A Humiliating Week Away - Part 1

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Humiliating to be punished in front of everyone and with no pants on

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My memory of this week away from home should appeal to cmnf, cfnm and spanking fans alike.

I was a typical 16 year old boy who wanted to enjoy having fun with his mates at home but my parents decided that I and my brothers could not be trusted to stay at home when they took the weeks holiday they'd won in a competition. We were sent to stay with relatives or friends of the family and it was my misfortune to end up with my parents friends 'Aunty' Beryl and 'Uncle' John and their awful daughter Kate. She was my age and pretty good looking but we had never got on so I did not want to go there and I was very uncooperative and sullen as my Dad drove me to their house nearly an hour away.

By the time we got there he was angry with me for being so awkward. Aunty Beryl let us in and told Kate to show me my room which she did without a word and then she 'accidentally' banged the door on my arm making me yell out. Aunty Beryl and my Dad appeared at the bedroom in seconds wanting to know why I'd shouted. I didn't let on but Dad took me in the room and told me I would be punished if I was not well behaved for Beryl and John. I looked up to see Beryl standing in the doorway, "I'm glad you said that because we spank Kate if she's naughty and I would like to treat both children the same if that is alright with you". Dad was so cross with me he'd have agreed to me being whipped and agreed willingly that I should be spanked in just the same way as Kate. He went on to tell her that I was still caned on the bare bottom when I deserved it. My face went red and to make it worse I saw Kate standing smiling behind her mother! This was going to be an awful week.

He left soon after and Beryl returned to my room to explain that they were used to a tidy and quiet house and she hoped I would fit in with their ways. She explained that she didn't have many rules but they were strict rules and had to be kept. (I was getting the distinct impression that she was in charge, not Uncle John). She told me I would be given a copy of the rules when I came downstairs after unpacking and tidying my room - properly. It was quite a nice room but there was nothing out on display, everything was in a drawer or cupboard.

I came down as Kate was leaving to meet some friends and Aunty Beryl gave me a cup of tea and

the list of rules. “Sit down and have a read, then I’ll make sure you understand them fully.” and she went back in the kitchen leaving me with the list. Essentially we were not allowed to make a mess, be untidy, make a noise, be rude, etc. etc. etc. and Kate and I had to be pleasant to each other and not argue or fight. Meal times seemed to be very rigid, lunch at 1.00pm, dinner at 6.00pm. Breakfast would be on the table at exactly 7.30am and I had to have washed, dressed, made my bed *and* tidied my room before coming down. The list continued in similar vein with details for the rest of the day.

She sat down next to me and said, “I hope this will not be necessary but I think I should explain what will happen if I do need to punish you.”

“No, please,” I said, going red again, “I am sure I will do everything properly.”

Ignoring my interruption, she went on “We always sit down to dinner at 6.00pm and if you were due to be punished, I would remind you at five to seven to go to your room to get ready for a spanking. In your room, you would take off all your clothes and put on your pyjama top and come back down here by 7.00pm at the latest. Unless, of course, you want more punishment.”

“All my clothes?” I said.

“Of course. Then you put on a pyjama jacket and come down for your spanking. All punishment takes place in this room in front of everyone. Is that clear?”

“Everyone who is here?” I saw Aunty’s reaction.

“I do hope I am not going to have to repeat everything for you. The whole family will watch your punishment. If we have guests then ‘everyone’ includes all who happen to be here for dinner. Is that understood?” I nodded. “Good. If I do have to punish you I will give you 6 strokes of the tawse on your bare behind. If your punishment is more serious I will punish you with the cane and for that you will take off your pyjama jacket as well. Do you have any questions?”

“If I did need to be punished would Kate be watching?”

I could see Aunty was getting cross. “I thought I made that perfectly clear,” said Aunty Beryl firmly. “Everyone who is here for dinner will watch whoever is being punished.”

I remained sitting for some time taking in what Aunty had told me and could not imagine how embarrassing it would be to be spanked like that in front of anyone, let alone Kate. It also occurred to me that throughout the conversation Aunty Beryl made sure I knew that she would be the one doing the spanking and not Uncle John. I had only ever been punished by my dad in the past and being

made to bend over and be spanked by Aunty Beryl would only add to the shame.

I did everything I could to make sure Aunty could not find fault, helping round the house and being quiet. When Kate returned home she was also being careful and it looked as though we might get through the day without incident. An hour or so after lunch I was reading in the lounge; Kate was upstairs in her room when Aunty called her down into the kitchen. I could hear the conversation quite clearly.

“Have you been smoking again, young lady?”

“No Mum.”

“I will ask you just one more time,” said Aunty Beryl crossly. “Have you been smoking?”

“No, I haven’t smoked since …" and Kate’s voice trailed off as Aunty Beryl pulled Kate’s handbag into view.

“Are you sure you don’t want to change your mind?”

“Alright I may have had one... a few, maybe.”

“Right young lady, I am going to give you a spanking tonight. Six for smoking after you promised me you would never smoke again, and six for lying to me.”

“But, Mum, please not tonight, can’t it wait till *he’s* gone home?" she whispered, hoping I couldn’t hear.

“Tonight! You know the rules. Now go to your room till I call you.” Kate stormed out of the kitchen and reacted in horror as she saw me sitting in the lounge, smiling.

“Can I do anything to help?” I asked Aunty as it got close to dinner time.

“Yes, bring over the spanking stool, there,” she pointed, “and the coffee table,” and she showed me where I was to put them, in full view of anyone at the dining table. At 6.00pm I sat down in the chair with the best view and smiled at Kate’s reaction when she saw the stool and then me. Dinner seemed to last forever and Kate did not seem to have much appetite. Eventually, Aunty told Kate to get ready, and hesitantly she got out of her chair and went up stairs.

With two minutes to go to 7.00pm Aunty called upstairs, “Don’t you dare be late young lady!” and

Kate appeared on the stairs a few moments later wearing a very short baby doll nightie. “Put your hands by your sides!” Aunty called. “You know the rules.” Kate looked mortified as she stopped trying to hide her modesty and revealed a soft down on her mound.

“Right, young lady, tell everyone why you are to be given the first of two punishments tonight.”

I could not believe this was happening. Kate had to stand facing the table, hands at her side and tell us that she had been smoking and would receive six strokes of the tawse. Then Aunty led her to the stool, facing away from the table, and told her to place her feet either side of the stool legs and to bend over. I hoped no one was watching me; I stared directly between her open legs and I could see everything. I was grateful to be sitting down out of sight as my cock was swelling uncontrollably. Aunty moved to one side and raised her arm, thwack, thwack, thwack and Kate yelled out after the third stroke and tried to protect her bum. “Hands back, or you’ll get more,” Aunty said. Kate cried out after each remaining stroke.

Aunty told her to stand up and rub her bottom. Then Kate turned back to face the table and me! Looking down in embarrassment, she said she would now receive six strokes of the cane for lying about her smoking. Aunty said, “Good, now take off your nightie for the caning.”

“Please, no, Mum...” she said, tailing off as she saw her mother’s face. After another moments silent pleading look at her mum she lifted the nightie over her head. She had the most wonderful body and her breasts were beautiful. I could not take my eyes off her body.

“Bring the coffee table into place,” instructed Aunty and so, stark naked, Kate had to move the stool and drag the coffee table, end on, into the same spot. “Now, take up your position, Kate.”

She stepped over, put her feet either side of the table legs and bent right over to grip the far side. My cock was now throbbing and hidden only by the dining table. Swish went the cane and Kate yelled out. Swish, swish, Kate’s hand flew round to cover her beautiful bottom as she cried out again. “Hands away,” said Aunty Beryl. Swish, swish and again Kate cried before the final stroke landed and she jumped up crying and rubbing her bottom, oblivious of the wonderful view I had of her gorgeous body, her taught little bottom and her beautiful breasts bouncing as she leapt about. She was then made to stand in the corner for five minutes.

At the end of the five minutes, Aunty to her to return to the table, still stark naked, to apologise to everyone for her behaviour. I shifted uncomfortably, hoping no one could see me adjusting my erection, as I stared again at her breasts and her slit, now directly in front of me. Finally she was allowed to go upstairs to get dressed and make herself presentable.

That night I imagined again the embarrassment of this punishment if it happened to me and determined I would not do anything to get on Aunty’s wrong side.But I hadn't banked on Kate planning her revenge...