

Sally's Journey  
*Finding the Finer Things*

By

Robin Harrington

©2017 Blushing Books® and Robin Harrington

©2017 by Blushing Books® and Robin Harrington  
All rights reserved.

No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,  
a subsidiary of  
ABCD Graphics and Design  
977 Seminole Trail #233  
Charlottesville, VA 22901  
The trademark Blushing Books®  
is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Robin Harrington  
Sally's Journey

EBook ISBN: 978-1-61258-284-9  
Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book is intended for adults only. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

## Table of Contents:

Chapter 1 .....	6
Chapter 2 .....	8
Chapter 3 .....	10
Chapter 4 .....	13
Chapter 5 .....	15
Chapter 6 .....	18
Chapter 7 .....	21
Chapter 8 .....	24
Chapter 9 .....	28
Chapter 10 .....	31
Chapter 11 .....	34
Chapter 12 .....	37
Chapter 13 .....	41
Chapter 14 .....	44
Chapter 15 .....	47
Chapter 16 .....	51
Chapter 17 .....	54
Chapter 18 .....	57
Chapter 19 .....	60
Chapter 20 .....	63
Chapter 21 .....	67
Chapter 22 .....	70
Chapter 23 .....	73
Chapter 24 .....	77
Chapter 25 .....	80
Chapter 26 .....	83
Chapter 27 .....	85
Chapter 28 .....	88
Chapter 29 .....	91
Chapter 30 .....	93
Chapter 31 .....	96
Chapter 32 .....	99
Chapter 33 .....	103
Chapter 34 .....	105
Chapter 35 .....	107
Chapter 36 .....	111
Chapter 37 .....	114
Chapter 38 .....	117
Chapter 39 .....	119
Chapter 40 .....	121
Chapter 41 .....	124
Chapter 42 .....	127
Chapter 43 .....	129

Chapter 44 .....	132
Chapter 45 .....	135
Chapter 46 .....	138
Chapter 47 .....	141
Chapter 48 .....	143
Chapter 49 .....	147
Chapter 50 .....	151
Robin Harrington .....	154
EBook Offer .....	155
Blushing Books Newsletter.....	156
Blushing Books .....	157

# Chapter 1

Sally came out of the shower to discover her clothes had disappeared. There was just a pair of white cotton panties on the bed which were not hers, so she didn't put them on. She checked in the wardrobe, but no clothes, just bits of some wooden contraption.

*Ah well, if that's how he wants to play it. Now, I wonder if there's anything to drink?*

She walked through the sitting room to the small kitchen. In the fridge she found two bottles, champagne, and vodka. She glanced at the labels: Charles Heidsieck, Snow Queen.

*Never heard of either of them. Hope they're okay.*

Because she was looking for a glass, she didn't hear him arrive. "Drinks later." His voice made her jump.

*Sod him, creeping up on me, trying to catch me out.*

"Come through here." Sally followed him back to the bedroom. "I am going to cane you. It will not be a severe punishment, though that will come in due course. For now, I merely wish to mark you. Please put on the panties."

She looked at him knowing she would do what he asked. It was why she had come. A warm fluttering began, something alive, working its way through her body. She wanted the moment to last so she let her mind drift back to the sequence she had begun in the shower: the powers of three. By the time she had turned the water off, she'd reached three to the power of nine: nineteen thousand six hundred and eighty-three. She multiplied that by three again: fifty-nine thousand and forty-nine. A satisfying number, but it failed to calm her the way she had hoped it would.

*I'm just delaying things. Aren't I? Why?*

She looked at the man whose eyes had been on her the whole time. She smiled to herself.

*Don't imagine I'm going to come over all bashful. You're by no means the first guy to see me starkers. It usually has an impact.*

She walked past him, picked up the knickers and slid them on. The white cotton hid her sex and hugged her buttocks.

The man's expression remained calm and unreadable. "In the bottom drawer," he said nodding to the wardrobe, "you'll find a number of canes. They are all similar. Please choose one."

Sally realized she could simply squat down to open the drawer, but she chose to bend, bum high—a taste of what's to come. The drawer was well stocked.

*Shit! there's all sorts here, not just canes. Weird or what?*

There wasn't time to take it all in, so she just grabbed the first available cane, but she did catch a glimpse of some leather straps, a couple of many-tailed whips, and perhaps a riding crop.

"Bring the cane with you." They went through to the sitting room. "Right, pass it to me." He held one end studying the stick for a moment, then indicated a leather footstool placed about a meter away from the matching leather couch. "Kneel here, and put your hands on the seat. Stick your bottom right up."

Sally did as asked.

*I hope I'm doing this right. No experience to go on. Still seems pretty straight forward. Oh my God!*

She felt his hand press on the small of her back which sent a shiver of delight racing through her as her spine curved down and the cotton of the panties tightened across her bottom

"On this occasion, you are going to get six strokes" His voice was calm but there was no

doubting his authority. “Please stay in position. If you are unable to do so, I will wait till you've settled again before continuing.”

Sally closed her eyes, tried to take control of her breathing, but still noted the smooth texture of the good quality leather under her hands.

A pause. A swish. A crack. Quite loud.

The hurt streaked across her skin, hot, growing, biting into her. She gasped, screwed her eyes tighter. The sensation was far more intense than she had imagined—intense, but she was relieved to find, bearable.

Once again, pause. Sally found she was holding her breath, waiting. Swish. Whack. The new streak of pain took her just as the first one reached its peak. The air was forced from her lungs as a gasp. She felt her thighs beginning to tremble. The pain didn't diminish; it built, tight and fiery.

The next pause was slightly longer, then she heard the stick move through the air. The stroke came from the opposite direction, biting deep into her left buttock. The burn spread through her, penetrating, yet somehow, it was not entirely terrible. Her mind emptied, not even numbers, nothing except the pain and the anticipation.

She steadied herself, pushed her bottom up ready to receive the next howling stroke: the moment of contact, the crescendo of fire, almost agony, each time a little worse. She heard herself gasp as number five landed from the same direction. The trembling in her thighs was spreading into her belly.

Another slightly longer pause. The man's voice seemed a long way off. “One to go!”

She knew that.

*I can count! It's what I'm good at.*

When it came, the blow was from the same direction as the first two. Eyes still tightly shut, she flung her head up and back and her breath escaped as a slow moan. She took her time, allowing the pulsing throb to bore into her. Another sensation accompanied the pain: release, something released. She felt clear and calm, and deep inside her, vivid heat, her own wetness flowing.

She waited to see what would happen next. After about half a minute she felt herself lifted upright. She knelt on the stool and turned towards him. “Kiss me!” she whispered, realizing it was the first time she had spoken, “please,” she added.

As they kissed she reached her tongue far into his mouth, at the same time the fire in her rear-end was working its dangerous effect deep between her legs, all juice and throb. She pulled away and looked at him. “Do we fuck now?”

Sally caught his hand as she slid from the stool, then led him to the bedroom and undid his trousers, releasing the rigid prick that was waiting there. She gave a small yelp when the elastic of her panties eased down across her simmering bottom. Then she pushed him onto the bed while he was trying to unbutton his shirt, but she didn't allow him the time, because she was already kneeling over him, taking him deep inside her. She sensed the way her body closed round him, held him, pumped him. When he reached up to stroke one of her breasts, she dropped down onto him without any change of momentum, reveling in her body against his. She felt strong, full of energy, full of their shared sexual rhythm. How long it went on she wasn't exactly sure, but suddenly he slapped her still raw bottom. A shout of surprise, of hurt, then she climaxed, and almost at the same moment she felt the pulse of him flood into the very core of her.