A Whipping to Remember…

Saturday after our morning run I stripped down for a swim and shower. After I dried off I stayed naked (which I usually do when I am just around the house). Rob came up behind me and put his belt around my waist where it would ride low on my hips.

"Wear this," was his only instruction. There is really not any other instructions necessary. The meaning is known to both of us...since one of our members (Leah) published a story about a young wife who has to wear her husband's belt before she gets a whipping it has become our signal that there is a whipping in my near future. Only he knows when...if I were to ask I would only be told, "When the time is right." The belt will stay on during all waking hours until "the time is right," and then I will be whipped.

Whippings are always intense. I am usually restrained so I can focus on the scene and not worry about turning and avoiding the belt. Usually, it comes at the end of a full fledged scene where I may also be spanked, paddled, flogged or switched. Only once did I get whipped the same day the belt went on...usually it is two-three days to give me a chance to really think about it. If it doesn't happen tonight I will be allowed to take off for bed, but I will wear it under my church clothes tomorrow...it is an amazing constant reminder of what is going to happen to me. Whether I'm naked or not, it is this ever present reminder...

My friend, Melinda stopped by this afternoon to visit and when she saw it (I'm still naked) she smiled and said, "Hmmmm, someone is getting ready for a real intense session..." I blushed and I don't know why -- Melinda has seen me through more than one "serious intense session."

Yesterday we got up and got ready for Church. I put the belt back on (being very compliant) without being told and then fixed breakfast wearing, only the belt. After breakfast we both got dressed for Church, and all this time, nothing is said about the belt.

It was a good Church service and I guess I could, unless I shifted in

my seat, forget what was hidden under my conservative dress...after

it was over we visited awhile with some of our Church friends, by now

they are more or use to seeing my barefoot at Church and the only

reason I got a comment yesterday was the weather was much cooler than

our normal spring and so a couple of people asked, "aren't your toes

cold??" (Interestingly, several women were wearing open sandals and

no one asked them the same question...just a very common reaction

that somehow a barefoot person's foot is colder than one in sandals...)

We went over to a friends' home for lunch. Everyone was dressed as

the grandparents were there visiting their grandson. Needless to say the

conversation didn't stray into our areas of "play." Though when we

walked in my friend, Melinda hugged me and felt my back to see if the belt was in place. She smiled and whispered, "still waiting?"

We spent most of the afternoon there and when we headed back Rob turned in a direction other than home and said, "You need to get naked." By now I have learned how to "get naked" anywhere, so slipping out of the dress, bra, slip and undies is no big thing, even in a moving car.

Soon I was sitting there in my birthday suit, and his belt. Rob

pulled over and pulled a blindfold out of the glove box. Soon I was both naked and blindfolded. He made several different turns to make sure I didn't know which direction we were headed and then drove for what seemed forever.

We parked and he came over and opened my door and took me by the hand and helped me out of the car. My feet felt grass and dirt and I knew we were somewhere in the woods. The wind was almost howling at this point. I asked, only for my own assurance, "Are we safe?"

"It's so windy and cool today that there is no one here."

"Where's here?"

"Here is where you are going to be whipped," he answered as he handed me my wrist and ankle cuffs. "Put your cuffs on, leave the blindfold in place."

I guess I have done this enough in the dark that it is easy for me to do, even blindfolded. Once the cuffs were in place I was led what seemed some distance from the car. The wind was quiet cool, but the excitement of the scene was warming me up. I knew that my nipples were very erect, and I suspected that between my legs was getting quite damp.

We finally stopped and soon I was being secured in his (and I guess mine as well) favorite spread X position -- between what I did not know.

I felt him unbuckle the belt. I knew it was only moments now.

"Jenn, this next week is huge for the company."

"I know."

"Jenn, I need you 110% with me, and I need to get all the distractions off your mind..."

"So you are going to whip me..."

"Don't you need a good whipping?"

"Need?"

SMACK! A light hit came out of no where and landed on my butt

"OUCH!"

"Do you need a good whipping?"

"You want me to ask for whipping??"

SMACK!! Much harder on the center of my bare butt.

"Do you need a good whipping?"

I bit my lip I wanted to go into subspace and just let him whip me...but, suddenly I felt his hands on my bare behind...gently rubbing and then between my legs...I moaned. I was right, I was wet.

He repeated, "Jenn, do you need a good whipping?"

"I need what you have to give me."

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Three quick licks in succession caused me to jump...then the discussion ended. He would alternate several serious smacks and then fondle me...my butt, my breasts, my pussy. He knew exactly what he was doing. He knew if he went straight to the whipping I would go into sub space...so he kept my half aroused, and half stinging...this went on for a very long time...and then the smacks started coming and I felt myself slipping into the subspace...I could barely hear him, "Jenn, its time...let it out!"

Finally I screamed, "WHIP ME! WHIP ME HARD!!"

And, he did and the tears came like a waterfall and I went limp in the restraints...several more sharp smacks landed on my now red butt...then those strong hands were releasing me, holding me, helping me to the ground where he had spread a thick quilt. I was unaware of the temp, my surroundings, anything but the strong hands that were holding and loving me...the strong hands which had just whipped me...he took the blindfold off and gently kissed me back to Earth...he then helped me to my feet. Picked up the quilt, shook it off and wrapped it around me as I was now feeling the chill...from there he led me back a trail to a parking lot that is in a park not twenty minutes from our house...I'm glad it was a short trip...by the time we got home I wanted to feel my husband inside me...and did, we never made it to the bedroom...stopping at the first couch we found :)

It was, a whipping to remember. Thank you Rob, you are now, and always will be the love of my life.

Jenn

(the real JennJ)

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