

BDSM Beach Part Four

BDSM Beach Part Four Cassie was dreaming. Kevin was behind her, and he had a hand on her hips. His own hips ground against her bottom, fucking her, yet she couldn't feel his cock. His mouth was inches from her ear, telling her how she was the best submissive of them all and how he wanted to take her back home with him. Cassie wanted to respond, but somehow she wasn't able to say anything. The dream slipped away, and she opened her eyes. The sound of the ocean called her out of her sleepy mental state. The Caribbean heat soaked through the thin cotton sheet and warmed her body. She focused on Alisha's sleeping body on the bed opposite, one breast revealed by naughty sheets. Cassie admired the contrast of Alisha's dark skin on the white sheets, and for one sleepy moment, she wished her skin were some deep color like green or purple or red. That was when she realized that she could still feel Kevin grinding against her ass. Had he sneaked into bed with her? Had he assaulted her sleeping body? How cool would that be? "More," Danielle moaned behind her. Cassie jumped out of bed. Danielle sat up with a jolt, her eyes wide and disoriented. Across the room, Alisha awoke with a startled cry at the commotion. "What the hell?" Alisha said. Cassie reached behind herself and touched her ass. It was wet and sticky. Still half awake, she tasted her fingers. Yep, that was pussy. "Danielle was humping me," Cassie said. Alisha burst out laughing. "Don't forget the rules, Danielle: No other boys or girls." Danielle scowled and pulled the sheets around her naked body. "I was having a hot dream. And it was about a guy!" Cassie felt bad for embarrassing Danielle and sat back down on the bed. "It's all right, I was having wet dreams, too." Danielle buried her face in her hands. Despite her bedmate's usually haughty attitude, Cassie felt a strange urge to comfort her. "Shit, why didn't you girls masturbate?" Alisha asked. Danielle looked at her. "There's nowhere to do that! Well, I could have gone to the bathroom, but I was too tired." Alisha laughed. "Bathroom? I did it right here in bed." Cassie felt a thrill go through her as she thought of the sex show she had missed. Julia walked into their bedroom. All three girls tensed as she looked at them. She was wearing a black swimsuit, and she had a red handprint on her face. Cassie stared at the handprint, imagining Kevin's hand delivering that slap. "Good, you're all awake," Julia said. "Come out to the deck. What are you waiting for? Now!" Cassie was the first girl out and not because Julia had yelled at them. She was rushing because she wanted to see what Kevin had planned for them. If it was a chore, she swore to herself that she would do it with a big smile and a bounce in her step. She was not going to spend another night listening to Kevin fuck someone else! The deck was a wide area facing the beach. A wooden rail lined the deck, and Melinda was up against the rail, bent over with her ass facing Kevin. Blue bruises covered her ass, new marks that clearly had happened last night. Kevin was wearing a pair of blue swim trunks and nothing else. His curly black hair was somehow even messier than yesterday. In his right hand, he had a red ping-pong paddle, and Cassie almost clapped her hands in joy. "Up against the rail, bent over like Melinda," he said. Cassie nodded and did as he asked. She bent over the rail and used her arms to support herself. The beach was laid out in front of her, and already she could see people laying out in the morning sun. The water was a bright blue that she couldn't stop marveling at. It shimmered like a sapphire. She couldn't wait to get into the water. Well, she could wait if it meant she'd be getting her first spanking. Alisha bent over beside Cassie while Danielle took a position to the other side of Melinda. Cassie tried to imagine what they all must look like to anyone on the beach. All the tourists had to do

is turn around with binoculars to see four naked gals flashing their tits to the world. "Just so you ladies know, we will be doing this every morning," Kevin said. "In fact, I want you out here bent over and waiting for me every morning. Those who are late will be left at home. Am I understood?" "Yes, sir," they all said. "Good," Kevin said. "Keep your eyes forward." Cassie obeyed. She kept looking at the beach. Sailboats were in the distance, and she wondered if someone was looking at her right now through some telescope. A loud SMACK was followed by Danielle's cry of "ouch!" Cassie wanted to turn and look, but she kept her eyes on the beach. She wanted to see Kevin deliver the spankings, but instead, she watched nearly naked people walk down the beach. Smack after smack rained just feet away Cassie and her poor neglected ass. Danielle must have been the one being spanked because she never stopped crying out. Every blow sparked a shriek from Danielle as if her ass was being burned alive. Or at least that's how Cassie wished it felt. She wasn't sure. Her parents had never spanked her. Once, she'd told a boyfriend to spank her ass, and he'd gave her a few halfhearted taps. It certainly wasn't the cleansing pain she had read about. Everyone described spanking differently, and Cassie wanted to feel every variation. The spanking stopped. Danielle's ragged breathing could be heard over the ocean's rumblings. Cassie's heart thumped in sync with the sounds of Kevin's footsteps on the deck. Logically, she expected Melinda to be spanked next, but maybe he would skip her and spank Cassie next. That would be fair, wouldn't it? "Oh, God," Alisha moaned beside her. A loud SMACK confirmed Cassie's worst fear. He had skipped Melinda, but he'd also skipped Cassie. Alisha's ass was next. Cassie kept her head up while Alisha was spanked beside her. The paddle smacked Alisha's ass rapidly, each blow a loud reminder that Cassie wasn't receiving those lovely taps. First, Alisha had sneaked an orgasm in bed, and now she was getting spanked before Cassie. "Shit, shit, shit," Alisha groaned. Instead of sympathy, Cassie felt only jealousy. One rather loud smack sent Alisha lurching forward. Cassie was shocked when Alisha put a hand on top of hers for support. The spanking continued, but now, Alisha was squeezing Cassie's hand. Her fingers tightened around Cassie's, tighter and tighter as the spanking got faster. Cassie could feel the intensity of the spanking through Alisha's grip. It was a poor substitute for the real thing, but Cassie was taking what she could get. The spanking stopped. As if she were embarrassed, Alisha moved her hand off Cassie's. Cassie felt a sense of loss, although she couldn't really explain why. Kevin walked behind them. Cassie prayed she would be next. She wanted it so badly. They hadn't been forbidden from speaking, but somehow it didn't seem right to ask. She wanted the spanking to be given against her will no matter how willing she was. The paddle touched her right cheek. A sob came out of her throat out of sheer need. Before she could analyze her involuntary sob, the paddle moved away. The air whistled almost in slow motion before Cassie felt the paddle land hard on her left cheek. It was a sting, warm and wonderful. Her butt cheek became a sexual organ with a single tap. She became hyper-aware of everything: the color of the water, the coolness of the breeze, the harshness of the rail under her hand. She felt alive. She had a second to savor it before another paddle blow landed on her right cheek. Another second of pleasure later, the paddle returned to the left side. Back and forth the paddle struck, and the heat in her ass grew like the rising sun over the beach. It wasn't quite pain she felt as much as it was an increasing sensitivity that affected her whole body. Each tap on her ass

made her nipples harder, her eyes tear and her pussy get so very wet. Kevin's paddle was dominating her entire body. It stopped. Cassie almost protested, but no words came out. Kevin walked away, but the sensations he had planted in her ass remained. It was strange: Without the distraction of the paddling, it was as though Cassie was just now starting to feel the heat he had built. Her ass had stung during the spanking, but now it just burned. The burn was fading, but oh, so very slowly. Her lips moved in silent whimpers. She wished both that the pain would go away and that the pain would never leave her. Distantly, as if from a mile away, she heard Melinda get spanked. She heard the girl's grunts and felt the rail shake as Melinda clenched it, but it barely registered. Cassie was still savoring her own experience, trying to recall the rhythm in which she had been spanked and the way the texture of the paddle felt on her ass. It had happened just a moment ago, but it already felt like something that had happened too long ago. "Everyone stand up and face me," Kevin said. Cassie stood up and groaned as new discomforts radiated from her ass. The other girls were groaning as well. Danielle kept rubbing her ass. Alisha was trying to look at hers, craning her neck to see if she had been marked. Melinda just moved back and forth on her feet, shifting her weight as if she could somehow work the pain out of her ass. "Let's grab some breakfast," Kevin said. "I want to hit the beach within the hour." To be continued.

About the Author

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