The Spoon

The were browsing through the kitchenware section of the store. He was carrying

a plastic basket that contained some of their purchases - a bottle of champaign,

some glass ornaments. He picked up the salad spoon and fork. The spoon was made

out of blonde hard wood, about eighteen inches long with a flat oval end. It was

about half an inch thick. The wooden fork was joined to it with a rubber band.

They cost $4.95. He put them in the basket.

"We already have salad servers", she said.

"I know. When we get home I'm going to spank you until you're red with this

spoon."

To which she had no answer, but the idea made her pussy tingle.

When they got home he put the champaign in the refrigerator. He took out the

salad spoon.

"When do you want it?" he asked her. He knew she had been thinking about the

spanking he was going to give her as they drove home. He knew it made her pussy

wet, even though she knew it would hurt. Especially because she knew it would

hurt.

"May I have it now?"

"You may. Come with me."

He lead her into the living room, unzipped the back of her dress and sat on the

couch. She slipped the dress over her head, leaving her on her lace knickers and

bra. She moved to his right side and pulled her knickers down to her knees and

lay across his lap.

He started spanking her with his hand, alternating cheeks, the slap of his palm

loud, echoing in the room. He spanked her until her buttocks began to blush pink

and his hand started to get sore. She spread her thighs as he moved his hand

down, opening herself so he could caress her pussy. He ran the handle between

her pussy lips and caressed her bottom with the wide flat back of the spoon. She

felt the sharp pain of spoon on her right buttock, then then on her left. He

paddled her for a long time, alternating sides, stopping every once in a while

to caress her bottom and her pussy. As he punished her, her bottom blushing red

and hot under the strokes of the spoon, she started to cry out. Finally when her

bottom was crimson and very sore, he stopped.

"You've been such a good girl", he told her. He caressed her hot cheeks. "You

took such a hard spanking. I want you to get up now and take off your bra and

your knickers."

She stood up, reaching between her breasts to unhook the bra, letting it fall to

the floor. Her knickers where around her ankles and she stepped out of them.

"Bend over the arm of the couch"

She bent over the end of the couch, her chest resting on the seat, her bottom

pushed up, buttocks red, thighs spread. He looked at her as he undressed. He

loved her like this, offered, surrendered, her vulva exposed. He found that she

was very wet when he slipped his cock inside her. He fucked her with deep hard

thrusts, pressing into her hot sore bottom. After a few minutes he withdrew.

"Get the strap, please", he said.

She stood up. He watched her as she walked out of the room, her beautiful bottom

swaying as she walked, crimson ovals covering her buttocks where he spanked her.

The thought of her bringing him the strap, knowing he would punish her with it,

make him burn with desire for her.

She returned with the spanking strap, handed it to him and returned to her

position over the arm of the couch. She pushed her bottom up, offering herself

for the strap, her thighs spread vulva exposed, ready for his cock.

He raised the strap to shoulder level and brought it down across her bottom. She

cried out as she took the stroke. He continued strapping her slowly, the strap

leaving welts across her bottom and upper thighs. After giving her ten strokes

he put the strap down and penetrated her again. She pushed up against his cock,

taking him deeply as he fucked her hard.

"Oh, please...", she moan when he withdrew.

"Just a few more with the strap, my love", he said

He started strapping her again, giving the strokes faster this time while she

cried out. When he had given her another ten he told her she could get up and

ride his cock. He lay down and she mounted him, slipping him inside her. She

started moving, sliding into him hard. Her buttocks where hot and welted when he

cupped them in his hands. They came hard together.

When she drank the champaign they had bought with the spoon later she sat on a

pillow. Her bottom was still sore the next morning when he paddled her again,

her bottom pushed up by a pillow under her hips, before fucking her hard from

behind.

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