**The Stop Sign**

by - Anonymous

**Part I**

It had all happened so fast. The curving street in the small town of Redd Bottoms, Arkansas; the stop sign obscured by brush; the flashing red lights; the ticket and orders from the cop to come along down to the courthouse. Now, at about 10 AM, just a few minutes after being stopped, Diana was standing before the traffic court judge, waiting for her sentence. She had pled guilty to the charge of running a stop sign, and expected a fine of $50 or so. When the judge said "fifteen," she was most relieved, and began to open her purse. Before she could do so, however, a female police officer gripped her tightly by one arm, said "Come with me, please," and led her out of the courtroom and down the hall. They went to a room at the head of a flight of stairs, where the officer unlocked the door and motioned Diana to go in. When Diana had done so, the officer locked the door behind her.

Not quite comprehending what was going on, Diana noticed that she was not alone. A blonde-haired woman, dressed in a T-shirt and cutoffs, got up from a chair, slid her bare feet into thong sandals, and held out a hand. "Hi, I'm Sally," she said.

"My name's Diana," Diana replied. "Am I in jail or something? What's going on? I was just in court for running a stop sign, but before I could pay my $15, they brought me here. What's the deal?"

"Did the judge say 15?" Sally asked. "You're new around here, aren't you?"

"Just passing through on vacation," Diana answered. "On the way from New Orleans to see my boyfriend in Kansas City."

"Honey, I'll show you what the deal is. Come over here where they can't see us from the door." Sally went over to a corner, faced the wall, and pulled down her cutoffs, then her panties. Diana had only to glance at Sally's buttocks to tell that, sometime within the last 24 to 48 hours, she had undergone a severe corporal punishment. "That's what you're going to get 15 of," Sally said, as she pulled up her pants. "Me too. I got caught DUI last week. I'm getting 60 altogether, but it's my first offense so I can take my licks 15 at a time, within 10 days. This will be my third trip downstairs; one more and I'll be done.

"Hey, look, honey, it's not as big a deal as you think it is. You go down there, bend over, take your pants down--- I always take mine all the way off, it kinda distracts 'em--- and they spank your butt with a paddle. There's a strap there too, but only the guys ever get that, and not too many of them. I've only known one woman to get strapped, and she punched the cop when he arrested her. It'll be the paddle, count on it. No fine, no nothing, just a sore butt. We have a deal where the ticket never even goes into the state unless you're caught twice for the same offense. They think we handle things OK, and most generally we do. Until this happened, I just got spanked for speeding a time or two. I mean, hey, didn't you ever get any spankings when you were a kid? I sure did."

Diana had never been spanked by either of her parents; they had threatened her with spankings a few times, but had never carried out the act. Neither had she ever been spanked in school or by relatives.

However, she had had one experience with spanking.

One weekend, when she was about eleven, she had stayed for a weekend with Faye, one of her friends. When they were putting on their swimsuits, Diana had noticed unusual marks on Faye's bottom, and mentioned them. "Oh, I got a spanking last Wednesday," Faye had said. "Don't you ever get spanked?" When Diana said no, Faye replied, "Guess I always thought all kids did." That night, when they were in bed, Faye had described her spankings in detail. Faye's dad and mom had been divorced for years, and she lived alone with her mother. When Faye had been naughty, her mom escorted her to the kitchen. Then, usually, Faye was ordered to bare her own bottom. If her mom was particularly angry, she would yank Faye's pants down herself. Then the wooden paddle that was kept in a kitchen drawer came out, and Faye had to bend over the kitchen table and take one swat for each year of her age, plus a few more if she had been particularly naughty. Her most recent spanking, for sassing her mother, had consisted of 14 swats.

Faye confided to Diana that, while her spankings hurt very much, she appreciated the fact that her misconduct was never mentioned again after the punishment, that when she was spanked there seemed to be an understanding that she had paid for her misdeed. Diana continued to whisper questions to Faye about her spankings, dimly aware that something more than mere curiosity was driving her. Had Faye ever been spanked by her dad, Diana asked. Faye said that had happened once, while she was with him on a visit, and he had just given her a few smacks over the wool skirt she had been wearing. It hadn't hurt much at all, and Faye had been glad that he had left her clothing in place--some- thing her mom never did. Faye's mom always spanked her bare-fanny, no exceptions. Diana, who had been lectured and grounded several times, mentioned sleepily that maybe being spanked wouldn't be so bad after all. "You can decide for yourself later tonight," said Faye. Diana wasn't sure what she meant.

But about two in the morning, the alarm went off. Diana awoke to find Faye standing over her bed, shaking her shoulder and whispering "Come on; I'll show you what it feels like. Mom's sound asleep." Diana, feeling strangely excited, got out of bed, and the two girls went downstairs, on stealthy bare feet, to the kitchen. Faye quietly got the paddle out of the drawer. "Bend over," she ordered.

Diana did so; she was loaded with feelings to which she could not, as yet, give names, but which she would later identify as sexual. Faye then lifted Diana's nightie, yanked down her panties, and gave her eleven swats, not too hard, but hard enough to sting. When it was over, Diana was tearful, and Faye noticed. "Did I hit you too hard?" she said. "OK, I'll make it up to you." She handed Diana the paddle, and leaned over the table. "Go ahead; you can pull up my nightie and spank me." Diana was hesitant; she had never even dreamed of spanking anyone else. "It's okay, you can do it," said Faye. Diana gingerly lifted Faye's nightgown, noticed that Faye wasn't wearing panties, and tapped her a few times with the paddle; she really didn't want to hurt her friend.

"We'll both get it a lot harder if Mom hears us," Faye had said, and they tiptoed back to bed. When they were back in the room, Diana hugged Faye tightly, not knowing why, and they got back into their beds. The rest of the weekend passed without incident. While Diana and Faye remained friends for several years after this, they never experimented with spanking again, and as they grew older they discussed it less and less frequently. When they were high school seniors, after getting one bad grade card, Faye had told Diana that her mom hadn't spanked her for four years, but she wondered if the report card would trigger one. The next day, Faye confided that she hadn't gotten a spanking, although she halfway expected one, even though she was nearly eighteen.

Diana's experience with Faye had been as close as she'd ever gotten to an encounter with corporal punishment. But she had thought about it, quite a bit. All through her preteen and teenage years, up to her current age of 25, she had had daydreams, or sometimes ordinary night dreams, of being with Faye in the principal's office, a police station, or Faye's home. In these fantasies, Faye, whom Diana always envisioned as near her in age, was nude below her waist, being spanked by some authority figure, and Diana knew that she would soon have to undress and take her own spanking. Diana was nearly always sexually aroused by this fantasy, but she had never told anyone about it, not even Bruce, her boyfriend since college days. She and Bruce had a good relationship and they had set a goal to be married soon after she could get a satisfactory job in Kansas City or he in New Orleans. He was always attentive to her sexual needs and she felt she could trust him. Yet, even though her spanking fantasy was strong for her, and had even entered her mind a few times during foreplay or sex, she had never even suggested to Bruce that he spank her. Although being spanked was part of her fantasy life, Diana did not believe the real thing would turn her on, and in any event she wasn't sure how Bruce would handle it. He didn't seem like the type who would enjoy spanking someone.

Now, Diana was faced with something very threatening. She was in custody in a strange town, and knew that the authorities intended to spank her, even though she was an adult. She was well aware also that the purpose was not to stimulate her sexually, but to inflict pain. Yet Diana was already sexually aroused. She had been ever since seeing Sally's bare rump; she considered herself heterosexual, but often had been strongly aroused in locker rooms and in the presence of undressed women. In a strange way, she was looking forward to seeing Sally, bent over with her panties off, receiving corporal punishment. However, she was also going to be spanked herself, and she had some fear about how she would handle real pain, not to mention the embarrassment of exposing her buttocks in front of strangers. So, Diana was experiencing a whole mix of emotions, as she tried to collect her thoughts.

Before she could reply to Sally's question about childhood spankings, the door opened. "OK, ladies, we're ready," said the female officer. Sally slid out of her sandals and started toward the door. When Diana began to follow, the officer said, "You have to leave your shoes here. Don't know why; that's just the rule." Diana kicked off her Birkenstocks and felt the cool floor tiles under her bare feet. She followed Sally and the officer out the door, across the hall, and down a flight of stairs. A draft coming up the stairs blew under Diana's thin sundress. Downstairs, they entered a room with a long, heavy table at the opposite end. A large, shirtless man stood there, wooden paddle in hand. Behind him, a three-foot leather strap hung on the wall. "Who's first?" the man said. "Me, Joe," Sally replied. "I wanna get this over with and get to work. She can watch if she wants to."

Sally opened her cutoffs, let them fall to the floor, then pushed down her panties and stepped out of them. She walked seminude to the table, where she bent over, displaying her bottom. Joe didn't waste any time; he pressed the paddle against Sally's buns, drew it back, and delivered the first of Sally's allotted 15 swats. Diana was watching intently; the fantasy that had haunted her since early adolescence was coming true before her eyes! After Joe had smacked Sally about eight times, and Diana could hear Sally sobbing, she tried to turn away, but could not. The sight of Sally's reddening bottom kept her mesmerized. After the fifteenth, Sally straightened up and walked toward her. She whispered, "I'll never drink and drive again, that's for sure," and smiled a little, though her face was obviously streaked with tears.

While Sally was painfully putting on her panties, Joe said, "OK, you. Get over here." Diana had already taken one or two nervous, barefoot steps toward the spanking table, when the female officer interrupted.

"You from out of town?" she asked. When Diana replied that she was, the officer spoke again.

"Look, honey, this is the way we do things here, and it works. I passed a school bus once last year, off-duty, and this badge didn't make no difference; I got a bare-ass paddling, right here in this room. That guy doing the spanking has been over that table a few times too. I know because I've spanked him. We like things this way, lady. So we don't want you coming down here with a big-city lawyer saying you was assaulted or something like that. So here's the deal: the judge will let you go if you pay a $50 fine. Then get out of town and forget you ever saw this, OK?"

For the first time since this whole experience had started, Diana was brought back to reality. Up to now, the whole thing had seemed like some erotic dream.

Diana was not a submissive woman by nature. She was usually fairly assertive in her relations with others. On the job, she presented herself as an intelligent, energetic, and capable woman, and others respected her. What was more, she had a good understanding of what her rights were, and was prepared to defend them. If she had been arrested in the New Orleans suburb where she lived, and (beyond her wildest imagination) the judge had sentenced her to corporal punishment in any form, she would undoubtedly have demanded that her lawyer appeal the case, claiming that cruel and unusual punishment was being imposed. For a moment, she was ready to take the escape route that had been offered.

The problem was that Diana was being betrayed by her own mind and body. That long-ago night at Faye's house came back to her, as did the recurring fantasy. The sexual excitement she'd experienced while she was watching Sally being punished was strong in her mind. She was turned on as she had been very few times in her life. Had Bruce been around, she'd have been naked in his arms, and he in hers, in a matter of seconds, and her orgasm would have been virtually instant. That would have been only the beginning of a long night of passion.

Here she was, in this little town, being punished for a traffic violation. Could she allow this strange man, this Joe, to spank her? On the other hand, could she allow herself to walk out without taking the spanking to which she'd been sentenced--the spanking that she had, perhaps, secretly wanted ever since she was eleven? Could she continue to play out this longstanding fantasy that she had, that these strangers in Redd Bottoms were, without their knowledge, helping her to act out? Her body quivering with sexual tension, she spoke to the officer. "Suppose I'd rather take the spanking?"

"Sure," she replied. "But we'll get your statement saying that this was your decision. It'll be in writing and on file that you gave us permission to spank you."

"In that case, go ahead," said Diana, her whole body tingling as she spoke. "Spank me. Where's the paper I'm supposed to sign?"

The form was quickly produced from a nearby computer. When Diana had completed and signed it, the officer spoke again. "I guess you know what to do," she said. "Either lift that dress above your waist, or take it off; it's up to you." Diana's stomach sank for a moment, but now there was no turning back. She remembered what Sally had said, about how it seemed that taking her pants all the way off seemed to distract the spanker. If Diana were going to try such a thing, though, she would have to be even more daring. In fact, total nudity would be required, for her sundress and her panties were the only garments she was wearing. She swallowed hard, then flipped her dress over her head and laid it on a chair. She then peeled off her panties, tossed them onto the same chair, and strode to the spanking table, thrusting out her bare bosom, with both hands at her sides. She made no effort at all to conceal either her relatively small breasts or her pubic area; the fact that she was completely nude simply added to her sexual arousal. The female officer was beside her. "Look, we don't care if you holler," she was saying. "And if you want to be naked, that's your affair. You aren't the first one to get it naked. But kick your feet or wiggle your butt and you get 10 extra. Got that?" Diana nodded.

Diana bent over the table, flattening her breasts against the finished wood. She felt the paddle pressed against her flesh, then a slight tingle as it was drawn back, and finally the sting as it smacked against her naked buttocks. She gasped, but didn't cry out. It was a solid whack, intently delivered; Diana began to wonder whether Sally had been right when she'd said that taking her pants all the way off distracted the spanker. Diana's complete nakedness didn't seem to be distracting Joe.

After the third swat, tears formed in her eyes and she was moaning more audibly. For some reason, the punisher paused after five swats. For a moment, she could rest, and she became aware of her increasing sexual arousal. Here she was, naked and helpless in the power of strangers, who were purposely inflicting pain on her. She had never been punished in this way, and no man except a lover or a physician had seen her naked in well over ten years; now she was completely nude and at others' mercy. When the spanking resumed she still noticed the pain, but her body was responding to punishment in ways she had never anticipated.

There was another short pause after Diana's tenth swat. Now, though, she was aware of something to which she could hardly put words. Although she was crying from the pain, she wanted the spanking to resume, and resume quickly. The allotted two minutes of rest seemed like ten, before the next smack landed. Finally, after four more licks, she heard Joe's voice saying, "OK, that's it. Don't you ever run a stop sign again." Diana pushed up her torso from the table, then painfully straightened herself. On impulse, she threw her arms around Joe's shoulders, immersing her breasts into his hairy chest. Almost instantly, her body exploded in orgasm.

When her climax subsided, she was embarrassed beyond all measure, and fearful. Now she was aware of the searing pain in her buttocks, and wondered what the consequences of her sexual display would be. She could imagine herself back over the table, being whipped with the strap.

The female officer came toward Diana, with the dress and panties she had laid aside. "We're used to that, honey. It happens once in a while. Get your clothes on, OK? And one thing: if you're caught fraternizing with Joe outside of here, you're back down here and we use the strap. 20 licks. Got that?"

The climax over, Diana was now painfully aware that she had just received a severe paddling, and that she was absolutely naked in front of two people she didn't even know. She nodded, took the dress, and put it on. Even the flimsy material of the dress felt like sandpaper against her spanked buttocks; she'd have to go without panties for a while. Escorted by the female officer, she walked out of the punishment room, up the stairs, and back into the holding room. "Leave whenever you want," the woman said. "You can lie down and rest a while if you like. I won't lock you in." Diana knew there was no way she could rest comfortably, but she lay face down on a cot, buried her head in a pillow, and let herself cry like a punished child.

She must have cried herself to sleep, for when she looked at the clock on the wall it was 2:00. She felt a gentle stroke on the sole of one bare foot, turned her head, and saw Sally looking down at her. "So how do you like the way we deal with petty offenders here?" Sally laughed. "Actually, I heard you like it real well. Hey, word gets around here pretty fast; I heard about your nudie number. Know something? I'm going to take my last 15 just the way you did--birthday-suit naked. Think I ought to? And I heard about that bare-boob hug you gave Joe. Hey, Di, did you really come off or did you fake that?" Diana assured Sally that her orgasm had been real.

"Hey, look, Di, I've got something over at my place that might make your cheeks feel better. It'll make the marks fade too. Come on with me."

Diana reached for her panties, stepped into them, and pulled them up under her dress; the sensation was still uncomfortable. She slid her feet into her sandals and followed Sally out of the police building, to her car. Sally's car was parked close by. "Follow me," said Sally.

Sally's house was modest but adequate. "Nice place," said Diana. Sally produced a small jar from the refrigerator, and said, "This is a little herbal remedy my cousin cooked up; it works pretty well. I'd have used it myself, except I've gotta go back and take 15 more. They'd suspect something if I didn't have marks on my butt."

"This could make a spot on your dress," Sally continued. "I suggest you take your clothes off and lie down on my bed. Right in there." Diana stepped out of her Birkenstocks, walked barefoot into the bedroom, removed her dress, and lay down on her stomach. "Panties down," said Sally. Diana pulled them down to her knees. Sally followed, opened the jar, and began to rub a cool ointment into her buttocks. "This'll settle your raw hide down a lot quicker," she said. Helps those marks fade too. Like, how are you going to explain marks on your butt to your boyfriend in KC? Just lie there for about half an hour before you pull your panties up."

Actually, that was one problem that Diana had on her mind. Sally's ointment was already helping quite a bit with the pain. But Diana had been thinking that she might have to do some explaining to Bruce. Undoubtedly, he would see the marks on her bottom; she estimated that within two hours after she crossed his threshold, neither she nor Bruce would be wearing one stitch. And, she wanted him not only to see her bottom, but to give it the firm attention she now knew was important to her. But, while she wanted Bruce to spank her, she didn't want him to know---at least not yet---how she had so recently become sure that she liked being spanked. Maybe Sally's herbal remedy would solve the problem; anyway, it was making her behind feel a lot better.

**Part II**

The rest of the long drive to Kansas City was uneventful, although the delay caused by Diana's spanking meant that she would arrive late, and she did. She made a telephone call to Bruce, telling him that she'd gotten a ticket and had to wait a while for a hearing, and was OK. About an hour before arriving at Bruce's, she stopped at a gas station, locked herself in the ladies' room, and with the help of some mirrors inspected her butt. Sally's herbal remedy had done its trick. No one could tell that Diana had been severely paddled that very day.

It was nearly midnight when Diana arrived at Bruce's. He welcomed her at the door, and within five minutes the boxers and T-shirt he'd been wearing were in a pile on the floor, along with Diana's dress, panties, and sandals. Scarcely taking time to greet one another, they scurried to bed, but slept only after allowing their passions for each other free rein.

The next morning, while they were enjoying some coffee and a light breakfast, Bruce spoke to Diana. "Some things I've been thinking about," he said. "For one, I think we ought to get married pretty soon. Why don't you set up a resume on my computer and get it around while you're here? If you could land a job we could move in together and start planning the wedding. Unless you'd rather stay in New Orleans, that is." Diana quickly agreed; they hugged, and within a few minutes were once again naked and back in bed, celebrating their new level of commitment.

A while later, Bruce turned again to Diana. "What did you get the ticket for?" he asked her.

"I ran a stop sign in a little town in Arkansas," Diana replied.

"You ran a stop sign? Shame on you! Hope it didn't cost you too much."

"No, not <<too>> much," Diana replied. She could still feel a twinge in her buttocks.

"You know, Di, yesterday a gal ran a stop sign and pulled out right in front of me. I just about wrecked. If I'd been a cop and I'd seen that, you know what I'd like to have done? I mean, I know cops can't really do that and all, but ---"

"What?" Diana replied.

"I'd have yanked her out of that car, bent her over the hood, and given her the spanking of her life, on her bare ass," Bruce said. "If she's going to drive a car, she needs to act like an adult, and if she doesn't, she can just be treated like a child. That's what my dad told me when I came home with a ticket--first and only time. He told me that after we went down to the basement and he let me have it with his belt. I can still remember that--Dad made me get naked, absolutely naked, and I'll tell you, he laid it on me. That was the last spanking I ever got."

Visions of yesterday crowded back into Diana's mind. Here was her fiance, advocating just what she'd gotten down there in Arkansas. She could hardly believe what she was hearing. She slipped out of bed, walked around to Bruce's side, and gently draped herself across his thighs, face down. "OK, Bruce," she said. "Do it."

Bruce could not comprehend. "Do what?" he asked.

"Spank me, you nerd," Diana replied. "You said people who run stop signs ought to be spanked. You got a naked spanking for a traffic ticket. I ran a stop sign. I am lying across your lap. I am naked. Does all of this suggest anything to you?"

"Well, yes, but---"

"No but's about it. Or rather only one---my butt. Now spank me." This was wild, Diana thought. Only the day before, she had more or less asked for the spanking she had received, and had gotten into touch with a whole new dimension of her sexuality. Now she was asking for another, this time from her lover. Yet he seemed reluctant.

"Diana, hey, I mean, I love you, and I'd do anything you want. You know that. But I don't get this. You never wanted this before. How in the hell did you ever decide that you like this sort of thing? It just doesn't seem like you, darling."

"I'll explain the whole thing, honey. But only after you give me a good spanking. Now you have an incentive. Are you going to do it. or not?"

Bruce tentatively raised his hand and brought it down, flat, across Diana's naked rump. She didn't utter a sound. He repeated the action about six times. "It's going to have to be harder than that or this naughty girl will never mend her ways," Diana said. Bruce continued to spank her, harder and harder. Her bottom began to glow red, and she was feeling the unique excitement of sexual arousal. Obviously, this was going to work for her. All she had to do was keep him spanking her until was nearly at the point of orgasm. Yet her bottom was beginning to get sore, and she wondered how much she could take. More and more, she was feeling like a punished child. Finally, she cried out, "OK, enough--I'll never do it again!" Bruce stopped his next spank in mid-stroke, and released his hold on her. She carefully slid off his lap, yanked down the covers to reveal Bruce's strong erection, and lay across him face to face, full length. Her orgasm was instant. This time she was not only excited by the spanking, but was having deeper feelings of security and being cared for, just from knowing that her lover would meet this new sexual need she had discovered.

Bruce held her tightly, then eased her off him--gently onto her stomach. "Hope I didn't really hurt you," he said. "Now you owe me something. Let's hear the story." Diana told the whole story of her previous day's experience. She left out only one thing: that she'd been embracing Joe, naked, when she had orgasmed. Bruce might understand, but why take chances?

"Whoo," said Bruce, afterwards. "I can't imagine you going along with a thing like that. I would have expected you to demand a lawyer and fight it out with those people. I mean, they can't do those things, if anybody ever really pressed it."

"Bruce, actually, it was kind of like a dare," Diana replied. "I was standing there, watching Sally bent over with her pants off, getting spanked, and I was getting turned on. I decided that if she could take that spanking, and three more, I could too. They did offer me a way out. But I told them to go ahead, then I stripped bare and took it."

"Well, it obviously turns you on," Bruce replied. "And if you like it, OK. You can put your butt across my knees any time." Diana giggled a little as he embraced her.

The days of Diana's vacation went by, with a new dimension. She regularly confessed her faults to Bruce, at odd moments. Then off would come all her clothes, over his knee she would go, and Diana would receive her correction. Usually Bruce just used his hand, but once she had urged him to try her hairbrush. She had enjoyed that sensation also, but somehow felt that anything really hard, like switches or straps, would not excite her. She was, however, convinced that for maximum pleasure she needed to be stark naked. Once Bruce tried just yanking Diana's jeans and underpants down, but somehow Diana felt something was missing in that spanking.

Only one day was left before Diana's return to New Orleans. She had sent out a few job feelers, but nothing definite had materialized. They would have to continue their long-distance relationship until they saved a little more money. And every day Diana had been spanked, at least once. She was going to miss these close encounters.

Early, Diana got up, dressed, and went to the lumber yard while Bruce was still asleep. When she returned, he was awake and puttering around the kitchen in his boxers. Diana laid her purchase on the kitchen table--a two-foot length of wood lath, about as wide as a yardstick, apparently thick enough to withstand its intended use.

"You want me to spank you with that, Di?" Bruce said. "Honey, I love you and I'll do anything you want, but I don't want to really hurt you."

"No, Bruce, actually I don't want a spanking," replied Diana.

"Then what---"

"I want to give you a spanking," she replied. "It's really not fair. I've been getting the spankings and enjoying them. Let's see if you can too."

"Hey, Di, now wait a minute---"

"Oh, so you can dish it out but you can't take it! Look, darling, it's the 90's! You marry me, we're going to be equals!"

Bruce shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, all right, I guess, but I don't think I'll like it as much as you evidently do."

"We'll see about that. Now, you naughty boy, get into the bedroom and take off your shorts. I'll be right in." Diana kicked off her sandals and flipped her T-shirt over her head, then stood and let her shorts fall to the floor. Clad only in her panties, she went into the bedroom, where Bruce was already naked and lying face up. It was evident to her from one glance that something was turning him on; was it the anticipated spanking or her scantily clad body? She would soon find out.

"All right, naughty boy, turn over," she said. "We'll just turn you on your tummy and give you a spanking." He did so, and she began applying the makeshift paddle to his bare seat. Bruce protested once or twice, and Diana responded only by spanking harder. Diana was getting hot and she knew it. Was Bruce? Maybe, she thought after she'd swatted him about 40 times, it was time to check this out.

"Have you learned your lesson, young man?" she growled, trying to sound genuinely angry. "I sincerely hope I never have to do this again." She eased him onto his side, and saw what she had hoped for, an erection even stronger than it had been before she had begun the spanking. Her only regret was that she would need about five seconds to pull off her panties and lie down. She did so, and eased Bruce atop her. This was an old-fashioned position, but what did it matter? They came almost exactly at the same moment.

For a long time, they lay together, side by side, Bruce careful to protect his spanked bottom. "Wow, you really got hard when I spanked you," Diana said, finally. "It got me hot too--could you tell? And I sure get hot when I get spanked. But tell me something, sweetheart--do you get turned on when you spank me?"

"Sure do, and I'll prove it," he replied. He eased himself out of bed and pulled the covers back to reveal Diana's bottom. "Young lady, you have earned yourself another spanking," he said between clenched teeth, and swatted her sharply with the makeshift paddle. After ten or so good swats, he stopped, rolled Diana so that she faced him, and asked "Is there any doubt in your mind?" Bruce's strong erection was evident. Once more they made love, this time paying attention to Diana's stinging rump.

Afterwards, as they were dressing, they chatted about this new dimension of their sexuality that they had discovered. Here they were, both switch hitters, able to derive strong sexual pleasure from both giving and receiving spankings. Marriage was now looking better than it ever had.

Bruce stood up, trying to look pious. He cleared his throat. "I now pronounce you husband and wife. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder. You may spank the bride. Bend over, young lady."

Diana laughed. For a moment she had a fantasy of being spanked bare-tail at her own wedding, but decided this ought to remain a fantasy. She crumpled some paper into a mock bouquet, rolled her eyes upward, and said, "I, Diana, take thee, Bruce, to love and to cherish, to spank when necessary, to obey or be spanked."

"Do we dare?" Bruce asked.

"I don't think so," Diana replied. "I think we'd better keep this wedding pretty conventional, whenever it does happen. But when the dress and the tux are off, it's spanky-spanky time for both of us!"

The next day, Diana drove back to New Orleans. Thoughts of love, sex, and marriage, not to mention spanking and being spanked, filled her thoughts along the miles. Her life felt more secure than it ever had. Running a stop sign in Redd Bottoms had sent her down a new road of life.

**Part III**

When Diana arrived at her home in New Orleans, after her sexually fantastic week with Bruce, there was a letter waiting for her, postmarked Redd Bottoms, Arkansas.

Hey, Diana!

The court clerk was kind enough to give me your address so I decided to send you this letter. OK? You know, you really made a stir on your little visit to Redd Bottoms. I think you're the first outsider that ever got a spanking, at least for quite a few years. Usually the outsiders just pay a fine when the judge sees 'em; I think he was just sleepy or hung over when you came along.

But, hey! Remember I had 15 more licks coming? Let me tell you about that. I heard Joe talking in a bar about that girl from New Orleans that he paddled, the one that hugged him bare-naked. He was telling all the guys how wild that was. So I decided to do something. I made my appointment to get the last 15. Then, before I went over, I got my shower and put on a dress. That's all, just a dress. I was stark naked under it. Then I put my sandals on--it doesn't matter about them, you know, because we have to go to the spanking room barefooted--and went over to the courthouse. They were ready right away and I didn't have to wait. I left the shoes upstairs and went down; then, right in front of Joe, I took off that dress. Here I am, standing in front of him absolutely starkers. It's a wonder that boy could handle it. I could see he was having trouble keeping bulges from showing, you know? I felt honored; I know I don't have the bod that you do, but knowing that I can turn a guy on that way feels good, even if I know I'm going to get my butt blistered in a few minutes. I was turned on too. Kinda weird; I've bent over down there a few times--you saw one of 'em--and when I was a kid my mom and dad whacked my hind end more times than I can count but I never felt, you know, turned on by it before.

So, you know, he told me to come up and bend over. I made some sexy moves on the way, let me tell you! I was playing with fire and I knew it. I don't know what's wrong with Brenda--the lady guard, you know--but she didn't even notice. If she had she would most likely have done the spanking, and with the strap. But when I got up there and stuck my ass out for Joe, I was royally horny and I think he was too. Anyway, he didn't swat me half as hard as I expected. Oh, yeah, I got the whole 15, and it hurt, enough to make me cry, but the other three paddlings I got hurt a lot worse.

But honey, was I horny when it was over! I did just what you did--I hugged old Joe! Brenda about went ballistic--she told me to get my dress on and get out in 30 seconds or else bend back over for 10 with the strap. I didn't know I could put a dress on that fast, let me tell you! Guess she thought it was getting contagious, this business of gals getting spanked naked and then getting supersexy. But I got my bod covered up and headed upstairs, and thought hey, it's over! I've gotten my licks for DUI, all 60 of 'em. No more trips down here. But I still felt horny as anything. I got in the car, drove home, and got in the shower. The only way to get rid of the hornies was to do my own thing--you get what I mean? So I did, 2 or 3 times. Chee, didn't know getting a spanking could do that to me.

Oh, almost forgot to tell ya. My boss is sending me down your way for a few days next week. Could we get together for a sandwich or something?

Your friend,

Sally

Diana put down the letter. She hadn't expected to see or hear from Sally again. Now, here she was, coming to New Orleans. And, through this chance encounter in Redd Bottoms, she had discovered a mutual interest in one of the byways of sex. She tried to imagine Sally taking her paddling naked, and found herself aroused by the very thought. Some of her sexual fantasies did involve women, either real or idealized, although she had had real-life sex only with men, and with no one but Bruce for the past several years. What would it be like to have Sally right here, in her apartment, for a few days? Could they explore this new aspect of sexuality together?

Before she knew what she was doing, Diana had called Sally, and invited her to stay at Diana's apartment during her New Orleans visit. Sally had readily agreed.

Sally arrived at the appointed time and quickly settled in. As it happened, she didn't have much agenda in New Orleans outside of working hours; one or two errands for her boss were about the size of it. So Sally and Diana had a lot of time together, to spend exploring the French Quarter, listening to jazz, and so on. One evening, after one of their forays into New Orleans night life, they came home, both with a few drinks under their belts--just enough to make them a little more daring than they might have been otherwise. They had ridden in a taxi; neither one wanted to risk the New Orleans punishment for DUI, which would have been considerably more than a spanking. Truth be told, they were not only a little high from alcohol, but more than a little turned on, because one of the clubs on Bourbon Street that they had visited had had a show with a spanking scene.

"Glad you had the taxi fare," said Sally. "I've learned my lesson about drinking and driving." She giggled and rubbed her bottom.

They had another drink, then Sally and Diana both sat back, kicked off their shoes, and relaxed for a while. But their minds were clearly at work, as were their glands. Their inhibitions, though, were receding further and further, thanks not only to the alcohol and the floor shows but also to attraction for one another.

Diana's mind went back to that day in Redd Bottoms, and to her long-held fantasies about her and her childhood friend getting spankings together. She began to eye Sally's hips and thought more and more about how she'd look bent over, with those tight jeans down. Actually, she was remembering the time she'd seen Sally with her bare rump positioned for the paddle. She was also fantasizing about Sally's most recent spanking, the one she had written about.

Unknown to Diana, Sally was having the same fantasy, or a similar one. She had missed seeing Diana's spanking, but had heard quite a bit about it. In her mind, she was undressing Diana and spanking her. Sally had had some amorous adventures with women before, but she didn't consider herself a lesbian, for she had also dated several men and had even been married for a brief period. Her husband had been killed in a car wreck, and she had dated no one since. But envisioning Diana naked, or at least exposed for corporal punishment, was sexually powerful for her.

Diana spoke first. "That was some spanking scene in that bar, wasn't it?"

"Oh, it was OK," Sally replied. "But hey, I'll tell you something; I don't think she was feeling a thing. I think she had about three inches of foam rubber all around her butt. And the other girl wasn't doing it very hard. I mean, my mom could show her how it's done!"

Diana felt a strange flush of sexual excitement. "What was it like when your mom did it?" she asked.

Sally stood up. "Well, I was always bare for it," she said. "Sometimes she waited until I'd had a bath, then put me over her knee and spanked me with nothing on at all, but most of the time I just had to take my skirt or pants off. Mom thought clothes, even nylon panties, got in the way, so she'd yank 'em down every time. She mostly used her hand, but once in a while I got the hairbrush. She kept at it till she was sure I'd had enough. Hey, sometimes I was black and blue for three or four days."

"What about your dad?" Diana asked.

"Dad always had me lie down while he used the belt. Most of the time he let me keep my pants on, though; he only took 'em down once in a while, like when he was real mad. I remember once when he whipped me bare-butt, when I got two F's on a report card. He said I needed to do better, and he'd teach me real good! He did too!"

"That sounds like child abuse to me," said Diana.

"You know, it might be, really," replied Sally. "But we didn't think of it that way, 'cause just about every kid got spanked once in a while. You know, one day after the report cards went home, I noticed two of my friends were having a lot of trouble sitting down. I knew what had happened so I saved a couple cookies out of my lunch and told them the one who'd gotten the worst spanking would get them. So after school they came to my house; we went in my room and they pulled down their pants. I decided it was a tie and gave them each a cookie."

"My parents never spanked me," said Diana. "But I used to have a friend who told me about her spankings. Once she gave me one--just fun, of course."

They went on for a while, then had another drink and relaxed. Finally Diana broke the silence again. "You were really making eyes at that one guy in one of the clubs," she said. "Sally, you are a naughty lady."

"So what are you going to do? Spank me?" Sally replied,

"That's a great idea," said Diana. She went to the kitchen and came back with a wooden spoon. "Come on out here. Get 'em down and get over my kitchen table," she said, almost giggling.

"Hey, look," Sally answered. "You aren't exactly Little Miss Priss yourself. You were wiggling your butt around like you wanted action. What would your boyfriend say if he saw you carrying on like that? I think you need to drop 'em and bend over for one yourself."

Diana felt, again, the strange excitement associated with the anticipation of being spanked. She knew from that moment on that she would get a spanking, as well as give one, before the evening was over. All that remained was to build up the anticipation, as much as possible, so that she and Sally would both enjoy the experience. Trying to look penitent, she handed the spoon to Sally, let her hands fall to her sides, and stared down at the floor. "Yes, Sally, I need one too," she said. "But so do you. Who goes first?"

Sally fished a quarter out of her jeans pocket. "Call it," she said as she flipped it.

"Heads," said Diana, just as the quarter landed on the floor. She looked down and saw George Washington's profile.

"OK, Di, you won the toss," said Sally. "You want me over the kitchen table, you say?"

"In a minute," said Diana. "I won the toss, so I should get to give or take, right? I want mine first."

"All right, Di. Pull down your pants and get over the table," said Sally, when they arrived in the kitchen. Diana had already begun to lower her slacks when Sally spoke again. "No, wait, I've got a better idea. I want you the same way you took it at the courthouse."

"You mean---"

"That's exactly what I mean. I want everything off. Bare tits, bare tushy, bare tootsies, bare everything. Hey, what's the big deal? We're both women, aren't we? You think you got anything under that shirt that 2 billion other women ain't got? Besides, I've seen you naked before. Remember? I've even touched your cute little butt with these hands."

Diana was having a few butterflies. Yes, she had been mother-naked for practically all of her spankings. If it were Bruce instead of Sally wielding the instrument of correction, she wouldn't have hesitated at all. Somehow, the prospect of exposing herself completely in front of a woman was arousing, but in this situation there was a possibility of more intimacy than Diana thought she wanted. She swallowed hard, then said, "OK, you're on." She sat down on a kitchen chair and removed her knee-high hose. Standing again, she removed her blouse and folded it. As usual, she hadn't worn a bra. She turned her back on Sally, then peeled her slacks down to her ankles and kicked them away. Now clad only in panties, she turned to face Sally.

"Them too," Sally said, patting the spoon against her hand. "Come on, let's get on with it." Diana swallowed hard again, then took off her underpants and assumed the classic position for corporal punishment, bending over her kitchen table.

"All right, baby," said Sally, pushing Diana's shoulder down with one hand. Diana heard the swish of the spoon through the air, and felt the sting as it landed on her tail. There was no denying the pain. But after a couple more swats, Diana could feel herself getting slick and turned on. She felt pangs of guilt; after all, it was not her fiance who was spanking her, but someone she knew only casually, and a woman at that. Sally continued to spank Diana; both women lost count of the number of swats. Finally, when tears were dripping from Diana's eyes onto the table, and her bottom was quite red, Sally said, "OK, one more for good measure," swatted her hard, and let go of her shoulder. All Diana had to do was stand and rub her legs together twice; the rest was completely involuntary, and more powerful than she remembered. Let Sally see her naked; let the whole world watch. She didn't care. Her spanking had had its effect. As her orgasm receded, she felt the smart in her bottom--actually a burning sensation was more to the point.

Diana, rubbing her bottom, suddenly felt a little embarrassed that she was naked in front of Sally. "Could I get my robe?" she asked, then almost immediately asked herself why she had done this. Why did she have to ask permission to wear her own robe, in her own apartment? Sally nodded, and Diana headed for the bathroom. She came back wearing her long red robe, long enough that her toes just peeped out under the hem.

Sally was barefoot, clad in blouse and slacks, and, presumably, bra and panties. "All clothes off," Diana said. "I did it; so can you." Sally removed her blouse and bra, then peeled her slacks and panties down in one motion. She took a step away from the pile of clothing, picked up the wooden spoon, and pressed it into Diana's hand.

"Bend over," said Diana. Actually, she was a little bit angry from the pain of her spanking. For a moment, she really wanted to hurt Sally, to make sure her bottom was red and raw. She swallowed, and made herself remember that this was only a game. Sally, meanwhile, bent over the table, thrusting out her bottom invitingly.

Diana drew back the spoon and gave Sally a swat, not hard, but hard enough to make Sally jump. She repeated the operation a few more times, a little harder each time. Somehow, something was missing. Diana stopped for a few minutes, then pulled out a chair and sat down. She tossed the wooden spoon away.

"Sally, over my knee," she said.

Sally lay across Diana's lap, and Diana resumed the spanking, with her bare hand. Diana was enjoying the new feeling of intimacy from direct hand-to-bottom contact. It soon became evident, from the way Sally was moving her hips, that something was happening to her too. "Five more and we're done," said Diana. when Sally's bottom was red enough to slightly resemble the hue of Diana's robe. She administered five hard smacks to Sally's bottom, then eased her off her lap. Sally got to her feet, rubbed her bottom a bit, and hugged Diana. Diana wriggled out of the embrace, unzipped her robe, let it fall to the floor, and hugged Sally. The two women, both naked, experienced orgasm almost simultaneously. Everything afterward was a blur; Diana had a dream-like experience of leading Sally to her own bedroom and the two of them lying down together in Diana's bed, both on their sides, completely naked. The dream seemed to continue: was it a dream, or reality? Did Diana really feel Sally's arms around her, hand and lips caressing her breasts, the other hand gently stroking her pubic area? Did she really feel Sally's body with her own hands?

The next thing Diana really remembered was the next morning, as she woke up with Sally beside her, also awakening. "Hi," said Diana, almost involuntarily covering her bosom with part of the sheet.

"Come on, now," replied Sally, pulling the sheet away. "What you got that you don't want me to look at? We just slept together naked, didn't we? And hey, thanks for playing along last night. I've never been that turned on before."

"Me neither," said Diana. "Never thought I could get so turned on. And all because I ran a stop sign in your little town!"

Sally jumped out of bed and yanked the sheets completely off Diana's body. "Last one in the shower is a rotten egg," she shouted.

"I've got a better idea," said Diana. "Last one in the shower gets a good spanking!"

"You're on," replied Sally. "But I gotta tell you, I run pretty fast, even when I'm bare-ass naked. Get out of bed and stand next to me, so I don't have the advantage. On your mark, get set, go!"

The end