

AN EROTICA COLLECTION

Instructed  
to *Play*



Various Various  
**Instructed to Play**

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Ten sexy stories about bad behaviour and the disciplinary measures taken to correct it. Original erotica from Monica Belle, Rose de Fer, Liz Coldwell, Heather Towne, and many more. Good girl Mary has a whole range of confessions to tempt her husband into dispensing some domestic discipline... Rich and thoroughly spoilt brat, Louise, discovers the skin-tingling limits to her excessive and unacceptable behaviour... A visit to Miss Vine most often results in a dispensing of “old school” discipline, as one wayward madam discovers... Erotica to keep you on your toes at Mischief Books.

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## Holding Still

### Rose de Fer

The room hums with energy, as though the air is electrified. But within all is stillness. Silence and extraordinary stillness.

We are frozen, my sisters and I, maintaining the poses we have been instructed to hold while the potential buyers move among us, inspecting, assessing, admiring. I am lucky to have been given an easy position, probably because I'm the newest.

Across the gallery Helene balances on one leg, the other raised and bent slightly in front, as though she is about to step gracefully down from her pedestal. And next to her is Cerys, sitting with her legs stretched out along either side of a polished wooden beam. Both poses look extremely challenging and I'm envious of the balance it must take to maintain them.

My own pose is simple by comparison. I am kneeling naked, my head bowed, my eyes downcast. The very picture of submission. My hands rest by my sides, palms flat on the platform. My long hair has been coiled and pinned on top of my head so that the buyers can see my face. My expression is one of cultivated serenity, of deep contentment with my humble position.

Around me the men and women discuss the living statuary, asking questions of our curator and discussing prices. Two men and a woman enthuse over Natasha's display. She sits before a mirror, her long red hair swept over one shoulder. Like the girl in the Pre-Raphaelite painting she emulates, she is frozen in the act of combing her hair, a wistful expression on her face.

I listen to their comments as they discuss her price. A friendly argument ensues and one of the men finally names a figure that is too high for his companions. The sale is completed. Out of the corner of my eye I see Natasha rise from her stool and greet the man who is now her owner. They leave the room together and I feel a twinge of sadness knowing I won't see her again.

And then I feel the steady gaze of someone's eyes on me.

The spicy aroma of a man's cologne teases my nose as he circles me, quietly studying me. Voices waft across the room like currents of air but my observer is alone. Intrigued by what he sees, he reaches out a hand to caress my hip, my thigh. I remain perfectly still as I have been taught, willing away the gooseflesh that threatens to mar my smooth skin and spoil the illusion.

'Alina,' he says, reading my name off the little bronze plaque beneath me.

Seeing the man's interest in me, the curator approaches. He introduces himself and explains that I am new, that this is only my first exhibition, but that I have shown immense promise and he is sure I would be a worthy addition to any collector's home.

The man nods and reaches up to stroke my cheek. He traces a finger down my throat and along the curve of one bare breast. He cups me gently and I feel my nipple stiffen in response to his touch. It's exactly the kind of reaction collectors want, the kind that surprises one into remembering that we are human after all. He laughs softly.

'She's very responsive.' He slides his thumb over the hard little bud, sending a jolt of pleasure through my body. I focus all my concentration on maintaining my position. I must not sigh or gasp or moan. I mustn't close my eyes or even flutter an eyelash. I am a statue. One of warm flesh and blood rather than alabaster but a statue nonetheless.

The man draws his hand down along my pale arm to my wrist. Then he presses against the delicate skin to feel my pulse. Doubtless my heart is beating faster now than when he first approached me and his touch makes it beat even faster. He gives another appreciative laugh.

'Yes, very responsive.'

He has a nice voice, cultured and kind. I like the warmth in his touch, the amusement in his tone as he examines the rest of me, stroking the soles of my upturned feet and running a finger down

the line of my spine. My legs are closed but he comments favourably on my smoothly shaved mound. I fight the blush that threatens to stain my cheeks as he asks whether he might part my thighs to see the rest.

The curator agrees and my admirer gently eases my legs apart. My knees slide easily against the polished surface on which I'm kneeling and soon I feel the caress of cool air against my nether lips. I try to slow my breathing, willing my racing heart to be calm. But when the man draws his fingers up along my inner thigh and sweeps them gently across the slick folds of my sex I feel my pulse jump again. It's all I can do to keep from closing my eyes at the stimulation.

'Very nice indeed,' he says. He steps back and looks me over once again. For several moments I feel as though I am suspended over a vast chasm as I wait to hear his verdict. After what seems an eternity, he ends the torment. 'Yes. I think she would be a lovely addition to my collection.'

My sex throbs in response but it's a reaction no one can see. Neither can they see the way I clench the inner muscles to send another little spasm of pleasure through my body. My mind whirls as I try to imagine what my new owner will do with me, how he will display me. I've heard of girls made to act as the centrepiece at a lavish feast, others to liven up a garden or the foyer of a grand house. For some reason I have always pictured myself displayed in an alcove, perhaps at the top of a curving staircase. Of course, it's not up to me to choose.

The curator stands before me and places a fatherly hand on my shoulder. 'Alina, it's time to go. Mr Villiers will take you home now.'

It's always difficult to move after holding still for so long. After a while the stillness becomes second nature and I forget I'm able to move at all. I raise my head slowly and meet the eyes of my new master. A smile plays at the corners of his lips and I return it, blushing. He puts his arm around me, helps me up and leads me away.

\* \* \*

My new home is a sprawling Victorian estate set far back from the main road. A maid opens the door for Mr Villiers but she didn't bat an eye at me. But for the velvet cloak he fastened around me to keep me warm, I am still naked.

He leads me through the house to a vast and elegant library. Ornate bookshelves climb the walls to the high ceiling and a fire crackles warmly in the massive hearth. The furniture has clearly been arranged with the display of a statue in mind. Two plush sofas and a scattering of chairs all face in towards a round marble plinth about two feet high and topped with a red silk cushion. Mr Villiers removes my cloak and lays it over the arm of a chair. Then he lifts me easily and places me on top of the plinth.

Now comes the moment I have always dreamed of. My master tells me to demonstrate a series of poses for him so that he may choose the one he likes best. Of course, statues need not stay the same; part of the appeal in a living statue is her variety. Rather than buy a new piece of art one can simply instruct the statue to adopt a new pose.

I show him all the poses I have been taught, some of which make me feel both dread and hope that he'll choose them because of the challenge they would offer me. I want to please him. He nods his head at each and gestures for me to show him the next one. I'm nearing the end of my repertoire but he still hasn't picked one.

'Hmm,' he says, frowning thoughtfully. 'I did rather like the way you were displayed at the gallery.'

I immediately sink to my knees and drop my head, arranging myself in the submissive posture he first saw me in. He eyes me critically for a moment before shaking his head.

'It's still not quite right.'

He begins to position me himself. He parts my legs as he did before and I feel myself grow damp with the exposure. With a gentle hand on my bottom he urges me up off my heels a few inches so that my thighs take my weight. Then he places my arms behind my back, my wrists crossed as if

bound. Finally, he presses against my back, encouraging me to arch my spine. The position forces my small breasts forwards and I blush deeply at the powerful feeling of submission the pose evokes in me. He adjusts my head by tilting my chin up until my head is level with his chest. I gaze at the pattern of his tie, a passionate design of red and black swirls.

‘Eyes down,’ he tells me.

I obey.

He nods his approval and steps away. I hear his retreating footsteps and then the opening of a drawer from somewhere behind me. When he returns to me I see he has the little bronze plaque from the gallery, the one with my name on it. He fixes it into its setting at the base of the plinth and I am still. From this moment on I am his statue. An object he has purchased to decorate his beautiful library. I must hold this pose with absolute stillness until I am released.

Warmth courses through my body at the thought of the lovely pose he has created for me and I focus all my energy on maintaining it. It’s not as easy as it looks. My thighs are working the hardest, opened wide and angled forty-five degrees up and away from the plinth, supporting my weight. After a while I know they will be aching and possibly even trembling with the effort. But it wouldn’t be considered an art if it were easy or comfortable. And it wouldn’t be so erotic if it weren’t such a challenge.

Mr Villiers moves around the room, observing me from different angles and commenting favourably on what he sees. The maid returns when summoned and I am not surprised to learn from his conversation with her that guests will shortly be arriving. I wait until he has left the room for a moment to make a minute adjustment to my position. I won’t get another chance once the room is full of people scrutinising me. The thought warms me inside and I recall the silky touch of his finger between my legs at the gallery. I replay the moment again and again in my mind as I listen to the voices of the men and women entering the room and seeing their friend’s new acquisition.

‘How lovely!’ a lady exclaims. There is a flash of colour to my left as she comes closer and then she strokes the hollow of my hip with cool fingers.

A man beside her touches me in a similar fashion. Then another. Then another. The sensation of so many hands on me is powerfully erotic but I remember my training and keep my breathing slow and steady. I can’t help the gallop of my heart but I focus on being still, being obedient.

‘Isn’t she exquisite?’ someone says.

‘I must get one like her for my study.’

‘Perhaps I can find a matching pair for the garden.’

All around me words of praise float in the air and admiring hands roam over me as they might any decorative object. A lady draws her lacquered red nails down over my thighs. A man pinches my toes. Another tickles the tender crease between buttock and thigh. But I frustrate their attempts to make me react.

‘I do feel rather like Pygmalion.’

My master’s voice cuts through the chattering of the others and I time my breathing so that my next slow exhalation comes only after he has touched me again. I would recognise his touch even with all my other senses blocked, but I can smell his cologne and the musky warmth of his skin as he stands beside me. His fingertips tease my jutting pelvic bone as he slides his hand around to caress my bottom. The others fall silent while he strokes his possession. His touch is the hardest to resist responding to.

After a while a lady speaks. ‘But your Galatea hasn’t come to life yet.’

This is both the central irony and central beauty of my art, that I am most alive when pretending to be made of stone.

‘Oh, but I think she has,’ my master says. His hand slides up along the arch of my spine and then around to my left side. He gives my breast a little squeeze before pressing his hand up underneath it, hard against my ribs. I can feel my heart beating against his fingers, as though it’s trying to reach

him. Heat floods my face and radiates through the rest of me, finding a home in the silky wet folds of my sex.

As though he can smell my arousal he laughs softly and then his hand is between my legs. ‘Very alive indeed,’ he murmurs.

And he’s right. I am more alive than I have ever been. More alive than at any other time in my life. My sex pulses feverishly in time with my pounding heart as his fingers probe and explore the soft wetness. And when he slips a finger deep inside me I can’t help it – I gasp. It’s only a tiny sound but it may as well be the shattering of glass. The shattering of an illusion.

I freeze again immediately but the damage is done. And now I can’t help the trembling in my legs as my master frowns.

‘Oh, dear,’ he says, and his disappointment is agony for me.

I daren’t speak, not even to apologise. The best I can hope for is that he’ll excuse my lapse. The curator explained that I was new, after all.

A man’s laugh rings out in the silent room, as jarring as a horn. ‘Well, it looks like your Galatea has a voice!’

The others laugh at that and one by one they slip away to the dining room. Someone calls out to my master, to ask if he is coming. But he shakes his head, standing before me as still as a statue himself.

‘It would seem,’ he says calmly, ‘that you are not yet fully trained after all.’

My trembling intensifies and I feel tears pricking my eyes. My very first private exhibition and I have failed. The shame threatens to overwhelm me.

‘But no matter. What’s done is done. We’re none of us perfect, are we?’

I know better than to deepen my disgrace by responding as though he had asked the question of a person. Flawed or not, I am still a statue and must hold on to as much of my role as I can.

‘No,’ he continues, his voice kind and forgiving. I sense his smile as he smoothes a strand of hair behind my ear. ‘Not perfect. Which means I have the pleasure of teaching you how to mimic perfection.’

My heart seems to stumble in my chest as I realise he isn’t going to send me back. Immediately I regain control of myself, will my eyes to stop welling with tears, will my body to stop shaking. I focus on the red and black swirls in his tie and lose myself in the pattern as I try to disengage from my body. I think of Natasha and the other girls, so silent and still, so perfect. How can I ever hope to be as good as they are?

‘You will have to earn your submissive pose again,’ he says. Then he paces away across the room and when he returns he is holding a riding crop.

If my eyes widen slightly he doesn’t notice, as he is inspecting the looped leather tongue at the end of the crop. He slaps it against his palm a few times. Then he slices the crop through the air before me and I can’t help it: I flinch.

He tuts and shakes his head. ‘Statues do not react,’ he says, and his tone is inscrutable. ‘Not to noises or touches. Not to pleasure or pain. Not to any stimuli at all.’

I still the trembling that threatens to overwhelm me and he holds the crop out, pressing the tongue firmly against my left nipple. The leather is cool and I immediately stiffen beneath its touch. He does the same on the other side and I suppress a shiver. My focus is completely gone and I can’t seem to regain it. Quite apart from my horror at having failed him, I’m both frightened and aroused by his authority. I desperately want to please him, to earn my pose back and to be touched again like before.

He raises the crop a few inches and then flicks it down onto the hard peak of my nipple. Not enough to hurt, just enough to send a flash of stimulation through me. It’s all I can do not to react but I hold myself still for him as he moves to the other side and repeats the stroke. He watches my

face closely as he positions the crop again and taps me gently. This time he brings it down with a little more force.

The sensation is intense on such a delicate part of me and I can't fully process what I'm feeling. The smack of leather is impossible to ignore. It awakens all the sensitive nerve endings, sending a confusing blend of signals through me. Pleasure, pain and something in between.

He moves the crop back and forth, bringing it down in a brisk motion on first one nipple, then the other. A little harder each time now. I force myself to stay still, to resist the urge to cry out, gasp or whimper. When I realise I'm not breathing I make myself inhale slowly and hold the breath for several seconds before letting it out just as slowly.

The crop descends smartly, again and again, daring me to defy the man inflicting the torment. But I breathe through the strokes, determined to pass his test, determined to make him proud of me. My nipples tingle from the strange stimulation and the burning flows through my body like waves until my sex is throbbing in response.

When he finally stops I feel strangely bereft. Then my master tucks the crop under his arm to free both his hands. He cups my aching breasts, and the warmth of his palms against the burning skin of my nipples is both soothing and agonising. Even then, I don't allow myself to react. He'll be able to feel the wild pounding of my heart but I hope I have borne the punishment to his satisfaction.

'Very good,' he says.

Before I can relax, however, he takes up the crop again and this time places the leather tongue up against my sex. Tingling with fear and excitement, I brace myself.

The first stroke is gentle, just a little tap. But my sex is even more sensitive than my breasts and the smack of leather is like a jolt of electricity. The next stroke is harder and the next is harder still. I feel each one deep inside me, penetrating me as his finger did earlier.

Although I hold perfectly still for him, there is no doubt that he can see how much his actions are arousing me. Each smack of the crop against my wetness floods me with sensation and when he flicks the tip back and forth across my clit I realise with sudden alarm that he intends to make me come. My eyes must reflect some fear over this because he gives a low chuckle and the crop ceases its relentless assault for a moment. My sex tingles along with my breasts, burning and pulsing at the sensory onslaught, wanting more.

But he teases me. He steps around to my side and now he rests the crop against the smooth curve of my bottom. I hold my breath as I feel it lift away and then connect with a sharp smack. He is less forgiving here, laying on the strokes smartly and giving me less time to recover in between. It's all I can do not to yelp and flinch.

Then the leather tongue, warmer now that it has tasted so much of my tender flesh, taps against the delicate soles of my feet. I wait, every muscle tensed in anticipation, until he raises the crop again and it strikes in earnest. The pain is astonishing. But it's also exhilarating. As it rises and falls against my feet I feel a surge of euphoria. I have crossed a line where pain becomes pleasure and all sensation is welcome.

As though sensing the change in me, my master returns to stand in front of me. He caresses my face, cups my chin and slips his thumb into my mouth, teasing my tongue with it like the promise of a kiss. Through it all I remain perfectly still although every nerve in my body is screaming for release.

He steps back and presses the end of the crop between my legs again. My nether lips are burning and swollen from the punishment they have taken but they still want more. I want more.

He doesn't make me wait long. I feel the crop tap gently against my inner thighs, peppering them with light little smacks before returning for a more vigorous assault on my sex. The leather strikes me hard, harder, harder, and the wave begins to build inside me. He adjusts the angle just enough to catch my clit and each sharp stroke drives me closer and closer. When the rush overtakes me I lose all sense of control, crying out with complete abandon as a pleasure more intense than I ever thought possible threatens to consume me.

He catches me before I can fall and my body assaults me from within as I gasp and pant and tremble in his arms.

After a while he releases me and it takes some effort to stand upright after what I've just endured. I blush fiercely as he forces me to meet his eyes. He is smiling.

'Hello, Galatea,' he says.

I try to return his smile but, although I'm buzzing with pleasure at what he's done to me, I still can't help but feel terrible for my earlier failure. 'I'm sorry,' I murmur, not sure what else to say.

His laugh surprises me. 'The whole point of having a statue is so that you can bring her to life.'

He lifts me up and sets me back on my plinth. I sink to my knees and he arranges me in my pose, my knees apart, back arched, eyes down.

'Now,' he says, 'you have both earned your submission and been rewarded. I'm going to call my guests back in and this time I expect my little statue to remain a statue. For them anyway. I'm sure she's learned now the proper time to awaken.'

I have. I nod my understanding meekly. It's the last time I will move until we're alone again.

I'm tingling in all the places where the crop has kissed me and I imagine my skin is red and marked from the little leather tongue. It will be no secret to the others what has happened, what's been done to me. I also imagine I now radiate a glow of ecstasy, an invitation, a challenge. Let them try and distract me, to make me react. I will come to life again, but only my master will see it.

## Penance for the Perverse

### Heather Towne

Joe and Mary fell in love almost as soon as Mary arrived in Joe's small hometown. She had lived in a large city on the west coast, and was now seeking a simpler, more spiritual life in the rolling hills of northern Idaho. Joe was thirty-two and lonely, a respected teacher at the local elementary school and parishioner in the Pine Hills Baptist Church. Mary was thirty-five and longing for a good man and a good life. They were married in Joe's church two months after first meeting.

Mary was a lapsed Catholic. Now, she embraced Joe's religion, born-again into Christianity. Joe couldn't believe how lucky he was to have found such a loving, beautiful wife to share his faith and life with, raise a family. He was a tall man, with thinning black hair and a pale, chiselled face, bright-blue eyes and full red lips, a wiry physique. Mary was petite, pretty, with wavy chestnut-brown hair and large violet eyes, an oval face and plush pincushion lips, large breasts and ample buttocks, tawny skin.

It was a month after their nuptials, as they sat in front of the fireplace after Sunday dinner, that Mary said to her husband, 'Joe, I have a confession to make.' She looked down at her delicate hands in her lap, her voluptuous body clad in a simple black dress.

Joe glanced up from the textbook he'd been studying. He smiled, his handsome face beaming contentedly. 'Confession? Why, what do you mean, Mary?'

Mary sighed. 'Well, in my old church, we used to confess our sins every Sunday – to, well, cleanse our souls, so to speak. Confess any sinful things we'd done or any sinful thoughts we'd had during the week. Then take penance for it. But in your – I mean, our – church, there's no such thing as a confessional.' She licked her lips, batted her long, dark eyelashes at her husband. 'So, I'd like to confess something to you, Joe, have you punish me with any penance you see fit.'

Joe set the textbook aside and patted his lap. 'I doubt if I could ever punish you, Mary.'

Mary rose and walked over to him, sat down in her husband's lap. Her lush buttocks spread warm and soft against the crotch of his Sunday suit pants, her shapely legs dangling over his. She coiled an arm around his neck, and he gripped her waist.

'Go ahead, dear,' Joe said. 'If you want to.'

Mary nodded, gazing into her husband's loving eyes. 'Well, when Reverend Okoye was giving his sermon this morning ...'

Joe squeezed his wife's waist and placed a warm, gentle hand on her left thigh, smiling beatifically up at her.

'... I imagined myself sucking his cock,' Mary stated.

Joe's hands froze on his wife's body. He stared at her.

'He's such a fine-looking man, you know. I realise he's married, like we are, but I just couldn't help thinking about going down on my knees in front of him, as he gave his sermon, and pulling his long hard black cock out of his vestments and swirling my tongue all around his bulbous purple hood, teasing some pre-come out of his gaping slit and slurping it up. Then painting his pipe with my tongue, licking all up and down his swollen shaft, making it shine and throb. Before sliding my lips right over his cockhead and down his shaft, consuming his prick right to the blue-black balls. Then gripping his hips and bobbing my head back and forth, sucking tight and wet and deep on his huge, heavy dong.'

Mary's fingers bit into Joe's neck, and she squirmed in his lap, her eyes shining and lips moist, breath bathing her husband's shocked face in warm, humid air. He gaped at her, sitting rigid, hands clutching her waist and leg.

Mary went on, 'I sucked his cock for a good long time – up on the stage, with the whole congregation watching – until I tasted more hot, salty pre-come, leaking down my throat. Then I

pulled his cock out of my mouth and hooked my finger and thumb around the dripping shaft, just below the swelled hood, cutting off his flow of semen. I pushed his prick up and my head down and kissed his big, hanging balls, licked at his sac, batted his nuts around with my tongue. He just grunted and went on with his sermon, so I swallowed his entire pouch in my mouth and pulled on it, looking up at him from around his pulsating ebony dong.’

Joe gulped, croaked, ‘You–you were thinking all this ... when ...’

Mary smiled and kissed her husband on his trembling lips, rubbing her butt cheeks against the hardening length of cock she could feel under her bum. Her pussy was warm and sticky with moisture, her nipples thick and buzzing against her dress.

‘I know it’s wrong, honey. That’s why I’m telling you. While I was sucking on the minister’s balls, pumping his cock with my hand, all the parishioners were staring at me, watching me commit oral sex on the reverend. But no one tried to stop me; they were all as turned-on as I was. I teabagged Reverend Okoye for a long time, thoroughly sucking his sac, breathing deep of his musky, masculine scent. Even with his balls bulging my mouth, I slid my tongue out and licked at his perineum. That’s when he spasmed and pulled back, forcing me to spit out his nuts. He lifted me up to my feet and led me over to the altar table, his jutting cock and hung balls shining with my saliva. I was already totally naked, so he just laid me out on my back on the table and gripped his gleaming staff and –’

‘Mary! That’s enough! How–how could you?’

Mary nodded, her eyes sparkling. ‘I know. It’s sinful, isn’t it, Joe? That’s why I had to tell you. That’s why I need penance – have to be punished by you, my husband.’

She undulated her bum against Joe’s stiffened cock some more, then swung out of his tented lap, draped herself over his shaking knees. She pulled the skirt of her conservative dress up, exposing her big bare bottom. She shuddered the twin caramel mounds of her buoyant butt cheeks, looking up at her husband. ‘Whatever punishment you think is appropriate, Joe.’

He stared down at his wife’s humped, boisterous bottom, his face and body burning with heat. He tore his right hand off the armrest of the chair and lifted it into the air.

Mary quivered, her body shimmering with anticipation. ‘Reverend Okoye plunged his cockhead into my pussy, ploughed his shaft into my tunnel. Oh, Joe, I was so full of his cock that my head spun, my cunt stretched like it’s never been –’

Crack! Joe struck his wife’s ass with his hand.

She jumped, gasped. Her soft, sensitive back-mounds shivered wickedly, the imprint of her husband’s bladed hand flaming red on the honey-coloured flesh for a moment.

‘He pulled my legs up to his chest, his dong buried inside of me. But he kept right on sermonising, Joe, as he pumped his hips, churning his cock back and forth in my pussy. The congregation watched and listened with rapt attention. I grasped my splayed breasts and squeezed and –’

Crack! Joe slammed his hand down onto Mary’s bum a second time. She jumped again, gasped again, her breasts and buttocks and body rippling.

‘And I pushed my tits right up to my mouth and sucked on my own nipples, getting banged back and forth on the altar table by the pumping force of Reverend Okoye’s cock. He was so big and powerful –’

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Joe flat-out spanked his wife, smashing his hand down on her buttocks again and again and again. His body shivered with the force of the blows like hers did, Mary’s butt cheeks burning red under his whaling hand, gyrating wildly as his and her feelings.

‘He kept fucking and fucking me, pounding into my pussy. I knew he wouldn’t come until the end of his sermon, he had so much stamina. But I was sure I couldn’t hold out, his sawing pleasure sending me sailing.’

Joe's hand whistled up and down, striking fast and furious, the crack of hardened flesh against soft skin sounding loud and clear and lewd in the hushed, homey living room. Mary could feel her husband's cock beating against her belly, as he beat her bottom. She surged joyously with each smashing blow, her pussy staining Joe's pants with hot, leaking juices.

'I could hardly bear it, Joe! He was reaming my pussy, stretching and stuffing me. I rolled my head around on the table, kneading my tits, pulling on my nipples, the joy building and building inside of me, his cock pumping me full of wild passion. Until ...'

Joe slammed his wife's ass over and over, lifting and crashing faster and faster, brutally hard. His arm ached and his palm burned, his face flaming hot as Mary's bum cheeks, his cock surging against her rocking body. He had to punish her. She needed it, demanded it, deserved it. He thrilled with it, like her.

The living room was filled with the vicious cracking of Joe's hand on Mary's ass, Joe's laboured breathing, Mary's gasps and groans. The frenzy built to towering heights, sweat pouring down Joe's face. Mary's bum throbbed, almost brick-red under the onslaught.

Joe whacked Mary's blazing bottom one final time, then bucked up against her. She felt his warm, wet spurts against her stomach, his spasming cock spouting out orgasm. She reached up and grabbed on to his spank-hot hand and jammed it down sideways in between her legs, pumped his rigid fingers against her sopping wet pussy.

'He exploded inside of me, blasting me with burst after burst of fiery heat as he concluded his sermon! Finally allowing me blessed release!' Mary jerked, orgasm erupting in her pussy alongside Joe's scrubbing fingers and storming through her body in superheated waves. 'And all the male parishioners got up and swarmed all around me and jerked off over my writhing body, coating my face and tits in their sticky rapture!'

Mary's head flopped down, and her body went limp over her husband's quivering knees. He stared blankly down at her battered bottom, his fingers still pressed up against her simmering pussy, his crotch drenched with semen.

Joe and Mary murmured, 'Amen!' together.

\* \* \*

Mary's next confession came less than a week later, after she and Joe had attended a wedding at their church. Joe was making a fire in the living-room fireplace of their rustic bungalow on the wooded edge of their small town, while Mary sat in her chair knitting.

'Karen looked beautiful in her wedding dress, didn't she, Joe?' Mary commented.

Joe lit a kitchen match, applied the flame to shredded newspaper at the base of the three logs he'd stacked up. 'Yes,' he responded, 'she did.' He turned his head and gazed at his wife. 'But you looked even more —'

'I have a confession to make, Joe,' Mary stated, setting her knitting down.

The wooden match fell out of Joe's suddenly stiffened fingers, sparking a small blaze on the carpet that he quickly stomped out. He stared at his wife.

She smiled, sitting upright in her chair in the long-skirted blue dress she'd worn to the wedding. Her auburn hair was still done up, coils dangling down, her pretty face dusted with make-up, lips glistening red. Joe was still wearing his good white shirt and striped tie, his black suit pants, the shine on his black dress shoes reflecting the growing flames in the fireplace.

'Mary, I don't know if —'

'I imagined I was up there with Karen and her lovely bridesmaids, and Karen and I were kissing, as everybody watched. Her tongue darted into my mouth, wet and eager, and we swirled our tongues together, right in front of the minister. I ran my fingers through her long, silky blonde hair, and she ran her hands down my back and onto my bum cheeks, our tongues dancing out in the open for all to see. Then I painted her soft wet lips with my tongue, then bit into her long silken neck, our large breasts squishing together, she in her white lace wedding dress and me in a body-hugging black tuxedo.'

Joe swallowed, hard. He barely felt the heat from the crackling fire; it was the heat of his wife's words that was making him burn. There was a growing bulge in between his legs, swelling out the front of his pants.

'We sucked on each other's tongues for a moment, and then I pushed Karen's wedding dress right off her buff shoulders, and it fell down to her waist, exposing her round breasts. I cupped her creamy-white tits, feeling their warmth and weight, revelling in their smoothness. Then I kissed my way down Karen's chest to her breasts, licked in between them. The bridesmaids gathered around us, Lindsay, Alisha and Amy. I felt their hands on my back and my butt, caressing me, their fingers running through my hair. But I kept on squeezing Karen's breasts, licking all over the swollen mounds, twirling my tongue right around her engorging nipples, stretching them up higher and harder with my tongue.'

Joe reached down and gripped the poker, lifted it. But then he looked down at the lethal iron instrument, and dropped it. There was a yardstick leaning against the side of his chair. He'd brought it home from school for some sketches he was making of a possible addition to their house – a nursery. He walked over, picked up the three-foot-long wooden ruler and lightly smacked it against the palm of his left hand. His erection tented out his pants.

'I sucked on Karen's breasts, clutching them up and nursing on them, taking the stiff, rubbery tips into my mouth and pulling on them with my lips, bobbing my head back and forth between her luscious breasts and succulent nipples. Karen grabbed on to my head, moaning, arching her chest into my mouth. Until I kissed and licked my way down to her stomach, leaving her nipples all shiny, her breasts heaving up and down. I pulled her wedding dress with me as I went down, so that when I reached her bellybutton, squirmed the tip of my tongue inside, her dress had dropped right down to her feet, and her beautiful blonde pussy was right in front of me. She was as wet as I was, Joe.'

Mary stood up and shed her own dress, stepped out of it and walked over to her husband in her sensible black heels, her body starkly naked. Her breasts shuddered and her buttocks swished, hips swaying, her pussy winking with moisture. Joe took her hand and positioned her in front of the fireplace. She gripped the stone mantle and spread her legs back, pushed her butt out, the orange flames making her heated body glow.

'I slid my hands down onto her bum and dug my fingernails into the thick, round flesh, dug my tongue in between Karen's long legs and licked her juicy pussy.'

Joe loosened his pants and shoved them down over his cock. He stood to the side, yardstick and cock raised, both wooden instruments twitching, straining to be used.

'She was so wet and tangy. I dragged my tongue over her pussy again and again, her fur and her lips, lapping at the woman's cunt.'

Whack! The long hard ruler cracked across Mary's buttocks.

She jumped, fingernails scraping stone. She arched her back and her bum. 'I stuck my tongue right inside her, Joe, eating out her hot pussy. I shot my hands up onto her breasts and squeezed them some more, rolling her nipples, as I writhed my tongue around inside her velvety pink tunnel.'

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Joe's cock jumped along with Mary's body, pearls of pre-come flipping out of his slit, as he slashed her bottom with the yardstick. Both husband and wife burned in the heat of the fire, of their passion, white streaks flashing across Mary's buttocks where the ruler struck, then smouldering red, striping her brazen brown bottom.

'But just before Karen came in my mouth, on the end of my tongue, her bridesmaids lifted me up and stretched me out on the altar table. They were all as naked as Karen and I. They fondled me, kissed me, their hands all over me – then their mouths. Alisha and Lindsay sucked on my breasts, while Amy sucked on my tongue. And then Karen climbed up onto the table with me. She straddled my head with her knees, looking down at me from over her tits in her hands, her wedding veil still on. She stuck her sodden cunt right in my face and I grabbed on to her bum and licked as hard as

I could. Lindsay and Alisha gripped and squeezed my tits and sucked on my jutting nipples, Amy now licking the length of my brimming slit.'

Joe slammed the ruler against his wife's ass in a frenzy, flailing her butt with the only slightly flexible wood. Mary rocked forward, almost right into the fire, her thrust-back, blazing buttocks gyrating wildly.

Joe gasped for air, his arm sore, his cock throbbing. But still he blasted blow after blow into Mary's bottom, welting her cheeks with ridges. Until, suddenly, the yardstick snapped across his wife's shuddering butt, breaking in two.

'Oh, Joe!' Mary cried, sticking her blistered bum even further out and up, begging for more. 'Things got even wilder, more depraved. Because, suddenly, Amy and Alisha were wearing strap-ons – long black dildos strapped to their hips and bottoms, just like men's cocks, only bigger. And I was on top of Amy up on the altar table, stretched out on my back on top of her hot tits and body, Alisha kneeling in between my spread legs. Amy played the bloated tip of her dildo around my bum pucker, while Alisha dragged her cockhead over my pussy lips. They were going to double-penetrate me, Joe, as I sucked on Karen's pussy.'

Joe threw the splintered foot and a half of yardstick away, desperately looked around the living room.

'Your belt, Joe!' his wife urged. 'Use your belt!'

Joe dived down and ripped the wide black leather belt out of the loops of his fallen pants, rose back up. He gripped the buckle, folded the leather length back once, then raised the tanning instrument, glaring at Mary's brazen ass, his cock straining.

'Amy plunged her dong into my ass, and Alisha speared hers into my pussy. I almost burst with feeling, with passion – a huge black dildo stuffing my bum, another one stuffing my pussy. I slurped wildly on Karen's slit, Amy pumping my chute, Alisha my cunt.'

Joe cracked the belt across Mary's buttocks, whipping the woman. She shrieked, jolted shuddering onto her toes, her bum cheeks seared with the white stripe laid down by the black leather. Joe slashed her again, and again, and again, the belt streaking through the air, striking Mary's bottom with flailing impact, shattering husband and wife.

'Amy fucked me up the ass, Alisha fucked my pussy, the girls pumped full-length into my burning holes with their tremendous dongs. Meanwhile Lindsay sucked on my nipples and squeezed my boobs. And I hung onto Karen's rippling bum cheeks and lapped her dripping cunt like a madwoman. I could hardly comprehend what was happening, what I was feeling, my emotions so wickedly wanton.'

Joe lashed Mary with his belt, blasting red and white stripes all over her ass, raising welts of stung, steaming flesh and then crushing them flat again. He was covered in sweat, gasping for breath, his cock jumping with every flogging blow, pre-come still flinging out of his slit. It went on and on and on, Mary's fingernails breaking on the stone mantle, body bouncing brutally to the savage song of the improvised whip.

Until, finally, Joe threw the heated belt aside and crowded right in behind his quivering wife. He plunged his cock into her molten pussy.

Mary moaned, gasped, 'Everybody in the church was watching us. Karen screamed, pulling on her nipples, her bum cheeks quivering in my hands, her pussy drenching my face. I lapped her slit, drinking in all I could, giving the gushing bride the best wedding gift of all. And then I was gifted with joy, too.'

Joe grabbed on to Mary's breasts, slamming his cock back and forth in her pussy. He thumped against his wife's blistered buttocks, pounding in the pleasure pussy and bum, plumbing the depths of both their sexualities with his cock.

'Amy and Alisha frantically plugged my anus and pussy, Lindsay biting into my nipples, almost tearing them off. I was sent heavenward. Oh, Joe! I came so hard and so –'

She spasmed, jumping in her husband's arms, on the end of his wildly churning cock. He jerked with his own searing orgasm, jetting inside her. The pair shuddered and squirted in front of the roaring blaze, joined in holy brimstone ecstasy of pussy and cock.

\* \* \*

As a born-again Christian, Mary was only too glad to confess her sins. As a former adult actress with over 200 pornos under her belt, she had committed many such sins. Getting fucked by a minister in front of his flock with a follow-up group facial; lezzing it up with a bride and her bridesmaids in front of their wedding guests; these were but two of the scorching scenarios she had participated in on film.

She had only to wait for her bum to partially heal, before she'd 'confess' more such 'fantasies' to her righteously loving husband. So he could dish out her penance of perverse punishment, the pleasure of which they would both share in.

## Transformation Poppy St Vincent

She looked at herself in the steamy bathroom mirror. Naked, she screwed up her eyes and surveyed the image. Turning left and right she looked at her tummy and her bottom and sighed. She saw curves everywhere.

‘Can that ever be a good thing?’ she wondered out loud.

Turning her face to the left and the right she pinned her hair up, trying to see beyond her own perceptions, how another would see her.

The bath was hot. She eased slowly in, the heat reminding her of *ofuro*, the Japanese baths of a lifetime ago. Indeed she sat for some minutes with the gentle formality of a Japanese lady before she gave up and eased back and down into the water.

The water was soft pink and petals rested on the smooth surface. She skimmed a finger to push the petals, to form a queue, she thought. She wanted to see order in the chaos. Breathing in the scent of jasmine and clary sage she allowed herself to relax and reflect.

\* \* \*

The day started out so well. The scent of autumn cutting through the frayed ends of summer met her as she left the house for work. She wore a scarf and a light jumper, a combination that pleased her. It reminded her of childhood walks and crunchy leaves, of firelight, laughter and burnished reds and golds. She was doused in optimism until she looked in her post box and read the printing on the outside of a letter. A slow nausea crept over her as she slipped a finger along the crease and opened the envelope.

It was a fine notice – a fine of hundreds of pounds for not renewing her car tax, which she had had the money to pay but had not. What made her flood with guilt was that she had sworn to him, with wide and believable eyes, that she had paid it. She had even persuaded herself that she had done so. It had just been one of those dull little jobs that she did not want to do; spending money on a stupid piece of paper seemed such a waste. She had ignored it at first and then lied to make herself seem more efficient and then, when she remembered it in the dead of night, she just hoped somehow that she could ignore it and be let off.

When she was a child her father used to lend her money all the time and not once had she to repay it. It seemed so unfair to have to learn now that the world was not her benevolent father. Therein lay the problem, and it had led to this horrid, officious, formal telling-off, with barbs on.

She knew the issue would not be the money. If she needed that amount for something there would be no problem. The problem was the needless expense and the twenty-something different lies she had told to cover it up. Just moments before, she had felt so good, so on top of it all, but the letter made her feel fed up and useless. She felt stupid and that was so much worse than being in trouble.

All day she kept up the rhetoric of petty recrimination. The sustained and personal attack left her sad and strained by the end of the day and so when her beloved rang to suggest dinner she felt humbled by his offer and his ability to love such a fool and a failure.

She drove home and allowed a plan to gather, like birds flocking on telephone wires to await the flight from winter. She had made a mistake, she reasoned, and more than that she had chosen to lie, which was a blow to their relationship and was disapproved of by both of them. Except that his disapproval led to her being upended over his lap and dealt with in ways that made sitting a horrid experience and embarrassed her for days after. She simply would not tell him what had happened.

Her reasons were simple, considerate and mostly about him. He would be tired after a long day and would not wish to have another problem to deal with. A loving girlfriend meets her beloved with cheerful countenance. She had beaten herself up all day in ways that he would never dream of and

so had paid for all her wrongdoing. She felt rubbish and unhappy and he wanted her to be happy, so that was what she should be.

She lay in the bath trying to reconcile her self-recrimination with an intention of feeling good and confident and in control.

The water had gone tepid while she was lost in her reverie, and she shook herself and then smoothed soap over her buffed skin to bring a delicate scent to every pore, disguising the turmoil just beneath the surface. She needed to reinvent herself, for him, for both of them.

The theatre of lotions and potions, their scent and the motion of application convinced her that it was possible to transform herself from total stuff-up and useless failure to fabulous lady, with only lotions and potions and creams and some terribly expensive underwear for her tools.

Towel-dried, she picked up her most treasured body lotion (price, a girl secret) and as she slicked it all over she did indeed feel different. She breathed in a scent of grown-up confidence. Her legs were so smooth that the stockings glided up them as if they knew their place, the seams taking only moments to straighten as she did her Betty Grable pose in the mirror, smiling over her shoulder.

Her nails, painted scarlet before her bath, looked shocking against the cups of her bra. She ran her fingers along the lace edge to ensure perfect placement, imagining that they were his possessive fingers, and then smoothed her hands back over the black silk knickers that clung to her round bottom. She continued to think of smooth, fragrant skin as she felt herself grow into her accustomed role and click smoothly into her rightful place and demeanour.

She smiled and applied make-up, the delicate shading and highlighting, relieved that she could put a little more shadow on her eyes now that the dark nights had gathered in. She felt competent while she tipped her head left and right to check her mascara, imagining an evening when she could flirt and laugh and tease. She stood back from her dressing table, her whispering conscience blowing gently at the dusts of powder she left behind, and reached for a simple black dress.

Understated and graceful, it slid over her perfumed body and hid the secretive lace of her underwear beneath flowing lines. Her shoes were satin and slightly too high for her to feel relaxed going down the carpeted stairs so she carried them with her purse when she heard the sound of the door. She slipped them on as she turned the corner to greet the man she adored, the man for whom she had spent hours in preparation.

He smiled when he saw her and breathed her in, resting his lips on her head while she filled the space beneath him. He stroked her shiny long hair and noted the brightest of red nails moments before he kissed her. Then, because she looked so sad when he drew away, he kissed her again.

Finally he straightened his arms to hold her away just far enough that he could have a proper look, and within a heartbeat he saw it. Something was off. He took his time and looked beneath the creams and the shading, past the costume and the charade.

His blue eyes probed, and she kept silent, letting him search, sure that he could not find what was no longer there. She smiled with longing, and when he took her hand and pulled her towards the kitchen chair she licked her bottom lip in anticipation.

Her eyebrows drew in sharply when he pulled her onto his lap. She looked at the floor in silent offering, her knees quivery at the thought of kneeling before him in the way they both enjoyed so much. She frowned in disappointment, and decided that he had broken a man law when he ignored what she was so eager to give.

He looked deeply into her face as if it were a page of fine print, and she wondered what sort of answers he would find there. So she told him the truth – that they had dinner reservations and that she was starving, and then gave him several reasons for their immediate departure, but when she paused to recall the exact nutritional content of her lunch her speech faltered and she fell into the silence that he laid before her like a rug.

He sighed and cleared his throat. ‘Are you going to tell me?’

He remained patient while she explained that there was nothing to say, and did he like her nails? And he had no idea how hard it was to get seamed stockings to go straight up the back of a leg. Her delicately constructed façade of gloss and flirtation crumbled, to her great annoyance, and she almost said how mean he was to shatter her good mood. But then she saw such love and consideration in his eyes that she forgot to say anything, and settled into silence once more.

When she started to trace the line of his shirtfront with her finger he knew she was ready to listen.

Her ankles lightly swayed back and forth while he talked, and her teeth gently bit her lower lip. His deep, steady voice stilled her, and despite her fear and shame she felt calm and safe for the first time that day. Truth bobbed up, desperate for air, and her hands reached for it too slowly to hide it from him.

With one finger tracing the buttons on his shirt and her eyes never higher than his collar she told him all of it. It spilt out of her like marbles over the slate kitchen floor, a tale scattered and messy. She looked at the scene in dismay when she finished, certain she had made such a muddle that he would be so flabbergasted he could do nothing except join her in confused silence.

She leaned against his chest, soothed by his hand rubbing small circles on her back, but flicked to alertness when his chest stiffened as though he suddenly realised he had something to do. She recognised his click into activation mode, and thought longingly and hopefully of dinner and restaurants and safe public places.

‘Stand up,’ he said, so casually she wondered if he might ... but no, he placed a firm hand on her back, and then with just the lightest touch from his other hand he bent her over the table. She gazed at the dark oak, thinking how it was not supposed to be like this.

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