First Time

By jossfyfe

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Now i know what i want

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After a poor attempt to satisfy my urges, I'd come to realized if I was serious I had to go online and investigate what was out there, to find who shared these feelings and more importantly who would share them with me. Despite my fiancé being a lovely man he didn't truly understand the fun 'n' games I wanted to play and so I found myself chatting to a stranger about my spanking fantasy. I felt oddly empowered; I'd embarked on course of action and come what may set on a voyage of sexual discovery.

But gosh, he sounded so clinical asking what I did and didn't like, almost a turn-off, nothing flirty and dirty and decidedly cautious – did I persist, or dismiss him as although too timid. And the questions: had I thought I might have to strip bare, could he touch my bare skin and how would I feel about it? How might my fiancé feel about it all – had I consider his emotions in this venture? Was I seeking a sensual encounter or something altogether more pragmatic? Did I understand what I was really asking him for? At times, I wasn't sure if I was being interviewed or whether it was him applying for a position.

But I came to appreciate there was a rigour and a necessary logic to his questioning and gave clarity to inchoate emotions welling inside me. As our communication evolved he was no longer a stranger but someone I earnestly wanted to invite into my life and if any man was to spank me I wanted him to be the one. Then one day I decided I could wait no longer – it was now or never – and so here I sit, stomach churning, batting out short texts tracking him down the motorway. Oh my God, I'd done it; I'd invited him to my home. What was I thinking! What do I wear? What do I say? Will he like me? Will I like him? No going back!

Then I hear the yard gate and know its too late — he's arrived! Using all my inner strength I open the door and plaster on a smile. Phew it's ok; he is still the lovely sweet man who had been chatting to me on the phone trying to figure out my needs and wants. I make coffee and we talked for an hour, how I regretted that hour now. Next time I'll have him spank as soon he steps in through the door, heck I'll even open the door in the buff. Even now I can't explain why I want to be punished, why I want to submit and have him standing over me. He tells me that sometimes what seems like

surrender isn't surrender at all. It's about what's going on in our hearts, about accepting it and being true to it, whatever the contradictions, because the pain of not being true is often the greater cost.

Murmuring "whatever", I wash the mugs summoning the last brave bone in my body; he senses my anxiety and steps up behind placing his hands upon my hips and I feel his lips kissing the nape of my neck, it feels electric. His hands glide about my tummy and I turn, letting him nuzzle my neck, my chin, cheeks, forehead, hair and then our lips connect and we kiss deeply, my own hands insistedly feeling his body, pulling him closer all the while trying hard to appear the confident person I usually am but wanting nothing more than to be naked and vulnerable before him. Endeavouring to be in control I take him by the hand and lead him to the lounge where he places a chair in the middle of the room and asks me gently to lie over his knees all the time calming me and assuring me if I want to stop I only have to say.

He caresses my bottom over my dress, patting it gently and then starts to slap it, not hard but firmly and assuredly, his palm cupping my cheeks. He alternates his swats, right and left, across the middle down to the top of my thighs, they don’t feel terribly hard, but they increasingly leave a sting and I find myself gasping and squirming with every smack. He pulls up my dress, my panties are nice and tight and my bottom fills them out nicely. I know that when we are through, I will have been been punished well. I’m already aroused, the intimate touch of his hand and the calm strength in his voice making me swoon: This is what I wanted. It feels right and when he instructs me to remove my panties it brooks no argument.

Reaching back, I slip my fingers into the waistband and lower the panties, turning them inside out as they cross over the swell of my rosy bottom. As the waistband makes its way down my thighs, the crotch gets caught up and I part my legs and have to tug before I’m able to dislodge them from my obviously wet slit. The spanking continues in earnest, my bottom now warmed-up, he spanks me harder and my yelps are more genuine, the sound echoing off the walls. My bottom is bouncing all over his lap and he tightens his grip, slap after slap comes down on my bare bottom.

Mischievously I ease my legs apart displaying the peach of my sex, enticing him to touch. It works and his hand is under me, two fingers delving inside, stroking and my body starts to sync with it finding the rhythm of his fingers, and then wet with my juices his fingers tease the rosebud of my arsehole and I push back willing them entry.

"Not yet," he says. "Bad girls have to be punished first."

We both know who is in charge and who is sub; I’m so wet I want him to touch me everywhere and I think I want him in me. Instead he instructs me to remove my clothing; I pull the dress over my head and off and placing a hand on his shoulder step out my panties. He stands up and puts his hands into

the cups of my bra, lifting my breasts free, bunching the material up forcing them to press together, my nipples become hard and stand out proudly: one hand plays with my nipples whilst his other compresses my slick pussy. Placing a hand over each of his I urge him to rub harder, he obliges sending me into a whole different place.

"A bad girl like you needs to be punished more don’t you think?"

"Yes, yes," I answer, "much much more, my bottom isn’t nearly red and sore enough. You don’t know how bad I’ve been. I need to be spanked long and very hard."

He puts his arm around my hip and holding me tightly against me, suddenly smacking my bare ass ten more times, hard and fast, while I whimper and squeal. I beg for more punishment and he heeds my plea.

"Best get across the sofa, then," he directs.

And feeling his eyes drinking in my nudity I step proudly forth knowing I’ve captured him and before long we’ll be pleasuring each other in an entirely new way.