Mr. Green's Farm Part 2

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Mr. Green’s Farm, Part 2

This fictional story is about the spanking of an eighteen-year-old female.

After my first spanking from Mr. Green, my poor bottom was very sore for three days. But I kept my agreement with Mr. Green and I helped him with his chores every morning starting at 6 AM. Although he is twice my age, I have become very close to Mr. Green, working along side of him. He is actually a very kind and compassionate man who cares about his farm and his farm animals. I have tried to make him feel good by making meals from foods that he really enjoys, in addition to helping him with his chores.

I didn’t know that a farm would require so much work until my parents left me on his farm while they vacationed in Europe. Mr. Green also dearly loved his wife, and I am happy that I am able to put a female presence back into his life. I am also doing all of this in hoping he would forget about my next spanking.

But then, a week later after we finished eating Mr. Green said, “After you have washed the dishes, please join me in the barn for your spanking. I haven’t forgot about it.”

“I was hoping you did forget!” I answered. “I will join you in the barn in about ten minutes.”

I wasn’t looking forward to this next spanking. After I finished the dishes, I went into my room and changed into a nice summer dress and a pair of clean panties. I also put on some perfume, so I would smell nice for him. Then I slowly walked over to the barn and walked over to where Mr. Green was sitting, which was on a somewhat low and narrow bench.

“You agreed to this spanking so lets get it over with.” He told me. “Stand in front of me and raise your dress so that I may prepare you for your spanking.”

So I stood in front of him and slowly raised my dress. I was so glad I had just put on some fresh clean panties for him.

“You are aware from your other spanking that I always spank you on the bare. So stand still with your dress raised above your waist as I remove your panties.”

“Yes, sir.” I replied. Although Mr. Green had seen me naked before, it was still quite embarrassing for me to stand there while he took off my panties. He slowly slid them down my legs and I stepped out of them for him.

“Now turn around so that I can examine your nice round bottom before I spank it.”

After I turned around, I could feel his strong hands examining and rubbing my bottom.

“Your bottom looks like I never even spanked you last week, but I will now turn your bottom a nice deep shade of red. So first, bend over my lap so that I may start you out with a nice, over the knee hand spanking.”

This was the first time that Mr. Green had spanked me while over his lap. As a child, I had been spanked over my parent’s knees, but now I am a grown woman who is eighteen years old. He was still wearing his work jeans, and I could feel the rough fabric against my soft skin.

“I am giving this hand spanking first because my wife and daughters always told me it warmed them up for the more severe spanking that was yet to take place. You also smell really nice tonight. Now lift up a moment so that I can get your dress out of the way.”

I push up from the bench and Mr. Green took my thin summer dress and hoisted it up so that it was up to my bra. This left my whole body almost naked as I lie across his knees. Next, I felt his large rough hands feel and rub my bottom.

“You know that I am spanking you for your own good and because I care about you.”

“Yes, sir.” I replied. I had learned from my last spanking that Mr. Green liked to be called ‘Sir’ while he spanked me.

Then my spanking started. He would spank first one cheek that the other. Also, since his hands so large, it almost felt like he was spanking me with a paddle. He also knew how to spank the entire area of my poor exposed bottom. His fingers would slip down in the area between my cheeks and he

would also spank me on my upper thighs, where my bottom met my thighs. Although his hands stung my bottom while he spanked me, I also felt a warm glow in the lower half of my body.

“Now stand up and take off that dress, you are going over the bench for the rest of your spanking.”

I stood up in front of him and took off my dress. I was embarrassed again because now, the only thing I was wearing was my bra.

“Lay down on the bench lengthwise, with one arm and one leg on either side of it.” He pointed to one end of the bench, “Also, place yourself so that your nice round naked bottom is very close to this end.”

The bench forced my legs apart and also made my bottom completely exposed to be spanked. In my last spanking a week ago, I knew I was also completely exposed, but now I felt even more vulnerable. I felt his hands rub my poor bottom again.

“Your bottom is turning a nice shade of red already. I will turn even redder, by the time I finish with your spanking.”

But my emotions were now running wild. Although I was being spanked, I also felt a nice warm glow and even pleasure from being spanked by Mr. Green. Then he shocked me by placing his fingers on my totally exposed sex.

“My wife would also get wet while I spanked her. Don’t feel ashamed about it. Sometimes, it happens.” Then he started to spank me with the riding crop.

“Lay on the bench so that your breasts press against it and stick your bottom up. Hold on tightly to the legs in front and stay in position.” I was ordered by Mr. Green.

Now I was being spanked all over my poor bare bottom with the riding crop. My most sensitive skin between my bottom cheeks was completely exposed so that he could spank me there. The riding crop really stung when he repeatedly hit me there, so I moved about.

Next I saw Mr. Green grab some rope from the inside of the barn. “This will make sure you stay in position.” Then he tied my wrists to the legs of the low bench, as well as my ankles. Now I couldn’t move.

Then I heard a strange sound. Mr. Green had a buggy whip and was swinging it in the air. “I will give you six strokes with this. It should leave you with six red stripes on you bottom to remember this

spanking. After each stroke, say ‘Thank you, please give me another’. Also, turn your head away so you can’t see me and that you can only feel this fine buggy whip.

“Please, Sir!” I pleated. “I have learned my lesson. You don’t have to use that on me.”

“For that comment, you have earned an extra two strokes, so now there will be eight. Turn your head so you don’t see me and be sure and thank me.”

I was about to cry, but I didn’t want to get him even more upset with me. My poor bottom felt like it was on fire, but yet I was still feeling strange sensations.

Then I heard the whip in the air, but didn’t feel it. When it finally made contact with my poor completely exposed bottom, it really hurt. Actually, it hurt so much I just held on tightly to the wooden legs of the bench to stop me from crying out.

“Since I didn’t hear you thank me for that stroke, it won’t count. Here is stroke one again.”

I felt a line of fire on my poor exposed bottom again. This time I yelled out, “Thank you sir. Please give me another.”

This went on until I was almost crying and I had tears in my eyes. Then I felt Mr. Green rubbing baby oil all over my poor exposed bottom. The cool oil helped my poor bottom feel a lot better. Mr. Green next untied my wrists and ankles and I was allowed to stand up and rub my bottom. I immediately ran up to Mr. Green and he gave me a great big bear hug.

“I am really sorry I needed to give you your last two spankings. I hope you have learned your lesson.” He said.

“I have and I will always obey you in the future.”

Then I ran to my room and looked at my bottom in the mirror. There were nine bright red parallel welts on my bottom. I slept that night on my stomach, but had mixed emotions about this spanking. Although it was painful, I had felt both pain and pleasure from Mr. Green, and now I felt he really cared about me.