

Your restraints are red

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Sally gets stricter discipline from someone other than her husband

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Your restraints are red and your blindfold is blue, but tonight my darling, someone else will punish you! He led her slowly to the chair, guided her into a 180 degree turn and helped her sit down. Her breathing was heavy; he could see her breasts rising and falling and he was tempted to touch her; tempted to fondle her through the satin material of her red dress, but he restrained himself. She too was restrained but her restraints were a length of red cord tying her wrists behind her back. She also wore a blindfold; a blue silk scarf, around her eyes. "You have been a naughty girl again haven't you?" He asked softly as his hand rested on her thigh. He could feel the strap of her suspender belt and the stocking fastener underneath her dress. Once again he had to restrain himself; restrain himself from sliding back the hem of her dress until he could see the soft white flesh of her thighs above her stocking tops. He wanted to slide it back further until her black see-through panties were revealed. He wanted to do lots of things to his very beautiful and sexy wife. "Yes Master." She responded, her breath still heavy. He knew just how much she loved these evenings; these special nights when the children went to stay with their grandparents and they had time alone. Sally loved playing the submissive role of a naughty girl and he loved to be the stern Master administering her punishment. On the coffee table in front of them lay a black leather flogger; a brown leather paddle and a riding crop. He would use each one on her bottom, in varying degrees of strength until she was so wet with sexual excitement that she begging for his cock. She once told him that sometimes her orgasms were so intense from his fucking of her afterwards that she would be close to fainting. "What have you been doing Sally?" "I.....I.....I....have been masturbating Sir." She replied softly. "You are a very dirty girl aren't you Sally?" "Yes Sir." He knelt down beside her, his hand still resting on her thigh. "What am I going to do with you Sally?" He asked. "No matter how many times I punish you, you still do it." "Sorry Sir." "Maybe it's time someone else took over disciplining you?" Her gasp was quite audible. He knew just how much she loved the thought of someone else punishing her. "Please Sir. No." She told him. "Why?" He asked her. "It.....it would be so embarrassing and humiliating having another man do that to me." She told him. She was right of course; having another male taking down

her panties and punishing her would be embarrassing; having another male seeing her naked that way; seeing the pink fleshy lips of her pussy pushing out between her thighs as she bent over would be very embarrassing. Having another male holding her dress up as he administered each stroke of the disciplining instrument would be humiliating. She also knew that another male would also punish her more severely; her husband would stop when he saw the severity of the pain etching upon her face, another male would probably continue. In the excitement he would no doubt carry on and disregard her feelings. Then of course was the matter of what else he would expect from her. In the excitement of it all her husband would force her to her knees after beating her and release his erection for her to suck. He would make her take him to the point of almost climaxing; make her take his cock deep in her mouth; make her cup his testicles in her hand as he thrust back and forth, calling her a filthy whore as she gagged. Then when he was ready; when he was ready to fill her womb with his seed he would make her bend over the nearest chair or perhaps kneel on the floor and there he would take her. Fuck her from behind; use her like a whore. Sometimes he would continue to spank her; pull at her hair and call her names as he thrust away at her without mercy or regard for her own pleasure. But that was his right of course. He was her husband; he had rights to her body; he had the right to demand physical satisfaction from her, a stranger had no such rights. But Sally knew that in such circumstances he would demand those rights. As Tom often said to her, "He would expect you to reciprocate the pleasure." "I know it would be embarrassing and humiliating," he told her as he ran a hand over her thigh. "But I think it's time you learnt a real lesson." She gasped again. "Come on." He told her as he suddenly got up. "You can stand in the naughty girl corner while I contemplate this matter." He guided her across the room to a corner and made her stand facing the wall. As usual she would bow her head and think about what would happen next; think about being led across the room to the puffee and laid across it; think about her dress being lifted up over her waist and her panties taken off. She would think about the actual punishment. First the flogger would be used on her; up to twelve strokes given across her thighs and bottom, slowly and purposely delivered. Then would come the paddle; that strip of hard leather that would make her bottom sting even more and make her cheeks very red. Finally he would use the riding crop; the implement of punishment that would break her. Three or four strokes would be enough to bring her tears flowing down her cheeks, but the wetness on her cheeks would be equalled by the wetness between her thighs. By that time Sally was ready for cock. This had not been the first time that Tom had suggested to her that he would bring in another man to take over her discipline. The prospect made it even more exciting for her; although she knew that he would never do it, the thought of another man actually administering the punishment excited her. Secretly she had always hoped that he would get over that barrier of allowing another man to see her body in the same way that he did; secretly she had always hoped that he let another man punish her the way he did and yes, secretly, she would like to be fucked by another man afterwards. Sally stood quietly in the corner of the room with her head bowed and her mind racing ahead while her husband left the room. Tom too was thinking, as he stood outside the lounge door with his mobile telephone in hand, he was thinking whether to do it or not. Outside, parked in a car outside their home was Jim; a man he had met on the internet; a man who was experienced in and

who enjoyed disciplining women. He had met him on an internet spanking blog; saw his posts and saw his pictures. Tom imagined Sally being in the same position as some of women being punished. Within a few weeks they were emailing each other and after discovering that they lived quite close, Jim invited him over to see him in action. Tom took an afternoon off work and travelled across to where he lived and watched Jim in session with a couple of a similar age to him and Sally. Tom saw something that would not only be etched in his memory forever but which would also tip the balance between his feelings of acute jealousy and sexual excitement. He sat quietly in an armchair watching as a man came into the room with a woman dressed as a schoolgirl. He led her to a chair in the centre of the room where Jim was sat with a wooden cane in his hand. The woman stood there with her head bowed as her husband told Jim about her many misdemeanours; the one that stood out more than the rest was her refusal to suck her husband's cock. Tom watched as Jim tapped her across her legs with his cane "So you refuse to suck cock do you?" "Sorry Sir. But I just don't like the taste when that stuff comes out of it" "What gives you the right to refuse to suck your husband's cock?" He said in a stern voice. She bowed her head and remained silent. "Bend over that chair now." He told her as he stood up. She walked across to the wooden chair and bent over it. He said nothing as he lifted her skirt over her waist and tugged at her white cotton panties. "I'll teach you to refuse." He told her as he dragged them to her ankles. Tom jolted in his seat as the first blow struck. It was hard; it was loud; it was painful. A red mark quickly appeared and the woman's scream was followed by sobs. Two more followed in quick succession; both with same force and both with the same reactions, and then he grabbed her by the hair and pulled her to her feet."Let's see if you refuse now?" He said as he started to pull her across the room. Tom looked on slightly horrified as they made their way towards where he sat. The woman's footsteps were slow because of the knickers around her ankles and for a few moments he wondered what was going to happen until he pushed her to her knees in front of him. "You suck whore and you suck good. I don't want a drop spilt." It was only when her trembling fingers started to unbuckle his belt that he fully realised exactly what was happening. He didn't expect this; he didn't even want this but what could he do? He found himself lifting his bottom so that she could take his trousers and boxers down; then he felt her tears on his thighs as she took him in her mouth. She was good; he had to admit. The way she held him in her fingers told him she knew what she was doing; the way she moved he hand up and down his shaft told him that she knew how to bring a man off and the way she used her lips and her tongue on the tip of his cock told him she was an experienced cocksucker. All the time she sucked him and brought him to his climax Jim stood over her, sometimes to tap her thighs hard with the cane, but the whole time was spent urging her on. He called her filthy names; disgusting names; names that he would never use, but names that pushed her on. It was not long before Tom found his eyes closing and his groans escaping from his lips. He could feel it rising from within; feel his cum surging from his testicles; feel it shooting up his shaft and feel it escaping into her awaiting mouth. He groaned loudly through each pulsation as his seed gushed from him and he held her head firmly in his hands until the last drop was gone. Tom had never done anything like this before; never had sex with anyone else present nor been naked and in a state of arousal with anyone else before, other than the person he

was having sex with. He was quite shocked with himself but he didn't let it spoil things. When Jim asked him if he was pleased with her cock sucking he mouthed his approval. "I thought she hurried things." He replied as he grabbed her by the hair and lifted her to her feet. Tom watched as he pulled her across to the settee to where her husband sat. Moments later she was on her knees and doing to her husband what she had done to him minutes earlier. This time she was much quicker. Her husband was already in quite a state of arousal; obviously excited from watching her with himself and he came very quickly. When he was asked if he was pleased he said no though. "She could have done better." He said. This brought Jim to action again. Moments later she was back over the chair getting three more hard strokes of the cane. This time however when he had finished he dropped his trousers and fucked her. Tom sat in astonishment and watched as Jim grabbed her by the hips and took her from behind. He watched each thrust of his cock disappear inside her and then come out again; he could hear slapping of his thighs against hers; he could hear the groans and he could see the lust and aggression. Tom had never seen live sex before. By the time Jim had emptied himself inside her Tom was fully erect again. When Jim pulled away; his cock still stiff and glistening with their juices, he looked at Tom and told him to take his turn. "Fuck the whore." He told him. Tom had never been unfaithful to Sally before; never even really desired to be either, but this was different. He was across the room in seconds and quickly inside her; quickly gripping her hips as she bent over the chair; quickly thrusting hard and deep into her and quickly calling her names. Yes, he found himself copying Jim and calling her a whore. He also found her reaction the same; thrusting against him as she groaned her approval. It didn't take him long to cum; it didn't take him long to find his seed rising again, it didn't take long before he found himself emptying his cum inside her. This time however it was deep inside her pussy and not her mouth. Half an hour later he found himself alone with Jim; the couple had left and they were sat together discussing Sally. "I don't think she is ready for anything as harsh as that." Tom said. "Don't worry." Jim told him. "I take each one differently. Jan likes it hard and rough." He told him. "I will play it by ear." Tom thanked him. "There is one thing though Tom." He said. "I will be expecting to fuck her." Tom looked down at the floor. "That is okay as far as you are concerned isn't it Tom?" Tom nodded. After what he had just done he could hardly refuse. Tom looked at his mobile and began to key in numbers. Moments later he walked to the front door and opened it and let Jim inside. He spoke quietly and nervously as he pointed at the sitting room door. "Sally's in there." He said. Jim patted him on the shoulder and walked away. Sally didn't move as the door opened. She just stood there expectantly waiting for Tom to approach but the steps that she heard were not Tom's. Suddenly the excitement turned to apprehension and as hand alighted on her shoulder, the excitement turned to fear. "I understand you have been a very naughty girl Sally." The voice said. It was a soft and gentle voice but all the same it was a stranger's voice. "Who are you?" She asked as she turned her head. "My name is Jim." He told her. "Tom has asked me to deal with your naughtiness." "Naughtiness?" His hand moved from her shoulder down her back and rested on her hips. "Yes naughtiness Sally. He told her. "You have been a very naughty girl and you need punishing." "Punishing?" "Yes Sally, punishing." "How?" She gasped. "Well looking at the table I would imagine the same way as your husband has been punishing you." He told her. "But with more

firmness.” “Firmness?” She asked. “Yes Sally, firmness.” For a moment there was silence as they stood there. Jim had his hand still resting on her hips letting her know that he was in control of her body. “What are you going to do exactly?” She asked him, breaking the silence. “Well Sally,” he replied. “You are going to tell me what a dirty girl you have been and what exactly you have been doing and then you will ask me to punish you.” He told her. “And then once you have done that you will tell me what instrument I should use on you, after which, I shall take off your panties bend you over that puffee and administer punishment.” Sally gasped. “What if I don’t want you to punish me?” His hand moved from her hips to her bottom. “I don’t think you are in much of a position to stop me are you Sally?” She could feel the heat from his hand through the thin material of her dress and her panties; she could feel the sexual tension rising and she could feel her own wetness. “So tell me what have you been doing then Sally?” He asked as he ran his hand up her back. She said nothing. “It will be extra strokes Sally if you don’t tell me.” “I.....I.....I have been masturbating.” She responded. “Yes, I know Sally.” He said. “Playing with yourself haven’t you?” “Yes.” “A married woman should always ask her husband first before she does that Sally.” He told her. “You didn’t did you?” She shook her head. “So what shall we do about it then?” He asked as his hands moved over her bottom. “Punish me.” She sighed “Who should punish you Sally?” He asked her. She remained silent for a few a moments. “I would prefer my husband to do it.” She said. “But he doesn’t want to do it does he Sally?” She shook her head. “He’s has asked me to do it hasn’t he Sally?” She nodded. “So Sally, who is going to be doing the punishment?” “You are.” He turned her around so that she faced the table and then he reached up and took her blindfold off. For the first time she could see him; she could see the man who was going to be taking down her panties; she could see the man who was going to be punishing her; see the man who was going to bring her pain, the man who was going to excite her more than she could ever have imagined. “Which instrument should I use Sally?” She said nothing. She was still coming to terms with what was about to happen. “Which one is going to make the most lasting impression on your bottom Sally?” He asked her. The choice is yours.” She wanted the flogger; she wanted the softer of the options but she needed the riding crop. She needed to feel pain; she needed to feel punished; she needed to feel that lasting stinging that only a crop could bring. Her eyes were fixed upon the black riding crop that lay on the table. Jim walked over and picked it up and stood in front of her. “It’s this is it Sally?” Sally looked down at the floor. “How many strokes Sally?” She said nothing. “It’s down to you Sally.” He said to her. “You just say how many strokes you want me to give you on your naked bottom?” She could almost visualize her naked bottom across the puffee , raised in the air, ready as an offering for punishment. “S.....s.....six.” She said. “Six Sally?” She nodded. Suddenly his hands rested on her bound hands and he began to guide her to the puffee. She had been guided there many times before; lain across it many times before; had her skirts raised many times before; had her panties stripped away from her many times before and felt the cruel stripes of punishment many times before. But that had always been by her husband; the only man who had ever seen her intimately before; the only man who had touched her intimately before; the only man who had used forced upon her before. The man who was helping her lie across that puffee now was a stranger. As he gently lifted her skirt up over her bottom she felt a surge of sexual

excitement that she had never experienced before. He hadn't even touched her yet and she felt so wet. She could sense his excitement as his hands touched the naked flesh around the waistband of her panties and gripped the elasticated material. He tugged slowly; slowly and deliberately; slowly and purposefully; slowly but surely he tugged them down over her hips, over her thighs and over her ankles. She was naked there now; naked and vulnerable; naked and ready for her punishment. "Keep your hands right up." He told her as he gently moved then up to the middle of her back. "I don't want to hurt them." He told her. He didn't want to hurt her hands; didn't want the crop coming down across her wrists by mistake; didn't want to bring unnecessary pain to her hands. He just wanted her bottom. As she pulled her hands back he adjusted her legs; opened her thighs apart and spread her legs so that they rested either side of the puffed. Any thought that she had of being able to squeeze her thighs together and protect her modesty was gone. Her legs were spread; her pussy was exposed and she was wet. His fingers touched her momentarily between her thighs; touched her intimately; touched the lips of her most secret place. She felt the wetness and so did he. As he tapped her bottom with the crop he spoke again to her. "After every stroke Sally I want you to count and say thank you Sir. Do you understand?" "Yes." She replied. "Yes Sir!" He corrected. "Yes Sir." She said. She could feel the crop against her bottom; resting there; laying there across her two rounded cheeks. She waited and waited. Waited for it to be lifted; waited for the inevitable strike against her flesh, but he held back. When it finally came her bottom leapt in the air and a scream escaped from her lips. It was hard and brutal. She sobbed her count and thank you as he lay the crop across her bottom again, this time a little lower than where the first strike had hit. It came as brutally as the first and as well as a scream there were sobs. "I am sorry to have to do this Sally." He told her. "But it has to be done." "I know Sir." She sobbed. He hit her again, this time with two strokes in quick succession, and then he rested again; allowing her to get her sobbing under control. The final two strokes were also given in quick succession but they were fiercer than all the others. It was ten minutes later before she was composed enough to be lifted to her feet. Her cheeks were wet from her sobs but also were the insides of her thighs. She was soaking from all the excitement. "Feel better now Sally?" He asked her as he put his arm around her. She managed a smile as she nodded. It was then that Tom came into the room. He looked at his wife standing there; looking dishevelled, her face etched with pain and her panties lying on the floor beside her. "I hope she has learned her lesson this time Tom." He told her. Tom said nothing and Sally bowed her head. "You will have to monitor her though Tom." Jim told him. "Check her pussy at regular intervals." "How.....how will I know?" He asked. Jim reached down and lifted the hem of her dress up. "Check her pussy lips." He said. "They will be slightly swollen and very red." He explained as he opened out her cunt lips with his free hand. Sally did nothing to stop him as he exposed her moist lips. Tom looked on aghast but with his erection straining inside his pants. The sight of another man touching his wife so intimately was very arousing. Sally noticed his bulge and so did Jim. "If it's okay with you Tom I will take Sally up to your bed now so she can thank me properly for disciplining her." His jaw dropped as they walked past him; Jim with his hand guiding her bound arms and Sally with head bowed. Once upstairs Jim untied her hands and told her to strip. Sally didn't hesitate; her dress was off her body in seconds. She was

eager. She knew she shouldn't be; she knew she was behaving like a whore; she knew that she was giving herself to a stranger but she was horny. She was eager for sex; eager to open her legs for the man who had punished her so severely; eager to feel his cock inside her; eager to please the man who had taken her to limits she thought she would never reach. As he stepped out of his pants she was on her knees before him with her mouth open; lips ready; tongue ready and hand ready, ready to take his cock and pleasure him. She would liked to have pleased him all the way; liked to have stroked his shaft, cupped his balls and sucked on his cock until he came. She would liked to have taken him all the way so that she could taste his seed; suck his seed; swallow his seed; drain his seed from him, but she also wanted his seed inside him. Sally brought him to full erection and stood up and lifted the duvet for him to climb into the bed. Their fuck was fast and furious; there were no preliminaries; no kissing; no fondling; no caressing and no hesitations. Sally lay back and opened her legs wide for him; opened herself out for him; surrender herself to him. As he climbed between her thighs she reached down to take his manhood and guide it to her eager pussy lips. "Don't wait for me." She whispered. "Just fuck." Five minutes was all it took; five minutes of heavy pounding; five minutes of forceful thrusting; five minutes of ferocious copulating, but it was enough. She screamed as her orgasm came; screamed as her body shuddered under his heavy pounding; screamed as she felt his seed gush inside her. Her bottom stung; her thighs were sore and her pussy felt stretched but she had never felt so complete a woman as she did then. It was ten minutes later when they uncoupled. Tom came into the room just as Jim was lifting himself of his wife. He caught a glimpse of his half erect cock as he withdrew; a half erect cock still glistening from their juices; a half erect cock that was obviously still not fully satisfied. He had heard their coupling; heard the bed springs trying to resist their pounding; heard the timber frame creaking; heard the headboard banging against the wall. He had also heard their cries of passion; heard their grunts and groans; heard their screams of orgasm. Tom had stood at the bottom of stairs listening while his wife took pleasure from another man. He had waited an appropriate length of time; waited for them to recover from their fucking; waited for them to uncouple. There was something he wanted now; something he never thought he would ever bring himself to do; something he had only seen done once before; seen done on that afternoon that he had met Jim. He leant over the bed and kissed his wife and then nervously pulled back the bedclothes. Jim knew what he was about to do but Sally didn't. He had never done it before. He kissed her lips once again and then kissed her neck. As he moved down the bed he kissed her body; kissed her breasts; kissed her stomach and then kissed the top of her mound. He could see her wetness; he could see her juices; he could see Jim's juices trickling out of her opening and he could smell her too. Sally's hands alighted on the back of his head as she suddenly realised what he was about to do; her thighs parted and a groan escaped from her lips. Sally was about to be taken back into orbit again. His tongue dug deep; searched deep inside her; pushed inside her to its limits; tasting; cleansing; extracting and removing Jim's seed. His tongue spent longer inside her than Jim's cock had done but the effect was still the same. Sally screamed out another orgasm as Tom reduced her to a quivering wreck once again. Watching all this had of course taken its toll on Jim. He was hard again; he was ready again; he was eager again and Sally barely had time to recover before his was

between her legs again. Tom sat on the edge of the bed and watched; watched as Jim took his wife again; watched as he pleased her again; watched as he pleased himself again; watched as he emptied his seed inside her once again. It was a good half an hour later when Sally pulled herself off the bed and slipped on her dressing gown. The men had gone downstairs and left her to bask in the afterglow of sex. Tom had a glass of sparkling wine ready for her as she came into the sitting room. The room where it had all began and where her panties still lay on the floor. The instruments of discipline were also still on the table as was the blindfold that she had worn. She picked up the riding crop and looked at it deep in thought for a few moments before looking up at the two men. "And is this to be just a one-off?" She asked. The two men looked at each other. "Well as far as I am concerned it all depends on whether or not you have been a good girl or not." Jim said looking at Tom. "I think Tom realises now that I will always be a naughty girl." Sally said. Tom gave a nervous smile. "I will always be available if needed." Jim said. Sally sauntered across the room to where they stood with the riding crop in her hand and reached up and gave Tom a kiss. "I think Tom also knows that he needs some help in the disciplining department." She said. "Don't you Tom?" Tom nodded. "How often do you think I will be required?" Jim asked. Sally turned to him. "That depends on you." She told him. "But I am always being a naughty girl." "Then it could be very regular then!" Jim said looking at her as she approached him. She handed him the riding crop and reached up and kissed him gently kissed him on the lips. "Well you are the Master aren't you Sir?" She told him as she reached for his groin. Tom watched as she fondled him and watched as Jim responded by slipping his hand under her short silk robe. "You don't mind me taking over do you Tom?" Jim asked him. Tom heard his question but was too engrossed watching Sally fondling Jim's bulge and him reciprocating with his hand between her thighs. Sally turned and smiled. "I think we can take that as a yes." She said as she took his hand and led him out of the room. Her bottom was red and her bruises were blue, but from tonight Tom darling, it's no longer you!