

# Vicarage Discipline (f/m spanking)

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*Mrs Jones, the vicar's wife, had a most unexpected secret*

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We were on the bed preparing to fuck. Debbie was on all fours, her beautiful arse should have been stimulation sufficient to arm me with a rod of steel. She was pampering my aching balls and gave my unwilling pecker an encouraging touch now and then, hoping as I hoped, for some stiff action. But all to no avail. It was me that gave up in the end and I huddled on the edge of the bed, beaten in my spirits like a schoolboy who chickened out of a dare. "It doesn't matter." sniffed Debbie and she cuddled me from behind, "I just want to get close to you." I felt ashamed. She was a leggy blonde with hair half way down her shapely back, a sweet round face with high forehead, a pair of full bouncy tits, a bum to die for, seductive blue eyes and a lips made for blow jobs. We had been together two months and my erectile dysfunction was to our love like acid in a bed of roses. It was not a new problem and all my previous girlfriends eventually dumped me on account of it. But Debbie was a special case. I wanted to make her my wife and doubted a better girl could be found for me. After all, I was not exactly a film star, just an average guy with short brown hair, obviously overweight with a podgy face and rather stubby nose. I did wonder what she could have seen in me as I did really measure up as poorly in looks as I did in the bedroom. Debbie was ogled by guys much above my league and they must have wondered 'what's the game?' when they saw us together. After nursing my ego I crawled under the duvet with my unhappy girlfriend, unsatisfied and frustrated. She would not allow me to pleasure her with my tongue, it had to be mutual or not at all. Had I tried Viagra? Yes. But it gave me a headache and I fared no better with other impotence drugs. I did not want to lose Debbie but could not justify keeping a hold on her under such circumstances. What an awful night, we tossed and turned like the mattress was stuffed with walnuts.. The next day I went in to work dripping wet having forgotten an umbrella and was greeted by my boss; the vicar's wife Mrs Jones. "Good morning Mark!" she said with her usual exuberance, eyes flashing and smile beaming. "Dear me you are drenched! And you look well worn out! This is a fine way to start the day young man." I tried to raise a grin and went directly to my duties, filing back returned books into the shelves. I worked in a small public library in a village of 5000 people. It was a poorly paid job but it was handy as me and Debbie lived in a flat just five minutes walk away. I had worked there for six months since completing my degree and although it was not much, it rather suited me while I worked on my post graduate studies. The library was run by the two of us, me and Mrs Mary Jones, a woman who was very active

in the community as well as being a well organised librarian. She was in her mid sixties, tallish, a long face with horsy teeth, smiling eyes and a cheerful disposition which made her fun to have as a boss. Her greying hair was shoulder length and she held her portly physique well and looked like she had the strength of a farmer's wife. Her husband, the well respected parish vicar Reg Jones, was a nice chap too, much smaller in stature and a merry sparkle in his eyes told me he had enjoyed a happy life with the pleasant lady. There was a warmth about Mrs Jones that I found very appealing and she was an open person, would think nothing of giving out hugs to anyone who needed one. I looked on this side of her as a son to a mother and she had comforted me on occasions, particularly at times when she learned that yet another girl had deserted me for something better. On that day Mrs Jones had to go off early to help organise a soup morning for the village Christmas lights fund raising project. She took up her handbag and breezed out, saying as she went: "There are some jam tarts in the back if you feel peckish. See you later. Bye!" While she was out I brooded over Debbie while I did various chores around the library. It was very quiet and after a little while I made myself a tea and sat at Mrs Jones' desk. It was then that I noticed she had not logged out of her Windows account on the PC in front of me. I decided to start up internet explorer and see if there were any new treatments available for impotence. After some fruitless time searching I decided to stop but first I needed to delete my browsing history. How embarrassing that would be if Mrs Jones found how I had been occupying my time! I went to the history folder to see if I could somehow purge my search and it was at that moment I found something most unexpected. It was difficult at first for me to accept that Mrs Jones could be responsible for the questionable contents of the browsing history. My mind was spinning from the material on the screen and I had to steady myself when Mrs Metcalf came in to drop off some leaflets advertising the church flower festival. She stayed a while to chat about local issues which had been happening in the parish and I shut down the browser as I did fear Mr Jones might suddenly return. I did not want to embarrass her. When she did return I acted as normal and we got on with the day as we usually did, in good spirits, a few laughs and the like. But I knew her secret. And what a secret! There could be no doubt. Mrs Jones was interested in erotic spanking and in particular, so it seemed, the disciplinarian side which involved wives spanking their husbands. That browsing history could not have been built up by anybody but her as no other person had access to the library computer except me. She must have indulged herself at times when I was not there or perhaps when I was occupied and the library was quiet. Several days passed. Me and Debbie tried more techniques. She gripped my penis at the base and jerked slowly as best she could but I just could not get hard. Oral did not work either. She used her erotic breasts to wank me but my limp friend was lost in those beautiful balloons. A lubricated finger up the arse also produced no erection. It was awful, having failed we would just get into bed and go off to sleep unhappy. She had even stopped wearing her sexy red lacy bra and panties she bought to arouse me. In that time my imagination began to explore the secret territory I had unexpectedly discovered and I wondered whether Mrs Jones wanted to keep her interest strictly within the limits of fantasy. One night in bed I allowed my imagination total freedom and conjured up something hot, me over Mrs Jones' lap, bare bottomed and spanked hard by her strong hand. Out of these sexy thoughts grew a truly potent erection! I put my hand to it and began to

masturbate. Debbie moved over and stuck her bottom into my belly. There was no time to lose. I pressed close and embraced her warm body, pressing my dick where I knew it would make an impression. "Mark!" she gasped passionately and turned to face me. We kissed deeply and I moved onto Debbie's warm body, eager to end my penetration famine. Her legs opened and I let nature have its horny way, feeling the slippery flesh give way at my first attempt and going in to the hilt. Debbie made a deep moaning sound of pleasure and relief and gripped my back with sharp nails. "I love you." she said softly, her warm breath in my ear intensifying my arousal. For some moments I remained motionless, in perfect comfort, and savouring the exciting sensations on my cock as long as possible. But Debbie squeezed her thighs tight and began to thrust gently but with increasing passion, causing the bed springs to creak and making self-control impossible. The scale of the experience was new to me and I saw Mrs Jones' hand come down just at the height of my excitement. It had been weeks since my last ejaculation and Debbie squeezed my balls tightly as if she was milking every last drop. The liberating release of tension was exactly what I needed and we stayed still for some time. Her cheek was damp, from sweat or tears I wasn't sure. She kissed my face lovingly and made sweet noises as I fell asleep deep inside her wet wild forest. The cheerful twittering of birds woke me. Debbie, looking serene as a bride of Christ at prayer, was sleeping soundly on my chest. Soon she opened her eyes and made a satisfied sound when her gaze met mine. Her complexion was brighter, healthier, there were no circles around her blue eyes and one thousand suns could not brighten the room with more radiance than her smile. This new happy phase of our relationship did not last as long as I had hoped. It was sweet indeed and we slept soundly. I admit I used the fantasy of Mrs Jones spanking to trigger my desires and it did work for some time. But gradually I found it less effective and my passion began to fade so that we stopped love-making every day. I analysed myself and realised that the fantasy was becoming more dominant in my imagination to the extent that the thought of it was not enough to arouse me. What I wanted, it was obvious, was the reality; a real spanking. But I had a girl who could spank me! Why need an old woman? So I asked Debbie to spank me, embarrassing as it was to say the words. The idea amused her so we tried. But it was not what I had hoped for. When I spanked Debbie she got quite a kick out of it and asked for a harder spanking, but it did not do anything for me. Still, my desire to go over the knee of Mrs Jones was as strong as ever. Then something happened that inflamed my passion for this experience. I called into the vicarage one morning for the keys to the library in order to start work half an hour early to get some admin done and out of the way before the day began proper. The front door was slightly ajar and I knocked but after a minute there was no reply, I knocked again and still nothing. I did not like to use the doorbell as it made such a loud buzz and it was still early. From inside I could hear Mrs Jones' voice and thought it would be acceptable for me to come quietly in. Once inside the house I said "hello!" but there was no answer. It was a large house and I walked through the lobby and then along a corridor looking into rooms as I went but they were empty. Then I heard Mrs Jones' voice coming from upstairs. Thinking she had heard me call I assumed she was asking me to go upstairs so up I went onto the landing. Suddenly a voice which I recognised as the vicar said in a strained voice; "I won't do it again mistress! Honest!" Then the sound of a slap and a

cry of pain. My heartbeat accelerated and I crept along the corridor, terrified of discovery yet with blazing curiosity urging me on to see what was happening. A door was slightly open and just enough for me to see through the crack into the room. What I saw was Mrs Jones sitting on a chair with a strict expression on her face and a fat hairy arse on her lap. "What's this eh?" said Mrs Jones. "Oh yes of course. The vicar's best friend. Playboy." Mrs Jones held a magazine in her hand and flicked through it with derision. "Disgusting. Tut tut. You sneaky little masturbator." she said, and rolling up the offending publication, brought it down rapidly several times on the vicar's wobbly bottom. "You sneaky deviant! Don't do it again." she scolded and continued beating him with the magazine. "Don't do it again!" "No mistress. Ow!" The vicar grunted away and cried for mercy. After a minute of this Mrs Jones instructed her husband to stand up which he did. His trousers were down to his knees and an erect penis stood out from between his legs. "I can see that you have got the wrong attitude about this. Turn around at once!" she commanded. "Yes mistress." "Hands behind the head!" "Yes mistress." "Now listen to me and pay good attention." said Mrs Jones in a menacing voice I would not have thought her capable. "Let us be clear about certain things. That thing, that excuse for your manhood, what's it for?" "Going to the toilet mistress" said the vicar in a petrified voice. "Pissing is one use, what else?" she said with a wicked grin. "To be used in the marital bed mistress." "Correct. Glad you understand that. And I had better not catch you playing with it while you peruse smut! And another thing. I've seen you ogling at Mrs Pritchard's daughter during the Sunday Eucharist service. Ogling her ripe young breasts and shapely bottom. Don't deny it you reprobate! I'll make you pay for that if I see it again you can count on that! Now turn around and if I see that little soldier standing to attention you'll be in for it my lad!" The vicar turned around and if anything his erection was even bigger. "Stand still!" said Mrs Jones, and she gently swatted his smallish prick with the rolled up magazine. "I can see you have not learned your lesson." said Mrs Jones shaking her head. "What are you going to do with that?" The vicar did not reply but I saw Mrs Jones get up and then move out of view. There were some ruffling sounds like clothing was being adjusted and a bed spring creaked. "Move it!" said Mrs Jones sharply. "Yes mistress." replied the vicar with full submissive tone. The vicar shuffled towards her out of my view, trousers around his ankles and stiff cock sticking out. The bed springs creaked rapidly. This dreamlike scene was rudely interrupted by the doorbell buzzing loudly and I had no option but to retreat. I tip-toed carefully down the stairs and edged towards the lobby. "Yoo-hoo. It's only Fran!" said a female voice in the lobby and I ducked into the dining room. "Give me five minutes dear!" Mrs Jones called from upstairs in a remarkably natural way. "It's okay petal, no hurry. I need to speak to you about the Mother's Union fund raiser on Sunday in the square. Is Reg here? I've just been to the church for morning prayer and didn't see him." "Yes my sweet he is just putting on his dog collar. Won't be long!" "I'll wait! No hurry." called out Fran. When Fran went into the lounge I crept out into the street. As far I could tell nobody saw me go in or come out and I went home as quickly as my feet would take me. The rain had given way to sunshine. Fortunately Debbie had not yet left for work and she was coming out of the door looking as pretty as ever in her red frock. "Mark!" she said with surprise. "I was just on my out. You won't believe this. Aunt Chloe's home help called in sick and I've got to spend the morning with her. The poor dear hasn't had a bath in a week. Mark

what are you doing?" I took her by the hand and closed the door behind me. I began kissing her red lips and touching her body, starting at the legs and working my way up to her fleshy bum, squeezing passionately. "Oh Mark!" gasped Debbie, "But Aunt. Mark, oh Mark." I put my hand under her dress and touched gently between the legs. "Mark!" said Debbie with mocked outrage, succumbing to the passion. "You are a devil!" I manoeuvred her into the kitchen. "Over the table." I said. "I want to fuck you from behind." "The kitchen's a mess." protested Debbie, "let's go upstairs." "I want it here." I pleaded. "Let me clean up first." she said with embarrassment, no doubt feeling bad that she had not tidied. The morning's abandoned breakfast had not been cleared. I took a plump breast in each hand. "You." said Debbie and she put a hand down my trousers while I kissed her lips and played with her beautiful wavy blonde hair. She smelt good. "Oh Mark!" she said when the quality of my erection was obvious to her probing fingers. She gave me one last saucy smile and placed herself in the required position over the table, using the edge to lean on with her elbows. I lifted her skirt and touched her black stockings and suspenders, feeling her firm thighs, then eased down her red silk panties. I probed with my thumb inside. "You're ready." I said softly. "It feels nice." I dropped my trousers and watched me hard cock disappear between the cheeks of her arse. Debbie yelped once and arched her back. "Mmm. That feels sexy. Can you to play with my tits." she said and raised herself so that I could reach around. She pressed herself backwards so I could have freedom to touch her plump tits. But I was unable to continue. "Oh christ!" I barely articulated the words while fighting for breath. My mind was still under the impression of what I had seen in the vicarage. Mrs Jones strict commands were in my ears. Oh my god! Her hand came down. Merciless. Stinging. Don't do it again! No mistress! I'll make you pay for that. Ouch! Don't do it again! Ouch! No mistress. No mistress. Please mistress! Please! Mercy! Don't do it again! No mistress! Don't ogle! No mistress! Disgusting! Disgusting! You'll pay for that you pervert! Mistress! Mercy! You haven't learned your lesson! Sneaky masturbator! Please mistress! Masturbator! Mistress! Pervert! Please mistress! Please! Please! Please! Oh mistress! Oh mistress! Oh! Oh! Oh! Mistress!!! Everything was still. "Oh Mark. Mark." said Debbie softly. I looked around me at the devastation in the kitchen, the shattered crockery and tea stained lino. The table had moved from the middle into the corner of the kitchen. Debbie was prostrate, head down, purring. My god, I thought, I'm going mad. But what sweet madness! "I'll get you a taxi." I said, pulling up my trousers, too overwhelmed and confused to say anything else. Debbie buttoned up her blouse. Her blue eyes shone at me. She tidied her hair and tied it at the back with a band. "Mark." she said, putting her arms around my neck and deep French kissing me. She paid a visit to the bathroom and was out in one minute. "I'll get you a taxi. Poor Aunt Chloe, give her my love." I took her arm and we went into the high street where luckily, a taxi was waiting. Debbie blew me a kiss from the back of the car as it sped off. I walked to the library past the high street shops. So. My mind had been full of vicarage discipline and sent me soaring to heights of orgasmic pleasure and I had used Debbie as a masturbation tool. It was low of me. But my god what a woman! I wished Mrs Jones could be my mistress and punish me. I felt a pang of envy for the vicar having such a masterful mistress as a wife. No wonder he had that look of joy in his eyes all the time. I was shaking and confused as I strode into the library and saw the lady herself going through a pile of

returned books. "Hello Mark!" she greeted me in her enthusiastic smiling way. I looked at her, so conservative in appearance, and tried to reconcile that with the knowledge I had of her secret ways. "Oh dear dear what is wrong?" she said, her face expressing concern. I was not aware but I had tears in my eyes and one fell onto my cheek. She went directly past me and locked the front door then took me into the back office. I couldn't help it. I cried on her shoulder and the more I cried the more I felt like crying. It was wonderful and awful at the same time. Mrs Jones held me there and stroked my head like I was her son. "There there." she said compassionately, "there there it can't be that bad." I told her the whole truth. There and then, all of it, I just got it all out of me. About my problems with Debbie, how I had discovered some erotic material on the library computer and what I had seen in the vicarage. I admitted that it had rejuvenated my sex life and it had been incredible for a time but it was no way to go on. She listened very attentively, holding my hands in hers as we sat in opposite chairs. I also told her I had fantasies about being spanked by her to which she smiled kindly and with much understanding. "I'm so embarrassed." I sobbed. Mrs Jones looked at me so tenderly and with so much understanding it really touched me. "I'm glad you've been open with me." she said, squeezing my hands. "Me and Reg are very lucky." she continued, showing her teeth in a big smile and then becoming serious. "We've always had a very strong marriage and we're both very, very happy. And do you know why?" I shook my head. "Because we both know our roles within the marriage. There is never any conflict on that account. He knows what I expect of him and I know what he expects of me. It's really very, very simple." She paused for some moments and looked thoughtful, I remained silent, having pulled myself together somewhat. Suddenly there was a rapid knocking at the front door. I looked up. "Oh ignore it." said Mrs Jones. "Now, where do we go from here with your young lady? She's a nice lass is Debbie. I've known her since the days I used to help out with the Brownies. My did she blossom!" "I feel so ashamed" I said, "it seems so dirty what I've been doing just because I can't, can't." "Oh let's not worry about that." said Mrs Jones. "It's more of a blessing I should say." "How do you mean?" I asked. Mrs Jones explained everything and made me realise the only way forward for me was either to leave Debbie and find a dominant strong handed woman, or allow Debbie to dominate me. I tried to imply that if she herself, Mrs Jones, would spank me now and then, it would keep my erotic sphere alive and thus Debbie and me could live our lives properly. She saw that coming and ruled it out, saying that what she did for herself and Reg was only for the marriage and could never be taken outside to a third party. I lost heart when she said that. Feeling rejected. She asked if I would be prepared to allow Debbie to have the dominant role in our relationship if it would mean being able to have normal intimate relations. I replied that it would not be easy as our relationship was already well defined but I did promise and Mrs Jones patted my knee, telling me that everything would work out well if I would trust Debbie when the time came. "You're going away for the weekend I believe." said Mrs Jones after we had re-opened the library. "Yes" I said. "I'm going on my own up to Lancaster to see my parents. It's my mum's birthday and I haven't seen her for a while so I thought it would be nice. Debbie can't come because of her job." "Perfect." said Mrs Jones with a look of satisfaction in her eyes. I had no idea what Mrs Jones was planning and it sort of ruined my trip to Lancaster as I could not get my mind off my dilemma. Debbie stayed in touch by phone and we

chatted about very trivial things. My mum and dad were full of the usual clichés; “how’s life treating you?” and the like. If only they knew the truth. I wanked several times in my bedroom over the weekedn thinking about Mrs Jones spanking me. When I got back on Sunday evening I opened the door and called out “I’m back!” but there was initially no reply. I knew Debbie must be at home as all the lights were on and I could even smell freshly made coffee. “Slave! To the bedroom!” Debbie’s voice it was, but how strange it sounded! Slave? I went up the stairs and pushed open the bedroom door. “Goodness. Debbie?” I shrieked when I saw her. “From now on” she said emphatically, “when I call ‘slave’ I will be mistress. Is that clear?” I recalled the conversation with Mrs Jones and I understood at once what had taken place when I was away. The two had met, and Mrs Jones had instructed Debbie to the full. It was critical that I play my role, I thought, everything depends on it. I was touched, she loved me so much she was prepared to do this. “I don’t like repeating myself, is that clear!” Debbie stamped her foot. “It’s clear.” I stammered. “Mistress!” she snapped back at me, baring her teeth a little. “It’s clear mistress.” I said. “And I will be your mistress until you hear me say ‘at ease’.” “Yes mistress.” I acknowledged the rules as I understood. She was dressed in a short black leather skirt, patent leather stiletto high heels, Her legs were naked and on top, she was wearing a studded leather garment which left her arms bare. Her hair was tied in a pony tail which fell down to her hips and She was wearing copious amounts of make up, scarlet lipstick, black eye shadow and mascara. I could hardly recognise my Debbie. The expression on Her face was new to me, being a mix of impatience and derision. “Sooooo.” She began, making two steps towards me in menacing fashion and sticking the tip of Her tongue under Her top row of teeth. “I understand everything. I should have known I was engaged to a mummy’s boy. That’s exactly what you are aren’t you.” “Yes mistress.” I said this, beginning to feel aroused and excited as Mistress turned and walked to the other end of the room and She did look red hot from behind, Her long slender legs and her protruding arse protected from view by the sexually aggressive leather skirt. “You don’t know how to be a man.” She said calmly. I looked into Her eyes trying to find my Debbie but there was a look there that was foreign to me, one of cool assurance and authority. I felt prepared to surrender myself to Her will. “You are a weasel, a pathetic excuse for a man. A toe rag jumped up tuppence toy soldier with a match stick up his arse and a peanut shell for a jock strap. My god. What a masturbating little wimp!” “So.” she continued. “You will know your place and follow my orders. My wishes, my pleasures take top priority in this household. Everything you do will be to that end. Is that clear?” “Yes mistress.” Mistress seemed to grow in confidence as I submitted to Her and it was becoming less of an act all the time. I understood now why Mrs Jones had made me promise to subordinate myself no matter what. My god the truth was strange to accept; I yearned to be dominated, felt a new whole person for the experience of it. And I was spanked over Mistress’ lap. I yielded fully to the powerful hand strokes, the humiliating taunts, subordinating myself to the full force of Her dominance. I was hit hard with Her hand, then the back of a hairbrush, the heel of Her slipper and a wooden cooking spoon. All the time my squirming kept in check by the pressure of Mistress’ thighs on my trapped rock hard cock. “You’ve not been using it properly have you?” snapped Mistress during a pause in the spanking. “Using what Mistress? Ouch!” the heel of Her slipper came down stingingly. “You know what I’m talking about jock

strap lackey, you've not been using it." "No Mistress." I understood and felt Her thighs tighten on me and another fierce swat whacked on my smarting arse. "So what have I not been getting enough of?" said Mistress with threatening tone. "My cock Mistress. Ouch!" "So why are you still not using it!" I felt Mistress' thighs release my dick and I scrambled to my feet, throbbing erection at the ready, what incredible happiness I felt! Mistress was already in position on the bed with her leather skirt up and white arse presented for me. I did not fuck Mistress selfishly as I had done before but slowly and obediently, listening attentively to Her responses and I eased in and out of Her tight fanny. I was given precise commands to enhance Her pleasure and waited for Her trembling climax to come and subside. It was a tremendous struggle for me not to cum as Mistress thumped her sexy arse against my rod of iron and I focused my whole being on preventing it, using the memory of a political speech I had once seen and repeating inside my head "You turn if you want to. The lady's not for turning." It worked a treat. To see Her climax for the first time was a divine experience for me and I felt a moment of magnanimous gratitude in Her brief but tender caress of my balls after the last tremors and moans subsided. There was so much love in that touch it really stirred my soul and I caressed Her thighs in return. "At ease" she said faintly, freeing me from my submissive role, her voice weak from the experience and I felt her palm enclose my aching balls. Released from my obligations to the Mistress I let go, and overloaded with sensations rode the waves of pleasure which built to an unbelievable peak before the soothing ejaculatory spurts completed our act of sex. After I came to my full senses I withdrew sensitively, kissing Debbie on the back of the neck and speaking tenderly and then we both held each other in a love embrace. I stayed true to my role, recalling that I had been freed from my subservience and did not say the 'M' word as I knew one error of that type could ruin our new found happiness. Looking at her smile and expressive eyes I understood that this incredible woman was once again my Debbie, but I could barely wait to be called "slave" once again. Reader. We were married in the local parish church just four weeks later on a beautiful Saturday afternoon in June. The sky was blue and the sun blazed its brilliant glow across the county. Birds accompanied the church bells with their never ending chorus of chirruping and the local gardens were adorned with flowers of a thousand colours. Debbie looked radiant, her curled blonde hair, striking blue eyes and cherry red lips set to beautiful contrast with the brilliant white dress. Vicar Reginald performed the ceremony and there was a knowing glance from one to another, Mrs Jones included who was in the choir stalls, when a promise to love and to obey was made and we all understood who would obey whom when the time was right. After the ceremony there was a splendid reception in the church hall and during that time after the speeches. Debbie discretely stole away to get out of her dress and changed into a blue two piece outfit which did show off to great advantage many of her female charms and attracted, as far as I could see, much male attention. Soon a car arrived to take us to the airport from where we would travel for our honeymoon in Paris. The vicar and Mrs Jones came to wish us good luck and bon voyage. Mrs Jones hugged me and held my hands tightly and the vicar kissed Debbie on the cheek. "Thank you so much." I said to Mrs Jones. "We owe our happiness to you." "Yes." said Debbie, and she embraced Mrs Jones. "We'll never forget what you've done for us." "Nonsense" said Mrs Jones, "now you pair get off and enjoy your honeymoon. Oh, I nearly forgot



Debbie this is a little present just for you.” and she handed the gift wrapped in dark red paper to Debbie. I understood it was a personal wedding present from one woman to the other and me and the vicar shared a knowing look and shrug of the shoulders. “Oh that’s so sweet thank you so much!” said Debbie with overflowing gratitude and emotion. We kissed in the back of the taxi, drunk with the love and desire we felt for each other. It was not easy to believe that only a short time ago we had been a pair ready to go our separate ways and now, here we were, with the rest of our married lives ahead of us, adventures to look forward to and joys to share. As we approached the airport Debbie decided to open the present from Mrs Jones that was on her lap. I recognised what it was from one of the internet shops I had found in the browsing history of the library computer. I noticed Debbie smirk and decided to disregard it, making a commonplace comment on the weather and traffic. She tucked the item, a wooden punishment paddle, into her handbag without a word. I did hope there would be no issues at airport security. In my belly butterflies fluttered excitedly at the thought of all the new experiences which awaited us in Paris and I tipped the Indian taxi driver well when he dropped us off at the departure entrance. “Jolly good luck to you both!” he said with a beaming white smile. We waved to him as he got into his vehicle and then we headed to the check in area with our luggage. It was loud in the airport. The busy coming and going of travellers and flight crew, added to the impressions of the moment. “Passports and tickets please” said the check in attendant, a rather plain looking middle aged woman but smartly turned out nonetheless. I handed over the documents and while they were being checked Debbie suddenly said almost as if she were thinking out loud; “I must buy something really special for Mrs Jones in Paris” I glanced over my shoulder to reply but decided it was not required. In that moment I could not help noticing my beautiful wife peeking into her handbag and with a rather saucy, wicked smile on her radiant face.