New Rules at The Condominium

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A husband and wife breach the rules of the Condo which has introduced severe penalties

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/new-rules-at-the-condominium.aspx

44 year old Jane looked at the Notice and squirmed. It was her son's fault. 21 year old Steven had held a party when she and John, her 45 year old husband, were away. There had been a lot of noise, far too much, and the rules were clear. If too much noise comes from a flat the owner has to submit to being disciplined. The rule was set at a Management Committee meeting last year. Most people found it funny but they voted it through, just as a dozen other blocks had voted in the policy, and just like several people in all of the blocks of flats who went on to make too much noise they were going to get a visit from Miss D.

Jane said, "It really is a bad rule."

John said ruefully, "Well we didn't mind when it was others being spanked did we?"

Jane knew that was true. She had been on the patio outside the caretakers flat when the others had been spanked. She couldn't see anything but could hear it all right. As always the Chairwoman will be inside the flat to "observe," as will be her 25 year old daughter who was the deputy chair.

Jane was furious with her son and just before he went to bed she put him across her knee and gave him a long and hard spanking. She used her hand but threatened Steven that if Miss D used anything more on them then he will be getting another spanking afterwards.

Jane showed John the Notice and he winced. John after all is an alpha male, a Solicitor, and at work was somewhat of a tyrant. However, like lots of successful businessmen he was so often tired when he got home and was more than happy for his wife or partner to look after the home, whether it is choosing furniture through to redecorating.

Jane allowed John to act in his superior way, being submissive to allow him to always look so good in front of their friends. In fact she enjoyed the submissive role as it gave her the freedom to do what she wanted when John was at work. She hadn't realised though that John had his own submissive musings, often dreaming of being submissive to a woman, sexually.

So when John and Jane walked in to the caretakers flat they sat on two hard chairs whilst the Chair and Deputy Chair sat on the sofa. No one spoke. They did hear voices outside on the patio. The curtains were drawn but the windows were open and the people outside will be drinking wine, waiting for the entertainment, in this case listening to Jane and John being disciplined by Miss D.

Miss D said, "So, we should get going." She looked at Jane and John and ordered, "Strip below the waist please both of you."

John looked at Miss D, about 50 he gauged; slim, in a tight leather skirt and white tight shirt, with enough buttons undone so her ample breasts were almost bursting out. She had a wicked smile on her face which was heavily made up, but attractive nevertheless, at least to John.

Jane saw the same woman and decided her heavy make-up hid her ageing features but there was no doubting she was attractive, or at least had been. She was quite taken by her voice though, commanding, seriously so.

Miss D watched Jane and John started to get undressed and chose that moment to announce, "I do like bare bottoms and turning them very red."

John blinked, wondering how the woman could be so flippant just before she was going to spank them. Two adults Jane smiled, thinking how powerful that made the woman.

Jane already accepted her fate and unzipped her skirt stepping out of it. She placed it neatly folded on the table, then stepped out of her knickers and folded them in half before putting them on top of her skirt. John looked across at his wife and stood up and knew he had to follow his wife's lead.

Miss D had a bag which she opened and put on the table. "What do I need ladies?" she asked the Chair and Deputy.

The Chairwoman looked at the sheet of paper she was holding and said, "Twenty-seven complaints."

Miss D looked at Jane and John and said, "Wow, that's the highest number of complaints I have ever heard. Let's see then, so that's a bare bottom spanking, 100 with the hairbrush, and 18 with the cane." She looked at both John and Jane and added with a hard smile, "Each." She was clearly

enjoying herself, at the expense of John and Jane of course.

Jane said desperately looking at the Chairwoman, “Margaret, please, is this really necessary?”

Margaret sneered, replying, “You knew the rules.”

Jane said, “But it was our son, not actually us.”

Margaret replied with a scornful, “Well deal with your son then.”

Jane said in an exasperated tone, “I have, isn’t that good enough for you?”

The Chair’s daughter, Chloe, asked, “How did you deal with Steven?”

Margaret looked at the 25 year old and said emphatically, “I spanked him, and promised him another one later on.” Jane looked from daughter to Mother hoping for sympathy. She looked at John wondering why he said nothing but he was staring at Miss D.

Before Jane could say anything to her husband Margaret spoke, saying in an off-hand tone. “Letting you off won’t help control noise will it? If we let you off then where does it stop?” Margaret looked in to the distance as though thinking, then shook her head, looked at Jane, then at Miss D, saying in an irritated tone, “No Jane, rules are rules.” Margaret looked across at Miss D and nodded.

Miss D sat on the chair looked at Jane and said, “Ladies first I think.”

Jane was furious but as John didn’t help her out she didn’t know what else to say, although she was certainly going to give her husband a piece of her mind when they get back to their flat. How dare he not stand up to Margaret. As for Steven he was really going to get it now she knew she was going to get the hairbrush and the cane. Arguing was over though, so blushing Jane stepped across the room and stood next to Miss D thinking how just hours before she had done pretty much the same to Steven. Now though she thought momentarily about later, when she spanked Steven again. The thought quickly passed as she bent down and across Miss D’s lap. She was ready. A hand spanking, 100 spanks with the hairbrush and 18 strokes of the cane. Well she was going to take it all without any noise. She won’t cry. She was adamant and knew she could do it.

Jane looked at the floor and was conscious again of the people standing outside as she heard a whispered, “She sounds like she’s gone over so the spanking will start any moment.”

Jane scrunched her face when she heard a woman reply, “Oh goody.” These were her neighbours

after all, people she will meet in the hallway. How humiliating.

Miss D rubbed Jane's bottom, saying to the back of her head, "10 minutes I reckon and your bottom will be nicely warmed up for the hairbrush," and with that landed the first hard spank on Jane's bottom. Jane gasped, her eyes closed as she felt Miss D's thighs tense and knew the next spank was on its way and sure enough she gasped again as Miss D's open palm spanked her bare bottom again. Jane thought about 10 minutes of this. Well two spanks had been bad enough, how many would she have to suffer over 10 minutes?

Jane was further embarrassed when she heard the growing whispers from outside. Her neighbours were enjoying themselves, sipping wine, smiling at each other as she suffered her humiliating punishment.

John was almost spellbound by Miss D, from the moment she entered the room. He had always liked seeing women in tight clothes and her leather skirt was such a bonus. He watched her as Jane pleaded with Margaret, he knew he should have stepped in and argued but he was so taken by Miss D he actually wanted to be disciplined by her, just to see what it would be like. So he kept quiet as Jane argued, hoping Margaret would override her, and when she did he smiled. Mind you when he glanced at the look on Jane's face as she gave up arguing he had second thoughts.

He listened to the voices from outside as Jane bent across Miss D's lap and that shook him. It was only with those voices he realised that he and Jane were going to be spanked with so many neighbours listening, and that afterwards he would have to meet with those same neighbours, talk to them, and they will know he had been spanked. However once Miss D started to spank Jane John stopped thinking about the embarrassment to come and focussed on this beautiful dominant woman spanking his wife and who will soon spank him.

John watched Miss D's hand rise and fall, relished the sound of the spank as her firm flat palm hit Jane's bottom, even the sound of Jane's gasp was erotic and he so wanted to have the same feelings, suffer the same. He noticed Jane's bottom turning red but watched Miss D intently as she focussed on Jane's bottom, but there was no mistaking that the look on her face was enjoyment, satisfaction even at the suffering she was imposing. It struck him that just as he wanted to feel what being spanked was like so he reckoned Miss D enjoyed giving a spanking. Cool.

Miss D had been spanking Jane for several minutes and Jane was squirming around on her lap, gasping at each spank, her head dropping after each spank only to jerk up slightly as the next spank landed. Miss D looked up occasionally whilst still spanking, never a gap, but she looked up now and again and looked at John in particular, sizing him up and working out what he might be thinking.

Jane wasn’t enjoying the spanking, far from it. She knew she wouldn’t. She was still cross with Steven for making so much noise, and very cross with John for standing there gawking at Miss D instead of arguing. At least she had tried.

The 10 minutes must have been up as there was a slight gap. Jane heard deep breathing and realised it was her, and she felt the stinging across her bottom and knew that was about to get worse as the hairbrush was next. She heard the voices outside on the patio and was cross again, with Steven, with John, with Margaret, with everyone outside. How dare they have her spanked like a child, bent across a woman’s lap and humiliated this way. She wanted to teach them all a lesson. A long hard lesson. Well Steven was certainly going to get another spanking. That was a given. She wanted to spank John but knew he wouldn’t go for that. He was too alpha for that. Still, he didn’t seem to worry that Miss D was going to spank him so maybe she’ll buy a leather skirt.

She heard herself shriek out and felt the pain spread across her bottom. Her head jerked. Her legs kicked. Never had she felt so much pain, well not since she had been slippered at school by the gym mistress. Well a plimsoll actually not just a slipper. The gym mistress enjoyed spanking the girls and the boys. She could get away with it as the alternative was a Saturday morning detention which no one wanted. So it was a no brainer really. Just drop her knickers, lift her skirt, bend over and grab hold of the chair, then a dozen hard spanks later and she was in tears whilst the gym mistress was all smiles. It hurt but it was over, well after a few minutes rubbing that is.

The girls all laughed about it, thinking the gym mistress probably went to her office and masturbated after giving out one of her spankings. Maybe that is what Miss D does after she has spanked someone. Yes, that must be it.

Jane cried out again as the hairbrush spanked down on her bottom again. Two. Just two. How many did Miss D say she was going to get? 100. Oh my goodness, how could she suffer 100 of these spanks. The third spank bit in to her bottom so again Jane shrieked. All she could think of was the pain from the hairbrush. Was this fair? OK there had been noise and yes it was the worst example in the block so far, but wasn’t this too harsh? She knew the answer of course as she had been one of the most vociferous when complaining about noise. So she couldn’t complain, not really. It was just that it hurt so much.

Miss D kept spanking Jane with the hairbrush and she was beyond just gasps of pain and well into crying her eyes out. She squirmed around on Miss D’s lap, kicked her legs, and knew her head shot upwards with each spank, shrieked which she knew would be so clearly heard by her neighbours listening on the patio. That was the worst. Her neighbours knew.

Jane was crying uncontrollably as the spanking with the hard unyielding hairbrush continued. She

heard Miss D say, ’50,’ but that didn’t really help as it meant a horrible 50 more spanks to go. She had never felt so much pain before as she lay across Miss D’s lap her eyes full of tears so even the carpet just a few inches from her face was a blur. ’60,’ came and went. ’70,’ sounded good. ’80,’ sounded better but she was squirming and kicking and screaming like never before. ’90,’ was a great number and before she knew it she heard, ‘Done,’ but couldn’t do anything but cry out loud as she lay prone across Miss D’s lap, trying to recover.

Jane slowly stopped crying, reduced to sobbing, as she stayed looking at the floor. Was her punishment over? Why wasn’t she told to get up? Should she just get up without being told? That would be the adult thing to do after all. Then the bombshell. Miss D announced, “Just the 18 with the cane to go.”

In retrospect Jane reckoned Miss D said it like that on purpose and it got the expected reaction, Jane saying a loud, “Nnnoooo.”

There was laughter from outside, the neighbours clearly found Jane’s anguished cry funny. Jane of course thought it was pathetic, her cry not the neighbours. She had been told she would be caned, had conditioned herself to being caned so why was it such a shock?

Miss D said, “Stand up Jane, I can give you a break if you want?”

Jane wanted it over and done with. Anyway she knew if she cooled down the pain of the cane would be worse. After all she had done her homework and surfed the internet to find out if there were any tips worth knowing and there had been plenty. Not cooling down was one of them. She knew the rules and when she heard of the number of complaints she knew what punishment to expect, knew she was going to be caned, and wanted to fully understand what to expect. She also read how many people enjoy being spanked and caned. She wondered how that was possible and laughed when reading those comments. Well now she was going to find out. She did feel her nipples push out her bra and wondered if she was actually turned on. She looked at Miss D and did catch her breath. Maybe she was sexy in her tight leather skirt? Maybe the stinging wasn’t so bad.

Miss D said more firmly, “Do you want a gap or not?”

Shaken out of her thoughts she said quickly, “No need.” Jane was still sobbing taking the opportunity to rub her bottom and was surprised at just how warm her bottom was but also how much it was already stinging. She was dreading 18 strokes of the cane but that was exactly what she was going to get. She once again promised herself not to cry out but now knew that was a forlorn hope. She was going to scream out alright, loudly and at every stroke. One thing else she promised herself. She will never make a noise again, and neither will her son. She was going to spank the living daylights out of

him later on and was so looking forward to that. Still rubbing her bottom she shivered when she heard Miss D speak.

“OK, bend over and grab the chair.”

Jane looked at Miss D who was smiling.

Jane looked at John who she saw was looking at Miss D rather than her, so turned and saw the reason. Miss D had picked up a cane and was bending it between her two hands, smirking as she did. Jane could see that Miss D was enjoying herself. Jane turned back, looked at the chair through her tear filled eyes and bent over. Her nipples were still erect she knew but would that last she wondered?

There were more whisperings from outside. “Now we’ll hear some screams,” followed by giggling from both the men and women.

“Edge open the curtain,” another voice said, a man, but a woman said, “Don’t. Give her some privacy, anyway Jane will tell us all about it for sure.”

‘No I won’t,’ Jane said to herself.

Miss D stood behind Jane and to her side. “Legs apart please,” she ordered and when Jane didn’t move Miss D slid the cane between her legs and flicked it from side to side. It stung slightly and Jane moved her legs apart quickly feeling more exposed than she did when across Miss D’s lap, conscious that her pussy hair will be very much on show. She really hoped the neighbours would not sneak a look through the curtains as they would get an eyeful.

Miss D stood to one side again and tapped the cane on Jane’s bottom. Jane could see Miss D’s legs beneath the leather skirt, in black stockings almost the same colour as the leather skirt. Her legs tensed and moved ever so slightly so Jane knew the cane was on its way downwards towards her bare bottom and when it cut in to her bottom Jane did exactly what she said she wouldn’t do, she screamed out.

There were murmurings from outside. “Wow,” was common, “Ouch,” was also heard several times.

Jane felt the pain spread right across her bottom, she clenched her eyes shut, held on to the chair with all her strength. She was intent on showing Margaret and her daughter and even Miss D that she was made of stern stuff, and breathed again just as she heard the swish and the second stroke bit in to her bottom again and again she held on, maybe not to her dignity but certainly to the chair. She

knew she screamed but reckoned that helped her control her movement and her strength to hold her position. The third fourth fifth and sixth strokes landed and each was followed by a louder and louder scream.

John was watching Miss D as the cane was pulled back, held its position for a moment, and then came the swish and the thwack. He watched in awe as Jane's bottom caved in, in a straight line as the cane bit in to her bottom. He heard the scream but was still watching her bottom as the cane was pulled away and saw the fierce red line remained and her bottom bounced and swirled back out. His eyes quickly diverted to the cane as it was raised back up, stood still for four maybe five seconds, Miss D looking intently at Jane's beautifully presented red bottom, before the cane travelled back down. Moments later Jane shrieked again but John waited and saw another red line appeared across his wife's quite delicious bottom.

Miss D continued the second tranche of cane strokes and Jane drew some comfort this time when she counted the ninth, and even better the tenth so she was over halfway. As the caning continued she actually thought each stroke hurt less than the one before, as though her bottom had become dulled to the strokes, so when Miss D said, '12,' and stopped Jane wanted to shout out for her to continue. It was then Jane realised she was in no position to say anything as she was crying out too much, and couldn't stop herself. She was no longer sure how come she was able to hold on to the chair, maybe she had conditioned herself to hold on and her self defence mode made it happen. Either way she was about to be tested again as she felt the cane tapped on her bottom. She heard the swish, felt the pain, and was actually thankful that her bottom must still be dulled from the punishment so far as she found the stroke quite manageable and was now more confident especially after the fourteenth fifteenth and sixteenth strokes came and went. Jane was conscious of bending her knees, even lifting one leg, and most certainly shrieking, but then came the seventeenth and finally wonderfully the eighteenth stroke.

Yes finally her punishment was over. Again she wondered why she could not stand up. She tried but seemed fixed in place. Miss D came over to her, rubbed her bottom with her hand, which Jane did admit felt so wonderful, then Miss D bent down and whispered in to Jane's ear, "I don't have all day Jane, so either stand up or I'll add another half dozen."

Jane groaned but had to admit that was just the encouragement she needed and slowly stood up. Her hands shot to her bottom and this time as well as hot she felt the raised weals. She could feel the tears on her face but right then rubbing her stinging sore throbbing bottom was far more important than drying her tears away especially as she reckoned the tears would flow for quite a while even if these ones were dried. Yes, rub her bottom as that would help her the most. It felt good. Surprisingly so now the punishment was over. Sexy even. Though maybe giving was a tad better than receiving she reckoned.

Jane was aware of Miss D’s voice saying, “John, over my lap please,” and when she looked she saw through her blurred eyes her husband bend across Miss D’s lap. She saw his face inches from the floor, Miss D’s hand rub his bottom, and moments later the blur of the first spank.

It was John’s turn to suffer the humiliation of comments coming from the patio. “Go girl, teach him a lesson he won’t forget,” one male voice said. “I reckon he likes it,” a female voice said.

That last comment made Jane think. Is that why he didn’t argue? Did he want to be spanked? Did he like the idea of Miss D spanking him? Did he fancy Miss D? She looked intently at her husband as her eyes cleared. Miss D was spanking him and she heard John grunt but he didn’t kick and didn’t squirm. Not at all. He just lay there as Miss D spanked his bare bottom.

John looked at the floor as Miss D rubbed his bottom conscious that when he walked over to her and stood by her looking down at her lap he had an erection. He knew it, Miss D knew it, he looked at Margaret and Chloe and that they saw it. Interestingly whilst Chloe smirked Margaret looked quite put out.

As John bent across Miss D’s lap she whispered to him, “I wonder how long that will stay?”

John wasn’t sure but both he and Miss D knew his erection was still there well in to the spanking. John parted his legs hoping Miss D might even stroke his balls but all she did was smirk and spank the inside of his thighs. John found the stinging arousing and rather than shrivel up his penis got even more erect. Miss D knew John was actually enjoying his spanking. Well Miss D wasn’t going to be put out by that as she relished spanking someone who wanted to be spanked, and was thinking ahead to when she will use the hairbrush. She will be spanking John much harder than she spanked Jane, then she will know if he really enjoys being spanked.

Miss D looked at the clock, seven minutes, so three minutes of spanking left and John was still quite still, still grunting but no more. He was actually coping well, so far, so she directed spanks to his sit spot, something she hadn’t done with Jane but Jane was more obviously struggling although seemed to cope better with the caning than the spanking. John was enjoying the spanking and as Miss D stretched his bottom and spanked the more tender area where his legs joined his bottom so John gasped slightly more, his head dropped, but still no more than that, and she was sure he still had an erection.

John was quite relaxed actually and found himself not exactly enjoying the spanking but certainly being aroused by it. The lack of control was something he rarely experienced and certainly liked that part. He looked behind when the spanking stopped and saw a glimpse of the hairbrush in Miss D’s

hand and remembered his thoughts when Jane was across her lap. ‘That will hurt,’ he remembered thinking, just as he thought it again now but took a deep breath as he looked again at the floor, tensed his bottom, and waited. A moment later the hairbrush thrashed down on his bare bottom but it just didn’t hurt as much as he thought it would, surprising him. The spanks continued and then he had to admit the stinging got worse and after a couple of dozen spanks he gasped after every spank.

He still enjoyed the lack of control as Miss D kept spanking him, never sure on which bottom cheek the hairbrush will land. He thought he could tell by the slightest of movements of Miss D’s thighs but after a while the pain got so bad he just gasped and waited for the next spank.

Miss D watched the back of John’s head and was impressed he was taking the spanking so well with controlled gasps. The neighbours also noticed the difference. One female was heard to ask, “Is she spanking him or hitting a cushion?” Miss D heard it and got annoyed, increased the intensity of each spank but even so got almost no better reaction from John.

Jane had already noticed how John was coping far better than she did. There were no screams, and she knew she squirmed and kicked. Was it because she was a woman she wondered, or maybe John had a higher pain threshold. Either way she watched John’s face to see whether he was starting to wane, but it didn’t happen.

Miss D kept spanking him very hard with the hairbrush and John was getting close to crying out as his bottom was stinging but he held on, his gasps after each spank getting louder. He didn’t scream though, and when Miss D said ’80,’ he was sighing to himself with relief, more so at ’90,’ and he breathed deeply at ‘100.’ Right at the end he let out just the hint of a sob.

Miss D wasn’t happy that John had managed to get through her spanking him with relative ease and didn’t even wait but said sternly, “Please get up John, it’s the cane now.”

John edged himself off Miss D’s lap letting out a gasp as he realised just how much his bottom was stinging, but actually thought it was a pleasant sting, well almost a pleasant sting anyway. Still, he rubbed his bottom and smirked to himself when he looked at Margaret and Chloe then realised they weren’t looking at his face but further down. He looked down and saw his erection. His first thought was to cover himself but then he thought instead he would keep rubbing his bottom and let the two women stare at him. He glanced at Jane and she was also looking at his erection, quite dumbfounded, but when she looked at his face she smiled as he was still rubbing his bottom and she knew he was struggling rather more than he let on.

Jane smiled when she saw the look on John’s face when Miss D swished the cane in front of him. He licked his lips which Jane knew meant he was concerned. He didn’t say anything but kept rubbing his

bottom.

Miss D said firmly, “Bend over please John,” and smiled a wicked smile as he slowly turned bent down and grabbed the chair. Miss D stood behind him slid the cane between his legs and far more firmly than with Jane flicked the cane from side to side marking his inner thighs, demanding, “Legs apart John.”

John obeyed feeling aroused by her stern voice and although now pensive felt his erection stiffen. He looked again at Miss D as she swished the cane again and a female voice came from the patio, “I hope she makes him feel these, she didn’t do much with the hairbrush, huh?”

Miss D heard the voice, pursed her lips, and was determined to get the kind of reaction she wanted from her subs, a loud cry at each stroke. John hoped he would cope as well with the cane as he had with the hairbrush but wasn’t sure. Jane hoped John would cry out at least a bit which would save her face a bit. Margaret was just surprised John had an erection and wanted him to suffer enough pain to kill it. Chloe started to wander what being spanked and caned would be like as she too was becoming sexually aroused by the discipline she was watching.

Miss D tapped John’s bottom and smiled when she saw him tense his bottom. She pulled her arm back. Jane was again watching John’s face and she could tell this time he was tense, nervous even, he licked his lips just as the cane arced its way down towards his bare and already red bottom. Jane saw the cane cut into his bottom and for the first time John cried out. Miss D smiled almost in triumph. The female voice from the patio said gleefully, “Got him that time,” and a male voice from outside added, “Rather him than me,” to which another female replied, “Well don’t make a noise and it won’t happen to you.” There was laughter as everyone knew it was his wife making the snappy reply.

John didn’t hear any of it, well except he knew he had cried out. The pain was far greater than he had expected and all of a sudden he wondered how come Jane took the cane so well, but then he remembered she had also cried out. John opened his eyes and saw Miss D’s legs and he was again thinking how arousing this was, him under the thumb of a dominatrix. He pushed his bottom out, inviting the next stroke. Miss d saw the movement and said, “Take this one then,” and slashed the cane back down and across John’s bottom. John cried out. Jane was still watching John’s face and saw it crumble, his mouth drop open, the cry etched across his face. Moments later he recovered, his head dropped then he raised it again, the look of determination on his face, his bottom stuck out again in another gesture of defiance.

Miss D rose to the challenge recognising the trait, that John wanted to be punished, wanted to be hurt, to be humiliated, even wanted to be humiliated. Miss D gave John what he wanted. Stroke after stroke rained down on his bottom with just a few seconds between each stroke. Miss D didn’t stop

after 6 strokes or after 12. John struggled but held on, bent his legs, cried out, and after 15 strokes tears flowed down his cheeks and by the 18’th stroke his tears were flooding out.

Miss D had beaten him and he knew it. Jane shook her head in disbelief, not at the way he had been reduced to tears but because within seconds of the end of the caning John once again had an erection. Margaret saw it and was again shocked. Chloe saw it and was more determined than ever to submit to a similar thrashing not conscious that she had her hand between her thighs which pressed tightly and she was rubbing her pussy and within seconds there was an orgasmic squeak. Her Mum looked at her appalled at what she was doing and lent across to her whispering in her ear but loud enough for everyone in the room to hear, “When we get back to the flat you and I will discuss your inexcusable behaviour young lady.”

Chloe blushed, looked at her Mum and said, “Sorry.”

Miss D said to Margaret, “I always leave presents after one of these sessions. Madam Chair, please take this hairbrush, it has, erm, many uses.”

Margaret was annoyed with her 25 year old daughter and taking the hairbrush said, “Thank you Miss D, and I know one use it will most certainly be put to very soon,” glancing at her daughter who was blushing and although she had thought about being spanked she knew she really was going to be spanked by her Mum.

Miss D turned to Jane and John and said, “Please take the hairbrush and cane I used on you two. Hang it up in your bedroom as a reminder.”

Jane said, “Thank you Miss D.” Jane saw Miss D was still smiling and clearly enjoyed her job. She wondered what it might be like to use the hairbrush and cane on someone then remembered she was going to do just that with Steven. Well, the hairbrush anyway, this time. She smirked to herself.

John just nodded to Miss D, unable to speak just yet but was still thinking how sexy she looked and definitely how dominant.

The noise from outside wafted in to the room with the neighbours chattering about the evenings events, and every name in the room was mentioned at one time or another as they filed through the adjoining room and out of the flat.

Miss D said her thank you to Margaret and Chloe, and gave a word of advice to Jane and John not to be noisy again. After a few moments each made their way out of the flat.

Jane was thankful none of the neighbours saw her and John get to their flat. Jane went straight to Steven's bedroom and waving the hairbrush said sternly, "Get ready you, I will be dealing with you shortly."

John went to his and Jane's bedroom and Jane soon followed, telling her husband, "I am going to give Steven another spanking and then I'll come back and we can go to bed. Do you want to watch?"

John replied, "No, you do it."

Jane left the cane on their bed and went back to Steven's bedroom with the hairbrush. Steven tried begging and when that didn't work promised never to make a noise again.

"No way Steven. Do you know how hard your father and I were spanked, now get over my lap and I am going to give you the spanking I promised you."

Steven scrunched up his face but stood up, Jane sat on the bed, and Steven bent across her lap. Jane tapped Steven's bottom with the hairbrush twice, and said, "We got 100 of these so that is what you will be getting," and immediately raised the hairbrush and brought the wooden paddle down hard on her son's bare bottom.

Steven squealed and when the paddle brush spanked his other bare bottom cheek he gasped and cried out. Jane however was adamant she was going to complete the punishment, continuing with spank after spank counting out each 10 spanks just as Miss D had done. When she got to '50' she stopped, tapped his bottom lightly with the paddle brush, and said sternly, "I hope this teaches you Steven because if you ever make a noise again and we get spanked you will be getting double whatever your father and I get, understood?"

Steven squeaked a wet drippy, "Yes Mum," and Jane started spanking him again.

Steven was crying freely, kicking his legs, squirming around on his Mum's lap, but Jane was resolute. Actually as she felt a lot of the tension leave her as her son cried out in pain. A feeling of justice flowed over her and she half wondered if she should re-introduce spanking generally. She decided not. This was about falling foul of the condo rules after all.

Jane said, '100,' and whilst wishing she could continue decided, rightly, that she had given the promised 100 spanks so should stop. "Get up," she ordered.

Steven slid off her lap and just like John stood there rubbing his bottom. No erection she noticed but Steven at least had the good grace to say, "Sorry Mum," as he rubbed, his floppy penis bouncing up

and down.

“OK Steven,” Jane said, still looking stern. “What happens if you do it again?”

“I won’t Mum, honest. I know I deserved this spanking but I won’t do it again.”

“Good boy,” Jane said, “Off you go then.”

Steven went to the bathroom and Jane went downstairs, musing about the last few hours. Being spanked was awful, deserved maybe but still extremely unpleasant. John seemed to handle it much better and getting an erection was surprising. Had he enjoyed being spanked? She smiled when she thought that actually she had enjoyed watching him being spanked and could see why Miss D might also enjoy the lifestyle, making people suffer and enjoying doing it.

Steven came downstairs, poked his head around the kitchen door and said, “I’m going out Mum. Luckily it’s the pub and I’ll be standing.”

Jane was glad her son was able to joke about being spanked. “Have a good evening,” she said smiling, feeling relaxed again.

Jane thought again about John’s spanking and her fingers strayed inside her knickers and along her pussy. She was damp, nicely so, and wanted to make love with John, like now. She went upstairs to the bedroom, opened the door, saw John on his tummy on the bed, and said, “What a day eh John?” She sat on the bed and rubbed John’s reddened warmed bottom and felt more aroused, not by the spanking she had been given but by the feel of John’s bottom. The cane was within reach and she picked it up, looked at John’s bottom, and had a sudden desire to use the cane on him. She stood up, and said with a smile, “What if I give you a few of these, give you an erection, and then we make love?”

John raised his head, looked at his wife, blushed, and said, “Oh, I didn’t think you would be in the mood so I have masturbated, erm, three times.”

Jane was furious. “Have you by golly?” she asked really annoyed. She stood up and in one movement raised the cane and brought it down on John’s bottom. John screamed and rolled over but not quickly enough to avoid a second stroke on the side of his bottom. That really stung.

John shouted out, “Stop, that is really awful.”

Jane said sarcastically, “You didn’t mind so much when Miss D did it?”

John blushed and looked at the bed. He didn’t say anything. Jane was exasperated, stomped her foot with annoyance and left the bedroom and went downstairs. She was fuming. The trouble was she was also aroused as she found caning John sent a quiver through her pussy. It was wonderful. Empowering, not like spanking Steven, no this was power linked to sex with the man she loved.

John stayed upstairs and was also thinking about the last few hours. He had watched as his wife was spanked so hard, but he wasn’t altogether thinking of her but more about his turn. He was looking forward to being put across Miss D’s lap. He knew it would hurt but he was getting so aroused at the thought of the punishment to come. He was so used to being in control after all and just as he sometimes wished others would take more responsibility at work so he had fantasised for years about him being the one who reported to someone more senior, so that they took the final decision, and would tell him in no uncertain terms how poor they thought he had dealt with the matter when he got things wrong, as he had told so many of his own staff. It was only a short step after that to imagine that the other person would admonish him if he got it wrong, and then another short step to being disciplined by that person. In fact he knew when he saw Miss D that it was exactly someone like her that he had fantasised about, a confident stern woman who took no nonsense from anyone. So when he watched his wife being spanked in fact he was watching Miss D intently, smiling, knowing he had longed for this moment for so long.

Jane wasn’t aware of John’s feelings. She knew the pressure he was under at work but as he was so successful she had never thought how much he needed to rest when at home. She knew he was happy for her to run the home but she hadn’t ever considered though that he might want her to control everything, including him. She played the dutiful wife though, leaving him in control.

John’s thoughts were actually along similar lines. He worked hard so when he got home he just wanted to chill. He was more than happy for Jane to run the home, even the social diary. In fact he was just happy to be told by Jane what to do at the weekends, who they will socialise with and the rest, just so he didn’t have to think. That had led on to other ‘feelings,’ feelings that Miss D had awakened in him. How could he get her to spank him again? He had to find a way and got aroused again just thinking about Miss D.

Jane sat in the living room still fuming but was conscious of a noise upstairs and realised it was John. She ran upstairs just as John let out a long loud orgasmic groan and she knew he had cum. She opened the door still holding the cane, John was still on his tummy his hand underneath himself and she knew it was around his penis. In a panic he turned over open eyed staring at the cane. “Sorry,” he said.

Jane was fuming, didn’t say anything, just turned and went back downstairs to the living room and sat

down. She was livid but her fingers again found her pussy and yes she was still damp. Her anger had got her aroused and she wondered that maybe she should spank John for masturbating but laughed at the thought knowing he wouldn’t allow it. He would allow Miss D she thought as she rubbed harder, her fingers sliding inside her, deeper, firmer, flicking her clit, starting to groan in delight, her sex juice flooding over her fingers as she gasped longer and longer sexual erotic gasps until one long gasp came with her orgasm and then a second and a third.

Feeling calmer, more relaxed, Jane kept her finger gently rubbing her soaking pussy, musing over her wild orgasms. Jane didn’t know if John heard her, maybe he did, but so what? She was now satisfied and was ready for bed, to sleep. She still thought about spanking John though. How could she manipulate the position? Surely John knew he wanted to be spanked and Jane was a willing participant. She pondered the problem of how to convince a man he needs to be spanked by his own wife? That was the quandary, and as she thought about the dilemma she let out another long orgasmic gasp. Yes thinking about spanking John was so arousing and she knew actually spanking him would be even more so and as she pictured having John bend over for the cane, his balls hanging between his legs and red stripes and weal’s across his bottom she had one more gigantic mind blowing orgasm and knew exactly what she wanted to do to her husband. She just needed to work out how.