

ABOUT TIME TOO

March 2004

I opened the door to find my estranged wife standing there. She could still cause a twinge between my legs. After all, Laura was a very attractive young woman with big, brown eyes in her wide-cheeked face. Her dark hair had been cut short. I admired once more the proud thrust of her breasts and her shapely calves.

'I left something behind,' she offered, curtly. She swept past me and the fragrance of an expensive perfume drifted up my nostrils. Her new boyfriend, Mike, must have bought it. I very much resented the fact that the said Mike was giving her one in place of me. Laura was a darned good screw. Once inside, she marched off in the direction of the bedroom.

I followed, my eyes fixed upon her swaying bottom. It was a bottom I had known so well. It was exceedingly shapely, with a long, deep divide. She sat on the dressing table stool, opened a drawer and soon found the jewellery case she was after. I hadn't moved any of her things, anyway.

'Does Mike want to sell your jewellery?' I ventured. Quick as a flash, she swung round on the stool. Her right hand came up and struck me on the cheek. It hurt. She brushed past me. Any inaction on my part was only momentarily. I grabbed hold of Laura's upper arm, spinning her round. Her immediate reaction was to aim another blow. This time, though, I was prepared and my other hand caught hold of her raised wrist.

'Leave me alone!' she hissed. In just a fraction of a second, I had decided just what I was going to do to Laura; it was something I ought to have done a long time ago!

I sat on the edge of the bed, pulling Laura down with me as I did so. Next thing, she was across my lap with both her legs entrapped by mine. She used her free hand to support herself. Her head flicked towards me. Her wide eyes were even wider than usual. The look of alarm on her face did not, however, detract from its prettiness.

'You're not going to . . ?.' she gasped. My reply cut her off in mid sentence.

'Aren't I just!' I growled.

'I'll scream!'

'As loud as you like!' I told her. The old folk next door were very deaf, so without hesitation I raised my hand and brought it crashing down onto her still covered up bottom. It didn't hurt her at all, but it showed I meant business.

Laura struggled, but it took only a minimum of effort to keep her restrained.

'You don't have the right!' she protested.

'You are still legally my wife,' I reminded her, and with that struck Laura's wriggling bottom once again, only harder this time. I was aware of the firmness of the flesh beneath her thin clothing.

'Stop it!' she cried, in a voice that she knew I was not going to take any notice of.

'I haven't even started yet, darling,' I delighted in informing her. 'You've had what's coming to you for a long, long time.'

I felt really powerful. I was going to give Laura something to remember. That covering had to go! Laura struggled as I took hold of the hem of her dress. I jerked it upwards and over the twin mounds of her splendid behind, despite the tearing sound.

It had been some time since I had gazed at it and I enjoyed the sight before me. Her thighs were full and gleaming, leading upwards to her twin hummocks, most of which were bare, due to her skimpy, black knickers being sucked into the groove between.

Naturally, I could not look at the sight without some degree of arousal. Laura became aware of the change within my trousers.

She turned her head and her big eyes narrowed into slits. 'Don't you think for one moment . . . " Slap!

'Yeowwww!'

That slap had been the best yet. My hand encountered warm, bare flesh at considerable speed. I was aware from the sound alone that Laura must have really felt it. The heel of my palm had landed on the cheek nearest to me, with my splayed-out fingers landing on the twin. Already, the magnolia skin was turning a little pink.

Laura's head jerked towards me and she uttered an obscenity. I wasn't taking that! My hand went even higher the next time. I paused a moment before delivering my next blow. The impact on the bared flesh sounded just like a pistol, shot. I, myself, had felt that one, so I knew that Laura certainly must have done! Quickly, I delivered another sharp slap to the crown of her rosy-hued behind. Laura cried out and jerked her head backwards.

The defiance had gone out of her, now. Her fleshy thighs rubbed together and her stinging cheeks moved as she sought to obtain some relief from the anguish my slaps were now inflicting upon that defenceless part of her lovely body.

My next slap landed on exactly the same target area and Laura squirmed in my grip. I knew she was gritting her teeth to avoid crying out. For the very first time since marrying Laura I was actually calling the shots. If only I had started giving her a good hiding earlier in our relationship!

I now asked myself why I shouldn't give a good spanking to her bare behind! So, without any further thought, I hooked my fingers in the top of her black, nylon mini-briefs before slowly peeling the thin material down to the middle of her thighs.

Laura raised her head, all ready to make a protest. She thought better of it, however, and turned away again. Although her legs were pressed tightly together, I could see stray wisps of jet black pubic hair. My heart began to beat faster than ever. Up went my hand once more. Serlapp!

Laura's head shot up. Her mouth opened wide, but only a hiss of air came out. My hard palm had struck the lower curves of her bum cheeks right on target. It was the best slap yet. Laura's head dropped again.

She now seemed to be totally submissive. I couldn't help but wonder if Mike actually kept her in check with the odd spanking.

The skin of her semi-spheres was tinted crimson and I could feel the heat rising up from her burning buttocks as I glided my palm over the surfaces. Despite the obvious temptation, I didn't let my fingers do any roaming.

Laura's body tensed when my hand was removed and the muscles of her cheeks tightened in anticipation as she waited for the next slap.

She didn't have long to wait. My hand scythed through the air and I gave her derriere a resounding SLAP! The sound of flesh meeting flesh was entirely satisfactory. So, too, were Laura's wild contortions.

'Yeowwww!' she screeched, bucking up and down in my lap. The knickers, midway down her thighs, restricted the scissoring of her legs in her now frantic reactions to my fierce slaps. I was, however, able to feast my eyes upon a sight which had been denied me for a while. I reasoned that Laura had now reached her pain threshold and I would have to satisfy myself with just one more smack.

My hand drove in hard and rebounded off Laura's sore summits, leaving behind its pink imprint as well as a great deal of anguish.

The resultant howl echoed around the bedroom and I was grateful that the elderly couple next door were deaf. I just hoped they weren't having visitors!

Laura fairly bounced about in my lap and her legs thrashed so wildly, that I heard a tearing noise from her stretched tight briefs.

Eventually, her gyrations ceased and her buttocks clenched in further anticipation. The temptation to continue was there, but I told her I had finished.

'With an 'Ooph!' and an 'Aahh!' Laura got to her feet. There was a pained look on her face as she tried to soothe away the last of the anguish from her burning bottom. She

did not deny me a view of her black, triangular 'V' as she did so.

'You can let yourself out, Laura,' I told her, getting to my feet

She spent a little time in the bathroom, before returning to the bedroom. I wondered why she hadn't gone. 'I'll take my red shoes whilst I'm here,' she announced. 'Where are they?'

'Where you left them,' I told her. 'In the bottom of your wardrobe.'

'Would you get them for me, please?' I opened the door of the wardrobe, got down on my hands and knees and rummaged around.

'Owch!' I yelled suddenly as a jolt of sharp pain flashed across my up-poked behind.

Before I could move, another lightning flash shot through my rear.

Quickly, I backed out and looked up to see Laura standing over me, holding up a trainer I had untidily left lying around. She had cleverly set me up. I sprang to my feet and asked Laura what the hell she was doing. I rubbed my smarting behind as I spoke.

'You don't like a taste of your own medicine, do you?' she sniffed. I took the shoe away from her. 'Don't think for one moment that you are going to use it on me!'

That was a challenge. Was it, however, Laura's way of saying she wanted her bottom to receive another blasting? Either way, she was going to get it!

'Take your clothes off, Laura!' I ordered. 'You can't make me!' Her show of defiance was not really convincing.

'This can,' I smiled, holding up the palm of my hand.

Averting my gaze, she began to fumble with the buttons of her dress. Soon it had parted in a 'V' and I could see that her bra matched her briefs. She paused a little over the last button. Then, she shrugged it off and threw it onto the bed.

She reached behind her back, whilst I gazed at the upper slopes of her breasts. My heartbeat had, by now, accelerated somewhat. She still had the power to turn me on.

Suddenly, her breasts were free as the cups came away from their contents. It was difficult not to touch the delightful, firm-fleshed, pink-tipped mounds, but I fought the temptation. Although I still had the marital right to grope them, doing so would have detracted from my new-found position of authority.

Sullenly, Laura plucked the top of her briefs away and they sailed all the way down her fine legs to leave her absolutely stark naked.

Naturally, my eyes now focussed upon the black diamond of pubic hair atop her so-inviting thighs. Laura did nothing to guard that intimate area. We were still legally husband and wife, anyway!

'Get it over with,' she sighed, petulantly. I had been going to spank her over my knees again, but now I had a change of mind!

'Turn around!' I told her.

She did as I asked. Laura's shoulders were smooth-skinned and her waist was exceedingly trim. Her fleshy buttocks were still showing a pink-coloured hue from the earlier hammering I had given to them.

'Kneel on the stool!' I next commanded. 'Let's have that bottom nice and high.' She did as she was told and glowered at me through the dressing table mirror. The position presented her bare, defenceless, nates in the best way possible. The moons were taut and splendidly rounded. There, nestling in the cleft was her honey pot. I thought of the numerous times I had pounded away at it and now, this guy Mike was poking his plaything into it!

Laura was staring at me through the mirror. Later, her reflection would enable me to witness the anguish I was bringing about.

Lying on top of the dressing table were Laura's things. I hadn't touched them (as the dust clearly showed!) I picked up her wooden-backed hairbrush, which was oval in shape. Laura inhaled sharply when she realised what I was about to use this time.

I moved a little to one side and reached out with the brush to gauge the distance. Laura flinched as I made contact with her unprotected target flesh. It seemed a shame to inflict further punishment upon those perfect semi spheres.

There was an electric tingling in my loins as I raised my arm to head height. Laura's eyes, via the looking glass, followed its swift, downward progress.

Smack!

'Owcchh!' she responded, right away.

That first hit of the wooden hairbrush couldn't have been a better one. The wood had flattened Laura's left bum cheek as it struck. It must have sent shock waves all over her body, judging from the fierce wiggling of her posterior.

I repeated the stroke to her right cheek and the resultant noise of the strike echoed all around the bedroom. 'Owoocchh!' cried Laura, her backside responding exactly as it had done to the first smack.

Next, I aimed for the lower curves, so as to strike across both sides of the long crease. My aim was true. I was highly delighted, as I was only a novice!

'Ayeeeeee!' she squealed, levering herself up and down by the knees.

My gaze shifted from the nicely re-reddening moons to the reflection of her face in the mirror. Her features were screwed up and her teeth were really

digging into her lip.

I gave her nates a couple of swift, hefty swipes and then I paused to watch them colouring like the skin of a tomato. Laura swung her derriere from side to side as though the cool air might assuage some of the fire from the flesh.

Smack! Smack!

I drove the hard-backed brush onto the backs of Laura's quite splendid thighs, by way of a change. The sound produced was entirely satisfactory. So were the lewd gyrations of her stricken backside.

Through the mirror, I could see that tears had started. 'Haven't you had enough, yet?' she wailed.

I told her I would give her 'One for the road.' Smacckkk!

It sounded just like the report of a piece of artillery as the wood collided with Laura's solid sit-upon. She gave out a wolf-like howl. The furious clenching, unclenching and gyrations of her sore and scarlet behind were a sight to behold.

Laura knew what was to follow and she offered no resistance as my throbbing, bloated cock rammed its way into her. The canine position had always been one of her favourites, anyway!

Later, naked and satisfied, we lay languidly relaxed beside one another. Laura was lying on her tummy! Suddenly, she reached out for her mobile which she had earlier placed on the bedside cabinet.

'Who are you calling?' I asked.

'I'm texting Mike,' she told me. 'I'm telling him I'm not going back!'