

PLEASURE AND PAIN



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BLUSHING BOOKS

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GOOD MORNING



She rolled over and snuggled deeper into the warm covers with a sleepy sigh. Saturday morning, and she could sleep as late as she wanted. What bliss.

A moment later, one blue eye peeked open; she'd had a strange feeling while trying to get back to sleep, and as she opened the other eye, she discovered why. He was beside her in bed, on his side, facing her—watching her. He didn't look very happy, though there was a certain spark in his eye that got her attention despite the early hour and her half-asleep state.

"I must say, I'm very disappointed in you, little girl," he said in that stern voice that made shivers run down her spine. She swallowed, looking at the curly hair that matted his bare chest. 'Little girl'—the phrase made her toes curl.

"Why? What'd I do?" she whispered.

"Well, for starters, you're wearing a nightgown."

Her brow furrowed. "So?"

He sighed dramatically and then continued as if he was explaining himself to a slow child. "So, I wanted to roll over and see you bare beside me. Instead, you're in a nightgown—*that* nightgown, which, by the way, I can't stand. It looks like something my

grandmother would wear. I think, later today, once the fire's going, we'll burn it." His hazel eyes suddenly danced as a new idea struck him. "Actually, I think that we'll burn *all* your nightgowns. And from now on, you'll sleep in my bed as God made you."

Her stomach did a funny flip flop at his commanding words. She met his eyes and tried not to balk at his intense gaze.

"Secondly, sweetheart, I had hoped to roll over and see that beautiful chestnut hair of yours spilled out across your pillow." He sighed dramatically again, grabbing the end of her sleep-sloppy braid and tugging it once. "Instead, you have it all twisted about into this braid."

"But, I always braid my hair before bed."

He flipped the braid back over her shoulder and leveled her with a hard glare. "Are you arguing with me?"

"No, no, Sir."

"Good. Because you're in enough trouble already, miss." Again, her stomach somersaulted at his words and she felt an ache start between her legs. "Sit up."

She obeyed him without question, waiting for more instructions as he sat up beside her. He studied her a minute more then said, "Take your hair down."

Her fingers made quick progress of undoing the braid. She shook her head when finished and the chestnut red curtain fell to curl around her shoulders. He plunged both hands into the silken tresses and tousled them with his fingers until they were jumbled to his liking. When he took his hands from her hair, he surprised her by flicking each straining nipple through the worn cotton of her nightdress. She gasped at his sudden action and he chuckled.

"Take off this ugly gown," he ordered. "We'll see to its burning later."

She knelt on the bed and pulled the old nightgown over her head. It landed in a pile on the floor, forgotten.

"Tsk, ts, tsk." He was shaking his head at her, looking her body up and down.

"What *now*?"

He gave her a warning look. "Watch your tone, little girl." He took one long, tan finger and snapped the elastic waistband on her panties, the only item of clothing that she still wore.

"*What* is the rule about panties, young lady?"

She looked down at her hands and fidgeted. Well, how was she supposed to have known he was going to wake up in this playful mood and find a couple reasons to warm her up? She couldn't have known, so she'd ensured the trip over his lap herself, last night, by slipping on the forbidden panties before climbing under the covers.

He tilted her chin up with one finger. "I'm waiting for an answer."

"The rule, Sir, is no panties in bed."

"That's right." He was still holding her face up and he now removed his hand to take hold of one of her smaller ones. "You know, if I didn't know better, I'd think you were *trying* to get yourself a spankin'. I mean, no panties—that's a golden rule, one which you obviously know, since you just recited it to me. And taunting me further with that ugly nightdress and your beautiful hair all twisted and pulled back." He shook his head sadly, solemnly. She didn't know how he kept a straight face because, every time she looked, she saw the laughter in his warm eyes.

"I just don't think there's any other alternative, except to give you that spanking."

"Oh no, please?" she begged, knowing she sounded less than halfhearted in the effort, but playing along anyway. "I'll be a good girl. I promise!"

He was turning away to reach into the bottom drawer of the nightstand beside the bed, the drawer where all the toys were kept. He took something out that she couldn't see in the filmy, early morning light and set it aside.

"Now, now, take your punishment like a big girl," he chided as he settled against the headboard and guided her over his legs. He yanked the offending panties down her legs and hurled them out

into the center of the room. "Maybe I need to burn your panty supply, too, so you'll be sure not to make the same mistake twice."

For a few moments, he admired the naked beauty over his lap, stroking gently over the lines of her body, from her fine shoulders down her back, past her full hips and bottom to her long legs and dainty toes.

"You see, *this* is what I wanted to roll over and be greeted with this morning." He continued to touch her, his fingers lingering near her backside and dipping down between her legs where she was slick and warm. She lay over his knees, her favorite place in the world, and enjoyed his exploration, sounding occasional moans.

The first spank caught her off guard. It was loud and quite hard and she gasped as he followed it with a second. He continued from there with a rapid pace, not giving her hardly enough time to react to one smack before another landed. His hand was broad and hard, backed by muscle and a love for the job he was doing, and it was not long before her bottom grew very warm under his attentions.

When she began to grind herself against the erection she could feel beneath her, he stopped suddenly and ordered her off his lap. He piled two pillows in the center of the bed and told her to lay over them, 'bottoms up', of course. Trembling with excitement as he scolded her for her wanton naughtiness, she obeyed, offering her warm, pink backside up to him like some obscene gift.

She felt the bed shift as he reached past her for the implement he'd chosen earlier from the drawer. Next, she felt his weight as he settled down on top of her legs, sitting just where the backs of her knees lay. Then, she knew what he'd chosen from the toy drawer. He only pinned her legs when he was going to use his long black leather belt.

She looked back over one bare shoulder and her sex clenched at the sight of him holding the thick belt, long enough that one end hung loosely over the back of his hand. He grinned at her and winked as he snapped the belt against her bottom, swishing it back and forth between her twin cheeks. He chuckled when she

moaned under the raining licks, clutching the bed sheets in both hands.

"Like that, do you?" he asked. "You really are a very bad girl, aren't you?" He applied the length of leather low on her bottom, striking the same area repeatedly until she gave a little shout of mingled pain and pleasure. He settled his weight on the backs of her legs and applied his belt until her bottom was a deep scarlet red. He only stopped when his arms grew too tired to keep up the merciless pace.

He collapsed in exaggerated fatigue beside her, running one hand over her hot behind and growing harder as her body quaked with shivers at his touch. She arched her back to meet his touch and moaned with abandon, then turned to face him, smiling.

"You exhaust me, woman," he scolded, frowning.

She giggled, coming to cuddle against his side. She ran one hand up his rib, knowing it tickled, and loving how he captured it and held on. He pulled her tighter to him, cupping her well whipped bottom with his other hand as he took a few moments to catch his breath.

After a bit, he tilted her chin up with one finger and kissed her little nose. "So, was that how you imagined it?"

She nodded shyly, blushing, and attempted to duck her head against his body again, though he wouldn't let her. He squeezed her burning backside and gave her a long, sweet kiss. "Good. I'm always glad to be of service."

She traced one masculine nipple with a fingertip, then gently grazed it with her teeth. He groaned and thrust one hand through her hair. "Maybe I can service you now," she whispered in his ear. Her lips drew his ear lobe into her mouth and she tormented him a while with her soft suckling, knowing just how to undo him.

"Is your energy returning?" she teased, turning to the opposite earlobe and tickling through his chest hair with her fingers.

"I think it's, uh, on the rise," he quipped, and they both laughed at the double meaning as she playfully tugged off his sweatpants

and boxers, then slipped on top of his hard shaft. He gripped her red bottom in both hands while she had her way with him, staring up at his prize with wonder and love.

It was only afterward, as they lay in a sleepy knot of legs and arms, slowly coming awake into the new day, that he nuzzled her neck and whispered, "Good morning, love."