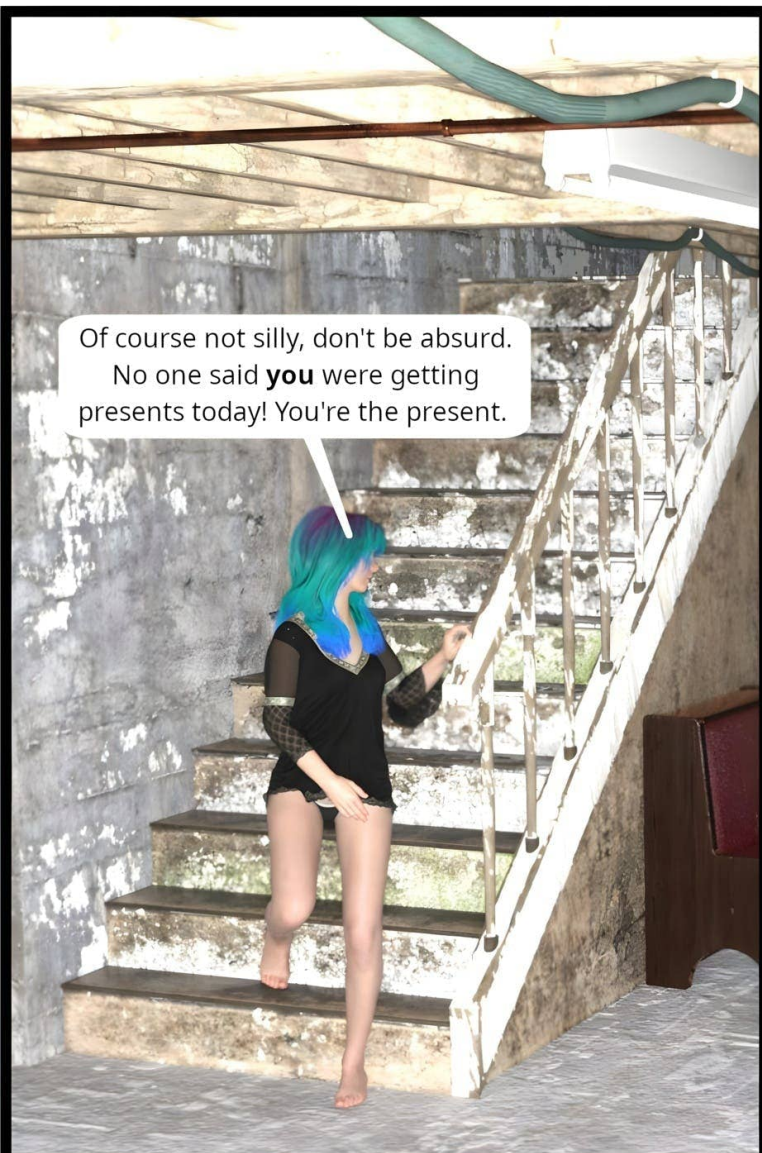


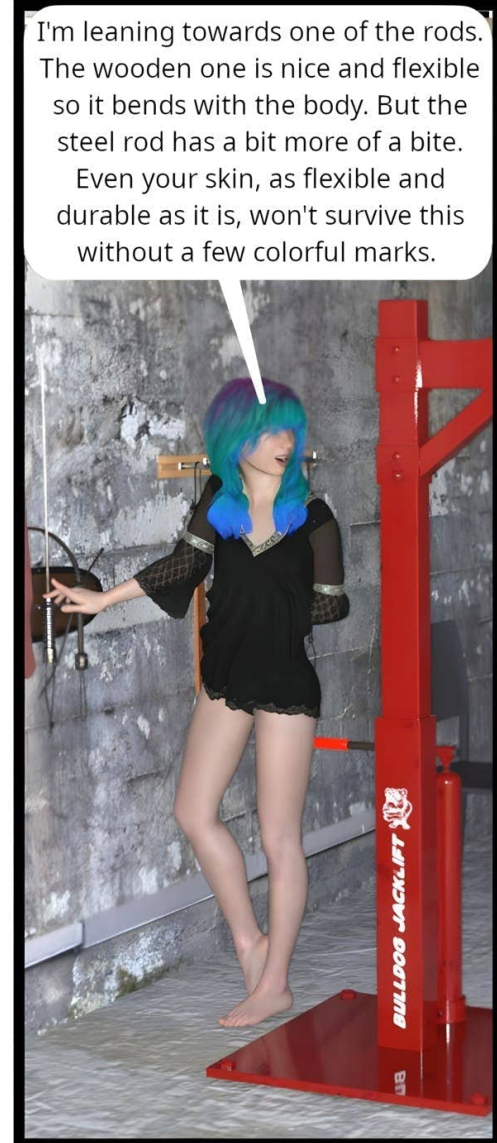
Chapter Eleven



A Present

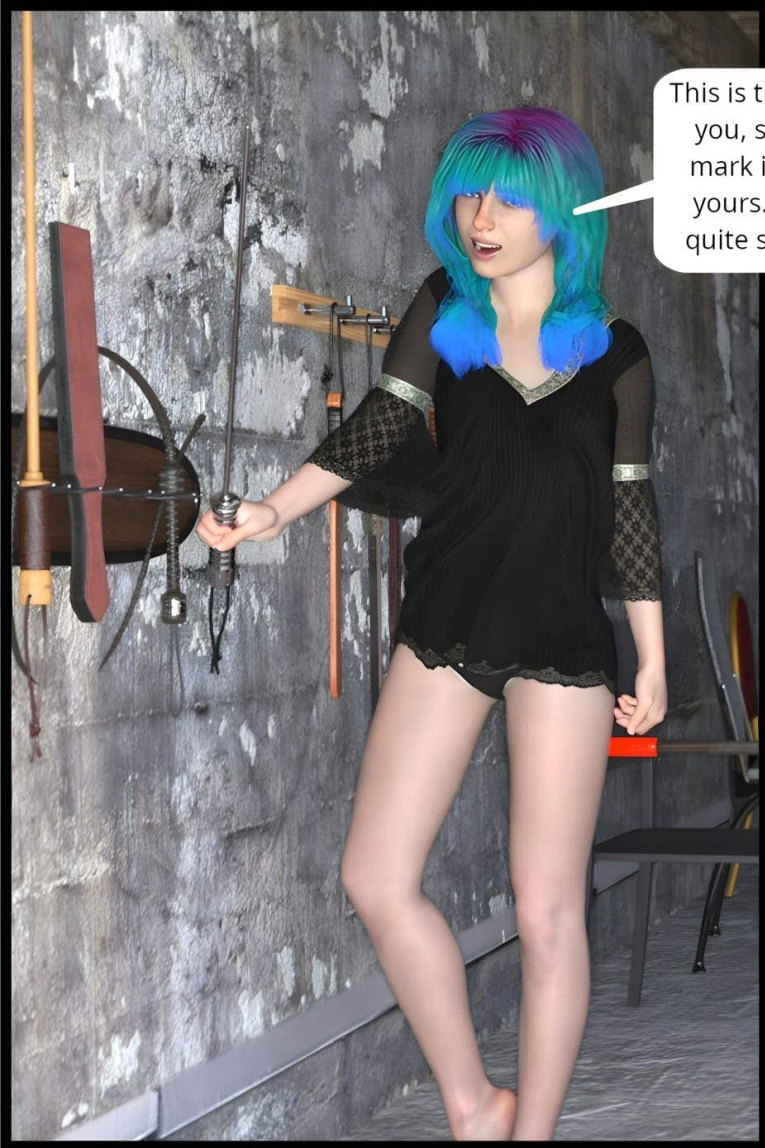
Unwrapped



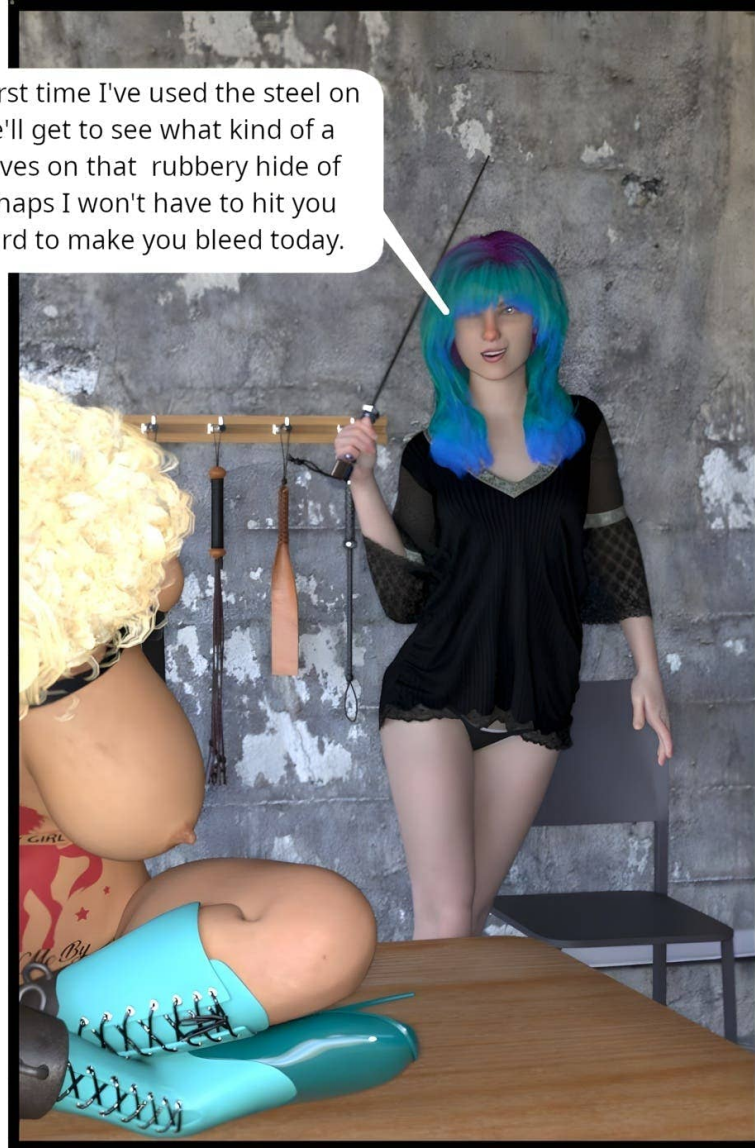


Why am I getting spanked if it's not my birthday? It's not fair. I didn't do anything wrong. I couldn't have done anything wrong... I've been bound to this table the whole night!





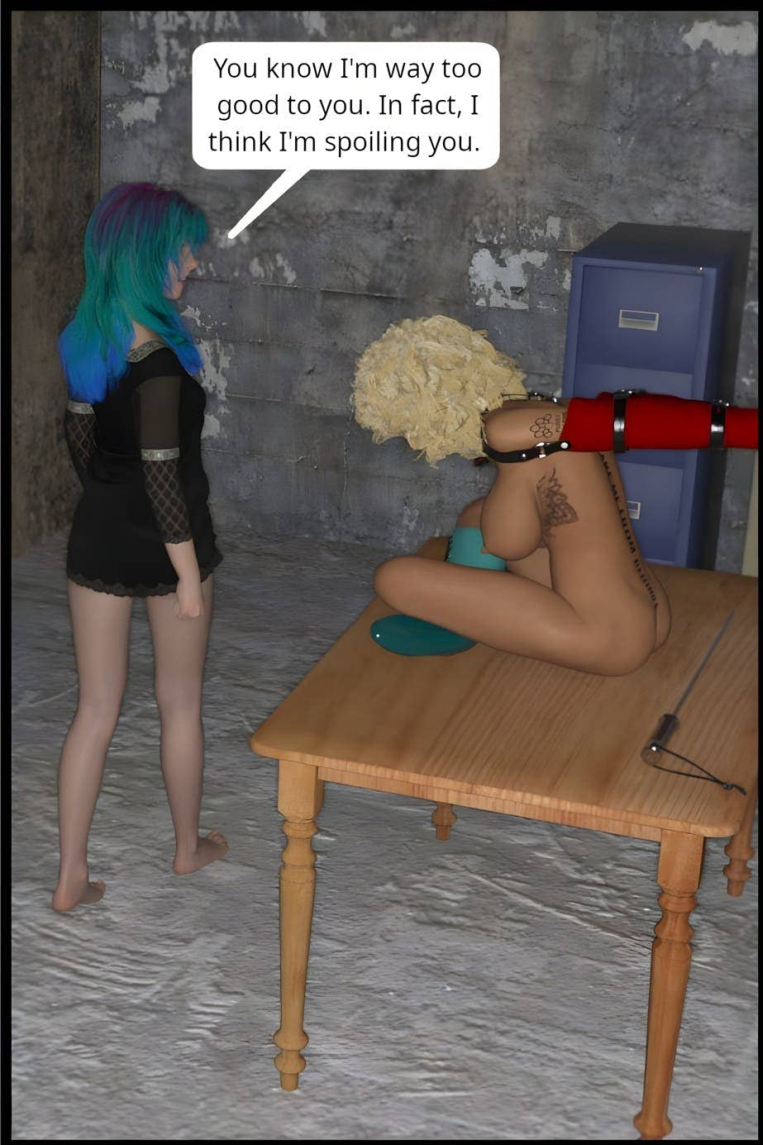
This is the first time I've used the steel on you, so we'll get to see what kind of a mark it leaves on that rubbery hide of yours. Perhaps I won't have to hit you quite so hard to make you bleed today.



That doesn't mean I won't hit you as hard... He, he, he... just that you may bleed a little more.

For now, I think I'll leave this here while I Package my present so she's a little more presentable. You've had all night to sit there so comfortably.

You know I'm way too good to you. In fact, I think I'm spoiling you.



Now... what should I use to make you a little less comfortable? Ah... some rope ought to do the trick.



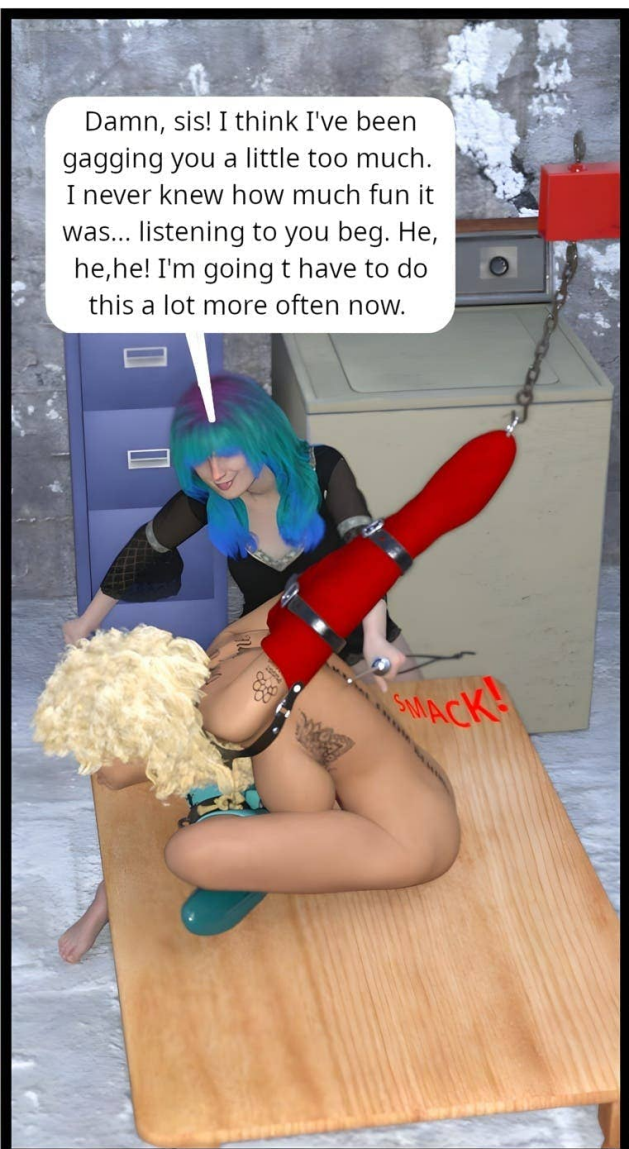
The idea, you see is to bring your head down until it's almost touching your legs. Then, when I raise your arms up it will turn your back into a nice little canvas, where I can paint a bloody picture for Dez.



That's not the present, of course. That's just to set the mood... Now, stop resisting me. You can't stop me and you're just making me angry. You won't like me when I'm angry.







Several minutes Later.

Hey Kirsten, I see you've been having some fun with your sister while I was gone.

Yeah... I've been punishing her.

Why? What has she done now?

This time her punishment was... preemptive.

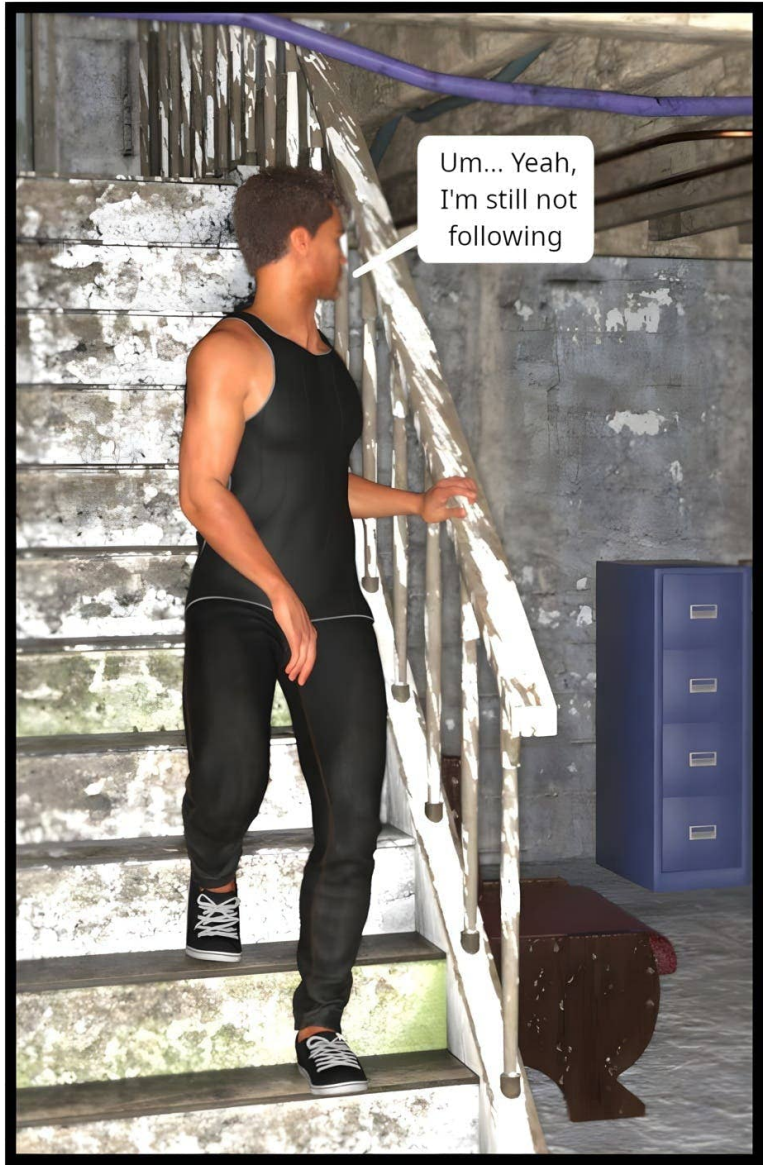
Ah! Ah!



I'm punishing her for the things she's about to do.

Preemptive?

Heh! Heh!



Um... Yeah, I'm still not following



Well, I was thinking we could celebrate our six week anniversary by giving you something you've really been wanting. Kiss.



Six weeks, huh? Umh... that must be a girlfriend kind of move. I don't think guys really do that.

Well, if you don't want your present you don't have to take her.

But I did go to a lot of effort to unwrap and decorate her, just for you.

Gee... that was really thoughtful of you, honey, but...

Yeah.

See that chair, over by the stairs?



See that jack lifting her arms? Well, I thought I'd crank her weight off the table, then you can position the chair under her while I lower her back down. There's this button I can push that makes the jack sort of vibrate. They say it makes her feel real nice.



That's really sweet, honey, but don't you think that will be a little hard on her arms? I'd hate to take her back to Jeth all broken.

That's what regenie machines are for. Besides, you can help support her weight with your arms, if you want. Honestly, I think she's a little tougher than you think.



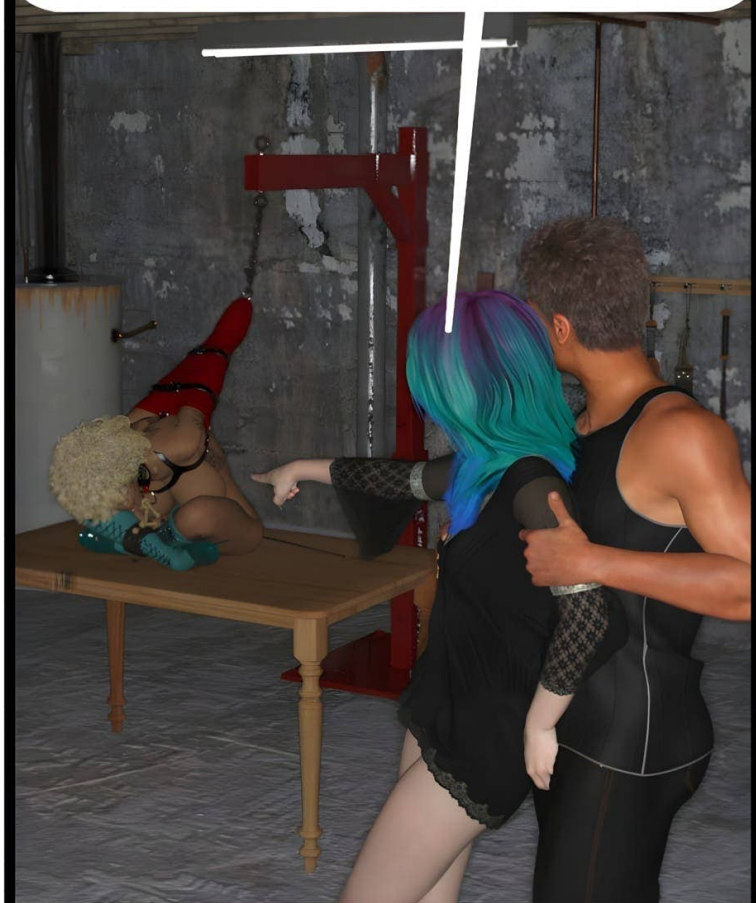
Wait a minute, lov... If you're giving her to me as a present, why are you punishing her for it?

No reason... she's here for your entertainment, but... you're forcing her to do what you want, then punishing her for doing it. It just seems a little...

Why shouldn't I punish her?



You don't understand! When I was growing up, all the boys liked her better than me. I talked a boy into coming over to give me math lessons (even though I was better at math than he was). I went to the store to pick up some chips and when I came back the two of them were laughing and wrestling around on the couch.

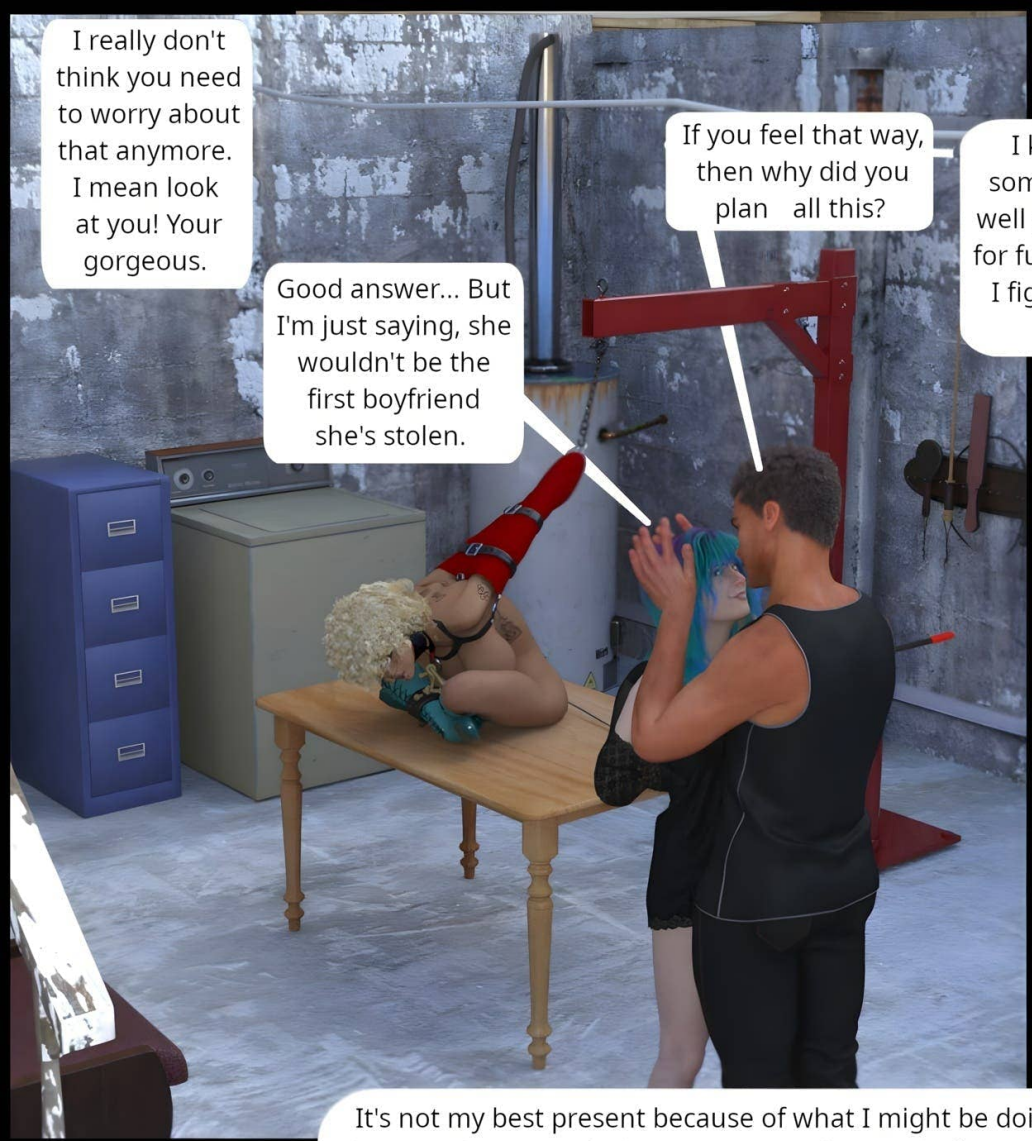


I really don't think you need to worry about that anymore. I mean look at you! Your gorgeous.

Good answer... But I'm just saying, she wouldn't be the first boyfriend she's stolen.

If you feel that way, then why did you plan all this?

I know! I'm psychotic, I just wanted to do something really nice for you. But I'm damned well going to make sure she pays a heavy price for fucking my man while I'm around. Besides... I figured she wouldn't be as attractive to you with all those welts on her back.



It's not my best present because of what I might be doing to her... It's because of what you were willing to do for me. Honest, Sweetie. I know how difficult this must have been for you and I don't think anyone has ever done anything this generous for me before. It reminds me of this really old story they made me read in my morality class. There were these two lovers and the guy, he treasured his pocket watch more than anything else; and his lover, she treasured her hair most. So one Christmas when money was really tight... well he goes out and sells his watch to buy her a fancy ribbon for her hair while she cuts off her hair and sells it to buy a new chain for his watch.

Well, rest assured that this is a job well done. In fact, this may be the best present I've ever had.

Oh, I knew it, you do like her better.



Ah... That's sweet

And kind of sad.

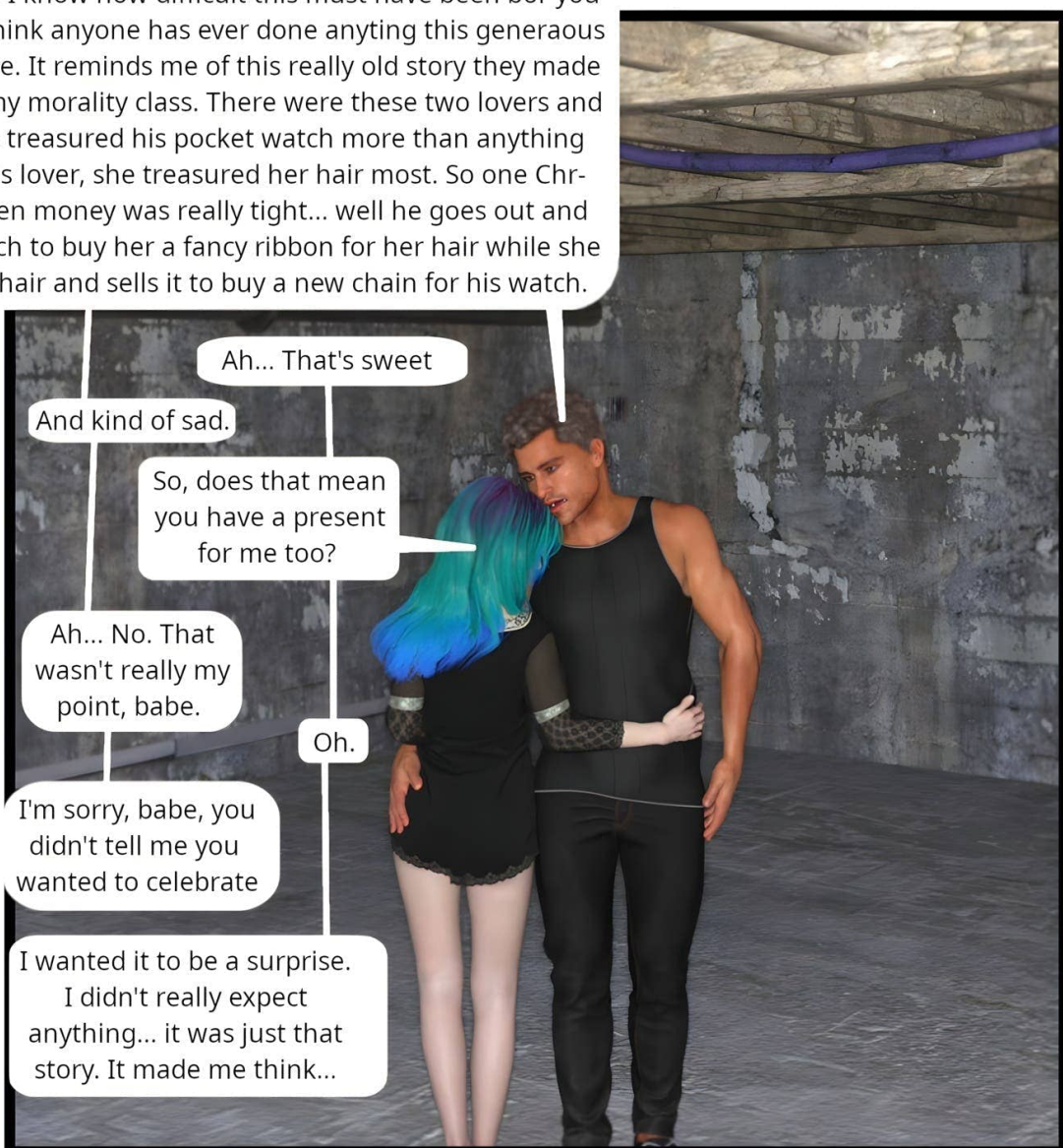
So, does that mean you have a present for me too?

Ah... No. That wasn't really my point, babe.

Oh.

I'm sorry, babe, you didn't tell me you wanted to celebrate

I wanted it to be a surprise. I didn't really expect anything... it was just that story. It made me think...





Sorry... I just never thought about six weeks. But that will just give me a good excuse to make it up to you.



Don't worry, Sweet Cheeks! I'm sure I'll be able to think of something.



Hey! Stop that! I'm not your present.

You're always a present for me, babe.



A few moments later, Kirsten had manned the jack, lifting Elsie, while Dez literally pulled the table out from under her.

Man... those poor arms. Even if they don't break, Elsie is going to be sore for a week at least.



Alright. Now push the chair under her.



Hey, I just had an idea. Why don't I give you a gift too.



No, no! This will be great. Instead of it being me who sits in the chair, you don't I give you that honor?

Huh? I thought

But then how is that still a present for you?



You just let me worry about that.



You're just lucky I happen to have a strapon in in little chest of goodies.

Actually, I've got at least two or three of them. It's not like this is the first time I've fucked her with one... but then I guess it's not the first time you've fucked her either... even since we've been going together. I mean she is just a slave, but... it was the thought of me giving her to you that made it important, if you know what I mean.



You'll still be giving her to me.



Yeah? How is that?

Well, for one thing you look incredible, sitting there with that monster in your lap... getting ready to slide it inside your slave. Something tells me it's going to go in so deep, she'll be tasting latex.

