**Swimming Lessons**

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I smiled at her, took a quick breath and dove into the pool. My hands broke the water, then I felt the cool water rush up my arms and toward my face. Instinctively my eyes closed. The water continued to engulf me. My body slowed down and I for a few moments, I floated almost weightlessly; quiet and peaceful. The air bubbles around my body slowly faded away and I sank to the bottom of the pool until my left shoulder brushed against the tile. I pushed off and opened my eyes just in time to see my pet jump into the water. She wasn't quite as elegant as me, but for someone who just months ago was terrified of the water, she had made impressive progress.

With a few quick strokes I got closer and emerged from the water right in front of her just when she pulled her bikini top back down.

"I'm sorry, Master," she said in a low but whiny voice.

I brushed the water out of my face and started to laugh. "Well, so much for being decent in public," I said and watched her cover up her boobs. "I can dress you up and take you anywhere but it just breaks my heart to hide those little things."

A hint of red appeared on her cheeks and her eyes darted around the room.

"There is nobody here to listen," I said and smirked. "It's just 6am."

"Yes, Master," she whispered. Her cheeks turned a darker shade of red, then she pulled up the left side of her bikini top and flashed me her boob again. Her nipple was rock hard.

"Nice," I said but before she had a chance to respond, I went under again.

I put arms on the edge of the pool and gazed across the pool at her frightened face.

"Come on," I said. "It's just 6 foot."

She shook her head so vigorously that I had to fight not to laugh.

"I'll be right here," I said. I kept my voice calm and steady and gave her my most confident smile. The water was hiding how hard my heart was beating and I knew I was going to get her past her irrational fear. "I'll make sure you're save."

Again she shook her head, a little less violently, as if she was trying to tell me that I was wearing her down her resistance.

"Alright," I said and pushed off. "I'll be right here, at the 5 foot marker where I can stand. Come here." I lifted my arms out of the water to proof that I had solid ground under my feet.

For a few seconds she just looked at me and I could tell how much she was struggling with herself; the expression on her face changed so quickly it almost looked like she was grimacing.

I waited for a minute but when I still didn't see an improvement in her demeanor, I decided to put her in her place.

"Now, slave," I said loudly.

Her eyes opened wider and her whole body froze. Omitting any affectionate address and just pointing out her proper place did exactly what I had intended.

"Now," I said, giving my voice a more generous tone again.

She started to shake her head but moments later she leaned forward and started to swim.

"That's a good girl," I said.

Her motions were clunky but it didn't matter. I had won. She had won.

With the slow strokes like I had taught her, my girl swam closer until my fingers brushed against her arm. A smile flashed over her face but then her body jerked and the smile was replaced by an expression of pure horror. Maybe it was my touch, maybe someone walking by. I couldn't tell and at that moment it didn't matter. As quickly as my arms would move I reached out for her, grabbed both her arms and pulled her into a safe embrace.

"Good girl," I whispered and folded my arms around her.

She was shivering, again or still, and her arms grabbed me with force of a strangling python.

"Good girl," I repeated and started to inch my way backward to the edge of the pool.

Soon only the tips of my toes still touched the ground but I anyway managed to reach the edge without swallowing water.

"Good girl," I said a third time and slowly turned until her back was pressed against the green tile. I expected her to grab onto the edge but instead her grip on my body only tightened.

Immediately I changed my plans.

"There is nothing to worry about," I said quietly and pushed off the edge again. The weight of her body quickly pushed me under but even with my face covered with water, I managed to keep her steady. It didn't make her relax but at least her panic didn't seem to grow any further.

Slowly we drifted toward the shallow end of the pool. When my feet touched the bottom again, I stood up and waded toward the edge with her still latched onto me.

"You can let go now," I said when we were just a few steps away from the edge. Her small body wasn't that heavy but I wanted to get her to relax before anyone else joined us in the pool area. Other hotel guests had already started to appear; most of them heading for to breakfast, others just grabbing a newspaper from the table on the other side of the glass wall.

"It's alright," I whispered and gave her a gentle kiss. Her shivering had already slowed and when your lips parted, she nodded and let me out of her embrace.

"See, nothing to worry about," I said and gave my most generous smile. "I promised to make sure you'll be fine and I kept my word."

She nodded and shyly returned my smile. Her mouth opened but then she closed it again without saying a single word.

"Then lets go upstairs," I said. We kissed one more time, then I took her hand in mine. I squeezed her hand gently as we got out of the pool and walked over to our shirts and shoes. Quickly I dried off and put on my shirt, then I looked my girl. She had turned away from me and was wiggling her rear suggestively as she was bent over, drying her legs.

She had recovered surprisingly quickly.

The elevator doors had barely closed behind us when she dropped to her knees and pulled aside my swimsuit.

"Thank you for rescuing me, Master," she said and moments later all of my soft cock disappeared between her lips. For a split second I thought about punishing her for not asking permission, but when her tongue started to circle to head of my cock, I let it go. She was good, really good. I closed my eyes and began to moan but then the elevator suddenly jerked to a stop and the door started to open.

My girl spun around and started to straighten up at the same time.

"Oh, that startled me," she said and smiled at the woman that was now standing in front of us. She was in her early thirties, well dressed. I smiled at her and moved out of the way as she stepped inside. She smelled heavy of perfume but it was a pleasant flowery scent.

"Six please," the woman said.

Without an answer my girl pushed the button for the 6th floor, then she backed up toward me. Her butt pressed against my crotch and I just couldn't help myself anymore. Without warning I slid my hand into her bikini bottom. For a moment she tensed up but then she remembered what I had taught her and she pushed her hips back against me. My fingers slid between her buttocks and without hesitation I thrusted two of my fingers deep into her rear. I could hear her inhale sharply but then she stood there perfectly still, squeezing my fingers with her muscles.

It seemed like forever until the elevator reached the 6th floor. Without turning around, the woman stepped outside but I decided to not let my girl off so easily.

"Good save," I said out loudly before the elevator doors even started to close. "She'll never know you were giving me a blowjob."

My girl's anus clamped down on my fingers so hard I was afraid they were going to break but when the other woman started to turn, I forgot all about the pain. The woman's face was stern, almost angry, but when the doors began to close, she suddenly smiled.

"Oh, I already knew," she said with an almost motherly voice. "You're lucky to have each other."

I blushed bright red. I had planned to humiliate my girl but that plan thoroughly backfired.

Elevator doors never closed that slowly.

Somehow we made it to our room without me ever taking my hand out of her bikini bottoms. With my free hand I put the do not disturb sign up and then pushed her inside.

"Master," she moaned and as soon as the door fell shut, she pushed me against the wall and kissed me passionately. I returned her kiss, thrusting my tongue deep into her mouth, enjoying every moment of it but then I suddenly pushed her away.

"This was very inappropriate," I told her. "Your body is there for my pleasure but you don't have rights to mine. You need to ask permission."

I thought I saw a flicker of anger in her eyes but when I motioned her to turn around, she started to smile again.

"I'm sorry, Master," she said and pushed her rear toward me. Somehow her bikini bottoms had already come off and she was once again wiggling her round behind at me.

"I'll do that later," I said and turned to the sink. Towels, bags of toiletries and the pink, tacked bra she was wearing earlier covered the counter around the sink. I knew my hair brush was somewhere under that mess but when I noticed her styling brush right on top, I stopped looking. It would do. Quickly I pulled the hair out from between the thick plastic bristles, then I turned back to my girl. She still had her rear pushed out but now that she knew what was coming, her buttocks were firmly clenched.

When I was done with the brush, she was breathing heavily and her muscles twitched.

"That's a good girl," I complemented her efforts to remain silent throughout her spanking. Then I took a step backwards and admired my work. Her buttocks were red, but not how I had expected. Instead of a solid, bright red, her skin spotted dark purple.

"That is going to hurt tomorrow," I said.

"Hurt... today...," she moaned between her deep breaths.

I nodded and was about to tell her that I was sure it hurt today too when she showed me that I had misunderstood her.

With all the energy she had left she thrusted her hips rearward and spread her legs so far that her pussy lips parted.

"Today... please...," she muttered but I barely heard her words. I was focused on the drop of her juices that started to form on her inner labia. The drop grew and grew until it could no longer hold on. In slow motion, it started to sink, forming a long tear drop shape. The neck stretched until the drop was hanging several inches below her pussy, then the neck suddenly snapped and the drop fell to the carpet. For a second it was sitting on top of the surface of the carpet, then it suddenly vanished, soaked up by the blue fibers.

"Please, Master, please," she begged again and this time she got my attention.

"Please what," I asked and stepped closer again.

"Please hurt me," she whispered. Her breathing had slowed down enough that she could speak normally but I knew just the way to change that.

"I don't want to hear a single noise," I said.

"Yes, Master," my girl said and arched her back again.

Quickly I checked the bristles of the brush. They were made of pink plastic, short and stubby, and had nice round ends. Painful, but not enough to draw blood.

"Please," she begged again but I didn't need any more invitations. I reached between her legs, pushed her pussy lips apart with my fingers and then pressed the tip of the brush against her sensitive opening.

Immediately she pulled away. Her hips rotated forward so quickly I had a hard time keeping the brush aimed at her pussy.

"Not..." I started but when she stopped moving and I realized that I had judged her wrong. She had never intended to avoid the brush. All she needed was a little more space to move. My fingers curled harder around the handle of the brush, just in time to meet her sudden thrust herself backward.

It took two more thrusts for her to take the rest of the brush into her pussy, then she fell forward against the wall and started to whine.

"Master, please..."

I ignored her voice and grabbed her pussy lips instead. She said two more words, then her voice turned into a series of low grunts. I paused for a moment, letting her wait for the pain that she knew was coming.

Then I suddenly yanked on both her pussy lips. Her body buckled and she started to scream but after just a few moments, I let go of her labia and watched how they slowly closed around the handle. It almost looked docile, her perfectly white skin surrounding the black plastic.

But there was nothing docile about her words.

"Fuck me," she whispered. "Please fuck my ass."

I started to smile. It was good that I had finally found a pain toy, but I had other things in mind than just fucking her.

"No," I said and gave her a hard smack on the ass. "We were just in the pool and now its time for a shower."

For a moment she hesitated and I could feel that her lust was about to overpower her obedience.

"Now, my slave," I said and luckily my words were enough.

"Yes, Master," she said and slowly turned around. At first she had her head lowered but then she looked up at me. Her eyes were torn wide open and tears were sitting in their corners, ready to run down her cheeks, but at the same time, her lips had formed a warm, happy smile.

"Thank you, Master."

I nodded in approval and stepped aside. With slow and shaky steps she teetered toward me. Each time her balance shifted from one foot to the other she grunted and when she passed me, I just keep myself from giving her another hard slap on her ass.

She yelped but continued her way into the bathroom. Step after slow step brought her closer to the tiled floor. The handle of the brush was clearly visible between her legs and when she bent down to turn on the water I could see that it was already completely covered with her wetness.

"Good girl," I said and gave her another smack.

Getting into the tub and assuming a proper kneeling position took my pet several tries but finally she managed. I waited until she put her hands behind her back and opened her mouth, then I stepped in front of her and pushed my hard cock into her mouth. Her lips immediately closed around my shaft and I pushed in deeper until I felt her nose brush against my pubic hair. Then I put my hand on the back of her head and forced the rest of my cock into her throat. She was holding her breath and I could feel how she was struggling not to gag.

In my mind I counted until 20, then I let go of her head. Immediately she pulled away but only far enough to allow herself to breath. She had long learned that her shower was over as soon as the head of my cock slipped from her lips.

"Shampoo," I said and smiled down at her. She moaned something in response, then she reached to the edge of the tub and grabbed the bottle of my shampoo. Her eyes turned upward and it looked almost like she was smiling at me around my cock when she held the bottle up for me.

"Thank you," I said and squeezed some of the shampoo on my palm. I handed the bottle back to her and then leaned backward to get my hair wet. The first few times that had caused her to let my cock slip from her lips but by now she had gotten used to me enough that her body magically followed mine no matter how I moved.

I had my eyes closed while I lathered my hair and body but the noises she made, showed me exactly what she was doing. The plasticy noise of her body wash bottle opening; the mild tap as she put the bottle back down; the groaning when she tried to watch her legs and feet. Everything was so familiar and I was looking forward to her washing her beautiful blond curls. Quickly I rinsed and then looked down, just in time to see her put the shampoo in her hair.

"Good girl," I said and then stood there, enjoying the feel how she took my cock deep again so it wouldn't pop out of her mouth as she lathered her hair. For over a minute her head moved around quickly, then she suddenly stopped.

It was time to rinse her hair. For a moment she pulled away to get a some deep breaths, then she thrusted herself down on my cock again and put her hand behind her back. That was out sign that she was ready to rinse.

I reached behind me, grabbed the adjustable shower head and pulled it out of its socket.

"Close your eyes," I said as I always did, then I aimed the jets of water at her head.

We repeated our game once more with the conditioner before I turned off the water.

"You're getting better with this," I said and got out of the tub.

"Thank you, Master," she said and started to move her yaw, trying to relax her muscles. It was a cute sight; one I never got tired of watching.

"You shouldn't have bragged about your deepthroating skills," I said and grabbed my towel. Quickly I dried off, then I tossed the damp towel to her and walked over into the tiny living space.

I sat down on the couch and started to flip through the channels, remote in my left, slowly stroking my cock with my right. The programming was lousy but I was anyway not interested in the TV. It was just a way to pass the few minutes until my girl had dried off and crawled into the room. Her hair was still wrapped in the towel and before she could even assume a proper position I motioned her to get on my lap.

"Yes, Master," she acknowledged and stood up. The handle of the brush was still sticking out of her pussy but the smoothness of her motions showed that she had gotten used to the pain by now.

"This way," I said and motioned her to turn. As much as I enjoyed kissing her and play with her boobs while she rode me, with the brush inside her, that simply wasn't an option.

"Yes, Master," she whispered. Her voice was low and husky and as she lowered herself on my lap, I aimed my cock at her anus.

"Thank you, Master," my girl moaned. Her anus slowly stretched but for the first time since I had started training her with butt plugs, my cock didn't easily slide into her. For a moment I considered lubricant but then I reached up.

"No," she yelped when she felt my hand grasp her hips but it was too late.

"Yes," I hissed and forced her down onto my cock.

She started to cum before my cock was even all the way in her rear. The brush in her pussy press into my cock and her anus clamped down so hard that it was almost painful.

"No," she yelped one more time. She pushed herself hard against me, then her body started to shiver and her mouth opened for a long scream. I reached around her to cover her mouth but her body was jerking so violently that I never even got my hand past her boobs. I tried twice more, then I grabbed her boob and dug my fingers into her sensitive flesh.

Moment later I started to cum as well.

I was still moaning when she turned her head and looked at me.

"I'm sorry I didn't ask for permission, Master," she whispered.

"We'll talk about that later," I said and hugged her body tightly against mine, enjoying the feel of the aftershocks of her orgasm still rushing through her body.

"Yes, Master," she said and wiggled her hips. "But I just couldn't help myself." She pulled her arm out of my embrace and pointed at the TV. "Look."

I brushed her hair out of my face and gazed at the TV. National news were on.

"A bank robbery in Alabama?" I asked and reached down between her legs. I found the handle of the brush and started to move it back and forth slowly.

She jumped and moaned loudly but then she shook her head. "No, Master. Just watch," she moaned.

Her echo had barely faded when the report ended and the reporter came back onto the screen.

The picture made me freeze but my girl pushed herself firmly against me, taking all off my cock back into her rear again.

"Is that..." I stuttered.

"Yes, Master," my girl moaned. "The woman from the elevator." One more time she thrusted herself against me, then she started to cum again.

We were definitely going to play in public more often.