Diane breaks the budget

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Wife Diane finds out what happens when the budget is broken....

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I was all revved up by the time I got home. There was no question that this time Diane deserved it and boy was I gonna give it to her. I burst in through the front door and stormed into the kitchen. She was standing there next to the coffee pot, mug in hand sipping from the cup. She looked startled as I started hollering.

“WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN CHARGING ON THE VISA CARD?” I began. I walked over to her, grabbed her coffee and flung it into the sink. She looked nervous now and that got me going even more.

I took a deep breath grabbed her by the shoulders and continued… “There is over $5,000 charged at Neiman Marcus, women’s clothes, accessories, and a visit to the spa. DO YOU THINK WE ARE MADE OUT OF MONEY!!!??” I was incredulous. She was speechless.

I grabbed the fabric of her top and ripped it off of her. “Is this from there?” I roared. She stood there in her bra and nodded slightly. Enraged I turned her around and bent her over the counter.

“Well, I’m gonna take that out of your hide,” I hollered. Her denim covered ass was sticking out from the counter top. The label on the back read Gucci and I saw black. “Are these real? Did you buy them too?!!!!” I demanded.

She quietly murmured, “Yes, real…”

“Jesus Christ! They must have cost a fortune, I screamed. I reached around her waist, unbuttoned them and ripped them off her. She trembled as she leaned on the counter, her panty covered ass the most accessible part of her. I raised my hand and slammed it down on her ass.

WHACK!!

She shrieked and tried to stand up. But my hand was firmly pressed into her back. Diane was not

going anywhere.

WHACK!!

WHACK!!

WHACK!!

Diane was whimpering now, her ass checks quivering. I wasn’t happy with the thin panty material providing even a miniscule amount of protection from her punishment. Grabbing the waistband I ripped them from her hips. Her naked ass showed the result of the initial spanking. Both cheeks were pink. She sniffed and I could see her tense up her butt as my hand descended again…

WHACK!!

WHACK!!

WHACK!!

I closely examined my handiwork and saw that the pink was turning a bright red. But I know there are far more sensitive areas to punish. I grabbed the back of her bra strap and stood her up straight. “Well?” I asked. ”Don’t you have anything to say for yourself?”

She bit her lower lip and looked up. “I-I-I was j-j-j-just t-t-t-trying to be beautiful for you.” she stammered.

“Not good enough,” I roared and ripping her bra off I pushed her back on the counter. She lay there naked.

WHACK!!

WHACK!!

WHACK!!

I could see tears rolling down her cheeks as she endured her punishment but I was not happy. This was simply too serious a breach of the rules we had agreed on. Roughly I took each of her thighs in my hands and spread her legs apart. “No, please.” she begged.

“You deserve this babe; you brought it on yourself.” Aiming carefully the next slap landed squarely on the inside of her right thigh. WHACK!! I looked down and saw the red imprint of my hand. WHACK!! I nailed the left thigh. There were now matching hand prints. Much better I thought. She’ll think twice before pulling a stunt like this again.

A little of my anger dissipated with the initial spanking so my next blows were not as hard. But they were aimed between her cheeks. I wanted to make sure her whole ass was punished.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

She was squirming now and I could see that her asshole was swelling up a little. As I continued to slap her I noticed that my hand was turning wet. I paused and held it up to my nose and couldn’t believe what I smelled, it reeked of her pussy. Bending over I took a closer look and sure enough, her pussy was soaking wet. Her lips were reddened and separated and drops of moisture clung to her.

“You slut!” I exclaimed. “You’re actually enjoying this.” I slapped her pussy several times and it made wet squelching sounds.

SCHLUP!
SPLECT

SCHLEP

SCHLUPT!!!

I noticed her legs separating even further.

“No, I don’t think so.” I roared. I grabbed her by the shoulders and turned her around. Her eyes were downcast and her face was almost as pink as her ass. “You are far too much of a slut. I know this hurts and I know you’re enjoying it.”

So I reached out and grabbed her left tit and squeezed. Her knees bucked from the pressure and she groaned out loud. Holding the tit in my hand I took her elongated nipple and twisted it. She turned in the same direction as the twist trying to ease the pressure so I twisted further. With my free hand I slapped her right tit repeatedly. It quickly turned red and her nipple swelled up painfully. Reaching down between her legs, I was amazed to find that if anything, she was even wetter.

“You whore,” I shouted. “You don’t deserve clothes at all. I should just keep you chained and naked in the house. I’d save thousands and you’d be just as happy. All you need to do is to finger that sluttish

snatch of yours and that would be it.”

T ears were rolling down her face as she shook her head.

“Say it,” I demanded. “Tell me you’re a good for nothing slut who doesn’t deserve clothes.”

Sniff, sniff. “I-I-I-I’m, j-j-j-j-ust a s-s-slut who doesn’t need clothes.”

“You’re going to return those clothes tomorrow, right?”

She nodded her head.

“Good. Now this is how I deal with stupid sluts who spend my money when they shouldn’t. Get on your hands and knees and go over to the refrigerator.

Diane slid to the floor and crawled over.

I’m going to walk into the living room and sit down. You open the fridge and take out two cucumbers. You’re going to stick one in that slutty pussy and one in your stinking asshole. As soon as they are in, you crawl to me on our hands and knees. You better keep them held tight while you crawl. I’ll be waiting. I walked into the living room and sat down.

The noises coming from the kitchen were amusing. I heard the refrigerator door open and close. Then I heard some grunting and heavy breathing. This was followed by even more grunting.

“Let’s go Diane,” I hollered. “A slut should have no trouble depositing those cucumbers. In fact, I expect you’re enjoying it. But you better not cum, you whore. Hurry up and get out here!”

Moments later she came crawling around the corner into the living room. The look of concentration on her face was comical as she coaxed her muscles to hold the cucumbers in place. As she crawled forward her tits hung down, the left one with the swollen nipple and the right one red from its punishment. As she came to a stop in front of me her muscles gave out and the cucumber in her ass squirted free.

“You slut!” I exclaimed. “Go get it.”

She turned obediently, picked it up and returned.

“Now, let’s see how talented a slut you are. Unzip my pants and blow me... but you better not drop

that other cucumber.”

Slowly she reached up and undid my pants. I lifted my hips as she slid them down and off. As she looked up, she was face to face with my semi-hard dick. Tentatively she reached up to take it in her hand and I told her, “Mouth only.”

Obediently she took me into her slut mouth and started sucking. As I stiffened I with drew from her mouth and slid forward in the chair. “My ass” I said separating my cheeks “needs to be licked clean first.”

She looked up with alarm in her eyes. I took the back of her head into my hands and pushed her face to my asshole. “Don’t worry,” I told her, “it’s clean enough. And it’ll be pristine when you’re finished.”

My balls tightened up and my cock stiffened as she licked my asshole clean. I felt her tongue thrust into my asshole as I pushed her face even harder between my legs. This brought my cock to full attention.

Too fast I thought and not enough punishment for her digression. Slowly I stood up. She kept trying to reach my asshole with her tongue but I pushed her away. “Sorry,” I said. “This just isn’t enough for a naughty slut like you. Follow me on your hands and knees into the garage. Pulling my pants up I left her and walked into the garage.

My garage is my inner sanctum. Besides the vintage GTO I’m restoring out there I have a couch, stereo and big screen TV setup out there. The big garage doors have a large window built into them. Following me Diane crawled in tithe garage looking fearfully at the window.

“Just ignore the window slut. If it was a problem you should have thought of it before blowing my money on clothes.” She put her head down and awaited instructions. First the back end of the GTO needs cleaning. Fill the bucket and wash the back end. She looked up in alarm, noticed that I was serious and went about her business. She had to bend over to wash it carefully and sure enough before she was done I noticed our neighbor Greg watching from his front yard. Diane’s red ass was like a beacon to him and we watched with a large grin on his face. Diane was horrified but I let it go on until she was finished. After all, it was a punishment.

As she finished I asked, “Diane, do you have to pee?” Given that she always needs to pee and especially more when she’s worked up, I already knew the answer. She nodded her head.

“Okay slut, you know where the floor drain is. Take the cucumber out and go ahead.”

Meekly she walked over to the drain and squatted down. With Greg looking on from across the street, first she squeezed the cuke out and then she let go. Pee gushed from her crotch and quickly filled the floor drain to the brim. As it spread out across the floor, she farted loudly.”

“Jesus, Diane. That’s disgusting. How’d you like me to fart in your face?”

“B-b-b-but it’s because of the cucumber…” she stammered.

“I don’t give a shit,” I said. And after pulling a sheet across the window, I dropped my pants, stuck my ass in her face and ripped a loud juicy fart.

Diane gagged as I pressed my ass against her face but to give her credit, she held it there.

“Good girl,” I said. “Now, get over here on the couch across my knees. She lay across me and with her ass in the air I continued the spanking she so richly deserved.

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

I took my time and made sure that every inch of her thighs and ass was beet red. She was crying in pain but again my hand came away wet when it spanked between her cheeks. “What a fucking slut,” I murmured. “I bet you’re aching to cum.”

Between sniffs she vigorously shook her head up and down.

“Well, like the slut you are, go over to the window and make yourself cum.”

“N-n-n-oooooo, please. Greg will see and he’ll never let me live it down.”

“I guess you should have thought of that already,” I said as I pointed to the window.

Diane got up, pulled a chair over to the window ands sat down. She spread her legs wide open, pulled the sheet away from the window and started fingering her twat. She looked up to find Gregg standing in front of the window enjoying the show. Her eyes flew open wide but she was too far along

to stop now. I beckoned Greg to the door and let him in. Then pulling the sheet back over the window I told him that she wanted to suck him off. Diane shook her head no, but Greg pulled his cock out and shoved it into her mouth. He started pumping in and out just as Diane started cumming. She moaned loudly and Greg unloaded. He shot a huge wad partly in her mouth and partly over her face. He squirted and squirted and squirted until her face was covered. Then he zipped up, thanked me and left.

“What a slut,” was all I could say. “Go wash your face and get back here.”

Diane scampered out of the garage and returned about two minutes later with a clean face. I told her to bend back over the couch and she obediently did so sticking her ass into the air. I walked up behind her and dropped my pants. I pressed my erect cock against her anus and she moaned for me please not to fuck her ass. Smiling I pressed forward and shove my erection deep into her bung hole. SCHLUP! For the next 10 minutes I pumped her hard in and out. While I was fucking her she rubbed her clit and came at least three separate times before I finally lost control and ejaculated a large batch of cum deep into her rectum. We were spent.

After lying there a few minutes I kissed the back of her neck. “Thank you,” she whispered. “Next time you’re the bad boy and I’m in charge.”

I grinned in anticipation.