The To-Do List

By 19Savant

Published on Lush Stories on 09 Jul 2012

Perhaps the To-do List was a mistake...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/the-todo-list-1.aspx

Part One

Using the sleeve of my shirt, I wipe the sweat running down the side of my face. It's a beautiful day--sunny and not too hot, at least not yet. I enjoy the feel and texture of the rich, moist dirt against the skin of my knees and under my bare feet. I look around, proud of all my work in the garden starting to show its reward.

"What's this?"

I turn to see Hatch standing at the back door, a little yellow Post-it in his hand. He doesn't look happy. I turn away, trying to hide my smile. A swirl of nervousness and adrenaline hits my stomach. He steps off the deck and begins walking towards me.

I stand up, not wanting to meet his eyes. "I thought, since you'd be out, you could pick up a few things." This is generally *not* how our relationship works.

He asks, "Is this a to-do list?"

"Well, not really. I just figured, since you'd be out..."

"Is it a honey-do list??" Now he's two steps away. I can't look him in the eye. Even though I'm tall, he's still taller than me--6' 3" or 6' 4". And those gray/green eyes bore straight through me, to my soul.

I say, "No, it's not--"

"I think it is. There's not even a please, or a 'Honey, would you mind.' What did I say I'd do with a honey-do list if I ever got one?"

"It's not--"

“I believe I said I’d put it up your butt. Didn’t I? At that BBQ we went to last year and all those guys were complaining about their wives’ lists? I’m sure you remember that.”

“Hatch, of course I meant to give the list to you and *ask* if you’d--” It’s hard to keep the smart-ass out of my tone.

“You’re not going to make me a liar to all our friends, are you? I think you should take down your shorts now and bend over for me.”

I wasn’t planning on this happening outside. Of course, with Hatch, it never goes like I think it will. I stare at him, my mouth hanging open. I close my mouth, swallowing. I look around, wondering which neighbors are home and watching. We have a six-foot wood fence, but some have high decks. All of them have second stories.

“Hatch, please. Not out here.”

“I think it’s the perfect place. You need to be taught a lesson. A rather hard lesson, I think.”

I start to move away, looking for a place to run. Instead of chasing me like I want, he turns and walks back to the deck. Spellbound, I watch as he pulls out one of the deck chairs and sits on it. He pats his lap. A surge goes through my body, all the way to my clit.

Slowly, very slowly, I walk towards him. The backyard suddenly seems huge, yet too quickly I’m taking the wood steps up and onto the porch. The little smile on his lips and the wicked gleam in his eyes sends another surge through my stomach.

I stand next to him, on his right, and start to lower myself onto his lap.

“Do I ever spank you with shorts on? With anything on?” As I stand back up, he turns me and his big hand connects twice with my ass. Even through my hiking shorts, they are solid and hard. I gasp.

More follow--two, three, four--maybe ten before he stops.

“Are you ready to behave? To take your medicine?”

I nod.

Each cheek gets a couple more. “I asked, are you ready?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And what do you deserve?”

“A spanking, sir. A hard spanking.”

“Why?”

“For...for giving you a list. I’m sorry, Sir.”

“Ok, take down your shorts and bend over.”

Slowly and with my legs shaking, I unzip my shorts and let them slip down my legs. I face him for a moment, about to ask if I could please have my spanking inside, and what a good girl I’ll be. The look on his face stops me. This is the way it always is--when I’m about to get what I want and crave, I’m suddenly scared to death of it.

I bend over his lap, the breeze playing over my ass.

“Have I ever spanked you with your panties on?”

“Hatch, please, it’s only a thong.”

“You’ve already earned 12 with my belt, for the shorts. And now another twelve for the panties. Do you want to double that?”

As quickly as I can, I reach up and slip my yellow thong down to my ankles. Then I slip back across his lap, wondering again who’s watching. And what can they see? I feel the breeze play across the lips of my pussy. I’m wet.

He puts one hand on the top of my ass, at the bottom of my spine. With the other, he runs a finger slowly down the crack of my ass. His fingertip runs rudely over my asshole, then my sensitive taint and between the lips of my pussy. I shudder, my knees nearly buckling.

“You naughty, naughty girl. You’re dripping.”

I swallow down a smart ass remark. 24 from his belt, is enough. Maybe way past enough.

He asks, “What do you say? What do you deserve?”

“Sir, please spank me. I deserve a hard spanking for making you a list without asking you first.”

His hand cracks into my left cheek. I gasp again. The smack is way, way too loud. The whole world must hear it. This both embarrasses me and makes me crazy I’d-do-anything horny.

My right cheek receives the next one. I much prefer being over his lap or the desk in his office. Those I get when he's in a better mood. And Hatch spanks hard. His large, strong hands begin alternating between cheeks. He doesn’t rush it, making sure I feel every one. I love the feel of his hands on my ass.

Somewhere around fifty (each cheek) I lose count. The first tear runs down my nose and drops to the grass. His hands are slowly roasting my ass--getting it hotter and hotter. And more tender.

I forget the garden, the neighbors, that I’m outside and my world shrinks to my glowing, throbbing cheeks and his hand.

He stops, running his hand over my cheeks. Slips two fingers rudely into my pussy. Fuck I’m close to coming.

“Please,” I beg.

He chuckles. “Oh, I don’t think so. You’ve been way too naughty.”

His fingers pull away.

“Is that enough? Or do you deserve more?”

I close my eyes, thinking hard. Does he mean the belt? Or more with his hand? What do I deserve? And what would please him?

“Twenty-five more with your hand? Please, sir?”

“Good girl.”

My heart soars at those little words. This embarrasses part of me--I'm a VP of a very successful company, for Christ-sakes. But the part of me that's in control isn't the business me. It's the little girl that Hatch owns and plays with. That part stretches my ass even higher, hoping to please him.

Even harder now, his hand begins cracking once more into each ass cheek. The tears return.

The last ten push my limits, my mind lost and swimming in the pain. My pussy seems to like it, though.

Then he’s done, his hand gently rubbing my ass. God I love his hands. Even when they punish me. He teases my pussy again, tsk-tsking me at how wet I am. It’s running down the inside of my legs.

Then I feel his finger on my ass. My asshole, to be specific. It pushes in, feeling odd. Then I feel a little poke or cut.

The Post-it.

He pushes it in further, perhaps to one knuckle. “I think I’ll have you tell this story at the next party. Maybe spank you good before it and have you show everyone your striped ass.”

He’s forever threatening me with this type of thing, but hasn’t actually done it, yet.

“What’s left, baby?”

Oh fuck. I'd forgotten about his belt.

“Your belt. Sir. Twenty-four with your belt.”

He chuckles. “We’d be done if you’d listened.” His hands continue rubbing my ass. The list feels odd inside me--the corners and edges sharp in such a tender spot.

Not as tender as the outside of my ass, however.

“Ok, up you go.” I stand up, knowing I’m not allowed to rub.

“Can we go inside now? Please.”

He only smiles in return. He moves me to the middle of the deck, then begins slowly sliding his belt off. He slaps it against his hand. He asks, “Are you trying to earn more extras?”

“No. No, sir.” With a gulp, I bend over and grab my ankles. Once again the feel the breeze on my tender cheeks and wonder who’s watching. Being bent over like this, my ass stretched and tight, is

the worst.

I feel the belt run over my poor skin. It’s leather--one I bought for him for his birthday, thinking of him applying it to my naughty butt. It’s light brown and very soft and supple. It hurts.

"Stretch high for me, baby." I do, bending as far forward as I can, my ass high in the air. I feel the stretch in my calves and hamstrings, then stretch even further still.

The first lashes across my ass, low and wicked. I cry out, some weird mix of a moan and a cry. Then remember where I am and realize how loud it was.

Barely holding on, tears already running, I wait for the second. And wait. And wait. He clears his throat.

“Sorry, sir. Thank you, sir.”

The lashes move up my ass--white hot lines of pure fire. At ten, I can’t see the deck two feet in front of my nose because of the tears. After a dozen, the stripes begin to criss cross each other, then move down. I can barely thank him.

The last few are low, across my “sit-spot” as Hatch calls it. So fucking tender, after his hand. And the belt comes so close to my pussy.

Finally, with twenty-four lines across my ass, he’s done. I think I can feel every one, if I try. He rubs his hand across my sore, sore ass.

"Good girl." Somehow that slips through everything, to my core. "Do you deserve a treat?"

"Yes, please sir."

"You've been naughty, so you don't get to come. Maybe not all day." He lets these words soak in. "But you still want to please me, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. Very much so."

"Beg."

"Sir, may I please suck your cock?"

"Louder, babe. I couldn't quite hear that with you bent over and all."

I clear my throat, then ask again.

"On your knees. Hands behind your back."

I slip down to my knees, happy to not be bent over any more. The deck feels rough under my knees. I put my hands behind my back.

He slips his cock out of his shorts. He's big and nearly hard, and the sight of it makes my mouth water. My mouth and my pussy. I open my mouth, but instead he rubs it across my face. God, are any of the neighbors watching this? It's somehow worse than being spanked. I kiss one of his balls, then suck it into my mouth.

"Do you want it?"

"Yes, please sir. Pretty please."

"Who owns you?"

"You do, sir. You and your beautiful cock."

"Louder."

I feel my face flush, but I say it again, plenty loud.

Then the soft head of his cock is pushing between my lips. I close my eyes, enjoying the taste of him. His smell. I work over the sensitive bottom of his cock with my tongue, trying to swallow him deeper and deeper.

"This is what you love, isn't it? On your knees, your ass striped and bruised, and your mouth getting fucked." I mumble my agreement. "And the whole world watching. Knowing your my slave. And I can fuck you wherever and whenever I want."

God I wish I could touch my clit. Two seconds would do it. His cock starts pumping in and out of my mouth, faster and faster. I take it, every inch I can and nearly all of it.

Usually it takes him a long time, but not this time. Clearly whipping my ass out in the open has turned him on too. I feel his cock getting bigger and bigger in my mouth. He moans. My tongue dances over

the bottom of his shaft, then I suck him down deep.

Hatch moans, the moan I love. His cock grows even bigger. He pulls out a little, wanting me to taste it. His cock spasms and the first big spurt hits the back of my throat. I swallow as he comes, filling my mouth. I work my tongue over the head of his cock and get my reward. More of his white, hot come. I know he owns me. I love that he owns me and knows what I need.

He pumps the last of his come out with his hand and I lick up every bit of it as it comes out.

"Good girl." I smile. "Get your ass back up in the air." The iron returns to his voice. He slips he cock back into his shorts as I stand. Very slowly, I bend back over and grab my ankles. Fuck my ass is tender.

I know what’s coming. He squeezes each cheek, taking my breath away. Then his hand disappears. Two hard splats crack into each cheek.

“I’m going to leave you like this. I want you to stay like this and count to 100 after I leave.”

“Yes, sir.”

CRACK, CRACK.

“And, of course, you shouldn’t put your shorts back on until you’re inside. In fact, with your ass so sore, you should probably skip them the rest of the day.”

“Yes, sir.”

CRACK, CRACK.

Damn did I pick the wrong day to write him a list.

“And I’ll expect the gardening to be done and everything cleaned up by the time I get back.”

“Yes, sir.” I hope the neighbors enjoy seeing my ass.

CRACK, CRACK.

“When I get back, I’ll need to check that first item off the list. I’ll expect you to be ready and waiting for that.”

What the hell does that mean? “Yes, sir.”

CRACK, CRACK.

“I’m going to expect a lot from you today. Demand it, in fact.”

This means the playing isn’t over, which both excites me and scares me. “Yes, sir.”

With that, he walks away, back into the house, leaving me with my sore, hot ass and my tears.

I count to 100.

After I reach 100, I slip down onto the porch. I roll on my side, but even the side of my ass is too tender, so I roll onto my stomach. I lay there, his taste in my mouth, knowing it would be very easy to come. But that would make Hatch very unhappy. And yes, he’d know.

I want to please him. Usually we play this game where I act naughty, and do little annoying things, until some limit is reached and he spanks me. From time to time, Hatch asks me what I don’t just ask for what I need and want. What I crave. For some reason I can’t.

Eventually I manage to climb to my feet. Fortunately my T-shirt falls down far enough to cover half of my red ass. Even the bottom edge of the T-shirt hurts. Moving as quick as I can, which is pretty slow with my sore ass, I finish in the garden and put everything away.

The whole time, I think about what he meant by pleasing him. What would please him? I think of one or two ideas as I slip into the shower. The spray hits my ass, making me dance around. And I know more punishment is coming.

I make sure my pussy is nice and smooth, touching it up with the razor. Then check my legs. After I towel off, I look at the clock, figuring I have maybe fifteen minutes. I grab some toys from our closet--the long paddle and the strap. The nipple clamps. I take them into the living room and put them on the end of the coffee table. Then I go back for two pairs of handcuffs and the black blindfold. I think of one more thing--the lube--and run back into the bedroom for it. I grab a butt-plug, too.

All set, I think.

I run to the kitchen and then grab a glass of water. Can I do this? My stomach is a nervous wreck. I feel like I need a shot.

Back in the living room, I arrange everything within reach, then climb up onto the coffee table. It’s solid wood, with a perfectly flat top. I climb off and rearrange it so the end faces the front door.

I climb back on.

On my knees, I tie the blindfold around my eyes. Somehow this calms me. He’ll be so surprised. Usually I act the brat and fight and kick the whole way, earning extras. Lots and lots of extras, which Hatch says is my way of getting what I need.

I lean forward, placing my head down on the table. I find the handcuffs and attach my left hand to my left ankle. Swallowing, I take the keys to the cuffs and drop them on the carpet. Out of reach. I calm my breathing, then reach for the other set of cuffs. I clamp them on my wrist with my other hand. I hesitate. I can still get out of this. I hear a car in the driveway. It’s now or never. Without thinking about it, I snap the cuff onto my ankle. I test both of them--they’re solid, real cuffs. Not comfortable and I’m not getting away.

I hear a key in the lock. My pussy is swimming. I arch my back, putting everything on display for him.

The door opens. I smile, thinking how happy he’s going to be.

A moment passes. Nothing happens. Complete silence.

“What have we here?”

Fuck! It’s not Hatch.

“Were you bad? Did Hatch leave you like this?” A hand runs delicately over my sore, red & bruised ass. Then she drags the tips of her nails over my tender skin.

It’s my little sister.