

“Spanked” from Chapter Five, Adventurous Horizons

“Time to put on a good show for him”. The guy who I had danced with before the slow song started was back. And we began moving vigorously to the music. The sound itself was like swimming in something rather than listening to it and I was really getting into the dance. I had turned my back and was giving him and Paul a nice view of my rapidly twitching buns when he slapped me hard enough on my right cheek that it stung. I was about to turn around and say something to him when he did it again. This time rather than sting it stimulated.

I have no idea how pain can translate to sexual stimulus and normally I will take the head off of somebody who tries to hurt me but this guy was a master of not quite doing that. Instead the stinging slaps on my butt were translating into heat a little further down. I suddenly got very wet and I began to pant. I turned and in time to the music shook my finger at him. That was meant to be a “naughty-naughty” gesture, not to discourage him. And indeed when I turned back around he did it again, several more times. The stimulation of the slaps lit a five-alarm fire down there. I was so turned on I couldn’t hold my head up; totally lost in the sensation.

It was no longer a case of a super sexy dance. I had to get fucked. As soon as the song was over I headed for the only person capable of fixing my problem, Paul. I was a woman on a mission. I dragged the poor baffled man toward the toilets intending to lock us in a stall while I had my way with him. But I saw a broom closet first and threw him in there. Normally I care about giving as well as taking. But I was very turned on by what had happened out there. So I had him inside me and was pushing back on him before he could even think about what to do. I showed him what I wanted him to do. After a few more slaps I came like a wild woman totally through my own efforts and in the most selfish fashion possible.

Normally I would be mortified but I knew that this circumstance was something special. So rather than trying to satisfy him standing there in a broom closet I turned and kissed him and thanked him sincerely for helping me out with my problem. The man loves me. I know that. And I was planning a sexual extravaganza for him for some time later on. But that little interlude DID prove once and for all that the days of clubbing and random men were far in my rear view mirror. That was because I knew I had married the man of my dreams.

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Every time I think that my incredible wife can't surprise me she does something that further proves that she is an infinite source of sexual delights.