

# ARIAS

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Clara was no ample-bosomed diva, but her bosom was, nevertheless, decidedly adequate. It provided a good display of cleavage whenever called upon to do so. High cheekbones, wide-eyes and cascading, dark hair ensured that she was very pleasant to look at.

She knew she had not hit that high note properly, but the pretty mezzo soprano carried on nonetheless. 'No! No! No!' cried the silver-haired, good-looking man pacing up and down the room with his hands behind his back. 'That will not do!'

Clara stopped singing and looked down at the floor. Marios's hearing was acute. Of course he'd noticed. That was why she paid him, wasn't it? Her eyes took in the sight of her scattered clothing around her feet! Her black stilettos lay untidily on their sides on the floor. Her jeans and tee shirt were in a crumpled heap. Clara stood before her music teacher in just her black, lacy bra and matching briefs.

'I very nearly got there,' she offered in mitigation. 'Nearly isn't good enough!' snapped Mario. 'You not only owe it to yourself, you owe it to your audience!' He pointed at her breasts and, without speaking, twirled a finger.

Clara reached behind her back and undid her bra catch. The cups slackened their hold on their contents. She slid the thin straps down her arms and pulled the garment away from her boobs. It joined the remainder of her discarded clothing on the floor. Now, all she had one were her skimpy briefs. They were quite tight-fitting and clearly showed up the outline of her private part within.

It was a scenario Clara had performed several times in front of her singing teacher. Mario's method of training her voice was to insist she discard a piece of clothing every time she failed to reach perfection.

'Hmmm!' The Italian stared at Clara's lovely breasts. They were firm and nicely-rounded, with tiny nipples like little pink gems. 'You have all the attributes of a pole dancer. I sometimes think your future lies in that direction, rather than in a concert hall!' he sniffed.

'I'm surprised you know anything about pole dancing!' countered Clara.

'I watch television,' was Mario's quick response. 'Now begin "Vilja" again - this time in the way that Franz Lehar wished it to be sung!' He gave her the key by tapping on the piano keyboard.

Clara began again, imagining what audiences would think if she were to perform in the same semi-naked state as she was now in! That led to a lapse of concentration.

'Stop! Stop! Stop!' cried the maestro. He ceased his perambulations and stood directly in front of Clara. 'Your breathing is all wrong.' He placed his palms on her diaphragm. 'You breathe from here - not from HERE!' With that, he raised up his hands and weighed her breasts up and down for several seconds. He had not done that before, but the singer did not stop him.

Mario released her orbs. He then pointed at her crotch and twirled his index finger again. Obediently, she slid her stiffened fingers into the sides of her briefs. Her thumbs hooked on the top of the material and the skimpy garment was sent slithering to her ankles. Nimble, she stepped out of the scrap of nylon and toed it aside.

Mario made no secret of the fact that he was staring at the luxuriant black bush which decorated her love mound. He had viewed it at every lesson so far! She had still not yet, however, reached the limits of her 'forfeits' that afternoon.

'Perhaps now you will REALLY try.' said the Italian softly.

Clara nodded. She composed herself and took some bosom-heaving breaths. The brunette was past being embarrassed at being naked in front of the maestro. One more mistake would, however, cost her dearly.

Mario gave her the key again and Clara began the famous aria from 'The Merry Widow.' It was very popular with her audiences wherever she sang it. Halfway through the lyric, Clara clamped her eyes shut. She had hit the top note, but had failed to hold it for quite as long as Franz Lehar

had dictated. Her usual audience would hardly have noticed, but her hard taskmaster was unforgiving.

'Enough! Enough!' he cried and delivered another of his lectures. 'I have run out of patience!' He ended by saying 'You have run out of clothes. The final forfeit will be paid. Yes?'

'Yes,' sighed Clara. It always ended like this. It was a good job she only visited Mario once a week!

The Italian pulled a chair across the floor. It scraped noisily against the bare boards of the rehearsal room. He sat down on it and patted his thighs.

'Do you teach any males?' Clara asked cheekily as she moved to stand beside him,

'My teaching methods are not suitable for tenors or baritones,' he responded.

Clara chuckled at his honesty. Spanking men was clearly not his cup of tea!

Mario held out his hand. She took it to steady herself as she lowered her frame over his lap. The singer had been a little afraid the first time she had succumbed, albeit voluntarily, to this treatment. There was, though, still some trepidation despite the fact she knew exactly what to expect.

As yet, she was not aware of any excitement on the man's part - but that would follow! She wriggled herself into as comfortable a position as she could, with her palms pressing against the floor on one side of his legs and her bare toes touching the wood on the other.

Clara was aware that an inspection of her behind would now be taking place. The first time this had happened, Mario had told her that she had quite a splendid bottom. The Italian was a man who always told the truth! She, herself, had surveyed that part of herself (via mirrors) and had been pleased to observe that the hummocks of her derriere were certainly quite lush. She had quite smugly admired their deep-clefted shapeliness.

She now waited for what Mario would be bound to do next. Sure enough, he began to glide the palm of his right hand over the entire area of her semi-globes. The first time he had done that, Clara had kept her thighs tightly pressed together. Her action had been not so much as to limit the exposure of her place of business as to hinder entry therein to possible straying fingers. The

singer need not have concerned herself on that account. Mario had kept his fingers away from that most intimate area.

Mario's stroking of her up-poked nates was quite proprietorial. Indeed, he was the Master was he not? Clara had no objections to such action.

The hand now left those warm, well-rounded surfaces and the singer prepared herself for the next and final part of the proceedings. Her tutor's left arm lightly ringed her waist. She was not being held down at all, although she would be restrained in her bodily movements somewhat. It was simply that Mario did not wish her to fall off his lap onto the floor.

Suddenly, the Italian's hand landed across the tensed area, the heel striking her left cheek and his splayed-out thumb and fingers hitting the other. The blow imparted barely any sting but, of course, it was merely the first of many which would be impacting on her bottom. The next one, however, was isolated on her left hummock. It was swiftly followed by one to its twin.

Mario's cupped palm then delivered a quick succession of solid-sounding slaps to each buttock in turn, thus coating the surfaces with a very mild sting. Clara began to move about in the man's lap. There was no need for her to do so, but she knew that Mario liked it. She became aware of his strengthening arousal and an unseen smile lit up her pretty features.

A short pause followed. Then, the mentor began to pepper Clara's up-poked, well-presented nates with a flurry of slaps. They sounded loud in the large room as the man's hard hand rebounded away from the springy surfaces after each blow.

'Hmmm!' Clara began to give her initial vocal response as the stinging in her bum began to increase.

It was, really, not such a terrible ordeal for Clara as she was not being punished for wrongdoing in order to make her mend her ways. The pretty, twenty three year old was being taught a lesson. Since commencing Mario's unorthodox singing classes, she had become aware that her voice had considerably improved. There was, though, still a lot of room for even further improvement.

The maestro paused briefly. In doing so, he allowed his hand to rest upon her reddening posterior. Clara wondered whether he would be able to feel the heat emanating from the scorched surfaces?

The gap between Clara's thighs had widened a little more since the session had begun, but there was no infiltration of the young woman's most private part. Nor would there be!

The singing teacher raised his hand from the ultra-feminine buttocks and the cleft visibly tightened into a line as Clara prepared herself for the continuation of the spanking. Slowly and methodically, Mario delivered crisp, sonorous smacks to each hummock, this time also paying attention to their smooth, steep sides. Those particular areas were much less cushioned than her buns, but the Italian consequently applied less vigour in compensation.

Mario was now much more aroused, a fact that was obvious to Clara. She decided to aggravate that situation still further by rolling around in his lap much more than she actually needed to.

Clara's buttocks were now roasting and she kicked her legs in revealing, frog-like movements and began to emit little cries.

Mario ended the session, gently squeezing the pummeled flesh and releasing her waist. He helped her to her feet and she stood by him, rubbing her battered behind. Her breasts swung accordingly. They were in close, tantalising proximity to her singing master but he did not reach out to touch them this time.

He watched her put her clothes back on. Bending down and rounding out her behind further activated the soreness in her bum muscles.

'Are you going to give a performance tonight?' the maestro asked her.

'Yes. The Opera House,' Clara told him as she buttoned up her top.

A week later, the singer looked down at the clothing scattered around her - shoes, skirt, top, bra and panties. The upright chair made a noise as it was dragged across the floor.

'I caught one of your performances last week,' Mario told her as he sat down. 'You not only reached the note but you also held it.' Clara was pleased that he had bothered to listen to her. 'Why you cannot do so this afternoon, I do not know,' he sighed. 'Perhaps it is because you like to have that lovely bottom of yours well and truly spanked!'

'Certainly not!' Clara was quick to dispel the notion that she went out of her way to receive a hiding. She went to Mario because he was the very best and it was a fact that his unorthodox methods

worked. The singer was, however, not averse to having her shapely rear well and truly spanked. Indeed, she had a boyfriend who did just that. He was also able to go much further than the Italian. Her boyfriend knew all about the maestro's methods and he found it rather amusing.

The man patted his lap and Clara padded across the bare, wooden floor towards him. Soon, she was in the all-too-familiar position across his thighs. As yet, there was nothing sticking into her side. Mario's hand stroked the well-presented, submissive bum cheeks. Clara quite enjoyed the sensation of a male palm on that part of her. Next, her free arm encircled her trim waist.

'Ready?' he asked.

'Okay.' Clara clenched her bum muscles as she replied. Smack!

Mario clapped his cupped palm resoundingly against the beautiful young flesh of the cheek nearest to him. That was speedily followed up by a solid smack to the other cheek.

Clara felt the impacts of course, but they caused her no concern. Her bottom had certainly toughened up somewhat since commencing her tutelage under the Italian master. Her boyfriend had commented upon that.

The submissive soprano was aware that her vocal qualities had improved in the same period too. It now took much longer for her clothing to come off!

Mario delivered a volley of meaty impacts to Clara's poked-up buttocks. By the final one, before he rested his palm, she was wriggling about in his lap as the heat from her toasted nates began to spread. Clara was also aware of her mentor's burgeoning tumescence.

Just a few hours later, Clara set up her equipment on the steps of the Opera House. She switched on the backing tape and launched into an aria from 'La Bohème,' People stopped to listen and many put their hands in their pockets.

The promising soprano hoped very much that, one day, she would get to sing on the stage of the building behind her!