

Teacher's Pet Ch. 02

by [abbeynormal](#)©

And here it is, the sequel to Teacher's Pet Chapter 1, the further adventures of Ron and Cindy. Thanks to CB for helping to inspire this story and remember to vote and send me feedback.

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The week after Thanksgiving was a busy one for most college students and faculty. For Cindy Williams, it was insane. Not only did she have two classes of Introductory Psychology to teach and research to conduct for her Ph.D. but she also had to work with the students she tutored, preparing them for their final exams. One student, in particular took up a quite a bit of her spare time.

Ever since she'd found a way to motivate him, Ron Matthews seemed more than willing to do the necessary work for the class but he was, by his own admission, in over his head and he needed extra help. He also loved the fact that Cindy was never afraid to confront him when she felt he wasn't working hard enough and those confrontations sometimes ended up with him over her lap getting his bare butt spanked until it was crimson. If one ever pressed him for the truth, Ron might admit that occasionally he didn't really mind the 'punishment' and that he often provoked it. And if one ever pressed Cindy, she might actually admit that she enjoyed the feel of him squirming on her lap as she paddled him. In fact, it had almost become a private game between them.

One thing Ron wouldn't admit to anyone other than himself, though, was that ever since Cindy had shown up on his doorstep to celebrate his good grade on the midterm exam and gave him a playful paddling as well, he had yearned to turn the tables on her. It was a secret that he kept far back in darkest corner of his imagination and only let come out to play when he needed a release and pleased himself. He admitted that part of his reticence to even broach the subject stemmed from the fact that she was, in many ways, an authority figure in his life. The thought of spanking his spanker somehow seemed wrong. He also knew that his own experience on the giving end was somewhat limited and wasn't sure if he was really any good.

During college he'd had a few girlfriends that he'd coaxed into it, mostly by starting with an 'innocent' birthday spanking, and while some were more receptive than others, he couldn't say that any of them experienced the same sense of eroticism that he associated with the act. Of course, he really didn't know if Cindy would find it as stimulating as he did either but something told him she might just like it. She had admitted to him that she'd gotten her share of spankings as a child. He assumed her blush had little to do with the fact that she was admitting to her bad behaviors and more with the fact that she had liked the punishment. Try as he might, he couldn't quite figure out a way to possibly suggest the idea of switching roles on her. She was way too perceptive and he knew she'd see through any kind of subterfuge he might try. No, it was going to have to be the direct approach but he'd still have to be cagey about it.

Cindy met up with Ron the Sunday after Thanksgiving to begin preparing him for the final exam. Though it was clear he had spent some time studying for the exam over the holiday, the proportion of wrong answers to correct ones still had her concerned. She began mentally running through her schedule for the upcoming week to see if she could work in some extra time with him.

"Hey, what's up?" Ron asked, seeing her brow furrow and noticing the dark circles under her eyes.

"Oh, I was just trying to think if we could squeeze in any extra time together before your final next week."

"Don't worry about me. I'll be fine."

"Ron, I'm afraid that based on what I've seen here tonight, you're not going to do any better than a C on this exam."

"So? It's not like I'm at risk of failing the class any more, thanks to you." He patted her knee in gratitude.

"Is that all you want? Just to pass?"

Her exhaustion made her voice almost shrill. Ron took both her hands in his, squeezing them gently.

"Look, I appreciate your concern but we both know that I only signed up for this class cuz I thought it was gonna be an easy A. Admittedly, I was wrong but so long as I pass, I stay on the basketball team and my scholarship is safe which is my main concern."

She opened her mouth to lecture him but he put a finger over her lips.

"My other concern is that you're running yourself ragged. You could pack for a two week cruise in those bags under your eyes."

"Oh thank you very little," she retorted.

"Hey, why don't you go home and get some rest. Don't worry about me this week. I promise I'll keep on working on this stuff and I'll be fine by the time the exam rolls around."

Intense skepticism rolled over her face. She knew he was capable of working independently but wasn't sure just how effective it would be if she weren't around to quiz him and make certain that he was on the right track.

"Really!" he insisted. "Look, I'll even make you a bet."

"A bet?"

"Yeah, I bet you that I can walk away with an A on this test and do it without any further help from you."

She chuckled in spite of herself. "You know, I really admire your self-confidence but that's pushing it."

"Why? Don't you think I can do it? After all I got a B+ on the midterm and I'm light years ahead of where I was back then."

"And I suppose you'll want the same kind of motivation tonight that you got before the midterm?" she asked remembering how she'd lost her temper and laid into his bare ass with his own belt.

He blushed a little and grinned rather sheepishly. "Well, I wouldn't object."

"I thought not."

"But really it isn't necessary. Just knowing we've got a bet going is motivation enough."

"Honestly, Ron, I wouldn't even know what to bet."

"Well, if you're so confident that I'll lose, then choose something you want if you win."

She thought about it for a few moments, weighing the options. While she honestly didn't think she could lose, she didn't want to do anything that would undermine his confidence in his own abilities either.

"Okay, but what if, on some weird chance, I actually lose?"

"I'll choose my own prize."

"And do we reveal our choices now?"

"Well, it would help me if I knew what I was working to avoid."

"Okay, hotshot, when I win, you will take me out to dinner at the New Orleans House for the seafood buffet."

"That's it?" he asked, incredulously. "That's the best you can come up with?"

"Isn't that enough? After all, the New Orleans House isn't exactly fast food, so you would have to dress appropriately and not wear your baseball cap."

"Okay, okay."

"And what about you? On the very slim chance that you win, what do you want?"

Ron looked up and appeared to think for a moment.

"I'm not sure. Can I get back to you on that?"

Cindy took this as a sign that he really didn't believe he could win so he didn't have anything to claim as a prize.

"Okay, but here's the deal. We will both submit our wagers to Professor Donigal before the exam. Then after she finishes grading them, she'll tell us who won."

"Do you think she'll agree to that?"

"Yeah, I think I can talk her into it."

"Fine, then I'll have my prize written down and ready to go before class tomorrow."

Ron held out his hand and they shook on the bet and then he stood up still holding her hand. With a gentle pull he helped her off the couch as well. He took a moment to help her on with her coat and watched as she put her papers back into her briefcase.

"So, now, go home. Take a nice hot bath. Give yourself a manicure or something and relax for the evening knowing you've got one less thing to worry about."

"Not to mention a nice seafood dinner to look forward to," she added with an impertinent grin.

He longed to reach out and give her a playful swat on the butt for her remark but he didn't, knowing that the thickness of her wool overcoat would certainly dull any sensation and might even make him miss his mark.

"Good night, Cindy," he said casually as he let her out.

"See you tomorrow."

Before class the next day, Cindy had a private discussion with Professor Donigal. While she didn't mention that she'd no longer be helping Ron with his studies, she did say that they had made a friendly wager on the outcome of the exam and asked if she'd be the neutral third party to hold the results. As she suspected, the professor was willing to help. When Ron came in he spoke to Cindy for a moment and they each gave Emily a sealed envelope, containing the terms of the bet. They shook hands again and as Ron turned to take a seat, he quickly scanned his classmates to see whom he could turn to for help in Cindy's absence. It didn't take him long to make a couple of choices and he vowed that even if the grades in his other classes suffered a bit, there was no way he was going to lose this bet. The one thing he had going in his favor was that this would be his first final exam. Once it was finished he could throw himself into his other classes.

The day of the test arrived and Ron felt moderately confident. He'd spent a lot of time studying with two girls who were majoring in Psychology and seemed to be up on everything that had gone on in class. Darla was so awestruck that he'd even look at her that she eagerly agreed to help. Michelle, however, saw it as an opportunity for some quid pro quo and said that she'd do it so long as he helped her with her Intro Chemistry exam. Knowing he could do that work in his sleep, he readily agreed.

As he selected a desk for the exam, he looked around to see if Cindy had come by. He didn't know what her schedule was but thought she might drop by to check on him. Moment later he was flanked by Darla and Michelle and they all gave each other a good-luck squeeze of the hand.

Three hours later, Ron's confidence was flagging. While he knew he'd done a good job, he didn't feel like he could count on that A. He sighed for a moment as he took one last look at his answers and decided that even if he didn't win the bet, the chance to take Cindy out to dinner wasn't really like losing and maybe he could find some other way to get her over his lap. When he left the classroom and stepped out into the hallway, he found Darla and Michelle waiting on him.

"So, how'd ya do?" Michelle asked.

"Umm, okay. I'm sure I passed."

"Well, of course you passed," Darla insisted, "You had us helping you."

He had to chuckle. "Yeah, you're right. I suppose there shouldn't be any doubt about that."

"So, we're going over to Lee's Deli for an early lunch. You wanna join us?" Michelle invited.

"I'd love to girls, but I've got a 2:00 exam this afternoon that I still need to review for. But maybe we can all go out for beers some night?"

"Sure. Let's do that."

Ron trudged back to his apartment and threw together a sandwich and some chips to eat while he reviewed for his economic geography final. The course had been pretty easy so he wasn't expecting anything too difficult but sometimes the professor liked to throw in some confusing terminology so he wanted to refresh his memory.

Tuesday afternoon, as he was working with Michelle for her Chemistry final, his cell phone rang. He looked at it for a moment to see if he could let it go to voicemail but when he recognized Cindy's phone number he picked up.

"Hello?"

"Ron, it's Cindy. Professor Donigal has your test results finished. Can you meet us in her office?"

"I'm kinda tied up at the moment. Can you give me an hour?"

He held his breath waiting while she consulted Emily.

"Yeah, that's fine. I'll see you then."

"Thanks!"

He flipped the phone shut and looked at Michelle, ready to pick up where they'd left off.

"Hot date?" she asked.

"Hardly. But I've got to go to Professor Donigal's office in an hour. Something about an evaluation for Cindy's tutoring," he said, quickly coming up with a lie to cover his tracks.

"Whatever," she said flippantly as she returned to her notes.

An hour later Ron stood in front of Emily Donigal's desk, butterflies doing aerobatics in his stomach. The professor's face gave no clue as to what his test score was but it seemed she was having a bit of fun with the challenge.

"So, as I understand it, Ron, you bet that you could get an A on the final exam, even though you've only had one A all semester and Cindy bet that you couldn't."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Well, Cindy, I must say that this is a rather different way to motivate a student. I would have recommended that you bet in favor of him but I suppose there is merit to playing devil's advocate."

She picked up an envelope from her desk but it was face down so neither of them could see who was going to win the bet. Ron held his breath and he could tell that Cindy was doing the same. She turned to Cindy and handed her the envelope.

"I'm pleased to say that Ron is the winner with a score of 93%."

It was all he could do not to shout his victory and dance around the office. He settled for sharing a very enthusiastic hug with Cindy and even one for the professor. When everyone one calmed down a bit Emily turned to her protŽgŽ.

"So, Cindy, what did he win?"

Ron could feel the color drain from his face as Cindy began to open the envelope. He hadn't thought about the fact that the surprise would be unveiled here. Would she read it aloud, not knowing what was in it? His heart pounded even faster and he fixed his eyes on her, silently begging her not to go through with it.

Cindy saw the look of desperation on his face but couldn't fathom why he'd be so anxious. She assumed that he'd pick the opportunity to play out one of the spanking fantasies he'd shared with her; something that would require more creativity than their usual discipline sessions. Knowing that, she already had a response formed in her brain.

She withdrew the paper and took a quick look at it. What she saw caused her slowly read it once again.

"Cindy?" Emily prompted.

"Something he's been wanting for a long time," she said, automatically falling back on her planned response.

She hastily folded the sheet of paper and stuffed it back into the envelope and then crammed that into her coat pocket.

"Well, I hope you enjoy it, Ron."

While he wanted to say that he was sure he would, the fact was that he still wasn't sure Cindy would go through with it even though he'd won.

"Thanks, Professor. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got some other tests to review for."

He left with one parting smile at Cindy, unsure of what would happen next. He was down the hall and almost out of the building before he heard her call his name. He turned and saw her walking very quickly towards him. He waited until she caught up and then held the door open for her to leave first before stepping out behind her. Once they were out in the frosty December air, she turned and looked up at him.

"Are you serious about this?" she asked, waving the envelope in his direction.

"Serious as a heart attack."

She cursed under her breath for a moment. "Okay, look, we've gotta talk but I don't want to keep you from your studies."

"How about my place at 6:00?"

She considered it for a moment and then made a counter proposal. "My apartment at 6:30."

"Fine but where is your apartment?"

She dug a pen out of her briefcase and scribbled an address on the back of the envelope along with brief directions on how to find it. Before she thrust it at him, she took out the paper that he'd written his prize on. He studied it briefly.

"Yeah, I know where this place is."

"Then, I'll see you at 6:30?"

"I'll be there."

Still very stunned by what had transpired between them, she turned and walked toward the lot where her car was parked and didn't even bother to say goodbye. Ron stood and watched her until she disappeared around the corner of the building. He shrugged deeper into his parka and set out towards his apartment, wondering if she'd really go through with this. He assumed that since she hadn't outright refused, he at least stood a chance. On the other hand, he feared that he could still get shot down that night so he wasn't about to count on anything.

Cindy managed to keep her wits about her on the way home by concentrating on traffic and the mechanics of driving. Methodically, she hung up her coat and put her hat and boots in the closet as well. She changed into her most comfortable pair of sweats and made a cup of tea to ward off the chill of both the winter day and the fear that gripped the pit of her stomach. Once the necessary tasks were taken care of she settled into her overstuffed easy chair and tucked her legs up under her and looked at Ron's note once again.

'When I win the bet, I will be the one to take you firmly over my knee and paint your beautiful behind the crimson colors of a tropical sunset.'

She wanted to believe that he was interested in some sort of body painting ritual but his allusion to the position left no doubt that what he really wanted was to spank her. She closed her eyes and tried to deny it but couldn't. Even worse was the fact that she wanted it too. After she gave him the erotic spanking after his mid-term and she realized just how into it he was, she had wondered what it would be like to have the tables turned on her. Her last boyfriend had almost turned her off the idea completely with his rough treatment of her hind end and she feared that Ron would think she spanked him in the same way that she wanted to be spanked. She knew he relished being paddled roughly and the harder it got... well, the harder he got. Her tushie twitched at the thought of such a spanking and she unconsciously reached behind her to rub it.

The other thought that weighed heavily on her mind was how this would change their relationship. She'd never really thought much about it beyond the fact that she was tutoring him and therefore in a position of authority. However, she realized that with the closing of the semester, she was no longer bound to him in any capacity and she wondered if she really wanted to be. Admittedly, he was a lot of fun to be with. They had similar interests in politics and history and their tastes in music even seemed to be identical. She admitted that he was more analytical, which seemed right considering his major, whereas she was more of a gut-instinct person. Their sense of humor, however, was virtually identical.

What it boiled down to in her mind was whether or not she had the capacity to open up and be brutally honest about herself with him. That alone would shift the dynamic of their relationship nearly 180 degrees and she wasn't sure she was comfortable with that. She could deal with a more equitable power exchange but what if he wasn't.

"Okay, girl, you're getting way ahead of yourself here. You don't have any idea as to what he wants and you're not going to until you talk to him tonight," she said to herself before taking a sip of her tea.

The warm drink helped calm her nerves a little but couldn't help overcome her fears of knowing that she'd have to tell him that she not only wanted him to spank her but exactly how she wanted it. Such emotional honesty wasn't easy for her, especially when she considered that they really were barely friends. Of course, she could actually deny him and tell him he'd simply have to come up with some other way for her to pay off the bet but she wasn't sure she'd like his alternatives any better. No, better to face the music, admit that she wanted it as much as he did and then work for the best.

When Ron arrived at 6:30, she really wasn't any less nervous than she had been earlier in the day. In fact, just the sight of him standing in her living room in his faded jeans and rugby shirt made the butterflies in her stomach even more active than they had been while waiting in Professor Donigal's office. She took a moment to really look at him, not as a student but as a man. All the things she was used to seeing were still there. The height, the dark hair, the casual smile and slightly stooped posture he always assumed whenever he was standing next to her, as if he felt like he was towering over her. Finally, she looked at his eyes, assuming they weren't called the 'windows to the soul' for nothing. In them she saw affection, kindness and a certain amount of hesitancy, as if he weren't certain about the feasibility of this plan either.

She invited him to sit down, joined him on the sofa and then took a deep breath.

"So," she said, not really sure where to go from there.

"So," he agreed.

"Needless to say, this took me by surprise."

He smiled as if he expected her reaction.

"So, uh, how long have you..." her voice trailed off, not really wanting to finish the question.

"Since high school."

Her eyes opened wide with surprise, and then she realized that he hadn't told her what she really wanted to know and chuckled.

"No, I meant, how long have you been considering this."

"Casually? Since our first tutoring session. Seriously? Since I badgered you into spanking me after telling me my mid-term exam grade."

"What?" she went past surprise, straight into shock.

"Well, upon some moderately lecherous 'checking out', I began to realize that your behind would be positively wonderful to spank. And then after that night that you got me off over your lap, I thought that maybe you had a bit more experience than you'd previously let on."

Cindy could only stare in slack-jawed wonder at his admission.

"So now I guess the next step is up to you. I know how you can give but now I need to know how you receive."

A blush crept over her cheeks and she could only stare at her hands while she answered in a voice that was barely a whisper.

"Not very well, I'm afraid."

Now Ron felt really bad for misjudging the situation. He was certain that Cindy would not only be amenable to the bet, once the initial shock wore off, but also had more experience at receiving spankings than he had giving.

"Oh, God, I'm sorry. I would have sworn you were an old pro at this. Now I can see why you were so freaked out."

"Oh, no, that's not what I meant," she said before taking a deep breath. It was time to bare her soul and she still wasn't really prepared. "You see, I used to date this guy who was really into spanking but he always called me a wuss, cuz I didn't like to be paddled really hard."

"So?"

"So, that's when I started paddling him instead."

Instinctively, he moved closer to her and put a gentle arm around her shoulders before he continued to draw her out. "Can you tell me what you do like? Or did he never do anything you liked?"

She smiled in memory of one glorious night of hot, passionate sex. She didn't remember exactly what triggered it but she did recall being on her hands and knees, Todd kneeling behind her, fucking her like a wild man and alternately spanking her ass and then letting his fingertips brush over it. The combination of sensations was marvelous and she broke out in goosebumps just thinking about it.

"I guess I just can't see any pleasure in simply getting the crap beat out of you. Maybe I'm wired differently but I'm not into pain. I just like a lot of different sensations, some strong, some soft. You know, different textures and things."

She took another deep breath and opened her mouth to speak but hesitated. Ron waited patiently; knowing the full story would come out eventually.

"What freaked me out about your wager was the comment about making my butt the colors of a sunset. You see, the last spanking Todd gave me left bruises all over my butt. I didn't really think anything about it cuz it had happened before but two days later I went to the doctor for my annual physical and when he saw them, he called the police because he thought I was being abused."

Ron bit his lip; not sure what to say that wouldn't sound trite.

"I guess I'd never thought about it before but the truth was that even though the spanking was consensual, it really was worse than I wanted. And that's when Todd and I broke up."

"And you haven't been spanked since?"

She shook her head, still not able to look at him.

"You wanna tell me how long ago that's been?"

"Almost three years," she admitted still speaking very softly.

"Look, Cindy, I don't want to do anything that you're not comfortable with. If you want to call the whole thing off, fine."

For the first time all evening, she raised her eyes, turned and looked him square in the face.

"No, I made the bet. I wanna go through with it."

"I don't want you to do it because you feel obligated."

She reached out and put a hand on his forearm.

"No, I'd really like to try it."

Ron could feel the blood drain from his head as it raced for other regions of his body, leaving him slightly dizzy. He fought hard to think rationally and pay attention as he heard Cindy speak again.

"One more thing, well I guess two actually. First, you're going to have to be the one to initiate this. There's no way in hell I'm ever going to be able to bring myself to just fling my body over your lap."

They both laughed at her humor.

"Second, you're going to have to do something to keep my brain engaged as well. It doesn't have to be some complicated role-playing or a constant monologue or anything, just something to keep my thoughts from wandering off and fixating on how stupid this really is."

"I think I can do that."

"Thanks," she said looking away and blushing once again.

He took advantage of her position to grasp her arm and gently pull her towards him. She sat up and began to scoot closer to him but he stopped her as it was clear she didn't quite understand what he had in mind.

"Come here," he said with an encouraging smile and patted his thighs. "We're going to take this slow and easy and whenever you feel like stopping, just tell me."

Hesitantly, she raised to her knees and stretched out over Ron's lap. Once positioned, she crossed her arms in front of her and buried her face in the space they created. With his left hand, he held her close and snugly while he let his right hand rest on the rounded globes of her ass. After a moment he firmly rubbed and massaged her butt, making sure that she'd feel some sensation through the fabric of her sweatpants.

"How are you doing?" he asked after several minutes.

"Okay," she said, her voice slightly muffled.

"You're gonna tell me when you want to stop, right?"

"Right," she affirmed.

He held her a bit tighter while he lifted his right hand and gave her a firm swat on the butt. Her only response was a sharp exhale, as if she'd been holding her breath and it was forced out of her. He gave her several more swats, each a little harder than before but all of them sufficiently cushioned by the fleece of her pants to keep

her from actually being hurt. After nearly five minutes of this he returned to gently rubbing her and talking to her softly, reassuring her that he wasn't going to harm her. Her breathing, which had become more rapid and shallow during the spanking, returned to normal.

"How are you doin' now?"

"Okay, I think."

"Ready to go on or do you want to quit for the night?"

She pushed herself up with her arms and looked back at him.

"Go on to what?" she asked.

"This," he said as he used both hands to peel back her sweats as well as her panties.

"Oh God!" she exclaimed, through clenched teeth.

"You want to stop?"

"Gimme a moment, okay."

He waited, again keeping his hand on her now bare ass while he held her tightly to alleviate any fears she may have of slipping.

Falling off his lap was the least of her worries. In her own mind it felt wrong to be baring her butt in front of this guy. At least with Todd, they'd been fairly intimate before moving into spanking. The most affection she'd ever shown Ron was a brief hug. His warm hand now touching her bare skin seemed so inappropriate. She tried to remind herself that her tutoring duties were over and that she was now free to pursue any kind of relationship she wanted with him but her mind simply wasn't buying it.

"Talk to me, Ron," she nearly begged, her voice choking with her conflicting emotion.

"Tell me what's wrong."

"This is. It's all wrong."

"Do you want to stop?"

"No, but I'm afraid to go forward."

"Okay, then we'll go slowly."

With a feather-light touch he caressed her ass, letting his fingers roam from her lower back, where her tush began its beautiful outward curve, all the way down to the her thighs and then back up again. She giggled and squirmed deliciously against his erection when he dragged his fingertips over her tailbone.

"You know, you really do have a very spankable hind end here. Soft and round, not rock hard but well muscled.

She tried to concentrate on his words and the thought that he admitted that he'd been checking her out for a long time. She thought about the bulge that nudged her from behind the fly of his jeans, an obvious clue that he was aroused by her. She tried to focus on anything but the embarrassment that threatened to overwhelm her.

Her musings were interrupted by a firm swat to her right cheek.

"Oh!" she said on a sharply exhaled breath.

"Breathe, Cindy, I don't need to explain you passing out to the paramedics."

She had to chuckle, remembering how she'd said the same thing once while spanking him.

"Besides, this will feel a lot better if you just remember to breathe deeply."

"You don't expect much of me, do you?" she retorted.

"Now did that swat really hurt?"

"No, it just surprised me," she said after a moment's consideration.

"Good," he said as he gently rubbed the reddened skin.

Another swat, this one to the left cheek, took her by surprise as well but she managed to remain silent this time and she knew to look forward to the caress that would follow to it.

Ron could feel her relaxing over his lap. She was no longer holding her body so stiffly and he could feel the muscles in her legs begin to go limp. With his left arm, he gave her an awkward hug, pulling her to him, which made her torso rub erotically against his stiff cock. He wondered what it would be like to spank her in this position while both of them were naked. It was something he'd wanted to do for years but hadn't had the opportunity yet. The few girlfriends he'd gotten to spank didn't want to integrate it into their sex life. There had been a few times when a girl had been over his lap and his excitement had led to more intimate activities but to really have it be a part of the whole package was something he yearned for.

He admitted that he found Cindy to be very attractive. She was smart, funny and sensual; not to mention being fairly open-minded. Though he'd never before given serious consideration to having her as a lover, the idea was beginning to grow on him and not just in his groin, though he certainly had to admit that it was having an effect there. As much as he wanted to continue, he was afraid that he wasn't going to be able to control his arousal much longer and knew he was going to have to wrap it up soon. He gave her one more swat, this one a little harder, that landed squarely between both cheeks, just above the tops of her thighs and then let the contact fade off into a soft caress.

"Ow!" she cried out before adding more sedately, "That stung."

"Mmm, you do have a nice little sweet spot right there but for now, we'll go easy on it."

"Thank you," she acknowledged emphatically.

He rubbed the spot a little more vigorously for a moment and then stopped.

"Okay, that's enough for tonight," he pronounced and pulled up the back of her pants.

Enough? Cindy felt like they were just getting started and he said they were finished? Something was definitely wrong with this equation. And when he kept stroking her ass after she was covered again, she had to wonder what was going on.

"Are you sure?" she asked quietly.

He felt his cock twitch in reaction to her question.

"Yeah, I don't want to push you too far on our first night out. We can do more next time."

"And when is that going to be?" she asked, looking back over her shoulder at him.

"Does this mean I've changed your mind?" he asked smiling.

"Maybe."

"I honestly don't know. I told my family I'd be leaving for break right after my last final on Friday morning."

"Well, you have my phone number," she said as she got up. "Call me when you get back to campus and we can set something up."

Ron had actually been trying to think of a time later that week that they could hook up. He even considered calling his family to let them know he wouldn't be in until late Friday night. For a moment he studied Cindy's

face, trying to determine if she was stalling him or if something was up. Unfortunately, he couldn't tell and chose to change the subject instead.

"So what are you doing over break?" he asked.

"Grading finals, semester projects, etc."

"I meant for the holidays."

She smiled at him, letting him know full well that she was kidding. "My parents are flying in on the 24th so we'll celebrate Christmas and my birthday and then they'll go home on the 26th.

"Your birthday is on Christmas?"

"No, it's on the 29th, but they have to be back at work on Monday so we'll celebrate both of them together."

"That sucks."

"Yeah, I know, but I'm flexible."

"Then what's your birthday plans?"

"My folks have already told me that they're giving me a certificate for a 'day of beauty' at that little day spa that opened down on Fourth Street. Of course, these are the same people who are so fond of saying you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear so I don't know what they're thinking but ours is not to reason why."

"Ours is but to do and die," he said, standing up to the quote. "And while we're throwing out clichés, I'd say that sending you to a day at the spa would be gilding the lily."

Cindy was impressed. It was enough that he'd finished the Robert Burns quote accurately as so few people did but to know about 'gilding the lily' showed he had more than the usual command of the English language and not what she expected from a science major who was also a jock.

"You're far too kind," she said, trying not to blush. "So what about you? What's your holiday plans?"

"Oh, Christmas Eve we'll go over to my dad's folks and celebrate with all the cousins. Christmas day it'll just be the three of us in the morning and then I think my parents have invited our neighbor, Melissa, and her new husband over for dinner."

"That's nice that you're sharing the holidays with the newlyweds."

"Yeah, well, she's a nice lady and she's lived across the street nearly all my life so she's really like family and her new husband seems nice too."

Ron recalled sitting next to the judge, in the park gazebo, playing his guitar while Melissa walked across the grass to exchange vows with her new husband. He couldn't remember ever seeing her look happier. He was honored that she wanted him to play for the ceremony but somehow it felt wrong for her to be married. She'd been widowed for over 15 years and he just assumed that she would never re-marry.

He smiled as he recalled taking her aside during the reception with a playful grin on his face, confessed to a minor infraction and then asked her if she wanted to turn him over her knee. She smiled back at him indulgently and caressed his face with soft fingers.

"Sorry, sweetie, my bathbrush and my bottom are now reserved for Matt."

He sighed dramatically. "Such a waste of a good arm."

"Yours or mine" she asked with a wicked grin.

"Both," he answered a bit wistfully.

She stood on tiptoe to give him a soft kiss and then wrapped her arms around his neck in a warm embrace,

marveling at how it seemed he was still getting taller even though he was now in college.

"I'll never forget you, Ron," she whispered, "or any of the time we spent together."

"Me either," he answered as he gave her a rib cracking hug.

"Hey, get your paws off my wife!" they heard Matt call to them with good humor from the shelter house.

"What? Am I the only person here who's not allowed to kiss the bride?" Ron answered laughing as they walked back.

"You bet. I've heard all about you, buddy. You just keep your distance."

As they closed the gap, Matt reached out and shook Ron's hand before pulling him into a brief hug.

"Thanks for playing for us, man. I know it meant a lot to Melissa to have you as part of the ceremony."

"It was my pleasure," he responded as he felt the man thump his back.

"I mean it. She's told me about all the stuff that you used to do for her. I'm grateful she had people like you to turn to back then."

Ron stiffened for a moment, wondering if she'd told him about ALL the things he did and then shook it off, knowing she would always be discreet about their relationship. Then he felt a sharp whack on his butt and jumped backwards to see Melissa standing there with a wicked grin on her face.

"Kissing the bride is okay. Kissing the groom is out of the question though. Get your mitts off my husband."

The snapping of fingers in front of his nose brought him back to the present.

"Have a nice trip?" she asked.

"Oh, I was just remembering Melissa's wedding. It'll be good to see her and her husband again."

Realizing he was stalling for something else to say he finally gave himself a mental shake and focused on the present.

"Well, I'd better get home and start studying again."

Automatically he reached out and gave her a big hug.

"Thank you for trusting me," he said.

"Thank you for being so trustworthy."

He released her and slipped on his coat before walking to the door. He could feel her following right behind him. Stopping, he wanted to turn around, take her up into his arms and fulfill all of her spanking fantasies but he knew he didn't dare yet. Instead he simply turned his head and said good night.

"Good night, Ron, and thanks again," she said just before closing the door behind him.

During the short drive home, Ron tried to think about anything but the aching need in his groin. Having Cindy squirming over his lap was bad enough, especially with the sight of her round soft ass so directly within his gaze. Hearing her open up to him and tell him what she liked excited him even more. All that, however, could have been manageable but then he thought of Melissa and the stiffness in his cock became an ache that encompassed his balls as well.

Melissa Roberts Green, his neighbor, friend and confidant. His first spanking partner and his first lover. He knew that as long as he lived there would be two memories burned into his brain. The first was a time when he stayed with Melissa for a month while his parents were out of the country and he'd gotten in trouble. The spanking was memorable enough, as it was the only time he'd ever been whipped with a belt. What really made it stick though, was that she had jerked him off first because he couldn't control his arousal. Though he'd been

horrified by the turn of events at the time, later that night he masturbated in bed, still feeling the delicious sting in his reddened hind-end.

Even though she'd been as much his friend as much as she had been his neighbor and part-time caretaker, she was still very much an authority figure and he realized he was beginning to repeat the same pattern with Cindy. Would he be able to take things as far with Cindy as he had with Melissa? He certainly hoped so. In fact, the mounting pressure in his genitals was almost urging him to return to her apartment and make it certain but instead he drove back to his place and was practically ripping his clothes off as he walked in the door.

Within minutes he was naked and flung himself on his bed, grabbing a bottle of baby oil as he went. For a few moments he simply fondled himself, feeling the velvet thin skin moving over the hard cockmeat underneath. Then with a practiced motion he flipped open the cap with his thumb and poured a generous amount into his cupped hand before capping it again and tossing it aside. He let out a sound that was a sigh mixed with a groan as he smoothed the oil over his long, hard cock making sure it was evenly coated and very slick, then slid his hand down to make sure his balls were also covered.

He groaned again and forced his hands to his sides for a moment, knowing he was far too close to a climax for safety and he didn't want to cum quickly. He took several deep breaths to try and relax all his muscles. It was a hard struggle of mind over matter but eventually he felt he had his arousal under control enough to actually get some pleasure from the act and not just a release.

Slowly he began to stroke with just his right hand from the base all the way up and over the dusky tip, spreading out the moisture that was already leaking from him. He sighed as he repeated this motion over and over, remembering how good it felt several weeks ago to be over Cindy's lap, his erection caught between her smooth thighs as she spanked and scolded him for not getting an A on his mid-term and then how she taunted him for getting excited. His hand moved faster and faster, grasping his tool more tightly and pleasuring himself with swift, firm strokes, recreating the sensation of his long, hard cock humping her lap. His hips began to move in time with his hand opposing each push and pull and he could feel that familiar tightening just behind his balls, like a spring being wound up. Then, like a spring that's been wound too tight, the energy released rapidly.

Ron's body convulsed as his climax began deep in his balls, rapidly pushing jet after jet of milky semen through his fat, rigid cock. He clenched his teeth and groaned loudly as his hips jerked and his hand continued to piston around his shaft, feeling it jerk under his fingers while his belly was inundated with puddles of cum with streaks of it reaching upward to his chest. When the orgasmic spasms finally stopped, he took a few deep breaths to try to calm the quivers that still invaded his muscles and handtowel from the nightstand to wipe up the mess. Turning onto his side, he took several more deep breaths and finally fell asleep.

The day after Christmas Ron woke early in the morning and wasn't sure why. The previous two days of celebration had kept him from catching up on the sleep he desperately craved and now it appeared that his body wasn't going to let him sleep either. He rolled over listening closely for any clues as to what had broken his slumber but couldn't find anything external. The room was cool but he was snug and warm under the covers. A few faint bird songs could be heard outside his window but they were nothing compared to what he usually heard in his apartment at school.

As he shifted positions in the bed he could feel his cock was long and hard but that wasn't unusual. Like most guys, he often awoke to a morning erection, especially when he woke up early. He tried to avoid 8:00am classes as much as possible, not so he could sleep in but so he wouldn't have to take the extra time before class to deal with the 'morning wood' problem. He thought about it now, deciding if he should take care of it or just let it 'deflate' on its own. Then memories of catching Melissa under the mistletoe the night before invaded his brain followed by wishes of finding Cindy in a similar position and he knew that ignoring the problem wasn't going to be an effective way of dealing with it. However, he did make fairly quick work of the task, not really taking a lot of time and paying far more attention to his fantasies than to the sensations in his body.

It wasn't until after dinner that he finally took care of the one thing he'd been thinking about for the past three days. He went to his room and shut the door in an attempt at some privacy and pulled out his cell phone. Cindy hadn't mentioned what time her parents would be leaving to fly home but he assumed they wouldn't be staying late since she mentioned they had to be at work on Monday. He waited impatiently as her phone rang four times before she answered it.

"Cindy Williams."

"Hey, Cindy, it's Ron. How are you?"

"Ron, hi. I'm well. And you?"

"Great. How was the visit with your folks?"

"Very nice. Did you have a good time with your family and your neighbors?"

Again he thought of the mistletoe and how he had zoomed in for a kiss before Melissa ducked and then gave him a stinging swat to the behind.

"Yeah, it was good. Thanks."

Once the initial pleasantries were finished, a hush hung in the air for a moment; neither of them certain what to say next. Finally Ron broke the silence.

"Well, I was thinking that since you're going to the spa for your birthday, it would be a shame to go home afterwards and not let anyone see the new you and I thought I might take you out to dinner that night."

Cindy was stunned for a moment. She didn't have any hard and fast plans for the day since so many of her fellow grad students were gone for the break though Tim and Chuck had told her that if she came into The Brakes, all her drinks would be free and she had considered taking them up on it. The opportunity to have dinner with Ron sounded like a wonderful plan until reality hit her.

"Ron that's very kind of you but I'd hate to think of you driving all that way just to come have dinner with me."

"Look, it's only a ninety minute drive. Less if the roads are in good shape and I can ignore the speed limit."

"Well, I'm certainly not going to encourage you to do that," she said with a laugh.

"Okay, I won't break any traffic laws. So what time should I pick you up?" he asked, as if it were a foregone conclusion that she'd say yes.

She had to admire his self-confidence but assumed that as a gifted athlete he had learned to disregard any kind of doubt that tried to overtake him.

"I suppose that would depend on where we're going."

"Well, I hadn't quite pinned that down yet. I wanted to make sure you'd say yes first."

Okay, so much for the total self-confidence. Still, prudence was to be admired as well.

"I'm saying yes. Now where are we going?"

"Pushy, aren't you?"

"It's all part of my natural charm," she said, feeling free to finally flirt with him since her tutoring duties were over with and wondering if this birthday dinner were really a ploy just to get to spank her again. She certainly wouldn't put it past him.

"I'll make the arrangements and let you know tomorrow but figure on me being there between 5:30 and 6:00."

"Okay, I'll talk to ya later, Ron."

"I look forward to it."

On her birthday, Cindy entered the spa with slight trepidation since she wasn't entirely sure what her parents had arranged for her. She breathed a sigh of relief to learn there was nothing too radical. She looked forward to the facial and the massage but the laser hair removal sounded a bit personal. While she rationalized that it couldn't be any more painful than the bikini wax she subjected herself to at home once a month so, she wasn't particularly enthusiastic about someone other than her doctor seeing that part of her body. Then it dawned on her that Ron might very well be seeing that part of her, depending on how he wanted her positioned for her spanking.

She knew she was making an assumption that her behind would be getting some attention later that night but figured it would be a fairly safe one. The last time they'd been together, she could tell he was aroused and couldn't believe that he wouldn't want to repeat the activity. Oh damn, he WAS aroused. Very, very aroused. She wasn't the most experienced girl on the block but she knew enough to tell when a guy was at the point of no return and Ron had been riding the edge of that point.

As she relaxed during her massage she wondered if Ron had any plans for her other than spanking her, and if so exactly what they were. She also wondered if the laser would make her so overly sensitive that she wouldn't be able to submit to such treatment. Would she even be able to handle someone touching her? She knew these were questions she'd have to ask the technician when it came time. After all, she could always refuse and reschedule the treatment for another time.

During the massage, however, she had to examine her feelings about getting intimate with Ron. She had to admit that he had some great qualities going for him. Tall, handsome, witty, intelligent, good sense of humor. He was amazingly well built, in addition to being well endowed. Should they progress that far, she wondered if she'd even be able to take a cock that large inside her without it splitting in two. Certainly oral sex would be difficult. God, she'd almost have to be a snake and unhinge her jaw to be able to take his girth and deep throating was completely out of the question. However, she figured she could probably combine some hand and oral action to give him satisfaction. Even better if she could convince him to help with the manual stimulation.

Of course, she admitted that she was getting the cart before the horse. For all she knew, once he claimed his prize for winning their bet, he'd want no further contact with her. The fact that he seemed anxious to get this over with made her wonder if he was now regretting having made the bet and wanted to get it over with as soon as possible.

No, couldn't be. He'd been far too aroused while she was over his lap. Or was that the problem? Was he ashamed of his own body's responses? She didn't think this was likely considering how he hadn't seemed to mind the fact that she knew he got excited when she spanked him. But what else could there be?

She shook her head forcefully, trying to clear her mind of the confused thoughts. The massage therapist inquired if there was anything wrong and Cindy blushed, just then realizing that she wasn't entirely alone with her thoughts.

"No, sorry, I was trying to clear my head."

Finally she realized that no matter how much she tried to analyze the situation, there was really nothing she could do until she talked to Ron. She could make all the suppositions and hypotheses in the world but without his input, it was all an exercise in futility. Instead she decided to relax and sink into the massage table while firm and gentle hands kneaded the stress and tension out of her body.

Cindy was ready at 5:30 when Ron arrived. He said to dress 'nice' but wouldn't give her a clue as to where they were going. She toyed with the idea of wearing a dress but decided it was just too cold and put on a pair of black wool slacks and a pink angora sweater. To her complete surprise he took her to the New Orleans House for seafood as she had requested in her bet and she was glad that she had the meal to use as a topic for conversation as she was otherwise tongue-tied with the anticipation of what would happen after dinner. When dessert was finally consumed and the bill was paid, they both lingered quietly for a few moments as if unsure what should happen next. It was Ron who finally broke the silence.

"So, I, uh, got you a little present for your birthday."

"Oh, Ron, you really didn't have to do that."

"I know but it was something I saw and I thought you should have. So maybe we should go back to your apartment and I can give it to you there."

She smiled warmly. "That sounds good."

During the twenty-minute drive back to her apartment neither of them said very much. Ron was uncertain as to how his gift would be received and just how to make things flow the way he wanted them to. She'd told him that he would have to be the one to initiate the spanking but he didn't want to act like a caveman when the time came even though he desperately craved to have her back over his lap again. Cindy, on the other hand,

already assumed she'd end up there and was simply worried about what would happen afterwards.

When they finally got back to the apartment complex, Ron reached into the back seat and pulled out a nicely wrapped box with a large satin bow on it. Cindy caught sight of it as the dome light to his car came on when she opened the door.

"Ooh, that's lovely"

"Don't get too excited. I had help," he admitted, leaving out the part that he enlisted Melissa's help in finding it as well as wrapping it.

He had a pretty good idea of what he wanted to get her but had no idea where to find such things away from campus. With Melissa's assistance, he found exactly what he wanted on the Internet and had it shipped overnight express to her house so his parents wouldn't ask any questions. For not the first time in his life, he was very thankful to have her as a friend, neighbor and confidant.

"Well, pass along my thanks to your helper."

Moments later they were settled onto her sofa and he handed her the gift. Like a child at Christmas her eyes were wide with anticipation as she shook the box, trying to determine its contents. Unfortunately, he had stuffed the box well enough that the gift couldn't move around and finally she gave up and began carefully unwrapping the package. Ron watched her face closely as she finally dug through the tissue paper and found her gift. Whereas her eyebrows were high with excitement initially, they furrowed together as she tried to determine if she was really seeing what she thought was there.

She picked it up and turned it around several times looking at it from all angles. It measured about eighteen inches long and just over two inches wide. It was made of stiff black leather with black fake fur attached to one side.

"And this is?"

"Something to give you a lot of different sensations, just like you said you wanted."

"Hmmm," she said, studying it again. "Looks like it could be pretty wicked."

"Let's find out," Ron suggested, gently taking it away from her. "Stand up and take off your pants."

For a moment Cindy looked at him with mild trepidation.

"Now, young lady!" he commanded.

Something about his tone of voice touched a primitive part of her brain and she immediately hopped off the couch and stood up very straight as she fumbled with the button and zipper on her pants. Within short order, she had them pooling at her ankles and was stepping out of them. Not quite knowing what would be expected of her next, she chose to leave them on the floor.

Ron was somewhat amazed that she complied so quickly and completely and stood up to circle her, observing her intently. He liked what he saw as she stood almost ramrod straight. Her pink sweater had a slight sheen to it from the fuzziness of the angora. Her hips and legs were encased in black tights and he could see the line of her bikini panties underneath them as they cut across her buns.

"Very nice, Cindy," he said as he continued to slowly circle her in an almost predatory manner. "You do realize, of course, that you're going to get a birthday spanking tonight, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," she almost whispered, her voice catching in her throat.

"What?" he asked, giving her a swat on her well-rounded ass. "I didn't hear you."

"Yes, sir," she said again.

"Good. Now, tell me how old you are."

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-five what?"

"Twenty-five years old?" she said, not sure what he was looking for.

A pregnant pause hung in the air before he swatted her again.

"And how should you address me?"

"Sir," she stated more confidently.

"Okay, then, now give me the complete answer to my question."

"I'm twenty-five years old as of today, sir."

"That's much better."

He stopped moving and sat down in the center of the sofa.

"Now, take off your tights and your panties and come over here."

In less than a minute she was naked below the waist. Ron considered it a very erotic sight indeed to see her half dressed. He patted his legs in an unspoken gesture for her to lie across his lap.

Cindy's face colored and for a second matched her sweater before it turned a deep shade of embarrassed crimson but she didn't try to stall and after a moment to adjust her position, was laid out over Ron's lap. Her entire body was practically quivering with anticipation and he watched as her lower cheeks clenched and relaxed while she waited for him to do something.

For a moment he just rubbed the twin mounds of flesh, letting the anticipation build. A couple of times he removed his hand as if to swat her but then tenderly returned it to her upturned cheeks. Finally he felt they had both waited long enough and he brought his hand down in a firm swat on her right cheek. She jerked as if she'd been given an electrical shock but didn't make a sound.

"That's one," he said quietly.

The second swat fell shortly there after; then a third and a fourth until they were coming in even measure, Ron counting them as his hand made contact with her warming butt cheeks. When he finally got to twenty-five, Cindy's entire body was trembling. He pulled her tightly to him and then gently stroked the reddened skin while watching to make sure she was breathing freely. As her tremors began to subside, he gave her one final hard whack; right on the sweet spot that he knew would sting.

"Ow!" she protested.

"That's your 'one to grow on' Cindy."

She tried to reach back to rub the stinging flesh but he intercepted her arm and made her put it back.

"I believe this is my job," he said, as he rubbed the pain away.

"Thank you," she said in a husky voice.

"You doin' okay?" he asked as he continued to caress her.

"So far, so good."

"Remember, all you have to do is say 'stop' and I'll quit instantly."

"Yes, sir."

Her compliance, mixed with her imitation little girl's voice went straight from his brain to his crotch and he could

feel his cock springing to life. However, in this seated position, it had no where to go but follow the channel between his hip and thigh. He desperately wished he could reach in and straighten it out but couldn't figure out how to do it without being obvious about it. He squirmed and tried to shift in his seat but only achieved a minimal amount of freedom.

Cindy was not unaware of his difficulties but wasn't sure just what to do. Finally, she took the bull by the horns and spoke up.

"Sir, I think this would be more comfortable if we both took a moment to reposition."

She raised to her hands and knees and inched backwards so that her nose wasn't so close to the arm of the sofa and looked away to give him some pseudo-privacy while he quickly reached into his pants and adjusted his cock so that it was pointing straight up. Then, noticing which way she was moving, he also scooted over on the sofa to accommodate her new location. In barely a minute they were back to where they'd begun and Ron was gently squeezing Cindy's cheeks again.

Her second spanking began with firm but gentle swats all over her behind and her thighs. When her skin was a nice even shade of pink, he reached for her birthday present that he'd carefully positioned to be within reach on the other arm of the sofa and began to use it on her in random fashion, sometimes hitting high up where her ass just started its swell out from her lower back and sometimes going for her well-muscled thighs. He twisted his wrist so that the slaps never fell in the same direction. One would be parallel to her legs and the next one perpendicular, and then one on an oblique. He even made sure to use only the tip of the toy on some spots while using the full length of it on others.

At first, Cindy didn't react much to the spanking. In some ways it was very comforting to feel his hand come down firmly on her ass. Occasionally, he'd hit a particularly sensitive spot and she would squirm or voice her surprise but somewhere over the course of the evening she made peace with the fact that she liked Ron, was attracted to him, and was willing to just let herself go and enjoy whatever they decided to do. It wasn't worth getting all worked up about.

Then he began to use her new toy and her reactions changed dramatically. While it didn't cover as much area as his hand, it also didn't have the warmth and response of his palm and fingers either. This was an implement designed specifically for spanking. She could feel the skin on her now pink cheeks tingle as the nerves became more sensitized. She could also feel a faint throbbing as the blood rushed to her sit spots that were getting quite a bit of stimulus from the slapper. Just at the point where she thought she was going to have to tell him to stop, he quit on his own and began to lightly trace abstract designs over her sensitized flesh with the corner of the toy, letting the hard leather edge add another level of excitement.

Cindy gasped and then squirmed in earnest as the sensations changed so dramatically. Whereas she had been on the edge of real pain, now she was tingling with pleasure. She could feel her nipples harden inside her bra and almost wished it wasn't there so she could feel the soft angora wool rub against them. In the back of her brain she knew that she must be driving Ron crazy with all her wriggling but assumed it couldn't be too bad or else he wouldn't continue this exquisite torture.

What she couldn't know was that Ron was very excited, however, it wasn't just the physical stimulation that was doing it to him, pleasant as it was. Just seeing her spread out over his legs, wearing only her fuzzy pink sweater that almost matched the pink of her freshly paddled butt was an awesome sight. The sounds that she made were erotic music to his ears. In his imagination he could hear her making similar noises as their naked bodies rubbed together in hot, animalistic passion and it was this thought that had him straining to keep himself under control.

Finally, he had to stop tormenting her just to give himself a moment's respite. Carefully, he set aside the toy. Reaching across with both arms now, he hugged her to him tightly and even bent over slightly to emphasize the embrace. For several long minutes he just held her like that and he could feel the heat of her cheeks radiate through his shirt and tie to his chest. It took him a back to know she was that warm since her skin wasn't as red as he would have expected. Slowly, he straightened up and put his right hand on her ass, gently cupping the soft mound of flesh. It was very warm and he made a mental note that if he ever got this opportunity again, he couldn't count on visual clues alone.

When he stopped to hug her, she could feel his long, stiff erection poking her, just under her rib cage. In fact, she could feel it twitch and pulse. While she tried to lie still, she couldn't help but imagine what it would look like in its current state. She knew he was generously endowed, both in length and in girth and she vaguely

recalled that the head darkened almost to purple when he was really aroused. Her body shivered as she recalled the feel of the velvet smooth skin when his cock was captured between her thighs the last time she spanked him.

"Are you warm enough?" he asked, misunderstanding the tremor that rippled through her body.

"Oh yes," she replied breezily. "Parts of me even more so than others."

Her laugh set him more at ease.

"Then you're ready to try some more?"

She wiggled her hind end as she answered.

"Yeah, I think so."

His hand came down sharply on her full buttocks.

"So, you think you're enjoying this, eh? Well, let's just see how much you enjoy it after I really lay into your ass."

He put his arms around her, under her hips lifting her butt high into the air so that she was now resting on her knees. As soon as she was repositioned, he continued his assault on her lovely behind. Now that it was elevated, he had a much better angle on her and he could more easily target his blows as well as control how hard or soft they were. When she raised up her thighs spread slightly and he now had access to the warm moist depths between them.

If he could have seen what his hand was actually coming in contact with, he'd have never been able to control himself and would likely have cum in his pants. But he could only feel and imagine as some of his swats fell directly between her cheeks. Her labia were swollen and not just from the force of the spanking. She was definitely excited and this fact was not lost on Ron so he changed tactics slightly.

"Ooh, Cindy, you naughty girl. You really do like this, don't you?" he asked, his hand punctuating his statement approximately every third word. "Come on, Cindy, admit it. It'll be easier on you if you do. Otherwise, I'll just have to work harder to get your confession."

Cindy's face turned bright red again. While she was lying flat, she could almost control her reactions but with her tender parts flagging in the breeze, it was readily apparent that their play turned her on. Still, even though the evidence was plain to see, and feel, she couldn't bring herself to verbally admit it.

"I don't hear you saying anything, Cindy," he prompted as he began to spank her faster.

All she could offer was an embarrassed whimper, even though his hand beat a fast paced rhythm on her ass. Finally he stopped and carefully stroked her reddened skin while he now softly encouraged her with gentle words.

"It's okay to be excited. There's nothing wrong with it at all. In fact, I'm flattered that you trust me enough to let me see you like this."

On that final word, he gently insinuated his fingers into her warm wet nest, just far enough for her to know she was being penetrated but not far enough to really worry about hurting her. The skin was warm to the touch as if it had taken the spanking that he'd given her hind end and it was very, very slippery. He didn't think that his swollen prick could get any harder but he could feel even more blood rushing to it, making it even more engorged.

"Don't worry. Nothing's going to happen unless we both want it," he nearly whispered, still stroking her labia.

Subconsciously, Cindy leaned backward into his touch, pushing his fingers deeper into her. The spanking had sensitized the flesh throughout her pelvic region and created an increased amount of blood flow to the area, which, in turn, sent her libido skyrocketing. It was apparent that he knew this so she couldn't understand his insistence on her admitting it.

"Uh huh, even if your mouth won't admit it, your body just did, Cindy. Come on now, let me hear you. I know what you're feeling. I feel it too. Now I want to hear it. I want you to tell me just how good this feels."

When her confession didn't follow immediately, he increased the sensations by wriggling his fingers inside her, then using his other hand to reach back and spank her. With every blow, he encouraged and cajoled her to give voice to her passion but she couldn't release that control to him. In her own mind, it was bad enough that her body betrayed her. She shouldn't have to add to her own humiliation.

Tiring of her obstinacy, Ron gave her one final harsh swat and removed his fingers at the same time. Then he used his right hand to swat her again as he ordered her to stand up. When she didn't move fast enough to suit him he landed another hard swat on her rump which had her standing up facing him in just a few seconds.

"Young lady, you are being willful and stubborn for no apparent reason. Now you will either do as I say or tell me honestly why you can't. I'll give you some time to think about it, but that time will be spent with your nose in the corner."

Her face turned ashen at his remarks. As if he hadn't put her through enough and now he was going to inflict corner time on her? He stood up and moved behind her, grasping her shoulders and turning her towards an open corner in the room. With a firm push, he directed her and then posed her so that she had to bend forward at the waist to actually get her nose in the corner, which left her pink rear end sticking out nicely.

He took a moment to step back and enjoy the view and then wandered to her kitchen to get a glass of water. In truth he put her in the corner because he was very frustrated and didn't know what to do next. The few other girls he'd gotten this intimate with were either willing to admit that it was a perverse kind of turn on or else they flatly told him they didn't like it. While he couldn't accuse Cindy of sending mixed messages, her unwillingness to admit what was so plainly obvious befuddled him.

He supposed he could be a little less rigid, since it was so obvious that she liked what he was doing but it had always been such a turn-on for him to hear a woman give voice to her pleasure. Something about the way the sounds traveled through his ears to his brain always sent a special glow coursing through his blood. He considered the fact that she was just overwhelmed by all that he had put her through and devised a plan to continue.

While standing in the corner for a several minutes, Cindy could still feel the tingle that permeated her lower torso and upper thighs. The nerve endings were still highly sensitized and her legs trembled slightly with the memory of the positions she'd been placed in so far. She could only speculate on what else he might do to her as the evening wore on. A part of her was in bliss over the amazingly erotic spanking he'd given her and wanted more but another part of her wished that he'd just rip off his clothes, take her to the floor and unleash his passion fully into her. She'd spent so much time worrying about what she would do if he did make a move on her that now all she could think about was how much she wanted it to happen. Unfortunately, her desires were at war with her upbringing that 'nice' girls don't do these kinds of things and she couldn't bring herself to say anything.

The sensation of cool drops of water on her overheated derriere brought her focus back to the situation at hand. Without thinking she whipped her head around to see what was happening.

"Eyes front!" Ron demanded and instantly she complied.

"Now," he continued, "since you seem to be reluctant to volunteer information, I'm afraid we're going to have to play twenty questions. This will be simple. I'll ask and all you have to do is give me a 'yes' or 'no' for an answer. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she answered somewhat timidly.

"Good, now, have you enjoyed your birthday celebration so far?"

"Yes."

"And do you like your new toy?"

"Oh yes!" she responded enthusiastically.

"I'm glad to hear that. Now, have I caused you any unbearable pain tonight?"

That was going to be tough to answer with a simple yes or no but before she could really formulate an answer she heard Ron counting down from 10. While she knew this wasn't going to bode well for her, anxiety made her freeze.

A sharp slap on her rump was followed by the slide of an ice cube over the stinging flesh, then a follow-up slap on the wet spot that stung even more.

"Yes or no, Cindy," he reminded.

"No," she blurted out.

"Okay, now you know that you have ten seconds to answer. Keep that in mind as the questions are not going to get any easier."

"Yes, sir."

"Next question. Have you enjoyed the spanking you've gotten?"

She listened to him counting down and even though she knew her answer, she had to pause and take a deep breath before she could say it.

"Yes."

"Now, while you were over my lap, did you enjoy everything I did to you?"

Cindy took another deep breath, summoning her courage to be honest.

"No."

Ron was only mildly surprised at her answer. He knew going into this interrogation that there were going to be limitations to the information he could get out of her but figured it was better than nothing. Now, he had to think about his next question.

"Did you enjoy the physical things I did to you?" he asked after some consideration.

"Yes," she answered softly.

"Did you enjoy the mental things I did to you?"

"No."

Her answer was emphasized with a head shake and confirmed his suspicions that while she was definitely a sensuous, erotic young woman, she didn't really have the confidence to just come out and say what she wanted. He didn't know if it had something to do with her last boyfriend or was just the way she was raised; and even if she had helped him get a B+ in Psychology, he knew he'd be out of his league to try to psychoanalyze her. All he could do would be to encourage her gently.

"Would you like to be spanked and fondled some more?" he asked.

"Yes, please."

"Okay then, stand up."

It took a minute for Cindy to straighten out her back after the long period of being bent over. She flexed her spine and rolled her shoulders to get everything back into alignment and in the process gave Ron a lovely vision that sent blood racing back to his previously softening erection.

Every good basketball player always had one particular talent that made him special. For some, it was never missing from the free-throw line. For others, it was always 'knowing' where they were in relation to the basket, even when they couldn't see it. What made Ron good was his ability to know when to drive and when to hang

back or pass. He could read a defense as easily as he could read a Dr. Seuss book and instinctively knew how to work around it. Now he had to put those skills to use to get around Cindy's defenses and, just like on the basketball court, he let his instincts take over.

Gently he held her by her shoulders and looked softly into her eyes while he asked her one all-important question. "Do you trust me?"

She released a nervous laugh. "In what fashion?"

"Do you trust that no matter what else happens tonight, I won't hurt you?"

For a moment she thought about it. The sheer fact that he felt it was important to bring it up told her a lot about him.

"Yes, I do," she said, her features softening as she relaxed.

"Then let's take this off," he said as he began to pull her sweater up over her breasts.

For a split second she thought about protesting but knew that since she had just talked the talk, it was time to walk the walk and she raised her arms into the air. She was pulling the sleeves off her hands when Ron reached around behind her to unfasten her bra so that he was able to slip it off her when she brought her arms down.

The second she was completely naked, he pulled her into a very tight embrace, resting his chin on the top of her head. For several long minutes he held her there, hoping he could convey simply through his touch and physical presence that she had nothing to be afraid of. When he felt her begin to breathe more deeply and evenly, he loosened his grasp and took a step backward.

"You wanna help me with this?" he asked as he began to loosen his tie.

She didn't need a second invitation before her nimble fingers were quickly unbuttoning his shirt. In seconds he was bare on top as well and had begun to slip out of his shoes. As soon as his feet were no longer shod, he unbuckled his belt and let Cindy help him out of his slacks and socks. She reached for the waistband of his boxers to take them off as well but he grabbed her wrists and stopped her.

"No, no, no," he admonished playfully. "I want you to turn towards the couch."

Putting her trust in him, she turned and faced the sofa where she'd so recently been spread out over his lap. With words and hands he guided her so that she ended up kneeling on the cushions, her knees slightly spread with her arms resting on the back and her nose only a few inches from the wall.

Ron stood directly behind her, his feet firmly planted about two feet apart, and just lightly ran his hands all over her back, sides, rump and legs. Anyplace he could easily reach was fair game as he stroked, massaged, caressed and tickled his way around her body. Her soft sighs and moans floated to his ears and worked their way into his brain where they set off a chain reaction of psychological and physiological reactions. Keeping one hand in contact with her skin, he reached over and dipped the fingers of his free hand into the glass of water that he'd gotten earlier and then flipped the droplets onto her back and butt.

Cindy giggled and wriggled at the light-hearted 'baptism' but calmed down quickly at his command. She started to turn and look at him but was told to keep her eyes forward. Though her natural curiosity was strong, she resisted temptation and complied with his directives. Because of that she didn't see him bend over once more, this time plucking an ice cube out of the glass. It wasn't until she felt the frozen lump being rubbed over her cheeks that she knew what he was up to.

The sensation caused her to nearly jump off the couch but his strong right hand on her back, kept her in place and she could only tremble and shiver in reaction. From his years as a jock, Ron had learned a lot about the combination of bare skin and cold and knew he couldn't just hold the ice cube in any one place without causing her harm so he used it to trace random patterns all over her lovely ass. In some places, it barely glanced over the skin. In others, he pressed hard. His objective wasn't to make her numb but simply to get the skin wet for her next spanking.

One other thing he had learned as a jock, was that wet skin reacted differently to sharp blows than dry skin did. Any boy who has ever been in a towel flipping fight in a locker room will tell you that the infamous 'rat tail'

stings like a scorpion and heaven help you if the towel or your skin is wet. He had no plans to find a towel to use on Cindy but he suspected that the dampened skin would heighten the reactions to the next set of blows he was about to deliver to her.

When he decided that she was sufficiently moist, he made one last playful gesture before the ice cube completely melted away and ran it over her exposed labia, all the way up to her tailbone before he tossed it back into the glass. She nearly shrieked as the cold hit her genitals and stimulated them in a way they'd never felt before.

Ron took a few steps back and to the side before he began spanking her again. He timed his swats very evenly, scattering them all over her butt and her thighs. Cindy would have sworn his arm was wired to a pendulum as it felt like his hand was connecting with her up-turned bottom about once a second. There were no feathery touches or soft caresses in between, just a continuous series of swats falling all over the place that she sat on and finally she couldn't take any more of it.

"Oh, stop, please. No more. No more."

Instantly Ron stepped behind her again and softly caressed the now reddened skin. Whereas during the first spanking it had only turned pink, now it was actually beginning to show some darker shades as well. He could tell she was trembling but wasn't exactly sure from what.

"Cindy, turn your head and look at me," he said when he saw her face was buried in her arms.

When he saw that her make-up was still reasonably intact and found no tear tracks streaming down her cheeks, he gave her an encouraging smile and continued to caress her with both hands. Her face was flushed but he considered that normal.

"You're doing a great job. Now take a couple of deep breaths and relax. The worst is over. You showed me your limits."

It was a long time before he began to spank her again. For a while he used the furry side of the slapper to help soothe her irritated nerve endings and even grabbed another piece of ice to help cool down the heated skin. When he did start up once more, it was a more erotic, sensation filled experience, similar to what he'd done while she was over his lap. The biggest difference this time was that she couldn't tell just how aroused he was. If she had lowered her gaze just a few inches when she looked at him, she would have seen the tremendous bulge in his boxers that threatened to poke through the fly. Ron was certain she hadn't noticed for her facial expression didn't change a millimeter during that glance, but he was determined to not let his excitement color her birthday celebration and so he kept his pelvis a discrete distance away from her.

Cindy, however, was so deep into her own headspace that she didn't care about being discrete anymore. Her knees began to bother her so she moved them to a more comfortable spot and spread them further apart. This gave Ron an even better view of her womanly presence and in doing so, he could see droplets of her own dew clinging to her labia. Though he didn't think it was possible, his erection became even stiffer, almost to the point of being painful. Despite his best intentions, his fingers found their way to her hot, wet furrow; just as they had before. Moaning deeply, Cindy leaned back into his touch.

"Yesssssssssss," she hissed, as his digits slid deep inside her. Instinctively, her hips began to undulate causing his fingers to tickle her inner walls.

"Oh Cindy," he gasped, as her pussy began to rhythmically contract around his fingers and he realized that he didn't have to hear her mouth ask for what she wanted as her body was speaking well enough on its own.

For a few minutes he slid his fingers in and out of her; starting with two and then adding a third. He wondered about a fourth. She was certainly wet enough and despite the tight contractions, when she relaxed, he thought there was room to spare. Folding his index finger and pinkie underneath the other two, he waited until he could feel her relax and exhale before he slid them all back in again.

"Oh my fucking gaaaaaa," she said, her last word a strangled sound that faded into a gasp.

He continued with the rhythm that she had initially set, turning his hand ninety degrees each time he plunged back into her sopping wet box.

Her breathing was becoming more rapid now and one thought permeated her brain. She wasn't sure if she could get it out or not though as wave after wave of sublime pleasure rippled through her. Forcing herself to focus, she mentally strung together the words and repeated them in her brain several times before she tried to speak them.

"Ron," she gasped, trying to get his attention.

"Yes?" he asked, thrusting his right hand inside her once more while the fingers of his left hand reached forward and began to tweak the very stiff nipple of her left breast.

"Unggggh!" she grunted in reaction. A coherent sentence was no longer possible and she knew she'd just have to make do as best she could.

"Drawer. End table. Left side. Condoms." she blurted out.

Ron mentally repeated the words a few times before he thought he caught on to what she was saying. "You mean you want me to..."

He never got a chance to finish his inquiry.

"Fuck me!" she commanded.

Shock rooted him to the spot and completely froze him for a moment. Though he knew that it would truly be a dream come true for him, he wasn't entirely sure if she was making a rational choice or a hasty, hormone crazed one that she'd regret in the morning.

He kept his right hand inside her but stopped moving it and gently slid the left one to her back, wanting to reduce some of the stimulation and give her a moment to attempt to think clearly. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Oh, God, Ron, please!" she nearly cried. "Fuck me and do it now before I implode."

Not one to refuse a direct order, especially from a woman who could swing a belt as well as she could, Ron quickly followed her instructions and found the condoms. A tremor of nervousness washed over him and made him momentarily clumsy as he tried to open one but soon he was covered and ready for action.

"Are you sure you want to stay in this position?" he asked as he stepped behind her again.

Those few moments of separation had given her a chance to calm down a bit and she turned her head to look back at him. "Well, you've got a better view of the situation than I do. What do you think?"

Mentally, Ron measured her height from the floor in comparison to his own and after he marginally adjusted her leg spread, he felt that it would be just right. Stepping closer to her, he let his cock just barely separate her labia so that the head was only marginally inside her. He put his hands on her hips and gently pulled her backwards so that she slid on to him instead of having to 'force' himself into her.

As his long, thick cock worked its way into her steaming hot pussy, she could feel the walls slowly stretching to accept it. She was extra thankful that he'd taken the time to really get her warmed up as she couldn't bear to think of what might have happened if she'd just jumped into this cold. Instead, because of his skillful digital manipulation of her, her cunt was used to having a larger mass inside and the walls easily gave way.

Once he was buried as deeply inside her as he could go he paused for a moment to let her finish adjusting to it before he began to slide out again. He smiled as she whimpered softly, feeling him pull back away from her and he stopped once again with the head just barely touching her. The second time he entered her, he went a little faster than before and tried to go a bit deeper as well, pulling more firmly on her hips to really settle her on him. The third time he penetrated her was swift and smooth and she sighed in ecstasy, as she no longer worried about his extra large cock splitting her in two.

They found a good rhythm and their bodies moved together with only a little awkwardness. Eventually, Ron felt like he didn't have to direct her with his hands on her hips and he let them roam all over her back, her breasts and her ass. He liked the way she wriggled on his cock whenever he brushed across a ticklish spot and at one point she sneezed, causing her cunt to contract around him even tighter than he'd become used to.

"Bless you," he said.

"Oh God, I am so fucking blessed right now," she said as she shoved her hips back against him.

Taking advantage of the fact that she was able to carry on a good deal of the movement necessary to keep them both excited, Ron reached around and under her, feeling between her widely parted lips and eventually finding her clit. He stroked it very lightly at first but even that small amount of pressure had great results. She slammed back hard into him and contracted tightly around him. Highly encouraged by his first success, he applied a little more pressure and was again rewarded. He kept it up until his efforts were so intense that they were causing Cindy to nearly spin out of control and wriggle/writhe her way right off the couch. While Ron liked the fact that she was on the edge of losing it (and so was he for that matter) he didn't relish the thought of her falling and possibly injuring both of them. He pulled completely out of her and heard her cry of protest.

"It's okay. We've just got to move this show before you get hurt. Now stand up."

Cindy backed off the sofa and stood up. Without even thinking, she grabbed Ron by the hand and nearly dragged him into her bedroom. She practically leapt into her bed and pulled him in with her. He didn't need a roadmap to follow her desire. Once she was on her back with her legs spread and high in the air, he quickly knelt between them and slid his still erect cock into her.

"Oh God!" she exclaimed.

Though his dimensions hadn't changed any the angle of his attack had and this set off a whole new set of sensations inside her pussy, causing it to spasm tightly around him.

"Oh God!" he echoed, feeling her clutch him so snugly in her warm depths.

He knew that he didn't have much time before his own pleasure was going to overtake him so he held on to her ankles and began to pound away at her. Her cries of pleasure mixed with his own grunts and groans and moments later they turned to shrieks of ecstasy. Orgasmic convulsions ripped through her body and she shoved her hips up to meet his thrusts faster and harder.

Ron could feel his own climax growing from a warmth in the pit of his stomach to a fire that washed outward to his hips. For a moment he almost had the sensation that his balls were retreating back into his body while his semen positioned itself for the impending eruption. The wait wasn't long. Seconds later his hips involuntarily jerked forward and he buried himself even more deeply into her as his cock twitched violently, spurting out stream after very thick stream of cum. Cindy vaguely recognized that he was being overtaken by his own orgasm and squeezed his cock as tightly as she could, feeling it jerk deep inside her.

When it finally stopped, Ron began to pull out despite her cry of protest. If she'd taken the time to think about it, she would have recognized that he needed to take care of the condom but she was so blissed out, that the thought of him uncoupling from her seemed almost frightening. Fortunately, he was able to take care of it quickly and with little fuss and in just over a minute was stretched out on the bed with her wrapped up in his arms.

He dropped a soft kiss on the top of her head and just before she fell into an exhausted sleep, she heard him speak.

"Happy Birthday, Cindy. Thanks for trusting me."