

Discount Store, Part One

By Otkfme

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<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/discount-store-part-one.aspx>

Discount Store Part 1 F/M By Otkfme@comcast.net After college, I got a good job at an advertising agency. My job was to make up television and radio commercials for various clients. I made a very good living, but I spent a lot of time at work. So I got an apartment in a very large building, which was located in the suburbs. I was really happy when a large discount store was built next to the apartment. It was only a block away, so I was able to easily walk over to the store to buy about anything I needed. One day I was shopping in the housewares section and I noticed the wooden cutting boards. Most of them were made out of wood and had a handle on them. They reminded me of the wooden paddles that my teachers would hang on their desks. I attended school where paddling a student was accepted, even expected, by my parents and the town I lived in. Also, if I were spanked at school, I would receive another spanking once I got home. Anyway, I picked up one of the wooden paddle cutting boards and hit my hand with it. I wanted to find out how much it stung, and if it would remind me of my school spankings. I remembered how these spankings helped me improve in my schoolwork and helped me be more disciplined in my life. As I was wondering what it would be like to be spanked again, I swung the paddle around and hit my ass with it several times. It didn't have much affect on me since I had all of my clothes on. When my teachers spanked me, I was either over their lap or bent over a desk. They would pull down my pants and spank me on my underwear. If I were really naughty, I would be spanked on my bare skin. I was caught up with my memories and I didn't notice an older woman in the aisle watching my strange behavior. She startled me by asking; "Don't you live in the apartment building next to this store?" "Yes I do. Why do you ask?" I replied. "I live in that apartment building, too." She said. "I could help you use that wooden cutting board." She wrote something down on a piece of paper and handed it to me. She also gave me a set of wooden spoons. "Please call me once you get back to your apartment, that is after you buy this cutting board and these wooden spoons." Before I could say anything, she turned around and walked away. I opened the piece of paper and it said, "Former Schoolteacher. Sally." and it had her phone number on it. At first I wasn't sure what had happened to me, but I bought the wooden paddle cutting board and the wooden spoon set. By the way, the cutting board and spoons had a Martha Stewart as the name brand. As I walked back to my apartment, I was wondering what might happen if I call this woman.

After all, I am now a successful businessman in my thirties, and I am no longer a naughty schoolboy. Once I was back in my apartment, I called her. She told me that she used to be a schoolteacher and she used to spank her students. She had taken an early retirement and wondered if I needed a spanking. I told her that the spankings I had received seemed to help me when I was growing up, and I probably needed a spanking. I found out that she lived in an apartment that was just three floors above me, and she wondered if she could visit me in my apartment. I had nothing else planned for the rest of the day, so I told her that she could visit with me in person. Since I am very busy with the work I do, I actually don't spend a lot of time in my apartment. So I had to quickly pick up trash and clothes, before Sally saw my messy apartment. After about ten minutes, there was a knock on my apartment door. When I opened the door, I saw the same woman who handed me a note in the discount store. She was wearing a nice dress and was carrying a duffel bag. "Welcome to my apartment," I told her. "Come on in and have a seat." She came in and seated herself in the middle of my sofa. I sat across from her on a recliner chair. I was surprised when the first thing she asked me was, "So you would like me to spank you?" "I guess so." I replied. "I never expected this to happen to me when I was looking at the cutting boards that reminded me of paddles." "When was the last time you were spanked?" She asked. "I guess it was in junior high school. I had teased some girls in class and it disturbed the class, so my teacher had me stay after school for a spanking." "How were you spanked?" Sally asked. "My teacher had me bend over her desk for the spanking. I was really embarrassed because she pulled down both my pants and underwear and spanked me on my bare bottom." "You told me you thought the spankings helped you with your school work." Sally said. "So are you willing to submit to a spanking from me?" "I haven't been able to concentrate at work, so a spanking may help me out. So yes, please spank me!" I said. "If you agree to be spanked by me, I expect to follow all of my commands and orders without question. If you don't, I will stop your spanking and walk right out of the apartment. Do you agree to that?" "Yes I do." I replied. "Also, starting now and until I have finished your spanking, you will address me as Mrs. Jones. Do you agree to that?" "Yes I do." I replied. "Please answer with 'Yes I do, Mrs. Jones'. That will cost you extra five swats of the paddle. Are you ready to be spanked?" "Yes, Mrs. Jones." I replied. "Good! First I want you to get the paddle and wooden spoons you bought and place them on your kitchen table." So I went out to the kitchen and set down the wooden paddle and spoons on the table. "Now I want you to completely take off your shirt and slacks, then stand in front of me with your hands on your head." I felt good that I was able to leave on my underpants, and I stood in front of her with my hands on my head. I didn't mean to, but I felt an erection coming on, and I felt my penis stretching out my white cotton briefs. I guess it felt exciting standing almost naked before an older woman who was about to spank me. To my surprise, her hands quickly went to the waistband of my underwear, and she pulled them down to my ankles. "I always give a spanking on the bare skin. Please step out of your underwear and give them to me, and then go over to your kitchen table and bend over it." I guess that she was ignoring my erection that was standing straight out. I couldn't believe that I was doing this. I had just met Mrs. Jones a few hours ago, and now I was naked and bent over my kitchen table to be spanked by her. Then she brought over her duffel bag and pulled some of her own

paddles and placed them on the table next to me. "I will start your spanking with the stuff you bought at the store, and then I will use my paddles on you. My paddles will sting you a lot more. Are you ready to be spanked?" "Yes, Mrs. Jones." I meekly replied. "First, I want you to spread your legs apart. That way I can spank you in your most tender areas." As I spread my legs apart, I felt her hands on my ankles spreading them even further apart. "Now you look ready to be spanked." I felt totally exposed and vulnerable. My erect penis and balls were dangling down between my legs and I felt completely under Mrs. Jones' control. I saw her pick up the wooden spoons that I had bought and my spanking began. "These should warm up you ass to start with." I could feel the spanking, but it didn't hurt much. Then she sat down the wooden spoons and reached for the wooden cutting board paddle, which I had bought. "Next, I will give you ten swats from your own paddle." The ten swats hurt a lot more than the wooden spoons, and now I was beginning to really feel my spanking. I was really glad when the ten swats were over with. Next, she picked up a large wooden paddle with holes in it and said, "I am now going to give you fifteen swats from this paddle, but this time I want you to count these out loud. I will also ask you some questions between each swat. Are you ready?" "Yes, Mrs. Jones." I replied. "You have a very messy apartment. Don't you agree?" SWAT! The paddle with the holes in it really stung my naughty naked bottom. "Ouch!" I yelled out. "You forgot to say 'One' and answer my question." Mrs. Jones said. "Therefore we will start with one all over again. Also, if you keep yelling out, I will need to gag you. So are you ready for your first swat?" "Yes, Mrs. Jones." I meekly answered. SWAT! "One, and yes I have a messy apartment." I said. "You will clean up your apartment a lot better the next time I see you. Correct!" SWAT! "Two! Yes, I will clean it better!" I said. "Are you currently dating anyone?" SWAT! "Three. No." I said. Now I was feeling very vulnerable and completely under Mrs. Jones control. Also, not only did I have to remember how many swats I had received, but also answer her questions. "Would you like a woman in your life?" SWAT! "Four. Yes, Mrs. Jones." "Would you like to meet my niece?" SWAT! "Five. Yes, Mrs. Jones." "She is going to be over for lunch on Sunday at noon. Could you join us?" SWAT! "Six. Yes, Mrs. Jones." "And you will have cleaned up your apartment by then. Correct?" SWAT! "Seven. Yes, Mrs. Jones." "Good! We will see you in my apartment on Sunday at noon. Be sure and be on time." Mrs. Jones said. "Now I will give you your next eight swats very quickly. Be sure and count them starting at eight. SWAT! I took the next eight swats without yelling out. Now my poor bottom felt like it was on fire. I started to bring my hands back to rub my bottom when Mrs. Jones said; "Don't you dare rub your bottom. Stay in place while I examine my spanking results on you." Then I felt her hands all over my bottom and even between my legs. "You have a nice red bottom. You should be able to feel this spanking for a few days. Stay in this position until I leave your apartment. I will write my apartment number on a piece of paper and leave it with you. I look forward to your next spanking." Then she gathered up her paddles and put them in her duffel bag. She wrote a number on a piece on paper and laid it next to my head. "I look forward to see you and my niece on Sunday at Noon." Mrs. Jones said before she left the apartment. Once she had left, I went to the bathroom and looked at my burning bottom in the mirror. It had a nice red hue all over it. When I went to sit down, I needed to use a pillow. Then I wondered what Sunday would be like.