Sarah Spanks Her Lazy Husband

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Sarah spanks her husband to encourage him to help more around the house

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Kevin was still in bed when Sarah breezed into the bedroom. She looked down at her husband of 6 months who stirred, looked up through half opened eyes and asked “what’s up Sarah? Why the racket?”

Sarah stood by the bed and said “Kevin, its 11 O’clock. You should be up anyway.”

“But it’s the weekend” he sighed. He could see his wife looked stressed. She always did when it came to getting him to do anything around the house. He was generally a lazy person. He knew it. It made his wife very tense indeed.

“Yes, and there are things to do, like cleaning the house and shopping. It doesn’t just get done you know. Anyway, we need to talk.”

Even in Kevin’s half awake state he heard the sharp tone to his wife’s voice. He opened his eyes fully. He loved Sarah. She is 25 years old, a year older than himself, slim, goes to the gym so is well toned, with lovely long mousy coloured hair. She was wearing dark blue jeans with a white t-shirt underneath, which as always was worn tight across her breasts. He stared at her breasts. Imagined them naked. Beautiful. Soft. Warm. Maybe he should ask Sarah to get undressed, and have sex.

Sarah saw her husband ogle her body, and felt aroused. She had worn the tight t shirt specifically because she knew her husband drooled whenever she wore it. Just the right fit. He would be gagging for sex. But that would have to wait. She had other things on her mind.

“Hullo Kevin, I said we need to talk.” Sarah waved her hand in front of his face stirring him from daydreaming about her body.

Kevin now forced himself to sit up. He looked up at his wife again, and then his eyes were drawn to something she was holding. He blinked. Surely it couldn't be he thought. Crikey, yes it was. The hairbrush. The very hairbrush his Mother spanked him with. Right up to the day before he got married. Long wooden handle. Large square wooden head. He had memories of that hairbrush. Sore ones. Tearful ones.

Sarah saw the look of recognition in his eyes. She let the hairbrush fall on the bed, and watched as Kevin's eyes followed it, stopping still, wide open, as the hairbrush hit the bed.

"I've been to your Mother's Kevin. We had a good chat, and she gave me this. I think you recognise it" she added with a touch of sarcasm.

Kevin looked up at her, mouth slightly open, and then back at the brush.

"You do recognise it don't you Kevin" she repeated sharply.

That stirred Kevin. His mind was spinning. Sarah had been to see his Mother. Alone. This morning. She returns back with the very hairbrush that had been used to thrash him on so many occasions. And she needs to talk. He wasn't sure he wanted to talk, but knew Sarah would be insisting.

"So Kevin. We need to make some changes around here."

Kevin looked up at her, his mind still spinning around. "Changes?" he whispered.

"Yes Kevin. Firstly I will be continuing the discipline regime you followed with your Mother."

That hit like a bombshell. "What!" Kevin gasped.

"Exactly. In fact your Mother told me I should enforce that with giving you your first spanking straightaway."

"What?" he said again, more quietly.

"Your Mother said I should give you a choice. Either you accept my spanking you now, or she will come over and do the job for me. Oh, and then have you go across my lap for a second spanking. That's fair isn't it Kevin, giving you a choice that is."

Kevin wanted time to think, but he knew Sarah. She was a bit of a control freak. He loved her for it

because she was so forceful, knew her mind, got what she wanted. At the same time she looked after him, did everything around the house, as well as working full time. He did hardly anything at all. Just eat the food she cooked, and watch TV whilst Sarah kept on going. He felt bad but never did anything about it. He was too lazy really, he knew.

Sarah knew all these things. She knew also it couldn't go on. Mustn't go on like that or else the marriage will fail. Kevin had to do his share around the house. So this morning she went to see his Mother. She didn't recall him being so lazy when he lived at home. When she went over to his house Kevin was always jumping up to help. That's when she told her. This morning over coffee. Kevin helped around the house because if he didn't he knew he would make the a trip across the maternal lap for a bare bottom spanking followed by several dozen spanks with this very hairbrush.

"Right Kevin, let's have that chat. You will lie across my lap. Or do you want your Mother to come over?"

Kevin had never really thought it through. He just assumed that once he left home his spankings would stop. He had always accepted his Mothers discipline and supposed he would have to now accept his wife's.

Sarah put her hands on her hips which somehow displayed the white sleeveless t-shirt underneath to great effect. She had such lovely arms. A slight showing of muscle. Well toned. Smooth. She looked so sexy. She stared at him. The look he knew meant he had to do as she said. So sexy but so controlling as well. He usually found it simplest just to do what he was told when she looked at him like that. He knew he had to. His Mother spanked him so hard anyway, maybe Sarah will not be so severe. He pushed the covers away. He was only wearing briefs. It was too hot for pyjamas.

Sarah sat on the bed. Kevin crawled across to her, and kept going so he straddled her lap, before dropping down, his bottom neatly placed across her thighs.

"Lift up Kevin" Sarah snapped. Kevin did so and Sarah quickly pulled his briefs down.

"You won't need these for a while Kevin" she said as she pulled them right down and clear of his legs, throwing them to the top of the bed. She rested her hand on his bottom, rubbing it gently, in circles, as she told him her plans for the day.

"First Kevin, I am going to spank you. Not too long but not all that short either. With my hand and the hairbrush. Understood?"

"Yes" Kevin said quietly looking back at her, admitting his resignation to his fate.

“Good. Then we will clean the house together. We will do half the rooms each. If you leave any mess after you say you have finished will result in a further spanking. Do you understand that as well Kevin?”

“Yes Sarah” he repeated,

“Good” Sarah said, clearly satisfied with the way things were going. Very pleased she had decided to have that chat with Kevin’s Mother.

Without any delay Sarah raised her hand and brought it down sharply on Kevin’s left bottom cheek, quickly followed with one on his right cheek. She continued alternating her spanks until each cheek was a deeper shade of pink. She then focussed on one cheek at a time, spanking the same cheek and as close as possible the same spot on that cheek a dozen times. She was rewarded with growing gasps from her husband as he started to struggle under the onslaught from his wife’s hand.

“Stay still Kevin. I won’t stop until I am ready. That’s what your Mother did wasn’t it.” She wasn’t expecting a response and just kept on spanking her husband. There was no let up. Sarah was fit from her trips to the gym and wasn’t even tired by the time Kevin first started to sob. The sound encouraged her, telling her she was getting through to her husband. He was learning what he was in for in the future.

Kevin stopped struggling. He knew struggling would get him nowhere, other than across his Mothers lap, and he didn’t want that.

Sarah was satisfied with her hand spanking, inspecting her husbands now dark pink bottom. He must have known he was being spanked well she thought.

“So Kevin, time for the hairbrush I think. Your old friend. It is always nice to see old friends again though isn’t it?”

Sarah was not going to make it easy for Kevin. She wanted to enforce her authority. Of course she already knew he was reasonably subservient to her, rarely arguing, and always accepting her decisions. But today it was much more important he just accepted her control, for the future.

Kevin sobbed a reply, a very whimperish “yes Sarah.” Good, she thought, yes Sarah has been his answer to most of her questions.

Sarah took hold of the hairbrush and tapped his bottom a couple of times. Even those light taps

brought gasps from her husband. Anticipation she reckoned. He knew it was going to hurt. Sarah knew she was going to make it hurt. She knew how hard to hit. Kevin's Mother had shown her by using it on a cushion. She knew how to make his bottom sting.

Sarah lifted the hairbrush and brought it down on his already reddening bottom. There was a loud smack as it hit home. Kevin howled and raised his bottom off Sarah's lap as he bent his knees in pain, only to lower his bottom again and press his body down hard on Sarah's thighs. Sarah smiled. This was an even better reaction than she had expected. Her husband taking the pain, squirming around on her lap, but making no attempt to get up. No attempt to resist.

Encouraged again she started plastering his bottom with spanks, a spank on his left bottom cheek, a couple of seconds gap, then a spank on the right bottom cheek. Another two second gap and a spank on the left bottom cheek. On and on she thrashed him. Kevin's bottom bounced around as Sarah spanked him time after time. He was crying, making no attempt not to. Sarah kept spanking him to ensure he understood she was in charge, in control.

Kevin knew who was in charge. He never doubted it. He always accepted it. He just hadn't expected to have to accept parental style discipline from his wife. But now he knew.

He was not even aware that the spanking had stopped. He knew he wasn't bouncing around so much, but the pain was there. The blurred vision. The wetness running down his face. The sobbing. The pain he felt every time after one of his Mothers thrashings. He recognized the feeling well.

"OK Kevin" Sarah said. "I hope that has taught you a lesson. You will help me much more in future won't you Kevin?"

Kevin didn't answer. He was sobbing too much to form the words. Or at least so he thought. Six spanks with the hairbrush later and the question repeated by Sarah and he suddenly found his tongue.

"Yes Mum …erm I mean Sarah" he said quickly. Not too clearly. But Sarah understood.

"That's Ok Kevin. It shows how much you know I am running things around here. Just like your Mum did at home. Good, so, go and face the wall for five minutes with your hands on your head. That's what your Mum had you do didn't she" Sarah stated.

Without a word a naked Kevin crawled off his wife's lap and went over to the wall. He placed his hands on his head and placed his nose against the wall. He was still sobbing, and it took a couple of minutes before he started to calm down. He knew it normally took the whole of the allotted five

minutes for him to recover from one of his Mother’s spankings, but much much longer for the stinging of his bottom to stop.

Sarah looked at her husbands very red bottom with some satisfaction. She would have been quite happy to still do all the housework just so long as she could spank her husband regularly. But his Mother told her not to do that. She will have plenty of opportunities to spank him as well as have him help her.

“Once time is up we will be doing the housework Kevin. I will do the lounge and you will do the dining room.”

Kevin could hear movement behind him but dare not look. He supposed his Mother had told Sarah the penalty for looking around when facing the wall. A further trip across her lap

He imagined though what his wife was doing. He knew she didn’t wear her jeans when doing housework because they were too tight and made her too hot. She usually wore her loose shorts. Sarah stood behind him. Up close, he could feel her warmth. He felt her hand as she placed her palm on the right cheek of his bottom. She lent closer. He felt her breasts press gently in to his back. She whispered in to his ear “I hope you will work hard today Kevin. I hope you will clean the dining room and then the spare bedroom well enough for me to say how well you have done. Will you do that Kevin? Will you? For me.”

He knew she was teasing him. Just how she often did when she wanted him to do something nice for her. He wanted to turn around. He was breathing more deeply. She knew he was. She knew he was becoming aroused. Even with his red sore aching bottom he was becoming aroused. He bent his bottom in to her slightly. He had to. Because his erect penis was now pressing against the wall.

Sarah smiled. She knew. She tapped him lightly on the bottom, and said “another minute and time will be up. Be good Kevin. Be very good.”

Sarah moved away. Kevin heard more movement behind him and was sure she was changing clothes.

“Right Kevin, times up.”

Kevin lowered his arms, rubbed them, rubbed his bottom, and turned around. Yes Sarah had changed her jeans and was now wearing her gym shorts. Dark blue with a red stripe down each side. She still wore her white sleeveless t-shirt that showed her bare arms, no flab, just well toned long bare arms. He so wanted to kiss those arms. Then remembered the hands at the end of those arms.

Her right hand in particular, who's open palm had spanked his bare bottom so well just a few minutes ago, and which had wielded the hairbrush so deftly.

Sarah saw her husband looking at her hand. She held it up, palm out, and said "look Kelvin, my palm is really red. Not as red as your bottom of course, but now you will do your cleaning well or I will have to use this again on you."

Kevin nodded, and looked at the floor. He would clean well all right. He didn't want another spanking.

She pointed to the door and she followed Kevin down the stairs, watching his red bottom until it entered the dining room.

Sarah left Kevin in the dining room whilst she cleaned the lounge. Twenty minutes later she had finished. She heard no noise coming from the dining room and walked straight in. Kevin was sitting at the table, reading the paper. Sarah looked around and reckoned Kevin thought he had cleaned the room. "Finished?" she asked.

Kevin stood up immediately, quickly looked around, and said "yes Sarah" yet again.

"OK, let's have a look." Slowly Sarah walked around the room before returning to Kevin, standing in front of him, shaking her head, pursing her lips. Kevin again looked around. This time he immediately saw some fluff on the carpet under the window. He went to get it and Sarah barked, "don't bother."

Kevin stopped and looked at her. She pointed to another piece of cotton thread under the table, and another small piece of paper in the middle of the room, and finally a black mark on the windowsill.

"Not a bad start Kevin, but I count five items not cleaned."

Kevin heard the words but felt the tone as well. Her strict do as I say tone. The one he loved to hear. He knew he was becoming aroused by her tone. Very aroused. He couldn't stop himself.

Kevin moaned as Sarah went over to a dining chair and sat down. She pointed to her knee, and Kevin obediently scampered over and bent down across her lap. This time he lay across her bare skin, his erection now pressing down on her soft thigh. Sarah grinned although Kevin didn't see it. Yes, she fully expected Kevin to get erections when about to be spanked. He often got them when she raised her voice to get him to do things. Why not when about to be thrashed she reckoned.

"Right Kevin, try to learn better this time."

She didn’t even wait for a reply and just started to spank Kevin again, spreading her spanks all over his red bottom. She didn’t need to concentrate on any particular area. She knew it was sore all over. The hairbrush brought those loud gasps, and he squirmed around, all the time his penis, now rather limp but still identifiable, rubbing her bare thigh. She loved watching his bottom bounce as her hand and the brush bit home. She was enjoying spanking him actually. Enjoying it a lot in fact. She was becoming aroused. She hadn’t expected to, but reckoned her ability to control her husband so totally was sexually arousing. The more aroused she became the harder she spanked him.

“Right Kevin, I think you need something to help you remember. Something that will remind you to make sure you keep your standards high. Go upstairs to the bedroom please.”

Kevin wasn’t sure what Sarah meant but again knew better than to argue. His bottom was very sore and he didn’t want any more spankings than necessary.

His Mother had told Sarah about the time she gave him four spankings in one day. He was sore for nearly a week. She could tell by the way he grimaced when he sat down. He earned each one but that wasn’t the point. He didn’t put a foot wrong until the soreness was gone. So Sarah thought that if he was given a constant reminder of what will happen when he is naughty, well maybe he will be better behaved the whole time.

Kevin stood next to the bed, looking around. He didn’t see anything in particular. Sarah popped in to the spare bedroom first but soon joined him. He blinked and then looked wide-eyed at what she was holding. His wife was holding a long cane which Sarah held it up.

“I think you should receive this before you clean the spare room. It will remind you to be extra careful when you clean.”

Sarah pointed to the chair and said “bend over please”. Kevin stood still, until Sarah pulled her hand back and hit him hard on the leg with her open palm. He screamed and instantly dived for the chair, grasping it tightly.

“Good boy. It’s much easier though if you do as you are told straight away.”

Kevin felt Sarah’s cool hands rub his warm bottom and shuddered. He relaxed and felt quite good actually. When her fingers explored between his legs he lifted his bottom and spread his legs wider apart to help his wife. This encouraged Sarah, as she said tenderly “good boy Kevin, I’m nearly ready. I do love you and this really is for your own good. Don’t resist Kevin, just let me show you what will happen from now on if you are really bad. OK Kevin? Please?” She said it sarcastically. He knew it. Saying no was simply not an option.

Kevin still grunted a “yes.” Sarah moved slightly away, and Kevin could see her out of the corner of his eye, and heard the cane swish a couple of times. She tapped his bottom a couple of times before he heard one long swish followed by a searing pain right across his bottom. He cried out but held on to the chair, not wanting to get up. Wanting to show Sarah how well behaved he was going to be. He could not see Sarah smile, but she did, knowing her husband was transferring all control over to her. Total control.

Sarah allowed a full minute between each stroke. Long enough for Kevin to recover his composure and be ready for his wife to place a further weal across his bottom. He gasped and moaned as the next four weals were placed neatly one below the other. She delivered the last stroke and after Kevin let out a final scream she said “Well done.”

She did not expect a reply. She rubbed his legs again, and between them, and she saw his penis again become erect. He moaned as she rubbed his balls and his shaft. He was so receptive to her touch. She kept stroking his shaft. She wanted him to come. It was her gift. To give and to take away. She kept stroking until that moment when he gasped and knew his cum was spurting out, over the chair.

After a few moments she asked “so Kevin, how does it feel?”

“Uncomfortable, but I guess I will get used to it” he replied quietly, respectfully.

“That’s good. Don’t expect me to be so nice every time my love. OK?”

Kevin nodded. Sarah rubbed his bottom a few times and then gave him ten hard spanks. Kevin gasped each time, and could tell the difference in the impact of each spank now that his bottom was covered in weals. But whilst on the one hand each spank hurt much more, on the other it produced increased feelings of arousal. He wanted her to stop spanking him but when she did and rubbed his bottom he wanted her to continue as well. He decided the arousal overrode the pain and raised his bottom, to request more spanks.

Sarah laughed. “I wouldn’t encourage me Kevin. Believe me when I spank you properly after a caning you are going to cry, and beg for mercy. Anyway you naughty boy, it’s cleaning time Kevin, so up you get.”

Reluctantly Kevin eased himself up, realising the discomfort.

Sarah smiled. “It’s only for when you are really naughty Kevin. Of course if you are then it will be

more than the six strokes I have just given you. But it’s up to you isn’t it.”

She put her arms around his neck, kissed him on the lips, and opened her mouth to allow Kevin to dart his tongue inside, to search out her tongue, to entwine it. A long sensual kiss. She took his hand and placed it on her breast. Sarah felt Kevin’s penis stiffen further as his erection dug gently in to her leg. She took his other hand and let him tuck it inside her knickers, to cover her mound, to feel its wetness. Kevin was visibly calmer now. She was aroused, just as he was, but she was in control and knew she could get him to make love to her at any time, and in any way she wanted. That made her even more aroused. The power was intoxicating.

“OK Kevin, you clean the spare bedroom and I’ll clean ours. Be very careful” she added sternly, “because the same rules apply. If you leave any dirt then you get spanked. If it’s all clean then I will take you to bed for some fun time. It’s up to you Kevin. OK?”

Kevin replied an obedient “yes.”

Kevin looked at his wife. Reluctantly he admitted to himself this was exactly what he needed. So his wife has now replaced his Mother. A loving wife who knows how to control him. A wife who isn’t scared to punish him when he deserves it, but who will love him when she wants to, and when he is well behaved. He wanted to help around the house. His Mother knew he was lazy and needed to be pushed in to helping. His wife now knows that as well.

“Sarah, how long will you be in control like this?” He half smiled.

Sarah smiled back. “Why Kevin, always of course. I will always be in charge. It’s OK you know. You will only be disciplined when you deserve to be. You just need to be well behaved, and we will be like any other married couple. I will love you, you will share my bed, I look after you. It’s just that when you misbehave we won’t have an adult discussion. I will simply discipline you, long and hard, until I believe you have learnt your lesson. Honestly, I will have far less stress this way because I will punish you before my stress levels rise.”

Kevin looked at his wife. He knew that was fair, and exactly what he needed.

“Off you go then Kevin. I’ll be in when I’ve done our room. Then we will see how much you have improved won’t we?”

Sarah spun him round and sent him on his way with a hard smack.

Kevin knew he will accept her discipline just as he had accepted his Mother’s discipline all those

years. He knew he would be spanked again and again. He hated being spanked but knew it was the way to stop him being lazy.

Sarah watched her husband as he walked out of the bedroom. Yes, his Mother knew best. Now she will take over from her and make sure he stays a very good boy, or pays the price. Married life will be much better now she knew. On her terms.