

The Punishment

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Beth spills wine on Emma's dress and pays the price

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Emma stormed in to the living room and shouts at me, "You bitch. I am now going to teach you such a lesson for ruining my favourite dress." "I told you, Emma. It was an accident," I reply wide eyed and worried. I have seen Emma in this mood before. She is scary when like this. Emma grabs my wrist and pulls me up from the chair. "An accident my foot. You are in for it, Beth. You have to be more careful." I don't resist. I am pretty sure I knew where she is taking me. Emma is correct. I wasn't careful when I wore her dress. I spilt the wine because I balanced the glass on my leg for a moment. I lost my balance, and whoosh. The wine glass fell over and the red wine stained the dress. I was tipsy anyway and didn't even think to try to wash the wine out. So, it was my fault. Emma pulls me along behind her as we go upstairs to the bedroom. Our bedroom. We are lovers but Emma isn't the easiest person to live with. She is short tempered for starters. Hence she flew off the handle over a little thing like a spoilt dress. OK, it is her favourite. Nevertheless, does it justify this? Really? I am led by the wrist like a naughty child but I am in my thirties. Once in the bedroom Emma drags me over to the bed where she sits down. Next thing I know she pulls me down across her lap. My nightie is yanked upwards. "Lift up, girl," Emma orders. I raise my tummy and the nightie is pulled up to well above my waist. I'm not wearing any knickers but they would have been pulled down anyway. Emma's hand rubs my bottom in circles as she berates me. "I am going to teach you a lesson, my girl. A hard one." Next moment she must have lifted her hand as the rubbing stopped. The first spank always stung. Emma was a hard spanker. It will be all that going to the gym. Weights as well as running. Anyway, she always spanked me really hard. I gasp as the spanking continues and my bottom stings more and more. I know it is no use pleading for her to stop. She won't. Not until she is ready to. Spank after spank lands on my bare bottom. It feels like her hand is large enough to cover my whole bottom but I know really it just seems that way. The pain cascades outward to every inch of my bottom. "Legs apart, girl," Emma orders. Obediently I part my legs. I know why and wait for the spanking to move to the backs of my legs. The first spank hit the back of my left leg. The second hit the back of my right leg. I scream out. I always do when Emma spanks my thighs. The spanks rain down on my legs and

the pain spreads. The tingling starts. I love the tingling. It spreads from my thighs up the inside of my legs and crashes in to my pussy. It doesn't stop there. It keeps going. Deep inside me. The tingling caused by the hard spanking. Emma knows what she is doing to me. She knows I love to be spanked. Spanked hard. Just like she is doing. "I hope this is teaching you a lesson, girl," Emma snaps at me. Her voice is so sexy. Sexy to me anyway. She has such a domineering tone of voice. One that says I have to obey her. I do, of course. Every time. The tingling deep inside my pussy intensifies. I slowly gyrate. My stretched juicily wet pussy lips rub against Emma's bare thighs. Emma spanks me harder. Even harder. The quivering in my pussy intensifies. "You are so naughty, Beth," Emma reminds me in her intolerant sounding dominant voice. I know that Emma is probably smiling as she watches the back of my head. My breathing deepens as I reply, "Harder, Emma. Spank me harder." Emma doesn't disappoint me as her spanks get ever harder. I cry out. The pain overcomes me. Tears fill my eyes. I let out a sob. When the next spank hits the back of my thigh I yelp and this time the sob becomes a cry. I know tears are rolling down my face. Emma stops spanking me. Her hand slips between my legs and brushes along my pussy lips. She knows I am wet. Very wet. I love the feel of her fingers. My sobbing continues as she rubs me. I raise my tummy and her fingers explore my pussy. I feel her flick my clit. Then again. I gasp. This time I cannot stop my gasps as she pushes her fingers gently inside me. In and out. I gyrate to increase the intensity. Emma says quietly, "Shush, my love. Let it happen." I cum. Beautifully. A wonderful orgasm like so many others my Emma has given me. So many times. I keep gyrating and my second orgasm arrives in a wave. Then the third. How wonderful this is. Now I am spent. My passion recedes. I lower my head and my breathing subsides. A few final deep sighs and I am back to normal. I turn around whilst still across Emma's lap. "Thank you, my love. I so needed that." Emma smiled her beautifully wicked smile. "I did promise you a spanking before we go out. Because of my dress." She had. Just ten minutes ago. Emma said firmly, "We need to get going. The other girls will be waiting for us." Emma knew the seats in the restaurant were hard benches. My bottom will sting when I sit down. We will exchange knowing glances as I suffer in silence. Well, except for the occasional gasp as I squirm on the hard seat. I won't damage any of her dresses again, though. I have learnt that lesson. When we get back I have promised Emma it will be her turn. She loves it when I give her tongue sex. It will last longer than five minutes though.