

A Sunday Afternoon Lull

By ladybug

February 2007

“Swish!”

Donald brought the crop down on Deane’s vagina.

“Owww!” Deane cried out.

“Are you going to keep up your training?” Donald asked

“Up yours” Deane retorted and grinned. She was feeling mischievous.

Donald brought the crop down on her vagina about 10 times in quick succession. She bucked up against her restraints, not being able to do anything else. Deane’s eyes were watering from the pain but she wasn’t going to cave that easily.

“Feeling stubborn today are you?” Donald queried.

Deane just grinned. It was obviously time to change tactics.

“k. That’s enough.” Donald simply stated.

He undid her restraints, had her turn over and retied the ropes.

He grabbed the paddle and started going at her bottom. Deane did little to protest until about the 40th hard stroke. Donald admired his handiwork at making her ass and thighs glow evenly.

Deane’s breathing started to slow and Donald got the cloth, ran it under cold water and wiped the sweat from her brow. She smiled appreciatively at him.

“How much more can you take?” He asked her

Deane shrugged. "I don't know".

Donald gave her one of his evil grins, walked behind her and grabbed the thickest cane and gave her 10 good ones. By the eighth Deane was pounding her fists into the mattress to ease the pain.

"Are you going to give?" Donald asked.

Deane just giggled and replied "make me".

"You are going to regret that mouth of yours some day" Donald replied back as he gave her 10 more with the medium sized cane.

Deane screamed into and pounded the mattress after each stroke but she still wasn't anywhere near recalcitrant or apologetic.

Donald got the thinnest cane out. This one would work. 20 strikes with this one and she would be more remorseful about her behaviour. After the eighth one, Deane was crying silently, no longer able to surf the pain. He watched her body quiver, but figured she could take a few more so he continued.

By the 12th one she was begging, "please, I'll be a good slave, please stop"

Donald walked to her face and looked at her with gentle concern. "Just 8 more to go, I'll take it easier but I'm not going to stop, unless I think there is a need to. Understood?"

Deane looked into his eyes and nodded her assent. Really, what choice did she have. She counted the strokes to herself and tried to keep her cries as quiet as possible. God, how it stung!

Donald examined the welts. They looked pretty bad right now and there were even a few spots that looked like they might bleed but he knew in a few hours time the welts would be gone and there would only be a few minor bruises. He went and got ice and applied it to the welts. Deane started laughing. She was on an endorphine high now.

He undid the restraints and gave her the cue to kneel in front of him. She gave him her biggest smile and opened her mouth to take him in. He grabbed the back of her hair and began ramming his member in and out of her mouth, drool dripping down her breasts, giving them a soft glisten.

After a few moments, he came and she took in his salty sweet taste, swallowed three times and then licked him dry.

Donald bent down to kiss her, “such a good PET” he muttered. “Bad about her training, but good to be with.”

Donald gave her the cue to assume the oral position on the bed. She lay on the bed on her back and pulled her legs with her hands into a v position. Donald grabbed the vibrating butt plug and inserted it roughly into her anus. Deane gasped at the sudden pain. He turned it on low and she grinned. He began with broad strokes and it took maybe five strokes before she was begging for permission to cum. He brought her just to that magic point and then quit. “oh Gawd”. Deane moaned.

“You going to continue with your training?” Donald questioned.

“Yes!” Deane exclaimed, “I promise I’ll start with my training again”

“Including the butt plug?” Donald quizzed.

“For God’s sake, yes! Including the damn plug!”

“Okay” Donald replied satisfied with the answer.

“You may cum” He said as he flicked her clit with his tongue.

Deane clutched the sheets in her hands as the pain of orgasm shot through her body and she bucked up in reaction to it. She lay there, gasping and sweating.

Donald laid down beside her and fondled her breasts, she smiled up at him.

“Next time, I am caning your boobs” Donald stated simply and got up to go to the shower.

“Not effin likely” Deane replied as she followed him in.