**Rick and Linda: The Beginning**

by[TruthAndLove](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=808151&page=submissions)©

Linda and I entered the back door of my dorm and climbed the back stairs. We'd been drinking at the local student bar. Not much, but Linda was so small, just 4 feet 11 inches, that even a single drink loosened her inhibitions. That was why we were going to my room this night. It would be another 30 minutes of frustrating necking for me.

We'd been out perhaps 10 times, but we were already in a rut and our sexual progress had not advanced past the point it reached on our third date. With the lights off (as she insisted), I would get her pants and underwear down to her upper thighs (no lower!) and her top and bra pulled up to her armpits. She would lie next to me in this state, with pretty much everything of interest exposed in the dim hallway light streaming in through the transom.

I could touch and kiss anything she had. But I was getting nothing in return. All she did was wrap her arms around me as I brought her to orgasm with my kisses and fingers. But if I so much as unbuckled my pants, she sat up and began to dress.

We sat on my bed, kicked off shoes and socks, and began. Within a few minutes we were in our familiar positions. Me still fully dressed lying on my side next to her, one arm under her neck, the other hand stroking her breasts, belly, and pubic mound.

"Linda," I said, "let's do something different tonight. Let's get naked and give each other hand jobs."

"Naked!" she exclaimed, "I don't think so."

She sat up and her pullover top fell back into place. Since she was showing me everything anyway, I knew it was my nakedness she feared, not her own.

"Alright, then," I replied, "we'll stay dressed just as we are, but lets do something kinky. How about you lay across my lap with your pants down like they are now and I give you a spanking."

She hesitated just a moment before replying and when I looked back on the evening later, I decided that the hesitation was significant.

"I wouldn't enjoy that," she said. "I'm not into that kind of thing."

"Have you ever tried it?"

"I just know I wouldn't like it. A spanking could never turn me on. Let's just neck like we always do. It's always so sweet and you are so gentle."

Something about that word "gentle" pushed me over the edge. I sat up beside her, threw one arm under her knees and the other around her back, picked up her up in my arms (all 95 lbs of her), and plopped her bare-assed on my lap. She gave a little gasp of surprise and both of her hands went to her crotch, hiding it from view. All of sudden she was Miss Modest. With one arm still behind her upper back, I leaned to that side, effectively laying her down on her back again, except now her naked hips were elevated on my lap. I quickly sat up again and turned her body toward me and then down again so she was lying face down with her naked ass across my lap.

She guessed what I was up to now, and she began to struggle, pushing herself up with her arms and trying to turn face up again. I leaned forward and rested the weight of my upper body on her hips. This pinned her long enough for me to pull one leg out from under her and lay it across the back of her thighs. I hooked the ankle of that foot behind my other shin. She was effectively pinned face down over my lap. She squirmed and grunted and pushed and pulled with her arms, but she could not free herself or turn over. Her struggles only caused her jeans and panties to work their way a little farther down her thighs.

Knowing she was overpowered, she stopped struggling and tried persuasion.

"Really, Rick, This is wrong. Please let me up. I know what you are thinking and I won't enjoy it."

"Well, we're going to find out if that's true," I said and I slapped my palm down on her bottom.

She jumped and gave a little "Ow!" and shot both her hands back, each covering one of her naked globes. I grabbed her tiny wrists in my two hands, brought them together and wrapped one hand around them.

Then I slapped her bottom three times fast, saying as I did so "You!" "Will!" "Cooperate!"

"Ow! Oh! Awh!" she exclaimed as she resumed the struggle, but it was useless and she gave up in exhaustion after 10 or 15 seconds.

"Rick. This has gone on far enough. Let me go or I'll scream!" she threatened.

"Go ahead," I called her bluff, "But in the unlikely event that the people of this dorm take that seriously and in the even more unlikely event that they go to the trouble of breaking down my door, what do you think they are going see? They will find me fully clothed and they will find you bare-assed over my lap. This isn't going to look like rape or major felony to them. They'll interpret it as a lover's quarrel being settled the way men have settled such quarrels for centuries. I probably would have to let you up, but I'd make sure they got an eyeful first and the odds are good that some of them will have cell phones with built-in cameras."

I let the implications of this last point sink in.

Defeated, she sighed. "All right, you bastard, get it over with, but I'll never speak to you again and I'll make sure no other girl in this school ever goes out with you."

"That's not much of a threat considering you won't give me even a hand job anyway. And as for the other girls in this school, I'm sure they will all gasp in horror when you tell them I forced a spanking on you, but a pretty good percentage of them will also start trying to meet me and find ways of being 'naughty' when they are alone with me. You catch my drift?"

She was only 19 and not very experienced, but she was not ignorant and she knew what I said was true. Telling people I was a forceful spanker would probably improve my love life.

Still holding her wrists with one hand, I began to drag down her jeans and panties with the other. This brought on renewed squirming, but she could not save them and I stuffed both under the mattress. I heard her give a little groan of embarrassment.

"I took those off, because I'm going to let go of your wrists and un-pin your legs. I know you won't run away when you are naked below the waist and if you struggle I'll just over power you again. Eventually, you will tire and agree to cooperate without my having to hold you in place. What's it going to be, cooperation or pointless struggle?"

"Alright," she said sullenly, "I'll cooperate, anything to get your stupid perversion over with."

I cautiously lifted the leg that pinned her and slipped it back under her. With equal caution, I let go of her wrists. She was free now, but she made no move to escape. This was only sensible. Since she was lying down and I was sitting upright, there was no way she could beat me to the door before I caught her. I figured that she was also thinking that a spanking from me, a man who had already seen all her privates anyway, would be less embarrassing than being seen bare-assed by whatever white knight she might find out there in the hallway.

There was no turning back now and I figured if I was going to go through with this I might as well have it the exactly the way I wanted it.

"Arch your back, Linda."

"What?"

I stroked my hand along the small of her back and said "Make this part of your spine curve downwards toward the mattress. Make it concave."

She started to obey but when she realized that this made her bottom stick up more, she reversed the move.

"Why should I do this?" she demanded.

"Because I said so," was my response, but then I added "and if you don't I'll spank you twice as long as I'd planned."

Sighing loudly, as if to convey her disgust of me, she arched her back again.

"Now, push your toes into the footboard of the bed. Pretend that you are standing on the footboard but standing on your tip toes."

Puzzled, she did as I instructed. The effect was to arch her lower back even more, causing her bottom to roll even higher. Now the curve of her derriere that was outermost, when she was standing up, had become a kind of an upper peak; and the curve of her butt that was lowest, when she was standing, had become the top peak: it was pointed up at the ceiling. The very lowest fringes of her furry vulva had now rolled up to peep between the back of her tightly clenched thighs.

"Now this," I told her, "is what we will call the 'offering position', because you are offering your bottom up for a spanking. If you get out of this position at any time, I will say, 'Linda, offer yourself' or 'Assume the offering position.' You must immediately reassume this position."

She gritted her teeth in anger and for a moment I thought she was going to renew the battle, but with a sound that was one part angry grunt, one part sigh, and one part cry, she acquiesced.

I paused to savor the sight of her hills while they were still milky white: they weren't going to be much longer.

I couldn't resist tracing, lightly with the palm of my hand, the curve of her back, rear, and thighs. She recoiled from my touch but I didn't mind: I was sure that before the next hour was over my touch on her bottom would send sparks of delight through her.

I began.

The first slap was light, barely a tap. She made a small sound of surprise and relief. She had been expecting much worse. She was going to get much worse, too; but not for a while. First, I'd let her body and the primitive, animalistic, parts of her brain react to her situation. I was sure that being held by a man; being protected, but controlled; being commanded by a man (especially in the bedroom) were things that virtually all women want, unconsciously at least (and consciously often enough). No amount of indoctrination in political correctness can change this because women can't help it. Their brains are hardwired to seek out and mate with males that have confidence, strength, and intelligence.

An anthropologist would say that this is because such men make better protectors of children and pregnant females; but the origins of the phenomenon were of little interest to me. What mattered was that even now, her brain was unconsciously thinking "This man has complete control of me. He has forced me to hold myself in a humiliating posture while he touches any part of me he wants in any way that he wants. What further proof do I need that he is powerful and clever and that he can protect me from all dangers?"

And with that thought, her brain would start sending signals to her clitoris, filling it with blood, and to her vagina, telling it to begin secretion. She was becoming aroused. Regardless of what her conscious mind was thinking, she was becoming aroused. By the time the really hard spanks started, she would be aroused enough that they would not provoke the degree of rebellion that they would undoubtedly bring on if I spanked hard right away.

I continued and I watched her face as I rapidly peppered her behind with soft taps, not even using my palm, just four fingers. Her surprise at the lack of pain was so great she actually smiled for a brief moment and I knew what she was thinking:

Is this all he wanted? Is this what he meant by a spanking? This doesn't hurt at all. Fine then, I'll do what he wants and get this over with.

Ah, I thought to myself, that little smile tells me so much. She is ready for the next stage.

I stopped and held my hand on her bum, pressing down firmly, to remind her of my strength.

Out loud I said, "This is what's going to happen: If you cooperate, you will leave here after just 100 more spanks and after giving me nine kisses. If you do not cooperate, you will be here much longer and endure much more and give me much more."

I paused while she thought exactly what I wanted her to think:

100 of these little pitty pats and nine kisses? That's all?!

"Okay," she said. And to my reply of "Okay, what?" she added "Okay, I'll cooperate."

"Good. Now I will begin by giving you ten spanks. You will count them out loud and thank me for each one." I could see her grimace at the latter instruction.

This might not hurt, she was thinking, but it is going to be humiliating as all heck.

I ignored the grimace and continued. "After the 10th spank, you will kneel in front of me and --".

She stiffened when she heard this and I knew she thought I was going to demand oral sex, so I continued "-- I will lean forward and we will kiss open-mouthed for 60 seconds. You will put your arms around my neck while we kiss. There's a clock with a second hand on the wall opposite me and I'll break the kiss when time is up. You will then go back over my lap and the cycle will repeat. After the last set of 10 spanks, you may dress and go. Nothing else will happen. You won't be raped or hurt, and except for the kissing, I won't be putting anything inside your body. Any questions?"

"No," she sighed.

I began with another soft pat to the peak of her right buttock and she did not react.

"Linda! The count! Say 'one'," I scolded sternly.

She sighed again, but added "One."

"And thank me!"

Another sigh of exasperation, and she paused and squirmed. For a moment I thought I'd mistimed things -- gone too fast -- the 'thank you' was just too humiliating, she was going to resume open warfare.

But then, through gritted teeth, she said "Thank you."

Another soft pat. Again she forgot the response. This time I only had to say her name sternly, "Linda!"

"Two, thank you."

And so it went.

Pat. "Three, thank you."

Pat. "Four, thank you."

...

On the seventh, I began using my whole hand, not just the fingers. On the ninth, I increased the force a bit. If she noticed these escalations, she gave no sign of it.

When she said "Ten, thank you," I lifted my hands from her and said "Okay, you know what to do."

Indeed, she did. With her left arm, she pushed herself sideways off the bed, being careful to keep her legs together while hiding her pubis with her right hand. She knelt between my shins. Kneeling before me was another psychological hurdle and I was gratified that she submitted to it so readily. She had clearly decided that she was going to go through with this. Not because she wanted it to happen (not yet), but because she wanted to get it over with.

She was looking down and to the side, silently and humbly. The proud girl who had let out exaggerated sighs of disgust when she said "One" and "Thank you" seemed to have disappeared. That's one of the effects of kneeling. It is impossible to be psychologically dominant or even equal with someone to whom you are kneeling. Being sarcastic or verbally resistant is hopeless, so a kneeling person doesn't even try.

I put one hand gently on the side of her face and with the other hand I turned her face to me and tipped it up. I leaned forward and began to kiss her on the lips. She did not resist but did not open her lips either. I paused and pulled away an inch, with my thumb I gently pushed her lower lip down. She opened and I resumed the kiss. As I held the kiss, I reached out and took her left wrist and draped her arm around my neck. A few seconds later I took her right arm and firmly pulled it away from her mons and wrapped it around my back.

You might be wondering now about the kissing. What's the point? Well, kissing is a gesture of affection or love (not lust, for the most part). But kissing has another psychological effect that is crucial: it is impossible to be angry or hateful to someone you are kissing. If you really can't stand someone, you can resume hating them immediately after a kiss; but during the kiss itself you cannot dislike them. This effect is enhanced if you open your lips or put your arms around the other person. That's why I alternated kissing and spanking. I was weakening her psychological resistance to me as a person, in addition to warming her up sexually.

After 60 seconds, I pulled away and patted my lap: an unmistakable signal. She lay across my lap again, covering her sex with one hand, as she did so, until she was face down.

"Offer yourself, Linda," I reminded her, and she again arched her back and pushed her toes against the footboard.

There was no loud, pointed sigh this time. Sixty seconds of kneeling in front of me had humbled her a bit.

I rubbed my hand gently in a circular movement over her globes for a few seconds. Then I resumed the spanks, a little more forceful this time, but still not enough to cause pain. I had to remind her to count again after the first, but she remembered after that. After the third, I noticed that her voice lost volume and became ever so slightly breathy. After the seventh, she turned her face away from me. She had been facing the wall behind me with her head lying on its side on the sheet. But now she turned her head and rested it on the mattress on her chin, with her forehead and nose tipped up just enough so that she could breath. All I could see was the back of her head.

She was hiding her face, an instinctive human reaction to shame. I surmised that she was becoming consciously aware of the first hints of physical arousal. I knew I would have to be careful from this point. For some women, becoming sexually aroused involuntarily (especially with someone they are angry with) is even more humiliating than striping, kneeling, or presenting oneself in the "offering" position I was making her assume while over my lap. Even if she was resigned to the latter embarrassments, she might prefer resuming non-cooperation rather than let me see that my treatment was heating her up.

I increased force a bit towards the end. Although these blows would probably have caused a slight sting if I had started with this much strength, they were comparatively-speaking only slightly harder than what she'd already endured and she made no protest. After the tenth, she rose without reminder to kneel in front of me. She covered her forest with a hand again.

This gave me an idea.

"I can see you want to keep your privates covered," I said. "I'll agree to that, but I want some things in exchange. First, when you thank me, you will say 'Thank you, Ricky' and before each kiss, you will say 'Kiss me, Ricky.' And when you offer your bottom to me, you will say 'Please spank me, Ricky.' Agreed?"

She quickly nodded in assent. After all, it must have seemed like a good bargain for her. She got to keep some modesty for the small price of saying a few silly words. (I noted mentally the submissiveness of her nodding instead of saying "yes" out loud.) But the deal was going to work well for me, too. Although I'd get only one of her arms around me when we kissed, this was more than made up for by the fact that she would be further abasing herself by requesting her kisses and spankings.

Even better, she would be calling me by a childish version of my nickname repeatedly. This would have a psychological effect similar to the kissing; it would build an environment of intimacy between us. It's not for nothing that your mother used your full name when she was angry with you. ("Jonathan Jones Smith, go to your room this instant!") It's hard to be angry at someone when you are calling them by their nickname.

Although I'm normally called "Rick," I deliberately specified "Ricky" on this occasion. Putting an "ee" sounding ending onto a nickname is what people normally do with a sibling, lover, or someone they are close to. Making her say it would enhance the effect of calling me by my nickname.

So, as I leaned forward for the kiss, I pointed at the arm that wasn't hiding her triangle and she silently put it around my neck. I touched her lower lip and she opened her mouth. We kissed again for 60 seconds. After she draped herself over my lap again, I only needed a quick tap on her thigh to remind her to offer her bottom to me.

After she did, I waited a long time and when she finally looked back over her shoulder at me with a puzzled look, I said "You're supposed to say something when you do that."
"Oh, yeah, I forgot. Um, please sp-spank me, Ricky."

She turned her face away in embarrassment as she said this. It had been harder, more humiliating, to get those words out than she had thought it would be when she made the deal.

I gave her the first spank, no harder than the last one, but after a break of more than 60 seconds, she felt it more keenly. It could only have been a mild sting, but it was the first slight hint of actual pain.

It startled her, but after a moment she remembered to say "One, thank you, Ricky."

The third round of spanks proceeded and I increased the power again slightly in the last few. After the third, she hid her face again. But most intriguingly, after the seventh, she moved her hips. It was very slight movement -- a sideways slide of about an inch or two. And it definitely looked like an involuntary spasm.

After "Ten, thank you, Ricky," she slipped her protective hand between us and clamped it over her vagina and then slid into the kneeling position. As she did this, she kept her face turned away and for a long moment after she was kneeling she kept her face looking back over her shoulder, the opposite direction from me. Finally, she turned it toward me but she looked down so that her golden curls kept her face hidden. The cumulative effect of the humiliations was humbling her and I needed to be careful not to humble her too far, too fast, lest I provoke renewed rebellion.

She exhaled deeply and with a slight choke in her voice she said "Kiss me, Ricky."

This gave me another idea.

"Tell you what," I said. "How would you like to have your panties back on when you change positions and we kiss?"

Her head jerked up and her eyes and mouth both opened in joyous surprise. She looked like she'd just one the lottery. (But I noted that her eyes were dilated and slightly moist. This could not be from pain. The blows had not been hard enough yet for that. It was a further sign of physical arousal.)

"In exchange," I continued, "you will go back to putting both arms around me when we kiss and you will kiss hard and use your tongue."

She eagerly nodded her head in a agreement and I reached under the mattress and pulled out her panties.

As I handed them to her, I added something. "But the panties will only be completely on when you are changing position or we are kissing. When you offer your bottom to me and ask for your spanking, you will have to pull them down to your thighs. At the end of each spanking, you can pull them up before you kneel."

She was barely listening to me as she nearly jumped up, turned her back on me, and put on her panties with the rush of a starving man who stumbles on a picnic.

In a flash, she was back on her knees and actually smiling with relief and gratitude.

"Now remember your end of the deal," I admonished. "If you don't kiss with sufficient enthusiasm, the panties come off again, for good."

I started to lean forward but she met me halfway, throwing her arms tight around my neck and kissing me hard. She was determined to convince me she deserved to keep the panties on, so I got a full blown major motion picture kiss. She plunged her tongue into my mouth, she shifted angles, at one point she took one of my lips between two of hers and sucking hard, making little "ummm" sounds. I let it go on for 75 seconds before I pulled away.

She lay down on me again. It was easier now that she did not keep one hand on her crotch. She put her thumbs in the waistband of the panties. She arched her back and pushed with her toes, and said "Please ..."

But then she turned her face away from me and stopped, frozen in place. I wasn't surprised. Having to pull down your own underwear and expose yourself is infinitely more belittling than having them yanked down by another while you struggle to resist. Now add to this the fact that she had to "offer" her bottom lewdly, and that she had to request a spanking out loud at the same time that she exposed herself, and you begin to see the depth of humiliation that Linda was experiencing at that moment.

"Please," she repeated hoarsely, "sp- uh -ank..."

She squeezed her eyes shut and pulled the panties down to the groove where bottom meets thigh.

After an audible inhale, she pulled them down a couple more inches as she choked out "-me, Ricky."

I obliged.

The first blow of the fourth round was no harder than the last of the third round, but after a nearly two minute vacation, she jerked a bit and let out a small "oo" before adding "One, thank you, Ricky."

Her voice was still hoarse.

I increased the force a bit with each blow this time, though I still stopped well short of anything that could be called a hard spank. I also picked up the speed so that a cumulative sting began to develop and her bottom turned a bit pink.

After the fourth blow she made that involuntary sideways hip jerk again, and after the ninth, she jerked back the other way. As she said "Nine, thank you, Ricky" and then "Ten, thank you, Ricky" there was an unmistakable sob in her voice. But even now I knew this was more from humiliation than pain although pain was part of it now for the first time.

She reached down and yanked up her panties and slid off my lap into a kneel. She probably noticed as she did so, that even pulling her panties back on was a bit embarrassing. (If that surprises you, just ponder for a moment the many women who, after a session of naked sex, insist that their partner turn his back while they put on their clothes.)

"Kiss me, Ricky," she said tearfully and then she began the Hollywood kiss again.

It took her a moment to work up enthusiasm. After all, she was still not entirely recovered from the humiliation of lowering her own underwear. But she soon remembered that if the kiss did not meet my standards, she'd lose the panties entirely; so she renewed the assault on my lips and tongue with energy. When it was over, she was back over my lap for the fifth round.

"Please, spank me, Ricky," she said with a little more control this time, as she lowered the underwear to about mid-thigh and simultaneously offered her bottom to me in the prescribed manner.

Most of the pink had gone.

I began with a slap as hard as the last one. She nearly jumped and stammered breathlessly "Wha wha wha one, th-thank you, uh, Ricky."

No sooner had the last syllable left her lips than I gave another blow a little harder than the last. Another jump, and another breathless response. Any lingering hope she had that this was going to be a painless experience vanished now.

I continued with steadily increasing power while pausing just barely long enough for her to thank me between the blows. Although she could have given herself some brief respites by delaying her response, just the opposite occurred. My increase in speed created a kind of hurry-up atmosphere and she unconsciously fell in step with it, responding immediately after each spank and speaking faster (and less coherently) too:

Spank.

"Four, thankyouRicky."

Spank.

"FiveThankYouRicky."

Spank.

"Six! ThinnYaRickeeee"

As she speeded up, she spoke louder too. She wasn't shouting, but she wasn't whispering anymore either.

The spasmodic sideways hip jerks began with the seventh spank.

Spank.

"Sev! ahhh! Thank Y-Y-YouRicky."

With the eighth spank, her hips jerked back in the other direction. She also let out her first spontaneous expression of real pain.

"Oww! Uh! EightThankYou, enh, Ricky."

Spank.

"Uuhhn. Nine, oh thank you, Ricky!"

This last exclamation was so comical, that even she smiled for a second when she heard herself say it. I knew it wasn't a genuine expression of thanks, and she knew that I knew, so she was spared a small additional dose of embarrassment. No, I thought to myself, not quite there yet.

But I did notice that she gave a double hip jerk after this last blow, sliding her hips left then right on my lap. She was not yet aware that she was jerking like this. Her mind was too occupied with pain and humiliation.

On the tenth spank, my hardest yet, she not only gave me a double hip jerk, but she lifted her head off the mattress as she breathlessly gave me her insincere thanks.

She lay her head back down and lay there breathing heavily, not bothering now to hide her face, although her hair, quite mussed now, covered much of it anyway. It was a good 30 seconds before she realized that she was needlessly prolonging the exposure of her bottom (now very pink) to me and she yanked up her panties. Instantly, her body made a very subtle jump and I realized the touch of the cloth to her behind smarted a bit. I let her rest another 20 seconds before I cleared my throat impatiently.

She slid into her kneel again, but a bit stiffly this time. Still breathing a little hard, she said "Kiss me, Ricky."

I could see her give a little wince as she realized that the breathy way she said this made it sound as if she was feeling real passion. This time I was as aggressive as she was, pulling at her upper lip with my lips, then her lower, sucking in her tongue, and sending mine on a mission into her.

When we broke I held her in place with my hands on her shoulders rather than let her lay across me again right away.

"You know," I said, "that wasn't a bad kiss, but you took an awful long time after the tenth spank to get into position. I've got half a mind to take your panties off you again."

"No! please!" she said with alarm. "That's not fair. You didn't say anything about how fast I had to change positions."

"Alright," I said, "I'll be merciful this time, but from now on I'm going to look at the second hand of the clock as I give you the tenth spank. You will have just 5 seconds to thank me for the spank, pull up your underwear, kneel in front of me, ask me to kiss you, and get your lips on mine. Just 5 seconds!"

"I will! I will! I promise!" she said desperately.

"Also," I continued, "when a kiss is over, you will have just 5 seconds to get back over my lap, pull down your panties, and offer your bottom to me while asking me to spank you. Clear?"

"Yes! Yes, sir! I understand!" she assured me.

I suppressed a smile at that spontaneous "sir." Subconsciously, she had passed another threshold and was starting to see me as her commander. This is what I wanted, and deep in her hardwired female brain it is what she wanted too. But, I wanted our relationship on this night to be intimate, so I corrected her.

"Its 'Ricky', not 'sir'."

"Oh! Yes, Ricky!"

"Very well. I'll say 'Ready, Set, Go' and on 'Go' you will have 5 seconds." I pulled back from her and said "Ready, Set, Go!"

She practically threw herself across my lap, then thrust down her panties to her thighs, as she simultaneously offered up that wonderful, still light pink, bottom to me and called out "Please spank me, Ricky!"

And I do mean "called out" for she spoke much louder than ordinary speaking volume, although it was still not a shout. It took her only a second to realize how loudly she had made her salacious request and her face turned bright red with embarrassment at how this must have sounded.

I paused to savor the moment and I noted that she had been in such a rush to finish her assignment, she had forgotten to remove her thumbs from her panties. They were still inserted in the waistband of the lowered drawers as if she was holding the panties down for me. This greatly enhanced the visual impression that she was offering herself up to me for a spanking. I waited a few seconds until she realized this. She did with a start and pulled her hands away. Then she turned an even brighter red and began to cry from the sheer humiliation of it all.

"To be honest," I said, "it took you more than 5 seconds to get your self properly presented."

She let out an anguished little cry, but I quickly stilled her with these words. "Now, now, don't overreact. I think there might be a way that we can let you keep your underwear on. Let's see how cooperative you can be in this next round of spanks and how fast you can get down for your kiss."

She nodded her understanding of this proposal. I had no doubt that she would be unfailing cooperative.

In this sixth round, I decided I would spank as hard as the last spank of the fifth round, but I would not increase the force with each blow. I was conscious that there were still a total of 40 spanks to go and I didn't want to reach full strength just yet. To speed things up, I told her to skip the count and say only "Thanks, Ricky" between spanks.

My hand came down flat and stiff on her right globe and she responded immediately "Thanks, Ricky."

Without a pause, I spanked the left side.

"Ahh! Thanks Ricky," she said as her head shot up.

We did the next three in record time and she was doing her back and forth hip jerking by the fifth spank. We did the next four even faster and her responses were now a kind of blur of sound, like "OH!OW!ThuksRkkaah."

Her jerking had become quite complex. In addition to the side-to-side hip slide, she was also raising her butt an inch or so in the air about half a second after each blow struck and then crashing it down into my lap. And between the eighth and ninth spanks, she was even twisting a bit. I was pleased that she still did not seem to know that she was making these motions and I looked forward to the moment when she realized what sort of show she'd been giving me without my even asking.

After the ninth, I paused to give her fair warning. "The next is the tenth spank. Remember you have 5 seconds to thank me for it, get your panties up, kneel, request a kiss, and get your lips on mine."

She stiffened like a sprinter listening for the gun that sounds the start of a race. Her mind was so focused on completing her assigned tasks in 5 seconds that I knew she would hardly feel the 10th blow, so I just gave her a mild pat.

She immediately thrust one hand down to her panties and began to drag them up, while with the other she pushed off from the bed, and at the same time called out "Thanks, Ricky."

Three things at once were a bit too much: she stumbled getting off the bed and while one foot was on the floor and the other leg still mainly on the bed, she had not completely pulled up the panties. As a result I got a good, if brief, look at her furry triangle. This was precisely the occurrence that she was trying to prevent when she had bargained for panties back.

But she was oblivious to this as she was focused intently on her 5 second deadline. As she dropped herself to a kneel, she simultaneously called out "Kiss me, Ricky," grabbed the back of my neck and pulled my mouth to hers.

Only then did she calm down and concentrate on the kiss.

Sometime during the next 60 seconds as we kissed, it occurred to her what she had looked like during those 5 seconds: a shameless libertine, who had been driven over the edge of mad lust by a spanking, rushing to get her mouth onto a man's. I could feel the tears of shame on her cheeks.

When the kiss was over, even I had forgotten that she had another 5 second sprint; but she hadn't. She shot up, and with one hand grabbed the waistband of her panties. She yanked these down on one side and as she threw herself across me and called out "Spank me, Ricky." As she rushed to get into the offering position, her other hand was yanking down her underwear on the other side.

Again, I paused to let the image of what she had just done sink into her head: a shameless pervert, so anxious to be spanked that she threw herself over a man's lap, stripped her bottom bare, pushed it up at him and demanded that he spank her. And I do mean "demanded" because she had forgotten to say "please."

As she realized what she had done, and what it had looked like, she quietly began to sob into the sheet. Yet, even now, she was careful as always to keep her butt in the "offering" position.

While I was making her wallow in these thoughts I had a thought of my own. As she'd been rising from her kneel, I got a glimpse of the front of her panties. While she had been vertical, kissing me, gravity had done its work and a damp spot had appeared on them.

This gave me another idea.

"Not bad," I said. "You made both 5 second deadlines and gave a passionate kiss. But there is still the fact that you took more than 5 seconds to get into position before the last round and just now you forgot to say 'please' when you asked me to spank you. By rights, I should take your underwear off you again, but I have an alternate idea."

She grew quiet. "What idea?" she sniffled.

"I'm giving you a choice," I said. "If you want, we can cancel all bargains and revert to the original procedure you first agreed to. I will take your panties and we will continue as before, except that there will be an extra kiss and extra round of 10 spanks at the end to teach you to say 'please' and, of course, you will once again be utterly bottomless. So you will have 50 more spanks; and you will have to have both arms around me when we kiss, exposing your privates."

"Or ... ," I said, dragging it out for dramatic effect, "we can continue with the present system. There are just 40 spanks left to go. You'll keep the underwear on when we kiss, and we'll forget all about this 5 second deadline business, too. Take the time all the time you need to switch positions."

She stirred even as she kept her face was buried shamefully in the sheet.

"Of course, there's a catch," I whispered and she stiffened, wary of what I now might ask.

I continued, "While I am spanking you, my other hand will be under you on your pubes. I will not penetrate you as per my promise. But I'll rub as much as I want."

Now, logically of course, my hand touching her privates is a lot more invasive than my eyes merely seeing her privates, so it would not be logical for her to allow the touching just so that she could keep her panties and prevent the seeing. But I was pretty sure she was going to take the second option anyway. The wet spot on her underwear told me she'd gotten pretty aroused by the end of that last round of spanks, and those gyrations while being spanked: they couldn't all be an attempt to cope with the pain. After all, they had started in the second round when I was patting too softly to cause pain. I was pretty sure she half-wanted something rubbing her privates at this point. Moreover, I'd given her a face-saving excuse for taking the second option, so she could take it while pretending she really didn't want me touching her there.

"Well," she said after a long pause, "I want this to be over with as soon as possible, so I'll take the option with only 40 spanks."

Yep, I thought, she's taking precisely the face-saving excuse I thought she'd take: the 'I want to get this over with' excuse.

I leaned forward slightly and curled my arm under the far side of her. I slipped it between our bodies and moved it down to where I could cup the whole of her sex firmly. I could see the tips of my fingers peeking up between her tightly clenched legs at the point where they met base of her rear. Her whole body stiffened, but as I kept my hand motionless, she relaxed a bit.

It was time to begin the seventh round. The long delay had allowed her bottom to turn white again. I knew this first one would hurt.

When the spank landed, her head shot up and her hips pressed down reflexively, pushing her privates into my hand. Her legs clamped together squeezing the fingers of my hand on her mound. She emitted a spontaneous gasp, twisted her hips a bit, and then finally said "Thanks, Ricky."

I began a slow up and down rub of her sex, but she did not notice, her entire mind thinking only of the sharp pain in her bottom. I gave her the remaining nine in rapid succession, hard ones. As before, she unconsciously speeded up her responses to match my speed while tears and gritted teeth garbled her words.
Spank! "Ah! Thanks, Ricky"

Spank! "Oh! ow! ThanksRicky"

Spank! "Unahhuh! ThuksRickee"

Spank! "Ah! Ah! Ah! sanksRickeee"

Spank! [Big gasping inhale] "Oh God! Oh! Thunks, Ruckeeee!"

Spank! "Unnnh! Oh please, no more! No, wait, I mean- I mean- Thank you, Thank you, Ricky.

Spank! "Owwwwwwoooooo! Un! Un! Please stop! Just for a moment! Thank you, Ricky, but please give me a few moments!

Spank! "Argggghhhhhhhh! [gasping whisper] th-th-th-thank you, Ricky, but please no more!"

Spank! "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! [shouting] Thanks! Thanks! Thanks! Ricky! Will you please stop now?!"

As this was going on her body was churning like a cement mixer. The side-to-side jerks started with the second blow. The butt rise and fall was added with the third. When the fifth landed, her upper body jerked up, not just her head this time, but her whole upper body. On the sixth, she involuntarily kicked out with one leg when she said "Oh God!" This was the first time all night that she had failed to stay in the "offering" position.

With the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, her gyrations were too complicated to describe: she kicked; she twisted; she humped; she bucked; she ground down on my lap; sometimes one buttock clenched, sometimes the other, sometimes both; her legs scissored out with one blow (stretching her panties) and slammed shut again with the next. At one point, she rose up partly on her knees, pushing her bottom several inches above my lap. Since her thighs were spread a few inches at this moment, I got a glimpse of a little pink bud between her buns.

I was under no delusions that this performance was a result of my rubbing her sex. This was the classic reaction to spanking pain: she was spasmodically trying to shake the pain away. Even if she'd been aware of what she was doing, she'd have been powerless to stop.

The gyrations continued a few seconds after her final shouted thanks. With the last spasm, she twisted to her right side and at the same time, her right leg pressed down into the bed and her left leg lifted completely off the mattress as she kicked back with it. It hit the footboard loud and startled both of us. She looked in the direction of the sound and realized that she had kicked the footboard.

Since she was looking back over her shoulder at this point, I could see her face clearly. I could watch as she recognized the implications of her kick. I watched as the realization dawned on her that she had been putting on a debased but sexy show for me. I watched as she replayed the last few spanks in her head before her short term memories dissolved. I watched as she pictured herself as I had seen her, legs opening lewdly, butt rising high, twisting, bucking, clenching and unclenching. I watched as her eyes grew huge with embarrassment exceeding anything she'd felt before.

I watched, too, as she realized that she had been shouting her exclamations of pain, and that she had shouted out her last thanks to me, and that anyone who had been in the dorm hallway would have heard her. I watched as she buried her face in the sheet, utterly mortified.

I pulled my hand out from under her, being careful to clench a fist first. She had leaked fluid onto my hand towards the end. I deliberately stopped rubbing at that point. I didn't want to spread the fluid to her external skin where she would feel it. For the moment, it was humiliation enough that she knew she was powerfully aroused. It wasn't necessary for her to know that I knew it, too.

We waited in silence for a full minute as she sniffled and rubbed her bright pink, nearly red, bottom with both hands. I gently whispered that it was time for a kiss.

Again, she slipped off my lap and knelt before me. Only when her hot behind came to rest on the cool back of her ankles, did she realize she had not pulled up her panties. She did so at once, but winced with pain as soon as the fabric wrapped tightly around that very sore bottom. She kneeled there for a long moment with her hands griping the sides of her panties, her eyes screwed shut and her mouth grimacing in pain. Finally, she relaxed a little and I sensed that a decision had been made.

To my great pleasure, her hands moved to the back of her panties and she peeled down the back so that the waistband was under the buttocks, just where they meet the thighs. She gave a sigh of relief as the cool air of the room soothed her hindquarters and she remained kneeling, but she held her sensitive bottom up rather than rest it on her ankles. Understandable, but this forced her to lean forward to keep her balance, and that, in turn, caused her bottom to stick out.

The front of her panties stayed up high enough to barely hide her furry treasure, but since the waistband was no longer around her waist, she had to spread her knees to get the panties tight enough to stay up on their own. She was facing me so I could not see her rear; but somehow just knowing that she would be sticking it out bare and pink and spread open while she kissed me, was sensationally erotic.

With her weight no longer resting on her ankles, she had to wrap her arms around me to hold herself up, even if I had not required it. We were both so distracted with thoughts about her bottom, we forgot that she was to ask for a kiss. We just started in.

Still drained from her gyrations, she didn't put as much energy into the kiss as she had in the previous several rounds. I compensated by letting it go on a long time, interrupting now again to give little wispy kisses to her face and neck. My hands roamed over her. During one of these excursions, my ear was next to her mouth and I heard her utter a little "uh" of arousal. I turned my head enough to see her face. She was looking up with her eyes closed and her mouth open as if in rapture.

When I finally broke the clench, she continued to hold onto me, to hold herself up. For a brief moment, she looked in my eyes. She was no longer crying, her eyes were dilated and heavy-lidded, her lips parted, and she breathed slowly and heavily. To hide what she was feeling she looked down and away. She's nearly there, I thought, I don't think we'll even get to the tenth round; maybe not even the ninth.

She slowly rose, wincing as she lay herself across me again. She pulled the panties down to her thighs and assumed the "offering" position she had come to know so well.

Finally, she spoke in a deep husky voice "Please spank me, Ricky."

The color in her bottom had abated a bit, but it was still very pink. I slipped my hand between us and gripped her mound again.

As I stroked her bottom with my other hand, I heard her ask in a high, keening, barely audible, voice "Rick, please don't spank me as hard as you did in the seventh round."

It was almost a wail of self-pity.

I smiled that she'd thrown in that "Rick" in place of the artificial "Ricky." By calling me by my regular nickname, she was revealing that she had given up trying to put me in the category of monster, pervert, or molester. We had come full circle. I was her friend, again. No doubt a part of her was still furious at what I was putting her through, but part of her was feeling more complex, more complicated emotions, too. Mostly, she was just confused; but calling me "Rick" meant that she now assumed that however the rest of this evening played out, she and I were going to continue to have some kind of complicated, confusing relationship.

Her plea gave me an idea.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "We don't want the rest of this dorm to know our business. Why don't I give you a clean sock? You can hold it in your mouth when I give you a spank and it will muffle your reaction. What do you say?"

She looked back over her shoulder at me and for the second time that night, I got the "I just won the lottery!" look of joy from her.

But since I was protecting her from one source of humiliation, I wanted to compensate by opening another, so I continued:

"From now on, I'll wait between spanks as long as you want. When you are ready for the next one, you just tell me you'd like another. And from now on, you can use your own wording for both the 'thank you's and the spanking requests, and the kiss request, too. Just be polite and don't repeat yourself. You can even ask for a soft spank sometimes, but for at least five of the ten in each set, you must ask for a hard spank."

She again looked back at me with gratitude. She considered all this another act of mercy on my part. She would soon learn the truth, but in the meantime, I'd extract another concession from her, since she didn't think that I asked for any yet.

"One more thing," I said. "For the remainder of our business, the last three spanking rounds and the kisses between them, I will also be bottomless."

She stiffened, but I stroked her back and reiterated my assurance that I would not penetrate her in any way. She nodded her assent and I instructed her to rise up on her knees and elbows. With her weight off of me, I slipped off my pants and underwear and kicked them way. While she was still on knees and elbows, I leaned far enough to reach the middle drawer of the dresser that was beside the head of the bed. I pulled out a clean sock and laid it beside her face. I then pushed down on her butt and she lowered herself down on my lap again and resumed the "offering" position. I then slipped my hand under her and back onto her pubis.

Time for the eighth round.

"Remember now to thank me for each spank in your own words and then ask me for another when you are ready."

She waded up the sock and stuffed about half of it into her mouth. Not a second later, I slapped my hand down fast and hard on her left buttock. She jerked, and a muffled ummmmmm sound came from her gagged mouth. For several seconds her buttocks clenched and unclenched and her thighs rubbed together frantically.

Small tears were forming at the corners of her eyes, as she pulled the sock from her mouth and said "I appreciate that, Rick."

There was a longer pause and I began to massage her love triangle again.

Finally, she said "I'm ready for another spank, Rick."

"Maybe so," I replied, "but that's not quite the same as asking me for one. Also, you forgot to specify hard or soft."

She sighed in frustration and said "I would like another spank now, Rick. Soft please."

I obliged with a light pat and she promptly thanked me with another "I appreciate that, Rick."

"No, no," I said. "You're not allowed to repeat yourself, remember?"

She sighed again and tried to think of other words to thank me. She was now discovering that it was no favor I did her when I told her to use her own words. As long as she was simply repeating a mantra I had given her, she could psychologically distance herself from it -- tell herself it was only a chant she had to repeat to please me. But now that she was using her own words, it sounded more sincere, more like she really wanted the spanks. This was significantly more humiliating. She tried to think of another stock phrase like "I appreciate that," a phrase that was so banal it would seem meaningless.

Finally, she said "I am grateful for that spank, Rick."

She had four more soft spanks and four more hard ones left in this round. She opted for a hard one and tried to think of a way to ask for it that wouldn't be too humiliating.

"Try using another word or phrase in place of 'spank'." I hinted.

After a moment's pause, she replied "Rick, please smack my bottom hard."

She then burst into humiliated tears. Asking for a spanking was humiliating. Asking for one in your own words was doubly humiliating. Having to add that adjective "hard" doubled the humiliation again. For some reason, having to specify the type of spank, in this case "smack," was exquisitely embarrassing. It sounded so much more sluttish and perverted, as though she were a connoisseur of spanks placing an order; like a wine lover asking not just for a Bordeaux, but for a particular vineyard and year.

I had to remind her to insert the sock.

I positioned my hand vertically just above her right thigh and swept it fast and almost horizontally until it smacked hard into the lower peak of her right buttock. The globe flattened for a fraction of a second, then rebounded and shook like jello. Her head snapped back and her upper body jerked up as she reflexively pushed down on the bed with her forearms. From the gag came a long groan that sounded almost like a gurgle:

"arrrghhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm!"

As her upper body was going up, her hips pushed down hard onto my lap as if she could somehow pull away from the pain and leave it behind. Those hips then began spontaneously sliding left and right about half an inch very rapidly. But she was oblivious to the massage she was giving my penis. Her world contained only one thing at this moment: pain in her bottom.

Her body --and it was her body that was in charge here, not her mind-- switched tactics: Her hips rose and her upper body sank. For a second, her hips pumped up and down as she moaned in a matching rhythm "muh! muh! muh! muh!"

Then her hips crashed down to my lap again as her lower legs kicked alternately, but very rapidly, pounding her toes into the mattress. Her sounds turned into muffled tears: "uh uh uh."

Finally, a good four seconds after the blow had landed, the sock fell from her mouth and she lay whimpering and still except that the offended right buttock continued to clench and unclench spasmodically.

I resumed my massage of her sex while she tried to think of words to thank me. I gave her a hint that I learned from my mother: "When you want to thank someone for a gift, pick out some particular aspect such as its color or some particular feature of it and tell them that you especially like that aspect."

She thought a bit more and stammered "Th-thank you, Rick. I- I- I espec- sh- sh- ially enjoyed the burning st-sting of that smack."

She turned her face into the mattress and resumed embarrassed weeping, but as I continued my finger massage of her mons venus, her tears were interrupted by occasional gasps and small jerks of her hips.

Linda could not take two that hard in a row, so she chose a soft one, asking for it with "Please give me a soft slap on my bottom, Rick," and thanking me afterward with "Oh, Rick, I'm so grateful you included both sides of my bum in that one."

Still dreading the hard ones, she next opted for a second soft one in a row. This time her words were "Another please, Rick, just like the last one" and "Oh my, Rick. That was exquisite: your best yet!"

By now she was whimpering continuously from the humiliating nature of these little speeches.

"I'd like a hard one next, Rick if you please," she said before plopping the sock in her mouth.

She got it, and once again I was treated to a Radio City Music Hall show put on by her legs, hips, and butt.

When the show finished it's last encore, she lay still and managed to gasp out breathily "Thank you, Rick, that one was very educational."

She needed a long time to recover from the last spank, so I spent the time rhythmically squeezing and unsqueezing her mound. After about 45 seconds she began to make those involuntary sideways hip jerks. This confirmed for me that when she had first started these back in the early rounds, they were spasms of arousal, not pain. She lay with her mouth open and her eyes closed and suddenly let out a little "oh" of arousal. The sound of this startled her and in an attempt to prevent me from knowing how aroused she was, she shouted out a panicky spanking request.

"Spank me now! I mean please! I mean a soft one! Yes, a soft spank please, Rick."

I gave her a pat but it did nothing to stop her growing arousal and she realized she'd need a hard one to get her mind off her sexy feelings. Thus, within a second of my soft pat, she lifted onto her elbows, turned her face to look back over her shoulder toward me and shouted out hurried thanks and a request for a hard spank, spoken so fast her words merged almost into one:

"ThatWasGreatRickThanks! NowGiveMeAHardOne! Please! Now! AHardSmackOfYourPalm! OnMyButt! RightOnTheLowerCurve! WhereItsMostSensitive! Now! Hurry! Hurry! Please! ... "

All through this rapid fire request she was starring at her own reddened bum as if willing my hand to strike it and cut short the growing arousal in her that she now feared more than pain.

She was still shouting her demand when my curved hand landed just where she'd requested it. It was the hardest spank yet. Her hips jammed down on my lap with incredible force, her back arched and her head snapped back so far she was actually facing the ceiling.

She let out a long loud "owwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww! unh! unh! ohh! Oh God! unh! unh! hurts! hurts!"

As she was saying this, her hips began bucking wildly on my lap and her feet kicked spasmodically back against the footboard. After a few seconds her legs pounded the mattress and for a few seconds more they alternately opened wide and scissored closed as body sought madly to shake away the pain.

Her body finally collapsed and she exhaled her gratitude: "Ohhh, thank you, Rick."

It was not her own words, but I decided to accept it since it was so obviously sincere. After all, from her point of view the spank had done its job. It had reversed her growing arousal before it advanced so far that she could no longer hide it from me. (Of course, I did know she was aroused, but she was not aware of her fluid leaking onto my hand. Neither did she didn't know I'd heard the little "oh" of arousal she'd emitted a few minutes before or the "oo" she whispered when we last kissed.)

"Well," I said, "that was quite an enthusiastic request, and quite loud, especially since you forgot to gag yourself."

She jerked and her eyes stretched wide as she realized I was right. She had once again shouted her request loud enough to be heard in the hallway. But on that earlier occasion she had shouted only exclamations and 'thank you's. A listener in the hallway might have thought he was hearing a round of good sex rather than a spanking. But this time ...

She frantically tried to remember what she had said and her face turned redder and redder as she remembered: she had explicitly asked for a "smack," she had specified where on her bum it should land, she'd asked him to hurry, she'd said "please," and she said all this in a rush as if she were in a desperate, lusting, hurry to get spanked.

She hung her head and sobbed at the realization that anyone who heard would have known they were hearing a spanking and that she was requesting it. Her sobs got renewed energy a moment later as she realized that her cries of pain following the smack were also audible in the hallway. She could only pray that no one was out there at the time.

The effect of the spank, however, was only temporary as I resumed my squeezing of her vaginal bulge. As the heat rose in her again, so did the panic. She tried to think of a way out of the situation. She had two softs and one hard spank remaining. The softs would not help; they might even increase her arousal. The last hard spank would have only a temporary effect: she'd soon be back in her current situation, her bare red bottom offered up submissively, nearing orgasm, over the lap of a man who had humiliated her. She was determined not to let me know that I had aroused her. She was prepared to endure almost anything else to prevent that final defeat of her pride. She knew now that it had been a critical mistake to let me rub her pubis. She tried to reverse that deal.

"Rick, instead of finishing this eighth round, why don't we start it over? But let's go back to the original procedure. I understand that I must take off my panties completely and that I may not cover myself when we kiss. You can spank me as hard as you want, no softs unless you want to give me one. Instead of 12 soft and 11 hard spanks left, I'll have to take 30 hards. And I'll count each one and thank you for it. But you have to put your pants back on and you can't touch my privates."
"Awww, I don't know ... we are so close to the end. I think we should just finish up with the current procedure" I replied.

"Wait," she said turning to look back at me over her shoulder, "Ok, you can keep your pants and underwear off and we'll go back in time one round. I'll have 40 spanks coming. Just think of it, 40 hard spanks on my rear while I lay over you, completely bottomless, arching my back and offering my ass to you. I'll pull up my shirt tail up to just under my breasts so I'll be 3/4 nude: completely naked from ribs to toes. Just picture it, Rick."

I did and it was delicious, but I wanted to see just how much she would concede if I continued to be reluctant. So, I just shook my head no.

"Ah!" she exclaimed in frustration. "Alright, I'll take off all my clothes. I'll be completely starkers, and I won't cover any part of me with my hands when we kiss. You can see it all."

I was amused at this, but I willed my face to look stern and disapproving.

"We're wasting time, Linda. We should finish it up," I said, like an impatient teacher.

In the meantime, I continued my ministrations of her pubic mound, bringing her closer and closer to the point where she would begin to twitch and moan in passion.

"No! Wait!" Her voice became a high pitched squeal of desperation. "I'll present myself to you better for spankings: I'll spread my legs. Yeah, that's it, besides arching my back and pressing the footboard with my toes, I'll spread my feet the whole width of the footboard. You'll see everything, Rick! Imagine me lying completely bare-naked in that position over your lap: offering my bottom to you for super hard spanks that I thank you for, every one of them! Picture it! Picture it!"

As usual, when she became excited and desperate, the volume of her voice rose. It wasn't quite audible outside the room yet but it was getting there.

At this point, my own arousal was pretty high, too. She must have felt my erection and realized that I was severely tempted by her increasingly salacious and submissive offers. Next she escalated again, hoping to put me over the edge of erotic excitment, but her voice dropped to a whisper at the sheer embarrassment of what she was saying:

"Alright, tell you what, when I'm in the 'offering' position, you can touch me and p-p-penetrate me. Not my sex but my anus. You can p-p-put your finger in there. You can put ... uh ... THINGS in there. And make me keep them there, during the spanking or the kissing or both."

"Uh, really, Linda, we need to finish up where we were-"

"Ahhh," She interrupted me in frustration, "Alright, I'll put my mouth on your penis. I'll give you, what do they call it? Air job? No, blow job. Right after each kiss, I'll lean over stark naked and put my mouth around your penis. I'll give you a blow job between every round of spankings."

When I said nothing but resumed rubbing her mons, she continued, almost hysterically now, to find some self-debasement that I would find acceptable.

"We'll combine the blow job and the spankings. I'll stand to one side of you while you sit on the bed and I'll bend over at the waist to put your penis in my mouth, but my legs will be standing up straight. I'll arch my back and rise up on tip toe to present my bottom. As I'm sucking you, you can spank me or put things in my anus, pump them in and out, if you want!"

"No! And that's final!" I said.

It was time to call a halt to this. I had no doubt that if I allowed her to continue making offers, she would offer anal sex next, just so long as her pubis wasn't touched. All her suggestions had merit and I fully intended to enact them someday, very possibly with her. But tonight my goal was intercourse. I had let her go on mainly out of curiosity to see just how humiliating it was going to be for her to discover that I knew I'd aroused her. Turns out she ranked that last bit of pride pretty high: she'd give me a naked blow jobs and let me play with her anus if doing so would save her from climaxing in my presence.

"You've 3 spanks left," I said as I continued my massage of her sex and she continued to make tiny squirms in response.

"Ask for one now! Hard or soft?"

But I had underestimated her. She had one last gambit she could play.

"Alright, Rick," her voice cracking at the embarrassment of the slutty offers she had just made to me, "Please give me hard ones, many of them, the hardest you can manage."

"Huh? Wha? B- B- But," I stammered.

"There's no rule that says I can't ask for extra," she pointed out, "and I want them fast, one after another, as fast and hard as you can spank."

"But you have to thank me for each one," I stalled for time trying to figure out her game.

"I will. I can thank as fast as you can spank. I'll thank you for every one. Just keep them coming until I'm crying so incoherently that I can't speak anymore."

"But, since you'll be thanking me, you'll have to leave the gag out," I pointed out.

She did hesitate at this, but only for a moment before she said "I don't care."

She did care, I knew, but she was trying to avoid a humiliation that in her mind was greater than what she would experience if people in the hallway heard her thanking me for a spanking.

At this point, her legs squeezed my hand involuntarily and she muttered a little "unnh" of desire. She was nearing orgasm.

"Come on," she said huskily and a little desperately, "I've made the request, now you must spank me."

I brought my hand down as hard as I was capable on one buttock and then the other. True to her word, Linda spat out her thanks as fast as I could lift my arm and slam it down again.

Spank. "Ahhh! Thanks!"

Spank. "Unnh! Appreciated!"

I continued without pause as I thought about that leg squeeze and little 'unnh' and the urgency with which she had then demanded I spank her.

Suddenly, I understood.

Linda was reasoning that if one hard spank could temporarily reduce her sexual desire, then maybe a long series of them would eliminate it altogether or at least keep it at bay long enough for her to get through the last kisses and last two rounds of spanks without revealing her sexual arousal.

Clever girl, I thought to myself, it just might work, too.

Frustrated, I decided that if I wasn't going to get laid, I would at least take a layer of her bottom-hide. I resumed with fury.

Spank. "Arrgghhh! I'mSoVeryGrateful!"

Spank. "Owwweee! Gracias!"

Spank. "Unuh! Merci!"

I smiled at her inventiveness. Knowing that she must not repeat herself, she was resorting to foreign words.

Spank. "Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Danke Shoen!"

Spank. "UH! Oh God! Domo Arigato!"

Before long, she ran out of explicit 'thank you' words and settled for the implicit thanks in complimenting each spank, or me, as tears streamed down her face.

Spank. "Owwwwwooooo" Good one!"

Spank. "EEEehuuh! You're the best!"

Spank. "Ohhh! Ohhh! Ohhh! Heavenly!"

Through all of this her body was jumping and jiving as never before. Limbs flew everywhere as she twisted and turned. She bucked and bumped and boogied. She whipped her head back and forth, her hair flying everywhere, like an angry, animated bird's nest. She would have thrashed completely off my lap were it not for my non-spanking arm wrapped around her waist and under her, my hand gripping her crotch.

After the 11th spank, her blubbering caused her words to slur.

Spank. "Ahhahah! SoGoodSoGooo!:

Spank. "YaYaeeeeeee! YesWunnerful!"

At this point she noticed that it was working. In the burning fire of the spanking her sexual desire had dropped. Now was the time to pour it on. If she could just endure this a bit longer, she thought to herself, she'd have made her butt such a mass of stinging pain that she'd be incapable of feeling anything sexual, or for that matter, anything at all except the pain. In her anxiousness, she shifted from compliments to another form of implicit thanks: asking for more.

Spank. "Yaaaauuuh! More! More!"

Spank. "MMMMmmmuuuuuhhh! Faster!"

It was around this point, that her calls became loud enough to be heard outside the room.

Spank. "Ohhhhhh God! More spanks!"

Spank. "UnnAaaaHuhHuhHuh! Harder and faster please!"

Provoked, I rained down the spanks as fast as I could. Neither of us made any attempt any longer to coordinate the spanks and the 'thank you's. And she stopped bothering to keep her thanks short, since they no longer needed to fit between spanks. Her gratitude now was quite sincere since the pain was reducing her arousal. I noticed this, too, because the dampness coming from her vagina was drying up.

The spanks, thanks, and cries of pain came in continuous, simultaneous, overlapping, streams of sound, as the room became a symphony of smacks, oowws, shouted demands for more spanks, and heavy breathing. The heavy breathing was from me as much as Linda.

Spank

"Harder!"

"Arrrreeee!"

Spank Spank

"Oh! ow! OW!"

"Thanks, but more more!"

Spank

"Smack my bare bottom! Smack it! Smack it!"

Spank Spank

"Innnggggghhhh!"

"Yes, I like that!"

Spank

"Faster please, Rick"

"NahUhahhhhh!"

Spank Spank

"Unnnnnnahhhhhh!

"More spanks, please!"

Spank

"Ahh! Ohhh!"

"Thanks, Rick, but ha-ahhhhh-rder!"

Spank

"Oh! Ah! Arrrr!"

"I can't thank you enough!"

Spank

Spank

"Iiiiiichoooowwww!

Spank

"I love your swats, Rick!"

Spank

"That was good! I love that burning sting!

Spank

"EEEyaaaaauuuuhhhh!"

Spank

"I'm so- uh- very- ow- grateful for this- ahhuh- spanking"

Spank

Spank

"Un Ohh! Oooow!"

"Oh Rick! Rick! Oww! I deserve a longer and harder spank- ahh- ing!:

"Arrrrrreggggeeeeehhhh!"

Spank

"I hope- arrgggh- my red bounc- unh- bouncing bottom- ahuh- pleases you Ri- ihuh- ick"

Spank

"Uuuunnnnhuuuh!"

Spank Spank

"Please- uh- Rick keep the s- suhuh- slaps coming hard and fast"

Spank

"EEEarrrghh!"

"The le- eh- left side Rick, please, as hard as you c-c-c- arrrrrrgh- can!"

Spank Spank Spank

"Unnhhh!"

"Now my r- r- right bun! Uuuunuh! Yes! Pour it on! Don't slow down!"

Spank

"More of this- ow- exquisite spank- uh- ing please."

"Yeeeowwww!"

Spank Spank Spank

"Nnnnuuhhh! Urrgh! Ahan!

"Please, Rick, slap m- m- my naked bum!"

"Oooo! Oo! Oo!

Spank

"Thanks, more stinging spanks, please!"

"Ooooooowwwwwwwwwwwaaaaaahhhhh!

"Thaaaaank yooooou, Rri- i- i- icckk!"

Spank Spank

"Unga!"

Spank

"M- m- more! Ow! ow! I need more of your wonderful spanks, Rick."

At about this point, two realizations hit Linda. First, she realized that she had been shouting so loud there was no longer any question of "if" someone was in the hallway. Her shouts must have brought everyone in the neighboring rooms out into the hallway to listen. Even now between the sounds of the spanks and her own exclamations of pain, she could hear giggling out there and snatches of conversation:

"... Rick is spanking some girl ..."

"... she's begging for it ..."

"... said she was really grateful for this spanking. Ha ha! ..."

"... said she hoped her red bouncing bottom pleased him. No kidding! ..."

"... told him to 'smack my bare bottom' ... Can you believe it?"

"... said she needed 'more of your wonderful spanks, Rick' ... [Snicker]"

Linda pushed her face into the sheet in abject humiliation, taking only a little solace in the fact that no one outside knew who was in the room and no one in my dorm knew who she was. Although one last overheard snatch of conversation nearly erased even that small comfort.

"... been seeing someone lately, hasn't he? A very short blond I think ..."

Her second realization was that her sexual arousal, which had been diminishing through the first half of the spanking, was now rising again. The turn of the tide had begun when she started her especially self-denigrating pleas like "Smack my bare bottom" and her obsequious expressions of gratitude to me, like "I'm so very grateful for this spanking." These shouts had been intended to spur me on (and they did), but they also had the effect of reversing the trend of her sexual arousal. Indeed, a minute ago, she now remembered, when she heard herself being laughed at by those in the hallway, her vagina had flooded with a surge of love juice just as her mind was flooded with humiliation.

There is no getting around it, she thought, humiliation is turning me on.

I stopped the spank storm at this point, exhausted and aware that Linda had stopped talking. In a few seconds, the last of her lewd gyrations worked itself through her body and she lay still, sobbing into the sheet, her derriere a shiny red.

I resumed the massage of her bulge. I, too, had become aware in the early part of the spanking that her fluid seemed to be drying up. But now it was gushing forth again. There was no point in postponing her final humiliation any longer.

I pulled my massaging hand out from underneath her, not clenching it this time; but leaving it open so that her belly would be smeared with her juices. I pushed the other hand, the spanking hand, between her thighs and gripped her mons venus and rubbed in a circular pattern. The lips were open and engorged. Soon this hand too was wet and I painted her juices on both her inner thighs. Then I went back for more and used the juice to sooth her burning bum.

Lost as she was in her world of pain and embarrassment, she only gradually became aware of my movements. Then she raised her head and looked back over her shoulder, puzzlement on her tear-streaked face. Once, again, I could see the stages of realization pass over her:

What's that dampness on my belly, thighs, and bum? Is Rick putting a lotion on me? No, he hasn't gotten off the bed and there's no liquid within reach. No liquid at all, unless you count ... my love juice! He is spreading it! Rick knows I'm aroused! He knows he has turned me on!

I would not have thought it possible for her to experience a level of mortification deeper than what I'd already seen that night, but I did. The color drained from her face, her lower lip protruded and began to quiver, her eyes got bigger than ever, and she threw her face down into the mattress, pressing so hard I believe she was trying to push herself through it. Her body racked with her sobs.

There was silence from the hallway. My dorm neighbors had apparently concluded that the show was over and gone back to their rooms.

I resumed stroking her with both hands, paying special attention to her love mound. True to form, it was sopping. The humiliation of my knowing that she was aroused had aroused her even more. Within a few seconds, her hips started their involuntary side-to-side jerks. Soon she was making her little "oo" sounds of arousal. I continued, adding little wispy kisses all over her legs and bottom. The hip-jerking and "oo"ing both became rhythmic and my penis stiffened. She had raised her head and her eyes were closed but her mouth wide open. I took off my shirt and threw it aside. I slid my hands under her blouse and slid it up her flanks, raising it to her neck. She lay her arms up above her head without being asked, and I slid the shirt off of her. In another moment, the bra was off too.

By now she had begun rhythmically humping my lap.

I pulled up on her flanks and whispered "Up, Linda, as you did when I took my pants off."

Her eyes still closed, her mouth still open, in a near sexual rapture, she silently obeyed me, rising up to rest on her knees and elbows. I slid out from beneath her, and she herself lifted first one leg then the other as she pulled her panties off, the panties she had worked, and bargained, so hard to keep. I attempted to lay her down on her back. The moment that sore bottom touched the sheet, she jumped up again and knelt there on the bed rubbing her bottom furiously.

"I guess you'll have to be on top" I said, and I lay on my back as she straddled my hips.

She had no experience at this position, but with a little help from me she got my penis in. She was incredibly tight, but so lubricated that she slid down pretty quickly anyway. But as soon as her butt landed on my thighs, she winced and bounced up again, once again rubbing her bottom. With a little practice we found an angle that worked. She leaned forward and rested her weight on her arms planted at my sides. I inserted my penis and she pushed herself down and back on it. Then she started to pump.

The very low angle of her body positioned her rhythmically swinging breasts just above my chest so that her stiff nipples brushed back and forth against my pectorals, giving her a free nipple massage. It was like her lover had a couple extras hands. With my real hands I mostly stroked and clutched her back, flanks, and thighs; but occasionally I brushed my fingertips lightly on that supersensitive behind. This would send electric stings through her and her delirious rhythmic song of "oo, oo, oo, oo" would be temporarily interrupted by a louder, higher-pitched, chorus of "Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah."

Once, when she had pulled herself back to the outermost tip of my penis, I mischievously clamped both hands on that burning rear.

She gave a yelp and slammed herself down around my penis, then held herself there twisting and gyrating her hips manically, as she had when I'd been spanking her, saying "Ow! Oh! Ow!"

But the experience must have been something more than painful because, when she was very near her first orgasm and so delirious she wasn't entirely aware of what she was doing, she lifted one arm from the bed and, with her eyes tightly shut, lay her own hand briefly, but firmly, on her bottom, thereby producing a slightly milder version of the twisting hip dance and "Ow! Oh! Ow!" chorus. A few seconds later, she did it again with the other hand.

Finally, when her climax itself was on her, she pushed herself up from me and leaned back, thereby putting her sore bottom and weight on my thighs. She gave a gasp of pain, but did not rise; instead she did her wild gyration hip dance while sitting on me, calling out rhythmically a lyric that was a combination of an "Ow" of pain and and "Ah" of ecstasy.

When it was over, and we'd both come twice, she lay her head on my chest and dozed. It would not be till morning that her bottom would be healed enough that she could put clothes on again without excruciating pain.