College Spanking

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This happened to me while I was going to college. I was in a class with two sisters. I would kid around with them a lot, and one day they invited to their rented house that was next to the campus. Once inside, we talked about the class we were in and also life in general. After a little bit, they asked me if I wanted to do something kinky with them. Being a red blooded American male, I said sure, and they had me take off my clothes. They left the room to change into something more comfortable.

They really surprised me when they came out. Both of them were wearing leather outfits, and Jane, the oldest sister, had a pair of handcuffs in her hands. Immediately, she pulled my arms behind me and handcuffed me. Then Jane said to me, "We don't like how you treat the women in your life. You act like women are placed on earth for just your sexual gratification. After today, you should have a change in attitude." Meanwhile, her sister Joan had pulled a chair into the middle of the room. Then Jane grabbed a hold of my penis and led me over to the chair. After Jane sat down on the chair she said, "We are going to start you out with an over the knee spanking. Please bend over my lap." I was totally naked, handcuffed, so I had no choice but to bend over her lap for a spanking. Jane was now wearing an outfit that her legs were bare, and she gripped my penis between her thighs to hold me in place. Then my spanking started. She went from cheek to cheek, and I could really feel my bottom heating up. Soon, my spanking was beginning to sting, so I started kicking my feet.

"Stop kicking your feet, or else I'll have Joan hold them in place," Jane told me. I guess I kept kicking my legs, because Joan came over to hold my legs down. But not only did she hold my legs down, but she also spread them apart.

"I like this view," Joan said, "I can really see you spank him and I can see his penis and balls."

After I was spanked like this for a while, Jane said, "Now I want you to stand up, and then bend over

Joan's lap for a spanking." So I stood up, and soon Joan was seated in the chair and I was bending over her lap.

"I've been wanting to spank you for a long time," Joan said to me.

"He will probably want to kick his legs again, so I'll hold them for you," Jane said. So now my legs were spread apart and I was being spanked some more.

Then after spanking me like this for a while, Joan said, "Clyde, we don't think you have learned your lesson, yet. Stand up and follow us into our bedroom."

When I followed them into the bedroom, I noticed some paddles and other stuff on top of their dresser. Jane said, "We want you to lie face down on the bed, and then we are going to spank you using these paddles." So with my hands still cuffed behind my back, I laid on the bed. Then the two of them uncuffed me, and tied my hands to each of the bedposts. Then they spread my legs and tied them to the bedposts. This left me spread-eagled on the bed, unable to move.

"This way, you can't kick your feet or move about," Jane said. Then with Jane on one side of me and Joan on the other side, they started spanking me at the same time. They used different paddles on me, and soon my poor naked naughty bottom was really feeling hot and was turning red.

"Do you promise to treat women with more respect?" Jane asked.

"Yes, I do," I replied.

"To prove this for us, we will release you, but then we want you to stand over and walk over to the end of the bed. Then bend over it to receive six final strokes of the cane."

"Do I really have to?" I asked. "Haven't you spanked me enough? I have learned my lesson."

"Stop whining, or else you will get eight strokes of the cane," Jane said. So they untied me, and then I went over to the end of the bed and bent over it. "Count the strokes out loud, and if you stand up or forget to count, the stroke will be given again," Jane said. I had never been caned before, but I had heard that it was painful. Then the first stroke hit me. It felt like a hundred bees stinging me in a straight line. I stood up and rubbed my poor bottom.

"I told you NOT to stand up," Jane said. "So that stroke will be given again. Please bend over." So I hesitated, but bent over the bed again.

This time, after the stroke hit, I stayed bent over and said "One!"

After I received three counted strokes from Jane, then Joan was handed the cane and she gave me three more strokes. Before my last stroke, Joan said, "We want you to stay bent over the bed after your last stroke so that we can examine your bottom."

After the last stroke landed, I stayed in position, and I felt two airs of hands examining by bottom and feeling the seven welts of the cane. "I hope you will now treat women with more respect," Jane said. "You can now stand up and put on your clothes. If we catch you treating women with no respect, you can expect another spanking."

My poor bottom hurt for about three days after the spanking from them. After my spanking, I did try to treat women with more respect. But I was invited over to Jane and Joan's house for other times, and more spankings.