**Katy's Birthday Spanking**

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I close the door locking it behind Jess and Tom, the last of the guests from Katy's birthday party. With a sense of dread I turn around to survey the damage. My apartment looks like the aftermath of a college frat party. Empty bottles of beer and wine, my dining room table covered in half empty plastic cups and spilled beer.

Katy's already cleaning up, her arms full trying to juggle several half empty beer bottles.

"It's fine Katy. I'll get it in the morning." She gives me one of her looks, her face all clenched up. "Come on, it’s your birthday, you only turn 24 once. I'll walk you to your car."

She shakes her head. "I'm not tired. Besides this place is a disaster!" With that she turns back to to the kitchen, bottles in tow. I'm stacking glasses on an empty serving tray when she comes back with a trash bag.

"Anyway, technically its not my birthday," she points to the clock. 2 AM.

"Another birthday come and gone, huh? Shame, you didn't even get your birthday spanking" I smile carrying the tray into the kitchen.

She gives me another one of her patented looks this one eyes slit, lips tight and thin. One of those 'you're being naughty, but not too naughty' looks.

I come back into the living room with a trash bag of my own to start on the mountain of trash piled up on the coffee table.

"Not too late," she says shoving an empty pizza box into her bag.

"Nah, " I agree "2 AM on a Saturday used to mean we were just getting started."

"That's not what I meant" she stops shoveling for a moment "I meant it's not too late ... for my birthday spankings."

I laugh. It's no secret among my friends about my kinky tendencies and wherever I am flirty jokes are sure to follow. I slide a stack of plates into the bag and start to crack a smart ass reply when I realize she's not laughing. I turn to her and see her staring right at me. There's certainly been some sexual tension between us but its never been anything but playful flirting. But this doesn't feel like that, not at all. Before I can respond she starts again.

"I mean, if I was going to get a birthday spanking it ought to come from the expert."

Under normal circumstances that would just be a joke we'd all laugh at over drinks. But there's a hint of something else in her voice. She can't be serious. Or is she. Only one way to find out.

"You're right, its not too late." I nod toward the couch "Put your hands on the back of the couch."

This is it. Nothing left to be tentative about. If its a joke she'll laugh it off, if not...well, if not then we'll see. All the possibilities are tumbling around in my brain as my eyes search her face.

She sets down the trash bag, walks over to the couch and slowly crawls on to it extending her arms over the back, leaning down, her ass up in the air. The shorts she's wearing are so short I can just make out the edge of her pink panties.

She turns her head to me and her voice quivers "Like this?"

"Yeah, like that." I set my bag down and walk over to her. "24, that's a lot of spanks..."

I get the evil eye look again though there's a mix of mischievousness in it I've never seen from her before, "I'm a big girl, I can take it."

I can't help but smile. "Can you?"

"One way to find out" she bites her lower lip.

"Count 'em and tell me harder or softer, ok?" I walk over to her, standing perpendicular to her.

Her voice wavers, "Ok". All the bravado from before is gone.

The first blow barely counts. It's about the force that you might swat a mosquito. Just a love tap on the underneath of her right ass check. As I pull my hand away my thumb brushes the lacy stitching of her panties.

She gives me the eye again and in a faux exasperated voice "1, harder. I'm not a china doll."

"Whatever you want," I smile. The next blow is in the same place and jolts her into couch. She grunts, the air being pushed out of her.

"Wow. Um 2." she waits a second to compose herself "I think I can go a littler harder"

I nod and swing again, this time aiming at her other cheek. She's braced her arms for this one and she doesn't go down but gives a little squeal.

"3. " she think for a moment before continuing. "What was that, like a 9 out of 10?"

"No, I'd say maybe a 3."

"I guess I ought to try for a 4..."

I swing again, back on her right ass cheek. This time it's before she's ready.

"Damn" she hisses as she is pushed into the couch, her right leg involuntarily flexing up in the air as she falls. She's breathing heavy now and looks back at me.

"This is what you did...to the other girls...I mean the girls you ... well whatever you people do. Dated, I guess?

I nod.

She swallows and nods back. "4. Harder."

She grits her teeth and I notice she's arching her back, pushing her ass out for me.

I follow up with 2 quick but powerful blows, one to each cheek. She's panting now, breathing heavy out of her mouth. Her hair is in disarray, falling over her face. She shakes it back in place and looks back at me locking eyes.

"5. 6. Harder" She pauses a moment. "The girls...you...whatever...I mean did you make them...count? It's kind of degrading I guess."

"Sometimes I made them count. Sometimes I made them say please and thank you. Sometimes they couldn't speak." I swing my hand down again, the impact shaking her whole body. A low painful moan slips passed her clenched teeth. It takes her a few labored breaths to compose herself.

"7. Harder...please"

"Good girl." I wait a moment, the only sound her deep breaths, watching her flex her legs, her ass swinging back and forth. Two more strikes each nearly lifting her off the couch. She straightens one leg and stomps the floor choking back the pain.

"8. 9." She turns her head and I can see her contemplating whether to say harder or not. She thinks she's at the edge of what she can take. Maybe she's thinking of quitting.

"You're doing well" Her eyes are large and watery. A single tear breaks through and slowly rolls down her cheek. I catch it with my thumb, her face held in my hand. As I slide my thumb up she rolls her head to the side, opening her mouth taking my thumb in. For a moment I feel her tongue lapping against the underside of my thumb and then she pulls back, her lips sticking to my skin.

I reach my arms around her waist pulling her up tight to me, her back to my chest. My hands slide together holding her up by her belt buckle. She leans back into me her hands behind her, tangled in my hair. I can feel her heart beating, pulsing through her skin. I undo her belt, slowly pulling it free of the belt loops, the only sound the leather dragging against denim. She leans her head back, her lips tickling my ear. "Harder please". Then she throws her self back down on the couch, lifting her ass up to me.

I take a step back admiring her and fold the belt over in the middle. Grasping both ends I pull in taunt, with a loud crack.

She yelps. I want to tell her the belt's bark is worse than its bite. But that would be a lie.

I swing the belt hard and up and it connect with her ass with a loud crack. She grunts and moans a mixture of pleasure and pain.

"10. Harder please"

I swing it again, two quick shots one on each of her thighs. She squeals in pain.

"Fuck " she moans under her breath. "11, 12." she's stalled out again trying to decide if its too much for her, her body tense and tight. She jumps as I lay the belt down across the small of her back.

"Be still" and I can see her change, responding to my voice. Her muscles go limp, her body less rigid.

I reach around and undo her fly's button then pull the zipper down. With my hands on each sides of her hips I slide her shorts off, catching on her thighs then giving way and falling down to her knees. She's panting again. I run my hands over her ass and thighs, tracing the pink splotches from my hand, the raised white and red welts from the belt. I can see a wet spot in her panties.

"Seems like you are enjoying yourself."

She lets out a long slow breath. There's a hint of embarrassment "Is it...normal? To like it a little?"

Its so sexy to see her like this. So vulnerable and exposed and not just physically.

"For some people it is."

I reach my left hand underneath her, my finger resting on her wet spot. She moans and flexes her hips, running her pussy along my hand. I curl a finger up on the outside of her panties, resting it on the edge of her clit. She starts circling her hips, grinding against my finger. I look over and she biting her lip, eyes closed, breathing heavy. She sways back and forth, then circling, pushing my finger further into her damp panties.

She leans her head down on the couch, eyes still closed. "For the other girls?" her voice is strained " It was normal for them to like it?"

"Yeah, they did. Some liked it because they liked pain, some because they like the humiliation, the embarrassment of it. Some because they just liked pleasing me."

She nods slowly, her brow creased as if straining to process what's happening. Then she lifts her hands to the sides of her panties and wiggles out of them, dropping them down to her knees exposing her self fully. She runs her hands back up her thighs, tracing the welts following the pattern of deep red hand prints. She takes my hand and places it back on her sex, slowly gyrating again, coating my finger in her juices.

"What did you call them?"

I don't understand her question? "What do you mean?"

"Like... did you call them names like...whore or ..." her voice trails off " ... slut? "

"Yes, usually Slave. Sometimes things much worse"

"And...what did they call you?"

"Sometimes sir, sometimes Master. Sometimes different names depending on my mood"

At the word Master she jump as if I've hit her. I wonder where's she's going with this, why she wants to know.

She swallows, "Do you think I'm ... a whore? " her voice drops so low I can barely hear it "a slut?"

I smile, my other hand rubbing her ass again squeezing and kneading it, rubbing the pain into her and at at the same time rubbing it back out.

"Are you?"

She doesn't answer for a while, my hand massaging the belt and hand prints. I can already see tiny purple bruises starting to show.

She rolls her head around, opening her eyes and locking onto mine. "For you I could be. " She swallows hard "I could be your whore." licking her lips, never breaking eye contact, "Your slut... your slave"

I nod, my hand sliding off of her ass. I raise it high, fingers slightly cupped together. She stares at my open hand her face an equal mix of dread and desire.

"Harder, please... Master" and she pushes her forehead into the couch.

That word. Her calling me Master, it frees something inside me. I swing hard and low, so hard that when I connect her body flies forward leaving a long trail of juices as her pussy leaves my hand. I swing again, hitting her full force as she leans back, her hungry hole searching for my fingers.

"12, 13 Harder Master!" she screams her pussy finding my hand again and grinding against, wetting my palm and wrist.

I let lose a fury of blow, never stopping while she screams out in pain and ecstasy. "15, Harder Master!" "16 Harder Master!" "17, 18 Harder Master."

I give one final smack and she collapses against the couch, her body heaving as she tries to catch her breath.

Gasping for air, she can't even lift her head. Her voice cracks and there are long pauses between words as she gathers her breath. "19. Master. Harder. Please."

I walk around to the back of the couch standing in front of her. I wait until she looks up at me, locking eyes, then I look down at the bulge straining against my pants.

"Yes Sir." Her whole body shaking, she takes a long labored breath and then reaches out to undo my pants. Her fingers fumble at the button and then finally releasing it, pushes the zipper down and pulls my cock out. She lifts me up, her tongue starting on my balls, sliding up my shaft and then engulfing the head in her mouth. I hold her head and slide my dick in and out, her tongue twirling around me.

I lean down over her picking up the belt and smack it hard against the couch. She jumps and moans. Her eyes turn up to me and she nods her head, never stopping sliding up and down my cock.

"Don't bite."

She stifles a laugh and nods again and continues working my cock.

I wait as she coming towards me, her mouth sliding along me and then let the belt loose. From the angle the impact isn't hard but the pain is sharp and it pushes her further towards me, gagging her on my cock. She squeals, her fingers clawing into the couch as she pulls her head back, my cock never leaving her mouth. She pauses ,eyes wide and wet.

"Keep going"

My cock still in her mouth she manages to get out a muffled "Yes Master, 20. Harder please" She slides her head back down and now I unleash the belt. The room is filled with her noises; the wet slap of the belt against her ass and her muffled screams: "21,22, 23, 24".

I drop the belt and reach down to her, my fingers massaging her hard wet clit. She grinds hard against me, so hard I have to use my other hand to prop myself up. Her whole body is moving now, as she dives down on my cock her pussy slides up my hand, her nub slamming against the meat of my hand them back town until my fingertips find her clit again. She goes faster and faster the couch rocking and threatening to tip over.

"Don't cum until I tell you"

She pulls me out for a moment, lapping at my dick. "I'm so close..."

"Hold it" I pull her face up to look me in the eyes. "Hold it, whore"

She lets out a deep moan takes me in her mouth again. She rocks back and forth and I can feel myself harden inside her mouth, my orgasm threatening to over take me.

Her whole body is shaking, with one hand she jerks me off in her mouth. "Cum in my mouth, please" she pleads, she begs. "I can't hold it much longer"

"Not yet" I'm on the edge of my own orgasm, I can feel her pussy beginning to spasm against my hand.

"Wait."

She lets out a tortured moan and then I feel my orgasm crest, my whole body tingles. Her eyes are glued to mine seemingly begging me to cum.

"Now, cum Slave"

My cock erupts, sending long strings of cum deep into her mouth. She lets out a series of choked moans, her body convulsing with each wave as her orgasm overtakes her. She opens her mouth wide, still stroking me. I let lose another stream of cum, painting her upper lip and open mouth. I pull her head down on me, forcing my cock all the way down her throat, semen still pumping out of me. She gags, her hands up digging at my ass to pull me into her. I hold her head still, my balls resting on her chin as my orgasm subsides and my cock begins to deflate in her mouth. She breaths heavy, her hands never letting go of my ass, keeping my cock buried as far as it will go down her throat.

When I'm limp I pull out, a long string of cum and spit connecting her tongue to the head of my cock. She opens her mouth wide and follows it up, ending on a kiss on the head of my dick, sucking up the last bit of cum.

We stand like that for a while, each processing what just happened allowing our orgasms to drain from our bodies. After what seems like an eternity, I slide around the couch and sit next to her. She curls up into me, her head on my shoulder, her legs tucked underneath her. I run my fingers through her hair. Her deep and ragged breaths slow down until shes breathing normally again. She kisses me neck softly and I can feel the sticky trail of cum she traces on my skin.

I move my hand to her shoulder and gently maneuver her around lying across my lap. I look at her ass and thighs, criss-crossed with welts from the belt and smacks from my hand. I stroke her hair.

"I almost forgot. And one to grow on?"

She reaches back, kissing my hand, her face still streaked with cum and spit and then rolls back across my lap, ass high in the air. "Harder please, Master."