

Encounter -- Twelve Strokes: Ella's Punishment

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Twelve Strokes: Ella's Punishment

"Suck it," Prince Giles demanded.

The sweet scent of a strawberry wafted beneath Ella's nose before the tip pressed between her parted lips. Blindfolded and bent over a wooden horse with her wrists secured to rings in the leg supports, she had little choice but to follow instructions. She could smell her sex on the prince's fingers as she slurped the strawberry juice into her mouth. "Mmm. Good."

"Silence," he warned.

Another rule to break? How tempting. If she had followed his orders about not climaxing when he'd danced his tongue over her clit and finger fucked her, she wouldn't be in the damp cellar now, enduring more delectable torture.

Now wouldn't that be a shame?

Giles mashed the sweet fruit past her teeth. Bits of flesh and juice spilled over her lower lip and dribbled down her chin. She flung her tongue out, capturing what she could. "Yum."

"You are deliberately provoking me." Her lover swatted her ass.

Her pussy clenched. She closed her eyes behind the velvet blindfold, silently begging for more. "I am not, Master Knight."

Another bare-handed smack stung her exposed cheeks.

“Sassy wench. You shall pay for your insubordination.” He rolled the nipples peeking out of her low cut corset and gave them a hard pinch.

Mmph. Dark pleasure shot straight to her pussy, making it slicker. Hotter. Ready.

The shuffle of boots and clink of armor reminded her five others were in the room with them. She couldn't see the knights but her skin tingled with awareness of them. They were watching, waiting for a chance to...

She wasn't sure how far Giles would let his men go with her. Would he allow them to touch her at all? Even though she fantasized about being forced to submit to his knights while Giles watched, right now the big restless soldiers made her nervous.

A small c-shaped wooden clamp slipped over the nipple Giles had been toying with. As he tightened the clamp onto her taut flesh, the pinch of pain seared through her breast. She pressed her lips tight and shook her head. Curse the devil, it hurt, but it also triggered erotic spasms in her cunt. Breathing deeply, she tensed, knowing her other nipple was about to be clamped, too.

Giles took his time, plucking at the other tip, stretching it out. He stopped and she froze, waiting for the cruel pressure from a new clamp. Instead, he flicked a finger at the clamped nipple, which had adjusted to the pain of its prison.

She sucked in a sharp breath at the ache shooting between her legs. Tormentor!

The leather high boots Giles wore squeaked when he squatted down in front of her. He sifted his fingers through the hank of unbraided hair hanging over her shoulder. His breath ruffled the short curls at her temple before he kissed her forehead.

“Your face is a little flushed. Is the pain too much?” His question had a sardonic tone to it so she didn't bother answering. If she was in too much pain, she'd let him know in no uncertain terms. She did rattle the chains securing her wrists near her shins which forced her to bend over so far. It wasn't that uncomfortable now but she wouldn't want to be stuck in this position for hours. Just long enough to feel him penetrate her sopping pussy from behind.

With a small chuckle, Giles stuck his finger in her mouth and she sucked deeply, letting him know she'd take his cock in and give him pleasure beyond expectation. He wasn't about to let her torment him, though. He pulled his finger out with a loud pop and circled her unadorned nipple with its wet tip. Around and around. Then he blew on it, making it pucker into a tighter bud.

She wanted to scream at him to clamp it, to make it hurt, but she was afraid to push him too far. Instead, she thrust out her chest and raised her ass high in the air.

"Slut," Prince Giles said playfully. He kissed her savagely while he rolled the free nipple again. The cream gathering in her cunt thickened. Oh, he tasted so good, made her feel ripe...

He broke away too soon, inhaling in a loud rush. His breath huffed from his lungs as he stuffed a large strawberry halfway into her mouth. "Bite." As soon as she bit down, he said, "Don't drop it," and let go.

She tilted her head back to catch the rest of the strawberry in her open mouth. As she chewed, Giles slid his moist lips down her neck, giving her tiny shivers along her nape. The glow of pleasure was offset by the sharp bite of the second nipple clamp.

"Ow!" She stamped her foot as the pain shot through her.

Giles stood again, his protruding codpiece brushing across the tip of her nose. "I find it so disappointing you cannot hold your tongue, Lady Ella." He didn't sound disappointed at all. Soft strips of rabbit fur drifted over the back laces of her corset and cascaded over her butt cheeks. He'd brought his favorite flogger, she thought with a shiver of delicious anticipation.

The strips of leather and fur lifted away. "Who would like to stripe her ass first?"

A rattle of armor surged toward her. Every muscle in her body tightened.

"Two strikes per man, my dear?"

A dozen lashes. From men accustomed to wielding the weight of a sword. Fear and delight warred within her. What was the alternative? Three strokes per man? Four? If she rebuffed his wishes, Giles would look weak in the eyes of his men. They all might walk away and leave her wanting.

No! She wanted to be strapped, to feel the strength of a warrior, to please Giles. She wanted them all to see her cunny dripping with desire.

Heart in her throat, she nodded. Twelve was her favorite number and Giles knew it. It reminded her of the evening she'd met Prince Giles, when she'd received twelve lashes while bent over his lap.

"Feel free to count, my love," Giles said with a smile in his voice.

The very first stroke slashed across skin still warm from Giles' earlier hand spanking. The sting equaled the burn in her clamped nipples. "One," she cried out, wondering whose hand wielded the whip. Not that it mattered. Her acceptance of the punishment pleased Giles, and that pleased her.

"Two," she groaned, knowing at the end of this Giles would hold her. Soothe her.

Love her.

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