

A Kiss and a Spanking

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An affectionate son enters into a spanking relationship with his mom.

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It started innocently enough. Mom came in and sat across from me on the sofa. She had on a very short, black skirt.

"That skirt's kinda short, isn't it," I asked.

She raised her eyebrows, gave me a little smile and said "What are you, my father?"

I laughed and said "If I were your father I'd put you over my knee and give you a good spanking."

She was shocked. Her mouth dropped open and her face turned bright red. She was speechless. It was as if I had read her mind and I could see all her shameful fantasies. Of course, in a way, I had read her mind. I had hacked her computer and I knew every spanking blog and website she visited. I read her letters and the stories she wrote. She also had an on-line diary where she talked about everything including me.

After a moment she said, "Be careful young man, you might be the one who gets spanked."

This was great. She had always been so shy about the subject of spanking and she blushed so easily.

"You should spank me," I replied, "I could use a good spanking."

I know her heart must have been pounding. This was her favorite fantasy; spanking her handsome teenage son.

I had just turned 19, she was 38, still a very young and pretty girl. She was tall and slim and she wore her long, silky brown hair in a pony tail so she looked even younger. We went to the same university. She had gone back for her Masters and she really had the look of a college girl.

She studied me for a moment before answering.

"You're too big for a spanking," she said, "unfortunately."

"Why," I asked, "if you think I need a spanking and I offer no resistance, why shouldn't you spank me? You're my mother; you're in charge. You could take down my pants and put me over your knee and spank my bare bottom until it's bright red. That's just what I deserve."

Would she ever stop blushing?

Finally she said "OK," just like that. "I'll do it."

"Not so fast young lady," I said in my deepest adult voice. "We have to have some ground rules."

"I'm listening," she said.

"OK.....you can spank me anytime you want, for any reason or for no reason, just because you think I'll benefit from a good spanking. You can pull my pants down or make me undress completely. Spankings should always be given on the bare bottom and you can spank as hard and as long as you like. You decide when I've had enough and I have nothing to say about it."

"OK," she said, "what do you get out of this?"

"Well, I get spanked by a beautiful young woman which I find very exciting. And there's one more thing I want. I want to kiss you. I want to kiss you like you're my girlfriend. Long, deep, wet kisses as if I'm your boyfriend and you're really hot for me. 5 minutes of kissing gets you 5 minutes of spanking."

She thought about it for a minute and then she said "You're crazy."

I knew she was hooked.

That night she said "OK, go upstairs and get ready for bed. Wash your face and brush your teeth. Put on your pajamas and then come to my room."

I wore just my pajama bottoms; no top. She was still dressed in her short black skirt, a white blouse and black high heels.

"Come here," she said, patting the bed next to her. "We'll try this for five minutes. Five minutes of kissing and nothing else. No wandering hands. I know about teenage boys and I'm not your girlfriend, no matter what you may wish. Five minutes of kissing and then I'll spank you for five minutes. And you will not resist in any way or we'll never do this again."

This was better than I thought. Did she just say we're gonna do this again?

I should mention that at 19, I was fully grown, tall and well developed. Mom was tall too and very pretty, a former teenage model and still in excellent shape.

Recently, I saw a magazine article that showed the famous supermodel Stephanie Seymour on the beach with her teenage son. They were having so much fun splashing around in the water and then they kissed. The photographers went crazy and shot dozens of photos of them hugging and kissing. I thought it was great and it reminded me of me and my mom.

The first kiss was soft and gentle and lovely. I felt her tongue touch my lips just as she slowly pulled away. She smiled and we kissed again, now a little more affectionately and her sweet tongue slid between my lips and into my mouth.

I've made out with many girls but this was different. This was a beautiful, sophisticated woman. She kissed me like she meant it and I tented my pajama pants with a huge erection. Her hand slid over and caressed it as we kissed. She rubbed it up and down and as we broke the kiss she laughed. "You are enjoying this aren't you! But that's 5 minutes. Sorry. Take down those pants."

I unsnapped my pajama pants and let them fall around my ankles. My rock hard cock was pointing right at her and she gently stroked it a few times without comment and then she said "Over my knee."

She had pulled up her short skirt so my cock could be positioned between her cool silky thighs. Most of my body was supported by the bed so she could hold me easily. Her hand gently rubbed and squeezed my bare cheeks and then she delivered a few sharp spanks.

For the next few minutes we didn't say much as she slapped my behind and the back of my thighs. Her little hands could really sting, to my surprise.

The five minutes went too quickly for both of us and we both wanted more. I was still fully erect and she had a hungry look in her eyes.

"Another five?" I asked.

We made some new rules. She wanted to use her hand and then her hairbrush to spank me. I agreed but I wanted to touch her and caress her the way she touched me.

I wanted her naked but she said no.

She agreed to remove her bra and panties and I could touch but no penetration. And she wanted me to stand in the corner afterwards; standing bare ass with my nose in the corner like a naughty boy. "Which is just what you are." she said.

We agreed. 10 minutes of French kissing and fondling and then 10 minutes of hand spanking, hairbrush spanking and corner time.

Agreed? Agreed.

God she was wet! I was amazed. She took off her bra and panties and handed them to me. Her panties were soaked. I pressed her wet panties to my nose and mouth and said "I'm sleeping with these tonight."

As our kisses became more ardent I pinched her nipples and played with her perfect round breasts. She moaned when my hand slid between her legs. Her wet thighs clamped down hard on my hand and her lower body went into spasm as she came.

My hand was wet, the bed was wet and I thought she was going to faint. "Thank you," she said and she planted the last kiss on my cheek.

The hairbrush spanking was harder than I expected and started with almost no warm up. She got into it and she enjoyed my yelps and my squirming on her lap. When I promised to be a good boy she stopped and ordered me into the corner. I stood there rubbing my red behind for five minutes. She sat on the bed just watching me rub and admiring my backside.

The next morning she was ready for more. Ready is not the right word, anxious is better. She prepared breakfast and made pancakes. She showed me the big rubber spatula she used to mix the batter and announced that it would be good for spanking.

She kissed me and rubbed my behind, asking if it still hurt. It didn't. She wanted more kisses. She was like a teenager with her first boyfriend.

"Take it easy young lady," I said. "We need more rules."

"Five minutes first," she insisted, "Five minutes of kissing and five minutes of spanking and then we'll talk."

"OK, but I want you naked. If I'm naked you should be naked too."

I watched her undress. She had a spectacular body. Her long shapely legs were amazing and her behind was just slightly chubby.

(God if she ever heard me say that I'd have blisters on my bottom.)

We kissed in the kitchen; in the nude. Her hand gripped my hard cock and I cupped her soft round ass as we kissed. After 5 minutes she washed off the rubber spatula and pulled me over her lap. The wet rubber bit into my bare bottom with a wicked sting. I had raised welts on the back of my thighs by the time she finished.

We needed more rules.

New Rule...5 minutes of kissing and then you can spank me for 5 minutes and then I spank you for 5 minutes.

"NO WAY"

OK, how about this? I can rub your pussy and use my fingers inside you to get you off.

"Forget it. I'm not letting you finger me."

How about oral? Can I give you oral? My tongue in your pussy?

"NICKY!" she squealed in mock horror. "NO WAY."

In your ass?

She gave me a very evil look and walked away.

Over the next few weeks we had so much fun and slowly she became more and more adventurous and demanding. She developed a list of chores I had to do. I had to dress better, more

preppy; Ralph Lauren polo shirts and nice trousers rather than jeans and sneakers. Two nights a week we had to dress up and go out to dinner. Early bedtime whenever she said.

She wanted to give me an enema.

"NO WAY"

"Oh Yes," she insisted. "I'm your mother and I make the rules."

I watched her peel off her silk panties. "Open," she said and she pushed her wet panties into my mouth. She grabbed me by the ear and marched me into the corner.

"Keep that nose in the corner or you will be a very sorry little boy."

I felt her unsnap my pajama pants and they fell to the floor. She rubbed my bare behind and pressed against my back.

"This is my behind now, isn't it Nicky? I can spank it whenever I want." For emphasis she delivered a slap to each cheek.

"Do you like that Nicky? Do you like being spanked by your mommy?"

One night, to my shock and delight, she came down to the living room in a very sexy black, lace baby doll lingerie. I was lying on the floor watching TV and she straddled my head and slowly lowered her ass onto my face. Her pussy pressed down on my nose and mouth.

"You wanted to lick it," she said, "so lick it."

I was in heaven. She pressed down hard when she came and she flooded my nose and mouth with her vaginal juices. I lapped up every drop I could. She came twice and was nearing the third time when I moved up to her asshole with a long wet lick. She pressed down and I stuck my tongue inside her ass. She came again while I tongued her perfumed hole.

She loved it. She said I could spend the night in her bed if I kept my mouth between her legs. I was in heaven. She wanted my hard cock. I knew it and she knew it.

I wanted to spank her. She wanted it too even if she wouldn't admit it. It was just a matter of time.

At night we would kiss like teenagers. She'd give me a bath and then spank my wet bottom with the

bath brush. I promised her I would be a strict disciplinarian once I started spanking her.

"HA," she laughed, "that'll be the day."

One night she said "come with me, you're getting an enema."

She prepared the equipment and filled it with hot soapy water.

"Come on now, don't make it worse for yourself. You're getting an enema and a bath and a good spanking. And then right to bed."

She had me bend over the side of the tub while she lubricated my asshole with a finger full of Vaseline. She spanked me while I held the soapy water inside my bowels. She gave me a hot bath and put me to bed at 9 pm.

I could hear her in her bedroom. She was moaning softly while masturbating.

It was after midnight when I slipped into her bed. She was ready and climbed on top of me, lowering herself onto my rigid cock for the first time. I knew this would change everything. We fucked again in the morning. I had her on her hands and knees and I fucked her from behind. I delivered several sharp slaps to her beautiful cheeks while I came inside her. She didn't complain.

I let her suck my cock as it softened. It was slick with her juices and my come and she licked it and sucked it like it was the best thing in the world.

"Go put on that sexy black baby doll you had on the other night," I ordered. "I want to bend you over the arm of the sofa and fuck your ass."

"HA," she laughed, "You wish."

"I'll give you a nice naughty girl spanking first," I promised. "You'll be so exposed and I'll see everything."

"Nicky! I'm not a naughty girl, I'm your mom."

"Bring down some Vaseline," I said, "you're going to need it."

She had never been fucked in her ass even though she always fantasized about it and wrote stories about it. In one story she wrote that I fucked her ass and shot a big load inside her. It dripped out of her ass for hours afterwards and stained her panties. In the story I inspected

her panties and promised that next time I would diaper her. She would write (blush) in her story to indicate how embarrassing this was for her but I knew she wanted it. It was her most shameful, secret fantasy.

She stood there watching me. I could read her face. ("Does he really think he's going to fuck my ass?")

"Nicky.....she hesitated....

"Don't be a baby," I scolded, "or you'll be wearing a diaper for the rest of the day."

She was horrified. Her face turned beet red and she ran up the stairs. She knew. She knew I had read her diary.

I lied and said that months ago she had left a story open on her computer and I accidentally read it. It was OK, I said; I thought it was adorable. She was a naughty little girl and needed that kind of attention. What's done is done and she had better get used to the idea of being diapered. She could not stop blushing.

"I won't," she insisted, "I can't," she said as I pulled her over my knee. She has a full, round bottom and I slapped it until it was glowing. She loved it and had a little orgasm on my lap. I rubbed her warm, red cheeks and she purred like a kitten.

(to be continued)