THE SANDMAN

 The Sandman is a well-known mythical figure in folklore who lets children fall asleep and have good dreams by sprinkling magical sand in their eyes. This story bears no relation whatever to that good man. Neither is the protagonist good nor does he nor his wife bring anything pleasant to youngsters. The only connection between these two fables is sand itself.

 Florida is world renowned for its fabulous beaches and warm waters. The beaches in its northwest, which is known as the emerald coast for the often emerald color of its waters, has the purist of brilliant white, fine sand. The beaches of peninsula Florida to the south do not share this. The beaches along the Atlantic coast north of the Gold Coast are hard packed, so hard in fact that one can drive a car on many. The sand there is somewhat coarser and not white. The beach sand along the gulf coast is softer and somewhat darker.

 Many beaches in Florida’s southwest are laden with shells of all sizes and shapes. It’s a sheller’s paradise. It is here where The Sandman lives on an island key north of the Everglades bounding an estuary a mile offshore from the mainland. On a map the key does bare a name, but for the young adolescents in the area it is referred to as Devil’s Island where The Sandman lies in wait . . . waiting for fresh meat to beat – prime adolescent rump meat.

 Johann Barrington and his wife Brenda are the sole permanent residents of this so-called “Devil’s Island.” Johann had been so successful financially in his career that he had retired early. With his love for fishing he had bought a small, dilapidated and abandoned hotel on the key and had had it renovated. Earlier it had served as a retreat for some twenty or so hotel guests to spend a weekend or a week or even longer. That access had to be had by boat had made it extra-expensive to operate. That one couldn’t simply drive to it had also limited its cliental. The hotel eventually failed.

 For a while Johann and his wife keep busy with the renovation. Johann has his boat which not only served for transportation across the estuary to a garage where he kept a jeep to drive into town, but also for fishing. They had a garden to fuss around with and, of course, the beach to soak in the Florida sun. But as time passed and the comings and goings of relatives and friends tapered off, the isolation began to take its toll. Something was lacking.

 The two were still quite sexually active, often enhanced by their shared spanking fetish. That had played a role in their initial meeting at one of those “clubs.” Brenda was the one that was more deeply into it. Some would classify her as a borderline sadist were they privy to her acts. This did serve to mitigate the isolation. One could only watch so many Netflix.

 The Barringtons maintained a well-stocked supply of implements to satisfy their fetish needs. One of the room that was always kept locked had the implements on display for ready access. Many a day had been pleasantly passed is decorating and furnishing this room. Tastefully mounted on the walls were arrays of paddles of various sizes and shapes. A few bore the Greek letters of fraternities and sororities where they had gone to college. Some were pitted; others had bored holes which served to reduce wind resistance and also to raise blisters.

 Along another wall was mounted all things leather. There were coiled whips of various sizes, textures, flexibilities and colors. As with the paddles these were easily removed and replaced from the wall by mere hand lifting. Of course few of these were actually used to the full extent as designed. More often they were used for foreplay and role play.

 By far the most unique display was that of the canes. You see, rattan palms were to be found right there on the island. Whips, tawse, belts, straps and the like were conventionally to be found in private dungeons, but not these canes which were hand crafted with love and affection by Johann himself. Some of these were quite unique and had provided the genesis for Johann later having become known to the locals as “The Sandman.” You see, they were made of sand. They of course were not composed of just sand but rather were sand coated.

 One balmy moonlit night Johann and Brenda had walked to the beach where Johann fired up a charcoal grill. No, they weren’t going to grill hotdogs or hamburgers. No, the grill served other roles. It provided warmth and romantic atmosphere and a heat source for hot-toddies. It was also served to warm up the two stout whipping canes that Johann had hand crafted. Once the toddies had begun to work their magic they seductively took each other’s bathing suit off. Then in ritualistic fashion each laid their cane briefly on the hot bars of the simmering grill. Well knowing the script Johann took up his cane first leaving Brenda’s to be further heated and scorched. Brenda knelt on the sand and raised her rear high as she faced the simmering grill. She was a big woman who showed her age. Her mammoth mammalians hung down heavily. Her arms were flabby. Johann too showed middle age, what with his budding beer belly, the product of too many Buds.

 Brenda watched as Johann strutted naked around the grill hooting like an Indian as he thrashed the night air with the heated cane which, of course, did cool it down a bit. Oh what fun! After circling the grill once he looked at Brenda who shook her head. He was to continue. Around again he went, hooting and hollering and Indian dancing as he waived his cane.

 Once more he paused and looked at the naked Brenda still kneeling as she watched the ritualistic show. Now could he get on with it? Please? You see, the longer the dance lasted the cooler became the cane in his hand and the hotter became the other that was destined for him. “Ladies First” had a perverted meaning here. Again she smiled and shook her head as she saw that he was now well aroused. When she finally relented he rushed to take up a stance behind her and her waiting ass.

 “You Goddamn bitch; you Goddamn sadist. The cane for me over there is about to catch on fire.”

 “Good. Just so that it doesn’t . . . quite.”

 In rapid fire he rained down three blow as hard as he could into her abundant raised ass. Then he laid down three more with his backhand so that they simply had to cross the others even though he couldn’t yet make out in the darkness the lines of impact. With that he threw down the cane right beside her and raced for the one still yet being heated on the grill. He grabbed its crooked handle which was off to side of the grill. The synthetic sheath over the handle was now just shy of being too hot to handle. God only knew what the working part felt like. He started to slide off the sheath which had been placed about the handle to prevent it from withering under the heat. Although the grill bars had made scorch marks, they had supported the stem and kept it generally straight as had the sheath kept the crook handle crooked. His effort to cool the cane, which reminded him of a hot poker while swishing it through the air, was cut off by Brenda as she grabbed his wrist.

 “STOP THAT! Don’t you know that that will cool it, you fool! Now get your fucking ass down where it belongs, you conniving bastard.” With that she touched it to make sure that it was not hot enough to actually burn.

 Understand dear readers that this entire ritual comprised both scripted role-play and real, vocalized play. Not always did they know which was which; where one ended and the other began; but that added to the thrill. Who wants to know the end of a story ahead of its time?

 Brenda swished it and swished and swished in the night air. Johann found himself in waiting anxiously but at the same time found relief in knowing that that swishing was cooling it. She was savvy enough to know just how much cooling was need, and no more.

 Johann obediently went down where Brenda had been to face the grill. There she stood waving the cane over it. “Damn you for trying to undo what I had done. I’ll show you, you bastard.” Then holding the crook handle by its sheath she bent the working part of the cane down onto the bars above the still simmering coals. Johann couldn’t believe it. Now he saw her twisting and manipulating it forced again the hot bars as if she were grilling a steak. “I can’t believe what you did trying to deliberately cheat me. What Goddamn audacity. I’m going to scorch your hide so much that it will like a grilled T-bone when I’m done.”

 Johann couldn’t believe what she was doing either. God what a witch she looked like as twisted and turned the cane on the grill bars with the light of the simmering coals and the moonlight reflecting off her drooping boobs giving them a soft red glow as they swung about. But finally she lifted it up and gave it a touch. “OUH. ouch-ouh-OUH. I guess that’ll do.” Actually she had overdone it, not the cane but her cry. All part of the ritual.

 Brenda sledged her way over to take up her position. As she passed Johann couldn’t decide if the glow from the cane was its own radiation of heat or reflection from the grill. I’ll soon find out, he thought.

 Once in position Brenda fell silent. Johann waited and waited. Then he felt a line of warmth across the middle of his ass that was raised on high in the cool evening air. The warmth which at first had not been physically unpleasant now changed to heat. Brenda was holding the cane just slightly off the skin to gauge Johann’s reaction. Now realizing that he could safely take it she pressed home.

 Johann’s head jerked straight up in a silent cry as he gasped and his lungs filled to capacity. He couldn’t tell if he was actually being burned or not. Probably not as neither had ever burned the other. It just felt like it. Brenda smiled to herself there in the darkness. Then she ever so slowly rotated it.

 Johann pounded the sand in a mixture of real and pretended agony. Before too much heat had been lost she moved down a notch and repeated. Now Johann was swinging his head wildly from side to side as he continued his pounded. Finally Brenda slid the cane up and down his ass to end with a short visit to that crease which separates ass from thighs.

 The witch-wife now took two steps back, raised the cane well back over her shoulders and charged. The momentum of her follow-threw brought her past her victim with her feet throwing sand onto it. After her run-out she turned and stood with her legs apart and her hands on her hips as one held the cane off to one side. “Well?”

 “Thank you, dear. Well done,” he said through clinched teeth.

 “Do you mean performance-wise or cooked-ass-meat-wise?”

 “Both. Bravo, dear. You are so sweet and kind.”

 “You sarcastic smart ass. I’ll smart your big ass all right, you fucking bastard.”

 Johann watched as the naked night witch walked back with her big boobs and ass swaying aside his other side as he knew she would in order to rain down the next blow with her backhand. More sand was kicked up on his side and arms as she flew past him with her backhand follow-threw with both arms and body. Four more followed. Then, as he knew she would, she had him take a seat beside her on the sand. You see, Brenda was both semi-sadist and semi-masochists; the two semis added up to some weird whole.

 The feel of the sand as it a braised her caned ass provided added pleasure. Not so with Johann who grimaced. That of course appealed to her. Sadistic and masochistic pleasures at the same time. How wonderful.

 “Let’s warm up the toddies before we take a dip.” Johann readily agreed. He need fortification for what yet lay ahead: A dip into the gulf simmering under the moon light which was to serve as a salty brim wash to his beaten and almost scorched ass.

 It was the following morning when Brenda made her discovery. As she went to wash the canes before returning them to their home base she rubbed one with her fingers to wipe off the sand so that it didn’t clog the drain. But much of the sandy grim stuck. She would have to get a bristle brush. Then it came to her. The feel of the sand was rough to the touch. It was abrasive. And it was hard to rub off with hands. I’ll be damned, she thought; I’m not going to wash these. I’ll . . . I’ll . . . I’ll surprise Johann with them next time; not to his face but to his ass. He won’t know what has hit him.

 Sure enough a week later when she gave him a whack an unfamiliar, strange look came to his face; a quizzical, puzzled look. The next stroke produced a look of confusion. Rarely ever to do so he touched his butt and ran his fingers along the line of impact. It felt rough. When he pulled his hand back in response to a tap-tap of the cane to it found a grain of sand in his palm. Not very clean, he thought.

 Two more cuts quickly followed. Damn if they didn’t seem to hurt more than usual for the size of the cane being used and her swing. “Hold off a minute, honey,” he said as he stood from his bent-over position on the downwardly sloped padded caning furnishing. “I think that cane needs cleaning. It’s rough as hell. I don’t want to get an infection.”

 “Don’t fret; I dipped it.” Dipping meant that it had been submersed in a disinfectant bath. More often a sponge was dipped into it for administration of a sponge bath on a blistered ass to add a final and prolonged burning.

 “Tell me; just how did it feel different?”

 “Well it certainly hurt like hell. And . . . and it felt rough – you know, scratchy; abrasive. God knows how it would hurt were you to draw it – you know – like sawing. I’m sure it would scrape. I think it’s dirty.”

 “I’ll let you in on my little secret. It’s a new – a new type cane. Here, take a look.”

 Johann looked at the new instrument of torment. Gone was the standard smooth surface of rattan and its sheen. In its place was a surface that resembled sandpaper – not fine sandpaper but coarse. It was textured and rough. When he slid his fingers along it he had to ease up as it felt like it was on the verge of abrading them. There were several gaps though where the normal sheen of the rattan was showing. Just amateurish workmanship, he thought.

 “Where did you get this? Off the internet?”

 “Hardly. Remember our little beach party a week back? It was one of those. We forgot to bring them back. So the next morning I went to get them. It seems that the tide has wetted them and then left them to dry out in the morning sun. I guess the sun baked um. Anyway, when I went to clean them the sand was really stuck. I would have had to get a brush. Instead I kept them as a surprise for you.”

 “Well I’ll be damn. You know you could shellac them and really melt out a shellacking. Probably keep the sand on better too.”

 “Honey lamb, why don’t you go into the business? Like me you too like gardening, but this isn’t exactly the place for an English garden. The rattan palms are right here as is the sand. You could make them, set up a web site, and go into business. I’ll tend the herbs.”

 “You can already get them on the net; you know that.”

 “Not these. These could be your featured item. And once customers are hooked . . . well you could expand into the conventional ones. Your investment would be . . . well it would be next to nothing. You’d be risking nothing and look at all the pleasure you would bring to others. It’s like you’d be a philanthropist or sorts. You know: A giver.”

 “I don’t think the ‘takers’ would agree,” he laughed. “But damn if you aren’t on to something here. I can’t think of any flaws in your proposal except perhaps that the sand might come right off. That would raise a stink.”

 “And grime,” laughed Brenda. “Put in a disclaimer; you know, like a lawyer.”

 He rubbed the sandy cane again and looked at his hand. Only a couple of grains were there. Then he swatted his pants there on the chair a couple of times. He had to search carefully before he managed to find a couple more grains of sand.

 “If nature can do this, by golly I can. And I don’t think many would want to go to court with a complaint that their caning wasn’t up to snuff.”

 And that he did. He came to become known in the trade as “The Sandman” which was the name he gave his web site. Later it also became his entrenched brand name and trademark. His logo included the image of a sand castle.

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 It was his postal address that first brought The Sandman to the attention of a local. Darn if this . . . this sandman . . . didn’t live just down the way. One morning Johann received an email asking if he, the buyer, couldn’t pick up his purchase. Johann agreed to meet him at the dock where he would make the delivery. When he got there he found the man who introduced himself as Deacon Tom something to have brought along his ten year old son who he introduced as Teddy. The two men got to talking which quickly led to Johann inviting him out to see his budding business. You could make out a part of the hotel right there in sight across the water. The exchange of canes for cash was made and off they went.

 Once at the old converted hotel Johann took pride in showing the man and his boy around. Brenda provided some refreshments. The church deacon thought that the canes that he had bought were quite nice. He was fascinated with the workshop where a number were in various states of preparation.

 “Mr. Barrington, would you indulge me in personally giving Teddy here his licking? I’m not familiar with canes, you know. I think I do a good job with the strap, right boy, but I’ve never wielded a cane. I want it done right, you know. Like the three bears’ soup – not too hot and not too cold.” Brenda’s eyes widened as she nodded eagerly behind the man. The boy though didn’t miss that.

 “Well I suppose I . . . I . . .”

 “Of course we can, kind sir.” With that Brenda took the boy’s hand and walked him off towards the kitchen while asking him all friendly like how old he was, where he lived, etc. This caught both men by surprise but they quickly recovered and followed the two which looked much like a boy being led by his mother to a party.

 In the kitchen there was an island made of polished wood which of course was extra-large, what with it having been designed for a small family hotel. She marched the kid to a position in front of it where she went down on her knees and without hesitation unzipped his short pants and yanked them down along with his underpants before he had time to react. His mouth simply popped open as he looked down immobile at what she had done so quickly. Brenda stood and with a “there now” gave his little naked butt a slap. “Now Teddy I want you to bend over the table so that Mr. Barrington can show your daddy just how this should be done.”

 Events were moving so fast that neither man could hardly keep up. Brenda had simply taken charge as she was prone to do. Nevertheless both were relieved that she had. Now they weren’t burdened with having to tell him to undress. “Johann, we’ll need a block for him to stand on.”

 In no time at all the boy found himself bent over flush atop the island with his arms fully extended. Brenda took a seat on a stool in front of him and lifted his chin and explained that he should not worry – that she would be right there right in front of him ready to help him. He could consider her his nurse.

 Once she had the boy up on his tiptoes she informed the men that she thought he was ready. The dad took the paper wrapping off the canes he had just bought and extended one to Johann. Unfortunately, it was a sandy cane.

 “Tom; you don’t mind if I call you Tom.”

 “Of course not.”

 “I think it’s best that we start off with this one here. Save the sandy one for later. It really has a special, extraordinary sting. And it’s still somewhat experimental. I’m still having to work some kinks out of it.”

 “Whatever you say.”

 Now Johann wished that he hadn’t spoken so fast. He really was anxious to use the sandy one, even if he had to hold back on delivery, to see the results. “On the other hand I think it will be alright if I give it a try. You though should start off with the plain one.”

 Johann looked at the waiting ten year old. Damn if he didn’t want to mount his ass rather than beat it: well, maybe both. He hoped that the father didn’t spot the bulge in his pants. Brenda looked at him and gave a wink too faint for the father to recognize. However, again the boy picked up on it. Must be a friendly wink, he surmised.

 “Now what we want to do is start here just above the center.” That said he marked the line with a thin red marker. “Then we’ll work our way down with parallel cuts spaced just slightly like this. We call these ‘cuts.’” He drew four more lines. The boy felt the cool ink and shuttered with each of the marker strokes. “Finally we’ll hit a home run with a stroke here in the crease. This is the most tender and sensitive area of the rump.” With that he drew the red marker pin slowly across the area. Teddy cringed; Brenda, his ‘helper,’ his ‘nurse’ smiled.

 “With the lines being horizontal you’ll need to bend down a tad. Otherwise they will be along a slope and more likely end upon the flank, here. The thighs we’ll leave out. What I’m showing you here is a simple, six-of-the-best for a boy who has made some rules infraction. It’s quite standard for boys and girls who have misbehaved. For more serious offenses you can stand erect and slash down along a slope. That way you can apply six more afterwards with your backhand which will cross the others. See, like this. The cross-over points will naturally blister. The ten year old butt being rather small, you may run out of unblemished skin. In that case you still have the upper thighs available to work on here.” The boy felt more of the wet felt tip as Johann swept the canvass like an artist. His whole rear now felt the room air which was cool to the naked butt.

 “Can I get down, please?”

 Realizing that the kid had been up on his tiptoes all this time, Johann gave him an “of course, son.”

 “I need to pee – bad.”

 As soon as Brenda had given him directions he made a run for it. After pissing he turned his back to the large mirror on the door. He shuttered at the sight. There on his butt were the six initial lines crisscrossed by twelve others. There were six more on his thighs. There were red lines everywhere.

 He put one hand on one bun only to realize that it was still a tad wet. He pulled his hand away and looked at his now red palm. He started to wash it in the basin but then thought better of it. What if he were to dirty it up. He walked back still bare from his shirt down to his socks. As he re-entered the kitchen he put one hand over his privates and turned his other to show the large red smudge. “Sorry.”

 “Brenda; please take the boy and clean up. We need to move along. I’m sure our guest has other things to do today.”

 While they were away – and it really was a while as Brenda took her time alone with the boy with delight as she probed him with question in his semi-naked state – Johann gave the father a lecture on the art of caning. The man listened attentively. His only question was as to lotions and ointments to be applied afterwards. Johann named as few that would sooth and heal and act as an antiseptic. Then he named a couple of antiseptics that would prolong the burning and discomfort. He could sell him the latter which he had concocted from his herb garden. Simple antiseptic towelettes were of course available at any drugstore.

 The men looked to see Brenda and Teddy returning. They were walking side by side. Brenda had her arm around the boy’s waist. Both were smiling. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary other than that the boy remained naked from his shirt to his socks. With his extended stay with Brenda in the bathroom, his inhabitations had somehow melted away.

 Brenda returned the youth returned to the island where she gave him a friendly messing of his hair and had him stand back up on the block. When he bent over the table she had him rise up so that he up on his forearms. This way the boy’s head was level with hers. She wanted a good look directly into his eyes to watch as he tried to cope as he was beaten. With a poke of the sandy cane to the boy’s legs he went up on this tiptoes. The freshly cleaned ass was sparkling in wait. No longer however was a smile to be found on the boy’s face. The time had arrived. His only solace was to be found in the lady helper who was still sporting a genuine, friendly smile and rustling his hair again. “Here we go,” she whispered, all friendly like.

 Johann delivered the first cut smartly with restrained force. He had assumed that this new sand coated cane would be used on teens rather than pre-teens. So when the order had come for one standard pre-teen and one sand coated one, he had had to specially prepare it.

 At impact the boy’s mouth flew open in a silent scream as his head jerked sharply to the right. Immediately Brenda, while still smiling herself, took hold of him by the chin and returned it gently into position. She had to continue holding his chin until he calmed down. When she released it he managed to keep it in place looking straight ahead at her face which was right there in front of his. The boy was bewildered. The lady’s attitude had led him to believe that he shouldn’t worry – that she would be right there to help. Still she smiled broadly as she tossed he head from side to side.

 “Keep your eyes on mine,” she whispered as she gave stroked his hair gently. Now he seemed to detect that her smile wasn’t quite as genuine as before. “You are my nurse still; right?” She replied with a kiss on his nose and an “of sorts.”

 Johann had the boy’s father Tom join him in a close-up inspection of the fresh cane line. While he moved a finger along the rising welt he explained what stages of its growth it would go through until it reached maturity. He explained how it would decline over the coming days. This physical rise and fall was accompanied by a detailed description of what the boy would feel. Though he said nothing about it he was really interested in how this sand-caned creation differed from the conventional. The main distinction was in the texture of the welt. Naturally it was rougher. After adding two more strokes Johann suggested that the father take over. With obvious reluctance he agreed. When he reached for the cane Johann said that it would be better to start with the schoolhouse un-sanded Pre-Teener. Whereas the teacher here was a seasoned pro, the father wasn’t.

 Now Brenda was gently stroking the poor boy’s hair with both of her hands. “Oh I know poor thing that it does sting a bit but it soon will be over. Just concentrate on looking into my eyes. That will take your mind off what’s going on behind you.” His fresh tears however impeded that. “Try to look into the depths of my soul as I look into your. Hopefully I will spot the devil packing his bag for departure.”

 The ten year old now really saw this woman through different eyes. As she caressed and fondled his hair with her large arms cradling his head her eyes showed fake concern. They were now widening with lust and her eyebrows were rising and falling. He had been betrayed. His was mystified that she seemed actually to be enjoying this. Of course it wouldn’t be the first time that Teddy would be betrayed by a female or find the weaker sex mystifying.

 Johann moved Tom into position and had him lay his other, un-sanded cane in a proper position with it placed just beneath the last line. After having him tap the spot several times he stepped away. The man slowly brought the cane far back high in the air and paused. He looked at Johann who nodded. The cane whizzed down as the man appeared to use all of him strength for he felt that with anything less would lose the way and be off line and disappoint his teacher. His mind was concentrated on doing this right and obtaining words of approval. That there was a real live ten year old on the receiving end was secondary. When he hit the lad’s butt he snapped the cane back as if he had used a whip.

 “NO!” the boy screamed as he lifted up and grabbed his ass. He turned to look at his father. Through teary eyes had said “That hurt; God THAT HURT.” The boy had accepted the stranger-teacher but this now was his father.

 Tom’s head cleared. He wasn’t just hitting an inanimate golf ball; not there was a live boy attached to the rump work piece before him. Johann came to the rescue with a soft “keep quiet now son.”

 Johann and Tom looked at the boy’s butt. The stroke had been delivered at an angle and had extended beyond the ass cheeks. A red splotch was already forming on the boy’s flank.

 “Teddy, don’t be talking back to your father. He’s doing his best you know on your behalf under trying circumstances. Now get back into position. You and your dad will have to work as a team you know for good and proper results. Don’t interfere again with his training, please.”

 “I play a lot of golf you know. I get a lot of wrist action with my swing.” This was Tom’s way of trying to apologize to Johann as well as to his son.

 “There’s no need to explain, Tom. You are new at this. It will time to perfect your swing. You just will need practice. At home you can practice caning a pillow but really you will need a live target in your home training regime from time to time. I suggest that you include six of the best to the boy for a couple of weeks to perfect your swing. That alone may cause Teddy to straighten up. After that you would of course only use the canes as punishment for some infraction of the rules at school or at home. Now let’s give it another try. This time try to follow through like you’re hitting a golf ball – not snap it. That will deliver more force and be more effective.” The boy shuttered as he heard these words. What could be worse? Moreover it was he his father that would be caning him later on back at home. God.

 Brenda held the boy’s chin to position his face. When he finally made eye-to-eye contact she winked one of her eyes twice. “He’s ready,” she pronounced. Then she puckered her lips like a kiss. The boy felt the tap-tap-tap of the cane once more. His knees began to wobble. That however didn’t deter the father who delivered the next stroke. Though this one seemed to be as hard as the other, it was more accurately placed. At impact he didn’t snap it back as before but let it remain in place. The boy grit his teeth and held position. He knew there should only be one left to complete the ‘six-of-the-best’ that had earlier been marked off in red.

 “Better, right son?” Not expecting an answer he continued. “But you still need to follow through. Here; watch me again.”

 Johann took the cane and, to make it clearer, took one big step back, brought both of his feet together, and struck home with his left foot being aside the boy and his ass at impact which put his weight into it. Without any hesitation he continued on with his move stopping with his right foot just slightly beyond the boy’s head which then began to shake from side to side as he bit his lip in trying not to cry out. He succeeded in that save for the cries from his eyes. Thought Brenda didn’t see it, he had come down off his tiptoes.

 “Do you see,” asked Johann.

 “Yes; yes. It really is like golf. I’ll just think I’m hitting a ball out on the course.”

 “Right. You see physics teaches us that force is equal to mass times acceleration. The force here is the cane being de-accelerated as it strikes its somewhat cushiony target. The momentum of . . .”

 The boy couldn’t believe what was happening - a lecture was ensuing as he remained there waiting for the next blow. It was as if he wasn’t even there; that they had forgotten about him. Even Brenda took her eyes off the boy when the science lecture expanded into thermodynamics. When it turned to biology and to blood circulation the boy also turned to look at the two men talking.

 His father was totally engrossed and asking questions of his teacher. Both were manipulating their canes for demonstration and emphasis. At that moment his father was holding the crook handle stiffly, bending back the tip and then releasing it. Finally Brenda interrupted. “Johann, I think we need to move along here. We need to send that devil packing.”

 Both men turned to see Brenda still sitting there but looking at them. The boy was also looking at them, albeit through tear stained eyes. His butt of course was still perched there in wait.

 “Ha; ha. We almost forgot about you, son” said Johann. “Sorry about that Teddy. Now back up on tip-toes. You do have a nice butt; well suited for the cane. Yes, quite well suited. Your father has made a wise purchase today.”

 The third blow by the father which followed the three by Johann was delivered right atop the prior one. You see, in his seeing that the prior one had struck where intended, he dared not change anything. The reality of seeing the flaming tramlines did however have him hold back a little. The boy’s tormented cries and sobs still went ignored.

 “That was good; much improved. I liked your follow-threw. However I don’t want you to easy off. No; no easing off. Use the same force, substantial force regardless of the age of the boy or girl you are caning. It’s the cane selection that adjust to the age of the boy – or girl, all the way from nursery canes to senior canes. The ones here are for pre-teens. When he turns twelve or thirteen you move on to the larger junior canes. Later still it’s on to the senior canes. Now where were we?”

 “We’re done,” said the boy as he stood and faced the two men which gave Brenda the opportunity to study his beaten bun. What a delightful sight. “I’ve already had the six that you marked off. No, I’ve had seven, I’m sure. SEVEN!”

 “Teddy, today is special; it’s a teaching day. We need to keep the count on the practice shots; not on those received by you. Your dad has only given you three. We can’t count the ones I’ve giving you. They were just for teaching. Do you know that if you were in a teaching hospital with an appendicitis you’d have several interns poking their fingers up your butt just to learn – to practice on. Understand? So get back in position, if you would. Your dad needs the practice; he still has three to go to finish out his allotment of six. And keep in mind; no clinching. Let’s help your dad out here; okay?”

 “But it’s hard not to clinch when I have to be up on tie-toes.”

 “That’s the idea, son. Don’t you understand? We want to make it all as difficult for you as we can. This is punishment, you know. Having to keep a strained position all while you are having to endure pain is to instill discipline. Not clinching your ass cheeks while you are up on tip-toes is a task. Then feeling the tap-tap-tap followed by a swishing sound of the cane behind you makes the task that much harder. I find this a most effective method of instilling discipline. Don’t you agree, Tom?”

 Tom delivered then next one just as instructed with good force that was well put to use by his follow-threw. The kid sprang up. Though he managed to remain on the block he grabbed his buns with both hand. “NO NO NO” he cried as he hopped in place. Johann took charge and returned him back into position. “That one was on top of another. It was; it was! He’s no good at this. He needs to go back to his strap.”

 “Son; how many times must I say this. Today is a day of training – training both you and your dad. And I’m certainly not going to get in an argument with you – a ten year old. You just disobeyed in not maintaining position. Disobedience comes with a penalty. You must learn discipline, self-control, and above all, respect for your elders. Brenda, take hold of the boy’s arms while I administer two penalty strokes. Tiptoes, boy.”

 “Please; please. Please don’t. I’ll stay in position for the last two from my dad. I promise.”

 “I’m sure you will. But first the two penalty strokes. For emphasis I think we’ll use the sandy cane. Brenda, take a firm hold onto the child for I’m not holding back.” Johann didn’t want to waste this opportunity. Not always would he have such an obliging parent.

 Johann took hold of the sandy cane and lovingly passed it through his fingers, feeling its sandy texture. He walked back behind the boy. With significant yet restrained strength he delivered a diagonal cut right across the center of the boy’s rump. Before the boy had had time to fully react he delivered another one with his backhand.

 Brenda held on as the boy bucked and tried to twist. He shook his head and hair as he threw his head about as he screamed “AAAHHHHH . . . . . NO!!!” One foot came up off the block. He thrashed it about while remaining on the block, standing now on one foot. Johann pointed with the cane as he explained to the father: “This is called ‘crossing the gate’.”

 “There’s so much to be learned,” the man replied. “You know you really should be helping out others around here.”

 “How do you mean?”

 “May I take up a bit more of your time?”

 “You still have two left.”

 “Oh; ugh. Right.”

 They turned to see Brenda still struggling to cope with the distort kid who was still thrashing about while held on to him with her large, flabby arms. A minute passed before the boy gave up the struggle and fell limply down flush upon the island. Johann waited until he felt that the boy was now back in control of himself. Then he spoke softly.

 “Teddy, your daddy is now going to give you the two remaining to complete his, and I do say his, six-of-the-best for today. Now be brave and act like a boy your age and get back into position. Take these properly and that will wrap things up. I sincerely hope that I will not have to add any more penalty strokes. I won’t, will I?” Teddy shook his head slightly in agreement.

 Back he went up on his tip-toes with tears flooding from his eyes. Brenda gently positioned her head so that her nose was actually touching the boy’s nose. “Look deep into my eyes,” she whispered just like a therapist would in hypnotizing a patient. She raised her eyebrows and stared into the depths of his and into his tormented soul as the boy felt the tap-tap-tap on the cane.

 Tom delivered the final two with practiced efficiency. The tormented boy held. With that done Brenda backed off and looked at Johann. She made a hand gesture like she was spanking with an inviting smile. Johann answered with a nod.

 Johann led Tom over to a long wooden bench that was a hold-over from the days when the place had served as a small hotel or rooming house. At the same time Brenda led the boy, this time by the ear, over to a stool where she took a seat and directed the boy to bend over. It was time for a good old fashion spanking. Forget that good old fashion spanking weren’t preceded by a caning. Each spank would be far worse as her palm struck a budding and maturing welt to make it fester.

 “You see, Mr. Barrington, I’m a deacon and juvenile counselor at our church. In this capacity I hear about many problems parents have here with their wayward kids. So many Floridians are from elsewhere, you know. There’s just not the community structure that exists in other places like, like, in the south; in the Bible belt.”

 As the man spoke the two of them could overhear the slap slap of Brenda’s hand. The slaps were slow to come and quite deliberate as she would single out a target there on the boy’s caned bottom. She would spot a budding blister like where the cane had crossed another tramline. She would concentrate on that and help it along much like fertilizing a budding plant. All the while poor Teddy was whimpering “no more; please; no more; God; please, please stop.” Brenda would respond with a whispered “there; there; don’t cry. My little baby, my baby boy shouldn’t cry. Smack.” Lord, was she ever enjoying herself.

 The boy gritted his teeth as he continued to plea for her to stop. He was now crying so much that snot was oozing out of his nose. Stopping however was the last thing Brenda had in mind. No, this was an unexpected treat that she was going to take full advantage of it. It was simply divine that this boy-angel had been sent to her – to them – from on high, well at least from across the water. Opportunity had knocked and she was going to take full advantage it. Today was special. “Smack . . . smack . . . smack.”

 “Look,” continued Tom;”I could recommend you to a number of parents if you would permit it. I’m sure they would be more than willing to pay for your services.”

 “But they can’t just get in their cars and drive over here. I would have to ferry each one back and forth. There would be times I’m sure when rendezvous wouldn’t connect – one or the other would be late or even forget. I myself would have to always be keeping an eye on the clock.”

 “Spank . . . . . . . spank . . . . . . spank . . . . . spank.”

 Tom looked over at Brenda there with Teddy still there on her lap as she continued on with her unrelenting spanking. To Tom’s eyes it just reminded him of his wife melting out a spanking when the boy had been a mere one or two year old. The boy was just older now. No, he had ministerial matters on his mind more than appreciation that his ten year old butt had been well caned earlier. His mind was busy framing his sales pitch.

 “Before you bought the place it was used not by the hour of course but by the day. Patrons would come for a week or for a weekend. You should have plenty of room for the boys to sleep over. During school they could spend the weekend with you; you know, pick them up Saturday mornings and return them Sundays afternoons.”

 “SLAP . . . . . . SPANK . . . . . . SLAP . . . . . . SPANK”

 Hum, thought Johann; not a bad idea. Not a bad idea at all. That way Brenda and I would have the place to ourselves during the week and some excitement over the weekends. Hum.

 “SLAP . . . . . . SPANK . . . . . . SLAP . . . . . . SPANK.”

 The tormented boy couldn’t believe that the two men were ignoring what was going on in his department. Were they deaf? Were they blind? Didn’t they care? First the lecture while his butt had been up in the air, naked, and now some business proposal as his butt was heated to pitch-fire levels. “You told me you were my nurse!”

 “SLAP . . . . . . Spank . . . . . . SLAP. And that I am. I’m nursing you back to social health. Nursing you to be obedient, disciplined, and a good boy. **SPANK**!”

 The boy’s butt was now glowing brightly all speckled with welts and blisters that Brenda would expertly bring just to point of breaching before moving on to a new target.

 “You know you could do some real good community service. You would be helping so many parents out. And you would be augmented your income you know from your sale of canes on line. Please consider it; please.”

 “Excuse me a moment. My wife would be very much involved you know. She very well not like the place to be filed with a bunch of juvenile delinquents running about. I doubt that she would want to serve as a cook or dishwasher or maid either.”

 “The parents could pack their meals and use throwaway paper plates and cups and plastic utensils,” he said hopefully; almost like a plea for now he had already pictured himself delivering the news to several parents who would be so, so appreciative.

 “Tell me; just what was Teddy’s offense.”

 “He was twenty minutes late for supper. Just the week before he had been ten minutes late and I had warned him.”

 “I see. Of course that would clearly merit a caning at any time. That would teach him better than mere talk to be timely. Honey,” he said as he stood and walked over to her and the boy. His eyes widened as he saw the extent that the spanking encore had enhanced the condition of the boy’s beaten ass.

 “Yes, she said without looking up. SPANK . . . . . . . SPANK . . . . . . SPLAT!”

 “Honey.”

 “SPANK . . . . . . SPLAT! . . . . . . SPANK . . . . . . SPLAT.”

 “**HONEY**.”

 “SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT SPLAT **SPLAT**!!! **Yes**,” she said as she finished here flurry in frustration in having her erotic fun interrupted. She had wanted to add ‘damn it’ but had managed to hold her tongue.

 “We need to speak.”

 As the boy felt her body stir in preparation for standing he jumped, grabbed his tortured ass with both hand and started hopping about in circles like he was performing an Indian war dance.

 Johann took Brenda into another room. It was a full ten minutes before they returned. By now the deacon man was encouraged much like a defendant and attorney often were when the jury took a long time in deliberations. When they did return Johann extended his hand for a handshake.

 “Brenda has consented to giving it a try,” Johann said with a smile.

 “Oh thank you; thank you so much. What shall we name ourselves?”

 The delighted man looked at his now dressed ten year old whose face was streaked in tears. Even some of his hair was wet and matted. The deacon looked down at the canes. When his eyes focused on the sand-coated one he answered.

 “How about ‘The Sandman’?”

To be continued . . . . . .