

A HAND ON THE LAND

December 2006

'Arnold! Those two Land Army girls need a darned good hiding!'

'Annie and Ruth?' The farmer looked up from his evening paper and blew out pipe smoke.

'Who else? I knew those two would be trouble!' snapped the matronly Mrs Balmer.

The rosy-cheeked Arnold Balmer gave a sigh. The war reports would have to wait for a while. 'What 'ave they bin up to this time, mother?' Mrs Balmer was always referred to by him as 'mother.' She was a formidable-looking woman. Stout, big-breasted and with her graying hair scraped back in a bun, her hands on hips stance would have stopped a panzer division in its tracks.

The farmer had taken the girls to task on several previous occasions, usually for reporting for work late in the mornings but also for their liking for too much milk stout.

'That red-haired one virtually accused me of stealing.'

'What!' Arnold's exclamation delayed the re-entry of his pipe into his mouth. 'How do you make that out, mother?'

'She said we take out too much for their board and lodgings - and them living off the fat of the land and having their own accommodation. Why? They've even got their own wireless!'

'I'll see to them, mother,' scowled the angry-looking farmer. 'Their backsides will be so sore they'll not be able to sit on the tractor in the morning!'

That particular prospect brought an unusual beam to the face of the farmer's wife. 'It's that Annie one, who's the problem,' she informed her husband. 'The other one takes the lead off her, she does.'

'Go and fetch them, mother!' Arnold Balmer folded up his newspaper. He would catch up on the war later. He tapped out his pipe on an old cracked saucer which served as an ashtray.

The private accommodation to which Mrs Balmer had referred was, in fact, an old showman's caravan which the fairground people themselves had condemned. Its only luxury was an accumulator-driven wireless which Annie had somehow acquired from someone in the village. Ruth, her Land Army colleague, had never enquired as to just how it had passed into her ownership.

Both girls were sat on the lower bunk after

returning early from the 'Rose & Crown' in order to listen to Tommy Handley in *ITMA*. Annie, a tall and pretty red-haired girl and Ruth, a smaller and curvier brunette who was no less attractive, were taking it in turns to swig from a bottle of Mackeson stout. They were dressed in standard green sweaters, light-brown breeches, matching thick stockings and brown shoes. Both girls had seen working on the land as a soft alternative to the women's' services. The jobs that they were doing, however, were dirty and tiring. Driving the rusty, old tractor was the best part of the job.

'I'm thinking of joining the ATS,' announced Annie. 'How about you?'

'Me n'all,' sniffed Ruth, handing over the bottle. 'At least, we wouldn't have to live in a dump like this. I'm really browned off.'

'Just think of all those soldiers we'd have to choose from,' grinned the redhead.

'Yeah!' agreed her friend, smiling at the prospect.



Just then, they heard the 'clump, clump, clump' of feet on the wooden steps leading up to the caravan. The bottle of stout was quickly concealed. The heavy tread denoted the arrival of either German paratroopers or Mrs Balmer. The two girls would probably have preferred the former!

With neither a polite knock nor a request to enter, the door was pushed open and the imposing figure of the farmer's wife loomed above the seated pair. 'Mr Balmer wants you right away,' she boomed. For once there seemed to be a hint of delight in her voice.

Annie and Ruth stared at one another as they reached for their green berets. What could the farmer possibly want with them at this late hour? It had gone nine o'clock. They followed the woman across the yard as she

led the way, shining a torch on the rough, straw-strewn ground.

'Here they are, Arnold.' Mrs Balmer pushed the two Land Army girls into the living room. The farmer stood before a dying fire. The look on his face declared to Annie and Ruth that they were in trouble of some kind. What had they done?

'Mother and I have been accused of stealing from you,' the man began. 'I'll not 'ave it, I tell you! You end up with twenty one shillings and you live off the fat of the land!'

Annie tried to protest that she had been misunderstood. Ruth hoped her friend would not comment upon what the farmer called 'the fat of the land.' She was, however, not given the chance.

'I'm giving you both a good hiding!' He wagged a thick finger at them. 'You are both in my charge and I have full authority!'

Wide-eyed and slack-jawed, both girls stared at one another. They had not expected anything like this. Still spouting on but without his words sinking in, Mr Balmer dragged an upright chair into the middle of the room and sat down on it. His wife looked more smugly pleased than ever. Being of working class East London background, both Annie and Ruth were well used to having their bottoms smacked. They were, after all, still two years away from coming of age at twenty one - even though they were old enough to serve in the Land Army. The tummies of both girls gave sickening lurches. There was no defiance or protest, just a meek acceptance of what had been decreed.

'I'll deal with you first.' The thick finger was aimed at Ruth. 'Take them breeches down!'

The dark-haired girl felt close to tears. She had not really done anything but to nod her head in agreement when her colleague had, quite rightly, questioned the deductions from their wages.

Embarrassed at lowering her breeches before the country pair she, nevertheless, set about unfastening the buttons. No objection was made. Things had to be accepted the way they were.

The farmer slammed his hands down on his thighs. Obediently, but on trembling legs, Ruth shuffled forward. Annie could barely bring herself to watch but she could not prevent herself from doing so.

Roughly, Balmer pulled Ruth across his lap and her hands pressed onto the red-tiled floor. He tugged the green sweater and shirt beneath up the small of her back. Her beret

fell off. The girl's knickers were plain, cream in colour and fairly loose in fit. She was totally unprepared for what happened next.

She yelled out in shock as she felt the rough hands sharply yanking away her knickers to mid-thigh and suddenly she felt the cool air on her chubby behind. She had never had her bare bottom smacked before, although she knew girls who had. The man had absolutely no right! 'You mustn't!' she protested.

'If a job's worth doing, then it's worth doing properly!' sermonised the farmer.

Poor Ruth had never felt so awful in her young life. Unseen tears welled up in her eyes. An astonished Annie had clapped her hands to her face in horror. Apart from the shock was the knowledge that her own knickers would be coming down, too!

The redhead did, however, manage to speak. 'You'll see something you shouldn't!' she blurted out.

'We're all made the same!' pronounced Mrs Balmer.

Both girls were tempted to retort that Mr Balmer wasn't made the same but they refrained. Protest would have been useless anyway!

Ruth flinched as she felt the farmer's big hand spread over her bottom. Her cheeks clenched and she kept her thighs tightly pressed together. Suddenly, the hand was taken away and she tensed in apprehension.

Smack!

'Ooph!'

The big hand detonated noisily as it collided at full speed with the womanly, though still teenage, buttocks. Ruth's vocal response was immediate.

Annie's face was still cupped whilst Mrs Balmer's features clearly showed delight at what was taking place.

That first slap had been the most hurtful that the not inexperienced Land Army girl had ever suffered. Enlistment in the ATS couldn't come quickly enough!

Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

The powerful palm struck again in quick succession. The farmer's hand was so broad that he had no need to take special aim at each nate in turn. Its broad expanse covered a great deal of Ruth's posterior with each colliding 'wallop!'. Each time, the flesh shuddered and changed colouring to pink and then to red.

'Oweeee!' protested the girl, wriggling about in the man's lap and desperate to keep her thighs tightly shut.

The uncompromising slaps rained down harder and faster onto the Land Army girl's unprotected rear. Balmer pressed down with his other hand onto the small of Ruth's back as she was squirming about so much. She was also doing a fair amount of crying. Suddenly, the onslaught stopped. The brunette thought it was all over.

'I'm just taking a rest, mother!' he explained to his wife.

Ruth groaned in dismay. Annie dropped her hands forlornly to her sides. Soon, the room was again filled with the sound of leathery hand striking unprotected flesh, together with higher-pitched cries from the girl. Her poor bottom was really reverberating under the onslaught.

Inevitably, her thighs parted and her legs began to jerk as pain spread through her body. Annie observed the farmer taking full advantage of the intimate disclosure afforded to him, despite the partial restraint of the tugged-down knickers and breeches. She, too, would be displaying herself in that vulgar fashion very shortly. She felt sickened.

Slap! Smack! Slap! Smack!

Balmer delivered more severe smacks. Ruth humped up and down, aware that her actions were having some effect upon the middle-aged male.

A pause followed with more hard hits subsequently flattening Ruth's sore summits. The whole area of her bottom was now bright red. Her movements became quite frantic and she tearfully begged the farmer to stop. Balmer looked at his wife who duly granted permission with a nod of her head. As if to assert his authority, the farmer landed one last weighty spank.

Straightaway, the farmer's wife dragged Ruth away from her husband's lap. Her pushed-up shirt and sweater stayed stubbornly in place, thus giving her chastiser a full view of her thick, black bush.

Sobbing pitifully, Ruth hobbled out of the way, not caring about her disclosure and wishing only to soothe her battered buttocks with her hands.

Annie was overcome by sickening dread. Watching her friend suffer and knowing she had to endure similar treatment had been absolutely awful. She closed her eyes, hoping it was all a dream. When she re-opened them, her tummy sank even lower. The farmer was on his feet and was unbuckling the widest, thickest belt that she had ever seen.

The rather frightened Annie spluttered a vain protest but was sternly informed by Mrs

Balmer that she was the chief culprit and would suffer accordingly. The redhead stared in alarm at her friend but Ruth cowardly averted her gaze.

'Undo your breeches, then bend over and touch your toes!' came the farmer's instruction.



As Annie began to obey the command, Arnold Balmer slithered the belt through the loops of his patched trousers and proceeded to coil it around his big fist.

'Hurry up, girl!' scolded Mrs Balmer.

Wretchedly, Annie managed to push down the uniform breeches. Then, on trembling legs, she folded herself in half. The legs of her white knickers were even shorter than Ruth's and the waist was much lower. Mrs Balmer 'tut tutted' at the redhead's choice of lingerie, before wrenching down the offending garment.

Annie's rear was more oval than her colleague's and firmer-fleshed. Her moist pussy was clearly visible. Ruth felt just as embarrassed as poor Annie did. The pose was most undignified. Even though the pair of them were not yet classed as adults, they were still old enough to be serving King and Country. They shouldn't have to show themselves off back there.

'I'm giving her one dozen lashes, mother,' announced Balmer. The resultant groan of acute horror came from down near the floor.

Balmer stretched the belt, gauged his distance, took a pace backwards and draped the length of leather over his right shoulder. Mrs Balmer looked as excited as though she was about to be treated to a matinee of 'Gone With The Wind.' Ruth's tears had now dried but her pretty face was a picture of misery.

Whoosh!

The farmer brought down the belt with considerable force onto the rounded-out, inviting, female bottom.

'Aagghh!'

Annie's vocal response was immediate as the hide swathed a path of acute pain across her proffered nates which jiggled angrily from side to side. Her beret was sent skidding across the floor tiles.

Balmer glanced at his wife and received in return an approving nod and accompanying smile which seemed to please him.

Annie's cheeks tightened as she awaited the second blow. It was not long in arriving.

Swoosh! Whapp! 'Yeeeeehh!'

The redhead's nates weaved in reaction to the thick hide curling around them and seeming to adhere to their surfaces for some time before falling away. A thick band of deepening colour showed up on the magnolia skin, denoting the landing place of the belt.

Balmer betrayed no emotion as he waited for his target to still before raising the belt once more, its tail dangling behind his back. He then swung it into action and the stout leather hurtled unceremoniously towards Annie's vulnerable bum cheeks. It 'thwacked' noisily as it collided with the proffered girl flesh. The redhead's buttocks jerked furiously, her cry increased in pitch.

Ruth's fingernails dug into her palms as she watched her friend's ordeal. She, herself, appeared to have got off rather lightly. Annie had certainly upset the farmer and his wife. If only she'd gone and kept her trap shut - but that wasn't Annie, was it? She knew that if ever they got into trouble in the future in the ATS, and they undoubtedly would, punishment would take the form of peeling potatoes and the like. It would be nothing like this!

The whistling descent of the farmer's belt cut into her thoughts and she watched as the arcing belt bit into her chum's cheeks, lower down this time. A howl echoed around the low-ceilinged, raftered room. Annie's feet, hidden by her breeches, performed a noisy dance on the tiled floor. The redhead's hips gyrated furiously following the searing impact

of the stout hide. Her most intimate part was now blatantly displayed. Ruth was aware, though, that it would be the least of her friend's concerns.

The punishing onslaught continued relentlessly. The brunette was in a cold sweat just watching. Poor Annie must be going through hell. Bands of deeper red merged into one as Balmer meticulously covered the entire area of the Land Army girl's naked backside. The involuntary display which Annie was putting on was totally obscene. How could a God-fearing woman like Mrs Balmer allow such a performance?

'That's one dozen!' called out the farmer's wife eventually.

Ruth heaved a visible sigh of relief. The announcement must have been like music to the ears of the stricken redhead. A horrible shock was, however, in store!

'I'll make it a baker's dozen.' Balmer gave a broken-toothed smile.

A wail of dismay mingled with protest came from Annie. In case she made to get up Mrs Balmer, surprisingly nimbly, moved and pressed down on her shoulders.

Thirteen! Ruth was very angry. The old practice of bakers giving their customers an extra loaf if they ordered twelve had given rise to the expression. The Balmers had no right to give Annie an extra lash. They were taking uncalled-for advantage..

The belt was again at the ready. Balmer rocked on his heels and delivered the final buttock-roasting slash across Annie's flinching posterior.

Mrs Balmer allowed the redhead to shoot upright. Still yelling in anguish, Annie's hands clutched at her leather-lashed hummocks.

'We'll 'ave no more trouble out of these two, mother,' declared the farmer.

Ruth sniffed disdainfully. He was right. Neither she nor Annie would be around for very much longer to get into any trouble!

'Good morning.'

Annie and Ruth both looked up from their farmyard chores. The voice belonged to a handsome, young soldier with a kitbag over one shoulder. 'I'm George Balmer. This is my father's farm.'

The girls eagerly eyed up the son of the farm owner. Natural feelings flowed through their insides. They would not be joining the ATS just yet!