

The Spank Race

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Codes: bdsm MF

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Preface

This story popped into my head so I quickly wrote it up before I went to bed last night and proof-read it in my lunchbreak. If Race to 2000 Spanks sounds like fun, then please read the note at the back of the story!

Please let me know what you think of the story; I cannot hope to improve as an author if the readers don't tell me where I succeeded and where I failed!

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The Spank Race

Scarlet. Crimson. Ruddled. Red. Carmine. Vermillion. Flushed. Cochineal. Suffused. Bloodied.

My wife can come up a hundred words to describe the violent shade of fiery red that is my burning buttocks, but I only need one: painful.

It started a few weeks ago when I was signed up for a silly Internet game – The Race to 2,000 Spanks. My wife saw it and signed “us” up, thinking it would be excellent way to break in our new spanking paddles that my crazy sister-in-law bought us as a wedding present six months previous - “just to keep him in check,” she drunkenly teased at the ceremony and gave a sly look to her husband grinning next to her, as the unwanted gifts left her possession.

They had, of course, barely been used, but my wife kept thinking of reasons to want to try them out and I always refused: how many husbands would want their bare bottom bloodied by an overeager spouse? I was not a little child, and I didn't need treating like one. Her insistence and pleading over the paddles was always directly after she had met her sister for a drink, so I knew who was dripping poisonous thoughts into the mind of my wife.

So, my foot was firmly on the floor, and no amount of pleading would raise it: sex was in and out of her orifices, which was exactly how God intended. To be fair, he may not have intended for it to go in and out of two of her three holes, but that's ingenuity attributable to mankind, not a flaw with his grand design. After all, a child will play with the cardboard box a toy comes in, as well as the toy itself: that's childhood ingenuity. Proper sex was vaginal, anal or oral intercourse, with the occasional handjob thrown in for good measure. What else did a man need?

My wife found this game being touted on the Internet and casually drew it to my attention. She started with the gentle pleading with wide doe eyes and a wicked smile on her face. “It'll be fun,” she begged as her fingers rolled expertly over my erect cock, straining to be set free from the restrictive trousers. I grunted in annoyance: I did not want to think about unwelcome kinkiness at this point in proceedings. “And we do need the practise with the paddles.” My scowl deepened slightly, but she didn't continue with her suggestion as I frowned, and after I came in my trousers, thought little more of it.

She persisted the following night and the night after, each time as we were having some sort of sex and each time with the desperate, gleeful look in her eye as her anatomy, rolled over my stiff cock, bringing it to sensuous delights. I could barely concentrate on her words as her body bucked against my hips, sending me over the edge into a kaleidoscope of powerful orgasmic sensations.

“Let's toss a coin for it,” my young lady suggested as she climbed off me. “Tails for me on the bottom, heads for you.”

“Pardon?”

“What you agreed, darling,” she soothed and reached onto her bedside table for a silver coin. “The thought of this spanking race is really getting me going.” My eyes traced her naked body as she picked up the coin and flicked it into the air with a giggle. “Tails for me, heads for you.”

“Heads for me what?”

My gleeful wife caught the coin and placed it onto her left hand, covering it with her right. “Well one person has to be the player, and the other has to be the striker,” she replied and

licked her lips, before unveiling the exposed silver coin. It was heads.

“But ...” I started, but my excitable wife was adamant: I had agreed to the terms mid-intercourse, which I barely remembered. If I did not join in with her game then she threatened withdrawal of a plethora of privileges. We argued repeatedly that night, and I said a few hurtful things in anger. I had to sleep on the sofa.

It took 36 hours for us to be talking again, by which time my wife was resolute that I must keep my “promise” and do the Race to 2000 Spanks with her. I was desperate for things to return to normal so agreed to any condition set by the brown-haired con-woman, masquerading as my wife.

The Race to 2000 Spanks, is a group of Twitter people who can each receive up to 100 spanks a day from their partner, and then have to “tweet” their running total which is then updated on a website scoreboard, as the people “race” to reach 2,000. Contestants have to vary their spanking scenario, so my wife had also lined up a wooden spoon, garden cane and a hairbrush in our small bedroom. She kept smiling at the five weapons, resting on her dressing table with a worrying expression on her face. I knew that this was going to hurt when we started the game!

I felt quite nervous on the first night as the clock ticked towards midnight; my wife had been getting progressively more excitable and eager as the fated time approached as she giggled like a schoolkid awaiting their birthday present. I tried hard not to think about what I was about to let my wife do to me, but she went and retrieved the two wooden spanking paddles from our bedroom. “Feel them,” she offered.

It was the first time I had studied the foot-long implements; they were sturdy but light, expertly finished by a skilled craftsman. The first paddle was a few inches wide and with holes drilled down the middle, while the second paddle was little more than a half-inch wide smooth cane. “I’m not sure about this,” I countered as I passed them back to her.

“Nonsense,” she cried and her eyes glanced to the clock. “I’ve said you’re doing it now,” she interrupted and ran her hand along the smooth wooden implement. I shuddered in fright as suddenly the reality of the game hit home. She was going to use it against my bare skin and they were weapons that were designed to hurt. “You’ll probably enjoy it,” she teased with a snarl in her voice.

“I could hit you,” I countered, watching her expression change to one of derision.

“I don’t think so.” My wife reminded me that my continued access to sex was dependent on me keeping my promises, with the implication that she wouldn’t keep her promises if I didn’t keep mine, and then guided me to the arm of the sofa for the first time.

The rules stated that I could receive no more than 100 spanks a day, but my wife said she would give me 80 a day regardless, in the morning and afternoon, and if she needed to “punish” me then additional “bonus” strikes would obviously count towards my total. She ignored my reservations and tugged my trousers down to my ankles before standing behind my exposed rump and rubbing it with the wooden paddle.

My buttocks tensed as the smooth, cool wood, touched my skin; my heart-rate doubled in an instant and my skin tingled with anticipation. I looked behind me to see my wife bring the wooden paddle down firmly towards my exposed skin with a powerful strike. The weapon moved effortlessly through the air, as smooth as a kestrel diving for it’s prey and I barely felt any air movement until my buttcheeks exploded into pain.

I yelled out, cursing my wife and clenching my fiery butt with a cry. She scowled angrily as I clambered off the arm of the chair and she clicked her fingers, pointing back towards the black leather furniture. “That’s one, you need to take another thirty-nine tonight.” I refused and she pointed again, reiterating the consequences of me failing to keep my promises.

I tried to reason with her, still holding onto my sizzling buttocks with both hands where she had painfully struck my skin. There was no way I could take another 39 strikes, and then another 40 in the morning, every day. She told me to turn around and inspected my skin as she muttered to herself. "Well it's red, but barely bruised. She said you might be like this. It's fine, you're just being a baby and ..."

"I am not!" I shouted and turned around to back away from my sadistic wife. She deliberated for a few moments and promised she would be "softer" on me, if I returned. It took the promise of a blow-job in the bedroom if I did consent and I reluctantly placed myself over the arm of the chair.

She ran her hands over my warm skin and rubbed it gently, picking up the holed wooden paddle and theatrically kissed the top of the wood. She exhaled as she brought it down on my sore flesh, not as hard as before, but still painful, and causing me to yelp in pain.

She continued, each strike feeling more torturous than the last as the paddle tore into my reddened flesh. I closed my eyes to try and block out the pain, concentrating on the hallowed land of the blow-job where I would be heading the moment my torment was over. I didn't think my wife was hitting me harder, I think she was tiring, but she was still knocking several shades of stuffing out of my rump as the wooden paddle hit bruised flesh.

It felt humiliating: I was the man of the house, but I was allowing my wife to dominate me like I was an errant child by pummeling my butt with a wooden paddle. She counted gleefully and she reached forty, I scampered over the chair to put as much air between me and my spouse as I could. She giggled, malevolently, and reached for her phone. She made me stand in front of the television, as she took a picture, and then showed me; my burning bottom was bright red with deep purple patches. "My baboon," she teased and kissed me on the cheek. "So proud of you, I think we are going to win this race."

My wife tweeted "40 #spankrace" and then escorted me up to the bedroom to give me a loving blow-job; it was heavenly, but every time I moved in the sheets, the roughness of the cotton grated on my blistered skin. It felt painful but emotionally rich at the same time. I wasn't sure I liked it or not. I was confused.

I certainly didn't like being awoken ten minutes before my alarm the following morning and she issued forty more strikes, plus an additional two, for "ungentlemanly language." While her forty strikes of the cane were reasonably light on my skin, the further couple I got were excruciatingly inhumane.

She was trying to knock me into next week with her incredibly powerful strikes and I yelled out in agony as the wooden implement rained onto my crimson rear. "That was for being rude," she said firmly with a wry giggle. "Disobey me, and I will take it further." She didn't give me time to object as she rolled me onto my front and kissed me on the lips, while sliding my rapidly inflating cock into her.

Every thrust caused my blistered butt to grate against the sheets and shots of pain and pleasure radiated around my body. My wife rode me like a possessed woman, throwing her body into an energetic rhythmic thrusting as if her life depended on it and she forced my shoulders into our mattress with her hands.

She swore, angrily and violently as she neared her orgasm, seconds before I reached mine, as a powerful climax overtook her body and caused her to shake and writhe uncontrollably. I shot my load deep into her with a grunt, and she smiled at me with a satisfied look in her eyes and a flushed expression on her face.

I suppose, I could say that I now enjoy the 80 spanks I receive each day: my wife never hits "too hard" and while it is a bit painful, I get to drift off into my own world while she does it, especially if I am on the bed. However, she also issues additional "punishments" for

every indiscretion, such as swearing, or leaving my shoes at the bottom of the stairs, or even not filing my post away. These additional hits are excruciatingly painful, and I yell in sheer agony at her sadistic torture. My wife is unrepentant however, and points out that every single spanking causes me to have an erection, so I must be enjoying a part of it.

I can't argue with this logic, although my skin has been bright red for days and it shows no sign of returning to normal flesh colour.

In some ways, I don't want it to. Every thing I do during the day, causes fabric to glide against my paddled skin and reminds me of my sexy wife, wielding a weapon of torment. It reminds me of my fantastic wife, minutes before we have sex or we cuddle. It reminds me of her, and that's a powerful emotional bond that I just adore.

So, I have found out that I am a bit of a masochist, and I am much closer to my sadistic wife, thanks to my mischevious sister-in-law and a rather silly Internet race.

The Race to 2,000 Spanks starts on June 1st and new players are welcome. Visit <http://sexchallenges.wordpress.com> for more information and get involved ... if you are brave enough, or follow #spankrace on Twitter.

My wife has been equipped with two wooden paddles from Bella Louise for this task, as described here.