Just Desserts

I came home and put my key in the door as usual. When I opened the

door, I was greeted with a sight.

She was there, on the carpet, on her knees. Her hand were behind her

back, her head was bowed. She was naked.

I stopped for a moment, put my bag down and hung up my coat.

Finally, I addressed my slave.

"What is it?"

"This slave humbly asks to be punished, Master." She told me in a

soft, slightly querulous voice.

I walked behind her, studying her form. I saw her raven black hair,

coming to a point just below the nape of her neck, exposing her black

collar. I took in her flawless back, narrowing at the waist and then

flaring sharply. I could see her buttocks, currently unmarked. That

would change.

"You may stand and face me."

She turned as she stood to face me, feet properly set the required

shoulder distance apart, eyes suitably downcast. I stood back and

studied her, knowing that this increased her feeling of vulnerability.

She wasn't classically beautiful, but the slight upturn in the corner of

her eyes and the emphasized cheekbones betrayed an ancestor of

Asian origins. Her complexion, however, was alabaster white, pure,

flawless. She almost looked albino; I knew that she had to cover up in

the sun, or else she burnt quickly. I had used that fact before.

Her downcast eyes hid what I knew was her best asset, so I told her to

"Look at me!" She raised her eyes to me, those beautiful deep blue

eyes that I'd fallen for first. They were shadowed, troubled. As well

they might be, for she was to be punished. I punished hard.

"Follow!" I ordered, and turned on my heel. I knew she would be a few

steps behind me. I walked to The Room, the one we normally didn't

use, except for this.

I unlocked the door and walked in. Inside was red carpet, cream wall,

and brown leather on dark oak. I moved to what looked like an

overlarge footstool, a little lower than my crotch, and broader. The

restraints were there, so I simply indicated the punishment bench and

said, "There!"

She lay down across it, so that her ass was held up while she could lay

her cheek on the cool leather. She would soon be craving every bit of

comfort. One belt came up and over at the small of her back, to fasten

on the other side. Another held her hands in front of her. The last two

held her thighs apart, allowing me the perfect sight of her shaven

pussy, already glistening and puffy and pink, and the rosebud of her

ass, winking at me between the twin globes of her asscheeks.

Tonight I would warm her up first before resorting to stronger

measures. I took a simple twelve inch shatterproof plastic ruler. It

would sting, and redden, but not damage. I took up a position behind

the captive form, to one side, my own torso pointed across the bench

and its occupant.

I waited, making a few practice swings with the ruler, letting her

anticipation grow. She couldn't have seen what I would use, she

couldn't know in advance how much it would hurt. Only that it would

hurt.

'Crack!'

She stiffened at the blow. I drew back my arm to see the result, and

to once more grow the tension she'd be feeling. A single broad stripe

of pink had been painted on the pale canvas. I smiled.

'Crack!'

Again, I waited. She stiffened once more beside me, but no sound

escaped her lips. Not yet.

'Crack! Crack! Crack!'

Three blows quickly in succession, and now she moved, just a little, a

twitch of her ass, a flicker of movement in her fingers. I knew this

would be warm on her ass, that the blows, just overlapping, would be

setting up a nice tingle. She'd probably be thinking she could enjoy

this.

Yeah, right.

'Crack! Crack Crack!'

Once more, I placed the three quick blows on her ass, this time

ensuring that they covered targets that had already been painted on.

Once more, I was rewarded by the twitching of her ass, the

involuntary movements of her fingers. I thought I detected a sharper

intake of breath this time, too, but I wasn't quite sure.

One more.

'CRACK!!'

It was a good job I was using a shatterproof ruler. This blow had more

force behind it, very nearly full force. I had stood up as I delivered it,

the blow crossed diagonally down from nearside to far, crossing mostly

of those before.

"Ahhh!" It was the first audible result of my artwork.

I dropped the ruler beside the bench and moved to the front, undoing

my flies as I did. I pulled out my erection and placed it between her lips.

"Suck!" I ordered, and she did so with skill and enthusiasm. I knew

she loved to give head, she knew that I loved to receive it. I wasn't

going to let her make me come, though, that would wait. I wanted to

emphasise her submission, so I pushed myself deeper into her mouth.

The angle was wrong for her, she couldn't take me all the way, but I

wanted her to feel me at the back of her throat, to know that I was

using her, that I would use her as I saw fit. I pulled out, then shoved

my cock deeply back into her mouth, making her eyes water. I saw

and felt her gag a little, but that was a reflex she'd been well trained

to overcome.

I pulled out and went behind her again. I slapped her ass with my

empty hand, relishing the sting, enjoying the sight of my handprint on

her in darker pink than the already striped painting I'd put there.

I grasped the cheeks of her ass and pulled them apart, hard. Her little

rose puckered at me, but this time I was going for her cunt. I took my

now thoroughly wetted dick and thrust into her. I was fully embedded

very quickly, setting a hard and fast rhythm. My slave moaned as I

thrust, deeply, hard, fast, giving her little time to build up, going for

my own pleasure. Yet I knew I would stop before the ultimate end. I

had more work to do.

As I felt the come begin to boil in my balls I pulled out and reached for

the other implement I would use tonight.

The crop felt heavy, yet balanced in my hand. I rarely used it, because

this would cause damage if applied too strenuously. Once more I took

up position to one side of the slave.

There was a sheen of perspiration on the bound form beside me. Her

breath was coming fast- she had become quite aroused by my rutting.

I prepared to administer her punishement.

'Thwack!'

Instantly I saw and heard the result. A white line formed across her

buttocks which very quickly became a bright red. A cry, forced from

her lips. She tried to arch her back, I saw, but the belt forced her to

stay in place, and the only effect was to raise her head and shoulders

a little.

I waited for her to calm. I waited to see if she would say anything.

Silence.

'Thwack!'

Again, the line. Again, the cry, and the involuntary movements. Again,

the silence after.

I gave my slave three more blows. The last one was once more

delivered diagonally across the others. This was the blow that I had to

be careful with, for if delivered too hard, it could cause permanent

damage to her. The results were beautiful.

I stood back to admire. The pink colouration of her ass, framed by the

white of her thighs and back. The dark red of the five bar gate that I'd

drawn there over the pinkness. The slippery wet, engorged pink of her

pussy, inner lips now fully in flower, twitching, moving slightly from

side to side as she tried to ease her pain. He asshole, darker in colour

than the rest, opening and closing in spasms.

I could wait no longer. I stepped forward and grasped my dick,

entering her cunt, thrusting fully home in one movement. She gasped

as I did so, and then gave a cry as I came into contact with her

damaged flesh. Apparently heedless I withdrew and thrust once more,

then set a slow but deep tempo, drawing almost completely out of the

grasping pussy in front of me before plunging as deep as I could

inside.

I kept this up for a few minutes, before withdrawing and grasping

myself. I aimed a little higher, pressing the tip of my cock against the

pulsing rosebud presented before me. I began to apply the pressure,

gradually feeling her give way. Finally the head was inside, and I

almost withdrew, really just a reduction in the force used to enter. The

form in front of me, pale, sweating, panting, opened up to me and I

thrust once more, getting deeper into her tightest portal.

A few more thrusts and I felt my thighs come into contact with the

fiery red welts left by the crop, and she cried once more. I withdrew a

little, then thrust once more, this time feeling my balls swing with a

wet sound against her pussy. Now I pulled further out before once

more forcing my hard flesh deeply into her, setting up a faster pace

now. My own sweat was beading on my forehead, running down, and I

pulled one hand away from her straining hip to wipe it out of my eyes.

I could see her body moving, I could feel her ass clenching me, I could

smell her arousal, a deep feminine musk that overpowered all else. I

could her grunts, turning almost into squeaks as I deepened my

movements. I could taste the excitement in the air.

When she came, she did so convulsingly, her movements constrained

by the belts, but I saw her muscles forcefully bunch and move, I felt

her ass clamp down so hard on my throbbing tool I could hardly move.

Her trademark squeal rose in pitch and volume, modulated by my

body's movement as I forced my dick to move in the now incredibly

tight confines of her ass.

I came. I shot what seemed to be a torrent of cum, feeling it draw up

from my balls, pass through my dick and explode from my head deep

inside her ass. I groaned deeply with the force of it, thrusting again

and then one final time, feeling spunk jet out of my dick with each

thrust.

I stopped, my chest heaving and sweat pouring. I realised that my

heart was pumping hard, that I still had my shirt on. I couldn't

remember dropping my trousers and underwear, I couldn't remember

kicking off my shoes. I was there, my dick deep inside my sweet slave,

clad in my shirt and socks.

I withdrew and stroked the body slumped in front of me, murmuring

soft words that I knew she wouldn't quite be hearing yet. I dropped to

my knees behind her and undid the straps at her thighs, then the belt

across her back, and finally the one holding her hands captive in front

of her. Still she didn't move beyond the deep rise and fall of her chest

as she recovered from the explosive force of her own orgasm.

I knelt on one knee in front of her.

"My love, that's your punishment over. Come back to me, sweetest."

My darling wife opened one eye, a half smile on her face. "You gave

me a really good workout this time, darling. Thank you!"

I kissed her, this woman that I loved above all others, who gave me

everything, heart and soul and, especially, her body to play with. I

picked her up and carried her to the bathroom, laying her on the small

couch we kept there for just these occasions. I kept telling her "I love

you, darling, I love you!" as I drew her bath, adding scented bath oils,

ensuring that it wasn't too hot to begin with. I would add more hot

water later.

After her bath, I dried her carefully in the big, fluffy towel, gently

patting her ass dry. She flinched a little each time I did so, but she

told me "Don't stop, dearest. I deserve it."

"Just what exactly did you do that deserved punishment this time?" I

asked her.

"I burnt dinner, darling. We'll have to eat out, tonight, I'm afraid."

"Hmm. How's your appetite?"

"I'm starving, especially after a session like that. You know how

hungry I get!"

"Have you made the reservations already?"

"Yes, I have. Sunflowers for half past nine." It was our favourite

restaurant. It also had very comfortable seats.

We arrived in time for drinks at the bar, then the maitre d' showed us

to our table. My wonderful wife was able to move into her seat, but

winced a little as she sat despite the comfortable, padded chair. I

looked at her, concerned, but she waived my look away.

We checked over the menu. I saw an option and pointed it out to her.

She smiled at me and nodded.

During the soup, I noticed her squirming in her seat, trying to find a

comfortable position. Our waitress came and removed the bowls, and

placed four dessert spoons and forks ready for each of us.

She smiled, told us "Your first will be along in a moment," and walked

swiftly away.

We were having an unconventional meal. The option I'd spotted was

called 'The Night of the Four Puddings' and meant we'd have a soup

followed by four of the evening's desserts, chosen by the chef. It

usually meant a lot of calories, but after the workout we'd just had,

that wasn't really an issue.

After we'd stuffed ourselves on a lovely strawberry blancmange, a

mincemeat tart with lemon fool, a plum crumble and a simple apple

pie, I felt like calling it a night. But she hadn't finished.

"Would you like coffee and biscuits?" the waitress asked.

I shook my head, but my wife answered, "Yes, please."

"When the waitress had left I said to my dearest, "I knew it! You

wouldn't be able to stick to having your."

I smiled at her, a smile that was returned tenfold.

"Just Desserts!" we said, together!