

David's Spankings

A young man's journey into domestic discipline at the hands of his aunt and her submissive lesbian love-partner



by
David, as told by Julie Delmar

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Contents

[Prologue](#)

[Foreword](#)

[Chapter 1: Introductions](#)

[Chapter 2: Aunty Sue and Chrissie](#)

[Chapter 3: Aunty Sue Speaks with David](#)

[Chapter 4: David Moves In](#)

[Chapter 5: Chrissie the Housewife](#)

[Chapter 6: Sunday Breakfast](#)

[Chapter 7: Soiled Sheets](#)

[Chapter 8: Aunt Chrissie is Spanked](#)

[Chapter 9: Cold Cream and Hot Hands](#)

[Chapter 10: David Gets Taken Care Of](#)

[Chapter 11: David is Caught Snooping](#)

[Chapter 12: David's First Spanking](#)

[Chapter 13: Chrissie Ruins It](#)

[Chapter 14: David is Made to Swallow](#)

[Chapter 15: Spankings Become Routine](#)

[Chapter 16: Tamara and Mandy Visit](#)

[Chapter 17: A Visit From Mom](#)

[Chapter 18: An Unexpected Spanking](#)

[Chapter 19: David Spanked for Tracking in Mud](#)

[Chapter 20: Chrissie Messes Up](#)

[Chapter 21: David is Severely Caned](#)

[Chapter 22: Chrissie is Spanked in Front of a Friend](#)

[Chapter 23: A Revealing Visit](#)

[Chapter 24: An Embarrassing Punishment](#)

[Chapter 25: A Dinnertime Figging](#)

[Chapter 26: An Unpleasant Meal](#)

[Chapter 27: A Cheek-Burning Embarrassment](#)

[Chapter 28: Tamara and Mandy Again](#)

[Chapter 29: Coming Out Party](#)

[Chapter 30: A Public Spanking for Chrissie](#)

[Chapter 31: Chrissie is Passed Around](#)

[Chapter 32: Sex and Mouth Soapings](#)

[Chapter 33: David's Homophobia](#)

[Chapter 34: Chrissie Dildo Trains David](#)

[Chapter 35: David is Cock-Caged](#)
[Chapter 36: David Gets Gay Sex](#)
[Chapter 37: Tamara Visits David](#)
[Chapter 38: Tamara Beds David](#)
[Chapter 39: David Meets a Girl](#)
[Chapter 40: David Goes on a Date](#)
[Chapter 41: Amanda and David Have Sex](#)
[Chapter 42: David is Spanked in Front of Amanda](#)
[Chapter 43: Amanda Spanks David](#)
[Chapter 44: Amanda Marks David as Hers](#)
[Epilogue](#)
[Afterword](#)

Prologue

I was so ashamed. There I was, an eighteen-year-old boy and a freshman at university, made to stand in the corner like a naughty six-year-old by my strict Aunty Sue, even as her submissive bisexual partner Chrissie looked on.

Despite my age, I was sniffing, and my cheeks were wet with tears. My pants and underpants were around my ankles. My spanked rear end was on full humiliating display.

I had failed to do my homework, and so I was being punished. In Aunty Sue's home, punishment meant a sore backside followed by an hour of silent contemplation with your nose in the corner and your bare fanny on display. Privacy was not a consideration. Spankings were given on-the-spot, regardless of who was there to see them.

Aunty Sue's petite and much younger life partner, Chrissie, was subject to the same sort of discipline and was every bit as likely to find herself in my position. This time, however, it was me, and I knew Aunt Chrissie felt sorry for me. She knew what an extended trip across Aunty Sue's knee could be like.

I was living with my Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie for my first year of university in the big city. For a young spanko boy like me, it made for an... *interesting... dynamic.*

Foreword

As unbelievable as it may seem, the story you're about to read, as recounted by Julie (from the popular spanking blog [Strict Julie Spanked!](#)), is 100% true ;-)

My name is David, and I have been a fan and correspondent of Julie's for many years. She thought my story was sufficiently interesting that we collaborated on telling it. I provided Julie with the details in a long and rambling series of emails in response to her questions. She arranged them into a proper first-person narrative and pulled them into shape for publication. The names (including my own) were changed for privacy.

It is by now five years on from the events recounted here. Not to spoil the ending, but suffice it to say I am now happily married to the girl of my dreams. That would not have been possible without these experiences.

"David"

December, 2022

Chapter 1: Introductions

My name is David, and this is my story. Before getting into it, I should say a few things about myself and my upbringing, as dull as that may be.

While I guess many would consider me pretty smart now (with a university degree in computer science and everything), I wasn't always a smart kid. I was challenged as a boy growing up in my small town. I was awkward, I stuttered, and I was dyslexic. Something just took time to wire up inside my brain. My report cards were a disaster. My teachers said they only passed me because I was too big to be left behind.

When I changed schools for grade nine, I was determined to shed my past. My French teacher asked me to read a passage aloud in class. I started in and stuttered. Immediately some of the kids laughed. At that instant, I said to myself, "I am NEVER going to stutter again!" I collected myself and re-read the passage with a loud, strong voice without a hint of a stutter. My body had outgrown my stutter, but my mind had not. Not until that moment.

Each year in high school, I did better and better. In academics, in sports, and in success with girls (what limited success I had).

In academics, I did very well in the subjects that interested me, mainly math and science; I did poorly in those that did not, such as French and English. I never felt I worked very hard at school. As I got older and was allowed to pick my classes, academic success came even more easily.

Regarding sports, I did a bunch I was not that good at, but my best sport was table tennis. I won gold at the regional tournament, where all the local high schools competed. Unfortunately, the girls in my school did not consider table tennis to be in the same league as, say, football, and nobody thought of me as a jock. I was the perennial nerd despite my proficiency at table tennis.

Because of my 'nerd' label, maybe, success with girls was a harder nut to crack. While I'm decently tall, I'm a bit scrawny and yet a bit soft and pudgy at the same time. Table tennis is not much about muscles.

I had dated girls, not many, and made out with some. The furthest I ever got was being allowed to fondle a girl's breasts under her blouse but over her bra. She soon stopped it, saying she didn't think of me *that way*. I felt like everybody else in my grade was doing more than me.

Despite my lack of success, or maybe because of it, I had a massive sex drive and was perpetually horny. As a result, and with unfettered access to Internet porn in my bedroom, I became a chronic masturbator.

I was always terrified of being caught masturbating, yet I did it anyways; I could not resist. I was raised modestly and was self-conscious about nudity; my immediate family was conservative and churchgoing. Though I was not religious by the time I was at university, my parents did raise me that way. When I was young, my mom scolded me for 'playing with myself'. So, as I grew older and began masturbating, I lived in deadly fear of my parents (or my sister!) walking in on me. Therefore, I listened for every creak and groan of floorboards as I did the deed.

Moreover, the things I chose to masturbate to caused an extra degree of shame. For reasons unknown, I had developed a fixation on *spanking* as my porn of choice.

I was surfing the naughty side of the web at age thirteen when I saw a photo of a clothed husband spanking his naked wife across his knee. There was no turning back for me once I saw that. It made me ridiculously excited, and I started getting into all sorts of domestically-oriented spanking porn at a very tender age. I was equally turned on imagining myself watching a spanking, doing the spanking, and even being spanked by girls.

I wasn't so much into the whips and chains, intense bondage, S&M, or hardcore material. I was more into the milder domestic stuff like daddy spans daughter, mom spans son, husband spans wife, wife spans husband. I couldn't get enough of that.

One of my main outlets was a blog named "Strict Julie Spanks!" (Since changed to "Strict Julie Spanked!" once she started liking getting spankings as much as giving them). I corresponded with her when I was just a kid, and she helped me feel okay about my fetish. She did scold me by email (once I admitted my age) that I was not allowed to visit her blog and should respect the age warning. Still, I snuck in anyways and even saw photos of her red bum after she was spanked, which was so exciting – an actual grown woman I knew and corresponded with giving and getting spankings. I can't tell you how often I jerked off to her writing (and her spanked ass!). Her husband happened to be named 'David' as well, hence the name I chose for my pseudonym here.

My parents never spanked me growing up, so I have no idea where my fetish came from. They believed in talking things out, not even grounding. No form of punishment, really.

It mostly worked for me, maybe because I was a sensitive kid. It embarrassed me, but I cried easily. I still do. When I misbehaved, all my parents had to do was look disappointed in me, and I would burst into tears. My Dad and older sister just shook their heads at me, but Mom always comforted me.

In terms of girls and spanking growing up, I never dared raise the topic of spanking and was happy just trying to kiss them, grope their tits, and (unsuccessfully) get into their panties. I never considered spilling the beans with them about my spanking fetish. I worried they would think I was a pervert, which would get out all over school.

Based on my high marks, I got an early acceptance into university with a good scholarship. It meant moving to the big city. My mom was not keen to have me live alone for financial reasons, and she wanted an adult to keep an eye on me. She, therefore, asked her older sister, my Aunty Sue, if I could live with her. Aunty Sue is a professor in the business school of the big city university I was to attend and lived near it.

There was only one little problem in my mom's mind. Well, not a problem; more of a complication. It was that Aunty Sue was a *lesbian*.

Chapter 2: Aunty Sue and Chrissie

Nobody talked about it much, but according to family lore, Aunty Sue, my mom's older sister, had not always been a lesbian. She had been popular in high school, was a bit of an athlete (tennis) and a brain, and had dated boys. She married a guy very young, then divorced – or annulled, or something – soon after. Many years later, she introduced a series of girlfriends to the family. We kids were always confused about Aunty Sue's 'friends' that she brought to family gatherings. It was only years later that my older sister told me that I was an idiot and that Aunty Sue was a lesbian.

Aunty Sue got formally married to a much younger woman named Chrissie. We attended the ceremony held in a college chapel at her university. Aunty Sue was dressed in a black tux, and Chrissie was dressed in a traditional white bridal gown. Everyone pretended that it was no big deal. Just two chicks getting married. Happens all the time. I didn't have a problem with it. I tried to imagine what the wedding night would be like and got excited imagining the possibilities. I'd seen videos online, including ones where one of the chicks used a strap-on and fucked the other. I figured Aunty Sue would be wearing the strap-on, and Chrissie would be taking it. After the wedding, Chrissie became 'Aunt Chrissie' to me.

Aunt Chrissie is indisputably a walking boner-inducing machine. She wasn't even that much older than me, less than ten years older, but twenty years younger than Aunty Sue. And she was *hot*. Oh my God, she was hot. And she always dressed a bit slutty-hot as well.

I even had a wet dream about her. I dreamt of a fire in the house, and we both ran to the shed naked. I was standing, and she was hanging onto me, her legs wrapped around me, me grabbing her bare ass, and my cock inside of her, fucking her. I woke up when I ejaculated into her pussy in my dream, but into my shorty pyjamas in real life, leaving them all gooey and slick with semen. I desperately rinsed them and stuck them into the hamper, hoping my mom would not find out.

Aunty Sue was also attractive, but she was three years older than my mom. She always dressed elegantly and conservatively. She did have that older woman sex appeal, in a milfy sort of way, and was tall and had a commanding presence. She was whip-smart, too, being a professor at a big

university. By contrast, Aunt Chrissie was petite, blonde, bubbly, and fun, sometimes acting even younger than she was.

When Mom asked me what I thought about living with Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie, I was interested. It's not that I thought anything would *happen*, but living with two attractive women, especially if one of them was Aunt Chrissie, would be cool. Thoughts of 'accidentally' seeing Aunt Chrissie in the nude, in the bathroom or something, did cross my mind. Or, ridiculously, secretly even getting it on with Aunt Chrissie, like in my dream?

While I always cringed when they made two homos kiss in the movies, I had nothing against lesbians other than thinking maybe it was a bit of a waste as far as dudedom was concerned. Especially Aunt Chrissie, who was easily pretty enough to be some Pasha's harem girl. I figured maybe they just never met the right guy?

I never connected my spanking fetish to Aunties Sue and Chrissie. I figured I was just weird, and there was no way anybody else I knew could be into it. So, I always viewed them in vanilla terms (as vanilla as two chicks having sex, anyways).

I played it cool when Mom ran it past me: "If I can't live in an apartment on my own, then sure, I guess so," I said when she asked what I thought about the idea.

"Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie are *lesbians*," Mom told me needlessly. "You'd have to be okay with that."

"Mom! I was at their wedding. It's not the 1950s. Everybody's down with that now."

"Okay. I just wanted to make sure *you* were," she said dubiously. Did she think I was a homophobe, or a lesbophobe, or whatever you call it?

I rolled my eyes and said, "It's fine, Mom."

The next day Mom told me that she had spoken with Aunty Sue, and Aunty Sue had spoken with Aunt Chrissie, and they were okay with the arrangement in principle. They had the space, and it made sense, and they'd be happy to keep an eye on me and help me get through my first year. They said that one school year was all they were willing to commit to for now.

But before agreeing, Aunty Sue wanted to talk with me privately. They were coming up for a visit for Easter, so Aunty Sue and I would speak then.

Chapter 3: Aunty Sue Speaks with David

Easter Sunday came, and Aunties Sue and Chrissie made the three-hour drive to our small town to visit us for an early dinner, returning that evening. They arrived mid-afternoon to be able to spend a bit more time with us. Aunty Sue set Aunt Chrissie to help my mom and sister with the preparations, and she took me aside so we could discuss the possibility of my staying with them for the school year.

"Come, sit with me, David," Aunty Sue said, and led me into Dad's study, closing the door to afford us some privacy.

Aunty Sue was tall and lean. She wore a professional-looking pencil dress that came to just above her knees and had fishnet stockings on underneath. She had a white blouse and a jacket-like top that matched her skirt. There was elegant jewelry on her fingers, around her neck, and discretely in her ears. She had a hint of perfume and was elegantly made up. She wore expensive-looking high-heeled shoes that made her taller than me and clicked on the floor as we walked into the study. She looked strong as well as feminine.

Aunty Sue sat in Dad's big armchair, crossed her legs, and invited me to pull up a side chair and sit beside her. There was a raw sexuality about Aunty Sue not at all present in my mom. I admit I was a bit flustered as I took my seat.

"So, you got into my university with a big scholarship. Well done. Your mother asked if you could stay with Chrissie and me during your first year. Is that something you want to do? I don't want to be a part of forcing you into something you don't want. We'd be happy to have you, or pitch in for rent if that's what you want."

"I couldn't ask that of you, Aunty Sue. And it would be cool to spend more time with you and Aunt Chrissie. Besides, Mom is dead set against me being on my own, at least for first year, so it would be a huge help."

"Well, okay then, but there are a few ground rules we need you to agree to before we say yes. Is that okay? May I give you some ground rules?"

"Sure, Aunty Sue." I figured it would be things like making my bed or keeping the kitchen clean.

"First ground rule. Schoolwork comes first. We won't be a part of you wasting your time at university. We understand that some partying is fine,

but not at the expense of your schoolwork. Chrissie takes care of all the housework and will do whatever household things you need, so your job is 100% studying. Is that understood and okay?"

That one was sort of expected in retrospect.

"Yes. I'm there to study, for sure."

"Second ground rule. We're a very progressive and left-leaning household. I understand your politics, such as they are, can lean a bit right. There's nothing wrong with that, and Chrissie and I will be happy to accept you as you are, debate you, and try to educate you. We may even learn something from you.

"However, we will not tolerate hatred or bigotry. We are inclusive and value diversity. We have many friends of different ethnicities and sexual orientations, and we need you always to show respect for that. It's okay to debate Chrissie or me amongst us, but if there's company over, I need you to zip it. I'm a professor, and I have no desire to be cancelled."

That one was slightly less expected, but I got her point, what with cancel culture and all, and I was conservative in what politics I had.

"Of course, Auntie Sue. I'll take your lead on that. And I don't hate anybody."

"The third and final ground rule. Well, not so much a rule but something I need you to understand and be okay with.

"You know Chrissie and I are a *married lesbian couple*."

Auntie Sue said each word with emphasis.

"That means we have *sex* with one another. You need to be discrete and keep private anything you may inadvertently hear, okay?"

And now there I was thinking about noisy sex between Auntie Sue and Aunt Chrissie. But that was sort of titillating and easy to agree to. What would I be hearing, I wondered?

"Yes, of course," I said, looking down, unable to meet her eyes. I felt a hot flush in my cheeks.

"There's more, but before I tell you, I need you to swear that you'll never repeat what you are told, not even within the family. Do you swear?"

I admit I was mystified. What could this super-secret thing be?

I looked up into Auntie Sue's penetrating eyes. "I do," I swore.

"Okay then. I trust you to keep your word on that."

Aunty Sue took a deep breath and went on.

"Chrissie is what is called a 'submissive', and I'm a 'dominant', and we engage in a 'full-time domestic discipline lifestyle'. Do you know what any of those words mean?"

My mind reeled. Of course, I knew! I'd been a spanking fetishist with access to the Internet for the past five years. It was blowing my mind that Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie shared my kink. But I was suddenly timid about it. I did not want to let on at all for fear that it would disqualify me from living with them, which now I wanted to do more than anything.

So, I lied.

"No, Aunty Sue... I don't really."

"Okay. Let me explain a 'domestic discipline lifestyle' to you. This is something both Chrissie and I want; Chrissie even more than I. Chrissie finds emotional comfort in having a parent-like figure exert control over her life as if she was a child. I tell her to do certain things, and I have certain expectations of her, and if she fails to do those things or meet my expectations, I punish her."

Oh my gosh. I felt my crotch tingling at the word 'punish', and the hint of a boner. This sort of domestic stuff played right into all my fantasies. I hoped Aunty Sue did not notice anything.

"What do you mean, punish?" I knew, or at least I thought I knew, but I figured it was something I was supposed to ask just then.

"It can be various things. Maybe a grounding or a timeout with her nose in the corner. Maybe she gets extra chores or has to write lines. Almost always, she gets a *spanking* as well."

There was that word: *spanking*. I felt my penis stirring even more inside my pants and shifted nervously to hide it.

I figured I had to say something rather than just let that incredible word hang there in the air.

"Isn't she too old for a... spanking?" I asked meekly. What a stupid thing to say!

"She's 'too old' for any of that. That's the whole point. Emotionally, she needs to feel regressed to the state of a child from time to time. It's the way she's wired.

"But there's more to it than that. It's also part of her sexuality, and mine, to do these things.

"Chrissie is a 'submissive'. It excites her, sexually, to be bossed around by me, and punished by me. And I'm a 'dominant'. I like doing that to her. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I think so," I said, still acting dumb.

"You can understand why we need to keep this a secret. If one doesn't understand the dynamic, it can appear abusive."

"Yeah, I get that."

"Chrissie has chosen this lifestyle of her own free will. She's free to stop anytime she wishes to, and we'll revert to being a more normal couple, whatever that means. She even has a safeword she can use if any activity is too much for her. If she's not using her safeword, she's actively consenting. Do you understand that?"

I audibly gulped, and I felt myself blushing and felt some sweat on my forehead.

"Yes, Aunty Sue, I think I understand. She wants it, right?"

"Yes, she does."

Aunty Sue's voice then softened as she said, "It's something we keep very secret. Only a few close friends know, and you're young for all this. Chrissie and I debated it a lot. We can hide this about ourselves if we're out visiting, like we are today, or having casual friends over, but there's no way for us to hide it from you if you're living with us, which is why we needed this talk first. We're not willing to stop doing what we've been doing, so we need to be sure you're okay with it and that you'll keep it strictly to yourself."

"I will, Aunty Sue. I promise."

I'm basically a decent guy, and while this was all incredibly sexy to me, I didn't want to take advantage of my aunts by perving all over them. I tried to think of a delicate way to say it that wouldn't give away my interest in the fetish. I figured it out.

"But are you sure you want me to come? Won't Aunt Chrissie be embarrassed with me being there?"

"That brings us to another thing. Yes, your Aunt Chrissie will be embarrassed by your presence. Very embarrassed. But that embarrassment is part of her fetish. The thought of your presence in the house as she's ordered around and punished embarrasses and *excites* her. You'd essentially

and inevitably become a 'prop' in her fantasies, and it's unfair to you if we enter into that without your full understanding and consent. You're eighteen years old, so you can legally consent. You won't be playing an active role, but just being there, hearing certain things, and seeing certain things, makes you a participant, and we need your consent for that. I insisted on it with Chrissie."

"I understand, and I... consent... to that." I thought afterwards that maybe I said it a bit too eagerly.

Aunty Sue smiled. "I thought you would. But we needed to be explicit about it. Usually, men get quite excited knowing a girl like Chrissie is bossed around and punished. She's a woman, of course, but I call her a 'girl' as part of all this. Any questions, David?"

I racked my mind about what a vanilla boy might ask next.

"Are you going to, like, spank her in front of me?"

"Chrissie would both love and hate that. But no. She'll get her spankings behind closed doors, but I'm sure you'll hear them, and that's all *I'm* comfortable with for the time being."

"It's a lot to take in," I said, just because I thought a normal person would say something like that.

"I know it is, and you don't need to make up your mind right away. You can take a few days to think about it, but it all remains secret."

"I don't need to think about it, Aunty Sue. It sounds like... I don't know, serious, but also just a lot of fun? And 'kinda sexy too?'"

"Oh my gosh! You actually think that Chrissie getting a bare bum spanking across my knee is something fun and sexy? Really?" Aunty Sue said it in a way that sounded angry with me. I was worried I had squirrelled it entirely by saying that.

"That's okay," said Aunty Sue with a laugh, seeing my face, "I'm just teasing you. While it is serious in its own way, it is also just a bit of sexy fun too. I'm glad you can see that. You can feel free to tease your Aunt Chrissie about still needing spankings at her age." Aunty Sue winked at me as she said that.

This *was* going to be fun! I could not believe everything I had just heard. My complete fantasy involving Aunt Chrissie, the most desirable woman I've ever seen, landing right in my lap. The only thing lacking would be seeing her getting spanked, but maybe I could sneak a peek?

"And so that's settled then. We look forward to having you stay with us, David, especially your Aunt Chrissie. She already has ideas for getting the spare room fixed up nicely for you."

"Thank you, Aunty Sue. I appreciate it."

I couldn't even process everything I had just heard. It all made sense in retrospect between Aunties Sue and Chrissie. The age difference. The difference in temperament. The size difference. The attitude difference. The way they each dressed. Aunt Chrissie looked and acted more like a teenage brat to Aunty Sue's mature mother figure. Aunty Sue was a professional woman, and Aunt Chrissie was a stay-at-home young wife who did all the chores. Now I understood why. I bet Aunt Chrissie got a bright red bum every time those chores were left undone!

This situation was a young spanko boy's wet dream come true. But I couldn't help but hope my involvement would become more active than what Aunty Sue had allowed for, as unlikely as that may be for a boy my age living with two grown women.

We went out to join the others. Mom asked me how it went, and I said it went fine and was all set. She wondered what Aunty Sue wanted to talk to me about. I told her it was about agreeing to study and stuff.

Aunty Sue was nearby and overheard. She caught my eye and nodded with a smile.

Later, Aunt Chrissie came to me and crouched near where I was seated. We were pretty much by ourselves.

"So, Sue told you?" she asked. She looked nervous and seemed to be blushing a little. She's so hot! Even though it was only April, she wore a short summer dress that showed off her bare legs, tight rounded ass, and exciting, perfectly perky tits.

"Yes."

"Are you freaked out?"

"No."

I seemed confined to monosyllabic answers.

"Thank you for being so understanding."

With that, she leaned in to kiss me on my cheek. I felt her soft lips touch my cheek, her breasts brush my shoulder, and her eyelids flutter against my

temple. Her long blonde hair fell down and danced around my face. Her breath was sweet, soft, and moist. My heart fluttered. My penis hardened.

Chrissie backed away, winked at me, and turned to rejoin the others. As she walked away, she swayed her hips suggestively. Her ass was to die for.

I imagined her face-down over Aunty Sue's knee, that dress up, her panties down, her no doubt beautiful bare bum wriggling and turning bright red as Aunty Sue spanked her. I imagined myself comforting her afterwards, and then Aunt Chrissie thanking me on her knees with my cock in her mouth. I had never had my cock in a girl's mouth, but I imagined it was heaven.

Over the following months, that and many other fantasies swirled in my head as the start of the new school year approached.

Chapter 4: David Moves In

Finally, we reached move-in day. Mom and Dad and my sister all came with. Aunty Sue had a small-sized home, but there was a room that was all mine. They had put in a sort of Murphy bed that converted between a desk and a bed. I could leave everything right on the desk, and it slid away like magic under the fold-down bed when I wanted to sleep.

Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie had a smaller bathroom with an oversized shower ensuite. The bathroom I would use was the only one with a big tub, and I'd be sharing that (use of it, not at the same time!).

We went on a walk, the whole family with Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie, and we toured the nearby university campus. They both knew their way around. Aunty Sue was a professor, and Aunt Chrissie had completed her undergrad and master's degrees there.

My family left, and I was left alone with my aunts. We ordered Chinese food for dinner. The conversation was fun and far-reaching. We did not discuss spanking at all. Aunt Chrissie teased me about all the pretty girls I'd meet at university. Aunty Sue said I'd be too busy studying to worry about girls.

My degree was going to be in Computer Science, and I needed to get good grades in first year to keep my spot in the program and my scholarship. Aunty Sue counselled me to treat school like a job. Work a full 9-5 every weekday; start on assignments the day they are handed out; read ahead in the textbooks; do the supplemental reading; attend all the lectures and tutorials; do all the work; get to bed early. She said if I did all that, I would ace it and still have my evenings and weekends free.

Aunt Chrissie said she had tried all of that but was too much of a party girl all through undergrad and just squeaked by (she had 'squeaked by' enough to get into grad school!). She said she had met Aunty Sue when she was struggling with the coursework for her master's, followed her advice about treating it like a job, and wound up doing well.

I screwed up my courage and cheekily asked her how Aunty Sue convinced her to become such a hard worker? Aunty Sue concealed a smile. Aunt Chrissie flushed a little. She reached over, put her finger on my nose, looked me straight in the eye and said, "you know how."

"No, I don't really. Can you explain it to me?" What a little shit I was.

"Your Aunty Sue can be very... persuasive in her arguments when she wishes to be."

"In other words," Aunty Sue cut in, "I spanked her cute little backside raw until she did as she was told."

Chrissie turned to Sue and kissed her, and Sue kissed her back.

"It's all true," said Chrissie, "and the rest is history." And they kissed again.

Chapter 5: Chrissie the Housewife

I had my first sleep there on Friday night. Orientation week was due to start on Monday, and we still had the weekend to go. Alone in my bed, I rubbed my cock thinking of Aunt Chrissie, but I thought I would try to be good and not jerk off on my very first night there.

Saturday morning, I slept in a bit and got up at around 10 am. Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie had been up for a while. They called me "sleepy-head" when I stumbled out of my room in my track pants and T-shirt. Aunt Chrissie got me a bit of leftover breakfast and sat down with me. She told me I needed to get up earlier tomorrow, as she always made her famous banana-blueberry pancakes on Sundays, and I would not want to miss that. She said she'd come and jump on me to wake me up if I was not up in time. The thought of Aunt Chrissie jumping on me in my bed was... cock stirring. Though I didn't expect she was serious.

After breakfast, Aunty Sue gathered Aunt Chrissie and me together.

"I wanted to discuss the spanking situation around here," Aunty Sue said. I was up for that!

"David, I've already explained our arrangement to you. You should also know that your Aunt Chrissie is quite a little exhibitionist. She gets off on knowing you're in the house and aware of her spankings."

"No, I don't!" objected Aunt Chrissie.

"You most certainly do. Don't lie to us, young lady. You admitted this to me explicitly."

"Okay, okay. Yes."

Satisfied, Aunty Sue went on.

"I intend her spankings to be behind closed doors, but if she's sufficiently naughty, I may spank her in front of you. I wanted to get your consent to that."

"I consent," I said, not knowing what else to say. Aunt Chrissie was blushing and not meeting my eyes at all. The possibility of a spanking in front of me was newly raised. Something had changed since we first spoke about it, and I was all for it.

"You'll learn that one of the nice things about having a submissive around is that you have no chores other than studying. Chrissie does all the cooking

and all the cleaning. She'll make your bed daily, change your linens as required, do your laundry, and put it away afterward. You can give her extra chores if you like, such as stocking a certain food item. If she doesn't meet your expectations, I'll punish her."

As Aunt Sue said this, I must confess that it excited me. She was making out like Aunt Chrissie would be a sort of domestic slave and that I had the power to cause her to be spanked. It gave me a bit of a power rush to have such a sexy lady under my control. Aunt Sue then made it even more explicit.

"Stand up," she ordered her. Aunt Chrissie stood, looking embarrassed. She had on a cute little mini-skirt with leggings underneath.

"If David tells me that you failed in your chores, or that they're in any way sub-standard, or if you misbehave in any way, he's to tell me, and I'll punish you. He's not tattling if he tells on you. He's fulfilling his part of our mutual agreement."

"Yes, Ma'am," Aunt Chrissie said, squirming in place.

I could tell that this 'discussion' was not accidental or informational. It felt like a kind of roleplay being acted out in front of me, with me as the prop, as Aunt Sue had earlier suggested. It looked like Aunt Sue designed it to trigger Aunt Chrissie's sexy submissiveness.

Aunt Sue went on.

"If I've decided to spank you, I'll take you to our bedroom and do it behind closed doors. However, I guarantee David will hear my swats on your bare bottom and your cries, young lady. And he might see you sniffing in the corner of the living room, with a *covered bottom*, afterwards."

"Yes, Ma'am," Aunt Chrissie said. I could see her knees knocking together and her squirming in place as if she needed to pee a little. She even moved her hands to the front of her skirt and pressed in a bit.

"Christina Emily Watson, stop touching yourself and put your hands at your sides!"

"Yes, Ma'am. Sorry, Ma'am."

"Careful, young lady. I should be putting you across my knee for that kind of wanton behaviour."

"No!" Chrissie cried out softly, blushing even harder if that was possible.

Aunt Sue turned back to me.

"I'm sure it need not be said, but you are not to order her to do anything sexual with you because she will, you know. And if she offers you anything sexual, perhaps in exchange for not being told on for some misbehaviour, then you refuse it and let me know immediately. I may even let you watch that punishment."

Chrissie looked down at the floor and blushed strongly as Sue said this. The possibility of Aunt Chrissie doing sexual things with me exploded in my brain. I hoped she would! Although that warred with the idea of telling on her and watching her get punished for attempting it. Dilemmas.

Turning back to Aunt Chrissie, Aunty Sue said, "Now, curtsy to David and thank him for agreeing to play a role in your perverse little fantasies."

Ah yes. It was as I had suspected. I was 'the prop' for Aunt Chrissie's fantasies. I didn't mind!

Aunt Chrissie reached down and lifted the hem of her short skirt and, staying upright, bent both knees in a classic curtsy. She looked great. She was actually a dancer.

"Thank you, David," she said in a small voice. Then she walked over to me and kissed me on my cheek.

Aunt Chrissie straightened, and Aunty Sue told her to go to the kitchen. I watched her turn and sashay out of the room, her hips swaying, her bottom enticing.

"She can be a handful," said Aunty Sue. "She's a boundary pusher. She knows exactly the effect she has on men and will try to seduce you. You are not to engage, and you are to tell me. Understood?"

"Yes, Aunty Sue. I get it."

Well, that was certainly full bore. I guess it was the elephant in the room: the spanking thing and Aunt Chrissie's sexiness. But what also came out was the sexy part and my role as 'the prop'. The thought of her offering me sex, or me demanding it, also played a weird role. I imagined that would stay entirely in the fantasy realm (for both of us). But I was chuffed that she had thoughts like that about me. I could see that she was excited by her role and my presence. I also thought Aunty Sue was playing it up for her benefit. I couldn't believe that Aunt Chrissie touched herself while standing there and that Aunty Sue scolded her for it and threatened a spanking.

I could see now how appropriate it was that Aunty Sue had asked for my consent to all of this. Otherwise, it would have been super weird. I guess it was super weird as it was, but at least I was forewarned and had consented.

Later in the day, well after those previous events had worn off, Aunt Chrissie wanted to go over how domestic stuff would work in the house. She reiterated that she did all the cooking and the housework and that my only 'job' was to study, study, study. She showed me the laundry hamper where I was to put my dirty clothes. She'd wash and change my bedsheets twice a week. She'd put away my laundry for me after it was done. She'd dust and vacuum my room twice a week.

I was a bit embarrassed by it. I told her she didn't have to do all that for me. I could do a lot myself.

She looked at me intently and said, "it's my job," very, very seriously. After this morning, everything with Aunt Chrissie took on a kinky-sexual edge for me. When she said that, there was, in my mind at least, the undertone that if she didn't accept her responsibilities and do 'her job', Aunty Sue would spank her. And she was so serious when she said it, so fervent, so adamant, that I imagined it would be a severe spanking. I could also see how seriously Aunt Chrissie took her role as a housewife as if a large part of herself was wrapped up in it, despite her having a master's degree.

Aunt Chrissie insisted we go into my room to decide where we would store my clothes, using whichever drawers for what.

"It's already a mess!" she exclaimed with a laugh when we went in. I was not the biggest neat freak, and the room was small. "I can see I'll be in here tidying daily as well. Sue likes a neat house and wants your room kept tidy and organized for you."

"You really don't have to," I said as Aunt Chrissie began tidying. "I'll keep it tidy."

"No, I really do, because if Sue sees it messy like this, it's my ass paying the price, not yours."

Oh my gosh. She had said it aloud.

"Really? If I make the mess, you get punished?" I could barely get that last word out. "That seems really harsh. Aunty Sue seems cruel to do that."

"Oh no. Don't think like that. This is all on me. I need a lot of discipline in my life right now. I used to be a bit messed up. I'll tell you about it sometime. Your Auntie Sue literally saved my life. I'm totally off drugs and meds and have never been happier with my life. I just needed, and still need, lots and lots of structure and things to do and be held accountable for. We're always looking for more things, so if there's anything else I can do for you, please let Sue or me know."

"Huh," I thought to myself. I could certainly think of at least one thing she could 'do for me', but I kept it to myself.

"Now, let's hang your pants here, your shirts here, we'll use this one as a drawer for T-shirts, this one for gym stuff. Socks will go here. Undies will go here."

As she said this, she began collecting clothes I had piled on the floor and in my suitcase and started putting them away.

As she got to my underpants, she giggled and held up a pair. "Tighty-whities? Really?"

"My mom bought them for me," I said, blushing.

"Well, I'm going to go out and buy you some sexy boxers. We can't have the first college girl you have sex with pull your pants down and see you in raggedy tighty-whities. Not that you'd get to have sex with her if she caught you wearing these."

Feeling a bit wounded by her supposition that I was a virgin, I countered with, "I've been with girls before."

"Oh yeah? What's the furthest you ever got? I'll bet... hand under blouse and over bra. Am I right?"

Fuck. She had nailed it.

"Come on, be honest with me. I can be the most amazing wing girl. I can guarantee to get you laid, but only if you're honest with me..."

Well, that was an offer I couldn't refuse. "Sigh. Under blouse, over bra."

"Nailed it!" She said, making a fist and pulling it down. "I have a talent – I can guess peoples' sexual experience just by looking at them."

"You can't!" I said.

"I can. It's uncanny. It's kind of mystic," she said, waving her fingers around in a ghostly way.

She finished putting my stuff all away neatly.

"And remember, if you make a mess in your sheets, I'll know, and I shall be very cross with you."

"Aunt Chrissie..." I said with a pleading little embarrassed voice.

"Ha ha ha ha ha!" She laughed as she left the room, feeling pleased with herself.

With Aunt Chrissie in the house, there was very little chance that a chronic spanko masturbator like me would not be soaking his sheets almost nightly with copious amounts of boy juice. But I reminded myself to get a box of tissues and a wastebasket beside my bed, nonetheless.

Chapter 6: Sunday Breakfast

I awoke to a knock on my bedroom door on Sunday morning at what turned out to be 8 am.

"Wha... what?" I said groggily, forgetting about pancake Sunday.

Aunt Chrissie opened the door, flipped on my light, and stuck her head in. "Pancakes!" she said in a cheery tone.

"Go away," I said, pulling the pillow over my head to block the overhead light.

Next thing I knew, Aunt Chrissie pounced on my bed like a tigress, straddling me and pulling the pillow off my face. "Pancakes!" she repeated gleefully, her face an inch from mine.

Suddenly, I was very awake. She was wearing a thin T-shirt-type nightgown. I could see down her neckline, past the tops of her milky-white breasts, right down to her bare nipples!

I slept naked under only a thin sheet. I popped an immediate boner.

"Morning wood, naughty boy?" She asked as she ground her pelvis into me. I practically came on the spot.

"I told you I'd jump on you if you weren't up," she said, "not my fault."

She dismounted and slowly started pulling the sheet off me. "Let's go," she said, "you 'gotta eat 'em fresh..."

"Aunt Chrissie!" I said, desperately embarrassed, clutching the sheet to my midsection and hiding my hard cock. She pulled the top and bottom of the sheet off me, baring my chest and legs. This was so humiliating for me! I mentioned before that I was raised modestly, and being within an inch of being stripped utterly nude by my hot aunt was terrifying.

"Oh my gosh, you sleep naked. You are *such* a bad boy!"

She gave one more tug to try to pull my remaining modesty away from me, then laughed and walked away as I lay there frazzled, covering only my hard cock with my sheet.

"You have five minutes, or the sheet's coming off, and it's a bucket of cold water next!"

"I'm getting up; I'm getting up!" I said.

"Don't tell Sue how I woke you, or my ass is grass," she said with a wink for me, and then she turned on her heels and left.

As she stood at my door, I saw that her T-shirt nightgown only came down to just past the tops of her bare legs. I could also see her nipples were

hard as two little diamonds under her nightgown. As she turned to leave, her nightgown flew up a little at the back, and I caught a glimpse of the bottom half of her ass cheeks and her white panties.

"What the fuck?" I asked myself. Was Aunt Chrissie coming on to me???

I hastily dressed in my track pants and T-shirt, did my bathroom stuff quickly, and went to the kitchen. Aunt Sue was sitting at the table drinking a coffee and reading the Sunday New York Times. We greeted as I entered. Aunt Chrissie was at the stove, making some final preparations. I sat, and she carried over a big stack of banana-blueberry pancakes and then went back and laid out some sausage and bacon. Butter and maple syrup were already on the table.

"Do you drink coffee?" Aunt Chrissie asked.

I didn't, but I thought it would be more mature if I said I did. "Yes, please," I said.

"Espresso? Americano? Cappuccino?" Aunt Chrissie asked.

"Just regular coffee is good," I said, not knowing what to say.

"Do you like milk with it?" she asked gently.

"Yeah, sure."

"I'll make you a nice cappuccino; you'll like that."

Sue went to the machine and whipped me up a frothy milky coffee with sprinkled chocolate on top.

"*Voilà, pour monsieur,*" she said in French as she served it to me.

I took a sip and liked it, somewhat to my surprise. Aunt Chrissie laughed, reached over, and wiped the froth off my upper lip with her napkin. "Can't take you anywhere," she said.

She served out the pancakes with a double helping to me, along with the sausage and bacon. I buttered and syruped them. They were delicious also.

After I finished, I pushed back my plate and said it was about the best breakfast I'd ever eaten. Aunt Chrissie beamed and thanked me, and began clearing the dishes. I started getting up to clear my plate, but Aunt Chrissie immediately took it from me and sternly said, "no, that's my job," and sat me down again.

"Just enjoy it," said Aunt Sue from behind her Sunday New York Times. "She loves being the happy homemaker."

"I do!" Aunt Chrissie chirped. "I want to be the perfect trad housewife, which means I do all the household chores around here, and if I don't, the

head of the household over there makes sure I do."

"So dramatic," said Aunty Sue.

Aunt Chrissie cleared the table and started rinsing the dishes and putting them in the dishwasher. Her ass jiggled, and the hem of her nightshirt shimmied as she went about her chores. As she bent over to place the plates on the dishwasher's bottom rack, her T-shirt nightgown rode up, and I could see the luscious bottoms of her ass cheeks and the lower part of her silky white panties.

"Are you checking out my wife's ass?" Aunty Sue asked me, peering over the top of her newspaper.

"No! Sorry. I mean, yes, but, well, you know..."

"Oh, I know. She dresses like that on purpose to put on a show. Just ignore her."

As if.

Aunt Chrissie turned around, stuck out her tongue at Aunty Sue, then turned back and flipped up her nightgown, exposing her entire panty-clad bottom.

"Do that again, and it'll get slapped," warned Aunty Sue.

Aunt Chrissie walked defiantly up to her, turned her back to her, lifted her nightgown again, and shook her bum in her face. Aunty Sue reached out with an open palm and delivered a forceful and resounding slap to her young wife's panty-clad backside.

Aunt Chrissie jumped up as if scalded, turned, and rubbed her ass, whining, "Owww! Not so hard..."

"You asked for it," Aunty Sue said.

"You really did," I added, throwing in my two cents.

"I suppose I did," Chrissie agreed with a coy smile.

I figured I was less than two days in, and Aunt Chrissie had already leaped on me in bed, showed me the tops of her tits right down to her nipples, ground my erection, tried to strip me, showed off her long legs, raised her nightgown to show off her pantied butt, and got a major slap on her ass in front of me from Aunty Sue. Not a bad start!

That night, I heard the first (of many) lovemaking sessions from my aunts' bedroom. I could slide over and put my ear directly to their bedroom

wall as I lay in bed.

It started with a lot of giggling. At one point, I heard my Aunty Sue say, "get over here; you're incorrigible." That was followed by a rhythmic slapping sound which sounded like Aunt Chrissie getting a spanking! The spanking stopped now and then and was replaced by moans from Aunt Chrissie. Then the slapping noises would start again.

Next came a different type of moaning. More from Aunty Sue, I thought. It crescendoed to a subdued cry and stopped.

There was a pause, and then the bed started creaking rhythmically. Now it was Aunt Chrissie moaning again. She got loud. Much louder than Aunty Sue and screamed out what could only have been an orgasm, but mid-scream, it was like a hand muffled her, and then there were just giggles, and everything fell silent again.

My boner was on overdrive. I had been stroking my cock throughout my aunts' performance. After they settled down, I ramped it up, re-imagining that morning's breakfast. Instead of just one slap to her pantied rear, I imagined Aunty Sue putting Aunt Chrissie across her lap and spanking her with her panties right down in front of me. I pictured Aunt Chrissie kicking her little legs and crying as Aunty Sue thoroughly reddened her rear end. As I came, I was very careful to shoot my jizz into a bundle of tissues I had prepared.

Chapter 7: Soiled Sheets

The next morning was Monday and my first day of orientation week at school. I set the alarm and was up early.

"Good morning, David!" said Aunt Chrissie as I entered the kitchen. Aunty Sue had already left.

"Good morning, Aunt Chrissie."

"Did you have a nice night?"

"I did." Then I had an evil, cheeky thought and spurted out, quite uncharacteristically – I don't know what got into me – "And from what I could hear, so did you."

"David!" She exclaimed, looking shocked and embarrassed at the same time. I instantly regretted saying it.

"Sorry," I said.

"Bad boy. Were we very loud?"

"You were."

"What all did you hear?" She asked me, recovered and now looking curious and impish both.

"Sounded like there was a spanking first, with a lot of moaning?"

Look at me discussing grown-up sex stuff with my aunt.

"There was. It was a 'good girl' spanking." she said with a big smile.

"What's a 'good girl' spanking?"

"Well, when I'm a bad girl Sue spans me pretty relentlessly, and I'm howling in pain before it's half over. I *hate* those. But when I'm a good girl, I get a little light spanking that stings but feels nice, and there's lots of caressing of private places in between the spans. It turns me on a lot! Now, enough sex talk for you, young man."

It's okay. I thought I had gotten away with a lot already.

I went off to school for a series of orchestrated activities to orient me. The week was a whirlwind, ending with a party near a lake. People were coupling up, and a cute girl picked me to cuddle with, so we cuddled and kissed, which was nice. She ghosted me right after.

All that week, my hours were weird, and I got little sleep. By the time the weekend came, I was happy to relax and ready myself mentally for the school year to come. Nothing very sexy happened at home during that time.

I spent the weekend sleeping, started classes on Monday, and settled into a routine.

Aunt Chrissie was a constant in the house and in and around my room. She felt perfectly free walking straight in without knocking and always came up to me and gave me a little kiss on my forehead or something. Her sexuality was constant, and I bathed in it. She always dressed provocatively. She would often run around in just her panties and a T-shirt in the mornings, which drove me nuts.

Sometimes when I was in my room studying, I could hear the bath next door being drawn. I knew it was Aunt Chrissie. I heard her enter the bathroom and slip into the tub. It drove me to distraction knowing that her naked body was so close to me, luxuriating in her bath. The lock on the bathroom door was broken, which always made me nervous when I was in there doing my business or showering. I briefly considered 'accidentally' walking in on her but thought better of it. She would know it was no accident.

I thought a lot about Aunt Chrissie as I went to sleep. I had come to know her schedule for changing my sheets, and I knew that the next day was bed linen change day. Aunt Chrissie's warning to me about soiling my sheets with jizz played in my brain. She said she would be "very cross with me". But she was always teasing. I wondered what she meant by it. Was it almost an invitation? In my sex-addled mind, I thought it might be.

I know I'm weird, but in the end, it was irresistible to me, the thought of having Aunt Chrissie handle and discover my jizzy sheets and confront me about it afterwards. Those thoughts went through my brain at night, but I restrained myself. The thoughts were still with me in the morning, and I gave in and masturbated thinking about it and came all over my sheets.

And I just left them like that.

What had I done???

I left for the day and returned in the afternoon, well before Auntie Sue got home.

When I got to my room, I saw that my sheets had been changed. My heart beat more quickly. Did she even notice? Would she confront me?

Soon after, an angry little bundle of Aunt Chrissie stormed into my bedroom holding a bunched-up sheet. Uh oh.

"What the hell is this?" She asked, holding out the sheet. She did not look playful in the least.

"M... m... my sheet?"

"Your soiled sheet!"

"Sorry..." I said.

"You're sorry?!? You're sorry for *ejaculating* into your sheets so I would find them like that? Despite what I said earlier? You're sorry I would get your *sticky cum* all over my fingers?"

She was angry. I guessed she had not been teasing. I started to feel the tears well up in my eyes, just like they did when my mom would be disappointed in me back at home.

I didn't know what else to say, and despite having arranged it, I was really embarrassed now. Aunt Chrissie misinterpreted my lack of words.

"And you don't even seem embarrassed by any of this."

She had that wrong, confusing desperately trying to keep it together with not being embarrassed.

I couldn't take it anymore, and my tears broke through. I started crying and sniffing and said, "I'm sorry. I really am. I didn't think. I don't know why. It's just, well, Mommy said it was a natural function..."

"Mommy said? You are fucking pathetic! Don't cry your little crocodile tears at me. And is that your excuse? It's a natural function? Would you shit in your bed too because that's a natural function? Oh well, if it's such a natural function and so nothing to be embarrassed by, hop up on your bed and do it right now, right in front of me. If it's so natural and so nothing to be embarrassed by."

She must have been joking, surely. Just making a point, right?

"Aunt Chrissie..." I said, tears still streaming down my face.

"No. Do it. It'll teach you a lesson. Do you want me to tell your Auntie Sue how you deliberately jizzed in your sheets so I would find it nasty and fresh?"

"No, please, Aunt Chrissie," I begged, tears streaming.

"On your bed. Right now," she ordered.

I looked at her, and she looked at me, stony-faced, angry.

I reluctantly got up and lay face up on the bed.

"Pull your pants down. To your ankles."

"No, please, Aunt Chrissie. You've made your point. It is embarrassing. I *am* ashamed."

I was saying all this while still crying.

"Not as ashamed as you're going to be when you're stroking it in front of me. Pants down. Now! Don't make me repeat myself."

I unfastened and unzipped my pants and pushed them down my legs, past my knees, to my ankles.

"Underpants, too," she said.

I started hyperventilating as I cried. The snot was now coming down my nose. This could not be happening to me!

"Please, Aunt Chrissie!" I begged.

"Underpants too. This is your punishment. Either take it or accept the consequences."

"No, please!"

"I think you really do want me to tell your Aunty Sue and then maybe even your mother. You have to the count of three to get those underpants down to your ankles, or I'll do both those things.

"One..."

"Two..."

"Thr..."

"Okay, okay, okay!" I quickly pulled my underpants down past my knees and right down to my ankles. "They're down! They're down!" I wailed, showing her my bare genitals. I couldn't have Aunty Sue, much less my mom, find out about this.

I lay back down, face wet with tears, my hands balled into fists at my sides, and scrunched my eyes tightly shut. This could not be happening! I was completely bare below the waist in front of my Aunt Chrissie! As I mentioned earlier, my parents raised me modestly, and this embarrassment ran deep.

"Pull your shirt up," she told me.

I pulled my shirt up past my belly button. Despite the situation, my cock was hardening for some inexplicable reason, making my embarrassment much worse.

"Go ahead. Do it. If it's so natural and so nothing to be embarrassed by."

I reached my hand down and started rubbing it half-heartedly, still crying. All those years of living in terror of being caught masturbating, and here I was, *doing it* right in front of Aunt Chrissie.

"Do you rub it raw like that?"

"N... n... no. I use some spit."

"Gross. Go on then, spit in your hand, lick your palm."

I licked my palm and went to rub it again. All the time, Aunt Chrissie stood there looking angry at me, her arms crossed in front of her.

"I should have Sue give you a proper spanking."

That gave me a jolt. Despite my tears, my penis continued hardening as I rubbed it. I began squirming and breathing heavier. I looked over at Aunt Chrissie, who maintained her stern demeanour, arms crossed, a scowl on her face. By this time, my cock was rock hard, and I felt the first stirrings of an ejaculation on the horizon.

I rubbed a few more strokes, feeling myself edging closer and closer to the unthinkable, when Aunt Chrissie finally said, "All right, you can stop now. I won't make you embarrass yourself as badly as you embarrassed me."

I stopped, still holding my dick in my hand and crying.

"But if you do it again, I'll make you do it all the way and then make you *eat it* afterwards. And I'll tell your Aunty Sue, and we'll both watch."

"Yes, Ma'am," I said sheepishly, sniffing.

She reached beside my bed, picked up the box of tissues, and threw it at me.

"Into the tissues next time," she said, storming out with my soiled sheet in her hand.

I used the tissues to dry my eyes and blow my nose. I lay there and tried to calm down. Once I had recovered, I started contemplating what had actually just happened. I was embarrassed that I had cried like a baby at Aunt Chrissie's scolding. What must she have thought of me?

And why did I even do it? I was almost guaranteed to be caught by her, and the consequences could have been much worse. I saw how close I was to having Aunt Chrissie tell both Aunty Sue and my mom. After the fact, I was amazed she didn't tell them. They could have easily sent me home for that stunt, which would have terminated my university aspirations that year. What was I thinking? Stupid, stupid, stupid!

While Aunt Chrissie was scolding and punishing me, I felt terrible. Having to bare my cock and stroke myself in front of her, which you would

think would be sexy, was instead miserable and humiliating, and not in a good way. Upsetting her was the worst, though. It made me feel so bad.

But what was weird was that after the fact, and in the abstract, the thought of her scolding me and punishing me in that unexpected (yet appropriate) way was sexy as hell. But not at all during it.

The more I thought about it, the more I lay there breathlessly, my dick twitching. I couldn't resist stroking it a bit but didn't dare cum. It was like a dream, or a nightmare more like. Did I just... masturbate, in tears, as punishment, in front of Aunt Chrissie??? What would my relationship be with her after this? Had I jeopardized everything? Would she change her mind and tell on me anyways? Would I *ever* live this down?

Chapter 8: Aunt Chrissie is Spanked

I was waiting for the other shoe to drop on that previous incident, but it never did.

However, a few days later, a bedside table appeared in my room. Under it was a wastebasket; on it was a box of tissues and some Jergen's hand lotion. Oh, blush! I was sure Aunt Chrissie had arranged that. When I later stammered out a 'thank you', she smirked and told me I was welcome. Whenever I tried to hide away the Jergens and tissues, they would magically reappear until I got the message that this was to be an ongoing badge of shame. I never found out if Aunt Sue was ever told, but she also smirked at my bedside table whenever she entered my room: the room of a naughty teenage boy who shamelessly jerks himself off and doesn't even try to hide it.

Besides that, Aunt Chrissie was as friendly to me after as she was before, and she did not mention it again or tell anybody else as far as I knew.

While that experience convinced me that Aunt Chrissie was no pushover, I soon discovered that she was very subject to Aunt Sue's discipline. I did not have long to wait before Aunt Chrissie received her first serious spanking from Aunt Sue while I lived there.

Aunt Chrissie had taken me clothes shopping to buy some cooler looking stuff. She said she wanted to be my wing girl in getting me laid, so she needed to "dress me properly".

On the way home, she said, "Shit! What's the time?"

I told her it was just approaching 5 pm.

"Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit!" She repeated.

"What is it?" I asked, sounding worried.

"I forgot your Aunt Sue's dry cleaning. Maybe they're still open!"

Aunt Chrissie stepped on the gas and drove like a madwoman, coming to a screeching halt in front of the neighbourhood dry cleaners. She jumped out of the car, ran to the door, and started pulling it violently.

"Oh, come on!" she yelled as the proprietor shook his finger at her and pointed at his watch. "Please!" she begged through the door. The small Indian man came to the door, pointed at the 'closed' sign and said, "come back tomorrow."

"Arghhhhh!" Aunt Chrissie cried out in frustration. She shook the door angrily a few more times and then came back into the car.

"What an asshole!" she said to me.

"They open at 8 am," I said, "we can come back first thing tomorrow morning."

"You don't understand. There was an outfit that Sue specifically wanted to wear for a morning interview on TV. 8 am would be too late. And I was supposed to have it cleaned way before now. My ass is grass," she added, looking genuinely worried.

"Geee. I'm sorry, Aunt Chrissie."

"It's not your fault. You didn't even know about it. I'm going to get such a spanking."

So, I thought, this was it. Aunt Chrissie had finally earned a legitimate spanking from Aunt Sue, not yet two weeks into my stay. Though I felt marginally sorry for her, I was much more excited that a real spanking would finally happen. Aunt Chrissie did not look at all excited. She looked scared.

When we got home, Aunt Sue was already there, relaxing with a tea, wearing a pair of jeans and a blouse. She was hosting a conference and had been in and out all week at unusual hours. There was an awards dinner that night, and she had just gotten home to decompress a bit and then get ready for it.

"Where've you been?" she asked us cheerily.

"Aunt Chrissie took me clothes shopping. We got some cool stuff," I said.

"Did you remember my dry cleaning?" Aunt Sue asked Aunt Chrissie pointedly, spying the shopping bags and presumably not seeing anything resembling her dry cleaning.

"Oh yeah. About that. We went, but he had just closed. He was still even in the shop, but the asshole wouldn't open the door. He just kept pointing at his watch and saying, 'come again', 'come again'."

As Aunt Chrissie said this, I could see Aunt Sue visibly darkening.

"First off, Mr. Verma is not an 'asshole'. You were late. Did you call him that to his face?"

"Noooo. But I guess I got a bit angry and sort of shook the door..."

She said it in a childish voice. Aunt Chrissie was starting to regress into a little girl before my eyes.

"You will pick up the dry cleaning tomorrow and apologize to Mr. Verma. Put your phone on record in your purse as you do it. I'll be reviewing that recording tomorrow evening."

"Yes, Sue."

"And it better be fucking abject, or you know what's going to happen to you."

"Yes, Sue," Aunt Chrissie repeated.

I was sitting right there with a ringside view of Aunt Chrissie's scolding. I suspected it was not over yet.

"And now about my dry cleaning. You knew a week ago I wanted to wear that outfit for my TV interview. You kept putting it off, and I had to remind you to take it in, not once but twice. And now you forgot to fucking pick it up the day I needed it??? Did I get that about right?"

Aunty Sue was fuming. I'd never seen her so angry, or speak like that, or swear like that.

"yes, sue..." Aunt Chrissie answered in a tiny voice.

"And so, what do you think your punishment should be?"

Aunt Chrissie looked over at me nervously, then looked back to Aunty Sue.

"A... spanking?"

"And what should I use to spank you? Just my hand, or do you deserve more than that?"

"Ohhhh... more, I suppose?"

"And what should I use?"

"Ummm... hairbrush?"

As Aunt Chrissie said it, she visibly cringed.

"Indeed. And should I just use it on your bottom, or should I spank you right down the backs of your thighs, insides also?"

"ohhhh nooooo... please..."

"I'll take that as a 'yes', naughty girl."

She said 'naughty girl' not in the fun sort of way, but in the angry sort of way, like she actually had been naughty.

Aunty Sue continued, "Now go to our room, take all your clothes off, sit on the side of the bed, and just you wait until I get there. You are in a world of trouble."

"Yes, Sue," Aunt Chrissie said and trudged off despondently to their room to do as she was told and await her fate. On the way out, our eyes met

briefly, and I could see a huge blush on her face. And she looked worried. Very worried.

Once she had left, Aunt Sue addressed me.

"This is Chrissie's first real spanking with you in the house, David. It's going to be a good one too. I warned her multiple times. You're liable to hear an awful lot of crying and carrying on. It may seem as if I'm killing the girl, but I can assure you she'll be just fine, and she has her safeword she can use if she chooses. If you don't feel comfortable listening to that, you're welcome to go for a walk. Fifteen minutes should do it."

The last thing I wanted was to be banished during Aunt Chrissie's spanking! But how to put it?

"That's okay, Aunt Sue. I feel a little guilty as well. She was out taking me shopping, and if I'd been a bit quicker, none of this would have happened. I guess I should stay and understand the repercussions better."

"Alright then, just don't interfere, no matter what you may hear, okay?"

"Yes, Aunt Sue, of course."

With that, Aunt Sue went towards her bedroom, where Aunt Chrissie was waiting. As soon as she left, I hurried to my bedroom, hopped into bed with its adjoining wall to their bedroom, and put my ear to it. I could hear everything.

Aunt Sue started in with scolding Aunt Chrissie some more. Then I heard the bed creak followed by fast, sharp smacks. It sounded like Aunt Sue's hand still, like when they were having sex, but faster and harder. I started hearing little complaints from Aunt Chrissie, like "ow, ow, ow" sorts of noises. That must have gone on for a good five minutes, with Aunt Chrissie getting louder and louder the whole way.

Then, suddenly, the spanking stopped, and right after, Aunt Chrissie cried out, "noooo, please!" sounding very desperate. I guess Aunt Sue had taken up the hairbrush because the next thing that happened was a set of very loud CRACK-type sounds, and Aunt Chrissie started to scream out at practically the top of her lungs. Things like, "No! No! I'm Sorry! Please! Please! I'm sorry!!!" But Aunt Sue was relentless and continued a steady, hard pace that had Aunt Chrissie crying out, out of breath.

I so wished I could see it! I imagined a wiggling Aunt Chrissie, bare naked, across Aunt Sue's knee, her ass getting desperately redder and

redder and redder.

Then, with a renewed voice, Aunt Chrissie said, "Nooooo! Not there!" the hairbrush whacks sounded more subdued, but she sounded infinitely more agitated. I heard Aunty Sue say, "spread your legs," and then Aunt Chrissie beg, and then Aunty Sue repeated it, and I guess she obeyed because the cracks came harder. Aunt Chrissie's screams came shriller as, I supposed, Aunty Sue hairbrush spanked the insides of Aunt Chrissie's thighs, as she had promised earlier.

It went on for a long time. Poor Aunt Chrissie, I thought. Finally, the punishment came near an end. There was a final scolding from Aunty Sue, and a lot of pleading contrition mixed in with blubbering from Aunt Chrissie, and then what turned out to be a final round of scolding strokes from Aunty Sue's hairbrush to God knows where that had Aunt Chrissie screaming like a little Banshee.

Finally, the spanking was over, and all I could hear was sobbing from Aunt Chrissie and "I hope you've learned your lesson, young lady. An hour in the corner should bring it home."

"No!" Aunt Chrissie said. "He's here!"

"Fine, I'll let you put on your panties and a T. You seem to enjoy parading around in front of him in them anyways."

I guess Aunt Chrissie would do corner time in the living room with me being able to see it. I wondered what state her legs would be in. I didn't want them to know I had run to my room to hear better, so I hurried back into the living room, taking the place I was previously in, reading a book.

What did I think of it? I thought it was incredibly intense and the most erotic thing I had ever heard. I didn't feel at all sorry for Aunt Chrissie. She deserved it. Plus, I thought she was lucky to have someone like Aunty Sue to give her what she desperately needed. I felt envious, if anything. But man, oh man, I knew there was no way I could have endured the sort of spanking that poor Aunt Chrissie did.

A minute or so later, Aunty Sue came out of their room, dragging Aunt Chrissie by her ear. Aunt Chrissie was back into the T-shirt she had been wearing earlier, but she had lost her pants and only had her white cotton panties on beneath the waist. I had seen Aunt Chrissie dressed like this

many times by now, as this was often her morning 'outfit', but never dragged by her ear and in tears before.

The ear dragging looked painful, and Aunt Sue was in no rush. She was pulling down and twisting on Aunt Chrissie's ear. Aunt Chrissie had her body bent sideways, and her head bent all the way sideways, and took little off-balance steps to follow Aunt Sue. And she was sobbing still.

As they passed by, I could see that Aunt Chrissie's legs, right from the bottom of her panties down to the backs of her knees and all into the insides, looked angry red.

Aunt Sue conducted her to the living room corner, which was kept clear, and pushed her into it, making sure her nose was right in the corner, touching both walls at once. She took her arms and made her fold them behind her back. She pulled up her T-shirt and tucked it under her arms so that there was bare skin between the waistband of her panties and her crossed arms. She stepped back and admired her handiwork.

Now I could see it more clearly. Aunt Chrissie was RED. Super red. Right from where her cheeks emerged from her panties down the backs of her legs to almost her knees. It was not a uniform red. There were places where it was darker and angrier than others that looked like they might bruise. There was amazing contrast with the unspanked white skin at the backs of her knees and above her waist. The angry red wrapped completely around inside her thighs to where it could no longer be seen and wrapped around the outsides. It looked like she had red board shorts on or something.

"What do you think?" asked Aunt Sue of me as I sat there, my mouth agape, surveying the damage as Aunt Chrissie, nose in the corner, sobbed and mewled.

"Holy shit," I said.

"Yeah, she got it good today." Then turning to her, she asked, "Did you deserve that, young lady?"

"Yes, Ma'am," sobbed out Chrissie, with what sounded like a snotty nose, unable to fully control her sobs and tears.

Aunt Sue contemplated Aunt Chrissie one more time, seemed to consider something, then went up to her, grabbed the waistband of her panties in either hand, and pulled them right down to her ankles. As she did this, Aunt Chrissie wailed out a sob of despair.

"Noooooo! Please!!!!" Aunt Chrissie begged, having her bare bum completely exposed to me.

"That's better. I'm sure David's seen a woman's bare butt before, even if just on the Internet."

The pulling down of Aunt Chrissie's panties fully revealed the very epicentre of her spanking: the spank spots, the fleshiest part of her ass, nearest where she sits, just above the curve where ass meets thigh. Each cheek had an angry bullseye look, with white in the centre and concentric circles of blue and angry red.

Turning to me, Aunt Sue said, "she always does her corner time here, with her bottom bare, to remind her of her spanking. I hope you don't mind?"

I answered as if in a dream. "No. I don't mind."

Turning back to Aunt Chrissie, Aunt Sue put her hand on the back of her head once more and said, "one full hour, young lady. And if those hands unclasp, or if that nose isn't pressed into both walls for even a millisecond, you'll find yourself back across my knee for a double dose. Then you'll still have your full hour to do, with time added."

"Yes, Ma'am," Aunt Chrissie confirmed, still crying. It would be at least twenty minutes until her tears stopped completely.

"David, you keep an eye on her. She's allowed to squirm, but she's not allowed to unclasp her arms or take her nose even a bit out of her corner. If she does, you let me know."

Aunt Sue walked off to make herself some tea, leaving the two of us awkwardly in each other's presence. Aunt Chrissie did not acknowledge me at all. She was still crying, and her legs shook as she stood there.

Aunt Sue came back into the living room and took an armchair on the other side of the room facing Aunt Chrissie. She sipped her tea and read an academic paper. Now and then, I spotted her looking up and admiring her handiwork.

Regardless of its messed up state, I was seeing Aunt Chrissie's bare ass for the first time. And My God, it was a spectacular little ass. Small and tight but nicely shaped, like a Greek statue. Because she was bent over a bit, sticking her nose right in the corner, her low back and neck were arched, pushing her amazing ass back out into the room. With her ass like that, I

could see the hint of her asshole and a glimpse of her pussy between her legs.

Aunty Sue caught me staring, I guess, because she said, "she does have a spectacular ass, doesn't she?"

I could only nod "uh huh" in agreement.

"Why don't you stick your bottom out more, Chrissie, so that David can have a clearer view of your private parts."

I wasn't sure if Aunty Sue was being sarcastic or not. Aunt Chrissie squirmed in her corner as Aunty Sue said that, involuntarily bringing even more attention to the topic at hand. But instead of sticking her ass out more, she sort of pulled it in to the extent she could.

Turning suddenly angry, Aunty Sue said, "Are you going to FUCKING disobey me after what you just got?!?"

Instantly Aunt Chrissie lowered her nose down the corner and arched her butt out strongly into the room so that her asshole and pussy were put on FULL display.

"That's better," Aunty Sue said, instantly calm and friendly again. Then turning to me, she said, "Embarrassment is part of her punishment. Enjoy the view."

And what a view it was! I had never seen a real live naked woman's pussy and bumhole like that before. Poor Aunt Chrissie, being forced by her wife to show everything there was of herself to me, a horny eighteen-year-old college boy.

Chapter 9: Cold Cream and Hot Hands

After what must have been forty-five minutes, Aunty Sue went up to Aunt Chrissie and said, "only fifteen minutes left." Aunt Chrissie let out a whimper at that. She had not dared to pull her bum in at all during all that time. Her position must have been very stressful to hold and terribly boring, though I was thoroughly enjoying the view, and it could have gone on all day had I my druthers. I was fantasizing fucking her tight holes.

"I need to get changed for that conference dinner tonight. I'll let you out before I leave.

"Keep an eye on her," Aunty Sue told me (needlessly) as she went to her room to change.

I enjoyed the privacy of staring at Aunt Chrissie's butt openly. The colours were no less angry looking. Some were fading, but others were intensifying as her time went on. Aunt Chrissie had stopped crying some time ago and had been either stoically standing there, completely immobile, or squirming around to try to get some relief within the confines of her captivity. I enjoyed it most when she squirmed as her ass and pussy put on a most exciting display.

Aunty Sue came back fifteen minutes later, dressed to the nines. "Was she a good little girl while I was out of the room?"

"Yes, Aunty Sue. Perfect." Aunt Chrissie had, in fact, been a very good little girl while Aunty Sue was out of the room, keeping her arms tightly clasped behind her back and her nose deep in the corner the whole time. I was glad for it because I didn't know what I would have done had she not been such a good girl. Would I have ratted her out? I couldn't have imagined it, but then, what a conflict! I was glad it had not come to that.

"Okay, sweetie, your punishment is over." Saying that, Aunty Sue bent at the waist and pulled Aunt Chrissie's panties back up. Aunt Chrissie immediately turned and buried her head in Aunty Sue's bosom, and they hugged.

Aunt Chrissie said, "I'm so sorry. Thank you for punishing me."

"Now, now, it's all forgiven. You can help me pick out something else to wear tomorrow. I'm sure it'll be fine."

"Cold cream?" Aunt Chrissie asked hopefully.

"Ha ha! I don't have time to rub cold cream into your bottom, sweetie. I have to go to my dinner. Would you like David to do it for you?"

"I guess so, seeing as you're not here," Aunt Chrissie said in a small voice.

What was this again?

Aunty Sue walked over to the fridge, her high-heeled shoes clicking on the hardwood floors. She opened the refrigerator, reached in, and came out with a jar of cold cream. She turned and tossed it to me.

"There you go, sport. Take care of my girl, and watch where those fingers go."

Aunty Sue left me there with a jar of cold cream in one hand, not knowing what to do. Aunt Chrissie approached me, took my hand, and started pulling me toward her bedroom.

"You 'gotta rub cold cream into my ass and legs. It's a thing." I let myself be pulled along as if in a dream.

On the way out, Aunty Sue yelled, "You keep those panties up, young lady."

"Yes, Sue," Aunt Chrissie called back as Aunty Sue left.

When in the bedroom, Aunt Chrissie piled two pillows in the middle of the bed and then plunked herself face down across them.

"You have to pull down my panties," she said in a little girl's voice.

"But Aunty Sue said..."

"Never mind what she said. She's not here, is she? And are you going to tell on me?"

"No."

"Then pull them down. You can't get in there properly with them pulled up, and no way am I pulling them up into my butt crack. That's one of the sorest parts. Besides, you've been staring at it all for the last hour anyways."

As if in a dream, I pulled her panties down as Aunty Sue had done earlier. As they came down, this time, in the bright overhead lights and with her bent over across the pillows as she was, there was no obscuring anything of what was between her bum cheeks and between her legs. Her asshole and her pussy were as clear as day.

Her rosebud was small and tight and a very pale colour of brown. It was perfectly circularly symmetrical, ringing her tight little anus. Her pussy was a perfectly tight little slit, completely hairless, with her pink inner lips just barely poking out.

I think I audibly gasped. "You should take them right off," Aunt Chrissie said, referring to her panties, and so I did that, pulling them down to her ankles and right off her legs and setting them aside. When they were off, Aunt Chrissie squirmed and spread her legs a bit. All the while, my eyes were fixated on her asshole and pussy slit. As she wriggled and settled back with her legs narrowly spread, her pussy lips gaped open a bit, and I could see her deep pink inner lips begin to peek out. "Start on my ass," she said. "It's sooooo sore."

I opened the jar of cold cream and scooped some out with my fingers. It was cool from the fridge. I knelt on the bed next to Aunt Chrissie and began rubbing the cold cream into her lower ass cheeks where the damage seemed the worst.

"Oh God, that's amazing," moaned Aunt Chrissie as I massaged her bum cheeks. As I rubbed one cheek and then the other, I noticed that this would pull her butt cheeks even more open and stretch open her butthole and pussy lips. I got the idea to use both hands at once, one on each cheek, and began massaging her ass cheeks in a circular motion. As I circled out, it spread her utterly open to my lustful gaze, pulling her tight asshole open and both her inner and outer pussy lips. Far from complaining, though, she moaned, said how good that felt, and thrust her ass higher in the air as if begging for it.

"Sue really did a number on my ass cheeks, didn't she?"

"Yeah. She sure did."

"It's all your fault. I think she was showing off for you."

"You think?"

"I don't know. She was super pissed about the dry cleaning and me yelling at poor Mr. Verma. Shit, I'm going to have to apologize to him tomorrow. Should I tell him I got a spanking?"

"No!" I said.

"I wouldn't have. But he really could have opened the door and saved me one hellacious hairbrushing."

"That's true," I said, still rubbing cold cream into her ass cheeks. "But he didn't know."

"Sorry about making you do the cold cream. You can't believe how sore I am all over down there. This really soothes it. It makes it heal faster, too."

"That's okay," I said. I mean, did she think I was put out?

"Sometimes she uses the hairbrush just on my ass, and that's bad enough, but the worst thing is when she uses the hairbrush, like, everywhere. Do you know she even spreads my ass cheeks open and spansks me up and down both sides of my crack? Isn't that mean? I'll feel that every time my cheeks are together, which is, like, all the time, sitting or walking, so it's extra mean her doing that."

"Yeah, I can see it's pretty red in there."

"Will you spread my cheeks and rub some cold cream in there? Just don't touch my asshole, okay?"

"Yeah, sure," oh my gosh.

I spread her cheek with one hand and massaged the cold cream into the inner sides of her ass crack. When I got there, I wasn't sure if the ring around her asshole constituted her asshole or just the hole itself. I took a chance and pressed my luck.

"I said NOT on my asshole," Aunt Chrissie said, sounding annoyed.

"Oh, sorry! I wasn't sure whether the ring around the asshole was the asshole."

"The ring around my asshole is my asshole, and you're not allowed to touch it, got it? You can go right up to it, though."

"Sorry. Thanks for clearing that up. It's just that it looked like it was also spanked."

"It was also spanked, and it killed. And I'd love to have some cold cream rubbed there, but you're not allowed there, okay?"

"Yeah, sorry."

"It's okay. My fault for not being clear that the ring around my asshole is my asshole."

"Well, how can a thing around a thing be the thing?"

"Shut up."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I'm not a Ma'am. Sue's a Ma'am. I'm a 'Miss'."

"Yes, Miss."

I continued massaging the cold cream into her ass crack, carefully avoiding the ring around her anus but going right up to it and all around it. As I went around it with the cold cream, Aunt Chrissie moaned and stuck her ass up higher, welcoming the attention there. Not touching it was more erotic and drew more attention than touching it. I imagined plunging my greasy finger up her asshole to the hilt, skewering her with it and having her

clench and gyrate around my finger like a little bitch in heat begging me for an ass fucking. Forbidden fruit to me.

"Do the backs of my legs now."

I reluctantly left that part of her anatomy and focussed on the messed up backs of her thighs.

Aunt Chrissie spread her legs wider and said, "she used that damned hairbrush all the way inside my thighs as well. Have you any idea how much that kills?"

"No."

"It kills a lot."

I moved my attention to her inner thighs as she writhed, moaned in pleasure, and told me how good that was.

"She got up really high. Like, right beside my pussy. She fucking pinched the lips and pulled my pussy to the side so she could spank up in there deeper."

"Should I... do that? To get the cold cream in."

"No, stupid. You're not allowed to touch my pussy, duh. I'll do it." She reached a hand under her, cupped her pussy lips, and pulled to one side so I could get deep into the crease where her inner thigh meets her pelvis. As I rubbed, the back of my hand touched the back of hers, and I felt electricity flying between us. We switched sides, and I repeated massaging the cold cream up as deep as it would go.

She opened the hand between her legs, palm up, and said, "put some cold cream on my hand." I did so, and she began massaging it into her pussy. "A few hairbrush swats went awry, and I caught it a bit on my pussy lips. Occupational hazard."

She took the hand from between her legs and held it out again for more which I gave her. "Spread my cheeks," she asked. I did. She took the cold cream and massaged it directly into her anal parts forbidden me. "She did spank here, and it killed," she said as she rubbed the cold cream all around and into her ring and then plunged her finger a tiny bit into her asshole as well.

"You won't believe it, but she spanked the fronts of my legs as well." She lifted off the pillows, moved them back to the head of the bed, and lay down face up, her right hand 'modestly' covering her pussy. "Can you... on my legs?"

I got some more cold cream and began massaging the tops of her thighs. She kept her hand on her pussy. She spread her legs a bit and said, "a little more to the insides."

I went to the top insides of her thighs, and she moaned, saying how good that felt.

Her hand was still covering her pussy, but it seemed to be moving a bit, and her moans became stronger and less connected to whatever I was doing. She swapped hands on her pussy, put out her right hand and asked me to please put some cold cream in her hand. I did so, and she swapped her hands back again and began very blatantly rubbing the cold cream all over and into her pussy.

"Keep rubbing my thighs, please. Higher up, okay? More to the inside. Yeah. Don't touch my pussy. But yeah, higher, higher. Both hands. Rub harder. Harder. Ohhhhh!"

By this time, she was no longer covering her pussy, but she plunged her left hand right up into her cunt and frantically rubbed her clit area with the right hand. All the while, she had her legs widely spread, and I rubbed right up into the crease where inner-leg meets pelvis.

She started bucking up and down and gyrating and moaning like crazy. It was hard not to touch her pussy as she moved about.

"No! Not on my pussy! Don't touch my pussy. Please, David. Not there... not there... not on my pussy... you're just a kid... and you're a boy... my nephew... no... please... not... not like that... No. Ohhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Oh, Fuck! Oh, fuck fuck fuck! Ahhhhhhhh!!!!"

In what I presumed was a female orgasm, she kicked her legs, arched her back and cried out as she came. Then she lay back, looking totally spaced out. I had just seen... a fucking orgasm! I had seen a woman... fucking orgasm, live and in colour! The scent of sex filled the room.

Moreover, she was clearly fantasizing about me violating her pussy or something. It surprised me that she could have those sorts of thoughts about me. I certainly did about her!

"Thank you. That was nice. Would you put my panties back on me, please?"

I retrieved her panties from where I had set them aside, put them back on around her ankles, and pulled them back into place.

"Please don't tell Sue about that, okay?"

"No, no, of course not."

"What a good boy. But oh no. Just look at that..." she pointed at my crotch and laughed.

I was so erect! Very, very erect. I don't think I'd ever had such a boner. It was physically painful. And it was very visibly tenting my jeans.

"Did I do that?" She asked innocently, knowing the answer.

"Aunt Chrissie, you know you did!" I wailed.

"I suppose I did. It would be impolite of me to leave you in that state. Would you like me to take care of it?"

What? What was she suggesting? Yes. Yes! Of course, yes!

"oh... okay... I guess..."

Chapter 10: David Gets Taken Care Of

"Lie down here," she said. I lay my head on a couple of pillows to look down at whatever was about to happen.

Aunt Chrissie was on her hands and knees, her back arched like a sexy little kitten. She reached for the clasp of my pants, unfastened them, and then unzipped them. I raised my hips as she pulled my pants and underpants right down to my ankles and then off me. She came up to my head and pulled my shirt off me, leaving me naked.

She went back down to my midsection, opened her mouth, and held it open directly above my straining cockhead.

"Should I use my mouth?" she asked breathlessly.

I could not believe this was happening. I had *never* had my cock in a girl's mouth before. What was I supposed to say?

"Yes! Yes please!"

"Ha ha ha! I'm not going to use my mouth on you! You're just a kid, and I'm your fucking aunt by marriage. That's disgusting that you'd even want that, David."

Oh fuck, I was confused. I realized in retrospect that she was teasing. But at that moment, I was so confused.

"I suppose I can do this, though..." she gently took my straining cock between her thumb and a finger and spoke directly to my cock, saying, "shhh... calm down now... I'm a professional." she then made a loose fist around my cock and began gently rubbing up and down. She looked at me and said, "I know you like to use spit as lube, but I can do this just with my hand without any lube. I call it my 'soft hand technique'. You like?"

"Oh yes!" I exclaimed.

I could not believe that this was happening to me. First, I was massaging a naked-below-the-waist Aunt Chrissie and helping her to cum, and now I was getting a hand job from her???

She was applying precisely the right amount of pressure, not too hard, not too soft. Her hand felt like silk as she moved it up and down, up and down, focussing on the ridge just beneath the tip, then going up, over, across, and down the tip.

"These look like they're *really* full," she said, cupping my balls gently in her left hand and kneading them softly.

I had never had a girl or woman touch my cock or balls before, not even at the Doctor's office. Well, I guess Mom when I was a little kid in the bathtub, but you get what I'm saying. Certainly not like this!

"You have an amazing cock. I noticed it when I was punishing you for jizzing your sheets, but I wasn't going to say anything then. But it is an amazing cock."

I felt like she was teasing me. Or she was maybe trying to build my confidence or something. My cock was nothing special; she was being patronizing. "No, it's not; you're just saying that."

"Oh my gosh. You have no idea, do you? First of all, it's huge."

"It isn't," I insisted, "I measured it. It's not even eight inches."

"Don't believe everything you read on the Internet. Trust a girl with experience. This is a huge cock. I mean, not like some deformed pornstar monster; it's just a big, solid cock. The kind girls dream of having inside of them. Honestly, nobody wants it bigger than this in real life. It's already really big. Enough to make a girl nervous but not scared, which is what you want. And it's pretty too. Nice and straight, just a bit of a curve to hit a girl in all the right places. Beautiful uniform colour. No blemishes. Soft silky feel. Beautifully cut. And your erection is so strong. In the world of cock, this is a perfect 10.

"And trust me, I know. How do you think I got through school? I worked in a naughty massage parlour. I've seen thousands of cocks. And I've got off thousands of cocks. Trust me; you're a one percenter. Now relax and let me work my magic."

This was new information! And I truly was in the hands of a professional. Maybe my cock was pretty good?

Aunt Chrissie continued rubbing me with her magic hands, and I felt myself getting closer and closer. At one point, she stopped, knelt up, and pulled her T-shirt off her head, exposing her bare titties. They were so sexy. Exactly the size and shape I most dreamed of.

"That would have cost you an extra \$40 at the massage parlour. For an extra \$80, you could touch them also. Would you like to touch them?"

"Yes, please!"

She repositioned to my right side a little closer up my body and rubbed my cock continuously and softly with her right hand. She took my right hand in her left and placed my palm on her breast.

"I won't make you pay for it," she joked, "but you can play with it," she said, leaving my hand there.

I had never ever had a girl's bare breast in my hand!

"Like this?" I asked her, gently caressing it.

"You can be rougher. You can maul them and pinch the shit out of my nipples. I like it when my eyes water from it. Why do you think I was the most asked-for girl at the parlour?"

I did exactly as she asked. I mauled those perky tits and tortured those big erect nipples for all my life!

"You're rough; I like that," she said. "Not all girls like it like that, but I do. Do you want to suck on them?"

"Yes!" I said breathlessly.

She took my hand away and then dangled her tits in my face, brushing her nipples back and forth across my mouth and laughing as I tried to latch on. All this while she was still rubbing my cock. I had no idea how I could be lasting this long.

"Does baby want Mama's breast?" she teased.

"Oh yes!"

"What's the magic word?"

"Please! Please, may I?"

"Please, may you what? Beg me for it."

"Oh, please! Please, Miss! Please, may I suck on your tits?"

"Why yes, you may, young man."

With that, she allowed me to latch my mouth tightly around her left tit. I sucked on her nipple for all I was worth, sucking as much of her breast as I could manage into my mouth, filling myself with it. At the same time, Aunt Chrissie subtly intensified the rubbing of my cock. I felt this incredible pressure building inside of me.

Keeping her breast in my mouth, Aunt Chrissie said, "On the count of three."

Three what?

She put her hand at the tip of my cock and stroked downwards in a firm motion, and said, "one...".

She did it again, "two...".

And then one more time, "three!"

As she said the word 'three', with my mouth still on her breast, I had the biggest, most intense, most forceful cum of my young life. I shot so much,

so forcefully, that it arced up high and splattered against my chest as Aunt Chrissie, experienced as she was, dove away, directed the spurts away from herself and her bedsheets and all onto me. The cum just kept spurting and spurting and spurting.

"Holy shit!" I yelled out once it was over.

"What a load of cum!" Aunt Chrissie said. "I'd forgotten how much of a load an eighteen-year-old can shoot. That is an epic cum."

I lay there, feeling tingly and numb at the same time. Aunt Chrissie got up, went to her ensuite bathroom, returned with a warm wet washcloth and a dry towel, and cleaned all the cum off me.

"It was fun to see if I still had it in me. I could have made you cum anytime after the first 30 seconds. I kept you on the edge and even pulled you back a few times. I wanted your first sexual experience with a girl to be memorable for you."

I nodded my head affirmatively. Oh my God, but it had been memorable.

"Don't expect other girls to be as good at it. Like I said, I was a pro. And you are NOT to mention any of this to your Aunty Sue. She'd tan the skin right off my hide if she knew any of this. Okay?"

"Yeah. Absolutely. Our secret."

"I know I can be a very naughty girl, but Sue doesn't need to hear about all of it. What she doesn't know can't hurt her. Do you know how to keep a secret? By not telling anybody. And I mean anybody. Okay? Good boy."

I returned to my room and fell asleep exhausted, my head spinning from everything that had just happened.

Chapter 11: David is Caught Snooping

School proceeded apace. Everything started pretty well, but the study habits I had acquired at my country high school were pretty bad, and I started slipping behind. I was not ready for the pace of the courses, or for the competition from students as bright or brighter than me who worked much harder. Despite constant queries from Aunty Sue and my Mom, I hid my problems from them, hoping futilely that I could somehow make it up.

One day, to distract myself from my school troubles, I decided to do what any bored red-blooded teenage boy would do: snoop in my lesbian aunts' bedroom.

I waited until my aunties were out of the house, wandered into their bedroom, and systematically went through all their drawers. I lingered on the sexy lingerie. I brought Aunt Chrissie's panties to my face and inhaled. I found the drawers and chest where they kept all their sex toys and discipline tools: dildos, vibrators, nipple clamps, blindfolds, handcuffs, strap-on harnesses, floggers, straps, paddles, and canes. There was so much! I examined everything and carefully put it all back. It was illuminating; I felt so naughty. What total freaks my aunties were!

I forgot all about it, but the next day Aunty Sue raised it with me while Aunt Chrissie was out running errands. "David, please come here. I have an important question for you, and I need an honest answer."

I was not sure what was up. It did not occur to me that this was about my snooping. Nobody could have known about that. I stood in front of Aunty Sue, who was seated on the couch. I was literally 'on the carpet', standing and facing her.

"Were you snooping in our bedroom yesterday when we were out?"

Oh shit. I felt a strong blush. I hoped it was not noticeable. At this point, I figured dissembling was my best policy. I started to open my mouth to deny it, but Aunty Sue cut me off.

"Before you say anything, know that I am very particular about what things go into what drawers. Chrissie knows that about me and would not move anything out of place. But to be sure, I just called her, and she confirmed that she moved nothing recently. But a flogger was out of place, and some of the drawers, including Chrissie's underwear drawer, looked

gone over. So, think carefully about what you're going to say next, and do not lie to me."

I recalculated. As unpleasant and humiliating as it would be, I figured honesty was my new best policy.

I felt my eyes starting to tear up a little. Why do they always do that? I'm such a wimp.

"I'm sorry. I was curious about, you know, your sex lives, I guess... I'm sorry. I won't do it again." I felt horrible.

"Well, this is a terrible betrayal of our trust, young man. But at least you're not a liar, also. But honestly, I don't know how we come back from this."

"Please, Aunty Sue. I know I was wrong, and I'm really sorry. Please..." I begged, just managing to hold back my tears.

"You look like you're about to cry."

"I can't help it," I said.

"Like a naughty boy caught with his hand in the cookie jar."

"I'm sorry," I said, as I felt my eyes tearing up more.

"Am I going to get the waterworks now, young man?"

"no," at least, I hoped not.

"You abused both my trust and your Aunt Chrissie's. This is bad. Very bad. We might have to send you home, David."

No, no, no. Being sent home meant flunking the year and losing my scholarship.

"Please, Aunty Sue. I'll do anything, anything, if you just let me stay. Please!"

"I don't know..."

The next few seconds felt like an eternity. My mind raced. I knew I had been in the wrong. I also knew how generally undisciplined I had been about school and hiding it from everybody. I also sort of envied Aunt Chrissie's situation with Aunty Sue. Deep inside, I knew I had the same cravings as she did. I took a leap and suggested the unsuggestable.

"Maybe... maybe, you can... like, punish me or something, like you do Aunt Chrissie..."

There it was. I had said it. At that moment, even though I was and still am a confirmed spanking fetishist, there was oddly nothing sexual about my ask. It was very emotional. I knew it was something I needed. I was genuinely filled with remorse over my betrayal of their trust and at the point of tears. I also knew I needed help getting back on track with school. Plus, the realization had dawned that being sent home might cost me my future. But, most importantly, I knew, I just knew, that I *needed* to be taken in hand. I knew I was *bad*, and every instinct in me said *bad boys must be punished*.

I awaited Aunty Sue's answer.

"Don't be ridiculous, David," responded Aunty Sue. "What Chrissie and I do is in the context of her being a lifelong spanking fetishist and craving this sort of discipline. It's the only reason it works."

I full well realized that. I had not yet admitted my fascination with spanking.

"I know. But... I think... I'm sort of the same..."

"What? *You're* a spanking fetishist?"

"Yes."

"Ridiculous. Are you saying this just to stay here?"

"No, Ma'am. It's true. I've been into it for five years, I guess."

"What? And this is the first time you've mentioned it? If it's true, why didn't you tell us earlier? Right when we first discussed it at Easter?"

"I guess I was afraid if you knew, you wouldn't let me come live with you."

"Oh my God! Really, David, that is such a lie of omission. Now I also feel completely violated that you have a sexual interest in these things."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know what to say the first time we talked, and then after I got here, I knew it was a betrayal, and I couldn't bring myself to admit it."

Aunty Sue looked at me seriously, then said, "If I were actually to spank you, it would be a serious business. Not like any fantasy you may have in your head."

"I know." I truly did.

"You've never been spanked, have you?"

"No, Ma'am."

"You may think you want a spanking as punishment, but while it's happening, I'm sure all those thoughts will go right out of your head."

"I know that, Aunty Sue. I still think... I deserve it and need it."

"I cannot disagree. With Chrissie, her spankings are part of a broader arrangement to keep her focussed and healthy. Is that what you're asking for, David?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I feel like I've lost focus at school too and could use some boundaries."

"I have been concerned about your lack of focus. I don't know what you have assigned at school, but it doesn't look like you're doing enough."

"No, Ma'am. I don't think I am. I'm pretty much failing a bunch of classes, I think."

"Oh my goodness! Why didn't you come to me earlier about this? I'm supposed to be here to help you. All I've been getting so far when I asked you about school was a 'just fine' from you."

"Yeah... sorry... I thought I could make it up, but it keeps piling up and piling up."

Aunty Sue went quiet and looked thoughtfully at me.

"You're definitely a spanking fetishist? Like Chrissie?"

"Yes, Ma'am. You can check my computer browser bookmarks. There's a folder called 'other'. It's all spanking stuff."

"Show me."

I took Aunty Sue to my computer and showed her that bookmarks folder. She sat in front of my computer and went through my bookmarks. There was all manner of female-female, female-male, and male-female spanking. Videos, photos, stories.

"No denying that," she said.

"It might work for you the same way it does for Chrissie. I'll admit that. But David, if we do this, you'll share all your due dates and marks with me and sign for me to have access to your school records."

"Yes, Ma'am."

We returned to the living room. Aunty Sue sat where she had been earlier, and I returned to standing on the carpet facing her.

"We'll go over your work every day, and you'll maintain a work diary of what you do, and I expect a full 9-5 day from you every weekday."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And you need to take it seriously, work hard, and do as I tell you to. Based on what I've observed, there'll be no shortage of spankings, so you need not worry about that and deliberately go out of your way to earn one. If you do, this arrangement will be over.

"But I still don't know. It seems inappropriate for me to do this as your aunt."

"Please! I think I really need it."

"I'll have to consult with Chrissie before I make any decision on this."

"I understand."

Aunty Sue picked up her cell phone and dialled Aunt Chrissie. I only heard Aunty Sue's side of the conversation.

"Hi, Chrissie. Can you talk? Somewhere private?"

...

"It's about David. As I suspected, he was the one who rifled through our room. He's confessed to it.

...

"I know. I know. It is disappointing. I threatened to send him home. He's practically in tears.

...

"And that's what we need to decide now: what to do about it.

...

"There's something else that David just confessed to as well. He's been a spanking fetishist for at least the past five years.

...

"I know. Yet another violation of our trust. Feels like a little peeping Tom living with us.

...

"Yes, you've got it. He's asked me to spank him. And not only for those two things but as a lifestyle sort of thing, to keep him focussed and nose to the grindstone on the schoolwork.

...

"Yes, yes, I'm sure of it also. If he truly is what he says he is and can sustain it, it will absolutely do him a world of good. But do you think it's appropriate for me to do this? And I don't want to upset our dynamic at all.

...

"Ha Ha! No, it does not mean you'll get fewer spankings from me, young lady. Likely more, to make sure you don't feel jealous of him.

...

"So, you are for it then. All right.

...

"Yes, he very well may have second thoughts after he experiences it. I won't go easy on him. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

...

"There's one more thing: I think I need to get my sister's blessing for this arrangement."

What? Her sister? My mom????

"No! Aunty Sue!" I blurted out.

"Shush, young man. Stand there and be quiet," she scolded me. Then she went back to the phone.

"As I said, I need to get my sister's blessing, but it inevitably means explaining our situation to her.

...

"You don't mind, really? Yes, I'll ask her to keep it confidential.

...

"I know. I know you've wanted to 'come out of the closet', so to speak, so it's a step.

...

"Okay then, since you seem enthusiastic about it, I'm more comfortable. I'll call my sister, and if I get the go-ahead, I'll give him his first spanking now.

...

"Oh yes, he won't enjoy it one bit. I'll start as I mean to go on.

...

"Okay, sweetie. Kiss kiss.

...

"About an hour out? Great. See you then. Bye now. Love you too."

Aunty Sue hung up the phone and spoke to me.

"Well, your Aunt Chrissie seems positively enthusiastic about the idea. But you heard me; I still have to get your mother's blessing."

"No, please, Auntie Sue. I'm eighteen years old; I can decide these things for myself. We don't need to involve my mom at all. Please!"

"David, this is my relationship with my sister we're talking about. If she ever were to discover that this has been going on, and I haven't consulted her, it would be very damaging. You can see that. So no, you must decide. Either I get your mother's blessing, or we need to make other arrangements."

"But Auntie Sue, she won't understand! And there are no other arrangements if I can't stay here."

"I have reason to believe she *will* understand. And Don't be ridiculous; of course, there are other options. You haven't made the most stellar start at school by your own admission. You can still drop out without academic penalty at this early stage, defer for a year or two, get a job, save money, and learn some responsibility."

"Please, Auntie Sue. I really want to stay in school and do a good job. That's why I need this."

"Alright then, you know my conditions: getting your mother's blessing, then getting a spanking, and then it's nose to the grindstone. What's your decision?"

"Ohhhh... yes... okay..."

Auntie Sue then picked up her phone again and dialed my mom.

"Sarah, hi, it's Sue.

...

"no, no, he's fine, but it's the reason I'm calling you. He has misbehaved in my house, which is one thing. He's also been falling behind on his schoolwork and hiding it from us.

...

"Yes, quite poorly from what I can gather, but it's still early, and if he starts focusing, I think he can still make it up.

...

"As for that, he was snooping around our bedroom. He's confessed to it.

...

"Yup. Into everything.

...

"We feel the same.

...

"Thank you, there's no need for you to apologize, Sarah; it's his misdeed.

...

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about. David himself made an unusual suggestion regarding how to deal with it all.

...

"Before I tell you, there's a bit of background to fill you in on. It's what I wanted to share with David when we came up for Easter. You need to promise to keep what I say next confidential.

...

"Thank you. Well, I don't know if you've guessed, but Chrissie and I are in a domestic discipline arrangement. I basically spank her when she's been naughty.

...

"Yes, that's right, just like Daddy did to us.

...

"I know. It was. But unlike with Daddy, this was entirely her idea. She's had a fascination with spanking since she was a child. She asked me to do it, and it has straightened out her life.

...

"Yes, exactly. It was the reason for the big change.

...

"Yup. I spanked her.

...

"So yes, David knows. I warned him in advance. We keep it behind closed doors, but it's a small house, and the walls are thin, so he's aware. And she does do corner time in the living room.

...

"More than you think. As it turns out, your son has been a spanking fetishist since he was thirteen.

...

"On the Internet. I made him show me the sorts of things he looks at.

...

"I know. I told you he'd get at that sort of thing if you didn't monitor his Internet usage.

...

"No, he did not choose to share that with us in advance. I only learned about it today.

...

"He's now asked to enter into a consensual domestic discipline arrangement with me as well. Chrissie is on board, and we both believe it will help, but I won't do it without your blessing.

...

"Yes, he's right here standing in front of me. He seems embarrassed about me calling you.

...

"Yes, I would propose to punish him for the snooping, but then after that, really keep on top of him regarding his schoolwork.

...

"Exactly. Crack the whip. But it might be better said, 'smack the hairbrush'.

...

"It was certainly not my idea. It's all him. But I do have a lot of experience in these matters with Chrissie. We've been doing it consistently since before our wedding.

...

"He won't be hurt, at least no more than you or I were growing up, and it will be entirely up to him if he wishes to end the arrangement at any time, even mid-spanking.

...

"Yes, I wouldn't even be considering it if I didn't think it would do him a world of good. He has no concept of study habits.

...

"I'm confident we can straighten that out with this arrangement.

...

"I think you should."

Aunty Sue turned to me and held out the phone.

"Your mom wishes to speak with you."

Aunty Sue handed me the phone. Oh, God. This was probably the most embarrassing thing, having Mom know about the arrangement that I had proposed.

As I mentioned earlier, neither my big sister nor I were spanked or even much disciplined as children. I was surprised to hear that, apparently, Mom and Aunty Sue were spanked growing up. I had no idea.

"Hi, Mom," I said, sniffing a little as I spoke.

"Sweetheart. What is going on there? Snooping in your Aunt's bedroom? Doing poorly at school?"

"Yeah, sorry about the snooping. That was terrible judgment."

"And it reflects so badly on your upbringing, and on your father and I and our method of bringing up children."

"Sorry, Mom."

"And what's this about falling behind in schoolwork also? This is the first I'm hearing about this."

"Yeah... there are so many classes and so much work. I fell behind, and it's not like high school; I can't just fake it and do it all last minute. And Auntie Sue is right. I have no study habits at all. I think I really need this."

"But... spankings from your Auntie Sue? Really?"

"Yes, Mom. I can see how it works with Aunt Chrissie, and I think it would also work with me."

"So you fetishize spanking?"

"Mom!"

"Don't get embarrassed with me. The truth, please."

"Yeah, I think about it, read about it, see pictures and videos, and all that. I guess I wouldn't even consider it if I wasn't built like this. But given I am, and now I can see how Aunt Chrissie and Auntie Sue handle it, I know it will work for me, and it won't be sexual. And I won't deliberately go out of my way to get it. I just think it'll work for me. Just because of how I'm built. I'm sorry I'm built this way..."

"Don't you apologize for how you are. It's not that uncommon. I guess you heard just now, but your Auntie Sue and I were both spanked growing up, and I sexualized my spankings as well. I played with myself in my room afterwards."

"Mom!"

"No. You should hear this. You're being honest with me; I'll be honest with you. It was our father who did most of the spanking. And it was always on the bare bum. And sometimes, it was with the *strap*. And it hurt like the dickens, but it sure did keep your Auntie Sue and me on the straight and narrow. And even though I sexualized it, there was not a hint of impropriety from your grandfather. He had a job to do and he did it, as I'm sure your aunt would do for you. And it didn't matter if I sexualized it; it

was very effective, nonetheless. I hated those spankings! So, I do understand, and maybe the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

I didn't know if it was comforting or creepy that my sexuality resembled my mom's.

"Thanks for understanding, Mom. So, is it, like, okay with you?"

"It is. And am I to take it that you will be spanked for your snooping right away?"

"yeah... I think so."

"Good. I hope your Aunty Sue will do it thoroughly. Your father and I did not raise you to be a little sneak. And next time I come down to visit, I may just bring your grandfather's strap with me and demonstrate exactly how disappointed I am in you also."

"Mom!?!"

"Don't you 'Mom' me, not after what you've done. Now hand the phone back to your Aunty Sue."

I handed the phone back to Aunty Sue.

"Hi, Sarah. I don't know what you said, but he looked pretty alarmed.

...

"Oh, Dad's strap. Don't remind me. Do you have it?"

...

"You do? Absolutely bring it next time you come, and not that you need my blessing, but feel free to use it to your heart's content as far as I'm concerned. And I take it you are giving me *your* blessing?"

...

"All right, I was not expecting such enthusiasm.

...

"Yes, as soon as we hang up.

...

"I haven't decided yet. Is either one okay with you?"

...

"Okay then. My call it is.

...

"I'll make sure of it.

...

"No need. It's what he needs.

...

"Okay, then, bye-bye now."

Aunty Sue disconnected the call, sat back on the couch, and contemplated me.

"Unexpectedly enthusiastic," said Aunty Sue. "Both of them. Your mother told you about how our father disciplined us?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And did she tell you what she did in her room after Daddy spanked her?"

I felt myself blushing and answered, "yes."

"I thought it was very perverted of my little sister when I first saw her do that: *fingering herself* shamelessly after her spanking. But like mother like son, I suppose.

"We do need to get a few things straight first, though. When I spank you, I won't take it easy on you. But I'll give you a safeword like Chrissie. It's 'red'. If you say that, I'll stop, but that ends the arrangement. So, don't use it casually; only use it if you think you're in danger of some form of injury or wish to terminate the arrangement. And if you use it too soon on your first spanking, you'll be packing your bags tonight."

"I won't."

"For better or for worse, I'm a very experienced disciplinarian. You won't be injured by anything I give you, though you'll believe you might be. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"In that case, it's time for your first spanking, for snooping in our bedroom. And trust me when I say it will be a strict one. I'll give you the same sort of spanking with the hairbrush that I gave Chrissie last week, and then you'll spend an hour with your nose in the corner. You'll be grounded for two weeks afterwards. Is that fair, young man?"

"Yes, Aunty Sue."

That spanking Aunty Sue gave Aunt Chrissie sounded hellacious while it was going on and looked horrible afterwards. And the corner time terrible, and grounding, at my age? But what choice did I have now?

"Let's get started then," said Aunty Sue.

Chapter 12: David's First Spanking

Aunty Sue conducted me to the center of the living room and sat on the ottoman.

"Remove your socks, pants, and shirt, young man, fold them neatly and place them on that chair."

Oh gosh. This was happening. I was to be spanked. Spanked for the first time ever, and by my aggrieved Aunt of all people. While this was my fantasy come true, I was also petrified and embarrassed all at the same time. Very confusing!

I did as I was told, stripping down until I was just in my underpants. Aunt Chrissie had said we would go shopping for some cooler boxer shorts, but we had not gotten around to it yet, so I was still wearing the tighty-whities my mom had bought for me that were a little old, a little small on me, and had gotten a bit thin and threadbare over multiple washings. Talk about embarrassing.

It's getting ahead of ourselves, but I never got any new boxer-style underpants. Aunty Sue forbade it. She said it was an unnecessary expense, and my underpants were still "perfectly good". I think that the real reason that she wanted to keep me in them was so that I felt more like a little boy and less like the eighteen-year-old man I was.

As I was stripping, I felt my penis, which had already become a little 'chubby' with the spanking talk, increase to a full-blown erection. I felt desperately embarrassed and turned away from Aunty Sue as I folded and placed the clothes on the chair she had indicated.

"Hurry up. Back on the carpet. Face me."

What was I going to do? I couldn't face her, not looking like this!

I put both hands over my crotch and crouched a bit, effectively hiding my erection from her, and went back to my familiar spot on the carpet and faced her. I felt my face blushing profusely.

"Stand up straight and stop touching yourself!"

Shades of my mom telling me that when I was a tot.

"Please, Aunty Sue. I can't. I just can't."

"Are you disobeying me already?"

"No! No. It's just... well... it's... obscene?"

"What's obscene? Show me. Put your hands to your sides and straighten up."

I had no choice. I very reluctantly did as Aunty Sue instructed. My penis created a tent in my underpants, stretching the thin fabric out.

"Oh my goodness!" said Aunty Sue.

"I'm sorry!" I wailed in despair, and the tears started flowing. I had never appeared like this in front of anybody, much less a woman, much less my aunt! My entire upbringing fought against this humiliating display.

I also hated that I cried at the drop of a hat. What kind of a 'man' does that? I was crying and sniffing and unable to meet Aunty Sue's eyes, wishing the ground would just open and swallow me up whole.

You would think something along these lines would be like a dream come true for a boy like me. But I can't even describe how, at the moment, it was anything but.

"Ah ha. So *now* we get the waterworks. Are you ashamed? You should be ashamed. At least I can confirm you're an actual spanking fetishist, David. No doubt about it. I admit that I had not fully counted on... that," she said, waving her finger at my crotch. "With Chrissie, her sexual response is much less blatant.

"But there's nothing to be done about it. Or at least nothing that I'm willing to do about it, so come here, get across my knee. We'll keep your underpants up in case there's any accidental discharge, which I certainly hope there will not be."

I know I'm a fucking weirdo, but while I was totally embarrassed by what was going on, and I was crying, there was a part inside of me that was desperately disappointed that it appeared as though I would receive my spankings over my underpants. I knew deep down that bad little boys needed to be spanked bare-bottomed.

Nonetheless, I still felt so embarrassed as I went to Aunty Sue's right side and draped myself across her lap. She had positioned herself on the ottoman and draped me a bit diagonally. When I went over, my toes touched the floor, and my chest was supported mainly on the ottoman, with my head dangling off it. My right hand was on the floor in front and beside me for balance. I did not know what to do with my left hand, it could not reach the floor, so I put it back behind Aunty Sue, resting on the ottoman behind her as an additional balance point.

I was highly conscious of my stiff penis rubbing against Aunty Sue's lap through my underpants. Much to my mortification, I could even feel that tell-tale tingle in my cock that presaged an ejaculation. The sheer humiliation of ejaculating into my underpants while across my aunt's knee would be ridiculous. I did everything I could to distract myself from that, including even doing sums in my head.

Meanwhile, I was still low-grade sniffing and mewling, which Aunty Sue commented on: "You think you're crying now? Wait until I'm done with you. I'll give you something to cry about. You are a very, very naughty boy." Aunty Sue said this as she began spanking the seat of my underpants with her hand. "And I'm not talking about this erectile display. I'm talking about your snooping around in our bedroom and rifling through our private things. Were you aroused like you are now when you were snooping? Were you? Don't bother answering that. I know the answer."

I could not believe I was in this position. It was as if I was in a dream. I had been obsessing about spankings for five years, and now here I was, receiving one across my Aunty's knee in just my thin, threadbare white underpants, in tears already.

Each time her palm descended, I let out a little "oh!" sound, not because it was that painful, but because the experience of having my Aunty's hand descend on my butt was shocking. She moved her hand down onto the bare skin beneath my underpants and down the backs and insides of my thighs. The smacks to my thighs were different from those to my underpanted bottom. They stung sharply. As she directed her palm more inwards toward my inner thighs, the stinging increased considerably to the point where my little "Ohs!" became louder and louder.

"Does that hurt?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

Aunty Sue was strong. She was tall and strong. She always looked feminine, and her muscles did not bulge, but you could sometimes see the veins and the steel in her arms and torso.

Aunty Sue paused my spanking and used her fingers to bunch my undies into my crack. I then felt her pulling up hard on the backs of my undies and then continuing to spank my now helplessly bared cheeks.

I yelped even more at these swats to my bare bottom. I also felt considerable distress as the undies pulled tightly on my penis and sac, and cut deeply into my bumhole. Aunty Sue pulled up harder, which made me

squirm wildly, not least in embarrassment, and raise my bum up higher over her lap in an attempt to 'run away' from the ball and bumhole pain. This presented my ass even more perfectly for my spanking.

Aunty Sue spanked me like this for quite some time, dangling me by my undies as if I was a middle-schooler wedgied after gym class in front of the girls. She finally released me, allowing the deeply wedgied undies to snap back against my waist, and said, "Stand up." I stood.

She fixed my underpants, prying them out from between my cheeks with her fingers and putting them back into place. My erection had not subsided. I would say it had strengthened from the humiliation of my wedgy spanking, and from Aunty Sue's fingers rooting around in my crack, prying out the material, incidentally grazing my bumhole and testicles in the process. "Tsk, tsk," she said.

She reached out with her two hands to the waistband of my underpants at the front. She pulled my underpants away and out, then pulled just the front down and hooked them under my testicles.

"Ohhhh!" I moaned in embarrassment as I was so completely displayed. My penis was sticking straight out! My bare-naked penis and testicles were completely on display to my aunt, my mom's older sister. I blushed twenty ways to Sunday.

She put her thumb out, dragged it across my pee hole, and then rubbed her thumb and index finger together. "No discharge. At least you're not a leaker," she declared. "More than I can say for poor Chrissie, whose vagina is positively soaking during a spanking."

"ohhh!" I moaned again as I felt my erection straining even more, if that was possible.

"You'll receive your spankings on your bare bottom. Your mother has already okayed that. Remove your underpants and fold them neatly and place them on the pile. I'll fetch the hairbrush."

With that, Aunty Sue got up and left the room for a moment.

I still could not believe this was happening. At one point, I was convinced that my underpants would stay on for my spanking, for modesty's sake, but it appeared not to be so.

I pulled off my underpants, folded them, and placed them as instructed. I returned to my spot on the carpet and glued my hands to my sides. My

penis was still incredibly erect. My crying had died down and was now under control again.

"Good, you're not covering anymore, I see," said Aunty Sue as she returned with her hairbrush.

"Are you embarrassed?" she asked.

"Yes!" I wailed.

"You're meant to be."

As I would learn, Aunty Sue's spankings were both painful and embarrassing. She considered embarrassment an integral part of the punishment and took every opportunity to increase the embarrassment whenever an opportunity presented.

She took her place back on the ottoman, pulled me face down across her left thigh and placed her right leg across the backs of both of mine, locking me into place. My ass was uppermost, humiliatingly jackknifed over Aunty Sue's left thigh. With her leg clamping me in place, it felt like I could not even move an inch and was utterly at her mercy.

Then my first ever real punishment spanking began. At first, Aunty Sue used just her hand, but the spanks were hard, sharp, quick, and ranged all over my bottom and even down my thighs. It was uncomfortable but bearable. More humiliating than anything, being spanked across my Aunty's knee, completely naked.

After what I judged was about five minutes, Aunty Sue paused and took up her hairbrush. She lay the cool wood on the uppermost part of my backside. I felt very scared now.

She told me, "It's a spanking; it's meant to hurt." She lifted the hairbrush and cracked it down onto my ass.

Holy Fuck! This was nothing like the previous hand spanks; this burned like hellfire!

"Aaaargh!" I yelled out at the first stroke and continued screaming as each stroke fell unrelentingly on my poor ass. I felt Aunty Sue tighten her grip on me as she intensified my hairbrushing and truly scorched my backside. I did not imagine I would sit for a week after this! Any thought that spankings were at all sexy or desirable fled my mind as it became filled with nothing but unrelenting fanny pain.

Aunty Sue stopped and said, "You've had a taste for it now. Should I continue, or do you wish to end this arrangement?"

"p... p... please go on," I said shakily.

"It's only going to get worse from here, you realize that?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I'm not asking you again if you wish to continue. If you're not using your safeword, I'll assume that's the case. Clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Then let's continue."

She started back again, every bit as ferociously as before, and I bucked and screamed every bit as much as before.

As I struggled, my hand behind Auntie Sue reached almost unconsciously for her waist. I clutched at her, wanting her to know how this spanking impacted me. She ignored it. My other hand reached for her ankle, and I also clutched onto that. I then just held on for dear life as my spanking continued and continued and continued.

After an interminable amount of time belabouring my ass, Auntie Sue unclamped her right leg, spun her left thigh so that it was directly between my legs, splitting me, and then hooked my near leg with her right leg again to keep me in place. With my legs now spread, she took the opportunity to spank the previously unspanked areas more between my cheeks. This she intensified by pulling first one cheek, and later the other, outwards away from my crack to spread me humiliatingly open. She then thoroughly hairbrush spanked every inch up and down the insides of my ass crack, not even sparing the sensitive skin of my anal ring as she did so.

"No! No! Not there!" I begged as Auntie Sue continued tormenting the fringes of my anal ring with her ridiculously hard hairbrush strokes.

"Oh yes, right there," she said as she intensified the spanking of my anus.

I was so embarrassed yet in too much pain to process it.

She left my bottom hole only to begin smacking the backs of my thighs, from ass-fold down to above the knees. "Argh!" I screamed as these sensitive areas were repeatedly struck, over and over and over again.

"Please, Auntie Sue! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" I cried out.

"Not as sorry as you're going to be when I get to your inner thighs, young man."

She separated my legs further and began strict hairbrush strokes up and down both inner thighs. These were the hardest strokes of all to take and burned like fire.

"You're too big. I can't spank you properly like this," she said as she had me rise up off her lap. She stood as well, stood beside me, and said, "spread your legs. Bend over. Put your elbows, hands and head down on the ottoman. Now up on your tiptoes and stay there like that."

I did everything she told me to. I could see through my legs and saw my still erect penis just dangling there in midair.

She started in again with the hairbrush, smacking the insides of my thighs up and down my legs. I cried out and danced wildly from tip-toe to tip-toe as she spanked me there.

She tried to shorten her stroke to get around my genitals and smack me up in the fold where inner leg meets crotch.

"This won't work," she said to herself.

That's when she reached out with her hand, collected my testicles and penis in her one hand, pulled them sharply out of the way, and delivered full stinging strokes deep into my highest inner thighs.

"Noooooo!" I wailed as much from the embarrassment as from the pain. Aunty Sue, my mom's older sister, was handling my genitals as if they meant nothing! And she was not gentle with them; she was rough with them.

"Disgusting," she said, commenting on the necessity of handling my most previously private areas. "Believe me, David, there is nothing sexually exciting to me about my doing this to you. If you were a girl, on the other hand, another story. But as you are a boy and my nephew, I do it for your own good and nothing more."

She moved around, switched hands, and began smacking the high insides of my other leg.

"Stay up on your toes, young man, or trust me, this will not be over soon!"

I immediately pushed up as high as I could on my toes, desperately needing this spanking to be over! It was incredibly embarrassing to have to respond like this. To have to try so desperately to obey Aunty Sue, even if it meant fully exposing every part of me to her hairbrush. All in the hopes that it might end just a bit sooner.

"Put your knees on the ottoman. Spread them wider. Wider. Keep your head down. Now arch your back. Stick out your bottom."

I did exactly as I was told.

She used her hand to again part my bottom cheeks and then delivered a much more stinging spanking to the tender inner flesh of my bottom crease than she had managed before. She went up and down the left side, then the right side. She spread me so wide open that I was sure she could see right inside my bumhole. So humiliating.

"Let's get in here," she said, then reached around to my front, grabbed my cock and balls, and pulled them up towards my tummy. Then she spanked the sensitive area between balls and asshole. A dozen or so solid strokes! And the whole time she was clutching onto my genitals to keep them from dangling in her way. As I moved involuntarily from the stinging smacks, my genitals tugged and strained in her hand, restraining my wildest gyrations.

"Stand up! Turn around! Legs spread! On your tip-toes! Hands on your head!" I obeyed instantly. She then used the hairbrush to spank the entire fronts of my thighs, including flanks and front inner thighs that she had not reached previously, from waist to knees.

Oh my God, but I danced! I danced furiously, conscious of my penis waving, spinning, and jiggling around like crazy.

When she got nearest my crotch, she again gathered my genitals in one hand and pulled up firmly on my balls. She then spanked as high as she could into the fold where inner thighs meet perineum and all across from one side to another, scalding my sensitive perineum as she did so, thoroughly branding me there, completely destroying me in the process.

"You were a very naughty boy, snooping in our room, and now you're paying the price; remember that. I'm going to finish by ensuring your back porch is *painted crimson*."

With that, she sat back down and pulled me back across her knee, clamping me in place. She returned the hairbrush to my ass and concentrated unrelentingly on my two spank spots on either cheek on the undercurve of my ass.

I could not take it anymore and began crying, blubbering, and begging for it to end.

"Please, Aunty Sue! You've spanked me enough! Please!"

"I'll say when you've had enough!" Aunty Sue said, angry at me for suggesting that I had been spanked long enough for my sins. "And that's too bad, seeing as I was about to stop..."

She seemed to drag it on for an extra minute as I was reduced to a blubbering sobbing mess across her knee.

"Do you want to tell me you've been spanked enough now?" she asked.

"No, Aunty Sue!" I wailed.

Aunty Sue assisted me off her knee. "No complaining, young man; I gave you exactly what Chrissie received last week. Now off into the corner. You remember how Chrissie did it. I expect the same from you: nose pressed into both walls, arms clasped behind your back. No unclasping those arms or taking that nose away from the corner for one full hour."

With that, Aunty Sue conducted me to the corner, still sobbing, my entire backside and frontside from waist to knees burning with fire, and placed me into bare naked timeout. She used her hand to push my nose right into the corner.

"Perfect. I trust you feel well-punished, young man?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" I wailed, still crying huge tears with the snot running from my nose that I kept stuck hard into the corner.

"And you're in your birthday suit, aren't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"And you'll stay like that, in your corner, for one full hour. And your Aunt Chrissie will come home and see you there and see how you've been punished for snooping in our bedroom."

"Yes, Ma'am!"

I gradually calmed down as I stood there, and stopped sniffing and sobbing. The position was hard to hold with my nose so deep into the corner. The backs of my legs, the insides of my thighs, the fronts of my thighs, my entire ass, and even my ass crack were incredibly sore and began itching like a thousand ants were crawling around. I longed to rub the sting and itch out but dared not for fear of a repeat performance across Aunty Sue's knee, as she had promised Aunt Chrissie when she was in my position. I did not doubt for one moment she would do it, do it thoroughly, and restart my damnable timeout from the beginning with extra time added. So, I did my full timeout, though it dragged on and on endlessly, and I was given no sense as to whether five minutes had passed or thirty. My entire universe became my burning, itching backside and my tiny corner.

Well into my corner time, I heard the front door opening and Aunt Chrissie coming in.

"Oh my goodness. That is one well-spanked naughty boy."

"Nothing less than he deserved," replied Aunty Sue.

"How did he take it?" asked Aunt Chrissie.

"He cried like a little girl. Much worse than you do. I think he's still snivelling in his corner."

"Ohhh. He's a bit of a crybaby, is he? I suspected as much. How much longer does he have?"

"Only five minutes."

Oh, thank God, I thought.

Finally, Aunty Sue announced, "You're done now, David. Turn around, apologize to both of us, and thank me for your punishment."

It was extra embarrassing that Aunt Chrissie was also in the room, but I guess she had seen my cock already.

I turned and asked piteously, "may I rub my bum?"

"You may," Aunty Sue said with a smile. I instantly shot my hands behind me and began rubbing my low ass cheeks, trying to get the itching out and soothe my toasted cheeks. I then passed my hands to my front and began rubbing the high insides of my thighs.

As I rubbed furiously, much to my aunts' amusement, I apologized to them both, then thanked Aunty Sue for punishing me. My limp penis danced in front of them as I rubbed, which must have only added to their smiles.

"Well, I'd say that's a nice, contrite, bare penis apology," said Aunty Sue. "We may be on to something here.

"But to make sure you've learned your lesson, I'm grounding you, young man, for two full weeks. You may go straight to class and come straight back. Other than that, no leaving the house. And no screens at all beyond what's strictly needed for your schoolwork. You may read real books. There's plenty of selection on the shelves in the study. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Ma'am." The spanking and corner time had been embarrassing but being 'grounded' by Aunty Sue in front of Aunt Chrissie, as if I were a kid, was every bit as embarrassing.

"While you're grounded, you're to spend one full hour each day with your nose in the corner and your pants and underpants at your ankles showing off your naughty bare bottom."

"Ohhh..." I groaned.

"Hush! Any backtalk. Any disobedience. Any surliness. Even the slightest whiff while you're grounded, and I'll put you back across my knee, and you'll wish I hadn't."

"Yes, Aunty."

"I want you standing in position at 5 pm sharp, according to my watch, without exception. No excuses. Not being called to stand there, not getting ready to stand there, not standing there and still pulling your pants down, not standing there with your underpants up. I want you standing there, bare bottom, in position at 5 pm sharp. I strongly suggest you get there a few minutes early.

"What will happen if you are not standing there at 5 pm sharp with your nose in the corner, your arms behind your back, and your pants and underpants at your ankles?"

"a... spanking?"

"Such a bright boy. Exactly. A spanking followed by one full hour in the corner before dinner, and then we'll add one full hour after dinner as well."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Good. Now, would you like cold cream for that sore bottom, David?"

"Does it help?" I asked.

"Oh, it helps," said Chrissie. "I'll get it. Go to your bedroom, lie on your tummy over the sheets, bare bum up across a couple of pillows, and I'll come make it better."

Blushing, I gathered my clothes and made my way painfully to my bedroom, walking stiffly.

My previous experience with the cold cream had been very exciting. I thought that perhaps something similar would happen. I could only wish for it.

But oh my gosh, I did feel very well punished. That was my first spanking. Despite five years of sexy anticipation building up to it, while it was going on, I desperately wanted nothing more than for it to end. Nor was I at all interested in any repeat performance anytime soon.

Such was the perverse and twisted logic of a spanking fetishist: we crave spankings in the abstract, we obsess over every detail before and afterwards, we have intense sexual fantasies about them, and yet we hate them. We hate the pain. We hate the embarrassment. We humiliatingly cry our eyes out during our punishment. We hate the boredom, physical

discomfort, and cheek-burning embarrassment of corner time. We try our utmost to avoid punishment (in an environment where, try as one might, punishment is inevitable).

While it was all pure, miserable, unrelenting, humiliating torment, I was not rethinking my commitment to the domestic discipline arrangement. I was very much rethinking the bad behaviour and the lax work habits that led to my punishment.

Chapter 13: Chrissie Ruins It

After my spanking and timeout, Aunt Chrissie sent me to my bedroom to await her. I lay on my bed draped face down over pillows. I felt nervous and excited. I was utterly bare naked and about to have cold cream rubbed into my ass by my very hot aunt-in-law.

Aunt Chrissie entered my room, sat beside me on my bed, and rubbed the cool cold cream nicely all over the areas Aunt Sue had so thoroughly spanked.

As she rubbed the cooling cream into my fiery marked flesh, she spoke words of sympathy, empathy, and forgiveness, which made me feel warm all over. I felt a deep emotional release combined with a sexual excitement I had never felt before.

Unlike when I did it to her, Aunt Chrissie did not at all avoid any 'sensitive areas' and rubbed the cold cream directly into my anus and used her cool soft hand to move my cock and balls out of the way as she applied the cold cream to my deep inner thighs.

"You're getting hard again. Would you like me to take care of it, seeing as I'm in the neighbourhood?"

Oh my gosh!

"yes please..."

"Sue!" Chrissie yelled out, "he's hard as anything and about to burst. May I give him some hand relief?"

What!?! I thought this was a private thing between Aunt Chrissie and me. Aunt Sue popped her head into my bedroom.

"Let's see," she said.

Aunt Chrissie reached between my legs and coaxed my junk out behind my thighs. She had me press my legs tightly together, keeping it there.

"I see what you mean. He needs to hit the books right after this, and I don't want him distracted, so I think you should. But don't play with it. Just do it clinically."

Clinically? What the hell? Is this what happens after an adult spanking? I was starting to think my aunts were even freakier than I first thought, but I was not complaining.

"Yes, Sue. It'll be quicker if I can massage his prostate. Is that okay?"

Prostate? That's up my bum hole, right? Right?

"Yup. I'll get you a glove and some lube."
Aunty Sue left the room.

Aunt Chrissie began gently rubbing my cock stuck behind my legs and leaned over close to my ear, and said, "Do you hear that? It's official. Sue's letting me give you a handjob with a finger up your butt. I'll ask her to stay and watch, naughty boy. I know you'd like that..."

"nooooo..." I wailed. I was not at all sure I wanted Aunty Sue to watch me ejaculate. In fact, I was very sure I did not! It was not what I had in mind when Aunt Chrissie suggested it.

Aunty Sue came back with gloves and lube. Aunt Chrissie came in front of me and snapped the glove onto her left hand as I watched, showing me her middle finger. She went behind me, parted my cheeks with one hand, and rubbed lube around and into the hole. Then she inserted her finger deeply, crooked it slightly, and touched a part of me that had never been touched before.

"Oh!" I squeaked as her finger contacted what must have been my prostate gland. I had read about it on the Internet but had not experimented there.

"Ha ha," laughed Chrissie, "that's your 'prostate gland'. Feels nice, doesn't it? If I rub it long enough, cum will ooze out of your cock. As it is, it'll just help get you there faster with my hand."

All this time, Aunty Sue was standing there, leaning in the doorframe with her arms crossed, smirking.

As Aunt Chrissie kept her finger lodged and massaging up in my bum, she put some cold cream on her right hand and began stroking my penis from behind.

"Ohhhhh!" I moaned from a heady mix of pleasure, pain, and embarrassment.

"That's it. You wiggle that bum," said Aunt Chrissie. I hadn't realized I had been doing that.

"Do you like that, David?" asked Aunty Sue. "Chrissie has a talented hand. Did you know she was a professional and gave handjobs for a living once upon a time?"

I did know that, but it was told to me in secret when Aunt Chrissie gave me a fantastic handjob (my first ever), and she told me specifically not to

tell Aunty Sue. What to say?

"I didn't know that..." I said, lying to Aunty Sue to preserve Aunt Chrissie's trust.

"Liar, liar, pants on fire," Aunt Chrissie said in a sing-song voice. Ironic, as I had no pants on at the moment.

"He was trying to 'protect you', was he?" said Aunty Sue.

"Loyal like a puppy dog," said Aunt Chrissie as she continued rubbing my cock and fingering my asshole.

"Silly boy," Aunty Sue said to me. "Chrissie tells me everything. I know about your 'secret handjob' and what she told you about her past. I even know you had her little tittie in your mouth as you came to the count of three."

They both laughed at me. I felt foolish thinking I was keeping this big grownup secret.

"Now I think you need to be punished for lying to me. But you should also be rewarded for thinking you were keeping Chrissie's secrets. Your reward is that you may ejaculate. Your punishment will be a spanking while that's going on and a ruined orgasm. Do you know what that is, David?"

"No..." I said. I did sort of know.

"It means that just before you ejaculate, Chrissie will take her hand away, and it will all just dribble out the tip. I understand it can be very frustrating."

"Ohh..." I groaned.

Aunt Chrissie kept rubbing my cock and massaging my prostate. I felt the pressure build and build and build, but with my cock clamped behind my legs like this, something was stopping it. And suddenly, the utter humiliating nature of my situation came home to me. I didn't want to ejaculate down the backs of my legs in front of my two Aunts!

"Please! I can finish this myself. Please!" I begged.

"Oh no, young man," Aunty Sue said. Chrissie will do it, and I will watch as you thoroughly disgrace yourself down the backs of your legs. Consider it extra punishment."

"noooo... please! I don't want it!"

Aunty Sue walked over to me and began slapping my bottom cheeks. "Oh, you think the tears are going to make me stop? In this household, you

will do as you are told, young man. No backtalk. I will get the hairbrush and have you right across my knee if I need to."

"No, no, no, no. Please!"

Aunty Sue kept spanking me.

"Nooooo... not like this!"

"Oh, he's getting close," said Aunt Chrissie.

"This is for lying to me," Aunty Sue said as she smacked my bare bum even harder with her hand.

"Sorry, not sorry, David," Chrissie said as she gave me a final jerk, then let go of my cock entirely.

"Oh! Noooo! Oh!" I moaned as the pressure built and built and built. I felt myself twerking on the bed, my ass gyrating humiliatingly in the air around Aunt Chrissie's finger as the sensations started overcoming me.

Another hard slap on my ass from Aunty Sue put me over the edge. I cried out as my ejaculation dribbled massively down the backs of my legs. My ass was high and shaking uncontrollably; my unassisted cock twitched violently and oozed ejaculate desperately as Aunt Chrissie finger-fucked my ass.

As I came, Aunty Sue said, "Bad, bad, boy. Look at you, wriggling your bottom in the air like a hoochee girl with a tiny little penis up her bum. Disgracing yourself like that. All down your legs. What a display!"

"Oh! I'm sorry!" I wailed, crying copiously.

"You should be, young man."

"Look how much cum he keeps in those balls!" said Aunt Chrissie as she massaged the remainder out of me with her finger still up my ass.

"Yes, it seems like a remarkable amount."

"Can I make him eat it?" asked Aunt Chrissie.

Eat it?

Chapter 14: David is Made to Swallow

I had just gotten through a hyper-embarrassing 'ruining' of my orgasm by my two aunts. I had oozed my cum down the backs of my legs as my spanked ass humiliatingly gyrated in frustration around Aunt Chrissie's finger. Now, Aunt Chrissie had asked Aunty Sue for permission to make me eat it!

"I mean," continued Aunt Chrissie to Aunty Sue, removing her finger from my ass and then removing and discarding her glove, "you got to punish him for snooping, but I didn't even get to see him suffer. I want to punish him myself like this. By making him eat it. I'll bet he jerked off after he was in our room. The punishment will fit the crime."

"Naughty girl! But yes, it only seems fair you get some revenge of your own."

I felt Aunt Chrissie's hand scrape across the backs of my legs, gathering a handful of my cum. She brought it to my face, held it out palm up, and said, "go on, lick it up, put it in your mouth."

I looked at my cum in her hand. I smelt it. My stomach instantly turned. "no... please! I can't!"

"You can and you will, young man," said Aunty Sue.

"No!" I said, rebelling at this.

"Alright then, I'll give you a choice. Either you put it in your mouth right here, right now, or I'll have Chrissie scoop it up, store it in a little cup, and you can put it in your mouth after a full repeat of that spanking you just received, and another hour of corner time. Your choice."

That was no choice!

"And don't think of testing me. In this house, given our new situation, what I say goes. I will not tolerate disobedience, especially during your grounding. Zero tolerance. And I *always* follow through on my threats."

"She does," Aunt Chrissie said. She then held out her palm to me again. I miserably moved my head over it and began licking up my ejaculate even as my tears flowed into her palm, mixing with my cum. Oh, it was so gross! It was nasty smelling and salty, and the texture was horrible. Once I had cleaned her palm, she went back for another handful, and then another, and then a bunch of remnants. It was a massive load. So far, I had swallowed

none of it but kept it all in my mouth. Even the thought of swallowing it made me gag.

The most humiliating part was that I had no agency. I did not want to put it in my mouth, but I had to obey because I absolutely could not take another spanking and dose of corner time. So, I did as I was told.

"Kneel up on the floor in front of us," said Aunt Chrissie. I did that, looking up at my two Aunts, my mouth completely full of my own cum, my eyes wet with tears.

"Now, David," continued Aunt Chrissie. "Going into our bedroom and snooping around was a terrible violation of our privacy. After you'd been through it, I saw the state of my panty drawer. Only God knows what you did with them. I washed them all, just in case. Now, answer me honestly. Did you masturbate yourself after you visited our bedroom?"

"Mmmm, mmmm," I nodded in the affirmative.

"And did you do it in our bedroom or your own?"

"Nnnn! Nnnn!" I mumbled out furiously, indicating my own bed.

"Well, thank heavens for that. I won't have to get our room fumigated.

"Let's recap. You snuck into our bedroom, went through all our most personal stuff, came back here, and jerked off. Is that right?"

"Mmmm, mmmm," I nodded affirmatively.

"Well, I think my punishment for you fits the crime. You will swallow every last drop of cum in your mouth and thank me for it afterwards."

"Nnnnnnnn!" I mumbled, shaking my head violently.

"Awww? What is it, baby?" Aunt Chrissie asked, suddenly friendly. "Do you not want to swallow? Is that it? Do you prefer to spit? Are you a spitter, not a swallower?"

"Mmmmm, mmmm!" I nodded affirmatively. Aunt Chrissie had let me off some of her threats before, maybe this time too.

"Well, I'm sorry, little boy sluts like you don't get to choose. Swallow it down!"

"Nnnnnn," I shook my head, weakening.

"I'll help. Tilt your head back."

Aunt Chrissie put one hand around my throat, squeezing a bit, and pushed up on my chin to make me tilt my head back. She took her other hand and pinched my nose closed with her fingers.

"Nnn! Nnn! Nnnn!" I cried out violently. With a whole load of cum in my mouth, breathing through my mouth was not an option. I felt myself

running out of air, and entirely involuntarily, I swallowed a huge load of cum and then gulped in air afterwards. Immediately after, I began gagging, but I kept it down. Aunt Chrissie grabbed my throat and nose again and made me swallow the rest down.

"Where's my thank you?"

"Blah... Oh... thank you, Aunt Chrissie."

"For?"

"For making me swallow a mouthful of my own cum."

"There. Punishment complete. You don't mess with me, boy!"

Aunty Sue looked impressed with her young wife and said, "Mmmm. You can be very fierce when you want to be. It's sexy on you."

"Rowrrrr!" said Aunt Chrissie, pawing at the air like a lioness.

"Now, young man," said Aunty Sue, "I want you to list your courses, summarizing the marks composition and what is due when, assignments and tests both. Then indicate what you've already completed and your grades. I want that ready for me in one hour. And you know what will happen if you disappoint me. You'll go across my knee irrespective of the state of your bum.

"As to you, young lady, I have a different assignment for you... in our bedroom."

"Oh yes!" said Aunt Chrissie, her eyes lighting up. They left my bedroom, Aunt Chrissie first, Aunty Sue behind her, giving her a sharp smack on her butt as she passed by.

They left me on the floor, naked and destroyed, with wet cheeks from my crying, a tummy full of cum and a disgusting taste in my mouth. My body was sore all over from Aunty Sue's hairbrushing and completely spent from the entire ordeal.

I picked myself up slowly to pull myself together, dress, and get to work. I only had an hour to complete my assignment, and I had no desire to suffer the consequences of not doing so.

Chapter 15: Spankings Become Routine

I got the work done, barely, trying not to be distracted by the sounds of lovemaking from the next-door bedroom. Despite the distraction and my difficulty sitting, I had never been so focused on an academic task. Auntie Sue came into my room in her bathrobe with her hair dishevelled and checked my work. She said I had done an excellent job and we would discuss it at length tomorrow.

After that day, Auntie Sue was all over my schoolwork. It seemed as if she had just been champing at the bit to get involved. We had a long meeting the next day where we went over exactly where I was on all my courses, how I had done to date, and what work was still outstanding and upcoming.

Auntie Sue required I spend an entire 9-5 workday every weekday on schoolwork, whether I had assignments due or not. If there was no assignment to work on or test to study for, I was to review my course notes, review the pertinent parts of my textbooks, read any supplementary materials available, and do the required readings and sample problems in the text. If assignments were outstanding, I was expected to chip away at them from the day they were handed out and get them done early when possible. I was to maintain a work log indicating what I had done, when I had done it, and how long I had spent on it. Auntie Sue reviewed my work log every couple of days.

Auntie Sue was clear that she expected me to be an 'A' student. Anything less, she said, was beneath my potential. While, with a certain amount of diligence in the maths and sciences, the A's came easier, in the more artsy subjects, such as English Lit (the bane of my existence), A's were much harder to come by.

If Auntie Sue was unhappy with my work, she did not hesitate to spank me.

That sort of blew my mind. I had fantasized about spankings for years, never actually doing anything other than jerking off to porn. And now my dominant Aunt had put herself in charge of me and gave me childish bare-bottom spankings whenever she thought I could do better. It was like a (painful!) dream come true.

Mercifully, most of my spankings were less severe than my first, but all of them were painful to various degrees.

A typical spanking might be a relatively quick across-the-knee affair with my pants and underpants lowered to the floor. The house was very open concept, with the dining room, kitchen, and living room all open to one another. Because we often reviewed my work at the dining room table, I was usually given my spankings right there where Aunt Chrissie could see them. It felt unfair because she was always taken to her bedroom with the door closed for her spankings. However, I was spanked in the open in front of her. It embarrassed me, especially because I invariably cried from my spankings. Still, for some reason, it also excited me that Aunt Chrissie was allowed to see me being spanked on my bare bottom, howling and to the point of tears, and, in many cases, well beyond that point.

Though these spankings were generally less severe, they might be given for the most trifling of reasons. For example, I would be spanked if Aunt Sue found any errors in my homework, even minor spelling and grammar. If my grade on a test or assignment was less than an 'A', that was cause for a spanking. The severity depended on the grade I received.

True to her word, Aunt Sue spanked me sufficiently often that I did all I could to avoid my next spanking, and especially to avoid a more severe spanking with extended corner time. I found it psychologically odd how much I obsessed over and craved to be spanked, but then as I sat there with Aunt Sue reviewing my work, especially knowing there was something to be found, I shook like a leaf in fear of her judgement and started crying even before I got across her knee.

And make no mistake, she was judge, jury, and executioner. And she was strict. She always looked disappointed in me when she thought I needed a spanking. My stomach would drop, and I would stammer out words that sought to minimize what I would be getting, but that was almost always useless. At those moments, I regretted not doing what I should have, internally chiding myself for being lazy and stupid. There was no question of craving a spanking at that moment; there was only dread and tears.

She only used her hand for milder infractions, in which case corner time, when given at all, was nominal. Even her hand, though, left quite a sting, and she always spanked the more sensitive 'inner areas', including bottom

crease and inner thighs. This meant my bottom hole was invariably well-displayed, as were my genitals as I spread my legs for my inner thigh spanking. They were also humiliatingly manipulated as she made room to spank high nearest the crease. It did not matter one whit that Aunt Chrissie was there to see it all.

Aunty Sue would use an implement for more serious offences, such as a 'C' on a test or a repeat offence. Sometimes her hairbrush. Sometimes a twelve-inch wooden ruler. Sometimes a kitchen implement, such as a spatula or a wooden spoon. Invariably, these spankings given with wooden implements were ones that I most wished to avoid. Sometimes she would just scorch my bottom. Other times, generally when she wanted to make more of a point, my spankings were more like my first: 'all over'.

You can't even imagine what it's like to be in class, receive an assignment or test back, and see a 'C' on it. I instantly broke into a cold sweat, knowing I would have to present that grade to Aunty Sue and then cry my way through an extended, butt-blistering, 'all-over' spanking across her knee. I would look at the other kids in my class, knowing I was the only one who would be spanked for my poor grade. Even some sillier, bubble gum-chewing, lazy girls at the back would not get spanked. Only me.

Aunty Sue would strip me naked and bend me over the back of the living room couch for the most serious offences, often repeat offences, such as multiple low grades in a row or any sort of lying or even minor disobedience. There she would apply either the cane or a vicious sorority-type paddle to my backside, or sometimes both. These spankings were to be avoided at all costs and inevitably left me a snivelling, whining, blubbering mess. I always cried and begged as soon as I was sentenced to one of these, but nothing would deter Aunty Sue once she had decided on a punishment. There was severe marking and soreness after one of these that would last for days.

Regardless of their relative severity, I truly suffered through all these spankings. Aunty Sue was sufficiently strict with her standards that I had no thought of deliberately underperforming to earn a spanking. Quite the opposite! The degree to which these spankings modified my behaviour was embarrassing in and of itself, especially when Aunt Chrissie teased me about it.

One time was after I had just been spanked by Aunty Sue for procrastinating on an English Lit assignment. It was a second time for that, so she scorched my rear end. She didn't stand me in the corner but sent me straight to work. She said she'd spank me again if it was not done within the hour.

Aunt Chrissie was not privy to all that and came to me at my desk with cold cream asking if she could soothe my cheeks. Usually, I would have readily agreed, not least because an Aunt Chrissie special handjob usually came with it. This time I miserably *had* to refuse. When she got to the bottom of why I was refusing, she laughed so hard at me and teased me about what a "good little boy" I was after a spanking with the threat of another to come.

It also came to happen that I lost all my pubic hair and more. I know lots of guys do it, but it's usually their own choice to do so. This, however, was not my choice, so I found it to be particularly emasculating.

It happened one time after a spanking in front of Aunt Chrissie when I was made to stand there facing them and apologize for what I did. Aunt Chrissie made a comment that my pubic hair was getting unruly. Aunty Sue agreed and suggested the 'full bald' look for me. Aunt Chrissie agreed, saying it was the rule at her sorority for all the new pledges.

They discussed it and settled on removing all the hair from my ankles to my neck. Aunt Chrissie said she would do it with the clippers and the shaver and that I should be responsible for maintaining it after that under penalty of a very fitting sorority paddle spanking if I was lax.

Aunt Chrissie took me immediately to do it. It was both painful and highly embarrassing as she proceeded to remove every hair, and I do mean every hair, including from my most intimate areas. She brought me out afterwards to show Aunty Sue, who clapped with glee at how much better I looked: "Oh my, he's red as a lobster. But just look at his hairless penis and testicles, like a little boy's!"

"He gets spanked like a naughty little boy, so he should look like one," said Aunt Chrissie.

After that, Aunty Sue required me to keep myself hairless in those areas. If I didn't, which was noticed generally during a spanking, I would be bent over the back of the couch for an extra paddling. I then had fifteen minutes to correct the situation and present myself back for inspection and a

continuation of my original spanking. If it was not done to their satisfaction, it would be another paddling and a repeat.

Once I was even paddled for letting some stubble grow in my underarms. When I complained that it was unfair, I was told that Aunt Chrissie somehow managed to keep herself well-groomed that way, and there was no reason I could not as well. On that occasion, I was not only paddled for the hygiene, but also put over Aunty Sue's lap and hairbrush spanked for my backtalk!

I didn't so much mind shaving my chest. I had little hair there anyways. But shaving my armpits, pubes, and legs made me feel like such a chick! I had to sit on the side of the tub with my leg up, then lather and shave with a lady razor. It was humiliating. But the harder-to-reach places were a problem.

It took a couple of these repeat paddlings for me to learn to beg Aunt Chrissie for help with the hairs that grew inside the crack of my bottom, especially nearest my anus. I could not reliably reach those.

Aunt Chrissie was only too happy to assist. She would put a towel down on the bed and fetch a basin of water, shaving cream, and a shaver. She would have me lie on my back and lift my legs up high like a baby having its diaper changed. Then she would shave all up and down inside of there and touch up any areas around my perineum and lower testicles that I may have missed. The humiliation was over the top, especially because she talked to me in baby-talk as she was doing it, but it was worth it to avoid a repeat of a bent-over, bare-bum, sorority-style paddling from Aunty Sue. But also, to be perfectly honest, a part of me looked forward to my weekly touch-ups at the hands of Aunt Chrissie, especially as she sometimes took pity on me and ejaculated me with her hand.

Depending on how severe my spanking was, Aunt Chrissie would be allowed to apply cold cream to my butt after I served my timeout. Occasionally, Aunt Chrissie would ejaculate me after using the cold cream. Aunty Sue was aware of these ejaculations and allowed them at Aunt Chrissie's discretion.

Over time, Aunty Sue noticed how I *always* became excruciatingly hard during my scoldings and immediately before my spankings when my pants came down. She accepted the erections and took some measure of satisfaction in spanking them away, commenting how I did not seem nearly

as excited after my spankings as before. But my erections inevitably came back with a fury during corner time, sometimes to an almost painful and distracting extent.

As a result, Aunt Sue became concerned that with all those hormones running through my body ("at my age," she said), I would be in a perpetual state of sexual distraction and unable to concentrate on my schoolwork.

I was standing there with one of my giant erections after a spanking and corner time when the topic first came up.

"Sue, how is he ever going to concentrate on schoolwork with a boner like that?" asked Aunt Chrissie.

Oh geeze. My aunts were discussing my boner again.

"Doesn't it fade quickly once he's dressed and back to work?"

"I'm sure his erection fades but look at it now. His testicles must be filling up like mad with all that sexual tension. I'll bet he gets distracted trying to concentrate; I know I do after a spanking."

Aunt Sue asked me, "David, is that true?"

"Ummm... yeah, I guess so." I was not sure where this was headed. Maybe fewer spankings? Less corner time?

"Well, I don't know what to do about that. What do you suggest, Chrissie?"

"You have a no porno, no masturbation rule for him during work hours, right? And we know he jerks off like a little monkey at night; we hear it most nights."

I blushed. I did not know they could hear me every time I jerked off, I thought I was being quiet, but I know from hearing the two of them how thin those walls were. That was an embarrassing revelation.

"So, you know he's thinking about it right up until bedtime, right?"

"I guess. Do you think I should give him freer reign to masturbate as he pleases?"

"I wouldn't go that far because then he'll do nothing but. Like that experiment with the little mouse with the brain implant that keeps pressing the button to shock the pleasure center and dies in the process?"

I thought that was a bit insulting. But with a giant straining erection in front of me and overheard nightly masturbation sessions – sometimes even two-a-days when I thought I could get away with it – I felt in no position to object.

Aunt Sue laughed at this, "Oh dear, how you do exaggerate!"

No. No, she doesn't.

"Okay, but you get the drift. I just think he needs his balls drained after a spanking."

Huh?

"When he gets these massive hard-ons. I mean, I could do it efficiently. Quick, no-nonsense jerk off?" Aunt Chrissie made a masturbation motion with her closed right hand up in the air and tossed it off.

"Maybe something up his ass to make it happen quicker. I can even ruin it afterwards, like that first time: let him spurt in the air. After all, he would just have been punished; he shouldn't be enjoying it."

"Hmmm..." Aunty Sue was actually considering it!

I didn't know what to think of it. On the one hand, it was exciting to think about Aunt Chrissie doing that to me; on the other hand, the efficiency and the ruining of it would not be fun at all.

"And when I'm not here, you can make him jerk himself off on a timer or something. Paddle him if he doesn't get it done in time. You can supervise or just have him come to you after and show you a limp dick and a handful of cum.

"That way, you can keep the no-porno, no masturbation rule during work hours, but he won't be as distracted, and he can still have his little fun at bedtime with his porno and everything."

"Makes sense," said Aunty Sue simply, "as long as he gets a decent night's sleep."

And that's how it came to pass that, not every time, but more often than not, Aunty Sue made sure my balls were fully drained after a spanking.

When Aunt Chrissie was allowed to do it alone, she was not as 'efficient' as she had said, did not always ruin it, and sometimes showed some skin or allowed me to play with her during it.

However, Aunty Sue sometimes came into my room to supervise. I didn't like it when that happened. First, it was just plain embarrassing to have this done in front of Aunty Sue, who was older than my mom. At least with Aunt Chrissie, I could imagine she was my girlfriend. But secondly, Aunt Chrissie always became much more 'clinical' when Aunty Sue was watching, and she used her considerable skill in stroking cocks to ensure she ejaculated me quickly and efficiently. Worst of all, when Aunty Sue was there, Aunt Chrissie always ruined my orgasm by releasing my penis

immediately before ejaculation. That way, rather than satisfyingly shooting into the air with her hand around me, I would only frustratingly dribble out the tip.

I always felt like a complete idiot when I bucked my hips, cried out, and oozed a big load out my cocktip while my two aunties laughed at "my antics".

When Aunt Chrissie was unavailable, Aunty Sue would assess the strength of my erection after corner time and might tell me to go to my room to take care of it if I had work I needed to concentrate on. I was not allowed porno, and I had to do it quickly.

I always walked off red-faced, straining erection bobbing humiliatingly in front of me, to 'do the deed' as Aunty Sue "tsk-tsk'd" me. Aunty Sue often entered my room as I was nearing completion to supervise my ejaculation. If not, she required me to come out afterwards and show her a limp penis and a handful of ejaculate.

I was always 'on a timer' when that happened, and if I hadn't ejaculated by the required time or hadn't rushed out to show Aunty Sue in time, I would get the paddle and then have to do it again if it was not done the first time.

One time, I had secretly masturbated just before a spanking but still got hard during my spanking. Aunty Sue made me go take care of it myself. But I couldn't complete it in the allotted five minutes, multiple times. I think Aunty Sue suspected what I had done because I was paddled four times in a row before finally recovering enough to have a little cum.

I remember once, after a spanking when Aunt Chrissie was not there, and I was sent to my room to 'do it', I furtively set up a laptop and streamed some spanking porn with earbuds in. I was being quick but was looking forward to a satisfying cum when Aunty Sue came in. When she saw what I was up to, she was hopping mad. She left my room and came back with her hairbrush. She dragged me out of bed, put me across her knee at my desk chair, and gave me a fiery spanking over an already spanked sore butt. Those are the worst.

Then she stayed to supervise my ejaculation. As she watched, I had to lie face up on my bed and jerk myself off.

"Ask my permission before you release, or you'll be back across my knee after you spurt for a very severe spanking, young man."

That sounded highly unpleasant, so I was determined to obey her. Each time I got close, I begged her for permission, and she told me to stop rubbing and put my hands at my sides. Then she told me to start going again and repeated that over and over again. By the end, I was getting desperate and gyrating my hips in the air when I had to let go. On what turned out to be the final time, I felt myself getting close again and asked her for permission.

"Please, may I cum, Aunty Sue?"

"No. But continue rubbing it."

"But I'll cum! Please!"

"If you ejaculate without permission, you'll be spanked again, so you better not."

"Please! May I at least stop rubbing?"

"No, you may not. Continue rubbing, or you'll be spanked for disobedience."

This was a no-win scenario. I would be spanked either way.

When I was again really close, I said, "Please, Aunty Sue, I'm going to cum! Please may I? Please!?!"

"no..."

"Ah ah ha ha. No, no, no."

"Take your hand away."

"Noooooooo!"

My hips bucked and gyrated in the air; I felt the ejaculation would happen no matter what.

"You may ejaculate," she said.

With those words, I spewed a massive load into mid-air. For some reason, even without touching my cock, this time, the cum shot out all over my legs, abdomen, chest, bed sheets, and even (yuck!) up to my face. I had given myself a full facial!

Aunty Sue stepped back abruptly, startled at the strength of my ejaculation compared to my usual ruined dribbles.

"It looks like you soiled those sheets, young man. Your Aunt Chrissie will not be happy with that. Go clean yourself off. You're covered with cum."

When I recovered, I washed and then removed the sheet and carefully folded it so that none of my goo was evident. When Aunt Chrissie came

home, I immediately apologized for the sheet and told her the whole story. She thanked me for telling her and seemed sympathetic.

Chapter 16: Tamara and Mandy Visit

While I was being grounded that first time, part of the requirement was that for two weeks solid, I had to spend an hour a day, from 5 pm to 6 pm, with my nose in the living room corner and my pants and underpants down around my ankles. That corner was immediately adjacent to the open-plan kitchen and dining room, so I felt very exposed.

Aunty Sue had warned me that if I wasn't in the corner at 5 pm precisely, by her watch, she would spank me and double my time. So, I always arranged to be standing there at 4:55 pm. I figure the added five minutes was worth it.

It was boring and embarrassing, and I dreaded 'doing my time' each day.

Midway through the second week, at around 5:30 pm, I was horrified as I stood there that Aunt Chrissie had come home and brought two of her friends with her!!!

I didn't know what to do as I heard them milling and chatting in the hallway, removing coats and shoes. Had Aunt Chrissie forgotten about my timeouts? Aunty Sue had said, "no exceptions, no excuses, without fail", so I was in a total quandary. Aunty Sue was in the house, so my only hope was that she would notice what was going on and excuse me.

I decided to risk it and call out.

"Aunty Sue!" I wailed with my nose still deeply in the corner.

I heard a call back from the hallway from Aunt Chrissie. "She just stepped out for a few minutes. Are you still in the corner?"

"Yes!" I yelled out in an absolute panic. Of course, I bloody well was!!!! She knew that!

"Oh yeah, sorry, I sort of forgot about that. I hope you don't mind, but I have Tamara and Mandy over, two of my friends from dance. They won't care. They're cool."

Mind? Of course, I minded! I was standing with my nose glued to the corner and my bare ass sticking out into the room. I didn't want to, as I feared the consequences, but I figured that Aunty Sue had not foreseen this, so she would be okay with me pulling my pants up and going to my room. I thought I would stand against the wall in my room with my pants down until she came home. She'd be okay with that?

As I was about to decide, I heard Auntie Sue come in and greet the three of them. I was saved!

I heard Aunt Chrissie say to her, "I totally forgot that David was still in the corner when I invited Mandy and Tamara. He's, like, freaking out. Do you want to go deal with it?"

Auntie Sue came into the living room while the three held back.

"What's this I hear about your 'freaking out', young man?"

"Aunt Chrissie has two friends over. Girls!" I said. Auntie Sue was so strict with me that even as we conversed, I made sure my nose was pushing into the corner.

"Women. And? Your point?"

"I'm standing in the corner with my bare bum showing!"

Auntie Sue laughed a bit and said, "That is evident. Your point?"

"Well... I... I mean, can I finish my corner time in my room?"

"Of course not. Didn't I say that you were to do corner time right here, no exceptions, no excuses?"

"yes..."

"Did I say except if we have visitors?"

"no... but... I thought..."

"No, I did not. And what did I say would happen if you were at all disobedient while you were grounded?"

"That I'd get a... spanking."

I heard giggles from the entranceway as I said that.

"Exactly. Now I'll give you a pass on what I've heard from you so far, but any more backtalk and you'll go across my knee, and I won't care if Chrissie's friends see it or not."

"yes, ma'am," I said in a small voice.

"Your Aunt Chrissie didn't do it deliberately. She honestly forgot that this was your corner time. The world does not revolve around you, David."

"yes, ma'am"

"Alright then. So, you will stand there just like that until 6 pm. You don't have to say anything, and I won't make you turn around to greet Chrissie's friends. When your time is up, I'll let you know and allow you to pull your pants up while you're still facing the corner. And then you'll politely say hello, have dinner with us, and engage in conversation. What will happen if you don't do that?"

"A... spanking."

"In front of?"

"In front of Aunt Chrissie's friends."

"And if I have to do that, I will not show the same concern for your modesty as I'm showing you now. Is that understood?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It's okay, ladies, come on in!" Auntie Sue called out.

I buried my nose ever more deeply into my corner, making myself as small as possible. This could not be happening!

Auntie Sue told them, "This is my eighteen-year-old nephew, David. He's staying with us for first-year university. Don't mind him. He's being punished right now."

I cringed even deeper into the corner. I could not see any of them, but I could imagine two of Aunt Chrissie's hot dance friends staring at my bare ass and the "eighteen-year-old" with his nose in the corner like a six-year-old.

"What did he do?" asked one of the guests. A lovely, feminine voice.

"He snooped in our room. Went through *all* our drawers," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Oh! What a little sneak!"

"Why are his pants down?" asked the other, sounding amused.

Auntie Sue answered. "Well, since he had no concern for our privacy and modesty, I think it's fitting. I also gave him a good bare-bottom spanking over my knee immediately after the incident. It reminds him of that and what will happen if he does anything like it again. He's on day ten of a two-week grounding and must spend an hour a day from 5 pm to 6 pm standing there like that. It also reminds him that I will spank him if he gets snippy during his grounding."

Aunt Chrissie said, "and I'm so sorry, but it was getting so routine that I, like, *totally* forgot!"

"Wow," said one of the girls. "You treat him like a little kid."

"Well, come on," said the other, "he snooped in their room. Can you believe that?"

"I'm not saying he doesn't deserve it; it's just that he looks like a little kid standing there with his nose right in the corner like that. And spanked like a little kid too."

"He has a cute butt, though."

"He does!"

"He must be so embarrassed. Ha ha!"

They both laughed at me as I buried my nose deeper into the corner, wishing the ground would open up and swallow me down whole.

"With you two here, I'll bet he's hard," said Aunt Chrissie.

"No way!"

"Sue, can I make him turn?"

"No. I promised him I'd preserve what little modesty he has left while your friends are here."

"Awww," said Aunt Chrissie, sounding disappointed.

Aunt Chrissie came up to me and peered around me into the corner.

"Oh, David!" she exclaimed. "You're shameless!"

"Is he hard?"

"The tip is practically sticking into the corner."

I whimpered in embarrassment as the ladies laughed at me.

"I like how he's standing, with his butt sticking out into the room like that."

"It's because Sue insists that his nose goes right into the corner the whole time, touching both walls. It sticks his bum out."

"You can sort of see a hint of bumhole."

"Yes!"

"Poor kid."

"He's lucky his aunt doesn't make him turn around."

"Well, he better be on his best behaviour at dinner if he doesn't want us to see his hard little weenie while his aunt spanks him."

"Does he cry when he gets spanked?"

"Oh yes! At the drop of a hat. Even before his spanking starts. He cries like a little girl. Sue uses the back of her hairbrush and gives him a super hard spanking. He kicks and screeches, crying big wet tears, apologizing, and promising to be a good little boy before Sue lets him up."

"How emasculating for a guy."

"It is."

"I'd love to see that."

"You will if he isn't on his very best behaviour," said Aunty Sue, pointedly at me, I believed.

The ladies then lost interest in me, served wine, and chatted amongst themselves.

When my hour was up, Aunty Sue let me know. I could bend over and pull up my underpants and pants while facing the corner. I was acutely aware of the show I must have been putting on as I bent down with all their eyes on me.

When my pants were up, Aunty Sue called me over to be "properly introduced".

Their names were Mandy and Tamara. And, as I suspected, both of them had hot bodies. Of the two, Tamara was the more gorgeous. A lithe dancer's body, sleek legs, tummy, and great breasts that were neither too small nor too large. Long dark hair with bangs. Cute little librarian glasses. Delicate features. Luscious lips. I was in lust. I blushed hard, linking her face and body to the lady seeing my bare butt in the corner.

I had to make a real effort to engage in the conversation and stay focussed. Every fibre of my being wanted to run to my room and hide my face in shame.

Fortunately, I got through dinner and afterwards without any incident and miraculously remained unspanked on that occasion.

When they left, Mandy just said "bye," but Tamara gave me a hug, patted my bum, and whispered, "you do have a cute ass."

I was in heaven!

Chapter 17: A Visit From Mom

My grounding was long over, and my homework and spanking routine had been firmly established during the first two months. Just after that was when my mom came for her first visit. She was to stay overnight in the spare room. She settled in, and we all had an enjoyable dinner together. Mom was pleased to hear that I had been doing much better at school lately and that Auntie Sue was "keeping me on the straight and narrow".

After dinner, Mom asked us to sit with her in the living room. She went to her room and came out holding a short thick length of leather. She held it out and said, "this was the strap our father used on us."

It looked old, rough-hewn, and handmade. It was about nine inches long and a good quarter of an inch thick. It had no separate handle; it was just a thick old piece of tack-shop leather. Mom passed it around, and we each felt its heft.

"He would put us girls across his knee and use that on our bare bottoms. My goodness, how we howled."

"It's true," said Auntie Sue. "I didn't know you still had it."

"I found it as we cleaned out Dad's garage after he passed."

"But today, I think we need to bring it out of retirement to use on a very naughty boy who had no regard whatsoever for the trust his aunties put in him."

I audibly gulped as all eyes turned to me.

"But... but... but I've already been punished for that!" I wailed.

"You may have been punished by your aunts, but you have not been punished by me, and I want to make sure Sue and Chrissie both see how seriously I take this sort of thing."

"But Mom, you don't believe in spanking..."

"I don't believe in spanking young children, but for an eighteen-year-old boy who should know better and who has voluntarily consented to be subject to corporal discipline, well, that's a different matter altogether."

Mom stood and took an armless dining room chair and brought it over to the living room area. "Ladies, is this okay here?"

"Absolutely," said Auntie Sue.

Mom sat with the fearsome strap in her hand. She was wearing just a simple dress and low-heeled sensible shoes.

"Come over here, David. Stand here. Right beside me, on my right side."

I went over to her as if in a dream.

Mom put the strap on her lap, reached her hands out, and began unfastening my belt.

"Mom, no!" I cried, trying to stop her hands. It was less about my aunts seeing me than about *her* seeing me!

Mom slapped my hands away and said, "you have nothing to say about this. I was going to give you six strokes. That backtalk earned you a seventh. Backtalk me again, and it will be eight."

She went back to unfastening my belt, followed by the clasp of my pants, and then unzipping them. She took hold of my pants on either side of my waist, but before she pulled down, she asked,

"Ladies, I'm assuming pants down in front of both of you is okay?"

"Oh yes, he's used to that," said Aunty Sue.

Mom pulled my pants down and guided them to my ankles, leaving me in my underpants. I had on a button shirt, and Mom undid the lower four buttons, pulled up the corners of the shirt, wrapped them around above my belly button, and tied them in a knot, exposing my midriff.

"Underpants down?" she asked.

"That's been our practice," Aunty Sue said.

"That was Daddy's practice as well," said Mom.

"I also remember how he tied up our blouses like that to keep them out of his way when he strapped us," added Aunty Sue.

"Exactly," said Mom.

She then reached her hand out to the sides of my underpants and pulled them right down.

"Oh my goodness!" Mom said with a giggle. "He's erect. And completely bald!"

This could not be happening! My mom. My actual mom. Seeing my bare genitals. Fully erect! I felt mortified with embarrassment.

"I figured as long as he was subject to spankings, the little boy look down below suited him," said Aunty Sue.

"I cannot disagree, but does he always get that erect before a spanking?"

"He sure does," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Turn around and show your aunties," Mom said as if Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie had not seen my erect private parts dozens of times. But I turned as I was told to.

"I'm no expert, and maybe I'm biased as his mother, but is that a very fine cock?"

"It is!" said Aunt Chrissie.

"Mom!" I said.

"Oh, shush you," Mom said, "that's a good thing. I want to be a grandmother someday, and I think my chances just went up."

"Mom!?!"

"What, are you embarrassed?"

"Yes!"

"Imagine how embarrassed your Aunty Sue and I were when our father had our panties down with our blouses up like that. Until quite old, and even sometimes with relatives visiting. We had to endure some choice comments about how 'happy' we would make our future husbands."

"Oh, don't remind me," said Aunty Sue.

This was all new information about Mom and Aunty Sue.

Mom spread her legs and pulled her dress up to uncover her pantyhose.

"There we go; it can go here while I spank you."

She took my arm and pulled me towards her lap. I went over, placing my very erect penis between her thighs where she had indicated. She closed her legs together, pinching my penis between them. I squirmed in psychic discomfort as I felt my mom's soft, warm, pantyhosed thighs squeezing my hard cock.

She angled her upper body and wrapped her left arm around me, her hand resting outside my thigh. She took the strap in her right hand and placed it squarely onto my bottom.

"Seven strokes, young man."

I thought at the time that seven strokes would be no big deal. That Mom must be a total amateur at this compared to Aunty Sue. Famous last thoughts.

I felt Mom lifting the strap and then bringing it down with a massive CRACK right across the centers of my two ass cheeks.

My legs kicked out straight behind me, and I let out a massive "ARGGGGGGGGH!" cry.

"Oh, I know. I know," said Mom. Aunty Sue laughed.

That strap was ridiculous!!!! I'd never felt anything like it. It felt like it had seared my backside as if I had been branded. I reached back

involuntarily with my right hand and clutched at my seared ass.

"Look at the mark already!" said Aunt Chrissie excitedly.

"Move your hand, David," said Aunty Sue. "Yes. A perfect inch-wide rectangle of pain, square at the end. Excellent stroke, Sarah," said Aunty Sue.

"Thank you. Get yourself properly back on my lap, David. Put your toes on the floor."

"May I suggest your right leg clamping over both of his at the backs of his knees?"

"I'll try that." My Mom moved her leg around and wrapped it around the backs of mine. In the process, I had to move more over her left leg and felt jackknifed over more. I knew I was presenting an even more humiliating profile to Mom.

"Like this?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Aunty Sue.

"Now, David," Mom said, "I'll let it pass on the first one, but don't let your hands leave the floor in front of you again, or I'll add another extra stroke."

"Yes, Mommy," I said, the tears beginning to flow.

"Mommy," guffawed Aunt Chrissie, mocking me.

Mom prepared for the second stroke and brought it down as hard as the first. CRACK!

"AWWWWW OHHHHH EEEEEEE!" I wailed.

"Yes, yes, yes, we know. We know. That was two; you have five more coming."

"No, Mommy! Please! No! I won't be able to take it! Please!"

"Oh, you can take it, alright. The record was your Aunty Sue, who took eighteen from Daddy."

"Again, don't remind me," groaned Aunty Sue.

"And that was from a strong workman who used his hands all day. If your Aunty Sue could take that, you can take this. Mind you, I recall her literally not sitting for a week."

"What did you do???" asked Aunt Chrissie.

"Caught by Mom making out with a girl in my bedroom with the door closed. They thought they could strap the gay out of me. That strapping was truly epic. It even worked for a while."

"You never told me *any* of this," said Aunt Chrissie, sounding put out.

"You never asked," responded Aunty Sue.

"Explains a lot," muttered Aunt Christie.

"Now, young man," Mom said, turning her attention back to me. "That was two; you have FIVE more coming. I expect you to take them like a man. Before the next one, tell us why you find yourself here, with your bare bottom sticking up, getting the strap from me in front of your aunties. Go ahead."

I was snivelling and crying already, but I collected myself and said, "because I was snooping in Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie's bedroom."

"Correct. Did I raise you to be a little sneak like that?"

"No, Mommy."

"No, I did not. Are you going to do anything remotely like that ever again?"

"No, Mommy! Never! I promise!"

"You promise, do you? I don't believe your promise. Maybe I will after another five strokes."

"No! Mommy Please! I promise! I really do! I won't ever..."

CRACK!

"AAAAAAHHHHHHH! OOOOOOOOOH!"

"Please, Mommy! No! I won't! I won't, I Promise. Please! Not another one. Please! I promise. No! No! No No!"

CRACK!

"AAAAHOOOOEEEEEE!"

"Only three more. You're wriggling around much too much. I'll put the next one down low here, right across the backs of your thighs. You'll feel that one..."

"No! Mommy! Not there! Not there!"

CRACK!

"AWWWWWAAAWWWAWAWAW!"

"Did you like it there?"

"Noooooo!"

"So settle down. If you don't, I'll add one and put all the rest there. You have two more to go."

"oh oh oh oh."

"Bend over more, head on the floor, up on your toes, present that naughty bottom nice and high. That's a good boy. I'm putting the next one right here, right where you sit. Are you ready?"

"Noooo, no, no, no..."

CRACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAG!!!!!"

"Back up. Stick your bottom back up again. Last one. Present it properly. Same spot."

"Noooooo! Mommy! No! Please!"

CRACK!

"AAAAAEEEEEOOOOO!!!!!"

"Good boy. That was the last one. It's all over now."

The pain continued searing into my backside, and I writhed and cried across Mom's knee for another half minute.

Mom unhooked her leg and helped me to stand. I was crying giant wet tears and gasping for breath.

"Stand over there. Turn around. Bend over a bit. Let's see your bottom."

I limped to the center of the room, turned away from them and bent over.

"Oh my!" Mom said. "It looks so much more colourful from back here."

"Wow. I can see six distinct strap marks," said Chrissie. "And that one you doubled up on. Owie! He won't be sitting comfortably for a week."

Mom took over again.

"Turn around, David. Put your hands on your heads. Yes, leave your pants and underpants exactly where they are. Now, what have you got to say to your aunts?"

I turned and managed to choke out, between my snot and my tears, an apology: "I'm sorry for invading your privacy and snooping around your room, Ma'am and Miss. And thank you, Mommy, for giving me extra punishment."

"Very nice! Even thanking me for your strapping. Did your Aunty Sue teach you to do that?"

"Yes, Mommy."

"We had to do that after Daddy strapped us, so I know where she learned it."

"But just look at him blubbering and crying like a child. He's always been a sensitive boy. When he was growing up, all I had to do was give him a disappointed look and he burst into tears. I never had the heart to punish him after that. Looks like *that* was a mistake."

"One that we're correcting now," agreed Aunty Sue.

Mom spoke to me again, "I see your penis has shrunken down to size. It's just a nub now. Hiding away like a little turtle in its shell, So cute. Don't let the girls see you like that, sweetheart; you're a 'grower', not a 'shower'."

"Yes, Mommy."

Mom then held out the strap in both hands and presented it to Aunty Sue.

"Sue, I'd like you to keep this strap. Please use it on my son whenever you think he's earned it."

"Why, thank you, Sarah; I'd be honoured to be its guardian and put it to good use when called for."

Mom turned back to me.

"You may take your hands off your head, unfasten your blouse, and pull up your pants and panties, and we'll speak no more of this incident."

"Yes, Mommy. Thank you, Mommy," I said as I dried my tears with the back of my hand and hurried to do as I was told. I did not bother correcting her that I wore underpants, not panties. I didn't know why she said that.

Chapter 18: An Unexpected Spanking

Mom stayed over that night and was going to stay over one more. Aunt Sue and Mom would hang out together while I was at school.

I got home in the afternoon to the familiar sounds of a spanking being administered in Aunt Sue and Aunt Chrissie's bedroom. I figured Aunt Chrissie had misbehaved somehow and was paying the price. I wondered where Mom was and if she was hearing this as well. Perhaps, for the sake of privacy, she had elected to go for a walk while that spanking was going on?

I went into the living room to relax and enjoy the sound of Aunt Chrissie's bare butt getting beat by Aunt Sue. I was hoping for some bare-ass corner time afterwards where I could admire a nice red, uber-cute bubble-butt sticking out into the room as Aunt Chrissie struggled to keep her nose glued in the corner.

I heard the front door opening and thought, "oh-oh, Mom's home early, and the spanking is still happening." But then, in walks Aunt Chrissie into the living room.

"I thought you were getting spanked," she said.

"I thought you were," I replied

We both looked at each other.

"Where's my mom?" I asked.

"Oh... My... God!" said Aunt Chrissie.

We both got up, went to the closed bedroom door, and listened. We could hear a sound spanking being administered and heard the little squeaks and cries of distress.

"Is that your mom's voice?" asked Aunt Chrissie.

"I don't know," I said honestly. It was indistinct.

"I think your mom's getting a spanking," she said.

"Maybe Aunt Sue's getting the spanking?"

"Fat chance."

We heard the spanking coming to an end. Suddenly the door opened, and Mom came out. She was startled to see us and said, "Oh! You two are home..."

She looked dishevelled, and her eyes looked wet.

"I just have to go... ummm... freshen up." And she walked away hastily.

Aunt Sue came out, looking like the cat who caught the canary. She crossed her arms, leaned against the doorway with a smirk, and watched

Mom's tail end recede towards the bathroom. She was holding a hairbrush in her hand.

"Did you... spank... Sarah?" asked Aunt Chrissie.

"Mmm... just taking care of some unresolved family business."

Both our mouths hung open. My mom had gotten a *spanking* from Aunt Sue. Oh, my God.

We went back into the living room with Aunt Sue. A few minutes later, Mom came out.

"I didn't realize you two would be home this early," Mom said, still looking flushed.

"Were you just spanked by Aunt Sue?" I asked straight out.

"Well, if you must know, yes."

"Why?" I asked.

"You don't need to know the details, but suffice it to say there was something I did years ago involving your Aunt Sue that I was feeling guilty about, and so we put it to rights."

"It was water under the bridge to me," Aunt Sue added, "long forgiven and forgotten. But she asked me to, and I was happy to help. I do confess to feeling a certain sense of satisfaction doing it. Perhaps it was not entirely forgiven and forgotten, but now it certainly is."

"Did you use the strap?" I asked

"I did not. Unlike you, young man, your mother did not deserve that. Just my hand and the hairbrush."

"Was it... an 'all over' hairbrushing?" Asked Aunt Chrissie.

When Aunt Sue is more serious about a spanking, she uses the hairbrush everywhere, bum crack, back of the thighs, insides of the thighs, even super high up.

My Mom looked down and blushed furiously.

Aunt Sue said, "That is none of either of your businesses; I've said too much already. Unless you'd like a good all-over hairbrushing in the bedroom, young lady, I suggest you start preparing dinner."

"Yes, Ma'am," said Aunt Chrissie, hurrying towards the kitchen.

"And as for you, young man, unless you'd like a good strapping from me in front of your mother, I suggest you get back to work. It's not quitting time yet."

"Yes, Aunt Sue," I said and hurried towards my desk.

I heard Mom say as I was leaving, "my, you have them both so well-trained, and now I truly understand how."

Chapter 19: David Spanked for Tracking in Mud

While I got spanked plenty by Aunty Sue, I always wondered whether Aunt Chrissie also had 'spanking privileges' over me. I was to find out.

I knew there was an implicit pecking order in the house. Aunty Sue on top, Aunt Chrissie next, and me on the bottom. One way this was actualized was that my spankings were public, in front of Aunt Chrissie, whereas hers were behind closed doors. Aunt Chrissie had scolded me and even punished me a bit, and I had no doubt that if I disrespected or disobeyed her, and she told Aunty Sue, my ass would get torn up. But could Aunt Chrissie spank me?

I was careless one day and forgot to clean my shoes on the doormat or take them off when I got into the house. I walked in, saw Aunt Chrissie vacuuming, and said hi to her.

"What the fuck!?! David! You're tracking in mud! I just cleaned those carpets!!!"

I looked back and had a deep 'oh shit' feeling in my stomach. There were muddy footprints right up to where I was standing.

"Oh crap, sorry, Aunt Chrissie!"

"Take your shoes off. Carefully. And put them on the mat near the door."

I did as she instructed.

"Get your pants down. Lean against the wall."

It looked like Aunt Chrissie did have spanking rights over me. I dropped my pants and leaned with my hands against the wall.

"Those too," she said, referring to my underpants. I sighed and dropped them to my ankles to join my pants.

Aunt Chrissie came beside me and scolded me about being so thoughtless. She reached down, took the house slipper off her foot, went behind me, and swung the slipper at my ass hard!

"Owww!" I cried out. That little shoe was vicious!

"Stand still!" she said, taking several more swings at my bare ass that had me dancing, crying, and twisting away from the pain.

"What's going on here!?!"

It was Aunty Sue, hearing the commotion and coming from a different part of the house.

"Just look at what he did!" Aunt Chrissie said, showing Aunty Sue the muddy tracks.

"Very poor form, David. That certainly deserves punishment. But what are you doing, Chrissie?"

"I'm... punishing him."

"Are you allowed to spank David?"

"Well, *not officially*, but look at this mess."

"I appreciate the mess, but you're not allowed to spank him; we talked about that."

"I know, but... look at the mud he tracked in!"

"I see the mud, and I'll punish him for it. But we discussed you spanking him, and why is it I don't allow it?"

"Because I'm new to it and don't know what I'm doing and may hurt him?"

"You do know. Look at this. And this here." Aunty Sue said as she pointed out my right hip and lower back area. They had both been hit pretty hard, and it looked like they might bruise.

"David, pull up your pants. Give me that slipper, young lady; I'll teach you how to properly give a slipper spanking."

I got my pants up. Aunt Chrissie looked scared.

"No. Please, Sue. I'm sorry. I just saw red."

"And now I'm about to see red as well, on your ass."

She calmly fetched an armless wooden chair from the next room, brought it to where we were, sat it on the floor, sat on it, and motioned Aunt Chrissie to come over.

"Noooo. Not in front of him!"

"I'll keep your panties up, young lady. Come here."

Aunt Chrissie reluctantly went over. I was going to see, for the first time, Aunt Chrissie get a spanking!

Aunty Sue reached out and lowered Aunt Chrissie's shorts revealing her little pony panties (she often wore childish panties like that and would parade around in them). She then pulled her by the arm and dropped her across her knee. She picked up the slipper from beside her and began slipper-spanking Aunt Chrissie on the seat of her panties.

Those were hard swats, and Aunt Chrissie reacted accordingly. But unlike Aunt Chrissie, each of Aunt Sue's swats was perfectly placed, targeting her fleshy low ass cheeks and the tops of her thighs, first pinkening them and then reddening them quite thoroughly.

It was so exciting to see this despite the panties being kept up. Aunt Chrissie wriggled and kicked, but Aunt Sue held her tightly. Aunt Chrissie cried out with each swat and apologized for her actions. But Aunt Sue was relentless in punishing those remarkably cute rear cheeks. What an exciting show for an eighteen-year-old spanko boy!

Aunt Sue finished the spanking, stood her up, and restored her shorts.

"No spanking without permission and supervision. Are we clear?"

"Yes, Sue."

"As for you, young man," she said, turning to me.

Uh oh.

"Despite what you've just witnessed, you must obey your Aunt Chrissie, or you'll have me to deal with. Understood?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered.

"Your turn. Come over here. Drop your pants and underpants. Lie across my lap."

"But Aunt Chrissie just spanked me!"

"Yes, she did, and now I'm going to do a much safer, more thorough, and more effective job of it. Get over my lap."

I walked over to Aunt Sue. Aunt Chrissie was rubbing her bum but smirking at my fate. Whatever she got, I would likely get worse.

I re-dropped my pants and undies to my ankles. I had a boner, of course, having just seen Aunt Chrissie's sexy 'lap dance' across Aunt Sue's knee.

"Did you enjoy seeing my wife spanked?" she asked, looking straight at my erection, tapping it with the slipper.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said. There was no point lying about it. The evidence was plain as day.

"I'm hoping Chrissie will enjoy your spanking twice as much, seeing as it will be twice as long and twice as hard."

I'm a computer guy and a bit of a math geek. All I thought of is that would mean she should enjoy it four times as much, no? Or, remembering my Economics course, maybe that's not how the utility function for the enjoyment of spankings works?

I draped myself across my Aunty's knee and awaited my fate.

"Now watch, Chrissie. This area here is where you want to concentrate a good spanking."

She rubbed my low ass cheeks with the slipper as she said it.

"And down here a bit."

She went down the backs of my thighs.

"You want to avoid these areas."

She ran the slipper down my flanks and along the topmost part of my ass.

"And be careful to modulate in here."

She patted my inner thighs

"Nerves are running down here that you don't want to traumatize, and you certainly don't want to accidentally strike his testicles.

"A slipper has two ends you can use. If you grasp at the heel and spank with the toe end, it's lighter and whippier."

Aunty Sue demonstrated by spanking my sit spots that way.

"Or, you can grasp it at the toe end and use the heel end to spank. That gives a deeper sort of impact."

She flipped the shoe around in her hand and gave me a few whacks with the heel end that had me immediately yelping and jumping practically off her lap from the pain.

I never feared a slipper before now, but now I did! It was an old and supple tan-coloured slip-on house shoe. The soles were made of flexible rubber. The rubber at the toes was thin, maybe only an eighth of an inch thick and bent easily. The rubber at the heels was more like half an inch thick and relatively inflexible.

Aunty Sue began spanking my sit spots with the slipper, going lightly and using the toe end.

"Remember that it's usually the very end part of any implement that does the most damage, especially if there's a bit of bend in it. So, you want to aim the end very deliberately. Do you see how I'm aiming the tip of the shoe at my target? The goal is to be controlled and know precisely what type of punishment you're inflicting.

"You want to warm up the surface a bit first. The sum of the amount of pain he takes is always about the same. You can do it in ten seconds and make it unbearable, or you can stretch it out over ten minutes so he has time

to contemplate what he did wrong and why he's being punished for it. It's the same sum punishment, but which one is better?"

"The longer one," said Aunt Chrissie.

"The longer one, exactly, up to a limit."

Aunty Sue ramped up the force and the speed to the point where I was really yelping with each strike. It stung like mad, and she was still using only the toe part. She worked her way down the backs of my thighs and towards the insides. She also went back to my ass, pulled a cheek apart, and spanked inside the cleft and onto the newly discovered butt skin exposed by her pull. I knew my bum hole was completely 'on display' as she did this. Always an embarrassing part of any of Aunty Sue's spankings.

"Now I'll finish him off with the heel part."

Oh no.

Aunty Sue flipped the slipper around, grabbing it by the toe. She then used the unyielding heel end to repeatedly spank my low ass cheeks.

I don't know if it was twice, but it sure seemed that way. Twice as fast. Twice as hard. Twice as long.

By the end, I was kicking, screaming, and hollering at the top of my lungs. It seemed to go on and on, kept right at – or slightly over – the 'just bearable' line. As Aunty Sue said, I had a very long time to contemplate precisely what got me across her knee and how to avoid it in the future.

Finally, my spanking was over. Aunty Sue let me up, and I stood, tears in my eyes and my nose sniffing with snot. I desperately wanted to rub but knew that rubbing was prohibited until permitted.

"That was... spectacular," Aunt Chrissie said.

Aunty Sue took me by the ear and led me straight to the wall there in the hallway. She looked around and picked up a coin from where we kept loose change. She held it up to the wall and told me to put my nose against it. She then took a nearby scarf and loosely tied my hands behind my back.

"If that coin is dropped, or my scarf is not tied exactly as I have it now, you'll be across my knee for a repeat performance with the slipper."

She gave Aunt Chrissie back her slipper. Aunt Chrissie slipped it back onto her foot.

"Chrissie, please clean up this mess. I'm sorry you have to do it again. David, you will stay right there until the carpet is clean again. No rush, Chrissie. Feel free to take breaks."

Fortunately, Aunt Chrissie is a dedicated housewife, and she got straight to work with the vacuum and the carpet spray, the foamy stuff, and the carpet scrubber. She scolded me the entire time she did it, and said she hoped I had learned my lesson.

When she was done, she called Aunty Sue over to inspect. Aunty Sue was complimentary of Aunt Chrissie's efforts. I was released from my timeout (finally!) and allowed to rub, which I did, trying to rub out the thousand ants crawling up and down my spanked flesh.

"Don't think you're getting any cold cream from me," Aunt Chrissie said.

"He'll have to go without," Aunty Sue agreed with a smile.

Chapter 20: Chrissie Messes Up

Despite that one quick spanking over her panties, I felt the double standard that my bare-bottom spankings were in front of Aunt Chrissie, but hers were behind closed doors. I did get to see some panties-pulled-down corner time, but not every spanking involved corner time – though I was grateful when it did – and I always got a terrible boner at the sight. However, there did come a time when Aunt Chrissie's misbehaviour impacted me, and I was allowed to watch, and more. Much more.

I had been working hard on an English Literature essay that was due on a Wednesday afternoon. Aunty Sue was making sure I was keeping my nose to the grindstone and critiquing my drafts. I received more than one spanking over that fucking essay.

It was done on time, with the final polish going on and approved by Aunty Sue on Tuesday night (no spanking, yay!).

However, it was so time-consuming that I fell behind on other courses. I had no classes on Wednesday, so to give me time to have an uninterrupted day of studying, Aunt Chrissie volunteered to drop my essay off at my professor's office before the 2 pm deadline. She had arranged a lunch with grad student friends on campus and said it was no big deal and she would be happy to. Aunty Sue approved the plan.

You can probably guess where *this* is headed.

Aunt Chrissie was out most of the day and returned only at 5 pm to prepare dinner with the groceries she had acquired. Aunty Sue and I were in the living room reading when Aunt Chrissie bustled in with the groceries. I got up to help bring the rest in from the car.

When we were done with that, I remembered to thank Aunt Chrissie: "Oh, and thank you, Aunt Chrissie, for dropping off my essay."

"Oh... shit..." she said, turning pale.

"What?" asked Aunty Sue pointedly.

Aunt Chrissie sheepishly looked inside her bag and pulled out my essay. "I forgot..." she said.

"Oh! Chrissie!" said Aunty Sue.

"Aunt Chrissie!" I wailed in dismay. "Any lateness at all is punished with a 25% mark deduction!"

"I'm sorry!" she said.

"How FUCKING irresponsible!" said Aunty Sue, sounding really angry. She rarely swears, but when she does, there's trouble coming your way.

"I was having lunch with my friends, and we were talking and having fun, and then we decided to go out clothes shopping together, and it just, it just, slipped my mind..."

"And was alcohol served at lunch?"

"yes..."

"Oh Chrissie!"

"It's a 25% deduction!" I wailed, practically in tears. I had worked soooo hard on that essay. This would jeopardize my marks, program admission, scholarship... everything!

"Who's the professor?" asked Aunty Sue.

"Professor Simpson."

"Professor Beverly Simpson, English department?"

"Yes. That's her. She's super strict about deadlines."

"I know her. Let me call and see if we can't work something out."

Aunty Sue got out her mobile phone and dialed her.

"Hi, Beverly?"

...

"Yes, hi, it's Susan from the Business School. We've met before."

...

"Yes, exactly. It was the Women in Academia conference committee. I was chairing."

...

"Thank you. You were terrific as well. I couldn't have pulled it off without you and Joyce. How is she?"

...

"Oh, that's super."

...

"Listen, the reason for my call is a bit embarrassing. And I'm very sorry to disturb you like this."

...

"Okay, thank you, I appreciate it. I have my nephew staying with us. David Delmar. He's in your first-year English Lit class."

...

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that. He started off unfocussed, but we hope we've turned the corner on that.

...

"Front row. Speaking up. Always well-prepared. He's standing right here now. Blushing.

...

"Ha ha! Yes. Yes, I did. The whip was indeed cracked.

...

"Listen, there was a major screwup in my household, not at all of David's making. It involved my partner Chrissie; we had dinner with Joyce once, if you recall?

...

"Yes. That's her. She is quite a little bundle. Well, the plan was to have her drop off David's assignment so he could study all day. She went to lunch with friends, alcohol was served, and she carelessly forgot to drop it off. I understand there's a strict 25% deduction for lateness? The essay is right here in my hand. I can vouch that it was ready to go, unaltered, yesterday evening.

...

"Oh well, that's very, very kind of you. I'll send Chrissie around tomorrow morning to drop it off and apologize.

...

"I think it is necessary. Very necessary. Will you have a moment in the morning to see her?

...

"9:15 am it is. She'll be waiting outside your office at 9 am and will knock on your door promptly at 9:15 am.

...

"That would be really lovely. I think Chrissie will owe you her best dinner as well. Let's find a time for you and Joyce to come over. I'll email you some dates.

...

"Looking forward. Thank you again. That's very understanding. And so sorry to have to bother you with this.

...

"Bye-bye."

Aunty Sue hung up the phone.

"She won't be assessing a deduction."

"Oh, thank God!" I said.

"And you dodged a bullet, young lady," Aunty Sue said to Aunt Chrissie.

"Phew!"

"And you'll drop his assignment off tomorrow morning, 9:15 am, without fail? And apologize to Beverly?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Okay, then. Looks like I won't need to get Daddy's strap out today. But don't think you're getting off Scot free, young lady. I think a good 'all over' hand-spanking is called for."

"Oh.. geeze. Yeah, okay, Sue."

Aunt Chrissie was blushing now! Aunty Sue has a 'spanking', which is mostly on your butt, but she also has her 'all over' variety, which means everything gets spanked, from your waist down to your knees: fronts, sides, backs, and insides. Right into the crevices, which means parted butt cheeks and legs spread wide to reach those inner areas. And not just 'inner areas', but deep, deep up in there, right at the creases. Aunt Chrissie had good reason to be blushing.

"...including fronts and tops," added Aunty Sue.

I did not know what that meant, but Aunt Chrissie seemed to blush and cringed some more.

"And," Aunty Sue went on, "as David is the aggrieved party here..."

"No!" yelled Aunt Chrissie.

"... as David is the aggrieved party here, we'll do it right here in the living room where he can watch."

"NO!" shouted Aunt Chrissie. I'd never heard her say that to Aunty Sue before!

"Oh, I see. Will I need to get out my father's strap after all? Give you a good dozen for disobedience and backtalk on top of what you're already getting?"

"no... Sue... It's just... well... may I say something?"

"You may, as long as it's respectful."

"Well, I mean, I think I do deserve a spanking, and yeah, a bit in front of him. But not an 'all over' spanking, and not the fronts and tops also. Okay, Sue? Please?"

"Thank you for your input, Chrissie, but I've decided to go in a different direction. A nude 'all-over' spanking, including 'fronts and tops', out here in the living room, in front of David."

"Ohh..."

"Don't you 'ohh' me, young lady. Do you know how embarrassing it was for me to make that call to Beverly?"

"yes, ma'am"

"If you're going to embarrass me like that, I'm going to embarrass you like this."

"yes, ma'am," Aunt Chrissie said, resigned to her fate.

Oh boy! I was going to see Aunt Chrissie catch it 'all over' including 'fronts and tops' whatever that meant.

"Strip!" Aunty Sue commanded.

Aunt Chrissie began unbuttoning her blouse, slumping and looking very downcast.

"Not like a little lump. Strip gracefully. You have an appreciative audience here," Aunty Sue said sarcastically, gesturing to encompass both of us. "David and I are going to rate your performance out of 10. I'll give you two with Daddy's strap for every point under 10. Make your stripping good and sexy to earn your points."

Aunt Chrissie instantly straightened up. With more confidence, she began teasingly undoing the buttons of her blouse. When it was open, she rubbed herself all over her top, rubbing her tits through her bra. She took the blouse off, displaying her tits in her sexy black lace bra.

"Much better," said Aunty Sue. "Trending a 10, don't you think, David."

"Yeah, definitely a 10."

She reached down for the zipper of the mini skirt she had on. She unzipped and wriggled it down her hips, shaking herself side-to-side to do it. She had leggings on underneath. She sat and pulled her leggings off as if she was removing silk stockings. She moved her legs like a cabaret dancer.

"Can I give her an 11?" I asked rhetorically. Aunty Sue laughed. I had such a boner for Aunt Chrissie right then!

When the leggings were off, she stood up again, facing us. She wore a matching pair of black lace panties and black lace pushup bra.

"Very nice lingerie selection tonight, sweetheart. What do you think, David?"

"Super sexy. I like how the bra, kind of, pushes up."

Aunty Sue laughed. "It's literally called a 'push-up bra', David."

"This is so embarrassing," muttered Aunt Chrissie.

"Continue," Aunty Sue told her. "Remember the strap."

She reached up and unhooked her bra in front. As it came off, she brought an arm across her breasts. She removed the bra straps from her shoulders, replacing one arm with the other as she did so. She then brought both hands up to cover her breasts and began massaging herself. She let out a little peek of nipple and then covered up again. She closed her eyes and, with her mouth open, almost as if in orgasm, let her hands drop, fully uncovering her breasts. She flushed and squeezed her legs together as she did this.

She moved her hands to the waistband of her panties, turned three-quarters away from us, and dropped her panties, bending elegantly at the waist, her exciting bare breasts swaying, bending and then straightening first one leg and then the other, like the dancer she was. I could see her bum, and it was, as always, spectacular, as were her tits.

She turned back, facing us, completely naked, with one hand covering her pussy, and the other arm and hand covering her breasts. She looked down and blushed as she opened her fingers to show us her nipple and then squeezed it between her fingers as she pushed her other hand against her pussy and moaned.

Then she straightened up and put her hands to her sides, directly facing us.

This was amazing. And not only was Aunt Chrissie butt naked, blushing, with every bit of her on view, but she was about to get an 'all over', something I had experienced but never witnessed. I had never seen a naked Aunt Chrissie get any kind of spanking from Aunty Sue. I was in heaven.

"*Brava!*" Aunty Sue said. "I don't ever believe in giving a perfect score, but that is an extremely solid 9 out of 10 from me. What's your score, David?"

I could have gotten Aunt Chrissie the strap by agreeing with Aunty Sue, but instead, I said, "I think I'll stick by my 11 if that's okay?"

"Ha ha! Well, that averages to 10, so it looks like no strapping for you, young lady, and you have David to thank for that. But you still have a

spanking coming, so come over here and lie across my lap."

Aunt Chrissie mouthed a "thank you" in my direction and draped herself across Aunty Sue's lap.

We both knew how horrible that thick little strap could be. There was no way either of us would cause the other to receive a strapping. A hand spanking, however, especially 'all over', was a different matter.

Aunty Sue had taken a seat in the centre of the oversized ottoman. This allowed Aunt Chrissie's knees and head to be supported on either side. I sat directly opposite the ottoman, looking sideways at Aunt Chrissie's naked form.

It was perfection itself. Aunt Chrissie's pretty feet and legs extended to Aunty Sue's right side, her knees supported on the ottoman, her feet slightly raised. Her pelvic fold was exactly on Aunty Sue's right leg, and her cute tummy descended into the space between Aunty Sue's legs. This arched her back beautifully so that her ass stuck up perfectly for Aunty Sue to spank. Her upper torso was draped across Aunty Sue's left leg so that her breasts dangled just on the far side of it. Her arms were in front of her, and her head was slightly elevated, arching her upper back backwards, showing off her tits to perfection. My cock was rock hard and straining in my pants.

Aunty Sue opened her palm and held it rigidly with a slight cupping. She raised her hand and brought it down resoundingly on Aunt Chrissie's left butt cheek.

"Oh!" Aunt Chrissie exclaimed as she was spanked.

Aunty Sue began a rhythmic spanking of Aunt Chrissie's bottom, alternating cheeks, quickly bringing up the colour from white to pink to red.

Rather than affecting Aunt Chrissie the way you might think, her cries were not of pain but seemed more like moans of pleasure. The spansks were hard. Very hard. And yet she moaned and stuck her ass up higher to welcome the strikes.

"Good girl, you're taking that well," said Aunty Sue, pausing her spanking and caressing Aunt Chrissie's butt.

Aunty Sue looked up at me and said, "Despite her protestations, I think she's getting off on having you watch, David."

"ohhhh," moaned Aunt Chrissie, sounding embarrassed.

The caressing went on, and Aunty Sue's fingers seemed to drop to Aunt Chrissie's pussy, eliciting even more moaning. I was never caressed when

Aunty Sue spanked me. It was all business.

"You're being a very naughty girl right now, aren't you? Lubricating so freely in front of our young nephew. But just because you're soaking yourself, don't think for one minute that I'll spare you the embarrassment of spreading your legs for your 'all-over' spanking."

"nooooo," Chrissie moaned. She looked over at me, moaned again, and turned back.

Both were getting off on this, and I was not complaining one bit. I was going to see Aunt Chrissie's wet pussy during her spanking!

The spanking continued and, this time, wandered all down the backs of her legs right to above her knees. Aunty Sue had her spread her legs a bit and spanked the insides of her thighs. I was still sideways on, so I didn't see much. I didn't mind. I was transfixed by Aunt Chrissie's heaving breasts, jiggling in the air when she lifted her head, smooshing against Aunty Sue's thigh and the ottoman when she lowered herself, and repeat.

"Turn around now, girl," Aunty Sue said. She pointed her left knee directly at me and moved her right leg out of the way. She started to bring Aunt Chrissie around to straddle her left thigh.

"No, no, no, no. Not like this. Please, Sue! Not in front of *him!*"

"Shush, you little shame artist, you."

Aunty Sue completed the manoeuvre so that Aunt Chrissie's upper body rested on the ottoman, pointing away from me. Her legs became widely spread as they straddled Aunty Sue's leg. Her feet dangled or scabbled for purchase. Aunty Sue used her left hand to put pressure on Aunt Chrissie's lower back, a cue of sorts that caused her to arch her back and jutt out her bottom even more than it was.

Aunt Chrissie's pussy and buttole were on complete display to me. Her pussy especially was mashed up against Aunty Sue's thigh. The top part of it was in direct contact with Aunty Sue's tweedy slacks. The rest of it gaped open at me. Aunt Chrissie usually had a tight little slit, but her pussy lips were puffy and red and spread open so that the folds of her inner lips extruded. It was also damp. Noticeably damp. Glistening with her own juices.

"What do you see, David?" asked Aunty Sue.

"Her p...pussy."

"And what state is it in?"

"It's puffy. Red. Kind of... open. And fucking wet."

"Yes, 'fucking wet', good choice of words."

Aunt Chrissie moaned in a mixture of embarrassment and sexual pleasure.

Aunty Sue returned to spanking Aunt Chrissie, parting her cheeks, focussing on the inner cleft, and even letting her fingertips whip against her little button bumhole, which got the most exciting little yelps and whimpers.

She then moved to the inner thighs, now more accessible, including right up high, nearest Aunt Chrissie's pouty wet pussy. Aunty Sue then rested her spanking hand directly atop Aunt Chrissie's pussy.

"I did say 'all over', young lady."

"nooooo..."

Aunty Sue raised her hand and began directly spanking Aunt Chrissie's pussy. She went directly center and did some angled spanks targeting one pussy lip, then the other. She spread her pussy and spanked more 'inside', striking her inner lips and beyond.

Aunt Chrissie seemed to struggle with this, crying out "oh, ah, oh, no, oh, ah" on every pussy spank. I was enraptured by this pussy spanking.

"Stand up," Aunty Sue said, helping Aunt Chrissie to her feet. She turned her to face me, took her two hands, and held them tightly in one behind her back. This jutted her bare breasts and her pussy out at me. I looked into Aunt Chrissie's eyes, and she quickly turned them away and looked down, blushing intensely.

Aunty Sue then used her hand to spank up and down the fronts and flanks of Aunt Chrissie's thighs which had her dancing in place, hopping from foot to foot, jiggling her firm little tits. She even went higher and spanked her front, including her pussy and pubic region. All her low front beneath the waist was pinkening and starting to redden.

Aunty Sue moved her spanking hand and started spanking Aunt Chrissie's cute, flat little belly. She moved up and up, even to right under her breasts. Would she spank her breasts next???

Aunty Sue ceased the slapping and roughly squeezed and twisted one nipple and then the other. She opened her hand and began slapping her breasts. Top-down, bottom-up, both sides, and directly to the nipples.

"I call this a 'top spanking', David. It's embarrassing for a young lady to endure this in front of a young man."

I must have just been sitting there stunned, with my mouth open, because Aunt Sue said, "close your mouth, darling, you'll catch flies."

When Aunt Sue finished with Aunt Chrissie's breasts, her whole front side, up to and including her breasts, was pink all over, contrasting with the pale white skin above.

"Go stand in front of David and apologize for making him see that. Then apologize for forgetting to hand in his work."

Aunt Chrissie came over and stood in front of me. She was well-pinkened all over.

"I'm... I'm sorry you had to see that. And I'm really, really sorry I forgot to drop off your assignment today like I promised I would."

"That's okay," I said.

"It is not at all 'okay'," said Aunt Sue, "but we appreciate your forgiving spirit. But Chrissie, I think you owe David a more complete apology."

Aunt Chrissie started apologizing again, but before opening her mouth, Aunt Sue cut in, "not with your words, young lady, but with your actions."

Aunt Chrissie looked confused, as was I.

"With your mouth, girl. On his cock. Go to the bedroom and do it properly; I certainly don't need to see it."

What? I was... dumbfounded.

"Sue! Please!"

"Shush, girl. You know you've wanted to do this since you first saw his cock but were too embarrassed to ask either him or me. Well, now you're going to do it, by way of punishment and apology both, and do it properly.

"David, take her to our bedroom and make her give you head. You can ejaculate onto her face, her tits, or right into her mouth for all I care; your choice.

"And, young lady, if he chooses your mouth, you will accept it and swallow every last drop.

"You can be rough with her, David; she likes that. Really pull her onto you by her hair. Make her gag if you can. And feel free to give her a spanking along the way. Just your hand and take it easy. Spank spots only.

"Just understand, this is authorized this once, and the only hole of hers you will penetrate is her mouth. All her other holes belong to me."

Wow.

"Of course, Aunt Sue." I stood up, took Aunt Chrissie by her arm, and began dragging her toward her bedroom. I was not going to let this golden opportunity slip through my fingers. I mean, she *did* deserve it for what she almost did to my life.

"No!" Aunt Chrissie yelled. Of course, that was not her safeword, and I knew enough that 'no' did not, in fact, mean 'no' in this case.

"Yes!" I said and gave her ass a prodigious whack with my open hand that almost lifted her off her feet.

"OH!" she exclaimed as my palm struck her ass.

"Come on, Aunt Chrissie, unless you want more of the same?"

Weird that I still called her "Aunt Chrissie" even though I was so in charge. But old habits die hard.

"No, Sir!" she said, bowing to my will and allowing me to lead her to her bedroom.

Aunt Sue laughed at my boyish 'take charge' but reminded me, "be gentle with her spanking."

Then to Aunt Chrissie, "And young lady, if I don't hear a good report, it'll be the strap."

"Yes, Ma'am," she said.

When we got to her bedroom, I dragged her in and tossed her to her knees. I stood above her, undid my pants, dropped them and my underpants to the floor, and stepped out of them. My cock had been aching hard the whole time.

"Come on, Aunt Chrissie. You don't want the strap. Suck it," I told her, my confidence buoyed by the fact that Aunt Sue had said that Aunt Chrissie fantasized about doing it.

Aunt Chrissie looked me in the eye, greedily dove for my cock with her mouth and hands, and began giving me head, bobbing like a pornstar. She was, of course, still fully naked and pink all over from her slapping, including her tits that I could plainly see as she sucked.

This was my first ever experience having a girl give me head. It felt amazing. Her mouth was warm and soft and wet and slid up and down my shaft and around my tip in an ecstasy of sensation.

Aunt Sue had just given her one hell of an embarrassing spanking and teasing, which seemed to have stoked her fires.

I felt like I might come at any moment, but I wished to prolong the experience. I grabbed the back of her head by her blonde hair and pulled her off me. Still holding her by her hair, I dragged her to the bed where I sat and then pulled her face-down across my lap. Her ass and thighs were already beet red, but it didn't stop me. I nonetheless began spanking her amazing ass with my hand. I was mindful to keep it gentle as I'd been instructed but still managed to give her some good hand slaps that had her kicking her legs and crying out a bit from the first.

"You almost cost me 25% of a really important grade. One I'd been busting my ass over for a month. And that's *literally*, because I can't even count how many spankings I got over that damned English Lit essay."

"I'm so sorry!" Aunt Chrissie wailed. "Ow! Ow! Ow! I'm sorry! I'll never do that again! I'm sorry, David! Please. Please. I'll give you head! If only you stop spanking me, please!?!"

"You'll give me head after I've decided you've been spanked enough," I said while continuing her spanking.

"Yes, David, I understand! Please spank me until you think I've learned my lesson!"

I spanked her a bit longer, just to make my point, and then pushed her off my lap, and she collapsed onto the ground. I sat on the side of the bed with my legs spread and my cock stiff. She crawled up to me and continued with my blow job. She was not reluctant. She was eager for it.

As Aunt Sue suggested, I curled my fingers around the hair behind her head. I then pulled her deeply onto my cock.

Gaw Gaw Gaw Gaw Gaw Gaw Gaw

I stood up and moved a few feet away from the bed. She kept her lips tightly sealed around my cock and crawled on her knees to follow me. When we were in the open, I again grabbed the back of her head and proceeded.

Gaw Gaw Gaw Gaw Gaw Gaw Gaw

I considered pulling out and spraying her tits and face. That would have been fun. But, for my first time, I wanted to come inside a girl. So, I pulled her tightly onto me until her lips were against my abdomen and my balls were on her chin. I held her there while I unloaded right down her throat. I was totally balls deep into her, and she was taking it all.

I let go, and she pulled back, swallowed violently, and took a huge gasp of air.

She looked very spent. I was feeling pretty good about myself!

"Thanks, Aunt Chrissie," I said casually as I pulled my underpants and pants on again. "Sorry I was so rough with you, but Aunt Sue said you'd enjoy it, so..."

"It's okay... I do... and I totally deserved it. But was it good? You're not going to tell Sue it wasn't good, are you? Please? I don't want the strap!"

"I'll think about it," I said, enjoying my power over her, as brief as it may have been.

I left the room to join Aunt Sue in the living room. Aunt Chrissie followed behind, naked and dishevelled.

"How did my girl do?" Aunt Sue asked me.

I looked over at Aunt Chrissie, who looked nervous. "She was terrific!" I said.

"Good girl," she said, talking to Aunt Chrissie, who exhaled in relief. "You may dress."

When Aunt Chrissie was fully dressed, she hugged and snuggled with Aunt Sue.

"Go use some mouthwash."

Aunt Chrissie blushed and ran to the bathroom to gargle.

When she returned, she went back to Aunt Sue, who sniffed her breath and told her that was better.

"Thank you for punishing me," she said.

Aunt Sue then spoke to me. "David, you realize this was a one-time thing, right? You know what the usual pecking order is in this house. Me, your Aunt Chrissie, and then you're low boy. So, you do not order your Aunt Chrissie around, and you do as she says, or else I'll have you over my knee faster than you can say 'Jack Robinson'. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I said.

"Yeah!" Aunt Chrissie said, sticking out her tongue at me, being so brave now that the strap was no longer on the table.

The next day, Aunt Chrissie went and dropped my assignment off. As usual, she looked really slutty/sexy when she dressed. She wore her black leggings, high heels, a super short plaid mini-skirt that showed off her legs,

and a white blouse that looked small around her top. I loved how Aunt Chrissie dressed.

At dinner that night, Aunty Sue asked her about it.

"Were you on time dropping David's assignment off this morning?"

"I was. I was there at 9 am sharp and stood there feeling silly until 9:15 am when I knocked and then handed it over and apologized."

"Did Beverly say anything to you?" Aunty Sue had a little smile on her face. Did she know more than she was letting on?

"Yes," said Aunt Chrissie, seemingly blushing a bit.

"What did she say?" asked Aunty Sue so innocently.

"She said you sounded pretty angry with me when you spoke with her yesterday."

"And?"

"And then she asked if there were any repercussions for me."

"Whatever did you say?"

"I said that there were, and then she said she hoped that whatever it was wasn't too bad, and then she straight out asked what the repercussions were."

"That's a tough situation for you." It seemed like Aunty Sue was enjoying herself entirely too much. "What did you tell her?"

"If you must know, I told her you spanked me." Aunt Chrissie said.

"Ha, ha. I know. Beverly called me right after you left, and we had a long discussion about you. She was fascinated and thought Joyce would be as well. Joyce is a professor in the Gender Studies department. We'll have them both over for supper soon."

"Oh, great," said Aunt Chrissie sarcastically.

But then I started to wonder if I came up at all. Aunty Sue told her over the phone that she was 'keeping my nose to the grindstone' or something.

"Ummm, Aunty Sue? Did I come up in your conversation?"

"In fact, you did. She asked me if I used similar methods to turn you around. I told her I was not at liberty to answer that question."

Oh great. Now my English Lit professor knows Aunty Sue spansks me. How humiliating. How will I face her at my next class?

"But you were at liberty to talk about me?" asked Aunt Chrissie.

"Sweetie, you were the one who told her you got spanked without any additional context. I didn't want her to think I was a wife-beater. I had to

explain the context."

"I suppose so..."

"And besides, you're always talking about wanting to out yourself as a spanking fetishist. Beverly and Joyce would be a perfect couple to start with."

"I guess so..."

"How about you, David? Would you like to out yourself a little amongst friends? Should we include you in our discussion of the benefits of a consensual domestic discipline arrangement? Hmmm?"

Oh geeze. I had to think about that one. So far, only my Mom, Aunty Sue, Aunt Chrissie, and a couple of her friends knew that about me. Having my English Lit professor and her lesbian wife also know that about me? That would be so embarrassing. But I also got that butterfly feeling in my tummy, and my cock started stirring. It would also be so terribly exciting. What if I were spanked in front of them????

"yes," I answered in almost a whisper.

"A discussion and a demonstration?"

"yes"

"Ha ha!" laughed Aunty Sue aloud. "You little spanking fetishists are all alike that way. Little shame artists, the both of you. Well, of course we're not going to be doing any of that if we have them over for dinner."

I didn't know if I was happy or sad about that.

Chapter 21: David is Severely Caned

It wasn't long after Aunt Chrissie's first spanking in front of me that it was me again subject to Aunt Sue's discipline. It was a bad one, and I totally deserved it. Not only did I misbehave, but I deliberately misled Aunt Sue about it for over a month.

For a while now, when I should have been studying, I got into the habit of sneaking in some video games and porn-viewing. Even some discrete masturbation sessions. Dumb, I know. But in my defence, sometimes the schoolwork was just so dull.

Aunt Sue was already angry with me, suspecting I had been idling away my time. She questioned why I put an hour into my work diary for a task she expected would take no more than ten minutes. On several such occasions, she gave me spankings for being so slow. She also asked me point blank if I was padding the time in my diary so I could waste time on non-school things. I lied when I told her I did not do that, and that I was just slow at some things.

Aunt Sue was nobody's fool. On this occasion, she burst into my room before I could react. She caught me in the most compromising situation imaginable with my saliva-wet dick in my hand, headphones on, and watching spanking porn on my computer.

Aunt Sue was particularly scandalized by the nature of the porn. It was a schoolgirl, first caned, then made to give head to her schoolmaster, and then bent over for anal sex. I'm sure it did not help that the actress bore a striking resemblance to Aunt Chrissie. Aunt Sue scrolled through the whole video.

"Are these the things you want to do to a woman???"

"No, not really."

"You are LYING to me!"

I started tearing up.

"No, I'm not. Sometimes I imagine I *am* the girl..."

"Oh, is that your excuse for this misogyny?"

She took me by the ear and dragged me into the living room where Aunt Chrissie was sitting. She did not even allow me to re-fasten my pants or pull up my underpants. She insisted my cock stay out as she dragged me out of my room with a saliva-slick erect penis bobbing in the air.

"Just look at how I caught him when he should have been doing his schoolwork! And you should have seen the disgusting porn he was viewing," she exclaimed to Aunt Chrissie.

"Oh, David," Aunt Chrissie said, sounding disappointed in me.

In fact, this was a put-on from Aunt Chrissie. She seemed to approve cheerily of every possible disgusting perversion imaginable and would have loved my schoolgirl vids. I knew this because sometimes Aunt Chrissie and I would have little 'porn-viewing' parties when Aunty Sue was out. We would take turns casting our favourite spanking porn onto the big TV. Aunt Chrissie had a genuinely filthy mind. She even liked more extreme things, like girls having their pussies tortured. Youch!

Aunty Sue continued: "He's been lying to me for a month now, putting an hour into his work diary for things that take ten minutes, and then using the extra time to surf porn and stroke himself! I even asked him point blank if he was faking his work diary, and he lied straight to my face."

"You are so in for it now, David. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes," said Aunt Chrissie, already looking sorry for me. In her eyes, my sin was less the porn-viewing and more the getting caught doing it.

"Over to the kitchen sink, young man," Aunty Sue said, dragging me by my ear.

When I got there, she stood me up facing it, pulled my half-masted pants and underpants all the way down to my ankles, grabbed me by my testicles, and lifted them up and over the countertop lip so that my penis flopped into the sink and my balls rested on the counter. The countertop was so high that I needed to stand up on my tip-toes to relieve the pressure on my balls.

"If you're so interested in stroking your penis, young man, I'll give it a good stroking myself and ejaculate you right into the kitchen sink, and I will not be gentle. Then we'll see how you like a caning, just like that girl in your video got, with your testicles emptied."

Oh no! Caning was the worst. Aunty Sue had this wicked cane that left terrible welts on my ass that I felt for days and days after.

Aunty Sue then turned the water on. "Nice and hot," she said, feeling it with her hand.

She got a pair of yellow rubber kitchen gloves and put them on. She put her gloved palm under the hot water stream and transferred some to my cock, rubbing it all over. Oh, how I howled! The water was very, very hot.

It was not hot enough to burn, but hot like the hottest bath you can imagine. It was worst on my penis tip.

Leaving the water running at that temperature, she took out the dish soap and squirted it all along the shaft of my penis. She re-wet her hands and began forcibly stroking my dick with her gloved hand. The combination of the hot water, the strong dish soap, the rough rubber gloves, and the force of her stroke had me howling.

With one hand, she held my cock at the base; with the other, she took a coarse brush Aunt Chrissie used to scour the pots and pans before washing them. Aunty Sue used the brush up and down and around my penis, including the sensitive tip. I screamed in agony as she scoured my most sensitive areas.

"You'll think twice about rubbing this for a few days, won't you?" Aunty Sue asked rhetorically. In fact, she was right. My cock, especially its tip, was painful to the touch for the next three days.

Aunty Sue put the scouring brush back and went back to roughly rubbing my cock with her yellow gloves. The lower part of her hand slammed into my balls in its descent as my testicles danced around in a little pool of soapy water that had accumulated under them.

"Ow! Aunty Sue! Please! Ow!"

"You're not meant to enjoy it," she said as she continued the rough rubbing over my well-scoured cock and tip. Despite myself, I started to feel as if I might cum into the sink, but the harsh treatment and ball pain was fighting back just as hard to prevent me.

Aunty Sue rubbed my cock with both hands, then took her left hand, put it behind me, and forced her dish soapy and gloved index finger deep into my rectum, and not at all gently!

"Is this what that girl in the video got? Right up her bum? We'll see how you like it rough like that."

"Ohhh!" I cried out at the sudden anal intrusion. As she finger fucked my rear hole and rubbed my shaft and tip with her coarse yellow rubber gloves, the inevitable happened and, letting out a cry, I humiliatingly ejaculated straight into the sink.

Aunty Sue roughly milked and shook all the remnants from my tip. Then she took up the scrub brush once more and rubbed it all up and down the shaft and across the tip, which again had me howling in pain. She then rinsed off my cock with the super-hot water.

"I think you'll be much more receptive to a good strict caning now," said Auntie Sue as I clutched my punished genitals. She stripped me where I stood, conducted me towards the back of the sofa, and bent me over it.

"Owww! My penis!" I yelled as I went across the couch, the rough fabric rubbing against me. My toes barely touched the ground as my elbows and the top of my head were on the seat. I squirmed in distress as my sore, spent penis rubbed itself across the top of the couch.

"Your penis indeed," said Auntie Sue angrily. "You can rub it across the top of that scratchy couch to your heart's content as I cane your naughty bottom!"

If the penis pain was not bad enough, worse still was the fact that I was about to be caned!!! I disliked a caning at the best of times. On previous occasions – one six strokes and the other twelve – at least I had some sexual excitement to see me through it. Today I would have none.

"Boy, you are in for it now," said Aunt Chrissie as Auntie Sue went to fetch the punishment cane. She looked excited to see me caned for my lack of discretion.

The punishment cane was three-eighths of an inch in diameter and two feet long in total, with a five-inch silver handle at the end. It was made of a fibreglass material called 'Delrin'. Its cuts were vicious.

Auntie Sue came back, swishing the cane violently through the air: swish, swish, swish.

"Twenty-four strokes should teach you a lesson you will not soon forget, young man."

"Noooo! Please! NOOOOO!" I begged. The most I had experienced was twelve, leaving me marked and sore for a week. This was *double* that!

"Oh yes, young man. You know better than to surf porn and stroke your penis while you should be studying. And you certainly know better than to lie to me in your work diary and to my face."

It was the lying to her face which made her so angry and so determined to teach me a lesson. I whimpered as Auntie Sue lined up the cane on my bottom. She pulled it back and then whistled it down flush across my bum's midline.

The cane is a delayed reaction implement. At the moment it strikes, you know it struck, but the pain comes only a half-second or so afterwards as an intense wave that feels almost cold.

"OOOOOOOHHHHHH!" I cried out at the very first stroke. And then, "No, Aunt Sue! Please! Not twenty-four, not twenty-four!" I looked over at her as I begged. She only had an evil smile that told me she would enjoy meting out this justice.

She pulled back and whipped the Delrin cane down a second time, a half-inch lower across my ass cheeks. Again, I screamed to high heaven, but Aunt Sue was unfazed. I saw Aunt Chrissie, and she looked a bit horrified.

I received twelve, each spaced a little lower from the previous, from mid-butt down to mid-thigh. I danced like a wild boy across the couch as my abraded penis became sorer and sorer. The thigh strokes were unbearable, and I screamed and danced the loudest for those.

She then started from the top again, and gave me a second twelve, overlapping the first. The overlapping strikes were where the real damage was done and caused deep bruising and abrasion of the flesh. An overlapped Delrin cane strike stays with you for a couple of weeks. I had a dozen of those.

After the twenty-four strokes, I was in a state, blubbering and crying. My ass and high legs felt cut to shreds. My penis felt as if it had been skinned.

"Don't think we're done yet, young man. For now, get into the corner!"

I stood gingerly and moved as quickly as I could to the corner. I longed to soothe my cane-stroked ass cheeks and thighs with my hands, but knew it was not permitted at this time.

I placed myself into my accustomed location, nose right in the corner, arms crossed behind my back.

My caned ass was throbbing. Moreover, the harsh dish-brush scrubbing of my penis tip, followed by my histrionics as I was caned which made my limp penis rub violently against the top of the couch, made it throb in pain as well.

How I suffered as I stood there in agony, nose in the corner, with my cane-welted ass on display. I vowed never to be so foolish as to repeat the behaviour that got me there.

Once my hour was up, Aunt Sue came out and told me so. I turned to face her.

"Go sit on that stool and write fifty times, 'I must not masturbate during study time thinking about schoolgirls being caned and sodomized'. You should proofread and correct any mistakes as you go. For any remaining

mistakes, you'll get one stroke of the sorority paddle before bedtime for each."

Aunty Sue had prepared the hard wooden stool in front of the kitchen counter, along with a pencil, an eraser, and a sheaf of lined paper.

I groaned, but started to work. I spent another hour writing out those lines in pain, sitting my beaten ass on that hard wooden stool. Aunty Sue was not there, but Aunt Chrissie came by and surreptitiously looked over my shoulder and pointed out anything Aunty Sue might see as a mistake so I could correct it. When I was done, Aunt Chrissie went to get Aunty Sue. Aunty Sue came back and allowed me to stand up from the stool.

Aunty Sue took my sheets and started proofreading them as I stood facing her, caned and submissive.

"Did you help him?" she asked Aunt Chrissie.

"No, Ma'am," she replied innocently.

"Hmmm..." she uttered, suspecting otherwise but letting it drop.

Aunty Sue gingerly picked up my still-limp penis between her thumb and forefinger. "That looks very sore," she said.

"Yes, Ma'am!" I wailed. It was very red all along the shaft and over my uncircumcised tip.

"Good. There will be no lotion for it. Perhaps that will teach you a lesson you'll remember about not rubbing it when you are not permitted to do so?"

"yes, ma'am," I said, utterly defeated.

For the next many days, my ass was a mess, and my penis ached constantly. I walked gingerly, and it was a week before I could even masturbate again. But my lesson was learned. I never ever surfed porn or so much as touched my penis again during allotted study time (well, *hardly* ever).

Chapter 22: Chrissie is Spanked in Front of a Friend

Because I was spanked in front of her, and I had already witnessed one spanking of Aunt Chrissie, I guess Aunty Sue began to believe that it was no big deal for her wife to be spanked routinely in front of me. From then on, I witnessed as many exciting spankings of Aunt Chrissie as she did of me.

Whereas I was usually required to pull down my pants and underpants, Aunt Chrissie was always undressed by Aunty Sue. Pants and panties down, or skirt/dress raised and then panties down. She always received her scolding, as did I, standing with her front bare beside Aunty Sue's knee. Aunt Chrissie and I commiserated about how embarrassing it was to be scolded with our genitals in full view like that, especially with the other watching. Then it was across the knee or over the back of the couch, depending on the implement.

I always enjoyed it when Aunt Chrissie was bent over the back of the couch for the strap, paddle, or cane. Those were always the more intense punishments, and Aunty Sue insisted on the miscreant bending right over with their head on the sofa seat, spreading their legs, and being up on their tip-toes. As Aunty Sue proceeded with the punishment, it was impossible to stay immobile, and inevitably ass and legs would dance a merry jig. This meant my penis and testicles bounced around obscenely between my spread legs, and my asshole winked open and closed as I strained to absorb my punishment. In Aunt Chrissie's case, her vagina and asshole gaped open and closed as she was punished. While I was excited to see Aunt Chrissie catch it like that, I always dreaded it when it was my turn as I knew it would be an impossible ordeal, whatever implement Aunty Sue chose.

But even worse, sometimes spankings were given when others were around to see them, as we were both to find out.

On one such occasion, Aunt Chrissie had her super hot friend Meghan over. I was in my room studying, and they were giggling and whispering and whooping it up in the living room, at least one bottle of wine in.

Aunty Sue came home from work a bit late and saw the girls in the living room.

"Hello, Meghan. Nice to see you again. Hi Chrissie. I don't see any dinner prepared, sweetheart; what's up?"

When I heard that, I took the few steps to the living room to watch the fireworks. Not having dinner prepared was a pet peeve of Aunty Sue's.

"Ooooh. Sorry! I just got into things with Meghan, and I forgot to get it started. You know how scatterbrained I can be."

"Just got into things, eh?" said Aunty Sue, holding up the empty bottle of wine.

"Sorry. Maybe we can order in today?"

"Absolutely, we can, and you'll pay, Chrissie."

Aunt Chrissie momentarily looked confused. They only had one bank account and shared all finances, so it didn't make sense. Then it seemed to dawn on Aunt Chrissie.

"I can chip in too," said Meghan, misunderstanding the situation.

"No, no, sweetheart. Chrissie won't be paying with money; she'll be paying with her ass. You do know about our little arrangement, don't you?"

Meghan nodded her head up and down, signifying that she did.

"We'll order the food, and then Chrissie will be spanked. I hope you're staying for dinner, Meghan?"

"Um. Maybe I ought to go?"

"Chrissie, should Meghan stay or go?"

"She should... stay."

"Will you please stay, Meghan? It will be a comfort to Chrissie."

"Um, okay. Sure."

"Let's figure out what we want to order first!" said Sue, all light and cheery.

We put our heads together and figured out a good order. The delivery app said it would be there in 40 minutes.

"Plenty of time to get you spanked, young lady. Go to our bedroom and fetch the hairbrush back here."

Aunt Chrissie looked pained, but did as she was instructed.

"Meghan, you know she has a safeword and has blanket consented to this?"

"Yeah."

"I'm going to spank Chrissie, right here in the living room, on her bare bottom. You can stay and watch or sit in another room during her

spanking."

"Ummm... is he staying?" Meghan asked, indicating me.

"Yes, my nephew is free to watch Chrissie's spankings, and tends never to miss them, *for some reason.*"

"Then I guess I'll stay too."

Aunt Chrissie came out holding the hairbrush and handed it over to Sue. Sue sat on the ottoman and had Aunt Chrissie stand next to her. Meghan and I had taken seats near one another, directly observing the action.

Aunty Sue unfastened Aunt Chrissie's jeans and pushed them down to her ankles. She did the same with her panties, leaving her shaved, tight little slit visible to us.

"Why are you receiving this spanking, Chrissie?"

"Because I forgot to start dinner, and now we have to order in."

"And why do we not like ordering in?"

"Because it's more expensive and not as healthy."

"Correct. Get across my knee."

Aunt Chrissie draped herself across Aunty Sue's lap. Aunty Sue began spanking her with her open hand, starting slowly and building up.

I dragged my eyes away from Aunt Chrissie's spectacular ass and looked over at hot Meghan. She was staring at all this with wide eyes. I guess she sensed I was looking at her, and she darted her eyes over to mine. She smiled, shrugged, and went back to stare at Aunt Chrissie's ass getting spanked.

Aunty Sue picked up the hairbrush and started Aunt Chrissie's real punishment. Meghan looked horrified, wincing as Aunt Chrissie yelped under Aunty Sue's hairbrush.

Aunty Sue did open her ass cheeks to get into those sensitive areas. However, she did not go much down her thighs or into the insides.

She let her up again with her pants and panties still at her ankles.

"I won't have you do corner time this once, Chrissie, as you have a guest to entertain."

"Thank you, Ma'am. And thank you for punishing me. May I rub?"

"You may."

Aunt Chrissie reached both hands behind her and started rubbing the sting out of her well-spanked cheeks.

Aunt Chrissie is always so spectacularly cute when she rubs her ass and wiggles around after a spanking!

Aunty Sue smiled at her. "Would you like Meghan to apply some cold cream?"

"Yes please!" Aunt Chrissie said.

"Meghan, do you mind? Rubbing some cold cream onto her spanked bum?"

"Sure," she said with an embarrassed giggle.

Aunt Chrissie took it from the fridge where she keeps it and handed it to Meghan.

"You can go to our bedroom to do it. Oh, and Meghan, Chrissie can be quite aroused sexually after a spanking. Feel free to refuse if she asks for anything you're uncomfortable with. But, if you want to scratch her itch, you have my blessing."

"Thank you, Sue," said Aunt Chrissie, still standing there rubbing her bare ass.

"Yes, thank you," said Meghan, seeming eager to proceed.

Meghan went ahead and took Aunt Chrissie's hand. Aunt Chrissie shuffled along behind her with her pants and panties still at her ankles.

After a bit, Aunty Sue and I heard soft moaning and a lot of giggling. And then the soft moaning got louder, and we could hear a couple of orgasms, once from each, for sure.

"She's insatiable," said Aunty Sue with a smile. "I can't keep up, so I let her have some extra-curricular fun from time to time."

They emerged from the bedroom, dressed and with freshly scrubbed faces. I think they licked each others' pussies out.

"Did you have fun in the bedroom, girls?" Aunty Sue asked.

"Yes, Sue," said Aunt Chrissie. "Thank you!"

"Yeah, hee hee, thank you," added Meghan.

"Good. As you know, Meghan, Chrissie can be quite a bundle, and I certainly can't keep up with that, so I'm okay if she has a bit of fun outside our relationship, so long as I know and I give my permission each time. Understood?"

"Yes, Sue, I get it. You're great," said Meghan.

Just then, the doorbell rang, and the food arrived. We sat and had a fun dinner filled with all sorts of chatter, including some fun spanking and sex

stuff.

Chapter 23: A Revealing Visit

It was getting near term end, final assignments were due, and exam studying was about to start. I had already finished some classes, the dreaded English Lit being one of them. Aunty Sue found out that all the grading had been done and the marks submitted for English Lit. So, she thought it appropriate to have her friend and colleague, my English Lit professor, Beverly, over for dinner with her wife, Joyce.

Professor Simpson, Beverly, was a professor in the English department, and her wife Joyce was a professor in the Gender Studies department. Both were about ten years older than Aunty Sue and in their fifties. Beverly was the more conservative looking of the two, and Joyce looked more the part of an old butch, blue-haired, pierced lesbian feminist.

I knew they had been invited for dinner that night and was nervous. Aunty Sue had hinted we might talk about Aunt Chrissie's and my domestic discipline arrangement and that I might even be (gulp!) demonstrated upon. But right after she suggested it, she told us she was teasing, and, of course, we would not talk about those things.

I was still studying in my bedroom when they arrived.

Aunty Sue called out for me: "David! Your professor is here with her wife, Joyce. Come out and say hello."

I came out and greeted them both: "Hello, Professor Simpson," I said.

"We're both Professor Simpson," my English Lit prof said with a smile.

"Oh, well, hello, Professor Simpson and Professor Simpson."

I thought that was funny, but Joyce Simpson scowled at me.

Aunty Sue explained to Joyce that I was her nephew, staying with her for my first year so she could impart some good study habits to me. She said that it also turned out that I was in Beverly's English Lit class.

"And he did very well, too," said Beverly. "Always bright-eyed and bushy-tailed in the front row of the classroom. Essays always handed in on time, mostly anyways." She looked over at Aunt Chrissie when she said that. "And the essays were well-written and thoughtful. The marks have not been posted yet, but unofficially I can say there were only two A's that I handed out this semester, and David had one of them."

"Oh, that's just wonderful!" said Aunty Sue.

I was happy about that too. English Lit was my most challenging class. It did not come easily to me, as did math, science, and computers. And the marking seemed so arbitrary. Man, I suffered through a lot of spankings to earn that A!

"Thanks, Professor Simpson," I said.

"Call me Beverly; it'll avoid confusion."

"Oh, okay, thank you, Beverly."

"No need to thank me. You earned it. I was even extra strict with your marking to ensure I wasn't showing any undue favouritism for the nephew of a friend and colleague, but I could not fault your work. Good job."

"Thanks!" I was blushing now at this effusive praise.

We made our way over to the living room and sat.

"But the term certainly didn't start out that way. I remember at the start, this boy who came to class late, sulked at the back, was always on his phone, and handed in a couple of abysmal homework assignments. But then there was an absolutely miraculous turnaround."

Aunty Sue replied, "Yes, well, he had lost his way and had poor study habits from having sailed through his country high school getting top marks and doing little. Not quite the same thing when you arrived at university, was it David?"

"No, Ma'am. The courses here move so fast, and there's so much work. And everyone here seems to work so hard and be so smart."

"He needed a little straightening out, and he asked me to help, so I cracked the whip and got him organized and working a basic 9-5, and that did the trick."

"And by 'cracked the whip', do you mean that literally?" asked Beverly.

Aunty Sue sat back and contemplated for a moment. Aunt Chrissie was curled up next to her, in her arm.

"Not quite literally, in that there was no actual whip involved, but yes, there was a fair amount of corporal punishment."

I felt myself blushing ten shades of red. I did not feel betrayed, as Aunty Sue had asked me previously for my thoughts on sharing this type of info, and I had foolishly agreed.

"Oh! Look at the blush on the boy, Joyce," said Beverly.

For the first time, Joyce cracked a bit of a smile and said, "I presume with his consent?"

"Absolutely," said Aunty Sue. "His blanket consent and a means to de-consent whenever he chooses and end the arrangement. We have his mother's blessing as well."

"His mother? Really? What type of corporal punishment?" asked Joyce.

"Most of the time, I make him come across my knee for a good old-fashioned spanking."

"Really!?!?" exclaimed Joyce, sounding surprised.

I became tremendously embarrassed at this turn of the conversation, and I was sure that I was blushing as red as a strawberry.

"I understand from when Chrissie came to drop off the paper that she consents to a similar arrangement?" asked Beverly.

"Yes. As it turns out, they're both little spanking fetishists."

"But does that even work? To correct behaviour, I mean," asked Joyce. "Doesn't all the research show that spanking is ineffective for improving behaviour?"

"That research applies to children, not consenting adults. And besides, none of the research does a proper multi-variate analysis or separates clear abuse from reasonable discipline. In fact, there's some 2021 research that shows that occasional and mild hand spanking of children 6-8 leads to less externalized bad behaviour. Mind you, it doesn't adjust for all variables, such as possible more engaged parenting in the spanking group, and does not assess any internalized impacts to the children."

"But it's still not recommended, correct?"

"Not for children. But consenting adult spanking fetishists are a different matter. For people like that, it can be made to work. We have some anecdotal evidence right here. Two cases, in fact."

"But... if they're *turned on* by spankings, won't they just want *more* of them?"

"It doesn't work that way. It would if they were masochists, but they're not masochists; they're spanking fetishists. That means a spanking is every bit as unpleasant and embarrassing for them as it would be for non-fetishists. That's really the whole point. They fetishize the unpleasantness of the spanking punishment. They obsess about it before and after, but only wish it would end during the spanking.

"If I left it go too long between spankings, they would be liable to deliberately misbehave to earn themselves one. But my standards are sufficiently strict that they get more than they want of the spanking

punishment, both in frequency and severity. The result is that their cravings are more than satisfied, they try very hard to avoid their next spanking punishment, but they are excited for the arrangement to continue. Isn't that so, David?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I answered.

"Chrissie?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"This is *very* interesting," said Joyce, warming up to the concept. "Hard to get published, but it would make for some fascinating research."

"What's your take on all this, Chrissie?" asked Beverly.

Chrissie seemed to contemplate her answer. Then she spoke.

"I was into fantasizing about spankings ever since I was a girl. I was never spanked, so I have no idea where it came from, but I did hear about other kids getting spanked and saw the occasional reference on TV or in a play, and it always made my heart flutter. I kept it hidden. I thought I was super weird. I mean, I am, but whatever, you know?"

Everyone smiled at Aunt Chrissie's choice of words.

"As I grew up, I became rebellious and engaged in a lot of self-destructive behaviour. That continued right up until I met Sue. I was attracted to her from the start, not least because she was older and a bit dommie."

"Dommie?" asked Beverly.

"Dominant. Sexually dominant," Aunt Chrissie clarified.

"I told Sue about my spanking fetish, and we played roleplay-type scenarios in the bedroom. But I craved the realism of a real spanking for genuine reasons, so I asked if she would help me by taking me in hand.

"It's a bit about avoiding punishment, but it's a lot about expiating guilt, endorphin rush, and just knowing somebody is looking out for you and caring enough to worry about you like that. That 'being cared for' part feels nice.

"If I wasn't into spanking, I wouldn't go for it. But since I am anyways, and it seems to help me regulate my behaviour and light me up in the bedroom, then why not, you know?"

"So, you want the spankings and don't want them simultaneously?" asked Joyce.

"Yeah. It's like there are two distinct sides of my brain. The horny side gets off on the anticipation and the memory of being spanked and embarrassed. But one minute into a spanking, that side runs away and hides. Ha ha!

"But the normal side, the side that everybody has, the side that's more tied into behaviour regulation, I guess, it *hates* getting spanked, especially hard spankings, and it's genuinely embarrassed that my behaviour has to be regulated as if I were a child. And then the spankings themselves are just plain embarrassing, especially when it's in front of *him*."

Aunt Chrissie pointed at me when she said that.

"You spank her in front of David?" asked Beverly, a bit scandalized sounding.

"I didn't at first," replied Aunty Sue. "We were careful to let David know and get his consent to be an indirect part of it before he moved in, but we kept it behind closed doors. But then he just hears and sees so much, and then that incident where Chrissie didn't hand in your essay, I thought David should see his Aunt Chrissie getting punished for that, and now it's out in the open. He's not complaining."

"He's not complaining, but how about me?" said Aunt Chrissie with a grin.

"I think the extra embarrassment was called for in that first case," said Aunty Sue, "and then no sense shutting the barn door after the cows are already out."

"I'll just bet he isn't complaining, though I can imagine Chrissie's embarrassment," said Beverly.

"How about you, young man? What's your story?"

"Ummm... I guess a lot like Aunt Chrissie's. I kept it hidden, even from these guys, when I first moved in."

"These guys?" said Aunty Sue pointedly.

"I mean, from Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie. But then I got a crappy start at school, and I did something bad, and we had to have a big discussion and involve my mom. And leading up to that, for a while, I was a bit envious of the arrangement Aunt Chrissie had. So, I spilled the beans on my spanking fetish and asked Aunty Sue if she would help me like she was helping Aunt Chrissie."

"He's embarrassed to say it," added Aunty Sue, "but we caught him snooping around our bedroom when we were out, going through all our private drawers. You can imagine. I must say, I was angry enough to have spanked him even without his suggestion. But we negotiated an arrangement including me keeping track of his schoolwork, and I phoned his mother to get her blessing, and he received his first spanking that same day."

"In front of Chrissie?"

"She didn't happen to be home but walked in when he was nose-in-the corner for an hour afterwards. But she was a very aggrieved party. She certainly deserved to see that."

"Well, I, for one, can vouch for the effectiveness of this regime," said Beverly. "I've never seen a turnaround in a student as dramatic as I saw with David. And now I'm going to dream about taking my worst students across my knee. If only!"

"Ha ha! I'm not sure what the university would have to say about that," said Aunty Sue. "But you know what was funny? Before I knew that you were his English Lit professor, and after Chrissie said she had forgotten to drop off his assignment, poor David went as pale as a ghost and said there was a 25% deduction if the essay was even a minute late. He said his professor was 'really, really strict'. And then I found out it was you."

"Nice to know I have a reputation that way."

Moving on, Aunty Sue said, "Why don't we open a bottle of wine and chat some more. Chrissie, I believe you still have some final dinner preparations. And David, you still need to show me your final math assignment that's due tomorrow morning."

Oh shit. I knew I was in trouble then. My final math assignment had not yet been done, and I had been procrastinating on this one. I had even gone across Aunty Sue's knee for a hairbrush spanking for not getting it started early enough. I briefly considered lying to Aunty Sue, but I knew she would demand to see my work, and I would be in even bigger trouble.

I knew I had to admit that I had not done my homework. I did not know what to expect with Beverly and Joyce both in the house. And they were both now briefed on my domestic discipline arrangement. Was it possible I might be punished in front of them????

"Maybe... I can ummm... show you what I've done after Professors Beverly and Joyce leave?"

Aunty Sue looked back and forth at our two lady guests with her mouth open.

"Are you saying... it's *not* done?"

Chapter 24: An Embarrassing Punishment

"Umm... yes, Ma'am," I said with a shaky voice. I felt myself blushing again strongly in front of Beverly and Joyce as they picked up on my nervousness and grinned at it. My voice was still shaking as I continued, "I got swamped today, and I was going to finish it tonight..."

"You got really busy today, did you? I don't recall you having that much to do today. Bring me your work diary."

I was in for it now. While not an outright lie in that I had done work today, it was undoubtedly an exaggeration to say I had been too busy to do it when I had, in fact, spent several hours playing video games. I went away to fetch the work diary Auntie Sue insisted I kept. As I went to get it from my room, I heard Auntie Sue tell her guests, "I'm sorry about this; it won't take me long to deal with it."

"Oh, by all means, deal with it," Beverly said.

As I walked back with my work diary, I knew the sort of trouble I would be in for. And even though it was so embarrassing, I couldn't help but start crying as I walked back.

I stood there teary-eyed and handed my work diary to Auntie Sue.

"I think *somebody* believes he's in for a punishment," said Beverly, observing my tears and barely suppressing a smile.

Auntie Sue took my diary and looked at it. "There's no timing written down. What have I told you about that? But timings or not, this is hardly enough to keep you busy all day, young man. Did you play video games?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Some Ma'am," I said, crying between my words, much to my embarrassment.

"More than just 'some' based on your work output. All of this should have taken no more than a couple of hours. It should have left you a good four hours to finish that math assignment. And didn't we already have a rather serious discussion about this particular math assignment earlier in the week, David?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I squeaked out.

"So this will be our second serious discussion on this topic?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, getting more and more desperate sounding. In Auntie Sue's world, if a 'first discussion' was had over her knee with the

hairbrush, a 'second discussion' was had bent over the back of the sofa with the strap.

"We'll have that discussion after Joyce and Beverly leave, young man. And it will be a very thorough discussion indeed, I assure you."

By this point, I was quivering, and my knees were shaking. I couldn't help it! Beverly and Joyce looked at each other, knowing the meaning of 'discussion' in this context.

"Don't let us stop you from dealing with it now," said Joyce.

"Yes," agreed Beverly. "I'd be interested in seeing your methods in action."

Aunty Sue seemed to consider it and then spoke to me. "It would do you a world of good for us to have our 'discussion' in front of Beverly and Joyce. Shall we do that, young man? Have our 'discussion' in front of Beverly and Joyce."

"No, Ma'am. Please, Ma'am!" I begged.

"What is this 'second discussion' about? The boy looks terrified of it," said Beverly.

"For a 'first discussion', he goes across my knee and gets spanked with my hand or my hairbrush, depending on the severity. For a 'second discussion', it's across the back of this couch for good hard strapping. Tell us, David, as a spanking fetishist, are you looking forward to your strapping?"

"No, Ma'am."

"No, indeed. Who can look forward to that? What will it feel like while you're undergoing it?"

"It'll feel like my bum is getting scorched with a branding iron and that it'll never end."

"How dramatic. But you're very resilient, aren't you? And your scorched bum will be all back to normal tomorrow or the next day at the latest, correct?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And you have your safeword you can use if you feel you're being injured or wish to end our arrangement, correct?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"What else will you feel as you're being punished?"

"I'll... I'll feel embarrassed..."

"You're crying already. Is it embarrassing for you to cry like a little girl in front of Beverly and Joyce?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I sniffled out.

"Yes. A certain specific type of embarrassment fetish often goes with the spanking fetish. It acts very much the same as the physical pain. Though in one sense, he obsesses over and craves the embarrassment, while it's imminent and going on, he desperately wishes for the embarrassment to end. Isn't that also so, David?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"After his strapping, he'll spend an hour with his nose in the corner.

"Is it embarrassing for you if Beverly and Joyce were to stay and witness your spanking and corner time?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"More embarrassing than if it's just Chrissie watching?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"How much more embarrassing?"

"A hundred times more embarrassing, Ma'am."

"Oh. Exactly one hundred times, is it? Good to be precise.

"Now, ladies, knowing what you know, would you like to witness his strapping?"

"Oh yes!" they both said in unison.

"It'll look rough, and he'll screech like a little Banshee. Are you okay seeing and hearing that?"

"Okay by me," said Joyce. "How about you, Bev?"

"Absolutely, I'd love to see these methods in action."

Joyce then commented, "it's interesting, though, that you described him earlier as 'crying like a little girl'. Why not a little boy? Is it just the stereotype of little girls crying more than little boys?"

"I often think of him in the feminine as I punish him. A distinct element of non-binary gender-bending occurs when a woman spans a man. I think of my masculine expression inflicting the punishment, and his feminine expression receiving it. So, I naturally go to those pronouns for him."

"Fascinating," said Joyce. "Lots of research potential there."

"Alright, David, enough talking. It's been decided. You'll receive your strapping now, right in front of Beverly and Joyce. Chrissie can watch from

the kitchen. Take off your socks, pants, and T-shirt, and place them on the chair."

Oh gosh, I thought to myself. This was really happening. At least Aunty Sue had not said underpants as well. I held out some small hope that I would be strapped over my underpants in deference to the two older ladies attending. I took off my clothes as instructed, shaking like a leaf as I did so. When I was done, I went back to stand in front of the three ladies. I felt myself erecting (I had been for a while), and casually crossed my arms at the front of my underpants to hide the evidence.

"You know the rules. Hands at your sides," said Aunty Sue. I pulled my hands away from the front of my underpants and pinned them to my sides.

This was so embarrassing. It was embarrassing enough that two extra ladies were witnessing all this. It was infinitely more embarrassing that one of them had been my first-term English Lit professor. After my early term 'attitude correction', I was always in the front row like an eager beaver and speaking up in class. She also had a strict look about her and ran a very tight class. She did not hesitate to throw disruptive students right out of her classroom. She was also whip-smart and often cut my ideas to shreds in open class. Being a spanking fetishist, I fantasized about her being strict with me, taking me across her knee in her office. It's what people like me think about all the time.

"David, are you being a naughty boy?" asked Aunty Sue, referring to the tenting erection in my threadbare, slightly small, tighty-whitie underpants.

"I'll bet you've fantasized about Beverly taking you across her knee while in class, haven't you?"

Damn! I swear she can fucking read my mind.

"Ummm... ohhh... yes ma'am..."

"Really?" said Beverly, sounding surprised. "That's what you were thinking about as you were looking at me lecturing?"

"not... every minute."

"Oh, well, if it's not every single minute, that's just fine then," Beverly responded sarcastically.

"It's the fucking male gaze personified. Is that all that's on your testosterone-laced brain?" asked Joyce.

I looked down at my toes, cried some more, and said, "sorry..."

Aunty Sue said, "As you can see from the rather extreme 'tenting' in his underpants, he's a true spanking fetishist. He's already erecting at the thought of this punishment, and you ladies witnessing it. Especially you, Beverly, giving all his fantasizing in class. What will happen to that erection after your strapping, young man?"

"It'll be gone..."

"It certainly will be. Now, please tell us. David, why are you being punished today?"

"Because I should have worked on my math assignment instead of playing video games." I felt myself squirming as I exposed myself to the ladies in my silly white underpants.

"And why will you bend over and get the strap today instead of simply going over my knee?"

"Because you already spanked me for not working on this assignment after you told me I had to."

"That's correct as well. And do you deserve a strapping for this, young man?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Should it be a light, easy strapping or a very strict strapping?"

It didn't matter what I said, the strapping would be strict regardless, so I figured I might as well curry what favour I could. "A st... strict strapping, Ma'am."

"Good thing we're of one mind then, David. I'll give you a very strict strapping with you bent across the back of the sofa.

"Now go to my bedroom and fetch me back my strap. You know very well where I keep it."

I went to her bedroom dressed only in my underpants, retrieved the strap, and brought it back. Aunty Sue held out her hand, and I handed it to her. I returned to standing facing the three women seated on the sofa that I was imminently due to bend over.

"This is actually the very same strap that my father used on my sister – his mother – and I."

"Oh, a family tradition, then," said Beverly.

With that, Aunty Sue handed the strap to Joyce, who felt its heft, then lightly and experimentally slapped it down onto her palm.

"Fuck! That hurts!" she exclaimed. Aunty Sue laughed and agreed with her. Joyce pulled up her skirt a little, laid the strap across the top of her thigh, and lightly whipped it down. "Shit!" she yelled out. "Beverly, you have to feel this." Beverly took the strap and repeated the experimental swats on herself.

"That's not anywhere near full force either. It's a serious implement for serious punishment."

"You got *strapped* with this?" asked Beverly.

"I sure did."

Of course, I was just standing there looking at all of this. I knew precisely how fierce that damned strap could be, and I feared it almost more than anything else (that strap and the Delrin cane were a toss-up). This discussion was not helping to put me at ease.

"Look at him crying and shaking," said Joyce. "Not very 'manly' now, are you?"

"Now, ladies," Aunty Sue said, "in the interests of modesty, I can keep him in his underpants for his strapping. He'll feel it *almost* as much."

I had thought as much. It was uncharacteristic for Aunty Sue to give me my scolding in my underpants.

"How do you normally do it?" asked Beverly.

Oh no.

"Normally, he's in his birthday suit for his strappings, but I don't want to offend either of you."

"You should do it exactly the way you normally do. Don't mind us at all. We're just observers," said Beverly.

"Think of us as spanking anthropologists," added Joyce in agreement.

"You heard the ladies, David. Remove your underpants and place them neatly with your other clothes."

I burst out with fresh tears but did as I was told. I turned a bit away from the ladies, three-quarters view as I slid my underpants down my legs and took them off. I kept that orientation as I went over to the chair where I had placed the rest of my clothes. I neatly folded my undies and put them on top. I returned to my spot in front of them, my hands covering my crotch.

"Stop playing with yourself," said Aunty Sue. "Hands at your sides. You know better."

I moved my hands to my sides, exposing one of the stiffest erections I had ever experienced.

"Oh my goodness!" exclaimed Beverly.

"What a cock!" said Joyce.

"It's pulsating."

"Look at how engorged the tip is!"

"And the colour of the tip. It looks almost purple."

"And the size of his testicles. What giant balls!"

I stood there looking down past my cock and balls to my toes. I could not bear to make any eye contact with the ladies. Everything they had said about my swollen balls and humiliatingly erect penis was true.

"Witness the pre-spanking excitement of a bonafide spanking fetishist," said Aunty Sue.

"May I touch it?" asked Joyce. "It's been years," she added by way of guilty explanation.

"David," asked Aunty Sue of me, "may Joyce handle your genitals?"

What could I say?

"Yes, Ma'am," I said in a small voice, still looking down, avoiding all eye contact.

Joyce stood up and came over to me. She reached out gingerly and squeezed the shaft of my cock between her thumb and index finger. "It's rock hard," she observed. She began gently stroking it, "and so soft," she added. I moaned at the sensation of having this strange woman handling my cock.

"Careful," said Beverly, "he seems to be on a hair trigger."

Joyce released me for a moment, then took her thumb and index finger and squeezed the engorged, circumcised tip of my cock until all the blood left it. She let it go and marvelled as the blood came flooding back in, engorging it even more than it had been.

"Look at it fill with blood. It's like a giant purple mushroom head. Or a little sailor in his purply-red cap," said Beverly.

"And his testicles are huge," added Joyce as she reached down and cupped them gently in her hand. "So big and tight. They look very full." She gently squeezed, increasing the pressure on my balls until it became painful. I writhed and moaned out. "Does that hurt?" she asked.

"yes..." I answered, barely able to form a coherent thought.

She then increased the pressure, squeezing my balls until I squirmed, knocked my knees, and cried out at the pain: "Ahhhhhhh!"

She kept her grip and said, "look at me." I looked up into her eyes through my tears as she continued squeezing. "I have you by the balls."

"Yes, Ma'am!" I cried out.

"Keep looking at me," she commanded as she squeezed even harder. I had looked away but instantly looked back into her cruel eyes. She looked deeply into my eyes as she gave me a final squeeze, the strongest yet, and then suddenly released me and went back to sit down. "That felt great," she said. "Always wanted to do that to a male."

I stood bent over, cupping my punished testicles in my two hands. My cock was as hard as ever. In fact, it felt close to ejaculation! That would have been extraordinarily embarrassing, ejaculating in midair after a ball squeezing from the butchy Joyce.

"Get over the back of the sofa, young man; you know the drill well enough by now."

I moved around the sofa to the back of it. Auntie Sue placed a throw pillow over the broad headrest of the couch. It would elevate my hips just enough so my toes would not touch the ground when I bent over. I lifted myself up and over. My hands contacted the seat cushion, and then I lowered my head until it also rested there. My feet left the floor. Auntie Sue gently tapped me with the strap on my inner thighs to make me open my legs widely. My genitals were caught on her side of the couch, worryingly vulnerable in case of an errant strap stroke (which never happened with Auntie Sue – her placement was always strictly as intended).

"You can see everything there is to see of the poor boy," said Beverly with a giggle at my complete exposure.

"Yes, it's embarrassing for him, certainly, but it's also utilitarian," explained Auntie Sue. "His bottom is uppermost, and his jack-knifed position stretches out and exposes these soft undercurves that he'll feel when he sits for the next few days. His spread legs give me access to more spankable area. It also spreads his buttocks so I can wrap the strap into the sensitive skin of the inner parts."

"And his anus is completely exposed," added Joyce.

"Yes. And he's well aware of it. He's feeling the cool breeze of the ceiling fan on it now. I do also target that little bullseye with the very tip of the

strap. This part here. That really makes him squeak.

"And then, of course, there's the backs and insides of his thighs. I don't neglect those during a good strapping. With his legs splayed, the strap can wrap around and do some real good on those sensitive inner thighs."

As Aunty Sue said all this, she used her hand to point out all those places on my body where she intended to punish me, delineating the safe areas.

"You must be careful to avoid his testicles. His penis isn't so much of a problem. A stray stroke here or there on his penis is fine. But I wouldn't want to strike his testicles full force with this strap. That would effectively castrate him. But I'm a very good aim and can whip just past them to access those tender inner thighs. Although he will yelp when he feels the strap whooshing within millimetres of his family jewels."

"Is there a psycho-sexual element to his positioning as well?" Joyce asked.

"There absolutely is. It's an element of all spanking and why it's unsuitable for children. You can see how he's presenting his hole for penetration in a very submissive fashion. I think of this as a feminine posture, though in chimp colonies, beta males will present like this to the Alphas and be essentially treated as if they were girl chimps.

"Of course, his ripe genitals are also on display, though essentially unengaged and useless. As colourful and as pretty as the genitals may be, no female will wish to couple with a male placed into such a submissive position. Rather than presenting as a mating signal, the uselessly erect genitalia only act as an object of scorn and derision for the beta, denied any opportunity to mate. The spread legs in the bent-over posture is another symbol of feminine submission as if presenting her genitalia for all and sundry without regard to rank."

"You've thought this through," said Joyce.

"I do make a study of it," said Sue.

"Now, are you ready, David?" Aunty Sue asked me.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said.

"Then we'll start."

I received only a dozen strokes, but each one was pure, unadulterated, fiery torture. The strap visited every spot that Aunty Sue had previously pointed out. At one point, she knelt behind me between my legs and used the strap vertically to whip my inner ass cheeks and asshole. For this

operation, she enlisted the aid of Beverly and Joyce, who each knelt at one ankle, pulling my legs widely apart for my ass-crack strapping.

I absolutely disgraced myself by crying out and carrying on almost from the first strapping to the last. Midway through, I began begging Aunty Sue to stop, promising I had learned my lesson and would never do it again.

I thought the presence of Beverly and Joyce might lessen my punishment, but it was the opposite. They mocked my crying, begging, and promises to be good, and even suggested to Aunty Sue that I needed more to truly learn my lesson.

The Gender Studies professor, Joyce, commented how refreshing it was to see a young white male be the subject of domestic corporal punishment that women, especially women of colour, were forced to endure for millennia. "He's certainly crying like the stereotype of the little punished girl." In fact, I was soaking the seat of the cushion with my intense tears.

When it was finally over, I lay there, still bent across the back of the couch, in tears of misery. With the encouragement of Aunty Sue, Joyce and Beverly reached out and touched my scorched flesh, exclaiming how hot it was to the touch. Joyce returned to my penis, held it between her thumb and finger, and shook it, marvelling at how flaccid and completely deflated it had become over the course of my strapping.

Aunty Sue helped me to my feet, took hold of my ear, and dragged me naked to the corner. She pushed my nose into the corner and made me clasp my arms behind my back. She told me to stay there until dinner was served.

The ladies sat near me in the living room, sharing a bottle of wine, chatting about my domestic discipline arrangement, various aspects of my punishment, and how I took it (poorly, in their estimation).

Chapter 25: A Dinnertime Figging

As I stood in the corner and they were discussing me and my punishments, Beverly made a terrible suggestion.

"You know, in some spicier Victorian and Edwardian novels, there's a lot of corporal punishment along these lines. They have a practice called 'figging' you may be interested in."

"What's that?" Aunty Sue asked.

"It's when you take a fresh ginger root, peel it and shape it into a sort of butt plug shape, wet it, and then stick it up there. It's apparently quite unpleasant for the next thirty minutes, but it does no lasting harm."

"Why Beverly, what interesting knowledge you possess."

"The benefits of a classical education."

"Chrissie!" cried out Aunty Sue, "do you happen to have any fresh ginger root on hand?"

"I do," she answered back from the kitchen.

"Will you show us what you mean?" Aunty Sue asked Beverly.

"Sure."

The ladies all went into the kitchen. Aunty Sue released me from my timeout and had me come and watch the preparations as well. I was still buck naked, but at least, timeout being done, I got to rub my ass. On the other hand, I got to watch with immense trepidation what Beverly was doing.

Beverly used a vegetable peeler to take all the skin off from around the ginger root. She then used a paring knife to carve a wider shape at the tip, narrower at the waist and then widened again into a handle shape at the base.

"Do you need lube?" asked Aunty Sue.

"If you wet it, it becomes quite slippery. And you wouldn't want any barrier between the ginger root and the insides of his bumhole."

"Come on, David, let's see how it works."

No. I didn't want my bottom hole violated in front of four women!

Aunty Sue draped me, bent double, over a high stool. Beverly 'helpfully' put her hands on either side of my ass cheeks to part them. Aunty Sue wet the ginger root and slowly inserted it into my ass.

"Make like you're going potty," said Aunty Sue.

Oh, blush! But I did so, straining as if to 'go', and it popped into my ass and was sucked in with all four women having a bird's eye view.

"Ow, ow, ow!" I complained at the intrusion.

"There we go," said Beverly. "Feeling anything yet?"

"It's too big. It hurts!" I complained.

"Now you know what a stuffing feels like for a woman, don't you? Give it a moment. You can stand up now. Why don't you put your hands on your head so we can see your reaction the best?" Beverly was quite domineering, but I did as I was told.

After about thirty seconds, I started feeling a rapidly building burning sensation.

"Ah!" I said as I squirmed in place.

"Feeling it now?" Asked Beverly.

"Yes, Ma'am!" I answered.

I squirmed in place. Clenching made it worse, but I almost involuntarily clenched. The burn built and built until it became almost unbearable.

"Oh God, please! Please take it out! Please!" I begged, by now wriggling like crazy. My hands were still on my head. As I twizzled my bum, I was distinctly aware of my penis swirling around like a lewd propeller in front of me.

Joyce walked up to me, reached behind, took the handle of the ginger root, twisted it and pushed it in and out and deeper a few times.

"It burns, does it?" she asked sadistically as my penis twerked even more violently in the air. This was the same lady who had squished my balls earlier. I don't think she likes boys at all.

"Yes, Ma'am!"

"How bad does it get?" asked Aunty Sue.

"From what I've read," answered Beverly, "it should be at its peak about now. It might stay like that for the next five or ten minutes and then start tapering off. But taking it out won't immediately be any big relief anyways. All the juice is already coating everything up in there."

"Do you hear that, David," Aunty Sue said, "you'll just have to suffer through it."

"Oh!" I moaned.

"You seem to know much more about this than just from reading an old Victorian novel," commented Aunty Sue.

"Well... I have experimented..." she said with a slight blush.

"Beverly! Really!"

"You're not the only freaky ones. I read about it and was curious, so I tried it on myself when I was much younger."

"You did?" asked Joyce.

"You appear so prim and proper always!" Aunty Sue said.

"Just like you," she said.

"Dinner is ready," chimed Aunt Chrissie.

I still had the ginger up my butt.

"David, why don't you put on your shirt and underpants, and you can join us."

"But Aunty Sue... the ginger root..."

"... will be fine up there. I want to see how you react to it, minute by minute."

"Ohhh!" I wailed, as it was still at the maximum burn, but I went over to my clothes, pulled on my underpants, put on my shirt, waddled back to the dining room table, and took my seat. Sitting made it worse!

"Do stop fidgeting, David," said Aunty Sue.

I could barely concentrate on anything for the next five minutes as the burn was so intense. There were even tears in my eyes from it. The ladies all talked amongst themselves, every now and then asking me how it was going, and I had to report. Ten minutes later, the burn had subsided to a tolerable level, and I could function again.

Aunt Chrissie had served chicken breasts with a peanut-style sauce on the side. I had not touched it but now began picking away at it.

But then I noticed another effect starting to kick in. I don't know why, but my penis was getting hard again. Super hard. I'm afraid I squirmed a bit.

"What are you squirming again? Is the burn coming back?" asked Aunty Sue.

"no... it's just... well... I'm just a little uncomfortable..."

Aunt Chrissie, sitting to one side of me, was suspicious. She lifted the tablecloth and peaked at my crotch.

"Oh my God! He's hard as anything!"

"What?" said Aunty Sue. "Stand up, let's see."

I reluctantly stood, and my penis was again obscenely tenting my underpants.

Beverly was sitting on the other side of me. She reached over, pulled the front of my underpants away from my waist, pulled them down a bit, and hooked the waistband under my balls. My full erection and big blue balls were totally exposed.

"Oh my goodness, David, you're incorrigible," said Aunty Sue, shaking her head and smiling.

"I read that ginger root has that effect," said Beverly. "After the pain wears off, all the blood is pulled down there and circulates. And, well, that's what you get."

"We can't have you like that at the dinner table," said Aunty Sue. "Go to your room and... take care of it," she said, pointing vaguely toward my penis. "You have five minutes. Afterwards, come back and show us it's taken care of, and you can finish your meal."

"Yes, Aunty Sue," I said, blushing wildly. I restored the front of my underpants and turned toward my room.

"Is he allowed to cover himself back up without permission?" asked Beverly.

"I'm overly lax with him. David, you put your underwear back where Beverly had left it. Then go take care of your little problem. Then when you come back, make sure your underwear is just like that again."

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, restoring my underwear to the situation Beverly had put it in. Then I turned to go to my room.

As I walked, I heard Aunty Sue say behind me, "with boys his age, they generate so much semen that their testicles need to be emptied daily. Otherwise, they can't concentrate on anything other than porno, sex thoughts, and rubbing their ridiculous penises."

"And rape," added Joyce in a nasty tone.

Chapter 26: An Unpleasant Meal

I entered my room, leaving the door wide open as I was required to. I lay face up on my bed. As I contracted my pelvic floor, which moved my cock, I could feel the burning ginger butt plug directly on my prostate. I licked my right hand and reached for my cock.

I re-lived the events of the day. Likely both the most humiliating and erotically charged of my life. I rubbed and rubbed. I started allowing myself to make small noises. Knowing the women could hear me through my open door, I thought, "what the hell" and got louder and louder as I rubbed, moaning in pleasure. If they wanted a show, I would give them a show.

As the pressure built, I uttered a loud cry and ejaculated into my hand. I was not allowed to wipe the cum off my hand after a session like this. I had to return to my aunts to show them that I had fully ejaculated. I'd been spanked before for not showing them the volume of ejaculate that was normal for me (a lot). After I came, realizing I would have to present my handful to my aunts and their invited guests made me blush in embarrassment.

The entire time I did the deed, I left my underpants hooked around the base of my testicles as Professor Beverly wanted. Aunty Sue had stipulated that I return in that state, so I went back to the ladies in the living room to show them the results: a limp penis and a handful of ejaculate.

"That looks much better," said Aunty Sue, commenting on my exposed, now flaccid penis, hanging there like a baby elephant's trunk.

"And such a big load," added Joyce, looking at my big handful of cum. "His balls look looser too."

"Did you have a good cum?" asked Beverly.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, blushing, still holding my handful out for them to see.

"Actually, we could all hear that, couldn't we, ladies?"

"Ha ha! Yes!" the three others agreed.

"But you did that deliberately, didn't you, young man? Making so much noise like that?" stated Aunty Sue.

Oh crap. Nothing I did got past Aunty Sue. I blushed, looked down, and said, "Yes, Ma'am."

"Naughty little fetishist is what you are," she said.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am."

"Well, if you want to put on a show for us, let's have you put on a good one. Chrissie, can you whip up a little 'sauce' to go on David's chicken instead of your delicious peanut sauce?"

What?

Aunt Chrissie giggled and said, "Of course! Come with me, David, and you be careful with that handful."

She went into the kitchen, and I followed behind miserably. Aunty Chrissie was clearly going to whip up a 'chicken sauce' for me to eat with my ejaculate as the main ingredient!

She got out a little metal saucepan and turned the stove on low. She got a plastic measuring spoon and scooped the cum out of my hand, scraping off the remainder and putting it all into the saucepan. I had to stand there sporting a limp penis hanging out the front of my underpants as she did so. She added a touch of water and some cornstarch and stirred it up using a little wooden spoon over the heat. She added a bit more water, stirred some more, and tested the consistency by scooping some up with the spoon and letting it dribble slowly back into the saucepan.

"That looks perfect," Aunt Chrissie said. "Wash your hands now, David."

I washed my hands at the sink as instructed.

"Back to the table," Aunt Chrissie said, and we both went back. I sat down at my place with my penis and testicles still hanging out. I would not be allowed to put them away during this punishment.

She whisked away my barely touched plate of chicken with peanut sauce and served me a fresh dish of pasty white chicken breast with all the skin removed. She then dribbled my white 'cum sauce' all over it, ensuring the chicken breasts were fully covered. The consistency was thick and gooey.

"Yummy, yummy in your tummy," teased Beverly.

I must have made a horrified face at it. I wasn't going to eat any of that!

"Eat your meal, David," said Aunty Sue, noticing my hesitancy. "Every last bite. And there's the bread to mop up all that yummy sauce afterwards. If that plate isn't completely clean by the time you're finished, you'll get the paddle over the back of the couch and you won't be sitting for a week."

I looked at Aunty Sue. She was serious. I looked at the other three ladies at the table, who were all grinning at my predicament. I looked back down at my food and looked back up at them again.

"Eat it," encouraged Joyce. "Unless you want your aunt's paddle across your backside."

I looked back down and began eating it tentatively under the watchful eyes of all four ladies.

I took my first bite of the chicken breast covered in thick, goopy cum sauce. Oh, it was disgusting! I almost retched.

"Ha!" said Joyce, seeing my face. "Serves you right."

I looked up. All four ladies were smiling at me.

"Keep going, young man," said Aunty Sue.

They had finished their main course, so they had nothing better to do than stare at me as I choked down bite after bite.

"Tasty?" asked Beverly.

"No, Ma'am," I answered between bites.

She turned to Aunty Sue and said, "I admire how strict you are with him."

"He knew exactly what he was doing, moaning loudly like that as he masturbated himself. Now he's paying the price. Aren't you, David?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I said miserably, choking down another mouthful under the ladies' watchful gaze.

Finally, I was done with the chicken, but the 'sauce' was still all over my plate.

"Here you go," said Aunt Chrissie, holding out the bread bowl for me to take a piece. I reached in, took a piece of bread, and began mopping up my 'sauce'.

"Remember, every last drop gone, or it's the paddle for you," said Beverly.

I diligently mopped up every trace of sauce, gagging and retching the whole time, until my plate was shiny clean.

"He's so obedient when faced with the prospect of a paddling," commented Beverly.

"He knows the cost of disobeying me," said Aunty Sue. "Now, David, tell me why you had to eat a plateful of good chicken covered with a nasty sauce made from your own ejaculate while we watched."

"Because I was naughty and made a spectacle of myself when you told me to take care of my erection."

"Exactly. A sexual spectacle with female guests present. There'll be no dessert for you. Go put your nose into the corner until we're done. You can

enjoy the nice aftertaste there."

"Yes, Ma'am," I said and made my way to the corner. I still had my underpants up with my penis dangling out the front and was unsure what to do with that situation. Aunty Sue clarified.

"Underpants at your ankles, young man, arms clasped behind your back. Nose tightly in the corner. I want to see plaster on that nose when you come out."

I reached the corner, took the waistband of my underpants in my hands, and pulled them down to my ankles. Then I clasped my arms behind my back and stuck my nose deep into the corner.

After I pulled my underpants down, Aunty Sue must have noticed the ginger still up there. "Oh, I forgot, you still have that ginger root up your bum. Does it still burn?" asked Aunty Sue.

"Not very much anymore, Ma'am," I answered from my corner. The effects had largely worn off.

"We'll take it out after our dessert. You stay like that until then."

"Yes, Ma'am," I said.

I stood there, bare, plugged, with my strap-marked bum showing. The ladies ate their dessert, ignoring me, and lingered over coffee afterwards as I cooled my heels in the corner, regretting the little 'show' I had put on earlier in my bedroom. The minor thrill I received had definitely not been worth the punishment. I could still taste the disgusting cum sauce as I stood there, not having been allowed to even take a drink at all during or after my 'meal'.

Chapter 27: A Cheek-Burning Embarrassment

"We're done now, David," said Aunty Sue about a half hour later. "Come over here. Shuffle over with your arms and underpants where they are. Let's have that ginger root out so you can say goodnight and work on your math homework."

I pulled my nose out of the corner and turned to face them, my arms still clasped behind my back, my bare penis on display. I shuffled over to Aunty Sue. She had me turn and bend over and started gently tugging on the ginger root, but it would not move.

"Use a little water," suggested Beverly.

"Hold your cheeks apart, sweetheart," Aunty Sue said. I unclasped my arms and reached for my bottom cheeks to do that. She used a glass to dribble water onto the plug where it penetrated me and worked the water a bit into my hole with her finger. Then she pulled the ginger root out, and it popped free.

"Oh, that's a bit messy, sweetheart."

"Oooh!" Beverly said.

"There's a bit of poo on the ginger root and on your bumhole. Keep your cheeks spread like that while we clean you up."

Oh no... There I was, with a messy bum, displaying it to four ladies!!!

"Chrissie, would you please bring us a bit of toilet paper. Quite a bit."

Aunt Chrissie ran to do that as I continued holding my cheeks wide, mortified at the dirty state of my bum.

Aunt Chrissie came back holding a bunch of toilet paper. Aunty Sue wrapped the ginger in some toilet paper and handed it to Aunt Chrissie to dispose of.

"Now let's have a look here..." with that, she bent over me and used the toilet paper to wipe my ass. "You need more fibre in your diet." She folded the paper and made a few more passes over my ass hole and ass crack to make sure it was clean. I'd never felt so humiliated, having my dirty buttcrack wiped with toilet paper by my aunt while my Aunt Chrissie and the two older ladies looked on.

"While we're on the subject," Aunt Chrissie said, "I've been a bit reluctant to mention it, but I've been noticing skid marks on his undies lately when I do the laundry."

Oh, God!

"Sorry, Aunt Chrissie! I'll... I'll be more careful."

Aunty Sue was not satisfied with my promise. She said, "for the next week, I want you to call either your Aunt Chrissie or me over to watch you wipe and inspect afterwards before you pull up your undies. Understood?"

"Please, Ma'am, I don't need that. I'll do better."

"Nonsense. That's what we do when we potty train a child, and that's what you need right now, a bit of remedial potty training."

"Please, Aunty Sue. I don't."

"Now David," chimed in Beverly, wanting to be 'helpful', "do properly potty-trained children leave skid marks on their underpants?"

"no..."

"So, be logical; what do you need?"

"to be... potty trained?"

"Such a bright boy. That's right."

Sue told me to get dressed and then go finish my homework. I re-dressed in front of them as they looked on benignly, then trundled off to do my math. I blushed furiously at having my bottom hole so thoroughly wiped by my aunty while her guests looked on, and then sentenced to more of the same for the next week as if I were a toddler.

I went to my room and sat to do my homework. Not long after, as the ladies left, Aunty Sue required me to come out and give them each a kiss on their cheek. I then went back to finish my neglected homework.

But my aunts did not forget about my 'remedial potty training'. If you think spanking is embarrassing, it is nothing like being an 18-year-old boy subjected to this sort of training by your Aunties!

Every time I went to the toilet for a week, I had to ensure Aunt Chrissie was available. Once, when she was out and I really needed to go, I had to ask Aunty Sue.

They at least allowed me to do my business in peace and flush it away. But they insisted on being there as I took up the toilet paper and wiped myself, and they always made a close inspection afterwards as they made me bend over, holding my cheeks wide apart.

Once my week was up, I got to 'graduate' to being a 'big boy' again, able to go to the toilet entirely by myself. When Aunty Sue released me from supervision, she warned, "if we catch you with skid marks again, I'll put

you in a diaper for a week, you'll do *all* your business in it, and we'll change you like a baby." I blushed madly at that. I most definitely did not want to be put into a diaper.

Fortunately, we could put that whole messy bum thing behind us. I was *extremely* meticulous about my bottom-hole hygiene after that incident. Inspections had been bad enough. I wanted no part of being kept in diapers like a baby!

Chapter 28: Tamara and Mandy Again

About a week after that whole bum inspection thing, Aunt Chrissie's dance friends, Tamara and Mandy, dropped by once more. I had a total crush on Tamara.

They had come over to practice a dance routine for an upcoming charity event. It was intended to be a surprise, so they couldn't use the dance studio for rehearsal.

The song was "Do You Love Me" by The Contours:

Do you love me? I can really move.

Do you love me? I'm in the groove.

*Now, do you love me,
now... that I... can dance.*

Dance.

Dance!

I can mash potato.

I can do the twist.

*Now tell me, baby,
do you like it like this?*

I was in my room studying under orders from Auntie Sue. Stopping would have meant a spanking, and no doubt in front of the girls, so I had to stay put in my room as they practiced. They were likely wearing skimpy little costumes and vamping it up. Man, I would have loved to see the girls practice that!

They were on a break, and Aunt Chrissie popped her head into my room.

"Hey, do you want to come out and watch us practice? Tell us how good we are?"

"Can't. Auntie Sue says I need to study," I said miserably.

"I got her permission. You can come out and watch and get back to it later."

"Oh... OK!" I said enthusiastically.

I went to the living room. They had cleared the furniture. The girls were super cute and had on these amazing tight little skimpy outfits that really highlighted their tits, bellies, and asses. Tamara was especially cute.

"Look," said Aunt Chrissie, "we have an appreciative audience!"

"Hi, David," said Mandy.

"Keeping out of trouble?" asked Tamara.

They had both seen me punished with my nose in the corner and my pants down. They knew I was subject to spankings for misbehaviour. So 'staying out of trouble' had a special meaning, and we all knew it. I blushed.

I sat to the side as they started doing another rehearsal run. They looked terrific, like professional dancers. I couldn't keep my eyes off Tamara. She was so sexy and pretty. In fact, I felt my cock starting to stir. I had on loose track pants and my worn and loose tighty-whities under. I was in grave danger of popping a very obvious boner. I casually took a pillow from the couch and placed it on my lap.

They finished their run-through, turned to me, and asked, "What do you think, David?" They all looked at me, glistening with sweat. I was sitting there with a boner covered by the pillow. I felt myself blushing.

"Really good," I said.

"What's the pillow for, David?" asked Aunt Chrissie, smirking.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Did you think it was sexy?" asked Tamara, catching on as well.

"Yeah."

"You're not just saying that?" she teased.

"Sure way to find out," said Aunt Chrissie. "Take the pillow away, David."

"No..."

Mandy came up to me and yanked it away. I instantly folded my arms over my crotch area.

Aunt Chrissie and Tamara came to either side of me and pulled my arms away from my middle. I was popping a giant boner inside my track pants!

"Ha ha ha ha ha!" They all laughed as I struggled and squirmed in their grip.

"I guess he *did* find it sexy!" said Mandy.

The girls all giggled.

At the height of my embarrassment, Aunt Sue walked into the room.

"What's this about?" she asked. The girls held me down as I struggled, the evidence as plain as day.

"I think David found our dance sexy," Aunt Chrissie said.

"Oh, David!" said Aunt Sue. "Can't you control your thoughts for even five minutes when pretty girls are around you? What will I do with you?"

"I think you should give him a spanking for perving all over us," Aunt Chrissie helpfully suggested as they held me there, struggling, my erect

state evident to all.

"What do you ladies think?" Aunty Sue asked Mandy and Tamara.

"Oh yes, definitely," they both said, tittering.

"No! Please!" I begged.

"The room has spoken, young man. A spanking it will be," said Aunty Sue in an amused tone.

"No! Aunty Sue, please! Not with the girls here! Please!"

"Oh yes, definitely with the girls here." As she said that, she took a straight-backed wooden chair from the dining area, brought it over, placed it down, and sat on it. "Bring him over to me."

Tamara and Aunt Chrissie made me stand and took me over to Aunty Sue, my erection still humiliatingly tenting my track pants.

"David, you should be ashamed of yourself." With that, Aunty Sue began lowering my track pants and then my underpants right down to my ankles. Right in front of the girls!

Rather than take me straight over her knee, she let me stand there so all the girls could see my pulsing erection.

"Oh my God, it's massive!" said Tamara.

"It is a big one," said Mandy.

"Look how engorged the head is. I think it's pulsing. Is it pulsing?"

"It is."

"Oh, David! Even now?" asked Aunty Sue.

I couldn't help it! With the extra eyes on me, I just became ridiculously embarrassed, which caused me to become even more ridiculously excited.

And then the unthinkable started happening. I felt a strange sensation in my dick. It felt sort of like I was going to cum. But I didn't cum. But the tip of my penis began leaking a long strand of pre-cum!

"David!" repeated Aunty Sue.

"I'm sorry!!!!" I wailed.

The girls all started laughing uproariously.

"Oh, My God! He's *leaking*. He's actually *leaking* right out of the tip of his dick!" exclaimed Mandy.

"Chrissie, bring me a tissue," Aunty Sue said.

Chrissie did that and handed it to Aunty Sue who collected the strand and dried my tip. But no sooner had she done that than more started leaking out.

She handed me the tissue and said, "go to your room and take care of that before I spank you."

I blushed strongly, holding the tissue to my penis tip as I waddled over to my room, my track pants and undies around my ankles.

"May we watch?" asked Aunt Chrissie.

"You may," responded Aunty Sue.

"No!" I screamed.

"Do as you're told, or there'll be consequences, young man. Chrissie, let me know if he resists at all. If he does, I'll give him what's for."

"Come on, let's watch!" Aunt Chrissie said to her friends, who seemed eager to. "David, go to my bedroom. There's more room for us there."

Oh no! I would have to masturbate in front of them. Jerk my penis right in front of Aunt Chrissie's two hot dance friends. Disgrace myself completely.

I miserably diverted to Aunt Chrissie's and Aunty Sue's bedroom. I climbed onto the bed as the three girls piled into the bedroom. They sat on the bed beside and in front of me.

"Please, Aunt Chrissie!" I begged, not wanting to humiliate myself further.

"Don't look at me. I'm not touching it," she said, deliberately misunderstanding.

"No! It's just I can't! Not in front of everybody! Please!"

"Sue!" Aunt Chrissie called out. "He's being disobedient."

"No! No!" I yelled.

Aunty Sue popped her head in.

"Disobedient, eh? You were warned. We'll just have to see about that."

"No! Please! I'll do it! I'll do it!" I begged.

But there was never any dissuading Aunty Sue once she got the idea of punishment in her head. She went to one of her drawers and pulled out her father's old strap.

"No! No! Please!" I begged. "Not the strap! Please! I'll be good! I'll obey! I will! Please!"

"He looks scared!" said one of the girls.

"He has reason to be," said Aunt Chrissie. "He doesn't just disobey Sue and get away with it."

"I will obey! I will!" I said.

"You certainly had your chance to obey," said Aunty Sue, "and you didn't. But you will obey after I give you a taste of this strap."

I was lying face up on the bed. My pants and underpants were still down around my legs. Aunty Sue pulled off my pants, leaving my undies wrapped around my ankles. She grabbed them, twisted them, and used them as a handle to lift my legs up high.

"Nice and high," Aunty Sue said. "A little extra humiliation for you for disobeying me in front of the girls."

Mandy and Tamara got the idea, took my ankles from Aunty Sue, removed my undies, and bent me back further. Aunt Chrissie pushed one pillow and then another under my hips. The girls pulled me back harder. My erect penis was pointed directly at my face!

"No! No! Not like this!" I begged. My penis, testicles and anus were fully on show in the most humiliating position imaginable.

"Exactly like this," said Aunty Sue. "In the diaper-changing position. This is how we punish disobedient boys who can't seem to control their penises."

As they held me there, my penis started to leak even more. The leaking intensified, and soon there was a sticky strand of pre-cum heading straight for my face!

"No! No!" I cried as the strand touched my lips and started going into my mouth.

"Ewwww! It's going into his mouth!" Mandy said unnecessarily.

"Hold him steady, girls."

Aunty Sue hauled back and let loose a terrific stroke of the evil strap directly across my ass cheeks.

"AAAAAIIIIIIIOOOOOOOOO!" I cried out as the pre-cum painted my face.

"One more," she said.

"AHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEEEEEE!" I wailed as a second stroke seared my cheeks.

"You just call me if he needs any more," said Aunty Sue as she put away the strap and left the room.

The girls kept me like that, holding my still desperately drippy penis directly above my face. Mandy reached under and flicked the shaft, which made more pre-cum drop onto me.

"Don't!" said Tamara, but with a laugh in her voice.

"Should we make him jerk himself into his face?" asked Mandy. "Make him give himself a full facial?"

"No!" said Tamara, "That's mean."

Aunt Chrissie removed the pillows, and the girls put my legs down.

Aunt Chrissie took a tissue and wiped my face. "Poor baby," she said.

"Go on now," she continued, "unless you want more of the strap. Stroke it."

I reached down and began stroking my penis as the girls all watched, fascinated.

"Is he a virgin?" asked Tamara.

"He is," said Aunt Chrissie.

"May I do it? Use my hand on him?"

"I don't know. David, may she?"

Oh my gosh. It was Tamara asking. Yes, yes, of course.

"yes," I said simply.

Tamara gently took my cock in her soft hand and started rubbing. This was like a dream come true for me. The pre-cum made it slide. I was embarrassed and looked away from all three girls.

"David," said Tamara softly, "look me in the eyes."

I made eye contact with her. She was staring into my eyes intensely as she rubbed my cock.

"Do you like this?" she asked.

I nodded up and down.

Mandy giggled.

"Would you like to cum like this? From my hand?"

I nodded up and down again.

"Okay. Keep looking at me; we're having a *moment*."

Tamara increased the intensity. We maintained eye contact right up to the point I ejaculated and beyond. I was in love!

"I think David has a new girlfriend," teased Aunt Chrissie as she cleaned the cum off my belly and chest with a washcloth she had fetched.

"Hardly," said Tamara. "How old is he again?"

"Eighteen."

"Still just a *baby*," Tamara said as she patted my cheek. She was Aunt Chrissie's age, maybe a bit younger, mid-twenties. "It's just puppy love," she said with a smile.

We went back into the living room. I still had to be spanked. The girls handed me over to Aunty Sue, who sat on the chair, pulled me across her knee, and started hand-spanking me. The girls winced as Aunty Sue layed into me. It was so embarrassing. Aunty Sue's hand is no joke, and the girls noticed my struggles to take it. They giggled at the 'eighteen-year-old boy' spanked naked across his Auntie's knee – a childish hand-spanking no less – kicking his legs and crying out as if he was a naughty six-year-old.

While my spanking continued, the girls cued up their music and did another run-through. They danced to The Contours as I did my red-bottomed lap dance across Aunty Sue's knee in time to their music.

After my spanking, Aunty Sue put me in the corner, but face out, hands on my head, so that I had to watch the girls dance with my penis exposed to them.

"Come on! Sexier girls. We can make him get it up again!" Aunt Chrissie said to egg them on.

They succeeded, and I had to stand there with a very red face and another giant boner as they danced, much to their ongoing amusement at the squirming 'sex-o-meter' they had discovered.

Chapter 29: Coming Out Party

Since I arrived, there had been hints around the house that Aunt Chrissie wished to 'come out' as a spanking fetishist. Over dinner one day, Aunt Sue and Aunt Chrissie told me they had decided to do it.

Aunt Chrissie explained that she wanted to express herself about her spanking fetish. Maybe write a book, write a blog, or do a YouTube channel.

They would not put it in anybody's face, nor would they hide it. It would come out that Aunt Chrissie was spanked and that Aunt Sue was doing the spanking. They assured me that my arrangement need not be disclosed at all.

It was a brave move for both. Aunt Sue was a respected professor in the business faculty and risked possible ridicule. But they both judged that while they knew they would encounter friction, the world was ready for a franker discussion of alternative sexualities.

Rather than just start publishing stuff, Aunt Chrissie wanted to let all her best friends and closest acquaintances know all at once at a kind of 'Coming Out Party'.

Aunt Chrissie would plan the party, prepare all the food, and serve. She said she wanted to wear a 'sexy French maid' outfit. They asked if I would help serve and if I would wear a fancy tuxedo that they would get me for the event. Of course, I agreed.

The guests would not precisely know what the party was about, just that it would be a 'Coming Out Party' for Aunt Chrissie. It would be ambiguous as to what she was 'coming out' about.

Aunt Sue would call them to order and hand the floor over to Aunt Chrissie, who would explain everything.

There would then be a demonstration spanking: a light hand spanking across Aunt Sue's knee over Aunt Chrissie's panties.

Crazy, or what? I thought it was brave. I was pretty sure I was not ready for anything like that, but it made me feel better about myself and my sexuality.

The fateful day approached, and Aunt Chrissie became very excited. She was busy buying everything and making *hors d'œuvres*. I helped her haul the drinks and arrange the house. Aunt Chrissie took me out to rent my tux.

A few days earlier, Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie had gone out together to buy her outfit. When they got back, Aunt Chrissie modelled it for me. It was like a sex shop French maid costume or a Halloween party version: super slutty. She had on strappy black stiletto heels. She had fishnet stockings held up by elastic around her thighs. The skirt was practically not there. The top barely covered her breasts, showing a lot of tummy, cleavage, side boob, and under boob. As a very odd contrast, she wore her white cotton panty with little ponies under her skirt. You could see the panty when she bent over and how it hugged her ass and even her pussy lips. It was spectacular.

"You like?" Aunt Chrissie asked me.

I nodded my head dumbly up and down.

"Stop drooling," joked Aunty Sue.

The invitations were sent out in advance. There would be about thirty people there, all friends and close acquaintances of Aunt Chrissie. The invitation said, "Please join us and celebrate my Coming Out Party!" There were a lot of replies confused over what she was coming out as, as they all knew she was literally married to a woman. Aunt Chrissie replied that it was a secret and they had to attend to be among the first to find out.

When the party started, Aunt Chrissie greeted everybody in her sexy slutty French maid's outfit at the door. I was nearby with a tray of champagne, handing those out as the guests arrived.

"Is it supposed to be a costume party? Nobody told us!"

"You're coming out as a slut? We knew that!" said one friend in a good-natured way.

"You're coming out as a French maid?"

Everyone was good-natured, festive, and curious. Aunt Chrissie always dressed provocatively, and while this maybe took it to a new level, nobody seemed particularly surprised. It was standard Halloween-party-type fare in her circle.

The guests were mainly her age and of a rainbow spread of races and sexualities. Lots of female and male gay couples. An obvious threesome in there. Funny hair. Piercings. Some perfectly normal-looking people. I was introduced as Aunt Chrissie's 'nephew-in-law'. Some of Aunt Chrissie's

dance friends were there, including my hand-job crush, Tamara. She came over, kissed me on the cheek, and laughed as I blushed, my cock stirring.

Once everybody had arrived, Aunty Sue turned off the music and tapped a fork onto the side of a glass to get everybody's attention.

"I know you're all dying to know what Chrissie is coming out as... So, without further ado, Chrissie will explain."

There was applause as Aunty Sue helped Aunt Chrissie onto a small wooden stage Aunt Chrissie had borrowed from some theatre friends.

"Hi, Everybody!" said Aunt Chrissie.

They all said "hi" back.

"I guess you're all dying to know what this is all about?"

Got a lot of "yes!"

"As we all appreciate, there's a whole spectrum of sexual identities and sexual preferences, but I have a particular kind of, what I call, a sexual identity. I do like boys. I like girls even better. And I like one specific girl more than anything."

She bent down, and Sue and she kissed while the crowd applauded.

"But none of that describes what I consider to be my sexual identity. What I truly identify as, and have ever since I can remember, is as a *spanking fetishist*."

I looked around the room. Nobody seemed to know what to make of that.

"I've been obsessed about *spankings* ever since I can remember. I introduced my particular kink to this wonderful woman here, and she's been spanking me ever since, both in the bedroom and in life.

"And by 'in life' I guess some of you knew me before I met Sue. I was a bit of a screw-up."

There were nods of agreement.

"So, since I have this giant spanking fetish, I asked Sue to take me in hand, straighten up my life for me, and spank me when I didn't behave. I got a lot of spankings, cleaned up my act, and became much happier and healthier.

"But, you may ask, 'how can spankings help if you like the spankings?'"

"That's the trick. I like thinking about spankings. I like obsessing about spankings. I like reading about spankings. I like looking at pictures of spankings. I dream about being spanked. I desperately need sex after I've

been spanked. I don't actually like the spanking itself. Isn't that weird? I mean, I like the sexy ones, but not the punishment ones.

"Before you imagine anything else, it's totally consensual, and there's no harm done, just a sore red butt. I have a safeword if I need it to stop. But when I get it, I know I deserve it, and I know it helps me.

"For me, it works. I had to practically beg Sue to take it seriously. But she did, and I'm so happy, and I feel like I really am expressing my true sexual identity now.

"You guys are all my friends, and it's such a big part of me that I had to keep completely hidden from you, and I don't want to anymore. Also, I want to start writing and vlogging about my little fetish, and I didn't want it to come as a total surprise."

One of the gay guy friends, a very in-shape man I later learned was named Lance, said, "Congratulations! And, I mean, who doesn't like a little spanky-spanky, am I right?"

The crowd all cheered at that.

Aunt Chrissie held up her hand for silence. "And now, for the embarrassing part..."

Chapter 30: A Public Spanking for Chrissie

Aunt Chrissie said, "I figured that I wasn't really 'coming out' unless all my friends got to see me get a spanking. So, the embarrassing part is that I've asked Sue if she would give me a demonstration spanking in front of you all. Is that okay?"

"Spanking! Spanking! Spanking! Spanking!" shouted the crowd in unison, led by the effervescent Lance. They all seemed happy to cheer on Aunt Chrissie's new (to them) 'sexual identity'.

Aunty Sue shrugged. She got a straight-backed wooden chair, put it right in the center of the little wooden stage, and sat on it. Aunty Sue looked a bit embarrassed. She took Aunt Chrissie over to her right side and tipped her over her lap. Aunt Chrissie's tiny skirt flew up, exposing the seat of her little ponies white cotton panties.

Aunty Sue rubbed and patted Aunt Chrissie's butt over her panties.

"What's your safeword, sweetie, in case anything we do is too much for you?"

"My safeword is 'Red'."

Aunty Sue explained to the guests, "if she ever says that, we stop and check in. Then we can discuss and see if she wants the arrangement to continue. And if not, then that's perfectly fine also. It's all her choice. Isn't that right, Chrissie?"

"Yes, Sue."

"Normally, these would come down," Aunty Sue said, snapping a leg band of Aunt Chrissie's panties, "but we don't want to offend anybody."

Lance again led the charge by shouting, "Panties Down! Panties Down!" He turned towards all the others, raised his hand in a fist, and continued the chant, "Panties Down! Panties Down!" First, a few and then everybody joined Lance's chant: "Panties down! Panties down! Panties down! Panties down!"

Aunty Sue held up her hand for silence. She asked, "Does anybody object? You'll be able to see everything there is of the poor girl."

"Let's see her," somebody said, a female voice.

Aunty Sue spoke to Chrissie: "It seems your guests would like to see your panties lowered, young lady. Do you consent?"

Aunt Chrissie, in a tiny voice, said, "yes."

"We couldn't hear you, sweetheart."

"Yes," she said considerably louder, and the guests laughed.

"I don't actually need to ask her. I could have gone ahead and done it knowing she was consenting by not using her safeword. But I do like embarrassing her like this. An embarrassment fetish goes strongly with her spanking fetish."

Aunty Sue made a show of slowly pulling Aunt Chrissie's panties down. A bit down on the right, and bit down on the left, more on the right, more on the left. The top cleft of her bottom became visible. Aunty Sue continued the slow descent. Soon a good half of Aunt Chrissie's bum cleft was on show.

"Please, just pull them down," begged Aunt Chrissie, driven crazy by this slow reveal.

"All the way down? Right to the backs of your knees, young lady? Knowing *everything* you'll be showing off?"

Aunty Sue was giving Aunt Chrissie one final out. "To the knees" meant Aunt Chrissie's pussy would be on parade.

"yes, please," Aunt Chrissie responded in a shaky voice.

Aunty Sue pulled them all the rest of the way right down to a bundle around her knees. Then she even made a point of hiking Aunt Chrissie a little higher over her leg and bending her over more so that her head was nearer the platform they were on.

There was a subtle but general movement of the crowd towards the back of Aunt Chrissie. I included myself in that number. It was so lewd. Aunt Chrissie's pussy was indeed on full parade. And as I've said before, her legs are skinny, and while her ass is a beautiful bubble butt, her anatomy is such that when she's bent over, her bottom hole goes on full parade as well.

"Nice wax job!" one of her female 'friends' said.

"And I think she might bleach that bumhole," Lance said. "I had my boyfriend's done. I should know."

Poor Aunt Chrissie. She must have been so embarrassed (and loving it, in her way).

Aunty Sue, meanwhile, was caressing Aunt Chrissie's butt. Rubbing it all over.

"If this was a bedroom spanking, she'd get lots of little spanks like this." She matched actions to words and began spanking her cheeks lightly. Aunt Chrissie started moaning with the spanks.

Aunty Sue paused and went back to rubbing. "This gets her very worked up," she said.

"She's soaking!" said Lance, referring to Aunt Chrissie's visibly glistening pussy lips. "Such a little slut!"

"Yes, she is a very, very naughty little girl. Who thinks she deserves a harder spanking for being so naughty?"

"Harder! Harder! Harder!" chanted the crowd, even without Lance's prompting.

Aunty Sue hiked Aunt Chrissie up even higher across her left thigh and clamped Aunt Chrissie's legs down with her right. This exposed more of Aunt Chrissie, if that was even possible, including even more of her glistening wet kitty.

"Chrissie is not a masochist," Aunty Sue explained. "She feels a good hard spanking as much as anybody would. But even though she doesn't like them as they're going on, she craves them nonetheless and doesn't feel complete unless I regularly give her good hard ones. Isn't that so, Chrissie?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

With that, Aunty Sue started giving Aunt Chrissie more of the kind of spanking I was accustomed to from her. She only used her hand, but she used it forcibly and got Aunt Chrissie yelling out and kicking her little legs to the extent possible. Aunty Sue reddened her ass in front of everybody with a good solid spanking.

The whole audience seemed transfixed, as if in awe. The hard spansks rang out like gunshots in the otherwise reverently hushed room.

Aunty Sue ended her spanking, leaving Aunt Chrissie with a spectacularly red butt. She had her stand. Everybody applauded wildly. Her panties fell to her ankles. Aunt Chrissie tried pulling her skirt down to cover her pussy in front. She then turned and buried her head into Aunty Sue's bosom in embarrassment. Aunty Sue stroked her head and told her she was a good girl and a brave girl. She also raised her skirt as Aunt Chrissie squirmed, showing off her red bum.

"What do you say?" asked Aunty Sue.

"Thank you for spanking me, Sue."

"My pleasure, sweetheart." Aunt Chrissie squirmed and tried to drag her skirt down to cover her rear cheeks. Aunty Sue lifted her skirt up against her struggles. "Come on now. Show off that pretty, spanked bottom. It's nothing everybody hasn't already seen."

Aunt Chrissie squirmed some more in embarrassment.

"Now turn around and face everybody and thank them for watching you get your spanking."

Aunt Chrissie turned, desperately holding her skirt down in front, her panties puddled at her ankles, and addressed the crowd.

"Thank you, everybody, for watching me get... spanked."

She was blushing like mad.

Aunty Sue reached for the hem of her skirt in front and started pulling it up.

"No, Sue. Please!" begged Aunt Chrissie.

"Is that your safeword, sweetie?"

"no..."

With that, she raised the hem of her skirt, giving everybody a full frontal view of Aunt Chrissie's shaved slit. It looked puffy, red, and wet.

"Now, thank everybody for looking at your naughty little kitty."

"Ohhhh.... Th... thank you for looking at my *naughty little kitty*..."

"This is hot as hell," one of her girlfriends said.

"Amazing!" said another.

"I'm fucking soaking my panties!"

"And I'm hard as a rock."

Aunty Sue kept her like that, a full tick more than necessary; then she told her to hold her skirt up while she bent and restored Aunt Chrissie's panties.

"Chrissie will be going around serving for the remainder of the party. We invite you to give her a pinch or a slap as she's serving to show your support for her lifestyle."

Chapter 31: Chrissie is Passed Around

The crowd broke up again. Aunt Chrissie gave Aunty Sue a gigantic kiss and then grabbed a tray and served. I was also serving and hoped I would not catch any stray smacks to my ass. Not unless it was from Tamara...

Several people asked me what I thought of all this as I served. I told them it was fun living here, and it didn't bother me in the least. They asked if she got spankings in front of me, like today, and I said they were pretty routine.

Chrissie's two dance friends knew I was spanked, but they kept quiet and winked at me as I passed. Beverly and Joyce did not attend, as it was mostly all Aunt Chrissie's closest friends.

I could see whenever I glanced over that Aunt Chrissie got her ass pinched and smacked a lot. Some people were pretty reticent, and some were positively enthusiastic, but everybody did it.

As Aunt Chrissie was serving Lance and his boyfriend, a girl came up behind and gave Chrissie a bigger-than-usual smack, and the drink she was handing Lance spilled down his front.

Lance caught the glass before it fell, placed the glass back on the tray, took the tray, and handed it to his boyfriend. He then grabbed Aunt Chrissie by the ear, twisting it.

"Sue!" he said. "Just look at what she did to my shirt."

"How careless," said Sue. "Should I spank her, or would you mind?"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, my pleasure!" said Lance.

Lance pulled Aunt Chrissie over to the wooden platform, put one foot on it, and lifted Aunt Chrissie up and over his elevated knee.

"No Lance! Don't! Don't!" she said.

Without asking, he whisked Aunt Chrissie's panties down and off her kicking legs.

"No! No!" she cried out.

"Not a safeword," Lance informed her.

Lance placed Aunt Chrissie's panties right into her mouth, effectively shutting her up. She looked around comically as her mouth was stuffed with her own panty.

Then, using just his hand, he gave her a barn burner of a spanking! Bent over as she was, everything was completely visible to all the onlookers.

Aunt Chrissie bicycled her legs wildly and screamed out into her panty-gag as Lance continued to use his large, fit hand to punish her little rear cheeks. Lance is a professional fitness trainer. His large hand seemed to cover both her cheeks at once, landing with paddle-like force. During her spanking, she struggled so much that both her boobs popped out of her top!

Poor Aunt Chrissie.

When he finally decided that Aunt Chrissie had had enough, he let her down, her boobs remaining out, the panties still gagging her. Aunt Chrissie immediately reached behind and started rubbing her rear cheeks.

"What do you say?" Lance asked, pulling the panties out of her mouth.

"Thank you for spanking me, Lance."

"From now on, if I don't see you working hard enough at the gym, you know what you can expect. Is that okay, Sue?" he asked as an afterthought.

"Perfectly okay," Aunty Sue said.

"May I have my panties back, Lance? Please?" Aunt Chrissie asked, holding her skirt down to cover her pussy, which exposed her well-spanked backside.

"No. For being so careless, you've lost your panty privileges," Lance said. He reached up and hung them from the chandelier, out of reach of most people. "Those boobies stay out as well." He took the tray from his boyfriend and handed it back to Aunt Chrissie.

"Go on. Keep serving," he said.

"Sue! Please!" begged Aunty Chrissie.

"Lance has spoken, sweetheart. Now do as you're told. You don't want another spanking from him or me."

Lance stood there looking very smug.

Poor Aunt Chrissie tried to hold her skirt down in front with one hand while holding the tray in the other. This meant she walked around with her low ass cheeks totally bare. And every time she needed to use two hands, her skirt flipped up, exposing her little wet kitty. She spent the rest of the party trying to hold that skirt down. Her tits had no hope and remained exposed for the evening.

But Lance had broken the ice, and all over the party, Aunt Chrissie was across someone or other's knee. Gay girls, straight girls, gay guys, straight guys, friends, strangers. Everybody wanted to spank Aunt Chrissie. They made her bend over their laps, bend over the couch, touch her toes, or put her on her back in diaper position, and smacked her rear end.

We bumped into each other. "My butt is so sore! I even got my boobies slapped!" she complained to me but had a giant smile on her face. But then she turned around, put down her tray, bent over a little, and lifted the back of her skirt.

"Come on. You have to do it too..."

I needed no further prompting. I lined up and gave Aunt Chrissie a few good smacks to her bare bottom. On one of my smacks, my fingers curled into her wet pussy. She turned back to me and kissed me on my cheek, as she did to everybody who spanked her that evening.

Aunt Chrissie was definitely out!

Chapter 32: Sex and Mouth Soapings

The next day after the party, Aunt Chrissie was on cloud nine. She loved her party. She asked me how I liked it. I told her that everybody seemed to have fun and accepted her coming out. It blew my mind that all her friends now knew she was getting spankings at home.

Aunt Chrissie sensed something was off with me and asked about it. I told her that Tamara barely spoke to me at the party. She laughed at me and explained the facts of life. Tamara was considerably older than me, she was woman-leaning bi, and the other dancer girl, Mandy, was her partner. "Just because you got a handjob from her while gazing into her big brown eyes doesn't mean she's in love with you, silly." I felt appropriately silly.

"But I do have to get you laid. My prime candidates were Tamara and Mandy. They're both bi and famous for their two-girls-on-guy threesomes."

What? Aunt Chrissie had promised to help me get laid in first year, but I didn't imagine it would be this directly. I definitely wanted that! But I thought if my first time was with Tamara, that would be the best.

Crazily, I asked, "Is it okay if it's just Tamara?"

Aunt Chrissie laughed and laughed that I would prefer a single girl over a threesome. She thought it was cute. Aunt Chrissie patted my cheek and said she'd see if she could line it up for me.

"What sort of things do you think I could do?" I asked.

Aunt Chrissie laughed again. "Anything you want, silly. If you want to lose your virginity in Tamara's pussy, just ask her. Or if you want to fuck her ass, go for it. She'll let you lick her pussy or asshole, or suck on your cock. Tamara's pretty freaky. Anything goes with her. Would you like me to stay to supervise to make sure you're not going to be overly bashful?"

"Th... thank you, Aunt Chrissie, but I think I can manage okay."

Aunt Chrissie smiled. She knew I had a major crush on Tamara and humoured me.

That evening was movie night. We took turns selecting the movies. This time it was Aunt Sue's turn, and she picked a 'socially conscious one' that wound up having a lot of gay guy-on-guy sex.

"Oh, that's just plain gross," I said when the two stubbled guys started kissing.

Aunt Chrissie paused the movie.

"David! I knew you were backward, but I never took you for a homophobe."

Uh oh, I thought. I had triggered Aunt Chrissie. She's big on LGBTQ+ whatever stuff.

"I don't care. They can do it. It's just not for me."

"How do you know? Have you tried it?"

"I don't have to eat shit to know I don't like eating shit."

"ARGGGGHHHHH! You fucking asshole!" Aunt Chrissie cried and stormed out of the room, saying, "I can't even TALK to you right now."

Aunty Sue scowled at me. "Not good," she said, gritting her teeth.

Aunty Sue went to talk with Aunt Chrissie. When she had calmed her down, we all sat together in the living room.

"I'm sorry for snapping at you, David," Aunt Chrissie said.

"She's going to be spanked for it later. And you'll also be spanked, David, for your choice of words. You did say gay sex was 'gross' and compared it to eating feces."

I blushed. I had.

"Yes, Ma'am," I admitted. "but she called me a fucking asshole."

"After you already said being gay is like eating shit!" Aunt Chrissie argued.

"Pipe down, both of you. David, I was there. I am well aware of Chrissie's choice of language. I will not have disharmony in this house, so you are *both* getting spankings in front of one another after we've finished our discussion. And in addition, you are both getting your mouths washed out with soap."

"Yes, Sue," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said.

"Strip, both of you," Aunty Sue said.

Aunt Chrissie and I looked at each other, blaming each other for our predicament with our eyes, and began removing our clothing. We both got down to nude and stood there. I glanced over at Aunt Chrissie. Her slim waist. Her arched-out butt, her side-boobs and hard little nipples. My cock stiffened.

"Eyes front," Aunty Sue said.

I snapped back to attention.

"Into the master bathroom, both of you."

We walked naked to the bathroom adjoining Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie's room. There were two sinks. Aunt Chrissie went to her side, and I took the other. Aunty Sue opened a cupboard and brought out two fresh, full-sized bars of Ivory Soap. She unwrapped them and started the water in each sink running on lukewarm,

Aunt Chrissie and I could see ourselves and each other in the mirror. Aunt Chrissie's little shaved pussy. My hairless erect cock. Aunt Chrissie's exciting and beautiful bare titties. Her tight and toned little tummy. My somewhat embarrassing, scrawny, yet still slightly soft and pudgy body.

Aunty Sue went to Aunt Chrissie's side first. She lathered up the bar in her hands, working up a considerable amount of suds. She made Aunt Chrissie open her mouth, stuck her soapy fingers in, and rubbed all around. Aunt Chrissie gagged a little, and some soapy saliva came out of her mouth. It dribbled down her chin and onto her tits. Aunty Sue repeated the lathering and soaping.

Then she left Aunt Chrissie like that and turned to me and did the same thing. The taste was disgusting. I had never had my mouth soaped, and it was yucky. She made sure to rub it all around in there with her fingers. I gagged a bit, spit up a bit, and my mouth and chin became as soapy as Aunt Chrissie's. Swallowing was not even a question. I would have thrown up. I just had to take it all into my mouth.

Aunty Sue then returned to Aunt Chrissie, leaving me struggling with my mouthful of suds. She got a washcloth, wet it, and soaped it up thoroughly. She rubbed the bar into the washcloth until it had developed a thick layer of suds. She then stuck a corner of the washcloth into Aunt Chrissie's mouth and very deliberately washed every square centimetre. She went back to re-wet and re-lather and continued. She stuffed more of the washcloth into Aunt Chrissie's mouth and told her to bite down and suck. She left the washcloth in Aunt Chrissie's mouth and turned back to me.

She had a second washcloth and did the same to me. We were undoubtedly getting exactly equal treatment so far. She got in everywhere when she washed out my mouth with the washcloth. Every nook and cranny. Roof of the mouth, tongue, under the tongue, cheeks, up near the gums, teeth, everywhere. She then re-wet and re-lathered, put more of the washcloth in my mouth, and told me to bite down and suck on it. More soapy water came out and puddled in my mouth. She left the washcloth in my mouth as she turned back to Aunt Chrissie.

She pulled the washcloth out of Aunt Chrissie's mouth. She lathered the bar of soap up some more, and then, making her open her mouth wider, she used the bar of soap itself inside her mouth, scrubbing it in and out and in and out. Circling it around. Scraping her teeth. When she was done, she held the bar halfway in and told Aunt Chrissie to bite down hard on it. By this time, loads and loads of suds had escaped Aunt Chrissie's mouth and were dribbling down her chin, onto her breasts and tummy, and even down towards her pussy.

Aunty Sue turned to me, pulled the washcloth, lathered the bar, and cleaned my mouth the same way. She made me bite down on the bar in the end as well. My teeth sunk into the softened bar. As with Aunt Chrissie, I was drooling an incredible amount of soap out of my mouth. It coated my lips and chin, dribbled down my chest and tummy and onto my cock.

Looking in the mirror at each other, we both looked absolutely miserable with those bars of soap in our mouths and a mouthful of unswallowable soapy suds.

Aunty Sue picked up her big wooden paddle-shaped hairbrush, stuck it into her belt, and then grabbed each of us by our ears as we were still facing the mirror. She twisted, and we both winced and danced.

"I expect better of both of you. I'll not have disharmony in this house. You will watch your language and control your temper, young lady. You will choose your words with sensitivity, young man."

She then dragged us both out of the bathroom, out of the bedroom, and into the living room. She stood us facing the center of the room, placed a wooden chair in front of us, and sat, taking the big hairbrush out of her belt.

"You first, young lady," she said. "You watch, young man. You're next."

Aunt Chrissie went over to Aunty Sue's side and bent over her lap. She still had the bar of soap lodged deeply into her mouth and a mouthful of suds. I stood with a bar of soap in my mouth as well.

Aunty Sue started in on Aunt Chrissie's ass without any warmup. She cracked the back of the big wooden hairbrush directly onto her low ass cheeks, alternating sides. She went very hard and at a furious pace. Aunt Chrissie couldn't control herself and began kicking her legs wildly and screaming through her soap-bar gag. Her ass rapidly turned crimson red and then purple and white at the centers.

Of course, I realized I would soon get everything Aunt Chrissie was getting. My knees shook, and my tears already started flowing a bit. I still

had a mouthful of suds and a bar of soap in my mouth. I didn't want it! I didn't want it at all!!!

It was over as fast as it started, and Aunt Chrissie was stood back on her feet. The tears were streaming from her eyes, down her cheeks, mixing with the soap suds.

"Stand there and watch," Aunty Sue told her. "You. Across my knee."

Oh no!

"Don't make me tell you twice!" she said as I stood there paralyzed in fear.

I managed to get my feet moving, and I fell across her knee as she pulled me over by my arm, the bar of soap still firmly between my teeth, mouth still filled with suds. She placed the wood on my bum, lifted it, and then gave me one of the most horrific spankings of my life.

I could not contain myself. I bucked and wriggled and kicked and arched. But Aunty Sue kept a tight hold on me and continued spanking my ass with a vengeance. I wanted to scream out, but what came out was just this incoherent shrieking burbling with all the suds in my mouth and the bar of soap between my teeth. I could feel myself biting deeper and deeper into the bar as the spanking went on and on. I had never felt such immediate and intense ass pain in my life.

I was stood up as well, and I am not proud to say that I was crying as strongly as Aunt Chrissie. My nose was snotty, and I couldn't stop blubbering.

We knew we could not rub our asses until after corner time. But we both sorely wanted to.

Aunty Sue shook her hairbrush at us.

"Do you two understand how dimly I view both of your behaviours?"

We both nodded our heads vigorously up and down.

"You may go to the bathroom, remove your bars of soap and rinse. No toothbrushing. And you may rub."

We both reached our hands down to our asses and rubbed furiously. We hurried our little feet, rubbing the whole way, to get to the bathroom to rinse our mouths. We needed those bars of soap out!

When we returned to the bathroom, we stood in front of our respective sinks. We both had to practically pry the bars of soap from our mouths. They both showed a complete indentation of our teeth. I had almost bit

mine in two during my fiery hairbrush spanking. We desperately rinsed and rinsed and rinsed and scrubbed at our mouths with our fingers trying to get the lingering remnants out. It was no use; the aftertaste would be with us for a while.

Midway through our rinsing, Aunty Sue wandered in and looked at us with a satisfied smirk as we rinsed, spat, and rubbed at our teeth.

"Apologize to one another," Aunty Sue said.

We turned and faced, and each said we were sorry to the other. We were both buck-naked.

"Now hug," said Aunty Sue.

We approached awkwardly and hugged one another. I kept my midsection away, fearing my penis would poke Aunt Chrissie's tummy. Her breasts against my chest felt nice. We hugged.

"Off you go, you two, take care of each other's bottoms with the cold cream."

And off we went.

We each applied cold cream to the other's ass. Aunt Chrissie got me off with her hand, and she got herself off with her hand while I rubbed her inner thighs.

I must say, being punished together like that, sharing that experience, and then giving each other sexy aftercare was an *excellent* method to restore harmony.

Chapter 33: David's Homophobia

We re-emerged, re-dressed, and returned to the living room to finish the film.

"How are those naughty backsides and those dirty little mouths?" asked Aunty Sue.

"Backside is sore," Aunt Chrissie said. "Mouth still tastes yucky."

"Oh, believe me, I know," said Aunty Sue. "David's mother and I both experienced several nasty mouth soapings growing up, just like the ones I gave you two. They were quite effective in cleaning up our language, as I recall. Ha ha!"

"I can see why," said Aunt Chrissie.

Aunty Sue then changed the subject. "Before we watch the rest and let this go, let's get to the bottom of this homophobia issue."

I felt ganged up on.

"I'm not homophobic. I just don't like guy-on-guy stuff. It's just a personal preference. I'm allowed to have those, right?"

"Watch your tone with me, young man. Ditch the sarcasm, or you'll get another good spanking."

"Yes, Ma'am. Sorry, Ma'am."

"The word 'homophobia' literally means a fear of gay people and activities. Is it fair to say you are repulsed at the notion of men having sex with each other?"

"I guess... a little..."

"Where did this attitude come from?"

"I don't know."

"If you don't know, then it's fairly safe to assume it came from the culture around you. Does your father feel the same way? Do your friends?"

"I guess so."

"You grew up in a small town, David, where that sort of attitude is rampant. We hoped that you being here, living with us, would help you get over that kind of programming."

"I don't think it's a problem," I said.

"The fact that you don't think it's a problem means it's a problem. But it's never too late to open your mind. I think, David, that you should experience gay sex."

"No!" I complained.

"I'm sure Chrissie can arrange a partner for you."

"No! Please!" I begged.

"Sure. Lance would love to pop the cherry of a handsome straight boy like David," said Aunt Chrissie, her eyes lighting up at the suggestion.

"No!" I begged again, feeling desperation set in.

"You can't do better than Lance, David," said Aunty Sue. "A very handsome and muscular man. I'm sure he has a lovely cock. And you saw how he spanked Chrissie at the party. A bit of a dominant streak. And you are naturally submissive."

"No!"

Aunt Chrissie decided to chime in: "Unless you agree to having gay sex with Lance first and curing that homophobia, you can forget about popping your cherry with Tamara, or any other girl for that matter, seeing as you have zero chance without my help."

Damn. She was right. I've had so little success with girls. I'm not brash and confident like some guys, and I don't have a fantastic body or anything. I knew my chances of having sex with a girl were 100% in Aunt Chrissie's hands.

"What would I have to do?" I asked pitifully.

"Anything Lance wants you to do, sweetheart," said Aunty Sue. "I imagine you'll have to suck his cock, yes?"

"Definitely," said Chrissie.

"And probably take it up the bum," added Aunty Sue.

"It would hardly be gay sex without that," Aunt Chrissie said.

"nooooo..." I wailed.

"Oh, come on, David," said Aunt Chrissie. "What's a little cock in the mouth going to hurt? I've had more than I care to admit inside of mine. I've even had yours inside my mouth, thanks to Sue here. Did you hear me complaining?"

"no"

"That's right, because it's no big deal unless you're a total homophobe. Are you a total homophobe, David, or can you put on your big girl panties and suck it up?"

"I guess I could..."

"That's a boy! You can't be a homophobe if you suck cock, am I right? And besides, look on the bright side; you might get your cock sucked by Lance. I hear gay guys are particularly good at it."

"ohhhh... but not bum sex, okay?"

"Na ha. It's the whole nine yards or no Tamara," said Aunt Chrissie. "It's no big deal either. I've had guys' cocks up my ass before. And your Aunty Sue regularly fucks my asshole with her strap-on."

"It's true," Aunty Sue said.

"But it'll hurt!" I wailed. I've had smaller things put up my ass, like fingers and the ginger root, and it felt like my asshole would tear open.

"You just need to learn how to take it and get a little used to it. Sue, what do you think of using your strap-on on David to get him ready for Lance?"

"That would not be appropriate," Aunty Sue said. "But I think it would be okay if you would do it."

"Really!?! I can use your strap-on???"

"Not on me. But on David? Sure."

"Oh, goodie! Thank you, Sue!"

"Hey, wait!" I complained.

"It'll be fun, David. I can build up from a skinny and short one to a big thick and long one. You're going to love getting it up the ass. You already know that having a finger up your bum makes you cum more quickly. It's like that, only better. I'm 'gonna make such sweet love to you for long, long time."

Aunt Chrissie and Aunty Sue both laughed, looking at my expression.

"Alright, you two children," said Aunty Sue. "Now that that's settled, I want to watch the rest of my movie in peace."

Chapter 34: Chrissie Dildo Trains David

True to her word, Aunt Chrissie lined up my two sex sessions.

She first contacted Tamara and explained the whole thing to her, including me being a virgin and even about me having to have gay sex with Lance first and why. She agreed that she would pop my girl-cherry if I showed that much commitment. Aunt Chrissie showed me the messages as proof.

Then she lined up my gay sex session with Lance, the super-fit personal trainer that Aunt Chrissie had at her party. She said Lance was all set for a week Saturday, and then Tamara the Saturday after if I followed through.

The session with Lance was in about ten days. I couldn't believe that I had agreed to this. It seemed more reasonable at the time.

Aunt Chrissie showed me her text conversation with Lance:

"Hey! Told nephew-in-law he could get it on with Tam, but only if he gets over his male homophobia first. Up to pop a straight boy's gay cherry?"

He answered back an all-caps, enthusiastic "YES!!!"

"Is he reluctant?" Lance asked.

"Oh yes!" Aunt Chrissie wrote back.

"Good. I love taking reluctant straight boys' cherries the most!" he wrote back.

Oh no.

"That only gives us ten days to get you ready for Lance's cock, David. We need to get working right away."

The next day, just after Aunt Sue came home from work, Aunt Chrissie entered my room. She was dressed in her exercise gear. Tight black yoga pants and a midriff-baring sports bra sort of thing. She also had a cock strapped around her hips!

She stroked her cock seductively and said, "come on, baby, time for your first session. Out in the living room. Sue wants to watch. It's my first time too."

I followed Aunt Chrissie miserably. Like everything else I undertook in this household, Aunt Sue had made it clear that if I didn't put in the effort and if she didn't see the results, I'd be spanked.

"Dildo training!" Aunt Chrissie cried out as we entered the living room. "Strip, David!"

I stripped my clothes off as Aunt Chrissie placed a large bathroom towel down on the living room floor. When I was naked, she put herself in the center of the towel, held her 'cock' in her hand, and said, "Start sucking it."

Aunty Sue was sitting there, perched on a stool at the kitchen peninsula, drinking a coffee. She looked over and smiled at our 'antics'.

I got on my knees and approached Aunt Chrissie's cock. It was a slim purple dildo about six inches long and only an inch in diameter.

"Come on, baby," she taunted, "I know you want it. It's just a pencil dick."

I faced it at eye level and opened my mouth a little. This was so humiliating; it felt so totally gay. I have to suck cock like a chick. I told myself it was just a piece of rubber and moved to put my mouth around it. Just as I did, she teased me by pulling her cock away, slapping me on the cheek with it, and laughing. Then she held it still for me again, and I went to put it in my mouth, and she backed away making me crawl for it, and then pulled it away and smacked my cheek again while laughing hilariously.

"Oh, Chrissie, it's not nice to pull on the puppy's tail," said Aunty Sue by way of a mild and amused rebuke of her wife's behaviour towards me.

Aunt Chrissie held the cock still for me, and I put my mouth around it.

"I'll bet your teeth are on it. Lance won't like that. Make a big 'oh' with your lips. Ohhhh..."

I closed my lips over the cock and made an 'ohhhh' sound.

"Good girl! Now bob on it. In and out. In and out."

I started moving my mouth up and down the dildo, from about one inch in to two inches in.

"That feels sooooo good, baby," Aunt Chrissie teased as I blushed up a storm. "Now go deeper. Go on."

I tried going deeper until it hit the roof of my mouth at the back, about four inches in.

"Deeper. Go on. You can take all of it."

I tried going deeper, but I almost gagged and pulled back out.

Aunt Chrissie grabbed the back of my head and pressured me onto the dick as she began thrusting in. I just had to stop what I was doing and take it. She was going in about the same depth I had been.

"You don't ever do this to a girl without asking permission, got it?"

"Mmm, mmm," I answered affirmatively while inwardly noting the double standard at play.

Aunt Chrissie started getting more forceful, going in deeper, and holding it a bit in.

"Not in your cheek! Bad girl!" she scolded me. I had figured out that by redirecting it toward the inside of my cheek rather than down my throat, I did not gag.

She held my head more firmly and directed the cock down my throat. I had to violently push away as I felt myself gagging. I pulled out, gasping for breath, my eyes watering.

"Good girl, good girl. Try again."

I didn't want to, but she made me, and Aunt Sue was not stopping her, so we had a repeat incident.

"I can't, Aunt Chrissie!" I wailed.

Aunt Sue laughed. "Oh, poor baby. Learning what it's like to be a girl?"

"Or a little twink, maybe?" suggested Aunt Chrissie. I had to look it up later. The definition said.

A 'twink' is usually considered a homosexual male with attractive, boyish qualities. Typically from the ages of 18-25, and often thought of as a young, white, fashionable male.

Aunt Chrissie pulled the dildo out. She knelt next to me.

"Take your two fingers, reach them inside my mouth, as deep as you can." She guided my two fingers into her mouth, which she opened very wide. I pushed in to the hilt. She took my hand and guided it in deeper yet. My fingers were touching her uvula and even went a bit past. She was not gagging at all. She guided them out again.

"See? You can learn to do it. I once had a boyfriend who helped train me to eliminate my gag reflex. Truth is, I wanted to learn. I threw up so many times on his dick! But now I can take anything."

"It's true," said Aunt Sue.

I recalled when Aunt Sue made Aunt Chrissie give me oral as an 'apology'. I was balls-deep, ejaculating right down her throat, and she never gagged once. Wow. I felt like a total little pussy compared to Aunt Chrissie.

"Are you going to make me throw up?" I asked piteously.

"That won't be necessary. A bit of gagging is cute. Even after I learned to suppress the reflex, sometimes I would fake gag to turn the guy on for extra

tips. But we need to get you gagging later and less often on a bigger cock. I'll get you there before a week Saturday."

I guess that was... good news?

"Turn around and bend over. Time to take it up the bum."

"Ohhh! Please!" I begged.

"Look, it's only a tiny little pencil dick. Not even that long. It won't hurt at all."

"Obey your Aunt Chrissie, David," said Aunty Sue. I knew if I didn't obey now, I'd be howling across Aunty Sue's knee for the next ten minutes and then obeying afterwards. So, I thought I'd cut out the middleman, turn around, and bend over. I put my elbows and head on the ground and my ass up high.

Aunt Chrissie put on a latex glove, put some lube on it, and then gently stuck her finger into my bum. She immediately pulled out again.

"David, go to the bathroom and clean yourself out in there. Here, take this glove and put it on your hand. Sit on the toilet, do all you can, then put your finger up there and scoop out anything left over until the rectal cavity is completely empty. Go ahead now."

Oh, I was blushing so hard! I figured Aunt Chrissie had touched some poop up inside of me. I shamefacedly went to do as I was told. It was pretty gross, and I almost retched that first time I did it. But I was utterly empty back there when I was done. Thank goodness there were only pretty solid chunks, I guess. I cleaned myself super carefully and then went back and assumed the position again.

"All cleaned out?" Aunt Chrissie asked me.

"Yes, Miss," I said.

"Do that every time before a session, okay?"

"Yes, Miss."

"We'll let this time pass, but if you're not prepared next time, it'll be a spanking from your Aunty Sue. Understood?"

"Yes, Miss."

Aunt Chrissie then picked up a condom in a foil package, ripped it open and handed it to me.

"Put it in your mouth; this way around. Hold it between your lips and teeth."

I did that, and Aunt Chrissie pushed the dildo onto the condom with her hips.

"Good. Now roll it on with just your lips. Good boy."

I felt like such a chick! I rolled it on, taking several passes until the unrolled condom entirely encased her dildo.

"Now kneel down like you were before. And be my good little twink and hold your ass cheeks wide open for me with your hands. Reach back. That's it. Wider. Nice and wide. Wider. Good."

I was so embarrassed holding my bum cheeks wide open like that in front of Aunt Chrissie and Aunty Sue. I could feel Aunt Chrissie's gloved finger applying more lube to my anal ring and inside my asshole. She used her finger to fuck me a bit, twirling around inside to loosen me.

"So tight!" she said.

"Virgin little bumhole," commented Aunty Sue. "Good thing you're practicing. Taking Lance might be quite a 'stretch' otherwise."

They both laughed at me.

Aunt Chrissie managed to push two gloved fingers in and repeated my reaming out. This was much harder to take, and I felt my asshole might split wide open.

I yelped and moaned and complained, and they both just told me to "take it like a man" and laughed at me even more.

Aunt Chrissie pulled out and reapplied more lube to my hole and her dildo. My hands had wandered away from my bum, and Aunt Chrissie told them to get them back there and spread myself for her. She crouched behind me, and I felt the tip of the dildo start to poke into my asshole. She gave it a few bump, bump, bumps.

"Relax," she said. "Make like you're going potty."

I remembered this from my figging. I pushed as if I was pushing a bowel movement, and the tip of the dildo popped into my asshole.

"Oh!" I gasped. My anus immediately constricted, and I felt again like I might split. "Ow! Ow! It hurts! Take it out! Take it out!"

"Shhhh... relax..."

I tried to do as I was told and not get so freaked out and relax, and the pain eased up.

"That's a good girl," Aunt Chrissie said. Why did she keep calling me a 'girl'?

She started gently fucking me, only moving the dildo an inch or so on each slow, gentle thrust. I soon got used to it. I took my hands away and put them in front of me. The embarrassment of being fucked by one aunt in front of my other was ridiculous.

As if reading my mind, Aunt Sue said, "That's it. Now you're being fucked like a proper little lady."

Aunt Chrissie went deeper and faster, and it was okay. She increased tempo again, and I could feel it poking deep into me with a sharp sting.

"Ahhh!" I gasped.

"Shhhhh..." Aunt Chrissie said and left the dildo buried deep but without moving it. "I'm all the way in," she said.

She then gently pulled out and pushed in again, going the entire length of the dildo now and gradually increasing the pace.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah," I said as she repeatedly thrust in.

"Good girl," Aunt Sue said. "Chrissie, hold still a moment." Aunt Chrissie paused her thrusting. "David, back into the dildo and give yourself a fucking."

This was embarrassing. I backed my ass up into the dildo, then moved it forward again and repeated.

"Good. Now swizzle your bum around it more as you push in and out."

I swizzled as I thrust as Aunt Chrissie held still.

"Lance will love that sort of thing."

"Oh yes!" agreed Aunt Chrissie enthusiastically.

I blushed intensely but continued doing as Aunt Sue had said, knowing I would be spanked if I didn't.

Aunt Chrissie grabbed my hips and began harmonizing with my motions, taking over the fucking duty from me. Before long, she was fucking me very hard and very fast and very deep.

"AH! AH! AH! AH! AH!" I yelled out each time she thrust. It wasn't painful, exactly, but it was utterly exhausting. I really wanted it to end.

"Please, no more!" I begged.

"I haven't ejaculated into you yet," Aunt Chrissie said.

"You have to let Chrissie ejaculate," scolded Aunt Sue.

She thrust and thrust and then sort of 'simulated' an ejaculation into me, thrusting a few times violently and spasmodically into my ass, pushing right to the hilt, and crying out in her imitation of a guy cumming into me.

"That was a good cum," Aunt Chrissie said, pulling out of me.

I collapsed face down onto the towel, exhausted from my fucking.

"Well done, David!" congratulated Aunty Sue. "Another ten days like that and you'll definitely be ready to service Lance."

I groaned as they laughed.

Chapter 35: David is Cock-Caged

As I was still going through this daily strap-on dildo ordeal, with the dildoes getting bigger and bigger every few days, a courier arrived with a package addressed to Aunt Chrissie.

She opened it, and it was from Lance. There was a note: "Hi Chrissie – I want our boy to build up sexual tension for me. Put him into the enclosed, left over from a former boyfriend, and don't let him out until I'm there."

Aunt Chrissie opened the inner box, and inside was, all I could call it at the time, a *contraption*.

It was a small, slightly curved metal cylinder, a hinged metal ring, and a small padlock. There were also the original instructions with it.

"It's a cock cage!" said Aunt Sue. "That will keep you from being naughty until Lance gets here, David."

"What is it?" I asked again.

"It's a cock cage. It goes over your penis and prevents you from getting an erection, or at least makes them quite painful, as I understand it. And it keeps you from rubbing one out, young man."

"I don't want it!" I said.

"But Lance does," said Aunt Chrissie, "and the deal is you have to do anything Lance wants."

"Let's get it on him!"

As I sat there, the two discussed how it fits on and locks as I watched in horror. When they were ready, Aunt Sue undid my pants, then lowered them and my underpants to my ankles. She reached for my penis and started to slip on the cock cage. But I was already erecting, and it looked like it would be impossible to get it on.

"David!" Aunt Sue scolded me. I couldn't help it! I always got an erection when my pants came down in front of my aunts, especially if either handled my genitals.

"I have an idea," said Aunt Chrissie, who went to the fridge and brought back some ice cubes in a bowl. She held them in her hand and stroked my dick with them. The ice cubes were cold, but Aunt Chrissie's hand was hot by contrast, and I only got harder as the ice cubes melted.

Aunt Sue said, "it doesn't look like that will work; your hot little hand is more powerful than those ice cubes. Let's try this..."

Aunty Sue went to the sink and filled a large bowl with cool water, then put a bunch of ice cubes into that. She put the towel on the floor and the bowl of ice water on top.

"Take off your clothes, David, and do a push-up over that bowl."

I did as I was told, assumed a pushup position over the bowl of ice water, and then lowered my cock and balls into the bowl. It was so cold!

"Now, hold a plank, right there. Sixty seconds."

I went onto my elbows and toes and tried to hold myself steady for the allotted time. As we neared the final seconds, I shook like a leaf and could barely hold myself up. When the time was up, I moved awkwardly away from the bowl without spilling any water.

"Perfect!" said Aunt Chrissie seeing my cock. "My wife, the genius," she said as she kissed her.

My cock and balls had shrivelled to the smallest I had ever seen. My balls were super tight and compact. My penis was pulled up so that practically only the tip was visible.

"We better hurry," said Aunty Sue.

They quickly came to me, and this time easily fitted the cock cage around my penis and the ring around the base of my balls. Even as they closed the ring and fitted the tabs into the hole at the base of the cage part, my cock was already starting to swell. Aunty Sue put the little padlock onto the ends of the tabs and locked it all into place. She undid the gold chain necklace she often wears, slipped the key onto it, and re-fastened it. The key dangled there between her breasts.

"I'll keep this key nice and safe here. They always come in pairs. I imagine Lance has the other one."

"Ohhhhh," I wailed. It was Tuesday evening when the cage went on, and I had to last until Saturday afternoon!

"What happens when he gets hard?" asked Aunt Chrissie.

"I don't know. Let's find out," said Aunty Sue. "Go and tease him a bit."

Aunt Chrissie didn't need to be prompted a second time. She came up to me, knelt, put her hands on my ass and started kissing up and down the length of my cock cage and testicles. She put the tip into her mouth and sucked.

I felt the constriction first and then the testicular pain next. As Aunt Chrissie pulled away, what was happening became obvious. The skin of my

cock was bulging out of every place it possibly could. The head of my cock was pushed up tightly against the end of the cage. My urethra was pulled wide open. But the worst part was that the cage pulled away from my body, which pulled the ring that was locked around the base of my balls, which pulled my balls forcibly out.

They had me stand in pain for a while with my hands on my head, writhing, before Aunt Sue said to have a dip in 'my' ice bowl. I gratefully ran over and plunged my stuff into the bowl of icy cold water, which shrank me back to size again.

"You poor, baby," said Aunt Chrissie. "How will you ever last?"

The following days were hell. How I hated that cock cage! Aunt Sue gave me no reprieve from my schoolwork or spankings, nor from watching Aunt Chrissie's spankings that inevitably made me very hard.

I still erected for my own spankings when Aunt Sue pulled my pants down, but it was painful. When I crossed her lap, it crushed my poor sensitive balls even more. The pain often made me shrink back down to size.

However, I would inevitably get naughty thoughts and erect spontaneously. I had many cold showers over those days.

Nor was my dildo training at all impeded. I would usually get a bit hard as I had to give head to Aunt Chrissie's big dildo, but the erection would go away entirely as I was ass fucked with her biggest dildo. However, it was terribly uncomfortable having my confined testicles and caged cock bounce up against my abdomen as Aunt Chrissie vigorously fucked me.

And thus was my miserable life for those four days until I was almost glad that Saturday had arrived, nervous as I was.

Chapter 36: David Gets Gay Sex

Saturday morning, my cock cage woke me up. I still got 'morning wood', but instead of having a pleasant erection, I got awakened by testicle pain. But as soon as I awoke, my first thought was that my cage was coming off today. My second thought was that I would have to have gay sex... with a man.

I hobbled over to the bathroom and had a miserable cold shower. I peed in the shower stall and cleaned my cock as best I could with soap through its cage. I went out, dried off, put on my track pants and T-shirt, and ate breakfast.

"Ready for your 'big' day?" Aunt Chrissie asked me as I stumbled over to get my breakfast. She was in her long-T and panties, which I tried not to think about.

"No," I answered miserably.

"Oh, nonsense. You'll love it! I hear Lance is a great lover."

I groaned out loud, and Aunt Chrissie laughed. I no longer had any physical fear of the cock. Aunt Chrissie had fucked that out of me with her biggest dildo over the past few days. She had told me that even if Lance's cock was the same size as that dildo (which she did not know if it was or wasn't), a real cock *feels* different and is easier to take than a hard dildo.

I had to wait anxiously until 2 pm in the afternoon when it was agreed Lance would come by. I could think of nothing else. Disturbingly, and for unknown reasons, my cock would stiffen in its cage as I thought about it. But I wasn't gay!

As 2 pm approached, Aunt Chrissie sent me to the bathroom to "clean out my bum".

A few minutes after 2 pm, the front doorbell rang, and Aunt Chrissie went to get it. It was Lance. She guided him to the living room, where I sat anxiously awaiting his arrival. Aunty Sue was there as well.

"Hi, Sue!" Lance said upon entering the living room. Aunty Sue got up and greeted him with a hug and a couple of air kisses.

"Hello, Lance. Very nice of you to do this," Aunty Sue said.

"And here's our little virgin boy!" he said, indicating me.

I looked down and blushed. I couldn't look up or even speak.

"David! Stand up and greet our guest properly," said Aunty Sue.

I stood and went over to Lance and held out my hand to shake. He reached around and hugged me into him. He was much taller than I and built of solid muscle. From my point of view, the hug felt incredibly awkward.

"You're quite a cutie," he told me, separating. "A little bashful, maybe? A little reluctant, I understand?"

"yeah," I said, mumbling into the ground.

"Yes, what, David?" said Aunty Sue.

"Ummm... yes, Lance."

"Yes, Sir," corrected Aunt Chrissie with a smile.

"I prefer 'Daddy'," Lance said.

I said nothing.

"David..." warned Aunty Sue.

"Yes... Daddy." I said.

"You behave yourself, David," said Aunty Sue, "or I'll give you a good spanking right in front of Lance."

"Oh, is he into it too, like Chrissie?" asked Lance.

"He definitely is," answered Aunt Chrissie.

"Oh, you are, are you? That explains a lot. I might just have to give you that spanking myself if you misbehave," said Lance, then turning to my aunts, "with your permission, of course."

"Be our guest," said Aunty Sue. "As you see fit. His safeword is 'red', like Chrissie's. Though I expect him not to use it unless he's at risk of physical injury."

"Nothing like that," said Lance, "just at risk of a very red bum if I don't see the right amount of enthusiasm."

I cringed at all this conversation. Having to call him 'Daddy'. Him potentially spanking me. I saw how he spanked Aunt Chrissie at her party. It looked horrible...

Aunt Chrissie opened a bottle of wine and served. I initially refused, but Aunt Chrissie insisted, 'to relax me', so I had a glass. Even when it turned to me, I was not too much part of the conversation. I answered in monosyllables. They even talked about the reason for Lance's visit, about my nascent 'homophobia' and the need to cure it before my aunts would allow me to have sex with a woman.

"And if he passes, you have Tamara lined up for him?"

"I do," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Well, she's a little hottie, David, you lucky boy. And you just have to get through a little cock to get to her."

"I've been training him for the past ten days, every day, to take Sue's strap-on dildo," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Really? Is it the one Sue uses on you?"

"Yes," said Aunt Chrissie with a blush.

"Oh, you two!" said Aunty Sue, a bit embarrassed.

"Is he wearing the thing I sent?" Lance asked.

"He is," said Aunt Chrissie.

"The whole time?"

"The whole time."

Lance addressed me: "I'll bet you're anxious to get out of that?"

"Yes, Sir," I said.

"Yes, Daddy," he insisted.

"Yes, Daddy," I said, feeling a big blush on my cheeks. Disturbingly, I also felt a pull on my cock cage. Lance laughed at my blush and my submission to his desired form of address.

"Where should we do this, and are either of you ladies watching or joining?"

"I'll watch!" volunteered Aunt Chrissie.

"I'll wait right here," said Aunty Sue. "You go off and have your fun. You can use our bedroom. And do feel free to spank him if he doesn't behave, Lance."

"Yes, Ma'am," Lance said. "Oh," he added. "I did this special for my little virgin boy's first time. Haven't touched a boy since." Lance produced a comprehensive STD report that he handed to Aunty Sue. She looked it over.

"How thoughtful, Lance. It looks like it will be bareback for you, David." Bareback?

"This way," Aunt Chrissie said, leading the way.

My feet felt like they were stuck in concrete.

"Come on, David," Lance said. He reached out, took my hand, and led me to the bedroom, following Aunt Chrissie.

When we got into the bedroom, Aunt Chrissie shut the door.

Lance turned to me and said, "Let's see what we're dealing with here." He reached out to the belt buckle of my jeans. I instinctively pulled away. He

pulled me back in and unfastened and unzipped my jeans. Aunt Chrissie went behind me and pulled my pants down to my ankles.

"Love the tighy-whities!" Lance said.

Aunt Chrissie pulled my T-shirt off me.

"Can use a little more gym time," Lance scolded, poking my belly. I was not fat exactly, but not at all muscular either. The fact was, I did no exercise to speak of.

Aunt Chrissie knelt behind me and whisked my undies straight to my ankles. My caged cock and sore balls came into full view of Lance. I had a bit of a chubby going on and was already bulging into the gridwork of my metal cage.

"Look at those gigantic balls! They look blue and sore," Lance teased.

I stood there in abject embarrassment, just taking it.

"Would you like me to let you out?" Lance asked, holding up a bent wrist with a string tied around it and a little key on it.

"Yes, please," I begged, sounding more desperate than I had intended.

"Ask Daddy properly," Lance said.

I knew from 'having to ask properly' with Aunty Sue what that entailed: "Would you please let me out of my cock cage, Daddy?"

"He's so well trained!" Lance said to Aunt Chrissie, who laughed.

Lance took the key off his wrist, came over to me, and unlocked me himself. Then he took the ring off from around the base of my balls and slid the penis cage off. I had a semi-erection from all that. A strong man's hand handling my cock sent shivers down my spine.

"Very nice!" Lance said.

"I told you he had a great cock. Wait until you see it 'angry'."

Lance came up to me and hugged me. He dropped one hand to my ass, the other to my genitals, and squeezed both. He started stroking my cock.

"No, please..." I said.

"Shhh," Lance said and kissed me hard on my mouth. I kept my lips locked together.

"Open your mouth," Lance said.

"Nnnnnn!" I said, shaking my head.

"You'll do as you're told," Lance said, sitting on the side of the bed and physically dragging me across his lap.

"No! No!" I cried out, kicking and resisting. Lance intended to spank me. Bare naked! I felt like a ridiculous little kid.

But my struggles were fruitless as Lance controlled me with ease. His body felt like iron. Then Lance's huge strong hand descended on my ass, and it was shocking. It felt like Auntie Sue's sorority paddle! Except it felt harder and landed faster and at a quicker pace.

"Ah! No! AHhhhhhH! OHHHHH! No! No! Please! Ahhhhh!"

"Oh, David," said Aunt Chrissie, "you need to learn to obey your Daddy. If you don't, just look at what happens to you. A good hard bare bottom spanking right across your Daddy's strong knee."

"Are you going to do as you're told?" Lance asked me as he continued spanking me.

"Yes! Yes!" I said, but it was not convincing because he kept spanking me. I had never felt so completely controlled before in any other spanking. And I was acutely aware of my by-now completely shrunken genitals bouncing around across his rock-hard thigh as he spanked me. If this was what a spanking from a man felt like, I wanted no part of it. It was utterly emasculating having this done to me by a guy!

"Are you going to do as you're told?" He asked again.

I was frantic. I didn't know what else to say, then I thought of it. "Yes, Daddy! Yes, Daddy!" I said.

"That's better," he said and stopped spanking me as quickly as he had started.

He kept me across his lap and rubbed my ass. I felt his hands part my cheeks open to inspect my asshole.

"Nicely shaved back there. For me?" he asked Aunt Chrissie.

"His Aunt makes him keep himself like that all over. If he doesn't keep it perfectly, she paddles him."

"I approve of Sue's methods," he said, giving me a final prodigious smack on my rear, covering both cheeks with his one big strong hand.

He stood me on my feet, and I immediately reached back and rubbed my ass. He reached for my chin and tilted my head back. He put his open lips over mine. I did not want to be spanked by him again. I opened my mouth to match, and I felt his tongue aggressively inside my mouth. I was being French-kissed by a man!

"Mmmmm!" he said, pulling away. "That's better. A good spanking across Daddy's knee and he becomes a perfectly obedient little boy."

He reached down and picked me up, cradling me in his arms. He placed me gently down on the bed. Is this what it feels like to be a woman?

"Let's see what we can do about this cock of yours."

My cock was flaccid. I was spanked and scared.

Aunt Chrissie, meanwhile, was sitting on the other side of the bed, watching everything intently. Her eyes had a glassy look to them. "Fuck, this is hot," she said.

Lance knelt on the floor beside the bed, took my soft cock into his mouth, and started licking and sucking. I was determined to not react, but my cock had a mind of its own. It, apparently, could not tell the difference between a girl's mouth and a guy's. I felt myself hardening inside his mouth.

"Noooooo," I moaned as I felt it happening. I was not gay!!!

But objectively, Lance was extremely good at this, and I felt my cock stirring despite myself.

"That's a boy," said Lance as my cock began fully erecting. "I take it you have some lube?" Lance asked Aunt Chrissie. She jumped up, got some from a bedside drawer, and handed it to him.

He lubed the fingers of his right hand, reached under me, and lubed my asshole. I squirmed in emotional discomfort and embarrassment at having a man do this to me. He then started pressuring a finger inside of me. It popped in, and he began finger fucking me gently, stroking my prostate as he did so. He also went back with his left hand on my balls and his mouth on my cock, and expertly fellated me.

Before long, I was writhing in sexual agony. This could not be happening to me! Not with a guy! He kept going, and I started writhing even more and bucking my hips. I had not cum for the past four days, and I was previously used to coming twice a day, and big loads at that. I guess I was pretty desperate to cum.

Lance played me like a fiddle. He kept me at the edge, backing off when he felt I was getting close and going back in just when the urge to ejaculate subsided.

"Please!" I begged. I didn't know if I was pleading with him to stop or to let me cum. Maybe both.

He pulled his finger out and removed his mouth from my cock. My cock was as hard as it had ever been, coated with Lance's saliva and pre-cum of my own. Lance stroked my cock once, which almost sent me over the edge, and then fed me his fingers to lick on.

"Can you taste yourself, you little slut?" He asked me.

I could. His fingers had the musky taste of my pre-cum mixed with his saliva.

Lance then stood and began undressing. He revealed the body of a Greek God with a cock to match. It was only semi-hard, but it looked gigantic!

"Glad we used the big dildo," said Aunt Chrissie, giggling. Lance picked me up again in his arms and repositioned me along the diagonal of the king bed on my side with feet nearest one corner. He then placed one pillow under my head and another in front of my cock. I did not understand any of this, and then I understood.

Lance lay beside me on his side, his cock in my face, my cock in his. He intended a side-by-side '69'!

Lance pulled my cock into his mouth and began sucking. He had one hand reached under me to my back and ass, and the other on my balls and roaming down my legs. I knew what was expected of me regarding his cock, but I played dumb.

"Come on, David, return the favour," prompted Aunt Chrissie. She used her hand to sort of squeeze my cheeks and open my mouth. "Make a big 'O'." She then guided Lance's cock right into my mouth. All this time, Lance was sucking on my cock, apparently enjoying himself, and I was driven to distraction. Once his cock was in my mouth, I started sucking and bobbing on it as Aunt Chrissie had taught me.

"Good boy!" Lance exclaimed, taking my cock out of his mouth to say so and then going back in again.

It was very different than a dildo. It was warm, smooth, spongy, and had a taste. I'm ashamed to say it, but I sucked and licked and bobbed on his cock as it got harder and harder and harder in my mouth. As it erected, it started going deeper into my mouth. Aunt Chrissie was right there, holding my head in place, encouraging me to go deeper. I pulled out to look at it. At its most erect, it was about the size of Aunt Chrissie's biggest dildo. Under Aunt Chrissie's encouragement, I put it back into my mouth again.

"If you suck it good enough and make him cum, you might not have to take it up your ass," she whispered conspiratorially.

"I heard that," Lance said.

But Aunt Chrissie had a point. I went to work. But so did he, and I was very distracted by being kept on the edge of cumming into Lance's mouth.

But I did suck for all I was worth. I sucked a guy's cock, trying to get him off.

Lance pulled away and stood up.

"That was a nice blowjob, but you're not getting off that easy," he told me.

He again lifted me like a ragdoll and put me on my knees, facing away from him at the side of the bed.

"Lube?" Lance asked. Aunt Chrissie tossed it to him. He aggressively lubed up my asshole and his own cock. He split my asscheeks with his hands as I collapsed my head onto the bed. I was scared!

I could feel the bulbous tip of Lance's cock at my asshole. Surprisingly, my cock was still as hard as anything. I so desperately needed to cum; it was even dripping pre-cum.

Lance pushed in, and the head popped in surprisingly easily. All of Aunt Chrissie's training had paid off.

"You know what to do, David," said Aunt Chrissie, closely observing my initial penetration.

I wiggled my butt a little and pushed back into Lance, driving his cock deeper into my ass. Then I began twizzling around his cock, backing in and out, fucking myself thoroughly on his large member.

"What a great twink!" Lance said, surprised by my actions. It was not that different from a dildo. More pleasant, in fact. Hot and squishy and hard all at the same time.

Lance reached around and stroked my cock with his hand. I was still super hard. He stroked me to the verge of coming yet again as he fucked my ass, slowly and gently increasing the depths of his thrusts until he was all the way in, balls deep.

"Oh, Daddy!" I cried out, so close to coming. I wanted to cum, but not like this. Not with a man's cock up my ass!

"Oh no, not yet," he told me, reading my mind and modulating my stroking while still fucking my ass.

"Ohhhhh," I moaned in frustration.

He took both his hands, moved them to my hips, and increased the force and speed of his thrusts into my ass. It hurt!

"What a great little piece of ass," Lance said.

I felt my cock spew a little more pre-cum as he said it.

"Lance, please! No! Not like this! Please!" I begged.

"Not like what?" Aunt Chrissie asked, confused.

Lance and I both knew. I was dangerously close to coming just from his cock alone in my ass! I couldn't! I just couldn't!! It would mean I was gay!!!

"Oh yes. You're going to cum, alright. You're going to spew all over these sheets while Daddy fucks you in the ass."

"No! No!"

"Yes! Who's your Daddy?" he asked, fucking me harder and deeper as he asked it. I did not answer at first. "Does Daddy need to use his belt on your ass?"

"You're my Daddy! You're my Daddy!" I said.

"That's right, and if you don't cum all over these sheets before I'm done, Daddy will take his belt to your ass after I sperm your tight hole."

Oh my gosh. I am a total spanko, and the sudden image of Lance belt-whipping me as his cum leaked out of my asshole brought an extra jolt of excitement to my cock.

"No, please! Not the belt, Daddy. Not the belt," I said as I went into my head.

"Oh yes," said Lance, picking up on my energy. "A hard belt whipping, right on your bare ass, right in front of your aunties. With my load dripping out of your asshole. You won't be sitting for a week."

"Noooooooo!" I screamed out as I raised my head and hands off the bed, arching my back strongly. Lance put his big right hand around the front of my throat to hold me up and rammed his cock deep up my ass, pulling my hip into him with his left hand.

"Come for Daddy!" Lance commanded.

"Nooo! Please! Not like this! Please, Daddy, no!"

"Come for Daddy, or it's the belt!"

And then, with my erect, drippy penis entirely on view to Aunt Chrissie, I came. I came in huge arcing spurts of semen all over Aunt Sue and Aunt Chrissie's bed as Lance held me there, his cock buried balls-deep in my ass. I came with my penis free in the air, without any touch on it at all. I came from Lance's cock rammed up my backside as I shimmied and shook around it.

Spurt after spurt came out as Lance pumped his cock deep up my ass. At the same time, I felt something warm, liquid, and slippery inside. Lance had cum into me at practically the same time.

Aunt Chrissie stood in front of me with her mouth in a surprised "O" and her eyes wide as I ejaculated so forcefully from Lance's cock up my ass. I

made brief eye contact with her as I spewed.

"Holy FUCK!" Aunt Chrissie said.

I collapsed back onto the bed, my cock still oozing the remnants of four days worth of stored-up teenage cum. Lance collapsed on top of me, giving me a few final thrusts before pulling his spent cock out with a 'pop' from my abused asshole.

"Sorry about the mess, darling," Lance said to Aunt Chrissie, not sounding sorry at all, really.

"No worries. I'll change the bedding," said Aunt Chrissie, as if in a daze.

I lay there face down on the bed, my face, chest, tummy and cock in pools of my own cum. My asshole filled with Lance's cum.

Aunt Chrissie ran to the ensuite bathroom to get a wet washcloth and a dry towel. She went up to Lance, knelt in front of him, and gently cleaned off and dried his cock and abdominal area. Lance stood there and accepted it as if it was his due.

She then cleaned my asshole, stood me up, and cleaned off my front of all my spent cum as Lance was getting dressed again. I felt woozy standing there, my legs barely even supporting me.

By now fully dressed, Lance scooped me up and put me over his shoulder, my head on his back, my legs draped down his front, my ass uppermost over his shoulder.

"Please, no! Put me down," I begged. "Don't take me to Aunt Sue like this, please!" I knew my asshole was distended and dripping with his cum. I knew he wanted to show off a 'job well done'.

"Quiet," Lance said as he slapped my ass. He carried me out of the bedroom, draped across his shoulder, completely nude, to the living room where Aunt Sue waited. Aunt Chrissie followed.

"Oh, my!" Aunt Sue exclaimed, seeing me nude and bent over Lance's shoulder as I was. "How did he do?"

I was squirming in embarrassment over Lance's shoulder. My ass was uppermost, and with the extreme jack-knifed angle at my hips, I knew my just-fucked asshole was on full display.

"He did amazing!" Aunt Chrissie said, referring to me. "And Lance is an amazing lover. He kept David edged practically the whole time and then made him cum just from cock.

"Look," she said as she pulled my ass cheeks even more apart.

"Oh my!" said Aunt Sue. "I've never seen your bottom-hole gape so widely open, David. It looks like it got quite the workout."

Aunt Chrissie continued prising my cheek apart and shook me a little. I felt some of Lance's cum dribble out my asshole.

"And it appears you got spermed young man, right up that naughty little keyster, and you orgasmed from it even. Shameless! What will I tell your mother?"

"Please, Lance. Please put me down," I begged of him.

"How do you address me?" he asked as he smacked my rear again.

"Daddy! Please, Daddy, put me down."

Lance kept me there and asked, "So, if I drop by again, will you bend over for me and give me your little ass?" He smacked my ass. "Will you?"

"Yes, Daddy!" I said.

He gave me another dozen or so hard smacks to my upturned rump while saying, "Good, I can always use another entry on my booty call list. And next time I come, you'll get the spanking of your life before I fuck you. Do you want that? Do you crave a good hard spanking and then a good hard fucking from me?"

"Yes, Daddy," I said, completely tamed.

"me too..." added Aunt Chrissie, wistfully I thought.

Then he put me back down on my feet as I blushed wildly at the truth I had been forced to admit.

"So, David, do you still have a problem with gay sex?" asked Aunt Chrissie of me.

"No, Miss," I admitted.

"Did you like it?" Aunt Chrissie asked.

"Don't lie now," Lance said as he smacked my ass again, which made me jump.

"yes..." I admitted. It was hard not to, given what had just happened.

"It's been a pleasure deflowering you, David," said Lance.

"Thank you... Daddy..." was all I could think of saying as Lance collected his coat and cock cage, said his goodbyes to my aunts, and left.

I was left naked with a well-spent penis and an ass-full of Lance's cum still slowly dribbling out in front of my aunts.

"Did he obey well? Does he need any spanking?" asked Aunt Sue.

"He was good as gold," said Aunt Chrissie. "Except once at first when he wouldn't open his mouth for Lance's tongue, but Lance spanked him for that already."

"I heard that spanking. And his bum is positively glowing crimson even now. Does Lance have a hard hand?" she asked me.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said.

"And did he make you call him 'Daddy'?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Ha ha ha ha ha!" laughed Aunty Sue. "Well, I guess no more spanking is called for, but David, you should put on a pair of underpants. I don't want a trail of Lance's cum all around the house. And Chrissie, please change our sheets."

"I was intending to," Aunt Chrissie agreed.

That evening, when I went to bed, I couldn't keep my hands off my now-freed cock. I stroked myself. Though I am not gay, my thoughts kept going to Lance's body, Lance spanking me, Lance making me call him 'Daddy', Lance's cock in my mouth, Lance ass-fucking me.

I imagined Lance texting me, telling me to get my ass over to his place for a booty call. Telling me the longer I kept him waiting, the longer and harder my spanking would be. I imagined running the entire way, arriving breathlessly, then immediately going over his knee for a long hard spanking. Then a mouth fucking. Then an ass fucking. Then limping painfully back home, my bumhole destroyed, his cum dribbling out of my ass into my underpants.

I came imagining all of that, which was so weird because I am not, in the least, gay.

Chapter 37: Tamara Visits David

As I had fulfilled my part of the deal to have gay sex with Lance, Aunt Chrissie allowed my promised tryst with Tamara to proceed. I could not believe my good fortune. I would, finally, no longer be a virgin! I dreamt of what it would be like to fuck a girl in the pussy, especially Tamara's pussy.

Tamara was maddeningly late. I was worried she would not show up, but Aunt Chrissie assured me she would. She finally arrived at 2:20 pm. "Where's my little eighteen-year-old virgin? I put my red panties on especially for him," she said on her way in.

I was there, looking eager like a puppy dog. Tamara came up, pinched my cheek, and said, "sooo cute!"

I instantly got hard in my pants.

I couldn't believe it, but Aunt Sue and Aunt Chrissie were both there and invited Tamara to sit down for tea. I felt I had to as well. They chatted about all manner of non-sex things. It was surreal sitting across from Tamara, surreptitiously eyeing her cute-as-a-button body, knowing I would soon have sex with... that!

Eventually, the topic turned to me.

Aunt Sue said, "So, Tamara, what do you think about our little virgin here?" She reached over as she said it and mussed my hair.

"I think he's adorable," she said. "And just look at him. Eager as a puppy dog."

"I'll bet his tail is wagging right now," said Aunt Chrissie.

I hunched over a bit more, attempting to conceal the erection in my pants as the ladies grinned at my squirming.

"So nice of you to do this for him, Tamara, giving him a nice experience for his first time," said Aunt Sue.

"How much experience with girls did you have, David, before coming here?" Tamara asked me.

No sense in being anything but truthful at this point. "Not much, really. No steady girlfriends. A few dates. Some necking, a bit of petting, I guess."

"Under the blouse, over the bra," added Aunt Chrissie with a smile. She knew that had been my limit.

"Oh, you poor thing, but you *are* interested in girls?"

"Yes!" I answered over-eagerly, which made the ladies laugh again.

"But how did your time with Lance go?" she asked. She was already told that was a precondition.

"It was okay," I said bashfully.

"More than just okay," said Aunt Chrissie with a wink.

"Aunt Chrissie!" I said, embarrassed at this revelation to my girl crush, Tamara.

"I'm so glad," Tamara said. "Glad that you got to experience sex more from the woman's point of view. I'm sure it will make you a much more sensitive lover.

"Did you use condoms with Lance?"

"No," answered Aunt Chrissie for me. "He went bareback, but Lance, bless his heart, showed up with a recent clean STD test result."

"That's good to know. I'm on birth control pills and always have guys use protection, but since it's his first time and David is a virgin, it might be nice to go *au naturel* this one time. And since Lance was clean and David hasn't had any other sexual partners, I'm good with that if you all are?"

"I think that would be lovely," said Aunty Sue, "for a first time and perfectly acceptable to me. David, are you comfortable with that?"

"I totally trust Tamara."

"Ooooh, you're such a sweet boy," Tamara said, looking at me fondly. "Silly. Foolish. But sweet."

"But tell me," Tamara went on with a glint in her eye, "what do you want to do with me, David?"

"Ummm... everything?"

"Ha ha! I'm not sure you'll last through 'everything', but I'm game if you are. But what does 'everything' mean to you?"

"Whatever you're comfortable with," I said.

"I'm comfortable with an awful lot. Ask Chrissie, I know I look like the girl next door, but I'm a *total* slut. Why don't we do a lot of foreplay stuff first, then you can get me off with your tongue, then you can fuck me and come inside my pussy. Would that be nice?"

OMG. She was saying this right in front of my aunts!

"Yes, Miss!" I said very enthusiastically.

"Miss? I like it! After you come, we'll see if you have another one left in you, and you can take me in the bum if you want."

Oh my gosh. My heart fluttered wildly, and my erect penis almost burst the zipper of my jeans open. I couldn't believe Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie

were all a part of this conversation.

"I know you guys are all into spanking and everything. Do you need me to spank you before sex? Or do you want to spank me beforehand as foreplay?"

"Could I really? Spank you, I mean?"

"Sure! I like a little spanky, spanky. Not too hard though. I don't like it like Chrissie does."

"You be gentle, David," said Aunty Sue. "And that applies to everything."

"Well, you can get rough with me in places; I'll let you know."

"The lady is always in charge; you remember that, David."

"Yes, Ma'am. I will."

Then Tamara spoke to me. "Before we start, David. I know you have a crush on me. Right?"

I nodded affirmatively. I was sure Aunt Chrissie had mentioned it to her.

"That's fine. I'm happy to be your first crush. But we're not boyfriend-girlfriend, okay? And we're never going to be. I have a partner, but we're open about having other sex partners. But I can't have you falling in love with me, okay?"

I must admit now that I was a bit disappointed by that. My fantasies probably did include more than a one-time thing with Tamara. I nodded affirmatively.

"Okay, so where shall we do this?" Tamara asked.

"You can use our bedroom," said Aunt Chrissie. "His bed is a little small for two. Down the corridor, second door on the right."

Tamara stood up and held out her hand. "Come on, David. Are you ready for this?"

"Yes, Miss!" I said, giving her my hand and letting her lead me to the bedroom for my deflowering.

Chapter 38: Tamara Beds David

We arrived in the bedroom, and Tamara closed the door. She noticed the ensuite bathroom with the oversized shower.

"You know, I'm a very dirty girl. Do you want to help clean me, and I can do the same to you?"

"yeah, okay," I said, practically panting with my tongue hanging out of my mouth.

"Undress me," she demanded.

I went to work undressing Tamara. 'Unwrapping' her as if she was a Christmas present. I unbuttoned her blouse, untucked it from her short skirt, and took it off her. I forgot the buttons at the wrists, and we had to fumble to fix that. What an *idiot* I was.

I got the blouse off, revealing a red lace pushup bra.

"It unfastens at the front," she told me.

With trembling fingers, I reached for her bra, unfastened it, and opened it, revealing her milky white perky breasts. I took the bra off her arms and let it drop to the floor. She held her two breasts in her two hands and rubbed them in front of me.

"You can touch them," she suggested seductively.

I reached out tentatively and cupped a breast with my hand. I rubbed it a bit which she seemed to like.

"Skirt," she told me. "Clasp and zipper at the back."

I reluctantly let go of her breast and knelt on the ground beside her. She turned, and I unhooked and unzipped her skirt. It dropped to a puddle on the floor, revealing lacy red panties that matched her bra.

"Now for the big moment," she told me, turning back to face me. "You can take my panties off me."

She stood there in front of me as I slowly lowered her panties. I took my time savouring every square inch of newly displayed skin. She was lightly furred in her pubic region. I pulled her panties down, revealing her amazing pussy. It looked small and tight; her lips looked puffed out and red, with just a bit of inner pussy lip poking out. There was a definite scent. A scent of arousal, I thought.

"I'm turned on," she said, by way of explanation and encouragement.

I took her panties off her feet. Her feet were beautiful. Small. Smooth. Painted toenails. Perfectly pedicured as far as I could see. So delicate. I

carefully lifted her one foot and then the other as I removed her panties.

I stood up. She was completely naked, and about the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

"My turn," she said and began undressing me. She started with my shirt: a button shirt for the occasion. She unbuttoned me and then took it off me. Having this done by a naked girl I was going to fuck made it so special.

Then she knelt on her knees in front of me, undid my belt, unclasped my pants, unzipped my zipper, and slid my pants down my legs. She took them off me, removing my socks in the process. While she was doing this, I looked down at the tops of her breasts and her beautiful brunette hair.

Still kneeling, she looked up at me with a big smile and bright eyes. My erect cock was tenting my tighty-whities obscenely. She passed her tongue across her lips, pulled the front of my underpants over my cock, and then pulled them down and right off my feet. She stood up, brushing my cock with her naked body as she did so.

"It's as big and pretty as I remembered it." She took hold of my cock, turned, and pulled me to the shower that way. I was delighted to be led!

Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie had a deluxe shower with rainwater heads, spritzers, and side jets. Tamara really liked it. She adjusted the temperature and all the spouts, and we got in together. She took the soap and began soaping me, paying particular attention to all my private areas. She rinsed me off, and then it was my turn to do her.

"Feel free to get me extra clean in all my most naughty places," she said.

This boy did not need to be told twice! By the time I was finished, her breasts, pussy, and ass were likely as squeaky clean as they had ever been. It was so exciting rubbing soap all over her; I thought my cock would burst. I started timidly, but I was encouraged when she moaned and reacted. Before long, I was soaping inside her pussy and asshole even. I rinsed her just as thoroughly as I had soaped her using the warm water from the spritz wand.

We got out of the shower and dried each other off. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed me on my mouth. I held her in my arms and kissed her back. This time I was not at all reluctant to open my mouth, and our tongues darted against one another.

She disengaged from our kiss and led me to the bed.

"Are you going to spank me now, Sir?" she said in a sing-song childlike voice.

"Yes, please!" I said. I sat on the side of the bed, and she crawled up over my lap with her knees and chest on either side of me and her bum stuck up extra high. She wiggled it at me. I could see her butthole and pussy clearly, as well as her fantastic ass, long thin legs, and inwards cinched waist.

I put my hand on her bottom and rubbed.

"Mmmmm," she moaned.

I lifted my hand and struck her lightly.

"Oooh!" she said in a cute high-pitched voice.

I took it as a sign of encouragement and spanked her some more. I did it very lightly, but I could still see pink splotches developing on her bottom cheeks. I paused and rubbed some more.

"Mmmmm... that feels so good."

I rubbed a bit more daringly into the crease of her ass and allowed my fingertips to brush her pussy lips. She raised her ass higher in encouragement. I rubbed my fingers more solidly onto her pussy, getting a bit inside. She was wet!

I returned to spanking her lightly, and she moaned in pleasure, then moaned even more when I rubbed her pussy again.

"You're a really great spanker," she told me. "May I suck your cock now?"

Not waiting for an answer, she got off my lap and knelt before me. She took my very hard cock in her mouth and started giving me an amazing blowjob. Wow, it felt great! Her mouth was warm and soft, and she knew how to use it, her hands too.

"Eat my pussy?" she asked me.

"Yeah," I said breathlessly.

She went up onto the bed and rested on a couple of pillows near the head. She spread her legs open and beckoned me to come between them.

I had never done this before, but I had read about it and seen videos. I went between her legs, put my tongue out, and licked up along her pussy slit.

"Mmmmmmm," she encouraged me.

I dug my tongue in deeper. I knew to avoid her clitoris until later. I had always read that it was wrong to head straight there. She tasted good.

Tangy. Exciting. I lapped at her and squirmed my tongue around; she seemed to like whatever I was doing.

I backed away and spread her open. Now I could see her clit under its little hood right at the top of her 'V'. I used my tongue to circle around right near it.

"Ohhh, yessss..." she said.

I went back to licking her outer pussy lips and then went deeper and nibbled with my lips at her inner lips. I circled her vagina hole with my tongue.

"Mmmmmm!"

I went back to her clit and started licking it.

"Yeah, yeah, right there. That's so good."

She reached for the back of my head with her hands and pulled me into her.

"Keep going, keep going!"

I kept at it, licking faster and targeting her clit.

"Yes! Yes! YES!" she said as she pushed her hips into my face and shuddered.

She pushed me away from her.

"That was good. I'm so sensitive now. Give me a minute. You made me cum. Am I the first girl you gave an orgasm to?"

I couldn't believe it. What a feeling! I wanted more.

"Yeah."

"You're good at it. You have a great tongue. And knowing it was your first time was so hot for me."

"You taste really good," I told her.

"That's always nice to hear. How's your cock? Is it still hard?"

I rolled over a bit and showed her. She giggled. It was as hard as it's ever been.

"Come here. Right now. I want your cock inside of me. Missionary style."

It was going to happen!

I went up to her, between her legs. She opened them wide for me and took my cock in her hand. I hoped I would not ejaculate right away. She positioned it at her pussy hole.

"Gently," she said. "Push in."

I pushed in super slowly, super carefully. The head of my cock went into her soft, warm, wet vagina. Oh, fuck! This was heaven on earth. My cock felt encased in velvet.

"Put your arms up here. Hold yourself up."

I put my arms on either side of her head and held myself there, with my cocktip inside her.

"Slowly, slowly, slide deeper in," she said.

I slid in a bit, then pulled out a bit, then slid in a bit, then pulled out a bit, and then started going in and out. I had learned to do this from getting fucked in the ass with the strap-on by Aunt Chrissie and the real thing by Lance.

"Nice," she said. "You have a big cock. And you were taught well. It's excellent. You can go a little deeper."

She said I was "taught well". She knew I was a virgin and didn't know about my aunts dildo-training me. She must have been referring to Lance's fucking of me, oh blush!

I thrust in gently and a bit deeper. She ground herself into me. I continued my slow in and out.

"Faster," she said.

I started fucking her faster. She curled her legs around my hips. She put both her hands above her head, crossed at the wrist.

"Grab my wrists. Pin me."

I moved one hand to pin both her wrists above her head. She writhed against me as I fucked her. Her breasts were high, tight, and flattened against her chest, jiggling with my thrusts. Her eyes were closed, and her mouth was open. She was breathing hard.

"Fuck me! Fuck me hard. Like I'm your dirty little whore! Fuck me!"

"Oh fuck! Oh, God!" I said.

"Yeah. Come inside of me. Fill me!"

I came inside of her. Did I ever come inside of her! I jerked spasmodically, and my weight collapsed onto her as I thrust the final thrusts, emptying my balls into her hot, wet, tight pussy.

"That was *fucking* amazing," she said.

I couldn't say anything. I rolled off her and collapsed onto my back on the bed. All I could do was pant.

Finally, I said, "oh my God. I didn't know..."

"Now you do," she said with a smile, stroking my wet hair.

"How much cum did you put into me?" she asked rhetorically. She reached her hand down, scooped some out of her pussy, and tasted it. "Yums," she said.

She reached down, took some more, and fed it to me. It tasted like a mix of her and me.

She got an evil smile and said, "Lick it out of me while I clean your cock." As she said that, she mounted me facing down my body and went forward so that her pussy was in my face and my cock was at her mouth. She started sucking and licking my cock. I returned the favour and ate out her pussy. A lot of my own creamy cum came out as well, and I had to eat that to keep going, which I did. We spent about ten minutes like that. She came twice along the way and wanted me to keep going each time.

I was getting hard again. I had just come, and already I was hard again.

"Are you going to fuck me in the ass now? Lose all your virginity all at once?"

"Yes!" I agreed.

"I need lube; where's the lube?"

I was not sure. Tamara started going through the bedside drawers and found the lube.

She lovingly lubed my cock, which just made it harder and harder. She then knelt on the bed, ass high, reached behind and lubed her own asshole. She even pushed a finger and then two up into there and rotated them around. It was so hot seeing Tamara do this to herself.

"I'm ready; just push in. It's not my first rodeo. I can take it. Go."

I went behind her. My cock was already hard again. I put it at the entrance to her asshole and pushed. It would not go in straight away. Tamara reached behind and adjusted my angle, and then it slid right in, her asshole spreading to accommodate my cock.

This was fucking tight! And hot inside.

"Fuck me! Fuck me like you mean it!" she said.

I grabbed her hips and fucked her ass. Hard!

She cried out at the intrusion but seemed to welcome it.

"Grab my hair," she said.

I reached for her long dark hair. I grabbed it all up, wrapped it around my hand, and used that as a handle as I fucked her ass.

As I did that, she reached a hand between her leg and started rubbing her pussy furiously.

"Yes! Keep going! Fuck my ass! Fuck my ass!"

She screamed out yet another orgasm. Was she ever sexually receptive or what?

"Give it to me. Give me your cum. Right up my ass, everything you have left."

I concentrated. I let go of her hair, grabbed her hips, and focused on just fucking her. I watched as my cock slid in and out of her asshole. I used one hand to slap her ass cheek.

"Yeah! Spank me! Spank me harder!"

I kept fucking her and spanking her ass until her right cheek looked bright red.

"Spank me, David! Fuck my ass!"

It was all too much. For the second time in about fifteen minutes, I orgasmed into Tamara.

I pulled out.

"You stud, you!" she said. I blushed.

"Lie down on your back."

I did so. She again straddled me, but this time stayed upright and settled her ass onto my face. I quickly used my hands on her ass cheeks to support some of the weight.

"Lick my asshole. Lick it clean!" she said.

She didn't need to ask me twice. I parted her cheeks and slid my tongue up her asshole.

"Yeah, nice and deep!" she said. I noticed her hands had gone to her pussy, and she was rubbing herself again.

"That's it. Now back and forth. Up and down. Circle around. Now back in. Deep. Deeper!"

I used my tongue to lick every part of her anal entrance and even as deep into her hole as I could. Again, I tasted myself as my cum streamed out of her asshole, onto my tongue, and into my mouth.

"Yeah? Do you like that? Do you like licking your own cum out of my asshole, you dirty boy-slut?"

"Yrmmm!" I mumbled, meaning "Yes!" but muffled by her ass on my mouth.

She came yet again, grinding her small ass into me.

She then hopped off me.

"That was great!" she said. "How was it for you?"

"Amazing," I said breathlessly, my lips and face coated with cum and ass lube.

She lay next to me in bed. "I want to kiss that dirty mouth," she told me.

We leaned into each other and started deep kissing. Our hands roamed all over each other's bodies. I got to fondle her tight little ass, her beautiful tits, and her spent pussy. She rubbed my ass and my limp cock. It would not stand up for another round. We spent the next five minutes necking like that.

She pulled away. "You're a great lay," she said.

"You too," I said.

"Let's get cleaned up," she said.

We returned to the shower and repeated our cleaning off of one another. It was less sexy this time but no less exciting for all that.

We got dressed again and re-emerged from the bedroom to the living rooms to the broad smiles of Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie.

"You two seemed to have had a good time!" said Aunt Chrissie.

"We did," said Tamara. "Could you hear us?"

"Everything."

"Oh, blush," said Tamara, but she didn't look embarrassed, and if she wasn't going to be, I certainly was not going to be either.

"How was he?" asked Aunty Sue.

"He was great. He got me off, what, five times?"

"Once or twice you did it yourself," I said.

"Yeah, but with your cock and tongue up my ass. It helped you know. And how many times did you come?"

"Twice," I said.

"Once in my pussy, and once up my ass. What a little stud you have here."

"Good to know everything works properly down there with girls in the picture. His mother will be pleased," said Aunty Sue.

"You're not going to tell her, are you?" asked Tamara.

"Certainly," said Aunty Sue. "It was his big day. Today he's a 'man'."

They all giggled at that, teasing me. I didn't mind.

"I have to go now," said Tamara. "Thank you for letting me deflower your nephew."

"No," said Aunty Sue. "Thank you for being his first."

"I'm spoiled forever now," I said.

"Nonsense! You go out there and get a good sexy girl. Don't settle."

"Can I call you again?" I asked Tamara, hopeful.

"No, you may not, naughty boy. That was a lovely thing we shared, but it was a one-time thing. I would be happy to do it again, but it's not healthy for you. You need to get out there and date girls your own age. But I'll always have been your first, right?"

"Yes," I said.

"And that's precious and very, very special. So, thank you so much for allowing me that privilege."

She was thanking me? That felt backwards.

"Thank you for being such a great first," I told her.

She smiled and left.

"All grown up now," said Aunty Sue. "But don't think you're too grown up to get a spanking if that history assignment isn't in on time," warned Aunty Sue, reminding me of my place.

It didn't matter though. I was no longer a virgin!

Chapter 39: David Meets a Girl

After the euphoria of my first time with Tamara wore off, I was feeling a bit down in the dumps. Aunt Chrissie noticed.

"Why so gloomy?" she asked me.

"Oh, I don't know. I just had such a good time with Tamara, and she's such an amazing person. I guess I was hoping it would turn into more than it was."

"David. We talked about this. First, she's way too old for you. Second, trust me, you'd go nuts being with her. It's just your cock talking now. You don't know her at all. There's plenty of fish in the sea."

"But I never connected with any girl before, not like with Tamara. And girls don't seem to like me."

"Yeah, but you're a certified stud now. You fucked a girl. You got fucked by a boy. You fucked Tamara in the ass, as I understand? How many times did you make her come?"

"Five times."

"Five! And you, stud-muffin, came once in her pussy, then got it up again and gave it to her in the ass right after."

"I guess so."

"Girls can spot a virgin a mile away. Didn't I guess your sexual experience? They can also sense sexual experience a mile away. It's all totally subconscious. Trust me, you'll find you have a lot more success with girls. And with that big pretty cock, and all your training on how to use it and your mouth, you definitely won't be a disappointment."

I guess I started feeling a bit better hearing that. I supposed I would have more confidence around girls; maybe they would pick up on that.

"In fact, a new girl joined dance class, Amanda. She's in first year, just like you, from out of town. Economics major, I think? Hot like anything. I happen to know she doesn't have a steady boyfriend and is looking for one. Want to date her?"

I smiled a bit. "Sure," I said. "Where should I take her?"

"Doing something physical is always good. You're pretty good at table tennis, right? Take her to one of those table tennis places and dinner afterward." I thought that sounded like a great first date.

At her next dance class, Aunt Chrissie spoke with Amanda and found the situation unchanged: she was still interested in meeting new guys. She also found out that she didn't go in for clubs or drinking or anything like that, and had bad experiences dating jocks, so she was open to a guy like me.

Aunt Chrissie sent Amanda and me a text message:

"Hey, guys! I know you're both interested in meeting new people, and I think you'll get along great! Amanda, David is my nephew-in-law I told you about who's living with us. David, Amanda is the young lady from dance I mentioned to you. Have fun, you two (but not too much fun!)."

I was getting ready to text back. I figured guys should make the first move. But my phone dinged with a message back from Amanda before I could even respond.

"Thanks, Chrissie. It would be great to meet you, David! Your aunt and some of the girls at dance speak highly of you. You free Saturday?"

Gulp! Those girls she's referring to could only include Mandy and Tamara. They had seen me at my most intimate. What had they told her??? I guess I would have to assume it was just nice vanilla things. I later found out that Aunt Chrissie had 'recruited' Mandy and Tamara to build me up in front of Amanda, say good things about me, and get me that date. I wrote back.

"Hi Amanda – sure, Saturday would be great. Do you want to go to SPIN, eat some snacks and play some table tennis? Maybe dinner after?"

I anxiously awaited a text back and was rewarded almost immediately.

"I don't know. I hear it's not a good dating strategy to crush a guy's ego on a first date. I will beat your ass at table tennis!"

I gulped at her 'interesting' choice of words.

"I accept your challenge. I'm no easy mark. You're talking to the Connoly Regional High School table tennis champ here."

"Oh, is that so? Champ eh? It's on!"

Because it was a multi-party text, Aunt Chrissie was privy to all the arrangements. She chimed in.

"I like the competitiveness, but you two should put some skin in the game to make it interesting. Loser of each game bends over for six whacks with the ping-pong paddle from the winner."

Amanda texted back, "I'm not sure about that..."

What was Aunt Chrissie thinking!?! That's a weird spanko thing to suggest. I felt that she was totally blowing it for me.

But then another text came through immediately after.

"... I mean, what if I like him and decide to let him take me to dinner after? He'll have to eat standing up."

I smiled a huge grin and blew out the air I was holding in relief. I also got a little bit hard in my pants. I should never doubt Aunt Chrissie on stuff like this. She had lined up a spanko boy's perfect first date.

I wrote back what I thought was a flirty response.

"Challenge accepted. But no more than one pair of undies under your shorts, Amanda; otherwise, it's cheating."

"Make it no pair and you're on."

What the what!?! She out-flirted me.

She continued, "I have silky thin gym shorts. You better have the same. I want that butt to feel the strokes."

Gulp. Couldn't back down now. I just hoped she wasn't as good as she thought she was.

"Okay. But I just hope you're not writing a cheque your butt won't be able to cash ;-)."

"Likewise! See you Saturday. Do you have a car?"

"Nah – we can Uber it."

"I have a car. I'll pick you up. Say 2 pm? Text me the address."

I replied 'okay' and texted her the address. I guess it was set up.

When Aunt Chrissie got home, I immediately went to her.

"Thank you for setting me up, Aunt Chrissie!"

"My pleasure, sweetie. Mandy and Tamara helped."

"Cool. But I thought Amanda would freak when you suggested the bet. Is she, like, into it?"

"Not sure. She's open to it. Since my coming out, everybody at dance knows what a spanko I am. A bunch of them read my blog. If I make a mistake in a routine, the other girls joke that they'll get Sue to spank my ass. So, it's pretty open and out there. She knew where my suggestion for the bet was coming from.

"Once, I was helping her with a routine, and she totally messed it up and said, 'I think I need my ass spanked'. I asked her if she would enjoy that, and she said, 'maybe'. So I knew she was the girl for you. Now we'll just have to see who comes out on top in the table tennis department."

Wow. What an exciting first date this was shaping up to be. But I was really good at table tennis. I practiced relentlessly back in the day, and was the regional high school champ. I'd take it easy on her butt.

Chapter 40: David Goes on a Date

I was a lot happier after my text interaction with Amanda and looking forward to my date. I realized Aunt Chrissie was right regarding Tamara: I had confused lust for love. With Amanda on the horizon, I saw things more clearly.

I woke up chipper on Saturday morning. I went to lay out all the clothes I would wear for my date. I thought my best jeans and a button shirt. For my gym clothes, I had silky-feel blue running shorts. I tried them on without underpants and immediately realized the problem. You could see my dick flopping around, and if it got hard, it would stick straight out like anybody's business. I ran to Aunt Chrissie for help.

She made me put them on and laughed and laughed. She reached over and gave me a little rub in front and confirmed my worst fears. She suggested a jockstrap would not violate the rules, as it would leave my bum bare but encase my cock. She said that if I busted out of that, there would be no help for me. She took me to the mall as soon as it opened, and we bought my first-ever jockstrap. Phew!

At 2 pm sharp, the doorbell rang. I opened the door, and there was Amanda. She was every bit as pretty as Aunt Chrissie had said. She had on jeans, T-shirt, and running shoes. She had a tight, tall, and lean athletic body. Her face positively glowed. Brown eyes and almost black hair. Her hair was parted in the middle and pulled back into a ponytail hanging down her back. I couldn't tell her breast size, as they seemed tightly confined (by a sports bra, I would later learn – but they were very nice breasts!). I invited her in, and she walked through. Her ass was spectacular in those tight jeans. A dancer's ass. Small and tight and perfectly round.

Aunt Chrissie was there, and they hugged, then she introduced Amanda to Aunt Sue. My aunts told us to have fun and asked when I'd be home.

"We might have dinner," said Amanda, taking the initiative. "No later than nine or so."

"I'll text if I'll be any later," I said.

"Wishful thinking, sport?" Amanda teased me. I blushed, and my aunts laughed.

I picked up my gym bag, and we headed out the door and got into her little Mazda 3 sport hatchback.

"My Dad bought it for me. I needed a car to get around to dance, do the shopping, drive home for visits, and things like that."

"I just walk to school and back. If we need to go out shopping, Aunt Chrissie drives. I'm not even allowed to drive the car. They put a rider on the insurance that I wouldn't use it to keep their rates low. So, where did you grow up?"

"Half city, half country. Mom and Dad are divorced. Mom lives in a different city; Dad lives sort of North and East of here. A three-hour drive. I went to high school there. How about you?"

"Parents still together. I grew up about three hours North of here. Small town boy."

"We have that in common. Small town boy and girl in the big city now."

"Yeah, it's fun."

"Fun and scary for a girl living alone."

"No roommates?"

"Nah. I didn't know anybody when I got here. Dad bought me a little condo nearby. Sort of an investment sort of thing that I'm living in for now."

"Must be nice!"

"It gets a bit lonely. You're the lucky one to be living with such cool aunts. I love Chrissie and think she's great. She's been so friendly since I got here. She really helps me out a lot with my dance."

We talked more along those same veins. The conversation flowed easily.

Amanda pulled into the parking lot of SPIN. It was sort of a eat/drink/snack place with ping-pong tables. It was crowded, but I had reserved a table for us. We went in and found our table. I had my gym bag with me but noticed Amanda didn't have anything with her.

"I'll go get changed into my gym stuff. Are you playing like that?"

"Underneath. I just have to slip my jeans and top off, and I'll be ready to go. You get changed. I'll get us some snacks and drinks."

"Oh no, let me do that. I want to pay."

"That's okay, I can pay. You get changed. You can buy the next round."

I agreed and went to the changing room, where I slipped off my pants and pulled up my silky gym shorts. My 'underwear' consisted of my jockstrap. I took off my button shirt and pulled on my red athletic T-shirt, then I put all my stuff into my gym bag and carried it back to our table.

When I got back, Amanda was just returning with a tray of drinks and snacks. Diet Cokes and a big plate of nacho chips covered with everything.

"I thought dancers had to watch what they ate," I said, joking about the huge plate of nachos.

"We can eat whatever the fuck we want because we dance four hours a day. You, on the other hand..." she said as she poked me in the belly.

"Hey! I resemble that remark," I said, sounding mock-hurt.

"Doesn't matter; you're still pretty cute." I beamed at the compliment. Her, calling me cute? She's gorgeous.

She sat down, removed her runners, then pulled her jeans off her legs and her T-shirt off her head. It was sexy watching her 'strip' in that crowded place. I looked around and saw multiple sets of eyes watching her do this. It occurred to me that she might get pretty embarrassed bending over for the ping-pong paddling after she lost a game with all those eyes on her. I decided I'd be a gentleman and suggest a more private paddling if it came to that.

Amanda put her runners back on and jumped to her feet, looking athletic in her short gym shorts and sports bra with her midriff bare. She had a gorgeous, fit and flat tummy with actual abs. I could see now that she had pretty decent breasts; they were just compressed into her sports bra. Nonetheless, some cleavage was definitely apparent.

"Ready to go?" she asked, hopping up and down and side-to-side to warm herself up. She moved so gracefully. She was clearly a dancer.

"You want to rally a bit first?" I asked her.

"Nah, let's just get into it."

I fished a coin out of my bag and got ready to toss it into the air.

"Heads or tails?"

"Heads."

It was tails.

"That's the last thing you're winning tonight," she said with a smile.

"Ha! Dream on. I'll serve," I said.

"I'll take this end of the table. Closer to the nachos."

We went to our sides of the table. I guess we were getting straight into this.

I bounced the ball a few times on the table, held it in my palm, and let loose an easy serve. I was just getting warmed up and didn't want to miss on

my first shot, and I didn't want to crush her with my first serve. I didn't know how good or bad she was.

Amanda was on my serve like a tigress and whipped her paddle across the ball, slammed it onto my side of the table, and sent it flying back into the catch net behind our table. I had zero chance of reaching it. She smiled ruefully at me.

Okay, okay, she had some skills.

Clearly, I could not take it easy with her. I got more into my competition mindset and blasted a spin backhand serve at her. It was clean and, by design, took a sideways bounce when it hit the table, throwing her off. She recovered quickly and hit it back to me. It was a bit high, so I went in for the killer slam. It was a great shot! I nailed it clean into the far corner of the table from where she was. I don't know how she did it, but she lunged for it, somehow got her paddle on it, and sent it back to me. I was caught by surprise and did not make a great return. She slammed it home at an angle I had no hope of reaching.

"Two zip," she called out.

The rest of the first game pretty much went the same way. I managed to score off her five times. Most were flukes, as she was a fantastic player.

"Eleven to five. I win! Time to pay the piper," she said with a gleam in her eye, hitting the ping-pong paddle against her palm.

I'm a really, really good player. Honestly! I wasn't being boastful before. I destroyed everybody at my high school and even all the neighbouring schools. I hadn't been beaten in a long time. And certainly not by a girl.

We met at the side of the table.

"What are you wearing under the shorts?" she asked flirtatiously.

"Just a jockstrap. Nothing covering my butt."

"Oh yeah?" she reached her hand down to my flanks, ran them over me, found one of the butt straps of my jock, and gave it a little snap. "So you are," she confirmed.

"Bend over. Elbows on the table."

Oh geeze. I bent over, touching my elbows to the table on either side of the net. She took the paddle and rubbed it on my ass. She hauled back and slammed it into my right butt cheek. **YOUCH!**

"You hit like a girl," I told her, trying to maintain my composure and seem macho and a good sport all at once.

"Oh yeah?"

She reached back and slammed the paddle into my left butt cheek. Fuck it hurt!

"That all you got?" I asked her, voice straining by now.

She hauled back and slammed into me again on the right cheek and then quickly again on the left.

I had two more to go. She leaned over close to my ear. "You have an audience," she said. I looked around. Everybody in the neighbourhood had stopped what they were doing and were looking at us.

"The bet is six whacks on the butt per game for the loser," she said to her admiring public. "He has two more to go."

She hauled back and gave me first the one and then the other. She did not hold back.

Everybody clapped after she smashed the last one into my ass. She theatrically took a bow.

I stood pretending it did not hurt and said, "just wait until it's your turn; I'll show you how to swing a paddle." Gone were any thoughts of taking it easy on her ass or not doing it in the middle of the room. That cute ass of hers would be sore for a week after I won the next three games.

We were getting ready to start the second game. Yeah, she was good, and she obviously had played recently and was in practice. I knew I could do much better than in the first game. I also saw that she had weaknesses in her game that made her eminently beatable. This time, warmed up as I was (in more ways than one), I would take full advantage of all the openings she presented.

The serve went over to her. She used a weird looping spinning serve up from under the table. I literally fell over trying to reach the ball as it spun wildly.

"one – zip," she called out.

She served again, but I was better prepared and returned it well. She could not get much onto her return, and we fell into a back-and-forth rhythm. I did well and positioned the ball perfectly, so she had to run for it each time. But she was nimble and fast, always reached it, and gave a decent return. At one point in that rally, she turned the tables, and it was me running and lunging for each ball, but not nearly as gracefully as her. I was panting in exhaustion; I was so out of shape! She wasn't even breathing

hard as she bounced on her toes with an evil competitive gleam in her eyes. She hit the ball a bit too hard, hitting the top of the net and going out of bounds. My point!

"one – one," I said, panting.

We went back and forth, exchanging points. I went up ten to eight, game point. Only one more point, and I'd even it up and get my revenge: that ass would be mine to publicly paddle!

She pulled another great serve out of her ass that I couldn't return, and it was ten to nine, match point still for me. "This time," I told myself. It was another long rally, and she won the point by a fluke. Her ball hit the net and dribbled onto my side of the table. Her point.

"Sorry," she called out, as is customary when that happens. But she didn't seem at all sorry.

It was ten to ten, deuce, her serve. Another scorcher that I was just able to return, but it flew up high, and she smashed it home beyond my ability to reach. Advantage Amanda.

One more serve. Pretty much the same, but I could lob her slam back this time. She slammed again. I caught that one and sent it back. Another, and another, and another like that. I was literally fighting for my ass and was desperate to stay in the game! But it was inevitable. She did not falter, and she slammed one home that I could not return.

Game Amanda.

"That was a better effort," she told me. "Bend over."

I suffered through another six hard (and I mean HARD) whacks of that paddle to my tender backside. Once again, everybody around paused to watch me take my paddling and applaud afterwards.

"Two games to zip," she told me.

"I know," I said, theatrically (not really) rubbing my ass cheeks.

"Only one more paddling before you're done," she said cheekily.

Matches were best of five. Three to zero was the worst you could do.

"We'll see who gets paddled," I said with a confidence I didn't feel.

It was my serve. We had some really great rallies and some amazing shots on both sides. We had, by this time, developed an audience of people watching us play, and most of them knew the stakes.

Amanda was angry at herself for every shot she missed, and jubilant whenever she won a point. She was a fierce competitor. She just refused to lose. The game ended eleven to eight for Amanda. I was exhausted, but she looked fresh as anything, with maybe just a sheen of sweat on her face and belly.

"Three to zip! Game and Match!" Amanda said, pumping her fist in the air.

"You know the drill," she told me. She was entirely too comfortable paddling my ass!

I groaned and bent over again with my elbows on the table.

"Paddle! Paddle! Paddle!" the spectators shouted. This was so embarrassing. People had their cellphones out taking pictures and vids!

Amanda held up her hand for quiet.

"Six strokes. Count 'em with me."

She lined up the paddle and slammed it into my ass.

SLAM! – ONE! Everybody yelled.

SLAM! – TWO!

SLAM! – THREE!

SLAM! – FOUR!

SLAM! – FIVE!

SLAM! – SIX! And then everybody cheered.

I jumped up, grabbed my ass cheeks, rubbed them like crazy, and quite uncontrollably did the spanky dance in front of everybody present. I was not playing stoic anymore.

"You swing a mean paddle," I told her, faint tears in my eyes, but still smiling.

"What, I don't swing like a girl after all?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Let's see his ass!" somebody in the crowd shouted out. "Yeah!" someone else agreed.

"What do you say, David? Show them your beaten little buns?"

"No!" I said with a laugh

"Oh, come on. You've been such a good loser so far. Don't ruin it by being a spoilsport now. You have your jock on."

I sighed and said, "Okay," knowing it would please her.

"I need a selfie," she said, going to get her phone. She turned me so that I was butt towards the audience, knelt beside me, and hugged my hips to her with her facing the audience. She reached for my shorts and pulled them down to just below my ass cheeks.

A big cheer went up.

Amanda peeked around at my backside.

"Oh my God! It's crimson! And black and blue! I'm so sorry!"

She didn't sound sorry. She sounded amused.

She knelt there next to me with her arm around the front of my hips, pulling my far hip into herself. She extended her phone and took a selfie with her face beside my ass. She made the bulls-horn sign with the hand wrapped around me, and stuck out her tongue sideways, making a crazy face. She took the pic and then pulled my shorts back up.

"You're a really good sport," she told me.

The crowd dispersed, and we made our way back to our table. I sat gingerly on my stool, and we ate nachos and drank diet cokes.

"How did you get so good at table tennis?" I asked her.

"Dad was an Olympian. I played from the time I could walk. National Junior Girls Champion. Didn't your Aunt Chrissie tell you?"

"She did not," I said pointedly.

Amanda smiled coyly. I realized I had, quite delightfully, been 'set up'.

"I was holding back to make it more interesting, but you are really good," she said.

"Thanks."

"No way I was going to let you beat me, though. Not with *my* ass on the line."

"Great. No worries about my ass, I suppose?"

"It was so fucking bruised! I didn't realize. I am so sorry."

"Good for my ego."

"You're a sport. Want to grab dinner?"

"Sure!" I said.

We both dressed, left SPIN, and drove to a nice steakhouse. The conversation continued to flow easily, as we had a lot in common. I made her laugh frequently. She seemed to be having a lot of fun with me, as I was

with her. And boy, did Amanda have an appetite! Aunt Chrissie ensured I had enough money, so I insisted on picking up the check.

Amanda drove me home. We parked outside the house. She leaned over and asked, "will you kiss me?"

Didn't have to ask me twice! I leaned over, and we kissed on the lips. She wrapped her arms around me, pulled me in, and we kissed again. And again. And again.

We disengaged after several minutes, and she said, "Thank you so much for taking me out. I haven't had this much fun with a guy, ever."

"Me too. Except, I mean, with a girl. Despite my bruised ass and ego."

"Text me, okay?"

"Absolutely."

I got out of her car, waved goodbye, and walked back into the house on a cloud.

"How'd it go, stud muffin?" asked Aunt Chrissie as soon as I came in.

"She's amazing!" I told her.

"Told you so. She posted your pic to Instagram."

"What pic?" I asked, suddenly concerned.

"This one," Aunt Chrissie said as she showed me the selfie with my bare ass!!! The caption read, "Guy thought he could beat me at table tennis. Six swats per game to the loser. I beat his ass straight games. He's a good loser, though, and a sweet guy."

"Ack!" I exclaimed.

"And look at the number of followers she has, over 60,000. A minor celebrity from her table tennis days."

I looked through the replies, horrified. Many of the replies were mocking the 'beta male'. Some said I had a cute ass. Others just commented on how messed up my ass looked.

I should have googled her.

Aunt Chrissie laughed. "Your face isn't in it; nobody will know it's you, other than everybody at dance, of course."

"You set me up!" I accused Aunt Chrissie.

"Oh, you figured that out, did you, genius? I admit I was 'kinda sick of hearing how good you were at ping pong. I thought Amanda could take you down a peg or two. National Junior Girls Champ. Did you know that?"

"I do now!" I said, rubbing my ass.

Aunt Chrissie laughed and laughed.

Chapter 41: Amanda and David Have Sex

After that first date, Amanda and I became a pretty steady number. I spent a lot of time thinking about her. Aunty Sue despaired at my lack of focus on schoolwork but made sure I applied myself, nonetheless.

We went out almost every Saturday. There were movies put on by the university film society. Double-headers. We loved those.

Sometimes we just hung out at her condo, watching TV or whatever. She had a full schedule between school and dance and was super diligent, but we made time and often studied together at her place.

We did make out a lot, but it was all innocent stuff. She loved snuggling against me and rubbing my bare chest. She commented that I had no hair on my chest. I told her I kept it shaved because I liked it like that. She also checked out my underarms and remarked how hair-free I kept them. "You're such a girl," she told me teasingly. "Are you all shaved, 'down there', as well?"

"Do you want to look and see?" I asked hopefully.

"In your dreams, cowboy," she said.

Anytime I tried to get near her boobs, she shut me down. Eventually, I laid down the law and said she couldn't touch my bare chest unless I could touch hers. She capitulated, and fondling her bare boobs under her shirt became part of our thing.

The college (within the university) we both went to had an end-of-term dance. Amanda wanted to go, so I agreed. It was a big dress-up affair. I had to get a tux, and she wore a beautiful gown. Aunt Chrissie helped me with the tux and to get her a corsage. She was as much into our romance as I was.

Amanda came by to pick me up for the dance in her car.

Of course, Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie had her come in and made us both pose for photos that were immediately sent to Mom.

On the way out, Aunty Sue pulled me aside and told me to be home by midnight. Midnight was our agreed-upon weekend curfew. I thought it was ridiculous, but I knew it would not go well for my butt if I told her that. Her argument was that she did not want me over-tired, even on the weekend, and that I needed a consistent sleep pattern. I thought it was over the top for a kid my age. I tried getting away with something by telling her I'd call if I

was going to be late. She said that, regardless, I would get a spanking if I came home late, so I had better not. Fortunately, this was all out of earshot of Amanda.

Amanda did not know that I was spanked at home. She knew about Aunt Chrissie, read her blog, and asked me tons of questions about that. I told her I did get to see Aunt Chrissie spanked by Aunty Sue and spend time in the corner. Amanda was amazed by it all. Out of the blue, she asked if I ever got spanked by Aunty Sue. I didn't want to admit the truth, so I lied and told her no, that was their thing. She accepted that.

I don't know why I lied to her about that. I guess I was worried about what she might think this early in our relationship. I decided I would approach the topic gradually. If I sensed that she was getting squeezed out, I could back off and make a joke of it. I wanted to be with Amanda, vanilla or not, and didn't want to risk it even if it 'doomed me' to a life of jerking off in secret to spanking porn.

We went to the dance and had a lot of fun. Even though we were a bit underage, we managed to get some alcoholic punch, and I got pretty happy on that. Amanda had a little, but she cut herself off early as she was driving.

As we were getting ready to leave, Amanda got close to me and said she was "ready".

"Ready for what?" I asked stupidly.

"Ready to, you know, have sex with you..."

"With me?" I asked.

"Of course, with you! Do you want to?"

"Yeah. Of course, I do."

"Let's do it right now, back at my place."

Yes! But my curfew. I thought fast. It was around 10 pm. We could be back at her place at 10:30 pm. Have sex until 11:30 pm and barely make it home for midnight curfew.

"Okay. Let's! But I do have to be hitting the books early in the morning. Can we aim to get me home by midnight?"

"Weird time to be thinking of studying... Do you have a curfew or something?"

I did, but I was ashamed to admit it. Maybe the punch impaired my judgment, but I lied to Amanda.

"No, ha ha, no curfew, of course. But I really do need to get to work early tomorrow. An end-of-term paper. I got an extension but need to finish it tomorrow."

"Geeze. I'd have thought you'd be more excited. But okay. I'll have you home by midnight or soon after, Cinderella. We have time."

I again thought fast. "Soon after" would mean a spanking. Auntie Sue had already made clear there would be no curfew extensions. In the end, I thought I would risk it. It would certainly be worth getting a spanking if I got to have sex with Amanda.

"I *am* excited! Really! Let's go!" I said.

"*That's* more like it. There's my horny boy."

We left the party and went to her place. We ripped each other's clothes off like we were on fire. First time ever, I saw Amanda completely naked. What a sight!

She pulled me, naked, into bed with her. She seemed to have no self-consciousness about her body at all. We hugged and kissed side-by-side on her bed, totally bare. Pushing up against her was heavenly.

She got a condom out that she had stashed nearby for the occasion. We opened it and, with a lot of giggles, got it on my big hard cock. She told me to get inside of her.

She lay on her back with her legs slightly spread. I went into pushup on top of her and eased my cock in. I was slow and gentle. I had been taught well, by Aunt Chrissie, by Lance, and by Tamara.

I slid inside and started fucking Amanda. It felt incredible, and Amanda seemed to be enjoying it as well. It was so exciting being with somebody I felt so strongly for, and I came quickly into the condom.

"Did you come?" asked Amanda.

"Yeah," I told her. I pulled out, carefully took the condom off, tied it with my goo inside, and set it aside.

"Was it good?" she asked.

"It was so good!" I said. But she had not come, and I wanted her to, so I slid down between her legs and started lapping at her pussy.

She put her hands on my head and exclaimed, "Oh my God! That's so good!"

I licked and lapped, and she came in a shuddering, legs-shaking orgasm.

"What was that!?!!" she asked.

"That was an orgasm," I replied cheekily.

"I know! It's just I've never had one before. Not a real one like that. I want more!"

Taking her at her word, I went back down and gave her another, and then another after that.

"Oh my God, is that what everybody is talking about?"

Amazing. She had never truly orgasmed before. I was kind of her first that way. I felt very pleased with myself.

We lay there and snuggled for a bit. Time had completely slipped my mind.

"Hey, don't you need to get home, Cinderella?"

"Shit! What time is it?"

"Let's see... 12:33 am."

"Oh crap. I 'gotta go."

"What's the panic? I know you have to get some sleep so you can work tomorrow, but it's not a big deal."

"Yeah, yeah, it's cool. I just have to hit the hay, you know?"

She looked at me strangely.

"Did your aunt want you home at any specific time?"

"No, nothing like that. I just need my sleep, or I'll be a wreck the next day."

We got dressed quickly, and Amanda drove me home. When we got there, she wanted to accompany me to the porch.

"No need. It's late; you just get home."

But she got out of the car anyway and walked with me up to the porch.

"One more kiss," she told me.

I turned, and we kissed on the porch. Suddenly, the door opened inwards, and there was Auntie Sue in her nightgown and robe.

"Oops! Sorry, Sue," said Amanda. "I kept him out a bit late tonight."

"Did he tell you he had a midnight curfew?"

"What!?!!" Amanda said, looking very surprised. "No! He specifically told me he didn't! He said he had some schoolwork tomorrow and wanted to get to bed so he could start early on that. But that's all he said!"

"That's interesting. What is this supposed schoolwork you have tomorrow, David? We reviewed your outstanding work just this afternoon. The decks are pretty clear this weekend."

Oh crap. I was so busted! I thought I would try dissembling. "I meant I should really bone up on some of that math. Get ahead of the curve a bit."

"You didn't say that," said Amanda. "You said you had some big end-of-term assignment due."

"No, no. I meant boning up on math before the exam."

"That is NOT what you told me!" Amanda said angrily.

"And, in fact, you do have a midnight curfew, young man, and a very firm one at that. It's too late now, but we shall *deal with this* first thing in the morning."

"What does your aunt mean by 'deal with this', David?"

I felt frozen in place, not being able to muster an answer.

"Are you going to be giving him a spanking?" asked Amanda of Auntie Sue, obviously suspecting it.

"I'll leave that to David to tell you or not."

"David?"

"yes..." I said very sheepishly. There was no point continuing to hide it. Let the cards fall where they may.

"Another thing you lied to me about. You specifically told me you were *not* subject to spankings from your aunts."

"sorry... I was... ashamed."

"I'm losing track of the number of lies you've told me, even just today. Bald-faced lies. Lying about your curfew. Lying about your schoolwork. Lying about getting spankings. What else are you lying to me about?"

Amanda looked angry as she confronted me.

"Nothing else."

"I find that hard to believe. Sue, may I be here for his spanking tomorrow morning?"

"Fine by me. But David needs to agree."

Amanda turned to me and said, "Well?"

"Ummm... it's just..."

She put her finger under my chin and slightly tilted my head. "Consider your answer carefully..."

"I agree," I said hastily.

"David," said Auntie Sue, right in front of Amanda, "I want you well-showered and in your birthday suit with your nose in the corner at 8 am tomorrow morning. Amanda, his spanking will start at 9 am sharp.

"I'll be here," she said.

Oh, no! A full *birthday suit* spanking, right across my auntie's knee, right in front of Amanda???

Chapter 42: David is Spanked in Front of Amanda

I slept fitfully and set my alarm for 7:30 am. I woke up and had a shower, cleaning myself thoroughly. At 7:55 am, I walked, nude, into the living room, put my nose into the corner, and clasped my arms behind my back. I did not want to anger Aunty Sue any more than I had.

My worst punishments were reserved for dishonesty and deliberate, willful disobedience, so I knew I would not get off easy. It was unusual to start a punishment with an hour in the corner. It usually ended like that, and would likely end that way again today, bringing the total corner time to two full hours.

The worst part of this punishment was that my girlfriend was coming to witness it. I had lied to her about multiple things, and she was also angry with me. At least she had not broken up with me on the spot. There was some hope for the relationship. But after she saw me spanked and in tears, would she lose all respect for me and break up anyways?

Aunt Chrissie walked past me about half an hour later. As far as I knew, nobody checked to see if I was in the corner at 8 am, but maybe they had, and I had not noticed. Or perhaps they knew they didn't need to.

"You're in soooo much trouble," Aunt Chrissie told me. "Sue was fuming last night. I wouldn't want to be in your place right now. I hear you also managed to piss off Amanda, and she's coming over to watch? Hoo boy. I hope that works out for you."

I was not allowed to speak when my nose was in the corner. 'Seen and not heard' was Aunty Sue's rule for misbehavers with their noses stuck in the corner.

"Oh, and bad news for you, Sue asked me to prep a ginger root. I've got a nice fresh fat one ready to be peeled."

Despite the 'no speaking' rule, I nonetheless groaned in dismay. This was going from bad to worse. I had been 'figged' previously. The ginger root burns in your bumhole like mad. My heart sank, realizing my girlfriend would see me punished like that.

Aunty Sue came out a few minutes later. She came up to me, pushed the back of my head, and emphasized, "nose *in* the corner." It was in the corner,

but I pressed harder, squashing it more.

Soon after, the front doorbell rang. Aunty Sue went to get it, and invited Amanda in.

"Well, well, well," Amanda said, walking into the living room where I was naked and cornered. "A little curfew-breaking liar with his nose in the corner and his bare bum showing. How appropriate."

She still sounded pissed off.

Aunt Chrissie served Amanda and Aunty Sue coffees. They sat in the living room with a clear line of sight to me, discussing my situation.

Aunty Sue explained to Amanda the circumstances that led to me being subject to her discipline. How I had admitted to being a spanking fetishist since a young age. How I had screwed up by being a snooper and messing up at school, and how we had mutually agreed that I was to be taken in hand with my mom's approval. She told Amanda I had a safeword and what it was, but unless there was some unexpected injury, its use would imply the end of the arrangement.

There was the usual discussion about how spanking could be effective if I were a spanking fetishist. Aunt Chrissie had started a blog on the topic, and Amanda had read it, so she seemed primed already. Plus, the improvement in my work habits, grades, and general behaviour (current situation notwithstanding), was unarguable.

Amanda asked, "if I got into a more serious relationship with him, would I have to become his disciplinarian also?"

Aunt Chrissie answered that one. "It's all really personal and unique to every relationship. In our case, Sue enjoys her role, and I enjoy mine. It seems to fit us like comfortable clothes. I like switching it up a little bit and have done that with David since he's been here, taking on that top role. But it's more like a little excursion, not a core part of me like being the submissive partner is.

"I know spanko couples who switch and alternate in play, but also hold each other accountable. I also know a couple where she's the spanked wife 24x7, but they also roleplay realistic scenes with him on the bottom and her on top. It's really all over the map.

"I can say, knowing David, he would not be happy if there was no kink like this in his life. I think he would be happy being the top exclusively, being the bottom exclusively, or switching. And any of that more 'for real'

like now, or just for play. Although, I would say from my own observation that his truest nature is on the bottom and more 'for real'."

"I'd agree with that," said Aunty Sue.

"You know, it's funny," said Amanda. "I've dated 'macho guys', and I've just absolutely despised them trying to take control and everything. It just made me want to puke. It's why I avoided dating. But with David, he was just so sweet and gentlemanly and bashful almost. And then, at table tennis, he took his whacks and even let me pull down his pants for that selfie with everybody watching. He was an amazing loser, and it totally turned me on.

"And yesterday, when I found out he lied to me, well, if it was any other guy, I wouldn't know how to deal with it. I'd probably just break up with him. But with David, I know how I'd want to deal with it, and then it can be totally forgiven, right?"

"Sounding like a natural top to me," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Oh yes," agreed Aunty Sue.

I had overheard all this from the corner. I was practically in tears. Not tears of pain from the extended corner time. Not tears of humiliation from my situation. But tears of joy. Amanda actually understood me. And she liked me like that. And she fit with me like that.

"David, come over here," Aunty Sue said.

I got out of the corner and straightened up stiffly. I had been there, hunched over, nose pressed in, for over an hour. I made my way over. I knew to not hide my genitals and kept my hands glued to my sides despite all my inclinations to hunch and cover. I had a semi-erection, which I had maintained throughout my hour in the corner.

"You're crying a little. I haven't given you any reason to cry yet. Why the tears?"

"Just, what Amanda just said."

"Miss. Amanda."

"What Miss. Amanda just said. That she... she likes me... just the way I am, with my spanking obsession and everything. And that... we fit? I never thought I'd ever find a girl like her."

"Had you not lied to me, David, we could have discussed all this earlier."

"Yes, Miss. I'm sorry for lying. I was just so embarrassed..."

"I know you were. I understand your motivations. But lying is never, ever acceptable to me. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Miss. I'm sorry Miss."

"Not as sorry as I think you're going to be."

"Yes, Miss."

"Amanda," said Auntie Sue, "I think you should punish him for his lying yourself after I've punished him for his missed curfew."

"Oh, I intend to."

"Excellent. Now, David, why are you about to be punished?"

"For missing curfew."

"That's right, for missing curfew. And it wasn't just an accident, was it? It wasn't just a few minutes late, was it?"

"No Ma'am."

"No. It was more than an hour late. It was deliberate. It was calculated. It was disobedient. It was willful. You could have called, but you chose not. So, we had to worry about you for over an hour. And we had assumed you had told Miss. Amanda about your curfew and that she was, therefore, somehow complicit. But that was not the case, was it?"

"No, Ma'am."

"In fact, Miss Amanda even asked you if you had a curfew, and you lied to her and said you did not."

"Yes, Ma'am"

"As I said. Willful, calculated, deceitful disobedience."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You'll be punished accordingly."

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, my voice going up an octave.

This was not going to be pretty.

Auntie Sue stood up and went over to the dining room table. She grabbed a chair in one hand and brought it over to face the couch. She went to the kitchen peninsula and picked up the hairbrush she had placed there. She sat on the chair and beckoned me over to stand beside her to her right.

"You'll receive an 'all-over' spanking, and then you'll spend thirty more minutes with your nose in the corner and a ginger root in your rectum. After that, we'll let Amanda finish you off."

Oh no. An 'all over' hairbrush spanking was the worst. It's quite extended. Usually, ten minutes or more of fiery hell. It's incredibly embarrassing, as

every square inch is spanked from waist to knees, backs, fronts, and flanks. My legs would have to be spread, my genitals would have to be pulled aside, and my cheeks would have to be parted to get deep inside all my creases. And all of this in front of my girlfriend! While I hoped to take my punishment well, experience dictated that I would be a blubbering, crying, wailing baby by the end.

Corner time afterwards is expected, but having to do it with a fat, wet ginger root up my bum would be hellish. It starts burning hotly in my rectum, building up to the peak in about five minutes, then holding that level for the next fifteen minutes before gradually declining. Thirty minutes would make sure I had the 'full experience'. It's almost impossible not to wriggle and moan in the corner as this is happening, which is also so embarrassing.

Despite my fear of what was to come, I always found myself sporting a big erection while Auntie Sue told me what to expect.

"Why's he so hard?" asked Amanda of Aunt Chrissie in a soft voice.

"He's a spanking fetishist. The idea of being disciplined with spankings turns him on. But I guarantee he won't like it while it's going on. And he'll try very hard to avoid another like it. He hasn't earned one like this in a dog's age."

I draped myself across Auntie Sue's knees. She put her hairbrush down and began spanking me with her hand.

Aunt Chrissie provided the 'colour commentary'.

"The hand is to warm up his skin. If she goes right in with the hairbrush, he won't be able to take very much. By warming him up first, she can go much longer and harder. She can really draw it out that way so he can contemplate the error of his ways and the consequences for a good long time."

Auntie Sue spanked me all over with her hand, including parting my cheeks and spanking inside the cleft. It was so embarrassing that Amanda saw me like that! I squirmed in embarrassed distress. She went down my thighs, towards the insides, and onto the flanks. She, of course, thoroughly covered all of my bum with her slaps.

She then picked up the hairbrush. I felt its hard coldness on my ass cheek. She lifted it and crashed it down onto my ass.

"AHHH!" I yelled.

"Ouch," Amanda cried out empathetically.

"Yup," Aunt Chrissie acknowledged.

Aunty Sue gives a hard hairbrush spanking. Right from the first stroke, I was already yelping and wriggling uncontrollably. She passed her right leg over the backs of my two legs and jackknifed me further up across her left knee. She continued hairbrush spanking me all over my ass as I cried out.

She released one of my legs and spun herself a bit under to cut her knee between my two legs, making me straddle her left thigh. With her right leg, she pulled me more open. She parted my cheeks and visited the hairbrush all up and down both sides of my ass crack.

"Those are the worst," Aunt Chrissie told Amanda.

Amanda and Aunt Chrissie had a clear line of sight to my wide-open cheeks. Aunty Sue always targeted the brown skin around my anal entrance and made sure to do so today as she spread me wider still.

She then started to go down and back up the backs of my thighs. These burned like mad.

"It really is 'all over', if you see what she means," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Yeah. Ouch."

Aunty Sue turned her attention to my inner thighs and gave them a fiery smacking. Then she got up high to the crease. She did not hesitate to grab my genitals as if they were nothing, yank them aside, and spank as deeply as she could. Both sides.

She then pushed my legs together again, put me back across her lap, and rolled me a bit so she could access my flanks and spank those. When she moved me so that my right side was up, I was acutely aware that my flopping penis was in full view to Amanda and Aunt Chrissie as I cried out in pain.

Aunty Sue made me stand and face the women, legs spread, on my tip-toes (so humiliating), and put my hands on the top of my head. She used the hairbrush to spank the fronts and front insides of my thighs, again handling my genitals to get into the crack and under the balls. She put the hairbrush down and used her hand to smack all the skin around and above my genitals. She ended by putting one hand under my limp penis and then spanking my dick with the hairbrush. These were objectively lighter strokes but were the most painful of all.

"This penis was why you broke curfew, wasn't it?" she asked as she spanked the offending member.

"YES!" I cried out, admitting it, dancing from tip-toe to tip-toe.

"But the sex was good," I heard Amanda tell Aunt Chrissie, who giggled. "He's a great pussy licker," she added.

"Oh, you're a good 'pussy licker', are you?" asked Aunt Sue rhetorically, overhearing the comment while still spanking my cock. "Well, you do your 'pussy licking' chores without breaking curfew next time, young man."

"YES! YES! I PROMISE!" I cried out.

Aunt Chrissie and Amanda giggled like schoolgirls.

Aunt Sue grabbed my arm and flung me back across her knee. She finalized my spanking with a long hard series of volleys to the low center of each butt cheek.

"NO! PLEASE! AUNTY SUE! I'M SORRY!!! I WON'T BREAK CURFEW AGAIN! I PROMISE! I PROMISE!"

By this time, the tears were running freely down my face, and my legs were kicking wildly as I promised everything under the sun.

"Bit of a pussy, isn't he?" said Amanda to Aunt Chrissie with a laugh in her voice.

"Yup. I take it better than he does."

Aunt Sue finished my spanking and said, "up you get."

I stood painfully. I looked down; my entire front side looked crimson red from waist to knees. I hated to think about what my backside looked like. I was not allowed to rub, so I just stood there, writhing in pain, crying wet tears, and sniffing like a child, the snot dripping from my nose.

"And that was only part one of your lesson. Poor baby," said Amanda. Wow. She was a bit cruel.

Aunt Sue took me to a kitchen stool and made me bend over it. Aunt Chrissie got the ginger root she had prepared, wetted it in the sink, and showed it to me. It was bulbous on the end, tapered to a narrow waist, and flared to an unpeeled handle. The freshly peeled ginger root glimmered with the water.

"It's a peeled ginger root," Aunt Chrissie told Amanda. "It adds a nice uncomfortable burn to his corner time as extra punishment. Care to do the honours?" she asked, handing her the ginger root.

Aunt Chrissie parted my cheeks and coached Amanda on inserting the ginger root. The wet surface makes it slippery all by itself. It nonetheless took a lot of coaxing to get it in there. As it pressured in, I knew there was

no resisting it, and I screwed up my face and pushed as if going potty. My anus opened up and practically pulled the ginger root in, clamping tight shut around the tapered waist.

"Whoops! There it goes!" said Amanda, surprised at the suddenness of my anal acceptance after almost a minute of coaxing pressure.

"His ass is pretty well-stretched by now. Did you know he had Lance's cock up his bum?"

"What? No!"

"Yes. But don't worry, the poor boy is straight as an arrow. We made him do it before allowing him to fuck Tamara."

"What? He's fucked Tamara???"

"He hasn't told you much, has he?"

"He has not. And that is about to change!"

I groaned. I figured all of that was 'too much information'.

"Long and short, he can take a lot up his ass. Have you ever used a strap-on dildo?"

"No. Don't even know what that is."

"Oh, it's a harness you wear around your hips that holds a dildo so girls can fuck. I'll give you one of ours. He can show you how to use it. It's very empowering to fuck a guy in the ass."

"I love it!" said Amanda.

My eyes went wide.

"Is that burning yet?" Aunt Chrissie asked me, slapping my bum.

"Starting to..." I said miserably.

Aunty Sue picked me up by my ear and led me back to the corner. She had a leather belt with her.

"David, spread your legs. Amanda, reach between his legs and pull his penis and testicles back."

Amanda did that, and then Aunty Sue told me to close my legs back together again. She then wrapped the belt around my high thighs, excluding my genitals, pushing them back between my legs more prominently. She then fastened the belt so I could no longer part my legs.

"Nose in the corner," she said.

I pushed my nose into the corner, fully pressed against both walls. My feet were splayed, and I was made knock-kneed by the belt. I had to hunch

because of the pressure on my genitals. It's called a 'humbling' for a good reason.

The ladies left me there and went to refill their coffees and chat some more.

As I stood there, the ginger began burning more and more and more.

"Ohhhhhh..." I moaned. They all ignored me. I alternated bending more over and standing a bit straighter up because of the ball pain. But the anal pain from the fat ginger root releasing all its juice into my rectum was the worst. Tears were positively flowing down my cheeks as I tried to maintain position.

"Please! Aunty Sue!" I wailed.

"Hush!" she said harshly.

"Look at him wiggle that little bum," said Amanda. "Are you learning your lesson?"

"Yes, Miss!" I cried out, writhing my ass in anal pain.

I knew I was wriggling like mad, but I could not help it. What a humiliating show I must have been putting on for my girlfriend.

I made it through the worst of the anal pain and came out the other side to the point where it began subsiding. A few more minutes after that, my thirty minutes were up. Aunty Sue told me to come out of the corner and face them where they were seated. I waddled over, humbled as I was. I still had the fat ginger root up my bum and the belt around my thighs.

"Where's his cock?" said Amanda, sounding amused.

I looked down. It was so far pulled back, and my thighs were so clamped together, that it looked like I had a pussy.

"We should draw a pussy on him with a marker," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Yes!" agreed Amanda instantly.

"May we?" asked Aunt Chrissie of Aunty Sue.

"Be my guest."

She and Amanda fetched a black and a red marker, and the two humiliatingly drew a pussy on my abdomen where my cock should have been.

"What kind of markers are those?" asked Aunty Sue.

"Don't know. They say 'indelible', whatever that means," Aunt Chrissie said with a guffaw.

Oh no! I would have a pussy on my shaved abdomen for weeks!

"What a pretty little pussy you now have, David," said Aunty Sue. "Have you something you wish to say to us."

My tears were streaming down my face.

"Yes *-sniff-* I want to apologize *-sniff-* for breaking curfew willfully and disobeying you, Aunty Sue *-sniff-*."

"Very good. Anything else?"

"Yes. I want to *-sniff-* apologize to *-sniff-* Amanda for lying to her *-sniff-*."

"Apology NOT accepted," said Amanda. "You can apologize to me after I've punished you. But it looks like you've had enough for today, so I'll be coming back tomorrow after dance if that's okay with you guys? I'll punish you with your aunts' guidance, and then I'll consider accepting your apology."

"Yes, Miss," I said.

"Thank you very much, that was very informative," said Amanda to my aunts. "I'll be back tomorrow to finish the job. See you at dance class, Chrissie."

Amanda left.

"Such a sensible girl," said Aunty Sue.

Aunty Sue told Aunt Chrissie to release me.

"Want a bumhole wash and some cold cream?" Aunt Chrissie asked me when we were alone and she was unfastening the belt.

"Yes, please!" I begged.

Aunt Chrissie took me to the bathroom and ran a bath. She had me soak in the tub and used the water to help pry the fat ginger root out of my bum. She then used her soapy hands to give me a good anal wash, right up into there, to get the residual burn out. She tried scrubbing at my drawn-on pussy, but it wouldn't come out at all (I scrubbed at that thing for the next two weeks until it finally faded off.)

Once that was done, she dried me, took me to my bedroom, and applied the cold cream all over, but she did not masturbate me, seeing as I had a girlfriend now. We discussed what a great girl Amanda was and how lucky I was to have her.

Chapter 43: Amanda Spanks David

Aunt Chrissie left the house early for dance, and she and Amanda returned together Sunday afternoon.

Amanda took me aside and spoke to me.

"David, I understand why you lied to me. I realize that your identity as a spanking fetishist is hard to share, and you were worried about what I might think of it, right?"

"Yes."

"I also get that being given a curfew by your aunt at your age, and being spanked if you miss it, is also 'kinda embarrassing to admit to a girl you want to impress."

"Yes, also."

"So I understand it, and we're not going to break up over it or anything, okay?"

"Thank you. I was worried about what you'd think of me once you knew everything about me and saw me getting punished."

"I think the same of you as when you took that public paddling on our first date. I'm kind of turned on by it all."

"You're amazing."

"Am I? Nice of you to say. I think the same about you."

This was going very well!

"But I'm not letting you off the hook for lying to me. It was one thing not to share things that are important to you, and I am disappointed by that. That stops today, okay?"

"Yes, Miss."

She smiled at my use of "Miss" To refer to her. I'd been well trained.

"I want to know everything about this spanking kink of yours. Every detail. Everything that turns you on. Everything that turns you off. What you jerk off to. I'm going to study it all and apply it to you. I want to know all about the punishments your aunts give you. And I want to know every time you're spanked from now on because I intend to double that up. Got it? And I want to know your entire sexual history. Everything."

Beyond Tamara, Lance, and Aunt Chrissie, there was nothing else to tell. And some stuff about Aunt Chrissie needed to be kept secret, even from Amanda. I agreed.

"But that was one thing, and I understand it. But it was a whole other thing to lie directly to my face multiple times. That is so not acceptable."

"Yes, Miss."

"You are never to do anything remotely like that again."

"Yes, Miss. I won't. I promise. I've learned my lesson."

"Ha! Hardly. But you will learn your lesson. Do you see what I have on?" Amanda asked, tapping the buckle of her belt around her skinny jeans.

"yes," I squeaked out in a much higher-pitched voice than I would have wanted to.

"It's a belt. It's a thick leather belt. I spoke to your Aunt Chrissie about it already. I'll take it off and give you a good old-fashioned belt whipping to teach you your lesson. I will use it hard, I will use it fast, and I don't intend to stop for a long time. Your aunt sent me a video of a boy getting a proper belt licking from a woman. I don't know if I can dish it out as hard as she did, or if you can take it like he did, but I intend to find out. I got coaching from Chrissie and practiced my swing and aim at home. I do not envy you."

I audibly gulped.

"I understand you've had the strap but never the belt before, is that true?"

"yes"

"Good. I'll be your first that way. At least I can be your first for something. How do you usually get the strap?"

"Ummm. Either over the knee or bent over the back of the couch."

"Oh yes. I understand from Chrissie that your mom strapped you across her knee when she came to visit. For snooping in your aunts' bedroom. Is that true?"

"yes"

"But the belt is too long to have you over my knee, so I think bent over is best. How are you usually dressed when you're over the back of the couch. Clothes or no clothes?"

"No clothes," I confirmed.

"Good. In that case, I want you to go into the living room, strip bare, and then arrange yourself across the back of the sofa the way you usually do. I'll talk to your Auntie Sue and let her know what I've decided."

"Yes, Miss," I said and went to do as I was told.

I lay there, bare naked, across a pillow across the top of the high sofa back. My feet did not touch the ground. My forearms were down on the

sofa seat, my head nearby. I felt ridiculous. At least my drawn-on pussy was not visible when I was bent over like that.

Aunty Sue approached with Aunt Chrissie and Amanda, and said, "Well, well, I understand your girlfriend has decided to give you a good strict belt whipping for your lying ways. I approve. Spread your legs further apart!"

I quickly did so. I had been careful to stash my cock and balls on the pillow under my body to avoid an errant swing striking them. That was allowed. But spreading legs meant the belt would likely get into painful inner places.

Amanda walked to the front of the couch and stood in front of me.

"Look up, David."

I strained my neck to look up at Amanda. She was standing there solidly with both legs spread out.

"I saw this in the video Chrissie sent me. I watched it many times."

Amanda unbuckled her belt and slowly dragged it out from the belt loops of her jeans. When it was out, she folded it in two, held the two ends, and snapped the belt together with a loud crack.

"You should be worried," she told me. I guess I looked worried. I certainly felt worried.

She tossed the belt on the sofa seat next to me where I could see it, and went around behind me. She put one hand on the small of my back and began spanking me with the open palm of her other hand.

"I'm warming you up, like your aunt said, so you can take a lot of belt licking."

Even her open hand stung. Amanda was an athlete and danced constantly. She also lifted weights for strength. Moreover, she was a girl's junior champion table tennis player when she was younger. She gave me a long hard hand spanking on my bare ass.

"There we go, nice and pink," she said.

"Red, more like," said Aunt Chrissie. It felt like 'red'.

Amanda removed her hand from the small of my back, and picked up her leather belt. I felt her standing behind me and to the left, and heard the belt snap between her two hands again. She brought the belt to rest on my ass, and I felt the leather caressing me.

"Are you ready?" she asked me.

"Yes, Miss," I said, steeling myself.

CRACK!

Oh, fuck! Amanda was not taking it easy on me. That lick seared across both cheeks.

"How was that?" she asked.

"It hurt, Miss!"

"It's 'gonna hurt a lot more before I'm done," Amanda assured me.

Then she really started whipping me. The lashes came fast and furiously, about one per second, and hard. So hard! I could feel my legs kicking and flailing uncontrollably as the belt descended again and again and again on my defenceless bare cheeks.

"Oh! No! Oh! Please! Amanda! Miss! I'm sorry! Oww! No! I'm sorry. I won't do it again! No! Please! Please! Ow! OUCH! Ow!"

The belt licking went on for what seemed to be a very long time. She was utterly merciless. The belt hit again, and again, and again until I was entirely consumed by the ass pain, completely beyond thought.

Finally, she announced that I had ten more to come, and these would be the hardest yet. I braced myself. She started in.

The final ten were ridiculous! I felt as if I'd be bruised for life. But I refused to safeword out. This was my life with Amanda we were dealing with, so I endured them all.

For the tenth stroke, Amanda gave one final mighty whip of the belt to my ass, even harder than all the others. I cried out and writhed in place, in utter and complete pain.

"That'll learn you," she said, breathing heavily and sounding happy.

"ohhhh ohhhh ohhhh," I whimpered, still draped across the couch.

"Look at those marks!" said Aunt Chrissie.

"Quite spectacular," said Aunty Sue. "Good job, young lady."

"Thanks!" Amanda said cheerily.

"Are you going to lie to my face again, David? Are you?" Amanda asked me.

"No, Miss!"

"You better not, or this will seem like a *fucking picnic*. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Miss!"

"Now get that whipped ass into the corner."

I pushed myself painfully off the couch.

SNAP! The belt whipped down across my thighs

"Run, don't walk!"

"Yes, Miss! Yes, Miss!" I hurried off the couch, ran to the corner, and stuck my nose deeply into it, crossing my arms behind my back. I was still shaking and whimpering.

"That was extremely satisfying," Amanda said, putting her belt back on.

"I can imagine," replied Aunty Sue. "Tea?"

"Love to."

Chapter 44: Amanda Marks David as Hers

The women sat to have tea while my ass cooled off.

"How long do you usually keep him in the corner?" asked Amanda of Aunty Sue.

"Oh, an hour is pretty usual. But he already spent an hour and a half yesterday, so less might be acceptable this time. Or more. Up to you really."

"And what happens after he's let out?"

"Then he comes over and apologizes, and he's forgiven. Forgiveness is important. During his apology, he's allowed to rub his bum. After his apology, he sometimes gets a nice application of cold cream. Chrissie often does that for him after a real bum-scorcher. You should do it this time, of course, if you think he deserves it. We keep a good supply of cold cream in the fridge."

Aunt Chrissie then chimed in. "Usually, he gets pretty, how shall I say, *excited* during that."

"And then what?"

"Since you're his girlfriend, and you want to show him that he's forgiven, a little handjob would be a nice thing. Mutual sex should be reserved for well-behaving grown-up boys, but a little handy is suitable for a situation like this."

"I'm embarrassed to say I don't even know how to give one. A handjob, I mean. I've never done it before."

Aunt Chrissie responded, sounding surprised. "Really? Aren't you the sweet one? I can show you if you like. We can do it together. I'm pretty, *ahem*, expert at it."

"It used to be her job," whispered Aunty Sue.

"What?"

"Massage parlour. When I was young. Paid my way through school. Before I met Sue, of course. I've given thousands."

"Could you show me, really?"

"Sure! No big deal. It's pretty funny, actually. A bit like pulling the tail on a puppy dog. You'll see."

Amanda then addressed me: "Five more minutes, and you'll apologize, and then I'll massage some cold cream into that ass, David. And give you a handjob with Chrissie's help."

After my five minutes were up, Amanda came to get me out of the corner. I had to make my bare penis apology to all of them as I tried to rub the sting out of my belted behind. Amanda said it was appropriate that my drawn-on pussy was still clear as day as I had certainly acted like a pussy during my belt licking.

She and Aunt Chrissie then took me to the big bedroom.

There's a full-length mirror there. Amanda took me to the mirror and made me look at my ass over my shoulder. My whole ass was a continuous shade of crimson. On the right side of my right cheek were distinct rectangular belt marks and an even deeper shade of red. Along my ass was rectangular-shaped raised welts coloured blue and purple.

"Are you going to lie to me again, baby?"

"No, Miss."

"Good, because you don't want to give me an excuse to whip you like that again. I enjoyed it too much."

I shuddered. She was completely earnest.

She took me over to the bed where Aunt Chrissie had laid out a couple of pillows with a towel over the top. She told me to drape myself face down across them.

Aunt Chrissie opened the cold cream and held it out for Amanda. Amanda took a glop of it, and began rubbing it into my cheeks. They were sore, but the cold cream felt good.

"I love these welts," she told Aunt Chrissie, who reached out and touched them herself and agreed.

Amanda rubbed the cold cream all into me, and I predictably got a little excited at the attention.

"Kneel up," Aunt Chrissie told me. I did so. She removed the pillows from under the towel. "Lay down on your back." I did that, and Aunt Chrissie slipped a pillow under my head. My dick was super hard and sticking straight up into the air.

"My boyfriend has a nice cock," Amanda said.

"Yes, he does. Take some cold cream into your hand and massage up and down the shaft."

Amanda started doing that, and I started squirming around in delight.

"Like this," Aunt Chrissie said as she took over. Her expert hand rubbed up, around the tip, and down, and made a bunch of different types of strokes. She also gently fondled my balls in her other hand. "You try."

Amanda took back over and emulated Aunt Chrissie's earlier motions. Aunt Chrissie demonstrated several different strokes, and Amanda tried them each out. It drove me wild.

"Show him a little something, something," said Aunt Chrissie.

Amanda got a mischievous look in her eye and pulled her T-shirt off, revealing a white lace bra.

"Very nice," said Aunt Chrissie.

Amanda went back to rubbing me and asked, "do you like?"

"Very much!" I said enthusiastically.

Amanda reached behind, unclasped her bra, and let it fall, baring her breasts.

"Oh, God!" I said.

"Ha ha!" Amanda laughed and went back to rubbing me.

"Put a finger up his bum," suggested Aunt Chrissie.

Amanda put a glop of cold cream on the middle finger of her left hand, went down to my bumhole, and inserted it in deeply.

"Ahhhhh Ohhhhh!" I moaned.

"You like that?"

"Yes."

"Do you want something bigger up your bum? Do you want a dick up your bum? You want me to fuck you with your aunt's strap-on?"

"yeah..." I said sheepishly.

"Can you show me?" she asked Aunt Chrissie.

Aunt Chrissie leapt into action and got out the harness and a realistic-looking dildo with an engorged tip, veins, balls, and everything. She suggested Amanda take off her jeans. Amanda took them off and got down to a pair of bikini panties. Aunt Chrissie helped Amanda strap it on.

"Look at me!" said Amanda, sporting her new big dick in front of her.

"Raise your legs, David," said Aunt Chrissie. "Nice and high. That's it." She slipped a pillow under my ass.

She got the lube, and Aunt Chrissie lubed my hole and Amanda's dildo. She then guided Amanda's cock into me missionary style. Aunt Chrissie went behind me and held my legs up and back and spread.

Amanda seemed to get the hang of it right away and started fucking me properly. I could see her eyes and her tits as she fucked me. We made eye contact. There was a look of joyous glee.

"You like that? You like taking it like my little bitch?"

"Yes, Miss!"

"I'll bet you do. Look at that little pussy Chrissie and I drew on you. Are you my little pussy-boy?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Yeah? You 'gonna cum for me, you little pussy bitch? Cum with a cock up your ass?"

Amanda reached down as she fucked me and started stroking my dick.

"You 'gonna cum for me?"

"Yes. Yes! Yes!!!!" I said as I came all over myself with Amanda's dick buried deep up my ass.

Aunt Chrissie let go of my legs, and Amanda collapsed on top of me, her bare tits against my chest, her dick still inside me.

She pulled out.

"I fucked your ass, balls deep!" she said in amazement.

"Yeah," I said.

"And I liked it!"

"Oh great," I said.

"Don't worry, you'll get to fuck sometimes also. I'm buying one of these, though."

"You keep that one; we have others," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Thank you!" said Amanda, as if it was the best gift in the world.

"Use the big shower, you two, and then come out for some drinks and snacks.

Amanda and I showered together. She gently washed my belt-whipped bum and made cooing sounds at how sore it must be.

She also tried scrubbing my pussy off me, but it did little.

"I like that it's not coming off. Maybe after it finally does, I should take you to a tattoo parlour and get a hyper-realistic one tattooed onto you. My initials nearby? That would mark you as mine."

"No, please, Miss..." I begged.

Amanda turned off the water and said, "Hmmm... Okay, I won't do that, but I have another way of marking you as mine. I need to pee. Lie down."

"What?" I asked, not quite believing what I was hearing.

"Lie down. On the shower floor. Face up. I'm going to pee on you. That way, *all* the other girls will know I own your ass."

"Please, Amanda..."

"Do I need to whip your ass again to have you obey simple instructions?"

"No... but..."

"Or would you prefer a pussy tattooed on you for life? Lie. On. The. Fucking. Floor."

I lay down on my back, and Amanda straddled me. I was looking up at her pussy and tits. She seemed to concentrate for a moment, and then came a trickle, growing quickly into a stream of urine, splattering all over me.

"No!" I yelled as the warm piss hit me.

"Oh, Yes!"

She crouched down and pissed on my cock and balls. Then she moved towards my head and crouched directly over my face.

"Take it. Take it."

I spluttered as the piss hit me full on, on my lips, nose, and some into my mouth.

"Open!" she yelled at me.

I opened my mouth, and a lot of her piss went in.

"Swallow it, you little lying bitch," she told me.

I swallowed.

She stood up, looking pleased with herself. She turned the water back on and rinsed us both off.

"Now you're really mine," she said. "All the other bitches need to stay away. You're marked."

She got dressed. I had to run out naked to find my clothes and get back into them. We joined Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie at the kitchen peninsula.

"You kids have fun?" Aunty Sue asked.

"So much fun!" Amanda said. "Thank you for letting us use your bedroom."

"Chrissie showed you the ropes?"

"She did!"

"None better."

"How's that bum, David?" asked Aunt Chrissie.

I wasn't sure if she meant inside or outside.

"Pretty sore," I told her, covering my bases accurately.

"Amanda sure can whip a belt," said Aunty Sue.

"Tell me about it," I said softly, rubbing my backside and sitting gingerly.

"You look tamed," said Aunt Chrissie.

"Yes, Miss," I said.

"I marked him. Like a dog marks its property," said Amanda.

"Sorry?" said Aunt Chrissie, not understanding at first.

"I pissed on him in the shower."

"Oh dear," said Aunty Sue in commiseration.

"That is... awesome!" said Aunt Chrissie. "No straying for you now, little boy; you're hers until further notice."

"Damned right," said Amanda.

Despite the embarrassment of the act, and of having it so publicly revealed, I nonetheless, in a strange way, felt proud to be so owned by Amanda.

The conversation progressed to more usual things, and Amanda had to leave too soon.

On the way out, Amanda said, "To be perfectly clear, you know this means we're going steady, right?"

"Yes, Miss!" I said exuberantly.

"No other women, or guys for that matter, without my permission from now on. Your aunts get a pass for punishment."

"Yes, Miss."

"But that doesn't apply to me, sweetheart. You understand that, right? I'll fuck whomever I please."

I wasn't sure if she was teasing me or not. I went along with it.

"Of course. I understand."

"Maybe I'll even let a guy fuck me in front of you. Make you watch. Maybe let him *fuck you* afterwards. Would you like that?"

"no..." I said.

Amanda reached down and grasped my cock, which was hardening.

"*Such* a little liar. Do you need another whipping for being such a little liar so soon?"

"No, Miss!"

"Ha ha! You can call me Amanda after you've been forgiven. I like Miss after you've misbehaved, though."

"Yes, Amanda."

"Bye, bye, sweetheart."

"Ummm. Amanda. Before you go. I just wanted to say how special you are. And that... that I love you."

"Awww, that is so sweet," she said, patting my cheek. "Do you want me to say it back to you?"

"If that's how you feel too."

"Well, be a good boy, but not too good because I enjoy whipping your ass entirely too much, and I can see myself saying that back to you."

"You can?"

"I definitely can."

Amanda left and left me on cloud nine.

Epilogue

I completed my first year with flying colours and retained my scholarship. I got a summer job on campus that continued into my second year. I kept getting spankings from Aunty Sue with double-helpings from Amanda. Amanda's spankings were always much worse. She has a genuine sadistic streak in her. But, you take the bad with the good, I suppose.

At the start of second year, I moved in with Amanda at her condo. On moving day, she carried me across her threshold in her arms like a baby while Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie laughed.

There were no rent or building expenses. Her rich dad covered those. I managed to pay half the other costs from my part-time job, although Amanda occasionally wanted to splurge and took me to cool spots I could not afford. She took me on a beach vacation to Costa Rica at an exclusive resort. I was her personal sex doll, which suited me fine, and walked around the resort with a very well-marked and reddened bum from all Amanda's spankings. She showed off my bum to the older ladies around us, lifting the hem of my swim trunks and saying how she spanks me with her belt to "keep me on my toes". I complained and blushed so strongly, but I secretly loved it, and Amanda knew it.

There was not a switchy bone in Amanda's body. She was naturally dominant, which suited me just fine. I could have done with her being a little less hard on me, which is not to say she was ever unfair to me, just very strict with me.

She experimented with other sexual partners over the years. She had not had many – and no good ones – before me, and she did not want to feel like she was missing out. I was always sad and anxious when she went out with a handsome guy. But she always came back to me. She also tried girls and liked that. That got me into a few threesomes, and Amanda also allowed me diverse experiences.

On one memorable occasion, we did a threesome with another guy. He wound up fucking Amanda in the pussy, then me in the ass as Amanda watched wide-eyed.

She would often fuck guys when I was present and used it as an opportunity to do a cuckold-type scene with me. Watching her get fucked silly by another guy turned me on. I was also embarrassed once when she made one of her really built sex partners spank me to tears across his lap for

being "insufficiently warm in greeting him". I then had to stand right there, facing them in bed, with a teary face and a sore red ass, watching him fuck the daylights out of my sweet Amanda. I was on 'cleanup duty' afterwards, having to lick his sperm out of Amanda's pussy and swallow it down as he egged me on, laughing and whipping at my butt with his loose belt.

We kept close with Aunty Sue and Aunt Chrissie. Gradually, Amanda took over all the spanking duties, but my aunts were always willing witnesses and saw Amanda beat my ass on multiple occasions over the years.

Amanda took me to meet her dad, and we got along great. I took Amanda to see my family as well. She and Mom got along famously. Mom asked her how she felt about my little spanking fetish. Boy, did she get an answer! Amanda was up-front with Mom *and* my sister, and on one memorable occasion, I got a severe spanking in my old bedroom while we were visiting, which I was sure the whole house could hear. I got teased the next morning, including by Dad, who made the timeless 'pussy-whipped' gesture at me as I blushed deep red.

On a different occasion, my older sister 'accidentally' walked in during one of my spankings and watched the whole thing. She said she always wanted to do that to me. Amanda insisted she should put me bare naked across *her* knee for a scorching hairbrush spanking. My sister commented on my erection as I went over, how "disgusting" I was, and how I had better not spurt on her dress. She told the whole family about it after, including about my erection, her fear of me spurting, and everything, to much laughter at my expense.

By our fourth year of university, we were still together, and Amanda eventually told me that she loved me. It was a running joke that she didn't say it aloud for so long, but I knew she felt it. At the same moment she told me, she also proposed to me. She put a gold ring on my finger and declared me hers, permanently. I know it's a little unconventional, but that's how we are.

We got married the summer after fourth year. By mutual agreement, we slipped the 'obey' into my vows. All our friends and family knew what was up. Under my tux on my wedding day, I was required to wear panties, stockings, and a garter belt. I was required to play the 'blushing bride' on our wedding night, and I got royally fucked in the ass to "start our marriage off on the right foot".

As I write this, we've just passed our first anniversary. We live in the same place, and Amanda and I are pursuing grad studies at the same university. My computer science skills will be pretty transferrable, so we've already decided that after school, we'll go wherever she wants to, and I'll be there, likely working from home and making sure the house is taken care of.

Amanda's not big on housework, the little Princess, and I have to do practically everything. I don't mind. I'm a bit like Aunt Chrissie that way. It gives Amanda more excuses to spank me, which she does at the drop of a hat for the slightest thing, which is exactly how I want it.

If there was ever a story that ended with a 'happily ever after', so far, and fingers crossed, this is it.

Afterword

Julie here! I hope you enjoyed that!!! I enjoyed writing it, though I had to change my panties rather frequently!

This book was a bit switchy but leaning femdom. To date, I have written two other books. My first one, [Julie Delmar Spanks!](#), is a pure femdom title patterned a lot after my husband and the kink we enjoy playing at together. My second one, [Julie's Spankings](#), is a pure female submissive book featuring lots and lots of embarrassing wife spankings (patterned after my life and how I wish my life was like). You can find both on Amazon Kindle via my [Author's Page](#).

I also actively maintain my blog, [Strict Julie Spanked!](#), which is around 50% femsub, 35% femdom, and 15% 'other,' often political (I'm a bit conservative, so be warned!). Please go there and visit to interact with me. I am committed to personally answering every comment posted. I'd love for you to drop by and leave a comment with feedback about this book, what I could do better, and what parts you liked the most. It will help me in my future writing.

Also, do please leave a comment on Amazon. They can be posted as 'anonymous' if you wish, though it has to be from an account that read the book, but your identity is hidden in the comment. Good comments there (especially five-star ones, when deserved!) really help boost my books.

Big Kiss and Spank!

Julie

Books By This Author

[Julie Delmar Spanks!](#)

Julie Delmar (of "Strict Julie Spanks!" blog fame) and her husband David engage in a kinky scening-oriented female led relationship. This book of entirely original material not before seen on her blog is part instructional, part fact, part fiction, and all fun!

[Julie's Spankings](#)

Julie is a pretty 23-year-old girl working as a bartender when she meets her 34-year-old husband-to-be, David. This is their story, as recounted in this novel-length book. It is told as a story arc, has elements of romanticism, hot dominant lovemaking, trad wife and strong husband, Christianity, age regression, diapering, and of course spankings. While the story is fictional, the author is no stranger to spanking and being spanked. She draws on her real-life experiences to bring the story to life.