

Amanda; the price of a loan is a red hot bottom.

Amanda

September 1996

An ex girl friend is always a problem. At the time, Amanda was great fun. She never would admit to liking being spanked, but any impartial observer would confirm that she did.

She complained bitterly when I roasted her firm round rump, but she never made any real effort to escape. Normally, we were naked on the bed. She was draped across my bended knee, face down, which pushed her bottom well into the air. My hand would land with crisp retorts. She hissed at me, complained bitterly, but took it stoically. When her pale olive skin was glowing, she became an alley cat. I sometimes thought that I was being raped. She led my rod into her moist depths with great urgency. Her orgasms wracked her body.

But outside the bedroom, things were not so good. She was irresponsible and unreliable. Somehow we just drifted apart. When I went overseas for a while, she moved into her own place; we became distant friends. I missed the trim body in

my bed, the soft skin, thrusting but small breasts, and sexy legs. The flashbacks to her hot bottom slapping against my thighs remained with me; after a good spanking, I would usually take her from behind, her face on the cool sheets, her bottom in the air. I could admire my handiwork as I pistoned deep into her.

Occasionally, I dealt with her more severely. I remembered the trim French maid's outfit she had to wear when she was due for the strap. It emphasised her curves; she was all woman. She complained; we argued about the number of strokes, but eventually she did as she was told. She bent right over the back of a dining chair. With satisfaction, I lowered the black panties, revealing the cool, round target area, soon to glow red.

The broad black strap did its work well. The loud retort signaled each stinging impact. I laid on the strokes; the reaction was always most satisfying. In no time, the proffered rump glowed, yet with no nasty disfiguring scars. After the last stroke, we both knew the next stage. She never moved. The noise of my zipper announced my immediate intentions; I plunged into the moist, waiting depths with little hesitation.

They were good times, not to be repeated in that form, at least with Amanda. But the story was not to end there. A few months

Amanda; the price of a loan is a red hot bottom.

after my return, I received a surprise telephone call. She had money problems; the electricity was about to be cut off; her bedroom needed decorating; she could not even afford to have her hair done. Feeling sentimental, I foolishly gave her a couple of hundred, for old times sake. The gratitude was limited. It only merited a quick peck on the cheek, followed by a quick departure. I felt used. I vowed that it was the last time that I would have anything to do with her!

But the best resolutions are the hardest to keep. A couple of months later, she was back on the blower. She was about to be evicted! She was months behind with the rent. How much did she need? Seventeen hundred pounds! No way. Tears, pleadings, horror stories, it was only a loan. I had to help. At that amount, even I was firm.

The conversation was getting nowhere. This was the time to shock. OK, I said, but the price would be ten of the best with the cane across her bare bottom. The reaction was predictable. She disputed a legitimacy of my birth. She suggested that I perform acts on myself that were anatomically impossible. At the end of the tirade, I selected the words carefully and economically; take it or leave it. At that point, modern communications failed, or perhaps it was she that caused the explosion in my ear as the line was cut.

I thought that that was the end of the matter. I was pleased to still have my money, much as I would have enjoyed making that shapely bottom jump to the tune of the cane. It was not to be. Next night the phone went again. A more contrite voice came straight to the point. "I'll take four, over my trousers."

"Forget it, it was a silly offer anyway."

"But you can afford it," she pleaded down the hand set.

"Perhaps, but with the way you behave, I'm really not interested."

"I'll take four for half the money. It'll buy some time."

I sensed the desperation, but with the problems she had given me on various occasions, feeling charitable to her was not to come easily. "No way. You'll only be back for the rest next month."

"I'll take four on the bare, then you can screw me."

"No way. A round ten, or forget it."

"You nasty bastard! Why are you always so hard on me?"

Amanda; the price of a loan is a red hot bottom.

"Because you deserve it, and it's a round dozen now."

"Ba....." Then there silence I could almost hear her think.

"When?"

"Tonight at eight." I put the phone down and smiled.

I prepared for her arrival with a grim satisfaction. That bottom was going to pay for many a transgression over the last few years. The heavy curtains isolated the room from the wet and windy world outside. The fire created a glowing

warmth which removed any need to keep any clothes on. I pushed back all the furniture to the walls, maximising the space available. The large Persian carpet in the middle created a focus for the punishment area. From the dining room, I brought one of the carvers and placed it the middle of the rug, facing the fire.

Now all that was necessary was the cane. A cupboard upstairs gave forth a golden rod, long, straight and very effective. I was just satisfied with the arrangements when the buzzer sounded. To my surprised, she breezed in, radiating a smile, her black hair flowing behind her. She briefly patted the back of the dining chair pensively, then flopped down on the couch. The figure tight mini skirt and the golden silk blouse were worn to kill. The bra thrust hard against the material, outlining the erect nipples.

Wine was the order of the night. She drank half the glass before our lips met, with a urgency I had not experienced for quite some time. Hands moved fast and efficiently. In no time we were both naked and on the rug. Our bodies joined together, her body was responding to every thrust of mine. I pushed her arms above her head and pinned them down with mine; it was a symbol of authority. As she floated up to her peak, I whispered in her ear, "This won't get you off. It's still a dozen of the best."

She gasped, but said nothing. Only her thrusts became more urgent. We both came with an animal passion, the knowledge of what was to come uppermost in both our minds. We lay in each others arms, cooling off in both passion and heat. Nothing needed to be said. Not long after I helped her up and lead her to the chair. Passively, she bent over, put her elbows on the seat of the chair, and rested her face on her hands. The shapely bottom was high in the air, her feet a little apart. We were both completely naked; somehow it an appropriateness to the situation.

I picked up the cane, savouring the power. Here was a beautiful

Amanda; the price of a loan is a red hot bottom.

girl, with a firm round shapely bottom, offering it freely for the thrashing that she richly deserved. I felt like a real headmaster, about give a truculent pupil a long overdue beating. The cane tapped the proffered rump as I measured my distance. The first stroke was hard, but not too hard; a sort of marker for better things to come. I was pleased that the first stripe appeared right across the centre of her bottom.

I imagined myself as the head prefect, determined to prove his prowess with the cane to his fellow prefects. The yellow stick whistled through the air, carefully measured so the fast moving tip gave it the maximum impact. But plucky girl was not going to give me the satisfaction of anything but the smallest reaction. It was only the hissing of air through clenched teeth that confirmed that I was really having an effect.

I took great satisfaction as the neat red stripes appeared one after the other, few crossing each other. As the dozen approached, I renewed my efforts, maximised the flick and the swing, and listened with satisfaction to the resulting swish and thwack. After the twelfth, I stood back and admired my handiwork. The deep breathing of the girl was the only sign of the agony she had overcome, until her hands slowly moved round to hold her bottom. An exquisite gesture! What else could I do but reward her by plunging my now erect member back into the welcoming, wet tunnel.