# Five minutes in Hell?

## By KittyHelendre

Published on Lush Stories on 24 May 2012

**Kitty Helendre’s Registered & Protected Web Page<br/>http://www.lushstories.com/kittyhelendre/stories<br/>Copyright:All Rights Reserved<br/>Registered:2012-06-02 05:11:01 UTC<br/>Title: Stories published by KittyHelendre<br/>Description:<br/>Text: Show the Web Page Copyright text<br/>Fingerprint:Show digital fingerprint<br/>MCN:W8P6L-NDFSM-PUA6A<br/>(What's this?)<br/><br/>All stories on my profile are mine and not to be reproduced, resubmitted or used for anything besides private reading without the author's consent. Legal action will be taken if I find my stories else where. If you wish to use my story in any way send me a message to ask.**

*Hannah hasn't paid her rent and begs Angus not to throw her out. He decides to punish her instead.*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/five-minutes-in-hell-1.aspx

*(This is my first story here.)*

"Your rent is over-due."

My flat mate Angus stared at me reproachfully.

"I'm sorry. I'm just not used to being this busy. I'll get it to you as soon as I can."

"It's not good enough, Hannah. This is the second time."

"I know, I..."

He held his hand up to cut me off.

"You're still learning. You're only 21. But you have to know there are consequences for your actions."

I gasped. "Please don't throw me out."

"I really should."

Angus was my live-in landlord. He was very successful for 27. He ran his own electrical company which used to be his father's. He also had two businesses he started on his own. He was rarely home, and when he was he didn't like to deal with stress.

"I got you because you were quiet, and polite, and paid your rent on time, Hannah. I can't have someone inconvenient living here."

I nodded vigorously.

"I know you've got a lot going on," he said reasonably, "finishing your honours and working as well. But you can't afford to stop paying your rent. Perhaps it's better if you move back with your parents for a while."

"No!" I screeched. "Please, I don't want to live at home again! I'm not a baby."

"Well you're carrying on like one."

I frowned but tried to contain myself.

"I'm sorry."

"I could let you off one more time. Pay your rent for this month, but it would be the *last* time. And you would need to be punished."

"Ok," I replied. "What will my punishment be?"

"Well in my house if one of us did something wrong we knew we weren't supposed to do we would be smacked."

"How?" I asked sweetly.

I loved smacking. Reading about it, watching it. I had played with myself many times to fantasies of being spanked or watching someone else get it. I was thrilled that Angus was going to put me over his knee. I just had to make sure *he* didn't know that.

"On our bare bottoms. Hard."

"The proper way," I ventured.

He nodded. "Did your dad do it or did your mum?"

"My dad."

"Did he have a procedure?"

"Yes, he did."

"What was it?"

"You're very interested, Hannah. " He cocked an eyebrow.

"Well, yeah," I admitted.

"I can see you like hearing about it. So instead of telling you I'm going to show you. Come with me."

I followed him to his study. He sat down behind the desk.

"Approach the desk, Hannah."

He folded his arms behind his head. He was so *hot.* Everything he did was hot. He had a beautiful, chiseled face, light brown hair and eyes. He was tall and leaned muscled. And he always looked serious. I meekly stood in front of the long desk, looking up at him through my eyelashes.

"You failed to pay your rent on time, twice. Now I have to pay it. And that's totally inappropriate. You need to re-think your responsibilities and get organised so your life is under control. You are an adult now, so start acting like one."

I nodded. I took my scolding without protest.

"I am going to punish you now. Come stand beside me, Hannah."

I walked to the armless leather plush chair. I looked into his face. I licked my lips. I wanted him to touch me. I'd wanted him to forever.

"Take your jeans down and remove them."

I unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them over each foot.

"Place yourself over my knee."

I took my position in his lap. I rested my hands and feet on the floor.

"Look at the clock," he instructed.

I looked at the grandfather clock he had brought in at some expense. I suspected it was his father's. He rested his hand on my panties. I loved the feeling of his warm, firm hand. I stifled a moan.

"You will receive five minutes of hard, painful, smacking on your bare bottom. If you cannot keep still I will stop, readjust your position and continue. If you have to be restrained you can expect it to become more painful. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

He hooked his fingers into my underpants and pulled them down to my mid-thigh.

"This is not to humiliate you," he explained, "It is simply to remind you..."

"I understand."

I yelped with the first smack. The blows landed fast and thick.

SMACK, SMACK, **SMACK!**

His big hand marked my tender cheeks with sharp spanks. I howled and kicked my legs against the pain. The blows stopped.

"What did I tell you, girl?"

"If I struggled, it would be worse," I gulped.

"It is obvious I am going to have to restrain you as you haven't taken 15 seconds of punishment yet. The time is re-set by the way."

He adjusted my body on his lap. He pulled a firm hand around my waist and he placed his right leg over both of mine. There was no escape now. My pussy throbbed. I was frightened of the pain to

come, but knowing I had to submit to the pain he was going to administer, regardless of my pleas, filled me with excitement.

He resumed smacking and I squirmed against his efficient grip. The sting was breath taking. How could he even smack so hard?

"Please."

I couldn't help but beg.

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK!

My soft flesh was assaulted by the relentless punishing hand. My bottom burned like lava. It hurt so much! More than I thought it could. It was excruciating. How could anyone stand this?

"Please! Please, stop! I've learnt my lesson, I've learnt my lesson. Please!"

I was squawking and begging like a five year old. I yelled and yelled.

"You will take your punishment."

I screamed at the top of my lungs.

"The harder you yell the harder I smack!"

I held in my cries with great effort. I gripped the chair legs as he rhythmically battered my bottom. I bit my lip. The fiery pain continued unabated. It didn't seem to hurt any less. I wanted to cry out again. I sighed as the smacks decreased in force to 'hard' rather than walloping.

"It hurts so badly."

"I know it does, sweetheart. Look at the clock."

I was half way through. He knew how much it hurt, because he had been punished in the exact same way. I concentrated on breathing. My behind was stinging, sore and raw and I was only half way through. I didn't consider asking for mercy or yelling again. I listened to the 'smack, smack' which had steady timing. He worked over the tops of my cheeks to the join between my buttocks and thighs. I prayed he wouldn't smack my thighs.

"Good girl," he said.

He rubbed my back with one hand as he continued to dispense the pain. There was no swaying him. I started crying softly. I was in terrible pain, but my pussy was wet and sopping. It was almost as hot as my rear. I wanted him to take me in his arms.

"One minute left."

I whimpered as he roasted my very well chastised behind. It would leave bruises, or hand prints at least, and sitting would be out of the question for a while. It stopped. I couldn't believe it. He'd stopped. The burning in my ass didn't.

"You took your medicine well," he told me. "After that initial outburst. I don't like having to correct you, but it needed to be done. Will you think twice about behaving the same way in the future?"

"Yes! I never want to be smacked like this again!"

"That's good. I'm going to let you up now."

I slowly rose. I wanted to examine my bottom, which must be scarlet or maybe just purple by now.

"You can walk to your bedroom and put a loose nighty or long t-shirt on. I wouldn't recommend underpants for a while."

I looked at him and my face crumpled into a pathetic cry. He pulled me into a tight hug. I was a very sad and sorry little girl.

"It's alright, you did well. There's a good girl."

I snuffled into his shirt. I was short, and he was very tall, so my head barely grazed his chin.

"Thank you for smacking my bottom, Angus. It hurt a lot but I think I needed it."

"That's alright. Would you like me to put you to bed? I will grab some ice for your bottom to ease the bruising."

"I'd like that a lot."

He picked me up in his arms. It was Heaven. I clung to him and pressed my face into his neck. He

made soothing noises. He placed me on the bed and went to get the ice. I felt very content, like everything was perfect, at least for now.