

Rough Ride

November 2002

Melissa Parkinson just had to get her driving licence. Already, she had failed the test on two occasions. That vital promotion in work was hers for the taking, but only if she could drive the cars belonging to the company. That was the reason why she had enrolled with instructor John Wilson for an “intensive course of lessons.”

Bearded, tough-looking Mr Wilson had been recommended to the blonde-haired Melissa by a “friend of a friend.” She had been warned that he was expensive and that his methods were somewhat unorthodox.

Melissa got in touch with her new instructor who gave her a “no pass, no fee” guarantee and confirmed that his methods differed somewhat to those of a traditional driving school. In return he wanted from the blonde her own guarantee of “no quibble and a solemn declaration that she would keep secret from everyone the methods he employed.

Melissa acceded to the burly, ex Marine’s requests and she handed over her cheque, asking when she could start with him.

“There’s no time like the present,” was the answer.

The shiny, silver-coloured, Vauxhall Corsa was waiting outside the office. It was just like the one she would get from her employers when she had passed her test.

“Call me John,” he told her. “I’ll call you Melissa. I think it’s better to stick to first name terms, especially when the going gets rough.”

Melissa hid a smile. Once a Marine, always a Marine. She moved off, but it had been a few weeks since she had been behind a wheel and the vehicle gave a series of lurches before she got the hang of things again.

“This is an “effing car, not a kangaroo,” Mr Wilson roared in her ear. Melissa took a deep breath, remembering the warning about his unusual methods. She was just glad she had not been with him in the Marines. She pitied anyone who had.

He continued to loudly castigate her for every little error she made and she felt decidedly nervy when he instructed her to turn into a housing estate to do some three point turns. Poor Melissa was in such a state that she got the pedals mixed up. The car shot forward, hit the kerb and the front nearside wheel ended up on the grass verge.

“You stupid bitch!” thundered Mr Wilson. “Get out of the car!” Shaking somewhat, Melissa got out of the Corsa.

“Look at that tyre!” roared her instructor. “Do you realise just how much new tyres cost?”

The blonde shook her head. She couldn’t, actually, see anything wrong with the tyre.

“Get back inside!” he ordered, brusquely. “Reverse off and pull up over there in a straight line!” He indicated a hedge further down the fairly quiet road.

Melissa was quite pleased with what she did. The car ended up perfectly straight and only inches away from the kerb. John Wilson got out, walked round the car and opened the driver’s door. The pupil thought he was being very courteous. To her surprise, however, he reached in and proceeded to pull her out.

“Hey!” she cried. “What do you think you are doing?”

“I’m going to administer some sense into that pretty little head of yours,” he told her, grimly. “And I’m going to administer it via your bottom!”

Melissa couldn’t believe what she had just heard. “You don’t mean you are?” her voice faded away.

“Aren’t I just!” he smiled. In a complete daze, Melissa found herself being dragged towards the bonnet of the Corsa. There was a light breeze and it rustled her thin, summery dress, shaping it to the contours of her very shapely bottom and thighs. It was very obvious that she was not wearing a bra.

“You can’t!” she croaked. “Not here. People might see!”

“So what?” he growled. “I’m going to teach you a lesson!”

Poor Beverley had not expected anything like this. This must be one of Wilson’s “unusual” methods. What other methods did he employ? The “friend of a friend” had not warned her about anything like this happening. But, of course, the

“friend” would be sworn to secrecy, hadn’t she?

John Wilson forced her down over the bonnet, one hand pushing her head and the other raising her dress up her back and snatching at her black, lacy mini briefs. This was totally humiliating!

“Please don’t!” begged Melissa, knowing all the time that it was really a useless protest. She was no match for the burly instructor - and she had “signed up” for it!

It was bad enough having to suffer a hiding in the first place, without it being outside in a street of all places. Furthermore, it was her bare bottom that was going to get it. Fortunately, there didn’t appear to be anyone around, but how many pairs of eager eyes were hidden behind the net curtains of the windows of the house

John kept her pressed down. Her dress was now rolled up and her bare tummy was hot from the metal, due to the heat from the engine. Down went her briefs.

“Oh God!” prayed Melissa. “Please don’t let anyone come by!” Her short prayer over, she gave an involuntary “Ouch!” as the man’s hand struck the firm meat of her shapely bottom.

“Keep still!” she was ordered. as she waggled her rear. “The more you move, the longer we will be here!”

Melissa could hardly believe this was actually happening to her of all people. If anyone found out about it! Smack! It was certainly happening, right enough. A further blow swiftly followed, this time on the other cheek to the

previous couple. Like the earlier ones, it stung like blazes!

“That’s enough, please, John,” she begged. Melissa hoped that the use of his first name might just prompt him to stop the spanking. It didn’t.

She yelped with anguish and squirmed furiously as his hard hand continued to land on her sore and vulnerable flesh

Owwwww!” she cried, as John slapped her cheeks again and again, managing to divide the pain equally on both sides of the dividing crease. She was making so much noise that, surely, someone would come out of one of the houses to investigate.

Her head jerked back and her throbbing and smarting buttocks waggled from side to side.

Then, mercifully, Wilson allowed her to get up. Melissa pursed her lips and frantically rubbed her smarting rump. Fighting back the sobs, Melissa hauled up her briefs and pulled down her dress. Quickly, she looked all round her. It did seem that, by a miracle, no one had actually seen her poor arse getting a roasting. But, had she not prayed for a miracle?

Sniffing just a little, she slid back into the driver’s seat. “Oh!” she groaned, as pressure was suddenly applied to her battered bum. Her nates were red hot and throbbing like mad.

“Back to the office!” ordered Wilson. “You know the way.”

Melissa drove the Corsa back to the driving school office much better than she had ever driven any car before. A

slight lapse in concentration, however, caused her to scrape the tyres along the kerb outside the building. Beside her, she felt John Wilson stiffen, but he said nothing. She got out of the car, locked it and meekly followed him inside.

Once in the office, however, he turned on her and pulled her driving to pieces. “What about my tyres?” he asked, finally, wagging a finger at her. You have just caused more damage to them, due to your carelessness. That calls for another good hiding. This time, you can scream the place down.”

Melissa made a quick decision. “I’m cancelling my lessons,” she said, sharply, “and I shall be cancelling my cheque at the bank first thing in the morning!”

She turned sharply on her heel and actually got as far as the door before Wilson caught hold of her “Oh no, you don’t!” he rasped. “Come back here!”

With that he dragged her into the middle of the office. Melissa realised that the only place she would probably be going was over his knees! “Take everything off!” he ordered.

Flabbergasted, Melissa stared at him without making a move. John Wilson, however, made a move. His hands darted out and tugged at the ties of her dress. The blonde struggled as best she could.

“I’ll take them off if you won’t!” he warned her.

“Okay,” sighed Melissa. She really needed this guy to get her through the driving test. After all, it wasn’t the first time she’d stripped off for a bloke!

John stood back and watched as his blonde pupil slowly began to remove her gossamer-like garment. It floated down her lithe tanned body to reveal a pair of dainty boobs. Melissa was aware that her tits were not terribly big, but they were nice little handfuls all the same. Stripping off for a male always gave her a bit of a thrill, even on this occasion.

“You can leave your shoes on,” she was told. The briefs which had already been so roughly lowered now became the object of John Wilson’s attention. “Hurry it up!” he urged. She turned around and put her thumbs in the side of her briefs. The thrill was now wearing off and she felt a bit like crying. She was sure she would be before it was all over.

Despite his urging, Melissa took her time as she very slowly peeled the thin nylon away from her fully-rounded bum cheeks - cheeks that were destined for further ill-deserved punishment.

Ian Wilson nodded his head in appreciation of the sight of his pupil’s shapely rear as it was slowly unveiled in front of him. The marks of her spanking across the bonnet of the Corsa had, by now, disappeared.

Totally naked now, save for her footwear, the trembling blonde waited apprehensively for her driving instructor to resume his attentions to her well-moulded bottom.

“Turn around!” he ordered her. Slowly, she did so and John’s gaze naturally alighted on her trimmed bush of dark blonde pubic curls at the junction of her thighs.

“Whilst you are on this course, young lady,” he snarled, menacingly, “You can

expect a severe thrashing every time your driving falls short of the standard that I expect at each stage of your learning.” Do you understand?”

Fearfully, Melissa nodded.

“Furthermore, he continued, ”I do not expect outbursts like the one you had before, so I intend to cure you of that particular habit!”

He sat down on an upright chair and pulled the unwilling, naked pupil towards him.

“Right, Melissa,” he began. “We’ll continue with your lesson. You can make as much noise as you like, no-one is going to hear you. You are completely at my mercy - and I’m not renowned for my qualities of mercy!”

Poor Melissa did not for one moment doubt the truth of that statement. “Over you go,” he told her, patting his sturdy thighs.

Melissa did as she was told. She lay over his thighs with her hands touching the bare floor on one side and her shiny, red, high-heeled shoes touching the carpet on the other. Her breasts were squashed against his trousers. John’s left hand gripped her tangled mass of curls, ensuring that she would move about as little as possible.

She held her breath and waited for the commencement. She did not have very long to wait. Slap! “Owwwwoowwww!” she cried. Straightaway, she jerked, kicked and quivered as the big hand registered its stinging impact.

Slap! His open palm struck the warm, resilient flesh of the blonde’s behind once more. Melissa shuddered under it, grinding her teeth as the pain began to

spread. That hiding over the bonnet of the car had tenderised her posterior.

Again, his hard hand smacked against her bum cheeks. He was clearly covering every single inch of her already hurting derriere. Pain began to seep into every part of the Melissa's naked and lovely body.

The attack continued with Melissa crying out after each one had landed on the target. The cruel grip of her hair ensured that her frantic writhing and bucking was kept to an absolute minimum.

Pain from her hammered nates sent its message to every nerve end. Her bottom felt like a cauldron.

"On your feet!" he commanded suddenly. For a wonderful moment, Melissa thought it was all over. Of course, it wasn't. She was instructed to lean over the office desk. As she did so, John inspected the glowing imprints of his hand on her right cheek and he smiled.

Smack! Smack! The awful torment started all over again. It had been Melissa's right cheek which had borne the brunt of the smacking when she had been over his knees. She had been moved to the desk so that her tormentor could give the same awful treatment mainly to the left cheek this time.

"Oooohhh! Aagghhhh!" yelled Melissa. Each cry was now more agonised than the one which had preceded it.

John did not let up. His hand relentlessly rose and fell on Melissa's buttocks. She shrieked for all she was worth. Ever-

increasing waves of hurt engulfed her body.

"You can have a little rest now, Melissa," he announced, unexpectedly. "But don't think I've finished with you. You've got more to come, plenty more!"

Wearily, Melissa stood up and twisted her body around to inspect her damaged posterior as best she could. Her hands tenderly cupped her injured cheeks. She looked at her tormentor and wondered if he might let her off the rest of whatever he had planned if she were to offer him sex. Then, with a sigh she rejected the idea.

"Right," he announced, clapping his hands together. "Now, for the next part."

John told her to lean forward with her hands on the top of the desk. She did as she was told and she, therefore, did not see him unbuckling his belt. Off it came, with Melissa still unaware as to what exactly was going to happen next. She was, however, well aware that her poor behind was going to be seriously hurt again.

Wilson doubled the leather belt and moved into position. Melissa glance behind her and groaned as she caught sight of the belt raised in the air.

Unhurriedly, using the full force of his arm, he began to flay the cheeks so helplessly presented. Melissa yelped like a puppy as the torrent of lashes rained down. The pain was excruciating and she felt like sagging over the desk top. She managed not to do so.

Again the lash cracked explosively across her rump. With some surprise, she realised that she was not in floods of

tears. Something inside her was forcing her to stand up to the punishment her behind was absorbing. She wanted to show this man, the man who actually held the keys to her future, that she was made of strong stuff.

Suddenly, the lashing stopped. Somehow, Melissa didn't think it was all over. Of course it wasn't. The pause was of sufficient length to get her to assume a kneeling position on the chair, with her battered and burning posterior well poked up.

He then continued to cover the rounded-out target with burning, red stripes. Panting and gasping, Melissa tried to protect the fiery furnace that was her seat with one hand. John's reaction was to pull her away from the desk and to spread her across his lap once more.

He laid into her again. The poor blonde wondered just how much more she could take. Her reserves of strength and determination were rapidly running out. Melissa repeatedly kicked up both of her legs in reaction to the scything lashes.

"Time for another change, I think," he announced suddenly.

"No more, please. I've had enough," she begged, painfully getting to her feet.

"I'll say when you've had enough!" he retorted.

He then made Melissa drape herself over the back of the chair. Her bottom, a fiery mass of red, poked up for more undeserved punishment. Only the prospect of getting her driving licence and her promotion were keeping her going.

Melissa braced herself as she heard the "swoosh" of the belt, cutting its

fearsome way through the air. The belt, no longer folded in two, dug into her angry nates. Another streak of pain swamped her tired body.

Throughout her ordeal, she had somehow managed to keep her legs fairly well pressed together. She had been determined to allow John Wilson minimum viewing of her sex opening. That resolve now went and she knew her driving instructor would be inspecting her moist, pink gash.

She prayed, silently, for him to stop. Was it too much to ask for another miracle?

John also surveyed Melissa's tortured backside. The beating had been severe he knew, but necessary. She had taken it extremely well. He would definitely get her through the test.

He delivered a few more lashes, albeit less severe than before. Melissa humped, obscenely, over the chair back. Her shoulders heaved with sobs. Her sit-upon felt like it had been sprayed with a molten flame. Then, she heard the words. "Okay. You can get up now!"

Melissa wanted to get up, but found it painfully difficult to do so. Eventually, however, she managed it. She stood, gulping in air and clutching her distressed nates as though they were in danger of coming off. She was pleased to see John Wilson's belt holding up his trousers, once more. She looked sullenly at the menacing figure. There was no way she was going to fail her next driving test; not after this!

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