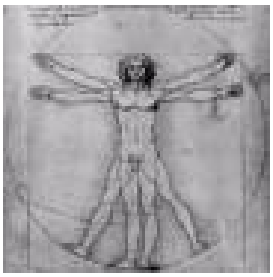
Two (Part Three)



By 19Savant

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The story of my girlfriend and my secretary continues...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/two-part-three.aspx

Part Three

The next weekend, Amy invited Allison over for dinner. It was very cool to watch them kiss when Allison arrived. It was a quick kiss, but it still made my cock hard. Allison was wearing a green top, a neat, black skirt, and some simple, black sandals. She wasn't near as thin as Amy, but she still had beautiful legs.

Amy was barefoot, and wore her normal jeans--she had about six pairs of the same jeans--but for once wasn't wearing one of my t-shirts. She had on a white top that showed off her shoulders. No bra, of course--her little nipples wear pressingagainst her top all night.

We cooked steaks outside on the grill, and they drank a little wine. Amy & I had talked about the three of us all having some fun, and her idea for the night sounded pretty good. Ok, it sounded like the sex dream of my life. Throughout dinner, Allison couldn't keep her eyes off of Amy'snipples and their attempts to break through and escape. I kept catching her staring at them, but she'd just smile. Amy acted like she didn't noticeAllison staring at them, or me watching Allison stare at them.

When dinner was done (and it seemed to take forever), Amy asked me to wait in the living room. When she came back, she kissed me—long and wet and deep—as she fondled my cock through my jeans. My poor cock had gotten hard about nine times throughout the meal, and it was definitely ready for some attention. I could tell by the way she kissed me, and the mad gleam in her eyes, that she was extremely turned on.

Amy led me back into our bedroom. She had lit all the candles (we only had seven or eightofthem), but more interestingly, the big chair that is normally in the corner was pulled close to the bed. And, oh-by-the-way, Allison was sitting in it. A blanket covered her up, and I realized she was tied to the chair--neck ties around her wrists and ankles. I don't think she had any clothes on underneath the blanket.

I sat down on the bed as Amy went into the closet. When she came back, I asked, "Why the blanket?"

"So you're only looking at me, silly."

She handed me a black leather collar.

"So, you want to be my slave?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, eyes looking into mine. I knew a big fantasy of hers was to be put through her paces as my slave while someone watched.

"Take off your clothes."

She slowly unbuttoned her shirt, and took it off. Her nipples were hard on top of her perfect, little breasts. I kept glancing at Allison, enjoying the hunger in her eyes and watching her watch Amy. She unbuttoned her jeans, and slid them off, her ass towards Allison. Her cute, white thong followed. She gave Allison a quick glance, as she stood there nude, waiting for me to tell her what to do.

I ordered her to kneel down in front of me.

"Who owns you?" I asked her.

"You do."

"What do I own?"

"You own everything. My mouth. My cunt. My ass. My lips. My tits. My nipples."

"And you're mine? To do with as I please?"

"Yes. I'm your slave."

"Get me one of the butt plugs," I told her. This was not part of her plan, and she stopped short, eyes questioning me. I gave her a stern look. She frowned, but thenwalked into our closet, where we keep the toys.

"Which one?" she asked.

“The blue one, I think.” It was the medium one, uncomfortable but not near as bad as the big red one. I only used that when she had really annoyed me.

“And the lube?” she asked, really hoping I’d say yes. I did.

I had her kneel down between the bed and the chair,so that her left foot was near Allison’s right foot, which wastied to the chair. Then I had her put her head on the floor pointed towards the door, lifting that wonderful ass up, giving Allison a great view.

“Spread your cheeks, slave.”

She reached back and did, exposing herself to me, and to Allison. I wondered what emotions were flowing through her, what was going through her mind. I uncapped the lube, and dribbled a little down her crack. She twitched a little as it ran down. I glanced at Allison, causing her to glance at me, then she went back to watching Amy’s ass.

“Lube up your ass for me, slavegirl.” She took her left hand off her cheek, and I put mine on it, to keep them spread. Her delicate, long middle finger ran up and down her crack, gathering more lube, then I heard her suck in a breath as she slid her finger into her own ass. Deep into her own ass. One of my favorite things in the world.

“Good girl,” I said, meaning it.

She slid her finger out, knowing what was coming next, and held her cheeks wide again, her hand touching mine as she did so.

I kneeled behind her, the middle finger of my left hand against her asshole.

“Give yourself to me, baby. Show Allison who owns you.”

She did, pushing back, slowly forcing my finger into her ass.

“Good girl. A little further now, take it all the way.” She moved a little on her knees, then pushed back again, burying my finger all the way to the knuckle. I moved my finger around inside her, and then slid it in and out a few times, as I watched Allison watch, her eyes wide, and maybe a little scared.

I took my finger out of Amy, then dribbled more lube up and down her crack. She knew what to do, and what was coming, so it took a little prodding, but she again took hermiddle finger and, after collecting more lube, slid it again into her own ass. Why that turns me on so much, I don’t know, but it

does. Something about her long, elegant fingers. And her giving herself to me in such a deep way.

When she had completed her little task, I kneeled behind her again, this time with two fingers lined up on her most intimate spot.

“Do you want to be my slave?”

“Yes, sir. Very much, sir.”

“Show Allison. Give yourself to me.”

She did, again shuffling a little, taking a deep breath, and then pushing back against my fingers, her warm ass swallowing them up. One finger was easy, two much more of a challenge, but she did it, wiggling her glorious ass back and forth, working them in, showing us how much she wanted it.

Then, of course, came the butt plug.

For the third time I had her lube up her ass, giving her a bit more lube to work with this time aorund. I was also a bit crueler, making her fuck her own ass with her finger. Watching it slid in and out, and watching Allison watch it.

I wasn’t very far from coming, my cock hard and straining in my jeans. *Patience*, I told myself.

Then it was time for the plug. I lined it up on her asshole. “Ok, baby. It’s time. Give yourself to me. Give your ass to me. Show Allison what a hungry ass you have, how much you want to be my slave.”

I could hear her breathing hard, working up to it. I slid my right hand down, and used my fingertips to tease her pussy, spreading her lips and rubbing just inside them. She was dripping, literally. I reached over—it was a stretch—and rubbed my fingertips on Allison’s lips before pushing them into her mouth. She sucked on them, closing her eyes.

“Allison seems to like your taste, slavegirl. And she can taste how wet giving yourself to me makes you. What a naughty, naughty girl you are.” I pulled my fingers out of her mouth, refocusing.

“Ok, baby, show us, show us both how much you want it. How naughty and dirty you are.”

She pushed back, pushing the first half of the plug in, spreading her cheeks wider than even the two fingers had. I twisted it, sending a shiver through her. She wiggled her ass, shuffled her knees back, and pushed a little more against it. It was almost to the widest point.

“It’s too big,” she whispered.

“Nonsense, slave. It’s been there many times before. Even the red one fits. Should I get the red one, make you take it? Make you stand in the corner with it in your ass, while I amuse myself with Allison?” I let the blue one slip out of her ass, watched her asshole slide back towards normal (and tiny).

“No, please,” she said, pushing back and moving her ass around, trying to find the tip of it.

“Okay, baby, you need to show me what a good slave you’re going to be.”

“I’ll be very good.”

I reset her body, pushing her forward again, getting her ass nice and high again. I didn’t let her lube up again, just set the tip against her and waited.

“Okay, baby, show me.”

She did, pushing back, slowly but methodically, working it in, arching first one way and then the other, until the widest part was almost in.

“Almost, baby, just a little more.”

She pushed back, and it popped in, causing her to gasp.

“Good girl,” I said, as a twirled it slowly in her ass.

I picked up the leather collar and moved closer to her head. She moved her hair out of the way, and I fastened it around her neck. It was a cool picture—her ass in the air with the plug, the collar on her neck, and Allison sitting there watching, breathing through her mouth, her eyes wondering how cruel I was going to be to her.

I pulled Amy up so she was standing next to me as I sat on the bed. I rubbed my hand against her pubic hair--she shaves it down to a little vertical strip about two inches long. "Why is your pussy shaved like this?"

"That's the way you like it."

"What happens when you're naughty?"

"It gets shaved off--all of it."

I took my thumb and rubbed it through the entrance of her cunt. She was really wet. Then I took my thumb and put it in her mouth. She sucked on it, tasting herself.

"I think a massage would be a good way to start," I said. Amy had mentioned what she would like to do that in front of Allison. She had not mentioned the butt plug.

As I was sitting on the bed, Amy unbuttoned my shirt with her tongue and mouth, and kissed my chest as she went down. She pulled the shirttail out of my jeans, and then slid it off my arms. She asked me to stand up, then kneeled down in front of me, unzipping my pants with her teeth. I could smell her excitement. She managed to rub my cock as much as possible while doing this, which felt good. When my pants were undone, she slid her hands down my back and into them, squeezing my ass. She pulled them down to my ankles, along with my boxers. My cock popped free, the cool air feeling good. I looked at Allison. She was taking in my hard cock, and then she glanced up. She smiled.

Amy pushed me back against the bed, so I would sit down. She pulled off my jeans and boxers, then pulled off each of my socks. I was nude in front of Allison. It didn't seem fair that I couldn't see her.

Amy moved a pillow into the middle of the bed, and I rolled on top of it so it was under my hips. She poured body oil on her hands, and rubbed them together to warm the oil. Kneeling next to me on the bed, she started with my neck, kneading and rubbing, then moved up to massage my temples and run her fingers through my hair. She went over each shoulder, then down each arm. She took her time on my hands. She put more oil on her hands, and started at my shoulder blades and worked down my back. I love her massages—how much pleasure she gets out of making me feel good and touching my body. When she got to the top of my butt, she moved further down, and started on my left foot. She massaged it, and worked her way up my leg. When she got to the top, she teased my balls lightly with one finger, and then went to my right foot. After she was done with my right leg, she started again at my neck, did a wonderful job on my shoulder blades, and worked down my back again.

This time, instead of stopping at the top of my butt, she rubbed down my back and across my ass. She kneaded the muscles in my back, and thenmy ass. As it did every time, it turned me on and my cock was super-hard and aching underneath me. She lightly trickled a finger down my crack. Then she massaged my thighs, working up until her fingers were lightly rubbing my balls.

Amy dribbled more oil down the crease of my ass, and worked that into my ass cheeks. She spread

my legs, kneeling between them. I felt her lean over on the bed, thenfelt her hair flow across my ass. Her tongue found my balls, and she licked them from behind. I lifted up, and she took one ball into her mouth, sucking gently on it. I started humping the pillow. She released it, and let me calm down as stroked my thighs and ass. She massaged my cheeks, in circles, so that my cheeks would spread apart and then back together. Her finger randown the crease and across my asshole, teasingthe edge of my asshole--flicking it with just the tip. Then the tip slid just in and out, causing me to moan. She did that a few times, then slowly started sliding her finger in deeper with each thrust. Her other hand cradled my balls, and she lightly massaged them and the base of my cock.

Soon her finger was sliding all the way in and out of my ass, and I wondered if she was looking at Allison while she was doing it. It was a little embarrassing to have Allison watching, but it felt so good I swallowed my doubts.

I wasn't going to last much longer, so I slowly rolled over. Amy kept her finger in my ass, and as soon as I was on my back, her mouth was on my cock. Damn her lips felt good. Heavenly. She pushed my legs wide, then straddled one, perhapsto give Allison a better view. She started rubbing against my calf, her clit and cunt wet against my skin. Allison and I made eye contact, then she went back to watching Amy suck my cock. Amy's finger continued to slide in and out of my ass as her other hand slowly pumped my cock into her mouth. Her lips were tight around the head of it, letting it slide in and out of her mouth, her tongue flicking back and forth across the bottom of it. She took as much of me into her mouth as she could, then stopped and held it as her tongue slowly licked back and forth, driving me crazy. The oil on her hand and her lips made it feel hot and tight and awesome. She liked to go real slow when she knew I was close--to hold me at that highest point for as long as she could, to drive me as crazy as I liked todo to her, and to make me come harder.

I looked at Allison. The blanket had slid down her body, and her breasts were suddenly there. Hers were bigger than Amy's--nice and round and heavy--and her nipples were big and hard. Her ass was on the edge of the chair, and her legs were clamped around the blanket, as she slowly tried to hump it.

Allison watching Amy suck me—the idea of it, the reality of it--pushed me over the edge. I growled and moaned, and Amy let out a little moan as I started to come in her mouth, and she started pumping fast with her hand on my cock, just the head in her mouth, and her finger pumping my ass.I came and came and came, the sound of her swallowing turning me on even more, as she swallowed and swallowed and swallowed. Fuck, it was great. I pumped and twitched as she continued to milk my cock, never wanting it to end.

Amy kept me in her mouth, and kept sucking until I couldn't stand it. She let it slip out of her mouth, then licked the head of my cock a few times. She smiled at me through her hair. "Was I a good

slave?"

"Very good. Fuck, that felt wonderful."

There was some come on her chin and cheek. I used my thumb to wipe it off her face, and then put it in her mouth. Her eyes popped open.

"Naughty, naughty. You didn't swallow it all. What does that mean, slave?"

Around my thumb, she said, "A spanking."

I pulled her on top of me, and let her lay there, just enjoying her body and the warmth. Her fingertips toyed with my very sensitive cock and balls. She movedso that her head was on my chest, and I could feel her hot pussy on my leg.

After we stayed like that for maybe five minutes, I asked her, "Do you think Allison enjoyed watching that?"

She looked over at Allison and smiled. "I think so."

Amy got up off the bed and kissed Allison. I wondered if Allison could taste my come on Amy's tongue, and the thought sent a shiver through my body. They kissed several times, causing my cock to make a remarkable (and slightly painful) come back. Amy's hands played with Allison's breasts--cupping them and rubbing her hard nipples. Amy kissed each nipple, then Allison's mouth.

Before they could get too deep into it, I said, “Slavegirl, I think we have a spanking to get to before you have too much fun over there.” Allison gave me a dirty look, but Amy smiled and walked into our closet.

She came back with the handcuffs and a leather paddle. She turned around and put her wrists together behind her back. Usually she's not so helpful.

I snapped the cuffs on. I slid my thumb under her collar and pulled her head around so I could kiss her, tasting a little of Allison. I pulled her hair back, exposing her throat so I could kiss it below the collar. Then I kissed her lips again while I slid a finger along her cunt. She was so wet, I decided to slide all the way in. She moaned, which was enough for the moment.

I pushed her down to her knees, again next to the chair, giving Allison the same great view she had before. I moved her left leg so her ankle was against Allison's. I kneeled down next to her, and with

one hand rubbed the paddle across her ass and thighs, teasing the plug there, while the other held onto her cuffed hands. With the edge of the paddle, I rubbed her cunt lips, and pushed them apart. I looked at Allison, and she licked her lips, which sent a pulse through my cock.

"Would you like a pillow?" I asked Amy.

"Yes, please, sir."

"That's too bad. Slaves don't get pillows."

I whacked each cheek with the paddle--good, solid smacks on her upturned ass. Amy let out an ouch, not expecting the early ones to be so hard. The leather always sounded different against her ass--it sounded like it hurt. I went back to playing with her with the edge of the paddle. She always likes the feel of the leather against her.

"Why are you being punished, slavegirl?"

"Because I didn't swallow all of your come."

"Now that is a serious offense. How many do you think you deserve on your sweet ass?"

"Twenty?"

"Twenty? That doesn't seem like enough for such serious misbehavior. Allison, what do you think?"

Allison was surprised for a moment, then a sly smile slid over her face. "31, at least." Her voice was husky and raw.

"31 sounds good. Beg for 31."

Amy hesitated for a moment--31 with the paddle was going to hurt.

"Could I have 10 with your hand? Please, sir."

"Ten with my hand, then 31 with the paddle?"

"No, ten then twenty-one with the paddle. Please?"

"Allison, what do you think?"

"No, all 31 with the paddle. She was very bad."

I thought about it, still rubbing the edge against Amy's cunt. It was possible to get a good bit of the paddle's edge between her lips, and then it would rub against the top and bottom of her cunt. I knew the slow grinding drove her crazy, but I didn't want her to come before I spanked her. I also had a plan for later, and 31 with the paddle would make it a bit much.

"I think seven with my hand, then 24 with the paddle. What do you say, slave?"

"Yes, please, sir. Thank you."

I could tell she was hot as-all-get-out, and close to coming from the paddle rubbing her and having Allison watch. She let out a small, frustrated moan when I pulled the paddle out.

"You seem to have gotten the edge of the paddle all wet. Naughty-naughty." I paused for a second, then said, "I'm sure Allison won't mind cleaning it." I lifted the paddle up, and Allison licked the edge as I moved it between her lips. I made sure it was good and clean, and then took it out of her mouth. I put the paddle in Amy's cuffed hands--a reminder to her of what was coming.

"Beg for your punishment, slavegirl."

"Please spank me, sir." It always turned me on to hear that.

"How many?"

"Is it seven with your hand?"

"Yes, slavegirl. On each side?"

"Yes, please."

"Ask for the first."

"Number one, please."

I smacked the right, then the left. I connected solidly, her ass feeling good against my hands, but the seven without the paddle didn’t do much—she was used to much more. Her ass turned just a little pink, but I enjoyed running my hand over it, feeling her skin and teasing her with the plug.

Then it was time for the paddle.

I took it out of her hands, and rubbed it over her pink butt. She didn’t want to, but knew she had to, so eventually she said, "Number one with the paddle, please."

I continued to rub it over her ass, then pulled back. She tightened up, expecting the first one. I hesitated, letting the tension build. She relaxed just a bit, and--CRACK--the paddle smacked her left cheek,hard, then again on her right. The holes left neat little circles on her cheeks. Another ‘ouch’ escaped her. Some of the little circles would turn into round welts that she'd still feel tomorrow, which always turned me on and I would have to bend her over. Maybe I would spank her again in the morning, making her sore all day.

She begged for the second. I again went left, then right, both on her ass cheeks, making them wiggle. I stayed on her cheeks for the first five, then moved down to the crease between her cheeks and thighs, for six and seven. Very sensitive there. The paddle was already turning her ass red. Eight was fully on her thighs, causing her to jump.

Nine, ten and eleven were again on her ass, then twelve was back on that sensitive crease. I could hear her breathing, knowing her endorphins hadn’t kicked in yet, and that it was hurting her pretty good.

"You're halfway there, slave girl. Is it turning you on to get your ass spanked in front on Allison?" As I asked this, I slid a finger down her crack, playing with the plug, and then further down to tease her lips. She was dripping.

"Yes, sir," she said, in almost a whisper.

I slid my finger across her clit, spreading the wetness from her cunt over it. Then I played with it in circles.

Still rubbing it, I said, "Ask for number thirteen."

She hesitated, not wanting my finger to stop, but then said, "Number thirteen, please, sir."

"You've made my finger awfully wet, slave girl. But I'm sure Allison won't mind." Amy spasmed a little against my finger, and then I pulled it away.

Very cruel, I know.

I moved closer to Allison, and slid my finger across her lips. My very-hard cock brushed her knee under the blanket. As she opened her mouth and sucked in my finger, she rubbed her knee against my cock.

That was interesting.

I pulled my finger out of her mouth, and picked up the paddle.

"Allison seems to like my fingers," I said, as I rubbed the paddle across Amy's red ass.

Amy moaned--she was still close to coming.

Even though she had already begged for thirteen, I made her do it again.

Thirteen and fourteen were on her ass cheeks. Fifteen went back against her sensitive creases. Then sixteen and seventeen were on her thighs. Now she had neat little circles all over her ass, and all the way down her thighs. And it was very red. My cock got a little harder just looking at it.

Eighteen smacked the sensitive spot, and she jumped a little. It was past smarting, and really hurting now, but the endorphins and the energy spreading out from her cunt were no doubt helping. I let her take a moment before she begged for nineteen, and then smacked her right cheek. Instead of her left cheek, though, I smacked her left crease, surprising her. She jumped again, and made some sort of moan/grunt. I love the little noises she makes. Twenty was the reverse--her left cheek, and then her right sensitive spot.

"Are you going to swallow all of my come next time, slave?"

"Yes, sir." I gave her number twenty-one--hard on her ass.

"What color do you think your ass is?"

"Red, very red." Her voice sounded like it was in tears, so twenty-two was not overly hard.

"Allison, do you think Amy's been punished enough."

Allison, wide-eyed, nodded.

"Allison seems to think so. It looks like she is very turned on, watching your ass get turned a bright,

bright red." I'm sure Amy was wondering if she was done, but twenty-three smacked into her cheeks.

"So if you are naughty later tonight, or tomorrow, what will happen?"

"I will get spanked on top of my red ass, sir."

"Are you going to be a good slavegirl?"

"Yes, sir, very good."

"Beg for the last one."

"Number twenty-four, please, sir."

The last was like the first—hard on her right cheek, then the left. Good, solid swats. I rubbed my hands across her hot cheeks, feeling the little circles all across her wonderful ass, teasing her with the plug. It was past red--definitely crimson.

I ran my hands up her back (and down towards the floor). I gently ran one into her hair, and lifted her head off the floor a little, so I could kiss her. I kissed the tears on her face, then kissed her sweet lips again.

"Who owns you?" I asked her, looking into her eyes.

"You do, sir."

"And I can do anything I want with you, slave."

"Yes, sir," she said, even though ithad not beena question. She looked like she would melt.

"So if I wanted to give you ten more, you'd beg for them?"

Her eyes suddenly looked scared. She swallowed, then managed a "Yes, sir."

I smiled at her, and kissed her again. I put her head back against the floor (gently) and moved back to her ass.

I knew she was close, even before I touched her. I got down behind her on my knees andkissed each ass cheek. My fingertips lightly played across her sensitive, red ass, and then slowly down to her

cunt. I ran a finger along the outside of her cunt and up to her clit. I used my other hand to spin the plug slowly inside her. Keeping the length of my fingers against her cunt, I rubbed her clit between my fingertips, slowly rubbing them together.

She started humping against my fingers.

"Do you want to come, slave?"

"Yes, sir. Please."

I was going to make her say pretty please, but she was already coming. And coming hard, bouncing her ass forward and back, trying to get my fingers inside her, as she moaned. I kept my fingertips mostly against her clit,pushing her limits, being a bit cruel as I looked at Allison. Her legs were squeezing hardaround blanket, her eyes clamped shut,listening to all the wonderful noise Amy made. I kept teasing her clit,extending the moment, making her noises higher and higher.

She started to calm down, but I, of course, was not done with her. I kept one finger on her clit, letting her movements create the friction as she tried to get away, and with my other hand, positioned two fingers against her cunt. She froze, waiting.

“You know Allison can see you, don’t you?”

Amy wasn’t sure if this required an answer or not.

“She can see your red, red ass, and how wet your pussy is from being spanked. She knows what a naughty girl you are, that you liked being spanked. That it turned you on being spanked in front of her.”

She moaned, tried to push back, and I pushed my fingers into her cunt, hard and all the way. She was incredibly wet and slippery.

I fucked her good with two fingers, pumping them in and all the way out of her. Pulling them an inch out of her, making her wait a second, then shoving them back in. After seven or eight thrusts, she was coming again, and moaning, with her red ass dancing in front of me.

I kept pumping, and looked at poor Allison. Her and Amy's ankles were still touching, and an electric currentmust have been runningbetween them. Allison looked like she was about to come without anything touching her--she was desperate for some relief. Her legs were again clamped together, trying to get some satisfaction from the blanket.

When Amy calmed down from her second, I slowed down with my fingers, but didn’t stop. I started brushing that sensitive spot inside her. It was too sensitive, and she tried to pull away, but that of course didn’t work. I grabbed the handcuffs and her wrists with my free hand, and pulled her back to me, clamping onto her calf with my knees.

“You need to come again for me slave, please me.” She wanted to say no, please no more, but she knew better. A ‘no’ would cost her ass another ten or twenty with the paddle. I pushed my fingers in deeper, then used my other hand to tease the plug—spinning it, or pulling it out a little, then pushing it back in.

When she was close, I pulled the plug all the way out, causing her body to freeze, but still my fingers slid in and out, her wetness all over my hand.

I pushed the plug back in. She moaned—almost a yell—and came for me asmy fingers rubbed circles inside her. She turned sideways, the sensitivity too much, trying to get away from my fingers, and I let her. She slid to the floor like she was made of jello.

"You’ve made a mess of my fingers, slave. Allison's mouth must be getting tired of cleaning up after you."

I leaned closer to Allison, again letting my cock rub against her knee, as she sucked on my fingers. She sucked pretty damn well. I took the fingers out of her mouth, and rubbed them across her one nipple, making it wet. I squeezed it.

Allison said, "Please fuck me."