A hen’s night with a difference – Part 4

By fantasy99

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Maria finds out more about the Capello family spanking traditions.

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Once Stella had finished with Maria, she put the hairbrush down on the coffee table and rubbed the poor girl’s bottom that was still over her lap. Maria lay limply, her sobs gently subsiding, as she began to appreciate the new sensation of Stella rubbing her bottom. She was surprised – she never would have imagined herself in this position, on her sister-in-law’s lap with her bare bottom still glowing from a recent paddling with a hairbrush. But she was starting to find herself quite aroused by the whole situation. Stella’s hands felt wonderful. And when she brushed against the inside of Maria’s thighs, Maria felt her cunt lips go slick, and the flush of desire down there increase even further.

“We’ll have a bit of a break now, while you catch your breath,” said Stella, helping Maria up off her lap.

Maria’s dress feel back around her thighs, but she realized her black lacy panties had now dropped to her knees. She went to pull them up, and then thought twice. Not only would that probably hurt, pulling the lace up across her punished ass, but no doubt she would just have them pulled down again for the next part of her discipline. Might as well cut her losses and get rid of them now. She let them drop to her ankles, and then stepped out of them.

She wiped the tears from her face and realized the others were nodding approvingly. Stella smiled broadly at her. “I can see you’re going to fit in to this family just fine,” Stella reassured her.

Maria thought this chance at a ‘breather’ was a good opportunity to find out a bit more about the spanking the others received at the hands of their respective husbands.

“So…” she began haltingly, “… each of you also made this same agreement, when you were about to get married?” Maria looked around, at Gabriella her mother-in-law to be, and the wives of Anthony’s four brothers.

“It’s a family tradition,” began Gabriella. “Anthony’s father learned from his own father that the best way to a happy marriage was for the husband to be in control, and discipline the wife regularly so that

she kept her vow of obedience.”

“We all get spanked by our husbands,” nodded Stella.

“But… when do they … I mean… do they spank you often?” stammered Maria.

“It depends on the guy, and your own behaviour,” warned Stella.

Isabella, who had been fairly quiet until this point, piped up. “For example, in the first year Bruno and I were married, on top of any punishment spankings I earned, he also gave me ‘maintenance spankings’.”

“A maintenance spanking – what’s that?” asked Maria, curious and a little anxious.

“It was a regular spanking Bruno gave me just to keep me on the straight and narrow,” explained Isabella. “After we’d come home from church on Sunday, he’d would ask me how many Our fathers and Hail Marys the Father had given me as penance after my confession that week. Then he’d order me to fetch whatever implement he felt like using that day and tell me to wait in our bedroom for him. When he was ready, he’d come up and spank me while I repeated the penance again aloud. He said it truly cleansed my soul, ready for the new week ahead. It certainly used to keep me mindful of my behaviour, which is I guess why he called it a maintenance spanking.”

“Carlo still does that for me on a Sunday too,” mused Natalie. “Although I’m starting to think he and the priest must have a bit of an arrangement, because I notice my penance is getting longer and longer, and yet my confessions are always pretty similar!” she exclaimed. “But I always feel much closer to him after a Sunday spanking – it’s when we have out best sex too!”

“Do you think Anthony will spank me each Sunday?” asked Maria, looking around the women gathered.

“Most likely,” agreed Gabriella. “His father and brothers have schooled him well in the best way to encourage positive behaviour in a wife. And he’s had plenty of chance to see the good effects on his sisters-in-law!”

“Well, I’ve never been spanked before tonight,” Maria shared in a quiet voice. “It just wasn’t something our family did.”

“Oh, we know,” said Stella. “Anthony talked with your father about it when he asked for your hand in marriage.”

Maria flushed, as she thought of her father and her prospective husband having such a discussion. “What… what did my father say?”, she couldn’t stop herself from asking.

“Apparently he’s all in favour of it,” Stella informed her. “He told Anthony that he’d wished he’d taken you over his knee himself a few times when you were growing up – especially when you were a troublesome teenager! He gave Anthony his full approval of taking charge of you in whatever way he sees fit, once you have taken your marriage vows.”

Maria thought again of being turned over Anthony’s knee, her skirts raised and panties down around her knees for a spanking. And despite her embarrassment of her father now knowing that Anthony would be disciplining her during their marriage, she felt more and more like this would be a good thing. If these other poised, beautiful women could submit to it in order to have a close, solid marriage, then so would she.

“So tonight is all about preparing you for the role of the obedient wife for Anthony,” Bianca said. “You need to know what you’re getting yourself into! And it’s my job to introduce you to the next implement he may want to use.”

Bianca reached into her bag, and pulled out a long piece of thick leather. “This is a tawse. A kind of a leather strap, with the end split into two. This one comes all the way from Scotland,” she added proudly. “I bought it online.”

Maria gulped. This looked like it would carry quite a whack to it. She didn’t feel quite so turned on now. But she knew that what she learned tonight, about spanking, and about herself, would be all for the better when it came time for her to present these implements to Anthony as a gift on their wedding night.

“For the tawse, you’ll be bent over the arm of the couch,” Bianca told her. “Come over here,” she said, standing up herself.

Maria stepped away from her panties on the floor, and moved to one end of the couch that Bianca had just been sitting on. Like so much of the furniture in Anthony’s parent’s house, it was a heavy, traditional piece. Made of brown leather, now slightly cracking in places from use, with brass studs around the edges. It had big, round, firm arms.

Maria faced the couch, and looked to Bianca for what she expected her to do next.

“Bend over the arm of the couch and place your forearms and hands flat on the seat,” instructed

Bianca. “Keep your feet flat on the floor.”

Maria did as she was told. Again, she felt her silky red dress ride up to the very edge of her buttocks, before Bianca flipped it up, leaving her now red ass exposed. She braced herself for what was to come.

“Given this is your first spanking, six medium-strength strokes of the tawse will be quite enough to give you a taste for it,” advised Bianca. “Do you want one of the others to hold your hands?” she asked.

“Yes… thanks,” replied Maria, thinking she needed all the support she could get right about now.

Natalie came forward to kneel on the couch in front of Maria and took a firm grip on her both her wrists. “This will hurt… a lot,” whispered Natalie. “But six strokes will be over before you know it.”

Maria smiled dolefully. Six strokes with that wicked looking tawse would be more than enough, she thought. But at least then she’d be more than halfway through the planned spanking activities for the evening, once this was over. After Bianca had delivered her strokes, there were only two more sisters-in-law lined up for their turn on her poor ass.

Maria felt the cool leather of the tawse tap against her hot bottom, as Bianca lined up for her first stroke. She heard the leather whistle through the air before it landed squarely across both cheeks. Maria howled in surprise. If Natalie hadn’t been holding her arms, she would have shot straight upright and grasped her poor bottom. As it was, she couldn’t help but jerk one leg up behind her, in some sort of vain attempt at relief and protection. It was like an electric shock had gone through her, leaving a searing pain in her butt.

“I told you it would hurt,” grinned Natalie from her position on the couch. “And that’s only medium strength. Just be thankful Bianca’s not making you count them – that’s what Silvio makes her do!”

“And he starts again from the beginning if I lose count,” added Bianca ruefully. “Put your leg back down Maria,” she added more sternly. “Or I **will** add an extra stroke!”

With great difficulty Maria forced herself to put her foot back on the floor. She felt Natalie adjust her hold so that she had both Maria’s wrists in one strong hand. With her other, she rubbed Maria’s back, as some consolation. Then she pushed, gently but firmly, on the small of Maria’s back, causing her to arch back present her bottom for Bianca’s next attack.

WHACK. The next stroke wasn’t quite the surprise the first had been, but hurt even more. Maria

sucked in her breath, before letting out another howl. Her face was wet with tears again. Only four more to go. God, if Anthony did this to her, she would feel well and truly chastised. Once more, Maria turned her thoughts to what it would be like to be in this position to be punished by her husband with this heavy leather strap. She imagined him admiring her shapely ass, even as he changed it from its usual milky white to a glowing red. And she imagined him dropping his own trousers in order to take her from behind. Perhaps Natalie was right – maybe sex after a spanking would be even better than normal…

To be continued…