

Adele's Awakening



Imelda Stark

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Adele's Awakening:
A Novel of Erotic Transcendence
By
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About The Author

Imelda Stark is the *nom de plume* of a teacher and practitioner of psychotherapy at a major East Coast medical school (hence the need for a pseudonym). She has been exploring the psychologically complex realm of BD/SM for over forty novels now. Imelda strives to combine the eroticism she feels around challenging things happening to willing bottoms with an exploration of how we aficionados of these painful pleasures got to be the way we are. She welcomes and will respond to email at imeldastark1@gmail.com.

Chapter One

Adele was more than a bit of a naughty girl. Not that she wasn't a grown woman, of course, and a rather attractive and accomplished one at that. But even as her supermodel blonde looks and considerable acting talent won her wealth and accolades, at the hidden heart of her career was a rather dirty delight in being watched while doing intimate things. The roles that she accepted (and excelled at) unconsciously paralleled this psychology (though in her blithe narcissism she would have denied an awareness of this). Her first critical success came (as many young actresses of her generation) in a slasher film. The teens who patronize such movies loved her 'innocent' portrayal of a young beauty stripping for her bubble bath. She tastefully displayed her perfect young body for the delectation of the audience (and of her cinematic murderer, lurking outside the carelessly open window through which he would climb to bloodily snuff out her life). Was her gory end just punishment for inciting lustful thoughts and feelings in her audience as some critics mused?

This role led to a series of similarly mildly (or not) exploitive parts, each increasing somewhat in depth and substance. Then came her breakthrough, just after she turned twenty-one, when a famous (and infamously difficult) French director cast her in a complex coming-of-age drama. Our heroine was tracked by his fearless camera through several rather graphic erotic interludes with gorgeous young men and women over the course of her evolution into a sadder but wiser girl, as Rodgers and Hammerstein once put it. Film festival awards soon followed, along with true international stardom. But even with her fame, on some deep level the gorgeous blonde always knew that her greatest excitement arose when she knew she was being watched...hungrily...longingly...during the most private moments imaginable.

Part of Adele's brilliance as an actress arose from some of the other peculiarities of her personality. She once described it in an unusually perceptive interview (with a lesbian reporter who eventually seduced the subject of her piece, in part in response to what was learned in their conversation): "I am a bit of a chameleon, always kind of...well...morphing into what people want me to be. It's the most natural thing for me, ever since I was a little girl." And true to form, once the recording device was turned off, an invitation for a drink was issued and accepted, and one thing led to another. Soon the actress (widely rumored to be dating all manner of high-status leading men) was gloriously naked and being licked and fondled to a half dozen orgasms by her smitten interviewer.

The men who pursued the slender famously green-eyed blonde soon found a similar rather odd pliability to their famous companion. Once they were alone, and especially if she had much to drink, the publicly vivacious young woman became privately almost passive. She would be delightfully responsive to their erotic overtures, literally declining nothing they ventured to suggest, and climaxing apparently powerfully and rather noisily from almost any stimulus. But she would initiate nothing, ever, and express no preferences about what was being done with her famous body. When asked, our Adele would simply smile mysteriously and say: "Do what pleases you, and I'll let you know if it doesn't work for me." And, literally, nothing ever didn't.

Sophisticated readers will quickly foretell the possibility for exploitation of such a terrible vulnerability in such a ruthless world as the film industry. And indeed, predatory men (and women) seem to have a way of sniffing out such opportunities. Our heroine lost her virginity to just such a rapacious older man whom she met on the set of that very first flasher movie that launched her career. He was the producer of the film, and vastly experienced in identifying the most vulnerable of the wide selection of lovely young

women willing (mostly) to parlay their sexual availability for a chance at stardom. He was seduced by the seemingly innocent vulnerability of the perfect blonde so willing to shed her clothes for the scene. All he had to do was separate her from her overbearing mother, and her innocence fell without an ounce of resistance to his well-oiled moves. As was Adele's way, she even enjoyed his exploitation of her. The pain of the sundering of her hymen turned out to be quite arousing and lead to an immediate earth-shattering orgasm that milked the spend from her ravisher's tiny cock.

Of course, there had to be a domineering screen mother in this picture, as well as a handsome ne'er-do-well father who left the scene soon after siring our heroine. And it equally followed that such a mother would have transferred to her only daughter's development her own sense of failure to parlay fame and fortune out of her good looks and ambition. So from earliest memory Adele was enrolled in endless classes for acting, singing, and dancing (both ballet and jazz), as well as being entered in equally infinite horrible beauty contests. When she quite naturally rebelled against the rigors (and boredom) of such pursuits, there was only one remedy for such rebellion, and that was corporal punishment.

In specific, according to our heroine's rather intense Mommy, any sign of stubbornness on her daughter's part would be addressed in a very systematic manner. The unhappy child, whose native intelligence always made her well aware of what was about to transpire in her mother's very predictable world, would be taken to the nearest private place with somewhere to sit. There the miscreant would be very firmly pulled across her angry Mommy's lap, and the same hairbrush that administered a hundred careful strokes to her long blonde locks would be placed on the nearest table or counter. Then up would go the already weeping daughter's skirt (young ladies always wore

dresses), and down would come her white cotton panties. Always, she was to be spanked on the bare since Mean Mommy believed in chastising the miscreant, and not her underwear. That harridan further claimed that corporal punishment needed to be delivered to naked buttocks so that the exact state of the target could be carefully monitored so as not to be harmed. After all, that would be child abuse...The right wrist of the distressed girl would be taken and held against the small of her back. This would prevent interference either by that hand or the skirt now secured in place. Since its wearer was known to wiggle quite enthusiastically, if not joyfully, while taking her agonizing dose of corrective medicine.

Mommy's purpose when it came time for naughty girls to face their consequences was absolute domination, and that translated to total control. So Adele's legs were then trapped between her mother's powerful thighs, ensuring that no conceivable thrashing or bucking could prevent the hairbrush from impacting precisely where aimed on its squirming targets. These would be the well-toned buttocks of the miscreant daughter whose lack of cooperation (or enthusiasm, or effort, or cheerful mood) had earned this trip over her ever-watchful mother's lap to face the consequences of her shortcomings. And if units of a hundred were good for the bristled side of the hairbrush's nightly stroking of our heroine's blonde curls, then they would suffice for the number of times its hard wooden back would much more violently kiss each of her clenching dimpled perfectly formed buttocks.

While her poor bottom absorbed her bitter medicine, Adele would also be treated to a staccato lecture punctuated by the crisp smacks of very hard wood against equally tender hind end flesh. All of her shortcomings would be enumerated, and fierce promises would be made to sear them from her with the cleansing fire of buttock pain. And indeed, this frequent behavioral propaganda seemed to

work, in its way. Our heroine came to believe that she was a very naughty girl who needed just the sort of correction that mean Mommy seemed to delight in providing. Her spankings would always end in a weeping and very contrite daughter begging for forgiveness for her sins while abandoning her struggles to passively accept her punishment.

Once this state of total surrender was achieved, the penitent girl would be helped to her feet and positioned to do her corner time. Her skirt would be held up and panties left down to place her red and throbbing buttocks on display for interminable minutes while their exultant tormentor savored the products of her labors. In truth (which never would have remotely been admitted), all of the thwarted mother's personal frustrations had been taken out on the poor daughter's innocent backside. But ironically, once the pain had subsided to a dull ache, the penitent girl would be welcomed into her now-forgiving Nice Mommy's arms for the only cuddling she ever received. It felt wonderfully good to be held and stroked, even though her inflamed heinie still hurt ever so much.

This pattern went on for many years, even when Adele was quite grown up. In fact, even on the set of that breakthrough slasher film, it was an open secret that the rising new star sometimes had to have makeup applied to conceal the inflamed state of her perfect buttocks. And when the slimy producer that took her virginity decided it was time to replace her mother's influence with his own, a thinly veiled threat to report abuse to adult protective services changed everything. All of a sudden, mean Mommy fled the set (and the state) in terror of prosecution, and the rising star was miraculously freed of her mother's fierce dominion.

But such a pattern cannot go on for so long without leaving rather stubborn and deeply ingrained consequences in its victim. And in the case of lovely young Adele, it meant

that her longing to be held and touched had a strict requirement to be realized if her total gratification was to ensue. Namely, she needed the person by whom she was hoping to be loved to proactively bare her bottom and inflict a good sound spanking as the only effective prequel to unlocking her undiscovered but eventually boundless erotic potential.

Chapter Two

Once Mean Mommy had permanently departed the scene, canny readers will not be surprised to hear that a succession of opportunistic men and women soon discovered the submissive charms of our heroine. None of them was tuned in enough to realize what a goldmine of sexual potential they had discovered. So they settled for enjoying the esthetics of fucking a perfect young goddess who seemed reasonably responsive but strangely passive. Adele would dreamily submit to whatever sexual act her partner desired, and actually seemed to have real orgasms, albeit somewhat muted ones, from almost any erotic activity. But none of her lovers made it their business to understand her well enough to get beneath the almost-dissociated lassitude she routinely fell into once she was alone with a lover.

She would smile and allow herself to be stripped or costumed by the man or woman who took her to bed. Anything that person chose to do with her was welcomed with equal vague approval. Periodically during almost any sexual act, the perfect young blonde would quietly moan her way through what seemed to be an orgasm, judging by the subtle spasms of her pelvic floor (detected by one unusually observant lesbian producer). But none of them found Adele compelling enough to want to be with long term by the time the novelty of sex with a famous beauty had worn off. And so, while her on-screen successes mounted steadily, her love life sputtered along in a series of few-month affairs always ended by her partners. This troubled our heroine, but not enough to do anything about it. So she immersed herself in her work and the extensive self-care regimen necessary to maintain a body in a perfect enough state to be filmed naked in high definition to fill the insatiable demand the world seemed to have for her image.

Eventually, her stardom resulted in an increasing barrage of intrusion from hungry fans and paparazzi. Adele's

manager (and former lover, of course) hired a top-notch security firm to protect the somewhat oblivious young beauty from harassment. This guardianship took the form of Ed, a tall and well-muscled former Marine in his early forties, who was introduced to our heroine as the leader of the team that was going to keep her safe. Ed was somehow different from anyone the young blonde had come across before. His interest in her seemed to be entirely protective and free from any hint of the exploitive taint she had learned to accept as an inevitable side effect of any attention shown her.

The incident that had prompted the hiring of her security team had been a rather harrowing one. A crazed fan had been stalking Adele for several years, and had grown disaffected at the lack of responsiveness of the object of his fantasies. He had lain in wait for her one night, and physically overwhelmed her outside her rather palatial Hollywood Hills home. Only the quick response of the guard monitoring the video feed covering her home had gotten the police there in time to avert God-only-knows what kind of mayhem. The actually quite pathetic intruder quickly surrendered and was led away, and our heroine fearfully agreed to a much more pervasive (and intrusive) security regime.

This included the leader of her detail being in constant accompaniment of his charge whenever she was off the grounds of her compound, always discreetly flanked by a pair of guards monitoring the periphery of any setting she was in. Additionally, Ed used his considerable skills to beef up the surveillance and perimeter security of her home, supervising the installation of motion-sensitive cameras and lights placed atop strengthened reinforced ten foot tall cinder block walls topped with electrified barbed wire. Suddenly the paparazzi had a much harder time getting their long-distance shots of our heroine exercising her penchant for exhibitionism by sunbathing topless next to