

FORGETFUL FAYE GOES RIDING

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"Ouch, Daddy. That's enough. Let me go, please! Look, I'll be nineteen next month."

Faye squirmed and kicked her legs as she made her vocal protest, but she knew her father was not yet ready to stop. Indeed, he tightened his grip around his teenage daughter's waist and raised his big hand high in the air.

Mr French had finally done what he had been threatening to do for long enough. Faye's forgetfulness had really made him blow his top this time.

Helping her mother with the ironing under some protest, the pretty blonde had left off, to answer the telephone in the hall. Faye had had a mobile phone once, but she had forgotten where she had left it! The caller had turned out to be one of her friends and she had sat on the stairs, with the phone in one hand whilst she chatted on and on. Upon returning to the living room, she had found her father's dress shirt was a smouldering ruin.

"Oh dear," she had wailed. "Daddy will kill me!" Faye's long suffering father, often the victim of his daughter's forgetfulness, just couldn't take any more. He thought that if he gave her a good hiding, then it might just make her less forgetful in the future. He did not know, of course, that the lovely Faye's bottom had been beaten lots of times and that it had done nothing to make her less forgetful.

It was, though, the first time that he, himself, had administered a hiding to her delightful bottom, but a number of other people had done so - the postman, the milkman and a couple of male teachers. It could not, of course, be said that the others were really desirous of teaching the girl a lesson. Their motives had been entirely different! Faye's arse was so magnificent that even a Cardinal would turn his head to gaze longingly at it.

"Let this be a lesson to you, Faye," said her father, sternly, landing his hand heavily across her denim covered rear, items that certainly showed off Faye's gorgeous arse to splendid effect, although they obviously looked their best when uncovered

"It is, Daddy. It is," moaned the girl. "I'll try hard to remember things, I promise." Her father was not terribly impressed, so he smacked her again. Now, he would have to make a special journey into town and buy a new shirt so that he could go to the Dinner that evening. Despite the protection of her jeans and her knickers, Faye's bum was really stinging. She screwed up her face and tried to think about later on that afternoon, when she would be out riding. Her poor bum got sore in the saddle as it was. There was another splatting retort as Mr French's hand again heightened the heat in Faye's seat.

"Ooh!" she squealed. "Please let me go, Daddy." Giving in to the girl's pleading,

he released his grip and Faye slid off his lap. She stood up and her balled fists rubbed her tear soaked eyes. The spanking had not been so bad, but it had been very humiliating. Another lecture followed. Faye listened patiently, but she knew she could not really do anything about her forgetfulness, although her bottom often wished that she could.

In the privacy of her bedroom, she took off her jeans and slipped off her briefs. Then, she turned to look at her battered bum in a long mirror. She wondered how many other girls her age needed to survey their bum as often as she did - for the reasons she did.

She pulled a wry face. Her whole behind was bright red and it was warm to the touch. Faye sighed. She knew her backside would get another hammering at some time, but she hoped the one she had just had would be the last one for quite a while.

"You poor girl," she said to her reflection. "It's a wonder you can sit down on your bottom at all, after all the hidings it gets!" Faye did not appreciate the staggering beauty of her own derriere. Had she done so, then the reason for its uncovering on so many occasions would have been crystal clear to her. Sighing deeply, she folded her jeans and put them away. She then took off her cream coloured riding trousers, sat on the bed and pulled them up her long, elegant legs.

A short while later, she set off towards the riding stables on her bicycle. Although she was a safe and careful rider herself, she was very much a traffic hazard. Her choice bottom, tightly

encased in the tight breeches, wobbled delightfully, causing heads to jerk and car horns to blare. Blissfully unaware of the chaos caused by her hindquarters, Faye arrived at the stables, ready for an afternoon's riding in the country.

Mr Bond, the middle aged owner of the riding establishment, himself helped Faye into the saddle, as indeed he always did. The teenager thought he was being a gentleman, but Mr Bond was only interested in having a wonderful close up of his pupil's lovely bottom.

Faye was quite a good rider and Mr Bond let her explore a bridle path on her own. A while later, she came upon a gate that lead into a field full of vegetables. The gate swung inwards, so she rode the horse up close, pulled open the gate and held it back until the horse had passed through. She cantered along the edge of the field and rode through some woodland until it was time to go back to the stables.

When she got back to the vegetable field, she saw an irate farmer waving his stick at her. When she saw the cows trampling over the crops, she realised why the man was so irate. She had forgotten to close the gate and the cows from the adjoining field had taken full advantage of the sudden opportunity to do some exploring.

"Oh, crikey," she groaned. "I forgot to close the gate." The farmer came up to her as she sat, red-faced on the horse. Close up, he was a lot younger than he had appeared from a distance. He wore a green, tweed suit and a checked cap over curling, blonde hair. His face was bright

red with anger and Faye did not like the way he was waving his stick around.

"You young hooligan!" he roared. "Just look what you've done. People like you shouldn't be allowed out in the countryside!"

"I'm most awfully sorry," apologised a tearful Faye.

"You will be sorry, young lady," grated the farmer. "And so will your father when he gets the bill for the damage!"

Faye felt her bottom stinging again at the prospect of what her father would do to her now. He had an aversion to taking money out of his wallet if he didn't have to and she had already made him fork out for a new dress shirt. How much would a whole field of vegetables cost? This time he might even use that thick belt he always wore and use that on her backside!

"Oh Lord!" groaned Faye, helplessly.

"And what's more," continued the enraged farmer. "I'm going to see Mr Bond right away. His riding school is on my land. I'll have him cleared off!"

With that, he turned on his heel and stormed off towards his Land Rover. Poor Faye thought the whole world had fallen in around her. Why was she so forgetful?

She dug her heels into the animal and guided it towards the riding school. It would probably be the last time she would ever be on horseback. When she arrived there, she saw the Land Rover in the yard and her tummy turned over. Janine, a busty redhead, approached her and stood with hands on hips as the tall blonde dismounted.

"Now you've done it, Frenchy!" she snapped. "It looks like poor Mr Bond is going to have to give up his riding school, and it's all your fault!"

"Hush up, Janine!" retorted Faye, "and don't call me 'Frenchy'"

The two girls were not exactly the closest of friends at the best of times and this was not one of the best of times!

"You're wanted in the office right away," smirked the redhead. "I'll see to your horse." Faye, being the polite girl she was, thanked her and handed her the reins. Then, with a heavy heart, she walked across the cobbled yard to the office.

"Come in!" bellowed Mr Bond, in answer to her timid knocks on the door. Both men stood facing her as she stepped inside. The burly, grey haired stables owner was the first to speak. "What have you got to say for yourself, young lady?" he demanded, his moustache fairly bristling as he spoke. "You've both ruined Mr Barker's crops and put me out of business into the bargain!"

"I'm sorry," blurted out Faye.

"Is that all you can say?" asked the farmer, coldly.

"What else can I say?" sobbed Faye. She took off her riding cap and her blonde curls tumbled about in profusion.

The two men exchanged glances. Mr Bond gave an imperceptible nod of his head. Mr Barker cleared his throat. "I'm quite prepared to believe that you did not wilfully leave my gate open," he said, slowly.

Faye cheered up a little. She sensed the softening in his attitude. She was aware, too, that he was mentally undressing her and she subconsciously placed her hands at her crotch "Nevertheless," he continued. "This is a very serious matter." Faye nodded her head. "What would your father have to say if he found out what you have done?" the farmer asked, shrewdly aware that, skilfully handled, the girl would be like putty in his hands.

As yet, poor Faye was blissfully unaware of the thoughts in his mind. Her only thoughts, at that moment, were thoughts of her father's leather belt!

"He would give me a good strapping," she admitted, biting her lip. As soon as she had said it, the alarm bell rang in her head. Unfortunately, like all alarm bells, it had rung too late. Mr Barker's attitude had simply changed and not softened. She just knew that her poor bottom was in for another hiding. What could she do about it though, apart from bending over and taking it?

"Quite right, too," Mr Barker put in his two penny worth, in a gruff sounding voice. Faye's shoulders slumped. The various implements her bare bottom had tasted so far had not helped her forgetfulness in any way at all. All that had happened was that she had ended up with a very sore bottom.

It came as no surprise to her, therefore, when the farmer suggested that she get a dose of the riding crop, that Faye found herself agreeing. The slate, and a very expensive one at that, would be wiped clean. Her father would not get to hear of the matter and Mr Barker would

withdraw his threat to close down the riding school. It all seemed a very cosy arrangement. Cosy, that was, for everyone except poor Faye.

From then on, everything seemed to happen so quickly. Mr Bond turned the key in the door lock and lowered the window blind, whilst the farmer took off his cap and his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves. It looked as if he really meant business. Faye sighed deeply. Why did her poor bum always have to suffer?

Outside, in the stable yard, Janine was leading a horse back to its stall. She saw the blind drop and she smiled to herself, knowing exactly what the luckless Faye was in for.

"Come on, young lady," urged Mr Blake. "Get your clothes off. The sooner we start, then the sooner it will all be over for you.

"I'd rather keep my clothes on," ventured the girl, hopefully - but hopelessly.

"Good Lord. No!" exclaimed Mr Barker. "If I'm going to do a job, then I do it properly.

Faye hung her head and started on the buttons of her riding tunic. What an awful day it had turned out to be. First of all the hammering from her father and now a humiliating, embarrassing hiding at the hands of two men, one a complete stranger at that. By now, she was used to presenting her backside to various males, but she still absolutely loathed doing so. She was sure that most other girls did not have to put up with what she put up with.

She shrugged out of her jacket and Mr Bond's eyes gleamed as he surveyed the attractive bulges her young breasts made in her white nylon top. Very soon, he would be seeing his prettiest riding pupil totally in the nude. Not only that, but he would also be seeing her gorgeous body dancing under the impact of the riding crop wielded by the landowner. He licked his lips and wondered if he might be able to take over in the later stages himself. The very thought of the imminent happenings caused his manhood to grow oppressively tight within his trousers.

Mr Barker had certainly meant business when his Land Rover had screeched to a halt just a while earlier. He had been in deadly earnest about clearing the stables from his land. Mr Bond had begged and pleaded with. After all, it had been the girl's fault and not his. Then he had recalled an incredible story that the red haired Janine had told about Faye and the postman.

He had not believed it at first, but Janine had sworn that the postman had been telling the truth. So, knowing that the farmer had something of a reputation of a cp aficionado, he had suggested that the girl might be willing to bare her behind for a beating. Bygones could be bygones. The answer had been an eager "yes". The price the supermarkets were paying for his vegetables made it hardly worth growing them in the first place.

To Mr Bond's pleasant surprise, the lovely blonde rider had succumbed to the outrageous proposal without any pressure at all; really, it was almost as if she had expected a thrashing on the

delectable bottom he had always admired.

The top came off and Faye reached behind her to unclasp her bra, whilst the two males, wide-eyed, observed her every move. Faye knew there was no need for her to be totally naked, but she did not want to argue. The bra was pulled away from its contents, the straps slid down her slender arms. The garment then dropped to the floor and her taut, young breasts pointed proudly at the farmer and the stables owner.

"Will you help me off with my boots, please?" she asked.

"Certainly was the eager and unanimous response.

Faye sat down on a chair and raised her legs. The mean took a boot each but, as they tugged away, their eyes were on her up top assets the whole time. Her delectable, bare breasts shook with the movements.

With her boots removed, Faye stood up and unbuttoned her breeches. Taking off her clothes in front of the opposite sex was beginning to become a habit, she thought.. She struggled out of the tight trousers, so that all she now had on were her white socks and her white, cotton briefs. She knew she would probably be able to leave her socks on!

"I'll take those off," said Mr Barker, as Faye's hands moved to the elasticised top of her knickers.. "Bend over the chair back and place your hands on the seat.

The owner of the stables cleared his throat. He inclined his head towards the farmer as his lovely pupil bent her

delectable frame over the top rail of the wooden chair. "Do you think I might join you?" he asked, tentatively.

"Don't see why not," sniffed Mr Barker. "You can warm up her rear with your hand, if you like."

Mr Bond felt like leaping up in the air. His now fully aroused manhood felt like it was going to burst out of his trousers. Faye's finely sculpted legs were taut with expectation. The cotton triangle of her knickers was stretched, drum skin tight, over her exquisite bum cheeks.

Mr Barker swallowed hard, took a step forward, and tugged the material down from her buttocks. For several long seconds, both men swallowed hard and just stared at the beauty of the girl's naked bottom before Mr Barker finally broke the silence.

"Warm her up for me, Bond old chap," he said, cheerfully. "Then I'll give her a cropping she will remember for a long, long time."

Faye's face was set. She was certainly not looking forward to that riding crop sinking into her bare, bum flesh. Now, she would remember that! Before the farmer started on her, however, she had to endure her second spanking of the day

All his force was behind the first slap delivered by Mr Bond's hand. The sudden blast of pain covered the whole area of her right cheek and then, just seconds later, the pain spread to the other one as he administered the second slap.

The stables owner had not spanked anyone before, but he resolved there and

then that he was certainly going to do so again and again - and it would probably be the same bottom on the receiving end, too.

"Owwww!" protested Faye as the third slap caught her derriere in the dead centre, causing the flame to spread equally on both sides of the dividing crease.

The flesh scorching smacks continued until Mr Barker called a welcome halt. The owner of the stables had certainly laid into Faye's posterior. The girl had endured it remarkably well, but he only wanted her splendid rear end warmed up and not weakened. He would give her a little time to recover and the pair of them could have some more fun, as well

"Stand up!" he instructed her. "Put your hands on your head and then turn around." He could not help but suppress a smile as the girl straightened up. She did everything she was told to do, without demure. She could spoil his veggies any time!

Faye entwined her fingers in her hair and turned around to face the two men. She did not know why she had been instructed to turn around, but at least her poor bum was getting some respite before that awful riding crop was used on it.

The object of the exercise was simply for the men to leech at her virginal nakedness. Every inch of her seductive young body came in for their visual inspection. Her firm, tip-tilted breasts with their dainty nipples, her tummy flat and firm and her lower legs and thighs were all simply exquisite. Their eyes

lingered longest on the rich tuft of golden pubic hair at the base of her belly.

Mr Barker then picked up Faye's own riding crop and held it up in front of her frightened face. Faye cringed and cowered at the prospect of what it was going to do to her already quite sore bottom.

"Over the chair again!" said the farmer, sternly.

Faye plucked up courage and slowly turned. The sweetly bottomed girl then positioned herself over the back of the chair, with her thighs pressed close together. Her bottom was very red with the spanking it had received from the owner of the riding school. Her cheeks clenched in anticipation. Then, there was a high pitched "swish!" followed instantly by a sharp cry of pain.

Straightaway, Mr Barker raised the crop again. It was held aloft for only a second before it was whipped into her backside once more.

"Aaagghhh!" cried Faye, her head thrashing from side to side.

This time, the farmer waited for the pain to subside a little before raising the whip above shoulder height. Mr Bond, his eyes wide and his nostrils flaring, held his breath.

So, too, did Faye, but not for long. She exhaled sharply, letting out a piercing yell as the crop bit into the lower slopes of her buttocks. Her knees caved in slightly, but she quickly straightened them and kept her thighs as close together as she could.

Mr Barker was now beginning to perspire and he drew his arm across his forehead. Wisely, he had not informed the naked girl how many strokes he was going to give her. He could, therefore, stop at any time, but not yet. The girl could certainly take more.

Faye, used to receiving corporal punishment, was taking the worst hiding she had ever received. The three strokes of that vicious crop seemed equal to all the punishments her bottom had previously absorbed.

There was another sickening "swish!". Faye closed her eyes and screwed up her pretty face. The fierce flash of pain went right through her with heart stopping ferocity. "Yeeeowww!" she cried and sharply tossed back her head.

Mr Barker thought she was on the point of standing up and he brusquely ordered her to stay where she as. Faye desperately wanted to move her hands to her beleaguered buttocks to try and soothe away some of the awful hurt, but she knew it would be the worse for her if she did.

Whapp! "Ohohohh!" groaned the blonde teenager.

Her stricken rump performed a frenetic dance. She stamped her feet and her thighs parted. The watching Mr Bond licked his lips, enjoying every single second of what was happening. The man responsible for the torment was enjoying himself, as well.

Up went the crop into the air. Down it came again to land perfectly on the already lacerated cheeks.

Faye let out a whinnying whimper of pain that sounded just like one of the horses in the boxes. She could not take much more of this. When would it stop?

Outside, Janine had her ear to the door, relishing every sound from within. She just wished she could see inside.

Now, Faye was slumped over the chair back. Her feet were planted so wide apart that the two men had perfect views of her moist-laden delights.

Mr Barker was not ready for giving up just yet. His steely-blue eyes were afire with enthusiasm as he once more laid the riding crop across her scored behind with a great deal of force.

The poor girl shot upright. Her body indulged in a writhing dance and she glued the palms of her hands to her tortured backside. Quickly, Mr Bond, his tongue practically hanging out, moved so that he could see her young breasts shaking like those of an erotic dancer.

"I didn't tell you to get up!" thundered Mr Barker, although he was delighted that she had done so. Wearily, Faye slumped over the chair back again. She made a half-hearted attempt to close her legs together, but she was past caring over showing off her private entrance.

Mr Barker took a deep breath. The girl could not, obviously, take much more. She had performed quite well under the crop. He was sure he would be able to get at her arse again and maybe take her even further the next time.

His final stroke was as fierce as any of the others and the resultant shriek from Faye was ear piercing.

Now, her poor sit upon was red all over and criss-crossed with vivid lines to show where the crop had sunk painfully into her firm flesh.

Both men watched the convulsive contortions of her damaged globes before Faye was able to stand up and clutch the inferno of her behind. The two men left the girl by herself and retired to Mr Bond's cottage for a well-earned drink.

Faye stopped sobbing when she felt a hand on her shoulder. It was that of Janine. "I've got some soothing cream, Faye," she told the naked girl, in a compassionate voice. "Shall I rub it into your bottom for you?"

"Thank you," sniffed Faye. "It's very kind of you."

"Lie down on the desk," suggested the red-haired girl.

Painfully, the suffering blonde stretched out on the office desk top and Janine began to gently spread the soothing cream over the ravaged area.

"Is that better?" Janine asked her.

"Yes, thank you," sighed Faye. It certainly was.

Suddenly, her eyes widened in alarm. Janine's fingers were beginning to probe the cleft between her cheeks. She had forgotten that the redhead was of dubious sexuality. Fancy her forgetting a thing like that!