

Down in the Valley

By carlabeledford

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Cassie is a hand full but ...

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(romantic, spanking)

Cassie jumped back and screamed. 'Ayee! Nick, you have scared the hell out of me. Why are you sneaking around?' she asked.

'I am not sneaking around. I do not sneak,' Nick Hightower said, leaning against a post of the ramshackle shed they were standing in. It was three sided with the front being open to the elements. 'I have come to give you a spanking,' he said.

'Don't be an idiot,' Cassie replied. She began looking in some old crates on the far side of the shed, pretending to ignore Nick's presence. 'I'm far past the age of spanking,' she mumbled.

'I told you if you didn't wait until I checked this place out that I would spank you, and I shall,' Nick continued. I warned you at least three times. But, I drove down the road this morning and what did I see? You were climbing up into the hay loft on that rickety old ladder. This is an old barn, and the flooring may be dangerous. Have you no damn sense at all?' he asked.

'It is my barn, my hay loft and none of your business,' she said, pinning her thick red hair back again with little combs. She looked like a ragamuffin, dressed in old sweat pants and a torn T-shirt that had 'American Hero' written on the front of it. Worn sneakers completed her outfit.

'I told the old man I would keep an eye out for you, and I shall,' Nick said. 'American Hero?' he asked, laughing. You couldn't fight a baby and win. He looked over her small frame appreciatively though, from her sweet face to her smallish breasts on down to her ample rounded behind and great legs. Her

clothing revealed more than it covered as the clothing hugged her body which was damp from perspiration as she had been walking around the property all morning, and the weather was August warm in Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.

'The old man, as you call him, did not ask me if I needed a keeper, and I don't,' she growled as she continued to poke in the crates. About that time, something jumped out at her, and she squealed and ran toward Nick who grabbed her before she could fall and hurt herself.

'Whoa,' he said, holding her around the waist as she struggled. 'It's nothing but an old barn cat,' he laughed.

'For god's sake, will you let me go. Quit pawing at me,' she said as you tried to pull away from his strong arms.

'Pawing at you?' he said as he frowned darkly.

'You know what I mean,' she said, trying to get free, but he just held on tighter. There wasn't much she could do. He was a good foot taller than her and wiry strong from all the hours spent outdoors on his own farm. She squealed again as he suddenly picked her up as if she were weightless and walked toward the barn, throwing her over his shoulder as he went.

'Let me down, Nick. I mean it,' she cried, pounding on his back with her fists. She tried to kick him but one arm was firmly against the back of her knees. Her hair came loose from the combs holding it back and fell around her face and blinding her. Nick just kept walking as though she weren't hanging off his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

He carried her into the barn where it was shaded, quiet and cool and far from any prying eyes, not that she was expecting any visitors. Deeper into the barn, he found some hay bales and loose hay. He deposited Cassie on one of the bales, none too gently. 'Sit still,' he said as he began kicking at the hay to be sure no critters were hiding there.

Cassie didn't sit still, however, and jumped up and started to run. 'Go to hell, Nick,' she screamed as she tried to run for the exit, but the path out was narrow, with empty cattle stalls on either side of the packed dirt floor. He caught her easily enough.

With an arm around her waist, he lifted her easily and walked back toward the hay bales. This time, however, he put her over the largest bale, bottom up and clamped one big hand in the middle of her back. With the other hand, he began to loosen his belt.

Cassie heard his belt being released from around his waist with a 'squishy' feeling, as she called it, in her stomach. 'No, no' she cried as she tried to struggle free.

Nick doubled the wide leather belt and held it in such a way that the buckles were in his hand and in no danger of hitting Cassie and swung it none too gently. It landed squarely in the middle of Cassie's bottom, where it was the fleshiest, with a thump. 'Now, about that spanking,' he began. You can either lie still and take it or I'll tie you, and you'll take it. Which will it be?,' he asked?

'I cannot believe you are doing this,' she cried as the first swat to her backside registered in her brain. 'Owww,' she yelled and tried to reach back to protect herself.

'Move your hands, Cassie,' Nick demanded. 'Move your hands and stretch them out in front of you, spread your legs and hold still. If you don't do as I say, you'll get more than you bargained for, I swear it,' Nick told her.

'Oh, Nick, don't do this,' Cassie cried, but she did as he said. She knew he would tie her up in a heart beat. This was not her first run in with Nick or his belt. He had been a pain in the butt, one way or the other, since she inherited this farm from her grandfather and had taken possession a couple months ago. The farm was 120 acres of prime Virginia farm land, but it had been years since her grandfather had actively farmed it. There was a lot of work to do to make it a paying farm again.

When Cassie was in the position Nick wanted, he began to lay the belt on her butt, 'whap, whap, whap' and she forgot all about the condition of the farm. With each 'whap' she cried 'oh' but she wasn't in tears. She was a proud one, he thought. After about 20 blows, though, she began to whimper and beg him to stop.

'Please, please stop, Nick. I swear I will do better,' she begged. I just never thought when I climbed into the barn. I just wanted to see what's up there,' she continued.

'You knew I was planning to come tomorrow to check it out, but you just couldn't wait, eh?' he asked, landing a blow lower on her backside.

'O god, you're killing me!' Cassie cried, but he continued to rain several more stripes to her lower bottom and the back of her thighs. Soon the loud crying turned into quieter sobs, as he continued to spank her soundly. He meant business this time, she thought.

Nick knew from the sound of her sobbing that she had been spanked enough, and he put his belt back on and watched her squirm. It hadn't registered in her brain yet that the spanking had ended, and she just continued sobbing while bravely trying to stay in place.

Nick bent over and pulled her up from the hay bale, turned her and held her close to him. 'Cassie, Cassie. You never listen, do you?' He began to soothe her, rubbing her back. Her sobs gradually diminished until all he felt were little hiccups. Her tears had dampened his shirt, and she was hanging on to him with both hands.

'That hurt, Nick,' she whimpered, suddenly too shy to look up at him but drawing closer in his embrace. 'You are such a meanie.'

'A meanie,' he laughed, lifting her face to look at him. 'That's the best a 22 year old woman can come up with?' he said, grinning down at her.

'See, you're making fun of me again, like a 30 year old man is a wise old sage,' she said, starting to pull away from his arms. 'Let me go.'

'No,' he said, bending to lift her into his arms. 'I'm not making fun of you, Cassie. This is serious business. I couldn't bear it if you fell and broke your back or worse, fooling around this old barn. Why won't you listen to me?' He lowered her and himself onto the loose hay, and pulling her to him, face to face, he questioned her.

'I do listen, Nick. I just get bored waiting, and I'm eager to get things going on this farm again. You promised me you would help, not tan my hide.' Then, she giggled a little. 'Nick, the hide tanner,' she teased.

'And don't you forget it,' he said smiling. He began to rub her back and her bottom a little as she snuggled up to him.

After a lot of these carresses, she pulled away a little for things were heating up between them. She decided to try to change the subject. 'What is your real name, Nick?' she asked.

'You don't need to know,' he said. 'You will just make fun.'

'No, I won't' she promised. 'Tell me, what's your name?'

Nick looked at her suspiciously but said, 'my name is Neathrum Hightower.'

'Neathrum?' You've got to be kidding,' Cassie said. She rolled away from him, held her tummy and laughed outloud. 'Neathrum Hightower? Oh, oh' she giggled.

'I'm glad you are enjoying yourself,' Nick said, watching her with sudden amusement in his eyes. When Neathrum Jr. is born, I'll remind you of this day when you made fun of his name, not to mention his father.'

'Let's get this straight, Nick. I will NEVER name my baby Neathrum, and who said I'll ever have YOUR baby. Dream on. Now, Hightower. I can accept that name. It goes with your alter egos of High Handed and High and Mighty. Oh, and let's not forget Hi Jacked.' With that, she went into peals of laughter again, rolling in the soft hay.

Neathrum took advantage of her position and rolled over on her, looking down at her laughing face. She looked up at him and, suddenly, the laughter turned into something else. Her eyes got this hazy lazy look in them, beginning to smolder. She pushed at his chest.

'Too late,' Nick said.

'Get off me, you overgrown cowboy,' Cassie said, pretending to struggle but not too much.

'I'll show you how overgrown I am,' Nick said, grinning as he put his full weight on her, pinning her down. He lowered his head and tried to kiss her, but she turned her head at the last moment.

'Open your mouth and kiss me, Cassie. You know you want to,' he said as he nuzzled her neck instead.

Oh, I do want to, Cassie thought, but she wondered how wise it would be to kiss on Nick Hightower until he took her. He is not the kind of man to play with, she thought. She could feel his hardness through his jeans as he had nestled into the cradle between her hips, and she craved more than she could give.

'Why is it,' she asked, 'that a spanking always ends in your driving me crazy.'

'I don't know, he said, unless you just like to be heated up any way you can.' He laughed.

'Oh, you,' she murmured as he began to kiss her, over and over. He was right, she thought. It's not just my bottom that's on fire. As they played and loved each other, she thought, maybe I will have your baby, but Neathrum?