

# Wife to Spank

By broberts

Published on Lush Stories on 24 May 2010

**Works may not be reproduced in any fashion, in whole or in part without written consent.**

*Wife cheats and gets caught husband helps' her confess*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/wife-to-spank.aspx>

WIFE TO SPANK I sat staring blankly at the television. "Does she really think I am stupid or naive?" I asked myself. She had been leaving so many clues of her infidelity around that anyone with a pulse could discover and follow the trail. At first it was a night out with the girls, which quickly escalated to a "Girl's Weekend". Her friend, Pam, who she was suppose to be with, dropped the ball by calling for her when they were supposed to be together, but I played dumb as I spoke to Pam, as hard as that was. I didn't let on that anything was out of the ordinary. I just told her that Victoria wasn't home. The next slap in the face was her sudden interest in sexy lingerie which, for some reason, I never saw her wear. I am not even counting the telephone calls that she let go into voice mail when I was around, or how many times she walked out of the room, or onto the patio, to talk to her girlfriend, in winter, in Ontario . My brain knew but my heart did not want to listen. Isn't that the way with love? Our brains scream out the answer but our heart just doesn't listen, or simply explains things away? The last piece of evidence, and the one that was nearly a signed confession, was the pretty black thigh-high stocking I found under the bed. Funny thing, I didn't even know she had them let alone ever see her wear them. No, but wait, there's more as the infomercials say. The black hold-ups had a curious white crust stain on the top on the inside of the thigh. "Gee, maybe she just spilled a glaze on them. Yeah, that's it," I laughed to myself. I am not counting the mountain of little things, like coming home from the girl's night out and heading right for the shower, every time she went out. Also, having a reoccurring severe headache whenever it looked like I might want to get intimate got a little telling after three fucking months. Believe me when I say, I did overlook things at first. I did not want to be that controlling, suspicious husband that makes his wife account for every minute of her time. But, there comes a point when one cannot look the other way. It is impossible. That is where I was as I turned my gaze from the television to the clock. Two a.m. My God, the bars closed at midnight "Oh I know, we stopped for a bite to eat." "Sorry baby," I thought, "last time I looked I don't think that Timmies had cock on the menu and I am sure I would have noticed that. "Cock...\$1.50 small, \$5.00..large". Tonight was going to be a come-to-Jesus-night. We were going to have a meeting and because she wasn't home yet, Victoria didn't get a copy of the agenda. I guess she'll just have to ad-

lib. At 2:30 I heard her car pull into the garage. I sat in the family Room and waited for her. The flickering glow of the TV was the only light in the room. I heard her take off her heels before walking across the kitchen floor. She was well into the room before she saw me. "Ahhh, hi," she said. "You're up late." "And you are out late," was my curt reply. "We stopped at Timmies for a quick bite to eat." I had trouble suppressing a laugh. "I need to hit the shower and get to bed." she said. "This was like a rerun," I thought. "Its all so predictable at this point." "Hold off on the shower for just a minute," I said, my voice low and flat. "We need to talk." "Can't it wait ten minutes?" she fired back, her tone almost angry. Again with a low flat voice, "no Victoria , it can't fucking wait." That got her attention. I do not use a lot of profanity unless I hit my thumb with a hammer or I am really pissed. It was time to start the meeting. "Let's just cut through all the bullshit. You are fucking around on me and I know it and we are going discuss it here and now." "And what if I don't want to discuss it here and now?" "Then one of us is packing and getting the hell out of here, tonight." That got her attention. I turned on a small table lamp. While she wasn't over-the-top, she was disheveled, lipstick a little messy, hair a little out of place, clothes a little wrinkled. "Victoria, I find it hard to believe that you think I am so stupid or blind with love that I haven't picked up on all the shreds of evidence of your affair you have been scattering around our lives as if you have no concern if I caught you or not. Do you think I am stupid?" "No, but I am not..." I cut her off in midsentence. I pulled the thigh-high out of my pocket and pointed to the stain. "Should I take this down and have a little DNA test run on it so we can figure out what it is, which we both know what it is, but who its from, only you and the depositor know that. Well, should I?" Ahh reality makes an appearance. "No," she said in a small voice. "I take it you are in love with this other person and that you want a divorce?" Her answer did surprise me. "No, I don't want a divorce. I do love you." "You love me? You have an odd way of expressing affection," I said. "I do love you and I don't want a divorce. I'll break it off and never do it again. Please, Jim, please." "Oh I see. Now I'm supposed to take you in my arms tell you all is forgiven and that I love you and we'll live happily ever-after, because you said please?" "That would be nice," she said, but couldn't help a smile at the ridiculousness of it. "So, are you going to throw me out?" she asked. "I don't know. I love you. I don't love you a whole lot this minute, but I do love you." "Tell me what I need to do and I will do it. I love you so much I'll do anything for you," she said. "Oh, I suppose fucking another man was a demonstration of that love?" "No," she said, "but are you going to dwell on that for the rest of our lives?" "What if that is a condition of us staying together, that I get to throw that up to you anytime I want. Besides it's been ten fucking minutes since we have been talking about this. Am I supposed to put it behind me? Even if I could put it behind, could I do it instantly?" "If that is what you need to do, then okay, you can throw that up to me anytime or as often as you want. That is how much I love you." "That's a start," I said, "but do have an understanding of how humiliated I am." "Yes darling. I understand," she said. "Bullshit. You have no idea what it's like. You need to feel that humiliation and hurt to understand it, so that is what you'll need to do." "Oh, so you want to have an affair?" she asked. "No, but you are going to have to submit yourself to me and suffer. Just think of it as mutual healing." "Just what do you intend to do?" she asked, the smugness and defiance returning. "I am going to spank you like the naughty brat you are." "The hell you are." "Then pack and leave," was all I

said. The power struggle was in full play now. "Well, if that is the childish thing you need to do, then fine do it and it will be behind us." "You are not in any position to dictate or negotiate anything, you slut. Here is what you can dictate, what is totally under your control. Do as I say, when I say it, or get out." She started to speak, but I held my hand up. All I need from you is a "yes" or get packing. You either agree or you pack." "You are being so unfair." That nearly had smoke curling out of my ears. "OH, I am being unfair? And you have been so fair with me lately? I know you were giving him pussy and sucking his cock so you wouldn't have to bother me. I see your fairness now," I said, a little over-theatrically. "It is answer time. Yes, or pack?" The meekness returned. "Yes," she said, in a small tiny voice. "That's good. Now get over here," I said, as I sat in the middle of the couch, "and get over my knee." "You're serious?" "As serious as cancer." "Can I have a minute to go to the bathroom?" "No, get over here." She slowly moved toward me and stood in front of me. I took her wrist and lead her to my right side and moved her into position over my lap. I noticed that her eyes were red and puffy and her nose was running. She was going to bring on the tears early and hope for nothing more than a few love pats. As she lay across my lap I positioned her so that she was comfortable and I had the correct angle to administer her spanking. She protested loud and strong as I raised her skirt to her waist and laid it gently over the small of her back, making a fuss over folding it just right. "She's got has a great ass," I said to myself. Her long naked legs ended in a pair of black boy-shorts. One of her high heels dangled from her foot. Years before we had talked about spanking as a little kink we might add to our lovemaking and we even tried it. When we tried it so long ago I slapped her ass a couple of times and she wiggled in invitation, but I did not want to hurt her, so I stopped despite her encouragement that it was okay. We never tried it again and the subject rarely came up. But, as I just said that was a long time ago. I landed two pretty hard smacks to her ass and it turned a little pink. I started to slide her panties down over her oh-so-wonderful ass and down her sweet pretty thighs. This brought a real protest from her, pleading, bargaining, threatening. I was getting hard. I could feel the blood rush to my cock and her wiggling did not help. I have no doubt that she could feel my hard-on pressed into her. "Okay, I'll stop. Get up and pack." "Please, please don't take my panties down, give me extra spanks but leave them on, please," she said in a voice that had a note of panic in it. Then it dawned on me. I know why she wanted them left on, the same reason she wanted to hit the shower. "What is wrong, dear? Afraid that there will be evidence, no, make that proof, of your late night 'dinner'?" I said, not as a question, but as a statement. The room was strangely silent. "Okay, you take them off for me." I said. She managed to slide them down to just over her butt without getting up. She clenched her cheeks and thighs tightly together, in an effort to keep concealed the "proof" of her disloyalty. That plan really wasn't going to work and I think she knew it. I slapped her ass a couple of other times, but to tell you the truth, my heart wasn't into causing her physical pain. Her behind was a nice shade of pink but I don't think I had caused her any real pain. I think the humiliation was a stronger punishment than the spanking had been so far. But, my cock had a mind of it's own. I slid my hand between her thighs and down toward her knees. My plan was to move her panties further down her legs. My fingers came into contact with her panties, the inside of her panties, the crotch of her panties, the mess in her panties. My fingers were welcomed with cool wet stickiness.

I know her and I know what she feels like and I know what her wetness feels like. This wasn't from her, it was his. Ahhh, a little present and memento of 'dinner at Timmies'. How sweet. "Oh my goodness, honey, you are soaking wet. Did you pee your pants? Poor thing. Now I know why you needed a shower so badly." No response from her, a slight sob, her face buried in her hands. I pushed the panties down to her ankles and left them there. It was a pretty hot scene, her panties around her ankles and her high heels still on. Mr. Cock took extra notice of that. I slapped her ass a number of other times and I know I was getting to the point that it was hurting her because her wiggling increased and she tried to move her ass to avoid, or at least move, the spanks around. Call me a wimp, but I couldn't go on hurting her. "Get up," I said. "We are done here." "Are you satisfied that I have paid for my sin and that we can work this out?" she asked "No, and just a technical point, it would be sins, the plural." Now I was in for a surprise "Then spank me, spank me hard," she choked out between sobs. "I have been awful to you and I want us to work this out. I want us to be as in love as humanly possible and I will suffer anything to make that happen. I love you." My heart wasn't in it. The betrayal and deceit were weighing on me and now I was more sad and hurt than mad. I loved this woman and would have done anything to keep her, but I didn't want her to know that at this time. I did what men do in situations like this. I hardened my heart and put on my game face. I spanked her hard. Her ass went from pink to red. She was squirming and sobbing slightly. I stopped and rubbed her hot glowing bottom. I gently stroked her and she responded by starting to cry harder. I guess the tenderness I was showing her made her feel all the more guilty. My fingers slipped between her cheeks and I ran my finger lightly over her, moving lower and closer to her pussy. My fingers parted her sweet lips and I could feel her warmth and also her wetness, and his. She was a gooey, sloppy mess, panty pudding. The guy must cum in buckets I thought. I ran one finger in her and her pussy was hot and I could feel her back onto my finger, seeking greater penetration. I pulled my finger from her, which was soaked, dripping with his product. I moved my fingers down to her face. "Here you little slut. Clean his cum off my fingers." "No, I don't want to taste him." This brought a flurry of hard and, I'm sure, painful slaps to her already crimson butt. She wailed in pain, but I truly think the hurt was on the inside, in her heart and not from my spanking. I moved my fingers to her face again and she eagerly licked them clean. "Know this, my slut, that is the last cum you are ever going to taste that isn't mine." With that I landed another series of blows to her ass. She was in serious agony now, both from her guilt and her ass. She broke down in real sobs, the choking, body-retching type of sob that comes from that place in all of us that holds all the pain we keep bottled up, all the pain from all the years. With that I moved her off my lap and hugged her to me as I stood up and helped her off her knees. She just hugged my legs and the sobs, still jolting through her, begged my forgiveness. I confessed my love for her and told her I was sorry to have hurt her. She only hugged me harder and she started to slide my zipper down. I told her to stop, that it was not necessary, but then Mr. Cock had the last say. "I need to do this," she said. "I want to do this" Her mouth enveloped me. It was warm and soft. Her tongue played me, bringing me up and cooling me down. I warned her that I was about to cum. "Cum in my mouth. Fill your slut's mouth. Make me yours all over again." And I did. That's the kind of guy I am, always thinking of the other person. My cum dribbled out of her mouth. I

came so much she couldn't swallow it all. There were tiny drops on her chin and lips. Before I could recover she had her tongue in my mouth giving me a kiss that was filled with lust and love. We fell asleep in each other's arms, wrapped in one another like you do when you are first in love and can't stand the thought of not having physical contact. The next morning we talked and talked, we confessed all our sins to one another. It was almost like we were cleaning out all the old junk so that we could regain that passion, that love, the feeling that without each other you are less than whole. . Our lives did take a turn for the better. We not only loved each other with all our hearts, we liked each other again. It was about a week later, lying on the couch, watching an old movie that she kissed my ears and whispered, "I need another spanking before I am bad again." The End