

THE JOYS OF MOTORING

February 2002

Ritchie could have moved to another pump, but he stayed where he was. The sight was just too good to miss and he wanted to savour every moment of it.

The girl was bent over as she held the nozzle of the fuel line. Her magnificent bum mounds stretched the material of her navy blue skirt, causing Ritchie's imagination to run riot. The young office worker was an avowed bottom man and the bottom belonging to the girl filling up the Ford Granada was absolutely superb. She had nice legs too, and Ritchie also admired the splendid half moons of her calves.

The petrol in, she stood upright and returned the nozzle to the holder so giving Ritchie a chance to admire the rest of her. Dark, slightly wavy hair surrounded a very pretty face which featured full, pouting lips. Her thin, white top contained what were obviously very nice breasts. They were not overly large, but he imagined them to be very nice handfuls. The back of the girl's bra was visible beneath the thin material, its narrow back strap tightly stretched across her young flesh.

As she walked towards the cash desk, her bottom swayed invitingly from side to side within the confines of the dark-coloured material. The outline of a pair of very skimpy knickers could also be clearly seen.

Beep! Beep!

A couple of youngsters passing the garage in their old Fiesta obviously felt as Ritchie did about her. She looked fleetingly at them, but quickly turned her head away when they began lewd gesturing.

He watched her all the way back to the big, shiny Granada, wondering what one had to do to get a car like that. What did one have to do to get the company of a girl like her!

She strapped herself in and flicked a glance into the driving mirror. She was looking straight at him, so he winked at her. Her eyes darted away and Ritchie watched as she switched on the engine and shifted the gear lever.

Crunch! Tinkle!

Ritchie couldn't believe it. The Granada had shot back and had struck the front of his old Cavalier!

The brunette in the big Ford twisted round in her seat, a look of sheer horror across her pretty features. Everyone else on the forecourt turned round too. Some of them winced in sympathy, but one or two started to laugh.

Ritchie got out, surveying the damage. Suddenly, she was by his side and the fragrance of her perfume was strong in his nostrils. Close-up, the girl was prettier than ever.

'Oh, no!' she groaned, inspecting the stove-in front of his Cavalier. The big Granada bore only slight traces of the impact - a dented bumper and a smashed rear light.

'What am I going to do?' she croaked.

'Have it fixed,' Ritchie brusquely suggested.

'But it's not my car!' she informed him, half sobbing. 'I shouldn't even be driving it!'

Other motorists, impatient as always, began to hoot their horns and lean out of their car windows. By now, the girl was on the verge of tears.

Ritchie put a consoling hand on her shoulder, aware of her warm, firm, young flesh beneath her top. 'Drive into the next street and stop there,' he told her.

She nodded and, biting her lip, she got into the Granada and slowly drove around the corner, followed by the young man in his rather battered Cavalier.

As soon as they had stopped, Ritchie got out of his vehicle and tapped on her passenger door window. As she stretched across to unfasten the lock, he took full advantage of the opportunity to gaze down her small but enticing cleavage. Inside the car, the fragrance of her perfume wafted up to his nostrils.

'You said it wasn't your car,' began Ritchie. 'I think you had better explain.

'It belongs to my boss,' she confessed. 'I haven't got his permission to drive it. And,' she paused and looked sheepishly at him. 'I haven't even passed my test yet!'

'You are in the brown and smelly, aren't you?' sighed Ritchie.

She nodded tearfully, her hands clenched on the steering wheel. Ritchie wanted to help her. She was a good looking bird. Out of his class he knew, but he still wanted to play Sir Galahad.

'What do you think your boss will say, when you tell him?' he asked her.

'It will be a case of instant dismissal,' she sniffed.

Ritchie reached out a hand and stroked the soft down of her bare arm. 'Say nothing,' he suggested. 'He'll think someone ran into it whilst it was parked.'

"That's no good." She shook her head, her scented hair swaying from side to side. "He locked it in the garage. I took the keys out of his drawer."

Ritchie shook his head and looked at the pretty female alongside him. A thought flickered through his mind and then the flicker turned into a flame.

"What's your name?" he asked her.

"Jane," she told him.

"Well, Jane," he began. "I may just be able to get you out of this mess."

Her head turned sharply and her big, brown eyes stared hopefully at him. "How?" she asked, a tremor in her voice.

"When does this boss of yours get back?"

"Tonight," she told him, her eyes narrowing as she spoke.

"There's no time to lose, then," he smiled at her.

"What are you going to do?" she wanted to know, but relaxing her grip on the steering wheel.

"I'm going to get the car fixed for you, Jane," he stated, patting her arm confidently.

"How?" she cried.

"A good mate of mine has a little repair shop," he informed the girl. "He'll have it as good as new in no time."

"He's that good a mate he'll do it for nothing for me?" she sniffed, suspicion evident in her voice.

"Oh yeah," nodded Ritchie. "He owes me a favour."

Jane folded her arms. "I can just imagine the kind of favour YOU would expect of me in return!" she snorted.

"I'll bet you can't," he grinned.

"You're after a leg-over!" she snapped. The grin stayed on Ritchie's face as he slowly shook his head.

"What then?" asked Jane. She clearly expected to have to do something in return for getting her boss's car fixed before he came back.

"Well," began Ritchie, turning sideways in the seat towards the girl. "I straightaway admired that lovely arse of yours, back at the filling station. You've got a gorgeous backside, you know."

"Really?" was her only comment. It did, however, give the impression that she well knew she had a good behind on her.

"Yes, really," he persisted. "And I want to give it a nice smacking - its as simple as that."

Jane stared at him, wide-eyed. "Well. Whatever turns you on, I suppose."

"Does that mean you're agreeable to my proposition?" Ritchie asked.

Jane thought for a moment. "What happens if I tell you to fuck off," she wanted to know.

The unexpected use of the four letter word surprised him, somewhat. "Then you don't get your boss's car fixed,' he coolly informed her.

"You're not much of a gentleman. are you?" she snapped.

"You're not much of a lady!" he retorted. "Ladies don't go around driving cars that don't belong to them."

Jane took a deep breath and her eyes blazed. Ritchie half expected a slap on the face. It didn't happen. Instead, the girl's shoulders slumped. "I can't really deny that," she said, wearily.

"Time is pressing." Ritchie looked at his watch.

Jane flicked the tip of her tongue across her lips. "IF I were to let you spank my bum, what guarantee would I have?"

"Only my word," he admitted, "but my balls are very vulnerable to a good kicking."

There was a faint flicker of a grin on her face. "Okay, then," she agreed, suddenly. "There's a first time for everything, I suppose."

Ritchie was almost overcome by a wave of euphoria. He felt as though he were floating on air. It would not be the first time he had smacked a girl's bottom, but the bum presently squirming in the seat alongside him would certainly be the finest one he had ever smacked.

"My knickers are staying on,' she told him firmly, wagging a finger at him as she did so. "And no funny business, either!"

"Fair enough," Ritchie agreed. "Just a good old-fashioned spanking. It might even teach you a lesson."

"Don't try and give the impression that you're doing it for the sake of my welfare," she scowled. "You're just doing it for your own personal satisfaction. You just happen to have me over a barrel."

"No," he grinned. "I'll just have you over my knee!"

Jane laughed. It was, of course, the first time he had seen her smile. Her teeth were strong, white and gleaming. A beam of light caught her soft, watery eyes.

She switched the engine back on. "I'm not putting my arse on show here," she told him. "Let's find somewhere secluded."

"I know the very place," stated Ritchie, securing his seat belt.

He directed her to a nearby factory estate and then pointed out a road which led to nowhere. High walls prevented anyone from seeing into the car and, in the unlikely event of anyone approaching, there would be plenty of warning.

Jane cut the engine. "Ready when you are," she said in a low voice. "In the back, I suppose."

Ritchie nodded. His heart was pounding with excitement. They both got into the back of the Granada. Before Jane stretched herself across his lap, she unfastened her navy blue skirt.

"I don't quite know what to expect," she admitted. "It's the first time anyone has ever smacked my arse."

Ritchie didn't say anything. With his nostrils flaring, he began to ease her skirt away from the lower half of her body. He fairly drooled as the girl's panty-clad bottom was slowly revealed to his eager gaze.

Her magnificent mounds were barely covered by tiny, white knickers which were peppered with little red polka dots. Her thighs were full, long and firm.

Being a full-blooded male, the sight before his eyes naturally began to arouse him. Jane was, of course, in the perfect place to realise the state of his arousal. She turned her head to look at him.

"If you get yourself all worked up," she warned. "It's your own look-out. I'm doing fuck all about it!"

"Don't worry," Ritchie assured her. "I'll cope."

Suddenly, his hand came down like a guillotine blade and it landed on her uncovered right buttock. In the confined space of the car, it sounded just like a pistol shot.

Jane's face had still been turned towards him when the blow had landed. Surprise registered on her pretty features.

"That hurt!" she protested.

"Really?" remarked Ritchie. "You do surprise me."

Using his other hand, Ritchie pulled the skimpy knickers right up into her crease, so that her delicious buttocks were, for practical purposes, completely bare.

This time, he delivered a hard slap to the other cheek. Jane quickly turned her head away to hide a grimace.

Up to now, her body had been fairly relaxed. Now, though, it became quite tense. Clearly Jane had not been expecting to actually experience a degree of hurt.

Straightaway, Ritchie laid on a series of heavy smacks - causing the reddening flesh of the girl's behind to judder violently. The blows completely distorted the shape of her superb nates.

"How long does this go on for?" She gasped the question during a short pause.

"Until I stop," was his answer.

Slap!

"Owowowowow!" she protested, humping up and down and kicking her legs.

"That's better Jane" smiled Ritchie. "Let's see that lovely arse of yours doing a nice dance."

By way of protest, her body instantly stilled. Another blow, however, from his flesh-stinging palm galvanised her bottom into action once more.

"Oooophh!" Jane inhaled sharply, as tentacles of fire spread through her from the place of impact. Her head jerked from side to side.

"I hope you're enjoying this," she snapped.

"Nice of you to ask," he laughed. "You bet I am. "Smacking an arse as good as yours isn't a thing that happens every day!"

Jane didn't seem impressed by the back-handed compliment and she twisted her head towards him and

poked out her tongue. Ritchie, naturally enough, retaliated by giving her hindquarters a resounding wallop.

"Owcchhh!" cried out the girl.

Her body began writhing furiously and Ritchie had to keep a tight grip on her knickers. Up went his right hand once more. He held it there for a little while before bringing it crashing down.

Slapp!

His hand rebounded off the now scarlet flesh. Jane's head jerked back and she bounced on his lap in reaction.

"Careful!" joked Ritchie. "You might break something!"

"That's enough!" gasped Jane, not responding to his quip, although obviously well aware of what she might break! "I was a fool to volunteer for this in the first place!"

"You were more of a fool to take your boss's car without his permission!"

Ritchie re-enforced his point with another stinging slap to the rounded girl-flesh. Jane howled, twisted her torso and kicked her legs in frog-like reaction.

Sslapp! Ssslapp! Ritchie remained very much in charge of the situation, delivering smacks first to her very sore left cheek and then to her equally sore right cheek.

Ritchie's punishing palm began to get a bit sore and he knew that Jane's posterior would be burning with an even greater intensity. He wasn't, however, about to break off. He believed that the brunette could take a lot more - although he certainly wasn't going to take her up to breaking point or anywhere nearing it.

He paused to run his right hand over the heated skin of her hummocks. It was lovely to touch, so he continued to touch it for some time. Jane would appreciate the pause in the proceedings, anyway. He noticed her bum cheeks clenching as if she expected his hand, in spite of her knickers, to stray where she didn't want it to.

"You could fry a couple of eggs on your bum, you know," he remarked.

"This has gone far enough now," she protested.

"Not quite," he told her.

He began to lay into her scarlet hummocks once again.

"Yowwww!" squealed Jane, bouncing in his lap once more.

With some reluctance, Ritchie let go of her knickers.

"That's your debt paid up front, then," he told her. "Let's go and get that Granada fixed."

Jane slid off his lap and struggled with her skirt. Her face was flushed, probably with embarrassment as much as from the hurt she had to cope with in her battered bottom.

When she finally sat down again in the driver's seat, she winced. Ritchie chuckled and she glared at him.

The girl seemed pleased when they arrived at the little back street garage. She had probably thought the place was just a figment of his imagination..

Smithy, Ritchie's pal, was paunchy, balding and practically covered from head to foot in oil and grease. "No

problem, sweetheart," he told Jane, giving her a broken-toothed smile after Ritchie had explained the urgency of the situation. "Just give me an hour or so and no-one will ever know the car has had a knock."

Relief was clearly evident on Jane's face as they left the workshop. "I must say," she admitted. "I had my doubts about you."

"Really," sniffed Ritchie. "You deserve to have that lovely arse of yours given a good hiding for thinking a thing like that."

A flesh went to the girl's cheeks. "Not again," she sniffed, forcing a smile. "My poor bum is still very tender. I realise you are into that sort of thing, but I much prefer my bottom to be used for sitting on."

"Shame," grinned Ritchie. "What a waste of a nice arse."

He looked at his watch and took hold of her hand. It was soft and warm. "The pubs are open," he told her. "W could have a shandy or two whilst we're waiting."

"I should get back to work, really," she sighed.

"Huh!" snorted Ritchie. "You didn't worry about pinching your boss's car; you can hardly worry about pinching some of his time, can you?"

Jane didn't say anything and she meekly allowed Ritchie to usher her into the "Dog & Partridge."

Ritchie seemed to know most of the customers. The blokes all greeted him cheerfully - and ogled his companion.

"I wonder what my mates here would think if they knew I'd given your behind a darned good hiding just a few minutes ago?" he grinned at Jane.

"You're not going to say anything are you?" Her eyes widened in alarm.

"I'd better not," he grinned. "They'd all want to have a go!"

"You certainly know how to humiliate a girl, don't you?" she sniffed.

"How is your arse, by the way?" Ritchie enquired.

"It's still sore," she told him, in a low voice.

"Don't worry," he told her, patting her thigh. "It will be okay for tonight's session."

Jane had been about to take a drink, but she stopped with the glass halfway to her mouth. "What do you mean by that?" she croaked, some alarm evident in her pretty brown eyes.

"Well," began Ritchie in a patient tone after he had drained his glass. "I've got your boss's Granada fixed for you, haven't I?" Jane nodded dumbly. "So the next thing is to get my Cavalier mended. Right?"

"I get it!" Jane folded her arms across her chest. "You think you're getting a chance to smack my arse again!" she rasped. "You've got another fucking think coming!"

She made to get up, but Ritchie pulled her sharply down by the arm. She winced as her bottom made sudden contact with the hard seat.

"I'm going to cane your bum this time, Jane," Ritchie informed her, matter-of-factly.

"What! She cried. Several customers' heads turned to see what was going on. Jane flushed and lowered her voice. "Okay, I'm grateful to you for getting me out of the shit, but I've paid for that."

"Yeah," agreed Ritchie, nodding his head. "That's over and done with. But look what you've done to my poor old Cavalier! What about that?"

Jane wet her lips with her tongue. She was, obviously, unsure of her ground. "What about it?" she murmured, weakly.

"Are YOU going to pay for the repairs to it?" he asked her.

"How much will it be?" she sighed, wringing her hands together.

"Smithy will do it for a couple of hundred," he told her. "It will be double that anywhere else. I'll ask him to do it on the cheap as a favour for you."

"I can't come up with money like that," she wailed.

"That's why I'm making you an offer. I'll stand the cost of the repairs myself in return for you letting me use the cane on that splendid rear end of yours."

"This is preposterous!" spluttered Jane.

"I'd rather look upon it as doing you a favour," Ritchie said, firmly.

"And where exactly do you expect to do this?" snapped the girl. "Here, in the public bar?"

He sensed victory and his stomach gave a lurch. "No," said Ritchie, calmly. "At

my place, this evening. Is eight o'clock okay for you?"

"You've got a hope!" Jane gave a hollow laugh.

"Yeah," nodded Ritchie. "I hope you turn up."

"What if I don't?" she wanted to know.

"Then I'll have to go to your boss with the bill for both cars!"

"You're a cu . . rat!" she corrected herself. "I'm going to the loo."

When she re-appeared she was composed and if she had had a little weep, there were certainly no traces of it. "Have we got ourselves a deal?" he asked her.

Jane closed her eyes and nodded. "Yes," she conceded. "I don't seem to have much option in the matter."

Ritchie got up. "That's my girl," he grinned, pecking her on the cheek

On the way back to Smithy's place, Ritchie pointed out his flat to her. Jane looked up quickly and then turned her head away. She didn't say anything.

Her pretty features brightened considerably when she saw the result of Smithy's handiwork. "Great," she beamed. "My boss will never know."

"No he won't, will he?" remarked Ritchie, meaningfully.

Jane's face darkened, but she didn't say anything.

Light-headed with the prospect of laying a cane across the delightful bottom he had spanked earlier, Ritchie watched as Jane backed the car out of the garage

into the main road. He reminded her that he would expect her at eight o'clock. She didn't respond, but Ritchie was certain she would show up. She was on a hiding to nothing - literally!

"Drive carefully!" he exhorted, as she pulled away.

She stuck up her middle finger at him and wound up the window.

It was actually a couple of minutes after eight when the flat doorbell "pinged" Ritchie looked through the spyhole before opening the door. It was Jane all right. A bolt of anticipation ran through his body.

"Good evening," he greeted her. "You're late." He stepped aside as she swept in.

"I hardly think it matters," she snapped. "I'm here, aren't I?"

Ritchie said nothing. Despite her looks and figure, she was a cocky bitch and she needed putting in her place. A few well-aimed strokes of his cane would certainly do that. He had to admire her changed appearance, though. She looked particularly stunning in a wine-coloured dress, in which her splendid bottom jutted out provocatively.

The flat had been cleaned and tidied especially for her visit, and Ritchie was quite impressed with his handiwork.

He poured out a generous measure of whisky for her and added the lemonade she asked for. She took the full glass from him with a trembling hand.

"I want you totally naked for this caning, Jane," he informed her, in a casual tone.

"I thought you might," she sniffed.

Ritchie's heart leaped and excitement swirled in his stomach. He had actually been prepared for a point-blank refusal. Blood started to race to his loins.

Swiftly, Jane downed her drink. "Come on," she said. "Let's get this over with. Then I can go away and forget this whole episode!"

Ritchie didn't say anything, but he knew that her bottom would not let her forget that easily!

He sat down and watched eagerly, as Jane unbuttoned her dress. He was thoroughly enjoying every single second of the girl's presence in his flat.

The dress came off over her head and she dropped it to the floor. Her breasts were held by white lace and satin. She reached behind her to unfetter them. Her bra then joined her dress on the carpet. Her apple-sized breasts were firm and decorated with tiny, pink nipples which were actually beginning to unwrinkle a little. She had changed her knickers from before. They were still very skimpy and made of white nylon. Ritchie believed she was probably wearing them for the first time. She made to lower them, but Ritchie stopped her.

"Allow me," he begged, sliding off the seat onto his knees.

He reached out his hands and they made contact with her warm, slender waist. He looked up at her. There was a look of total submission on her pretty face. Savouring the moment to the full, he slowly inched down the briefs and stared at her dark, curly, pubic arrow which was only inches from his eyes. He could see the beginning of the line of her sex.

Ritchie got to his feet and went to stand behind her. She flinched as he squeezed her fulsome bum cheeks, as if testing their springiness. They certainly passed the test. The redness from the hammering he had given them earlier had now disappeared. The marks his cane would leave behind on their surfaces would not go away so quickly, though.

She watched him go down on his knees again - this time with his back to her. He retrieved his curved-handled cane from its hiding place under the settee. He got to his feet and held up the quivering instrument for her to see. Jane covered a little, licked her dry lips and her eyes widened at the sight. of it.

"Aren't I supposed to bend over a chair or something?" she asked, her dainty breasts rising and falling.

"I want you to bend over with your legs apart. Keep hold of your ankles and don't get up until I tell you to!" Ritchie issued his orders.

"With my legs apart! That means you'll see my . . . my . . . you know!" protested Jane.

Ritchie smiled at the girl's unwillingness to put a name to her most private part. He shrugged his shoulders and went to stand behind her.

Jane realised the futility of further protest and, heaving a weary sigh, she widened her finely-sculpted legs and bent herself double.

It was a mouth-watering sight. Although Ritchie had seen the girl's bottom earlier in the day, it had not been exposed like it was now.. It was a perfect peach with a long, deep cleft. Also exposed to his appreciative eyes was Jane's long-lipped, very desirable pussy. It was

presently out of bounds, but he hoped that particular situation might just change!

Jane, her legs straddled and taut, waited apprehensively for what was to come. Ritchie raised his cane-wielding arm as Jane turned her head. She saw the thin bamboo about to descend and she jerked her head away.

Whirr! Crack!

The cane rebounded from the springy cushions of the girl's rump. Jane gave out a cry and jerked her head round and upwards to stare at her chastiser. Her face showed mingled expressions of hurt and disbelief.

"That was awful! she gasped. "How many more?"

"I'm giving you a dozen strokes," he coolly informed her.

"I won't be able to take twelve!" she wailed.

"Just wait and see," was Ritchie's response, as he again raised the cane to shoulder height. As it "whooshed" down to her target bottom, Jane turned her head away. Her frame stiffened and her cheeks clenched. Already a horizontal line was showing up on their surfaces.

Ritchie delivered a full-blooded cut, its force making Jane's hummocks bounce and quiver.

"Waaagghhhh!" cried out the bent-over girl. Her knees sagged just a little. When she straightened them, she put her beleaguered bottom into motion.

Ritchie nodded with satisfaction at the display and allowed the new hurt to sink in before a fresh application.

The thin rod whirred as it again sped down from above shoulder height. It struck the twin orbs at speed and rebounded away.

Jane gave out a shrill cry and she rocked from side to side. Her dangling breasts bobbed and shook in her reaction to the awful agony she was experiencing.

Ritchie was on air. He had total control of the girl who was wagging her bottom at him. The three red stripes were a testimony to his marksmanship as they were evenly spaced out. Her still-lovely bottom still had plenty of room for more.

Jane's bottom stilled, although she flexed the bum muscles in preparation for the next burning stroke of the wicked wand.

Cracckk! The cane impacted at speed upon its illuminated target.

Jane gave out a screech. Her legs gave out on her this time and she landed, on all fours, on the carpet. Ritchie's smile broadened as he thoroughly enjoyed the sight of the naked girl's rotating posterior. He wondered if she knew just how lewd her performance was.

If Jane did know about her obscene display, she was in no condition to care about it.

"You may as well stay like that," Ritchie told her. He quite liked the position the girl had involuntarily adapted.

The cane "whooshed" through the air once more. It had further to travel now and it gained even more momentum before it slashed a line of fire across her taut, tram-lined hemispheres.

"Owowowowww! cried Jane. Her bottom gyrated wildly and her head also shook from side to side.

Ritchie adjusted his stance in order to land a diagonal stroke across the existing cane marks. He raised the cane, paused and then arced the wood to land on the up thrust nates exactly as he had planned.

Jane's scream was quite unmerciful and the oscillations of her tortured rear were suggestive in the extreme. He actually now felt sorry for the girl.

"We could call this the end of part one," he suggested. "You can come back next week for the rest." He knew she wouldn't, but she had suffered enough. He was quite amazed with himself over the quality of mercy he had shown towards her. He was maybe becoming a softie.

"Yes, please," sobbed Jane, still putting her painful behind through its vulgar motions.

Ritchie slid the cane back under the settee and gently helped his sobbing visitor to her feet before showing her where the bathroom was.

She was quite composed when she came out, although her eyes were still red rimmed. Ritchie picked up her discarded clothing and handed it to her. "It's my turn to offer a deal, now," she sniffed.

"What's that?" frowned Ritchie.

"I know I said in the car that I wouldn't do anything about it if you got worked up," she informed him with a half smile. "Well, a girl can change her mind, can't she?"

* * *

The following morning, Ritchie drove his Cavalier to his mate's workshop.

Smithy shook his head as he surveyed the mangled front of the car. "What a fucking mess!" he declared. "I hope that bird who backed into you yesterday knows you'd already ploughed into a lamp post before she hit you. I'd hate it if she thought she was responsible for all this damage!"

Ritchie smiled, but said nothing. He didn't want to upset Smithy.