

White Witch

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whipped into submission for cheating.

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Jackie and I had been seeing each other for quite some time now, every available minute that her husband was away, or I was not working, was spent together. I enjoyed tooling her around the island on my bike showing her the rich Jamaican culture and a side of life rarely seen by non-islanders. Thanks to my Dad, who took our family on regular trips to rural towns, I had already covered every inch of the island coast and much of the interior by the time I was 12. Accompanying those trips was studied narrative on Jamaican folklore and its rich history. Jackie loved the folklore and country style food, I took her to interior waterfalls that lead to deep pristine pools where there was hardly any human trace or disturbance, we fished and caught craw fish in from water so clear and sweet that you could would believe it was a flavored pop. Wild grunts co-mingled with the occasional chirp or hoot of a bird, as we made love in the outdoors with nary a soul in sight. Wanting to know more about me, my ancestry and the reason I was black with green eyes, I took her to a small town in Discovery Bay, appropriately named, for the landing of Christopher Columbus and the Spaniards. In a small area was a grave site which bore my ancestral surname and to which the original plantation belonged. My lineage along with many others could be traced to the loins of this very prolific man with a penchant for black women who amply rewarded those who served his purpose. Returning home that night we saw the ghostly shape of an old Plantation house, Jackie had passed it several times but tonight beneath the glow of a full moon it held her fascination. "What is that house"? she asked, it's called the Rose Hall Great House, and the former residence of Annie Palmer. The eerily lit house beckoned and she asked for a closer look, I advised that it is rumored to be haunted to this day and that few Jamaicans would venture there at night. Intrigued, she insisted that I ride closer, I dismounted and lifted the gate that barred our passage and together we rode into the courtyard. The place was abandoned, the local workers all left before sunset for fear of being caught alone in the dark in what was indeed a very scary place. Shadows moved and voices could be heard but I rationalized it as the wind and the movement of the trees. Turning 180 degrees I pointed out three tall coconut trees and another one slightly off to the side, folklore claims that they were markers for Annie's first three

husbands, all had met untimely deaths, there was much speculation as the fourth tree and its significance, however. Promising to return with her another time, we mounted and rode home, on arrival she pumped me for hours on everything I knew about Annie, I told her what I knew from the slave legends, which bore stark contrast to the novel titled "The White Witch Of Rose Hall" sanitized for European sensibilities yet I was objective enough to bring her a copy so she could determine for herself. A week or so later I took her on a surprise tour of the Great House, we toured the Master bedroom where Annie was rumored to have been killed, the cellars were dark and cold, chains were still attached to the wall along with many bullwhips of varying thicknesses, used in the appropriation of punishment, which Annie meted out with sadistic energy. Jackie remained conspicuously quiet during the rest of the tour and only became animated again as the tour guide, told her story. She recounted Annie's late night rides in search of black lovers, which would one day lead to her demise. One night she crossed paths with a handsome buck, shirtless and muscled with sweat glistening in the moonlight, he was running either to or from a visit to his girlfriend. The story is vague as to what transpired but in venomous rage at being rejected Annie summoned the girlfriend and had her tortured and branded her inner thigh with the initials AP as a reminder to all future lovers. Shortly after our tour Jackie had to fly to Chicago on business, we said goodbye and during the interim I tooled around seeking a distraction. I headed to my old haunts, and the next evening at the squash courts I met a very interesting blond, she was hot, great legs, her perky nipples that strained through the thin halter that she wore. I made my move and for the next day or so I was showing her different contortion moves as I fucked her supple body. She gave great head, as soon as we arrived at a secluded beach or woods she would whip my cock out and begin to suck me off. Sitting at the bar stroking my cock, her fingers traced and outlined the ever growing cock head, as it bulged through my tight jeans. We were kissing and carrying on when I looked over and to my surprise there was Jackie. Caught and with nowhere to go, I maintained my calm as I watched her wheel around and head out the door. She knew I would follow ...but I had little idea what was in store for me. Reluctantly I extricated myself from the blond "I'll be back soon I have to take care of something" I promised. "How could she have come back so soon?" Her trips were always at least a week yet here she was only three days later. Rats this was not good! I arrived at her home about 15 minutes later as I killed the motor I wondered how best to approach the situation. Leaving my helmet hanging on the bike I let myself in with the key. The house was quiet, and the thud of my boot heels seemed to echo everywhere. Instinctively I stopped by the kitchen to grab a brew, maybe calm myself a bit, however the note posted on the fridge said "DON'T!" "Strip and come directly to the study". I chuckled, more from nervousness than humor in how well she knew me and my habits, in fact I was calmer now, thinking she would fuck me hard and get her anger out. Entering the room I noticed her stylish figure, yet she was oddly dressed, in frills and a dress from the 1700's, her corset and bustier served to enhance her very beautiful body, I would have worshiped her without any prompting yet she had something different in mind. Beautiful! I exclaimed, I like it, but why are you dressed like this; her dress starkly resembled the painting of the one Annie wore. She said she had ordered it as a surprise, again I laughed which just pissed her off. "On your knees!" she commanded and removed a

pair of handcuffs from the desk draw, not wanting to dig myself a deeper hole I acquiesced, with my hands firmly shackled she put me in leg irons with a spreader bar, then leading me over to a huge mahogany chest of draws she lay me over and attached my hands to its feet while continuing to do the same with my legs. I lay totally immobilized while she walked around admiring her handy work, reaching around she squeezed my balls tightly, "You cannot be trusted" she said "I had planned this as a little role play but now I am determined, and you would agree, with just cause to teach you a lesson. Pleadingly I asked her to allow me to make it up to her "-Oh you will" she laughed and the caustic sound of her voice made me quiver. I have always been dominant except with Jackie, being bigger, faster and stronger than her, except in swimming. I was also very pigheaded, wild and defiant and extremely competitive so breaking my will is no easy feat. With her I was never able to exert much resistance, she just knew how to control me, like a wave crashing over a rock she kept covering me till she pretty much had her way. Roles were reversed quite often as my broad shoulders and strong legs sooner or later would turn the tide and I looked for the moment when I could usurp her hold on me. Sex was exciting with her, with plenty of tenderness but we both enjoyed most was the wild and wanton where the victor often became the vanquished. Naked and cold pressed up against the wood I saw her unfurl a whip, or more accurately a riding crop, my eyes popped as my body struggled to escape. She presented me the tip. "Kiss it!" she said, I pursed my lips. She began to run the tip teasingly across my face. "Is this the way that blond bitch was teasing your cock?" "Did you like fucking that little slut?" "Don't you you know that you are mine?" "I OWN YOU!" Just how much had she observed before I became aware of her presence? It was edgy laying there, on one hand her dirty talk and dominance over me was exciting but not knowing what plans she had remaining, filled me with certain trepidation. Removing her blouse and skirt, she revealed the rest of her lingerie, my cock hardened and provided her with correct response. Watching her stand there in her low cut boots and stockings and garters, I desired her deeply, but she responded "You can't have any ...at least not just yet!" Without further hesitation she positioned herself behind me tapping the crop on my inner thighs, it stung, but like a big boy, I gritted my teeth and only grunted. Then without warning she rained with all her might a blow across my back, the pain seared through me like a laser, and by brain exploded into a thousand particles. I can't remember if I uttered a word before I felt the sting of a third and fourth blow, my body arched and my feet trembled but I was determined to deny her the pleasure of hearing me scream, walking around Jackie lifted up my chin, which was now only inches from her succulent pussy, she had not shaved her pussy hairs formed a light down lightly shielding her treasure and added a certain realism for the time period. I could see the moisture condensing on the hairs, "the bitch is getting turned on doing this" I thought. My face flushed she said "Your eyes are shining like emeralds now, they are a deep green and it turns me on" I stared at her defiant and challenging till she said "I think I will whip you some more." Flaying away at my buttocks and legs "Oh don't you worry I have plans for that little slut too!" she said. Swinging the whip, she snapped her wrist to add more power. She targeted my butt, my legs and back with precision and I began to wonder if maybe Annie Palmer's spirit had channeled into her body. On cue she told me that from the first day I took her to see the great house she was intrigued, the stories of Annie's lust for black cock rivaled her

own. She enjoyed hearing about the power she wielded and having them submit to her wanton desires. She admitted that while touring the dungeon, she imagined the smell of the sex and sweat, she became so turned on she began to formulate a plan to enslave me. Fifteen minutes after her relentless assault had begun, silent tears rolled down my cheek, I could offer no resistance so pleadingly I accepted her terms. My vulnerabilities blatantly apparent, her tired arm could continue no longer she cooed her acceptance. Facing me, she gently wiped my tears from my cheek, only to follow it with a smarting blow that left me reeling. "Bitch!" she said. Releasing me temporarily from the chest, with my cock prominently bobbing I was led to the bedroom where I was again restrained, this time to the posts of the poster bed. Despite pleas for the welts on my back, she shackled me on my back, "-I am on fire now and I will ride you till I am good and satisfied." Mounting me she brought her musky pussy to my face, shuddering as I stuck my tongue out to lap at her nectar. Grabbing my face she rode me up and down, since I had limited mobility I began to tongue fuck her, thrusting my tongue stiff and deep, I knew how much pressure to apply as I sucked her labia licking around in a circular motion. I chewed each pussy lip deep and gnawed her engorged clitoris without mercy, finally she fell on her back so I could tongue her asshole. This was like pouring gasoline on a forest fire, she came screaming and shouting, calling me an ass licking dirty slut boy. Ready again, she mounted me and slowly began her descent on my erect pole, her pussy lips stretched thin as it tried to accommodate its thickness. Her face twisted with obscene pleasure as she continued to impale herself to the hilt, with a grunt she began to ride me as if she were the man, thrusting her pelvis hard against mine. The pain of the whipping subsided to erotic pleasure as she continued to ride me, and for a while I was lost in the tightness and wetness of her pussy. Bearing down hard she began to squeeze, the inner walls of her vagina contracted to milk my cock, I could tell she was close again, rubbing her clit she whispered "cum for me" "I want you to fill me up with your cream." my balls tightened at the sound of her command and I released my load filling her up and triggering another intense orgasm. With the pain of the ordeal subsiding I lay with my eyes closed, her hands began to massage my cock again, I lay there enjoying the fine ministrations of her fingers as they tickled and parted my balls, then a sudden snap and the feel of something hard encasing my member. "What is this ...what are you doing?" I uttered. "Oh ...its your new chastity belt" she smiled "Something to show the little bitch when you bring her over tomorrow."