Go to your room and pull down your knickers!

"I'm going to give you a spanking. Go to your room and pull down your knickers"

John told her.

John loved to watch Lela walk, her long legs, her ass. She was wearing a royal

blue skirt with a purple flower print that came to her mid-thighs and a light

blue sleeveless top. It was a warm day in the late spring and the skirt was thin

and he could see the curve of her bottom under the skirt as she walked.

Lela went up stairs to the bedroom and piled the pillows in the middle of the

bed. She got on the bed, kneeling in from the the pillow pile and reached under

her skirt to slip her knickers down to her knees. Her sheer burgundy string

bikini knickers would not have lessened the pain of the spanking she was going to

get if she had left them on, but John insisted in spanking her bare bottom,

regardless of how sheer her knickers were.

After lying over the pillows she reached behind her and flipped her skirt up.

Waiting like this, with her clothes on, made Lela conscious of her bare bottom,

pushed up by the pillows under her hips, waiting for punishment.

As John came into the bedroom he stopped for a moment to look at Lela. Her long

hair flowed behind her head, a honey blond spill of hair over the dark

bedspread. The pillows under Lela's hips pushed her bottom up, and her thighs

were spread as wide as the knickers around her knees would allow, showing the

lips of her vulva. It was a position of submission that he loved, Lela ass

presented, her pussy exposed, waiting to take her spanking.

He got the ruler paddle, a rattan cane and the punishment strap. He laid the

cane and the strap on the bed for later and knelt by Lela's left side. He

caressed her bottom and bent down to kiss her bare cheeks. He let his fingers

slide over her cheeks, down between her thighs to caress her pussy. He spread

her pussy lips and slipped his finger inside her. She was starting to get wet.

"Such a naughty little slut!" he told her. "Have you been thinking about the

spanking I'm going to give you?"

"Yes, Sir. And about afterward...", she answered.

He took the paddle and rubbed it over her bottom, letting her feel the smooth

wood.

"I'm going to give you a good hard spanking, young lady", John told her as he

patted her bottom lightly with the paddle.

"I'm going to start you out with twenty strokes with the paddle", he told Lela.

He patted her bottom again with the paddle. "It's going to hurt, but I want you

to keep that bottom up for me".

She arched her bottom up a bit more, offering her ass for the paddle. He began

spanking her, the paddle cracking across her bare buttocks. As he paddled her,

her bottom started to blush pink and she cried out, with a soft "ow" after each

stroke. Although the paddling hurt, she kept her bottom raised, offered for the

strokes.

After giving her twenty strokes across her bottom he stopped to caress her,

sliding his right palm over the curve of her cheeks, spreading her and caresses

between the hills of her buttocks. She moaned and pushed against his hand as he

caressed her clit.

She arched upward as he patted her bottom with the paddle, signaling that he was

going to continue her spanking. He began paddling her again, harder this time.

The smack of the paddle across her bare cheeks was louder, as were her cries. As

the sting built it was harder for her to stay still, her bottom raised and

offered for punishment. After he gave her another ten strokes he caressed her

again, feeling the growing warmth of her bottom.

"You're starting to get red, my love, but I think that you still need another

ten before I cane you."

"Come on, bottom up" he ordered, when she did not immediately raise her bottom

when he patted her with the paddle. When her bottom was offered again, he

started spanking her. Her bottom was getting very sore and the pain was

building. She squirmed, clenching her buttocks and pressing into the pillows.

He caressed her, "You know better than that, my love." His hand moved between

her thighs. "Now lie still and take your spanking. I'm going to have to give you

five extra punishment strokes for not lying still."

He gave her three more strokes to finish the set of ten. He let her rest a

moment while he caressed her. "You have five extras coming", he reminded her.

"How are punishment strokes given?" he asked her.

She did not want to answer this question. "Extra hard, Sir" she answered softly,

reluctantly.

"Good girl. That's right, girls who clench and squirm get extra strokes, extra

hard. I want you to count then out. Now get that bottom up for me."

She arched her bottom up and he brought the paddle down hard across the lower

curve of her cheeks. She cried out and counted "one". Her cries got louder as

she took the paddle strokes, counting each stroke, until she had finally counted

"five".

The sheer burgundy material of Lela's knickers was bunched up in the crook of her

knees. John slipped Lela's knickers off her legs. She spread her thighs as he

caressed her, pressing against his hand. Her bottom was crimson and hot from the

paddling.

"Are you ready to take your caning?", he asked her as he ran his index finger

over her slick pussy lips.

"Yes, Sir", Lela answered obediently.

"How hard should I cane you, my love?"

"As hard as you want, Sir."

"Shall I cane you hard enough to make you cry?", John asked

"Yes, Sir", she answered softly, thinking about how much the caning would hurt

on her already sore bottom.

He moved his fingers against her vulva, rubbing her clit. "I love to make you

cry when I spank you", he told her.

He picked up the rattan cane and tapped her bottom with it, measuring his

stroke. She moved her thighs together, relaxing her buttocks to take the cane.

John caned her slowly, giving her five or ten seconds between each stroke,

letting her to feel the burn from the cane.

After giving Lela ten strokes he gave her a chance to rest as he caressed the

welts left by the cane, caressing her between her buttocks with one hand while

he caressed her pussy with the other. After a few minutes he started to cane her

again, starting another set of ten. He spanked hard, the cane whistling through

the air, leaving a red welt as it fell across her bottom or upper thighs. Lela

started crying after the first few strokes. When he stopped caning her, Lela's

bottom and the tops of her thighs were lined with cane welts over the crimson

blush left by the paddling.

He took off his pants and briefs. His cock stood out hard and erect.

He kissed her neck. "Almost done, my love", he whispered in her ear. "I want you

to take twenty strokes with the strap across that lovely caned bottom. Can you

do that for me?"

She sniffled softly. "Yes, Sir. May I have the cock afterward?"

"Yes you may, but you're going to get another five strokes for being such a

greedy slut and asking for it."

"Yes, Sir"

"Good girl. Now I want that bottom up. I'll give you fifteen strokes and then

you can have a break and then final ten", he told her.

He loved the way she looked, her crimson, welted ass raised and presented for

punishment. He brought the strap down hard across her buttocks. Soon she was

crying again, but she lay still and took her spanking, her ass raised, offered

for the strap.

When he had given her fifteen strokes he put the strap down and moved behind

her. She spread her thighs and arched up a bit more. Her pussy lips were slick

when he spread then with his fingers, sliding his cock into her. She was still

crying from the spanking as he took her. He caressed her neck and shoulders as

he gently thrust into her, her cries turning into moans. After a few minutes he

pulled out of her.

"Please, Sir..."

"You still have ten strokes, my love" he reminded her. He picked up the strap.

"Now, bottom up"

She raised her bottom. He raised his arm high and he brought the strap down

hard, cracking across her bottom. Lela's cries joined the crack of the strap and

tears were soon seeping down her cheeks. She kept her bottom up, crying into the

bed, when John finished spanking her. He moved behind her again. When he slid

into her he found her very very wet and he felt her heat as he thrust into her,

harder this time, his thighs pounding hard against her hot sore ass. She braced

her arms against the wall at the head of the bed, her head down, pushing her

bottom up, taking his cock deep inside her.

When he had sent her to the bedroom to get ready for her spanking, this was the

part that she thought of. She loved the burn of the cane and the kiss of the

strap across her sore ass as she cried. But it was the final delicious

punishment of his cock as he took her hard, while she was still crying, that she

thought of as she pulled her knickers down and lay over the pillows to wait for

her spanking. Still crying, she came as he took her hard.

September, 2004