**Rick and Linda**

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**Rick and Linda: Pfeiffer Hill**

**Forty Steps**

Linda had been ornery all evening. She snapped at me when I failed to hold the car door open for her, telling me a gentleman would have done so. But only minutes later, when we arrived at the movies, she glared at me for holding the theatre door open.

"Women don't need men to open doors for them!" she practically snarled.

I knew what she really wanted that night, what she needed. I also knew she could never ask for it. Well, not with words anyway. Of course, she*was*asking for it with her bitchy behavior.

It was close to midnight when got back to her dormitory, Pfeiffer Hall, after returning from the movie. As soon as we entered her room, 320, she started picking on me again, complaining about my clothes, my car, even my choice of movie. I did a slow burn as I listened, but I held my anger in check. I reminded myself that the literal meaning of her words was irrelevant. The real message she was sending me was about something else, something she could not allow herself to even think, let alone say.

I know what you're thinking: that she was just horny and that "all she needs is a good lay." Well, that was part of it, yes; but she needed something more, something deeper, something for which sex is only a side dish, not the main course. Providing it for her required me to go into super masculine mode. She needed me to be*commanding*in both the literal and figurative senses. For that, I had to keep myself in control; so instead of losing my temper, I spoke quietly but firmly.

"Linda, I've had about as much out of you as I can take." I said sternly, as I folded my arms and looked down on her.

Her face suddenly flushed and I could see the faintest glint of desire in her eyes.

"Come with me," I said as I grabbed her hand, "we're going outside."

"Huh? ... wha?" she stammered in genuine confusion.

She'd been expecting a spanking followed by sex; but I knew she needed something more powerful that night.

"All will become clear," I said mysteriously as I pulled her out of the room and down the stairs.

We descended to the ground floor, went to the back of the building where, still holding her hand, I led her out the back door.

Pfeiffer Hall was at the top of Pfeiffer Hill which descended gently for a bit more than the length of a football field till it reached College Boulevard. The hillside has patches of trees, some thick, others sparse; but also some open spaces. In autumn and winter it appeared almost bare, but in the spring when the leaves came back, it appeared as though it was at least half covered with woods. Viewed from the road at the base, it was pretty to look at in the day but almost spooky at night, with the back of Pfeiffer Hall looming at the top like some medieval castle.

Occasionally, someone held a picnic on its slopes, but otherwise the hill was always deserted, especially at night.

The moon was nearly full as I led Linda away from the building and into the leafy trees. As we passed a bush with long thin green branches, I broke one off and stripped the leaves from it. It was about three feet long and very flexible. I whipped it through the air a couple of times and it made an audible whooosshhip sound. Linda's eyes grew big.

"Wh- what are you going to do with th- that?" she asked with a quaver in her voice.

"Possibly nothing," I answered. "It really depends on you."

"You see, Linda," I continued, "you are going to be punished for your rudeness tonight. Specifically, you are going to get five sets of 10 spanks. We will walk downhill a ways between sets. By the time of the last one we'll be down in the trees near the road. The walks between spankings will give you a chance to reflect on your behavior. I'm going to be kinder to you than you deserve by using only hand spanks. I expect you to follow my instructions and obey me without any undue hesitation. If you don't, I'll give you extra whacks, which is what this switch is for: if you earn extra swats for hesitation or disobedience, I'll use this to administer the extras."

I slid the switch into my belt. The look on Linda's face told me she needed no further explication of its purpose. In our then still brief sex life, she'd only gotten a switch once. Just one stroke and she was wearing thick blue jeans at the time. Nevertheless, that one stroke made quite an impact on her, well, ...*memory*... among other things.

"Now, wait a minute," she said, "you can't spank me here, outdoors!"

"Oh, yes, I can," I pointed out, as I put my hand meaningfully on the switch, "and I believe I said something about getting extra swats for hesitation, did I not?"

"But what if someone else comes walking down the hill and sees us?" she asked plaintively.

"Well, then, they'll see you get a spanking you richly deserve, won't they?" I replied matter-of-factly.

It was a warm night in May, the best time of year in Iowa. The air feels different there in May. It feels soft, like a cashmere blanket caressing your skin. We were both dressed in blue jeans and sandals. I was wearing a t-shirt. Linda was wearing what appeared to be a kind of thin cotton tank top with spaghetti straps, light green, with a pattern of small pink flower buds scattered across it. It conformed tightly to her figure, bulging and curving just where her body did.

*This is going to be a great night*, I thought to myself,*and spanking Linda is only part of it. In the end, she'll get more out of that than I will. But we've been having sex for several months now and she still refuses to give me oral sex. With a little luck, that's going to change tonight, too.*

**First Set**

I led her by the hand about 40 steps down the hill where I stopped in a small clearing among the trees. Thanks to the leafy trees we were now out of sight of the building.

"Alright, Linda," I said, with a sighing tone that suggested this whole thing was an annoying chore she had burdened me with, "bend over, grab your ankles, and ask me politely for a spanking."

She stood there, doing nothing, thinking. I slid the switch out of my belt and whipped it against a tree trunk a couple of times. The whooosshhip whooosshhip noise it made sounded really wicked.

Linda needed no more encouragement.

"Alright, alright," she said, "put that away."

After glancing about fearfully in every direction, she bent and grasped her ankles as instructed. The seat of her blue jeans stretched tight over her bottom. She had to spread her legs about a foot and half to keep from falling over.

"Wasn't there something you wanted to ask me, Linda?" I prompted as I slid the switch back into my belt.

"Huh? Oh, yes. Um, may I please have a spanking, Rick?" she asked with an audible quaver in her voice.

Even as her head hung near her knees, she continued to look anxiously from side-to-side to see if anyone was approaching.

I stepped up beside her and brought my right hand down hard on her butt. It made a muffled sound like "packt".

"Ahh!" she squealed in surprise as she half rose and looked back over her shoulder in the direction of the building to see if anyone had heard.

"No one in the building can hear," I reassured her, and then added mischievously, "but someone passing by out here might."

"Now bend over, again, and if you get out of position any more I'll give you extra swats" I threatened while fingering the switch in my belt.

"Oh!" she squealed in a panic and she hurried to bend over again and grab her ankles.

I resumed with three quick spanks: packt, packt, packt. This time she bit her lip to keep from making a sound. I curved my hand for the next four and slapped harder, which produced a deeper and louder sound. Pockt, pockt, pockt, pockt.

"Uhh," she gasped after the last one, "please, not so hard."

"You know perfectly well that you've got harder than this coming."

But I was getting impatient with spanking a fully dressed girl, so I finished off the first set with two hard upper cuts to the base of her behind. PACKT! PACKT!

"Ow," she whispered almost to herself as she straightened up and unconsciously rubbed her bottom with both hands while she, again, looked around to see if there had been any witnesses to her embarrassment.

"Now, I think you should express your gratitude for this spanking, don't you?" I asked firmly.

"Thank you, Rick, for spanking me," she said, as she continued to rub her bottom.

"I'll accept that for now, but for the rest of your punishment, you must thank me for each set of spanks more elaborately than that. Phrase it in your own words and don't be repetitive or make it sound like a ritual incantation, or I'll make you take the whole set over again. Now, walk 40 steps down hill, away from the building."

She did, counting out the steps to herself as I followed. At 40 paces she stopped, and I stood just to her left. We were now surrounded thickly by trees.

**Second Set**

"Alright, Linda," I said quietly, "bend over at the waist but not all the way. Good, now undo your jeans, pull them down and hold them up just a little above your knees."

"Oh God, Rick, please no," she whispered, "don't make me show my underwear outdoors."

*You're going to show a lot more than that*, I thought to myself, but did not say out loud. I needed to overcome her inhibitions gradually. Each step of her exposure had to seem to her to be a minor escalation from what she'd just done.

So I just hissed "I warned you about stalling. For that, you get five extra spanks in this set. Now, get those pants down."

She gave a little cry and hurried to obey. Her face turned pink as she undid the top button of the jeans and unzipped the fly. Still bent over, she looked frantically in every direction and then, with her thumbs in the waistband, she pulled them down and let them drop.

It was then that I got a most pleasant surprise. As she stood there with her hands resting on her thighs above the knees and her face flushed with embarrassment, I realized that her shirt was not a tank top at all. It was a skin tight, figure-hugging, one-piece, sleeveless leotard that served as both shirt and panties. Seeing it stretched over her form was powerfully erotic and the crotch of my own jeans started to feel tight. I willed myself not to take her there and then: the night was young and there was, ah ...*work*to be done.

"I didn't tell you to drop them," I reminded her sternly. "I said to hold them up just above your knees. I'm going to have to give you three more extra for that disobedience."

She gave another quiet panicky cry, reached down, and pulled the jeans up to just above the knees where she held them, gripping the waistband in both hands. I paused and watched her face turn redder. She was discovering that holding the pants halfway down was a lot more humiliating than just taking them down. With the latter, the act of surrender was just a moment. But having to*hold*them down while she proffered her cotton clad bottom for spanks meant that the act of submission was continuous. With each second, she had to re-decide all over again whether to pull up the pants and run off or continue to obey the commanding man standing beside her.

"That's better, now is there something you want to ask me, Linda?" I inquired with fake solicitousness.

"Huh?" she was momentarily puzzled, but then quickly remembered and added "uh ... please, Rick, would you continue my spanking?"

"Gladly," I answered, and I brought my palm down rather lightly on her cute left buttock.

It was hardly more than a pat. She reacted with a little "oh"; but it was an "oh" of pleasant surprise at how softly I'd spanked. I knew she was thinking that this won't be so bad after all. I gave her a matching one on the right. Then, after planting my feet, I gave her a hard slap to the center of her green clad bum.

"Oh!" she said in surprise, again; but this time it was surprise at the sting of the blow.

I followed up with three quick upper cuts to the base of her bottom.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

"Unnh ahhh," she gasped, and I watched in delight as her bottom muscles churned a bit under the ultra tight leotard in reaction to the pain.

"That was six," I said. "There are four more in this set and then the eight extras you earned, which will be with the switch. That's twelve altogether."

"Twelve? Ohhh," she moaned, "please, Rick, can't we skip the extras? I'll pay attention from now on, I promise."

"Well ... ," I said, feigning great reluctance, "I'm willing to postpone the eight extras until a later set and maybe cancel them if you are completely cooperative for the next four."

"Oh, I will be. I will be. I promise," she hurriedly replied.

"Alright, then," I continued, "to start with, straighten up and pull your pants back up and button them."

With a look of puzzlement, she obeyed.

"Now, for each of these last four of this set, you are going to start fully dressed. As you bend over and pull down your pants, I want you to ask me politely for a spank. Use complete sentences. Specify where on your ass you want the spank, such as left or right. Use an adverb to describe how you want the spank, such as "hard". Then hold your jeans just above your knees. After I spank you, thank me for the spank. Use a complete sentence and use an adjective to describe the spank, such as "exquisite". Then straighten up, put your pants back on. Repeat that three more times."

You may think I was being absurdly detailed, but there was a reason for this. I was seducing someone who is turned on by sexual humiliation. For someone like that, the magic is in the details.

She paused for a moment, taking this all in, and then slowly bending over while unbuttoning her jeans again, she said "Please give me a spank, Rick."

"Where?" I demanded, and not in a whisper, "and how?"

"Oh, not so loud," she hissed in a panic, "someone might hear."

She looked around in every direction, but it was just trees everywhere.

"I'll talk as loud as I want," I said, still not whispering. "If you want me to whisper, you'd better start remembering you instructions. Now where do you want that spank and how do you want it?"

"Oh ... oh ... uh ... on the right, yes, the right, ... and uh ... soft," she stammered.

"Good, now try it again as a single sentence," I instructed with mock patience.

"Please give me a soft spank on the right side of my bottom, Rick," she whispered hurriedly and then she pulled the jeans down to nearly her knees and held them there.

I obliged, at least as far as location is concerned. But the smack was not soft. I gave her a real stinger to the base of her right bun.

Spank!

"Ouch! Oh!" she gasped, "Thank you, Rick ... I mean uh ... thank you, Rick, for that exquisite spank."

After a pause, she straightened and refastened her jeans. At that moment, it seemed to hit her what an excruciatingly humiliating performance she'd just put on. Having not only to submit to a spank but having also to request it out loud and specify the details. I could see that her eyes were beginning to water and her face was redder than ever.

She let a small sigh and then again undid her pants and lowered them while bending over.

"Please spank me softly on the left, Rick," she requested rather optimistically.

Spank! It struck her left bun ... hard.

"Ow, oh, thank you, Rick, for that exquisite spank," she said as she rose and pulled up her pants, rebuttoning them.

I could see her breasts rising and falling. She was breathing hard which told me she was beginning to be aroused.

"You can't use the same word every time. No more 'exquisite," I instructed, "Vary the wording for the requests and the thanks."

With a deep breath, she again bent and lowered those busy jeans, saying as she did so "Rick, would you kindly give a quick smack to the middle of my bottom?"

Spank!

"Ahhh! Thank you, for that ... a ... perfect smack."

In a moment, she was standing with pants up again. She was beginning to sniffle a bit; but I knew it was from the embarrassment, not the pain. Her breathing had become very slow and heavy. Then, a fourth time, she undid the button and lowered the jeans.

As she did so, she bent over and said "Rick, I'd like a good spank to the middle of my bottom, please."

Spank! The hardest one yet.

"Ooww! Oh! Ah! ... That was a nice one. Thank you, Rick."

"Now, Linda, you are going to take another 40 steps down the hill. But first take off your sandals and the jeans completely. Fold the jeans neatly and carry the clothes with you."

She did as instructed. I followed. There was a nearly full moon so I was able to watch her bottom move beneath the soft green cotton of that leotard.

**Third Set**

"I'm going to give you this next set fast and you must thank me for each spank. And you'd better thank me fast because if I get in the next one before you've thanked me for its predecessor, the one you didn't thank me for doesn't count. Now, put the clothes you're carrying in a neat pile and then bend over and grab your ankles."

She did this and I waited until she remembered to request her spanking.

"Please, Rick, would you continue my spanking?" she said, her voice was breathy as much from arousal as from fear.

"That's exactly how you worded it last time," I scolded, "stop repeating yourself. Now, try that again."

"Rick, would you please give me more ... that is, uh ... another ... uh ... I mean more of a spanking?"

"Of course," I replied, "but don't forget to thank me for each one and do it quickly because I'm spanking fast."

Smack! "Ow! Thanks, Rick"

Smack! "Ah! oh! Thanks R-Rick"

Smack! "Unahhuh! ThuksRoock"

Smack! "Ah! Ah! Ah! sanksRuck"

Smack! [Big gasping inhale] "Oh God! Oh! Thu-Thu-Thunks, Ruck!"

Smack! "Unnh! Oh please, no more! No, wait, I mean- I mean- Thank you, Thank you, Rick.

Smack! "Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! Please stop! Just for a moment! Thank you, Rick, but please give me a few moments! "

Smack! "Argggghhhhhhhhhhhh! [gasping whisper] th-th-th-thank you, Rick, but please no more!"

Smack! "Owwwwwwoooooo! Un! Un! Thanks! Thanks! Thanks! Rick! Will you please stop now?!"

Smack! "Unn-ooo-uhhhhh-arh! Oh ... oh ... Rick ... thank ... you."

After the second smack, I could see the muscles in her buttocks begin to clinch and unclench beneath the thin green cotton. After the fifth, her hips began to twist from side to side. After the eighth, she let go her ankles and partly rose; but stayed bent at the waist with her bottom doing its lewd dance and resisted the impulse to cover her bum with her hands.

After the final spank, she bolted straight up and began rubbing her bottom furiously while she hopped from one foot to the other. The wriggling continued for a few seconds. When the last spasm died, she realized what a show she'd been putting on and she hung her head.

"I'm impressed, Linda," I said. "You didn't miss a single thank you. Now, why don't we do those eight extra smacks we postponed from earlier?"

"What!?" she exclaimed, "You cancelled those!"

"Actually, I only postponed them and I said that I'd consider cancelling them," I corrected her.

"But I'd be willing to postpone them again, if you'd give me a couple of kisses."

"A couple of kisses? That's all? Sure, no problem," she said and she was actually smiling a little with relief.

"Alright," I instructed, "put your arms around my neck and kiss me on the lips. I want a long one, with open mouth and lots of tongue."

Although Linda is only 4' 11", I bent down only a little to accommodate her. I wanted to force her to stand on tiptoe when she kissed me. It was a good kiss that lasted over a minute. At that point, I clamped my hands on her sore butt and she jerked with the sudden pain and broke off the kiss, but I could see in her eyes that my spanking had aroused her.

"Now for the second kiss," I told her.

She rose up on tiptoes again, but I stopped her.

"Nope, not on the lips, the second kiss is on my crotch."

She hesitated, and for a brief moment I think she contemplated refusing this indignity; but the thought of those extra eight spanks was sobering. After a moment, she bent and planted a kiss on the front of my jeans.

"Good. Now, for the next set of 10 spanks, I want you topless. Since your top and panties are all one piece, just roll it down to your waist."

"Rick! Please! Don't make me do that outside!" she pleaded.

"That's another five extra spanks, for hesitating," I said grimly. "You are up to 13 extras. Now if you don't have that top down in 10 seconds, I'm going to add another five!"

Frantically, she obeyed, pulling the spaghetti straps off her shoulders and rolling the skin tight leotard down till it looked like a kind of rope belt around her waist. She immediately wrapped her arms around her breasts protectively and glanced around fearfully to see if anyone was near. I decided to let her have this bit of modesty for the moment. She was going to lose it soon enough anyway.

I told her to pick up her clothes and walk another 40 steps down the hill. She held the clothes close to her chest as she counted off another 40 paces. She was nearly naked now, and as I followed her I admired the expanse of her back and thighs. We found ourselves beside a small tree in a large clearing about halfway between the dorm we'd left and the road. It was so quiet we might as well have been a million miles from civilization.

**Fourth Set**

I was anxious to see those breasts and the tree gave me an idea.

"Put your hands on that tree about waist level and then step back from it so you are leaning against it," I instructed.

She put one hand on the tree, leaving the other forearm clamped over her breasts. She took four steps back until she was bent nearly 90 degrees at the waist.

"*Both*hands, Linda," I said with an exaggerated sigh, "that's three more extras for disobedience. You are up to 16 now."

"Oh," she sniffled, and with another tearful glance around in all directions, she put the second on the tree trunk by the first.

When her milky white breasts came into view they almost shimmered in the moonlight. I longed to put my hands on them, but I had to hold out a little longer. A job worth doing is a worth doing right and I hadn't yet brought Linda to the peak of her own arousal yet, although I could see that despite the warmth of the evening, her nipples were erect. With the tree to lean on, she did not need to spread her legs, so they were locked together, making her bottom seem even more pert as it stuck out waiting for its chastisement.

"Let's hear that request, Linda," I prompted.

She started, "Please, Rick, would you continue-", then remembering that she was required to use different words, she said "... wait, wait, that didn't count! What I mean is Rick, I would like you to punish me some more for my bitchy behavior."

"Happy to oblige," I replied.

I then peppered her sore cotton-clad bottom with five fast smacks, as hard as any I'd given so far.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Her verbal response started immediately and built as I continued to rain down the spanks as fast as I could.

"Ah, unh, oww! Errrhooow, Arggghhhh!"

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"OWW! OOOOW! OH GOD! PLEASE! NO MORE!"

Her dance of pain resembled a crazy 60s-era dance fad: Bent at the waist, her hips twisted as she tried to escape the blows. When a blow landed on the left buttock, she impulsively pushed it forward. I'd put the next blow on the right buttock and she twist back the other way. I'd land one dead center and her hips would jerk forward as her upper body jerked up. Her buns shifted up and down, too, as she rose first on one tiptoe and then on the other. Best of all, was the movement of her breasts which shook and jiggled madly in every direction.

"Two more," I said, but I made them only moderately hard. I sensed it was time to dial back on the pain and let her focus on, and subconsciously savor, the humiliation.

Smack! Smack!

"Ow! Oh! Oh!!" she cried as she stepped forward so she could straighten up and rub her bottom with both hands.

Tears streamed down her face as she was momentarily unable to stop clinching and twisting her butt, even though she knew what she would look like to anyone who happened to walk through our clearing at that moment. With each rub, her breasts seemed to slide up and down on her chest. Her nipples were straining, I could see, as though they were trying to escape from her skin.

When she had calmed, she stood there sniffling, one hand rubbing her bottom and the other arm covering her naked breasts.

"Well, you've built up quite a debt of extra spanks, Linda," I said with the tone of a concerned banker speaking to a down-on-his luck businessman. "Now, I'm willing to postpone them again, but I want my two kisses and the second one this time will be directly on my penis."

She started at the word "penis" and seemed about to say something, but I began to reach for the switch and she quickly thought better of it. She stepped up to me and stood on tiptoes, put her arms around my neck and kissed me. It was another great kiss and I could feel her nipples poking me through my shirt. I reluctantly brought it to an end after a minute by pinching her now very sensitive bottom. Her hips jerked forward and pushed her lower belly into my crotch.*Patience, I thought to myself, patience!*

I took her hands from around my neck and placed them on my hips, deliberately putting one on the switch in my belt. That was the only reminder she needed. She slowly dropped to a kneel, looked at the crotch of my pants, and took a deep breath. She unzipped my fly and held it open with one hand. The other reached in and found its way into the fly of my underwear. She pulled out my erection. I don't think I'd had a harder one in my life to that point. To keep from coming right then, I closed my eyes and ran through the multiplication tables in my head. My time would come in only a few more minutes. Although it might not have looked so to someone watching, this moment was actually about*her*, not me.

After glancing up at me one more time, she leaned her face forward and planted a small kiss on the tip. It was the first time those lips ever touched my penis, but it wasn't quite right. By that I mean, the kiss wasn't quite what*she*needed at that moment.

"I didn't hear that," I said, looking down at her.

"What?" she said, looking up puzzled.

"I want to hear a kissing sound when you do it. Try again," I instructed.

She pursed her lips and kissed me again, but there was still no sound. Her lips were too dry. I looked down and watched as she worked up some spittle and licked her lips. She kissed it a third time with an audible lips-smacking sound. She was mortified and immediately began looking around again to see if anyone was watching. The noisy kiss was much more embarrassing, implying a kind of wanton enthusiasm for the task. And by virtue of being more embarrassing it was also, for her, more arousing.

I tucked my organ back into my pants. I was afraid I'd climax if I let her even touch it again.

When the mouse was back in the house, I said, "Alright, Linda, time for the last set."

She rose to her feet, arms covering breasts again and I continued. "Before I tell you what to do, let me remind you that it is always at this point that you earn extra spanks by hesitating. You would be wise this time to do as I instruct immediately. Understood?"

"Alright," she agreed quietly.

"Good, then;" I continued, "Linda, strip off that leotard thing you're wearing. You will be stark naked for the last set of ten spanks."

She jerked at the word "strip" and, despite my warning, she hesitated and seemed about to say something. After a moment, she slowly stuck one thumb inside the rolled down leotard and began to yank it down while the other arm continued to cover her breasts. But she quickly realized this was taking too long and she was risking a "hesitation" penalty. A bit panicky, she thrust the second thumb into the other side and pushed the garment to her ankles, and then practically jumped out of it.

As she clamped one arm back over her breasts and the other over her furry mons, she looked at me fearfully to see if I would exact a penalty. She*had*hesitated, but I did not count this against her. Any human would instinctively hesitate when given an order to strip outdoors. It was practically a reflexive action, or maybe I should say reflexive*inaction*.

"Good enough," I said to her relief. "Now fold that thing neatly and carry your clothes 40 more steps down hill. I'll follow and watch your naked bottom as you walk."

She crouched down and managed to fold the leotard and put it into the stack with the one hand, while keeping the other over her furry triangle. But it was impossible to pick up the clothes and sandals without using both hands. When she straightened up, she was faced with a choice of holding the clothes high to cover her breasts or low to cover her crotch. With a small sob of frustration, she chose low and began to walk with her breasts uncovered and her nipples pointing the way. I followed and watched her bottom move as she counted off the 40 steps. Every few seconds we passed through a shaft of moonlight shining through the branches and I could see that her bottom was pink, in contrast to the white of her back and thighs.

**Fifth Set**

We ended near the bottom of Pfeiffer Hill. We were still surrounded by trees, but the wood was thin there.

I looked around for just the right place and finally directed her to a tree that stood perhaps a foot away from a shaft of moonlight. With her clothes stacked at the base of the tree, she took the position I instructed. I had her bend at the waist, but only about 40 degrees this time. One hand was on the tree steadying her. I told her she could keep the other hand covering her breast or crotch, if she wanted. She did as told, stepping backwards from the tree enough to get her body at the right angle. This had the effect of leaving her head and shoulders in relative darkness while putting the rest of her in the shaft of moonlight. She noticed this immediately and I heard her emit a small whimper of shame. She kept her thighs clamped tightly together and used her spare arm to cover her beasts.

At that moment, I was startled by the sound of a car and we were illuminated for half a second by headlights. Linda squealed and jumped behind the tree crouching down to minimize her nakedness. But the sound of the car faded away as fast as it had come up on us. I realized that just 25 feet down hill from us, at the base of the hill, there was a gap in the trees. We could see a short stretch of College Boulevard; no more than ten feet of it. I pointed this out to Linda.

"Every time a car comes by, we'll be visible in its lights; but for no more than a second at most. Since the headlights point ahead of the car, but the time the car itself passes that point, we'll be in darkness again. So, even if someone in the car happened to be looking in this direction, he would probably not be able to see anything."

As she digested this, I looked around and noticed that the woods here was thin enough that if we looked up and back in the direction we'd come from, we could see, through the branches of the trees, the upper floors of Pfeiffer Hall. I knew the possibility of being seen would have mixed effects on Linda at this point. She'd be embarrassed, but also turned on by the possibility. So I pointed out the windows to her.

"People in the rooms with lights on will see only black if they look out the window, but what about the rooms where the lights are off?" I asked her rhetorically. "If someone about to go to bed happens to glance out, do you think they could they see us from this distance or is it too dark?"

"Oh, Rick, let's finish this inside please," she whined.

But I knew that at a deep level that's not what she wanted and it was certainly not what she needed.

"Get back in position, Linda, so I won't have to give you those extra swats with the switch."

She rushed back into position, looking anxiously at the distant windows and then alternately in the other direction toward the gap in the trees by the road. Almost immediately another car came by we were again light up for a fraction of a second. Linda jerked and let out a small cry, but this time held her position. After giving herself a moment to calm down, she made her obligatory request, remembering to use different words.

"I'd ... uh ... like my pu-pu-punishment to resume, now, Rick," she stammered, and after a pause, she hung her head and added "I mean, uh,*please*."

"As you wish," I replied cheerily. "But first I want you to arch your back so your butt sticks out more as a convenience for me."

Whimpering with embarrassment, she did as instructed.

"Good, now I want you to answer some questions. To begin with, tell me what I'm about to do."

"Um ...", she was a little confused at the question, "spank me?"

"Is that a question or a statement?" I replied like an impatient professor.

"Um. Statement. Statement. You are about to spank me."

"That's right. And why?"

"Because I've been bad."

"Be specific, please."

"Because I- I- I was a bitch to you tonight."

"What part of you will I be spanking?"

"My ... um ... buh ... bottom."

"How will you be dressed?"

"Um ... I'm not dressed, I'm naked."

"So I'll be spanking you on your bare bottom I take it?"

"Y-Yes"

"Use a complete sentence, please."

"You will be spanking my bare bottom."

"And do you deserve a hard spanking or a soft one"

She hung her head again and whispered "Hard."

"Good, now I want you to ask me for the first three smacks, but incorporate all of that information and make a thorough, specific, and polite request."

She took a few moments to compose a request in her head, and then gave me what I wanted, although her voice began to choke towards the end in shame and fear, but also, I knew, in arousal.

"Rick, I was a bitch to you tonight and I deserve a hard spanking on my bare bottom while I'm completely naked. Please give me the first three smacks on my b-bare b-bottom now [sniffle]."

"Count out each one, Linda," I told her, and then I began. For the first time that night my palm met bare flesh. I loved the sound of it.

Spank! "Uh ... uh, one."

Spank! "Oh, uh ... two."

SPANK! "Oww, oww, oww, [sniffle] th- th- three."

I paused and watched her try to wriggle away the pain. In the moonlight I could easily see three overlapping pink hand prints on her posterior.

"Now ask me for three more. Word things differently this time and use an adjective to describe your bottom, in addition to 'bare'. And, oh yes, find a synonym for 'bottom'."

She paused again to compose a request and then said, "Please give me three more, Rick, I deserve more smacks on my sore bare bottom- I mean ... uh ... my sore bare butt, while I'm stark naked ... uh ... because I was a cross and unfair to you tonight."

"Don't forget to count and arch that back," I reminded her, and I resumed with more force.

SPANK! "Awwwrrrrhhhh! ... huh, f- f- four."

SPANK! "Owwwwwww ooh ooh, ... f- f- [sniffle] five."

SPANK! "UHHHHnnnnggggggg uh uh uh, s- six ... oh, God, ... oh."

By this last one, she began her 60s-dance-craze dance again and, at the same time, she pulled the arm off her breasts and used that hand to rub her burning buns, while tears streaked her face.

"Now ask for the final four, Linda," I said calmly, "and I think you should ask for especially hard ones, don't you?"

"Oh, God, no, puh- puh- please," she began, but when she saw me put my hand on the switch, she changed gears. "W- w- wait, wait, don't ... It's ok ... I'll do it."

Her emotions were so churned, she needed several long seconds to compose her request, but she finally came out with it.

"I would be grateful if you would give me a final four more swats, Rick, on my ... um ... naughty bare ... uh ... ass. Yes, and make them especially hard ... oh [sniffle] ... because I was rude to you tonight and ... uh ... what else? ... oh, yes ... um ... while I'm ... that is, do it while I stand here bare naked."

I noticed that toward the end, she actually seemed to recover her voice somewhat and was sniffling less. Arousal hadn't quite overwhelmed her other emotions yet, but it was growing stronger.

"Very well," I replied, "four more. You won't have to count these, but they will be especially hard."

To my surprise, she braced herself with both hands on the tree, abandoning all attempt to hide her breasts. She also spread her legs a bit and arched her back without needing me to remind her. For a moment, she looked over at the gap in the trees where we could see the road, then she turned her head and looked up at the windows. There was still a look of fear in her face, but there was something else in her face, too; another emotion entirely.

I took a moment to marvel at the sight: my little blond pixie, stark naked in the moonlight, bent and stretched with her hands gripping the tree; her pink ass testifying that she'd been spanked and her arched back testifying that, despite the pain, she willingly, if reluctantly, offered up her bottom for my further chastisement.

I wasted no more time.

SPANK! "OH! OH! OH! huh- huh- hurts hurts."

SPANK! "ARRGGhhhh! Ow, ow, ow."

The tears were back, and her hips jerked hard to the right.

SPANK! "GRRRRRuuuuhhhhh. Oh, God, not so hard, please please."

She bucked forward and her upper body jerked up. But after a moment she got back into position again and arched her back.

SPANK! "Owwwwwwwww. Urrrggggghhhhh."

After the last one, she straightened up and both hands flew to her bottom which she rubbed furiously while crying and hopping from one foot to another. I watched this delightful show in the moonlight and noted that her butt was now almost red.

When she'd calmed, she stood there breathing hard, slowly rubbing her bottom, with her eyes closed.*Time to take her to the brink ... and beyond*, I thought.

**The Switch**

"I presume you still want to cancel those extra swats with this switch," I said, interrupting her ministrations.

"Yes, yes!" she said, opening her eyes.

She immediately stepped over to me, threw one arm around my neck and the other around my waist, stood on tiptoes. and mashed her mouth on mine. After a minute, I scratched her butt to signal a stop, but she only moaned and jerked in reaction. I scratched again to the same effect. Finally, I grabbed her ass in both hands and dug my fingers into those sore, sore, globes.

"Ahh!" she screeched, and pulled away from me, rubbing her bottom again.

"Now, for my special kiss," I said, "Go ahead, Linda, I'm waiting."

Her face reddened again, but she knelt in front of me and, once again, opened my jeans and fished out my prick. She leaned forward and gave it a kiss being sure to make a loud lip-smacking noise as she did so.

She tried to stand, but I put my hands on her shoulders and said in a gentle whisper, "That was enough to get the switches postponed, Linda, but to get them cancelled entirely, I want more. I want you to lick and suck it."

She said nothing, but I could see her weighing the choice: Give me oral sex or take 16 whacks with the switch. The fact that she was even considering taking the switch was a bad sign. I had hoped that by this point she be so aroused, and her butt so sore, that the decision would be a no-brainer for her. But, instead, she was teetering between the two possibilities. In her mind, oral sex was a "bad" thing and only "bad" girls did it. It was also possible, I thought, that she was getting more masochistic pleasure out of the pain than I had thought and she might actually be worked up enough to be intrigued by the idea of a switching.

I made a quick decision. I knew there was no way she could take 16 with that switch, especially not on her bare, very sensitive and sore butt. I needed to make that plain to her, as well.

"You know," I said, reaching under her arms and lifting her to her feet, "I don't think you can make an informed decision unless you know exactly what that switch feels like. Come over here."

I pulled her by the hand to another spot that was illuminated with an even larger shaft of moonlight. There were no trees by this spot to block anyone's view from any direction. It was almost like a spotlight on a stage. The visible slice of road was straight in front of her about 25 feet away. The windows of Pfeiffer Hall were directly behind her about 100 yards away. She clapped her hands over her breasts and pubic mound.

"Bend over at the waist," I ordered from my position behind her, after stuffing my erection back in my pants.

She did, but, with no tree to lean against, doing so forced her to spread her legs far apart to keep from falling over, and she began again to sniffle in humiliation.

Stretched as they were, the muscles of her legs and butt looked taut and powerful. Although she was not a very athletic girl in reality, she appeared to be one in this position. Somehow, seeing this muscular power bending to my commands was intoxicatingly erotic, and I had to resist the temptation to tear off my pants and take her from behind at that instant.

Her ass was open so wide that I could see the little pucker of her anus. She knew this, too, because could feel the night Iowa air on it. Below that I could see the fingers of the hand that was covering her mons. And her butt, well, it practically glowed pinkly in the moonlight. Is "pinkly" a word? No? Well it should be, because that's the only way to describe it: it was shining pinkly.

"Put your hands on your knees, Linda," I instructed.

Still bent at the waist, she slowly moved her right arm off of her breasts while glancing at the road in front of her. She placed the hand on her right knee. Then she glanced back over her shoulder at the looming building and its windows. With a sob of resignation, she moved her left hand off of her mound and placed it on her left knee. From behind, as she well knew, I could see the lips of her vagina protruding through forest on her pubis. What she didn't know is that in the moonlight, her mons glistened with moisture.

"Arch your back, Linda," I said.

As she did this, she immediately realized that doing so not only made her butt stick out higher and farther, but it also opened her ass crack and her vaginal lips even wider. She gave another small sob and hung her head.

"Now, Linda, tell me what's going to happen next. Take your time and give me a complete answer. I think you know by now how I like you to answer."

Several long seconds ticked by before she finally began.

"Y- You are going to ... [sob] ... sw- switch me because ... uh ... I broke my promise not to hesitate to obey you as you uh ... [sniffle] ... punished me for my obnoxious behavior tonight. I earned ... um ... 16 whips on my bare um ... stretched rear end. I will be ... [choke] ... completely nude as you whip me and, uh, for your convenience in giving me this punishment that I have earned, I will be ... [sob] ... bent over with my back arched, offering my bottom to you for discipline."

"Excellent, Linda; but I have some other questions," I added to her surprise. "First, tell me what I would feel if I put my hand on your pubic mound right now."

"Um, you would feel, um ...," she was trying to figure out what I was driving at, "... you would feel my pubic hair."

"That's not what I mean, Linda," I said patiently. "Would it feel dry or wet?"

"Oh, God," she whimpered and then she whispered something I could not hear.

"What was that again, Linda?"

"Wet," she gasped, just barely loud enough for me to hear.

"Answer with a sentence, Linda."

"You would find [sob] that my pubic mound is [sniffle] wet."

"Tell me why it is wet. Use a complete sentence."

"Because I'm all hot and ... I mean I'm sexually aroused."

"What aroused you?"

"Being spanked by you and, uh, ... other things," she whispered hoarsely.

"Arousal implies desire. Do you desire something, Linda? Tell me what you desire."

"I ... uh ... want you to ... uh ... have sex with me."

"Can you put that less clinically?"

"[choke] ... I want you to make love to me."

"That's better, but make it blunter."

"I want you to ... fuck me."

"How? Quickly and softly?

"No. I want you to fuck me hard and long."

"Missionary position or doggy style?"

"Doesn't matter."

"You mean later or right now?"

"Now."

"You just might get your wish. But put all that information together and restate it."

Linda said nothing for a long moment as she stood there, bent over, legs splayed obscenely. I heard her take a deep breath and she spoke.

"Your spanking has aroused me so that my pubis is wet and I want you to fuck me right now long and hard in any position that you want."

"I'll take that under advisement, Linda, but first let's get this switching done," I replied as I pulled the switch out of my belt.

Linda gritted her teeth.

I stood beside her and swung the switch out wide and low. Then I brought it forward and upward fast and hard right on the lower ridge of both cheeks. Swwwiiiifffffput!

Her upper body snapped straight up and her hands went straight to her bottom. Her back arched as her face, with a grimace of pain, pointed up to the sky and she exclaimed loudly.

"Owwwwwarrrrgggggghhhhhhhh!"

Although her legs were still stretched apart, her hips began to twist and buck as she frantically tried to rub away the pain. No question, this hurt a lot more than a hand spank.

I really didn't want to put her through any more switching. I loved her, after all, and I think that that nasty little switch pushed the pain past the point of any pleasure for her. But I had to be sure that her decision "*Give blow job or get 15 more whips*" was really a no-brainer. To that end, I decided to accentuate the humiliating aspects of the last few seconds.

"Wow, Linda. That was quite a show," I said in deliberately exaggerated approval. "Do you realize what a guy would have seen if he'd been walking along the road at that moment and looked up here?"

I then proceeded to answer my own question.

"He'd have seen a naked, sexy, blond apparition; breasts heaving, legs and pubis wantonly spread, back arched, and hips gyrating wildly and thrusting out at him. It looked as if you needed a fucking so badly that you could not even speak and had to use pantomime."

Her shoulders heaved and she let out a sob.

"And now you're going to put on that show again, 15 more times! Unless, of course ... ", I let my voice trail away.

She made her decision. At last, it was really a no-brainer. She straightened up from her spread stance, turned to me and knelt. Once, again, she opened my pants and retrieved my poll. I'd been erect so long at that point that my balls had begun to hurt.

"I'm not going to know what to do ...," she whispered.

"Don't worry, it's not rocket science. Just start licking and sucking. Close your eyes and think of it as something you need to study, but the only way you can learn about it is with your tongue and mouth. Oh, and, be careful with your teeth."

She took my advice, closed her eyes, and gave the head a tentative lick. Then she gave the top surface a longer one. Then, she licked the underside from base to barrelhead. Finally, eyes still closed, she opened her mouth and slid it over the head.

It wasn't, truth be told, a very good blow job, but it was her first time and she was diligent. Her tears had dried by the time I felt myself ready to blast, and I gently pushed her head away.

**Baboon Style**

"I believe you asked for a fucking a little while ago," I smiled, "long and hard as I recall. Am I remembering that right?"

She smiled back, "Yes ... I mean, yes Rick, I would like you to fuck-"

"Stop," I said, "you don't have to do the complete sentence thing anymore. But that pantomime idea intrigues me. Why don't you show me what you want without words?"

Laughing, she jumped up and pulled me to a soft grassy spot where she promptly lay down on her back, spread her legs, and used her hands to hold her knees out to the side and almost up to her armpits.

As I stripped off my clothes, I pretended not to understand.

"Let's see," I said, stroking my chin, "you're a frog and you're on your back and you can't get up. Is that it?"

She giggled and began gyrating her hips and thrusting them at me. But I'd been watching her bend over and arch her back all evening and that had put a different idea in my head. I knelt beside her and rolled her over onto her stomach.

"*Now*, show me," I said.

It took her a couple of seconds, but she got the idea. She got up on her knees, turned her back to me, and then bent forward and lay her cheek on the grass. She spread her knees as wide as they would go and arched her back. Her tail, still pink, pointed up at me and she wagged it back and forth. But this wasn't quite right, either.

I grabbed her hand and pulled her to her feet. I pulled her back to the "spotlight" moonbeam where she'd taken the switch.

"As you were, before," I hinted.

In a moment, she understood and she again spread her legs as far apart as they would go, bent over, and placed her hands on her knees. I stood just behind her and she smiled back over her shoulder at me as she arched her back and began to wave her bottom back and forth at me.

I pushed my prick into her vagina. She was soaking.

We rutted like animals and, with each thrust, she gave a little breathy "uh." After a while, she bent her knees a little to give herself more leverage as she thrust back at me with surprising force.

Her eyes closed and her rhythmic 'uh ... uh ... uh' turned into a louder, more guttural "ung ... ung ... ung" and then, as she picked up speed, it merged into continuous sound somewhere between a moan and a grunt "unga-ah-unga-ah-unga-ah-unga-ah ... ". She was nearly delirious, past any care about the gap in the trees or the windows of the dorm. At this moment, you could have revealed an entire audience surrounding her, with her family in front row, and she would not have, could not have stopped.

When she reached climax I felt her legs give way and dropped to my knees and held her on me. I pumped until she came again, but this time she let me do all the work.

"Hmmm," she said after an hour's more of love making, as we lay in the grass exhausted, "I never enjoyed doggy style so much."

"That wasn't doggy style," I pointed out. "Dogs don't do it with the bitch up on her hind legs."

"You know, you're right," she said as sat up with a serious look, "It was really*baboon*style."

"Come again?"

"I remember this from primate studies class," she explained. "A baboon shows submission to a dominant baboon with a 'rump presentation.' The submissive one bends forward and raises his or her rump, which is pink or red on baboons, to the dominant. If the dominant is male and the submissive is female they mate in just the squatting position that we were in."

"Do you think the baboons find those rump presentations humiliating?" I asked.

"I don't know if they can feel human emotions like that," she said, "but the behavior does suggest that female submission to a controlling male is natural and normal primate behavior, and that presenting a rump is a standard primate way of signaling submission."

"Yeah," I added, "and it also shows that pink rumps are a turn on."