

THE OBSESSION

an F/M spanking novella



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by

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Shy college teacher, Bob Lee Jennings, is a man easily distracted by a sexy female bottom, especially encased in tight denim jeans. It becomes an obsession, and develops further into 'accidental' groping... which gets him into big trouble at a store selling cowboy boots. Despite a whipping, his bad behaviour continues at a different store, where three women delight in getting their own back by fondling and spanking him. One of them, Stephanie, blackmails Bob Lee about the incident, which does not go down well with Bob-Lee's new girlfriend, Jesse. Jesse, a cowgirl, really likes the sweetly submissive Bob Lee but is faced with the problem of how to deal with his obsession for female bottoms. She meets with Bob Lee's mother at her ranch, and his mother comes up with a plan, carried out in the barn with the aid of a saddle rack, leather strap, and Bob Lee wearing his 'spanking chaps'. A further painful session in the barn involves more sessions with the strap from each of Bob Lee's three older sisters, all equally determined to help cure him of his obsession.

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1. Admission

He was a troubled young man sitting on a bench watching tourists as they gawked at the 'Old West' stores and sites in the historic area of old Ft. Worth. Yeah, the stockyards were vintage Texas, just as Billie Bob's was the place to hang out and listen to music while having a beer or three. Still, Bob Lee Jennings sat on the bench, shifting his gaze among the tourists until he finally found a local girl walking down the sidewalk.

He knew she was a local girl, not because of the boots she wore or the cowboy hat... tourists tended to load up on those things. Rather, he knew she was local because of the jeans she wore. They didn't have any fancy-dancy stitching or rhinestones covering her ass; in fact, she didn't even have pockets on the jeans. And, it was the lack of pockets that indicated the gal was a real, honest-to-goodness, local girl who had some ranch upbringing somewhere in her past.

Bob Lee watched her bottom as it undulated beneath the pocket-less jeans. Her bottom was athletically full, and swayed with the sensuality that would have been destroyed by east coast rhinestones or useless pockets. The denim was tight, yet soft, and every movement of her muscled bottom called out to Bob Lee. The young man struggled to remain seated on the bench as that mighty fine ass beckoned him.

He closed his eyes to that siren song, but his imagination filled his mind with the woman's swaying hips as the unfettered denim spoke to him: "Touch me!" said that voice. Screwing his eyes tighter to fight the image, he now imagined that same woman astride a horse, now a barrel rider and as she rose in her stirrups, her bottom lifted from the saddle and that soft, tight denim practically screamed at Bob Lee, "I'm here! Right here! Don't ignore me!"

He snapped his eyes open as he realized his imagination had him walking behind the woman, his hand reaching out to fondle the tight denim and the rippling female bottom it encased. Looking down he noticed his hands were actually flexing as if he really was fondling her bottom. With that realization, Bob Lee suddenly stood, silently scolding himself for

letting his imagination run wild, and took off in the opposite direction in a brisk and purposeful stride.

Bob Lee Jennings had been raised just west of Ft. Worth, but had gone to college on the East coast. After earning a Master of Fine Arts Degree in Creative Writing, he had returned home to take a teaching position at a local community college. He taught English Literature and Composition classes with the idea that this would provide an income as well as plenty of time to work on 'The Great American Novel'. At this point, he earned a living but had yet to make any progress with his own writing.

The young man struggled to develop an idea for his novel, but his creative juices always flowed in one direction: the suggestive sway and allure of female bottoms in tight jeans... especially those pocket-less jeans the cowgirls all favored. He found himself spending late evenings and weekends on Exchange Street, sitting on the same bench for hours just watching the women walk by. His heart always skipped a beat when a real local gal sashayed by, her bottom impossibly poured into the tight denim, and swaying as it called out for Bob Lee's immediate attention.

His selection of bench was no accident. It was across the street from Padilla's, generally known as the finest boot store in town, and one that Bob Lee's mama had taken him and his three older sisters to for their first boots and all the boots they bought until the kids started buying their own clothes. Bob Lee bought his last pair of Tony Lamas at Padilla's and he knew all three sisters still shopped there as well. Mrs. Padilla ran the store even after her husband passed on a decade ago and was a friend of Bob Lee's mama... heck, she seemed to be friends with everyone's mother!

Because of the authentic boots sold at Padilla's, Bob Lee had instinctively selected that bench to sit and gaze at the fabulous female forms that went in and out of the store.

His focus returned, Bob Lee wandered back to the bench and sat down. He told himself that he was using this time to create ideas for his novel, and he really did try to concentrate on that task. Unfortunately, those female butts in tight denim jeans just continued calling out to him and his attention was soon riveted, once again, on some wildly wriggling bottom and the tight jeans that held it all together.

And then it happened without a thought. Like a thunderbolt thrown by Zeus, Bob Lee was struck by the most incredible image he had seen over the last few weeks. The woman was probably in her early 30's, tall with a luxurious mane of jet black hair. He had noticed her tight western shirt and how it was barely able to contain a set of impressive breasts that struggled to be free of the bra as well. But it was the form-fitting jeans that captured his attention and even caused him to stand up and catch his breath.

The jeans were classic, no pockets denim that grabbed and hugged every nuance of her marvelously well-sculpted bottom. The jeans were a bit unusual, though, in that they were very low rise; and the fact that the woman's western shirt tails had been tied up to display her midriff, accented just how low slung on her hips the jeans fell. It was probably the top of the thong that was clearly visible above the jeans and below the shirt that had pushed Bob Lee's buttons. The woman turned and stepped into Padilla's and Bob Lee knew... he *knew*... what he had to do.

He suddenly bolted across the street and entered Padilla's store and quickly scanned the floor for the woman and her bottom that was still singing to him. Just as he picked her up two aisles over, the familiar scent of the store overwhelmed him. The rich smells of leather enveloped his imagination just as the sight of the woman's rolling bottom had grabbed his head by the ears and shook him.

He had no idea what he was going to do... or even that he was actually doing anything at all. Casually, he worked his way nearer the woman, and he audibly gasped as he turned at the end of the aisle to see the woman bent over, checking out the boot boxes near the floor. Her magnificent bottom was pointed right at him, the top of the thong even more visible, and Bob Lee thought for a moment that he could actually see her bottom pulsating as blood flowed through the muscles.

Without thinking about what he was doing, Bob Lee walked past the woman and, even as she was still bent over, he let his hand casually roam over the well-bent and tensed backside. "Excuse me," he muttered as the woman gave him a suspicious look. Still, it had come across as an accident, and she said nothing.

But Bob Lee was almost delirious with desire. That casual caress of the heavenly bottom was like catnip to a cat; Bob Lee just had to have another fondle. He imagined his hand was warm from the touch, and he

stared down at it to make sure it was alright. But, what to do now? How was he going to get another touch?

Wandering down nearby aisles, he kept a close eye on the goddess with the heavenly bottom. There was nothing, and no one, else that occupied Bob Lee's conscious thoughts. He was focused and was now a man on a mission.

Then the opportunity came and he pounced on it! Once again the woman was bent over as she fiddled with a pair of boots, and Bob Lee had a sudden vision of how to take advantage. He quickly came up the aisle from behind the woman and then 'tripped' on a boot box. As he fell, he put both hands out to catch himself, but all he caught was two hands of womanly bottom cheeks. He fell harder than he had planned and knocked the woman and an end cap display to the floor.

"I'm so sorry," he muttered as he tried to get up. The woman had managed to stand before he could get up and she planted a foot in the middle of Bob Lee's back and shoved him back to the floor.

"Where is the manager?" the lady asked in a loud voice and if that question didn't make Bob Lee quiver, the responding voice did.

"I am Estelle Padilla," said the store's owner. "I saw you tumble. Are you alright?"

"Yes, I am fine," snapped the indignant woman. "But I want to call the police. This man has been stalking me since I entered this store and he has twice - TWICE - fondled my behind."

Mrs. Padilla looked down and Bob Lee did not have to see her face to know that she quickly recognized him. "I'll handle this Miss," said Mrs. Padilla. "Let me escort him to the back so I might have a word with him, and then you."

The woman huffed, but lifted her foot and stepped back. Bob Lee stood and could no longer even force himself to look at the woman, and he did not want to look at Mrs. Padilla either.

"This way, young man," the store owner said as she firmly escorted him to the back and into her office. Pointing to a chair opposite her desk, the store owner said, "You sit down and wait for me, Bob Lee Jennings. And don't even think about leaving because I'll just get your mother

involved." With that, Mrs. Padilla left and Bob Lee sat down and began to curse himself and his miserable luck.

* * *

Estelle Padilla was an earnest Mexican-American woman in her mid-50's. She was short in stature at only four inches over five feet tall, and she had kept her weight in check so she was still a trim woman. Despite her height, she was a dynamic ball of energy and not someone to mess with. Bob Lee knew this, but his thoughts all went back to his predicament, thinking how his mama would kill him when she found out.

Even though Bob Lee lived on his own, he knew his mother would not hesitate to tan his hide, and if his older sisters were around, they'd get involved as well. The thought made Bob Lee shudder and curse himself for the hundredth time since he had been escorted back to this office.

Finally, Mrs. Padilla returned to her office and as Bob Lee started to utter an excuse or an apology, the fiery woman held up a hand and gave the young man an icy glare. "I will do the talking," she said, adding, "and you will do the listening until I ask you to say something." She sat down behind her desk and fixed Bob Lee with a determined look.

"I saw you the minute you came into the store, Bob Lee," began the diminutive owner. "I watched you circle and stalk that woman, and I am certain it is all documented on our security cameras." This brought a huge blush to the young man's face. "I don't want to call the police. That would ruin your new career. I'm sure the college would not keep you on after this. I suspect that the best thing for me to do is to call your mother and let her handle this."

Bob Lee's eyes widened in shock, and he almost started to beg Mrs. Padilla not to call his mother, but he stopped himself before his mouth took off without his brain.

"I see you don't want that either, Bob Lee, so be honest with me and don't try to bullshit me. What would your mother do to you if I called her?"

His eyes immediately fell to the floor, and his face colored a deeper shade of red. Estelle Padilla simply waited patiently for him to admit what would happen.

With a stutter and a stammer, Bob Lee finally said, "She'd whip my butt until I couldn't sit... if I was lucky." He looked up at the woman

opposite him, and she just waited for him to continue. "If not, one or more of my sisters would be involved, and I'd get more than one lickin'."

"And what would your mother do," asked Mrs. Padilla more pointedly, "if I told her I have noticed you on the street ogling women for the past couple of weeks before this incident in my store?"

All color drained from the young man's face, and he looked on the verge of tears.

"Please don't do that, Mrs. Padilla," he pleaded.

"I asked you a question," she countered. "And I expect an answer."

Bob Lee began to wring his hands and squirm in his chair. It took several attempts before understandable words came from his mouth. "I'd probably spend the day naked in the barn with Mama coming in to lay on a switch between her chores. She'd probably get my sisters to help out. I'd be one welted mess." He looked up at Mrs. Padilla with misery written all over his face. "Oh, please, Mrs. Padilla, don't call Mama! I'll never do anything like this again!" This time a couple of tears did streak down the young man's cheeks.

Estelle leaned back in her chair and considered the situation. Mrs. Jennings raised her kids to be good kids, but she had a reputation for being rather severe and harsh. Growing up, she knew Bob Lee had taken the brunt of every prank his older sisters had played on him, and almost always Bob Lee had been found guilty and suffered the consequences. It had always bothered Estelle a bit, but she was not one to interfere in other families' business. Estelle checked her watch.

"We're going to close in 30 minutes, Bob Lee," she said firmly. "I'm going to cut you a little slack." The look on his face was like that of a puppy dog recognizing his owner was home from work. "A *little* slack," she added for emphasis. "Get up and use the bathroom if you need to. As soon as we close, you and I are going to have a conversation. Maybe not like your mama would have, but one you'll remember. No police. No mother, but you may not be able to sit when I'm done."

Bob Lee bowed his head, thankful that no one else would be involved, and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Padilla."

* * *

The store was finally locked up and the staff had gone. Estelle retrieved Bob Lee from her office and asked him to follow her into the store room. Flicking on the lights back in that room, Bob Lee was directed to a couple of boxes that had been stacked up and a blanket thrown over them.

"Stand in front of the boxes, Bob Lee," Mrs. Padilla told him. "And take down your jeans and your undershorts before laying over the blanket on those boxes."

Blushing furiously, Bob Lee complied, feeling totally foolish in his state of undress but feeling more vulnerable than anything else. Mrs. Padilla walked around to where Bob Lee could see her, and she held out a wide and heavy leather belt that was quite stiff. It was a western belt that was heavily tooled and ornate, and it looked more than substantial for the job that Estelle had in mind.

"This is what is going to be used on your bottom, Bob Lee."

He could only nod his understanding, but his head snapped up when he saw a motion from Mrs. Padilla. It seemed like she waved to someone to come into the store room. Afraid to look back, Bob Lee looked up questioningly at Mrs. Padilla.

"You did not wrong me, Bob Lee, but one of my very best customers. So *she* is going to give you the punishment you deserve."

Suddenly, the goddess with the magnificent bottom stepped into Bob Lee's view. She had a smirk on her face as she stepped closer to him. Standing in front of him, the woman turned around and wiggled her denim-encased bottom in his face. "This is what got you in trouble, buddy," she said, adding, "Want to grope my butt now?"

Clearing his throat, Bob Lee only replied, "No ma'am. I think I'm in enough trouble as it is."

"Good answer."

And suddenly both women were gone from Bob Lee's view. He could still hear them moving behind him, but he dared not peek in their direction.

WHACK!

The heavy leather belt suddenly flew into his bare bottom, and Bob Lee instantly felt a wide red band of fire erupt where it had landed. The

woman did not hesitate, tease or play around. She pulled the heavy belt back and let it fly again.

And, again and again.

The belt seared his backside with rhythmic precision and despite the pain he was trying to endure, Bob Lee immediately knew this woman knew what she was doing. The belt lashed the center of his bottom, then above and then below as she gradually spread the searing red pain across the full expanse of his bottom.

Bob Lee groaned and grunted as she worked his butt over with the belt. He twisted and turned over the boxes, wishing unsuccessfully to avoid the bitterly painful blows of the belt. The sound of leather smacking bare flesh was sharp and loud, and eventually real tears and sobs came flowing. This caused a brief stop to the lashing.

Sensing the movement, Bob Lee looked up and discovered the sexy woman was now standing right in front of him.

"Just a few more to make sure you remember not to stalk women," the woman said. "Head down please."

Still sobbing, Bob Lee hung his head and then felt the woman step up and put his head in a vice grip between her denim clad thighs. She held him tightly in place as she lashed out six more times. These strokes landed lengthwise and were perpendicular to the prior lashes of the belt.

They really hurt and Bob Lee cried out as he bucked against the vice-like thighs. The tip of the belt caught his thighs and really made him howl, but true to her word there were only a few more: six to be exact.

His head was freed and he heard the cowboy boots of the woman as she stalked out of the store room. Mrs. Padilla's voice then came from the door. "Bob Lee, you can put your clothes back in order and then I'll let you out."

As he stood to pull up his shorts and jeans, Bob Lee had a sudden realization. He was intensely grateful neither woman was there to see his raging erection as he pulled his jeans up. As he put himself together, Bob Lee wondered if his fascination with women's bottoms in jeans was worth the powerful belting he had just suffered.

His bottom said it wasn't.

But, his erection wasn't sure it agreed.

2. Investigation

Over the course of the following week, Bob Lee slowly became aware of his fascination for female bottoms tightly encased in jeans. This was especially true of the soft and well-worn versions of blue jeans, and the fascination factor jumped off the chart if said jeans had no back pockets.

Twice he caught himself absently driving downtown to sit on the bench across from Padilla's, but he managed to avoid actually going back. He had to shake his head to clear the fog of compulsion as he fought temptation with the realization that Mrs. Padilla would not hesitate to call his mother if he continued to show up.

Bob Lee also struggled teaching his classes at the Junior College. The coeds in his class seemed to spray paint their jeans on... the denim was so tight, there was no way those young ladies could wriggle into them, much less zip them up! He caught himself staring at several well-filled jeans, and each time he wondered how long he had been zoned out at the sight of them, and feverishly hoped that no one had noticed.

This was getting to be a problem, and Bob Lee did not want to jeopardize his teaching position by either making students feel uncomfortable with his staring or, heaven forbid, by accidentally fondling any of those rapturous backsides that seemed to have a voice inside his mind. Knowing he could not act on his fascinations at work, Bob Lee determined that there were only two possible ways to manage his obsession.

Ideally, he could seek professional help and talk about it with a therapist. He discarded that option as being too embarrassing and too expensive. He could not imagine admitting his thoughts to another man, and baring his soul about this to a woman was out of the question! Bob Lee didn't earn that much money, so professional counseling was a luxury he just couldn't afford. That realization led him to resolve that the second possibility was his only choice.

Therefore, he resolved to find a safe way to satisfy his obsessions. Lurking outside Padilla's had been a fairly good idea for some time, and he realized that there had been two problems with that. First, he had been a

casual observer with no plan. He allowed the long build-up of observations to overwhelm him, and he had acted rashly on impulse. It was clear to him that he needed to have a plan - a well thought-out plan to avoid confrontations. It was also abundantly clear to him that it would be best to be somewhere that he was not recognized. Bob Lee and his family had shopped far too long at Padilla's. Even though he was grateful for Mrs. Padilla's silence on the matter, it had been foolish to go somewhere he would be known.

At the end of one class, the solution to his conundrum was suddenly obvious. A blonde student with incredibly long legs stood up at the end of class and exited the room. Bob Lee watched her cowgirl ass shimmy and sway as she left the room and even as his head rocked side to side in perfect synchronicity to her rolling bottom globes he knew what he would do.

Bob Lee would find a western wear store someplace he never shopped. The gals would be in those great jeans as they shopped, and Bob Lee would develop a strategy for brushing past the shoppers and get a handful of therapy in the process!

* * *

His plan was really coming together, and as Bob Lee scouted for locations to sit and watch luscious female bottoms in tight jeans, he accidentally developed an extra twist to his plan. He was quite pleased with himself.

Rather than hang out around a single store, Bob Lee stumbled across Saba's Western Wear. They had half a dozen stores within 20 miles of him. Bob Lee could wander from one store to another and be six times less conspicuous. It was brilliant!

During his off hours, and especially during peak shopping times, Bob Lee would wander off to one of the Saba's stores. Depending on the store, he would either find a convenient coffee shop or a bench on which to sit and watch the store, though sometimes he'd just sit in his car on the street. He would wait until there was a really inviting target in the store, and he managed to be sufficiently patient to let two targets of opportunity be in the store at the same time.

His process was simple. As he wandered the store, pretending to be a shopper, Bob Lee would walk past the targeted woman in the opposite

direction she was going. As he passed, his hand would casually glide across the denim covered bottom of his prey. He never looked back to see if there was a reaction, but he did manage to use either the store 'shoplifter' mirrors or reflection in the plate glass to see if any of the women reacted.

Very, very few even flinched.

This was so exciting to Bob Lee, but after a while it soon became insufficient to fill his obsessive needs. He no longer used a casual and accidental type of touch. As each successive pass was successful, Bob Lee became more adventurous. Oh, he never ... well, almost never... tried it twice on the same target, but he did ramp up his aggression with each successive grope.

His simple touch became more of a cupping motion and lingered longer. He could detect a spark of recognition from the women that something had happened, but no one ever really flinched. So, Bob Lee became bolder yet. Those lingering cupping activities became light squeezes and now he could sense the women pause and stiffen, yet still not one even turned to look at him.

He found these reactions thrilling. Knowing the woman he had just lightly fondled knew, in her own mind, that her glorious bottom had been groped was a powerful aphrodisiac. It made him bolder and more aggressive still. And, his practice of moving between the six stores made him much less recognizable to store personnel.

And speaking of store personnel, there were any number of attractive young ladies working at Saba's, and they all wore the *de rigueur* form-fitting jeans, and not one had back pockets! Saba, whoever he was, must hold the same opinion as Bob Lee: nothing looks better on a woman than pocket-less, form-fitting jeans. Bob Lee made a mental note of each employee he groped and began to play a game in his mind: he resolved to fondle each and every female employee in all the Saba's stores!

And therein lay his downfall: his new game, coupled with his increasing aggression, began to get him noticed. One clerk made a casual comment to another during their break about a guy whom she thought had grabbed her ass. The co-worker confirmed she had a similar experience, and soon the mystery ass grabber became a hot topic of conversation.

The story and water cooler conversations spread to the other stores as a couple of the clerks rotated among the various Saba's stores as was their job. The six stores were buzzing with conversations about the mystery man and even as Bob Lee's activities took on a life of their own, the grapevine of sales clerks made his activities escalate beyond even what Bob Lee would consider. The sales clerks even gave Bob Lee the nickname of 'The Grabber'. They had no idea who this man was, but they had a name for him!

"Did you hear," whispered one excited clerk to another, "about The Grabber last week?" The associate bent close as the story teller lowered her voice in confidence. "He actually slid his hand *inside* one of the girl's pants and pinched her butt so hard she was bruised!" It was told and accepted as Gospel, even though any one of the sales clerks could have stopped and thought about it for a minute. Their jeans were all so tight there was no way any guy could slide his hands inside them. But, the stories persisted... and grew.

Some of the clerks even began trolling for The Grabber, sashaying near any male customer, wagging their bottoms in the shopper's direction to see if he might reach out and touch. It was all ridiculously odd behavior, and it was going on even while Bob Lee continued his own comparatively tame groping.

Of course it was all bound to come to a head, as it did late one Saturday evening.

* * *

Bob Lee tended to avoid the Saba's that was closest to his home as it was also close to the college where he taught. He really didn't want to have any accidental entanglements with any of his students. Tonight, though, he decided to stop at that store as he had been a fairly frequent visitor lately to the other five locations.

He passed a lady leaving the store just as he got there and managed a quick, furtive, fondle of her bottom as she walked past. He couldn't help it as her backside seemed to be calling to him even before he got out of his car. 'Here I am,' that sexy backside called out to him. 'Look at how I've been dressed for you - demanding your immediate attention!' It was amazing that

Bob Lee could hear the rolling buttocks encased in such tight denim, but the voices were so clear to him!

The woman stiffened noticeably, and her stride stuttered as his hand grasped and quickly squeezed her bottom, though she did not turn nor did she say a word as she continued out of the store. Bob Lee was giddy from the experience as he continued into the store without even breaking stride.

Soon, though, he realized it was a slow night at the store, and he thanked his lucky stars that the lone shopper had waited around long enough to give Bob Lee some excitement. Just as his mood began to turn melancholy, he heard it...

'Bob Lee... over here!'

Bob Lee's eyes swept quickly side to side as his head very slowly turned to scan the store. He had heard some woman's butt calling out to him... he knew it!

Finally, his eyes settled on a young sales clerk as she adjusted boxes of boots in the racks. Ever so casually, Bob Lee slowly checked out the rest of the store and saw one clerk flipping through a magazine at the cash register as another clerk slipped into the storeroom. There were three girls working tonight and, as Bob Lee knew, that was typical for a Saturday evening.

Alone with the clerk sorting through customer misplacements on boot racks, Bob Lee slowly made his way closer and closer to the young lady. Her bottom was beckoning him more urgently, its calls for his attention accompanied by the sexy motion beneath the tight jeans as the clerk worked the boxes into their appropriate spots. Reaching out, Bob Lee was emboldened by not only the calls from that sexy backside and the swaying as the clerk worked, but also by the fact that they were virtually alone.

Bob Lee cupped the bottom and felt it tighten slightly in recognition. That sexy butt called out to him, its voice muffled by the tight denim, 'Yes! You found me!' Bob Lee patted the bottom as if it were an obedient pet and then squeezed the luscious backside.

"It's The Grabber!" shrieked the clerk, startling Bob Lee in stepping back and falling over a couple of stray boxes in the aisle. The three clerks had earlier mischievously discussed what to do in the event The Grabber

showed up. It was mostly titillating gossipy talk, but it prepared the three to spring into action, which they did.

The clerk whose bottom had been groped, stood and loomed over Bob Lee. The clerk at the cash register dashed for the front door and immediately locked it as the third girl suddenly appeared from the stock room with her cell phone flashing and snapping pictures.

The activity stunned Bob Lee and he struggled to stand. The looming clerk made it difficult for him, but he managed to get to his feet and began to back away from the clerk. With the store now locked tight, and knowing they outnumbered The Grabber, the three sales clerks closed in on Bob Lee until his was in the far back corner, surrounded by the three women, all in their tight jeans which now seemed to be mocking Bob Lee.

But, just as a dog chasing a truck would not know what to do with the truck if it ever caught it, so too the girls had no plan or had even thought about what to do now that The Grabber had been apprehended. The three girls looked from one to the other, then at Bob Lee, and then back at each other as they tried to figure out what to do next.

Still stunned by the sudden action, Bob Lee began to stutter his apologies. "I'm sorry. It was a mistake," he pleaded. Unable to go back any further, he cowered in the corner, eyes darting as they searched for a way out of this predicament.

Stephanie, the clerk who had been groped, finally came up with a thought. "Save your explanations for the cops. We're calling them right now. Vicky, dial 9-1-1!" One of the other girls started to step away.

"No! Wait!" begged Bob Lee. "Don't call the cops. I'm sorry! It won't happen again!"

"Yeah," responded Stephanie, "you won't do that again once the cops pick you up."

"No... no... I'm sorry. I really mean it! Just give me a chance to prove it!" His eyes were watery, and the look on his face showed he was clearly miserable.

"Look, Mister," scolded Susan, now that she had the courage to speak up. "Do you think we dress up in these jeans just for your benefit? Just so you can grab our asses? I don't think you'd like it one bit if we did that to you."

"I... I... am sure you're correct," mumbled Bob Lee. "Please just let me out of here, and I'll never come back. You have my deepest and most sincere apologies for what I did." The look on his face was still miserable and, if anything, he was even closer to the brink of tears.

"Say, that's a great idea, Susan," noted Vicky who had come back to join the tight little circle around Bob Lee. Susan just gave Vicky a look of confusion. "I think Mr. Handsy here should know what it feels like to be fondled and groped like a piece of meat."

"Yeah!" agreed Stephanie and Susan with one voice. Then, as if they had planned this all along, the girls grasped Bob Lee's upper arms and pulled him into the store room and out of sight from the front windows and door.

Vicky felt suddenly empowered and ordered Bob Lee, "Strip everything off from the waist down, Mr. Handsy, unless you want me to call the cops right now."

Bob Lee bit his lip and knew he didn't have much of an option. He kicked off his shoes, pulled off his socks, then stepped out of his own jeans. Vicky pointed at his undershorts and with a deep crimson blush, Bob Lee pulled them down and stepped out of his underwear.

Feeling even more in charge now with Bob Lee naked from the waist down, Vicky directed Bob Lee to turn and place his hands on a shelf and to spread his legs. She then let her hands roam his bottom, sliding over his warm skin and pinching his bottom cheeks. "How does it feel to be molested like this, Mr. Handsy?" she teased him. Then, with a vigorous pinch she added, "Not so hot when the tables are turned, is it?"

Stephanie stepped closer, her right hand sliding over Mr. Grabber's bottom before sliding between his thighs to cup his balls. Bob Lee squirmed and the three girls giggled. Stephanie reached further and grasped his manhood. "Hey, he likes this... he's got a hard on!"

"I'll fix that!" exclaimed Susan, pulling Bob Lee from his position in front of the shelf and shoving him roughly over a couple of large boxes. Bob Lee's bottom was now well raised, his legs splayed and twitching as he feared what was about to happen.

"Gimme his belt," ordered Susan, and Vicky retrieved his pants and slipped the belt from the belt loops. Susan quickly doubled it over and

wasted no time in bringing the doubled over leather crashing smartly against Bob Lee's bottom.

"YEOW!" yelped the young man as he squirmed to avoid the punishing belt. Susan and Vicky quickly restrained him, and Stephanie gave Bob Lee several more lashings with his own belt, drawing nasty-looking red stripes across his lily white bottom.

"My turn!" squealed Susan, and she and Stephanie switched places. Susan took a moment to get the belt bent and in hand to her liking and then she lashed away at the upturned bottom, adding half a dozen angry red stripes of her own. Bob Lee was howling now, legs kicking furiously, but he was held fast over the boxes. Then, without a word being said, Susan and Vicky traded places.

Vicky sized up her target and immediately aimed for the area that had not already been turned a brilliant red: Bob Lee's thighs. Now Bob Lee *really* howled... and apologized... and promised never to come back... and pleaded for the strapping to stop. Vicky got in a half dozen good licks of her own before tossing the belt to the floor.

"Let him up, girls," she said with some disgust, adding to Bob Lee, "We better not see you back in our stores again!"

With a pout on his face, Bob Lee responded with a meek, "No, Ma'am," as he rubbed his sore and throbbing bottom.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" asked Stephanie. "Get your clothes on and get out of here!"

Bob Lee scrambled to quickly retrieve his clothing and pull it into place. He winced noticeably as he pulled his undershorts up his legs and into place, but grimaced with more evident pain as he slid into his jeans. He was also clearly uncomfortable as he bent over in those jeans, putting on his shoes and socks.

What did not go unnoticed, however, was the rampant erection that bobbed and waggled with every movement. The three clerks would discuss this situation for some time over the ensuing weeks. Was Bob Lee excited by the spanking? Or maybe the spanking wasn't severe enough to make his turned-on sex tool subside after he aroused himself having fondled Stephanie. It was a debate that lasted for weeks.

It was also a debate that raged in Bob Lee's mind for some time.
Was he really getting more turned on by the spankings he had endured?

3. A Familiar Face

After his second in-store encounter, Bob Lee was shaken. He was excited beyond his expectations, but shaken nonetheless. One could understand just how confused he had become: he was tremendously excited by his activities, yet fearful of being caught; he was worried about the spankings he had received and the ones he might get in the future, but he was also discovering how much more excited they made him feel.

Bob Lee felt like he was a certifiable pervert, but he had no one to turn to. He worried that someone would learn his dirty little secret, and he was concerned someone might discover that those sexy female bottoms were talking to him! He had always known that women dressed to thrill others, it had been clear from early in his life as he had to suffer living with three older sisters. OH MY GOD! What would he do if one of his sister's bottoms began to speak to him? He shook his head to clear that thought every time it came up.

Western wear stores were off his list even as the cacophony of bottom voices grew louder and more insistent. Bob Lee would have to do something to get the voices to back off, but there was no way he would go back to any of those stores! His next visit might result in a trip to the police department which would mean humiliation, loss of his meager job, and... oh, and worst of all, shame in his family's eyes! His sisters would taunt him relentlessly, and his mother would... another shake of the head to avoid conjuring up what Mama might do. He was too fearful to consider.

Bob Lee had managed to struggle through another class, lecturing and interacting with students just on the cusp of his consciousness. *Does that girl in the third row know everyone can see the top of her thong?* As he lectured, Bob Lee walked up and down the aisles of his classroom, and every time he got near that girl he was distracted.

And what about that hot redhead in the back? Her bottom screamed at him any time his eyes roamed near that direction: 'I am dressed to attract your attention! Why won't you at least look at me?' It was maddening! All these coed bottoms screaming for attention were about to drive him nuts.

Mercifully, class ended and the students filed out. Bob Lee sat at his desk, forcing his attention to the top of the desk so he would not be caught staring at all those luscious bottoms that he simply could not risk thinking about.

"Mr. Jennings?" a familiar voice interrupted his conversation. He looked up to see a slightly familiar face of one of his female students. Bob Lee knew the warning sign as soon as he heard it: the young lady's tantalizing backside was snickering at him.

Inwardly he groaned, but he looked up and forced a smile. She was somewhat familiar, but even though the blonde girl in front of his desk was a student in his class he suspected he knew her from somewhere else.

And, her bottom was glorious even though it was now giggling at him.

"Yes, Miss...?" he asked, leaving an opening for her insert her name.

Her smile was electrifying, and Bob Lee nearly broke out into a sweat as he forced himself to look into her eyes. "Simpson," she said. "I'm Stephanie Simpson." Still, he could not place how he knew this young lady. "I was wondering," she said, one finger now twirling a strand of her hair almost innocently, "if you knew what the university policy was about faculty misconduct."

Bob Lee suddenly grew rigid as he suddenly realized that Stephanie Simpson was the clerk at Saba's that he had fondled; one of the three clerks who had used his own belt to welt his backside. His face lost all color and he whispered, "What do you want?"

"So you do remember me!" she cooed, her face brightening from that acknowledgement even as a mischievous glint sparkled in her eyes. Bob Lee just nodded dumbly, suddenly terrified that his position at the college was in jeopardy. "I just want to talk with you, that's all, Mr. Jennings," she said, her face now a mask of pure innocence.

"Yeah. Uh, sure," he replied. "But it can't be anywhere near campus. How about coffee at the Starbucks over on Hulen?"

Stephanie smiled and said, "Okay. See you in an hour." Then she nearly skipped out of the room, her fantastic bottom mocking Bob Lee as it rolled and waggled teasingly at him. She turned at the door and said, "Don't be late... that would be rather naughty!"

Her bottom laughed at him as she disappeared down the hallway.

* * *

Bob Lee waited nervously at a table in the Starbucks on Hulen. Fortunately, it was very slow and almost no one was in the shop until suddenly, Stephanie was seated next to him. He was startled as he had been daydreaming in the midst of his nervous worries and hadn't noticed her entering the store.

Neither of them spoke for a moment, though her bottom was speaking directly to Bob Lee. It was mocking his desire, *Don't you even want to get a little peek at me*, and it taunted him. In an effort to avoid speaking directly to that taunt, Bob Lee finally blurted out, "It's clear you have some agenda, so let's hear it."

The blonde Stephanie recrossed her legs, and both her and her impertinent bottom sighed. "I've been thinking about what happened at Saba's and decided that you got off too easy. I mean, you *grabbed* my ass, for goodness sake!"

Bob Lee cringed and put his hands out, "Keep your voice down!"

"You see," she said in a mocking tone, "I didn't think you wanted anyone to know what a perv you are, and I was right!" Bob Lee blushed hotly and his eyes furtively scanned the room to see if anyone had overheard the conversation. It appeared his secret was safe... for now.

It was his turn to sigh as he asked, "So, what do you want?" He finally looked up at her, and her glinting eyes filled with mischief. Her bottom snickered at him and then the bottom spoke to him, 'This should be good.'

"Pretty simple, really," she said leaning back, her eyes appraising him for his reaction. "I want to learn just why you are compelled to grab butts in our store, and then I want to give you exactly what you deserve."

Licking his lips nervously, eyes still darting about, he asked, "What is that supposed to mean?"

She smiled knowingly. "It means we need to go someplace private where we can have a real conversation and then you get what you deserve." She paused, pretended to study her fingernails and then looked pointedly at Bob Lee. "Or does the Administration need to be involved?"

The cornered college instructor groaned and asked, "Your place or mine?" Her bottom blurted out to him, 'Don't I have a say in any of this?'

* * *

Bob Lee led Stephanie over to his small apartment. She followed him in her car, and her wrinkled nose indicated that she didn't think much of the neighborhood - and the slight gasp as she stepped into his apartment confirmed her distaste. He quickly moved some of the mess out of the way so that the sofa was unobstructed. Bravely, Stephanie sat on the sofa, hoping she wouldn't be sitting on a leftover pizza crust.

"I think this will go a lot better, Mr. Jennings, if you would first strip completely naked," she said with an authoritative tone. Bob Lee bit his tongue and did not complain or argue as he knew he was in a bad spot. Rather, he meekly disrobed and stood naked before the blonde coed. Thankfully, his manhood had yet to assert itself and remained flaccid even as she patted the sofa cushion next to her, indicating he should sit.

"I am curious," she said, her eyes glancing up and down his body. "Why do you go to all of our stores and touch, fondle and grab women's bottoms? What's up with that?" Before he could consider answering, her pert butt added, 'Yeah, dude... tell her all about it. Tell her how I talk to you... tell her all the butts talk to you. This should be rich!'

Bob Lee stumbled with his answer. He wasn't sure how much he wanted to admit to this young lady, and he also finally took a more serious look at her. She was sitting with her legs crossed, and how she accomplished that while wearing the tightest jeans he had ever seen was a true mystery. He suddenly wanted to see her standing up so he could check out her backside and to verify those tight jeans had no pockets. That's when he noticed she was wearing a bright red tube top. She was obviously well-built up top and without a bra. His gaze lingered there a bit before his ruminations about how she filled out her jeans returned.

"I'm not sure how to explain," said Bob Lee honestly. "If I tell you straight out, you'll think I am out of my mind."

"Can it be worse," she asked with amusement in her voice, "than, say, randomly groping an unknown woman's behind?"

That caused him to blush, look down and shake his head. "It's sort of like... like those butts are talking to me." He looked up and saw the

confusion registered on her face. "What I mean, is that you women dress up to be noticed and, well, I especially notice cute bottoms in tight jeans. They, uh, well... they really speak to me."

Stephanie nodded as if she understood. But Stephanie thought Bob Lee was speaking metaphorically, and that was fine with Bob Lee. He would have really been mortified had she understood him to be speaking literally.

"And that compels you to grab a bottom?" she asked. He simply nodded, so the blonde coed stood up. Turning around, her bottom was inches from Bob Lee's face... and she waggled it teasingly at him. "Is my ass asking you to grab it now?"

A thin line of sweat broke out on Bob Lee's forehead as he slowly nodded affirmatively. His hands clenched into fists, then unclenched as he struggled not to reach out and give those wonderful globes a good squeeze with both hands.

Stephanie, still peering over her shoulder at Bob Lee, looked up in thought and said, "I think we both know I'm going to spank you, so... maybe you should earn the spanking by giving my bottom a little touch. I mean, if getting a harder spanking is okay with you."

Bob Lee really struggled and he heard her bottom calling to him, urging him to reach out, and suddenly he could no longer control the urge. Both hands flew out to her bottom and gripped and groped her denim-covered ass. He got a glassy eyed look as his hands worked her butt cheeks for a few seconds and then he heard a giggle. Was it Stephanie giggling or her bottom?

It was Stephanie, and she said, "My, my... this does excite you!"

Bob Lee looked down and discovered his cock had suddenly blossomed into a titan of a throbbing sex toy. He quickly moved his hands off her backside and looked down in embarrassment.

"It doesn't mean anything," he muttered in shame.

Stephanie smirked, and Bob Lee would have sworn her butt was laughing at him. "Well, then," she said in a teasing voice, "it shouldn't make any difference if I take off these jeans!"

Bob Lee gasped and looked up in shock. But Stephanie was already working her boots off, and she gazed deeply into his eyes as she slowly unbuckled her belt and unzipped the jeans. Bob Lee was entranced and had to remind himself to breathe. With great wriggling effort, Stephanie managed to peel down her jeans to reveal a bright red thong that matched her tube top. Tossing the jeans aside, she turned and wagged her sexy and almost totally bare bottom at him.

"Go ahead, Mr. Handsy," she teased. "That's the new nickname you have now instead of 'The Grabber.' You want to touch, so go ahead. But I'll just have to spank you even harder and longer if you do."

Again, Bob Lee could not control the impulse and soon both hands were roaming the silky warm surface of Stephanie's bottom. It was so odd to him: her butt was firm and muscular, yet so warm and soft on the surface. And, that sexy backside mocked him again. 'Look who's turned on!' it observed, just before another smatter of giggles from Stephanie as she noticed his erection twitching at the stimulation.

Gently, she slapped his hands away from her bottom. "Might as well get started," she noted as she looked around the apartment. Spying the location of the kitchen, she grinned and said, "I'll be right back." Bob Lee watched as her sexy bottom undulated away from him and disappeared into the kitchen... but she reappeared almost immediately. His eyes glued to her naked legs, Bob Lee finally looked up to see that she had a large wooden spoon in her hand that she had found in the kitchen.

"Did your mother ever use a wooden spoon on your naughty bottom, Mr. Handsy?" she asked.

"Yes. No!" he answered and contradicted himself. "I mean my mother never did, but my sisters would spank me with a spoon when Mama wasn't around."

Stephanie's eyebrows shot up with interest. First, because she discovered he had been spanked by sisters, and second, he called his mother Mama.

"Then this should not be too strange for you," she noted as she sat down on the sofa. "Please lay across my lap, Mr. Handsy. You and this spoon have a lot to discuss!"

With a groan, Bob Lee complied and his naked body was quickly across her sexy lap, his bottom well raised and a ready and ample target for her to spank.

But, first there was a little matter of Bob Lee's now obvious erection. Stephanie slipped her hand between his thighs and guided the rock hard object between her own thighs and clamped down hard to secure him in place. The act was terribly humiliating to Bob Lee who was already on the verge of tears from humiliation of being naked and about to be spanked.

SPLAT!

The spoon suddenly flew from on high and snapped sharply against his right bottom cheek and...

SPLAT!

His left cheek was equally assaulted. Gritting his teeth, Bob Lee tried to take the initial bites of pain gracefully, but his clenching buttocks gave him away.

"Feeling those?" teased Stephanie, who then leaned into her task and gave him a flurry of rapid fire licks that felt to Bob Lee like a Gatling gun was hurling burning charcoal briquettes at his vulnerable backside.

He yelped. His legs kicked. His hands fluttered as he fought not to reach back, and then he let out a loud howl of pain.

Stephanie clucked her tongue and called Bob Lee's ability to handle a little spanking into question. "You'd think you had never been spanked before. Such nonsense!" she mocked. "Can't you take at least ten more swats, Mr. Jennings?"

"Yes, yes... if you must!" he whined in response.

Obviously, she must as her right arm raised and then let fly another swift flurry of ten hard swats that caused his naked bottom to bounce in response as it turned colors from a pale pasty white to a vivid brilliant red. At first he groaned deeply and loudly, but the spanks soon caused him to raise the pitch of his voice until he was yelping like a school girl.

Stephanie stopped and rolled Bob Lee off her lap. Pointing to an empty corner she ordered, "I think it would be good for you to stand in the corner a few minutes and think about your groping and grabbing."

Not wanting any more licks from the spoon, Bob Lee hustled to the corner and having experienced corner time growing up, he pressed his nose into the corner, draped his hands at his side and stood motionless as his bottom throbbed on display for his spanker.

A few minutes into corner time, Bob Lee felt something remarkable. Something warm, yet cooler than his butt, and something soft yet firm was rubbing up against his spanked bottom. It took a moment, but he realized that Stephanie was rubbing her nearly naked bottom up against his. He groaned appreciatively and heard her chuckle.

"I thought you'd like that," said the cooing voice of his spanker.

'Yep, I *know* you like that,' added her bottom to Bob Lee.

The real voice of Stephanie asked, "Do you want some more of this, or should I stop? I mean, would you like me to continue at the cost of, say, ten more spanks with the spoon?" Her bottom cackled with laughter at him.

"Yes!" gasped a breathless Bob Lee though he was momentarily disappointed as the soft warm bottom flesh pulled away.

SPLAT!

Still standing in the corner, he felt the awful spoon smack his bottom. Then again and again... ten times in all as he struggled to remain in place and avoid howling at the top of his lungs. And a strange thing happened; Bob Lee unconsciously began sticking his vulnerable bottom further and further out as if begging the spoon to whack him.

He heard the spoon clatter as it fell to the floor. "Okay, Mr. Handsy, you have 20 seconds to turn around and grab all you want," Stephanie told him. When Bob Lee turned, she already had her back to him, her gorgeous round bottom calling to him, 'Here I am! I'm all yours!'

And for 20 seconds Bob Lee was in heaven.

At precisely the 21st second, Stephanie pulled away and walked purposefully over to the sofa where she retrieved her jeans. Stepping into them she could feel Bob Lee's eyes glued to her wiggling, jiggling butt as she pulled her jeans into place. All too soon, she was at his door and looking over her shoulder at him with a smile.

"That was fun, Mr. Jennings," she cooed seductively. "We'll have to do this again sometime." She opened his door and stepped outside, but her

teasing, tempting bottom called out to Bob Lee, 'Yeah, again sometime, Mr. Handsy, but next time we'll take it up a notch!'

Staring at the front door after it had closed, the naked Bob Lee stood with his bottom throbbing from the impact of the spoon, an unrequited erection bobbing of its own accord and an unanswerable question in his mind... What have I gotten myself into?

4. Barrel Racer

It was still constant turmoil for Bob Lee. Those infernal women's bottoms were speaking to him more frequently and more urgently, and now the voices were no longer limited to the sexy bums in denim, but almost any female bottom that wagged and demanded attention whether they were in pants, skirts, shorts or whatever.

Now that he had to be concerned with Stephanie in one of his classes, it gave Bob Lee an added distraction, one that he could have normally risen above by simply focusing on the task of lecturing his class. He was thankful that her class was on the Tuesday/Thursday rotation and he only had to deal with her presence twice a week, rather than the three times a week some of the other classes would have required.

But Stephanie's participation in class was growing as she seemed to delight in watching him squirm. Worse still, when she would preface her question with his name, "Mr. Jennings," he always thought he heard her say, "Mr. Handsy." It made him blush horribly and even other students were beginning to take note.

Other delectable bottoms in the class noticed as well, and they called out to him during class, taunting and teasing him, begging him to look and touch whenever the young lady rose and set her buttocks into motion as she left the classroom. Bob Lee needed a distraction... or he needed to relieve the pressure from those demanding, teasing bums. And, this weekend provided an opportunity for Bob Lee.

The rodeo was on!

Bob Lee may have had a mild ranch upbringing, but he wasn't really what anyone would call a cowboy. He could saddle and ride a horse, but aside from being able to muck out a stall, that was the extent of his cowboy expertise. He did, however, enjoy the rodeo. More accurately, he enjoyed certain aspects of the rodeo.

Bob Lee could just as easily pass on the calf roping event, but he loved the crowds. Everyone but the occasional tourist was in western wear and that meant all those young ladies in tight jeans. He wandered through

the crowds, capturing a grope here and a pat there. It was heaven for Bob Lee with all those accessible bottoms, and with all the chatter from so many sexy butts, it all became white noise and was no distraction at all.

Bull riding was an exciting event worth sitting and watching, but his favorite event was barrel racing. This was an event in which women only competed and despite working hard to keep times as low as possible, everyone, including the competitors, knew there was a prurient aspect to the event. The cowgirls bent low over their mounts, boots stuffed into the stirrups with their glorious bottoms raised up and inches above the horse and the saddle. Those gals did not sit in the saddle when they raced; they lifted their butts up as they leaned their shoulders down and every move of the horse was reflected in the tight wriggle beneath the skin-tight denim.

As noted, the competitors knew at least all the male spectators had their eyes glued to the racer's bottoms, and to provide the best show, none of the barrel racers wore jeans with pockets. They all flashed tightly-encased bums, the vision of which was not marred by pockets. And the bottoms of those jeans were very well worn. With a little imagination, one could picture any of the racers bent over a chair or even one of the barrels they raced around, receiving hard paddle swats that made the denim in those sit spots wear thin.

After the event, Bob Lee got up and went to find the trailers where the barrel racers were located. He knew from past experience that they all tended to locate next to each other.

Walking down the aisles separating the trucks and trailers just off the rodeo arena, Bob Lee soon found himself in the land of barrel racers. He immediately noted the winner of the event receiving congratulations from the other competitors. She had powerful, though well-sculpted, thighs and a tight bubble butt that would have won the event if barrel racing had been a beauty contest. Still, the brunette with the long wavy brown hair that spilled from beneath her cowboy hat had won, based on her time.

Bob Lee found himself standing dead still, and he was suddenly noticed. The barrel riding champion's bottom noticed him and began to beckon to Bob Lee. 'So close, yet so far... or am I?' mocked her bottom. She shifted her weight from foot to foot as she spoke with some of her competitors, and the rolling action of her bottom in those sinfully tight jeans was almost painful to Bob Lee as he watched.

He started to walk up to her and just then she broke off her conversation and walked in his direction. With great stealth and nervous urgency, Bob Lee allowed his hand to reach out and lightly grope her bottom cheek as she walked past him. He smiled to himself as she seemed not to notice. Her bottom noticed, and gave him a verbal 'Way to go, dude!' Bob Lee stopped at the gaggle of barrel racers and asked if they knew where one of the bull rider's trailer was. Getting directions, he set out in that direction and then doubled back to see if the Champion barrel racer could be found again.

There she was! Her truck was hitched to a horse trailer, and the lady was stowing some of her gear. He looked with amusement to notice that the trailer was a human living area as well as a place for her horse to travel. The horse had more space!

But, the gal was fidgeting with some of her equipment and was bent over, bottom facing the aisle down which Bob Lee strode. Oh! That marvelous bottom swelled in the tight jeans, stretching the denim nearly to the ripping point. It was a golden opportunity and even the rider's own bottom agreed as it seemed to say, 'Give me a smack! I'm right here asking for it!'

Without thinking about what might happen, Bob Lee gave the bent-over cowgirl a solid spank on her upturned ass. He just kept walking by as if nothing had happened, but the woman stood up straight, one hand rubbing the spot he had spanked and the other hand balled into a fist ready for a fight.

Instead, the cowgirl picked up and tossed a lasso and snared Bob Lee who was quite surprised by the action. "That's the second time you grabbed my ass, cowboy," she snarled angrily. "Gentlemen don't do that sort of thing where I come from," she added.

Bob Lee stuttered and stammered through apologies even as the woman's own bottom chided him. 'Don't be such a wuss,' it screamed in his head. 'Be a man and come up and grab me with both hands!'

There was no way Bob Lee was going to follow those temptations, though he sorely wanted to. Instead he kept up his rapid-fire apologies as he mumbled and stumbled through every excuse he could think of. All too

quickly, though, the cowgirl had roped him in, and he stood immediately in front of her.

"You from around here?" she demanded. Bob Lee mutely nodded that he was and she said, "Me, too. I grew up south of Burleson, just past Joshua." She paused and considered her prey, keeping the rope tight about him. "So what gave you the notion that smacking my ass was a good idea?"

No way could he tell this cowgirl that her own butt had spoken to him, much less begged him to do what he had done. "I... I ..." he stuttered by way of explanation, "I have no excuse other than you're so damned pretty." And then he had a revelation, saying, "I... uh... tend to be kinda shy and I wanted to meet you."

The cowgirl leaned back on one heel, pursed her lips, looked Bob Lee up and down and considered what she had. Finally, she asked, "You truly sorry for what you did?" Bob Lee nodded emphatically and she followed with, "And you know what you did was wrong, right?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he said through a deep blush as his head lowered and he looked to the ground, unable to look her in the eye. She thought some more, watched Bob Lee squirm and then took a deep breath and exhaled.

"Well, then mister," she said with finality, "if you're from around here, you know what you deserve. If you take your medicine, I just might have a nice surprise for you." She smiled inwardly... not just the stick was being offered but the carrot, too.

"Okay," he mumbled in acceptance.

* * *

There was little room in the living area of her trailer, but at least it was private. Bob Lee had a pretty good idea of what was involved for him to 'take his medicine', and he didn't want it to be a spectator sport. He heard the click of the door behind him, and in the bright light of the enclosed area he watched the dark-haired cowgirl remove her hat and place it carefully on the counter. He felt his eyes widen as she turned, unintentionally giving him a view of her spectacular ass... which, by the way, was chattering at Bob Lee non-stop. 'Okay, it's no big deal,' her bottom said to Bob Lee. 'Maybe she'll do a "you show me yours, and I'll show you mine" type of thing. Bob Lee, however, realized he wouldn't be that lucky.

"Drop your drawers until your ass is bare and then bend over that table there," she said matter-of-factly, as she used her jaw to point towards the only table in the small room. Bob Lee simply resolved that he had earned anything she was about to give him and silently hoped that there might really be some reward at the conclusion.

He unzipped his jeans and tugged them down to his ankles and his underwear soon followed. Hobbled like a range horse near the campfire, Bob Lee turned away to face the table. He slowly bent and placed both forearms on the flat surface, his butt sticking out and ready to be walloped.

"You know," she said as he heard a somewhat familiar sound, "I've felt this heavy strap more often than I would care to remember, but I have had damn few chances to put it to good use myself. Guess that makes this a lucky night."

"For you, perhaps," whined Bob Lee.

"Hmmm..." she considered. "Yes, good luck for me and not so good luck for you. Though I would have to say I don't feel particularly lucky to have some stranger groping my ass." She placed a hand on his upturned bottom, and the touch made Bob Lee gasp and tense. The cowgirl chuckled and asked, "Ready?"

Bob Lee could only nod as he was still relishing the soft touch of her warm hand on his bare behind. He couldn't bear to look, but he also couldn't help but hear her adjusting her stance, dangling the strap down her side and hefting its weight. He closed his eyes when he heard the sharp intake of her breath.

WHACK!

The strap was heavier than he had imagined, and it landed with both bite and thud. There was a short shock of searing pain that raced from the surface of his bottom followed by a more ponderous, but also more serious, wave of crushing hurt that radiated from the muscles of his bottom. He groaned painfully as his knees buckled before he managed to straighten them out.

The second stroke was equal to the first, but laid on top of the still-resounding shock, its effects were magnified. Bob Lee had to reach for the far edge of the table to hold on with white knuckles, and he had to shuffle his feet to maintain his balance.

The cowgirl was remarkably quiet as she delivered six full-on strokes. Her ass, however, kept a steady stream of conversation and observations that Bob Lee just couldn't shake.

'Oooh! That one must have stung, but it's worth it, don't you think, after you got to feel my fine 'ol self?' WHACK! 'Yep. I know that's gotta sting, but you hang in there, boy.'

Bob Lee was gasping and writhing in place as he questioned his ability to stay put. Fortunately for him, he suffered the six powerful strokes and it wasn't until he felt her hand back on his naked ass that he could hope that the strapping was over. He heard her giggle again.

"Pull your britches up, cowboy. I really never expected you to stay in place for the strap, much less actually take your pants down for it!"

Now, as he put his clothes in order, Bob Lee felt the fool. Taking the sting out of his humiliation, the cowgirl added, "But you do have to admit you deserved that."

He turned to face her as he buckled his belt. "Yes, I am sure that I did in more ways that you can imagine."

She gave him a curious look and then a smile. "Don't tell me or I may have to pull that strap back out for another chat with your butt."

He was glad she added a dazzling smile with the statement, and he rubbed his throbbing bottom as he replied, "I'm not saying a word!" They both shared a laugh.

"Well, it's getting late and you should be going," the cowgirl said.

Bob Lee tried to hide the disappointment he felt as she was shooing him out of her trailer. As he got to the door she stopped him and grabbed a scrap of paper. She wrote something quickly and then stuffed the paper into his shirt pocket.

"In case you get over your shyness," she smiled at him. "I put my name, which is Jessie by the way, and phone number on that paper. Call me sometime and we can meet and start all over from scratch, okay?"

This time Bob Lee beamed a radiant smile. He rubbed his bottom and said, "I'll call just as soon as I can sit comfortably to have dinner with you. And, I am Bob Lee, so you'll know when I call!"

5. More Complications

As if things weren't hectic enough for Bob Lee, what with all those sexy female backsides calling out constantly and demanding attention, his life became more complicated with escalating involvements with Stephanie and Jessie.

Stephanie was a regular in his class and as he thought about it, Bob Lee wondered if she had always had the regularity of attendance she now exhibited. Since he did not keep attendance records, he had no way of verifying (his classes were open attendance - students just had to complete assignments and exams). It didn't matter at this juncture; she and her chatterbox bottom came to class faithfully twice a week just to torment him. Classes with Stephanie in attendance were a tremendous challenge in concentration for Bob Lee, and he was slowly losing the challenge.

His student also had the disconcerting habit of simply showing up at Bob Lee's apartment whenever she wanted. She no longer even bothered to suggest she come over; she just showed up and her appearances were becoming increasingly painful for Bob Lee.

They were also increasingly erotic.

Stephanie would tease and tempt Bob Lee with her body. She was obviously well aware of his ass fetish and would sashay around in front of him, doing a slow striptease from the waist down until she was wearing only a tiny thong on her bottom half. Wagging her bottom at him was sheer torture as Bob Lee strove very hard to not reach out and touch, despite the constant mocking of him from her behind. Stephanie's incredible and glorious posterior was the vision many men would covet, but the language and ingenuity it spoke with to him was on a much more advanced level.

Sometimes her bottom would try to seduce him with suggestions and soothing words. Sometimes it would challenge him into action, calling into question his manhood. Sometimes that sweet, luscious bottom would hurl incongruously coarse and filthy taunts and jibes that made Bob Lee blush. But whichever tactic her bottom utilized, he would always succumb

to her suggestion or her taunt or her demand... to reach out and touch that wonderfully ripe peach of a bottom.

And then he would pay for it.

Stephanie was no longer content to use the wooden kitchen spoon on Bob Lee's bottom. She might use it for a warm up, but she had also worked her way up to a riding crop, then a western belt, and she brought over something that she called a cane, but was really a plastic rod used to open Venetian blinds. She also required Bob Lee to keep these implements his apartment for her convenience.

The severity of the spankings Bob Lee had to endure increased steadily, and he was grateful that she never seemed to show up more frequently than once a week. The routine varied, but the pattern was similar every time Stephanie appeared at his door. Bob Lee would be required to strip and then he'd have to watch her do her little strip and tease routine with the warning he must not react. Of course, she ensured that he did and he would be spanked, usually with the wooden spoon. Sent to the corner to "think about it" he would be teased while standing there, usually by Stephanie rubbing her own nearly bare bottom against his freshly spanked one... and his male appendage would once again react and accusingly point straight up at Bob Lee's face. There would be another spanking, more corner time and it would go on like that for three or four times before Stephanie would leave and Bob Lee's bottom was throbbing.

And, despite all the teasing, Stephanie would always leave Bob Lee panting with desire and hope for sexual release... the hope was always there, but the release never was.

And, while all of this was going on, Bob Lee had managed to screw up the courage to call Jessie, the barrel racer. Their first date was a simple dinner at a popular barbecue place and a long walk through a park. Despite the way they initially met, Jessie was taken by the shy college teacher. After he had groped and smacked her ass that time at the rodeo, she still had the feeling that he could be a respectful young man, and indeed had kept his hands in check. His eyes never leered at her bottom (at least she had never caught him leering)! Though he did have the disconcerting habit of frequently following the rolling and rocking motion of more than a few female bottoms as they would teasingly wander by.

Jessie wasn't out of touch with the reality of a man's lust, but it did bother her that Bob Lee could be so easily distracted by a sexy bottom, and she quickly noticed that Bob Lee often seemed to be having an argument in his mind when this happened. He seemed to disappear into another dimension while clearly struggling with something, and those mental arguments sometimes manifested themselves with Bob Lee shaking or nodding his head as if responding to someone or something.

Though disconcerting to Jessie, it was also kind of cute, especially when Bob Lee would snap out of whatever trance he had been in and realize she was watching him. His head would lower and a bright blush would paint his cheeks. Jessie always thought he looked so cute when that happened. Several times Jessie tried to engage him in a discussion about what was going on and this would cause the young man to blush even deeper and suddenly withdraw into himself. He wasn't so cute when that happened, and Jessie would quickly change the subject and mercifully act as if the topic had never come up. Still, Bob Lee's quirky behavior and sudden disappearance into a world of silence slowly ate away at Jessie, and she became more and more determined to discover what was going on.

* * *

It was a big day for both Bob Lee and Jessie: it was the first time he had invited her to his apartment. Actually, Jessie had pestered him about not ever having been there, and she convinced him to let her cook dinner for him... at his place.

This was no small thing for Bob Lee, mostly because he lived (as many 20-something young men did) like a pig. He spent huge chunks of time for four days prior to their date cleaning up the small apartment. He asked one sister about the intricacies of cleaning the bathroom, then bought the supplies and applied a lot of elbow grease. It wasn't that Bob Lee was lazy... it had just never been important to him before. He was rewarded with a sparkling clean bathroom that looked completely out of place with the rest of his apartment!

Tackling the other rooms, he picked up and put things away. He washed towels and sheets and tackled the massive job of cleaning the kitchen. He dusted everything, including the tops of window sills and doors and then borrowed a vacuum cleaner from a second sister. He even used window cleaner and a lot of effort to clean his windows, mirrors and the

couple of glass doors on cabinets. When he thought he was done, he stood back and slowly walked through the apartment and asked himself one question. "If Mama had given me this to do as a chore, would she be happy with what I've done?" Despite the impressive improvement, Bob Lee knew he'd probably find himself marching out to the barn for an ass whipping. He cringed at the thought and then almost laughed out loud when he realized that his butt had recently been spanked so much more frequently than when he lived at home.

Therefore, Bob Lee started to attack all the little areas in which he had fallen short. By the time he was finished, he was actually very proud of his efforts and resolved to keep his apartment much cleaner in the future. Since the fiasco at Padilla's, this was the first time he really felt good about himself.

Then the doorbell rang.

It was Jessie! He had completely lost track of time while in clean-up mode, and though the apartment was sparkling and spotless, Bob Lee was not. The look of disapproval on Jessie's face when he opened the door wiped out that good feeling he had earned himself earlier.

Opening the door wide, he let her in and took the bag of groceries from her as he apologized. "I was cleaning up the apartment and lost track of time," he offered.

Jessie looked around, impressed with the orderly and efficiently cleaned small apartment. "Well, I am impressed, Bob Lee," she said with a smile. "I was half expecting the typical single guy rat's nest." Then her face turned sour and she pushed him in the direction of his bathroom. "But, you, mister, need to jump in the shower and change clothes. Don't worry; I'll start cooking while you make yourself presentable."

Bob Lee hurried to clean up himself, and Jessie started to pull out the items from the grocery bag she had brought. Then she started to look for the utensils and pans she would need as well as seasonings. She shook her head in mock disgust. The kitchen was immaculate with everything put away into clean cupboards. But, Bob Lee had no sense of how to efficiently store his kitchen items. Cooking pans weren't anywhere near the stove, the silverware was stored in a plastic container for that purpose, but it was in a cupboard at eye level rather than a drawer clearly intended for that purpose.

She finally found the big saucepan she needed in a hall closet with a lot of other things that were not kitchen items. It was an odd mess: clean, neat, but with very little logic as to where things were stored. Jessie did manage to find all the things she needed, as well as a lot of other items she did not, but she focused on her task; and as Bob Lee dried off from his shower, he could smell the beginning of a wonderful home-cooked meal. That was something he doubted this apartment had ever smelled like, which was certainly true since he had lived there.

They enjoyed a lovely dinner and even a couple of bottles of wine that Bob Lee had thought to have on hand. He refused to let Jessie help with the clean up, so she lounged on his sofa with a glass of wine and watched him work furiously to do the dishes and clean up the dining table and kitchen. She noticed how focused he was with those tasks and how different that expression was from the times when Bob Lee's mind was someplace else... those times brought on by some cowgirl walking by in tight jeans, her bottom mesmerizing Bob Lee almost as if he were hypnotized. She wondered if that might not be true, for when he was really intently watching a sexy bottom as it passed, Bob Lee's head would slightly bob side to side in time with the rolling motion of the buttocks that were passing.

Finished, Bob Lee draped the damp kitchen towel over its rack, picked up his glass of wine and joined Jessie on the sofa. She snuggled up next to him as he draped his arm about her, settling into a warm embrace of silence. But after several minutes, Jessie could no longer hold back her concerns. She patted Bob Lee's thigh, sat up right and pulled just a bit away from him. He looked at her expectantly, recognizing her need to say something.

"Bob Lee," she said in a serious tone, "we need to discuss your behavior."

Bob Lee had a sudden wave of déjà vu as he had heard the same words and same tone from his mother many times growing up. It was no surprise that a sudden flash of that humiliating walk out to the barn burned into his mind. That walk that started with stripping in the house and having to put on the spanking chaps, then making the long walk to the barn with all his naughty bits and bare bottom on display for anyone to see. And that was just the beginning.

Snapping back to the present, he hoped she was referring to his greeting her at his door a mess... but he also knew it probably wasn't what she wanted to talk about. He simply hung his head and waited for the tongue lashing he was sure would come next.

But that's not what happened.

Jessie smiled warmly at Bob Lee and reached out to take his hand in hers. "Bob Lee, I've grown quite fond of you, and I'm even starting to think there may be a future for the two of us." He looked up at her, somewhat shocked that she wasn't scolding him. He kept quiet, knowing from long experience with his mother and sisters that it was best to be seen and not heard. "I've noticed how you watch other women and how very often you seem to drift away in your mind. You'll be watching a woman walk by and suddenly you're gone. I want to know what's going on in your head... I need to know!"

It probably wasn't the request that caused it. More likely it was the shared feelings Bob Lee had for Jessie, no doubt aided by the pressure to admit to someone else what was happening. And, despite the intense fear Bob Lee felt at revealing his deep dark secret, he also simply had to tell someone. Jessie seemed a sympathetic ear and he really liked her... but he was also afraid of scaring her out of his life. Regardless, Bob Lee discovered that the bottle had been opened, and he poured all of those secrets out.

He told Jessie everything. He told her how women's butts talked to him and urged him to touch them. He told her about the incident at Padilla's and then at Saba's, and he reminded her of what happened at the rodeo with her.

"You mean that butts literally speak to you?" asked Jessie. "It's not some metaphor... some 'feeling'... but actual words?" Bob Lee nodded. "Have you said anything about this to anyone else?"

Bob Lee quickly shook his head. "I... can't believe I'm admitting it to you now. No one else knows. I thought about seeing a therapist, but I don't have the spare cash for that. So I did the next best thing... I thought... by following through on what all those bottoms were urging me to do. I thought that maybe the voices would go away, and the urges wouldn't exist

once I did what they said." Looking up sheepishly at her he added, "But that didn't happen."

She sat with knitted brows, trying to absorb all that he had said. Her look was more studious and was not condemning, and it appeared to Bob Lee like she was trying to simply get her arms around his situation... or could you call it a condition? And then Bob Lee finally told her the worst part, and he expected her to finally boil over and bolt for the door: he told her about Stephanie.

Jessie was more astonished than anything else. "Let me get this straight," she said, trying to recap all that he had said. "You have a student in your class who is essentially blackmailing you about the incident at Saba's. She teases you with, uh, the object of your fascination, makes you strip to take a butt whipping, teases and spanks you more, and she notices your, uh, excited state and leaves you frustrated? She never lets you finish, and you never get to touch her either?"

"That's about it," admitted Bob Lee. "Though she does rub her butt up against mine when I stand in the corner. That usually means I'm about to get another spanking." Bob Lee got up and went to a closet and pulled out the belt, riding crop and other "tools" to show Jessie. "She makes me keep these here for her to use."

Jessie sat fuming on the sofa. Bob Lee trembled as he sat back down near her, afraid that the emotion she was showing was aimed at him. He seemed very close to tears; it had been difficult to admit all of his secrets, and he was scared to death that Jessie would be upset or angry with him and leave. Suddenly, she realized what was going through his mind, and she scooted close to Bob Lee and took him into her arms.

"I am so glad you told me about this, Bob Lee," she said softly as she held his head in her hands. "We have to find a way to fix this. I mean, we can't have you going around grabbing women's butts!" She smiled at him to let him know she was on his side and willing to help. "The real burr in my saddle is this Stephanie. She's a manipulating bitch whom you don't need in your life. Not now. Not ever. But I don't know what to do about her."

"I can't afford to lose my job!" groaned Bob Lee.

The pain in his voice tugged at Jessie's heart strings. "I know, baby. I know," she said. They sat like that for a few seconds until their world was interrupted by the doorbell. Bob Lee got up and peered through the peep hole and all color drained from his face.

"It's Stephanie!" he whispered in terror.

6. Confrontation

"Don't be rude, Bob Lee," Jessie said to her distraught boyfriend. "Let her in."

Bob Lee looked like he wanted to run and hide in the bedroom. After finally pouring his heart out to Jessie and still worrying that his secrets would be too much for her to bear, the evil teasing student, Stephanie, was at his door. Bob Lee reached for the door knob then hesitated and looked back at Jessie. She nodded for him to continue and with great reluctance, he opened the door and in breezed the bane of Bob Lee's existence: Stephanie.

She didn't even look up, but simply patted his cheek and said, "Be a dear, Mr. Jennings, and get undressed. I don't have all day." That was when she finally noticed Jessie on the sofa. "Oh, uh, I, uh," she stuttered, "I, um... didn't know you had company."

Jessie did not stand but rather smiled at the young woman. "You must be Stephanie. Bob Lee has told me so much about you," she said, adding, "please don't mind me I'm only here to watch. Just carry on as if I wasn't here at all." Then Jessie shifted her gaze to Bob Lee and said to him, "Well, dear, the young lady asked you to do something. I rather think you'd better get on with it if you know what is good for you."

Bob Lee was stunned and speechless as was Stephanie. He sheepishly exited to the bedroom and began to undress as Stephanie considered her options. She decided to be brazen and call the other woman's bluff. She simply stood in that area between the living room and dining room with her hands on her hips, arms akimbo. Jessie sat unmoving on the sofa with a half-smile on her face. The two women simply stared at one another, each appraising the other woman who was suddenly complicating her life. Both women were dressed in jeans, tight fitting and without pockets as Bob Lee loved. Jessie wore a western shirt, and Stephanie had on the red tube top she seemed to favor when coming over.

Noticing the tube top, Jessie wondered at what Bob Lee had said about her never showing him her boobs. Why wear something that came off

so easily if it always stayed in place? But, Bob Lee appeared back in the living room, naked as the day he was born and blushing as if he had been left uncovered in the desert for days. "Hands at your side, Mr. Jennings," ordered Stephanie. "Let's show your lady friend what happens." Stephanie turned her back to him and slowly shifted her weight from boot to boot, making her bottom roll seductively in the tight denim.

In seconds, Bob Lee had an erection that was demanding attention. He and Jessie had progressed no further than passionate kissing, and the only time Jessie had seen him close to this state was when she had spanked him in her trailer. She was impressed by what she saw, and then furious at the other woman and how she was manipulating Bob Lee.

Stephanie started clucking her tongue in disapproval. Retrieving a kitchen chair, she placed it in front of the TV, which was in front of Jessie. "Bend over the chair, you bad boy," chided Stephanie. "Bend over so you can look your lady friend in the eye when I punish you." Stephanie may have been speaking to Bob Lee, but she was watching Jessie for her reaction. There was none.

Totally confused, Bob Lee simply did as he was told. Seeing the spanking tools out on the table, Stephanie picked up the riding crop. "I see these are all laid out. I hope I didn't interrupt play time!" she cackled with sarcasm.

Bob Lee closed his eyes and bent over the chair. Had Stephanie been paying attention she would have ordered him to open them, but she was more interested in Jessie. Pulling her arm back, Stephanie gave a loud cracking whack with the slapper end of the riding crop against Bob Lee's bottom. He grimaced and held still.

Stephanie then began to lay a series of hard and fast swats to Bob Lee's vulnerable bottom. She quickly covered the entire surface of his pristine white backside, turning it quickly into a mass of splotchy pink spots that looked like tiny hands. The slapper end of the crop was shaped like a hand, and Jessie thought that was typical of someone who was never around horses.

Finally, Bob Lee began to grunt with the swats and Stephanie sent him to the corner. "I'll be back another time, Mr. Jennings," announced

Stephanie as she threw the crop onto the table with the other spanking items. "I don't feel like sharing with your lady friend."

Jessie was up out of the sofa like a shot from a rifle and stood with hands on hips between the door and Stephanie. With a sweet voice she said, "But I wanted to see all you do to poor old Mr. Jennings."

"I don't think so," snarled Stephanie.

"But I insist," retorted Jessie.

"Get the fuck out of my way," shouted Stephanie as she took a step to go around Jessie. She didn't get very far as Jessie balled up one fist and punched the younger student in the tummy, knocking the air out of her.

Doubled up, gasping for air, Stephanie heard Jessie's voice. "I said I insist. And, I insist that you do everything as you normally would, so why don't you step out of those jeans so we can really see you wiggle your ass?"

Still struggling to regulate her breathing, Stephanie managed to kick off her boots and step out of her jeans. True to form, she was wearing a thong and with the tube top reaching down well above her belly button, a lot of her lower half was visible. Pointing to Bob Lee in the corner, Jessie said, "Go on. Go rub your ass all over his."

Reluctantly, Stephanie stepped close to Bob Lee and with a wary eye on Jessie, she leaned back and let her bottom touch Bob Lee's behind. He gasped at the touch as usual, and Stephanie gave a half-hearted rub of her butt up against his. Noticing the raised eyebrows on Jessie, Stephanie put a little more effort into her gyrations.

"Tell me truthfully, Stephanie," Jessie said, her eyes burning a gaze into Stephanie's eyes. "Have you ever taken your top off? You know, to let Bob Lee see your boobs?"

Quickly Stephanie shook her head and responded, "No. Never."

"That's about to change," Jessie said with a smile. "Pull that tube top over your head and turn around and rub those nice breasts into his back." Stephanie opened her mouth to protest, but one step towards her with a fist held ready and the tube top went flying over her head. Stephanie quickly turned around and pressed her breasts into Bob Lee's back.

He groaned with pleasure again. Then he tried to stifle the sounds, afraid of offending Jessie.

"Reach around and feel his cock, Stephanie," ordered Jessie. "I don't think you've ever done that, but how else are we going to know if he is reacting to you?"

Stephanie, still rubbing her body up against the naked form of Bob Lee, put her left arm around his chest to steady herself and with her right hand reached around to discover just how much of an erection Bob Lee could muster. It was more than a handful. "He's hard," Stephanie announced simply.

"Good," noted Jessie. "Now step back so Bob Lee can turn around and see what you look like."

Ashamed at being manipulated herself, Stephanie stepped away and Bob Lee turned to look at her. His eyes widened in appreciation, and even Jessie had to admit that the young lady had impressive breasts. She also noticed Bob Lee's erection twitching like a divining rod. "Turn around and wiggle that butt, Stephanie," came Jessie's next command.

The student turned, the firm flesh of breasts and bottom both jiggling with every move. Jessie watched Bob Lee whose eyes were glued to the naked bottom before him. Then Stephanie began to do her slow rolling wriggle, and his eyes grew even wider and his cock stiffened even more as it bobbed and wagged in the direction of her well-sculpted behind.

"Bob Lee, honey," cooed Jessie. "Would you be a doll and get me two neckties, please?" He almost didn't move but slowly tore himself away from the vision before him. Quickly, he returned with a couple of neckties in his hand.

Taking the ties from Bob Lee, Jessie spun Stephanie around by the shoulder. Holding up the ties for her to see, Jessie said, "We can do this the easy way or the hard way. It's up to you."

"You want to tie me up?" gasped Stephanie. "No fucking way!" She started to back away from Jessie.

"Hard way it is, then," dryly noted Jessie. With a hard right fist, Jessie punched Stephanie right on the sternum. In one sense it was sexy as Stephanie's boobs jiggled wildly. Stephanie's head grew light, and with the skill brought on by years of practice, Jessie took Stephanie to the ground like she would a calf, and in seconds had right wrist tied to right ankle and left wrist tied to left ankle.

Staring down at her tied up foe, Jessie snarled, "You city girls are always surprised at just how tough a cowgirl really is. You're nothing compared to dealing with livestock! And growing up with three brothers didn't hurt my ability to throw a punch."

As Stephanie slowly regained control and her heart began to pump blood to her body again, Jessie directed the naked Bob Lee to sit on the kitchen chair. Appraising the hogtied student, Jessie asked, "Feeling better?" Not getting a response, Jessie simply shrugged and picked up the riding crop. She gave a sharp blow to the right bottom cheek of the naked student and said, "Get to your knees." Another mighty swat and Stephanie scrambled to her knees.

She was then directed to kneel directly in front of Bob Lee. "You've teased and tormented this poor man, Stephanie, without him getting any reward at all."

SMACK, another whip crack from the crop landed. "That is going to change right now. Lean up and take his dick in your mouth. I want you to suck on it." SMACK!

Unable to do anything about her situation, Stephanie had no choice but to try and comply. It was difficult in her current position, and Jessie noted that as well. In a helpful mood, Jessie had Bob Lee get out of the chair and lie on his back on the floor. In that position, Stephanie could lower her face to his crotch, and took in as much of his erection as possible and began earnestly slurping and sucking on it.

As Bob Lee's eyes lolled about and Stephanie's head bobbed up and down, Jessie would make random smacks on the upturned bottom with the riding crop. After a couple of minutes, Jessie said, "I don't think you are working hard enough, Stephanie. I am going to motivate you. I have only used the slapper end of this crop, just as I noticed you used on Bob Lee. But, are you aware of how much more it stings when you strike with the length of the rod rather than the little slapper?"

CRACK! Jessie laid a red hot line across the expanse of both of Stephanie's bottom cheeks. Stephanie howled.

"Oh, dear," mocked Jessie. "You let his cock slip from your mouth! Maybe your lips and mouth are tired. Would you rather reward Bob Lee by having him poke his favorite part of your anatomy?"

Stephanie shook her head in the extreme negative and quickly lowered her face to his groin, taking his cock back into her mouth. The sounds coming from her mouth confirmed a renewed vigor, as did Bob Lee's eyes rolling back in their sockets.

"Swallow it all," warned Jessie with another lightning bolt across the bottom of the other woman. Afraid of more lashes, Stephanie obeyed. Then, satisfied with the job Stephanie had done, Jessie told Bob Lee to go get into the shower.

When he was gone, Jessie untied Stephanie and silently watched her dress. At the door, Jessie said to the other woman, "Other than in class, that is the last time you will ever see Bob Lee. If I ever hear that you said a word about what has happened with him or you, I promise you'll wish you never uttered a word. It's not between him and you any more... it's between you and me."

Stephanie simply nodded and left without saying another word.

Out of the shower, Bob Lee peeked into the living room with only a towel wrapped around himself. "She's gone," noted Jessie.

"I was afraid you'd be gone, too," Bob Lee said with sincerity.

"After all that work?" she asked, stepping close to him. Grabbing the end of the towel she pulled it off him and then planted the palm of her hand in his chest and started to push the naked man backwards toward the bed. "Now it's time for my reward!"

7. Family Matters

After the confrontation with Stephanie, Jessie's heart was all but Bob Lee's. She really liked the young college teacher who was only a year or two younger than herself. But, she had a big problem to deal with: Bob Lee's annoying obsession with women's bottoms.

Clearly, he had been grossly manipulated by the scheming Stephanie, but after hearing from him about the other incidents in public places, Jessie knew that he needed some serious help. Bob Lee was either truthful about not being able to afford a therapist, or simply reticent to open up to one about what was going on in his head. There was no doubt in Jessie's mind that Bob Lee had special feelings for her, or he would never have admitted his embarrassing situation.

When she recognized just how fearful Bob Lee had been to open up to her, and how worried he was that he might run her off, she had to smile to herself. She had never had a boyfriend who was as trusting of her as Bob Lee was... neither had she ever had a boyfriend with such a peculiar and troubling issue. She had her share of philandering boyfriends, but this was different. What Bob Lee felt compelled to do did not feel like cheating to Jessie. Sure, it was anti-social and just plain rude, but it struck her as more of an emotional or mental issue.

Bob Lee had, at his mother's insistence, invited Jessie to his mama's home for a barbecue. There, Jessie met Bob Lee's mother and his three sisters. The youngest wasn't married, the middle sister was, and the oldest sister was recently divorced. Though the sisters were closely ranged in ages from 28 to 33, the youngest was still four years older than Bob Lee. Neither divorced nor married sister had any children.

The sisters and mother all exhibited overbearing tendencies to Bob Lee and Richard, sister number two's husband. Both Richard and Bob Lee took the bossy directions and sometimes hurtful commentary in good stride, though neither ever tried to dish back the familial abuse they took. Jessie figured it was no wonder that Bob Lee was how he was, but what was it that gave him a fetish for female bottoms?

* * *

A few days after the barbecue, Jessie took it upon herself to visit with Bob Lee's mother. Jessie wasn't sure where else to turn, and she desperately wanted to help her new boyfriend. His mother patiently listened as Jessie recounted all that Bob Lee had told her and spoke up first when Jessie described what happened after the Rodeo and how she had spanked Bob Lee for groping her butt.

"Good for you!" congratulated his mother. "A man of any age needs a strong-minded woman to keep him in line." But, when Jessie told her about the confrontation she had with Stephanie (leaving out some of the more lascivious details), his mother stood up and hugged Jessie. "This calls for a little toast!" exclaimed Mama Jennings.

The mother pulled out a bottle of tequila and a couple of shot glasses and poured two fingers of the tequila for both. After slamming down the shot, Bob Lee's mother said, "I'd have given my right arm to see a manipulative bitch taken down like that." Then she added, "I knew I liked you from the very first moment. Let's not let Bob Lee screw this up... I think you could be good for each other." That statement made Jessie feel better about her decision to confide in the older woman.

The mother poured two more shots and, looking Jessie in the eye, said, "I'll take care of this little problem. You wait and see, Jessie!"

"Mrs. Jennings," protested Jessie, "I really don't want Bob Lee to know I spoke with you about this. He trusts me and I don't want to ruin that. I... I... wouldn't have said anything except that this situation is so unusual and potentially serious."

Bob Lee's mother winked at Jessie, assuring her, "Not to worry, Jessie. I'll let Bob Lee think I heard about this from Estelle Padilla. He knows we go a long way back." Then she indicated for Jessie to sit back down. The older woman sat as well and leaned in close to Jessie as if confiding a deep secret.

"Growing up, Bob Lee had what I thought were a couple of obsessions," she told Jessie. "A doctor friend of mine said they weren't really obsessions but more of something he called an 'impulse control' disorder." She smiled wistfully at Jessie, as if fondly remembering the childhood of her only boy. "First, it was matches. I think Bob Lee was 9 or 10 years old,

but we got beyond that. Later, he became a chronic masturbator." Now his mother looked up at Jessie as she shook her head. "That boy would jerk off at the oddest times and places. But, again, we got beyond that. And, in high school, he and a couple of his dumbass friends had read about the 'streaking' trend in the 1970's. They just HAD to do it and even when the other boys finally stopped, it took some real family intervention to get Bob Lee to keep his clothes on. We got beyond that, too." Leaning forward and patting Jessie's thigh, she said with confidence, "We'll get beyond this as well."

Jessie left the situation in the hands of Bob Lee's mother, having promised to keep everything to herself and just be normal around Bob Lee. Curiosity was killing Jessie, but she complied with the mother's wish.

* * *

Bob Lee knew something was amiss when his mother called and asked that he come out to the ranch on Monday night. He had no idea what the issue might be, but he recognized the tone in his mother's voice. Even if he hadn't heard that tone, he knew something was wrong when he asked her about it. "You just get out here right after your last class on Monday," was all she said before hanging up on him.

Maybe it was nervous apprehension, but Bob Lee was taken aback when he stepped into the front room of the family ranch house. His mother was waiting for him and there was something incredibly sexy about her... and it made him very uncomfortable. In a flash, he noticed she was wearing jeans that were much tighter than she usually wore, and they were his favorite kind of Wranglers that had no back pockets. She wore a western shirt that had several buttons undone, and she showed more cleavage than he could recall her flashing other than in her bathing suit.

Bob Lee realized that his mother, still shy of being 50 years old, was incredibly attractive. He also felt a sudden wave of shame that he had recognized, and even had, those thoughts. When he was told to sit down, listen and not speak, Bob Lee was immediately concerned.

"You and I need to have a serious conversation," began his mother as she paced the floor in front of him. He really wished she wouldn't do that as he couldn't keep his eyes off her denim-covered bottom, and worse still, he had a hard time hearing her as her tempting backside kept up a string of suggestive comments on its own.

"Mrs. Padilla told me what happened at her store the other day, and," holding up her hand to keep him quiet as Bob Lee tried to explain, "I've come to learn that it was not an isolated instance." She glared at him with an icy stare that even got her bottom to stop talking at Bob Lee. "I had wondered what it was that compelled you to reach out and pat or grope women's butts, but I've decided I don't really care. What I DO care about is you learning that THAT type of behavior is unacceptable. You could be hauled into court and jailed, and it is a huge embarrassment to me and the rest of your family!"

Now her bottom started back up, tossing out its own comments and observations. Out of nowhere, Bob Lee wondered if his mother had been in charge of her marriage. Bob Lee had no real recollection of that as his father had died more than 15 years earlier. Then his attention was refocused on his mother's lecture when his ears picked up, "...and Mrs. Padilla had the right idea. You need to have your own butt spanked and spanked good. I think I let you off too easy when you still lived at home."

Too easy? Bob Lee wondered about that statement as he could not remember going a week without his bottom getting tanned for one reason or another. And then there were those extra harsh whippings when he had to... oh, no? Did he just hear that? He blinked at the words his mother said.

"I want you into the kitchen, stripped naked - and put on the spanking chaps right now!"

He began to beg and plead for her to reconsider, but the five most feared words his mother could utter stopped him.

"You are making it worse!"

So Bob Lee just shut up and left for the kitchen. Though he had not had to do this in years, he was well versed with the routine. He removed all of his clothes, and as he neatly folded them on the kitchen table, he eyed the well-worn and dreaded leather chaps laying in wait for him on the table.

Most people only have a vague idea about chaps, which cowboys wear to protect their legs when riding. There had been a few times Bob Lee had been glad to have the chaps on, when his horse would walk close to a barbed wire fence. The chaps took the abuse from the barbs, not his leg. But what most people don't realize is that chaps are a sort of leather pants with the full crotch area removed, front and back. There was a belt at the top that

kept both legs attached, but the chaps were designed to be worn over pants or jeans.

With nothing on but the chaps, the backside and all the manly vital tools on the front side were visible and vulnerable. When he wore the chaps for punishment, Bob Lee was acutely aware that he was bare ass naked otherwise, and he actually felt more exposed than if he had just been nude. He hated wearing the chaps as they made him feel like a naughty boy again and because he knew he was really in for it.

Again, an idle thought sprang to mind as he recalled how his sisters would have to don the chaps just as well on the rare occasions they were punished. He wondered if they felt as exposed as he did right now.

Without being told, Bob Lee stepped out the kitchen door and walked to the barn. The nearest stall was more of a storage space, and he pulled out the saddle rack that had long served as a spanking bench. There was a saddle in place on the rack, and Bob Lee dutifully waited next to the saddle rack for his mother to join him in the barn. When she did, he was not shocked to see the long strip of harness leather dangling from her clenched right fist. It was an impressively supple and heavy bit of leather that Bob Lee had the experience to correctly fear.

"You know what you did was wrong, don't you, Bob Lee?" his mother stated more than asked. He nodded in response and stepped in front of the saddle rack as his mother pointed for him to take his position. Slowly, he lowered himself across the saddle that was on top of the rack, feeling the leather edges of the chaps claw at his naked skin. His mother added, "No need to waste any more words about it, then."

He felt shamed and humiliated... and very, very exposed and vulnerable.

CRACK!

The harness leather snapped across the surface of both bottom cheeks with a fire belched onto this earth from Hell itself. Bob Lee gripped the legs of the saddle rack as his body convulsed from the vicious lash. **CRACK! CRACK!** Two more quick snaps of the leather laid more stripes on his bottom of equally hot and agonizing pain. Bob Lee squirmed and grunted over the saddle, trying hard to be still as he knew his mother hated it when he fidgeted.

He could sense his mother finding her stride as there was a brief pause for her to get her footing and balance just right. Then came the onslaught of repeated lashings from the hated harness leather. The barn filled with the sounds of rifle shot cracks of leather meeting flesh and Bob Lee's low groans that were soon followed by pitiful pleas for forgiveness and promises of perfect future behavior.

Then, just as Bob Lee thought he was at the breaking point and was about to start bawling like a child, the strapping stopped. His bottom was ablaze from the repeated assaults from the heavy leather strap, and it throbbed as if it were a beating human heart. It also felt way too big for the chaps, but Bob Lee knew it was another sensation from the pain he felt, courtesy of his mother and that harness leather strap.

Still, he was grateful that she had stopped. He mused that maybe she felt he was too old for such treatment, not realizing the foolishness of such thoughts.

"Stand up with your hands at your side, Bob Lee," his mother instructed.

He complied, groaning and grimacing as the movement caused a new ripple of pain across his punished globes. His mother stepped around to the other side of the saddle rack and eyed him carefully. Yet again, a wave of humiliation washed over Bob Lee as he realized he was standing exposed before his mother, his cock and balls in full view and on display. Even the reminder to himself that she had changed his diapers and seen it all before did not reduce the humiliation he felt.

His mother then slowly turned to face away from him, arched her back and thrust her behind out in his direction. The already tight denim strained, and Bob Lee could not help but notice just how well his mother filled out those tight jeans. Banishing those thoughts from his mind was impossible as her posterior began an ongoing commentary directed at Bob Lee. And the only thing that stopped the chattering was his mother's voice.

"What do you think, Bob Lee?" she asked. "Do I have a sexy butt that talks to you?"

"Mama!" complained her son. "That's just wrong! I shouldn't be thinking like that, and you shouldn't be teasing me like this, either."

His mother looked over her shoulder, her bottom wriggling and tensing with the motion. Bob Lee's eyes widened even as he tried to block out thoughts about the desirability of his mother's behind. Her bottom continued to taunt him. 'Uh huh, that's right boy! I'm right here. Close enough to touch. What's the matter? I'm with your mother? That's the problem? Hey, dude you can look... just don't touch. Oh - but you want to touch, don't you?'

His mother sighed, her backside still pointed in Bob Lee's direction and she noted, "Well, maybe you shouldn't be thinking about my butt, but I have to walk around in this world so you just have to get over it. What really should not be happening is what I see right there." Even without looking, Bob Lee knew his penis was beginning to stiffen. "I guess it's time to learn, Bob Lee," she noted.

Taking a couple of quick steps towards him, his mother then quickly turned away and thrust her backside out just a bit to tease him yet again. "Go ahead, young man, reach out and grab my ass. You grab every other woman that way, so grab mine."

"Mama!" he whined in protest.

"Are you telling me that my butt is ugly or fat? That it isn't as pretty and sexy as all those butts you've already pawed?"

Bob Lee squirmed and struggled with his thoughts. He knew it was wrong to reach out and pat his mother's backside, but he kind of wanted to. And the chiding backside was so close! Then he nearly jumped right out of the chaps when his mother barked, "Grab it now!"

Reflexively, Bob Lee did as he was ordered and both hands cupped her full round bottom globes. She wriggled a bit, and he couldn't help himself as he gave each bottom cheek a strong squeeze. Her butt giggled with delight, urging him to squeeze, telling him how good it felt, and adding that she wouldn't have dressed in those sexy, tight, no back pocket jeans if she did not want him to grab her backside. Bob Lee almost slipped into a trance.

But, his mother suddenly slapped his hands away from her jeans, spun the young man around and bent him forcefully over the saddle rack. "Every time you even think about grabbing a lady's bottom, Bob Lee, I want you to remember this!" How she got that harness leather strap in her

hand so quickly, Bob Lee would never know, but he did know that she was well-motivated to swing that strap with purpose.

Immediately, Bob Lee began to howl and he struggled across the saddle. His mother grasped the back of the belt around the chaps and forcefully lifted him further over the saddle, pulling his feet from the barn floor. Then, keeping her hand heavily planted in the small of his back, she really laid the strap across his vulnerable, shivering, quivering and oh-so-red bottom.

This time Bob Lee did not even try to hold back. Tears slipped down his face as his hands gripped the saddle rack. His feet and legs kicked from the awful pain, but he was pinned against the saddle by his mother's heavy hand and could not avoid the searing leather as it branded his own backside.

After unleashing a half dozen furious strokes that landed at the very tops of his thighs, just above where the legs of the chaps began, Mrs. Jennings stopped the strapping. She let her son cry over the saddle and waited until he had somewhat gathered himself. Then she let him off the saddle to stand before her.

"You remember that, mister," she scolded, her face only inches from his own tear-streaked face. "Any time you think some woman has dressed just to tease or invite you to grope her bottom, you remember what that strap feels like and you remember that you deserve to feel it every time you even think about touching a woman's butt without a real invitation."

Bob Lee nodded earnestly, sensing it was best to keep his mouth shut. He sighed with relief as his mother turned on her heels and strode purposefully out of the barn and back to the house. She stopped in the doorway, looked over her shoulder and wiggled her butt at him.

"Any wish to grab some more of this?" she asked, her own bottom taunting him with its own voice.

"No, Mama," he said quietly, hearing her bottom snicker at him and reply, "Yeah, right!"

"Then maybe we are making some progress, young man," she said, "but this isn't over by a long shot. You will be back here for dinner on Friday night."

Bob Lee could only utter a contrite, "Yes, Ma'am."

8. Dinner with the Family

It took a day before Bob Lee could sit without squirming in class, but for the rest of the week he tended to lecture and teach from a standing position. He was glad that Jessie had driven to Wyoming for a rodeo competition and that she wouldn't see the evidence of his maternal strapping. Bob Lee also had no illusions that he was now home free: the 'invitation' to dinner on Friday was more than likely a prelude to another trip to the barn.

Resigned to his fate, Bob Lee drove out to the ranch on Friday night and thoughtfully stopped to pick up one of the wonderful pecan pies from Tippins, a family favorite for as long as he could remember. When he pulled up to the house and saw the other cars, Bob Lee was glad he bought the bigger version of the pie as it was evident that his sisters were coming to dinner, too.

"Oh, gawd," he groaned as he parked his car. "They'll know I'm going to get it." And then he had the awfully unsettling thought that Richard, the still married sister's husband, would be there, too. It was a thought that was so humbling, Bob Lee almost started his car and drove away... but he forced himself to face his fate.

Abby Rae, his oldest sister, opened the front door to greet Bob Lee. She had always been his protector from the two younger sisters when he was growing up. She gave him a warm hug and said quietly, "I guess you're in big trouble, huh, little brother?" He nodded and looked down. "Well," she added, "deal with it. You only have yourself to blame. Just don't make it any worse for yourself!" She gave him another protective hug.

Closing the front door, Abby Rae called out loudly, "Hey, the naughty boy is here, and he brought a bribe: a pecan pie from Tippins!"

Bob Lee cringed when he heard "naughty boy" and when they walked through the family room and back into the dining room, Bob Lee had several revelations, not all of them bad.

His mother and sisters were all wearing those damned sexy tight jeans. He could swear they must have gone back to the days of his youth

when the girls would buy jeans and then sit in a tub of hot water and let the jeans dry on their body. That would make the jeans ridiculously tight and it was something all the girls used to do. It looked to him like the practice was back in vogue, at least for tonight. How do they know how much I am fascinated by these types of jeans, he wondered?

It was also clear that this was a family only dinner... no Richard, no other guests, just his mother, sisters and him. For that, Bob Lee was relieved, but he was still horribly unnerved by the uniform of the day.

All three sisters took after their mother. They were tall, slender and had ample curves in all the right places. Abby Rae had the best ass, he thought, and the second oldest sister, Betty Lou, had by far the best boobs. But it was Cathy Lee who had the best combination of both assets and as the youngest sister, she was also the firebrand.

Stop it! He chastised himself. You're not a horny 14-year-old boy, but you're acting like one by rating your sisters' charms. What was he thinking? Was this how he managed to get into trouble to begin with?

His mind slipped back in time to the various sleepovers his sisters had with their friends. Bob Lee used to like to spy on his sisters and their friends as they cavorted in pajamas or just their underwear. He still fondly remembered the first time he saw real live boobs. They belonged to Janie Robinson, and he was so impressed the memory was as fresh as the few minutes he spent spying on her as she changed. Later he caught a glimpse of Betty Lou topless, and he realized just how impressive her breasts were compared even to the wonderful image of Janie Robinson.

He suddenly slipped back to the present as he felt four pairs of eyes on him and the room hushed in silence. "Uh, sorry," he mumbled, weakly adding, "I was trying to remember if I turned off the iron."

Cathy Lee giggled. "I don't think you even turned it on if that shirt is any indication!" The tension broke, and the room erupted with feminine giggles.

Dinner was an unusual experience, at once filled with memories of family dinners in days long past, but Bob Lee's recent misadventures dominated the conversation. "You were actually tackled at Padilla's?" asked an incredulous Betty Lou.

"No," complained Bob Lee. "I tripped over some shoe boxes."

"That's right," added Abby Rae. "He was tackled by that student stalker at Saba's."

Bob Lee could only color hotly as the conversation went from bad to worse, with him as the centerpiece of each story. He had little choice but to suffer the queries and comments and hope that he wouldn't have an audience when Mama eventually got around to strapping him again.

"Honestly, Bob Lee," said the youngest one, Cathy Lee, "how could you ever just let that student come over, take control and whip your ass in your own apartment?"

Bob Lee looked up, looked around the table and realized that any one of the four women at the table were capable of doing just that. In fact, they all had at one time or another. Bob Lee only shrugged. Perhaps the shrug was given in resignation, perhaps it was an indication that his sisters might look around the table and see that they may have had a hand in his upbringing that way.

"Let's save dessert for later," announced their mother, and quickly all the kids in her brood stood and began to clear the table. It was cleaned up and dishes done in minutes with all of them helping.

It all took much less time than Bob Lee would have wanted, especially after he heard his mother's pronouncement.

"We're here to break your little brother of his bothersome and embarrassing habit, so we might as well get started," his mother said as she started to shoo Betty Lou and Cathy Lee from the kitchen. "As the oldest," she said, "Abby Rae you go first." Quite suddenly, it was only Bob Lee and Abby Rae in the kitchen... and to Bob Lee's shock and surprise, the spanking chaps had made a miraculous appearance on the kitchen table.

Pointing to the chaps, the oldest sister said, "I'm sorry this has to happen, Bob Lee, but we really are trying to help." The look on her face was sad, and Bob Lee could easily imagine that she was upset that she could not take up her usual role as his protector. "You know how to prepare," she added as she turned for the kitchen door. "I'll be in the barn waiting for you."

Suddenly alone, Bob Lee wanted to complain but there was nobody to complain to... and none of the four women would have listened anyway. With resignation, Bob Lee stripped and put on the chaps, once again feeling

ridiculously exposed. It took a great deal of willpower to force himself to walk out to the barn feeling so foolish.

Abby Rae couldn't stifle her giggle when she saw Bob Lee. "I'm sorry, Bob Lee," she apologized. "I don't know if it's because you look so cute in those chaps, or that I'm relieved I'm not the one out here wearing them. You know we all have had our turn in the barn wearing those ridiculous chaps."

"Yeah, I know," agreed Bob Lee, not feeling any better for having that knowledge. So he decided it would be best to just get all of this over with. "Now what?" he asked.

Abby Rae turned her back to him and shook her bottom as she peered over her shoulder at him. "I understand that women's butts talk to you. What is mine saying right now?" she asked.

"It's saying I should keep my big mouth shut," replied her brother.

"Really?" she asked, with a more exaggerated waggle of her behind.

"No," he admitted. "But I think it would be best to keep that conversation to myself."

"That's not how this is going to work," Abby Rae explained as she slowly walked backwards to get closer to her little brother. The backward steps made her bottom really roll seductively, and to Bob Lee the chatter from her backside got more provocative and demanding. "Tell me what my butt is saying to you."

Bob Lee gave his older sister a plaintive look, wordlessly begging her not to make him tell her. But, raised eyebrows and a demanding look gave him the answer to his wordless pleas. "It wants me to touch it, and it's even teasing me by saying that I probably would rather have your backside raised over the saddle rack for a spanking than my own."

"Well, I'm not going to bend over for a spanking," she said with finality. "But I do want you to reach out and give my bottom a pat." Pausing and seeming to think a moment, she added, "Go ahead and get a good fondle in, too."

"Abby Rae!"

"That wasn't a request, Bob Lee," she said firmly.

So, with a mix of great reluctance and no little desire, Bob Lee reached out and did the unthinkable: he groped and squeezed his sister's bottom. And something even more unthinkable happened... he was stimulated and there was no way he could hide that fact from his sister as his cock stood out hard and unrestrained like a hitching post holding up the chaps.

Abby Rae just shook her head, then slowly and gently guided Bob Lee to the saddle rack and bent him over the saddle that lay upon it. "As much as I do not want to do this, Bob Lee," Abby Rae said in a sorrowful voice, "I would do this over and over and over again if it keeps you out of jail."

Bob Lee felt humiliated, and of all his sisters, he knew this was going to be as painful for Abby Rae as it was going to be for him. He turned to tell her how sorry he was, then caught sight of the harness leather in her hand and quickly turned away.

The air whirred like a flock of birds was soaring through the barn door, but it was that hard leather strap cutting the air before it gave way to the sharp rifle crack as it landed on his backside. Even as the pain was just starting to register, Abby Rae was pulling the strap back and landing another sizzling shot on Bob Lee's vulnerable bottom.

The first cut of the strap had caused him to gasp, and the second inspired him to cry out. Unfortunately, the gasp and shriek got caught in Bob Lee's throat, and he simply gurgled then began to cough. He held tight with his hands while his legs kicked from what was becoming a murderous onslaught against his bottom. Abby Rae whipped the harness leather with a fierce intent and a rapidity that caused the strokes to blur into one long searing burn.

The coughing fit over, Bob Lee shrieked in pain and Abby Rae stopped momentarily. The younger brother gasped when he felt her hand reach between his legs to grasp his manhood. It was a shock that his sister would do such a thing! "At least THAT has gone away," she said. He heard her hanging up the strap on the nail in the wall.

"Stand up, Bob Lee," she said and when she saw his water-filled eyes, Abby Rae nearly broke into tears at the sight. "Uh," she mumbled, "put your hands on your head and step back away from the saddle rack."

She watched as he complied. "As a word of caution," she said sympathetically, "I would try to avoid letting that thing," she said, pointing to his cock, "react in any way. You know how much Betty Lou and Cathy Lee like to torment you."

Then Abby Rae quickly left the barn and Bob Lee was left with hands on his head, the shaming chaps still humiliating him, his bottom throbbing from the strapping.

9. Sisterly Torments

It didn't take long for Betty Lou to breeze into the barn. Bob Lee stood with his hands on his head, naked except for the spanking chaps, sporting a well-strapped bottom for her inspection. "Seems like you just can't help but get in trouble, Bob Lee," she teased as she strolled slowly around him. She stopped in front of him and reached behind with both of her hands to grasp his red buttocks. "So," she said with a vicious squeeze, "you like to grab women's butts like this?"

He winced and groaned from the pain of her grip. Then, as her hands kneaded his bottom cheeks she leaned close, put her cheek next to his and whispered in his ear, "But, I understand it's not your fault. Female bottoms talk to you and ask for your attention. Isn't that right?" She emphasized that question with a good squeeze that made Bob Lee groan miserably again.

Stepping back away from him, she turned and waggled her backside in his direction. "Tell me what my butt is saying, Bob Lee," she ordered. "Honestly, I can't hear it say a word. Tell me what it says and what it wants."

Bob Lee just scowled at her. Betty Lou had been marginally cruel to him ever since she found out he'd seen her topless years ago. No amount of torment ever seemed to make her feel like she had gotten even for that indignity. And, now it only made her angrier that he refused to answer.

"I'll bet you just can't hear my ass talking because my jeans are so tight. Must be gagging my butt, I'll bet," she mused. So, she decided to help Bob Lee. She pulled off her boots and peeled off her jeans to stand in her shirt and bikini panties. Turning, she slightly bent over and waggled her backside at him, lifting the tail of her shirt so he could get a good view.

"Nothing?" she asked. "My butt isn't talking to you?" She turned, put hands on her hips and scowled at Bob Lee and snapped, "You don't think my ass is good enough for you! That's it, isn't it?"

"C'mon, Betty Lou!" weakly complained Bob Lee.

"Admit it, dammit," she demanded. "Tell me there's something wrong with my ass!"

Rolling his eyes as he knew there was no good answer, Bob Lee said, "You've got a great ass, Betty Lou. All I meant is that a brother shouldn't say those types of things about his sister!"

"But it's okay to stare at her tits, then?" she challenged, bringing up that old wound.

"I was a horny, curious kid, Betty Lou," he said for the ten thousandth time. "I've apologized over and over, but you won't let it go." Then Bob Lee felt a horrible chill go up his spine as his sister's face suddenly assumed a triumphant and sadistic look.

"Well, I'm going to drop it all right," she purred. "Now that I have a chance to get even." Bob Lee stared with wide eyes as his sister pulled off her shirt and then unclasped and dropped her bra. Betty Lou had magnificent breasts, and they had gained some size since she was a teenager. "Go ahead, Bob Lee, get a good look," she said, shaking her shoulders to tease him with the jiggling breasts. "I'm going to light a fire in your ass with the strap and even though Mama wants you cured of butt fondling, I'm going to make you pay for peeking in on me and Janie Robinson."

"Then get it out of your system, Betty Lou," Bob Lee sighed. "My ass is grass anyway, and if we can move on from a childhood incident with this, then I'm all for it."

But then Betty Lou's face clouded over with rage. "OH... MY... GAWD!" she hollered, pointing at his groin. "You are such a pervert!"

Even without her pointing it out, Bob Lee knew he was sporting a rampant erection.

"What did you expect?" he challenged. "You're standing naked except for your panties, and shaking your booty and boobies at me!"

His sister just sputtered with rage, stepping closer and pulling Bob Lee over the saddle rack. Picking up the heavy strap, she kicked the insides of his ankles and made him spread his legs wide. Then she stepped back.

Bob Lee grasped the legs of the saddle rack and held on tightly. He knew when a storm was brewing, and hurricane Betty Lou was about to

make landfall on his ass.

CRACK! WHACK! THWACK!

The strap rose and fell with alacrity, yet each stroke felt like a lightning bolt with the full fury of the storm. Betty Lou was muttering and mumbling under her breath as she swung the strap, the frightening sound of leather on flesh ricocheting off the barn walls. Bob Lee yelped and hollered in pain, but managed to hold his position despite a desperate desire to stand up and run.

His sister stopped the strapping, but continued her muttering. Though he could not make out any of the words, the emotion behind the words was clear: his sister was still mighty pissed off. She seemed even more agitated to find that she had whipped the erection into a flaccid state of non-response.

"Dammit, Bob Lee," she screamed at him. "You get that good and hard before I continue." He was too startled by her demand that he was stunned into sputtering silence, while wishing he couldn't feel her hips pressed up against his bare and throbbing bottom.

She was not to be denied, and the stimuli worked their magic and Bob Lee could feel the thrumming demands of his erection bobbing between his legs. Then Betty Lou stepped back and picked up the strap again.

This time she stood directly behind Bob Lee and swung the heavy leather first with a forehand swing crashing into his right bottom cheek, and then she snapped it back with a backhand swing to singe his left bottom cheek. She lashed right, left, right, left for what seemed an eternity to Bob Lee, but was no more than a couple dozen strokes.

Bob Lee was gasping for breath and real tears ran down his cheeks. "That's it, Bob Lee," announced his sister. "If you can follow directions, that is." Bob Lee nodded eagerly and listened carefully. "You will stay in position until I tell you to stand. In that position, you will close your eyes and not peek once. I am going to dress right in front of you, and I will be watching. If I even think you are looking, I'm going to repeat what you just got." Bob Lee nodded his understanding, screwed his eyes shut and lowered his head as far as he could so that even if he did blink, he would be staring at the barn floor.

Eventually, Betty Lou said, "You can open your eyes and stand up." He did, feeling the anger and heat she had levied against his bottom as he moved. Betty Lou stepped closer to Bob Lee and hugged him warmly... something he could not remember her ever having done to him before. "You deserved that, Bob Lee, and I needed to do that," she said. "All that ancient history is out of my system, and I promise that if I ever bring it up again, it'll be your turn to take me out here to the saddle rack."

Bob Lee smiled ruefully as he slowly reached behind and rubbed his very sore bottom. "Don't think I won't hold you to that."

"Yeah, well, hands on head and wait for Cathy Lee," his middle sister said as she left the barn.

* * *

Cathy Lee was the youngest of his older sisters and had always seemed to be in a rivalry with Bob Lee as he had replaced her as the baby in the family. She was also the most energetic and feisty of the trio who were pretty feisty as it was. If he had to characterize her, Bob Lee would describe Cathy Lee as a perpetual cheerleader with boundless energy. She was cute, vivacious and mercurial. Bob Lee wondered if the kind, sympathetic Cathy Lee was about to show up or if it was going to be the cruel and teasingly vindictive Cathy Lee.

It was a little of both.

"Oh! You poor thing," she gushed as she saw his raw, red bottom on display in the spanking chaps. She clucked her tongue with disapproval as her hand lightly touched his well-strapped bottom and left her hand lingering with an empathetic touch as she added, "I don't think I've ever seen any of us so soundly spanked!"

Bob Lee had a moment of hope as he thought his youngest older sister would cut him some slack.

It wasn't to be, and he knew it the moment Cathy Lee said, "But I can't sympathize with you, Bob Lee. You brought this on all by yourself." Her voice was chiding and accurate. "Imagine thinking that backsides actually talked to you! And then to go out and grab some poor unsuspecting woman's butt... you deserve what you're getting, buster!"

Bob Lee sighed to himself, thankful he had only three sisters and Cathy Lee was the last.

Her empathy returned, if only for a moment. "I don't think it would be good for you to go back over the saddle rack," she said. "I remember my ribs hurting the next day from the workout. I just never noticed them when Mama strapped my bottom, but when that burn died down my ribs felt like they had been broken." She stood in front of Bob Lee with a finger to her mouth as she thought. "Twice in one night over the saddle rack is bad enough, and I don't want to make it worse."

She thought some more and then a mischievous twinkle crept into her eyes. "What do you think I should do, Bob Lee?" she asked. "Mama said to shake my booty at you to make sure you know why your ass is being tanned, but she didn't say I had to put you in the traditional position over the saddle."

Honestly, Bob Lee didn't have an opinion, at least not one other than possibly being let off, so he just shrugged his shoulders.

Cathy Lee stepped closer to him, and after looking about to verify they were alone she whispered, "I peeked through the door and saw Betty Lou prancing around nearly naked. That has a certain appeal to me. What do you think?"

Bob Lee quickly shook his head. "I don't think a woman should parade around half-naked in front of her brother."

His sister knitted her eyebrows and asked, "Why not? You're virtually naked right now."

"It's not right, Cathy Lee," he protested. "I have to be dressed like this. For you, it would be a choice."

The mischievous glint sparkled brighter as she replied, "But it sounds so naughty and so much fun!" So, the sister who would have been described as the most "complete package" stepped back and stripped down to her panties. Well, the teeny tiny thong was sort of like panties, but otherwise Cathy Lee was pretty well naked. She bent to pick up her clothes so she could move them and 'accidentally' bumped her naked bottom against Bob Lee's groin. "Oops!" she giggled as she stepped away and put her clothes in an out of the way corner.

Even in his well-punished state, it was more than Bob Lee could handle, and try as he might to block out the sensation of her rear end rubbing up on him and try as he might to avoid looking at his nearly naked

sister, Bob Lee couldn't help the physical reaction that sprang up between his legs.

"Tsk, tsk," noted Cathy Lee. "You *are* a naughty boy!"

This time, however, there was only a hint of playfulness in her voice, but there was very definitely that hard heavy strap in her right hand. With her left hand, she gripped his left wrist. Holding up the strap for Bob Lee to see with her right hand she said, "Even though I am letting you up from the saddle, that doesn't mean I'm not going to strap you for all those offensive things you did to women you didn't even know!"

Drawing back her right arm caused Bob Lee to gasp and hold his breath, but when her arm flew forward and the leather wrapped around both bottom cheeks with a loud SPLAT, he jumped, yelped and caught himself just short of cursing.

WHACK! Another harsh lash descended and Bob Lee stepped forward just a bit and groaned from the immediate pain. SMACK! The third lash made the other foot step forward and as Cathy Lee began to wield the strap with a steady rhythm, Bob Lee found himself yelping and marching slowly around his sister as she laid the heavy piece of harness leather over his well-whipped butt.

The exercise looked a bit like a trainer giving a horse its workout. Reins in hand, long whip in the other, the animal prancing around the trainer in a tight circle. Bob Lee pranced alright; the fire in his ass that was rekindled by the youngest sister burned hotly, and he moved quicker and quicker to avoid the burning leather... but could not move fast enough.

It was a curious sight if one had witnessed it: the nearly naked young man wearing just the revealing chaps frantically circling to avoid the leather strap, his bottom flexing in agony each time the leather snapped harshly against it. Of course, there was also the young woman wearing nothing but a tiny wisp of undergarment - her breasts jiggling from her efforts, her own bottom bouncing with her steps, in seeming sympathetic rhythm to the strapping she was inflicting.

Bob Lee had lost that erection after the first circle he made around Cathy Lee, and he now pleaded for her to stop. He no longer cared about her state of undress as he only wanted the pain to end.

Cathy Lee finally brought the punishment to a close and as Bob Lee gathered himself and rubbed his flaming backside, she dressed herself. Put back together she said, "Put everything up like you know it is supposed to be, and then come into the living room. Mama said to come in your chaps and not to get dressed."

Moving stiffly due to the searing pain in his butt, Bob Lee moved the saddle rack back where it belonged and gingerly bent to pick up the strap. With difficulty he rose and placed the strap in its place on the nail in the wall. Then he made the arduous walk to the kitchen and finally into the living room.

His mother and three sisters were sitting on the sofa and two of the upholstered chairs. On his mother's orders, Bob Lee stood facing the wall so that his well-punished bottom was on display to the four women. He had to stand there as they discussed, in very graphic detail, their opinions of his heinous behavior. The conversation slowly died out, and Bob Lee had to stand and feel their eyes scrutinizing his exposed backside.

Finally his mother spoke. "Bob Lee, the notion that women's backsides speak to you is ridiculous. That has to stop and I will hear no more of that nonsense. You had also better represent your family in a more respectful manner. Tonight will seem like a walk in the park if we ever hear of you playing grab ass with a woman again. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Mama," he said, his words only slightly muffled by the wall.

"Very well," she snapped. "Then turn around and give your sisters and me a kiss, and thank us for dealing with you. Then you may go."

It was almost (almost!) as humiliating to step over to each woman, bend down to kiss her cheek and thank her for strapping him as it had been to be strapped by them outside in the first place. Bob Lee blushed furiously but dutifully obeyed his mother and thanked all four women. Finally alone in the kitchen, Bob Lee pulled off the chaps and put his own clothes back on. It hurt to pull up the jeans, and it hurt to walk in them as they rubbed over his tender backside.

It was even worse to sit down behind the driver's wheel all the way home. All the way he vowed to ignore any butt that spoke to him going forward. Looking at himself in the rearview mirror, he lectured himself, "Butts don't talk, you fool!"

But, only time would tell.

Also from LSF Publications...

The Dominant Female by Jack Crawford

This three volume box set with over 110,000 words features the following previously published works by Jack Crawford: Disciplined by His Wife; Learning to Love Her Discipline; and Disciplined by the Librarian.

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The Spanking Court by Jack Crawford

Charles Davenport (Charlie to his friends) is a ridiculously rich, good-looking guy who enjoys a lavish lifestyle. But the world has changed, and men no longer have the upper hand. Charlie finds himself up in court for being sexist and disrespectful to women, where he receives the comeuppance many believe he so richly deserves. A painful and humiliating switching is followed by a sentence of 're-education' at the Briarwood Facility. Once at the facility, Charlie cannot buy his freedom, and has to endure endless rounds of corporal punishment and harsh discipline. The tables are truly turned as the women guards call all the shots, and sexual favours are demanded...

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Includes the following and 3 other stories:

Roland and the Switch: *Roland's fearsome stepmother decides he needs to be purged of his sins, with the aid of four switches from the birch tree. It is a painful business, but Roland has no other choice than to agree to his stepmother's discipline. After all, she is head of the household and he has to obey her.*

Our Stepmother Was a Nightmare: *Jason and his brother find their lives spin out of control when their strict ex-Army stepmother takes control. Carla is deadly serious about corporal punishment, and demonstrates her technique with wooden spoon and paddle.*

Ellie Takes Control: *Craig has become the stereotypical millionaire's son, spoiled, obnoxious, and entitled, never having done a day's work in his life. But after his father's death, Craig's stepmother begins to do something about Craig's behaviour. It is painful yet effective, with a very surprising outcome...*

Punished Husbands - Book One by W. Arthur

Includes the following and 4 other stories:

I Almost Got Away with It: *Nathan marries Katherine three months after meeting her at a wedding. He is fascinated as she takes charge in the bedroom, but her control extends to other areas of his life too, and she explains she is a firm believer in discipline. When Nathan lies about going to a club, Katherine welcomes him home with hairbrush in hand...*

Andrew's Christmas to Remember: *Andrew and Marian have high-ranking careers in the military and are used to long separations, but when they retire, life takes a different turn and Andrew embraces his submissive side, the part of him that has been suppressed for most of his life. Now, his wife is the one in charge.*

Behind Every Great Man: *Gretchen is married to the president of a prestigious college. Behind the scenes, it is Gretchen who is in charge. A master with the paddle, she knows just how to apply it for maximum effect to punish and motivate her husband.*

Punished by Miss Honeywell by Gary Kane

David's life changes drastically when his headmaster is replaced by Ms Jacobs, a formidable headmistress, skilled in caning bare bottoms. She demonstrates her prowess on the 18-year-old David for his persistent lateness, awarding extra strokes when it is discovered he has robbed Miss

Honeywell's apples. Ms Jacobs orders David to apologise to Miss Honeywell and pick up every single apple in her garden. However, David gets far more than he bargained for... it appears Miss Honeywell is some sort of pervert! An attractive woman in her mid-thirties, she makes it clear how much she enjoys spanking a naughty young man's bare bottom, and proceeds to do so at regular intervals, with hand, hairbrush, and cane. In spite of a persistently sore backside, David is captivated by the deliciously deviant and assertive Miss Honeywell, and also by her friend Karen, who is later brought in to participate in their Saturday spanking sessions...

Strict Ladies - Book Three by Peter Martin

Women in Charge: *Ben is staying with his friend Harry over the holidays. The two eighteen-year-olds go out with Harry's Dad, Mike, but return home all covered in mud to be greeted by the three women of the house - Harry's Mother Alicia, and his sisters, Angela and Kelly. The men are in disgrace. They are ordered to shower and then all three of them are spanked across the women's laps. Ben is keen to establish a relationship with Harry's sister, the 18-year-old Angela, but this can only happen if he agrees to be spanked. Ben learns to accept that in this house the women are firmly in charge, and as a result, the menfolk usually have sore bottoms.*

Boys Will Be Boys: *When Gemma discovers Jake and Matt are dressed as schoolboys so they can attend a spanking party, she offers to discipline the two 20-year-olds herself. This is fine for Matt, who fancies her and wants to be spanked, but Jake doesn't want to be spanked and caned by his sister. However, when Jake's mum appears, he ends up over her lap instead and gets a taste of her hairbrush. It's not going to be a one-off punishment either!*

Bob's Assistant: *Bob is Managing Director of a company, and his assistant is 18-year-old Alice. Alice catches him looking at spanking pictures on the internet, and ends up caning him, even though secretly she is the one who likes to be spanked. However, when Alice's mother, a strict headmistress finds out what's been going on, she disciplines Bob herself - and he loves it!*

A Naughty Boy by Frank Martinet

Derek is eighteen and a senior at Brentwood, a private boys academy. His planned attempt to seduce the lovely Maisie backfires as he is caught by Lauren Dour, the attractive young headmistress of Heatherly Hall school for girls. After some discussion between Miss Dour and Derek's headmaster, it is decided that Miss Dour will give the young man a good thrashing. This proves to be life-changing, and the first of many such experiences for Derek, introducing him to harsh physical punishment at the hands of the headmistress and her colleagues. Derek wrongly assumes he will get the slipper, but instead gets two dozen hard strokes of the cane. It is the first of many punishments, and over time Derek gains sexual enjoyment from being disciplined by beautiful women, and the harsher and more humiliating his treatment, the more exciting he finds it.

The Spanking Secret by Ken Burke

Ken and Sarah enjoy a fulfilling marriage, even though it is Sarah who calls the shots. Sarah is the dominant one in the relationship, very much in charge. This is fine with Ken, who has a submissive nature and needs Sarah's discipline. He is spanked regularly by his wife, and this aspect of their relationship has been kept secret for many years. But gradually, things begin to change which have a huge impact on Ken. Sarah tells her friend Liz, and later her sister, Linda... and both end up firstly witnessing Ken's spankings, then spanking his bare bottom themselves. And it doesn't stop there, as Ken's bossy mother-in-law gets in on the act too. Ken has a sore bottom, and a face red with embarrassment, yet the situation in which he now finds himself in is a huge turn on. Well content with his lot, he wouldn't change a thing!

Spanked by His Mother-in-Law by W. Arthur

This compilation features a collection of femdom stories in which men find themselves on the receiving end of strict discipline from their mother-in-law:

Training My City-Boy Son-in-Law: *After his start up business fails, Mike and his wife, Sara, have to go and live with Sara's mom on her farm. Unused to getting his hands dirty, Mike finds out the hard way that*

slacking off work at the busy farm and cussing at his mother-in-law have painful consequences. Marched off to the woodshed, he takes 20 lashes with the strap, wielded so expertly by his formidable mother-in-law. And there is more to come whenever he needs it...

The Big Change: *Tom is a selfish husband who neglects his wife, Peggy, but when mother-in-law Irene moves in with them, things start to change. Tired of Tom's bad attitude towards women in general, Irene resolves to do something about his lack of discipline... beginning with a tongue lashing, followed by a pants down hairbrush spanking.*

Fixing the DUI: *Duncan, a salesman, drinks way too much and ignores advice to get a cab home. Instead, he drives his own vehicle and ends up getting arrested and spending the night in jail. Lieutenant Karen Hanover who happens to be his mother-in-law, takes him to the basement and whips him hard with a leather strap. It is both a punishment and a warning.*

Tyler's Road to Submission by W. Arthur

Tyler's life is rapidly spinning out of control. He has blown his inheritance and his studies, and worked at a succession of menial jobs with no prospects. Things slowly start to change when he meets Katie, a psychology student, two years into her doctorate. Realising Tyler lacks discipline and direction, Katie provides it, and as their female-led relationship progresses, she also dispenses appropriate punishments for Tyler's misdemeanours. Unused to being spanked, Tyler comes to accept it is for his own benefit, and is happy to have Katie take control. His road to submission has not been without problems, but he ultimately embraces the fact that he is a submissive husband.