Play Together, Pay Together

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(S is for Susan and Sharon) Sharon and Susan's spending habits must be curbed

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/play-together-pay-together.aspx

"I don't think we should," said Sharon.

Sharon and Susan were both crouched around Susan's computer, looking at shoes. Susan and Sharon had become fast friends after Sharon and her husband John had moved in next door to Susan and her husband Tim. They had found that they had a lot in common, particularly a shopaholic streak that had at times taxed their respective husbands' patience, not to mention pocketbook.

"But look! They're on sale! And they're so cute!" Susan stamped her feet.

"I know..." Sharon was starting to weaken.

"Come on! If we both get a pair and show them off together, they can't get mad at us."

It was a weak argument, but Sharon went for it.

"Ok!" They huddled around the computer, each greedily going through the exercise of adding the right size to their virtual shopping cart and then checking out. As soon as they finished, they giggled together, proud of their perfect little conspiracy.

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Four days later, while the girls were both at the gym, the shoes arrived, one box for each. John was the first to answer the doorbell and sign for a package that he knew meant that his wife had been shopping on the Internet again. He was about to shut the door when he saw that the delivery man was about to ring Tim & Susan's door, and he was holding an identical box. John quickly put two and two together. He dropped the box inside his front door and headed next door.

Tim had just signed for Susan's shoes when John walked up and said, "You too?"

John sighed and replied, "I guess so. God love them, these women are going to put us in the poor house."

Tim shook his head. "I know. Susan is like a spoiled little girl sometimes. I just want to take her over my knee."

John smirked, "Yeah. It's like when the two of them are together they lose their self control."

They both just stood and thought about that. John raised his head and said, "You know, maybe taking them over our knees isn't a bad idea."

Tim smiled, "Well, no time like the present, eh?"

They spent a few minutes planning. The girls had taken Susan's car, so Tim and John set up in Tim and Susan's house. They set two kitchen chairs in the living room, facing each other. And then they waited.

A few minutes later, the girls walked in from the gym. They both had sweat pants and T shirts on and their hair in pony tails. They saw their husbands sitting in the living room and stopped, their faces showing puzzled looks.

Tim spoke up, "Come in, ladies. We have something to discuss." He pointed to the floor between the two chairs. The girls exchanged a nervous look, walked over sheepishly and stood holding their hands in front of them.

Tim continued, "What do you suppose came while you were out?"

Susan and Sharon looked at each other and then back at the floor.

John spoke next, "Sharon, you got one too. Same looking box. What's in it?"

Sharon cleared her throat, "Shoes."

Tim then asked Susan, "Yours too?"

Susan nodded, "They were on sale. We saved 50%!"

Tim rolled his eyes, "Yeah? Wanna know how to save 100%?"

Susan bit her lip and looked back at the floor.

John said, "The both of you feed off each other with this shopping thing. And we've had it. We've both decided that if the two of you are going to behave like spoiled little children when you're together, then you're going to be punished like children together. Both of you are going to get over our knees for a good, hard spanking. Right now!"

Both girls eyes' shot wide open and each one looked at her respective husband and started a string of objections and pleas to spare them. Tim raised his voice, "Enough! John and I have both decided!" He sat down in one of the chairs and John walked over and sat in the other one. Tim continued, "Susan, come stand over here in front of me."

John then added, "And Sharon, you come over here."

Both of the girls looked at each other and slowly walked over to their respective husbands. Both men reached forward and took ahold of the waistband of their wife's sweat pants and unceremoniously tugged the pants and panties down. Sharon bit her lip, while Susan screwed her eyes shut and whimpered in embarrassment.

John said, "Now, over my knee," and directed Sharon to his right side and dragged her over his lap while Tim did the same with Susan.

Both women were now face down over their husbands' laps, facing opposite directions. The men had arranged the chairs offset slightly, so that the girls could see each other's faces while they were spanked. Both looked at each other's faces and saw a nervous apprehension that mirrored their own feelings. The men looked at each other and nodded, synchronizing the start of the girls' punishment. Simultaneously, two hands came down hard, one on each girl's ass, making a single loud smacking noise. A moment later, the two girls responded in stereo, each with their own "Ow!"

Both men started in a quick rhythm, spanking at almost the same rate of about two spanks per second. The girls' quickly began to trade their punctuated "Ouch!" words for protracted moans and whimpers before each started to sob.

The men kept up their scorching punishment until the girls were crying continuously. Finally Tim stopped and looked at John. John stopped and looked back with a satisfied nod.

John spoke next, "Now, girls. Up, both of you. Sharon, come over in this corner. Put your hands on

your head, elbows touching each wall."

Tim added, "Susan, you too." He started leading her to the adjacent corner of the room. "Same posture - hands on your head, elbows on the walls. I want you to think about this and try and learn some self control!"

John said to Sharon, "Yes. You too. And if the two of you can't learn from this, I can promise you both, this won't be the last time!"

The girls sniffled quietly in their respective corners while the men sat in the chairs, waiting. Tim was playing with his smartphone, while John read a magazine. After about 15 minutes, Tim spoke up, "Alright, Susan. Come here."

John said, "Sharon, you too."

Both girls shuffled slowly over, their pants and panties still around their ankles, to their respective husbands. Each man took his wife in his arms and held her tight.

Susan spoke first, "I'm sorry, Honey."

Sharon chimed in, "Me too."

John said, "It's alright. You've been naughty and been punished and now you're forgiven."

Tim said, "Same goes with you, Susan."

Sharon waited a moment, and then said, "Does this mean we can keep the shoes?"

Tim and John just looked at each other and rolled their eyes.