

# Lizbeth's Big Book of Spanking Stories

Volume 2



Lizbeth Dusseau

Lizbeth's Big Book  
of Spanking Stories, Vol. II  
*Including the story collections previously published as:*  
*Remembering How It All Began*  
*Woodshed In The Woods*  
*Plus five bonus spanking stories*  
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**Table of Contents:**

Jenny's Bad Day  
Spanking Savannah  
From Dance For Me Savannah  
Another Time  
Kate's Burning Lesson  
The Appointment  
Woodshed In The Woods  
Casey's Arrangement  
Submission  
A Punishment To Fit the Crime  
From Justice For A Thief  
A Remembering How It All Began  
Plots, Schemes & Paddlings  
Emily Gibbs, Paddled At Last  
One Summer  
I Should Beat You!  
From Crimes & Lovers  
It's Been Much Too Long  
From Jocelyn's Rebellion

## Jenny's Really Bad Day

How simple it would have been to just give in. He wanted her to, and she wanted to herself. But there was that fire in her belly that took more than simple giving-in to squelch.

The day was horribly hot, a pre-summer May, sweltering and unbreathable. She walked home from the bus stop in a funk, unhappy because everything had gone wrong that could go wrong. And now she was more miserable than ever. Her clothes were hot, the sun was hot, her hair was hot with the sun's desperate heat beating down on her head. Everything had gone wrong that could go wrong.

Branson, the bastard hated her presentation that she'd worked hours to perfect—yes, it was unique, but he just didn't understand her artistic vision; then best friend, Liv, spilled cappuccino on the brand new \$90 lime green dress; and Hilary, her hairdresser, screwed up her last haircut and perm until it was now a frizzy mess.

She was in funk. But worse yet, she let Jordan down, failing to show for their morning coffee date, which he demanded, just because he knew she needed a little settling before she went into an important meeting. Perhaps that was the beginning of her bad day. Perhaps if she'd not failed to keep that appointment, her day would have worked out better. Perhaps.

Her body felt as if it had been beaten with clubs, ravaged by hungry wolves, her psyche torn apart by those who would never understand her, least of all Jordan—the perfect—who did everything in his life right, she sarcastically mused. Same time, she had to believe in Jordan, he, more than any one could put her back together after a horrible day like this one.

A half hour later, after dragging her weary ass in off street, she lay over Jordan's lap, his fist, ladened with a kitchen spoon, poised above her naked ass.

Smack!

Ah! What pain!

Smack!

The second blow landed like the first, right on the middle of a plump ass cheek.

It had taken one hell of an argument to get her there; he'd been so patient at first. Kind. Almost loving. Yes, it was loving, the way he affectionately tried to nurture her with kindness. But she wouldn't be nurtured. No. Not today. Never! She pulled out of his loving arms in a huff, too angry with herself to be loved.

She wanted confrontation, conflagration, incineration... heat, anger, righteous indignation, her pissed-offedness venting out in a hiss of crude, nasty language, meant for the world, life, humanity, every last fucking soul, good or bad. The world was her obstacle, her foe, her vague, inconstant enemy.

Unfortunately, Jenny vented it all, everything, every last nasty invective toward the one man who loved and understood her, the one sole human being who might have been an exception to her broad-sweeping judgment of the whole of humankind.

"I'm a miserable designer!" she shouted in desperation. "I know nothing! I never will! They hate me! They hate my work! I'm quitting tomorrow, if they don't fire me first." She thought a moment. No. They won't fire me—I'm putting in my resignation! That was after she had Jordan's attention by throwing everything she was holding in her arms—purse, coat, briefcase, not to mention the spear-like golf umbrella she'd needed in the morning to save her hair from a sudden thunderstorm. "I'll quit, I swear I will!"

She stomped around the apartment pissed off, watching, waiting for Jordan to say something, anything to stop her.

And sure enough, he did, once he'd finally heard it all. He'd had enough.

So calm, so cool. "My, you're certainly asking for it, Jen," was all he had to say to set her off again.

“Oh, you think you know what I need!” she came right back at him.

“Hey, I don’t know anything about what you need, but I sure as hell know what you’re going to get,” he said.

He yanked her hard, really hard, mainly because she was trying to scoot right past him and lock herself in the bathroom.

With his hand firmly around her arm, her heart started to pound. Adrenalin rushed her body like a hot wind. Before she could wrench from his grasp, he’d upended her over his lap. Damn! He was fast!

She was close to him now, against his middle, over his lap, her crotch right up next to his, and his was hot, venting sexual rage and her unhappiness, and somehow, in the middle of all that, a good deal of love.

The spoon came down across her bottom, hard, again and again and again, the damn thing burning like the fiery flames of hell itself. More, another and another, hot, hellish damnable, detestable, but necessary...just to get her out of the self-pitying gloom.

He didn’t say a word, just kept on hitting again and again until she was screaming, crying, raging, banging her fists against his legs and her feet against the nothingness behind her, all the while looking as if she were dogpaddling in mid-air. Over and over her words of exclamation, “Stop it, you fucking ass!” until she was hoarse.

Again, harder and harder he hit, until she suddenly realized dazedly that it wasn’t the spoon anymore but just his hand, his flesh, spanking her old-fashioned style, as if she were a really bratty kid.

Was that what she was? She thought that for one brief second.

He was exhausted and she was exhausted, when he finally stopped. But she was calmer. Much calmer. Spanked. Ass hot, body sweltering.

And with Jordan's hand dropping between her thighs, and her thighs opening hungrily, and her inner self purring, she found heaven on earth again. To hell with the miserable world when she had this heaven. Yes, now this was heaven. Heaven.

Amen.

They'd take it to bed. Minutes would pass in their clench. Their lips would lock; their hands would explore; his body would penetrate and hers would not resist.

At the finish, she'd come, he'd come, and they'd both pass out, exhaustion a good thing now until she said to him in a voice as sweet as a sorry child:

"I'm sorry, hon, it was a really bad day."

Spanking Savannah

From Dance For Me Savannah

It would be a very special night, an unforgettable night, but it would take some time for it to all play out...

She told him she liked German food.

"I spent a year in Germany doing research," she explained. "All that heavy stuff was appealing. But I don't like dark beer."

"I haven't met a woman who does. How about wine?"

"Lovely," she replied. Her diaphanous black dress was splashed with bold, cream colored flowers, and when he saw her from the backside, he could see the tempting outline of her rear, even the hint of a crack between her round cheeks. He wondered if she was wearing anything underneath, almost certain seeing the way her flesh jiggled inside the dress and her nipples poked through the fabric that there nothing covering her breasts. She fashioned her hair in some odd creation, held together by chopsticks and a little magic. "What are you looking at?" she asked him curiously.

"Your hair, it's different."

"You don't like it?"

"No, I was just wondering if those things might not get in the way."

"In the way of what?" she asked as if she didn't already know what Michael was speaking about.

"Sex."

"You think we're ready for that?" she asked.

"You haven't refused me."

"Not yet anyway." She smiled warmly, not closing any doors.

"And since I have Guillaume's permission."

"Oh?" Her face darkened subtly as she thought of her lover.

"He sent me a letter. You know about that?"

"He sent me one too," she replied.

"And what did he tell you?"

"To behave myself with you."

Michael cocked his head wondering how to interpret that remark.

"To do as you ask," she explained further when she saw the question in his expression.

Michael smiled, realizing that this evening would be exactly as he wanted it. Even so he was daunted by the possibilities before him.

"I suppose you plan on using the . . ." she was momentarily gripped by inordinate fear that strangled her speech. "... the paddle and cane?"

"I put them in the back of my closet. I'm more interested in making love to you."

"If it's Guillaume's wishes, I'll do anything," she reminded him.

Michael stared at her without speaking, for a long time trying to get a real fix on the inconstant woman. "You know . . ." he finally decided on what he was going to say . . . "I don't think I understand you. For such an independent woman, you're unbelievably moldable. Sometimes I think of you as a sailboat without a rudder, moving with whatever



breeze takes your sails. And then at other times you're a powerful ship staying your course against the strongest winds."

"What an interesting description." She cocked her head and pursed her lips, as though she was thinking a lot and had lots to say, but she didn't give her thoughts words.

"You're dominated by a man you've hardly ever seen, if you've seen him at all," Michael continued. "And aroused by some very dark passions and a degree of exhibitionist frenzy that I've rarely seen in any woman." He smirked as though her true nature was dawning on him. "You're like a chameleon the way you change, turning a different color as your life moves you on to something else." He shook his head amazed by his observations.

"It's the actress in me," she explained. "The moldable part."

"You ever act?"

"I do it all the time."

"Are you acting now?"

"I'm playing one of my roles, yes. But it's vintage me. I'm not pretending to be something I'm not. I'm just a lot of different people in one. I think that fascinates men," she said very sure of herself. Savannah was half vamp, half pretending to be in control. It was for Michael to find out if she'd be relinquishing that control to him.

"Have you heard me complain?" he asked, still gauging the Savannah he dined with. He viewed her symmetry and her inconstancy as something to study, as though she was a work of art in progress. His trained eye basked in the way her facial expression could be so different and still remain wholly Savannah. The pale pink glossing her lips made him want to focus on them as she spoke, but then her eyes danced and paled, and looked warmly at him, then became so enigmatic he couldn't fathom her thoughts. She toyed with him so deliberately she should be ashamed. But then that was the prerogative of women. He intended to have her

that night, and they both knew it. "Drink your wine," he suggested in a tone of voice that was akin to a demand. He finished off his beer and ordered another.

Their booth was small, arranged so that they were almost sitting side by side, so that it was perfectly reasonable that his hand would find her thigh half way through dinner. He felt her cringe slightly, and then shudder as though a bolt of electricity shot through her and into him. It produced a welcome effect on his penis.

"Draw your skirt up," he suggested, moving his hand aside.

She smiled at him. "You like being in control, don't you? It must be the photographer in you."

"You don't have a problem with that Savannah. I've known you long enough to observe that much."

She raised the skirt ever so slowly, pulling it to her knees and then above so her bare thigh showed.

"No stockings?" he whispered when his hand returned to that place.

"I was thinking lots of bare flesh tonight."

She'd turned up her seductive allure so high, he was hopelessly infatuated even while he tried holding back. "Are you going to be as fickle with me as you are with Guillaume, as you are with, who's that guy? Mack?"

"You think I'm fickle."

"You're in love with Guillaume, but you're going to make love to me tonight."

"Because he wants that," she said.

"And there's no conflict in you?"

"None," she said.

His hand moved high enough on her thigh so that she had to part her legs in order for him to travel to the place of his planned destination. He felt the softness of her shaved pubis and let his fingers rest there. She shivered at his touch, although so imperceptibly that he could only feel the tremor because they were sitting so close.

"That amazes me, no conflict," Michael replied to her statement.

"It doesn't amaze me at all. I've always managed to be in love with several men at one time."

"And you're in love with me?" he asked.

"I won't know until we've had sex," she said.

"Must mean your heart's between your legs."

She smiled, pursed her lips again in a coy pout. "You guess well."

They remained in the restaurant just long enough to pay the bill. Riding in Michael's Mustang to his apartment, sparks of electric sexuality flashed erratically between them. They shared the tight space in an uneasy silence that was about to explode from the tension of suppressing their attraction. Feeling like a thief stealing a prize from a rich man, Michael was bringing the spoils of war home to his lair. While he mused on his new acquisition, Savannah let her mind wander to images of medieval maidens captured for sexual purposes.

"I thought you'd take me to my loft," Savannah said, "or to the studio."

"Not if it would put you in control," he answered easily.

Michael's apartment was three flights up in an old building with a slow moving elevator, the kind with the black gate across the doorway to keep the passengers in. It was hardly large enough for two people.

"I haven't taken pictures of you in an elevator, have I?" he asked.

"I thought there would be no cameras tonight," she said.

"And if there were, would that bother you?" he asked. He pulled her close so they were chest to chest, her warm fluid breasts touching him, their hands meeting at their sides so their fingers intertwined without thinking. It was a delicate beginning.

"I love the camera trained on me," she replied. "Since I'm an exhibitionist at heart."

He chuckled. "Then you'll have to suffer tonight. My eyes are the only ones that are going to feast on you." They kissed, small kisses, delicate ones, ones that began at her lips and then, as Michael's lips moved, found the fragrant crook of her neck and the delicious taste of her shoulder. "I want you to take off the dress."

"Right here?"

"Right here," he nodded.

"I'd be naked," she said. "Completely."

"Not a stitch on underneath?"

"Not even a whisper of cloth," she confirmed.

If he hadn't heard the sound of someone on his floor moving outside the elevator before it opened, he might have drawn the dress over her head. Even he wasn't that bold.

The hallway was the dark kind, with half paneled walls, crown molding high on the ceiling, and ancient light fixtures that only glowed dimly when lit. Passing a man getting on the elevator, they were alone again, stepping into the short corridor where there were just six doors, five apartments and one storeroom. Michael's apartment was in the front of the building, the furthest from the elevator. From another apartment along the way, they could hear the sound of Madame Butterfly coming from a phonograph. This was no CD recording, but vinyl, where scratches and tiny blimps in the perfection only added to the mellifluous sounds that impregnated the air with the pure energy of rich-hued color, in the shades of an earthy countryside in autumn as the season loses its prime. Into the atmosphere of that sensuous background music, their kisses were focused. The short journey down the hallway became a long one, the two lingering between real life and fantasy, in some other world that was only sexual, where being sexual was the only thing that mattered, where intertwining with a lover's limbs was a natural act, naturally enacted any hour of the day in any place where desire appeared.

He played with her through her dress, running his hands as far as they could reach on her thighs, along her sides, to her waist, and breasts and back and shoulders. She placed her hand on his crotch. For a while, she rested her foot on the edge of a planter. And while the aria moved them within its melody, as if they were the notes themselves, Michael's hand found the warm home of her pubis and she gave it up to him.

"You smell dark," he whispered, pulling his hand away from where he'd played with her wet opening. He licked one side of his fingers then put them to her mouth, the pink lips sucking the two until the juice moved into her mouth.

"The taste of sex," she whispered back to him.

A door opened down the hall, and they remained clenched together; but as Michael's neighbor waited for the elevator, they finished their way to the apartment and let themselves inside.

In the doorway, Savannah's dress finally disappeared. By the light of a small lamp in the living room Michael removed his shirt while Savannah watched from a reclining position on his overstuffed couch. To the tune of an old recording of a black jazz singer tripping through a lazy blues, he had his pants at his feet and was descending on his lounging lover. They groveled their way through the preliminary seduction, and moved briskly to his erection in her vagina. Her body seemed to swallow his aching member, while at the same times, she whimpered at the sharpness of his attack. And yet, the harder he pushed, the more she opened, the less she hurt. She hadn't had sex like this in a long time—Guillaume was far too remote to suit her.

Michael's first orgasm was brusque, without regard for Savannah's pleasure. Hers would take more finesse to produce and he would save finesse until later, until after he'd punished her for ignoring him too long. With the first explosion over however, he backed off and the two lay side by side naked, petting each other like lazy cats. Minds

wandered. Michael's was empty for a while until his physical need moved beyond his need to rest.

"Did you bring the spanker with you?" he asked her as his hands ran their way through her tangled hair.

"You didn't ask for it," she answered in a soft vacant way.

"Humm. That's too bad then," he replied, giving her cheek a tender kiss. "I'll have to use the other things."

"What other things?" she wondered, still a little too dreamy to make any sense of words and meaning.

"Don't play coy, my dear, I already told you."

She was waking slowly. "But I thought you wanted to make love to me? You said you wanted to be gentle."

"And that I've done," he reminded her. "Now I want to punish you. It's at my discretion, you know." His loving gestures laced with caressing tones, did little to convey his meaning, though the words sufficed. She squirmed against him trying to love him more.

"Have I done something?" she asked in innocence.

"Oh, yes," he replied gladly. "You've pissed me off a dozen times, and I'll get it all back."

"But you said . . ."

"I've changed my mind. That's my prerogative as a man, just as yours as a woman is to be as puzzling as a spring breeze."

Michael moved away from her, watching her all the way to his bedroom door, as the reclining figure of ribald sexual glamour teased him from the couch. Legs open, she appeared to be luring him away from his purpose, but he wasn't moved enough to change his mind.

Leaving the wrappings from the parcel of implements strewn on the bedroom floor, he brought the paddle and baton with him back to the living room.

"On you're belly," he ordered her, "unless of course, you want it on your puss."

Hastily scooting about, Savannah complied without a second thought, anxious to bury her tender skinned limbs

and chest into the comfort of Michael's thick couch. But her ass end shamelessly bared took a bevy of smacks from the black lacquered paddle as Michael knelt at her side on one knee, and used it for more than mere love pats. Even in the dim light, he could see the color of her bottom change. The milk-white hue of her skin went from a faint blush, to pink, to a second shade of rose, the color of an old tea-rose past its prime. Though she was hardly wilting like a flower.

Savannah didn't like the strike of the paddle as well as she'd liked the leather spanker. This so unforgiving made her think more of being punished than having sex. But Michael was unabashedly ruthless laying the thing against her cheeks. She rocked back and forth, though that was a foolish move when she was suddenly struck in places that weren't as amply padded as her ass.

"You must really be angry with me," she sobbed, when he stopped.

"Something I'm only beginning to admit," he said. "But that's only half of it."

"The other half?" she asked peeking out through her muddled eyes.

He handed her a handkerchief. "No mascara on the couch," he informed her. "The other half, I'm thoroughly enjoying it as much as you are." He watched her wipe away the messy make-up.

She wouldn't deny the pleasure, the fact that at that instant, after having cried for him to stop because it hurt so badly, she was feeling the distinguishing warmth of her hot ass begin to radiate outward in such a pleasant way that in secret she was wanting more. Either Michael read her mind or simply desired to continue for himself. This time, lifting her from the couch, he sat himself down. In an old fashioned gesture he then drew his crying brat over his lap so he'd have easier access to her lush punished mounds and the passionate heat they gave off. He spanked her more. The black paddle took her fading cheeks and raised the rosy

glow again to its most vibrant color. Then, exchanging the paddle for the baton, he let the thin reed fly against the red, leaving marks with each nasty crack.

“Michael nooooo,” she roared from her gut.

The cane struck again. “These are for Guillaume. (her other lover). I’m sure he’d approve,” he remarked, before he let the second one land. That cut hotly on both cheeks, leaving a burn to linger when the blush died off.

“Oh gawd,” the low mellow protest filled him with woe, but it wasn’t enough to deter the third, the fourth or the fifth sharp cut. “Oh, nooooooooo,” were the final forlorn words before the last strike hit.

“Just one more, for Guillaume,” Michael announced.

Savannah knew it wasn’t for Guillaume at all, but himself. At least it was the last one. And because he turned her over and held her close to him, as soon as he was finished, she allowed the hurt and even the pain to die quickly away. The punishment over, Savannah drifted passionately in his Michael’s arms enjoying what his ferocity created in erotic heat.

Michael discovered the ripe wet folds of her vagina as he fondled her aching behind, rubbing the engorged place at the center, fingering that sensitive opening. Savannah rode a rolling erotic wave to her bliss-filled end and remained in his arms, with her eyes fixed on his face, as she recuperated from the sharp climactic spasm.



## Another Time

“Dear Lauren, It’s been a long time. I’ll be in town next week, give me a call if you’re interested. Will”

My heart skipped a beat as I read the handwritten note, Will in town, wanting to see me after ten years. What a wonderfully terrifying thought!

But why after all this time was he contacting me? Was he single again? I was divorced myself, just over a year. My husband Craig had been a very sweet man but he was also very wrong for me.

During all those years I was married to Craig, Will’s face had kept a determined vigil in my mind. The memory of that scoundrel surfacing with his roguish laugh and teasing brown eyes was a haunting recollection of a time I should never have left. At twenty-two years old, I was scared of the way he’d gotten inside me, the way his good humor would disappear and his eyes would glow darkly, and a scowl would play across his face. I was scared that I’d lose myself and my identity in his dominating personality, when like a cruel despot he’d demand my submission to him. I was too strong-willed to yield completely, even if there was part of me that wanted that more than anything. The last time we were together, when he ordered me front and center, I panicked and walked away.

Every day since, for the last ten years, a little piece of me has regretted my hasty decision. I told myself over and over again that I could never live with Will and his conditions; but in spite of what I told myself, my heart said something different. Even marriage to a terrific guy didn’t quell the remorse. Something was definitely missing in my life, and it seemed to be exactly what I was scared of most!

Since being on my own, the marriage finally winding down like a wind up toy, when no one turns the key anymore, I’d been thinking of Will a lot, even though the whole mental activity of imagining him seemed a little silly. I didn’t know until this letter, where he was or what he was

doing. But when his message came right out of the blue, it sent my heart soaring like it hadn't since the last time it soared for him. I felt as if I was floating on a cloud.

After reading the note for the hundredth time, I put it down and rummaged through my desk, pulling out a half dozen dog-eared photographs of Will and me in outdated clothes, playfully posing for the camera. One hilariously outrageous picture drew my eye in particular. Will had me poised over his lap, his hand raised as if he was going to spank me.

I recalled the day it was taken, we were having a party at the lake cabin we shared. Several of our friends were there and we were all drinking beer and kicking back, relaxing for an afternoon. Will and I were trading barbs as we usually did, about something really inconsequential, when he suddenly grabbed me and pulled me over his lap, slapping my bottom with a dozen vigorous smacks. I blushed as red as a rose. It was all meant to be a joke, with our friend Mark snapping pictures of us, we were all in a fit of laughter when it was over. Yet, in the back of my mind, I wondered if the others had any idea how real it was for me to be laying across Will's lap, submitting to an energetic spanking.

Will spanked me for the first time on our third date, after an impassioned argument. I can't even remember what it was about.

"I won't put up with a headstrong brat!" he charged, after he flung me over his lap and whacked my rear a few dozen times with the palm of his hand.

I was shocked and completely humiliated. Afterwards, I pretended to be hurt and pouted for an entire hour afterwards. But the truth was, the whole thing intrigued me. Not to mention the fact that it was one wild erotic rush. I'd never felt anything like it before.

A month and several lighthearted spankings later, I was moving into Will's cozy lake cabin. I was so much in love, even though our relationship was sometimes very

mysterious to me. Will was handsome, fun, sexy and spontaneous; but he was also volatile and domineering, a fact that scared me as much as it turned me on. Usually, he was pretty casual about things, but at other times, he seemed to rule our little domicile with an iron fist, insisting that his rules were law. Those rules were pretty simple things, like keeping the place clean, and food in the kitchen and dinner at a certain hour. But if something wasn't to his liking, he showed his displeasure with little restraint, and he didn't like one word of back talk. All my childish antics, like pouting, whining and stomping my feet only made my sessions over his knee all the more painful.

Usually he spanked me with the palm of his hand, a quick, brusque activity that vented his anger against my bottom and produced hardly more than a wince from me. But when he was particularly miffed and decided to wallop me good, he'd remove a leather belt that was hanging on the wall—just for such occasions—and doubling it in his hand, he'd order me over the arm of his overstuffed chair. After a stern lecture, he'd haul off with a dozen furious whacks across my fanny, and the pain would be intense. Sometimes, if I really pissed him off, he'd raise my skirt or take down my jeans and panties, and my naked rear would have to endure the stinging blows.

No matter how he chose to punish me, at those moments, his temper played out across my exposed rear end until he was spent, and all his anger was gone, and he figured I'd paid for my errors. By then, I was spent too, and sobbing like a baby.

One day I remember well, when we were building a tool shed behind the cabin, he gave me the very worst punishment I'd ever had. It was bitter cold outside and my frustration with waiting for Will to make up his mind, got the better of me. He wasn't in a particularly good mood either. I finally lashed out about the dictatorial way he was ordering me around. That turned out to be an unfortunate mistake!

"You going to do this or not?" he demanded of me, after I'd told him I was cold and didn't want to work any more.

"I'd rather go inside," I said impudently. I leveled a stare at him with my cold flashing eyes, and he returned mine with a terrifying stare of his own.

I could tell by his look that I'd gone too far, but I never expected what happened next.

This time he didn't bother to go for the belt hanging in the cabin. Instead, he removed the one he was wearing, a thick two inch wide work belt. I looked at him in horror watching him double it as he usually did so it hung menacingly at his side.

Before I had time to let the impact of his intentions sink in, he pushed me over the sawhorse we were using, and pulled down my jeans. "Don't you dare," I screamed, but he obviously didn't care what I had to say as the belt came down hard on my chilled rear end.

"Yikes," I screamed. I kicked my feet and tried to bolt, but his strong arm came down to bring me back, giving me a firm shove against the unyielding wooden bar. I gave up fighting as I realized how determined he was. Even though the blows were furious, I wasn't dumb. The punishment would only get worse if I tried to get away again.

With the leather bouncing off my bottom, I couldn't imagine anything worse. Hanging right out there in the open, it was not only more painful than usual with the striking opposites of hot and cold; but there was the humiliation, lest someone discover the shameful scene. It didn't matter to me that the possibility was very unlikely, as far away as we were from civilization, it still felt as if I was "baring myself" in a public place.

I howled like crazy, but as usual, my wretched cries were to no avail. Again, I was fortunate that we lived some distance from any neighbors, for we'd certainly have attracted an audience if anyone had heard my shrieks.

"Please, stop, Will, I'm sorry, I really am," I pleaded, but he continued, not saying a word as he worked my rear. By the way the blows were raining down on me, I was certain that when he finished, my behind would be blistered from top to bottom.

"There," he said emphatically, when he was finally done. He pulled me roughly from the sawhorse, and steadied me on my wobbling feet. "Pull up your pants," he ordered. I was sniffing, wiping my tears with the back of my hand. "Don't you get sassy with me again, girl!" he warned, pointing an accusing finger in my face. I snuffed some more, thinking of all kinds of nasty things to say to him.

"I won't," I replied reluctantly. There was still a little edge in my voice. His anger may have dissipated, but I wasn't sure mine had. I rubbed aching my rear through my pants, and eyed him with a petulant glare. It was quite a sensation, the stinging cold and the stinging heat side by side.

"Can I go in?" I asked at last. I was even less in the mood to work than I had been before.

"You can do anything you'd like," Will said. He was noticeably more congenial, giving me my licks always had that effect on him. And this time, he was looking particularly self satisfied; he must have known the special ache he caused snapping his belt across my freezing cheeks. "Just don't dirty the house with those," he warned me, looking down at my mud-caked boots.

I looked down at them too, but I didn't say another word as I turned and walked away.

An hour later, Will was at my back with his arms around me nuzzling my neck. I was standing at the kitchen sink looking out at the lake. I'd tried to ignore him when he first came in; I was still angry. But I couldn't really ignore his warm face against mine. His little act of tenderness seemed to wipe away my remaining hurt. "Let me see your behind," he purred in my ear.

I leaned back against him, "You scoundrel," I purred back. I reached behind me to the warm spot between his legs where I could feel him getting hard. "Were you out there all this time with your dick stiff?" I asked.

"Not exactly," he replied. "It got that way thinking how nice it was to see your ass end bright as a cherry amid your goose bumps."

He pulled at my jeans again, but this time so he could fondle my sore cheeks. "Ooo, nice lines," he said, noting that his belt had left a few tiny welts on my skin. "Is it painful?" he asked, squeezing it roughly.

"Ouch, you ass! Of course it is!" I exploded with a lighthearted protest, while I turned around with my pants dropping to my ankles. For a while I rubbed myself against his swelling jeans, moaning with pleasure as he rubbed back. Finding his zipper, I tugged down, pulling out my favorite plaything. Taking it in my hand I jacked it hard a couple of times, and listened to him moan in return. Pushing me toward the kitchen table, he laid me down against it with my hips hanging at the edge, my legs spread wide waiting for his next move. Knocking at my juicy door, he eased right in, filling me with the most delicious feelings. I squeezed him tight from within, and listened to his moan vibrate through him.

Damn! He pumped me hard, with one long stroke after another. My loins were soon as burning hot as my ass had been. And as for my ass, the banging against the rough hewn kitchen table made it hurt all the more; but by that time, it only added to our lusty fuck.

As he penetrated me, I pushed back against him so he was inside me to the hilt. Then for good measure, he grabbed at my ass cheeks as if he wanted to add insult to my already injured bottom.

"Ah yes, baby, fuck me," I screamed, succumbing to a flood of searing passion running from my pussy everywhere. "Oh, gawd, yes!" I shouted exploding in orgasm.

About the same time, his own cry lifted into the steamy kitchen air, though I don't remember much about that, being wrapped up in my own private pleasure. We churned against each other for some time, then I must have drifted off to sleep, at least for a few seconds. The next thing I remember was him gently lifting me from the table and our stumbling into the bedroom where we collapsed on the bed.

"I think if you keep being such a petulant little brat, we're going to have lots of fun," I remember him saying, as he ran his hands through my hair.

I was in some dreamy "nahnah" land and moaned my agreement as I drifted into sleep. At such moments I was totally content.

These were always the best times, snuggled next to each other, letting all the emotion and physical release wash over us. His nasty temper, his commanding air, his picky little rules and most of all the cutting swats to my rear didn't matter in those soft moments. In fact, I knew then, that all that tempestuous foreplay just made our sexual interludes even better.

I don't know why I gave it all up, the reason slipped my mind as I read Will's note fingering it tenderly. I'm sure it was a rash, impetuous moment, when I wasn't thinking clearly. Probably over something really stupid. I do remember that Will was in an absolutely dictatorial frame of mind and we'd fired off enough angry sparks to light up the 4th of July.

I often wondered how much that moment altered my life, what we might have been together if I had stayed. But maybe it just wasn't the right time or place, maybe we just needed distance and growing up to make things really work.

Calling Will at his hotel, I was so jittery I could hardly hold the phone. But when I heard his voice I calmed considerably, remembering how he always had that effect on me. We were both anxious to see each other again, and

that night we were together eating Italian food in a cute little diner I knew he'd love.

"Tuna casserole," Will announced, as he took a sip of burgundy wine and bite of fettuccine.

"What?" I had no idea what he was talking about.

"We broke up over tuna casserole," he reminded me.

"You really mean that?" I looked at him astounded. The incident was only a very faint memory.

Ten years had only made him more handsome, still with scoundrel eyes and a scoundrel grin.

"That was it," he confirmed.

"You still have the cabin?" I asked.

"Yeah," he replied.

"But you don't live there?" I guessed.

"I wish I did, but it's still great for vacations," he replied.

"Even the tool shed is still standing."

"Really," I said amazed. Of course why wouldn't it be, I thought to myself, we built it ourselves and had done a damn good job. "You ever use it like a woodshed?" I asked. "I guess we never got the chance."

"Oh, we might have, if you'd have let me take care of the tuna casserole incident the way I wanted to. But no, it didn't work out that way." He appeared to regret that fact as much as I had.

He was flirting with me, with his scandalous eyes. I loved it.

I winked and teased and flirted back, with a mix of both sweet and lusty memories, that combining with my present pleasure, made the evening with Will a potent renewal of that lost love.

"So, have you paddled any naughty rear ends since then?" I asked.

"A few, but none quite so fair as yours," he admitted. I abruptly blushed, wondering why I'd thought to bring that sore subject into the conversation.



“So you’re still a dominant, demanding asshole, in addition to your other qualities?”

It was strange the way it came out; and the way the thought of that particular aspect of our relationship still brought up mixed feelings in me. Will noticed the sudden edge in my voice. “It’s still bothering you?” he asked.

“Maybe, so how about answering my question?” I insisted.

“Am I still a dominant, demanding asshole?” he repeated thoughtfully. “Let’s put it this way, I haven’t changed and I have no intention of changing. A relationship with me will always require a submissive woman since I have a very clear need to dominate. That’s just the way it is.”

I felt myself jolt inside the way he said it, and I tried to hide my reaction. Still, I don’t doubt he knew that his blunt statement had a distinct effect on me. After all, Will knew me rather well even if it had been ten years. If he hadn’t changed, he probably knew I hadn’t either. “Don’t you find it a little bit old fashioned?” I suggested.

“Maybe. But it doesn’t matter what you call it Lauren, it’s the way I am.” He meant what he said.

“So, that means you still intend to tame your woman with your belt?” I asked. I couldn’t help shivering at the thought.

“If that’s what it takes, sweetheart, that’s what it takes,” he answered. His eyes had grown dark and somber, as if he were, at that very moment, contemplating a session with his belt and my rear end.

I was a good bit more subdued the remainder of the evening. As much as I was delighted to see him again, it was clear, if I wanted to pursue this relationship, we’d be picking up right where we left off.

The weeks went by and we continued to date. Because we lived in cities some hundred miles apart we didn’t see each other everyday, or even call every night. The thrill of hearing his voice when he did call, and of seeing him on