

Awakening Her Desires VII

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The first kiss of his belt brought her more pleasure than she had known existed.

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Monday morning. The sun had risen hours ago. David had called the domestic staff and pleading flu had given them all the week off. He had cancelled every business appointment and social engagement he had made for the same time period. Damn feeding the gossip mill at work. Once he had begun to realise quite how voracious was Charlotte's appetite for his own favourite type of sex play, he wasn't leaving her for a moment when she might have time to reconsider. To recall her staid, respectable C of E upbringing. Her lifelong status as a "good girl, which having time and solitude to contemplate, in company only with her own new aches and pains may well have motivated her to and turn tail and flee from him, even now. She was the fucking crown jewels of fucktoys and he wasn't taking any chances on losing possession of her. After that first round of explosive carnal encounters, having collected Charlotte's fresh glad rags they drove into the glittering city and dined at Fruits of The Sea During the course of that meal, David had got Charlotte to open up to him about what she wanted from him. He had hoped against hope that her enthusiastic acceptance of that first spanking had not been a mere flash in the pan. And he had found he was correct to hope that. After the show stopper at the restaurant he knew she had potential. They had fucked and played; talked and read for two days before he even began to appreciate quite how much potential she had within her. They were not sated yet, either of them. Far from it. They were considering the enormity of the pleasure they could draw from one another in the hours and days to come and how best to maximise that. The depths this relationship might go to were worrying David. He had thought of her as a prize but ultimately he had not thought to become emotionally involved on any level. He never had before. And by god he'd had his share of amazing women. He had begun to realise that this one might be in a different league. The possibilities it might hold. Thrilling possibilities, but for Charlotte, quite frightening possibilities as well. He told her of his long time search for sexual fulfilment. Of unusual tastes he knew he had early on. Of how he struggled against them for a long time. Not ever really feeling they were wrong, but knowing that a large segment of society surely did. He had plans. He had ambitions. As time went on he had a high public profile and a shitload to lose from a scandal

breaking. He had no wish to bring himself into ignominy. To be labelled, with the salacious eye and mind of the tabloid press or gossip mill as “Perverted” “kinky” “deviant.” High class hookers were, David had found, both the most co-operative and the most circumspect of playmates. Extremely high priced hookers as time went by. It was remarkable what a \$1000 an hour escort was willing to do for a fellow, he had often thought. He liked many of them as friends and dinner companions too. And they him. It was a business relationship of course, but it was a very friendly business they were engaged in. Mutually beneficial too. Then, as he became more successful, had access to even more money and a wider social circle, he found others who shared his tastes. Not just the discrete professionals in the field now willing to engage in his fantasies with him, but some of the most “respectable” people in Sydney society. He laughed wryly, telling her though that there had been plenty of the professionals even after he found the volunteers. And in many ways he liked them better and felt more for them than he did many of his newer and better connected amateur playmates. Felt more for them in fact than he had felt for any woman, until Charlotte. He knew now, looking at her, sleeping so innocently in his bed that nothing he had ever felt for any hooker, any jaded socialite, any ambitious actress or aspiring pop star had ever come close to equalling what he felt for this flawless looking young girl, raised on a sheep station and tutored in a mediocre Anglican Girls Grammar School. ** Leaving the restaurant had been an ordeal Charlotte could well have lived without. She had sat waiting for David's erection to subside, watching him across the table, shaking and desiring him with every part of her. She needed to use the loo, but was terrified about the state of her dress. How wet it must be. Surely they'd see. They'd notice. They would know she had been sitting there without any knickers on. Leaking her slutty sex juices all over the furniture. They would stare and titter. Leer and smirk at her. She knew that when that happened she would wish to die of shame. She had tried several times to get David to help her. Between Alain's visits to the table to clear plates, offer coffee, even bringing her an unasked for snifter of Cognac, which she had grasped gratefully, burying her pert, upturned nose into its rim. Inhaling the intoxicating liquor long before it got to her mouth, making her swoon and warm. “ David!” she had hissed at him more than once. “I have to go to the loo, But what will I do about my dress? At the back David. It's wet! ” David, high on the feeling of having her so utterly at his mercy was cruelly less than helpful. He shrugged and frowned slightly each time she pleaded. At one point he said quite carelessly “Well and if they do Charlotte all that will happen is that the men will envy me and the women you. For none of them are about to get the fucking we'll give one another this night, I'll stake my life on that.” Charlotte though was becoming seriously distraught at the notion of it and squirmed in her seat in an agony of discomfort at her bursting bladder and the prolonging of that sensation caused by her refusal to surrender to this, her final humiliating fate. Without her even noticing he was at her back, Alain had suddenly appeared behind her chair. “ Your wrap, Miss” he said softly, a friendly, almost brotherly smile lifting his lips, looking defiantly across the table, not at her but at David. He was stunned that he was risking this, with the boss's best mate seemingly so determined to inflict total humiliation on this poor shaking girl, but Alain was to the tips of his toes a proper gentleman. It was why he was so astonishingly good at his job. And he simply found that he could not watch Charlotte brought this low. His own little role in

the floor-show, well that was one thing. Charlotte had enjoyed that too, he rationalised. But she was not enjoying this. Alain was used to David going a bit too far with the hard bitten tarts he constantly brought here. But it had disturbed him with Charlotte, though he had enjoyed the sight of her body much more than he had any of the others. Still he knew; there were limits and Charlotte had reached hers this evening. She would not need to display her soaked gown to the room at large. Not if Alain could help it. If it cost him his job, so what he reasoned. His reputation in the industry was unequalled. He would not be unemployed for long. " You looked cold Miss, so I fetched your wrap from the cloak room." It was a silk shawl in fact, Gold and luxurious. A huge triangle of fabric every bit as fine as the stuff of Charlotte's probably ruined gown. It had in fact been left behind a week earlier by some visiting American soapie starlet, probably now long gone off to St Moritz for the skiing. At any rate she had never bothered to call about it and Alain had decided, his eye happening to light upon it as he went to fetch a fur for some old cow who was leaving, that it was Charlotte's ticket to regaining her dignity . . . if she would have it from him. Charlotte swung around, shocked at the sound of his voice and took in the beautiful cloth he was holding out to her, and understood immediately the sensitivity to others it had taken, and the courage to risk his job for some silly little slapper who had put herself in this ignominious spot. She found tears springing to her eyes as she gasped out " Oh Alain. How kind. Why are you so kind?" Alain leaned down and spoke quietly very near her ear, all the time keeping his steady eye on David's face. The older man's chiselled jaw setting, as he realised he was being thwarted in continuing his fun by a fucking waiter. " If you stand Miss, I can help you adjust it." And he gently pulled her chair back for her, using his own body to shield the view of her from those still dining behind them, lingering over their own coffees and cognacs, looking around now that their meals were done with more interest at the glamorous looking couple up there in their secluded little nook. As good as his word, Alain gently and expertly arranged the flowing metres of golden silk over Charlotte's passively extended forearms, looking down just enough to ensure that it was indeed hanging well below the garishly damp and darkened tell tale signs of her sensuous little adventure just past. " There Miss." he said in a louder voice, one he wanted David to hear. "All fixed up. You'll be quite comfortable now." Charlotte closed here eyes in gratitude as she felt the protective fabric drape over the evidence of her shameful display. She felt she had not behaved well enough to deserve Alain's chivalry and was all the more grateful to him for that. " Alain. I can't thank you enough" she said, looking into his eyes and seeing the sympathy there and the smile of encouragement. He winked at her too, but unlike David's winks it was not salacious. It was conspiratorial. Two kids besting the mean teacher, and doing it right under his nose. David fumed but held his tongue till Charlotte had closed the door to the ladies. He turned then to deliver to Alain a dressing down, but the boy forestalled him. " I know. You'll have my job for this. Well fuck it. There's other jobs. She's too good for this kind of tackiness, that one. " he said as he inclined his head to the direction Charlotte had gone in. Alain drew himself up. Ready for the verbal assault which would surely bring the boss out from his kitchen. The kicking to the curb. The hunt for new work tomorrow. He was slight and nothing like as tall as David. Barely taller than Charlotte in fact, but his youthful good looks and his steel eyed gaze arrested David momentarily. The kid had guts. And principles. David admired him for

that. Admired him even more for the lack of fear he was showing even now and also for the unspoken words he could feel hanging off the edge of the lad's tongue "She's too good for you." It was in his eyes though. Loud and clear. David, to his credit had the grace to feel a little shamed. He had become far too excited. He had perhaps gone far too far. Being pulled back by someone he thought of as a kid and an underling had shocked, then angered him. But when a man's wrong, it's up to other men to tell him so. David was big enough to admit that. Charlotte was not one of his whores. she was a jewel and it had taken a kitchen lad to make him recall that. He was uncomfortable at the thought he had acted badly towards her. Glad that this boy had had the temerity to stay him, before he damaged her irreparably, though his terrible pride would never allow him to admit it out loud. He held the lad's gaze for a moment and finally merely said "Bring us the bill then Alain and we'll be out of here, I think." The most pleasing shock of Alain's professional life turned out not to be finding a \$500 tip in the bill-fold David handed him after he had held the door for them to exit through, but the discovery of a small note, shoved under her cognac glass in Charlotte's neat little hand saying "I will be forever in your debt, Alain. xxx" He folded it more carefully and secreted it away with greater concern than he had the wad of cash David had left him, in place of the words it would have taken to acknowledge the rightness of the young man's chivalrous actions. *** She was doing really well. He was proud of her. Proud of himself for having seen the potential in her. And he was awestruck by how fucking beautiful she was splayed out on his bed like that, ropes binding her wrists together and then to the bed head. Over her head and quite high up, so that the upper half of her body was forced into an arch. And her pert, perfect breasts were raised up off the mattress...within easy reach of hands grasping from behind. And grasped they had been. Grasped, squeezed, bitten, Nipples rolled and twisted and chewed. Each leg was secured to its side of the bed by the posts at the foot, Tied high and wide. "The view from back here is truly incredible my lovely" he said to her. She was lying face down, arse up on the bolster. Still shuddering and writhing from the strength of her last orgasm. He was none too steady himself at this point to tell the truth. This woman was truly carnal. Pliant, giving, passionate and adventurous. And tantalisingly innocent too. He had introduced her to many erotic pleasures she had never dreamed of this night. And promised her many more. He reached his hand out, and drew it ever so lightly across the peach-perfect cheeks of her upraised arse. He could feel the heat rising from them. Still see in the candlelight the rosy red glow of them, achieved by the weight of his cupped and then his flattened hand. The the light play paddles. She had loved those. Begged for more of them later. He had been so happy to oblige. No other implement though apart from the gentle play paddles. she had liked them. she had liked them a great deal. Nothing too intense. Too off-putting. Not yet. He had wanted to warm her up just right. Warm her up! Jesus Christ. She had barely needed warming. She was smoking hot. Interestingly, she seemed to have quite a high threshold of pain. At one point in the proceedings, with him praising her for her pain tolerance she had informed him it was the product of 10 years of classical ballet. "Toe shoes teach you to grin and bear it." "Explains the flexibility too." he had laughed, throwing her legs back behind her ears and once more burying his face in her sopping mound. They had discussed it all in some detail in the car on the way home. After he had slapped her arse raw in that car park, with the security camera taping

it all. Holding her skirt up around her waist. Bent over the bonnet of the jag, hands outstretched before her. She had come at least twice during the fifty hard whacks he gave her. He had damn near come himself watching her. At home, in his room, he had explained to her how we wished to proceed. If she wished to try something she had only to ask. He would not force anything on her. He would stop whenever she said he had gone far enough. He would use no implements to spank her (yet). He would make no suggestions (yet) Give her no orders. It was all up to her. If she wanted to explore, he was delighted to be her guide. But she had to ask. "David, please twist my nipples really hard" "David, please slap my arse" "David please tie me up." And ask she certainly had. She had asked, pleaded, beseeched, and finally wailed the strength of her desires. She had come so many times even David had lost count. "Fuck bunny" he nuzzled her neck as his long fingers pushed inside her still convulsing quim, and his thumb rolled lazily back and forth across her clitty.. So hot and wet and swollen down there. Her tight little pussy seemed to clutch at his fingers, contracting around them again and again...she was doing it deliberately...clenching the muscles in there, trying to draw him further in. His other hand roamed across her inflamed buttocks again. He used a firmer touch this time and she stirred, twitched - wincing a little. But the moan which escaped her lips sounded born more of pleasure than of pain to David. Or at least, maybe equal measures of each. "Oh God fuck you're beautiful!" he exalted. "and insatiable" He loomed over her, put his mouth all around her ear, poking at it with his tongue. Nibbling. Biting her lobe. She yelped and giggled. Then he whispered hoarsely right into her ear: "Would you like me to fuck you again baby? From behind...while you're tied up and helpless?" "Oh yes ...yes please, David" Whack! He brought his cupped hand down on her ar\$e and she yelped...much louder this time. "Well I am afraid you little minx that I might need an hour or two to arrange that. You've fair drained the old bull for now." He ran his hand over her tender ar\$e again, fleetingly drew his fingers over her soaking, turgid pussy. Ran the tips of his fingers along the line of her spine, Massaged the nape of her neck, kissed it, licked it, bit at it. She began to moan again and he said: "Oh no. I need a rest Charlotte - Charlotte my deceptively demure little Harlott - a long rest and some sustenance." He rose from the bed then, standing beside her looking down. There she was, staked out for him to take as he pleased. He shuddered in a very pleasant way and knew for certain, that this one was going to be different. Better. Sublime. "But I think we'll leave you tied up like that darling while I pop off to the kitchen to make coffee and a sandwich." He leaned down to her, grazing her cheek with his forefinger,. She could smell her sex juices, mixed with his own rich musk on the finger and it set her pulses racing again. WHACK! His hand came down on her upraised arse without warning or [preamble. Hard and sharp. She inhaled and squirmed with wicked pleasure. "There's a little something to remember me by while I'm gone." He left the room to the echo of her yelp...and the deeply erotic sound sound of her moans and whimpers. He smiled. Oh yes. She was going to be the one. ** "David?" "Yes gorgeous?" Kissing her in the small of the back. Raining light little touches of his lips over the curve of her spine. The rising crescents of her buttocks. He ran his hand ever so softly over her ar\$e. She jumped and twitched. Shuddered. Gave small whimpers of pleasure and a tiny moan. She whispered something inaudible, face turned into the pillow. He grinned. Oh. The vixen. She'd come up with something interesting then. He had noted with

amusement that the more interesting and adventurous of her suggestions were being offered with some shyness. The hand he had laying on her arse cheek slowly closed around the firm, hot, reddened flesh. Squeezing firmly and steadily. "Speak up my dear. Enunciate clearly, there's a good lass" She looked back at him, straining to get a look at him. When she finally managed it, she flushed bright red and laughed. "You did hear me!" David was sitting beside her, his beautifully crafted black kid belt in his hand. A grin spreading from ear to ear. "I knew before you asked me precious. I could feel it in my soul." He doubled the belt over in his right hand and hefted it once, twice, three times...into the palm of his left. The echoing quality of the "crack" at each landing of the belt in the quiet room had a tantalisingly lovely effect on Charlotte. Most particularly on her derriere, which twitched and trembled in anticipation. She was bent over the bed, feet barely touching the floor, legs spread wide, her wet luscious lady-parts temptingly open to his gaze. And to his hand and tongue; teeth and cock. He had made good use of all above appendages on them too. On it, in it, over it and around about it, he thought to himself smugly. What a grand little fuck she was. Transporting. He had thought she might be alright to have a bit of a go on. A distraction. A refreshing change from the jaded (though undeniably beautiful and highly skilled) women with whom he generally cavorted. Then, when he had tired of her, he had thought to offer her some nice overseas post. A promotion and a Business Class ticket the hell out of his way. It was not as if her abilities in the work place didn't merit recognition. It would work beautifully for both of them. What a fool! Tired of her? Christ how could any man ever tire of this? He couldn't think of any good reason to have her anywhere in the world other than where she was right now. In his bed. Prone. Utterly at his mercy. Willing it seemed to let him try anything he asked of her. He smiled and spoke very softly. "Charlotte, you're going to have to prepare yourself for this sweetheart. It has a different feel to the hand. Or those little play paddles. Very different." She whimpered pathetically, squirming and grinding her hips into the edge of the bed. Hands tightly bound behind her now. Bent at the elbow. Each hand grasping the opposite forearm, to keep them safely out of the way of anything which might happen to be whistling down on her lovely bottom. "It will be only a sting at first. When it falls. A sharp sting. The real pain comes a second after that. A hotter pain than from my hand or the paddles by far. Spreading out over your buttocks. A meaty pain. Fiery and quite sustained. Are you prepared for that? No shame in backing out baby. No shame at all." He held his breath, rubbing her buttocks, subconsciously pressing down hard on her inflamed globes with the tension that was building in him. He fully expected her to back out. He had to give her the chance to do so, but he hated the very idea of it. He waited with baited breath for her reply. She took a deep breath, quivering from head to foot. He clearly saw a light sheen of sweat break out on her brow and then her back as she looked over her shoulder at him. He met her gaze full on. Looked right into her eyes and smiled gently. Leaning forward he kissed her tenderly, his hand now resting far more lightly on her quivering arse. It worked, as he had known it would. "Yes. David. I'm sure." His till now flaccid, exhausted cock sprang to attention at her words. She saw it and laughed wickedly. "Tempress!" he growled and slapped her lightly. "Right." He cleared his throat and shook his head to clear it. Christ she was intoxicating. But he couldn't get carried away. She was akin to some marvellous thoroughbred. She may need a taste of the whip to tame her a tad, but it would

be counter productive to break her spirit with too enthusiastic an application of it, too soon in the training regime. "Your bottom will be tender Charlotte. You took so many whacks, you brave naughty girl." He nuzzled her neck and explored between her widespread legs with his fingers as he spoke to her. "I won't strike you hard. I won't follow through. Glancing blows. That bounce off. They will sting and smart, rather than hurt and bruise. I don't want to bruise that beautiful arse. That would be a crime against mankind." She swallowed hard. "How many times?" she asked in a small, clear voice. Oh good girl. Knows already to prepare herself. To get in the head space needed to ride a session through. Giving herself a target to reach. But precocious brat she was she was a bit ahead of herself here. "I won't decide how many Charlotte. You will. You'll count for me, OK? As each blow lands, if you decide you are ready for another, count out.... loud and clear "That's one, sir. Thank you Sir." She looked at him, taken aback. "Wha....??" "Say it after me Charlotte. So I know you understand how this works. It's very important for your comfort and safety that you know how this works." He kissed her neck again and growled as much as whispered at her. "Now say it : "That's one, Sir. Thank you Sir!" She looked at him. "Must I really call you Sir ?" "I would like it very much if you did, Charlotte." Holding his breath now Wondering how difficult she would be to convince to add for him this thrilling and essential little embellishment. "That's one Sir! Thank you Sir!" Her retort rang out sharply in the silent room. He gazed down at her, beaming his approval. "Oh lovely Charlotte. "Kissing her deeply, passionately. "Thank you baby. Thank you so much." He adjusted himself, excited beyond belief. Licked his lips several times. Fought to control his breath. Slow it down. Christ if he wasn't careful he'd blow his load over her back while he thrashed her. She was so fucking exciting. "Now most important Charlotte. When you want me to stop . . . when you decide you can't take any more, I want you to say. "Please Sir. Can I rub my bottom now?" And as soon as you do I will untie you, and you can do just that, OK?" Her breath was a little ragged already. Her eyes filled with desire, but also with apprehension and the edges of some raw fear and panic. Good. Good. Adrenalin was a great pain killer. A little fear would stand her in good stead. "You ready darling?" He asked her. Playing his left hand over her smooth rounded buttocks as he knelt beside her on the floor. "Yes" she said in her clearest voice. Oh god she was fantastic. She was getting herself psyched...no coaxing from him. Pumping up. Getting tough. Getting ready to take what he had in store for her. He thrilled at her courage. But he had to correct her. Start as you mean to go on. "Yes what?" She looked puzzled for a moment and then realisation dawned. A small, wicked smile played at the corners of her mouth as she spoke. Loud and clear...and sexily drawled: "Yes Sir, Mr Fordham Sir. What ever you say Sir!" He roared approval in his laugh. It was her cheeky brat phrase. The one she had been using on him in the office for two years now. The one that said "Pull your head in. Don't get too bossy or I'll slap you down!" "Fuck woman, you're incredible!" And he kissed her again. Hard and long and deep. Then withdrew his mouth and turned his attentions once more to the belt and the task ahead of him with it on her lovely, virgin bottom. "Right then young lady. Buns up! Nice high presentation baby, just like for the paddles. Keep that arse up as high as you can." She rose on her toes. Inched further across the bed and dug her upper body into the mattress for support. Arching her elegant back. Head turned to the side. Trembling with anxiety and desire in about equal measure. A few test swipes in the air

made bone chilling cracks as the doubled over leather slapped together. She shuddered and shivered and felt herself get floodingly wet again. David saw it too. He rubbed the flat of the belt slowly over her buttocks. Over her swollen vulva. Rubbed it gently against her clit. Hinting of the pleasure its sting could hide within it. "Breathe deep baby. Deep and slow. Don't hyperventilate OK? The pain can make you do that. I'll guide you through it." "Sir. Thank you Sir!" Clear and loud and sexy. "Kay baby...good girl." He dropped one more feather-light kiss on the soft nape of her neck and then CRACK!! "Ahhhhhh!!" her stifled scream was high, shocked. Almost choking off in her throat. Her head shot up like a bullet and her whole body jerked on the bed. She panted, high pitched and frantic, like an animal pursued. Her eyes shot round the room wildly, in fear, as if looking for what evil force had assailed her poor tender arse. He waited seconds that felt like hours before she said, clear and strong. "That's one Sir. Thank you Sir!" CRACK!! "That's two Sir. Thank you Sir." Tears edged into her eyes and she shook her head to clear them. Oh god the pain was so much more than she had expected. She bit her lip hard to distract her from the much worse searing pain behind her. It burned and screamed at her, and settled to a an aching throb before the next blow landed, taking her back, teetering on the edge of her tolerance. She wanted it to stop. With all there was inside of her she wished for it to stop. But she had promised him. Promised she would be brave. She struggled to master her shaking legs, and finally managing to do so, raised her beautiful peach shaped buttocks up, arching her back once more. Presenting for him so perfectly. Just as he had positioned her at the beginning, asking her to try for that spot always, as it afforded him a target he found so mesmerisingly beautiful. He could see her struggling with the pain. Winning against it. Christ she turned him on so fucking hard. CRACK!! "That's..thr-three Sir. Thank you Sir!" Her arse squirmed and writhed reflexively. He could see her struggling to get it high, again, but it seemed to have a mind of its own and that mind was to hide away from the burning pain. He rubbed his face against her back, at the delicate, cello like curve where her arse began to rise from the small of her back. Kissed her. Licked at her bound hands which rested just above there. "OK baby?" "I- I don't know." her small voice caught and she buried her face in the mattress and began to sob quietly. "Want me to stop baby? No shame in three. Sweetie. Three is amazing for your first time. Three before any tears at all. Brave baby. Such a brave girl!" He kissed her again, holding his breath, waiting to see if she had heard his desperation. His driving need to thrash her again. To watch those muscles in her arse spasm and quiver at the blows. To hear her whispered screams and tortured whimpers. "You don't – you don't want to stop." It was a statement, not a question. Breathlessly uttered, as she fought for control of herself. David thought of lying and saying he just wanted to fuck her. Shit he would fuck her and enjoy it thoroughly, even if she never let him lay a hand on her arse again. But the possibility that this could go all the way. That possibility was still very much alive. So he tried for what he told himself would be the last time. He told her precisely what he was thinking and trusted her to discern within those simple words the truth of his needs and desires. The strength of them. The possibilities for them both if this experiment went any further. "No baby I don't want to stop. But it's not up to me. It's up to you. Tonight all the power is yours baby. You direct me. You tell me. When to start. When to stop. Tonight you're in charge baby. You need to show me how far we might go. Where we might be

looking to take this. Later, if you agree, I will take command of you. I will decide when and how often. How hard and with which implements I'll thrash you. But tonight sweetie it's you at the wheel. It's the only safe way. Till we find your threshold, together." He was rocking, unseen behind her, with his need to keep going with the belt.. She felt the tears slide from here eyes. Her arse was burning, Throbbing with a pain she had never experienced before. A sustained, fiery, lashing pain. But her slit was slick and wet with the juices those blows had forced out of her too. And the need to continue in his voice was palpable, though his words told her over and over it was OK to stop. She loved him so much. She knew it. Had known it for months before he fucked her. Before he spanked her in the forest that Sunday afternoon. She had fallen in love with him that morning in her poky little office, when she had made him coffee and he had so quickly stopped looking as if he wanted to make her cry. Stopped being being mean and angry with her at all and spoken to her and laughed with her as if she were his equal and his ally. He knew so well how to allay her fears. "Keep - keep going David. Go to six. I can take six. I'm almost certain I can." He leaned forward and kissed her lovingly. Gently. With infinite gratitude and before he knew he would say anything at all to her it was out in a choked whisper. "I love you Charlotte." Jesus it had been 20 years since he had said those words to another living soul. But he meant it. He knew he did. With every fibre of his being he loved this woman-child, strapped to his bed, fighting back her tears and her terror and telling him to do what she knew he needed so desperately to do. Charlotte felt as if she could have taken 100 lashes with a horsewhip to have heard those words fall so naturally from his lips. "I love you too David." Her tears now were of joy now. Her pain forgotten. Soothed away by the warmth of his love for her. "I was just too proud to say it before you did." He lay his head down against her back. "Don't ever knock your pride Charlotte" he said to her as he kissed and licked at her red, swollen arse cheeks. "It'll stand you in good stead all your life, my sweet, brave little love." He straightened, raising the belt again. "Ready baby?" "Ready Sir. Yes Sir." Her voice was once again strong and pure and clear. "CRACK!!" Ahhhhh! "Four Sir. Thank you Sir!" Charlotte had begun to squirm and writhe again, but not in pain this time. At least not to to get away from the pain. Suddenly it seemed to her as if she needed not to escape from the pain, but to move further within it. CRACK!!! "Fi-five Sir. Th-thank you Sir!" She had begun to quiver all over. Not just the reflexive twitching of her poor tortured arse cheeks that had held his fascinated gaze thus far. But her legs, shaking uncontrollably as they struggled to hold her. Her head thrashing about on the bedding. Her hips ground repeatedly into the solid wooden foot of the bed she was bent over, trying desperately to stimulate her engorged and throbbing clit. David held his stiff penis in one hand as he brought the belt down on her upraised, squirming bottom once again. "CRACK!" Harder than any of the other times. Charlotte screamed. An ear piercing, shrill and sustained cry of mixed agony and ecstasy . Her whole slender body convulsed as she half stood, half lay there, bound and beaten, whimpering and writhing and keening her way to what was the deepest, longest lasting orgasm of her young life. He threw the belt aside and rammed himself into her. Buried his thick shaft into her up to the hilt. Her legs reacted like they were sprung, shooting up and out behind her, Grasping him around the waist and pulling him hard up against her. Locking those strong calves behind his back and grinding herself in deep hard circles onto his throbbing cock. Literally screwing

herself onto him. She screamed and bucked again as she did so, her last orgasm not passed before the next massive one hit her again. He hammered at her, knowing that he had no control over how long this might last. He was going to blow. There was no list of numbers known to man that would hold back this rising tide of passion and satisfied need within him. Charlotte was keening again and getting ready to go off once more. Her orgasms so powerful and so numerous now that they had ceased to be individual events and become one all encompassing tide of pleasure, rising like a floodgate had opened within her soul. She was incoherent and so was he. They bucked and writhed against one another, his pearly semen shooting out of him as if there were no end to it. He couldn't believe he was still convulsing reflexively, still had a sustained roar in his ears and the unconscious thrusting of his hips into her, long moments after his fountain had ceased to spurt its fluid out. He collapsed on top of her, gasping out little words of love and adoration. Grazing his face against her shuddering back, his hands making blind, loving strokes over any segment of her exposed flesh they could find. Eyes closed, his heart thumping so hard it was making the skin of his chest bounce against her silken soft flesh. He slowly began to return to reality. The first cogent thought he had being "Christ what have I done to her?" her arse felt like it was on fire against his sweat soaked loins. He struggled to get up and looked down at her exposed and still quivering bottom. Angry scarlet welts stood out in clear relief against the already reddened skin. Clear, individual wide stripes. Six of them in all. Six with the belt had brought her to orgasm on her first fucking night under his practised Disciplinarian's hand. He could define the criss crossing of their landing sites. The last three must have been agony for her, coming as they had necessarily had to, on top of the fresh welts of the first lot. Yet it had been those three that had made her come. Oh yes. Yes. She was the one. She was the one he had been waiting all his life for. ** The weather had, during the course of Sunday, taken an unexpectedly cool turn. They took advantage of the unseasonable chill to light a fire and frolic in front of it. The fire had been lit in the library for hours now and its warmth had permeated every corner. Piles of cushions had been pulled up in front of the fire and a cashmere blanket drawn over the girl curled in the centre of it all, poring over a pile of drawings and folios, leather bound diaries and manuscripts written in the most beautiful copperplate script, with pencil and charcoal drawings scattered throughout their pages. Drawings of naked young women. Hands bound, plump little bottoms presented. Bottoms which had been or were about to be striped with cane marks, thrashed with belts. Reddened by paddles. Her face was rapt. She held a steaming mug of tea in one hand and the Ibuprofen bottle on the floor at her side foretold of some relief to be found soon from the pounding head and other little hurts she had been left with as a result of the wine with dinner and then the exertions that had followed it. She squirmed sensuously at the memory of those exertions, and felt the stinging rawness between her legs, the tight stiffness at the insides of her thighs. The sharp sting of her luscious young arse if she moved off her side, and tried planting it flat down upon any surface. They were all, she deeply appreciated, delicious reminders of the night just spent with her new love and lord. She smiled lasciviously to herself. Yes there was some pain. At times last night she had thought that perhaps there was too much pain. She had used her safe word two or three times. But she had got through it, in the main marvellously well. She had in the end flown through it. Soared to

an orgasm, under no other stimulation than David's skilfully applied kid belt to the tender, recently hand and paddle warmed cheeks of her beautiful arse. That orgasm, she knew, had been stronger than any other she had experienced. Stronger even than that first time he had really fucked her and she had come three times in the few closing moments of his pounding of her swollen, clutching, love starved little quim. The pain was not of in and itself something she relished. But it was the hallmark of those delicious reminders. She could not only bear it. She was glad of it. So glad she could have sung out her joy and her pleasure unbounded at experiencing it. For as well as memories of pleasures past, those twinges of pain she was feeling now held within them rich promise of what else still lay in store for her. And what lay in store would take her to realms of pleasure she had not dreamed possible until David began to draw her his erotic navigation charts. He would guide her safely through the stormy seas of unbridled pleasure. Of that she was certain. David, walking back into the room with yet another armful of volumes and folios was brought up short by the sight of her. Framed in the firelight. Dressed now not in the sexy green gown she had worn to dinner, but in his own cream silk pyjama top. The shoulders of it flopping around her slender frame, the hemline reaching almost to her knees. His breath was indrawn audibly. Her black hair was pulled back into a pony tail, face scrubbed clean of make up, reading glasses perched on her perfectly upturned nose. She was a damned fine looking girl, but Christ, there were hidden qualities to her that he hadn't even dared hope for. " Ah! So you're still checking through the private collection of the esteemed Sir Frances Dashwood, I see. Quite the Libertine, wasn't he? I have more, if you're interested." Her response to the tacit question, deliberately understated at the end of the sentence, was just what he had hoped for. She looked up, holding out eager hands. "Oh goody. Let me see! Let me See !!"