

A Silly Note

By Twinkle

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Gaden gets his wish after leaving a note for his new neighbor

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Gaden glanced out the kitchen window for the umpteenth time at the middle aged woman across the street tending her flower bed between bites of his sugar infested KaPow cereal. She had just moved into the house across the street two weeks ago but he had since failed to meet her. Her name was Joanne or Joyce or something like that. He tucked a brown lock of his shoulder length hair behind his ear which kept obscuring his view of her shapely bottom and long legs encased in white slacks, the knees smudged with bits of fresh garden dirt. A turquoise sleeveless tank top revealed her toned shoulders and arms as she worked the dirt around newly planted perennial daylilies with a trowel on this sunny spring weekend morning. From what he could tell, she was close to six feet tall, in shape with an athletic build. He wondered if she was a swimmer or volleyball player during her high school or college years. She had short brown hair, cut just above the neckline styled similar to the popular 1960's bob, though she wore it sedu, complimenting the strict attire she wore on mornings he noticed her dressed for the office. She had to be 40, maybe 45 years old. "Gaden. Gaden!" His older sister interrupted. "Did you hear what I said?" "Oh, sure." He nodded, The lock of hair fell over his eye once more as he returned his attention back to his cereal. "Really. What did I say?" his sister took a step closer to the kitchen table and folded her arms below her ample breasts that filled out her lime green tee shirt. "Umm, to uh..." "To mow the damn lawn is what I said." Her frustrated and angry tone agreed with her small and seemingly permanent pursed lips that shown red like a target between her wide boned cheeks. "Right." "Really Gaden, get your head out of your ass and start acting like a responsible 18 year old. When I was 18, and when Mom and Dad were still around, I had a real job." She paused, placing a hair tie in her mouth and began fixing her long blonde hair into a pony tail. "All I ask from you is to do a few chores around the house." She managed to finish saying through her teeth. She turned away from the table, pony tail trailing her torso. "I'll do it Mary. I don't need a lecture." He mumbled through a mouthful of cereal. Mary spun around and grimaced at her incompetent brother. "What you need is a good kick in the pants!" She stomped away, her full bottom shaking with each upset step as her firm chubby legs churned and wobbled under her jean shorts towards her bedroom. I'll give you a good kick, he thought, glaring at his retreating sister, who was 8 years his senior. He took another bite of cereal and looked out the kitchen window again, tucking the troublesome lock of hair behind his ear once more. The neighbor lady was no longer in her front

garden. He pictured her with her hands on her hips lecturing him about mowing the lawn, followed by a grab of his ear and being tossed over her lap for a swift solid spanking. His lanky face eased into a rather large smile. Later in the morning, while Mary had left for a grocery run, Gaden was busy priming the lawn mower in the garage. His skinny form gave the starter a good yank and the mower belched in protest on the first try. On the second pull the mower spat and rumbled slowly up to a steady cadence, the exhaust scattering cotton wood seeds that had found refuge under the mower from the previous time it was put to rest. He proceeded to mow the outer perimeter of the front lawn near the sidewalk and after trimming a few stripes back and forth he had to empty the grass bag. Turning off the mower, he noticed his neighbor was out again tending to her garden, squatting with her back to him. Gaden glanced at her shapely full ass and breathed "Want to spank me neighbor?" As if hearing his question, the neighbor lady stood and turned around and peered in his direction. She put one garden gloved hand above her eyes to block the sun and waved at him with the other. Gaden quickly returned her greeting with a quick wave that barely reached above his waist, stunned by the fact she reacted as though she heard his offer. The neighbor lady started to remove her garden gloves and briskly walk towards him crossing the street. "Hi, I'm Jan." she opened a few paces away from him. The first thing Gaden noticed about her was that she was, in fact, tall. She was at least a good half a head taller than he was, making his thin 5 foot 8 inch frame seem childlike in her presence. Her appealingly balmy face decorated with nice full lips, petite nose, and dazzling sharp blue eyes belied her true age of 40 something. Gold circle earrings dangled to a halt as she stopped in front of him. "Gaden." He offered his hand. "Well nice to finally meet you, Gaden." Smiling, she accepted his hand with a friendly shake that almost completely encased Gaden's bony hand. Her skin was soft but firm and slightly callus within the palm. He quickly became self conscience of his sweaty hands and let go shoving both into the back pockets of his jeans. "I met your sister Mary when I first moved in; I think you were gone out somewhere." She spoke with a slightly abrasive windy voice that was sexy, laced with a southern accent. A tinge of Estee Lauder Beautiful perfume slipped past the smells of gasoline and cut grass and made its way into his nostrils. "Yeah, sorry I missed your welcome to the neighborhood." Gaden nodded, noting the white bra strap that peeked out from under her turquoise muscle shirt on her shoulder. The bra strap, along with the cups, he concluded, was constantly working hard to maintain the perfect shape of her large welcoming breasts. They spoke about where she moved from; Kentucky and what she did for a living; financial consultant. He mentioned that he was graduating in a couple of weeks from high school and planning on enrolling this fall at the community college blah, blah, blah. The end of the conversation caught his interest considerably. "Then I decided to quit and move here." Jan finished, motioning to the surrounding neighborhood. "Seems like it should all work out fine, then." Gaden ran his fingers through his hair, wondering if she noticed how he kept looking at her shapely hips and thighs. "I hope so." They both paused in silence; neither knowing where to go with the conversation. "Well," Jan preempted looking behind him at the mower and the lawn. "I'll let you get back to mowing the lawn then." "Yah, apparently I'll be in big trouble if this is not finished before Mary gets back." Gaden joked, poking his thumb at the yard. "Oh! I don't want our conversation to be the source of your sore behind when your

sister gets back.” Jan laughed and leaned forward, lightly touching his arm. More perfume invaded his senses. Startled, Gaden replied with a sheepish grin “Hah, right. Nice talking.” “Glad we finally met. Bye.” Jan smiled and walked towards her house to resume her gardening duties. Gaden stammered a soft goodbye in reply as he slowly bent down to unlatch the grass bag from the mower, glancing at the shapely rear end walking away from him. What I wouldn’t give to be spanked by her, he wished. Two hours later and chores completed, Gaden was sitting on the sofa eating a late lunch and watching a Saturday marathon of old Bewitched episodes on tv when his sister came back from the store. “Hey sis, the lawns all finished, looks like a freshly cut outfield at Wrigley field.” “Thanks Gaden, I appreciate it.” Mary said, dropping some packages on top of the kitchen island. “Come help me bring in the rest.” “Sure.” “Are you going to be home around 3:00 today?” Mary asked grabbing the last of the groceries from the trunk of her Honda CRV. Helping his sister with the last of the packages, and closing the trunk, Gaden looked at her questioningly, with a look like ‘now what does she want me to do?’ “Why?” “Ms. Tannersby, err, Jan from across the street, she called me and asked if it was okay to drop off her spare house key this afternoon. She said she is going to be gone for a week on business and wanted to know if we could watch her house for her, grab her mail and such.” Gaden shrugged while holding the packages, following Mary into the house “Yah, I’ll be home.” “Thanks. Apparently she doesn’t trust the Newman’s next door, surprise huh?” Mary laughed. “Right, surprise.” He said closing the garage door behind them. “Where are you going to be?” “I have to go to work, some tech problems with the equipment down in the city.” Mary said placing new milk into the fridge. “That stinks, yah I’ll be here. I don’t plan on going out until after dinner anyway.” A plan was formulating in Gaden’s mind. He sneered at the new sandwich meat; turkey again. “What time are you going to be home?” “Until it’s fixed.” Mary complained. “I probably won’t be home before you go out so please be home at a reasonable time. Call or text me when you are on you’re way home, okay?” “Don’t I always?” he asked with a sarcastic smirk. “Just call me.” Mary reiterated swatting his arm. “Ow! Okay, jeez.” Mary had left for work a few minutes ago and Gaden was sitting upstairs on his bed carefully writing onto a piece of paper, setting his plan into motion. The atomic clock on his bed stand read 2:45. Plenty of time until Jan will come over with her house key. He finished with the note and applied a looped piece of scotch tape to the back of it. He perused the note one last time before heading downstairs to the front door. It read: Jan, Please give me a real spanking across your lap for at least 5 minutes with the wooden bath brush I provided. You may spank as fast and as hard as you see fit, do not hold back no matter what I say. I lack discipline and my sister will not provide it to me. Please wear leather pants during the spanking. - Gaden. On his way downstairs, he stopped in his sister’s bathroom and grabbed the long handled wooden bath brush she kept in her shower and a couple of tissues. He opened the front door of the house and applied the note on the side facing outside, leaving the door open a couple of inches. He then placed the wooden bath brush on the foyer floor so anyone opening the front door couldn’t miss seeing it lying there. Finally, he went over to the kitchen and positioned a chair so he could observe Jan leaving her house, either through her front door or garage which was already opened. His plan was simple. He would masturbate and hopefully finish before Jan reached his house and saw the note he left. He pulled down his shorts and

underwear and began stroking his already hard dick slowly; imagining Jan taking him across her lap and whaling on his ass with the wooden bath brush relentlessly. The time on the kitchen clock read 2:48. This was going to be a tough one to pull off, he would need to ejaculate about the time he saw Jan emerge from her house if he wanted time to clean himself up and make it to the front door to remove the note and hide the bath brush. He stroked a little faster. A muffled sound from the front door gave him pause. Had he missed Jan somehow? His heart started to race. He quickly got up while pulling up his shorts and headed for the front door. He found that the note had fallen off the door, now leaning against the screen door on the floor. He hurriedly ran upstairs to his room and got another piece of tape. Back at the front door, he glanced towards Jan's house to make sure the coast was clear then applied the note firmly against the door. Satisfied he went back to the kitchen chair and resumed masturbating about Jan spanking him and at the same time keeping a sharp look out for her arrival. The clock read 2:57. She could leave her house any second now and come over, see the note, and blister his ass with the wooden bath brush. The kitchen clock read 3:04. Where was she? He was almost about to let loose, he could barely rub his dick, so he would only hold it and occasionally perform a long slow stroke to keep it hard but not ejaculate, trying to time the finish perfectly when she left the house. The clock read 3:07. Gaden furiously wondered where she was, it was taking all his effort not finish. His heart leaped when he heard the sound of the screen door opening. What!? That can't be Jan! He quickly got up and started to nervously fumble with pulling up his shorts. He heard the distinctive sound of scotch tape peeling from the door and the rustle of paper. Just as he finished buttoning his shorts he heard Jan's voice announce her presence. "Gaden?" He froze. Oh shit! He heard wood slide and tap the foyer floor then wood on skin, clap, clap, clap. "Gaden!" Jan's voice was more pronounced and loud this time, not tentative like the first time. With his heart pumping fast and his stomach twisted in knots he slowly walked through the family room towards the front foyer. He saw Jan standing near the middle of the foyer holding the bath brush in her right hand. She had changed since this morning donning white sandals and a one piece white summer dress decorated with yellow flower patterns hemmed just below her knees. When she saw him, she lifted up the note that she held in her left hand and waved it. "Seriously?" she asked with a confused laugh, though her smile seemed harsh. "I, uh, well..." Gaden stammered, looking as though he wanted to run away and hide in cave for all eternity. Jan held the note out in front of her and read aloud. "Jan, Please give me a real spanking across your lap for at least 5 minutes." She paused for effect and lifted up the wooden bath brush. "with the wooden bath brush I provided." She looked at the wooden bath brush and back at Gaden with a questioning look, raising her eye brows, expecting an explanation from him. "I, uhh, you see...it's just a friendly joke or prank." Gaden tried to force a sheepish smile trying to hide his now frayed nerves. "A prank?" she wanted Gaden to elaborate. "Well, yah." Gaden put both his hands into his front pockets, which raised both his shoulders. "I see. So what you wrote in this letter is just a prank. You really don't want a spanking?" Jan questioned, putting emphasis on the word spanking. She folded up the note and placed it onto the end table above the shoe bench, waiting for Gaden's response. "Sure, I mean it's pretty funny isn't it? You know, having just met you, it's a good ice breaker, don't you think?" Gaden's said through

nervous laughter. "That's a pretty original way to break the ice. Here all I wanted to do was drop off my house key, and some naughty teenager asks me to spank him very soundly." She placed her house key next to the note. "Here's my house key." She looked at Gaden, her face serious as a general about to go to war. Jan slowly walked up to Gaden slapping the wooden bath brush in her palm. "Okay, thanks. Do you want us to get the mail?" he asked trying to steer the conversation away from spanking. "Yes, that would be nice. Mondays through Thursdays. I'll be back Friday afternoon." Staring down at him, Jan continued to slap her palm with the brush until finishing with one last sharp slap into her palm. "I'm not very happy about this note, Gaden. Should I tell your sister about it?" Gaden's face shown with horror and he pleaded. "Oh no! She doesn't need to know, like I said anyway, it's just a joke." "I disagree." she cocked her head sideways in thought, biting her lip before continuing. "Part of me tells me you really either want a spanking or need one. Either way, I am going to give you a choice." Gaden swallowed down the lump in his throat. "A choice?" "I can either tell your sister about this - prank or you can receive a real spanking from me." Jan furrowed her eyebrows and pursed her lips, a look of a very determined and strict woman. "And when I say real, I mean real." Gaden was dumbstruck. Standing before him is this woman, a very pretty and now very strict looking woman, offering to spank him. This is what he wanted. But now he didn't know what to say. He fantasized about being spanked all the time, but had never really been given a spanking. "Gaden?" Jan waited for an answer from him, putting her hands on her hips, the bath brush still held firmly in her right hand, its business end pointing behind her. "Yah?" Gaden quickly responded, still shaken from the choice presented to him. "So you will take the spanking then." Jan stated rather than questioned. "What? Yes! I mean no." he stumbled taking a small step back, raising his hands up in defense. "I mean this is silly, um, can't we just forget about this." he shifted nervously. "Look, Gaden." Jan began, southern accent more prominent than before. "You obviously feel that you need a spanking or seem to like getting them, otherwise you would have never written that note. I am going to give you five seconds to decide then your sister will receive a phone call from me." She started to count holding up her pointer finger "One." Gaden clasped his hands together near his chest, popping his knuckles, mind racing and heart rapidly pumping. "Two." He bit his thumb nail and tucked a lock of hair behind his ear at the same time. "Three." "Jan, wait. I" he pleaded sticking his hands out. "Foouur!" "Okay! Yes." Gaden caved in. Jan put her hand down from counting. "Yes, you need a spanking or yes, you want a spanking." Gaden looked down at his feet, "Yes, I want a spanking." He conceded. "I see. Well, I can certainly give you one." Jan begin slapping the bath brush in her palm. "You ask for a real spanking, you are going to get one. We are going to get to know each other a lot more in the next five minutes, wouldn't you say?" Gaden nodded, still looking at the ground. "When do you expect your sister to get home?" "Not for quite a while yet." Gaden's eyes quickly stole a nervous glance up at her then back to the ground again. "So we have plenty of time to take care of business." She motioned her arm towards the direction behind him. "Well then, lead the way, let's find me a good chair to sit in so I can give you a proper over the lap spanking." "Um, sure." Gaden started turned away, but Jan grabbed his arm halting him. "Oh, and Gaden." He turned to meet her serious eyes. "You will address me as Ms. Tannersby for now on, understood?" "Sure. Okay." He shrugged

and tried to turn away again, but instead Jan maintained a firm grip on his arm, spun his back to her, and applied three sharp smacks to his rear end. Smack! Slap! Slap! "Oww!" "That's yes Ms Tannersby!" Jan said sternly. "Okay, okay, sorry. I meant yes Ms Tannersby!" "Good. Now lead the way." She let go of his arm. Gaden lead the way, rubbing his butt, surprised by the heavy impact her hand made on his clothed butt. "Will that chair do?" Gaden asked pointing at the kitchen chair he used to watch for Jan's arrival. It was a simple armless wooden backed chair painted white with a cherry red seat. With a smirk on her face, Jan looked at the chair and how it was positioned, surmising why this particular chair was facing her house. "I think this will work." she agreed, positioning the chair to the center of the adjacent family room. Heart racing, Gaden watched as she sat down on the end of the chair, slightly lifting her dress and smoothing it over her now mostly exposed thighs. Her height, combined with her heeled sandals caused her now waiting lap to be slightly inclined from the floor. The bath brush lay on her lap, held by her left hand. She curled her free finger towards him, giving Gaden a very cross look. "Come here and stand to my right side." Gaden, at a loss for words, shuffled slowly over to her, eyeing Jan's strong thighs clasped together forming a perfect platform he could lay across and receive the spanking he so desired. "You may leave your shirt on, but those shorts and underwear are coming down." She gestured. "Uh, Jan, I think I should leave my underwear on." Gaden said, embarrassment poorly hidden on his thin features. "Don't be silly! You requested a real spanking!" Ms. Tannersby hissed. "And a real spanking is a bare butt spanking!" she finished with a hard slap of her hand on thigh. Gaden hesitated in stripping, unsure if he should go through with this or if he should make a run for it. "Really Gaden, don't be embarrassed. I am only interested in your naked rear end." She smiled wickedly, lifting her chin up looking down her nose, "and making it very red. Now drop them!" she pointed towards the floor. Gaden reluctantly unbuttoned and unzipped his shorts. Then, as if to curtail any embarrassment, he quickly pulled both shorts and underwear down to his ankles at once. His shirt mostly covered his now stiffening dick. Jan looked up at him with her stern blue eyes and patted her right thigh. "Over you go." Gaden kneeled down on the ground then made his way across her ample lap, at the same time inhaling her sweet scent accentuated with a touch of perfume. His hands touched the carpet while his feet dangled uselessly above, due to Jan's size. Jan tucked her right foot further in towards the chair, elevating Gaden's butt and adjusted him so that his pelvis lay directly over her right thigh, his now full erection digging into her left. "Feels like you are enjoying this Gaden." She patted his exposed butt, her hand easily covering the expanse of both cheeks at the same time. "Sorry. I, I can't help it." Stuttered Gaden; he lifted and pushed his pelvis into her thighs, feeling the softness of her skin. The handle of the bath brush pressed against the small of his back as she held him down. Ignoring Gaden's rubbing; Jan raised her hand high and brought it down forcefully across both his butt cheeks in a rapid manner that seemed to flatten Gaden's butt against her lap. Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! "Owooh! Gaden gasped, surprised by the impact and pain caused by Jan's heavy hand. "Ready for your real spanking Gaden?" "Um sure, I guess." Gaden grimaced, grinding his dick against her thighs once more. Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Jan pounded both his butt cheeks again with her hand. "You say yes Ms. Tannersby!" she fired a few

more rapid smacks to his butt. “Ywwaahh! Y-yes Ms. Tannersby! Sorry!” Gaden choked, again completely surprised by the forceful impact of just her bare hand. “You will be.” Ms. Tannersby hefted the bath brush into her right hand and rapidly patted Gaden’s right butt cheek, muttering more to herself than Gaden. “Asking for a real spanking – really.” Abruptly the wooden bath brush went up and down landing on the middle of Gaden’s right butt cheek with a resounding splat then followed by another splat on his left cheek. Gaden bucked and yelped at these initial spanks, feeling searing pain in his rear end like never before. There was no rest to the rhythmic pounding of wood on now smartly warming flesh. Absolutely blindsided by Ms. Tannersby’s efficiency at spanking and the painful delivery of smacks by her strong arm, Gaden started to buck and wiggle towards her knees, but she firmly held him into place by wrapping her right leg over his own, putting him into a split knee position, all the while not missing a spank. Ms. Tannersby spanked like a seasoned disciplinarian, the application and execution of each spank garnered from years of experience. Throughout the family room, echoed the steady cadence of heavy WHAPS; like the steady beat to an electronic dance song with a touch of industrial grind that mimicked the relentless pounding that was taking place upon Gaden’s scalding butt. Ms. Tannersby was furious and thorough in her delivery, making this a very real spanking. The spanks steadily mashed their way up and down Gaden’s butt cheeks; from the tops of thighs up to the now cherry red peaks, sprinkled white with the start of blisters. Gaden found that the first couple of minutes were beyond painful, but as soon as Ms. Tannersby had positioned him so his dick was rubbing on her thigh, the struggle between pain and pleasure had intensified and pleasure was fast gaining the upper hand. Close to five minutes of continuous spanking, the impact of heavy wood was dulled, the intense burn of accumulating smacks all turned into a touch of ecstasy as Gaden gyrated his pelvis back and forth across Ms. Tannersby’s smooth as silk thigh. Recognizing Gaden’s heightened arousal; there seemed to be more moans than yelps now, Ms. Tannersby ended the cadence of whacks with the wooden bath brush and began to alternate with slow light smacks to his butt, cupping his bottom with her hand, fingers firmly massaging between his ball sack and asshole. Gaden shifted upon her thigh, easing his buttocks towards Ms. Tannersby’s groping hand and working his left arm around her waist so he could feel her perfect ample bottom. Ms. Tannersby answered by steadily increasing the tempo of smacks but not the intensity, still alternating with a firm massage of his ass hole. Gaden started to grind her thigh wildly as the cumulating effects of spanking and Ms. Tannersby’s groping fingers caused an intense euphoric tingle to surge within his loin; his muscles tensed, his breathing abruptly paused, and his eyes were suddenly blinded by a prism of colors and darkness all at once; he erupted rapid pulses of cum onto Ms Tannersby thighs and dress as she applied six hard hand spanks to both his butt cheeks coinciding with the pulsing of Gaden’s orgasm. Gaden was showing Jan out the front door, still in shock at what transpired in the last ten minutes or so. Jan was genuinely open about the whole experience, even with him making a mess of her dress. “Like I said, if you need a spanking do not hesitate to ask.” Jan said, opening the screen door. “I do understand your needs, Gaden; remember, there are spankings, but then there are spankings .” She emphasized the last with all seriousness. “I can apply both, so you better be a good boy.” She winked. Jan started to walk away, but hesitated. “Oh, and Gaden. Maybe next time I’ll wear

leather pants.” She smiled and walked back towards her house.