

If Only Houses Could Talk

“Go to your room, now, young lady,” Keith, Beth’s husband of only three weeks, snapped at the end of a long lecture about her snarly attitude.

Beth obeyed promptly with her heart pounding and mouth dry with excitement. Their honeymoon, two weeks in a hotel at a sun-drenched beach, had been wonderful but it was nice to be in their new home. She’d spent the past few days working him up to that tummy-tingling command. A command she’d dreamt of since she was a kid and never experienced until one weekend when she’d stayed over at Keith’s apartment, shortly after they’d started dating. From then on, she knew she was going to marry Keith, and obviously, he felt the same because here they were, married.

She slowly mounted the stairs, running her hand along the oak banister, smoothed by countless hands, and maybe a few bottoms, for the house was an old Victorian home in a quiet part of town. Most of the neighbors were elderly, which suited the newlyweds. When they’d finished their final tour before deciding to buy, Keith had said, with a grin and a pat on Beth’s bottom, that the neighbors would be too deaf to hear her yelping.

Beth hoped tonight would confirm Keith’s prediction. She longed to let go and really yell, which she hadn’t been able to do in either of their thin-walled modern apartments. Pushing open the door to their bedroom, Beth switched on the light and entered. Light from a streetlight shone in through the room’s one window, glistening on the raindrops running down the glass, before Beth drew the drapes and shut out the wet, wintry night. Such a change from their two weeks in the Caribbean sun but eminently more suitable for what was to come. Despite all those nearly naked bottoms—sand, sea and spanking didn’t go together.

With trembling hands, Beth lifted her skirt and slipped her panties and hose to her ankles. She stepped out of them, folded them neatly on the bed where he would see them, and shook her skirt back into neatness. She walked nervously to the corner he’d designated as hers on their first night back from their honeymoon. She’d tried it out more than once during this past week, whenever she was alone. Just to see how it felt, she’d told herself, as the fluttery feelings in her middle went wild with anticipation. The feelings were there now, like liquid fire in her veins. Placing her hands on her head, Beth began the long wait.

The silence in the room grew until she thought she could hear her own pounding heart echoing from the walls around her but it almost sounded like the house was excited, too. She stared at the wallpaper in front of her, an old Victorian pattern, and imagined the winding curly-cues on the paper as voluptuous, heavy, endless breasts and buttocks in red velvet. A loud sigh made Beth jump in surprise. She hadn’t heard Keith come in. She longed to look around at him, but that was forbidden. He would tell her soon enough when she could leave her corner.

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The house observed the new young woman standing so straight and tall in the corner. Why did they never learn? She seemed an intelligent girl, pretty too, with her raven hair, green eyes and slim figure. Yet here she was, not a week after they’d moved in, standing, waiting, as all the previous naughty girls had. Some of the others you could understand: that young madam back in 1955 for instance. She led her parents a merry dance with her beatnik boyfriends and their rock and roll parties. She spent half her young life in that corner and the other half over her Mum’s or

Dad's knee getting her backside walloped with a wooden spoon. How she howled! Remembering the sound of her cries, the house shivered, dislodging dust from the picture rail high up near the ceiling. But the brat never learned. Every Sunday morning before church, whack, whack, whack. And then she'd miss her curfew again the very next Saturday night. They were all just memories now. The house had so many locked up inside its solid brick walls.

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The first owner, back in 1895 when the house was newly-built, was a middle-aged businessman with a young wife, Emily. She was a pretty girl in that English Rose way with golden hair and blue eyes, a trophy wife people say nowadays. They had two servants, a maid for the house, a man for the garden and the heavy jobs about the house. He was the butler too, when they had important guests. The two servants didn't live in; the maid was married and the gardener was too young to live in when there was a pretty young mistress and a master who was so often away. Unfortunately, it seemed his business was struggling, and on the many nights when the master was out of town, the butler would stay late. He and Emily would retire for the evening with a brandy bottle, and soon a remarkable transformation took place. The butler, in his best black suit would become the master and Emily, dressed in the maid's every day robe, the chambermaid.

"A brandy, gal," the butler said, stretching out his long legs as he slouched in the armchair, "and get yourself one. Put a smile on your whey face."

Emily poured the drinks and brought his on a tray, standing nervously before him. "Will you be needing anything else from me, sir?" she asked plaintively.

"Drink your drink, like I told you," the butler answered. "I'll tell you when I need something."

Emily brought her glass from the dressing table and knelt at his feet, sipping the fiery liquid as though she never touched alcohol normally, which the house knew wasn't the case.

"Should I turn down your bed, sir?" she asked after a moment's silence.

"Why would I want that this early?" the butler demanded. "Don't tell me you've failed to do your jobs again, gal. I'll skin you alive if you have!"

"I-I-I've been so b-busy t-today, sir," poor Emily stammered.

"By thunder, gal, I should turn you off without a reference," the butler roared. "You are useless. What are you?"

"U-useless, s-sir, b-but please don't fire me," Emily begged. "I'm learning and I've nowhere to go." She placed the glass on the floor and knelt before him her hands clasped in prayer.

"Bah! Enough of your whimpering," the butler said, "get back to your duties. I'll see you make the bed and make it right. Jump to it." He slapped her face and sent her sprawling.

"Thank you, sir," Emily gasped and scrambled to her feet, scurrying to the bed, where, under the butler's beady eyes, she made and re-made it until he said stop.

"Finally, gal, finally," the butler snorted, "but it's taken half the night to teach you." He grabbed her arm and marched Emily back to the armchair.

"Please, sir," she whimpered, "you're hurting my arm."

"You won't feel the hurt in your arm in a minute, my gal. You'll be too busy worrying about your backside."

"Oh no, sir, please."

She may as well have saved her breath for what was coming. The butler plunked his own behind down on the chair and flipped her over his left knee. Then, despite her even more tearful protests, up went the maid's dress and Emily disappeared into the tent of heavy material that hung down from her waist to the floor. Her feet drummed plaintively on the floor when she felt him

undoing the drawstring of her bloomers, but his right leg clamped her so tightly she couldn't escape. Soon only Emily's white bottom could be seen, with its neat golden oval of fur between her thighs. Something he always reminded her of by tickling it with his fingers. The butler took off his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeve with deliberate care while his young mistress awaited the onslaught with piteous mewling from down by the floor. When he was ready, he'd pull a thick two-tailed strap from his jacket pocket and leathered her with it.

He never failed to spank her anything but soundly, turning her round, white orbs pink, then red, as red as her face when she was allowed up. It was strange that she'd object to him pulling down her bloomers when she was over his knee, but couldn't wait for him to get them off her feet when she was on the bed and welcoming him in.

It's as well Emily never really had to earn her living as a maid, the house felt. For in all the years they played these games, she never seemed able to do the jobs right, whether it was cleaning his shoes, dusting the shelves, or sweeping the carpet, it was never to his satisfaction and her poor bottom suffered accordingly. Until, some ten years later, her husband died suddenly and left her everything. She sold up quickly and the house never saw her, her children or the butler again.

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Oh, Emily knew what she was doing and what she wanted all right, the house felt, not like the quiet mouse of a wife who came after. She quaked and cried as her husband, unbuckling his belt and sliding it from his waistband, pulled her to him. After bracing himself against the bed, he would push his left knee between her legs, lift her dress and lower her drawers. Her thin buttocks would clench tight as a drum while his doubled-up leather belt cracked smartly on them, beating a rapid tattoo to the accompaniment of her pleading wails and dancing feet. His arm around her waist, forcing her to bend over, kept her hips steady, but occasionally, her wriggling would have the belt land short, its tip striking the tender parts between her cheeks and she'd howl even louder. It seemed she was so sore when he let her go, she couldn't put her behind on the bed. She just scrambled onto it and knelt there—scarlet tail in the air and her face buried in the pillow—until he climbed up behind and gave her another kind of seeing to. You'd think with the way she behaved, so frightened towards him, that she'd be as good as gold after, but no. In two or three weeks, she'd be fidgeting and fussing him, her sharp little tongue snapping at his heels until they'd go through the whole teary thing again. Really. It was pathetic.

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Beth heard her husband's footsteps on the stairs and smartened up, placing her feet together and setting her back straight. She noted with a wry smile how she'd thought 'her husband' rather than Keith, making him more formal, scarier, and less her kind, easy-going everyday Keith, who wasn't scary at all.

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The house noted approvingly this new girl in the corner was a model of wifely obedience, unlike the last young woman who lived here, the redheaded Irish girl, Kate. She was a holy terror. Her personality veered from quiet loving to furious anger, sometimes without any provocation. All her quarrels with her boyfriend, Gerry, ended in fierce fights started by her with punching and scratching, but after he'd physically overpowered her, ended by him with hard spankings.

"You bastard," Kate screamed, her normally attractive face contorted with fury as she flew at Gerry, who was in the act of locking the door behind him. She crashed into him, sending him staggering back with the force of her attack, and her nails trying to gouge skin from his cheek.

Gerry thrust her away forcefully. “What’s the matter with you now?” he demanded.

Kate didn’t reply. She returned to the fray, her fists pummeling Gerry’s head and chest. She kicked his legs, aiming for a knee in his groin.

“You’ve been with her again,” she screamed, her arms and legs landing frustratingly ineffectual blows on her boyfriend’s body.

“I’ve been working late,” Gerry replied steadily, holding her at arm’s length with his free hand. “As I told you I would be a week ago when we won the contract. I told you so I wouldn’t have to go through this nonsense again when I came home.”

“Liar,” Kate spat out, “liar.”

Gerry stepped sideways, his years of football training coming to the fore. Grabbing one flailing arm he twisted it up her back, all the while dancing lightly on his feet to avoid the stamping heels that threatened to break his toes. Swinging his free hand up to the ceiling, he brought it down to land with a loud smack on her denimed backside. Kate struggled against her twisted arm, trying to break his hold, but Gerry was used to her tricks and held on tight. He knew she wouldn’t stop her attack at this stage. He walloped her bottom again and she swore at him, kicking backwards with her foot, hoping to catch his shin.

“You, miss, are in serious trouble,” Gerry said evenly, maintaining a tight grip on her arm and his temper, as he hauled her away from the door, up the stairs and into their bedroom. Kate’s struggles to delay the inevitable were fruitless. Her small frame wasn’t built for fighting ex-football players. At best, she was only half his weight. Gerry sent Kate sprawling face down on the bed before pressing his left knee on her back. With her pinned, he let her arm loose and began looking for the button of her jeans under her waist. Kate went wild. Now that her arms were free, she twisted and swung a fist back at his face. Gerry dodged and grabbed her arm again. This time he wedged her arm under the knee on her back before undoing her jeans and sliding them over her hips.

Kate bucked and twisted, seemingly enraged by her impotence and his easy subjugation of her body. It was obvious the wriggling only made it easier for him to remove her clothes, but she wouldn’t stop. Her panties soon followed her jeans down her thighs. Tears of rage spilled down her face as she strove desperately to escape from the hard hand she could see descending on her upturned bottom.

With a smack, Gerry’s hand flattened Kate’s cheek, briefly hiding her pert bun from sight. When he lifted his hand, a white handprint could be seen covering the whole orb. He smacked the other cheek and she swore lewdly at him. This seemed to anger him more, as if her disgusting language was worse than her ugly suspicions. Gerry spanked hard and fast, not giving her time to catch her breath and he didn’t stop till she was babbling repentance.

“Now you’re talking sense,” Gerry said, pausing for a moment in his work. “I have never looked at another woman since we met, which is more than you can claim, isn’t it?”

“Y-yes, Gerry,” Kate gasped. “I-I’m sorry.”

“You’re sorry now,” Gerry replied, “but only because I’ve knocked some sense into you. But by next month you’ll have fretted yourself into another jealous rage.”

“I won’t, Gerry. I promise,” Kate said in her Sunday-best-behavior voice.

“Yes, you will,” Gerry said, rubbing her buttocks, pulling them apart to reward himself with a heart-stopping view of her private parts, “and do you know why?”

“Yes,” Kate said miserably.

“Tell me,” Gerry replied.

Kate bit her lip, she hated saying it and he made her say it over and over whenever she wrongly accused him, and she knew in her heart she did wrongly accuse him. "Because I cheated on you once," Kate admitted sullenly.

"Exactly! Because you lied and cheated on me, you believe I must be cheating on you," Gerry said. "You just can't accept I can behave better than you. Isn't that true?"

"No, yes," Kate replied, "maybe. I don't know. I just get so worried when you aren't with me. Then I get to thinking maybe..."

Gerry lifted his knee off Kate and scooped her up under his left arm. Knowing what was coming, Kate began fighting at once, her fists and feet flew harmlessly in the air, only occasionally striking Gerry with a backward blow from her hands. He liked to see her this way, her red bum wriggling at his waist, her legs opening and closing, making his heart thump with the sights he briefly glimpsed.

"No, Gerry, please," Kate cried in panic. "I said I'd be good. Put me down, please." She tried her little girl voice to see if that would soften his vengeful heart.

"Oh, I'll put you down all right," Gerry said settling himself on the bed and laying Kate along his left thigh. He tugged her a little until he could feel her pelvic bone on his knee. Her legs kicked frog-fashion in an effort to escape. He let her kick and wail for a moment, letting her anticipation build. Kate's small hips rocked up and down, squishing her clitoris against his kneecap, opening and closing the crevice between her buttocks like a winking eye.

"Now, miss," Gerry said, "you're going to get what you deserve."

"No, Gerry, please," Kate begged. "I'll be good. I'll never do it again. Please don't. I'm too sore." The squishy warmth of her pussy, crushed between her own bones and his hard, bony knee, was driving her wild.

"Too sore?" Gerry mocked, pinching her buttocks. "Not sore enough, my girl. These are just warmed."

"I am sore, Gerry, really," she pleaded, regressing down to a five-year old's tone of voice.

"Hmmm," Gerry said, as if he was considering her request rather than just extending her torment and his own pleasure. He smacked her soft skin firmly with his fingers, whipping his hand like the tip of a crop.

"Y-ee-ow," Kate cried. "Don't, Gerry, please."

"Don't tell me don't," Gerry said, redoubling his efforts. With her legs nicely parted either side of his knee, and the soft skin of her inner thighs exposed to him, he'd soon teach her a proper lesson. Kate's wriggling and kicking helped a lot; as she tried to protect one sore spot, she exposed another and his hand flew up and down catching her tender bottom and legs wherever she let him.

Struggling against Gerry's tight hold, and trying to escape from his firm smacks, wore Kate out. The fight drained from her until she lay along his leg, exhausted. When she relaxed, either the smacks didn't seem so bad or she was too numb to notice. She buried her face in the bed covers and sobbed piteously.

Gerry accepted her surrender after a few additional slaps, so she wouldn't get it into her head she could get out of her punishments in future by playing dead, and rolled her up into his arms. They hugged each other fiercely and Kate's tears wetted Gerry's shirt. When she was calmer, Gerry laid her on her back, crushing her under him, while Kate undid his fly and pushed his trousers down. She smacked his butt when it was naked; her small hands patting his firm flesh with light noisy slaps.

"You won't ever leave me, will you?" Kate whispered, when Gerry was fully inside her.

“I won’t,” Gerry said, “unless you want me to. But it’s hard to know sometimes what you want.” He lifted and plunged forward again, his eyes closing with pleasure.

“I want you,” Kate whispered, “and I want you to be firm with me when I go stupid.”

“Was I firm enough today?” Gerry asked.

“Oh, yes,” Kate said, shuddering with lust. “Only,” she hesitated not yet sure he was ready to take what she had to say, then deciding it was now or never, “you might want to think about saving your hand. It must get sore, smacking me hard like that. I have an old strap me ma used...”

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Beth heard the door open and Keith strode purposefully in. “I think, my dear,” he said, “this calls for that nice paddle you bought for my birthday.”

Beth’s palms grew damp at his words, as did the soft bulge in the hinge of her thighs. It was what she’d hoped and feared, since they’d ‘tested’ it playfully in bed before celebrating his birthday.

“Surely I wasn’t that naughty,” she wheedled plaintively.

“It’s more a question of catching up, young lady,” Keith said as he patted the thin, polished wooden paddle against his palm. “Since the wedding there’ve been a number of small items I’ve had to speak to you about, though none of them serious until today.”

“Well, that’s not fair,” Beth objected. “If they weren’t serious enough then, why are they now?”

“Come here, Beth,” Keith said.

Beth left the corner and approached her husband uncertainly. The paddle had looked like fun in the magazine and felt like fun on his birthday, but didn’t look quite so much fun now. It looked hard and unforgiving, a bit like Keith in these moments.

“I’ve been meaning to speak to you about those small items and now the time has arrived. Your probation is up, if you like,” Keith said, still patting the palm of his free hand with the paddle. “When we lived apart, I naturally couldn’t influence your behavior much. Now we’re married, I can.”

Beth listened in silence only occasionally peeking up at him from under her lashes. This lecture was taking an unhealthy direction.

“From today, if I have to tell you twice about anything you’ll get a spanking. If we are out and I’m not able to deal with the matter properly right away, you’ll get a swift slap on the butt or legs and a promise of more to come when we get home. Is that clear?”

Beth nodded. The stern authority her normally gentle husband was able to command on these occasions fascinated her.

“I asked if that was clear.” Keith repeated.

“Yes, Keith,” Beth whispered.

“Good. Now on this occasion I’ve let the situation run on too long with the result you imagined you could behave as you did this evening. That’s partly my fault.”

“Does that mean you’ll get a spanking, too?” Beth asked cheekily.

“No it does not and that has just earned you another three strokes,” Keith replied.

Beth pouted, and then squeaked as Keith’s fingers grasped her earlobe and she was hauled towards the bed.

“Bend over and place your hands on the bed, young lady,” Keith demanded. When Beth was in position he stepped to her side and patted the seat of her skirt with the paddle. After he was sure the paddle would land equally on both rounded cheeks, Keith swung it back and swiftly down.

It landed with a muffled thwack on the pleats of her skirt. Beth's head shot up, her hair flying, and she glared at him reproachfully. He grinned in reply and repeated the dose.

"Ow. Ow, ow, ow," Beth whined, after the impact had worn off enough to speak, "that hurts."

"Not as much as it will when I lift your skirt, my girl," Keith said. "This is just your warm up." The paddle whopped Beth's seat again and she jogged on the spot to assuage the hurt.

"You aren't really going to paddle me on the bare bottom, are you?" she asked. "Not this hard?"

"Certainly I am," Keith replied, patting her behind as he spoke. The sound of the paddle on Beth's skirt had a melodic sound, much nicer than the flat, sharp smack it would make on her skin. He experimented with two swift swats, enjoying the pock pock echo from the walls that almost drowned out Beth's yelping. Her provocatively wriggling bum and wobbling knees appealed to him. Afterwards, he decided, he'd take her as she was and feel her scorching buns on his belly.

Beth watched the paddle rising and falling in horror. It stung even with her skirt in place and it stung more with each spank. How was she to stand it on the bare? Unfortunately, she didn't have long to wonder. When her bum felt so sore she thought she'd cry, her stern spouse stopped and tucked her skirt into her waistband. His hands rubbed across her skin; each tender welt felt his palm was covered in sandpaper. When he stepped back and took hold of the paddle again, Beth broke down in tears.

"Please, Keith," she begged desperately, as the paddle patted her cringing buttocks in preparation, "I'm truly sorry. Isn't that enough?"

Keith shook his head. "No," he said, "I promised you bare bottom and that's what you're going to get. I'm a man of my word."

"Only one or two, please," Beth sobbed, looking up at him and not caring that fat tears were running down her cheeks and plopping on the bed quilt.

"It's not your place to decide how many," Keith replied. "Naughty girls have to take what they're given." Beth's sobs grew louder and she hung her head in dismay.

"However," he said sternly, "if you behave yourself during your punishment, I'll be kind. If not, well look out, young lady." Loud sobbing was her only answer so he assumed she understood and swung the paddle up and down, landing it with a loud crack on the roundest part of her already roasting rump.

Beth jumped and danced on the spot. "I'm sorry," she screeched. "I'll never be naughty again."

Another crack and Beth sobbed, burying her face in the bedspread and presenting her husband with an even more vulnerable target. The last swat landed full on her sit-upon-spot, causing Beth to scramble onto her knees on the bed, grasping the cover in her fingers for support.

It took Beth a moment to comprehend she wasn't in further trouble, but when she did understand, she quickly assumed the position, legs wide apart and forearms on the bed. She wiped her eyes on the quilt as Keith made his entrance. Even the feel of his cool belly battering her bruised cheeks was exciting, though painful. For the first time in her life, she came from a rear entry position and even before he did. That paddle was a good investment was her last coherent thought.

They were still sprawled on the bed, limbs twitching and trembling, when a rumbling murmur that sounded like approval filled the air and jolted them awake. They looked at each other, perplexed.

“What was that?” Beth whispered.

“Dunno, don’t care,” Keith replied drowsily, “probably something outside in the street.”

The house relaxed. Being back with a couple who knew how to enjoy themselves made the house feel quite young again. It knew Emily and her butler would have approved.