

Amy's B & D Adventures part 4

(By: SoapyLisa)

Part 4

The next time or two that we were together, things were much the same. After we had done the same things a few times, we began to talk about fantasies, and he made me tell him mine. It relates to Mrs. Olsen, who was my landlady, and who really disliked me. If I ever was going to try the slave-girl experience, totally controlled by another, she would be absolutely my first choice.

Now the weird thing about her was that she once had been a strong disciplinarian, a teacher in one of those strange schools where the students are punished. I overheard her telling a lady friend once that she did have an experience. She had a student who badly needed the discipline, and nothing that Mrs. Olsen ever did seemed to make that one shape up. Repeated applications of the leather did not make any difference. The cure for her, according to Mrs. Olsen, was that she was given a thorough stropping, forced to take a number of tablespoons of castor oil, thank Mrs. Olsen for each one, stropped some more, and then given a large mouthful of Mrs. Olsen's shit to eat, a tablespoonful at a time. I overheard this and never forgot it. And, I am sure, I masturbated about it a thousand times. That was my fantasy. I wanted to be taken over by somebody who disliked me, stripped, spanked thoroughly, made to eat her pussy, and then more humiliating things.

Now understand this about Mrs. Olsen. She is tall and strong, a very handsome woman, with a very potent personality. She is about 45. There is no Mr. Olsen around. I do not know if she is a widow or a divorcee, she is not the kind of person that you ask questions of. We genuinely do not like each other. I think she is overbearing. She thinks that I am wild, spoiled and disrespectful. While she is my landlady, I cannot wait to get out of there, and she cannot wait to have me gone. But, she still is very much in my fantasies. This story, embellished somewhat, is what I told to Tom. He is very interested in this, and says that he is going to look into making it all happen. He had me write him a letter, detailing all this, though how exactly he plans to make use of it, I do not know.

Today, Tom called at lunch time and asked me to come over this evening, and to be sure to be there before 8:00 PM. He says that we might, just might, have company, though he won't say who and he won't say what. I am fantasizing about this, have been all day now, not knowing what to expect. Today is Thursday, I thought, and today is the day that perhaps I am going to meet my fate. Thomas had heard my story and questioned me on it in detail. He knew what I think I want. He was delighted to help me, to play in our little drama. He had my letter, written in my own hand, addressed to him, which detailed everything.

He had also purchased a pint bottle of castor oil and a few types of pink bar soap at the drug store, the

only item on the list that he did not have in advance. And he had made the calls, I believe, talked to Mrs. Olsen, explained our relationship, and had her surprised (and he says, delighted and enthusiastic) agreement to participate.

He told her that he had been regularly spanking me, had nude photos of me that he knew she would want to see, and had ideas of advanced discipline for me that he wanted to discuss with her. She was cautious, but interested, after all, this was really right up her alley, and it was being handed to her on a silver platter, so to speak.

This time, for the first time, I did not drive to his place. I knew that if the adventure was going to go according to his plan, that I would be taken home, in bondage, by Mrs. Olsen. My car would only be in the way. I went there by cab, dressed as usual, in jeans and a sweater. The clothes made no difference. I would be nude as soon as I got there. Thomas' house was no different than at any other time. The furnishings are sparse, but adequate. The room down in the basement, which was the "playroom", had wood paneled walls, with various hooks and eyes, and the large, very sturdy oak library table with a padded top. On the floor stood a brown paper bag. I was instructed to strip down to my panties, (but to leave them on) a pair of black nylon bikini panties that he had bought for me that he liked.

I was to put each article of clothing that I removed into that paper bag. Soon enough, I was almost nude, trembling slightly, though not from fright. Thomas had seen me nude now a number of times and had used me in the various ways that a punished girl is used. Instead, I was trembling in anticipation. This might be the night that Mrs. Olsen would join us, and if she did, there was no telling how the agenda might go. This time, for preparation, all that happened was that Tom put wrist cuffs on me and fastened my wrists behind my back. I was helpless. And I was wondering if she would appear, and if she did appear, if she would participate, and if she did participate, how severe she would be with me.

I had fantasies about how she would be dressed. No matter what she had on top, I knew that she would wear a black merry-widow, a short corset like garment, only hip length, and with that, black opera-length hose and garters. And of course, black panties that revealed more than they hid, through which would clearly be visible, her full behind. I had seen her dressed this way, and it really depressed me. It also really excited me. I had visions of kissing that large, shapely bottom, of thrusting my tongue up inside, and I hated these visions. And secretly begged that she make it happen.

I stood, just marking time. The phone rang. Tom went upstairs to talk, and seemed gone forever. Then the doorbell rang. I could hear voices as he answered upstairs, but I could not identify who was there. I could only hope. Footsteps could be heard, two pair were coming down the stairs, and there she was!! Mrs. Velma Olsen stood there, looking just gorgeous, dressed in a simple, severe black dress. She looked around the room, looked finally at me, standing wearing only my panties, my wrists fastened

behind my back.

"My dear", she said. "You cannot imagine how glad I am to see you here. And looking so lovely, too".

I stood still as her hands ran across my lower body, fondling my bottom, gently squeezing one cheek of my ass. Her hands ran up my front, taking hold of each bare breast and fondling me. She took my nipples, each between a thumb and forefinger and gently squeezed, bringing them to instant erection, and using my nipples to pull by, dragged me in very close.

"Let me see your tongue", she commanded.

I opened my mouth, showed her the tip of my tongue. Squeezing somewhat harder, she ordered me.

"Further, darling. Stick it all the way out so that I can see it."

I complied. She opened her mouth, and we deep-kissed. And gently, she bit down on my tongue. Not very hard, but hard enough. This was not at all what I had expected. You do have an odd taste to you when we kiss, we will address that later young lady.

"My dear", she said, "Tom has told me how naughty you have been. I am not really surprised, but it is nice to have confirmation that I have been correct. He has asked that I help in modifying your behavior. Won't that be fun?"

And in saying that, she squeezed hard on each erect nipple, making me gasp.

She removed the black frock. She did not have the merry-widow on, rather, she was wearing only a sexy looking deep-cut black bra, and black panty hose. This emphasized her curvaceous figure, and with her high heels, she had a totally queenly appearance. Tom, watching closely, his eyes popping out at the sight, was obviously very erect. It seemed certain that at least for now, he was going to be a voyeur in this drama, not a direct participant. It also seemed that he did not mind in the least.

Velma sat, and pulled me over her lap, bottom up. Her hands fondled my bikini clad rump, squeezing here and there, probing a bit. A hand ran inside the waist band and squeezed naked flesh, not hard, but rather more a loving squeeze. She quickly pulled my panties down, tugged them all the way off, and asked me to open my legs so that she could see all my parts. Her hands probed here and there. First, a finger touched all around my vulva, testing for creaminess. I was sopping wet. The finger probed inward, deeply, came out again and rubbed gently across my now erect clit, almost making me leap off her lap. The finger found its way between the upturned cheeks of my bottom, found the rosebud pointing up at her, gently forced its way inside, full depth. This also seemed to please her.

"Ooh yes, you are just lovely," she said, "just the way I knew you would be".

And she raised her right hand and spanked me fiercely across one cheek of my upturned bottom. Very slowly, she lectured me on good behavior, punctuating almost every point with another hard swat on my bare ass, first on one cheek and then the other, alternating back and forth it seemed, to be sure that each side got its fair share. Well, each side got more than its fair share. Very soon, she brought me to tears. This went on for a while, much longer than I had expected, and much more of a spanking than Tom had ever given me. I was crying now, not knowing what to say.

I begged her to stop, promising her as a little girl might, that I would be good, that I would never again be disrespectful, that I would obey her in anything, just anything, that she might want me to do. She pushed me off onto the floor, ordered me to kneel before her. Now understand how I felt. I had truly been punished and my bottom felt like it was on fire. I felt humiliated to be treated this way, and to have Tom see me treated this way. I felt totally ashamed of myself for getting myself into this situation. And I felt totally under her control. But most of all, I felt absolutely, orgasmically excited. She was Queen, she was in charge, and what would happen was completely up to her. What she wanted from me, she would get!!!