

Babs and Mike

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Babs and Mike had reached the seven year mark. In fact they'd celebrated their wedding anniversary. No kids though. Babs was eager but Mike wanted to wait, for them just to enjoy being a couple for a little more time. They were well into their mortgage, having bought their first home during their engagement eight years ago. They lived in a comfortable semi-detached two bedroom house in the suburbs of Guildford. They both worked: Mike as a telephone engineer and Babs was a shop assistant on a part-time four day week which suited her fine. The seven year itch syndrome was beginning to rear its head though; well that's what Babs thought. Mike had lost some of his interest. She didn't believe he was cheating on her or anything like that. He was always a predicable guy; home at a certain time and so on. He still loved her, she knew that, just as much as she did him. But there was just something. Just the lack of enthusiasm in that something that used to spark off their intimate relationship. She felt it didn't seem vital to him anymore - yet she felt the same way she always did. She just had to find that certain something which could revive the spark in their marriage. Perhaps it was her constant pressure upon him to have a baby. Was he holding out on her - the excuses and so on, the waiting until it seemed right to start a family? For her there was no time like the present. But Mike could not make a decision. But Babs was not the sort of person to dwell on things, concluding that perhaps it was just the natural way a marriage went after seven years of bliss. She had to put her mind to other things. Mike was so busy all the time; the house was overdue for a good redecorating. That's right, that's what she'd do. It was down to the DIY store armed with a paint colour card and a browse around the wallpaper section. It was no good talking to Mike about which pattern of wallpaper, which colours and the like, he would be bound to say it was up to her, to do it how she wanted and the rest of it. So she took the bull by the horns and returned home with a good match for the bedroom. That's where she decided she would start first, the bedroom and freshen it up a bit. It wasn't long before she got down to stripping down the old wall covering and cleaning up the mess. She came to the old mahogany wardrobe which she loathed, but agreed with Mike to keep it because it was an old family heirloom. Pulling it back so she could get to the wallpaper behind was difficult on her own. But she did it by stepping each side out at a time until it was far enough from the wall where she could work comfortably. It was not until she came to clear up the stripped wallpaper that she found a brown bulky envelope which had somehow appeared from the false base of the

wardrobe. Like an excited kid she opened it with curiosity, perhaps there was some sort of treasure left behind, hidden there by the family generations back. What slipped out of that envelope was about to change her life to some degree, but she was not ready to take in the content of a specialist magazine. ***** Babs was talking to her old school pal, Jackie two days later. She'd invited her round for the afternoon when she'd finished at the shop. If there was anyone with whom she could confide it was Jackie. She was out front and straight down the line, no holds barred, she'd say exactly what she thought and that's just what Babs needed.. Babs showed her pal the magazine she'd found and waited apprehensively for what she would say. Jackie carefully looked through at the well-stocked picture and information content and Babs was relieved to note that Jackie never even blinked an eyelid. "So you reckon this magazine belongs to your Mike, Babs. How can you be sure though? It being stuffed away in the wardrobe - and look at the date, it's five years old. Maybe was hidden there by your father in law who then had the wardrobe?" "It baffles me, Jackie. Whatever, it's all new to me. If Mike is into this sort of thing I was completely unaware of it. He has never once hinted that we should do anything like that. The occasional slap yes, but that's normal." "And why would he want to hide it?" queried Jackie. "If it is Mike's perhaps he has some sort of hang up, an inhibition of sorts and felt that you may not approve. I have heard of guys who are like that. No doubt about it, Babs. You will have to put him to the test. But before you do you must make up your mind if you would go for it. Consider how you would feel. Would you like it in other words? Some like the spanking approach. It can be all part of a loving relationship. Anything goes if both parties agree. . And yes, I do know of someone who is into that and are quite happy with their lot. Madeline says it gave their relationship a new stimulus." "Did it really Jackie? Well I guess that never entered my head. It was just a bit of a shock I guess Okay we've done some kinky things together in our marriage but never anything to that degree. There is the pain element after all!" "Well yes, there is, Babs. But you know what they say about pain and pleasure sometimes goes together." "What should I do then? Be honest and just come right out with it. Ask him if the magazine is his?" "Better not, Babs. It may just embarrass him and turn him off completely. If this is his thing it is far better that you approach it gently. You know – it is a woman's prerogative. A little bit of temptation and suggestion can sometimes work wonders. Then take it from there. Once it's out then you can discuss it and see how you both feel about it." Babs decided to go for that. She'd try it. Why not? She loved Mike to bits. If that was his secret thing then she could adjust to it, even enjoy it, who knows. She recalled how they met in the first place. It started on the Internet. In one of the chat rooms. They started exchanging instant messages and email, they arranged to meet and when they did they found they were perfect for each other. She still had a copy of all the email they exchanged, but the significant one would always remain in her head. She thought she'd take another look, just for old times' sake. It read; "Hi Babs, Looks like I won't be talking to you today so, I am writing this early in the morning. "I have to tell you about the wonderful dream I had, Babs because it really meant so much to me and our special relationship. and hope you don't mind my putting it into words, the way I feel and to be absolutely open with you. "The dream seemed so very real. All the pictures you have sent me and the voice recordings, combined with what we were talking about the day before - all seemed to fit together I

guess and made you so real for me. "In my dream I awoke with you in the bed beside me, your face resting on my chest and your fingers running down along my sides and over my chest. Then it felt like heaven as you began to explore me further down, so gently - just touching and fondling, it was so good. I heard little noises from your throat as I lifted my head from the pillow and looked down. As your caress grew more searching I felt the tingles in my spine and throbbing in my veins and you were there, enjoying so much with all your being. Your mouth took me so deeply, I watched your head slowly bobbing up and down and heard the throat noises again, expressing your enjoyment and satisfaction in what you were doing so wonderfully to me. "Then your eyes glanced upwards as you retracted for a moment and smiled so sweetly. Your eyes were sort of asking me if what you were doing met with my approval. My expression must have said everything because you continued, stretching me back this time, your tongue exploring me and doing tantalising things to me which I cannot put into words. So good, so wonderful - the one you love so much sharing the passion of the love for each other. "Then you changed position, threw the duvet off the bed and revealed yourself to me, I took in your full breasts so firm and appealing and then marvelled as you spread eagled astride of me on all fours, but still I was being drawn in constantly feeling your lips tightly close around me down under. Now my head was between your thighs and touching the veil of your pink and red laced thong. I just enjoyed the moment looking up at you, just making out the shape of you.. My fingers slid upwards along your inner thighs and, gently removing your thong they found their mark and I was a goner. I was deeply involved in finding and enjoying you there with all my heart and soul, tasting your femininity and tantalising your being. Your hips moved from one side to the other as my tongue twisted and turned just inside you, my touch manipulating and stretching you wider apart, as you became more moist and I started to suck you in, tasting you, and taking in that unmistakable feminine aroma. This was heaven again and I had found it. "We just relaxed and enjoyed for a while but soon our lovemaking needed to progress. As if by instinct you rose up, turned facing me and was astride me again. You sort of adjusted yourself and guided me into you and I felt your warmth and your desire encircle me there - and then, for the next few minutes we showed each other the depths of our love until we were absolutely exhausted. "A few minutes passed and I felt this time it was my turn to make the moves. I spread eagled astride your front allowing myself just to rest between your full breasts as I gently caressed and moulded them around a brand new erection. You were quick with the approval signals as you lifted your head just enough to kiss me down there. I found myself automatically thrusting lightly between your breasts, pausing occasionally to anoint each nipple with the touch of my throb and then back to the thrusting which soon brought about a surge - and you found my fullness, finishing Roger off for me as I climaxed over your blushed face and it was perfect. It was so natural, so good and so fulfilling Babs. Above all it was absolutely right. "There, I have told you now, how it was for me. "It was so wonderful and gratifying Babs and I do love you so very much. Your Internet lover, Mike XXX." Babs still chuckled. how they adopted the name Roger. It was a good name and sounded much more romantic than some of the more vulgar ones. It was part of the wonderful guy she loved. That's why now, she had to resolve the issue about what she found behind the wardrobe. She wanted no secrets in their relationship and definitely no inhibitions. If the

magazines belonged to Mike and he had been hiding them she needed to know. Remembering some of the pictures in the magazines she took a new look at herself. Focussing on how she looked from the rear dressed in all the gear that accentuated the curves. She bought some snug brushed jeans which fitted her like a glove. She examined herself in the tall mirror in the bedroom, twisting, turning and bending. She felt happy what at least everything seemed as pleasing as can be, she felt she could easily compete with some of the girls in the magazines. She also surprised herself in realising there is more than meets the eye about a nicely formed bum and she revelled in it for a while, imagining just how it would be with her and Mike. There was a certain spark of erotica there, she had always preferred her guy to be the dominant one, at least in their lovemaking. This seemed to fit onto all that. Perhaps she had been missing something - "but hang on, girl. You're not certain really if Mike is into this or not!" The weekend was the best time to throw out a few signals just to see how he would respond. Saturday would be fine. It was always better weekends. Making love during the week was never as gratifying somehow, it was always a little rushed when Babs liked to take more time. She would need time for what she had in mind... By seven they had eaten their evening meal and had taken their usual places on the large sofa, one at each end as they settled to watch a video. Babs wondered if Mike had noticed her brand new outfit, tight fitting beige stretch trousers with a cloth tug belt and a slinky blue top which complimented her ample bust. Underneath, as always, she wore a red thong and everything matched perfectly the curves of her femininity. She got up and did a sort of swirl asking Mike if he approved but he only nodded in his usual way showing no esteem one way or the other. "Looks good," he said. "Then you always do, that's why I married you." Then he went back to watching the TV. Babs was thinking that wasn't going to provoke anything, she needed to do something else, but what? "What do you think of my figure," she tried. "I mean really think. My bum for instance, too loose, too tight?" Mike smiled and moved his eyes across her as she turned and slightly bent for him. "Lovely bum, it's just right. Don't you go thinking you need to slim or anything. I like you the way you are." "Even my bum, darling. Look, I will bend over a bit. Does it - well sort of entice you to do anything?" Mike looked up showing an uncertain expression. Babs just thought she saw a glint there. Perhaps he did have something in mind he felt awkward about. She sort of slapped herself and joked about how the girl did it in the Argos advert. "See the bounce?" she ventured. Now Mike looked more interested. "Hmm. Nice bounce," he smiled. "Would You like to try, darling? See if it bounces when you do it." My! she was being bold now, but she needed to know. Was this his thing and if so she wanted to be the girl to try it with him, not some other who he may pick up for kicks. She'd heard of that before. Guys not finding an outlet for their fantasies at home and going elsewhere for them. She just wanted to share all his fantasies come what may and take it from there. He did it. Gave her a firm slap. Enough to make her yelp. Mike apologised instantly. Babs said it was no problem and anyway, well it was sort of nice really. "Nice, you mean you enjoyed it?" Mike was alert now, on the ball. "Could do," Babs returned with a glint in her eye. Mike said nothing for a few moments but she could see something was going through his mind. "Mike, a penny for them?" she asked. But still he remained silent, looking uncertain. "You'd like to tan my hide wouldn't you? I'm game if you want to try. We can always pull out if we don't like. We have that sort of relationship Mike,

you know that." Babs realised instantly she had made Mike into a very happy bunny. He was shaking with excitement like a kid with a new toy. "And all this time I thought..." "You know what thought did," Babs giggled. "Now how do you want me. Across your knee, over the arm of the sofa, across the dining table or what? and do you want me to keep my jeans on or would you like me stripped?" "Wow! You seem to know a lot about it," Mike gasped. "Not just a pretty face," she put in. "Bloody pretty bum too, needs some seeing too you provocative teaser," he yelled. Now, at last he was getting there. "Across my knee wench, just as you are – for now." He moved to one of the wooden chairs and beckoned her. She had gone this far so was committed. But, whatever, she always felt comfortable with Mike so felt at ease. But then she thought about the hidden magazines and why did Mike hide them anyway? - she assumed it had to be him that had hidden them - was he also hiding a harsher side of his personality, What really had she let herself in for?. She gingerly obeyed his request, still not certain if this was a wind up, if he would start giggling at any moment and make her look like a complete idiot, strewn across his lap, bum stuck up high, finger tips and toes barely reaching the floor. "We need something else, Babs," Mike said. "A couple of cushions that's it. You need to be comfortable don't you?- and besides, it lifts your bum in a provocative way for spanking." She moved while he lifted the cushions from the sofa, returned to the chair placing them both, one on top of the other, upon his lap. As she replaced herself across his knee her fingers and toes were now in space but she made for a great showing of tantalising rounded curves waiting for Mike's firm hand. "Hmm. Have always wanted this, you know that, Babs?" "You should have told me, you know I don't bite, darling." "Let me know if it's gonna sting too much Babs. Let's take it as it comes, yes?" He smoothed the palm of his hands over Babs voluptuous cheeks as he had done many times before when they made love. But now was different, like a new awakening, he could do what he had always wanted to do without the fear of upsetting her or putting her off him completely. Babs relaxed, confident in her mind that the guy she loved was fulfilling a new experience which, probably until then, had all been in the mind, Something he had wanted but could never get around to talking to her about. She enjoyed his firm caresses and wriggled slightly as he progressed, enjoying his touch. Then it came, the first tanning ever, at first gentle without too much vigour, but then firming up, first one cheek, then the other and then across both simultaneously. "Alright, Babs?" he asked watching her cringe up a bit. She did not quite know what to say at that stage. It was stinging a little after several strokes but it was not unbearable. In an erotic sense she was admitting to herself, despite the pain, she was enjoying and was content to let him continue, trusting him that he would know when to stop. She brought her hands up behind her and massaged herself, easing the stinging sensation there. "So far so good, Mike, - stings a bit that's all but it is bound to I guess," she said laughing. "No problem, Babs. Look you need to remove your pants now, down to you knees and I will massage some baby oil into you, that will help and will prevent any bruising, yeah?" Mike watched his wife as he had done many times before, she knew how he liked her to do it, the special little moves and twists as she unbuckled her belt and slid down her jeans and then her panties, exposing her beautiful feminine form before him - but the difference being this time in their new adventure - she took on the charisma likened to a servant obeying the master, she carefully adjusted the pillows across Mike's lap and full bent over

him again, portraying her now slightly reddened buttocks to him, ready to be oiled and massaged for the next stage of this brand new exciting activity. She grew horny as Mike did the business, a fair covering of baby oil all over her there, making her nice and supple, not forgetting the aperture between. Now she forgot about the pain, the pleasure was much more enticing. She felt now she just wanted to be all ass for him, for him to do as he wanted, to slap and spank her to his heart's content. In the next few moments she got her wish and Mike applied several open handed spanks on each cheek, making them bounce and shudder as Babs whole body jerked; and then he applied six more of the best equally on both cheeks which were now almost beetroot red. Babs was enveloped in tears, so much so as she was almost crying like a punished child, for a moment, Mike thought he had gone just that much too far. He assisted her up to her feet and she just stood there grimacing and holding her buttocks behind. "Sorry, Babs, I went over the top didn't I?" She felt the surge of pain in her being but then, a wonderful warm sensation of absolute numbness as her body heat came through into her palms. "Darling, that was so wonderful!" she said - then, after a pause she opened up to him - "To be honest I was not akin to the idea of spanking but hell, I am now." She soon showed him just how sexy she was then, she knelt down to her knees, unzipped her 'Roger' without any hesitation, quickly as if she could not get to it quickly enough. Soon she had him how she liked him, deep inside her mouth, enjoying him to the full, urging him on with every movement of her busy tongue and moving lips, her busy fingers working on him underneath up to the base of his strong erection, stretching him back, stroking him, licking every part of him and finally, taking him inside again, deeply, holding him there as her fingers massaged his being into complete submission, she taking every drop he could muster down her throat with panting breaths and surges until the phase was over and completed to their mutual satisfaction. It was the start of something which was to become an important part of their sexual relationship in every way. He spanked her in her tight trousers, in her panties, her thong, over his knee, the kitchen table, a high chair, over the back of the sofa. Firstly the bare hand tanning, then the brush back and finally the cane she loved so much. And, after each session the intensity of their intimacy, ranging from the oral delights to the deep penetrating thrusting union. Their very kinky sexual adventures became part of their new togetherness and Babs was actually enjoying the wonderful new part of their marriage. She realised for the first time in their relationship she actually wanted Mike to be the dominant one and became used to the regular tanning she endured. She so much enjoyed the bending over for him, the presentation of her curvaceous bottom and loved to listen to his whimpers as he enjoyed the sessions and equally, her cries as each concentrated slap of the hand or whatever came into sharp contact with her bum. He soon knew just how far to go, just how many times she could take it without injury, and wallowed in the way her lovely cheeks shook and vibrated each time he came down on her randomly distributing each spank across her cheeks. The way she propped herself up high for him, ensuring her bum was as ready for him as he liked it to be She simply loved the erotica of being all ass for him when the mood struck, which was usually once a week usually at weekends so she could recover from the after effects of the proverbial soreness which always went after a day or so. The feeling gave her a sort of belonging strangely, a feeling of sacrifice that she must endure and even

enjoy for the love of her man. She also felt that now the way she looked, the way she was attracted other guys, something which she was not quite aware of before. She knew they eyed up everything and that her bum was a great focal point for she had everything it takes in that department, she could not help wondering if, when they were looking, was it because of the natural sexual urge just wishing they could make it with her or was it something else, could it be that they'd also like to spank her there. The thought was thrilling and exiting for her and she made no bones about showing off herself to the guys, especially the old guy across the road who she noticed peeping through his curtains when she was giving the car a once over in the drive. She saw his look and decided to make his awareness of her really worth while. She rolled on her tightest stretch trousers, got cleaning the car, stretching provocatively this way and that and fully over the bonnet giving him a perfect view of her bum in all its beauty. The wonderfully aligned curves of each cheek, the hollow in the centre and the tantalising gap between her thighs. She took a discreet sideways glance to ensure he was still enjoying and it was obvious that below the window sill, out of sight something was going on between his hand and his crutch. What the hell, if she was giving the sad old man some gratifying pleasure was that such a bad thing. In a way she enjoyed that thought. Soon the burning question came up. Well burning as far as Mike was concerned: "Babs, how is it you kept this away from me for so long, this hidden desire of yours?" Babs told him about how she found the magazines behind the wardrobe. "And there was me thinking you had some inhibition all the time," Babs said. They just sat there, staring into each other's eyes. Everything was fine. Who knows, perhaps if it hadn't been for the old man forgetting where he had hidden those magazines, the spice would have gone out of their marriage for good. *****