

Sarah Learns The Hard Way

By purplepelican69

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A gorgeous young secretary pays the price for opportunist theft

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Henderson surveyed the young blonde sitting nervously in front of him and mentally swiftly assessed his options. Sarah had been marched into his office after having been apprehended by one of the ever-vigilant store detectives, spotted slipping a bottle of expensive perfume into her handbag when she had thought herself unobserved. Now, as Head of Security, the action to be taken was in his hands. Of course, Henderson was very well aware of the correct procedure in matters such as this - he had held his current post for six years and was vastly experienced - but, gazing at the very pretty young woman anxiously facing him across his desk, he couldn't help but let his mind wander to possible alternatives. "So, Sarah," he began sternly, "You apparently thought it would be so easy to steal from us and just calmly walk out of the door. But as you have now discovered, our security procedures are sophisticated and very efficient. I must also make it clear to you that it is this Company's strict policy to prosecute offenders on each and every occasion, which will of course mean police involvement, a court appearance, and possibly coverage in the local newspapers." He glanced across at the girl, and noticed her lower lip begin to quiver slightly. "Oh, please, sir....it was....it was just a spur of the moment thing. Really and truly, I never planned to take the perfume....it was just a silly impulse. Please, can I pay for it now - with extra money if necessary - but please, I'm begging you, please don't call the police...." Henderson was unmoved. "Do you know, Sarah," he said, "If I had a pound for every time somebody who had sat where you're sitting now had said that to me, I'd be a millionaire by now." The girl was on the verge of tears. "Oh, please, please give me a chance to make things right," she whispered, her voice hoarse with terror, "I've just started a fabulous new job as a PA and if this gets out....." With that, she burst into sobs. Henderson let her cry for a couple of minutes whilst he considered his next move. She really was a very attractive young woman - nineteen or twenty years of age, perhaps? - and with her big blue eyes and well-styled blonde hair he could easily envisage her as a smart and successful PA to some City big shot, dressed as she was in a crisp white blouse and quite short dark blue pleated skirt. She had extremely shapely legs and in her agitated state was frequently nervously crossing and uncrossing them, her nylons whirring softly against each other as she accidentally provided him with tantalising glimpses of her light brown stocking tops. Henderson placed his fingers to his lips as though deep in profound thought, then spoke gently. "Well, Sarah, as I've said, the Company's policy in these kind of cases is very

strict....but I have to admit, it would seem a pity for a young lady of your tender years to incur a criminal record for what would seem to be a relatively minor misdemeanour. Especially, as you say, you've just started a promising new job. So, if you are agreeable, I might be able to suggest an alternative course of action." Sarah could hardly believe her ears. There was a chance she would be forgiven? "Oh, please sir, thank you so much....I'd be so grateful...." she stammered. Henderson's palms grew sweaty and his heart began to pound. He felt that he was on safe ground. "Well," he continued, as calmly as he could manage, "Upstairs on the third floor we have a storeroom that's hardly ever used. It's soundproof, and I have the only key. If you are prepared to follow me up there now - and I stress that this is completely off the record and strictly between ourselves - then I will carry out a private punishment to settle this unfortunate affair, and we can forget about involving the police." Sarah felt a wave of relief wash over her - but tempered with a dreadful feeling of apprehension. "Wh....what will I have to do?" she whispered, terrified of his reply. Henderson swallowed hard. "I'll be frank. I will require you to raise your skirt to your waist, remove your underwear, and then arrange yourself across my knee so that I may administer a hard spanking upon your bare bottom." Sarah suddenly went lightheaded. Surely she had misheard? She wasn't sure exactly what he was going to suggest, but this was absolutely outrageous. The thought of removing her undies and letting a man so much older than herself smack her naked backside was just too awful to contemplate. She was already going hot and cold at the mere notion. "But....but....I don't think I could bear it if you did anything so rude...." she stuttered, "I think I'd die of embarrassment if you.....if you....." Her voice trailed off. Henderson's lips set in an uncompromising line. "Very well," he said, "I understand if you consider my alternative too humiliating. I'll ring the police now." Again, the prospect of police attention swept over Sarah and she burst into tears once more. Oh, God, how could she have been so stupid as to have got herself into such a mess. "No, wait...." she blurted, "Please don't telephone." She took a deep breath. "If you promise faithfully that nobody else will know, then....then....I'll do it." "Of course," murmured Henderson, confident now that his prey was in the bag, "Don't forget, I've just as much reason as you have for keeping this private." With that, he rose briskly from his chair and headed for the office door, motioning Sarah to follow him. The staircase up to the third floor was quite steep and Henderson was careful to let her proceed ahead of him, not remotely out of politeness, but so he could follow the girl up the stairs and enjoy the view up her short skirt in the process. Sarah was relieved that they encountered none of the other staff during the brief journey to the storeroom, even though she guessed that it was unlikely that anyone would suspect the purpose of her visit. They reached their destination, and Henderson unlocked the door and ushered Sarah inside. The storeroom was dusty and empty, apart from an old leatherbound desk and a battered Chesterfield settee. Sarah watched as the key was turned in the lock, and her heart sank. She knew there was no escape now. Desperate to get the ordeal over as soon as possible, she put on as brave a face as she could muster. "H....how far do I have to undress?" she whispered, her voice trembling with embarrassment. "Pull your skirt right up to your waist, and then take your underwear off," replied Henderson in little more than a croak. Sarah hesitated for a moment. "I'm wearing nylons and a suspender belt - shall I take those off too?" She blushed deeply as she

suddenly realised the humiliating significance of discussing her underwear with a man so much older than herself that she'd met less than an hour before. Henderson was almost beside himself with delight. "No, just your most intimate garment will be perfectly satisfactory," he replied, suddenly very conscious of his penis stirring in his trousers. Sarah took a deep breath, then slowly lifted her tight pleated skirt up to her waist. Her soft cheeks flushing deeply with embarrassment, she placed her thumbs nervously in the elastic waistband of her pantiebriefs, then lowered them to her knees before daintily raising her right ankle and slipping them completely off. Henderson gazed at the young woman in awe, his eyes greedily devouring her nylon-clad legs and the triangle of soft down at the top of her thighs, her magnificent fleshy white bottom now brazenly displayed for his delight. He moved awkwardly towards the Chesterfield, his manhood now stiffening rapidly and stretching his underpants. He sat in the middle of the settee, and beckoned Sarah to him. She shuffled across apprehensively, mentally steeling herself for the ordeal to come, and rather awkwardly arranged herself across the man's knee. Henderson couldn't believe his luck. He had thought that his opportunities of having a gorgeous young woman under his control, her skirt round her waist, her panties off and showing her stockings and suspender belt were long gone. He wrapped his left hand around Sarah's slim waist and enjoyed her low gasp of horror as his right hand proceeded to explore her shapely bottom, the soft fleshy cheeks yielding under his lascivious touch, his eager fingers probing her tight warm cleft. "Are you ready?" he muttered. Sarah was too nervous to reply, and simply nodded and swallowed hard. C R A C K! His first assault was on her right bottomcheek, hard and uncompromising, echoing around the room like a pistol shot. Sarah gasped, and instinctively tried to rise, but Henderson had a firm grip on her waist and held her tightly. S M A C K! The second blow was even harder, delivered to the girl's left nate this time, making her bare behind leap and judder. Henderson felt as though his cock would force itself out of his trousers. S M A C K, C R A C K, S M A C K! Now the slaps were raining thick and fast on the young woman's unprotected bottom, her cries and desperate pleas ignored by her tormentor and fuelling his excitement. Sarah was just thankful that he had assured her that the room was soundproof as it would have been too much to bear if anyone had heard the sounds of her chastisement. The heat and agony she felt from her backside was unlike anything she had experienced before and she realised that he was not going to stop until she'd had the hiding of her young life. Accepting that begging for mercy would be pointless, she buried her head in the seat cushion, shuddering and groaning as this unspeakable man abused her bottom with relish. Harder and faster he smacked her quivering cheeks, his delight soaring to fever pitch as her lovely legs opened and closed involuntarily, giving him glimpses of her tight pink quim. Finally, after what seemed like a lifetime to Sarah, the blows finally stopped. Sarah turned her head and saw that Henderson was very flustered and red in the face. She groaned loudly. Her bottom was on fire and felt as though it was twice its normal size. "Is....is it over?" she whispered. Henderson surveyed his handiwork carefully. The girl's behind was fiery red and he knew he must have tanned every square inch of her buttocks, but his mission had been accomplished and Sarah had been taught a lesson she would never forget. But the massive erection in his underpants was an urgent reminder that there was unfinished business. "Yes, Sarah, your spanking is now successfully

concluded," he confirmed, to the girl's immense relief, "But I require your assistance to solve another immediate problem." Sarah knew full well what was likely to happen next, but strangely enough, rather than a feeling of dread, she found to her surprise that completely unexpected stirrings of excitement were making themselves felt deep in her entrails. Of course, she had no feelings of lust for this man who was almost old enough to be her grandfather, but allowing him to see her naked from the waist down had undeniably made her feel very randy. She enjoyed having intercourse with her boyfriend, but he was her own age, and the idea of having sex with someone older and much more experienced, and especially under these most unique conditions, was undoubtedly a rather thrilling prospect. Henderson seemed to sense the girl's compliant attitude, and his eyes narrowed. "Stand up and take off your skirt, blouse and bra" he commanded, already starting to remove his own clothes. Sarah rose from the settee and swiftly unfastened her blouse buttons, pulling the garment off her shoulders and casting it to one side. Without pausing, she unzipped her pleated skirt and worked it down her hips, stepping out of it as it dropped to the floor. Inhibitions now departed, Sarah reached behind her to unfasten her bra, removing her last item of underwear defiantly, her large milky-white breasts juddering free. She slipped off her high heels and stood in front of Henderson, completely naked apart from her nylons and suspender belt. Henderson was now down to his underpants, and beckoned Sarah to approach him. "Take them down," he muttered, through clenched teeth, "Pull them right off." She stepped forward, her eyes fixed in astonishment at the huge throbbing bulge in his tight pants, then slipped her small hands into the waistband and tugged them down to his knees. "Oh my God!" she gasped as his erect manhood sprang to attention, "It.....it's ENORMOUS!" She had considered her boyfriend's cock to be quite impressive, but this was in a different league, fully ten inches long and much thicker than she had imagined. "Suck it" commanded Henderson, sweat glistening on his brow, his face contorted with lust. Sarah dropped to her knees and carefully took the bulbous end of the twitching circumcised penis between her pretty lips, rubbing the long shaft with her right hand and gradually easing more of his rigid length into her mouth, feeling it stiffen even more as her lips and tongue set to work. Henderson placed one hand on her shoulder and the other behind her head to gently encourage her efforts, moans and groans forcing their way from his throat as the girl enthusiastically fellated him, her pendulous breasts brushing against his knees as she sucked his cock harder and harder. After ten minutes of unbridled ecstasy, Henderson knew he could resist no longer. Carefully steering the girl's head to one side and releasing his engorged member, he moved back to the Chesterfield and lay on his back, encouraging Sarah to straddle him. Placing his hands under her soft bottomcheeks, Henderson slowly lowered the young woman until his penis was nudging her juicy opening. Despite his size, his cock was by now easily stiff enough to penetrate her instantly, slipping into her well-lubricated quim with a loud squelch. They fucked carefully at first, Henderson's hands holding her nylon tops to control the speed of her thrusts, then gradually quickening to a furious tempo as their passion accelerated. Sarah was screaming involuntary obscenities, her bottom thrashing wildly as her soaking womanhood stretched wider as she tried desperately to accommodate even more of his cock. Henderson waited until her hoarse cries signalled her fast-approaching climax, then groaned with uncontrolled ecstasy as he squirted warm

jets of semen deep into her entrails, Sarah's head sinking on to his chest as spasms of euphoria racked her body. When Henderson returned home that evening, his wife greeted him as usual with a smile and a peck on the cheek. "Busy day, dear?" she enquired, handing him a gin and tonic. "Oh, you know....quiet" he replied, sinking into his armchair and flicking on the TV, "Nothing exciting ever seems to happen in the Security business."