

## Calling Time

July 2002

The airline captain's uniform was laid out neatly on the big bed. Edward was naturally neat. However, Carly's stewardess's uniform was crumpled up on the floor.

Tears had been shed and forgiveness sought. She looked at herself in the long mirror, blinking moistness away from her eyes. The reflection showed a pretty and nicely-put-together blonde-haired, young woman. Her firm, pear-shaped breasts pointed back at her, the nipples pink and dainty. Carly's tummy was as flat as a photographic model's, although there was more flesh on her frame. The navel was deeply-dimpled.

Carly's legs were long and lovely. Her thighs were highly athletic in appearance and her lower legs were eye-catching. They had been admired by many a male passenger whenever she had passed up and down the aircraft aisle.

The airline girl's hands were in her crotch, not to conceal anything - it was just that she felt it natural to place them there. Edward had certainly seen all there was to see of her; and he wasn't the only one. That was why she had been crying!

Carly had lived with Edward for about twelve months or so. Sometimes, they were off duty together. Occasionally, they even shared a roster together. Quite often, though, one would be arriving home from a trip and the other would be just setting out.

The blonde stewardess had returned from the Far East, expecting to spend some time in bed with her handsome beau. It had all turned out so differently. Edward had rounded on her for screwing with a Qantas second officer in Hong Kong. She knew she shouldn't have and had hoped that Edward would not find out about the one-night stand.

She has been confronted immediately upon her return to the apartment. Her tearful apologies and promises were to no effect. Carly had been sentenced to receive a sound thrashing.

It had been no good arguing that they were not legally together and that she knew of his worldwide dalliances. There was one law for Edward; another one for Carly!

"Edward." The stewardess decided upon one last plea, however. She took away her hands from her crotch and put them on her hips. The action revealed a minimal amount of pubic hair, the colouring of which confirmed that the colour of her crowning glory did not come out of a bottle. The line of her sex could be clearly seen. "Why waste time with this silly thing when we could be fucking?"

Her plea, not unexpectedly, cut no ice with the airline pilot. "I think you did enough fucking in the Peninsula Hotel to last you a lifetime, my dear," he remarked, casually.

Carly's bosom heaved with a big sigh. It was futile to argue. Through the mirror, she saw Edward pick up a wooden-handled hairbrush from the dressing table top. It was oval in shape and Carly had been paddled with it before. On those occasions, however, her sins had been much less grievous. She just knew that her lover would give her tender arse a right hammering.

She grimaced as Edward hit his own outstretched palm with the wooden back of her brush. He had done that before, of course, but it sounded louder this time.

Their eyes met, thanks to their respective reflections. The airline man would be able to see a mixture of both sorrow and apprehension in Carly's blue pools. There was, however, no compassion whatsoever visible in Edward's own eyes.

'Let's get it over with,' sighed Carly.

Without being instructed to she spread her legs, folded herself over and grasped hold of her ankles. The blonde's up thrust buttocks were soft and round. A narrow valley separated cheeks which were honey gold in colour. High up between them, nestled her succulent pussy.

Carly hoped that both its sight and its obvious availability might succeed in Edward at least cutting short the punishment.

Suddenly, though, her heart gave a little lurch of dread. Edward might just be reminded that her centrepiece had been violated by someone else! His assault may, therefore, be even more determined.

There were no preliminaries at all - no gliding palm over the warm-skinned mounds or even a

stray finger into that part of her which was responsible for her predicament.

Edward didn't even bother to get the range. Any adjustments would be made as he went along. Whapp!

The brush exploded against the dead centre of Carly's peach-perfect behind. The girl was almost bowled over with the force of the blow, but she managed to stay upright.

It took a moment or two for the shock and the sudden pain to register in her brain. When it did, she bit her lower lip as it surged through her.

Carly well knew from past experience that it wasn't the first smack that was the worst. Each succeeding hit was worse than the previous one. Whapp!

Edward quickly struck again in the exact same place. Carly had been more prepared this time and she rode the blow quite well. Yet the sting increased

Carly thought this was all so unfair. There was no marriage bond, so infidelity could not really be argued. It wasn't as if she opened her legs on every stopover. For one thing, the female cabin crew vastly outnumbered the guys on the flight deck, so there weren't enough of them to go around! Furthermore, she never made a fuss whenever she learned that Edward had been with anyone else. The trouble with Edward was that he wanted things all his own way..

Smack!

Carly drew breath in urgently. The strike had been to her left bum cheek. One to its twin would, she knew, soon follow.

Smack!

Again, the breath quickly departed her lungs. She knew from experience that it was no good putting on a show and trying to pretend she was being hurt more than she actually was. Edward would only finish the punishment when he, himself, wanted to do so. Any pleas on her own behalf would count for absolutely nothing.

Thwack!

Her reddened, right cheek duly received the expected swat. Carly grimaced. This was going to be a really torturous ordeal.

Thwack!

'Hmrrrrrr!' The stewardess uttered her first sound. Her hips began to sway. Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

There was now barely a pause between the hits. Carly gave out a continual low moan. Her suffering was increasing with each swipe of the hard-backed hairbrush; but this was only the beginning!

There was a brief pause, for which Carly was thankful. The pain ebbed away a little, but before her breathing had recovered each nate received another series of alternate smacks, 'ooooopphh!'

The blonde's response was more audible now and her bottom rose and fell sharply. She could not see her behind, of course, but she knew that her slightly wobbling hummocks would be a deep red by now.

Thwack!

'Yeeoowww!' cried out Carly, swinging her bottom in a high speed pendulum movement. The wooden-backed hairbrush had been delivered with some force to the steep side of her left bum cheek. Carly watched Edward's feet shuffle a little as he realigned himself preparatory to doing exactly the same to her right buttock.

Thwack!

'Oooohhh!' complained Carly, screwing up her pretty features as the wood made contact with the expectant flesh. The swinging movement of her already very sore derriere continued.

Carly briefly wondered if there would be any sex at the end of her punishment. It was usually something to look forward to, sustaining her throughout her ordeal. She feared that, such was the seriousness on this occasion, that Edward would simply go to the loo, toss himself off and deny her the reward she so much needed.

Whupp!

'Yeeecchh!' The airline captain had dexterously altered his grip on the hairbrush handle, so that he delivered an underhand WHACK! to the under curve of one cheek.

Carly's surprised bottom fairly shivered and jumped. Almost immediately, the brush landed with an agonising SWACK on to the other under curve.

The blonde furiously levered her knees, causing her wounded posterior to rise and fall in an attempt to assuage the flames within it.

Satisfied by the result, the shirt-sleeved pilot repeated the double blow.

Carly now gave out little whimpering sobs, following her high-pitched cries of protest. The quivering cheeks of her beleaguered behind clenched and unclenched. Unseen by the naked submissive, Edward surveyed the hot, humping bottom and gave an appreciative nod.

He then altered his grip on the brush handle again and delivered another sharp volley of flesh rippling, skin-scorching smacks.

Pools of tears were now forming in Carly's lovely, blue eyes. Her cry was high in pitch and continual. It now seemed to her as though her whole body was aflame, but nowhere was the scorching heat so high as it was in her vermilion nates.

There was a brief respite as Edward paused, his eyes glued upon the now rotating bum cheeks, the colour of which were a clear indication of the anguish he had inflicted upon his erring girlfriend. It was only natural that the main focus of his eyes was Carly's place of business.

The movement of the chastised semi-spheres slowed. Edward raised the hairbrush as high as his arm could take it.

Splatt!

More agony surged through Carly's scalding summits and they began a wild oscillation. The man didn't wait for their motion to cease. Another weighty smack flattened the nearest bum cheek, the edge of the brush landing perilously near her precious and tender petals. Enough was enough!

Suddenly, Carly shot upright, clutching her bum as though it was about to part Company with the rest of her body.

'I've had enough!' she sobbed, tears splashing onto the upper slants of her breasts.

Edward placed the back of the brush under one delightful boob and lifted it ever so slightly.

'I will be the one to decide when you've had enough!' he hissed. 'If your arse can't take any more, then I'll paddle your tits instead!'

Carly stared down her naked front, blinking away tears. There was a look of sheer horror on her face. Then, without a word, she turned around and resumed, somewhat painfully, her punishment position.

Carly knew she really oughtn't to have made that protest. She knew in the first place that it would be futile. Edward did not take kindly to being stood up to. That protest would cost her dearly.

The anguish had, however, dissipated somewhat during the exchange. Her bottom was just a bit less furnace-like, at least for the time being!

Whapp! Whapp! Whapp! Whapp!

Edward lost no time in re-awakening the hurt, at the same time applying fresh anguish. The hairbrush continually pancaked her stove lid-like buttocks, which jerked and writhed in frenetic movement.

Dangling under her, Carly's breasts swung freely in the same tempo, having narrowly escaped the same treatment as her suffering bottom was receiving.

The assault stopped. With a gladdened heart, Carly saw Edward's trousers fall to his ankles. His hard cock stabbed at her quim and found its way into her. Pleasure soon helped to overcome the hurt.

The following day, Carly left Edward's apartment for the last time. She had been kicked out!

After the beating and the subsequent welcome sex, Edward had told her to be out of the place by the time he got back from his trip. He was finished with her.

Carly put her cases ready by the front door and returned to the living room. She took a last sentimental look around the place and then walked over to the landline telephone. She pressed in 01061 and followed that up with the number for the speaking clock.

The blonde smiled as she heard the recorded message and she put the handset down on the table top without replacing it. She could still hear what the time was in New South Wales as she closed the door!