

Jane Takes Charge

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Jane meets Miss D again and plans how to take control over her husband

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This is Chapter 2 of New Rules at the Condominium Jane and John had suffered being disciplined by the dominatrix Miss D in front of the condominium's Chair and Deputy. John was realising a long held dream although his wife, Jane, was unaware of that. Jane on the other hand wanted to find out what it would be like to discipline her husband, a real alpha male. This continues their journey in to the world of discipline It was quite by chance that Jane met Miss D a few days later. Jane was with a work colleague taking her home after a meeting at the office when the work colleague became ill. She phoned the colleagues GP and the receptionist said there was a cancellation in half an hour and so she drove straight there. They went up to the receptionist and as they caught each others eye Jane blushed and the receptionist smiled. Jane stuttered, "Oh, erm, hullo, erm," The receptionist stepped in with, "Ah yes, you phoned in," then looked at Jane's colleague and said, "You go straight in, the Doctor is expecting you." Jane looked at the receptionist, still blushing, and said, stuttering, "Right, erm, thank you then." The receptionist said, "Could I have a word please?" turned to the other receptionist and said, "I won't be long, I just need some details," stood up and beckoned Jane to follow her to a side room where they were alone. The receptionist said, "My name is Naomi Deacon." Jane laughed. "Oh I see, so the 'D' isn't for discipline then? Naomi smiled and replied, "No, but it is convenient." Jane said, "This is quite a coincidence then?" "Yes, I live a good twenty miles from any of the blocks of flats I deal with so meeting anyone shouldn't really happen. Still, I do remember you." Jane blushed again. "It wasn't fun I can tell you." Naomi nodded her head, saying, "That is the idea of course. Anyway, your husband didn't take it so badly." Jane said wryly, "That's right, I think he actually enjoyed it, as much as you can enjoy getting your backside spanked." Naomi said matter of factly, "You'll be surprised. Just as some people enjoy spanking others so there the ones who submit to being spanked and enjoy that." "Really?" Jane said though of course that did make sense. Jane continued, "Well I was so annoyed with John when I caught him masturbating I hit him with the cane, but he told me to stop." "Did you, stop I mean?" "Oh yes. I stormed out of the room and went

downstairs. Mind you I heard him masturbating again and was even more annoyed with him.” Naomi asked, “Do you think you would enjoy spanking him?” Jane blushed remembering how she masturbated downstairs herself as she thought about spanking John. “I guess,” she said quietly. “Do you think John wants to be spanked again?” Jane knew the answer to that and said with more confidence, “Well he keeps talking about you, how dominant you were and the like. I have asked him directly if he wants to be spanked by you again and he says no but blushes so I know he does really.” “Why won’t he ask you if he wants to be spanked?” “He likes to be in charge so I guess he won’t want me to control him like that.” Naomi scoffed, “That is utter tosh. He won’t be handing you any control other than when you discipline him and that will most likely be in private. You can control his discipline but no one else need know so when you are with anyone else he takes over again.” “Really? How can that work?” “Lots of people do it, submit to someone else’s authority in a safe environment. Men often submit to what they perceive to be a strong woman when they could easily resist, but they don’t because they enjoy the submission.” Jane nodded more positively, “I can see that, and I would love to control John. It was interesting because I spanked my son for causing us the, erm, problem that you came to deal with,” Jane smiled, “And I didn’t feel anything sexual. It was straightforward discipline. Then when I gave John those strokes with the cane I got all aroused and found that sexually exciting.” Naomi said gleefully, “That’s exactly it. In fact that is how I feel when I spank all the adults I do. I get all aroused and when I get home I am so ready for sex with my husband.” “You don’t spank him then?” Naomi said sounding disappointed, “No, we tried it once but he didn’t enjoy it so I never said anything. I just get my kicks from spanking other people but then go home and have sex with my husband. It’s not as good as doing both with him but if he doesn’t enjoy it then there is no sense in pushing it.” Naomi perked up and continued, “But if your husband wants to be spanked and you want to spank him and you both get off on it then way to go.” Jane asked, “Yes, but how do I get there.” Naomi said, “I can help. Why not tell your husband we have met, that I enjoyed our, erm, meeting, and would like to do it again. You say you are up for it and will come over and spank you both again.” Jane said aghast, “What, me as well, but I just found it hurt?” Naomi said slyly, “That’s the thing. When I get there you will need to submit to a short spanking, but I will try to work it that you also spank him and then maybe he’ll see the light.” Jane thought it sounded like it was worth a try. “You need to spank me as well then?” Naomi said smiling, “You do have a very spankable bottom, and it can be my charge for helping you? What do you think?” “Well, a hand spanking then?” Jane tried. “A few dozen with the hairbrush maybe,” then when Jane’s face fell she added quickly, “Surely a small price to pay Jane.” Jane pursed her lips, reckoned the worst would be she gets another full spanking but maybe also she could end up spanking John, nodded, and said, “OK, I’m in.” The two women exchanged phone numbers. That evening Jane said to her husband quite casually, “Guess who I met today? Do you remember that Miss D?” John blushed, looked at Jane and said, “Did you? Did you speak to her?” “I did, and during our chat she said if we wanted she would come over and discipline us again. A maintenance spanking she called it, a reminder for us not to be noisy again.” John swallowed, thinking how much he wanted Miss D to spank him again. “That sounds like it might be a good thing.” He blushed even deeper but didn’t see Jane give him a funny

look that was like saying, 'Oh yeah right,' as he was faced away from her. John turned and asked Jane seriously, "What do you think?" Jane answered with a straight face, "If you think it's a good idea then I am quite happy to go with it. Why don't you decide?" Jane could see the cogs turning on John's face. A second later he said, "You know, that makes sense. Tell her we appreciate her offer and will take it up." John was still thinking. "We'll have to make sure Steven is out." Jane already had the answer. "He's away next weekend so that would be good timing and I know Miss D can make next Saturday." "Can we?" John asked. Jane did have arrangements with her sister and her husband but knew that could be changed. "We can do Saturday night as well." "Would it be here then?" "Yes, Miss D said that would be best." John answered definitely, "OK, let's do it then." Jane phoned Naomi and told her, "Yes Miss D, John and I agree it would be a tremendous help, a good reminder for us to obey the rules." So the next Saturday Miss D arrived at Jane and John's condo. She walked in with her bag. "Hullo," Miss D said assertively. John blushed, licked his lips, and said far less confidently, "Hullo erm, well what shall we call you?" Miss D replied sternly, "Miss D, and make sure you show me respect John or else you will pay the price." "Oh yes Miss D, quite so." John was so aroused by the way Miss D put him in his place. He could feel his penis stiffen and push his trousers out, a bulge not missed by either Miss D or Jane. "Let's get started shall we?" Miss D said sternly. "I think you John should be naked." "OK," John agreed looking at Jane. Jane didn't want to undress but in for a penny she thought so said, "Me too?" Miss D looked unsympathetically at Jane and said simply, "Of course." Jane and John quickly got undressed and were soon standing naked waiting for more instructions. Miss D said, "As it's effectively a maintenance spanking you will get half what I gave you last time, so 5 minutes spanking, 50 with the hairbrush and 9 with the cane." Miss D allowed a gap before adding sharply, "That assumes you take your punishment properly. If I decide you misbehave then those numbers can soon increase, significantly. Understood?" "Yes Miss D," John and Jane said together. Miss D continued with her instructions. "We'll do it differently as I'll spank you alternately and then go from there. Now don't forget, this is a reminder of what will happen if you make too much noise again and your neighbours complain." Jane looked at Miss D who was looking at John and realised what she will be looking at. Jane looked down and sure enough John already had an erection. Jane was seeing her husband in a very new light. He was really getting in to this submissive lark, so maybe Naomi, Miss D, was right. Jane wasn't so happy when Miss D said, "Jane, I'll spank you first." Jane nodded and walked over to Miss D as she sat on the high backed chair and as soon as Miss D patted her thigh bent across her lap. Miss D rubbed her bottom whilst saying, "Has this bottom been spanked since it was last across my lap?" Jane was flummoxed by the question. She is an adult so was hardly likely to be spanked on a regular basis. Still, she had already decided to play along so replied quickly, "No Miss D." "Good," Miss D said as she raised her hand and brought her open palm down hard on Jane's left bare bottom cheek, followed quickly by spanks raining down on alternate bare bottom cheeks. Miss D continued spanking Jane for the full 5 minutes and Jane was gasping towards the end, just as she had done last time. Being spanked the second time wasn't any easier and the position was just as humiliating. Eventually though the spanking ended and Miss D ordered, "OK Jane, you can get up." Jane slid off her lap, stood, and started rubbing her bottom, catching Miss

D smiling at her. "Your turn John," Miss D ordered, and John quickly crossed the room and bent across Miss D's lap even before being told to. Miss D allowed him to settle down before asking, "Did I tell you to bend over John?" John stammered a reply trying to twist around to see Miss D, "Erm, no Miss. Sorry." Miss D ordered sternly, "Well get up then." John did as he was told. Jane watched her husband get up obediently and as he stood up she saw his penis was even more erect than before. John was really getting excited being ordered about by Miss D. "Now John, I see you have rather a stiff erection don't you?" observed Miss D. John blushed and looked down at his own erection and the look on his face said to Jane he was trying to will the erection away but was failing miserably. Miss D asked, "Have you been spanked since I spanked you John?" "No Miss D," John replied. Miss D continued, "Yet you have such a huge erection." Miss D stared at John's penis making him feel uncomfortable on the one hand but even more aroused on the other. Miss D asked sharply, "Do you need to be spanked John?" John was still embarrassed from his erection and replied, "Yes Miss D." Jane was astounded. How could John give that answer, well unless he just wanted to be spanked? Miss D replied, "In that case get across my lap. You will be getting the five minute hand spanking but 100 spansks with the hairbrush as you jumped the gun going across my lap before." John nodded as he bent across Miss D's lap, enjoying her tough stance with him. He wasn't going to argue with the longer spanking with the hairbrush. The longer the better he reckoned. Miss D rubbed John's bottom and both she and Jane smiled at each other as he groaned with delight as his bottom was rubbed, groaning even more as Miss D rubbed the backs of his legs. The groaning ended when Miss D raised her hand and brought it down hard on John's bare right bottom cheek, and just as she had done to Jane so she kept spanking John at quite a pace. However Miss D kept feeling John's stiff penis as he lay across her lap so knew he was getting more and more aroused. Miss D was enjoying giving the spanking as she always did and after the ten minutes hardly paused as she picked up the hairbrush telling John, "The full one hundred John, for being disobedient." "Yes Miss D," John replied, still being so submissive. Jane watched John's face as the hairbrush pounded away on his bottom. John was struggling to cope but still accepted every spank, his face scrunching up as the constant spank after spank had his bottom turning bright red, and his gasps got louder, now sounding less sexual and more pain filled. John squirmed around on Miss D's lap, his legs started to kick, his head buck, but still he lay there. Jane realised this was a different spanking to last time, more intense as there were no gaps, and from the look on John's face it was hurting him far more. Miss D looked at John's bottom making sure she was spanking all around his bottom rather than focussing on the one spot. She knew there was a long way to go and she didn't want John to crack up in the meantime. John heard Miss D say '80,' and groaned when she said, '90,' lowering his head for the last ten spansks, trying to enjoy them, almost disappointed when she said, '100.' John was surprised to find himself sobbing as he lay across Miss D's lap, but enjoying again her warm firm hand as she rubbed his bottom and the tops of his legs. Miss D and Jane exchanged smiles again as Miss D rubbed the backs of his legs. As the dominatrix edged her hand between his legs he parted them showing both Miss D and Jane his ball sac, lifting his bottom clearly asking Miss D to rub his balls and as though answering his request Miss D rubbed the back of his ball sac and John groaned, his erection

returning. Miss D said sternly, "OK John, get up and stand in front of me." John groaned as he got up, wishing he was spanked for longer and certainly that she had rubbed him for much longer. He perked up though when Miss D announced, "You need the cane John, don't you?" Jane was happy for the conversation to take that direction as she had reckoned she was going to be told to go back across Miss D's lap for her turn with the hairbrush. John said, "Do I?" Miss D bent forward and with a blur of her hand smacked the side of John's leg. John jumped, and said, "Sorry, yes of course the cane Miss, yes I need to be caned." John wasn't really sure why he had objected as he wanted to be caned by this dominant woman. Miss D said, "Jane you sit on the sofa lean back and open your legs. I think you have earned a present and John will give it to you." Jane lent back on the sofa and opened her legs wondering if Miss D was really going to have John kneel between her legs. Sure enough Miss D told John, "Kneel down and put your head between Jane's legs. You will give her tongue sex as I cane you." John was open mouthed and once again Miss D brought her hand down hard on the side of his leg. John yelled and knelt down, nuzzling his face between Jane's lovely soft bare thighs. Not so bad he thought, forgetting to ask himself how come only he got the hairbrush and why Jane was going to have him lick her pussy. All he thought of was doing what Miss D told him, and tongue sex with his wife wasn't so bad. "Right John, push your tummy down and stick your bottom out as you lick as I'm going to give you the cane whilst you lick Jane. Don't stop at all because if you do then you will get extra strokes later. Understood?" John quickly said, "Yes Miss D." Jane was smiling as John's tongue started to lick her pussy. What was Miss D doing she wondered? Did this make John more likely to let her spank him, or would he relate being disciplined to sex? She wasn't sure. John was quite getting in to it and licked and kissed Jane's inner thigh's which he knew she liked, and he teased her, licking close to her pussy, withdrawing, licking and kissing her thighs again, edging closer, knowing Jane wanted him to kiss and lick her pussy. John felt the cane tap his bottom but thought nothing more of it. That is until he sort of heard the swish and then felt the pain across his bottom. He yelled but also raised his head and looked around, saw Miss D standing behind him holding the cane, and rubbed his bottom. "Wrong," Miss D snapped and tapped the cane again on his bottom. "Make Jane happy. The stroke doesn't count either as you stopped," she said firmly as the cane again landed across his bare bottom. John yelled again but this time buried his head between Jane's thighs and kissed and licked her with more vigour hating the way Miss D was treating him but feeling so aroused by her dominance as well, an arousal easily evidenced by his stiff erection. The third stroke bit in to John's bare bottom and this time rather than jerk his head he kept his tongue inside Jane's pussy, probing, and just grunted. Jane became more confident seeing how John had ceded control so easily and she put her hand on the back of his head pressing his face in to her and as the next stroke bit home she felt John's head start to jerk back but she tensed her arm and kept him in place. John was so thankful for Jane's help. He was finding it difficult to stay in place as Miss D landed another stroke of the cane but with Jane's help he was able to keep his tongue inside her and so that stroke definitely counted. Jane was groaning so she was enjoying having John between her legs, and he was enjoying giving Jane oral sex which was something they often did albeit both doing the other at the same time. Of course Miss D was enjoying watching the two of them cavorting about.

The sixth stroke landed and Miss D looked at the six wicked red lines across John's bottom. Jane was very close to orgasm and John was working very hard to get her there. A few seconds later Jane let out several long orgasmic gasps, still holding John's head firmly in place, and John obediently continued to tongue Jane to give her as many orgasms as possible until Jane stopped groaning. When Jane went quiet John looked up and then back but when he saw Miss D looking back at him angrily he immediately pushed his face against Jane's pussy and licked again. "Too late," Miss D snapped. How dare you disobey me? Stand up." John stood up and looked at the floor thinking he needed to look contrite. Jane stayed seated and looked up at John, almost feeling sorry for him as she had really enjoyed her orgasms, but knew this could not be the end of the game, not if she were to end up spanking her husband. Miss D snapped, "Well there is nothing else for it. You need to learn so let's start over, a spanking, the hairbrush and twenty four strokes of the cane, very hard strokes." John looked aghast, surely not, wasn't that too harsh. He looked at Jane hoping she would help him. His eyes pleaded. Jane saw the hope in John's eyes and knew why Miss D had stated such a severe additional punishment. It was her turn to step in. "Miss D, I fully agree John needs to be taught a firm lesson but maybe he would prefer me to punish him this time, I am his wife after all." John jumped at the suggestion. "Yes Miss D, I think Jane should spank me." Miss D still looked cross and said to Jane, "Will you be able to spank him hard enough? This is very serious you know." Jane replied, "I think so, well so long as he doesn't try to resist me or keep begging me to stop." Miss D looked like she was thinking, then asked John, "Will you accept being disciplined by your wife, and she decides what you get, how long, how hard, even the cane." John gulped at the word cane, but it sounded the better option. "Oh yes Miss D, I will submit to Jane." "Hhhmm, well OK then. Bend over Jane's lap. I will be watching though." Jane sat on the upright spanking chair and John didn't wait to be told and immediately went over to Jane and bent across her lap. He squirmed around until comfortable, his bare bottom neatly across Jane's right thigh. John gasped slightly when Jane's hand rubbed his bottom, but it felt so different being across her lap, her bare legs being far sexier than Miss D's leather skirt. He was looking at Jane's legs and felt aroused, and even as she was rubbing his bottom and even knowing she was going to spank him his erection returned, his stiffened penis pressing down on Jane's soft thighs. Jane felt John's erection and tensed her thighs knowing John will feel her movement. She knew though she had to start spanking her husband and lifted her hand and brought it down hard on his bare right bottom cheek. She didn't wait and soon her hand was spanking his left bottom cheek and again the right and then the left. She brought her hand down as hard as she could and as she spanked she thought about the spanking she had given Steven, their son, and her feelings today were so different. Jane was enjoying spanking her husband rather than getting satisfaction from giving their son a spanking he deserved. John hadn't really earned this spanking as this was a mixture of him wanting to be spanked and her being happy to spank him. Jane rubbed John's bottom from time to time as she felt his stiff penis press down on her thighs and to make him feel even more aroused she rubbed the backs of his legs and then down his inner thighs. John happily spread his legs and Jane rubbed deeper down his inner thighs and brushed his balls with her fingers feeling John's immediate and clearly aroused reaction. Jane spanked John for several

minutes extending the spanking to the tops of John's legs and his sit spots, revelling in John gasping and squirming on her lap. She looked up and caught Miss D's eye and she actioned the hairbrush. Jane had forgotten that and so stopped spanking John and scooped up the hairbrush, tapped his bottom, and started to spank him with the paddle. Jane smiled when John gasped louder and squirmed faster, and his legs started kicking, and she could feel her pussy quivering and was sure she was damp. She certainly felt aroused. John was ever more delighted that Jane had stepped in as whilst the spanking still hurt it felt so different to being spanked by Miss D. It was definitely a hard spanking but he didn't really mind that, and somehow being across his wife's bare lap was sexy, and he hoped she will feel his erection on her thigh. He raised his bottom to meet Jane's hand and even the hairbrush and then enjoyed lowering himself down on to his wife's lap so his ever stiffening penis would press down hard, time and again. John was getting closer and closer to an orgasm as Jane rubbed his balls. He was more subdued when Jane started to use the hairbrush but when he felt her hand slide down his inner thighs and he parted his legs it was the most erotic feeling as she rubbed his balls. It was as though she was bringing him to orgasm but holding back at the last moment, teasing him, extending his pleasure. Of course there was still the cane to come so he mustn't have an orgasm yet anyway. He lifted his bottom again and pressed down on Jane's thigh. The spanking with the hairbrush made him squirm much more and he was really struggling. He felt tears well up in his eyes and when he could not stop himself sobbing he knew the tears would flow, and they did. Jane felt John crying but rather than lighten up it encouraged her to spank even harder, not faster, but with more intensity. She felt John continue to struggle but counted out to herself a full one hundred spanks before she stopped, intending to rub his bottom for a while before giving him another one hundred. She rubbed his bottom, then between his thighs and rubbed his ball sac and it was then she felt him shudder and groan and knew immediately he had cum. She felt the hot sticky sex fluid on her thigh and whereas she never really minded feeling his cum when he had cum inside her and pulled himself out of her pussy, today she took the opportunity to scold him, to make him submit to her again. Jane said sternly, "John, I don't think anyone gave you permission to cum across my lap." "What?" Miss D exclaimed. "John, get up right now." John was recovering from his orgasm but when he heard the tone of Miss D's voice he forced himself to get up and stood there, cum dripping from his penis. He looked at the floor but when Miss D moved across the room he looked up and was horrified to see her pick up the cane. Miss D snapped, "Twenty four with this I think should do, for starters." John gulped, was shocked, again looked at Jane for help, and she was ready to oblige. Jane looked at Miss D and said confidently, "He came on my lap so I should be the one to cane him Miss D" John found his wife's voice strong, demanding. Again Miss D appeared to consider the request and when John looked pleadingly at her she gave a short nod. John was elated, and having found being spanked by his wife so erotic he was sure being caned by her will be more so. Jane took the cane from Miss D and turned to face John, holding the cane in her two hands and flexing it as she walked slowly across the room and stood in front of her husband. She was smiling, hoping John found the smile sexy, and said, "You are such a naughty boy I am going to have to give you six of the best." John thought only six, thank goodness as his bottom was already stinging, so he won't mind how hard Jane canes him.

He looked in to her eyes and saw them sparkle as she gave him such a wicked look. Immediately he was aroused and his penis stiffened. He watched as Jane looked down and her lips pursed in annoyance but he knew she was enjoying herself as he had seen that look so often and that only heightened his anticipation. Jane said, "I think I had better give you nine because of that," she said, nodding at his penis. She saw John just accepted the increased punishment without even a blink. She stepped right up to him and poked his chest with her finger, keeping her finger pressed against him and she felt him press forward but not take his eyes from his wife. Jane's finger ran downwards towards his tummy, her eyes and his eyes locked, and as her finger travelled down past his tummy his penis was fully erect. Jane's fingers reached his hair and her finger sat on the very tip of his penis. John was struggling to keep control of himself thinking he might cum again at any second. Jane then curled her fingers right around his penis and gripped her hand fully around it and squeezed, slowly but firmer and firmer until John caught his breath. Her eyes were still locked with his and John just stared, enjoying his wife's control over him so he didn't push her hand away but allowed her to decide how hard to squeeze and for how long. Jane held his penis and balls for several seconds before pulling ever so slightly saying, "Come with me you naughty boy and be caned." John allowed himself to be pulled by his balls, in fact was enjoying the sensation. Yes it was humiliating to be manoeuvred like this by his wife but so what? He was so taken by the new power being exercised by his wife over him he wanted more of it, much more, even if it meant she will punish him. Jane turned and led him slowly across the room still holding him by his penis and balls and he followed, obediently, his stiff penis pulsing in Jane's hand, both wondering if John will again cum, John trying desperately to stop himself and Jane wanting his cum to spurt out over her hand and the floor. She wiggled her hand, pressed firmly at the base of his penis and almost instantly John succumbed. Jane felt the cum as it travelled up John's shaft and spurted out over the floor in an arc, the last vestiges spilling over her hand. John groaned an orgasmic gasp, shuddered, and trembled both in delight and horror. Jane stopped, turned to look at her husband, gripped his penis even harder and said sharply, "That will make it twelve, the full dozen." John gulped, blushed, loved the way his wife was dominating him, stuttered a quiet, "Sorry," nodded, and when Jane carried on walking he felt the tug and followed obediently as he was led to the chair. Jane ordered sternly, "Bend over and grab the chair, and spread your legs apart." John looked at the chair and slowly bent over and grabbed both sides. He looked at the floor and saw Jane's bare legs as she stood behind him. He saw the cane as Jane put it between his legs and gasped as she flicked the cane between his thighs, which stung and in defence mode he parted his legs. Jane said sternly, "I told you I wanted your legs spread so don't wait for me to force you, just do it." John cried out, "Sorry Jane, sorry." Jane stopped flicking the cane and lent forward grabbing John's ear and squeezing his ear lobe between the nails of her thumb and forefinger hissing, "Miss J to you." John's ear ached but he was so turned on he knew his penis was on its way back up. Jane saw the erection then stood behind John again putting the cane back between her husband's legs. John saw it and waited for the flicks between his inner thighs. Jane had another plan though as she gently flicked the cane upwards and as it struck his ball sac John gasped and stood on tip toes, which of course didn't help as Jane simply flicked the cane two inches higher.

“Still getting an erection eh John?” “Yes Miss,” he whispered with a new respect and desire. John closed his eyes thinking how sexy Jane was being when he heard the swish and felt the scorching stinging pain of the cane. He grabbed the chair and held his position bent over and knowing there were eleven more strokes to come. The second stroke hurt more and the third even more. Jane didn’t stop but gave John the fourth and fifth strokes before making the sixth the hardest after which she rested. John was crying, yes actually crying and then he felt the cane again flick up on to his ball sac and went straight up on to his tip toes and even though it stung he still knew his penis stiffened. Jane ordered, “I want you to stick your bottom right out John for the last six.” “Yes Miss,” he said again. Respect was coming more naturally now. The flicking stopped and John immediately stuck his bottom right out. However instead of immediately caning John again Jane rubbed his bottom and the tops of his legs and when she rubbed his inner thighs and brushed her hand along his ball sac John groaned, enjoying the sensation. Jane then gripped his balls and squeezed and still John groaned with delight. Jane smiled, stood back and caned John again, harder than before and John cried out more than before. Stroke after stroke landed across his bottom, red line after red line appeared across his bottom and he cried again. Even after the last stroke John kept crying, at least until Jane put her hand around his legs again and gripped his balls. Jane felt John’s penis stiffen as she tugged him and even with a stinging bottom he turned and looked at his wife waiting for her instructions. Jane and John looked at each other, the tension growing. Both had felt as the spanking progressed that sex would follow, and in fact both hoped it would knowing their joint participation will make the sex far better, much more erotic. Jane asked her husband in a tough tone of voice, “Well John, do you feel disciplined?” “Yes Jane,” and when he saw the look on her face and felt her grip tighten he gasped, “I mean Miss J.” “That’s better,” she replied as she rubbed his penis which was already leaking his sex cum so her hand easily rubbed up and down. As Jane’s rubbing continued John was getting aroused and his breathing deepened. He closed his eyes and relaxed, enjoying the way his wife was getting him going again. His penis was so stiff he wanted to tell Jane to let him put his penis inside her so she could also be aroused but he had to follow her instructions and do as she wanted. In fact he wanted to let her decide, to be in charge. John’s breathing deepened as Jane rubbed more firmly and with the other hand rubbed John’s thighs and he was getting closer and closer to orgasm until he was letting out long sex filled gasps and just as he wanted to cum Jane stepped forward and eased his penis inside her and a few moments later he came and John was gyrating to extend his orgasm. John opened his eyes and saw Jane smiling. He asked, “Why did you put me inside you at the last moment?” Jane laughed and said, “What else, you would have cum on the floor again and I would have had to clean it up.” John smiled, exhausted. “Thanks doll,” he said. Jane stepped in front of her husband and said sharply, “It’s still Miss J,” and when she put her hand on his face her look hardened and he knew what Jane was going to do. She pulled her hand back and slapped hard across John’s face. John gasped, then after the stinging stopped said, “I can take harder Miss J.” Jane nodded, pulled her hand back again and slapped him even harder. John gasped but Jane saw his penis stiffen. She asked, “So you enjoy being spanked huh?” “I guess,” John replied then added cautiously. “So what do we do now?” Jane said very confidently, “I will be spanking you again when you deserve

it." John laughed rubbing his bottom but feeling relieved. "Do you like spanking me?" "Too right." She added with a smile, "Wasn't that obvious?" "Yes, I guess." Jane explained, "John, when I say I will spank you when you deserve it, it's not discipline. I enjoy spanking you, I find it so sexy," and after a moment added, "Just as you enjoy being spanked." "Well I do enjoy being spanked. I thought it was just with Miss D," John said sheepishly looking at a smiling Miss D, and then added, "But you know Jane I enjoyed being spanked by you much more." John looked at Miss D again and said blushing, "Sorry." Miss D replied still smiling, "No problem with that John, just so long as you got there." John realised what had just been said and sounded annoyed when he asked, "Do you mean you did this on purpose?" He looked from Miss D to Jane and back again. Jane replied just as angrily, "Look John, you got an erection with Miss D and you were quite alright with her spanking you. Then afterwards when I got to your room you had already masturbated and when I caned you on the bed I know you got another erection. So when I thought how much I wanted to spank you what did you expect? Let you have Miss D or some other woman spank you or take control myself? Let's not be silly about it John." Jane really sounded cross and her eyes flashed. John was immediately conciliatory, reacting to the more dominant tone of voice from his wife. "OK, ok, I understand." John thought for a moment and asked, "So do you want to spank other people as well?" "Heck no John. I wouldn't enjoy it with just anyone. I find you sexy and enjoy making love to you and this spanking caper is so erotic, but I wouldn't do it with everyone just as I don't fancy everyone. It's part of love making, or could be anyway." "Wow Jane, well I never thought I would enjoy going over your knee." Jane said seriously, "Actually I enjoyed having you across my lap but I really really liked giving you the cane." John stayed silent knowing that he too liked the sting of the cane. After a few moments he asked, "So shall we agree a time when you will spank me followed by sex." Jane replied fiercely, "That's typical of you John, reducing everything to sex. No I have a better idea." John looked at Jane expectantly. She said, "I will be the one to choose when I want to play. You won't know which day. You will come home and I will demand you prepare to be disciplined." "What if I say no?" Jane scoffed, "You can't. If I," John interrupted Jane and snapped, "Can't? I don't do can't you know." Jane knew John was making a stand she head to defeat. "I told you John, I decide. Hold your hand out," Jane ordered. "What?" John said, beginning to understand when Jane picked up the cane. Jane said sternly, "I said hold your hand out. I am going to give you three on your hand." "I don't think so Jane," John said as firmly. "Four," Jane said simply. John looked at his wife and remembered school, when he was sixteen, and the Headmistress, a real strict no nonsense woman who knew the cane was a real deterrent. The trouble was John was overawed by her. So many of his friends left her Study with tear stained faces after having to bend over for the cane, admittedly with their trousers or skirts still up, or with red lines showing across their hands. John had so wanted to be naughty and earn the cane, but he never was. He came close but never got there. However he fantasised about being disciplined, masturbated thinking about the Headmistress caning him, and so when he saw Miss D he remembered the Headmistress and acted out his fantasy. Now though his wife was being as stern and as strict as the Headmistress, and just as he masturbated then so he was so aroused now. "Five," Jane said deliberately. John stood still looking at his wife whilst eying the cane. Jane saw the

look, knew what it meant, that John was getting aroused by how strict she was being with him. "Six," he said. John swallowed hard and felt his penis stiffen, and his erection pushed out the front of his trousers. Jane saw it, smirked, and said, "I can go on as long as you like but I will be giving you every stroke." John wavered, knew his wife meant what she said, and he knew she would win. He loved the way she was being so dominant and reckoned it might still be OK, Jane making the decisions. She was right that she made all the other decisions to do with the house so why not this. He said, "You win." Jane swished the cane, a new Jane, a dominant Jane. She said in a definite not to be messed with tone, "Now get your hand out." John reacted as he had done at school, when he missed out on being caned. Even now that was his character. John shrugged his shoulders and said trying to put off the moment, "We'll start tomorrow." John licked his lips and knew his penis was struggling inside his trousers. He wanted to yank down his trousers and take his wife, right here, right now, he was so turned on. Even as he said it he could have kicked himself. Why delay? He was gagging for his wife to discipline him. Still he had always made the decisions so he expected Jane to accept this one. John stared in to his wife's eyes and was surprised she had not backed down, and Jane stared back, a hard stare, and she was so enjoying the power she now knew she had over him, her husband. "Stick your hand out," Jane snapped. John hadn't expected Jane to take control but she had, and this time he accepted it, in fact yearned for it, and slowly raised his hand, palm up, fingers stretched out, like a schoolboy, and as he looked at his wife she raised the cane and with the tension rebounding around the room she brought the cane down on John's hand. He gasped. It hurt more than the cane on his bottom but he held his hand firm, straight, and watched as the cane was raised again, swished down, and with a crack felt the pain spread across his palm. Jane found the tension electric, her power over her husband increasing by the second. She raised the cane and brought it down on her husband's hand again, then with the fourth stroke a louder gasp, then the fifth stroke brought a sob, and the sixth a cry. Jane put the cane down and undid the front of John's trousers, yanked them down as John rubbed his hurting stinging hand, Jane put her hand down the front of his underpants, gripped his erect penis and rubbed the stiff shaft again and again and watched as John groaned in delight, and as Jane slid her hand up and down his shaft she felt his cum shoot up his shaft and spurt out but was caught inside his underpants, his cum gushing over her fingers. Jane kept her grip on John's erection until he had calmed down and opened his eyes. He smirked, Jane smiled, John put his hand under Jane's skirt and got as far as her knickers when she said sternly. "Stop, not now." John looked quizzically. Jane carried on in a strict tone, "Go and wash, come back in fresh underwear, you can then get your head between my legs and do me, for starters." Jane looked sternly at John who remembered that was one of his fantasises with the Headmistress. She caned him, admittedly then gave him a blow job but a hand job was almost as good, and then she demanded he use his tongue to make her cum. Yes, he was really up for sucking his wife's pussy. From the side of the room came an "Ahem." Jane and John both looked surprised but realised Miss D was still in the room. Both blushed, looked at each other, looked at Miss D who was smiling and both laughed. Miss D said, "Well that looks in good order then." "Sorry," Jane said. Miss D continued, "Don't be Jane. I enjoyed watching you, and I have just sent a text to my husband telling him I will be

needing him to do the very same as John will be doing to you Jane.” Again they all laughed. Jane asked, “It’s a shame that your husband doesn’t enjoy being spanked.” Miss D sighed, “Indeed, but that is life.” Miss D brightened up when she continued, “He knows I enjoy giving other people a spanking and accepts it turns me on and so will be ready enough when I get home. So I am fine with it. Anyway, you two seem to be fine with what you both like so my job is done and I’ll be away.” Jane and John thanked Miss D and said their good-byes. Jane said sternly, “So we are agreed. I decide when you get spanked.” It was a statement. “Agreed,” John conceded. “One request though?” “Go on,” Jane said almost expecting some unreasonable request. “Can I call you Miss when you discipline me?” Jane laughed. “Of course you can, but you mean after every answer?” “Yes, like if you were a head mistress.” Jane smiled, certain John would forget more often than not so added sternly, “Just to make it interesting every time you forget that will be one extra stroke of the cane.” John rubbed his bottom knowing he was bound to forget lots of times and so would get caned lots and lots of times. He was looking forward to the new regime. His wife in charge and she will decide when to spank him. They had yet to discuss the reasons or whether it would just be because she wanted to. He was already getting another erection thinking about it and said in a respectful tone, “Yes Miss.” Jane almost came when John agreed. She could feel the dampness in her knickers and squeezed her thighs to increase her arousal. She was going to have great sex with John tonight. “One more question Miss.” “What is this time John?” Jane purposely sounded cross. John asked respectfully, “Presumably I can come home and ask to be spanked?” Jane retorted, “Of course you can.” John added, “And have sex afterwards.” Jane gave her husband a wicked smile. “Not quite. What I promise is that if you ask to be caned I will cane you. Anywhere between six and forty eight strokes on your bare bottom depending on my mood. I decide how many not you though and the worse day I have had the more strokes I will give you. Afterwards you will have to give me tongue sex. However, even if I have caned you and you have given me your usual amazing orgasm with your tongue I still decide if you deserve to have sex yourself, not you. ” “So I lose all control?” John was more and more aroused by his ever more dominant wife. “Believe me John it’s better that way. Well, better for me, although much more painful for you, but I reckon you really want that and you know I will deal with you fairly. We’ll both enjoy it more like that.” John’s penis stiffened. Yes he liked his wife this way. “OK Miss, anything you say goes from now on.” Jane was thrilled and had already decided she will be spanking and caning her husband again tomorrow, and that was just the start. Jane said sternly, “Now go and change your cum filled underwear and get back here quickly. My pussy still needs your attention.” “Yes Miss.”