

Amy's B & D Adventures part 6

(By: SoapyLisa)

Part 6

In the car, she reached into the coat, took my other breast in her hand and very gently fondled it, rubbing the nipple. She turned her face to me, and offered me a very wet kiss, and as well, a totally confusing mixture of sensations and feelings. Her hand ran between my thighs, into my pussy, feeling its wetness. She gently, very gently friggd my clit, bringing me almost, but not quite to orgasm.

And she nibbled on my ear lobe, and thrust a tongue into my ear, in the meanwhile, whispering, "Darling girl, I am going to be your teacher, and I am going to just loooovvvee being your teacher. You are just going to love it. Did you enjoy going down on me?"

Considering the remarkable talent she had shown for pinching my nipples and making me do her thing, I knew I had better give the right answer. I said that I loved it.

"Good", she said, "since you like it so well, do it again, right now."

So, for another ten or fifteen minutes we sat parked in front of Tom's house, my face buried in her humid cunt, my tongue sucking her clit, and all the while, that castor oil was doing its insidious work, taking me ever closer to that particular point of no return.

Away we drove, finally, towards home. I was certain that I would never make it there, considering the wild sensations in my bowels. Somehow, I did manage to hold on long enough, my stomach heaving and quenching, as she led me up the stairs, firmly holding the leash. I begged for permission to go to the bathroom, and to my surprise, it was granted without question. Velma was, for the moment, in her sweet phase. I came back out, and was granted permission to shower and to rest a bit. Rest for what? Well, as it turned out, for quite a bit more.

An hour later, after relaxing and watching the evening news on TV, she ordered me up. My hands were fastened behind my back again, and after some really loving-type gentle play with my nipples, we began to discuss discipline. She reviewed my conduct over the past several years that we had known each other. She pointed to a number of specific instances where, she thought, I could have, should have, and behaved differently. Now, she told me, she was going to teach me a number of things, but better manners and better behavior and total obedience to recognized authority were certainly vital parts of the lessons. Obviously, she was now the recognized authority that she referred to. To determine if I was sufficiently obedient, she turned her back to me, bent forward to give me a delightful view of her bare ass, her legs spread so that I could see her brown rosette, almost winking at

me.

I knew what she wanted me to do, to give it a long, wet, sweet thrusting kiss. At that point, I could not. She said that this was disobedience, exactly what she had meant. And announcing this, she bent me over the end of the couch, my bottom raised. She left me there for a moment, went to fetch something from the closet, and showed it to me, a wicked looking leather strap, about 18" long, 3" wide, and the end cut into three separate tongues of leather. She told me that it was a trainer, sometimes called a tawse, but by any name, a marvelous tool for one job, for teaching. She said that nature had provided every female a place to be taught, her naked behind. There, lessons could be given, that it might be painful for the moment, but they would be remembered and no permanent harm would come. And with that, she raised the tawse, and SSSSSPPPPLLLAAATTTT! a fiery streak, right across the crowns of both cheeks. I screamed out.

She said I was to be quiet and she was going to gag me to keep me silent, and for a long time, the only sound in the room was the voice from the TV. She walked out of the room and returned with a used bar of soap from the bathroom, I knew what was coming and begged for another chance. She said NO and I was to open up, with that I did not resist the soap, this time a white bar, not smelling too nice and in it went.. Time dragged, and my behind was on fire. I had never really felt anything like it before. And then, SSSSSPPPPPPLLLAAATTTT!!

Again, she burned my bottom, as before. And now it hurt twice as much, if that is possible. I was sobbing, crying, begging her to let me go. All that got me was a third and then a fourth shot of the wicked tawse across my rump. She removed the soap, thanks I mumbled. She asked me questions about things I had done the previous year, about things I had said, about Tom. She wanted to know if I had been letting him fuck me. I said no. That immediately earned me another vicious swat with the tawse. Again she asked, and this time, I confessed. She wanted to know if I had him use me up the ass. I denied it and got yet another stroke. I confessed that Tom had been using me anally. She noted that down for future reference, as if that was another transgression that she intended to cure. I was crying hysterically now, willing to tell her anything, willing to confess to any sin, and getting in the process, a barn burner of a spanking. Suddenly it stopped.

She said to me, "What would you like to do, now?" I knew there was only one answer to that question, and I said it, "Please let me show you, let me kiss your beautiful ass."

She smiled slightly, bent forward again, and again, offered her brown rosette to my tongue. Now, finally, I did what I had always really wanted to do. I thrust my tongue against it, probed inward slightly, tasted her strange flavor, and gave her thusly, the kiss of total obedience.

She left the room. After what seemed a long time, she returned, carrying a paper plate. I knew what

would happen next, and sure enough, she found a spoon, and then asked me if I wanted my dessert now. I gulped, cried again, and said nooooo. And for that refusal, got another two strokes of the tawse. She asked again, and knowing that this would go on until I said yes, I did so. She made me request it, made me ask her to please feed me my dessert.