**The Ring on Top of the Castle**

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We'd just climbed to the top of the highest turret at this old, abandoned castelo outside Sintra, Portugal.  
  
We'd been well rewarded for getting off the beaten path from the other tourists swarming these hills just north of Cascais. While the other places of interest had to resort to overflow parking, there'd been but a single other car in the lot of this castelo, and we'd seen neither hide nor hair of any other person on the grounds as we explored the ruins.  
  
From this vantage point on the turret, we had fabulous views of forests and meadows stretching all the way out to the cliffs above the coast. While you questioned how long we were going to stay before hitting the nude beach nearby for some all-over tanning, I spied an iron ring protruding from the wall in front of us. The beach could wait. I knew exactly what I wanted to do with you, right here and right now.  
  
"I think it's time to practice taking off your clothes before we get to the beach", I instructed in a sing-song voice as I tugged on the ring to make sure it wouldn't pull out of the wall.  
  
You bit your lower lip, again scanning the surroundings with your blue eyes, and began the motions to disrobe here in the bright sunshine.  
  
It was a warm day, and you'd chosen to wear a short, flowery cotton dress with only a thong underneath. Indeed, it was catching glimpses of your gorgeous, toned cheeks as you climbed the turret stairs in front of me that had gotten me into this horny state.  
  
While you reached behind your neck to unbutton the top of the dress, I fished into my backpack to get out the rope, the blindfold, and the riding crop we'd purchased yesterday from the adult-themed store just a few blocks away from our hotel near the Casino in Estoril.  
  
I turned back to face you and found you naked and waiting. Your dress and thong were in a tidy pile next to your feet, yet you'd kept your low-heeled sandals on (you knew the effect that has on me). You were a sight to behold with your eraser-sized nipples pointing out from your silicon-enhanced breasts. My eyes scanned down your flat tummy to see your clean-shaven lips already starting to swell.  
  
I stepped behind you to put on your blindfold, making sure you couldn't see anything at all, and then spun you back around again to bind your wrists.  
  
I instructed you to hold your hands out in front of you, chest high, and then gently guided you to push your elbows together. This had the combined effect of pushing your boobs together in an awesome display of cleavage while also allowing me to bind your hands in a way that the knot would restrain you but wouldn't tighten on you as we played.  
  
I always took great pleasure in making my knots nice and neat, so I took my time with my work. You loved the anticipation combined with the exposure, so I knew I didn't need to hurry.  
  
"Is this too tight?" I asked as I tucked the ends of the rope back into the knot around your wrists. "It's perfect," you whispered from under the blindfold. You started squirming, rubbing your knees together, and I knew you were wet in anticipation. Indeed, your hard nipples betrayed your excitement, and when I bent you over to secure your wrists to the ring, I could see your lips glistening.  
  
I finished tying the rope to the ring and then applied gentle pressure to the insides of your ankles so you spread your legs and bent over even further. I loved the way your blond hair fell across your sunlit back, and how your cheeks spread apart revealing your asshole tightly clenched above your leaking pussy.  
  
I stroked your left cheek with my open hand, preparing to land the first lash with the leather crop. And then I gently flicked the crop on you. You inhaled quickly and sharply as a mark welled up where the leather had fallen.  
  
I paused, wondering if I'd pushed things too far, way too fast. I was surprised that such a light blow would cause that welt to spring up. I remembered the first time you asked me to spank you, and I was surprised at how turned on we both got as you implored me to smack your ass harder and harder to make it redder and redder.  
  
This was our first time using a crop, however, and I obviously had underestimated its sting and the effect it would have on you. Fuck, I'd screwed this up already.  
  
And then you exhaled in a deep moan and pushed your ass out at me, begging for another. I smiled broadly as I ran my hand up between your thighs to find your juices trickling down the insides of your legs. Oh, you liked this. A lot.  
  
I stroked your right cheek with my hand and let the crop fall with the same force as the first.  
  
Another mark.  
  
Another moan.  
  
No need to check between your legs this time before returning to the other cheek to repeat the process.  
  
With each lash, your breathing got heavier.  
  
With each lash, my cock strained harder against my pants.  
  
With each lash, your legs trembled harder as your ecstasy swelled within you.  
  
And after the twelfth lash, I gently set the crop down on top of my backpack and dropped down on my knees behind you, inhaling the lusty scent of your excitement.  
  
I buried my face in you, my tongue working its way between your lips seeking to push inside you. I spread your red-marked cheeks apart and lapped at you from clit to asshole, again and again, feeling your legs start to shake.  
  
Finally, I pushed my face hard up against you, my tongue inside you, my nose pressed up against your brown bud, and that's all it took to push you over the edge.  
  
You came hard with a deep groan and slumped forward, hanging from the ring by your wrists as you gasped to catch your breath.  
  
You hung limply in front of me for a long moment, ass in the air, before telling me you needed to feel my cock plunging deep inside you.  
  
I disrobed as I gained my feet behind you. My leaky cock jutted out in front of me, ready to plunge into your sopping and swollen pussy.  
  
I stepped forward and grabbed onto your hips, lining myself up. I was completely inside you with a single push, and this brought you quickly back to an ecstatic state.  
  
My thrusts into you were met with equal pushback against me as you sought to get me deeper and deeper inside you. I'd never been so hard as I was now, fucking you in broad daylight at the top of this castle. I loved seeing you bound and blindfolded and your cheeks red. I knew I could do anything I wanted to you and you'd willingly take it all and more. My mind raced with possibilities. You were moaning deeply, imploring me to fuck you harder. Every time I bottomed out in you, you gave out a little ecstatic yelp.  
  
All the sudden my orgasm swelled up in a huge wave cresting simultaneously from my toes and my fingertips and I held my thrust inside you as my cock pulsed over and over again. My knees buckled as I drained myself deep inside you. I draped across your back as my body went limp. Our breathing slowed and synchronized, and I tried to find the physical composure to stand up to sort things out.  
  
I struggled to get myself back up to standing and pulled myself out of you with an audible plop. I took a moment to admire the view of your red-marked cheeks still spread apart and watched as my come started dribbling out of you.  
  
It was time to free you from your restraints and get cleaned up.  
  
It was only when I stepped forward to remove your blindfold that I saw we had an audience. Leaning up against the wall at the top of the stairs, he had his pants around his ankles.  
  
He'd obviously been turned on by what he'd just witnessed, given the splatter of come on the ground in front of him. He was still massaging his rapidly softening, but still quite large cock, and he caught my eye with a look of contentment mixed with still unsatisfied hunger.  
  
My cock twitched as my mind raced with the possibilities.  
  
I leaned down so my lips were inches from your ear and whispered, "it seems as though we have a nicely endowed admirer, my dear. Would you like me to keep your blindfold on while we go for round two?"  
  
The shiver of goosebumps that ran through your body, from your shoulders to your pushed-out ass, was all the answer I needed.  
  
I motioned for him to step closer.