Amber’s Story

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Amber had wanted to be spanked for years but had never been. She hoped that would change.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/ambers-story.aspx

Please read “Nina, The Downfall” as this is a spin off fromthat story and homes in on one of the new characters.

20 year old Amber had always “got away” without being spanked. Some of her friends were spanked still, and whilst she had watched them being spanked she had always escaped the humiliating punishment herself. Amber often wondered though what it would be like, having her knickers taken down to her knees, her skirt lifted above her waist, guided by the arm across the waiting maternal lap, shuffling for a moment as she had seen her friends do so their Mum was happy the bare bottom was in the right position for her swing, the feel of her Mum’s hand on her waist, the other rubbing her bottom, the moment when the hand stopped rubbing knowing the first spank was about to hit home, and finally that awful first spank biting in to her waiting defenceless bare bottom. Her friends had told her how it hurt, how they couldn’t stop themselves squirming around on their Mum’s lap, nor stop themselves screaming out as spank after spank thrashed down, nor stop themselves crying.

Amber looked at the stern looks on the Mum’s faces, the look of anger, the pursed lips as they spanked harder and harder, it even seemed the more their daughter’s cried out the harder the spanking became as the Mum’s confidence grew as the daughter’s shrivelled up. She recalled watching her friends still crying well after the spanking was finished, as they tried to rub away the pain and wash the tears from their eyes. How sitting on a hard chair was painful whilst a cushion at least helped.

So whilst Amber had never been spanked she was often taken by the thought. Very taken. She would read and re-read any newspaper article about corporal punishment and looked avidly at photos of women dressed in tight dresses and skirts imagining herself draped across their laps being spanked. It never happened though. To help her thoughts when alone at home she would take the heavy

wooden spoon from the kitchen, the one with the twelve inch handle and the slightly curved back, go to her bedroom, lower her knickers, and spank herself with it. Several dozen hard spanks leaving red marks all over her bottom. She would then lie on her bed, run her fingers along her pussy, pressing her fingers inside deeper and deeper finding her clit, and bringing herself to orgasm. Often she would then spank herself again and enjoy masturbating again to orgasm.

Amber often imagined herself getting spanked but her Mum never used spanking as a disciplinary weapon, just grounding, painless but oh so boring. Still, Amber was worried that if her Mum discovered her secret desire to be spanked that would become the standard method of discipline and what if she hated it? What then? It was safer to be grounded. Being spanked remained a dream, something to masturbate over but never to experience.

Amber often played over in her mind how she felt over the years and how she did share experiences with those who were spanked, although not spanked herself.

Amber at sixteen:

Amber’s Cousin James is a year older at seventeen and continues to be spanked. Aunt Emma was strict, gave James little slack, but James knew where he stood. Many was the time he had told Amber he was expecting a spanking when he got home because he was late, and then later phoned Amber to tell her he had been spanked.

Amber was 16 years old when she first stayed with Aunt Emma. She remembers the second day when she and James were watching TV. There was an argument. Amber threw a cushion at James. He threw it back and missed. A vase was broken. Aunt Emma came in seconds after the crashing sound. The look on James’s face said it all. Aunt Emma strode over to a chair, demanded James ‘Get over here right now,’ and Amber saw the huge wooden backed hairbrush in her hand. It looked wicked, like it would really hurt. She put her hand on her mouth to stop herself saying anything. After all it was James about to be spanked and not her.

Amber watched her cousin hold his hands away as Aunt Emma undid his trousers and yanked them down, put her thumbs inside his underpants and yanked them down, turned James away from her and smacked the backs of his legs as he tried to bend his legs forward as far as possible from his Mum’s hand but could not avoid the hard hand smacks and just yelped in pain. Amber gawped as she saw for the first time the erect penis of her cousin. Two things struck Amber. The first was the fact she had never seen his penis before bearing in mind they had been on holiday with their Mum’s so often. The second thing Amber only realised afterwards. James’s penis was erect. His trousers hadn’t bulged when he was with Amber playing with the cushion and she hadn’t noticed a bulge when Aunt Emma was telling him off, yet by the time his underpants were yanked down he had quite an erection.

Maybe not a full one, then 16 year old Amber hadn't seen a real erection before. Plenty in girl's magss but not for real. She imagined it being squashed as James squirmed and bucked and kicked his legs as the spanking went on and on, spank after spank hitting one bare bottom cheek then the next, then several on the same bottom cheek and even on the same spot. She wondered at how red Aunt Emma was turning James's bottom but didn't wonder at all when James's cried, tears running down his face.

Amber wasn't sure how long the spanking took but knew from the colour of James's bottom it must have been quite a while before Aunt Emma allowed James to get back up. By then he had managed to kick his trousers right off and his underpants hung around one ankle only. James rubbed his bottom jumping from foot to foot and the underpants were soon kicked off and joined his trousers on the floor. Aunt Emma was still telling James off but Amber reckoned he won't have heard much of what she was saying as he was sobbing and sniffing and rubbing his bottom so hard he can't possibly have been listening as well. Amber heard though and was sure Aunt Emma was right, that it was foolish to throw cushions around the room and he needs to learn to behave properly and if he can't then he will get spanked again. Well it made sense to Amber but then again she still hasn't been spanked.

Aunt Emma told James to go and wash his face. He bent down and picked up his trousers and underpants but didn't stop to put them on but quickly walked out of the room just in case his Mum decided she needed to spank him some more. Amber watched him leave her eyes transfixed on his penis, still erect, somehow, even watching his balls bounce between his legs as he strode out of the room.

Amber turned around as James closed the door to find Aunt Emma staring at her. Suddenly she was the focus of her Aunt's steely stare and pursed lips, looking so stern with her arms crossed. Amber stared back, suddenly wondering if her Aunt was going to tell her she was going to be spanked. Amber found she was holding her breath.

"Go to your room Amber. Stay there until I come and get you and think about how naughty you have been."

Amber breathed out fast, said, "Yes Aunty, sorry Aunty," as she turned and went to the door, stopping when Aunt Emma said, "I asked your Mum what should happen if I thought you needed to be spanked, do you know what she said?"

Amber turned, maybe she wasn't free yet. Maybe she will get a spanking. "No Aunty."

"She said if you are naughty to phone her and tell her so she can decide if you should be punished.

Can you believe that Amber? I know you need a spanking and I know your Mum just lets you off. She is too soft with you. ” Aunt Emma still looked cross.

“That’s what happens at home Aunty. Mum has never spanked me.”

Aunt Emma waited a few moments before answering, as though deciding what to say, keeping Amber wondering, will she be spanked or won’t she? “Think yourself lucky young lady as you are now that close to getting a spanking, at least if I had my way.”

Amber swallowed hard, and said, “Yes Aunty,” as she again turned and left the room running up the stairs going inside her room and closing the door. It was then she realised that her breathing was heavy as she thought about how close she was to her first spanking, and without thinking her hand went between her legs and was almost shocked to find her knickers were wet. Her hand slipped inside her knickers and as she played over in her mind her Aunt’s words, ‘You are now that close to getting a spanking,’ she thought maybe she should push her Aunt a bit further and maybe she will get spanked. Her finger rubbed her pussy as she thought about herself across her Aunt’s lap having her bottom spanked and stroked herself faster and faster as she masturbated, wrenching down her knickers to give her hand more room switching her mind over to James being spanked again and again finally letting out a long low gasping moan as she came.

Amber lay on her bed, still stroking her pussy, open eyed, staring at the ceiling, thinking how instead of being let off she was sorry her Aunt hadn’t spanked her after all. Amber was disappointed not elated. She hadn’t got away with being spanked but had failed to be spanked. Maybe she should go downstairs right now and demand to be spanked. Demand her Aunt ignores what happens at home. She is here now and if spanking is what happens then it’s a spanking she should have. Amber was feeling quite bold, was building herself up to go back downstairs, yes she will demand a spanking. After all James had an erection so did he feel so aroused after being spanked? If so, would she? Maybe she was now brave enough to find out. Surely she was.

There was a knock on the door and immediately it opened. It was Aunt Emma. She stared at Amber who froze, no longer confident, in fact was silent as she waited again with bated breath to see what her Aunt would do. Aunt Emma wasn’t looking at Amber’s face though but at her stomach. It was when Amber followed her Aunt’s gaze she was horrified to see her fingers still covered her pussy, her knickers were still yanked down, and Aunt Emma was stifling a smile. Amber knew she was blushing. Suddenly Amber was scared again about being spanked, no longer rebellious, no longer insistent about complying with the house spanking rules. Again Amber was holding her breath.

“OK Amber, you can come down now,” Aunt Emma said sternly, adding, “Get dressed before you come down,” and then she disappeared from view.

Amber knew then what humiliation was. She was so embarrassed and what was worse was that she knew she would have to go downstairs and face her Aunt who knew she had masturbated, and might even tell her Mum. So humiliating. As for being spanked Amber knew the moment had gone again. Maybe she was now even more concerned her Aunt saw her masturbating than actually spanking her.

Amber was still blushing as she left her room just as James came out of his bedroom. He was smiling. That surprised Amber. “How are you feeling James?”

It was James’s turn to blush. “Oh Mum is a lot of hot air Amber. It was just a spanking.”

James froze when Aunt Emma came out of her bedroom and said, “If it didn’t hurt James let me know and we can go around again.”

James was now blushing a deep red and answered quickly, “No Mum it did hurt, really it did.” He added after a moment, “Sorry Mum.”

Amber saw how respectful James was with his Mum and how he really didn’t want another spanking. Aunt Emma gave James a questioning look that said she was in control before turning and going downstairs. Amber looked back at James and saw immediately the bulge in his trousers.

“James, how come that is happening?” Amber pointed at the bulge in his trousers.

James blushed again. “Oh crikey, I just can’t help it Amber. I don’t why it happens but I can’t stop it.”

“It’s your Mum though?”

James was quick to explain. “Oh I don’t think about Mum spanking me. My girlfriend, Carly, she spanks me and I love it. I know Mum spanks me because I deserve it but I imagine its Carly spanking me.”

“Really?” Amber was genuinely surprised and at the same time thought it strange, maybe even stranger that his girlfriend spanks him as well. She certainly saw a new depth to her cousin.

Amber spent another two days with his Aunt and James. James wasn’t spanked again and Aunt Emma never said anything to Amber about knowing she masturbated, so things settled down.

Amber and James became friends and she often went out with Carly as well. Amber never saw Carly

spank James but was told about it afterwards. James continued to be spanked by his Mum on quite a regular basis and whenever Amber met up with him his last spanking always seemed to have been just a few days earlier. Amber dreamed again about being spanked but as she turned seventeen and then eighteen she saw the chance disappearing.

Amber at Nineteen:

James was twenty when he went to stay with Amber for a few days. It raised Amber's hopes that she might get spanked and eagerly followed James's lead when making a noise in the house even when she knew it was annoying her Mum. Matters reached a head on the third day. Amber's Mum had told the two of them to quieten down twice but if anything they got noisier. Amber got excited wondering if her Mum would override everything she had not done before when she burst in to the living room and screamed, "Enough."

James and Amber both froze as Amber's Mum picked up the phone. "I've really had enough James," as she dialled Aunt Emma. Amber and James listened to the conversation. "So noisy sis, how do you take it? ….. He isn't noisy at home, really? … Well I can if you want but you know I don't agree with it … OK sis, a hairbrush, I don't have a wooden backed one .. He does, wow sis that was thinking ahead … How hard? … Oh right, well if you want."

Ambers Mum put the phone down, looked at James and said, "You heard James, apparently your Mum gave you a hairbrush to give me if I needed to use it?"

James nodded and went off to his bedroom to get the hairbrush. Amber looked at her Mum who shook her head and said, "I don't know Amber, James is twenty and going to get a spanking. Why did you both have to be so naughty?"

Amber's heart missed a beat. Mum said both. Did that mean she was going to get spanked?

"Mum," Amber started.

Her Mum interjected, "I still don't agree with spanking you know. I'll spank James because his Mum wants him spanked, that's all. You young lady will be grounded, three days, after James has gone home. Understood?"

Amber was about to object just when James came back in to the room. He walked over to Ambers Mum and gave her the hairbrush. Amber's Mum sat on the bed and told James, "Stand here James. Your Mum said bare bottom so take down your trousers and underpants."

James did as he was told and stood close enough to his Aunt for her to pat her lap and have James bend down across her lap. Ambers Mum looked decidedly uneasy but placed the wooden backed hairbrush on James's bottom, looked at the back of his head and said, "I hope this is the last time I have to do this James. Your Mum said hard so hard it will be. Ready?"

Amber saw James turn his head around, look up at his Aunt, nod his head, turn away again, lower his head, and wait. He didn't wait long. Amber's Mum raised the hairbrush, pursed her lips, and brought it down hard on her twenty year old nephew's bare bottom. Amber was transfixed again as she watched her cousin squirm around on her Mum's lap as she spanked him. Amber settled down to watch when after only about fifty spanks her Mum stopped.

"I hope that taught you a lesson James," then added, "hard enough?"

"Yes Aunty," James said obediently.

Amber said nothing, wondering how come the spanking was over so quickly. She looked at James as he stood up, rubbed his bottom but there was no bouncing from foot to foot. His penis was erect but he was coping well with the pain.

"Go and wash your face James."

Amber was left with her Mum. "He does seem to get spanked a lot Amber. I'm not sure it does him any good as he behaves badly again soon enough and ends up across Aunt Emma's lap again. Still, she does it her way and I do it mine."

Amber went upstairs to find James who was in the bathroom. "You OK?" she asked.

""I usually get harder Amber. Your Mum is a softie."

"Shush, she'll hear you."

"Yeah, you are right."

"Did it hurt still?"

"Yes, it hurt, but it was so short I'll be fine soon."

"That's good James. Anyway, let's be quieter in future."

Amber went back to her bedroom and sat on the bed. Her Mum did look in control when she spanked James but maybe not as comfortable as Aunt Emma. Amber played the spanking over in her mind and again her fingers stroked her pussy as she thought. She had fantasised about Aunt Emma spanking her over the last couple of years but now she had a new vision. Being spanked by her own Mum. But she still hadn't been spanked herself and the yearning increased. Amber's problem was she lost her bottle just when she needed it the most, right at the point of admitting to her Mum she wanted to be spanked.

There were two more days of James's stay. Amber had been shopping and let herself back in to the house and heard quite clearly the sound of a spanking. She went quickly in to the living room to find James across her Mum's lap. He was in his pyjamas, at least his shorts which were hanging around one ankle only. He didn't have a top on. Amber also saw how red his bottom was already.

"When I tell your Mum about this I won't be surprised if she spanks you herself young man."

So, Amber realised, her Mum was spanking James without asking Aunt Emma. How could that be she wondered?

"I'm sorry Aunty, I shouldn't have called you that."

"Too right young man. I know your Mum spanks you straight away when you are rude to her."

Amber watched as her Mum kept spanking James, all over his bottom, one cheek then the other, sometimes several spanks on the same bottom cheek which made James gasp louder, then spanks on the back of his legs that made James legs kick.

Amber's Mum looked around, saw Amber standing watching and showing only a little surprise pointed to the table and said, "Ah Amber, can you please pass me that hairbrush."

Amber followed her Mum's pointing finger, saw the hairbrush, went over picked it up and handed it to her Mum who spun it around in her hand so the large wooden paddle was pointed downwards, lifted it above her head, said, "I am so cross with you James, but you deserve every spank," and brought the hairbrush down hard on James's already red bottom.

James kicked his legs as the spanking continued, Amber's Mum spanking his bare bottom cheeks alternately, but he really kicked out when she spanked the same bottom cheek time and again. Amber gasped as James's pyjama was finally kicked off leaving her now fully nude cousin across his Mum's lap as she kept on spanking him. Tears started to roll down his face as she heard his sobs. Her Mum looked cross and was spanking James harder than last time although when the spanking

was over she knew still nowhere near as hard as Aunt Emma.

Even once the spanking stopped and James kept crying as Amber's Mum rubbed his bottom. Amber wondered if her Mum would spank him some more and she actually wanted her to as she was so enjoying the spectacle, but there were no more spanks.

Her Mum turned and said, "He was so rude Amber, that's why I spanked him."

"Yes Mum," is all Amber could say. Her breathing was heavier than usual as she knew her pussy was damp. She was so turned on by the spanking although wished it was her across her Mum's lap and James watching her being spanked.

A few moments later and James scurried off to the bathroom. Amber's Mum picked up the phone and called Aunt Emma. "I hope you don't mind Emma but James called me a rude name and I just spanked him … I thought that was what you would have done … No need to spank him again when he gets home as I taught him a good lesson .Well Sis that is up to you, if you think he needs another spanking then you have to go for it."

Amber noticed how her Mum was quite relaxed by the end of the conversation and was even humming to herself. She pushed the chair back in to place and was humming a tune as she went in to the kitchen. It was as though she had achieved an immense amount of satisfaction at teaching James a lesson.

Amber is Twenty:

Amber's Mum caught Amber smoking. She didn't see her smoking but her clothes stank. Her Mum was very annoyed. "I have told you not to smoke Amber. What have you to say for yourself?"

She had only had a few puffs but she worked now, as an intern, and a lot of the girls stood outside the office for a smoke. She was being sociable.

"Make sure you don't." She added, "You know Amber, if there was ever something that would have got me to spank you it is smoking. Shall I spank you Amber?"

There was a sharp tone to her Mum's voice. Yes please she thought, but she didn't say it. Instead Amber bottled once again and stuttered. "Oh no Mum please don't. I won't smoke again Mum. Honest."

"Make sure you don't my girl."

“Yes Mum,” Amber conceded meekly. She went to her room and thought how ironic. All this time if she had smoked she would have been spanked for sure. She was upset with herself though as she still didn’t have the gumption to ask for a spanking. She consoled herself as she so often did, with her fingers stroking her pussy and flicking her clit thinking about being spanked as she masturbated.

It was a few days later, on the day Nina got spanked by Christine. The day her life changed. Amber had gone to the toilet so was in a cubicle as Nina and Hannah entered. They must have been overconfident as they didn’t check the cubicles and assumed they were alone. Nina and Hannah took their knickers off in turn telling the other how they had been spanked and Amber listened as each stroked the others pussy until they came.

Amber was blown away as she realised Nina was in her late thirties although Hannah was close to her own age, but both were still spanked. Blown away but not totally as Amber set her phone to record and got almost the whole conversation as well as what was quite obviously two women having orgasms. Amber took her phone to Christine and played it back. She knew Christine wanted to get hold of something bad about Nina, but Christine could not believe it when Amber played the recording. She was smiling, her eyes open wide in delight, and even clapped her hands a couple of times. Christine told Amber to bring her phone to the meeting and be ready to do what she was told.

Christine gave the instruction to Amber to play the recording and got so aroused when Christine followed that by spanking Nina, right there in front of all her work colleagues. Amber knew her pussy was wet, even felt her knickers to make check how damp her knickers were and they were very damp. She wondered if anyone else felt as aroused and as she looked from face to face she thought some were, whilst almost everyone was open mouthed with surprise as Nina was spanked by Christine.

Amber was elated for another reason. Having given Christine the ammunition she needed she reckoned she will get a whopping pay rise. That didn’t happen though. Amber had reckoned Christine would be so ruthless yet had dumper her, ‘For someone more experienced,’

An unhappy Amber spoke with Hannah, and they talked about Nina being spanked and Hannah explained how she was spanked by her Mum still. Amber then admitted, for the first time to anyone, her own strong desire to be spanked. Amber told Hannah about her Mum’s ‘threat’ when she smelt the smoke on her clothes. Hannah told Amber that maybe she needed to experience that desire now and encouraged her to phone her Mum, tell her she had been smoking again and use it as an excuse to get herself spanked. Amber felt braver now she was talking with Hannah, who is still spanked at home because she wants to be as well as because her Mum still disciplines her. Not to mention Nina, still spanked at 38 years old.

So Amber did phone her Mum, and she was told she would be spanked when she got home. The fact her Mum also said in future she would be spanked if she was rude was seen by Hannah as maybe a clear turning point. Just maybe Amber's Mum had decided at long last that her daughter should be spanked, and if she should be spanked for smoking then she should be spanked for other things that her Mum felt were important. Being rude was already identified. What if being late home was added, then an untidy room. What then? Had Amber made the wrong choice? Should she have stayed silent and just dreamed about being spanked? She wasn't sure but the die was cast and whilst her heart beat faster than normal she knew her time to be spanked had come.

Amber spent much of the final hour at work talking to Hannah and Hannah tried to reassure Amber. One thing Hannah knew was that once spanking was introduced there was no going back. Amber's Mum was sure to extend the reasons for spanking her, not reduce them and Amber needed to understand that. Amber told Hannah about her Mum giving James that second spanking when he stayed with them. The first time she asked Aunt Emma but not the second time, and how she was humming in a very relaxed way whilst James was upstairs in the bathroom so yes she knew what Hannah meant. Her Mum was likely to spank Amber again and again once the first spanking was given.

However, Amber was now ready. It scared her, and excited her. As she made her way home she smoked a couple of cigarettes just as Hannah suggested, although didn't inhale as she hated smoking actually. She knew though she was going to be spanked. Her knickers were damp just thinking about it as she walked up the path and unlocked the front door. As she closed the door her Mum called out, "In here young lady."

Amber went in to the living room to find her Mum on the sofa. "Sit here," she ordered. Amber sat on the far end of the three seater settee, one cushion between them. Her Mum looked very serious.

"I have been thinking about this since we spoke Amber. You smoking is a serious thing. You know I hate smoking and your clothes reek."

Amber was getting more and more tense. She was getting scared in fact. A spanking will hurt. It hurt Nina and it hurt James. Does she want it? She kept telling herself she did.

"Well, I said you deserved a spanking. Will you smoke again young lady?'

Amber kept telling herself to say, 'I enjoy smoking,' to make sure her Mum spanked her. It was the moment of truth as her long wait to be spanked was over. Just say, 'Yes,' and then follow Mum's orders.

She didn’t though. Fear took over and she said, “No, Mum, I won’t smoke again.”

Amber could not believe the words she just said. She wasn’t thinking those words. Her Mum looked at her strangely, as though questioning her daughter’s response. She said slowly, “Really? Well in that case I won’t spank you.”

Amber stopped breathing. Surely she hadn’t lost it again. Surely she must get herself spanked now. Her Mum got up, said, “That’s settled then,” and turned.

Amber let out her breath and blurted out, “Fooled you, you silly bat.” She put her hand to her mouth when she realised how rude she had been. Even though she was always talking back to her Mum she was never rude and was about to apologise.

Her Mum spun around her eyes ablaze. “Get up young lady and come here,” she ordered, and Amber saw the hairbrush in her hand as her Mum went over to a dining chair, spun it around in to the room, and sat down, still glaring at Amber. “How dare you talk to me like that my girl?”

Amber was shaken by how rude she had been and went straight over to her Mum.

“Hands away,” her Mum ordered, and when Amber held her hands together above her waist her Mum unzipped her skirt and pushed it easily to the floor, then put her fingers inside the waistband of Ambers knickers and yanked them down to well below her knees. “Get over my lap now,” her Mum ordered sternly.

Amber was again breathing heavily. It had happened so quickly. One moment her Mum had forgiven her and got up to walk away. Next in a moment of madness she was standing next to her Mum, her skirt on the floor, her knickers lowered to below her knees, she was bending down, her hand on the chair on the far side of her Mum’s lap and then she was lowering herself down until she let go of the chair and her hands were on the floor breaking her fall whilst her bottom was perched across her Mum’s lap.

In a blur the she was looking down at the floor, then under the chair and saw her legs dangling inches above the floor on the other side. There was a noise. She focussed on it and heard her Mum’s stern tone, “You will never ever be so rude to me again my girl. This has been a long time coming but I can tell you it won’t be the last time I put you across my lap if you ever ever speak to me like that again.”

Amber was aware her Mum had been rubbing her bottom as she scolded her, then the warm hand was no longer rubbing her bottom and Amber knew it was lifted, probably quite high, she felt her

Mum’s thighs tense and next moment there was a stinging feeling in her bottom and her Mum had given her her first spank. Amber gasped. She had waited so long, watched so many others being spanked, thought it would hurt much more, and wondered what all the fuss was about. How come James cried, or her friends?

Amber’s Mum spanked her daughter again and again. Alternate spanks on each bare bottom cheek followed by several on the same cheek, followed by several on the very same spot on the same bottom cheek. The spanks started to sting, really sting. Amber realised what all the fuss was about now.

Amber’s Mum said as she spanked, “You remember that first time I spanked James and he said it wasn’t very hard, yes I did hear,” her Mum paused speaking but kept spanking, “Well I spoke to Aunty Emma about that and the next time James was naughty she spanked him in front of me. I learnt the difference. I now know how to spank hard.” Again she paused speaking whilst spanking her daughter hard. “You are going to be very sorry young lady, very sorry indeed.”

Amber was sorry, well sort of. She was still sorry she had been rude to her Mum but not sorry she was being spanked. Yes it stung, her bottom and the tops of her legs were smarting and still her Mum spanked her as she held her waist firmly. Amber didn’t know she was squirming but she was, and didn’t know her legs kicked when her Mum smacked the backs but they did.

“Now for the hairbrush,” her Mum said sternly as much to herself as for Amber’s benefit.

Amber felt a few taps of what she knew would be the wooden backed hairbrush her Mum had been holding, just like the one James had. She held her breath but when the hard flat wooden surface spanked her she burst out a scream. This was much harder than she had expected.

Her Mum wasn’t holding back. She was spanking her hard. After all Amber was twenty years old, had a bottom that was now redder than it had ever been before but a bottom that needed to be spanked. Her Mum was focussed on the spanking but kept a careful eye on the bottoms owner, Amber, who lay across her lap and accepted her punishment. Yes she kept saying how sorry she was but then don’t most people when they are being disciplined. James did, and she knew plenty of other Mums’ who spanked their teenage sons and daughters and when they discussed it over coffee all the Mum’s laughed at how their son’s and daughter’s would say almost anything as they were across their laps being spanked. It didn’t stop the other Mum’s and it didn’t stop Amber’s Mum.

Amber was crying and gasping and her legs were kicking and her bottom squirming as her Mum kept spanking her. Spank after spank until after what seemed forever the spanking stopped. Amber lay across her Mum’s lap as she kept on crying, her chest heaving. Slowly Amber recovered, her cries

turned to sobs, she realised the tears had flowed down her cheeks and filled her eyes and knew they would be red. Her bottom burned, a stinging tingling quivering burning. This is what she had expected. Pain swirling across her bottom and the tops of her legs.

“Get up when you are ready young lady,” her Mum ordered. “Stand in front of me with your hands by your sides.”

Amber edged herself up, still sobbing, desperately wanting to feel her bottom. Yes rub as well but to feel how hot her bottom was. Instead she looked at her Mum and waited. More scolding she supposed.

“Do you regret being rude Amber?”

Amber said between sobs, “Oh yes Mum, I’m really sorry, I ..”

Her Mum raised her hand. “Enough. Think about how naughty you have been but go and get yourself cleaned up then go to your room. You will stay there for one hour whilst you write out an apology for me, and it better be a good one.”

Amber turned, picked up her skirt, and the knickers that she had not realised she had kicked off, and went upstairs to the bathroom. She felt her bottom as she went up the stairs and yes it was beautifully hot. She got to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. Yes her bottom was a deep red and she knew it would be hard to sit down for quite a while. As she looked in the mirror her hand was on her pussy as she felt so aroused. She quickly washed her face before going to her bedroom. She had to stay there for an hour. Maybe next time she will be sent to bed early, another wish of hers, but an hour will be enough as she lay on the bed, her legs apart, and her fingers on her wet pussy as she stroked herself. She quickly brought herself to orgasm before starting again, more slowly this time, enjoying her fingers exploring her pussy, flicking her clit, until she again gasped in euphoria as she came.

Amber calmed herself down, looked at her watch and gasped as she realised forty five minutes had passed and she had to write her apology. Quickly she put her knickers on and her skirt, put her pillow on her chair and sat at her desk, got out some paper and a pen, and wrote her apology. It was several lines long and satisfied her Mum would be happy with it smiled to herself as she removed the pillow lifted her skirt up and sat back on the chair, gasping she sat on the hard surface, edging around the seat enjoying the tingling feeling, so pleased with herself she had at last been spanked.

After the hour was up her Mum walked in to her bedroom. No knock, just walked in. Amber looked up. Her Mum had a stony stare. “Well young lady, I hope you have your apology for me.”

“Yes Mum,” answered a contrite sounding Amber as she held up the handwritten note.

Her Mum scanned it, smiled, and her frosty look softened. “So Amber, your first spanking.” She paused, before saying, “The first of many I am sure.”

Amber nodded her head. That sounded good she reckoned. She was surprised when her Mum said, “You took long enough to ask though,” and smiled.

Amber didn’t know what to say. Her Mum continued, “I know you have wanted me to spank you for years but you never asked, you always seemed happy when it looked like I would spank you. I needed to be sure you see. Even when you stayed at Aunty Emma’s and you masturbated after watching James being spanked.” Amber covered her mouth with her hand and her face showed her shock as her Mum continued, “But when you were rude to me before I knew this time I should spank you, you really wanted me to.”

“You’ve known all along Mum?” Amber was almost in tears again at the humiliation of her Mum knowing she had wanted to be spanked.

“Yes, for years. It was the small comments you made. You will be thinking spanking when you say something or comment on something and assume no one else realises, but I knew, Mum’s generally do. We catch everything you know. But you always backed off when you got close and I didn’t push you. Maybe I should have done. Yes, probably I should have done, but I had to be more than sure and today I was.”

Amber went over to her Mum and they hugged. Amber cried and her Mum rubbed her back and as Amber calmed down her Mum rubbed her bottom, lightly smacking it a couple of times and Amber gasped as her bottom was already so sore but smiled when her Mum asked, “So young lady, I am reckoning I should discipline you in future with a good hard spanking. Do you agree?”

Amber replied eagerly, “Oh yes Mum I’m sure that will do me good.” Amber asked seriously, “Do I have to be rude Mum?”

Her Mum laughed. “No Amber, now I know you want to be spanked I can spank you for all the things I think deserve one. Here’s a list in fact which I typed on the computer whilst you were up here writing your apology.”

Amber’s Mum gave her daughter a stare as though saying, ‘Or whatever you were doing up here for the hour.’ Amber blushed as she thought about how much of the hour she had spent masturbating. Her Mum continued, “Anyway, I will keep a copy of the list on the computer so you check what’s on

the list. I'll make it read only of course so only I can add to the list." After a moment she added, "I don't suppose anything will ever come off the list of course."

Amber took the typed sheet of paper and glanced down the list. Yep, she breaks most of these rules regularly so it won't be hard to get spanked again.

Amber's Mum continued, "You can take it these are the things I want to change about your behaviour. You really can be so cheeky and naughty and I am sure spanking you will do you a lot of good." Amber looked at her Mum and nodded. Her heart beat faster as the realisation dawned on her spanking was out in the open and she can expect to be spanked again.

Amber's Mum took her daughters look as full acceptance. "Right, then young lady. So, twenty years old and still being spanked." Amber's Mum shook her head as though not quite understanding how anyone her daughter's age would want to be spanked but still smiled. She added, "Anything else young lady?"

Amber saw the smile which gave her another burst of bravado to make a further request. "Well Mum, what do you think about sending me to bed early if I get spanked?" When her Mum gave her daughter a half questioning look Amber asked earnestly, "Please Mum."

Her Mum put her hands up in feigned surrender. "OK Amber, I knew you were going to ask."

A shocked Amber asked, "How?"

Amber's Mum laughed. "I told you, its comments you make without realising. I remember two TV programmes we watched and you made comments about how the characters should be sent to bed early for what they did. I know you didn't think I understood what you meant but I did." Amber's Mum smiled, and continued, "Anyway, that works for me. A long hard spanking and then straight to bed." Her Mum waited a moment and added, "Shall we say 8 o'clock?"

"Cool Mum." Amber thought that was just right. That gave her ample time to masturbate and replay the spanking over in her mind.

Her Mum continued, "I have some rules for when you are sent to bed early." She saw Amber look concerned and continued, "When in bed you can leave your room to go to the loo but that's all. Anything else you shout out and I'll come to you. If it's something silly you'll get another spanking so be careful, in fact be very careful."

Amber nodded. This was getting serious but at the same time erotic. She was losing control, or more

exactly giving control to her Mum but that was very much what she wanted.

Her Mums smile disappeared and she said seriously, “So, let me be clear, I will spank you straight away when you are naughty but if I decide early to bed is also justified then I will spank you again at 8 o’clock and then put you to bed. OK?”

Amber thought a moment. That meant being spanked twice for the same offence. “Why?” she asked.

“Because young lady when you crawl in to bed early you need to be crying and your bottom needs to be stinging so it has to be straight after a spanking.”

Amber thought a double spanking sounded so erotic. “OK,” she accepted.

Amber couldn’t wait to tell Hannah how it went and that she will be spanked again in future. Maybe she can join the knickers club. The smile got wiped off her face though when her Mum said, “You need to understand Amber, I do love you dearly but now spanking is what will happen I am going to take your discipline very seriously. Don’t expect any easy spankings, just long hard ones.” She wasn’t sure Amber was taking her seriously enough so she looked at her watch and added as though being exasperated and wanting to make her point clear, “Actually Amber, there’s no time like the present. You will go to bed early today young lady. So as this is the start of the new regime you will go and get showered now then go back to your bedroom and sit on your bed holding the hairbrush. I want you in your nightdress ready to be spanked whenever I spank you before bedtime. If you shower now and I come up about ten minutes after your shower it will be just about 8 o’clock when I give you another spanking. ”

Amber blushed but she knew it was what she wanted. “Ok Mum, anything you say.”

“That’s right my girl.” Amber’s Mum said sternly then added rather more kindly, “This has benefits for me as well you know. I can’t tell you how I hated you sulking around the house after one of our arguments. Now there will be no more arguments. I will give you a good sound spanking and send you to bed early so I will get the rest of the house to myself and I will be all relaxed having taken my anger out on your bare bottom.” After a few moments her Mum’s face lit up and she exclaimed, “Of course, sulking. I didn’t put that on your list. I will add it and give you a new copy. I bet there are lots of things I missed off but I’ll add them. Yes indeed, don’t you worry young lady I’ll add them when I think of them.”

Amber saw the happiness on her Mum’s face which made her worried. Had she made the right decision? Is being spanked at 20 years old such a great idea? A pensive Amber took the hairbrush upstairs with her and took her shower. She put on her nightdress, rubbed cold cream on her already

sore bottom then sat on her pillow on her bed, the hairbrush in her hand, and waited for another spanking still wondering whether she had made the right decision. That is until she put her hand between her legs against her pussy squeezed her thighs tight together and felt a quiver run along her pussy, and when she ran her finger along her pussy and felt how damp she was she was sure she had made the right decision and even surer when she looked at how her taut nipples were pushing out through the front of her nightdress. Yes she was tense, and yes her bottom stung like never ever before and yes as she sat waiting for her Mum she knew very soon she will again be put across her Mum's lap and she will cry out as the stinging spanking progresses and tears will again flow down her face and her legs will again kick out when reacting to the fierce hairbrush. It was still right though for her.

Amber smiled as she knew at last her dream was realised. This is now real, not a fantasy, already spanked once today, the first time ever, painful, humiliating, but so satisfying. And soon it will be repeated. Then when in bed she will replay the spanking over in her mind as she masturbates. She shuddered momentarily as she thought how she still had to get through the spanking though.

Her regret now was she had waited so long to ask her Mum to spank her, but better late than never. Far better. When she heard her Mum's purposeful footsteps as she came upstairs, and as she breathed deeply in anticipation, her heart pounding, she wondered just how many times she would be spanked in future, and when she thought about the list of things that will earn her a spanking she smiled. Many times she was sure. Many many times.