if not his mouth, she took hold of the cane with both hands now and pressed home as if she were rolling dough with a rolling pin. “**AAAAHHHHHHH**,” he screamed as his body shook. Her response to this wail was to pull off the cane, lift it far back over her shoulder and return it to the line she had just knelled. “**THWACK**!” This sound was so loud that even Johann was able to pick up on it over the sound of the moderate surf. Just what had he devilish wife done, he wondered. Sure looked like she was having a good time. Now it was his turn to handle impatience.

 Brenda walked around to the front side of the boy. He had his mouth wide open like a newly trained dog in wait for the cane. His screaming was now muted and coming in pitiful spurts as he sucked in the sea air. Obviously he’d never make it as an opera tenor.

 She gently inserted the cane. Before he had even fully closed his teeth about the Candy Cane came the command “GO. **GO** Goddamn it! What are you waiting around here for? No loitering.” With his ass now the real-life reincarnation of a jet fighter afterburner, he took off.

 Johann was waiting with his hips on his hand enjoying the frontal view. The stricken boy’s head was swinging from side to side causing the cane to follow along. His ‘sprint’ left lot of room for improvement as he run was jagged since he was running with both hands holding his fiery ass. Where was relief? Well it certainly wasn’t straight ahead as there stood Johann with his head shaking and a look of disgust and his hand extended, jerking back and forth to hurry up and to receive the cane for a quick relay turnaround. Maybe the boy just wasn’t cut out to be a relay race runner. Johann grabbed the cane from his mouth before the boy had even come to a full halt.

 “ON YOUR MARK, damn it to hell. We’re running late, damn it. This is a race you know. Now get your fucking ass SET.”

 The panting boy knelt down and then, without being told, rose up without yet having been in the GET SET position. While still standing behind the waiting boy Johann had a question to ask before the panting boy he made delivery.

 “Tell me; just what did ma’am do to make you scream?” Still gasping for air from his sprint he replied with a “don’t . . . don’t . . . (gasp) . . . know.”

 “Liar,” Johann whispered in his ear. “Guess we have us a little scientific mystery on our hands. This calls for some research and . . . and development. Did it feel something like this? With that Johann proceeded to repeat what Brenda had just done. He selected a welt, pressed the Candy Cane against it and rotated it back and forth as he continued to press it hard against the welted area.

 “No, please no. Please don’t. Not you too.”

 “Or was it more like this?”

 He selected a more serious welt, depressed it and rotated the Candy Cane with all its spirals of granular sand grinding away.

 “**AAAAHHHHHHH** . . . **PLEASE**!

 “Ah, indeed. I think we’ve found it, you litter liar. It’s so important for scientific discoveries to be verified by third parties, you know. Guess I’m the third party here. But neither of us here is going to win a Noble for a scientific achievement without some *development*. With that he selected a real wicked looking welt, pressed home and started twisting again even harder and longer.

 Brenda heard his pitiful, prolonged screech and saw Johann smiling, pointing and shaking his finger at her. Gotcha back, honey. With that Johann rained down another cut, returned the baton-cane into the dog’s mouth, and sent the wretch on his way. No sprint this time; all he could muster was a slow jog with his hands gripping his rear and his head held back like he was pleading to high heaven.

 On and on the relay race went. One would think that the boy would tire but no, he kept up the pace running as hard as he could, sometimes with and sometimes not with his hands holding his flaming rear. To him running somehow offered relief – something else to think about. Only all too soon however he would find himself arriving at the next station where the other of his two host would be beckoning him all frantic-like in a rush to make a quick hand-off and turnaround. There would be that brief pause when he was allowed time to get his breath back, but that pause time would pass while he was up in his GET SET position waiting for the cane to come smashing into his raised ass at any time. Under those conditions he couldn’t exactly . . . you know . . . relax. No rest for the weary.

 As if this form of the relay race wasn’t devilish enough Johann had a variation in mind that was not a relay that he would save for tomorrow. It was simplistic: With this variation Johann and Brenda would hold onto their canes. When the racer was whacked in his SET position, the whack itself served as the starter’s pistol. The boy or girl would spring forward and take off, it being instinctive for one to want to escape a place of torment. Only here there was no escape offered. Straight ahead would be the counterpart whacker screaming “run you lazy bastard. RUN!” As the runner came closer and closer to the one screaming at him and whirling his or her cane all about, the fire from his last received whack would still be building only to reach its peak when the other starter’s pistol cracked *soundly* into his ass. Only after six laps would the kid be given a minute to regain his breath before another whack and lap ensued. Yes; variety is the spice of life. Tomorrow, Sunday morn, he would enjoy that spice. Indeed, he would enjoy explaining it to his dear wife beforehand.

 It was around the seventh lap in the tortured relay race that the ski boat came by pulling two girls. With the noise of the surf it had not been heard until it was almost abreast of the boy and his two hosts. It had just arrived about twenty-five yards offshore when Brenda had shouted out “GET SET!”

 Both the kids in the boat and the two on skis couldn’t believe there eyes. There at the water’s edge stood these two adults wearing sunglasses and straw hats with this teenage boy up on his haunches wearing a pink G-string and training bra. Now it was their mouths that dropped open in amazement as they watched Brenda smash the red and white Candy Cane into the boy’s raised ass. At first they didn’t understand why she would go and destroy a long candy cane. But when it didn’t break apart they realized that this candy cane was one that was meant to do the biting rather than one to be bitten. Consumption would apply to the recipient’s ass rather than the cane. Wow. The candy-ass boy had been hit with a rattan whipping cane – and had taken it!

 As Dwain waited for the go command while gasping to catch his breath, he caught sight of the ski boat out of the side of his eyes just as its engine was cut. The kids all gawked as they saw the large woman now putting the cane in the boy’s mouth. Was that his treat – a lick of this large candy cane? Maybe it *was* flavored with peppermint. Now with the engine cut, all heard the woman give him the command to “GO. GO, GODDAMN YOUR LAZY ASS.”

 And go he did – right into the surf to escape the gaze of the kids who found it hard to recognize his face with it grimaced from the just delivered cut and with his mouth all stretched and extended as his jaws clinched the cane. Eyes were also diverted to the brightly colored candy cane itself and to his arms that were flying about. Then of course there was the pink G-string and training bra to visually digest.

 Seconds later when he was almost waist deep, he dove. It was like he was responding to his submarine captain’s order to “DIVE DIVE DIVE! Destroyer bearing down!” In this case though the destroyer was the gang of kids who if they recognized him would destroy his reputation. No doubt every time they later were to look at him they would visualize him in his pink G-string and training bra. The jocks could be counted on to make their snide comments for sure. He’d never survive; no way. He prayed God that the kids weren’t from his school and that he had gone unrecognized during those few frantic seconds.

 Now submerged he knelt on the sandy bottom, took the cane out of his mouth, raised his head back and started gasping for air as the waves washed over him. It was only a couple of minutes later, when he heard the boat engine finally start back up and then fade away, that he put the cane back in his mouth and re-emerged, somewhat to the relief of his waiting hosts. He looked like any dog retriever who had fetched the hand-thrown cane and to his relief, the salt of the sea water having attacked his welts causing them to sting. Or perhaps it had been a stingray?

 As he walked back onto the hard pack he was welcomed with his bottle of lemonade. Before drinking and without thinking, as he was prone to do today, he poured it over his butt to wash away the salty brim of the sea which had served to add further fury to his ass while he had waited for the ski boat’s departure. It took only a moment for his to realize that lemonade of all things had lemon in it. He just couldn’t win.

 “Kids from your school, I guess,” said Brenda.

 “Well I heard one girl call out “Hey Dwain; looking good.” Then Johann jumped in: “Yea, and another called out ‘love your outfit. Where’d you get it Dwain? Chicos?”

 Dwain studied his hosts’ faces searching for any clue as to whether they were kidding or taunting or serious. Johann responded with a wink. The boy wasn’t even sure how to take that either.

 “Okay; back to the track. More laps yet to run, you know, puppy. You *are* our little puppy, you know. Got to get you in shape. Of course there is a penalty for attempted escape.”

 “Penalty? Escape?”

 “Of course; prisoners are always saddled with additional time for attempted escape. Surely you know that.”

 “But I wasn’t trying to escape . . . from you . . . but from them, you know.”

 “That might made for a legal defense; perhaps. In any event you *were* absent without leave. There is no denying that. We didn’t send you off a running. You did that all on your own initiative.”

 “What sort of . . . of . . . penalty.”

 “Hum. Something appropriate for the crime. Hum mm . . . . Trying to run away. Let’s make it a minute of side straddle hops – hops on those shells where you were sitting. That should punish those offending feet of yours. Now do it; EXECUTE!”

 All downcast he made his way back to where he had sat for so long. He arrived to the sound of shell cracking under his feet. He looked back at Johann who stood there looking at a mock wristwatch. “GO.”

 Dwain started in with his side straddle hops. As opposed to the static force that had been applied to his wretched ass the force now dynamic as his full weight met his bare feet. Thank God *they* had not been caned . . . yet.

 After a half minute he started to keep his eyes on Johann who stood looking at his invisible watch. The man started to slip into a blur as the kid’s eyes were filled with tears. About a minute later – making for a minute and a half, just to be sure, Johann yelled out “TIME” and motioned for him to come back.

 He walked off the shelly area. Then to make it to the hard pack he had to trike over an area of soft, white, hot-hot-hot sand. When he made it across, rather than turn towards Johann he continued on to get his tortured feet into the cooling surf. He was within a few feet of his target of relief when he heard: “HEY!” He had come so so close. Now for those other remaining laps to run.

 After the final lap Johann and Brenda took their seats in the two short folding chairs that were placed just below the high water mark so that the rippling waves would wash over their feet. Then he summons the boy to take his seat in front of them. As he did the salt water brim washed his tortured ass and feet. Ah, the healing power of the sea. To Dwain it was like trying to put out a fire with gasoline. Well it was rubbing salt into the wounds.

 After three or four minutes the boy looked back behind him. Brenda smile and gave him a come home signal with her finger. On arrival she pointed down. It was time for another spanking.

 Brenda smacked each wet ass cheek one at a time. Naturally some sand had stuck to his wet bun. So some of it stuck to her palms which provided an added dimensions. Whereas his earlier spanking inside had been on a virgin dry as, this won was on a thoroughly caned ass with a goodly supply of welts that were wet with brim and sand.

 Johann watched the boy’s face as he tried to cope. With a “I think you need some help,” he got up and took a seat behind the boy and went to work spanking his feet that had been worked over earlier by shells and then by the healing power of the salt water. “SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT . . . A spank to one ass cheek; a spank to one foot; a spank to the other ass cheek; a spank to the other foot; a spank to . . . . . . . .

 At a scrumptious dinner that night Johann talked a bit about the race.

 “We’ll try it again tomorrow. You didn’t do very good today, did he Brenda?”

 “You’d think he’d never run before. He needs further practice; further training. We want to help you run like the wind; to fly like a bird; for your spirits to soar! We even went so far today as to give you a streamlined running outfit to wear . . . one with minimal wind resistance, you know. We expect more of you in the morning.”

 “But how – how – with my feet hurting so much? And there’s no more room on my ass.” That comment went ignored.

 “Try working on your respiration . . . on your breathing. If your ass is stinging a bit, think of that as an aid to pushing you on. Tell you what. You can go out on the beach on your own before breakfast and practice. Just be sure and wear your pink outfit – not those swimming trunks you brought which would slow you down. You’ll certainly want to fly like a bird if you come back for an actual competition.”

 “Come back? Competition? Like against others?”

 “Right. You see those referred back to us a second time are put on a list. When the list is long enough we hold a special event. All of the parents together with a guest or two are invited to watch the event on a Sunday afternoon after which they retrieve their delinquent child. Just remember that the next time you think about misbehaving. You wouldn’t want to be a loser in these relay races; I can tell you that. And you sure wouldn’t want to end up in the aftermath of ended up in the Consolidation Flight. God no. So when you go home tomorrow you will be a good boy; right? A good little loving and tender boy.”

 Dwain gave that a thought. Tender; I’m ‘*tenderized’* enough already. Once I’m back in my Jeep though I’ll be . . . I’ll be . . . It was at that moment that his mom was busy signed the Jeep back over to the finance company.

 “We’ll test you out later – after your practice – to see how much you’ve improved. We’ll show you a different version of the relay race.”

 “Different version?”

 “We’ll explain tomorrow. Keep it as a surprise.”

 The following weekend it was a sixteen year old girl and her fourteen year old sister that were guests of The Sandman. The next weekend Johann and Brenda played hosts for a thirteen year old boy with about the thickest eyeglasses you can imagine. He was no worm; only a book worm. He was so well mannered, studious, meek and submissive that they knew he had been sent by his guardians for some reason other than misconduct. That he had to keep an hour by hour diary attested to this.

 Their calendar was now booked solid for two months ahead on weekends. The fame of The Sandman was spreading fast as evidenced not only by the many bookings but by the increased boat traffic for those who hoped to catch a sighting of this beach creature to confirm that it was real and not mythical. To those fortunately enough in that endeavor The Sandman did bring sweet dreams. To those offshore, on the boats; that is. As to those on shore, well they had dreams that you might not call sweet.

 “Now all together dear readers. Lift your voices in praise and sing - sing - SING!!!”

 “Mister Sandman; I’m so alone. Don’t having nobody to call my own . . . “