A Matter of Discipline - Part I

By angieseroticpen

Published on Lush Stories on 05 Sep 2012

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Two improperly dressed girls with two dominant fathers can mean only one thing.....

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/a-matter-of-discipline-part-i.aspx

Roy looked across at Lisa standing with his back to him as she made coffee. She was barefooted and wore a simple loose fitting red top and a flowered skirt. It was the skirt that caught his eye; not just his eye but his whole being. It was short and flared. Her legs were quite long and bare so the shortage of material made her even more appealing. He shouldn't have had such thoughts; she was old enough to be his daughter in fact he had a daughter of the same age, eighteen, and Lisa was her friend. They were both at university together and for the last few weeks Tricia had brought Lisa home with her to stay on alternate weekends.

Roy didn't mind, he enjoyed the company. He lived on his own now since his wife divorced him just before Tricia had gone off to university. He had been surprised that Tricia had chosen to keep in touch with him. Tricia had been his little princess until she had reached the age of puberty and boys came along. Then he became relegated to the grumpy Dad who wanted her home earlier than she wanted to be; the grumpy Dad that sent boys running from the doorstep when they called round for her; the grumpy Dad that made her change her clothing if he thought it was too revealing. Things were quite strained between them by the time she moved into student accommodation but six months on their relationship seemed much better.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by Lisa standing in front of him with a mug of coffee. "It is two sugars isn't it Roy?"

Roy thanked her and took the cup from her hand. His thoughts were quickly elsewhere again as he looked up and saw that her nipples were protruding through her top, and then his eyes fell to her skirt. It was so inviting. He clung onto his mug with both hands to ensure that he didn't reach out and lift the hem of her skirt. It would have been so easy; so little effort would have been needed to lift that hem just a few inches higher and reveal what lay underneath it. She had worn a similar length skirt the night before and when she had got up from her chair it had ridden up revealing a red thong. Roy

masturbated twice in bed afterwards as he relived the scene and added scenarios of his own.

“Is everything alright Roy? She asked him.

He was wondering if she had panties on because she was definitely not wearing a bra.

“It isn’t actually Lisa.” He started to say.

“You don’t like me being here do you?”

“No.....no.....Lisa far from it.” He replied. “I love having you around.....it’s just that.....well that skirt of yours is so short.”

She smiled. “I’m sorry.” She told him as she looked down at it.

“You do look lovely in it.” He told her. Very.....er.....well, you know. But it is very distracting.” He explained.

“No one has ever complained before.” She told him. “Well apart from my Dad!” She smiled.

Roy smiled. “I bet he does. I would too if I saw Tricia wearing a skirt as short as that.”

“She does.” Lisa told him. “She’s like me wearing something like this most of the time away from home.”

Roy did not want to go down that road. Yes, he had no doubt that she would be keeping up with the fashion of the day. He wondered for a moment what her father thought of seeing Tricia in something as short as that and then left that thought alone.

“I will go and change into jeans.” She told him as she stood up.

“Look I’m sorry Lisa; I shouldn’t be telling you how to dress.” Roy told her.

“It’s okay I do understand.” She told him. “You’re a divorced man and you have this eighteen year old walking around your house half naked. I guess it must be uncomfortable.”

Roy was stunned by her openness.

“Well it is hard.....sorry I meant to say difficult.....sorry I didn’t mean....” Roy replied all flummoxed.

Lisa smiled and reached and patted his knee. “It’s okay relax.” She told him. “At least you are honest. I’ve had some men your age just try and grope me thinking I am dressing like that just to have sex with them.”

Roy noticed that her hand was still on his knee. “Not a nice thing I am sure but you can understand why. Men are.....well..... men are men!”

Lisa said nothing for a moment. “Maybe I deserve a spanking.” She said breaking the awkward silence.

Roy could feel his erection straining against his tight fitting jeans. His mouth felt dry and he was starting to tremble. “How did she know that this was one of his peccadilloes? Had Tricia’s mother said something to Tricia about her reasons for divorcing him? Had Tricia told Lisa?”

“It’s.....it’s.....not for me to say.” Was all Roy could say.

Her hand felt hot on his knee and she was looking right into his eyes now. “But I do deserve it though don’t I?” She said quietly. “I have abused your hospitality and good nature by.....by.....getting you in such a state of arousal.”

Her eyes were now fixed on his groin.

It had been almost a year now since her had last spanked someone. Her name was Joyce and she had been a neighbour. It was a long story but he discovered her liking for being spanked. Her husband used to indulge her but he would always hold back; she needed someone more forceful. These kind of relationships were nearly always more difficult between spouses; someone independent could deliver the punishment without being subjective.

Joyce liked the belt. Joyce liked his thick brown leather belt delivered without mercy on her large rounded bottom. She would try and get round to his home at least twice a week for her punishment. One afternoon however Kay, his now ex-wife, came home unexpectedly early from work. Joyce was strapped to their coffee table getting the full force of his punishment when she walked in on them. Marriage over!

“If you wanted to bend me over this table, lift my skirt and take off my thong and give me a good leathering as a punishment I could hardly object, could I?” Lisa said softly.

Roy sat there stunned. Suddenly her hand moved up his leg. “Shall I remove your belt for you Roy?”

Roy just sat there almost paralysed as she began to unbuckle his belt. He knew that he should stop her, she was just a kid, but he knew that the sexual things that they got up to when he was her age were pretty tame in comparison to things now. These youngsters had the internet; free access to everything under the sun. An eighteen year old girl then would run from such a thing, nowadays they run to it! As she gripped his buckle with one hand and began to draw it from his trousers her other hand rested on his bulge. There was no doubt in his mind that she knew exactly what she was doing.

As Roy stood up she folded the belt in two and then handed it to him with both hands. He may have been a novice in comparison to others but he knew that submissive look when he saw it. He still remembered that far away look in Joyce's eyes when she presented herself to him for her punishment. Lisa had the same look in her eyes.

"Yes young lady. You do need to be disciplined" He said sternly as he took the belt from her hands. "I think you do deserve a good taste of my belt and you are going to get it." He told her as he brushed her aside to move the two coffee mugs from the table.

"Stand in the corner and face the wall!" He told her. "Hands on your head as well."

He watched her walk across the room and then left her to get some other equipment that he had locked away. He knew that one day it would come in handy, in fact he had already been chatting to a married woman over the internet for the last two months who was very interested in visiting him. Whether they were eighteen or thirty eight it didn't matter to Roy, he would never turn down the opportunity. With Tricia away on a shopping trip with her mother he knew that they wouldn't be disturbed for a couple of hours at least. Time enough for him to indulge in his passion and satisfy his lust.

Lisa turned around briefly as he came back into the kitchen with his hands holding items of restraint as well as punishment. "Strip." He commanded as he laid some the items on the table before approaching her.

With her back to him she took off her top and unbuttoned her skirt. As it slithered down her legs she pushed a purple thong down over her hips. Stooping down, she picked them up and then handed the three items of clothing to him, averting his eyes in the process.

Roy held them momentarily taking in the significance of the situation. He looked at her nakedness as she faced the wall. His natural instinct was to just toss her clothes on the floor, drag her across to the table, bend her over it and take her from behind. It would be simple, easy and very satisfying but what about the foreplay? Girls like her enjoyed the foreplay, he knew that. No, not the tender, gentle kisses

and caresses; not the slow touching and stroking or the licks and tongue penetrations. Some girls liked a different kind of foreplay; a rougher more painful kind of foreplay. Some liked it rough.

Joyce had liked it rough. By the time it came to thrusting his huge cock inside her tight pussy her thighs were already wet from the juices of numerous climaxes; climaxes brought on from the painful treatment received from his leather belt. Roy had figured that Lisa was such a girl.

Roy put the clothes down on a chair and then moved up close behind her to fix a collar restraint to her. It was a simple thick leather collar that buckled around the neck. Attached to the collar was a single strip of thick leather. The strip had two further strips of leather attached to it about three quarters of its length down. These thicker strips of leather had buckles in them. The buckles would be fastened around a person's wrists. The whole point of the device was that a person would be restrained by the wrists and any struggling would create pressure on the throat. It was very effective in making the wearer helpless.

Lisa said nothing as he fixed it around her neck and then attached her wrists behind her back to it.

"Have you done this before?" He asked her as he checked her restraints.

"Not with a man." She replied softly.

He felt her shiver. He was quite sure it was not because she felt cold. "Do you have a boyfriend?" He asked her.

She shook her head. "Why do you ask?"

"I need to know if anyone else will be seeing your bottom in the next day or two." He told her.

"Why?" She asked.

"Because I will be leaving marks on it." He replied as he put his hands on her shoulders.

Lisa trembled as he spun her around to face him. He looked down at her body as he swept her long brown hair off her shoulders. Her breasts were small but nipples erect; her tummy was flat and waist thin. Her prominent mound was shaved. He wanted her.

He led her across to the table and moved the objects he had placed on it aside to make space for her but before he laid her across it he picked up his belt, a riding crop and a paddle. "You may choose the implement with which to punish you?" He told her.

He watched her eyes move from implement to implement. She could choose the paddle; it would be the less painful of them all but would leave some bruising. She could also choose the belt. That would be painful and would leave welts as well as bruising but the worst of the three would be the riding crop. That would be very painful; it would leave long standing welts and bruising as well as breaking the skin.

“Perhaps you should decide what I deserve?” She replied.

“If you leave that decision to me it will be the riding crop.” He told her.

She looked him in the eye. “If you think that’s what I deserve then so be it.” She told him. “I am hardly in a position to defend myself am I?”

Roy looked into her eyes. They were glazed over. He had no doubt that she was in a heightened state of sexual arousal. From his conversations with the married woman he had been in contact with over the internet he knew that there was a certain excitement that the submissive felt at being vulnerable and helpless with a dominant male. The woman concerned had told him that she would get very wet at just the thought of being in that position with a man that she knew nothing about. He sensed that Lisa felt the same.

“So be it then.” He told her as he spun her around and pushed her face down onto the table.

He positioned her at the end of the solid oak table and took two pieces of long strips of leather and knelt on the floor between her spread legs. He tied one end of a strap around one of her ankles and then tied the other end around the leg of the table. Roy repeated the process with the other ankle. Before he rose to his feet he looked up between her legs. Lisa was fully exposed; her pussy lips were swollen and glistening. She was already quite aroused.

There was just one more thing to do as he picked up her thong from the chair before placing it carefully between her lips and knotting it around the back of her head. He moved to the front end of the table and laid the crop down in front of her before taking off his clothes. He wanted her to look at the crop and contemplate what was about to happen and he also wanted her to see what else she could expect. His large throbbing cock would leave her in no doubt that he would be taking full advantage of her vulnerable position. He would be fucking her afterwards.

He had no idea how many cocks she had seen before; no idea how many had cocks had pushed past those luscious cunt lips of hers and filled her pussy but he did know that she would remember his. Lisa would remember her first with him for a long time to come. She looked up at him as he stood

there fully naked holding the riding crop in his hand. “It’s time for your beating now Lisa.” He told her as he moved away.

Roy had a well tried technique he had honed with Joyce. He knew that her husband (and no doubt countless other practitioners) would just summarily dish out the given punishment; administering a given number of strokes in quick succession. Not Roy. He took his time and savoured every moment; every stroke.

As he stood behind Lisa he could see her muscles tighten; he could see that her bottom was tightened in expectation. Roy rubbed his hand over it, gently at first, as he explored the soft white flesh then he began to gently squeeze her by the handful. Taking a handful of bottom cheek and squeezing, together with his next step of giving her fleshy cheeks gentle slaps, would soften up her up and relax her. Roy took about five minutes to prepare her before taking hold of the crop.

Again, there was a technique that he had developed in administering punishment. First he would get them used to the feel of the implement of punishment. Roy ran the crop along her bottom using it like a violin bow and stroking her flesh before administering gentle taps on her bottom. These were no ordinary or anonymous taps of her flesh. Each tap was deliberately placed from the top of her bottom to the highest point of her thighs and then back again; these would be the places where Roy would hit her hard; very hard.

With each tap Lisa tensed up and gave a little gasp as if expecting something harder to quickly follow but it didn’t. By the time he had measured out the tenth stroke she had relaxed sufficiently to be off guard. It was time now.

The first full bodied blow brought a muffled scream from her mouth and her body lifted off the table. Roy was positioned and ready with his hand to push her back down and hold her against the table. As she gentle sobbed he stroked her with the crop for a few moments before raising the crop high and bringing it sharply down.

Roy had intended ten strokes but her small bottom was already well marked and there was a visible wetness between her legs. He ran his fingers between her thighs and then up to her sex; Lisa groaned loudly as he penetrated her. He could have gone on and administered the remaining four strokes but he felt that more pain would have nullified the effect of an intense orgasm from his cock. Roy placed the crop down and positioned himself behind her. Teasingly he rubbed the thick head of his cock against her pussy lips bringing her to push against him in an attempt to get penetration. Roy obliged her with a hard heavy thrust.

He stood for a moment, embedded deep within her, without moving as he reached for the knot of her

thong. He wanted her mouth free; he wanted to hear her screams of ecstasy. “Happy now whore?” He asked her as pulled it away.

“Yes.” She sobbed.

Roy grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled as he began his hard thrusting. There would be no point in waiting for her to reach a climax; he could feel his own thighs getting wet from her thighs. “Admit it. You’re a whore aren’t you?” Roy shouted with a tug of hair.

“Yes. Yes.” She cried out as she sobbed.

Roy thrust harder and faster into her. “This is what you have come here for isn’t it slut?”

“Yes. I came for your cock.” She cried out as he loosed her hair and gripped her hips tightly.

“I ain’t finished beating you yet whore.” Roy told her as he began to get lost in the ecstasy.

“You do that bastard.” She called out. “Just beat me and fuck me.”

Roy reached for the crop at her side and gave her a stroke of it against her thigh as he thrust harder and deeper into her. She screamed out. Roy screamed out too. He was cumming. So was Lisa.

It had been a long time, almost three months now, since his last fuck. A long time since he had slipped his cock inside a warm, wet, inviting vagina but that one had not been as satisfying as Lisa’s vagina. When he had finally pumped the last droplets of his cum inside her he slipped out of her and bent down to free her ankles. He glanced up and saw their mingled juices running down the inside of her thighs. He also saw the state of her bottom; large red welts were very pronounced now and there were cuts on the skin. He felt guilty.

Roy lifted her up and released her wrists. Lisa turned around and threw her arms around him before resting her head on his shoulders and sobbing quietly.

“I’m sorry.” He told her as he hugged her. “I got carried away.”

Lisa pulled away and smiled at him. “It’s okay.” She sniffled. “I loved it. You were great. I want it again and again.” She told him.

Roy kissed her.

“Will you take me to bed and fuck me please?” She asked him.

Roy smiled. “Of course.” He told her. As if he was going to say “NO!”

Grabbing their clothes and the equipment Roy took her to his bedroom. They kissed passionately as they slipped into bed and then Lisa reached down and took hold of his erection. “You’re very big.” She told him.

Her words not only stretched his ego but also stretched his cock. He rolled her onto her back to enter her but she told him that she wanted to be on top. “My bum is sore.” She said.

Roy understood and rolled onto his back. He expected her to climb on top of him with her face towards him but no; she turned her back to him and mounted him that way. He couldn’t remember girls doing that when he was an eighteen year old, neither could he remember the last time any woman had mounted him that way.

Lisa was obviously well practiced in this position. He enjoyed watching her pussy moving up and down on his erection. He enjoyed watching his shaft get wetter and wetter as well but what he enjoyed most was the way she cupped his testicles in her hand as she fucked him. It was almost as if she was gently persuading them to release more cum inside her.

He did cum inside her eventually but it was not in that position. Lisa stopped and mounted him again but this time facing him. It allowed him to reach up and hold her breasts in his hands as she bounced up and down on him; it also allowed her to kiss him from time to time as well as verbally encourage him.

“Come on big boy fill me!” She kept urging him.

When he started to groan as his climax approached it she pressed against him, kissing him as she kept on saying “That’s it, fill me. Fill me.”

Roy duly obliged.

It was a couple of hours later when Tricia returned with bags of shopping in her hands. By this time they had both showered and dressed and all semblances of their adventures had been removed. Tricia took Lisa upstairs to her room to show her what she had bought or rather what her mum had bought her.

Tricia kissed her. “How was your morning?” She asked her.

Lisa gave a smile.

Tricia’s face lit up “You.....you didn’t did you?”

Lisa smiled again.

“Oh my God!” Tricia shouted out.

Lisa raised herself up on the bed onto her knees and lifted her skirt to show Lisa her bottom.

“Oh my God.” Tricia cried out again. “Dad did that?”

Lisa smiled. “And much more.”

Tricia stroked the welts on her bottom. “I’ll put some cream on for you later.” She told her. “He looks like he hits as hard your Dad hits me.” She added.

Lisa said nothing as Tricia’s fingers strayed between her thighs and under her bottom to touch her through the silk material of her thong.

“Did he give you a good fucking as well?” Tricia asked quietly.

“Yes.” Lisa replied as she groaned.

Tricia’s fingers slipped inside the elastic of Lisa’s thong and touched her. Lisa enjoyed the soft, gentle touch of female fingers. “I am going to be spanking you later for this, you know that don’t you slut?” Tricia told her.

“Yes.” Lisa groaned.

Tricia pulled away. “I need some attention.” She said as she lay back on the bed.

Lisa reached for the button of Tricia’s jeans. “Your command is my desire.” Lisa whispered as she stooped to kiss her.

Last week it had been her turn to leave Tricia alone with her father; leave her to get disciplined for improper dress and then fucked. Their plans had come together well. Next week it would be Tricia’s turn again or would it? Maybe they could organise it so that Tricia stayed with her father for the

weekend while she stayed here.

She smiled as she tugged Tricia’s jeans and panties over her hips. In the meantime there were other things to attend to. It was after all just a matter of discipline.