

# Teacher's Pet Ch. 01

by [abbeynormal](#)©

I love autumn. Cooler temperatures and bright foliage make being outside during the days so much more pleasant. And in the fall, my students tend to be a little more focused than in the spring. You see, I teach at a small Midwestern university. It is my second year here and I am also a student myself, working on my PhD. Also, because of my age (barely three years older than some of my students) I tend to run a pretty tight ship in the classroom. Of course, part of my stern classroom demeanor can be traced directly to my upbringing.

My homelife was a model of order and discipline, one not normally seen in a middle-class WASP household in Springfield, Illinois. In my senior year of high school I became friends with an exchange student from Japan. She came home with me after school one day to work on a history project and afterwards claimed that her life back home near Nagasaki wasn't as regimented as mine was. While my parents weren't ones to beat us black and blue, they were firm believers in the old adage of 'spare the rod and spoil the child'. I was far from perfect as a child and received my share of spankings. As with everything else in my life, they were regulated almost to the point of being ritualized. Certain infractions merited a certain number of whacks on the butt. Children under the age of ten got spanked with a hand. After that, the old ping-pong paddle came into play. A long hug always followed a spanking along with an admonition to behave better the next time.

The combination of high expectations and the butt-warming I got when I failed to meet them served me well. I was able to graduate high school a year early and finished my bachelor's degree in three years by taking a full load every semester as well as summer classes and being able to test out of some required classes. Though I hadn't actually set out to become a teacher, I enjoyed it quite a bit and I tried to share my sense of discipline with my students. I taught two sections of Introductory Psychology and tutored undergraduate students as well. Generally, those students needing one-on-one help were majoring in one of the social sciences and just needed some short-term assistance.

Ron Matthews, a senior majoring in Chemical Engineering didn't fit that mold. He came from a discipline where either your equations balanced or something bad was likely to happen but I was assisting him with Abnormal Psychology which is known as much for its exceptions as for its rules.

I did some digging and found out why he had been assigned to me. He was a forward on the basketball team and needed to maintain his GPA in order to keep his scholarship and his position on the team. I then checked his academic records and verified that he had taken a section of introductory psychology as a freshman so he'd at least been exposed to the basic concepts. However by the end of the fourth week of class, it was becoming apparent that he was out of his element, which I suppose, was why he had been assigned to me.

When I first got the assignment, I went to his class to introduce myself and set up a time to work with him. I'd tutored jocks before and had found them to be notoriously unreliable when it came to making first contact. The professor pointed him out to me and I watched him carefully in class. He was tall and nicely built with dark eyes and brown hair; though I learned later I would rarely see it since he seemed to wear a baseball cap everywhere. His sense of humor appeared to be permanently 'on' and he was always ready with a joke that made it appear he understood far more of the material than his test scores reflected.

That same cavalier sense of humor carried over to our tutoring sessions and I soon became exasperated with him. I knew he wasn't dumb by any stretch of the imagination. His grades in his major subjects were all well above the the university's minimum requirements but it appeared he felt he could bluff his way through this class. When I finally had enough of his wise-ass remarks I tore into him, not caring that we were in a study room of the library where we should have been quieter.

"What the hell is your problem, Ron? Professor Donigal has told you that you're in danger of a failing grade for the mid-term and yet you still walk in here unprepared. Granted I'm supposed to be helping you but I can't do the work for you. When are you going to wake up and realize that your scholarship is on the line? God, if I were Coach McKinley, I'd take you over my knee and paddle that message into your butt."

He looked absolutely stricken. I had tried pleading and cajoling since day one and that hadn't worked but losing my temper seemed to be having an effect. His face turned very red and I thought I saw perspiration break out on his upper lip.

"You would?" The words were barely audible as he looked at the floor and I was certain his mouth and throat had gone dry.

"Well," I said, a bit softer and now blushing myself as I was about to reveal something rather personal. "It was how my parents got the message through to me."

"Maybe you should try that some time."

His words were so soft and with his head hung low, I wasn't entirely sure I heard him correctly.

"Ron, look at me," I said sternly.

I could see a slight tremble in his hands as he raised his head.

"Are you suggesting that a spanking would improve your performance in this class?"

He half nodded and half shrugged and I was thoroughly confused by the mixed message I was getting. I had never even considered meting out corporal punishment to a student. Not only did I feel that it was rather silly at this age, I couldn't see myself striking someone. On the other hand, it seemed he was almost looking forward to this. I gave myself a mental shake to divert my thoughts away from possibility of giving his well-muscled ass a spanking.

"Well, let's hope it doesn't come to that," I finally managed to say. "Now, your mid-term exam is next week. Tomorrow, we're going to review anxiety disorders and I expect you to be prepared." I was thankful that I was able to suppress the tremble in my voice long enough to sound assertive and authoritarian.

I remained seated in order to jot down some notes on my calendar while he stood up and so I was surprised to see that he didn't leave immediately but instead stayed there on the other side of the table.

"Thank you, Cindy."

"You're welcome," I replied looking up at him.

As I turned my attention from his face, I became aware of the tightness in his jeans right at his crotch. I could feel my face turn red and I quickly looked down to my calendar, refusing to look up again until long after I heard the door to the study room snap closed behind him. Was it possible that the threat of a spanking actually turned him on? Well, of course it was possible. I had, after all, studied all sorts of fetishistic behaviors while working on my Masters degree. Though I supposed that for most people who enjoyed this kink, the actual spanking was the turn-on, not necessarily the anticipation, it couldn't be discounted that the build-up could be exciting as well. I knew I couldn't dwell on this subject or my thoughts would end up someplace completely inappropriate.

The next morning I had class until noon and as soon as I was finished, I checked my voicemail. There was a message from Ron saying something had come up which would prevent him from showing up for our tutoring session. I wasn't happy to hear it, as I knew he really needed the help but found a way to occupy that hour of my afternoon. The following day I got a similar message from him. I checked with Professor Donigal and found out that he had been in class that morning but had been subdued and didn't really participate other than to ask a few questions about the mid-term exam. Really steamed now, I marched to Coach McKinley's office and let him know that his star forward was not only in danger of getting a failing grade for mid-term but that he'd also missed two scheduled tutoring sessions. Unfortunately, he wasn't there and I had to content myself with leaving him a message that I wanted to talk to him about Ron's grades.

Friday morning, Ron called me before I went to class and asked if we could reschedule for after dinnertime. While I didn't have a problem with it, I wasn't sure we'd be able to get a study room in the library and told him so.

"I'll make arrangements for a room. I've got a friend who works in the library and he'll help me out. Just meet me by the main circulation desk at 7:00."

"All right," I agreed hastily, ending the call and getting to my own class.

At 6:55 that night I walked into the library and went to the circulation desk. Ron was easy to spot as he was

clearly the tallest person in the area. While I don't consider myself short at 5'8", it still felt like he towered over me, especially since I was dressed so casually in sweats and tennis shoes. I felt almost underdressed when I realized he was wearing a blue oxford shirt and khaki chinos with nice leather loafers. I wondered what he had been doing earlier in the day that required this kind of attire. Every other time I'd seen him, he was always in jeans and a t-shirt. It took a moment for me to realize that he was also bare-headed. That was truly a surprise for me since I had never seen him without his baseball cap.

"Well, don't you look nice," I said as I approached him. "You must have a date after our session tonight so let's get started. What room are we in?"

"I'm afraid Bill couldn't come through for me. Would you mind if we went over to my apartment? It's just a couple of blocks from here."

I rolled my eyes and went to double check to see if there was anything available that we could use. However, with midterms so close, all the facilities were booked. The rules of the library stated that the rooms would be held for only fifteen minutes past the time of reservation and after that they were up for grabs. I considered waiting around and to see if we could nab one but I didn't want to delay our session any longer than necessary.

"Since we really don't have time to see if someone doesn't show up, I guess your place will have to do," I sighed and turned to walk out of the building.

With his long legs, he immediately closed the gap between us and soon we were out of the building. The air was cool and crisp and the temperature urged me to walk quickly. I decided to not waste any more time and began to quiz him on various attributes of anxiety disorders. While he answered more correctly than I expected, I also reasoned that he'd had two extra days to study and should have been getting even more right. He seemed to be in high spirits and wasn't at all bothered by the number of wrong answers he was giving me.

It wasn't long before we were standing at the side of an old Cape Cod style house. He fumbled with the keys for a second and then led me up the exterior stairs and into a dark foyer. He unlocked the door and let me in first. I was rather surprised to find the place to be tidy and well cared for. I recalled far too many friends from my undergraduate days whose residences looked like they should have been condemned. This apartment encompassed the entire upstairs of the old house. While the eat-in kitchen wasn't large, the living room and two bedrooms appeared to be rather spacious. He offered me a seat, which I took and something to drink, which I declined. My impatience had been growing and I just wanted to get this over with.

For the next thirty minutes I worked with him but he didn't seem to be putting in the same amount of effort that I was and at the end of that half hour I'd finally had enough. I was angry and on my feet, about to leave and wash my hands of this situation.

"Where are you going?" he asked as I threw my things into my backpack.

"Back to my apartment where I'm going to email Professor Donigal and Coach McKinley and resign as your tutor."

He was on his feet in a flash, towering over me.

"You can't do that!" he insisted.

"Like hell, I can't. No one can force me to spend five hours a week with you when it's blatantly obvious that it's not helping you a bit. You're just not willing to do the work!"

He sputtered and tried to come up with something.

"Look, Ron, I've begged. I've cajoled. I've even threatened, which by the way is the only thing that came close to making an impression on you, and you're still just as lazy as you were when we started."

He grabbed my arm, his fingers making deep impressions in my bicep and tricep.

"Please, don't go. I'll do anything."

"Let go of me!" I demanded, staring at him with a fierce glare.

I knew that if it came down to a match of raw physical strength, I'd lose but I prayed that strength of will would work. After a moment it did, but he was slow in loosening his grasp. I tried to keep myself under control but my anger was so strong at that point I could feel it slipping away. His hasty attempt at an apology did nothing more than fuel my fire.

"Cindy, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have..."

I didn't give him a chance to finish.

"Shut up!"

"What?"

"Shut up and give me your belt!" I commanded.

A dazed look came over him and I'm sure we were both a little surprised when he complied. Slowly the leather slipped through the loops of his pants. When it was free, he loosely coiled it around his long fingers before handing it to me. All the time he kept his eyes glued to the floor.

"Turn around," I instructed.

"Huh?"

"Turn. Face the coffee table."

He took three slow and methodical steps to change directions.

"Now, pull down your pants."

He spun his head and upper body around to look at me. I don't know if it was fear or anticipation that colored his face but his cheeks were red.

"What?"

"You heard me. Drop your drawers."

His hands trembled slightly as he fumbled with the button and zipper of his pants but soon the fabric was pooled around his ankles exposing a pair of cartoon character boxer shorts.

"Taz, too," I directed, indicating that the shorts were to be taken off as well.

In that moment, it was as if I were channeling my mother, except that was far from dead. Anyone in our family, however, would have recognized the expression on my face as the one she assumed as she prepared to mete out discipline on the backside of one of her children. Even the direct, no-nonsense tone of voice I assumed was a perfect copy of hers.

"Bend over and place your hands flat on the coffee table," I instructed as soon as his ass was uncovered.

He paused for a moment and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly before he complied. I waited until he appeared to be settled into position and then cited a litany of his 'crimes' in the same way that my parents had done when I was younger.

"Ronald Gregory Matthews, you have failed to properly prepare for your midterm exam in Abnormal Psychology and compounding this, you have not shown the proper respect for your classmates, your professor or your tutor. All other efforts to help you have fallen on deaf ears and because of that you are now going to be spanked."

I detected a slight trembling in his thighs but wasn't sure if it was caused by nervousness or simply from his position. I made note of it but continued.

"For your infractions, you will be given 25 lashes with your own leather belt and you will count every stroke out loud."

The tremor in his legs increased. I wondered if he realized just how painful this was going to be. Though I had no experience of it myself, a cousin had once shared that her parents preferred a belt for extremely bad behavior and that a braided belt hurt worse than a solid leather strap. I looked at the intertwined strips of leather as I grasped the buckle and wrapped some of the length around my hand. I couldn't see how it would be worse but I didn't think that was the kind of thing she'd lie to me about.

I put my left hand on his back as a way of preparing him for what was about to happen. We both took a deep breath at the same time but he let his out far slower than I did mine.

\*\*Crack\*\*

The first stroke came down across his well-muscled gluteals and he flinched. The word 'one' came through his gritted teeth. I paused for a moment before letting loose with the second swat, this one falling slightly below the first. Again he grunted, this time on the word 'two'. The next three strikes came fairly rapidly and with less control. His hamstrings shook hard when an errant swat fell across them. I stopped for a moment to get a grip on myself.

I felt his ribcage expand and contract beneath my hand as his breath came rapidly. I took a few deep breaths myself before I calmed down and started again. The rest of the swats came in measured cadence as if I had a metronome inside me and I watched his bottom turn from pink to red to an angry magenta. By the time I was finished his entire body was shaking and his breath was coming in ragged gasps.

I could feel perspiration on my brow and on his back under my hand. He didn't make any attempt to stand up straight, but stayed bent over with his hands still on the coffee table. Not a word escaped his lips after he finished counting. The longer I stood there with his belt still in my hand, the worse I began to feel.

I couldn't believe what I had done. His ass must feel as if it were on fire. I contemplated going to the kitchen to get some ice and see if I could mitigate the damage but my feet seemed to be rooted to the floor. An apology began to form on my lips when I heard him.

"Thank you, Cindy."

Now I was even more stunned. Why on earth would he be thanking me for assaulting him?

"Excuse me?" "Thank you," he repeated, still breathing heavily. "May I stand up now?"

"You may."

His back straightened and I realized that my discipline had had an unintended consequence. Not only was his spine now erect, so was his penis. It was difficult but I kept my jaw from dropping at the sight, for not only was it pointing up past perpendicular, it was long and thick and the head was almost as purple as the bruises on his well-muscled behind. Below it two large testicles hung very full and low.

He stood there looking at me expectantly and I had no idea what to do next. What was I supposed to do? Did he think this was just a form of foreplay? It took me a moment but I reached back into my memory and finished just the way my parents would have.

"All right, you can pull up your pants now," I instructed.

He complied and then stood there looking at me. I handed him his belt and watched while he put it on. He winced as the fabric of his pants shifted and rubbed across his sensitized butt. Once he was fully re-dressed I let a smile soften my features and held my arms out to hug him. The intensity of his embrace surprised me. I certainly didn't expect to be hugged so tightly. It felt like a long time passed before he let loose of me and I took a step backwards.

"Now, do your studies properly so we don't have to repeat this incident."

Ron nodded and I saw him start to reach behind to rub his backside. He stopped when he noticed me watching him and instantly put his hands back at his sides. I stifled a laugh. By that point I considered the matter closed but he seemed to be waiting for some sort of signal. For a moment I thought about saying 'at ease', but settled

on telling him to sit down.

We had lost valuable tutoring time with this incident but I was surprised to find that it had been very effective. His demeanor was more serious even if the number of correct answers wasn't increasing. I was happy, however, that they weren't decreasing either.

At 8:00 we could hear the carillon chime at the university and I began to put my things back in my backpack. Granted, we hadn't actually worked together for an hour but a part of me was still off balance from our earlier activities and I just wanted to go home and forget what happened. Ron, however, wanted to continue.

"Where are you going?"

"It's been an hour. We're through."

He grabbed my wrist, loosely but with the obvious intention of keeping me there.

"Please don't go. I really need your help."

"Ron, there really isn't anything else I can do now except continue to quiz you and that's going to get old very fast. You just need to do the work."

"Please!" he begged, his grip on me tightening. "I can't fail this class. You gotta help me."

"And so long as you're disciplined enough to do the required studying, you won't fail."

He looked a bit stricken but I held firm. I couldn't stay there with him any longer. The memory of his erection was still with me and I had to get it out of my mind. I needed a change of scenery and fast. The realization that I was intent on leaving must have hit him.

"Would you like me to walk you somewhere? It's after dark now."

"No thanks, I can manage," I replied as I walked to the door.

Surprisingly enough he followed me there and loosely grasped my shoulder before I walked out. I stopped and turned to look at him. He wrapped me in a tight embrace again and whispered a thank you in my ear before releasing me and stepping back.

My head was nearly swimming as I walked out. Had he provoked me just to get the spanking? Anything was possible and considering his reaction when I initially threatened corporal punishment, I had to move this up beyond possible to probable.

Why would he do that? What was he doing now? Could he possibly be pleasuring himself while still enjoying the sting that I knew had to be inflaming his behind? If he was, what was he thinking about? Was I a part of his fantasy and if so in what capacity? Lord, there were too many things to think about. I considered going back to my apartment and sending that email to Dr. Donigal and Coach McKinley after all. I certainly couldn't continue to tutor him after this incident, as any respect he'd ever had for me would be gone with his first post-spanking climax. I'd no longer be the doctoral student assigned to tutor him. Now I'd be the kinky woman who had fulfilled his kinky fantasies.

But I didn't go home. Instead I found myself outside my favorite bar. It was a spot not frequented by too many of the students who seemed to prefer the newer and trendier brewpubs. I, however, really liked this place for its history as well as its ambiance.

Chuck, co-owner of The Brakes, greeted me as I walked in. While I could hardly be called a regular, I'd been there often enough that Chuck and Tim, his brother, knew me and knew which imported beer I favored. I climbed on a stool and dropped my bag at my feet. Before I even had a chance to order, an amber bottle appeared in front of me. I smiled my thanks and raised it in a toast to his efficient and courteous service.

The thing I really liked about Chuck and Tim is that they had the uncanny knack for knowing when you wanted to be chatted up and when you wanted to be left alone. I wasn't really sure what I wanted that night and it seemed Chuck was aware of that as he started to walk away but then turned around and looked at me. A strange look crossed his face but then he turned away again.

I looked at myself in the large mirror behind the bar, wondering if I'd broken out in purple polka dots or something. In the dim light of the old building, I couldn't really discern anything that looked out of the ordinary so I gulped down my beer and tried not to think about the situation I'd just gotten myself into. Shortly before I was finished with the first beer, Chuck was handing me a second one. It was another uncanny knack of his. I smiled again and took a long pull off the bottle. It was a short time later that the beer and nature took its course. I left the beer on the bar and asked Chuck to stow my bag behind it while I went to the ladies room.

What I found there surprised the hell out of me; a large damp spot in the crotch of my panties. I knew I hadn't peed in my pants so this could mean only one thing. I was as aroused by spanking Ron as he had been. At first I tried to blow it off and tell myself it was a natural reaction to seeing a physically fit, well-endowed man in a state of arousal but I knew better than that. Visual stimulation wasn't particularly arousing to me. I'm much more of a hands-on kind of girl. I had to really be involved in the act to get turned on.

I certainly couldn't deny that I'd been involved in spanking him. It was my hand on his back that held him down; my other hand that had done the spanking. Admittedly, the belt had done most of the contact but my knuckles had grazed across his skin a few times. It was hard to believe that such a benign act could do this to me.

While I was an undergrad, I'd dated a guy who was very involved with power exchange and control. I'd enjoyed it too but always in the submissive role. This was the first time I'd ever taken a dominant position and I had no idea that it could be so exciting.

After finishing my business, I returned to the bar and finished my beer. Chuck handed my bag to me and I fished out enough money to pay for the two brews and a generous tip as well. He looked a bit puzzled when I told him I didn't need any change and asked me what the occasion was.

"Self-discovery," was all I said as I walked out of the bar.

For the next two days I immersed myself in my own educational pursuits. I had students in my own classes who would be taking midterms and I was also doing research for my PhD. By Monday morning I had pretty much managed to put Ron out of my mind. I supposed I'd have to see him after the mid-term but if he did as badly as I feared, it was possible that there would be nothing more for me to do.

Tuesday night my phone rang just as I sat down to grade my own students' exams.

"Hello?" I answered.

"Cindy, this is Emily Donigal. Do you have a moment?"

"Sure. How can I help you?"

"I was just wondering what you'd done to Ron Matthews?"

"Done?" I asked, stalling for time.

I had no idea what she was referring to. Had he told her about our discipline session? Was he filing a formal complaint? Oh God, what had I done?

"Yes, I just finished grading his mid-term. He got 88% correct."

I stared at the phone for a moment, not entirely sure I'd heard her correctly.

"An 88? That's wonderful."

"Yes, it is. Much better than I expected. I just wondered what you'd done to light a fire under his butt."

I stifled a giggle, knowing that would surely let the cat out of the bag.

"I just impressed upon him the message that his scholarship and spot on the basketball team were in jeopardy."

"Well I suppose that must have done it. I really didn't think it was possible for him to put forth the effort."

"Sometimes, they just need a little extra motivation." "They sure do. Jocks are the worst but you seem to have found th trick. Thank you, Cindy."

I had to laugh at her expression of gratitude. "Actually, I think it's Ron who should be thanking me."

She shared a chuckle. "And I'll be sure he does."

After I hung up the phone I giggled for several minutes. A part of me wanted to break open a bottle of something and celebrate my victory. I was half way to the fridge when I realized that the victory wasn't entirely mine. Though I had apparently found the way to motivate him, Ron had, in the end, done the work. He should be celebrating too. I grabbed a few bottles from the icebox, put them in a plastic grocery bag and picked up my keys and purse as I headed out the door with my package. Though it wasn't really a long walk from my place to his, I chose to drive it. I didn't want to waste any time getting there.

Minutes later I was standing at the door to his apartment, just about to knock when I realized just how rash I'd been to come over like this. I had no idea if he was even home and my presence might not even be welcome if he was studying for other finals. I was just about to tuck tail and creep back down the stairs when the door opened.

"Cindy!" He seemed truly shocked to see me standing there.

"Uh, hi," I said, suddenly at a loss for words.

"I didn't expect to see you tonight. I just heard a noise on the stairs and came to see what was going on."

At that moment I began to see just what a bad idea this was. "Look, I really shouldn't have come over. Just go back to whatever you were doing and I'll talk to you tomorrow."

I turned to leave but his hand reached out and caught my arm before I could move.

"No, you came over here for a reason. You might as well stay and at least tell me what it was."

He practically dragged me into the living room and motioned for me to sit down. I did and then stammered for a moment before finally blurting out my message.

"I just talked to Professor Donigal. She said you got a score of eighty-eight on your mid-term."

His eyes got big as he processed the information I'd just shared.

"That's a B?" he asked.

"B+," I corrected.

He stood up and danced around in a little circle. I thought he couldn't have been any happier if the basketball team had just won a national championship. I held up the shopping bag and let the bottles clink against each other.

"I thought you might like to celebrate."

He stopped for a moment and looked at me. Then a serious expression came over his face.

"But it's only a B+."

"Ron, that's a great score, especially considering where you were earlier in the semester."

"Yes, but it's still not an A. I should have done better."

"Okay, well, there are still three more exams. You'll get better with time."

Then I saw a twinkle in his eyes.

"I think I should be punished."

Oh my god, this couldn't be happening. He really had been turned on by that spanking and now he wanted another one.

"Oh no! I really shouldn't have even touched you the first time. Doing it again would be nuts."

"Please, Cindy. It really did wake me up and realize just how undisciplined I'd been. I could use a reminder."

I shook my head and shrank back into the corner of the sofa.

"No," I said, shaking my head emphatically.

He stepped closer and leaned over me, putting one hand on either side of my body.

"Do you really want to see me fail some other class?"

"Ron, this is completely inappropriate behavior."

He grinned mischievously. "I know. What are you going to do about it, Cindy?"

His words taunted me. In my brain, I knew it wasn't a good idea. In fact it was a really bad one. My body, however, remembered its previous reaction and started in again. I could almost feel myself getting damp in the panties as I thought about the last time I'd spanked his lovely ass.

"Oh, all right, but this time it's going to be different."

I moved to the center of the couch.

"Now, drop you pants and come here."

I grabbed his arm to pull him close to me. Within seconds his sweat pants and underwear were at his feet. I pulled on his arm again, this time directing him across my lap. As much as my body enjoyed the previous performance, somehow I knew that we'd both be happier with a more intimate position. Ron didn't resist and within seconds was face down on the couch, his pelvis directly over my lap.

I began to slowly and teasingly spank his behind. I could feel his cock twitch from where it dangled between my thighs. That slight increase in contact aroused me even more and I paid extra attention to where my hand was landing. I tried not to hit the exact same spot twice in a row but there is only so much butt to spank and eventually I couldn't help it. His years as an athlete left these twin globes quite lean and trim.

As his cheeks turned red and the color darkened, his prick grew and hardened even more. The memory of it distracted me momentarily and I let a blow fall very awkwardly. I quickly got my attention back to the here and now and used my left hand and arm to reach across him and pull him closer to me. My right hand continued to spank him until it was sore.

I could tell he was enjoying this and I didn't want to stop but didn't think I could continue so I switched to my left hand. I was less coordinated this way but he didn't seem to notice. I sensed, rather than felt, that his hips were rising and falling with each blow and as I paid more attention, it seemed almost like he was humping my thighs.

I let my hands continue almost automatically while I thought about his reaction as well as my own. I was very aware that the short denim skirt I wore allowed his penis to fit snugly between my bare legs. I could feel his pre-cum drying on my thighs and it gave me a thrill to know I was exciting him so much. The dampness in my panties was growing worse though I wasn't experiencing any other symptoms.

After a few minutes I could hear him begin to moan and the tension in his thighs increased. His hips moved faster and I subtly began to squeeze my legs together around his hard, fat cock. A part of me wished I could actually see it as it pistoned up and down but I contented myself with concentrating on the sensations it was creating in me.

With the few moments of rest I had given it, my right hand had lost its numbness and I put it back into use along with the left. He obviously found this appealing as I drummed on his ass, making it more and more red as I went. His moans grew louder and the force of his pelvis as it moved on my legs became almost unbearable. I didn't stop, however. I knew what he was building up to and I wanted him to experience that release. I also wanted to experience it with him.

While I could only speculate that he'd masturbated after I spanked him the first time, it was apparent that he was going for satisfaction now. A part of me felt like I was exploiting him but I knew that he liked it as much as I did and I decided to egg him on.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you, Ron? You love being over my lap."

He grunted in acknowledgement.

"Having your bottom swatted turns you on. You can't deny it. I can feel it."

A long low moan escaped his lips.

"I can feel you. Your cock is so hard. You're about to come, aren't you?"

I saw him nod his head at the same time a muffled 'yes' floated to my ears.

"Come for me, Ron. Come on my lap. I want to feel you."

He groaned again and began to piston his hips even faster.

"Do it!" I urged. "I wanna feel your come on my thighs."

That's all I needed to say. His moan became a shout and the even rhythm of his thrusts turned into sharp irregular plunges. I'm not sure what surprised me more, the force with which his orgasm overtook him or the massive volume of semen. I suppose I should have expected the latter, given the size of his testicles but still I was caught unawares and his climax seemed to continue for a long time. I'd never thought of basketball as being all that aerobic but it was the only reason I could think of that he had such marvelous breath control. The noises he made were continuous and I didn't detect him taking another breath.

I knew he was done when his body went completely limp over my lap. Ever since assuming that position, there had been some tension in his muscles but it was all gone now. Overcooked spaghetti had more tensile strength than he was demonstrating right now. As before I let my left hand rest on his back, feeling for the slight rise and fall of his body as he recovered from the intense experience he'd just been through.

"Breathe, Ron," I encouraged. "I don't want to try to explain this to the paramedics."

His breathing was shallow but almost spasmodic which reassured me that he saw the humor in the situation as well. Finally he took a long deep breath, exhaling slowly and then turning his head to look at me.

"Wow, that was amazing."

I blushed at his compliment.

"Thank you," I said, not knowing how else to respond.

"Oh no, thank you! I think I'll be able to study properly now."

"Yes, but will you be able to sit for your exams?" Mischief sparkled in his eyes.

"I'll consider it a welcome reminder."

"You do that. I'd hate to see what would happen if we had to repeat this little discipline session."

I could tell that there was mischief answering his in my glance. For all I appeared to be teasing, I knew that I'd be spanking Ron again for some misdeed, either real or imaginary. Whereas once it seemed like the wrong thing to do, now that we both admitted to our love of it, I saw no reason not to continue.

I gently rubbed his fiery hot, reddened buttocks for a moment, savoring the heat that came from them, feeling the wet, sticky fluid that was beginning to adhere to my legs. and wondered just how long it would be until I got to do it again.

"HmMMM, I wonder if I can get my brother's old fraternity paddle," I mused.