

# Scotch

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Published on Lush Stories on 26 Mar 2008

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/scotch.aspx>

"Scotch is your safety." I simply nod in reply, body quivering. You're wearing the cologne that you know drives me crazy. You haven't shaven, and the thin, light stubble gracing your cheek scratches the skin on my neck as you whisper this into my ear. I'm all ready naked and cold, but your body is warm and I feel almost disappointed as you pull back, running a hand down the skin of my back. I know I won't use the safety word you've reminded me of - It's more for you than for me. I know you won't hurt me past the point that I need to use it, but it means you'll comply to my fantasies - Of course, you know more about this more than me, so I'll accept your need for the word. I never know, maybe I'll need it one day. I've asked you to treat me like this, and you've agreed. You know I'm young, and only had sex with a few other men, far too close to my age to excite me. I like how firm you can be and how excited you make me with the rules you've prescribed and how I'm treated when I defy you (mostly on purpose because sex with you is always better when I'm being punished). I like how you're older and more experienced. That's why when you found me on my knees, finger fucking myself, I came the second our eyes met. I'm not allowed to touch myself, or climax without your permission. Two rules broken meant a punishment and that pushed me over the edge. And now I'm getting what I deserve. I'm sure the first time I asked you to punish me I surprised you... You had probably thought me more prudish than that, but you rose to the task wonderfully and now I goad you almost as often as I think I can get away with it. You sit on the bed, telling me to come to you. I straddle you eagerly, smiling, even though you're fully clothed. "Turn around..." You muttered, eyes sweeping my form. "And wipe that grin off your face, before I do..." You pat me on the cheek, a little harder than we both know is needed, but I turn, and stop smiling, well almost. Your hands run over my neck, my shoulders down my back and end up cupping my ass. You squeeze, just hard enough to hurt. Down the outside of my thighs, over my calves and to my ankles. One hand leaves to push me gently down, mid back and then returns pulling me closer. Your jeans burn the skin of my stomach and chest as I end up on your thighs, but as your hands sweep up the inside of my thighs and push them apart I find I don't care. The chilled air hits my sex and as you part my lips carefully I moan quietly pushing back up against you, my body asking you for what I know I'll be denied if I vocalized my need. I'm denied anyway, as your hands moved to my ass, rubbing my skin warming it up. You don't talk, you don't need to. I know I've broken two rules, but you're taking so long in beginning. I'm about to glance back when your hand lands on my left ass cheek. I gasp, then groan quietly, pushing against you again. Then my right ass cheek. Then left again. You repeat this pattern, so my ass

doesn't grow sore too quickly. "How many?" You ask, and then I realize I failed to count. "Seven?" I guess and am met with both hands hitting my ass. I get three guesses, and then you tell me. You begin again and this time I count, when you ask this time I answer confidently. "Thirteen." "Wrong..." You say and my ass receives both hands again. "No-" I begin, but I am silenced by your hand, much harder than before. It was thirteen. "Are you saying I'm lying?" I shake my head. "I think you are..." You shift slightly and then I feel something different smacking my ass. A paddle, it hurts less than your hands, but is more targeted, and soon begins to sting ever so slightly. I count carefully, but each time I answer you insist I'm wrong and for a while I don't protest. But when I get specific, and you deny my answer I contest it again and the paddle is replaced. Replaced with a small whip. That begins to bite far earlier, and you do get harder with each hit. I squirm, moan and gasp, gripping at the sheets as you make my ass go red. It seems to take ages for you to stop, each hit biting more and more. It's delicious and turns me on more than you could imagine, but it keeps on driving me closer to my safety word. Only pride stops me. Pride and fear that if I'm not careful and use that word you may stop this session completely. My silence is rewarded however as the whipping stops. I jump as your hand returns, holding something frozen. I glance back to see you gliding an ice cube slowly over my skin, looking almost disinterested. I shiver slightly as the cold chills my very warm ass, soothing me for now. Water leaks down to my sex which has grown wet, hot and desperate for you. The cold of the ice soon penetrates me and I'm shivering as the last of the ice has melted away and your hand slips down to my sex. The water hasn't even chilled it and as you stroke my pink slit that is wet with my juices and water I groan and push back against you. Your finger slips inside and plays slowly and gently for a short while before being joined by another. I push hard against you, one of your knuckles grinding into my clit. It almost hurts, but as with most things with me, the pain seems to bring pleasure and you push back, fingers exploring me. My punishment has brought me close enough all ready, so it isn't long before... "Please..?" I ask breathlessly, my chest heaving as you stroke my insides with an expert's fingers. Heat and pressure are building up inside me and I'm squeezing around your fingers. "No..." Comes your reply, just and rough and ragged as I feel. I let out a low groan, pushing back against you. "Please..." I begin soon afterwards. "Please may I come... I-I-I n-need to. Please. Please." I stutter and gasp, knowing how close I am and how I won't be able to hold off much longer. I'm denied the right to climax again and seconds later begin begging you, my words being lost and cut short by gasps and groans. "You may not come..." You tell me firmly, but my body isn't listening and I can fight it no longer. I gasp, as my body tenses, every muscle freezing up. I'm pushed up against you as I groan and begin breathing again my body pulsing as I end up coming without your permission. Once I'm done and my muscles relax, I turn to jelly in your lap. You remove your fingers and move me so I'm sat up again, you behind me, holding me close, whispering to me again. "You just don't learn, do you? Another climax without my permission... I hope you don't make a habit of this..." You muttered and I grin giggling slightly. "You need punishing for that to. A weeks abstinence should remind you of the rules." I stop giggling, with the raging hard on you can't be serious. I can feel it through your jeans, pressing into my ass. which has started stinging and burning again. "Like I said, don't make a habit of it, or I'll have to get more creative..." I'm released, and you

leave the room, my grin is gone and I know we'll both struggle with this week as my fingers return to my tender and excited sex.