

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair, wearing a white, off-the-shoulder, ruffled dress, is seated at a black grand piano. She is looking down at the keys, playing. The piano has sheet music on the stand. The room is dimly lit with warm, golden light from candelabras. In the background, there is a large, ornate mirror reflecting a statue. The overall atmosphere is elegant and classic.

*Lessons
for
Lady
Violet*

Norman Burns

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Prologue

TO ANY OUTSIDE OBSERVER, Lady Violet Covington's life would be considered a particularly privileged one. Indeed, the young lady herself would normally admit as much. Born the daughter of an Earl, and an especially wealthy and influential one at that, the first nineteen years of her life had never presented her with any worse challenge than deciding which gown to wear to whatever party or soiree caught her fancy to attend.

But of late it seemed her luck had taken a turn for the worse.

SLAP!

A hand banged itself across the top of the piano that Violet had been attempting, the description being a generous one, to play. "*Nein! Nein nein nein NEIN!* I swear Violet you are somehow getting worse the more we go on."

The hand's owner belonged to a tall, haughty looking woman who of late was the bane of Violet's existence. Lady Caroline Covington, her stepmother.

When her father had departed a year ago in command of one of the regiments sent to defend the King's interests in Hanover against the aggressions of that awful monster Napoleon, the greatest concern for Violet had been that he would return wounded or even dead. Instead something far worse had occurred. He had returned with a new wife.

Lady Caroline, the daughter of some Hanovarian count or margrave or some other minor noble, had crossed paths with the Earl Covington while on campaign and immediately enchanted the man. As Violet understood it he had proposed within days of meeting her and arranged an impromptu wedding with almost scandalous haste.

When word of this had reached Violet her reaction had been muted aside from some embarrassment at the gossip around the Ton over the news. Her birth mother had died years ago when she had only been little, so it was not as if she could reproach her father for observing a respectful period of mourning before remarrying. Indeed, the prospect of having another woman

of her own class, even a foreign one, for company had even held some appeal.

How wrong she had been in retrospect.

When her father had briefly returned home on leave, Caroline had come with him. When Violet had first been introduced to her, the older woman's greeting had been friendly but the girl could not help but notice that her smile had not reached her eyes; those inky depths had remained icy cold and seemed to be scrutinizing her with an intensity that had made Violet feel very strange.

And then Earl Covington had returned to the campaign trail, leaving his new wife behind with Violet. That was when the new regime had begun.

It seemed Caroline heartily disapproved of what she saw as the English style of 'soft living' and on the first morning after Violet's father's departure had declared she would tolerate no 'silly dillydallying' from the young woman going forward and instead expected her to dedicate herself to mastering the skills necessary for being a proper lady.

Caroline's icy dark eyes narrowed. "*Wieder*. Again! From the beginning and do it properly this time."

Sullenly, Violet began playing her dainty fingers across the ivory keys of the piano once more. Piano was only the latest subject Caroline had undertaken the attempt to tutor her in. The list had grown to be quite a long one and unfortunately Violet had proven to have precious little aptitude in any of them. While a passable enough dancer when it came to waltzes and quadrilles and other styles common at balls, she had found herself to possess two left feet when it came to ballet. Her few attempts at riding had seen her barely manage to stay in the saddle of her horse. She had been no good at playing the harp or the flute or the piccolo and her efforts at sewing and embroidery had produced nothing but ugly messes. Her one lesson in archery had ended after a stray arrow fired by her had nearly hit a passing groomsman.

Piano was proving to be no better. Her fingers clumsily ran over the keys, hitting the wrong ones as often as the correct one it seemed. Caroline's eyes gleamed ever more hotly in irritation the longer she went on, which only seemed to make Violet play worse. The stern, smouldering look on her

stepmother's face made the young woman feel so very strange, like her insides were fluttering with a flock of butterflies and she was keenly aware that her heart seemed to be racing in her chest, which only made her concentration worse.

It was not the first time Violet had felt this way around the domineering older woman. She had never known what to make of it, how her body seemed to tingle and feel so very hot whenever Caroline had stared at her with those icy eyes of hers that seemed to make her feel almost as if she was standing utterly naked and uncovered before her gaze.

Even as Caroline continued to huff and grimace at Violet's attempts to play the piano, the young woman found herself noting that her stepmother was a beautiful woman. Her face could only be described as striking, with sharp features and a prominent, aquiline nose. Violet had to concede that she was envious of her tall, voluptuous figure; the low neckline of her dress barely contained her large breasts, which seemed to threaten to pop out with each heaving breath of irritation she took.

Violet herself knew she was attractive, but at barely five feet she was almost a pixie compared to Caroline, and both her breasts and bum were on the smaller side, though at least her slender frame still gave her the appearance of some feminine curves. Her favourite feature was her hair, long gold tresses that she wore long so they reached the round swell of her pert bottom and went wonderfully with her pale complexion.

CRACK!

It seemed Caroline's patience had again reached its limit with Violet's clumsy attempts to play, made worse by the distracting thoughts that had come over her, and this time she struck the slender bamboo cane she held in one hand across the top of the piano. "*Nein!* How is it possible you cannot play even a simple tune such as this despite weeks of practice?"

"I'm *trying*," Violet said, inwardly cringing at how pitiful she sounded to herself.

Caroline's lips thinned. "Are you? I find myself doubting it. *Dennoch*, let us start with the basics again and see if you have more luck. The scales. *La la la la la laaaaah!*"

A sulky look on her face, Violet obediently tried to play out the notes in time with her stepmother's voice. Even this basic task seemed to be beyond her, however, and her efforts only became even worse as with each fresh misstep Caroline's face took on a stormier look. Soon the young woman's heart was pounding in her throat and her stomach seemed to be doing somersaults under the German woman's unrelenting glare.

CRACK!

Again Caroline cracked the slender cane across the piano top and began cursing in German. "*NEIN! Wie kann das möglich sein? Ich frage mich, warum ich mir überhaupt die Mühe mache!*"

Violet could only blink in incomprehension. "What?"

"Of course," Caroline huffed, "your German is not good either. But let us not go there, *prinzessin*. Even the scales are still beyond you it seems."

"I'm sorry," Violet muttered, trying to keep her voice from sounding sulky. She knew from experience that would only exacerbate Caroline more.

She clearly failed as Caroline's eyes turned even more icy than usual. "You are sorry? *Quatsch*. I question that, Violet. And after I so generously take the time to teach you? Am I not patient with you? Considerate? And I am left wondering if you even wish to learn the piano at all."

"Perhaps I do not," Violet answered without even thinking, not even bothering to keep the sulkiness from her voice now.

Caroline actually blinked at that, slightly surprised at this unusual show of defiance by the young woman. "I see. You do not wish to learn the piano?"

"I appear not to be inclined to it," Violet said snippily. At her tone Caroline's naturally stern face grew even more strict than usual, but the girl found that the sight made her entire body seem to tingle pleasantly and she could not help but want to goad the older woman further.

"You are not inclined?" Caroline's voice had a mocking edge to it now. "Just as you are not inclined towards dancing? Or riding? Or singing? Or anything at all it seems. I remind you again that I am your stepmother and you are my stepdaughter and it is therefore my duty to teach you and your duty to learn how to become the proper young lady you should be. So Violet, what exactly *are* you inclined for, *meine liebe?*"

“Not piano,” Violet shot back, “and why do I need to be ‘inclined’ for anything at all?”

“*Verdammt!*” Caroline cursed. “So that is what you think? You English have no discipline. How you have managed to conquer such a vast empire frankly mystifies me.”

Violet simply sat in sulky, sullen silence, watching as Caroline fumed icily. As the older woman eyed her consideringly, as if trying to decide something, Violet felt the pleasurable tingles in her body only intensify under her glare. As enjoyable as the feeling was, the young lady was also confused by them. What on earth was wrong with her today?

And then a cruel smile appeared on Caroline’s face and to Violet’s shock she felt a dull ache between her legs, deep within her most private place; not a painful one but instead one that was strangely delicious and unlike anything the girl had ever felt before. What in the Lord’s name had caused that?

“Yes, discipline,” Caroline’s voice shook Violet out of her bewildered thoughts. “Discipline is precisely what is needed for you, *prinzessin*. If I can teach you nothing else, I can at least teach you that?”

“Whatever do you mean?” Violet asked, apprehension suddenly filling her.

Caroline’s smile became a smirk. “Precisely what I said, *meine schatz*. Till now I have tried to deal with you with patience and consideration, Violet. Clearly that has been a mistake. Perhaps you shall learn better if I teach you in the manner of my country.”

CRACK! Caroline struck the thin bamboo cane she held across the top of the piano once more for emphasis. Violet’s eyes went wide as she gained an inkling of just what it was that her stepmother intended to do to her.

Chapter One - A Lesson in Discipline

VIOLET'S MIND RACED as she felt a length of rope encircle her right ankle before being knotted tightly, securing her one remaining free limb to one of the legs of the piano bench she was lying upon just as the others had been before it.

When Caroline had ordered her to lie stomach down upon the piano bench and place her limbs next to each corresponding leg, Violet had been too surprised to do anything but obey. When the older woman had then produced lengths of rope and begun tying her wrists and ankles she had then been too shocked to protest. Now she found herself securely bound and when she tested the ropes she found them not only expertly knotted but with precious little give to them to boot.

Her work finished, Caroline rose to her full height so she loomed over the bound young woman. With a smirk on her face that made Violet's entire body tingle harder than ever, her stepmother then reached down and grip the hem of her dress before flipping both it and her petticoats up onto the small of her back so her bloomer clad bum was fully revealed; today she had worn a frilly set the colour of champagne and clung snugly to both small, round globes.

With dark, hooded eyes, Caroline openly took in the sight beneath her and Violet's naturally rosy cheeks turned outright red when she realised the older woman was almost ogling her. "You have a lovely bum. I expect it has never had a cane taken to it before, *prinzessin*?"

"N-no, Lady Caroline," Violet answered halting; when had her throat become so dry?

Caroline tiskted. "Unsurprising. I expect that it is this soft, pampered upbringing that is the cause for the lack of focus that plagues you so, *meine hase*. Well, that changes now. That naughty little bottom of yours is about to get the caning it was made for."

The older woman tapped the cane she was holding against her free hand for emphasis as she spoke. It was a slender thing, but Violet felt a rush of fear run through her nevertheless when she imagined it slashing itself upon her

bum, protected only by her bloomers which seemed scant indeed. A little whimper escaped her lips.

Hearing it, Caroline's face took on an uncharacteristically soft look. Placing her cane upon the surface of the piano, the older woman walked around so she stood in front of Violet and then knelt so her faces were level. One hand gently cupped itself underneath the bound girl's chin and raised it so their eyes met.

"Violet, listen to me carefully," Caroline's voice was gentle yet firm as she spoke, "I will do *nothing* to you without your consent. Nothing. Should you wish for me to stop at any time, you must only say so to me and I *will* stop. I swear that to you, *meine schatz*. Do you believe me?"

Violet nodded as she realised that she did believe Caroline's words. Why she was not entirely certain, but nevertheless it was true.

"So," Caroline went on, her voice going lower as she spoke to it was almost a croon, "do I have your consent, Violet. I must hear you say the words."

To her immense shock, Violet did not immediately say 'no'. It was what she should say. Surely she had no reason to consent to being caned by Caroline. She would have to have taken leave of her senses to even be considering such a thing.

But take leave of her senses it seemed she had. Violet realised she very much *was* considering doing just that. As unexpected, and more than a little frightening, as these new feelings that had awakened in her were, the young woman could not deny that they were there. Part of her very much did want to be caned by Caroline, to see just how it would feel. Indeed, part of her was very much excited by the prospect. Innocent that she was she could not even begin to understand why this was the case, but it undeniably was so.

"Yes," Violet barely whispered the word the first time, but when she repeated herself her voice was louder and left no doubt to the truth behind it. "Yes! I consent, Lady Caroline. Discipline me as I must be disciplined."

A gleam of hot triumph filled Caroline's eyes. "Good girl. You have pleased me so, Violet."

Caroline raised her hand to Violet's cheek to briefly cup it and the young woman shuddered under the caress. Then the German woman rose to her

feet and walked around so she stood behind Violet, once again picking up her cane from the top of the piano.

Violet instinctively flinched when she felt the slender shaft of bamboo cross itself over her bum, but it was only a light tap.

“Do not think that because you have pleased me I shall be merciful.” Caroline’s voice sounded positively eager. “Your first caning will be one to remember, *meine perle*, I promise you this. Prepare yourself.”

Violet took a deep breath and waited, every passing second seeming to be an eternity. She was not left waiting long, however.

The cane lifted up off of her bottom and then a swishing sound filled Violet’s ears as it cut through the air.

CRACK!

A line of fiery pain cut across both pert cheeks of her bum. ‘AAARRRGH!’ She immediately cried out in pain.

“What is this? One blow and already you blubber like a baby?” Caroline tisked. “I see the task of toughening you up shall be a great one. I shall see it done, though.”

CRACK!

Another fiery line of pain made itself felt, barely an inch below the first, as Caroline brought her cane down across Violet’s bum once more. Again the girl cried out in agony, her eyes already growing wet with tears. But Violet realised she was also rapidly growing wet between her legs as well. Her vagina felt hot and engorged in a way it never had before. How could such a thing be possible? Was she actually enjoying the pain in some way?

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Caroline began raining blows with her cane down across Violet’s bum, one following the other in rapid succession and each one harder than the next. As pain radiated through the young woman’s derriere, rapidly growing red and inflamed from the continued abuse of the cane, she bucked and strained her wrists against the ropes binding them, striving to free them either to shield her poor bum from further blows or at least soothingly rub it. Caroline had known her craft well, however, and the ropes did not give.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Again and again the cane continued to mercilessly strike itself across the bound girl's bottom. Hot tears spilling down the cheeks of her face, Violet let loose a tormented howl so loud for a moment she wondered if one of the servants would hear. To her shock her immediate reaction was not relief that they might come and put a stop to what was happening, or even mortifying embarrassment at being found in such a compromising state, but instead worry that her punishment at Caroline's hands might come to an abrupt halt. The realisation made her question if she had taken leave of her senses.

It seems that Caroline somehow read her mind, for she chuckled darkly. "Cry as loudly as you wish, Violet. Indeed I find the sound quite pleasing to my ears. The servants know very well that they are *not* to intrude when I am seeing to your lessons. Scream to your heart's content, *prinzessin*."

CRACK!

As Caroline flayed her cane upon Violet's bum yet another time the young lady did indeed scream, head shooting up as her entire body trembled in pain. Blinded by tears, she sobbed madly between breathless pants, but even as she did so between her legs in her cunt she felt the little pearl of her clit throb in delight.

Violet braced for another blow but it did not come. Wondering if her punishment was over, she craned her head around and saw Caroline looking down at her. Her stern face, covered with a light sheen of sweat but otherwise as composed as ever, had a considering look upon it.

"I think the time has come to remove these," Caroline said after a moment, reaching down to seize the hem of Violet's bloomers and yanking them down to the middle of her thighs, "the remainder of your punishment shall be on your bare bottom!"

With an embarrassed squeak, Violet looked away, tear stained cheeks almost as red as her poor abused rear and unable to face the older woman as she realised just how exposed she now was. She therefore missed how Caroline's eyes lit up in hot delight at the sight of her now naked bum on full display. It was small but wonderfully round and pert, and emphasised by how it flared out from her tiny waist.

One immaculate eyebrow shot up in interest as Caroline noted how the gusset of Violet's bloomers had a very noticeable damp spot upon them; it was clear evidence that for all her pained cries and sobs, the young woman was also increasingly aroused. For the moment she said nothing, filing this revelation away for later. As wonderful as the discovery that Violet was excited by pain boded for her future plans, for now Caroline resolved to concentrate on the task at hand.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Caroline resumed her cane's assault on Violet's poor rear without warning, cutting into the tender flesh with renewed vigour. The young lady groaned raggedly as fiery slash after fiery slash blazed across her bum cheeks, now bereft even of the scant protection of her bloomers.

"Please...." Violet let out a sobbing moan. "...Lady Caroline....it hurts....it hurts so badly...."

"Oh, poor *prinzessin*," the German woman crooned tauntingly, voice dripping with fake sympathy, "of course it hurts, Violet *meine lieblich*. It is supposed to hurt. However will you learn this lesson of discipline if it does not?"

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Seemingly unaffected by Violet's pained cries or tearful pleas, Caroline brought her cane down upon the poor girl's bum with even greater strength. The young woman's posterior was now bright red and inflamed, streaked with vivid, angry lines that were a testament to the skilled way her stepmother had wielded her cane upon it.

Even as she sobbed tearfully from the unrelenting blows, Violet realised fiery pain radiating through her bum was rivalled by the burning delight of her most private place. Her mound of Venus felt as if it was dripping with liquid fire, it was so hot and wet. The inner walls of her vagina seemed to clench in joy with each fresh blow of the cane upon her bottom, the swollen lips of her slit wafting heat into the cool air of the library which almost seemed to be teasingly caressing it.

Violet realised she desperately wanted something to touch her hot quim. The intensity of the desire shocked her to her core. When had she become such a slattern? Bound as she was, however, there was no way she could

reach around between her legs to do so and humping herself against the empty air brought no relief.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Thwarted by the ropes binding her limbs, Violet instead arched her back to better present her pert bum to the incoming blows of Caroline's cane, almost eagerly seeking out the pain they brought and savouring the pleasure that they inspired in her sopping pussy. Each fresh crack of the thin length of bamboo across her bum cheeks seemed to make her clitoris tighten in the most delicious way.

Caroline noticed that her stepdaughter seemed to be openly welcoming the blows of her cane now, even as she continued to let loose sobbing howls from the pain they inspired. Good. Things were progressing nicely indeed. With a wicked smile on her stern yet beautiful face, she brought her cane down thrice in rapid succession and held nothing back.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Letting loose a mad scream, Violet arched her back off of the piano bench, body spasming wildly from the pain wracking through it, having been pushed to the very edge of what she could take. Worse than the agony in her poor abuse bum, however, was the scorching arousal of her pussy. The former the girl at least understood. The latter was something completely new to Violet and it both confused and frightened her.

No more blows struck her bottom and a moment later Violet felt strong arms wrapping themselves around her, pulling her close to something soft and warm. Her long, blonde tresses were pushed aside from her face and she felt a gust of hot, warm air envelope her ear.

“Good girl. You are a very good girl, Violet. The lesson is over now. You have done so well. I am so proud of you.”

Violet realised it was Caroline, embracing her tightly even as she nuzzled her face against the side of hers. Without thinking, Violet found herself returning the gesture, instantly calming from the other woman's presence and the feeling of safety that came from it. It was all so confusing. Caroline and her wicked cane had been the cause of her distress. She should be the last person she wanted comfort from.

Yet Violet was also keenly aware of the other woman's body pressed up against her own. Her ample bosom mashed up against her back. She felt a pair of hard points poking into her shoulders through the layers of her dress and corset and underthings and her eyes went wide when she realised it was Caroline's nipples. Light blue orbs went wider still when she realised her own nipples, cute little pinks things that capped her small breasts, had also become hardened little pebbles and with each panting breath she took a rush of pleasure shot through her body as they brushed against the material of her bodice.

Something soft ran itself across her cheeks and Violet realised it was a silky handkerchief. "Dry your tears now, *liebbling*. As I said your lesson is over now. Does it still hurt, Violet?"

Violet nodded her head and let out a little whimper, very aware of the fading but still very present pain in her inflamed posterior.

Caroline released Violet from her embrace and shifted down her still bound body. Twisting around to look over her shoulder, the young woman saw her stepmother hovering above her bottom, eyeing the twin, round globes. Her cheeks went hot as she suddenly remembered how exposed her bare bum was.

Then Caroline pouted her lips in an exaggerated look of sympathy and when her eyes turned to meet Violet's a little flutter went through the girl's stomach at the hungry look in them. "Oh, poor *prinzessin*. Your cute little bum looks so red and sore. It must hurt so terribly, *meine engel*. Here, let mummy make it all better for you."

Soft, cool hands cupped Violet's pert cheeks and the young woman let out a pained hiss at their touch on the still very sore, tender flesh of her bum. Caroline was undeterred, however, and began rubbing her hands over the hot, inflamed surface of both globes.

As Caroline's skilled fingers continued to knead and massage at her bottom, Violet let out a hot groan as their caresses soothed away the lingering pain from her earlier caning. They felt so good. How good would those same fingers feel between her legs upon her most private place? The young lady's eyes went wide and she stiffened, heart leaping in her throat. No. She could not think such things. It was wrong. Immoral!

But Violet's mind was proving stubbornly rebellious. As Caroline continued to rub and caress her pert little bottom, her imagination went wild. Those skillful fingers touching her vagina. Caressing the swollen lips of her slit. The engorged little knob of her clitoris; her little pearl actually tightened in the most delicious way from the very thought.

And then the young woman felt something warm and soft and so very moist join those delicious hands. With a gasp, Violet twisted her head around and saw Caroline had planted an open mouthed kiss with her puckered lips on the tip of one pert bum cheek; she could feel the older woman's tongue tracing itself over the skin underneath over one of the many jagged, angry lines left by her cane. Violet felt she should protest, tell Caroline to stop, but there was an indescribable look in her stepmother's eyes that took her breath away and left her frozen. Heart pounding wildly, Violet looked away, unable to meet her gaze.

Caroline's lips quirked up in a smirk even as she began delivering a fluttering trail of kisses across the younger woman's bottom, silky tongue soothing the inflamed marks she had so recently inflicted. Oh things were going very well indeed. Not only had Violet clearly enjoyed the cruel pain of her cane, she now was quite evidently relishing the pleasure her touch was now inflicting on her young, shuddering body, even if the innocent thing was not fully recognising it.

Part of Caroline was very tempted in the moment to take things further and put aside even the paperthin facade she was maintaining so she could take the young woman properly. She resisted the urge, however, sensing the moment was not quite right. A true gourmet, Caroline was willing to wait for the perfect moment to fully seduce Violet and see the young lady truly submit to her.

Still, the older woman could not help but push things just a tad bit further, if only to test the waters. Her hands glided down to the lower half of Violet's round derriere and stroked over the sensitive flesh where the perky cheeks met the tops of her thighs. Her fingers then went further till they were just ghosting over the insides of the girl's slender legs. Scooting down as she did this so she was almost kneeling behind Violet, Caroline's dark eyes took in the sight of the young woman's pussy lips that were just peaking into

view, hungrily relishing how red and engorged they were. Oh her suspicions had more than been proven correct.

Violet, for her part, choked on an almost tortured moan that threatened to escape from her throat. All she could think of was how close Caroline's fingers were to where she desperately wanted them to be, mere inches from the burning slit of her vagina. Even as she fought the urge to openly beg the older woman to close the remaining distance and touch her there, shock warring with the arousal surging through her at such a wanton desire, her hips instinctively arched themselves up to better expose her sopping cunt.

And then suddenly those fingers were gone. "Well well, it seems you are feeling better, Violet. I am so glad to see it is so. I may be hard on you, *meine perle*, when discipline is necessary, but I am not heartless."

It took everything Violet had not to whine aloud from the sudden absence of Caroline's hands, even as she felt her bloomers being pulled back up over her quim, which seemed to be clenching almost painfully in frustrated protest. Her skirts and petticoats were flipped back down over her bum, the cool fabric soothing any lingering soreness from the earlier caning, which now was almost a distant memory after what had just transpired.

The ropes were loosened from Violet's wrists and ankles and Caroline helped the young woman to her feet. Violet did let out a rough groan at that, her body stiff after being bound in such a way for so long.

"Ssshhhhh, hush now *meine schatz*," Caroline hushed her, brushing aside sweaty blonde bangs from her forehead; Violet suddenly felt very self-conscious of the fact her makeup was most definitely running from the tears she had earlier been shedding from the painful caning. What must she look like? The older woman's brief touch had a calming effect on her however.

Caroline smiled haughtily and stepped back. "I feel that went well, Violet. Do you?"

"Y-yes, Lady Caroline," Violet answered hesitatingly, not certain what else to say. In truth she was beyond confused by what had just occurred, most of all these strange new desires she was wrestling with that her stepmother had just awakened in her seemingly out of nowhere.

"Good," Caroline replied, her face returning to its usual stern, impervious demeanour. "It seems we are making progress at last. I shall see you at

supper, my dear, and do not dare dawdle and be late!”

With that Caroline turned and walked from the library, her heeled shoes clicking in her wake. Of their own volition, Violet’s eyes dipped down to take in the older woman’s wide, swaying hips and full, round bum, the shape of which was very apparent despite the long flowing skirts of her dress. Oh what had come over her? The young lady truthfully had no clue.

Chapter Two - A Lesson in Control

THE REST OF the day passed by in a haze for Violet, the girl scarcely aware of what she was doing. Her mind was totally immersed in the memory of what had happened between herself and Caroline in the library. Part of her could hardly believe it had actually occurred, half convinced it was all some strange dream or mad fit that had come over her. Only the lingering soreness in her bum whenever she sat down was proof otherwise.

Violet found herself grateful for this when supper came - she had made certain not to 'dawdle' and instead shown up promptly at the appointed time. As she fidgeted in her seat, trying to find the least uncomfortable position on the dining chair she was perched upon, the discomfort at least served as a welcome distraction from the presence of Caroline seated across from her at the table.

As she picked at her food, Violet did her best not to stare at the older woman. It was proving to be a futile effort however. Whatever was wrong with her? Certainly, she had always readily admitted that her stepmother was beautiful. Indeed, Violet could not deny on more than one occasion she had caught herself staring in envy at the German woman, admiring her lovely figure with those high, large breasts and wide, prominent hips that were so different from her own willowy curves.

But had doing so before made her own body feel hot, almost feverish? Had she grown wet and juicy in her most private place to the point where her bloomers seemed to be clinging to her pelvis almost like a second skin? Violet did not think so, at least not that she had ever admitted as much to herself. It was so confusing to the young woman and more than a little frightening.

"You are not eating, Violet, is the food not to your liking?"

Violet almost squeaked as Caroline's voice jarred her out of her thoughts and she fought not to blush as she realised she had been caught staring

"I-I am not particularly hungry tonight, Lady Caroline," Violet stammered, growing even more flustered as she felt a strange yet increasingly familiar

shiver of excitement dance across her spine at the cold, scrutinizing way Caroline was eyeing her.

Caroline's lips thinned. "That will not do at all, *meine spatzi*. Food, like all other things in life, must be consumed with discipline. Too much overindulgence leads to no good, but so does too little and in your case, my dear girl, you can hardly afford the latter. I expect a clean plate before you leave the table."

Obediently, Violet scooped up a forkful of buttered peas and after a few rapid chews swallowed. Caroline gave a nod before returning her attention to her own supper.

Even as Violet felt her skin tingle at this small sign of approval, part of her immediately began to wonder if she should instead do the opposite of what Caroline had just ordered. After all, would that not mean that the older woman would have cause to discipline her again? No! How could she be thinking such thoughts? They were wrong. Sinful. Should Caroline be aware of the true nature of her deviancy she would surely take her cane to her again and not stop until she had flayed the very skin from her bottom.

Immediately, Violet scooped up another forkful of peas. By the time supper had concluded her plate was spotless.

Once supper was over Violet quickly retired to her room, pleading tiredness. She quickly dismissed her lady's maid, which actually left the woman speechless for a moment, Violet not being the kind of lady prone to doing anything she could pass on to a servant.

With good reason, as after her lady's maid had departed and Violet began unlacing her dress she soon found herself fumbling with the laces. Why in the Lord's name had the maid knotted them so tightly. It could not be helped, unfortunately, as the girl was all but certain her bum was still showing the evidence of her earlier caning and the thought of the questions that they might inspire should they be seen was simply too mortifying to contemplate.

After she finally managed to struggle out of her dress, Violet dropped it unceremoniously onto the floor where it was soon joined by her corset and petticoats and her shift. After she rolled down her stockings she was left

standing in nothing but her bloomers. It was then that Violet paused, eyes going to the mirror sitting above her vanity table.

Padding across the carpeted floor on bare feet, Violet stood before the mirror and turned around to present her bloomer covered bottom, telling herself as she did so this was only to see if she had struggled through unlacing her dress herself for nothing. Arching her back to better examine her bottom she saw that indeed more than a few vivid red lines, particularly visible upon her creamy pale skin, were jutting out from underneath the edges of the light gold material of her bloomers.

Worrying her bottom lip with teeth, Violet's fingers played with the frilly ruffles along the hem of the bloomers as she hesitated. Her bloomers *were* making it difficult for her to truly assess the marks that had been left behind by Caroline's cane. And it would not do at all were her maid to discover any lingering evidence of them tomorrow morning when she came to help her dress. They would fade of course, but how could she tell by how much without examining properly?

Telling herself this was the only reason why, Violet seized her bloomers by the hem and pulled them down so they slid down her slender legs and pooled around her ankles. Now completely naked, the girl's bum was fully on display and she eyed the reflection of it in the mirror. It was small but round and cute, emphasised nicely by her tiny waist. Both creamy cheeks were crisscrossed with many, many red lines as she had suspected; faded somewhat by now but still an angry red colour that stood out vividly against the creamy globes.

Violet heard a drumming sound in her ears and she realised it was her own blood pulsing in her veins from the wild beating of her heart. Still eyeing the red marks decorating her bottom, she reached down with one dainty finger and traced it along one of them. A gasp immediately welled up in her throat at the touch, especially as she remembered how Caroline had done the same with her silky tongue, so warm and moist, before.

Suddenly very conscious of how her pussy was aching in the most delicious way, Violet closed her eyes as her fingers began lightly running themselves over the marks on her bum, lost in the memory of Caroline's earlier caresses and part of her imagining she was doing the same now. Part of Violet was shocked by the lewdness of what she was doing and thinking,

but the greater part of her could only focus on how her cunt seemed to ache harder and harder with each passing moment.

And then Violet felt something burning hot trail down the inside of one of her thighs and her eyes shot open and went wide. Glancing down she saw a liquid droplet running down her leg towards her knee. Had that come from....?

Twisting around, Violet looked intently at her reflection in the mirror and her cheeks reddened as she realised her initial suspicion was correct. For a second she felt a mad urge to look away in embarrassment, but instead her eyes narrowed and she began looking at herself appraisingly.

Her hands went to her long blonde tresses, spilling down her front to her waist, and tossed them over her shoulders to reveal her chest. Her breasts were small, but that suited her slender figure, and they stood high and perky on her chest like a pair of ripe pears; Violet noted her nipples, pink and puffy in an adorably cute way, were hardened points that stuck out from the tips of her breasts like pebbles.

On impulse, the girl ran her hands up her ribcage, her breathing rapidly quickening until it was almost little pants as she did so, until they were cupping the soft undersides of her breasts. For a second Violet stared at her reflection in hesitation but then before her nerve failed her she reached up with her fingertips and brushed them lightly over the little nubbins of her nipples.

Immediately a flash of pleasure rushed through her body and the young woman heard a hot, lewd moan that Violet realised had come from herself. Her most private place ached harder than ever and its insides seemed to clench. Without thinking she began circling her fingers around her nipples, caressing the edges of the little pointed tips and the areolas that surrounded them.

Violet's vagina only seemed to ache harder at these tentative, exploratory touches and its insides seemed to clench. Eyes dipping down between the legs of her reflection, the blue orbs went wide as she saw that her mound of Venus, barely covered by the soft down of fair pale hairs that were her pubic hair, was blushing a deep pink colour and her labia seemed to be

engorged and swollen; the lips themselves were glistening with moist juices.

Heart pounding in her ears so loudly it was almost deafening, one of Violet's hands began sliding back down her ribcage almost of its own volition. Eyes still glued to her pink pussy, the young woman let out a mewling whimper as her mind spun in shock as she realised just what it was she was contemplating doing. Despite being a virgin, Violet knew what the ache between her legs was. What it meant.

She also knew that the thing she was on the verge doing was something no proper young lady should *ever* do. Her governess, who had educated her on the nature of the marital act and what it was men and women did with one another within the confines of marriage, had been very clear on that point. A young lady did not let a man other than her husband touch her. A young lady did not touch herself. Anything else was sinful. Immoral.

But Violet's hands continued to slide lower and lower, down her abdomen and upper pelvis, as if someone other than herself had taken possession of her body. As she felt her fingers brush against the soft hairs of her pubic hair, just above her now sopping wet vagina, her eyes closed again. A little whimper escaped her lips, her mind imagining that the hands touching her were not her own but instead were -

“What are you *doing!*”

Violet froze for a moment and then her eyes shot open in alarm as she recognised the voice that had just spoken. Twisting her head around she saw the tall figure of Caroline standing in the doorway to her bedchamber, her stern face as impassive as ever but her eyes gleaming in a way that somehow seemed to be icy cold but filled with a burning intensity at the same time.

Immediately Violet's hands flew to cover herself, conscious of her state of nakedness; one of them crossing across her breasts as the other shielded her most private place. “Lady Caroline! What....what are you doing here?”

“I thought to check on you, my dear,” Caroline said, her voice ice cold as she slowly stalked across the room towards Violet. “Your behaviour seemed odd at dinner and I was worried you might still have been feeling the effects

of your earlier disciplining. But do not evade my question. What were *you* doing here, just now?"

"N-nothing," Violet stammered, her cheeks growing so hot that for a moment she worried they might burst into flame as her combined embarrassment at the knowledge of what her stepmother had walked in on her almost doing and her keen awareness that she was utterly naked before the fully clothed older woman threatened to become overwhelming.

Caroline came to a stop before Violet and suddenly all the young woman could think of was how much taller the other woman was, towering over her trembling figure so imposingly. As Caroline stared down at her icily, the girl almost gasped as she felt her little pearl tighten in a truly delicious way as a spasm of pleasure flooded through her cunt.

For a second that seemed to last an eternity Caroline only looked at her. Violet tried to meet her unblinking stare and did her best not to wiggle before it, throat suddenly very dry. Then a smirk appeared on the German woman's face and one of her hands lightly slapped at the one Violet was holding before her vagina.

"Hands at your side please, *meine perle*."

To Violet's shock she dropped her arms away from her body, wanting to obey the older woman for reasons she could not quite understand. Her already blushing face only grew redder as she realised how exposed she now was and this only became worse as Caroline's eyes slowly ran themselves down her body, an indecipherable but intense look in the coal like orbs. Violet felt an urge to cover herself again, but strangely it was not as strong as the desire to follow Caroline's orders and her hands twitched but remained obediently by her sides.

When Caroline's eyes came to rest on the girl's bare cunt, her smirk only deepened. "Why do I think you were lying to me, *prinzessin*? I suspect we both know what it was you were about to do before I interrupted you?"

"No!" Violet said immediately. "I was not....I would never-"

A squeak escaped her lips as Violet felt strong hands suddenly grip her shoulders as Caroline twisted her around to once again face the mirror of her vanity table. The older woman stepped behind her and grabbed the

young lady's arms in a vice-like grip, pulling her flush against her body while pulling her shoulders back and elevating her chest.

Caroline's other hand brushed aside Violet's golden locks and a gust of hot breath enveloped her ear. "You would never do what, Violet? Touch yourself? Put your hand between your legs and run your fingers over your pussy? Why would you not? You clearly want to. I can see the evidence of it with my own eyes."

Something warm and silky ran itself over Violet's ear and she almost whimpered when she realised it was Caroline's tongue. She was keenly aware that the tight, restraining grip of the older woman and the sense of vulnerability it was inspiring in her young body only seemed to be feeding the burning arousal in her most private place. Battling down this confusing realisation, she somehow made herself speak. "No. It...it would be wrong. Immoral. A...a proper young lady does not touch herself...there. Not anymore than she allows another man to touch her...the first one to do so should be her husband!"

In the mirror, the reflection of Caroline's face took on a look of mocking sympathy. "I see. Poor *prinzessin*. That must be so frustrating for you, Violet. So difficult. Being a virtuous good girl and resisting temptation when clearly you so wish to give in and let your body experience everything it must not. Why, I can feel your heart beating even from here."

Shuddering underneath her touch, Violet only barely suppressed a moan as Caroline's fingers trailed down the young woman's neck and shoulders to run themselves over the top of her chest, just above her heaving breasts.

"*Meine engel*, your heart is pounding! And your skin is so hot. You are simply burning with a desire to touch yourself. But you cannot. You must not. A proper young lady does not do such things as you said. No matter how desperate that pure, innocent vagina of yours is for you to do just that. Hmmm...yes, I see that I simply must help you."

Caroline's fingers ran themselves down the top of one of Violet's pert breasts and before the girl could react she felt them touch her nipple, lightly ghosting over the hard little nubbin. The touch was faint but somehow more intense than anything she had felt when she had tentatively caressed her

breasts earlier. Her control, already wafer thin, snapped and a ragged moan escaped her lips.

Knees buckling, Violet might have fallen were it not for the tight grip Caroline maintained on her elbows. “Lady Caroline,” she protested between breathless moans as the older woman continued to caress her nipple, rolling it between her thumb and forefinger, “please no....oh ooooooh....you musn’t....stop....”

A dark chuckle rang in Violet’s ears and the smirk on Caroline’s reflection in the mirror turned predatory; fingers shifted to the girl’s other nipple and began to teasingly fondle it. “Stop? Why should I do that, *meine schatz*? You must not touch yourself and you must not let a man touch you, but I am not a man and I most certainly am not you, Violet my dear. So why should I not touch you?”

Violet was not certain Caroline’s logic was entirely sound, not that her mind was able to focus much on anything other than the delightful pleasure surging through her body from the older woman’s still frustratingly faint caresses of her nipples. Then she felt Caroline’s fingers leave her breasts and begin dancing down her ribcage and it seemed that she lost all capacity for thought altogether.

“And as I have often told you, my dear,” Caroline whispered hotly in her ear as her teasing fingers slowly stroked and teased their way down the young woman’s trembling stomach, “is it not my duty as your stepmother to teach you - train you - in what it means to be a proper young lady? When your wedding night finally comes, how shall you please your husband properly if you have no understanding of pleasure yourself? *Ja*, there are lessons in pleasure you must learn as well as discipline, Violet, and I shall see to it that you learn both!”

Her heart drumming in her ears so loudly that she could barely hear what was being said, Violet’s eyes were glued to mirror before her as she watched unblinkingly as Caroline’s hand glided down her abdomen, pausing briefly to circle teasingly around the indentation of her bellybutton before continuing on. The touch was light, barely perceptible yet almost overwhelming at the same time, and as those fingers drew closer and closer to her cunt she felt it begin to clench and spasm in the most delicious way.

Breath coming in little hitches almost like hiccups, Violet watched Caroline's fingers reach her pelvis and play with the fine down of blonde pubic hairs above her vagina, now a dark red that stood out starkly against her fair complexion. The lips of her slit were swollen and plump; glistening with her aroused juices against the candlelight illuminating her bedchamber.

But then Caroline's fingers parted in a V and teasingly ran down the sides of those engorged lips, almost touching them but not quite as they touched and stroked the soft skin of her pelvis.

"Please!" Violet all but sobbed as her pussy ached in protest, clitoris actually throbbing out from underneath its protective hood like a little red berry. Without thinking she wiggled, trying to bring her cunt into contact with those devilish fingers, but the German woman only tightened her grip on her arms and held her in place, thwarting her efforts.

"But Violet," Caroline simpered, eyes gleaming wickedly, "you told me that I mustn't. As I told you before, my dear, I will do nothing to you that you do not want."

The challenge in the older woman's eyes was clear. For several long moments Violet only stood trembling, wracked by indecision, and whimpered as Caroline continued to tease the very edges of her vagina. Close. So close. But not quite where it was that the young lady desperately wanted those fingers to be.

And then, dark eyes still locked with Violet's blue ones in the mirror, Caroline leaned down and captured the girl's earlobe between her plump lips and began to suck it. This warm, silky sensation shot straight to Violet's quim, which now ached so hard with unfulfilled need it seemed to hurt, and crumbled the last of her resolve.

"Please!" She pleaded. "Please Lady Caroline. Touch me. Touch me there on my pussy."

Caroline's eyes gleamed triumphantly but a moment later a taunting look appeared in them. "You ask so nicely, *meine spatzchen*, but really something must be done about this 'Lady Caroline' business. Even to my German sensibilities it is so ridiculously formal. Under the circumstances I think it is high time you address me as Mummy."

Violet's breath caught in her throat at these words, even as her arousal burned to new heights at the forbidden taboo of what Caroline had just said. Despite the wrongness of what she had just been ordered to do, the young woman immediately began rationalising. Caroline was her stepmother, not her real one. There was no blood relation between them. She could not even truthfully claim that she had ever even thought of her as a maternal figure, having only known her for a few months. What did it matter what she called her as long as they both enjoyed it?

Face impassive, Caroline said nothing as the debate raged in Violet's mind, giving the girl time to come to a decision. Long moments passed, but she finally made one and met the older woman's eyes in the mirror.

"Please Mummy, touch me," Violet said softly but firmly. Struck by sudden inspiration, she went on, batting her eyelashes meekly and pouting her plump lips. "Please Mummy, teach me. Teach your good girl the lessons she needs to learn."

A flash of delight went through her as she saw Caroline's eyes darken with what she recognised now as arousal. "As you wish, *meine mäuslein*."

Violet gasped in pleasure as she finally felt Caroline's fingers touch her most private place, ghosting themselves over the swollen lips of her slit with the lightest of caresses. The pleasure they elicited seemed to shoot through her entire body, nevertheless, and her head tipped back to lie upon the older woman's breasts in the valley of her cleavage.

Caroline planted a soft kiss on the top of Violet's head. "Does my good girl like her lesson so far?"

"Oh yes, Lady Caro - Mummy. More please," Violet moaned hotly. "Teach me more!"

With a tisk, Caroline shook her head disapprovingly. "That does not sound particularly grateful, Violet. What does a proper young lady do when someone does something she appreciates?"

"Thank you!" Violet said hastily. "Thank you, Mummy. I am sorry. Please, touch me more!"

"All in good time, my dear," Caroline said simply, her touching of the young woman's pussy remaining maddeningly light.

Whimpering in frustration, Violet rocked her hips forward, seeking more contact. Needing more contact. Caroline held her fast, however, and pulled her hand away from Violet's advance, all the while not ceasing her teasingly soft caresses for so much as a moment.

"Be still!" Caroline hissed, a note of warning in her voice. "I instruct and you learn, Violet. The lesson you learn now, *meine perle*, is that you do nothing without my permission, including move."

Violet obediently ceased to strain against Caroline's iron like grip and stilled, even as her most private place clenched in frustration at the unending yet agonisingly light caresses the older woman continued to inflict upon it. Head flopping back upon the soft warmth of Caroline bosom, she whimpered, "I'm sorry....Mummy, please....I'm sorry, but what you are doing....it feels so good...."

"I understand, my dear," Caroline cooed, "and I will be patient with you as I always have been. I know this is all new to you, Violet. Now it is you that must be patient and focus on your lesson."

Young body trembling in Caroline's grasp, Violet moaned even more loudly as the older woman slowly - far too slowly in the girl's opinion - grew firmer and faster in her caresses. Pleasure building within her cunt, Violet turned her head to nuzzle against the soft mound that was one of Caroline's breasts, nostrils filling with the intoxicating scent of her perfume and the natural aroma that was just her.

And then Caroline began to rub her entire hand over Violet's mound of Venus, the palm of it seeking out the girl's little pearl to grind against it. Violet cried out in delight as her clitoris tightened deliciously at the touch and felt something like a wave begin to build within the depth of her cunt. The German woman planted a flutter of kisses on top of her head as she continued to touch her, even as her eyes watched like a hawk as Violet shuddered underneath her, vigilantly watching for any sign of a pending orgasm.

Head spinning as if she had drunk too much wine, Violet panted breathlessly as she moaned aloud as Caroline continued to rub away at her pussy. She felt hot, feverish, between her legs most of all. Her vagina felt almost as if it was on fire and the intensity only seemed to be building with

each fresh caress of the older woman's fingers on the hot, engorge flesh of her vulva.

The wave within her seemed to hit a peak and Violet felt as if it was beginning to crest. Something indescribable yet wonderful seemed to be happening, something the young woman could not fully comprehend but was certain she had never experienced before in her life. "Oooooooh....oh I am....Caroline....Mummy....I am about to -"

So lost in the ecstasy surging through her body, Violet did not even notice the cruel smile that appeared on Caroline's face at her words. "*Nein! Nein* my girl you are not!"

Caroline's hand immediately withdrew from Violet's vagina. A second later the young woman felt the beautiful precipice she had been teetering on the brink of begin to fade away. Aghast, she realised what had happened and let loose a horrified wail.

"Nooooooo! No please....why did you stop....please do not stop....I was about to...."

Her begging had no effect on Caroline other than making her eyes gleam with apparent relish. In desperation, Violet strained and thrashed against her stepmother's grip on her arms as she sought to bring her own hands down between her legs and finish whatever it was that she had been on the brink of. Caroline was too strong, however, and her efforts came to naught.

Almost crying with frustration, Violet bucked and rocked her hips, mindlessly trying to bring something - anything - in contact with her burning pussy. Caroline wrapped her free arm across the young woman's midriff, however, and held her tight so despite Violet's best efforts nothing touched her cunt other than the cool air of the bedroom.

Realising the futility of her efforts, Violet went limp and bowed her head in defeat. Hot tears spilled from her eyes and ran down her cheeks as she sobbed bitterly.

Caroline's normally stern face softened and she pulled the girl closer to her, head dipping down to kiss away her stepdaughter's tears. "Sssssshhhh...." she said soothingly. "It is alright Violet....I have you *meine mäuslein*....hush now and calm yourself...."

Violet's mind was telling her she should be fighting to shove Caroline away, rejecting her embrace. She was the cause of her distress, after all, and now she had the audacity to offer her comfort for it! Her body however melted against the older woman, seeking out the strong, warmth of her own. Caroline only tightened her half embrace of the girl and for reasons Violet did not even begin to understand she felt herself beginning to calm.

"Why did you stop?" Violet half sobbed, still keenly aware of how very aroused and also frustrated her vagina was. "I was....I was about to...."

"I know, Violet, you were about to cum," Caroline crooned. "To climax. Orgasm. Well I am sorry but I cannot allow that."

"No please!" Violet begged tearily. "Please Caroline - Mummy, *please* let me cum!"

"*Nein*," Caroline said, her voice now showing its customary steel. "Not yet, my dear girl. I still have much to teach you, of both pleasure *and* discipline. More than I can teach you in one night. Your training has only begun. Now I must see you settled for the evening."

Still gripping Violet tightly, Caroline frogmarched her over to her bed before finally releasing her. "Under the covers now, *meine engel*."

Obediently, Violet climbed onto the bed and slipped underneath the blankets. Her innocent mind was still trying to absorb what the older woman had just said about how her training was only beginning.

Once she was settled under the covers, Caroline slipped off one of her shoes and placed her foot onto the bed, hiking up her skirts to reveal a long, stocking clad leg. Violet tried not to stare, the sight only adding to the frustrating ache that lingered in her quim, but found she could not help but watch as the older woman pulled down the length of lacy black stocking.

"Place your wrists against the headboard, Violet," Caroline ordered.

Mystified, Violet did so, and then her eyes went wide as Caroline leaned forward and pressed her wrists against one of the brass bars of the bedframe and quickly yet efficiently looped the length of stocking around them before knotting it in place.

"What?" Violet protested, pulling against the lacy bindings at her wrist and finding to her surprise that the seemingly delicate fabric proved to be quite

resilient. “Why?”

“This must be done, Violet,” Caroline said coolly as she straightened. “I cannot risk you touching yourself in the night if I leave you free. *I* am the only one who does so going forward.” A hot look appeared in Caroline’s eyes and Violet blushed at the way the German seemed to suddenly be ogling her bound body, still naked underneath the covers. “You had best get used to this, *meine lieblich*. Remember, I have only begun your training. Tomorrow we begin your lessons in earnest.”

“Lessons?” Violet asked.

“Yes, Violet,” Caroline smiled wickedly. “Lessons in pleasure. Lessons in pain. Lessons in everything it means to be a true woman.”

And then Caroline swooped down and before Violet knew it her stepmother’s lips were pressed against her own in a kiss. Her first! For a moment she was only stunned and then all she could think of was how warm and soft Caroline’s plump lips felt against her own. Before she knew it she was kissing the older woman back passionately.

The kiss ended as abruptly as it had begun, leaving Violet panting for air; even Caroline’s breathing was just the slightest bit uneven. Brushing aside some of Violet’s blonde locks away from her forehead with unusual tenderness, the older woman rose to her full height.

“Sleep well, Violet. You shall need all your energy for tomorrow, I promise you.”

Chapter Three - A Lesson in Preparations

VIOLET STOOD BEFORE the door of varnished wood before her, heart pounding as she tried to gather her nerves.

She had slept fitfully the night before. When her mind had not been racing with memories of what had occurred between herself and Caroline it had been confused with thoughts, both eager and just the slightest bit apprehensive, of what would await her the next day. Both had only seemed to frustratingly keep the latent arousal simmering away in the depths of her cunt and Violet had so badly wanted to reach down between her legs and touch herself there. More than once she had strained against the bonds restraining her wrists to try and free them so she could do just that only to be thwarted each time.

Sleep when it had come had been fitful and tormented by dreams filled with images of Caroline. Memories of the pain of her cane cracking itself over her bum. Her fingers teasingly touching her young body, eliciting pleasure from it unlike anything Violet had ever experienced before. Countless times Violet had awoken gasping for breath and heart racing, her body drenched in cold sweat and her vagina aching almost painfully with arousal.

When dawn had finally come the doors to Violet's bedroom had opened to admit her lady's maid. Violet had blushed a deep red, cheeks burning with embarrassment as realised how she must look, naked and bound to her own bed. She had frantically wracked her mind for some kind of explanation.

Her maid had not remarked on the state she had found Violet in, however, or reacted in a way that suggested she found anything to be remotely unusual. Instead she had merely loosened the bonds on the young woman's wrists without comment and placed the tray with her breakfast next to her before informing her that her morning bath had already been drawn and was waiting for her once she was finished eating. It had made Violet recall how Caroline had said the day before that the staff had been clearly instructed they were not to interfere in her lessons and left the girl wondering just how specific those instructions had been.

Her suspicions had only intensified when she entered her adjoining boudoir for her bath. After her body had been scrubbed and her hair soaped and rinsed clean, Violet had obediently stood when her maid had fetched a razor and bar of shaving soap to allow her armpits to be shaved clean of the light stubble upon them. The same was then done to her slender arms and shapely legs. To her shock, the maid had then begun to lather shaving soap over the fine down of hairs over her vagina.

“What...what is the meaning of this?” Violet had stuttered, utterly baffled.

“Apologies m’lady but it is Lady Caroline’s orders,” the maid had answered matter of factly, as if she was discussing the weather, “now be still if you please.”

So shocked was Violet that before she could think to react the maid had shaved away all of the pubic hair from her mound of Venus, leaving it utterly bare. As she stepped out of the tub to be towelled dry, the young lady could not help examining herself quickly in the mirror. Her cheeks burned hot at the sight of how her vagina now seemed to be almost lewdly on display, her slit completely visible for all to see.

Now bathed and shaved, Violet had returned to her bedroom and seated herself before her vanity table for her hair and makeup to be done. By the amount of time and care that her maid spent on these the young lady almost felt as if she was being prepared for a grand ball and not just a day about the house; this only seemed to add to the air of nervous anticipation that seemed to have come over her.

As was her preferred style her wavy blonde tresses were simply brushed back over her shoulders and left to hang freely down her back so the tips brushed against the swell of her pert bum. Considerably more time was spent on her makeup. Kohl emphasised her naturally long eyelashes so they visibly seemed to flutter whenever she blinked. Dark, glossy rouge was applied to her lips giving them an even poutier appearance than they normally did and contrasting sharply with the pale skin of her face. Pink powder made her already rosy cheeks seem to be almost nervously blushing. Violet had to concede that the final result was quite comely.

Most unsettling of all was the clothing that had been laid out for her. It was a flowing, ivory white dress with puffy shoulders that left the arms bare that

Violet had worn only once when she had been presented to the Queen over a year ago when she had turned eighteen and the time had come for her debut into Society. The rest of her outfit was of a similar theme. A white shift and corset. White petticoats with a ruffled hem. White stockings. White bloomers; frilly ones decorated with bows on the hem. Even her slippers were white.

When Violet had eyed her reflection in her vanity mirror when everything was done her first reaction was to think she almost looked like the perfect blushing, virginal young bride dressed for her wedding. Her next thought was to immediately wonder if Caroline would like her this way? The question made her already pink and rosy cheeks blush even deeper, but it remained stubbornly in the back of her mind.

“Her Ladyship instructed me to tell you once you had finished dressing that you are to call on her in her chambers,” her maid’s voice shook Violet out of her thoughts.

Which brought Violet back to where she was now, standing outside the door to Caroline’s rooms, pulse racing as she tried to bring herself to knock and announce her presence; eagerness within her young body warring with apprehension at the unknown nature of what awaited her. Well fine, not entirely unknown. Even in her innocence she had an inkling after the events of the other day what the nature of the lessons that her stepmother intended for her would be.

Part of her could not believe that she was actually contemplating stepping into the room before her, considering just what it was that lay in store. A proper young lady should be horrified by the prospect of the deviant acts Caroline surely intended to inflict on her. Yet her body almost seemed to be humming at the prospect, her mind revelling in the memories of what she had undergone just the day before. It was confusing to Violet, and more than a little frightening, but also undeniable at the same time.

Gathering her courage before her nerves abandoned her, Violet raised one dainty hand and rapped it sharply on the door.

“*Ja*, enter.” Caroline’s voice answered from the other side.

Pulling the door open, Violet stepped inside.

For all her stepmother's strict, almost spartan nature, the outer room of her bedchambers could only be described as opulent. The floor was covered by embroidered carpet and the room was dotted with plush sofas and divans. Caroline herself was seated on one of the former, lounging against the cushions as she read from a book.

Looking up, a slight smile appeared on her face. "Ah, Violet. Excellent. No need to dawdle by the door, my dear girl. Please come here."

Obediently, Violet closed the door behind her and walked forward so she stood before Caroline. The older woman closed her book and set it down on the sofa beside her before rising to her feet. In contrast to her stepdaughter's rather extravagant attire she was dressed far more simply in a crisp white blouse, closed at her neck with a pearl encrusted brooch, and a rather tight black skirt. Her long black hair was tied back into a tight braid that only seemed to emphasize the sharp features of her face.

Her expression as impervious as ever and giving nothing away, Caroline's eyes slowly ran themselves down Violet's body and the young woman struggled not to wiggle before the intensity of her gaze. It made her feel so very strange, almost as if she was somehow utterly uncovered before the older woman's eyes despite being fully clothed, while at the same time igniting what was now becoming a very familiar sensation of arousal within her body.

Still saying nothing, Caroline stepped forward so she was now only inches away from Violet, her eyes now coming up to meet the girl's own. There was a hot, wicked look in them that contrasted sharply with her otherwise still unaffected face. It sent a shiver down her spine and Violet found she could not meet the older woman's gaze and looked away.

Her eyes went wide as they landed on the side table beside the sofa and saw what was lying upon its varnished surface. The very familiar slender bamboo cane, the very sight of which made Violet's bum cheeks clench instinctively at the sight of, was one of them. Beside it was what the young lady thought was a short handled whip with long strands of leather extending from its short wooden handle and a bundle of rope.

A shiver that was equal parts arousal and fear ran down Violet's spine as the implications of what she was seeing fell upon her. "Lady Caro -"

SLAP!

Stinging pain filled her cheek as Caroline slapped her full across the face. Whimpering, Violet brought her hand up to cup the sore flesh and her eyes snapped back to her stepmother. The older woman smiled smugly, her eyes gleaming with cruel relish at Violet's reaction.

"It seems you forget your lessons too easily, *prinzessin*."

"I am sorry, Mummy, please forgive me," Violet almost spat out the words in her haste to say them. She felt her cunt ache at the tabooess of the word and it only intensified at the way Caroline's eyes also darkened with visible arousal at the same time.

"Better, *meine perle*," Caroline crooned. "Remember I am not strict with you out of cruelty but for your own good. If it makes it easier you may also address me as 'Mistress' during your lessons."

"Yes....Mistress," Violet said hesitantly, almost as if testing the word out.

Caroline nodded in approval. "Good girl. Now, as lovely as you look in that dress of yours, all innocent and virginal, it is time we begin to rectify that. Take off your clothes."

For a moment Violet was too shocked by what she had just heard to react, her mind racing with the insinuation of the older woman's words, but then she saw Caroline's lips thin in impatience and she forgot all about them as she hastily reached behind her back. Her fingers were clumsy as they fiddled with the laces of her bodice, internally cursing how tightly they had been knotted by her maid.

Despite this she managed to unlace her dress and it slid down her body to pool on the floor around her ankles. Violet felt her cheeks grow hot at the way Caroline openly ogled her as she stood before her in nothing but her underthings, the dark orbs of her eyes filled with an almost predatory look.

When one slender, dark eyebrow arched upwards challengingly, Violet took the cue and unlaced her corset, dropping it onto the floor beside her discarded dress. Her shift and petticoats quickly followed, leaving the young woman in nothing but her frilly white bloomers and stockings.

"That is enough for now," Caroline said as Violet's hands went to the hem of her bloomers. The young woman was surprised that her reaction to these

words were mixed. On one hand she felt incredibly vulnerable even in this partial state of undress, made all the more apparent by how Caroline was still fully clothed, but on the other Violet was keenly aware that this feeling of vulnerability only seemed to be feeding her nascent arousal.

Caroline stepped forward, closing the distance between them, so she was now only a few inches from Violet. She made no move to touch her, however, instead simply looked her over, face impassive as ever but eyes filled with a wicked look of hunger. As the older woman's dark orbs dipped down to openly stare at her breasts, Violet felt her arms twitch with an instinctive urge to reach up and cover herself, but she resisted this.

And then Caroline reached out with her hands and ran her fingers lightly over Violet's stomach, sliding them upwards; the girl gasped at the touch. "What lovely little breasts you have, *meine susse*. So pert and cute."

Violet struggled not to wiggle as she felt her nipples tighten and grow hard as Caroline's fingers drew up her ribcage. Soon they were jutting out from her breasts like little pebbles. "T-thank you, Mistress."

Caroline's face gave nothing away, but her eyes became smug. Clearly she had noted the effect she was having on her stepdaughter. Her hands continued their journey and soon Violet could feel their fingertips running up the soft undersides of her breasts.

Heart pounding against her ribcage like it was a bird trying to take flight, Violet's breath hitched as she felt Caroline's fingers reach her nipples. Teasingly, the tips of the older woman's forefingers traced themselves around the very edges of her areolas without quite touching them. The little nubbins themselves were hard to the point they almost hurt and her vagina was aching with arousal, swollen and wet. Part of Violet was amazed by how excited she had become from Caroline only touching her abdomen and breasts, but most of her thoughts were focused on how desperately she wanted the older woman to touch her nipples.

But then Caroline lifted her fingers away. She smiled when Violet openly whimpered in frustration. "Soon enough, my dear Violet, but not yet. You shall have to be patient a little longer. But before we begin today's lesson let Mummy give you a kiss."

With that Caroline swooped down and pressed her lips against Violet's in a ruthless kiss which the girl eagerly returned. The other woman's strong arms wrapped themselves around her slender frame and pulled her close and Violet almost melted against Caroline's body. She shuddered as her nipples brushed against the cool fabric of the German woman's blouse and a moan of pleasure was stifled against her lips; she might have wiggled just a bit in Caroline's embrace to rub her nipples against her front even more.

Violet felt Caroline's tongue pressing against her lips, forcing its way into her mouth. Her eyes went wide as she felt the silky muscle brush against her own and tentatively she met it in the beginning of a lewd dance. She heard a deep, guttural growl that she realised had come from Caroline and delight filled her at the knowledge she had pleased her. She began lathing her tongue against the older woman's with greater confidence.

Strong yet soft hands ran themselves down her trembling back and cupped the round cheeks of Violet's bum. At the feeling of Caroline's nimble fingers kneading and rubbing at the soft flesh of her rear through the frilly material of her bloomers the girl's clitoris tightened in the most pleasurable way. Without thinking, Violet reached out with her own hands and grabbed at Caroline's bottom, seeking to return the caress.

Her hands had barely touched the fabric of Caroline's flowing skirt, however, when the older woman hissed in anger and broke the kiss. Before Violet could do more than whimper in protest, her stepmother slapped her across the face.

SLAP!

"Bad girl!"

Violet whimpered even harder and felt her eyes grow wet at the stinging pain. She also felt the ache in her pussy intensify as her arousal spiked even higher in response. Why was it she seemed to be excited by Caroline inflicting pain upon her almost as much as her giving her pleasure?

Caroline only glared down at the young woman. "Did I tell you that you could touch me, Violet?"

"N-no Mistress, but -"

“But nothing, *prinzessin*,” Caroline cut her off. “Remember, I am the teacher and you are the student. *I* decide how your lessons proceed, not you. You do *nothing* unless I tell you to, is that understood?”

“Yes, Mummy. I am sorry.” Violet bowed her head submissively and looked at her feet, suddenly feeling like a naughty child who had been caught stealing sweets from the kitchen.

Caroline nodded in approval but her stern expression did not soften in the slightest. “Apologies are all very well, *meine engel*. However, it seems I must now take precautions to ensure not only that you do not touch yourself but also that you do not touch me.”

With that Caroline turned on her heel and stalked over to the side table, snatching up the bundle of coiled rope. Unrolling it, she walked back towards Violet.

“Turn around, Violet.” The command in Caroline’s voice made it clear she would tolerate no arguments.

Apprehension warring with arousal in her young body, Violet obediently turned around so her back faced Caroline.

“Fold your arms behind your back if you please and grip your opposite forearm with each hand.”

Obediently, Violet did so. While it was not surprising, she still stiffened a little when she felt the rope being looped around her wrists and forearms, effectively binding them behind her back.

Caroline did not stop there however, reaching around in front of the girl to loop the rope around both of her breasts almost like a harness before finally tying the entire thing off with a knot at the back of her neck. The rope cut tightly, if not painfully, into the base of both breasts, and Violet felt a slight tingling sensation in them as they began to turn a slight shade of pink from the restricted blood flow.

The gravity of her situation suddenly struck Violet. Here she was, practically naked, hands and arms bound leaving her completely vulnerable to whatever deviancy Caroline intended for her. While the young lady could not pretend she did not find this to be arousing it was also frightening at the

same time. She realised her breath had suddenly started coming in little hitches.

It seems Caroline sensed Violet's growing distress for the young woman suddenly felt her hands upon her shoulders, rubbing soothingly up and down. "Remember what I said, Violet my dear. If you wish for something to stop you have only to say so. Do you wish to stop, *meine lieblich*?"

Violet hesitated, but to her surprise it was only for a second. Yes, the unknownness of what it was that Caroline had planned for her was daunting, but she believed the older woman when she said that if it was truly too much all she had to do was ask for her to stop. She was certain that whatever lesson awaited her would be sexual in nature and just the memory of Caroline's touch on her body was enough to make it tingle in the most delightful way. Even the near certainty that it would also be painful did not truly deter her. Violet was coming to terms with the fact that pain seemed to cause her pleasure as well in its own way.

Decided, Violet shook her head.

"Words please, *meine spätzchen*. I must know for certain."

"No Mummy, I do not wish to stop," Violet made herself speak, her voice low but also firm.

She could almost feel Caroline's triumphant smile at her words, but when the hands at her shoulders spun the girl around there was not a trace of it on her face, which had resumed its customary look of stern imperviousness.

Caroline's eyes dipped down and openly ogled Violet's rope bound breasts, the burning desire in them in stark contrast to the air of cool indifference she gave off. The pert little mounds had turned quite pink at this point, made all the more apparent by her otherwise pale, creamy skin. Her nipples were engorged and swollen, now almost a dark red colour, and jutted out almost an inch in length.

Then Violet groaned aloud as Caroline raised her hands and cupped her breasts, palms rubbing against the tips. It seems in addition to being swollen, the constriction of the ropes had made her nipples extra sensitive and a flash of pleasure shot through her body and went straight to her cunt, which spasmed in delight.

Caroline smiled wickedly as her hands withdrew so her fingers could begin to caress Violet's nipples. "Does my good girl like that?"

"Yes...yes Mistress!" Violet gasped between ragged moans at the continued touch of Caroline's fingers on her nipples, which were now being lightly plucked at.

Then Violet let out a pained squeal as without warning Caroline changed tactics and began to pinch with her fingers.

"Mistress!" Violet whimpered as she felt tears begin welling up in her eyes that she desperately tried to blink away. "Mistress please...it hurts....you are hurting me!"

"Yes *prinzessin*, I am," Caroline said with an icy voice. "Pain and pleasure are both things which a young lady must learn and if you wish for the latter you must endure the former. If you wish otherwise you must simply say so."

Even as she continued to fight back pained tears Violet said nothing. The pain only became greater as Caroline dug her sharp fingernails into the soft flesh of her areolas, cruelly twisting the young woman's nipples even as she continued to pinch them. Violet was also very aware that the inner folds of her vagina were clenching in delight at the abuse. Her bloomers must be soaked judging by how they seemed to be clinging to the very engorged lips of her aroused slit.

And then just as suddenly as she began, Caroline ceased her assault on Violet's nipples, releasing them from her fingers. "Good girl. Very good girl, so bravely taking the pain of your lesson. Now before we begin in earnest let me kiss it better."

Crouching down so she was almost kneeling, Caroline brought her lips to one of Violet's nipples and sucked it into the hot, wet interior of her mouth. She caressed the recently abused little nubbin with her plump lips even as the pointed tip of her tongue silkily ran over it. After a few long moments of this, she released the nipple with a wet plop and turned her attention to the other.

"Oh thank you...thank you Mistress...more please..." Violet groaned in delight, arching her chest forward to try and feed more of her breast into the other woman's moist, warm mouth.

Caroline's eyes met Violet's own and suddenly filled with a look of wicked cruelty. That was the only warning the young woman had before she felt sudden, sharp pain rip through her nipple as her stepmother bit down with her teeth.

"Aaaargh!" Violet hissed in distress, long eyelashes fluttering as she desperately tried to blink away the tears once again threatening to spill from her eyes.

This only seemed to make Caroline bit down harder. Then in the next moment she stopped and once again began to suck, her warm, soft tongue soothing away the pain.

The nature of Caroline's new game soon became apparent, with the older woman alternatively first sucking and kissing at Violet's hard little nipples, making her moan in pleasure at the sensual wet caresses of her tongue, then without warning switching to biting with her sharp teeth at the poor tender nubbins till Violet would wail in pain. Caroline's biting and gnawing became harsher as time went on, making the girl fear at one point that she might go so far as to draw blood, but it seemed the older woman knew her craft well enough to avoid this.

"Ooowie!" Violet sobbed, tears finally spilling down her cheeks, as Caroline bit down on one nipple with particular viciousness.

"Please....Mummy *please*....it hurts so badly!"

Caroline's dark eyes gleamed with relish at Violet's pleas but aside from this the only effect they seemed to have was to make her mistress begin to pull with her teeth, stretching the poor young lady's nipple out from its areola.

"*PLEEEAASE!*" Violet wailed. But even as she sobbed in pain she could feel her clitoris pulsate in delight as pleasure coursed through her sopping quim.

Finally Caroline relented, releasing Violet's nipple from the cruel grip of her teeth. Once again taking it between her lips, she sucked strongly on it for a few moments until the last traces of pain had passed. She then straightened so her face was level with Violet's.

"Good girl," Caroline crooned approvingly, taking Violet's face in both her hands and kissing away the tears staining her cheeks. "Such a good girl you

are, Violet. I know how frightening it can be at first but you have been such a brave young lady for me. It makes me so proud, *meine perle!*”

Happiness filled Violet at Caroline’s praise. “Thank you, Mistress. Are we....are we finished?”

She posed the question with some trepidation. As pleasurable as what had occurred so far had been, Violet was keenly aware of the unquenched arousal deep within her still as yet untouched vagina. Just the thought that things might end now, with no relief at all, made her cunt almost spasm in frustrated protest.

Dark laughter came from the normally stoic Caroline. “Finished? Oh my dear innocent girl, we have just begun. This has just been a pleasant little diversion. Now today’s real lesson begins.”

Chapter Four - A Lesson in Pain

“OVER THAT STOOL on your stomach if you please,” Caroline ordered briskly, pointing to a padded ottoman sitting before a floral patterned armchair.

Violet obeyed and went over to the footstool. Coming down into her knees, she stretched herself across it. This was slightly awkward to do with her hands bound but somehow she managed.

The young woman could feel Caroline’s eyes on her even from her bent over position. Struck by sudden impulse, she wiggled her pert bum ever so slightly.

Her reward was the sound of a sharp intake of breath from behind her. “My good girl is playing with fire. Do not think I will not remember that. The count has just gone up.”

Eyebrows shooting up in confusion, Violet twisted her neck around and let out a gasp when she saw Caroline picking up the short handled whip she had seen earlier; the meaning of her stepmother’s words became apparent.

Violet’s eyes went wide. “Mistress, why? I have been a good girl. You said so yourself. There is no need to punish me.”

A cruel smile appeared on Caroline’s face as she began to walk towards the prone form of Violet. “Is *prinzessin* going to be difficult? I remind you, Violet, that I am the teacher here and *I* decide what your lessons are and today I have decided it is to be a lesson in pain. My soft, pampered girl is in desperate need of one and it shall be my great pleasure to administer it.”

For all her earlier protest, as Caroline stalked across the floor towards her Violet felt her most private place clench in delicious anticipation and she felt her bum cheeks almost tingle as she suddenly remembered how it had felt to be caned the other day in the library. She still eyed the whip dangling from Caroline’s hand warily. It was a cruel looking thing with multiple long strands of leather, each ended in a knotted tip.

Coming to a stop beside Violet, Caroline bent forward and stretched out her hand so the whip was right before the young lady’s face. “Kiss the instrument of your instruction, *prinzessin*.”

Violet did as she was told and puckered her lips to plant a quick kiss on the dangling strands of the whip. Her eyes were locked with Caroline's the entire time.

Straightening, Caroline stepped back so she was behind Violet and gently placed one hand at the small of her back just above the swell of her bum. "Face forward, Violet, and arch your back. Present this lovely bottom of yours properly for its lesson."

A shiver ran down Violet's spine at even this brief touch from the older woman and she obediently turned her head away and jutted her posterior even more prominently into the air. For her part, Caroline's eyes lit up in delight when she saw the very prominent damp spot on the gusset of her stepdaughter's bloomers and noted that the material was practically clinging to the girl's slit, the outline of which was clear even through the frilly white material. Excellent. It seemed Violet's training was proceeding beyond the older woman's expectations and already the young woman had established a clear connection between pain and pleasure.

For her part, Violet lay bent over the footstool, trying not to tremble as she took deep, even breaths. Every second seemed to last an eternity. The young woman was only partially surprised to discover she was actually waiting for Caroline to begin with more than a little impatience.

"I was easy with you the other day, *meine hase*, as it was your first time. Be prepared, for now I intend to test your resilience."

The faint swishing sound of the whip cutting through the air was Violet's only warning.

CRACK!

"*EINS!*"

Violet clenched her teeth to stifle the pained cry that welled up in her throat as the sound of the whip lashes itself across her bottom filled the air.

Caroline's whip did not hurt nearly as much as her cane had, to Violet's surprise, but the numerous leather thongs spread the pain out across much of her bottom and the knotted tips in particular cut into her tender flesh.

CRACK!

“*ZWEI!*” Caroline counted out in her native German as she struck again with her whip, even harder than before.

This time Violet could not stop the ragged groan that flew from her lips as pain once again radiated through her derriere, but it was half in delight as the most delicious flash of pleasure also filled her most private place at the same time.

CRACK! CRACK!

“*DREI! VIER!*”

Twice more in rapid succession Caroline’s whip lashed itself across Violet’s rear. The young woman gave a strangled cry of pain, tears finally spilling from her eyes onto the carpeted floor below. Even as Violet sobbed in torment, though, she unthinkingly found herself arching her back even more to better expose her bum to further incoming blows of the whip.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Caroline was all too happy to oblige. Again and again she brought her whip down with a crack onto Violet’s pert little rear, savouring the ever louder and more frantic wails they elicited from the girl. The sight of the bound young woman bent over the footstool beneath her, the sound of her sobbing in pain from the effects of her whip, and the way her slender body shook and trembled in growing ecstasy was intoxicating. It left the older woman so very tempted to just take Violet then and there. She resisted the urge, however. A gourmet of the finest kind, Caroline enjoyed toying with her prey and so far Violet was proving to be a truly wondrous experience she intended to savour.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

As for Violet, she was by now completely lost in sensations flooding through her young body. Her bottom felt as if it was on fire, burning in torment that was only growing with each fresh blow of the whip upon her poor abused bum cheeks. Her quim, however, was burning in pleasure at the same time; the little pearl that was her clitoris seemed to be throbbing in time with each crack of the whip. What kind of deviant did it make her to actually be enjoying such agonising punishment? Violet could not even begin to ponder the question, almost overwhelmed by the state of pleasure pain she was immersed in.

CRACK!

“ZWOLF!”

At the twelfth blow Caroline paused. With hooded dark eyes she looked down at the prone form of Violet appraisingly. “You sob so pitifully, *prinzessin*, but why is it I suspect there is more to this. Tell me, *meine lieblich*, are you also enjoying this?”

For a long moment Violet said nothing, part of her still terrified to say aloud what she was feeling. It was as if doing so would make everything real. The other part of her, however, that wished to obey Caroline could not countenance lying to her.

“Yes,” Violet finally said tearfully between ragged sobs. “Yes, Mistress....it hurts terribly....but it also feels....oh I have never....it feels so good....”

“Feels good where, Violet,” Caroline probed further, “be specific please, my dear.”

“My....b-between my legs, Mistress....” Violet’s cheeks burned hot but she made herself answer. “In my....m-my quim.”

“Excellent!” Caroline smiled in triumph. “Your lesson goes well, Violet. Already you are learning that pain can be pleasurable. Good girl, *meine schatz*, I am proud of you.”

A warm happy feeling bubbled up inside of Violet at Caroline’s praise, but then the older woman’s smile turned cruel. “I believe another dozen strikes should bring the lesson home and these ones shall be on your bare bottom!”

Violet let out a squeak as her stepmother grabbed the hem of her frilly bloomers and pulled them midway down her thighs. While it was not as if she was showing anything that Caroline had not seen before, Violet’s blushing cheeks turned even redder, especially when she saw the almost predatory way her mistress was eyeing her bum; already it was bright red and dotted with angry, raised welts from the knotted tips of her whip.

It also made Violet feel even more aroused than before. Her cunt clenched at the hungry look in Caroline’s dark orbs. Without thinking she wiggled her bottom teasingly and said meekly, “yes....yes Mummy, teach me....teach me more!”

Her acts had the desired effect and Caroline actually growled before lifting up her whip and bringing it down on Violet's perky rear even harder than before.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

“DREIZEHN! VIERZEHN! FUNFZEHN!”

Violet actually howled. While it was not as if the thin material of her bloomers had offered much in the way of protection, it seemed Caroline was now holding nothing back and putting her full strength into each fresh blow. The young woman did not care though. At this point she was welcoming the pain almost eagerly. Not only was it fueling her arousal to new heights it also was serving as a welcome distraction of the growing frustration bubbling up within her that nothing was being done to slake it.

Her most private place was somehow both burning hot and soaking wet at the same time. With her bloomers removed the evidence of the latter was beginning to drip down her very own inner thighs as juices leaked from her slit and ran down them in little droplets. Oh how badly Violet wanted to feel something touch her vagina and give her some relief. Her hands were firmly bound however, so she could hardly do so herself, and Caroline showed no indication of doing so either. In her growing desperation, the girl was even tempted to hump herself against the footstool and only the knowledge that this would almost certainly incur Caroline's wrath held her back from acting on the urge.

CRACK!

“VIERUNDZWANZIG!”

Violet had lost count in the sea of pleasure pain and frustration she had been floating in but the number must have been twenty four because no more blows from the whip came. The young woman went limp and gave a sobbing moan at the lingering sore pain that continued to torment her poor bum and the maddeningly unfulfilled arousal in her vagina that it continued to feed.

A gust of hot, moist air engulfed the girl's ear. “Sssssshhhh. Hush now, *meine perle*, I have you. I know, the pain must have been terrible but you took it so well. I told you I would test your limits and you have made me so proud, Violet. So brave. So strong. Just as a proper young lady should be.”

Caroline nuzzled her face against Violet's own as she said this, kissing away the tears running down her cheeks. The young lady felt one of the older woman's hands reach down to fondle her bum, rubbing at the inflamed sore flesh in a soothing fashion. She groaned in relief but then whimpered as even this gentle touch made her poor pussy ache harder than ever to the point it almost hurt.

"Mistress....Mummy...." Violet suddenly was struggling to form words. "Please....I....I need.....oh please...."

"Hush Violet," Caroline said softly yet insistently. Her hands went to the young woman's shoulder and began lifting her up. "On your feet now, *meine engel*. We shall rest a little before continuing the lesson."

Arms still tightly bound behind her back, Violet was led over to a nearby sofa. Caroline perched herself on the cushions and patted her lap invitingly. Gingerly, the girl seated herself on the older woman's lap and moaned softly as the cool fabric of her skirt soothed the lingering soreness in the hot flesh of her poor bum cheeks.

Caroline immediately wrapped her arms around Violet's middle and pulled her back so she was lying against her chest. Violet felt a little strange. Here she was, a fully grown woman, sitting naked on her still fully clothed stepmother's lap like some little girl. She quickly felt herself relaxing against the reassuring warmth of the other woman's body, however, and her head came to rest on Caroline's shoulder. Her nostrils filled with the scent of her mistress's perfume and the oddly comforting aroma that she was beginning to recognise as hers.

She felt Caroline's soft, plump lips plant a kiss on the top of her head and then her ears picked up a hum of interest coming from the older woman. "*Was ist das?* Well well, my dear girl, it seems you were not lying earlier when you spoke of how you enjoyed being disciplined."

Violet glanced down and her blue eyes went wide. Her most private place, so lewdly visible now that it had been shaved bare, was a deep, dark red that rivalled her recently whipped bottom. The lips of her slit were puffy and engorged, glistening with juices.

"Spread your legs for me, *meine schatz*."

Even as she blushed at how this left her vagina even more exposed, Violet did as ordered and spread her legs wide. Caroline murmured in approval and one of her hands went down to run up the inside of the young woman's thigh.

"You are soaking, Violet," Caroline crooned hotly as her fingers glided through the slick juices smeared over the satin-like texture of the young woman's inner thigh. "Good girl. *Very* good girl. So aroused and I have not even touched you. All from the feel of my whip on your naughty little bum. *Ja*, you are learning your lesson well. The most terrible pain can lead to the most wondrous pleasure."

"Thank you, Mistress," Violet groaned aloud, her little pearl tightening at the feel of Caroline's fingers so very close to where she desperately wanted them. "Mistress, please touch me."

"My poor dear," Caroline said in faux sympathy, her voice hot with delight at the frantic desperation in the young woman's voice. "My good girl's virgin pussy must feel so very frustrated. I am sorry, *meine engel*, but no. It must remain so. That is not the lesson today."

"No please!" Violet pleaded, wiggling her hips without even thinking as she tried to bring her burning cunt into contact with Caroline's fingers.

"*Nein!* My my, what a wild thing you are being!" Caroline's fingers shot away and the arm still wrapped around Violet's middle tightened its hold to keep her still. Her voice lost its tone of gentle sympathy and resumed its customary one of icy sternness. "Very well, *prinzessin*, it seems your lesson shall be amended. That wilful vagina of yours is in need of some discipline as well!"

With her free hand, Caroline snatched up the slender cane of bamboo that till had sat untouched on the side table next to the sofa. Violet immediately stiffened as she realised what it was that her stepmother intended.

With a devilish smile on her beautiful face, Caroline raised the cane high. "But first I shall warm you up a little."

SWAT!

Even though it could more be described as a forceful tap than a full on blow, Violet still let out a pained hiss as the cane struck her inner thigh. It

seemed she was especially sensitive there. She then whimpered as this was immediately followed by a now predictable pulse of approval in her so very aroused vagina.

SWAT!

Violet groaned aloud as the cane struck her other thigh. Again the blow was not a strong one, but it still left stinging pain in its wake.

SWAT! SWAT! SWAT!

Caroline began trailing her way up Violet's inner legs, alternating strikes from her cane between them. "*Ja, meine maus*, I know that it hurts, but you must be disciplined. A young lady must learn how to master her desires or else she will be mastered by them!"

All Violet could do was whimper and sob under the continued strikes of Caroline's cane, eyes glued to it as it drew closer to the apex of her legs. Her heart raced as she realised the implication. Was Caroline actually going to....*there*?

The prospect should horrify her but instead the young woman felt her clitoris actually clench at just the idea of feeling her stepmother's cane strike her most private place. The pain would be terrible, certainly, but Violet had learned very well the lesson Caroline had sought to teach her that pain could also lead to pleasure and the more agonising the former the more delightful the latter seemed to be.

SWAT!

Caroline's cane struck the cleft where Violet's thigh met her pelvis, mere inches from the puffy, red lips of her labia.

SWAT!

The cane shifted to the other side and cut across the creamy flesh of Violet's pelvis, only just avoiding the girl's dripping pussy. Violet let out a tearful moan as she felt her cunt almost spasm in impatience.

Caroline lifted up her cane but then paused for one long moment. Violet realised she was holding her breath.

SWAT!

The bamboo cane struck the left side of Violet's slit. It was barely a tap, but the girl still bucked in reaction to the pain and felt hot tears spill down her cheeks. The sobbing moan that flew from her lips, however, was one of delight as she felt her cunt's inner wall clench in pleasure.

SWAT!

The cane struck the opposite side, with just a touch more force.

"Ooooooooooh!" Violet groaned hotly, head tipping back to fall onto Caroline's shoulder.

SWAT! SWAT! SWAT!

Again and again the cane cut across the Violet's virgin cunt with increasing speed and force. Soon the young woman was openly sobbing from the pain. It hurt so bad! She was also keenly aware that she was more aroused than she could ever remember being in her entire young life. She could feel the beginning of a familiar wave building inside the depths of her sopping, hot quim and Violet realising she was arching her hips and spreading her legs even wider to better expose her vagina to the ongoing blows.

"Oh, does *prinzessin* like the feel of my cane on her innocent pussy?" Caroline crooned hotly into Violet's ear. "Oh dear, I have much to do to tame this wild cunt of yours as it must be tamed. It seems I shall have to go further."

SWAT!

Caroline tapped her cane just below Violet's little pearl as she said this. The young woman's eyes went wide, eyebrows shooting up to meet sweat soaked blonde bangs, as the clear implication sunk in and they immediately flew to meet Caroline's own. Her mistress met her gaze steadily, saying nothing but somehow conveying the message that if Violet wanted her to stop all she must do is say so.

For one long moment Violet worried her bottom lip with her teeth, but the decision was a surprisingly easy one. Oh, the pain would certainly be terrible, but she could feel her clitoris almost humming with anticipation at just the thought of being struck by Caroline's cane. The little bud was rock hard and actually jutting out from its protective hood like a bright red little berry.

Violet nodded. “Yes....yes, Mummy....teach me!”

Caroline’s eyes darkened in delight.

SWAT!

It was barely more than a tap, but Violet still groaned tearfully in pain as the cane made contact with her little pearl. Her eyes remained locked with Caroline, unable to look away from those dark, icy orbs.

SWAT!

“Ooooooh!” Violet moaned ragged as the cane struck again, harder than before, her entire body clenching from the pain of the blow even as her clitoris spasmed in delight. Caroline’s eyes gleamed hotly, clearly relishing the sight of her stepdaughter’s torment.

SWAT!

The third time Caroline held nothing back and Violet broke eye contact with the older woman as her eyes suddenly threatened to roll back into her head. “Aaaaaargh!”

Caroline immediately dropped her cane and cupped the back of Violet’s head to bring the young woman’s face to her own in a kiss, tongue stifling her pained shriek as it forced its way ruthlessly into the interior of her mouth. She held Violet close as her body shuddered in a strange mixture of agony and ecstasy, overwhelmed by the pleasure pain that seemed to be racing through her veins. For her part, Violet kissed her mistress back with everything she had, trying to pour the pain and arousal and frustration surging through her body into it.

Breaking the kiss, Caroline's normally icy face smiled in delight. “Good girl. Brave girl. Submitting to my tutelage, despite the pain. It must have hurt terribly.”

“Yes,” Violet sobbed, tears spilling freely from her eyes from the lingering pain. It was nothing compared to the burning frustration in her vagina, however, which seemed to be almost crying out to be touched. “Mistress, please....I....I need....”

“Hush, Violet,” Caroline said firmly, but then her lips pouted in a look of exaggerated sympathy. “Still, you have been such a good girl for me.

Perhaps you have earned just the slightest treat as a reward.”

Caroline lifted up a pair of dainty fingers to her lips and inserted them into her mouth, slowly drawing them back out. They now glistened with saliva. Violet somehow found the sight to be incredibly erotic and stared avidly.

Slowly, Caroline brought her fingers down so they hovered just above the girl’s quivering clit and then paused. Violet whimpered impatiently, desperate to feel the older woman’s touch, and every part of her body screaming for her to rock her hips forward and close the distance. She did not, however, instinctively knowing this would displease her mistress.

Then Violet gasped aloud as she felt the touch of Caroline’s fingers on her little pearl as they lightly began to rub it. “Oh thank you! Thank you, Mistress....oh, that feels so good!”

Her head flopped back to rest on Caroline’s shoulders, eyes closing in ecstasy as she moaned loudly from her mistress’s caresses of her clitoris. Her hips surged up to grind herself against the older woman’s hand; she simply could not help herself. Caroline made no effort to stop her and leaned down to fasten her lips onto a pulse point on Violet’s slender throat, sucking strongly on it. Even as she did this, however, her eyes remained fixed on the young woman’s little pearl, watching like a hawk as it throbbed underneath her caressing fingers for any sign of impending orgasm.

She did not have to wait long. Pent up as she was, within minutes Violet could feel the delicious wave within her begin to crest, the inner walls of her vagina already starting to clench in anticipation. “Oh! Oh Mistress....I am about to....I am cumming.....please may I cum?”

“*NEIN!*” Caroline’s fingers immediately flew away from Violet’s clitoris, even as it began to tighten in an impending sign of imminent release.

Violet’s eyes snapped open, horror filling her as she felt her orgasm begin slipping away. “Noooooooo! No please.....please, Mummy....I want to cum....*I wanna cum!*”

“*Nein, meine lieblich,* I am afraid you cannot,” Caroline's eyes danced with delight, the sound of the young woman’s desperate begging music to her ears, “that is not today’s lesson.”

“Noooooooooooo!” Violet howled, mindlessly straining at the ropes binding her wrists, as she desperately sought to rip free of them so she could reach down between her legs and finish the job herself, hips thrashing mindlessly as she sought to bring *something* into contact with her burning vagina. It was of course hopeless. Violet lacked the strength to break the ropes expertly knotted around her wrists and arms and Caroline deftly locked her heels over the girl’s feet to hold her legs down and ensure nothing touched her quim but empty air.

The last trace of her orgasm slipped away and Violet went limp in defeat, bawling like a little girl as a horrid feeling of frustration flooded her cunt in its place. Caroline immediately wrapped her arms around the young woman and pulled her into a tight embrace. “There there, my dear, quiet yourself. I know, Violet, this must be so difficult, with these lessons being so new to you. It is for your own good though, I promise. Here, this should make things better, *meine maus*.”

One of Caroline’s hands unbuttoned her blouse. Underneath she wore a black corset from which she freed one large, plump breast. She gently cupped the back of Violet’s head and guided it to her bosom. Without thinking, the young woman latched her lips around the puffy, elongated nipple before her and began to suck almost frantically.

As Violet continued to suck on the older woman’s nipple between heaving sobs, Caroline planted gentle kisses on the top of her head and softly stroked her long, blonde hair. Gradually, Violet’s sobbing abated and her body ceased to tremble. She continued to suck languidly from Caroline’s breast, however. She did not understand why, but something about being held this way made her feel wonderfully safe and soothed the lingering aching frustration in her pussy.

How long this went on Violet was not certain, but eventually she felt Caroline’s hand underneath her chin, lightly yet insistently pushing for her to sit upright. Releasing her mistress’s nipple with a wet plop she did so.

“Is that better, Violet?” Caroline said in a surprisingly tender voice as from somewhere she produced a handkerchief and began wiping the tears from the girl’s cheeks.

Violet blushed as she was suddenly struck by whatever had just happened. “I am sorry, Mistress, truly I am -”

“Quiet, Violet,” Caroline cut her off. “You have nothing to apologise for, *meine perle*. As hard as I may be on you at times, I am not heartless. While I must be strict with you when it comes to your lessons, for your own good of course, you need never apologise for seeking comfort afterwards.”

With that Caroline’s hands went to Violet’s hips and gently nudged her. “On your feet now.”

Obligingly, Violet rose up off of Caroline’s lap. Then to her surprise she felt something touch her bum and a shudder went through her as she realised both perky cheeks were being cupped by Caroline.

“Violet,” Caroline’s voice was hot. “I wish you could see your lovely bottom, it is such a beautiful sight. So red and decorated with lovely welts. Truly *wunderbar!*”

Even this light touch was enough to make Violet whimper as it stoked the lingering arousal in her pussy and Caroline’s hands withdrew. “Apologies, *meine lieblich*, I should not have allowed myself to be distracted, but you are just such a tempting sight sometimes.

Caroline turned her attentions to the rope binding Violet’s arms and breasts, undoing the knots so she could loosen them. The girl groaned in relief as the rope dropped from her body and tried not to focus on the tingling feeling that filled her breasts as they were released from the restricted circulation and blood began flowing back into them. Even that slight sensation seemed to feed the aching frustration in her vagina.

Hands gripped Violet’s shoulders and turned her around so Caroline could swoop down and plant a kiss on her lips. It was a brief little thing, almost chaste in nature, but it still made Violet nearly swoon.

Afterwards, Caroline straightened to her full height and smiled down at Violet.

“You may now dress yourself, my dear. Your lesson is finished for today.” Her hand reached up to pinch her stepdaughter’s cheek. “I wonder what they have prepared for lunch? I find I am quite famished.”

Chapter Five – A Lesson in Pleasure

IT PROVED TO BE another restless night for Violet. Her body was wracked by unfulfilled arousal from the events of the day that reasserted itself with vengeance once she had retired to her bed for the night and was left with nothing to distract herself from it.

Countless times Violet had awoken from vivid dreams of what she had undergone with Caroline over the last few days, her body slick with cold sweat and her vagina dripping with hot juices and aching to be touched. She gladly would have done so, but like the night before she had been bound to prevent it.

Clearly not trusting mere silk to be up to the task in Violet's heightened state of agitation, when Caroline had personally escorted the young woman to bed she had produced a pair of padded leather cuffs connected by a length of steel chain which she had threaded around the brass bars of the headboard before locking them shut around Violet's slender wrists.

Violet had pleaded futilely that this was unnecessary, promising she would be a good girl and not touch herself. Caroline had easily seen through this desperate facade, however.

“Nonsense,” her stepmother had tisked as she locked the last cuff in place, “we both know that your hands would be between your legs playing with that hot little quim of yours the second I was out the door. I cannot permit such a thing, Violet, not if I am to teach you to be the proper young lady you need to become. You must learn that your pleasure comes when *I* decide and then only.”

Over the course of the night Violet's bedchamber had been filled again and again with the rattling sound of the chain clanking against the brass headboard as she struggled desperately to free her hands so she could reach down and touch her vagina and relieve the frustrating arousal that continued to torment her. Each time had been in vain, the steel chain proving to be just as insurmountable an obstacle as the expertly tied silken knots from the night before.

Once, out of sheer desperation, Violet had rolled over onto her stomach and actually lewdly humped her mattress, rubbing her nipples and quim against the bedsheets. While the sensation of the cool fabric on her body had brought some initial relief it had only fed more fuel onto the fires of her arousal and had somehow seemed not quite enough to bring her the release she so frantically craved. Eventually the girl had collapsed in limp exhaustion onto her bed, her poor pussy aching harder than ever.

Violet had tried to keep her mind from returning to the memory of the two occasions Caroline had herself touched her most private place and teased it to the very brink of climax only to deny her at the last moment. It only added to her aroused state that she had no means to relieve. But somehow her thoughts kept coming back to how it had felt to be right on the very brink, her orgasm seeming to almost taunt her from the other side of that delightful edge as she imagined how it would feel to finally cum. Oh how badly she wanted to. Why did Caroline continue to deny her?

Well it was not a complete mystery. Innocent she might be, but Violet was beginning to comprehend that teasing her to the brink of release and then cruelly denying her was clearly something that brought Caroline pleasure of her own. Did that mean she would continue to do so? How long would it be before she finally allowed her to orgasm? Would she continue to deny her forever? That thought sent terror as cold as ice down her spine even as for some reason the arousal burning in her mound of Venus spiked to new heights, which confused the young woman to no end.

It had been a relief when morning had come and her maid had entered the bedroom, any embarrassment Violet felt at the compromising state hardly registering. Just as she had the day before, her maid had not remarked at all on the state of bondage she found her in, which worsened Violet's suspicions regarding just what it was Caroline had told the household staff about her lessons that they were not to interfere in.

This had only grown when she had accepted her breakfast tray from the maid and ever so casually suggested she go see to preparing her bath in the adjoining boudoir, with the intent of seizing the opportunity the moment she was alone to touch herself and finally achieve release. The Lord knew it would not take long given the state she was in.

Her plan came to nothing as her maid had bluntly refused. “Her Ladyship has ordered I am not to leave you unsupervised until I deliver you to her presence.”

Violet *had* blushed in embarrassment at that, the implication clear as day that her maid had known exactly what it was she had been intent on doing.

After polishing off her breakfast, Violet had quickly bathed. Her maid had thoroughly scrubbed her clean, though she very pointedly had avoided going anywhere near either her breasts or most private place while doing so - it did indeed seem that Violet’s maid was not only completely aware of the nature of her new lessons at the hand of Caroline but was actively assisting her stepmother in keeping her in a state of denial.

The exact same outfit of virginal white had been laid out for her to dress in. After expertly doing her hair and makeup as she had the day before, her maid had then escorted her directly to Caroline’s chambers.

Without a second’s hesitation Violet had immediately rapped her knuckles against the door. Caroline’s voice had answered a second later and bidden her to enter.

When Violet stepped inside the room she gasped.

Caroline was seated on the same sofa she had been the day before, but there the resemblance ended. Her long, black hair was tied up in a braided bun on the top of her head, and her make up and jewelry was immaculate as ever, powders emphasising her high cheekbones and a pair of dangling ruby earrings framing her striking face. She was dressed in little more than a robe of black muslin, the fabric of which was so sheer that the outline of her luscious figure was clearly visible through it. One leg, clad in black stockings, was crossed atop the other so the robe parted from the waist down to leave both on full display.

It seemed that Caroline intended to get straight down to business, which made Violet’s little pearl throb so intensely that she almost whimpered aloud.

“Good morning, Violet, you certainly are prompt this morning,” Caroline had smiled coolly and risen to her feet. “It seems you are as eager to begin today’s lesson as I am. Come here, *meine engel*, and we shall do so.”

Violet had obediently padded across the floor on slippared feet, unable to look away from Caroline and the hints of her body that were visible from underneath her robe. What would she look like naked?

“Mistress, *please* touch me,” Violet had pleaded when she came to a stop before her. “And please allow me to cum today. I wish to so badly, Mummy, I swear I shall go mad if you do not let me.”

Caroline arched one immaculate eyebrow. “My my, it seems you are quite needy today. We shall have to see about the latter, *prinzessin*, as I have doubts if you have yet earned such a reward. As for the former, however, you shall be delighted to know that today’s lesson will indeed be one in pleasure. On that note, take off all your clothes.”

Only too eager to obey, Violet’s hands immediately leaped to the laces of her dress, fumbling with them in her haste to undo them. Her efforts were not helped at all by the intense, almost predatory, look in Caroline’s eyes as she watched her undressing. It made the young woman’s skin feel so very hot and tingly and her most private place ache harder than ever from the promise of what was to come those dark orbs held.

Somehow Violet managed to undo the troublesome knotted laces and soon her dress was lying on the carpeted floor, quickly joined by her corset and shift. At this she paused, wondering if her mistress had meant for her to discard her bloomers as well; the last time Caroline had had her keep them on at least for the beginning of her lesson.

Caroline’s eyes dipped down to stare hungrily between her stepdaughter’s legs. “I said all of them, Violet.”

Beyond any thoughts of modesty by now, Violet immediately slipped her thumbs underneath the waistline of her bloomers and pulled them down so they slipped down her slender legs and pooled on the floor around her ankles.

Her hands then went to the hem of one of her stockings but she froze when Caroline spoke again. “Those can remain. I confess, *meine hase*, they have a lovely virginal look to them, which is fitting given that is what you are....for the time being that is.”

Violet’s breath hitched at those words and the clear implication. It was not the first time Caroline had alluded to the fact she intended to take her

virginity. The girl had to confess that the prospect, while not exactly unwelcome, was a little daunting. Innocent she might be, but Violet was certain *that* particular act was one only a man was equipped to do and Caroline was another woman.

But then all thoughts of that and everything else left Violet's mind as she saw Caroline's hands slip down to the knotted belt of her robe and begin untying it. As the black muslin material slipped from her shoulders and onto the floor the young woman's eyes went wide.

Underneath her robe Caroline wore nothing at all aside from a lacey black garter belt and matching stockings, leaving her utterly naked. The older woman stood tall, seemingly completely unaffected by her uncovered state, with a little smile of satisfaction on her face at the mesmerized way Violet was staring as she drank in the sight of her stepmother's naked body for the first time. Her breasts were large and plump, hanging heavily from her chest and capped with puffy, dark nipples that already were hard and jutting out like the tips of a fountain pen. Wide, round hips flared out from her narrow waist. Her sex was shaved completely bare like Violet's, the labia lips engorged and her slit glistening; evidently Violet was not the only one of them already aroused.

For a few moments Caroline said nothing and then she raised her hand and crooked a finger beckoningly. "Come to me, *meine sonnenschein*."

Needing no urging, Violet all but ran to Caroline. When she came to a stop before her the older woman's hands went to her waist and she bent forward to immediately press her lips against the girl's in a kiss. Violet moaned in delight, obediently opening her mouth when she felt Caroline's tongue pressing insistently for entrance, and shuddered as her mistress forcefully began thrusting the silky muscle in and out in an almost vicious assault.

Caroline's hands slipped behind Violet to cup the young woman's bum, lightly gripping both round cheeks. For her part, Violet's own hands were burning with the urge to reach out and touch the other woman; to run themselves over her silky skin and caress her large breasts and hard bottom. With a herculean effort she resisted, however, already knowing that to do so without permission would raise Caroline's ire. Violet was determined to be a good girl for her mistress, desperate to please her in hopes that she would finally reward her with an orgasm.

All too soon the kiss ended. It seems Violet's instincts had been correct, for Caroline nodded approvingly. "Good girl. It seems you *can* control yourself when necessary, Violet my dear. Still," Caroline's eyes narrowed for a moment and then a wicked smile appeared on her face, "it would not do at all to leave too much to chance at this early stage."

Caroline reached down to the side table beside the sofa and picked up a pair of padded leather cuffs attached together by a length of thin chain, almost identical to the ones that had bound secured Violet's wrists during the previous night. "Turn around and place your wrists behind your back, *meine perle*."

Violet did so immediately, her heart pounding wildly as she felt the cool leather being locked around one slender wrist and then the other; her clitoris tightened oh so pleurably at the now very familiar feeling of being restrained. Were she in any other state of mind, Violet might have reacted in confusion at the fact she was growing aroused from being locked into bondage but in the state she was in all she could think of was whether Caroline was going to touch her. Surely her mistress was going to touch her. She had just said that the day's lesson was to be one of pleasure. What else could that mean?

Gentle hands at her shoulders turned Violet back around once her wrists were secured. "Kneel for me please, Violet."

A tad awkwardly given her bound wrists, Violet went down on her knees before Caroline. Once this was done, her mistress seated herself on the sofa before her and was silent for one long, poignant moment before finally speaking. "As I said, my dear, today's lesson is one of pleasure. Just as a proper young lady must learn to endure pain, so too must she be able to handle the receipt of pleasure. Do you understand, Violet?"

Violet immediately nodded without even thinking. "Oh yes, Mistress. Are you going to touch me?"

Caroline smirked at the eagerness in the girl's voice. "Perhaps, *meine lieblich*, we shall see how the lesson progresses. It shall begin though with you touching me."

With those words Caroline parted her legs, spreading them wide. Violet's eyes immediately went to the older woman's pussy and her throat suddenly

felt very dry. “Mistress, you wish me to...” Violet trailed off, cheeks going red with embarrassment as she struggled to say the words aloud.

“If my good girl is going to understand how to properly receive pleasure, she must also understand how to give it,” Caroline crooned, her normally icy voice suddenly hot with anticipation. “If it helps, my dear, think of this as an opportunity to convince me you are deserving of the reward you so crave.”

Violet’s cunt immediately clenched at the implication behind Caroline’s words. “But....Mistress, how am I....my hands -”

“I did not say you would be touching me with your hands, Violet.”

Caroline’s eyes dipped down to stare pointedly at Violet’s lips as she said this. The message was clear and as it registered Violet’s cheeks grew so hot she worried for a moment that they might actually break into flames. Caroline actually wanted her to....*there*? Innocent virgin that she was, the young woman knew that her knowledge of the carnal act was limited. Despite this the idea of taking her mouth and placing it upon another woman’s vagina was shocking. It seemed to lewd. So *dirty*.

Yet as Violet looked at Caroline’s cunt, her mouth began to water at that very idea. What would it taste like? Lewd it might be, the prospect suddenly was so very appealing.

A tisk of impatience came from Caroline. “Violet, a young lady does not dawdle when a task is given to her.”

Tentatively, Violet leaned forward so her face was mere inches from Caroline’s mound of Venus. The puffy lips of her labia looked plump and ripe. Her slit glistened with juices. Her clitoris was a red little berry that was jutting out from its protective hood. It made for quite the inviting sight but still Violet hesitated, part of her uncertain of how to proceed.

Hearing another impatient little tisk from Caroline, Violet gathered her courage and shot out her pink little tongue and ran it up along the length of her mistress’s slit. Her mouth was immediately flooded with the taste of the older woman’s pussy juices; tangy and intense and unlike anything that the girl had ever experienced before but undeniably delicious in a way she could not describe.

While Caroline's face remained as coolly aloof as ever, a little hum of appreciation slipped from her lips. Emboldened by this small sign of pleasure from the other woman, Violet immediately ran her tongue up over the older woman's cunt again, hungry to taste more. Soon she was lapping away like a cat savouring a particularly delicious bowl of cream.

Her eyes continued to stare up at Caroline as she did this. Her stepmother's face remained maddeningly unaffected at first, the only sign that Violet's efforts were having any effect at all a growing hot look in her hooded eyes as she stared back down at the young woman between her legs and the rising tempo of her breathing through her flared nostrils.

Then struck by sudden inspiration, Violet flicked her tongue over Caroline's clitoris. Finally the German woman's composure cracked and a deep, almost guttural, groan of pleasure slipped from her lips. "*Ja*....good girl....more of that...."

Violet was only too happy to oblige and eagerly began lathing her tongue over Caroline's little pearl as it throbbed in obvious enjoyment under her ministrations. Her mistress moaned hotly in delight, her breath coming in deep pants that made her large breasts heave in an almost mesmerising way.

She was not the only one whose arousal was growing ever higher. The sight of Caroline's naked body filled Violet's eyes. The sound of her moans of pleasure rang in her ears. The scent of her pussy filled her nostrils. The taste of her quim coated her tongue. All of this seemed to be shooting directly to Violet's most private place, which was aching so hard with unfulfilled excitement that it hurt. Oh how she wanted to be touched there. Even more, Violet desperately wanted to cum.

Hoping that if she quickly brought Caroline to a climax of her own her mistress would finally relent and give her what she desired, Violet channeled all of her frustration and pent up excitement into pleasuring the older woman. Instinctively knowing this would add to Caroline's pleasure, she puckered her plump, full lips and latched them onto the throbbing little bud that was her clit and began to suck.

Caroline actually growled at that. Her hands shot down to fist themselves around Violet's long, blonde tresses, pulling her face even tighter against her cunt. "*JA! Good, meine engel*....very good....do not dare stop!"

That was the last thing Violet had in mind. She was pressed up against Caroline's vagina so snugly that she was in danger of being smothered, but all the young woman could think of was that if that were to happen she would die happy. She continued to suck frantically at her mistress's pearl, slathering her tongue over the throbbing little bud as she did so. Caroline's hips surged off of the cushions of the sofa to madly grinder herself against the girl's face, grunting hotly almost like an animal.

Violet stared up at her stepmother in awe, no sign of her usual icy reserve as she grunted and mewed hotly, breasts bouncing and heaving as she gasped for breath and abdomen flexing as she began to almost madly rock her hips.

"Ja...ja...JA...*ich komme...ICH KOMME!*" Caroline almost shouted in her native German and her hands released their grip on Violet's hair to fly up to her large breasts, cupping them roughly as she plucked and twisted at her nipples, as her head tipped back and a roaring scream escaped her lips. Violet could only watch, green with envy, as her mistress's body alternately clenched and trembled in what was clearly a truly mighty orgasm; her own still untouched vagina clenched in protest as she imagined how it must feel.

And then Caroline's body went limp and she collapsed back onto the sofa. After taking several deep breaths she opened her eyes and looked down on Violet with a hot look. Without warning she swooped down and gripped the girl by her shoulders and captured her lips in a kiss. It was quick yet passionate, her tongue running itself over Violet's lips, seemingly savouring the taste of her own pussy juices, and the young woman shuddered in delight.

All too soon it ended, though, and Caroline's face resumed its normal look of stern aloofness. "Good girl. Very good girl. Your lesson is going well, Violet. You have pleased me greatly.

"Thank you, Mistress," Violet answered, trying to focus on anything aside from the metaphorical fire of frustration burning away in her quim.

"Mistress, *please*...."

A thin smile appeared on Caroline's face. "HMMMMMMMM, I do not know, *prinzessin*. Are you truly ready for *that* lesson? I still have my doubts."

"No please!" Violet begged, feeling as if she was about to cry with desperation, so great was her need. "Mummy, *please*. I am ready, I swear. I

promise to be a good girl and learn what you have to teach me.”

“You beg so prettily, my dear,” Caroline said smugly, eyes dancing with relish at the obvious frustrated torment of her stepdaughter. “Still,” she went on, “I must be certain.”

Violet’s heart leapt in her throat as she felt one of Caroline’s hands touch her abdomen and begin sliding down her stomach. As it drew near her most private place, the young woman realised she was holding her breath.

She moaned aloud as she felt Caroline cup her vulva, hips twitching with an urgent need to grind herself against the older woman’s hand when she made no move to caress her further. Violet resisted the urge with great difficulty, knowing that was what her mistress would want of her and determined to please her.

“Why Violet you are utterly soaking,” Caroline’s voice was filled with hot delight. “It seems you were telling the truth, *meine lieblich*. *Nein*, I shall not be cruel and keep you waiting. Clearly you are ready for the next part of your lesson.”

Joy flooded through Violet but in the next moment she whimpered unhappily as Caroline withdrew her hand. Her mistress rose off of the sofa and then seized Violet by her shoulder and pulled her almost roughly to her feet. Taking the hint from the insistent tug by the older woman, Violet followed along with her. Her eyebrows shot up in surprise when she saw that they were headed in the direction of the door that led to Caroline’s bedchamber.

Stepping inside, Violet saw that the curtains were drawn, keeping out the midday sun. The room was instead illuminated by the gentle glow of candlelight from the wrought iron candelabras set into the walls decorated with dark red wallpaper. It gave everything a somewhat forbidding look.

The space was dominated by a large, four poster canopy bed set against the far wall. As Caroline guided her towards it, not releasing her tight grip on her shoulder for even a moment, Violet’s eyes went wide as she saw that on the bottom edge of the bed was a somewhat elaborate set of cuffs and ropes; some were attached to the tall columns of carved wood that flanked each corner of the bed, others extended back to the headboard. Whatever Caroline might have said earlier about being uncertain if Violet was ready

for this next part of her lesson, it certainly seemed that she had prepared meticulously for it nevertheless.

Stopping before the bed, Caroline finally released her hold on Violet.

SLAP!

Stinging pain flew through one of the girl's pert bum cheeks as Caroline delivered a light smack to it. "On the bed, *prinzessin*. Lie back from the bottom edge and extend your legs to each side. Demonstrate your flexibility for me."

Gingerly, given her bound wrists, Violet did so. Pulse racing, she then watched as Caroline proceeded to secure leather cuffs to her upper thighs, then knees and finally ankles and knotted different ropes to them with cool efficiency. Within minutes she was tightly secured. Her legs were parted wide in a deep V and hoisted up in the air and slightly back, leaving her cunt completely exposed and vulnerable to whatever it was Caroline now had planned. An erotic shiver ran down Violet's spine as she tried to imagine just what that was.

Caroline lightly ran her fingers down Violet's trembling thighs, but stopped just short of her pelvis, a smug grin appearing on her face at the way the young woman groaned under her touch. "Do you still wish for me to touch you, Violet my dear?"

Violet nodded frantically. "Yes....yes Mistress, please."

"Very well, *meine schatz*, then I shall," the delight that filled Violet at those words was mixed with a tingle of apprehension when she saw the look in Caroline's eyes, something indecipherable that seemed to hint that she was planning more than what she had just said. "You have proven yourself adept at giving pleasure. For the next part of your lesson, I must test how capable you are of receiving it. Prepare yourself, my girl, for I think this lesson may very well be a long one."

Chapter Six - A Lesson in Patience

CAROLINE KNELT DOWN so she was hovering between Violet's bound legs, a hungry look in her eyes that made the young woman's little pearl throb in anticipation. Her hands, still at the tops of Violet's inner thighs right where they met her pelvis, rubbed little circles on the girl's soft, hot skin. Her fingertips almost seemed to be scorching and almost imperceptible at the same time.

Then Caroline leaned forward, plump, full lips parted and puckered, and Violet's entire body went tense with anticipation. But to her immense disappointment the older woman leaned away and instead planted a wet, open mouthed kiss not on the girl's burning vagina but instead just below one of her bound knees.

"Mistress..." Violet whimpered in frustration.

"*Stille*, Violet," Caroline cut her off, her voice a low croon, "your lesson in pleasure is only beginning. The first thing you must learn is patience. It is important not to rush, to let pleasure build slowly like a fire being stoked."

To Violet, who felt there was not so much a fire between her legs as an actual inferno, patience seemed to be of the least importance. Her objections froze in her throat, however, when Caroline planted another kiss a bit further down her thigh. Instead, at the feeling of those soft, silky lips on her skin, a moan of pleasure welled up and escaped.

Caroline planted another kiss and then another onto the creamy flesh of Violet's inner thigh, each one inching closer and closer to the apex of her legs. Sometimes she would pause to lightly suck on the girl's pale skin and sometimes she would lick her tongue over it in a teasing, almost ticklish fashion. Her eyes remained on Violet's face as she did so, the normally icy dark orbs gleaming intensely as she drank in the sight of her stepdaughter's growing frustration from her anguishing slow progress.

For her part, Violet made no effort to hide her torment. She was beginning to understand that Caroline enjoyed teasing her and took pleasure from the sight of the frustration it invoked in her, and Violet desperately found herself wanting to please her mistress. She even found herself playing

things up a bit, putting on a show of batting her long eyelashes meekly and worrying at her bottom lip with her upper teeth as she whimpered pitifully.

After what seemed to be an eternity, Caroline finally reached the junction of Violet's legs. The young woman moaned raggedly as her mistress nibbled with her teeth at the flesh of her pelvis, mere inches away from her sopping quim. So close to where she desperately wanted to be touched yet seemingly a world away at the same time.

"Please...." Violet sobbed breathlessly, "Mistress *please*....please please please...."

For a long moment Caroline's head hovered almost serenely over Violet's painfully aroused mound of Venus, licking her lips as she stared down at it almost predatorily. Her eyes flitted up to meet Violet's and slowly her face began to descend downwards. The young woman's heart leapt in anticipation but then at the last second Caroline shifted away and instead began to tongue away at the cleft where her thigh met her pelvis.

"Nooooo!" Violet sobbed, hot tears welling up in her eyes and leaking down her cheeks. "Mistress....Mummy, *please* do not tease me anymore....please, I beg you...."

"Patience, *prinzessin*," Caroline scolded her tauntingly, lifting her head up so she was once again hovering over the bound young woman's vagina. Pursing her lips, she blew a teasing gust of hot air across it. Violet moaned in delight even as her cunt clenched in frustration at the taunting promise of this maddeningly faint sensation. Without thinking she bucked up her hips, trying to bring her pussy into contact with those tauntingly close lips, but the restraints binding her legs prevented this and all that came from her efforts was a dark chuckle from Caroline.

Eyes dancing with delight, Caroline leaned closer so her invitingly puckered lips were little more than an inch away from the throbbing little pearl that was Violet's clitoris. For a long second she simply hovered there, watching as the young woman desperately strained against ropes and leather cuffs securing her legs to try and close the tiny distance. Then she let out another soft gust of breath.

Violet let out an anguished wail as her clitoris was engulfed in the hot, moist air and tightened in protest. "Pleeeeeeeeeaaase!"

“Oh, poor *prinzessin*,” Caroline simpered in faux-sympathy, the delight in her eyes putting a lie to the honeyed tone of her voice, “you sound so distressed. Is the lesson too much for you, *meine knuddelbar*? Perhaps it is best if we stop? *Nein*, I cannot be soft with you. We must proceed on.”

And then Caroline’s glistening tongue shot out of her mouth and she flicked the pointed tip over Violet’s clit.

“Ooooooooooh!” Violet groaned in delight as a brief flash of pleasure rushed through her most private place and suddenly she felt as if she was about to cry with happiness. “Oh thank you....thank you, Mistress!”

To Violet’s dismay, Caroline did not repeat the act, but she forgot this moments later as the older woman began tonguing her slit. The young woman moaned as she felt the hot, moist muscle slowly lathing itself up and down the cleft between her labia lips and when the older woman’s fingers lightly pried them apart so her tongue could dived into the wet folds beyond she gasped aloud at the alien yet wonderful feeling of something probing the inside of her vagina for the first time ever.

Even as Violet revelled in the pleasure invoked in her young body by her mistress’s skilled tongue, the lingering frustration within it began to grow ever stronger as her little pearl continued to be avoided with rigid discipline. The little bundle of nerves was rock hard and throbbing in protest over the continued neglect, the pulsing in time with the rapid beating of her heart and growing stronger and stronger as her arousal built within her.

“Mistress....” Violet gasped between heated moans,
“Mistress....please....please....my....I need....oh please....”

It seemed that even speaking was beyond her, but Caroline seemed to understand what it was Violet was trying to say despite her near incoherent babbling. With hooded eyes locked unblinkingly with Violet’s, the older woman reached up with her fingers and gently pulled back the protective hood of her stepdaughter’s clitoris, leaving it to throb and pulse in empty air, totally exposed and now jutting almost lewdly out from her cunt. Her tongue then lapped its way up the length of Violet’s pussy and when it reached the top slathered itself over the little bud, twirling the pointed tip around it.

“Ooooooooooooooh! Thank you! Thank you, Mistress!” Violet groaned in appreciation. “No! No please!” She begged desperately as that delightful tongue once again withdrew.

Her pleas seemed to fall on deaf ears as Caroline resumed licking and sliding her tongue over Violet’s slit and labia lips. It felt wonderful yet not enough at the same time and even as Violet gasped and groaned under the assault of the delicious silky muscle, her little pearl continued to ache with frustration at the renewed neglect. It was enough to make the girl grind her teeth in exasperation as tears welled up in her eyes.

And then Caroline’s tongue returned to Violet’s clit, bathing it in quick, swirling caresses before her lips wrapped themselves around it to begin sucking. The young woman moaned in appreciation, fighting against the ropes and leather cuffs binding her legs to try and feed more of her little pearl into her mistress’s hot, moist mouth. But then after a few blissful moments again Caroline retreated.

Bound as she was, Violet could do little more than lie there moaning and eventually sobbing as her mistress ruthlessly toyed with her. Again and again Caroline’s tongue would seek out her little clit and Violet would groan in delight as for a few brief moments it lathed and slathered itself over the throbbing bud. But then the older woman would shift her attention elsewhere, licking teasingly at the swollen lips of the girl’s labia or delving into the moist folds of her cunt. Violet’s arousal built higher and higher but so too did the tormentful frustration burning through her body. It wasn’t enough. She wanted more. She *needed* more.

Slowly - far too slowly as Violet saw it - Caroline began lingering more on the bound young woman’s clitoris, licking and sucking on it for longer and teasingly ignoring it for shorter and shorter spans of time. Her hands grew bolder as well, fingers seeking out Violet’s slit to caress and rub it, her touch growing firmer and faster with each passing moment.

Groaning in ecstasy, Violet’s body began to tremble as she felt the most wonderful pressure building up between her legs, deep within her most private place. It felt almost as if a cork was about to pop from a bottle of champagne. Her orgasm was coming. She could almost taste it. Her entire body seemed to clench in anticipation of what was to come as her mind raced with imagination of what it would feel like.

“Ooooooh....oh Mistress....I am going to....I am about to....” Violet struggled to form the words to ask permission. “Mistress please....please may I cum?”

Caroline’s lips immediately released Violet’s clit even as it began to tighten in preparation of her impending climax. “*Nein!*” She said curtly, emphasising the word with a sharp slap to the girl’s vagina.

SLAP!

“Ooowie!” Violet cried out as the stinging pain cut her orgasm off in its tracks. Hot tears welled up in her eyes and ran down her cheeks as her pussy spasmed in protest and renewed frustration. “Mistress please....Mummy why....I was about to cum....please why won’t you let me cum?”

“Your lesson is not over, *prinzessin,*” Caroline said, the wicked gleam in her eyes at odds with the cold sternness of her voice. “Remember patience. It goes hand in hand with pleasure, as you shall learn, *meine lieblich.* Prepare yourself, Violet, for *if* I allow you the release you crave it will only be after I am satisfied that you have learned this.”

Terror as cold as ice water ran down Violet’s spine at these words as she realised that the end of her torment was nowhere near at hand, if it would come at all. Did Caroline truly intend to continue not allowing her to cum? How much longer would she make her wait? Would she allow her to cum at all?

Yet even as Violet’s mind raced with these thoughts her blue eyes went wide as she felt her vagina ache harder than ever in response. Was she actually aroused by the prospect of Caroline keeping her in this state of teasing and denial? Her still innocent mind instinctively rebelled at the idea but the evidence of her not so innocent anymore body was undeniable. It at least seemed to find the prospect of being subjected to further agonising teasing from her mistress compelling.

And then all thought left Violet’s mind as Caroline gave a brief, wicked smile before shooting out her lovely, pink tongue and beginning to flick the pointed tip around the young woman’s clitoris. Violet let out a sobbing moan as she felt the hot, silky muscle circle around her little pearl as it beat away untouched in the empty air. Desperately, she tried wiggling her hips to

bring it into contact with her mistress's tongue, but the older woman easily evaded her efforts.

Caroline brought one of her hands between Violet's legs and ran one finger up and down her slit, coating the nimble digit in its juices. She then went lower, ghosting the tip over the sensitive flesh of the girl's perineum before burrowing into the cleft of the pert cheeks of her derriere.

When Violet felt something probing at the entrance of her bum hole she gasped in distress and her head bucked up off of the bed.

"Mistress....what....please...."

Her mistress's only response was to smirk predatorily as her tongue continued to almost daintily lick away around the circumference of the bound girl's clitoris, almost touching it but not quite. Her finger continued to press at Violet's rear entrance, slowly yet determinedly. Violet clenched her anus frantically, trying to deny entry to this unwelcome intruder, but it was in vain and a strangled gasp escaped her throat as she felt the German woman's finger push inside her anal tunnel.

"Aaargh!" Violet groaned raggedly from the stinging pain. It *hurt!* But even as the young woman stifled frantic little gasps that welled up in her throat, she felt her clitoris tensing in delight at the pain. Violet's tear stained cheeks went red at the realisation that she was actually deriving pleasure from being touched *there* of all places. It seemed so wantonly dirty. Her embarrassment only fed her arousal however.

Caroline's finger halted its assault only partly into Violet's anal tunnel and then pulled back till only the tip remained. She then thrust forward once again, pushing even deeper this time. Another pained cry flew from Violet's lips, fresh tears spilling from her eyes as she felt herself being painfully stretched, but it was mixed with an undeniable note of pleasure as well.

Slowly, Caroline continued to push deeper and deeper until with each thrust into Violet's bum her finger was buried to its very knuckle. Violet's body quickly grew accustomed to this and soon the hot moans that slipped from her were entirely ones of delight. This only made the girl even more aware of the growing frustration in her ignored clitoris. It was so hard and swollen that Violet could see it jutting out into the air as Caroline continued to lick

around it, denying it any contact with merciless discipline. Oh how she wanted to feel her mistress touch it again.

“Mistress...” Violet begged, making her voice sound especially pitiful and meek as she batted her eyelashes at the older woman, remembering how she had clearly liked it when she had done so before. “Mistress *please*...”

Her words seemed to finally have an effect as Caroline’s eyes darkened and went hot with arousal. Pursing her lips, she once again clasped them around Violet’s pulsating little pearl and began to suck.

“Ooooooh!” Violet groaned in delight. “Oh Mistress...Mummy thank you. Thank you!”

Caroline continued to suck away, still thrusting her finger in and out of the bound young woman’s bottom. Violet panted breathlessly, fighting against the restraints binding her legs as she sought to rock her hips back to meet her mistress’s thrusting finger.

Pent up as she was it was mere moments later that Violet once again found herself hanging on the very edge of that delightful precipice. “Mistress! Mistress please...I am about to...I am going to cum...please let me cum this time!”

Caroline immediately released Violet’s clitoris from her mouth and pulled her finger out of her bum. “*Nein!*” She practically growled.

“Noooo! Please let me cum! I want to cum. I wanna cum!” Violet sobbed tearfully as she felt her orgasm once again begin to slip away.

Caroline tisked and her eyes narrowed in irritation. “Oh do you, *prinzessin*? That does not surprise me, but it does not matter. Young ladies do not get to cum whenever they feel like it. You get sexual release when *I* decide and then only. It seems you still have not learned patience. Well, I shall see that you do, no matter how long it takes.”

With that Caroline once again dipped her head back down and began teasingly tonguing Violet’s slit once more.

How many times this repeated Violet lost count of. Caroline repeatedly built up the girl’s arousal with agonising slowness, tormenting her poor vagina with maddening licks and kisses and light caresses of her fingers while denying her clitoris any contact at all. Violet moaned and cried and

begged with ever greater desperation, her mistress drinking it all up with obvious relish, till finally the older woman would relent and begin sucking on Violet's little bud with her warm, silky mouth.

As wonderful as it felt, Violet's relief would be short lived as within minutes she would once again find herself on the brink of orgasm and each time Caroline would ruthlessly stop seemingly at the last possible minute, leaving the young lady teetering right on the very edge of the climax she so desperately sought, straining to tip over into release but unable to do so. As she sobbed in frustration and pent up lust, Caroline would watch in smug satisfaction and then simply begin the entire torturous process again.

It did not seem to matter what Violet did, the result was always the same. No matter how meekly and pitifully she begged, how pleading and innocent she schooled her face to be, how submissively she fluttered her eyelashes, Caroline refused to relent and allow her to cum.

"*Nein.*" She would tut. "The lesson clearly has not sunk in, *prinzessin*. But I shall see that this wilful pussy of yours learns it no matter how long it takes."

Out of sheer desperation, Violet tried being quiet and willing her body to remain still, hoping to trick Caroline into pushing her past the point of no return and damn the consequences that would likely follow. Her efforts came to naught, however. No matter how many moans she stifled in her throat, how tightly she clenched her teeth to suppress the shudders and spasms invoked in her body by the older woman's caresses, Caroline somehow seemed to know when even a single more caress of her tongue or lips on Violet's clitoris would be enough to tip her over into release and would ruthlessly shift her attentions elsewhere.

"Oh, did you think to trick me, *meine sonnenschein*?" Her mistress chuckled tauntingly. "Bad girl, seeking to deceive your stepmother so. Everything I do for you, my dear Violet, is for your own good and until you learn that I shall have no choice but to continue on with your lesson."

Violet lost all track of time as she was brought to cruel edge after cruel edge. More than once she bucked and strained against the leather cuffs binding her wrists as she sought to free her hands, whether to escape or reach down between her legs and finish matters herself she could not truly

tell. It did no good. Beads of sweat broke out on her skin and her limbs burned from exhaustion, but in the end she only collapsed limply on the bed, still whimpering as Caroline gave her no respite from the ruthless assault upon her still virgin vagina.

As Violet lay limply on the bed, sobbing weakly between desperate gulps of air, Caroline once again began sucking away at her little pearl for the countless time. Was it the tenth? The hundredth? Violet could not tell anymore. It seemed her entire world had become her poor, denied pussy and her mistress's warm lips and moist tongue.

"Please," Violet begged desperately as she felt the wave begin building again and realised her orgasm was coming once again. "Please Mistress. Please let me cum this time."

Caroline said nothing but her mouth lifted away from Violet's little pearl. Hope surged within her however when her tongue continued to slather and lick away at the throbbing bud.

"Please," Violet went on with growing franticness as she felt the wave build higher. "Please Mummy....I want to cum so badly....please let me cum, I will go mad if you do not let me!"

Eyes gleaming cruelly, Caroline tongue's caresses on Violet's clitoris became lighter and softer until she was only just flicking her tongue over the tightening little pearl. The young lady bucked up her hips, straining against the cuffs binding her legs, to try and seek out more contact but Caroline's hands pressed down on her pelvis to hold her in place while continuing to teasingly lick away.

Violet sobbed in frustration as her efforts were thwarted but the wave continued to build within her. It seemed in her pent up state even Caroline's featherlight, teasing caresses were enough. As she felt the wave reach the point where it was on the brink of cresting she babbled mindlessly.

"Please....please please please....please....please....pleeeeeaaaaasse!"

Still Caroline did not withdraw her tongue, continued to flick just the pointed tip over Violet's clit as it throbbed madly, almost in time with her pounding heart.

Violet was close. So close. She could feel the wave beginning to crest. The orgasm she so desperately longed for was just on the other side of the edge

she once again was dangling on, so close she could almost taste it. Seconds more and she would tip over into blissful release. “PLEASE....Mummy, please....I am about to cum....I wanna cum....*please lemme cum!*”

And then a familiar cruel look filled Caroline’s eyes and her tongue lifted itself off of Violet’s clitoris just as it began to clench in anticipation of release.

“NOOOOOOOO!” Violet all but screamed as she felt her orgasm once again begin to slip away and something inside the young woman finally snapped. Blinded by bitter tears, she thrashed and bucked against the restraints binding her, not trying to break free or bring anything into contact with her burning pussy so much as just raging mindlessly against the injustice of it all.

Then Violet felt something heavy and warm atop of her body, pressing her down onto the mattress of the bed and holding her still. Strong arms encircled her head and pulled it up against a large, perfumed bosom that she realised was Caroline’s and instinctively she found herself nuzzling her face into the generous valley of her mistress’s cleavage as a sense of calm came over her.

“Sssshhhhhh,” Caroline shushed her. “Is it too much for you Violet, *meine susse*? If it is you must only tell me to stop and everything does.”

“No,” Violet sobbed into Caroline’s breasts. “I do not want to stop....I want....on please, Mistress....I want....”

“Hush Violet,” Caroline said soothingly, tilting the girl’s head back so she could meet her eyes. “I know, *meine lieblich*, you want to cum.”

“Yes! Yes, Mummy I want to cum so badly. Please let me cum.”

“My poor darling,” Caroline cooed, “I can only imagine how you must feel. But I confess, I am not certain the time is right, *meine schatz*. Have you truly learned your lesson?”

“Yes I have,” Violet pleaded. “Please Mistress....please Mummy....I have been patient....so patient...like a proper young lady....please let me cum.”

For a long moment Caroline said nothing, an inscrutable expression on her face. Then Violet’s heart leapt in her chest as she nodded. “Very well, *meine*

engel, you have convinced me. The time has come for me to teach you your most important lesson of all.”

Violet’s joy turned to confusion as Caroline then stood up to her full height and walked away, leaving the young woman bound on the bed. As distracting as the sight of her hard bottom and sculpted thighs were as they swayed and rolled, Violet could not help but ponder the words her stepmother had just said. What new lesson could await her now?

Stopping before a carved wooden trunk, Caroline opened the lid and bent over to rummage about through the contents; Violet licked her lips without thinking as the sight of the older woman’s full labia lips peaked teasingly into view as she did this. Then the girl’s eyes went wide as Caroline straightened and she saw what she held in her hands.

It was some kind of strange harness of leather straps and buckles, not that Violet was paying much attention to *that*. Her eyes instead were glued to what was dangling from it. It was a long shaft of what seemed to be rubber, tipped with a mushroom shaped bulb. Though the young woman had no real frame of reference it was unmistakably a crude likeness of a man’s erect penis.

Now understanding Caroline’s previous innuendos to how she intended to take her virginity, Violet struggled to speak as her throat suddenly became very dry. “W-what...what l-lesson are you going to teach me now, M-Mistress?”

Caroline gave a simpering smile as she stepped into the leather harness and began buckling it tight around her hips. “Why, the most important lesson of all, my dear girl. I am going to teach you how to be a proper woman and make you one at the same time. Who better to do so than me, after all?”

With wide eyes and baited breath, Violet watched as Caroline walked back towards her, a predatory look on her stern face. Not that Violet was looking there. Her eyes were glued to the rubber phallus that dangled between the older woman’s legs, bobbing and jumping with every step she took. It was so big! Would such a thing even fit inside of her?

When Caroline came to a stop before the edge of the bed and stood between the girl’s bound, spread legs, Violet continued to stare unblinkingly at the woman’s rubber cock, its tip now mere inches from her exposed vagina.

Even as Violet's body burned with anticipation at what was clearly about to happen she also felt a shadow of apprehension begin to emerge. Innocent that she was, Violet still knew that the first time was always painful and Caroline's rubber penis was intimidatingly large. What if the pain was too much or it simply split her in two?

"Violet," Caroline's voice, uncharacteristically soft and gentle, cut through the young woman's racing thoughts.

Violet tore her eyes away from the rubber cock and looked up. Caroline's normally stern face was warm and reassuring. She leaned forward so she could cup Violet's cheek with one hand. "Once this is done it cannot be undone. You have one last chance, *meine knuddelbar*, to tell me to stop. The choice is yours."

To Violet's amazement her first instinct was not to tell Caroline to stop. In fact she felt little desire to protest the German woman's intentions at all. Part of her felt that she should. For all Caroline's talk of teaching her to be a proper young lady, this was very much something that a proper young lady would *never* contemplate allowing. Her virginity was something to be surrendered to her husband and no one else. Anything else was sinful.

But were not all the other things she had permitted Caroline to do to her equally sinful? What's more, the greater part of Violet simply did not care one way or the other, if truth be told. Before all else, the girl desperately wanted to finally be allowed to cum. If the price of her orgasm was her virginity, it was one she was more than willing to pay in her current state. And the more Violet thought of it, the more appealing the idea of Caroline being the one to deflower her became. 'Who better to do so than me' she had said and the words rang truer with every moment Violet contemplated them. She wanted it to be Caroline.

"Do not stop, Mistress," Violet said, her mind firmly made up. Then struck by sudden inspiration, she made her eyes go wide and schooled her face into a look of meek innocence. "Please Mummy, teach me. Deflower me. Take your good girl's virginity and teach her how to be a proper woman."

She was rewarded by the sight of Caroline's eyes darkening with arousal and a low, guttural growl that escaped her lips. When she swooped down

and kissed the bound young woman, however, it was surprisingly gentle, almost loving.

Rising back up to her full height, Caroline gripped one of Violet's hips firmly and took her rubber penis in hand to line it up at the entrance to the young woman's most private place. Her eyes remained locked with Violet's the entire time.

Then Caroline paused, clearly giving Violet one last chance to tell her to stop. The consideration made the girl's heart squeeze in a strange yet wonderful way. Breath coming in nervous little hitches, she nodded firmly up at the older woman.

That was all the urging Caroline needed. A look of determined resolve filled her eyes and she slammed her hips forward, pushing her cock between the engorged lips of Violet's slit into the passage beyond. Violet felt her vagina stretch and a moment later something within it ripped and pain unlike anything she had ever felt before flooded through her.

"Arrrgh!" Violet cried out in a tearful sob.

For a second, Caroline's eyes danced with familiar relish as she drank in the sight of Violet's pained, tear stained face. Then she reached down with her hand and brushed aside sweat soaked blonde bangs to cup the girl's face. "Hush Violet," she shushed the young woman, "I know it hurts but the pain will pass quickly, *meine lieblich*, and then there will be pleasure. Just breathe, my girl."

Obediently, Violet took slow, deep breaths, nuzzling herself against the older woman's hand as she did so. The feeling of those nimble fingers stroking over her cheek and brow was instantly calming and filled her body with a warm, bubbly feeling. Slowly the pain abated and was replaced instead with a strange feeling of fullness that Violet had never thought before. Without thinking, she experimentally squeezed the inner walls of her vagina around the phallus buried inside of it and a flash of pleasure ran through her in response that made her gasp.

Caroline noticed. "Are you ready, *meine perle*?"

"I...I think so, Mummy," Violet answered.

"Good," Caroline smirked, "now for the pleasure."

Grasping Violet's hips with both hands, Caroline slowly pulled her hips back, withdrawing her rubber penis until only the tip remained. The friction against her inner walls from its passage was delicious, but Violet realised she did not like how empty she felt after previously being stuffed to the hilt and an almost petulant whimper escaped her.

Caroline noticed and a smug look appeared in her eyes. "Oh, are you already missing my cock, *prinzessin*?"

"Yes, Mistress," Violet answered, pouting her lips as she did so knowing that it would please the older woman.

A flash went through Caroline's eyes. "Well lucky for you, I shall let you have it, my girl."

Caroline's hips surged forward again and slammed against the backs of Violet's thighs as she buried her cock fully within the girl's vagina once again. Violet's head tipped back and she groaned loudly in pleasure.

Again and again Caroline slowly withdrew her cock until it barely remained inside of Violet before slamming it back home to the hilt, taking deep, disciplined breaths through flared nostrils as she fell into a steady rhythm. Soon Violet was bucking and struggling with her hips to try and meet Caroline's thrusts, desperately needing more, but the iron-like grip of her stepmother's hands on her hips along with the cuffs and ropes binding her legs thwarted her efforts.

"Please...." Violet panted, "Mistress, *please*....more...."

"Remember patience, Violet," Caroline answered, a note of warning in her voice. "The end shall be worth it, I promise you, *meine engel*."

One of Caroline's hands left Violet's hips and sought out her little pearl, finger circling teasingly around the pulsing bud without touching it. Violet sobbed in frustration but made no further protest, clinging to the hope that if she was a good girl for Caroline she would finally be rewarded with the release she desperately craved.

It seemed her instincts were correct as Caroline slowly began increasing the pace of her thrusts, cantering her hips faster and faster as she hammered her cock in and out of Violet's pent up, burning pussy. The older woman's long black hair came loose from the tall bun on the top of her head from her

exertions and spilled down her back. Beads of sweat broke out across her skin and the sound of wet flesh slapping against wet flesh filled Violet's ears along with her own increasingly louder moans. Then she felt the finger circling her clitoris briefly rub across it and a hot squeal of delight escape her lips.

Soon Caroline was grunting like an animal, cheeks red from the effort of her exertions, bent forward to brace one hand against the bed beside Violet's head to steady herself as her hips pistoned wildly in a frenzy as she fucked the bound young woman. Violet could only stare unblinkingly up at her mistress, mesmerized by the sight. Caroline's large, heavy breasts bouncing. Her long fair flying. Her dark eyes filled with a wild look. Her full lips pursed almost in a snarl as she pounded her rubber penis into Violet's vagina again and again.

Her hips now free from Caroline's previous vise like grip upon them, Violet once again strained and fought against the ropes and cuffs restraining her legs, trying to frantically eke out every inch of movement available to her to meet the older woman's thrusts and maximize the delightful friction each one filled her pussy with. Her mistress made no attempt to stop her. The hand not braced against the bed was now rubbing constantly against the throbbing bud that was the girl's clitoris.

Moaning with abandon, her body burning with a heat so intense she felt as if she was about to ignite into flames, Violet could feel the pressure building rapidly within the depth of her cunt and realised her orgasm was close. "Mistress....please....please may I cum?"

"*Nein!*" Caroline said, though she did not slow the pace of her thrusts or cease her caresses of Violet's little pearl. "Not yet."

"Mummy *please!*" Violet begged. She was close. So close. Right at the very brink.

"*Nein!*" Caroline's voice was deep and hot. "Soon, Violet. *Fick*....I am so close."

Balling her dainty little hands up into fists to try and hold back the climax she could already taste the first beginnings of, Violet continued to beg and made no effort to hold back the fresh tears that leaked from her eyes. She

knew the sight would excite Caroline and was desperate to do everything she could to hasten the woman's orgasm and her own with it.

Caroline's eyes filled with a wild look and her hips began slamming into Violet with such force that the wooden bedframe creaked from the impact. Her head tipped up and she let out a triumphant roar. "*Ja! JA! Cum with me, Violet. Cum with me now, meine prinzeessin!*"

Violet did not know if she could have stopped herself even if she had wanted to. Pleasure unlike anything she could have imagined exploded from her vagina and flooded her entire body. Opening her mouth, a mad howl escaped her lips that was stifled a moment later as she felt Caroline's heavy weight atop of her and her stepmother's plump, soft lips pressed against her own in a kiss; her tongue ruthlessly forcing its way into her mouth and ravaging its inner depths. The older woman's hips thrust forward once more, burying her phallus into Violet's pussy to the hilt as she ground her own against the base. The girl clenched her inner vaginal walls around the cock as tightly as she could as both of them rode out their mutual climaxes together.

The young woman never wanted it to end. The mad kiss continued however until finally both women had to break it for air, the need for oxygen overwhelming their desire to continue.

Resting her forehead against Violet, Caroline gave a small but satisfied smile. "Was your lesson enjoyable, my girl?"

"Oh...." Violet answered breathlessly, struggling to form words. "Oh Mistress....it was....I could not have imagined....oh it was beyond words...."

Caroline's smile grew smug. "*Vorzuglich*. I am fortunate to have such an eager and dutiful student."

Rising to her full height, Caroline pulled her cock carefully from Violet's pussy and unbuckled the straps of the harness so it fell to the floor. Violet felt terribly empty. More than that, she still could not seem to catch her breath and she was suddenly very aware of a strange feeling coming over her. Her body began to tremble slightly and a little whimper slipped from her lips.

“Violet?” She heard Caroline’s voice and all she could think of was how desperately she wanted the older woman to be close to her again.

“Mistress....Caroline....I....Mummy....” she could not seem to speak.

“*Verdammt!*” Caroline was back beside her in an instant, swiftly loosening the cuffs around her legs. Once this was done, Caroline lay down beside Violet and the young woman, wrists still bound behind her back instinctively curled in towards her mistress. Even as one of Caroline’s hands went around the young woman’s back to snuggle Violet even closer against her, the other lifted up one heavy breast. Without urging Violet leaned forward and sought out the comfort of Caroline’s offered nipple, sucking and slurping at it with a mad franticness.

Caroline held her in a tight embrace, pressing herself up against the younger woman’s body as she stroked her long, blonde hair softly and whispered comforting words into her ear in her native German. The feeling of her mistress’s hot, naked skin against her own felt wonderful and Violet felt herself calming and coming back from whatever had come over her. Somewhat reluctantly, she released Caroline’s nipple with a wet plop but continued to nuzzle her face against her breasts.

“Are you feeling better, *meine perle?*”

“Yes, Mistress,” Violet answered, her cheeks blushing a little with embarrassment at what had just occurred. “Mistress, I’m so-”

A tisk cut her off. “There is no need to apologise, Violet. It is my duty as your Mistress to teach you, and to be hard on you when necessary, but also to comfort you when you need it.”

A warm, happy feeling filled Violet at these words as she continued to nuzzle at Caroline’s breasts, her nostrils filled with the scent of the other woman’s perfume and the natural odour of her body. Almost instinctively, she began placing light kisses over the pale, creamy skin.

Caroline chuckled. “If you keep doing that, I fear I shall not be able to resist beginning your *next* lesson, my sweet girl, and I think it is best if both of us rest a bit first.”

Violet looked up to meet Caroline’s eyes. “My next lesson?”

A wicked smile appeared on Caroline's face. "Oh yes, *prinzessin*, I have many, *many* more in store for you. I think once we have both recovered our strength I shall next teach you how to ride my cock. Would you like that, Violet?"

Violet's face broke out in a wicked smile of her own as she felt a flash of pleasure run through her cunt at the thought. "Oh yes, Mistress!"

Epilogue

THE WEEKS THAT followed were unlike anything Violet had ever experienced before. Caroline was as good as her word and subjected to her many 'lessons'. Some were indescribably painful. Some were excruciatingly frustrating. All though inspired pleasure in her that Violet had never imagined she was capable of feeling. It seemed that every inch of her young body was caned, whipped, slapped, pinched and paddled just as it was also caressed, groped, teased, licked and kissed; truth be told Violet could not say which she found more enjoyable.

One morning she found herself kneeling before Caroline as the older woman sat utterly naked in the outer room of her bed chambers on one of the many plush sofas. Violet was similarly nude, wrists secured to her ankles by iron shackles, with her head buried between her mistress's spread legs as she dutifully serviced her cunt.

"Ja...oh ja...do not stop, Violet...oooooh, you are becoming so good at this, *meine engel*," Caroline groaned as she cupped and caressed one plump, heavy breast with one hand as the other lovingly stroked the back of the girl's head.

Violet felt her body tingle with pride at the praising words. She redoubled her efforts to suck and lick away at Caroline's quim, partly to try and distract herself from the hot, congested, frustrated mess that was her own and partly out of hope that if she pleased her stepmother sufficiently the older woman would reward her with an orgasm of her own; her mistress was deviously unpredictable about such things and sometimes would bring her to climax multiple times till she was almost overwhelmed by them and on others would leave her in anguished denial for days at a time.

To Caroline's increasingly louder groans of delight, Violet continued to suck away at her mistress's pussy, savouring the taste of it that coated her tongue and the scent of it that filled her nostrils. Sensing that the older woman was close, she began to focus her efforts on Caroline's pearl, capturing it between her plump lips to suck it into the depths of her mouth so she could slather her tongue across it.

That seemed to do the trick as Caroline's entire body clenched and she gave a hot cry and began to babble in her native German, her hand fisting itself around the tresses of Violet's hair as she pressed the girl's face more deeply against her vagina so she could grind herself against it. Violet made no effort to resist, staring up from between Caroline's legs as she watched the older woman writhe and contort in delight as her orgasm washed through her body.

And then Caroline went limp against the cushioned pillows of the sofa, breathing deeply through her flared nostrils as she caught her breath. After a long moment she leaned forward and bent down, taking Violet's face between both of her hands to plant a soft, lingering kiss upon her lips.

Breaking the kiss, Caroline smiled warmly. "Good girl, *prinzessin*. Your skill is improving rapidly. It seems that you *can* learn, I only had to find a fitting subject for you to apply yourself to."

Violet beamed with happiness at Caroline's praising words, but it could not distract her from the frustrating ache in her most private place.

"Mistress....please -"

Caroline tutted, though it sounded to be half in jest. "Oh, poor *prinzessin*. How needy you are today. Why it has only been two days since I last allowed you release and you sound as if it has been an eternity. Perhaps I *should* keep you waiting, if only to teach you patience."

"Pleeeeeeaaase, Mummy" Violet pouted, batting her eyelashes.

Caroline laughed. "How adorable you are. It seems I cannot deny you, *meine lieblich*. Very well."

Violet's heart leapt in delight as she felt Caroline's fingers ghost themselves down her stomach, heading towards her vagina, but a second later a knocking sound was heard from the far side of the door.

Caroline leaned back in her seat. "It seems that *prinzessin* will have to wait a little longer. Enter!" She called out in the direction of the door, ignoring Violet's disappointed whimper.

The young woman's cheeks grew hot as the door opened and one of the household maids stepped into the room. If the servant found the sight of Violet kneeling naked and shackled before the lady of the house at all odd

she did not show any sign of it; it was all but confirmed by now that the staff were completely aware of the 'lessons' Caroline was instructing her in and had been surprisingly compliant with the older woman's orders that they were not to interfere with them. Violet was simply grateful that one of those orders seemed to have been that only female members of the staff were to seek entry to Caroline's chambers when she was supervising the tutelage of her stepdaughter.

Caroline herself seemed utterly at ease with her state of nudity, as she always did. "Yes?" She said to the maid expectantly as she lounged on the sofa legs lewdly spread.

"Apologies, Your Ladyship," the maid said as she stepped forward, holding out a silver tray with an envelope on it, "but this just arrived."

"Thank you, you are dismissed." Caroline said, reaching out and picking up the envelope.

As the door clicked shut once again leaving the two of them alone, Violet watched as Caroline broke the wax seal on the paper and unfolded it, trying not to wiggle with impatience. Surely whatever the contents of the letter could wait until after her mistress had finished what she had just been about to begin before the interruption.

Caroline scanned the letter's contents and then looked up with a smile. "It is from your father, *meine perle*, it seems he shall be visiting soon as he has received leave from his regiment."

At those words Violet felt as if all her insides had tumbled out of her. She had been so caught up in the delightful new experiences she had been subjected to under Caroline's expert hands that she had almost forgotten about her father altogether and given no thought to the implications of what his inevitable return would bring. To her surprise, shame was not the first emotion that surged through her as perhaps one might have expected but instead terror. Surely things could not go on as they had and the prospect of that suddenly seemed worse than death to the girl.

Perceptive as always, Caroline immediately sensed the distress that had come over Violet. Putting aside the letter, she knelt down on the floor in front of the young woman, eyes wide with concern. "Violet, what is wrong?"

Violet could not believe that it needed saying. “Mistress....what are we to do? When my father returns surely we cannot hide this from him?”

To the young woman’s great shock Caroline only seemed confused. “Well yes, my girl, we cannot and while I admit the conversation may be an awkward one when we tell him you should not be so apprehensive. He shall certainly be understanding. To do otherwise would make him a rank hypocrite under the circumstances.”

It was now Violet who was confused. “Mistress, whatever do you mean?”

For a few moments Caroline seemed to be baffled and then for the first time Violet could remember she actually looked shocked. “Do....do you not know? I am so sorry Violet, I had just assumed that he told you.”

“Told me what?” Violet asked.

“You see, my dear,” Caroline explained, clearly trying to choose her words with care, “just as you and I prefer the company of other women, your father....prefers the company of his fellow men.”

It took a moment for Violet to register what the other woman had meant and then her eyes went wide. “You mean....but....my mother?”

“A man in his position needed to keep up appearances lest he arouse suspicions,” Caroline said sympathetically, “it is why he did not remarry for so many years after her passing. When we met in Hanover it occurred to us both that we could both help the other do the same.”

“So there is no need for us to hide?” Violet could feel the joy welling up inside of her. “We can simply carry on as we have till now?”

“I would suggest we do not go into the *details* of our relationship,” Caroline said gently, “not that I suspect he will wish to inquire too deeply on that subject.”

As happiness surged through her body at the realisation of what this meant, Violet suddenly knew there was something she had to say. “Caroline....” for a moment her nerve failed her.

Caroline did not chide her for failing to use her preferred titles, seeming to sense the importance of what Violet was trying to say. “What is it, *meine lieblich*?”

Gathering her resolve, Violet made herself speak. “Caroline, I love you.”

Delight filled Caroline’s eyes and she tenderly took Violet’s face in both hands. “Oh Violet, my girl, I did not want to say the same until I was certain you also felt so. I love you as well!”

The End?