THE SECT

 In Appalachia there exist many sects that have survived over the eons without succumbing to modern ways. Whether that is good or bad depends on who you talk with. To members of a sect it is, of course, for the better, else wise they would no longer belong.

 One such sect was known as the Church of Nature Devine. As far as its church theology went, it believed that God was everywhere and in everything. This wasn’t too far removed from predecessor Indians in the region in their belief in a sun god, a moon god, a rain god and so on. Men weren’t gods in themselves, but God lived within them as in all things in the universe.

 In social matters the sect’s ethics came from a mixture of Puritanism with weak links to the German Dunkards, the Mennonites and the Amish. Children had to behave, had to respect their elders, and had to have a strong work ethic. All women and wives had to be unquestionably sub-servant to the male and could only perform certain kinds of labor. There were a few for-pay fields of work open to them, namely teaching, nursing and child rearing, but the pay had to be handed over to the husband or uncle or what other male was responsible for their well being. The male, be he a family head or other, had to take care of his woman and protect her; not a simple task nor a role lacking in responsibility.

 This core belief in all things being as nature intended they to be included a belief that children were to be corporally disciplined. A spank on the fanny was the first thing that most newborns encountered in the world once outside the womb for nature deemed it often necessary to get breathing started. Spanking of small children did instill better behavior as any objective observer could see. The results spoke for themselves – as nature would have it. And as they grew so would the implements used to maintaining good behavior and respect.

 Switches replaced the hands around age 4; then bigger ones for the bigger boys and girls. The leather strap and wood paddle would arrive about 5. The size and weight of the strap would increase in keeping with the increase in age. The wood paddle would do so likewise and most often some have holes bored into them for two reasons: to reduce backpressure by the air as they were swung against the child’s bottom for enhanced force of impact, and to provide more edges. The holes also produced localized pressure changes at impact to create small blisters on their small rumps which provided more lasting power.

 At around the age of 7 the mode of corporal discipline began to divide between that applied to boys and that applied to girls. The paddle would usually become the principal implement for boys, both at home and at school, while the strap and switches and bundled switches would be used on the girls. The frequency of punishment would also diverge around that age. Boys would be beaten for bad behavior whereas girls would be beaten whether they had been bad or good. Of course their beatings would be more frequent and severe if administered for bad behavior.

 The reason for this early divergence between the genders was for the life-long installing of the roles that boys and girls and later the men and women that they were to become, were to play. The male was dominant and the female subservient – *always*. By seeing this instilled in all children in the sect the children learned that that simply was how things were. Nature created the two sexes with the male being the stronger. That was obvious to all. Thus nature intended the male to dominate the female.

 Since the sect had its own schools and churches the children were only exposed to outsiders when they went into town to shop or to see a doctor specialist. At those times they were always accompanying be an adult member of the sect. As radio and television and newspapers being forbidden, little did they appreciate that their society was different from the population as a whole.

 By the age of 10 the rattan and bamboo canes became the implement used on girls while larger paddles were used on boys. At that age girls also became expected to satisfy sexual needs of their fathers and brothers. More often than not their mother would introduce them to the source of their own creation – their father’s cock. They would show them its workings, inside and out. They would learn oral sex.

 They would also learn that the cock played not only a role in procreation but also in punishing. So after having there asses beaten on the outside there would have them beaten on the inside by the father’s cock. Moreover, if they had brothers, the brothers would often be encouraged to beat their sisters whether they were older or younger than themselves. And if they had passed puberty they would have their peckers serviced orally and anally. The male was dominate and the female subserveant. That was simply nature – God’s will. That the female did not desire this was simply irrelevant.

 All this is not to say that there was always peace and harmony in the sect. On occasion a complaint would be made. In that case the door of the Vicar’s office was always found open. If necessary the Vicar would bring the problem to the attention of the elders for resolution. If it was a domestic problem involving physical abuse or discipline, the odds were in favor of the male head of the household. However if abuse was visible for all to see, such as a black eye, the male would be admonished. That sort of thing was to be kept private, within the home, and not on public display. Crime was almost non-existent in the sect. In the rare case of thief or assault, often committed by one with obvious mental problems, a warning would be given. If such occurred again, the ultimate penalty was imposed: banishment.

 In preschool and kindergarten the boys and girls were mixed. Starting in first grade the two attended the same classes, but were segregated: Boys on one side and girls on the other side of the room.

 Misbehavior was not tolerated and was swiftly rewarded with the cane. Into the front of the classroom the errant boy or girl would be summons, made to bend over in front of the boys, and given six of the best on the bare by the teacher. Once the fourth grade was reached the caning of the boy or girl would often be conducted in front of the other boys if the teacher was a woman. By the sixth grade six of the best would be given by a pair of boys working in concert to make it more communal. The errant boy or girl would be marched up in front of the boys section, pants dropped or skirt flung back, and underwear pulled down. Then two boys would be called upon for the caning with one giving six of the best by his forehand and the other giving six of the best by his backhand. Each was encouraged to outdo the other so as to avoid any favoritism. Of course silence had to be maintained throughout the ordeal by the recipient.

 The sect did have a high school. Again both sexes attended the same classes but were continued to be separated. Once in high school the girls had to wear a stern school uniform; the boys did not. If a boy in high school misbehaved he no longer would be caned in front of the class. Rather he was given a note to take home regarding his misdeed for his father’s consideration. If a girl misbehaved, which did not often happen, she was marched up in front of the boys section, made to take the bare, bent-over position, and given six of the best with the feared senior cane by two boys again, each encouraged to outdo the other. Following that the girl had to remain bent over on display for all to see as her red tramlines from the cane rose and turned dark – with any touching being strictly off limits – until dismissed by the teacher.

 And thus the sect was instilled with the understanding that girls, and the women that would mature, were to be beaten by males. Beyond early childhood males were never to be beaten by a female.

 Marriages were traditionally performed by the vicar with the choir seated on one side facing the elders who seated on the opposite side. Between these was the pipe organ and organist. The décor was celestial. The blessed couple would enter and make their way down the center aisle between the men’s and women’s sections wearing nice but simple wedding attire. The victor would be waiting with the groom’s best man to one side holding the wedding ring on a velvet pad and with the bride’s father on the other side holding a ceremonial cane that resembled a Sheppard’s shaft. While continuing to kneel together the groom would take the ring and put it on the bridge’s finger and recite ceremonial words of love and protection. The bride would kiss the groom on both cheeks and then the two would rise.

 At this point the father of the bride would present the cane to his new son-in-law, the groom, would face the congregation and raised it on high with place the thumb of his free hand beside it to show that the cane was no thicker than his thumb, thus meeting the “rule of thumb” of old . . . the rule that a man could beat his wife as he wished, provided that the rod used was no thicker than his thumb. The bride would kiss the ceremonial cane, a 4 footer with crooked handle.

 The Vicar would now have the two recite the special wedding vows of the sect and them pronounce them husband and wife. A loving kiss might follow, depending on the choice made by the family of the groom. And with that the spanking-new husband would pass the cane to his best man, the organ would play, and the couple would make their exit down the aisle as the choir sang. To members of the sect there in the church it was truly an inspirational event that brought tears to many an eye. The sect and its traditions lived on.

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 Hans Durkin had a farm where he grew and harvested annual crops and raised some cattle. His family included his wife Helen, two girls ages 9 and 16, and a son 14. All were faithful members of the Church of Nature Devine – the sect. Hans was a hard worker but, being a farmer, some of his work was seasonal. When he was out in the fields on his tractor he would have his 14 year old son Andrew take his place as man of the house, subject only to his mother’s supervision. It thus often fell upon him to discipline his older sister Gwen and his younger sister Candice whose nickname was Candy. In the somewhat rare event that Andy believed that his mother needed to be disciplined, he would write up her offense with a black marker on a board in the kitchen for his father to consider upon his return. Sometimes Hans would explain to his son that his mother was in the right; sometimes, after hearing what she had to say, if anything, he would give her a caning, usually in front of Andy. But more often than not he would have Andy give his own mother the cane without his even watching. Males ruled supreme and Hans had learned that his 14 year old was up to the job.

 Saturday nights were traditionally festive in the sect. Dinner would be served in the basketball court of the high school to the accompaniment of country music and dancing. Pitchers of both iced tea and wine were on the tables. Though distilled whiskey and brewed beer was not to be had, wine was to be had as nature itself made it available. Indeed, birds could be seen in the spring, that were drunk from having eaten fermented berries.

 It seemed that Sundays had the habit of always following Saturdays. Sunday in the Durkin family was the days that Hans set aside for only essential work, for his rest and recuperation, and for the disciplining of his family’s members.

 On Sundays it sometimes happened that it only himself that went without a whipping for the boy was only beaten, as needed and not by tradition. No; the Sunday whippings of the females were as traditional as were Sundays following Saturdays. They served to maintain that proper female attitude and respect. Stop them and only God knows what would happen; nothing good, that was for sure. Stop performing sexual by the males upon the females and they would likely become persnickety. These were risks, serious risks, that simply could not be taken.

 On this particular Sunday 16 year old Gwen had been invited by a neighboring farm family to go on a hayride. After begging her father to let her go, he had given in. Yes, she could go after her Sunday disciplining but, of course, she would have to wear her chastity belt, the ones with all those angry, jagged teeth that protected her privates. She was so eager to go that she begged her father to whip her just as soon as they got home from church before their Sunday meal. “They are having a picnic,” she pleaded. “Very well; go to my room.” All excited she jumped at the chance and up she went.

 A few minutes later Hans and his 14 year old son entered the room, each with a bamboo cane in hand. There before the bed stood 16 year old Gwen in her simple, long white church dress. She looked at the bamboo in disappointment. Why did it have to be the bamboo, especially today? She truly dreaded the bamboo for, unlike the rattan, it would become shredded to form sharp edges as it was pounding her rear. As it shredded, so would her ass and the pain would magnify. But she knew that her father knew that there would be boys on the hayride.

 “Take your clothes off, one item at a time, and, one at a time place them over there across the room,” said Hans as he and Andrew took seats side by side on a sofa with their bamboo canes in hand. Her striptease was all part of the discipline.

 Starting with a shoe Gwen kicked off the Sunday day of Punishment and Atonement. She started with the shoe in order to minimize the time that the man and boy would be watching her 16 year old body, undressed. It took almost five minutes before she was completely nude and summoned to come and stand in front of her father and her younger brother as they soaked in the sight, paying close attention to the progress of her 16 year old breasts as week by week they edged their way towards fulfillment.

 She stood there before them with her head down for a full minute without anyone saying a word. Hans lifted one of her young breast with the end of his bamboo stalk. Seeing that, Andy did likewise with his bamboo stack as he flipped her other breast up, over and over. However, it was too young and firm to provide much play. Then he started caressing her nipple with the end of the bamboo stalk. The nipple responded immediately. It hardened and then thrust itself out. Billy took it between his lips and started sucking as he would have as a baby. The protruding nipple became as hard as marble.

 “Take the other one,” ordered his father. “See if it will act the same way as I deflate this one.”

 Andy did as ordered while Hans pushed and pushed the other, hard-as-a-rock nipple in.

 A minute passed before they examined the results of their little experiment. The nipple that Andy had just sucked was hard and pointing outwardly. The other nipple had receded and was almost flat.

 “Interesting. See son how nature works. A girl’s tit will only spring forth if it thinks a baby needs to milk. Everywhere in God’s world is to be found a miracle of nature. But now we must move on. Okay: down, down,” he ordered as he unzipped his fly.

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 Gwen went down on her knees and put her head in her father’s crotch as she maneuvered his cock into the fresh air and then up to her lips. Andy took a stance behind her raised ass with his bamboo stalk. He swished the air a few times with a “swoosh – swoosh – swoosh.”

 “Please, Papa.”

 “What is it, child.”

 “The bamboo is going to make me bleed. People on the hayride will see and think I’m having my monthly.”

 “But the bamboos are all fresh and green, child. They need to be used now before they become hard and brittle. And I have to work in the morning.”

 “Please, Papa.”

 “But what would I do with them? Use them on your Mama?”

 “Please, Papa. Please.”

 “But child, we can handle the bleeding problem. We can bandage any bleeding with a couple of your; your; you know.”

 “But Papa, they will bulge and with that bulging thing in my front . . . “

 “You mean your chastity belt?”

 “Yes – my chastity belt. I’ll be bulging out everywhere down there.”

 Hans considered the girl’s request. Yes, she would bleed, and yes, that would be seen – seen in public outside of the home. And looking freakish in public wouldn’t do.

 “Very well, then. I shall tell your ma that you asked me to use the bamboo on her instead of on you.”

 “Uh – uh. Thank you, I guess.”

 “You can thank your ma later. Okay, boy; use the rattan today.”

 Gwen responded by plunging her father’s cock into her mouth. Andy laid aside the bamboo stalk and took back up his rattan cane. He took one look at his big sister’s ass waiting for him with her face buried in their father’s crotch. He swung the cane up and back over his shoulder and unleashed it. The cane struck his big sister’s ass with all the force that the 14 year could muster, just as Hans has trusted he would do.

 As Andy started into the caning session Hans’s cock felt wonderful as it was eagerly gobbled up by his daughter. Before he knew it he was on the verge of climaxing. If not the act being played out right now right in front of him weren’t enough, his mind suddenly visualized his younger daughter Candy and her naked, 9 year old ass. That little ass would certainly be tighter and more exciting than this nice blow job.

 Hans pulled out. Now was not the time to make a withdrawal from his savings account that had been accumulated from his work in the fields for the past couple of days.

 Without bothering to put his cock back into his trousers he took the cane from Andy. Quickly he administered six hard blows to Gwen’s ass. Then with a nudge of the cane under her chin he had her stand erect. Without hesitation he strapped the chastity belt on her. He stood back and rotated the girl. As she turned around and around he carefully eyed her front with the steel chastity belt and her rear with the fresh tramlines brought forth from her caning. Yes; yes; she was now properly prepared for her hayride. And as for him; he was preserved; still prepared for Candy - - - for ramming her tight, little 9 year old candy ass. Family discipline still applied but when it came to him it was in the form of self discipline.

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 Hans found Candy and his wife Helen talking at the breakfast room table where soup bowls were laid out in front of a large, hot ceramic pot of soup. Hans walked over and laid several bamboo stems on the table beside the pot.

 “Gwen asked if you wouldn’t mind taking these today since she was going on the hayride.”

 Helen looked at the green stalks of young growth bamboo and wanted to cry. Hans only used them on her about every six weeks. She truly hated them. Though they weren’t thick – not nearly as thick as his thumb, they were wicked and truly vicious once they began to splinter and the sharp edged shreds began to slam into her ass flesh. Not only that, but once to the splintered stage Hans often would draw them over his tortured ass cheeks with short jerks. It was all she could do not to scream out from the pain for it felt as if barbed wire was being drawn across her ample ass cheeks.

 “You don’t mind taking the bamboo today do you, honey? She just didn’t want to have people see her with any blood stains You understand.

 “I don’t mind,” she replied as she bit her lip. She did mind, very much so.

 “Good; you’re a good mommy.”

 “Okay, now it’s your time, Candy. Ready, girl?”

 “You want me to come,” asked Helen.

 “No, I don’t think that’s really necessary. While I’m with Candy why don’t you work a few of these stalks into a good and tight bundle? Be sure and have all the bristles pointed out. We want to get as much out of these little beauties as we can, right? And be sure to wrap the grip end with some nice, soft material so that I won’t hurt my hands. These look pretty wicked.”

 “Can I help out Pa with Candy,” asked Billy.

 Hans looked at the 9 year old Candy to see her reaction to his request. She only looked down.

 “Not today. No, I think it will be just Candy and me today. Come along, child.”

 Hans took his daughter by the hand and led her away from the table and up the stairs to the master bedroom. All the way Candy continued to look down at the floor.

 Once in the bedroom the two of them sat on the edge of the master bed, side by side.

 “I hear that you got a D in geography. Is that right?”

 The 9 year old nodded.

 “I thought the Nile River was in Kansas.”

 “In Kansas, huh? No, I don’t think so.”

 “Well where is it?”

 “The Nile? Oh it’s a big, big river. I think it’s probably in . . in . . . in South America - - - in Brazil. Yes, it’s in Brazil; not in Kansas.

 “A D, huh? What else?”

 “I got a B in music.”

 A B; that’s good. That’s real good. What else; how about arithmetic?”

 Silence.

 “Well?”

 “Another D,” she whispered.

 “Well now; that calls for some extra punishment today, I would say. Wouldn’t you?”

 The child nodded as tears filled her eyes.

 “Very well, then. Take your panties off and stand at the end of the bed. Good. Now raise your dress up to your head and bend over. Good. Now spread your legs and get up on your tiptoes. With two Ds I’m afraid I shall have to give you a dozen with the junior case – and make no mistake about it, they *will*, be crossed. And to make your punishment ‘special’ I will then do the butt with my papa-thing. Two Ds; that’s bad.”

 The child understood perfectly well about papa-thing punishments. Though she hoped that the caning would be enough, a buggering to follow was not surprising in these circumstances.

 “I bet you’ll be happy to hear that I saved myself just for you. I pulled before I squirted into Gwen thinking of you. I hope you appreciate that.”

 Candy mulled that over, but didn’t respond. That meant he would be hard. That was going to hurt.

 Once positioned as instructed Hans took the junior can in hand and swished it several times through the air. With each swish Candy clinched her fist on the bed with her face down against the bedcovers, waiting, with her thighs pressed against the wood footboard.

 Up on her tiptoes her legs began to tremble. In turn this made her little ass shutter. Hans looked and looked. Then he unzipped his fly and took out his cock and balls, freeing his throbbing cock. He took the cane high back over his shoulders and whipped it down on his waiting daughter’s little ass.

 The 9 year old girl’s body shuttered from end to end from the blow. It felt as if she had just been struck with a red hot wire. Hans waited. The child remained silent and in position with her butt still jittering. He moved over for a backhand strike.

 It was not until the fifth cut of the cane that Candy broke the silence. Her utterance didn’t creep in. No, her scream was sudden, as if it had been holding back and holding back and suddenly had to release like a dam being breached. Her screen was of course heard downstairs. Upon hearing it Helen shuttered while Andy longed to be up there joining in on the action. Oh how he wished he was up there.

 With delivery of the eighth cut of the junior cane Hans rested. The child’s ass had four distinct red tram lines crossed by another four. To Hans’s eyes however the image was somewhat blurred by the girls trembling and shaking while struggling to remain up on tiptoes.

 Slowly he put some lub onto his hands and rubbed his cock thoroughly as he let her off of her tiptoes for a moment’s rest. Then he ordered her back up to raise her ass to the height of his waiting cock.

 With the child’s ass still jittering he put his massive hands that had been weathered and made rough from his labors in the field, and brought the jittering to a halt. He spread the child’s ass cheeks wide apart, rubbed his lubricated cock all around her brown hole, and knocked at the little back door. The head of his cock disappeared into her little brown hole like it had being swallowed like water in a vortex, swirling down into a drain. Then he grabbed her hips with has large, weathered hands, the palms of which covered a good part of her caned ass cheeks.

 He paused, giving time for the 9 year old to adjust to the presence of the rigid visitor. After he saw that her gasp had mellowed into a rhythmic, labored breathing, he advanced. From recent prior experience he knew she could accept his entire shaft. How wonderful it was that he would not have to proceed slowly or hold back. Now was the hour.

 He looked down at his large, hairy hands gripping the child’s well caned ass and with one thrust was balls-deep in her quivering little ass.

 The girl’s body shuttered from head to toe as she gasped again.

 Hans waited, still balls deep, for the shuttering to end. It didn’t really end but slowly transformed into a jittering which, of course, worked magic on his embedded cock. Then with his grip on her ass made firmer he started in with his fucking.

 With each thrust in his hands would drive the child’s ass back towards him, insuring that he would drive, all the way home, balls deep. Then he would relax his grip as he drew back only to strengthen his grip and pull the girl’s ass back towards him again as he plunged into her bowels. Little time passed before he was spurting his seed over and over and over into her, his seed that had been waiting for three days to be sewn.

 After he made his exit Candy continued on for a moment with her jittering. Then she slowly turned around on the bed while still kneeling and took his cock into her mouth. With her hand she pumped whatever cum was still left in his shaft into her mouth and swallowed. With the cleaning done she reached up to grab Hans’s shoulders and then lifted herself.

 “Thank you Papa. I love you,” she said as she gave him a kiss on each cheek.

 “And I love you too, honey. But no more Ds; promise?”

 “I’ll try.”

 He left the room with his cock and balls still outside of his fly. It would take a little time for him to be able to pack it back in.

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 Back downstairs Hans found Billy and Helen sitting at the table with the soup yet to be touched. They were reading the sect newspaper that was always available in the church vestibule for one dollar. A couple of open cigar boxes set beside the stacks of papers for one to place their dollar – on the honor system.

 The sect paper, titled Our Universe, had eight pages. There was a section for world news articles that the elders felt were suitable for print. There was a local section for newsworthy print. Local sports, food preparation menus, want ads, a crossword and a sizable comics section were also included. Of course modern comics were not present as they brought in the ethics and humor of the modern outside world. They rather contained such old and moral standards as Superman, Batman, Mary Worth, Mutt and Jeff. The only modern era one was Blondie. The bamboo stalks were also still waiting on the table under the watchful of Helen. Hans noted with approval that she had prepared them properly.

 “I’m getting hungry, so let’s get on with it. Ready, Helen?”

 “Yes Papa; I’m as ready as I’ll even be. But you know I’m not fond of the bamboo.”

 “Don’t worry. I’ll just have Billy do you with the bamboo. He can’t hit as hard yet as me. Okay, boy?”

 “Yes, Pa.”

 With that Hans placed two of the hardback chairs a couple of feet apart facing each other. He took a seat in one as Helen leaned over the back of the other after lifting her Sunday dress up. Billy slid down her panties to present her ample ass. “Which one, Pa,” he asked as he stood beside the fresh and green bamboo stalks.

 “Let me see that one there.”

 Billy handed it to him. Hans examined its four foot length, one end to the other.

 “Yes, I think this one would good to get us started. What do you think, Helen,” he asked as he held it up between their two faces which were just a foot apart, what with his being seated and her leaning over the back of the chair with her arms on the seat and her hands gripping its front edge.

 Helen looked at it. She recognized the smell. “Yes, that should do, Hans”

 “Good. I’m glad you agree. It’s a good starter, anyhow. You did a good job on it. Okay boy; git to work.”

 Billy took up a position behind him mom and wiggled the stalk back and forth between his mothers legs. She understood and spread them apart.

 “Tiptoes, Ma,” instructed the boy. She complied. What a big ass she had. This is going to take some time, he thought.

 Billy stood there studying the big ass of his mother, all prepared for her son to cane.

Billy did not lust at the sight. No, he looked at it as if he were looking at a fresh sheet of artist paper or canvass for a tapestry. He had his work cut out for after he had finished he would have to present the beaten ass to his father for approval. If it didn’t pass inspection he father would have to finish the job and Billy would get a few cuts of his own. To pass her ass had to be beaten over its entirety, as well as her upper thighs. No area could be spared. Hans also wanted the area where the ass met the thighs to be especially well beaten. With bamboo, there sure was to be at least some bleeding.

 Feeling the weight of the responsibility now on his shoulders, Billy went to work.

 He started on the middle. Taking the stalk far back behind him he would uncoil and slam the bamboo into the ass cheeks. The first cut caused Helen to wince and open her eyes wide with Hans’s face but a foot away, watching. Never could she seem to remember just how vicious and painful the bamboo was. It always came as a surprise. Oh yes, she recalled, that was why she always said that she hated it.

 Billy continued on in his task of covering the entire ass and upper thighs with bamboo tramlines. He sought not to overlay or cross them, but to cover the entire canvass. This was akin to one trying to complete cover a sheet of paper with a brush dipped in water color. No, he had zero lust for his mother – just an abiding interest in getting the job done so that his own rear would not be penalized.

 As the first stalk of bamboo wore, it started to shred and splinter. Fresh marks now showed this by showing little specs and tiny lines of blood. He laid that one down on the table and took up a fresh one as he continued on with his job.

 Those last several strikes with the splintered bamboo had brought an increase in the level of the pain that Helen was suffering. Hans saw that in her reaction as she had more difficulty in maintaining position still up on tiptoes and with the increase in the contorted shape that her mouth was taken as she strained to absorb the blows.

 Hans started stroking her hair gently. To the background sight of his son wielding the cane again and again forcefully, and to the can productive sounds of thwick - thwack - thwissh, he continued to caress her hair lovingly. Then he started caressing her tear streaked cheeks. He gently kissed her forehead and then her cheeks as he whispered “I love you. It will soon be over, my loving wife and we can have the soup.”

 On it went with the unrelenting thrashing as Hans continued on with his caressing and kissing and kind, loving words as he sympathetically watched her uninterrupted suffering.

 As in everything, the bamboo caning session finally approached an end. Now there were interruptions as Billy would stop, examine her ass and thigh skin with his fingers. Then he would step back and rain down another blow or two in spots that he had missed.

 The remaining virgin spots became both fewer and smaller. He covered those by locating some sharp shreds along the stalk and raking them with quick back and forth raking strokes as if tending to garden soil.

 Helen could not handle that. She threw her head from side to side, interrupting Han’s sweet caresses. Her hair flung from side to side as weird sounds escaped her mouth which were a combination of guttural cries and hisses. Hans was pleased. His boy was doing a fine job today. Helen’s face was drenched now with tears. Yes, a fine job.

 The boy laid the third shredded stalk down on the table beside the still fresh ones.

 “I think I’m done here, Pa.”

 Helen went down from her tiptoes. Hans pressed her cheeks which broke the clinch of jaw and teeth. Hans kissed her now on the lips which opened to receive his tongue as tears flowed onto his own face. For a half minute Billy waited . Then Hans broke off the forced kiss, stood and made his ass inspection. Billy had passed.

 “Good job son. Yes, a fine job. One of these days you will make a good husband yourself. Just wait and see. I’m proud of you, and I bet your ma is too.”

 Slowly Helen pulled up her panties over her tortured thighs and ass and then unruffled her long Sunday dress. There now remained but one final thing to do: For Helen to express her appreciation to her son.

 “Thank you, Billy; you did a good job today. I’m much obliged to you, and I love you.”

 She reached down and gave the 14 year old a hug.

 “You’re welcome, Ma. I love you too.”

 With that he looked up at her tear streaked face and kissed her on both cheeks.

 Hans smiled. The tradition lived on. But next Sunday there would be no bamboo. No, no; next Sunday he or Billy would give her a birching with the birch rod that was already soaking in that vat of brim over there in the corner. She’d appreciate that. He just hoped that the remaining stalks of bamboo there on the table would still be fresh enough for his daughter Gwen’s thrashing next Sunday. The farmer – always a-worrying about his crops.

 “Come on folks. The soup is gonna get cold.”