

Antique Shopping

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A salesman found just what he needed at this antique shop.

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Antique Shopping By Otkfme@comcast.net I am a 35-year-old traveling salesman who travels most of the year. I am single and live in a townhouse, so I don't have to worry about getting home at a certain time. My work requires me to travel several states, so I go through a lot of small towns. Sometimes I like to stop at antique stores. After a busy day of business meetings, it is nice to see the old stuff that brings back memories. When there is a bargain, I like to bring it home with me. I stopped at a motel in a small town and checked in. After checking out the room and taking a small quick nap, I decided to eat. I have found out that the local eating establishments in these small towns really dish up good food. It was almost 6 PM and before I got to the restaurant, I went by a nice little antique shop. So I decided to go in and see if I could pick up any bargains. A little bell rang as I opened the door to the store and at the front counter was an older woman, I would guess about fifty, and she greeted me. "If you have any questions on anything, be sure and ask." "I'm just looking. Thanks." I replied. The store was laid out real well. All of the glass was in one area, old metal objects in another area, and the store even had lots of old phonograph records. I was taking my time looking around when she said, "We close at 6 PM. I'm going to lock the front door so nobody else can come in, but you can look all you want. I'm in no hurry to leave." That's what I enjoy about small towns. Time never seems to be a big deal in their lifestyle. Anyway, as I was looking through the store, I came across a corner of the store that was set up like an old school room. It had a teacher's desk complete with a wooden paddle hanging from one side, a blackboard, and several old student desks. The desks were angled and they had a place for your books underneath the seats. There were some other school paddles hanging on the wall along with some old school pictures. This really brought back some old memories when I went to school. Back then, the teachers were permitted and expected to punish you if you were naughty. I was a young male with a lot of excess energy, and I would tease the girls a lot and get myself into trouble. So I got to feel the paddle on my naughty bottom many times. Now, I guess I do miss that discipline to keep me on focus. I was touching some of the paddles when the clerk came up behind me and startled me. "This area brings back many memories to most people. I

thought you might be back here." "Yes, I was a naughty boy in school and felt a paddle like this many times." I replied. "Those are paddles from a old one room school house that they closed down many years ago. That is also where the desks and other things came from." "I have to confess, I miss being punished by my teachers." I said. "They used to keep me focused on my work. Sometimes I wonder what it would be liked to be spanked again." Still holding a paddle in my hand. "Well, the store is locked." She said. "If you really want to, we could role-play, and I could be your teacher and spank you. I'm old enough that I could have been your teacher." I was surprised by her reply. "It would be interesting if I acted like a naughty little boy, again." "If I spank you, you will need to call me Miss Jones and follow my every command like a young schoolboy." She said. "I will be good, Miss Jones." I said. "Please spank me." She pulled out the teacher's wooden chair and said, "I will start with an over the knee spanking hand spanking. So stand beside me and bend over my lap." Soon my feet were on the floor on one side of the chair, and my hands on the other side. I felt like a little boy, again. I could hardly feel the spanking and she must have noticed this. "You act like you aren't feeling anything." She said. "Stand up and put your hands on your head so that I can take down your slacks," "Yes, Miss Jones." I said. She unbuckled my belt, unzipped my slacks, and soon they were on the floor next to my ankles. I still had my underpants on. "Bend over, again." This time I could feel the spanks a little bit more, but they were still light. After about five minutes of this hand spanking, she said, "You have really been a naughty boy. Now I want you to go over to your desk and bend over it." With my slacks at my ankles, I hobbled over to the desk and bent over. She was trying to get my shirt out of the way when she said, "I should pin your shirt out of the way but I don't have any safety pins right now. Why don't you stand up and take off your shirt." So I stood up and handed her my shirt. "Bend right over the desk, again." I was now feeling quite embarrassed because I was now nearly naked, except for the white briefs I was wearing. Next, I saw her go over to the teacher's desk and take the paddle that was hanging from the side. Now I could feel the spanks with the paddle, but they were still light. She stopped paddling me and asked, "What is your first name?" "That's right, I never told you." I said. "My name is Clyde." "Well, Clyde." She said. "You have been a very naughty boy today so you deserve a paddling on your bare ass." Then I felt her fingers in the waistband of my briefs and then they were down to my ankles. "Please don't spank me on my bare bottom." I pleaded. "If you would have acted better in class, you wouldn't be receiving this spanking." She said. "Now stay in position." I never would have believed that I would be getting a spanking in an old school setting, when I decided to spend the night in this small town. Then my paddling started again. This time I could really feel it on my exposed bottom. "Your ass is now turning into a nice red color." She said. "Stay in position while I get rid of your slacks and underwear," I felt her pull at my feet, and now I was naked except for my shoes, and I was getting a paddling like a naughty little schoolboy. Then she continued to paddle my naked bottom for about five minutes. "Now stand up and walk to the corner of the room. Put your hands on your head and don't rub your bottom. This way you can think about the spanking you just received." I wanted to rub my bottom because it felt sore and hot, but I stood with my hands over my head. Then I heard the bell ring that was attached to the front door of the store. "I thought you had locked the door. Should I get dressed real fast?" I asked her. "No, stay right

where you are. My daughter and I were planning to go out to eat after the store closed." "Mom, where are you?" I heard a female voice say. "I'm over here, in the school section." I was facing the corner so I couldn't see her daughter, but I felt embarrassed to be standing there naked, with an obvious red bottom from a spanking. "I see you have found another customer interested in the old school stuff. And it looks like he has felt the paddles already." Her daughter said. "Do you mind if I examine him?" "Clyde, stay in position while Jan, I mean Miss White, examines you." Then I felt her hands on my bottom and along my inner thighs. This gave me an instant erection. "I think he needs a further spanking." Miss White said. "Why don't you get him in position again while I find my paddles." Then I heard her daughter leave the area. "You better bend over the desk, one more time." Miss Jones said. I wasn't expecting this. "My daughter is a school teacher. She also remembers when she was able to spank her students for misbehaving. In fact, some of her old students still come back here to be spanked by her. She keeps her paddles hidden away just for an occasion like this. I better be quiet. Here she comes again" Her daughter bent down and showed me a wooden paddle with many holes and a riding crop. "This is what I have decided I will spank you with. Since my mother has already given you a good spanking, I won't spank you too much more. But first, spread your legs far apart." I had never been spanked with my legs apart so I hesitated. Then I felt the riding crop hitting my tender insides of my thighs. "Hurry up! Get those legs apart." "Yes. Miss White." I replied. Now I felt totally exposed to this woman who I had just met. My penis and balls dangled between my legs as she proceeded to paddle me. The holes in the paddle made it really sting a lot. And to make things worst, she also used the crop to hit my penis and balls. She finally stopped paddling me and said, "You can now stand up and rub your ass." As I rubbed my ass, I could now see her daughter's face. She looked about my age and she was dressed in a nice skirt and blouse. When I was rubbing my sore bottom, I was now aware of my erection. Her daughter must have seen it to, because she said, "I don't think we are done with him quite yet. Hold his hands behind his back and spank him while I relieve him of his naughty erection." Her mom pulled my arms behind my back and my spanking started again. This time, her daughter was pulling on my penis and balls. It took less than a minute, and soon cum was shooting out of my penis. Her daughter grabbed a nearby rag and cleaned me up. Then I was handed my clothes and shown where the bathroom was located. I cleaned myself up some more, got dressed, and went to the front counter. There stood the two women and some of the paddles from the back. "So which paddles do you want to buy?" Her daughter asked me. "All of them, I guess." Was my reply. After I paid for the paddles, they asked me. "Were going out to eat. Why don't you join us." "Okay," I said. "I may have trouble sitting down for a while, but I haven't eaten yet." "Good. Follow us and we will get a table far away from everybody else so that we can discuss your spanking. By the way, here is a business card for the store, so you can call ahead when you come by here, a second time." So off I went to discuss my further spankings from these women.