

Amy's B & D Adventures part 5

(By: SoapyLisa)

Part 5

She took off her black bra, and showed me (and Tom) a pair of delicious, shapely, large breasts. She offered me a thick, dark brown nipple to kiss. I had no doubts whatever about what was going to happen now, and I did just as she indicated she wanted me to do. I leaned forward, and took that luscious morsel into my mouth and sucked it lovingly. Shortly, her hand found my earlobe, and pulled me downward. She shucked her black underpants, spread her husky, shapely thighs, and showed me a musky crotch, obviously excited that she wanted me to kiss as a gesture of submission. And all the time that I had known her, hated her, always I had known that this was what I really wanted. I had dreamed about it a thousand times, the thought of me being on my knees, kneeling before her widespread thighs, peering into her open, expectant crotch, looking at the pink lips and her erect clit, standing up and awaiting my kiss.

I knew the significance of this position. I was going to lean forward and kiss her there, and suck her juices, and give her pleasure. And by so doing, she was going to take possession of me, to use me any way that she chose to use me in the future. I was going to be converted to her slave girl, and she would own me and operate me. I buried my face in it, her gorgeous, feminine cunt, tasting her musky juices, enjoying the strange flavors and enjoying the sexy, gorgeous feeling of humiliation of doing this with Tom watching. He loved it.

I was still on my knees between her thighs when she reached to the table for the bottle of castor oil, and a tablespoon. A large spoonful was poured, and offered to me. I pursed my lips, knowing that no taste did I hate so much as this. I refused. She smiled, reached over and took a nipple, and pinched HARD. It hurt, really hurt. I screamed, not understanding her sudden change in mood.

She said, "Now there you are being willfully disobedient. That is exactly what I am going to correct."

She pinched again, and I immediately opened my mouth wide, and got for my troubles, the tablespoonful of the castor oil. I gagged on it, but managed to swallow it down.

"Would you like another?" she asked. When I gasped out NOOO, she pinched again, saying "Now that is the WRONG answer, darling. Let me ask again. Would you like another?"

I knew what would happen if I said no again. I did not know what to say. She said it for me.

She said "'May I have another?' That would be the way that you would say it if you had good manners".

And with that, she gave me another pinch, this time not so hard, but still hard enough. And of course, I did ask for another, and was duly rewarded with a large spoonful, and then a moment later, another and another..... Next thing she was asking Tom to get a bar of soap and soak it in warm water, so I could see him opening a package of Camay soap, at least it smelled nice I thought, scared of what may happen I kept quiet. 10 minutes later Tom handed over a bowl with soap in it to Velma. I was instructed to open wide, I did not and got my ass smacked hard a few good lashings. I was told now to open up, I did and quickly a well lathered softened bar of Camay was stuffed in my mouth with clear instructions NOT TO REMOVE IT!

I was let alone for a while, while Velma and Tom disappeared upstairs. They were gone for a long time. When they came back, I could see that Tom had lost his erection. Velma sat down again before me, removed the soap from my mouth in a forceful way leaving slivers in my teeth, she examined my mouth and her thighs spread again. Once again she beckoned me to kiss her. I did, of course, and found now that she was ever so much more juicy than before, a totally different flavor, too. Obviously, out of my sight, they had fucked. She had paid Tom, in a sense, for turning me over to her for discipline, and she had thanked him in the manner he liked best. Velma reached into her purse, and found a new toy, a large nipple clip that she attached to one of my nipples, and snapped a leash onto it. This was a new way to lead somebody around. She found my coat, threw it over my shoulders, took the leash in one hand, the paper bag with my clothes in the other, said goodbye to Tom, and led me out to her car. As she led me, her attitude seemed to be that of a great lady who had just procured a new toy, and now meant to take it home and play with it in depth. I was the toy. And I knew this game that we were going to play. She was going to make the rules and I was going to abide by them, without any limits. She would be judge and jury and enforcer.