Another Week with Auntie Beryl

By Thwackman

Published on Lush Stories on 20 May 2011

I took a nude spanking from Auntie Beryl in front of her attractive friends who then joined in.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/another-week-with-auntie-beryl-6.aspx

After my last stay with Auntie Beryl the year before, I was determined never to have to spend another day there with her and her sneaky daughter. Unfortunately, my parents had enjoyed their little holiday without us kids and had planned another week away.

“Jim, you’ll be staying with Auntie Beryl for the week,” My Dad announced.

“I am not staying there again,” I yelled, “I had a horrible time there … and I hate Kate.” I decided it would be best not to mention that I was punished on my bare bum with the cane on two occasions by Auntie Beryl, one time in front of two of Kate’s school friends. “I hate her, she’s nasty and she’s no fun.” I added.

“That’s ridiculous, Kate is your age and she’s very pretty. Anyway, it’s all arranged and Beryl seemed quite happy to have you back.”

I wasn’t surprised she was happy, she was probably planning to humiliate me again but I couldn’t tell my Dad that, so I shouted and argued and eventually got the cane for my troubles. And after all that I still had to go!

He drove me to Auntie Beryl’s in silence. I was not being cooperative but I couldn’t think of any way out of this. When we arrived he was clearly glad to be rid of me and couldn’t wait to set off home.

“Hello Jim, it’s good to have you back,” said Auntie to me and then to my father, “I assume the same arrangements regarding punishment, if necessary, will be acceptable?”

“Oh, er… yes.” said my father absentmindedly.

But Auntie wanted to be sure. "Just before you go I'd rather hear Jim confirm that he is willing to be punished, exactly the same as he was last time."

Jim recalled some of the excitement he had felt being naked in front of Kate and her friends and having his bum and cock spanked. "Yes, Auntie, I am willing to be punished like last time, if it becomes necessary."

“Good," said my father, "well, goodbye Jim, see you in a week. Thanks again Beryl, I’ll be back for him next Sunday.” And with that he got back in the car and left.

“Well Jim, you heard your father. I trust I won’t need to spank you during this visit but I have his permission if you deserve it and you've said you are willing to accept it. Let’s get your things up to your room.”

Auntie left me to unpack, having made sure I had seen the ‘black list’ of things that would be punished. As before, it began with :-

‘Be up, washed, dressed and down for breakfast by 7.30am having made the bed and tidied the room properly - Punishment 6 strokes of the tawse.’

I already knew from my previous visit that all punishments took place straight after dinner, at 7.00pm, in front of anyone who was there for dinner. And that the tawse was delivered on the bare bum with just a pyjama jacket to protect one’s dignity but the cane was given to you nude on the bare bum.

I read down the list, most of which had been there before. Two new items:-

‘Arguing with Kate - both of you will receive 6 strokes of the tawse.’

‘Fighting with Kate - both of you will receive 6 strokes of the cane.’ I put down the list, not sure that I wanted to read any more and pretty certain that Auntie would find a way to punish me whether it was on the list or not.

Kate was in her second year of A Levels, same as me and would be at school until tea time as our half terms were different but this also meant I would not get to spend much time with Kate’s friend Sarah who was great fun and a stunner too.

When Kate got home it was clear she was in a bad mood and seeing me did nothing to change that.

“Oh great, I’d forgotten you’d be here. How long do we have to put up with you this time?”

Her face fell when I told her I was staying until the following Sunday. I didn’t need to add that I was no more happy about it than she was. I tried to keep out of her way as she was so cross she was just

looking for trouble.

During dinner that evening Auntie told Kate & I that her friends Alison, Sue and Helen were coming over for coffee and a chat after lunch the next day and to make sure that we didn't mess up the place as she wanted everything to look right.

When we didn't say anything, she added "Is that understood?" looking at each of us in turn.

"Yes Auntie"

"Yes Mum."

The following morning I went out exploring and returned just in time for lunch. Auntie snapped at me as I walked in and I found she was cross because a cake she was making for her friends had gone wrong and she'd had to do it all over again.

We had a tiny snack lunch which left me starving. I thought I'd get in her good books by washing up the couple of plates we'd used, then I asked if I could help get things ready for her guests.

"You can put out those special biscuits on a plate," she said handing me a biscuit tin.

I opened a pack of expensive looking chocolate coated biscuits and laid them out on the plate. I checked that she was in the lounge and snuck back and took one; it was just as good as it looked. I was wondering if I could get away with two when I heard her behind me and swung round and doing so caught the plate which smashed on the floor.

"Have you just eaten one of my guests biscuits?" she fumed.

"No, Auntie." I lied but she moved up close and brushed crumbs from my chin.

"I will ask you once again."

"Just one. I'm sorry."

"You will be. First you steal a biscuit when you've just had a perfectly good lunch, then you break one of my special plates and to cap it all you tell me lies. Go to your room while I decide how to punish you."

I went upstairs with a feeling of dread, knowing that I would be punished after dinner and Kate would

see me being spanked. Though the fact that I would be semi-dressed in front of an 18 year old and her attractive mother who I guessed must be about 35 was making me aroused already.

Auntie’s guests were due to arrive soon. She called me down and told me the biscuits were ruined and that as I had spoilt their afternoon she had decided that I would be punished in front of her friends during the afternoon and not after dinner as usual. My mind swirled, I was to be punished by Auntie in front of three of her friends, this was worse than I’d feared.

“Do you mean I’ll be spanked like I was last year?” I asked. “Just wearing my pyjama jacket?”

“For taking a biscuit I will give you six strokes of the tawse. For lying and breaking my special plate I will give you six strokes of the cane. Do you understand?” I nodded solemnly, I understood only too well. Again, I felt the stirrings of excitement at the prospect of being spanked in front of females, this time it would be her friends.

Auntie told me to greet each guest when they arrived and to bring them through to the lounge. She added that when everyone was here she would explain to them what had happened and check that they did not mind witnessing my punishment. The door bell rang and I went to the front door and found Helen, a very attractive blond lady in her early 30’s, I said hello, explained who I was and brought her through.

The same procedure with Alison, about Auntie’s age, she was a slim busty brunette with long legs, and finally, Sue, who looked a little younger, she had a very pretty face but was plumper than the others.

They were now all seated on easy chairs in the lounge and looking up at Auntie Beryl who announced that she had something to tell them.

“Come here Jim,” she instructed, making me stand, red faced, next to her in front of her friends.

A few minutes later I was back in my room having heard them confirm that they were very happy to see me punished, especially after what I’d done. They agreed they would have tea and cake and then I would come down for my punishment.

Twenty minutes later I heard Auntie call, giving me two minutes to be ready and down in the lounge. I removed my clothes and slipped on my pyjama jacket. I felt my penis growing as I saw in the mirror that the full 8 inches would be totally on view to all the ladies sitting downstairs. I didn’t want Auntie to call again so I left my room and went down to the lounge.

Auntie made me stand in front of the three guests, who I noticed had moved their chairs to one side which would give them a clear view of my punishment.

She began, “Although Jim is 18 he has behaved like a young school boy and will be punished in front of you all. Apologise to my friends for stealing the biscuit.”

My cock was getting harder as I saw their eyes locked on to it. “I’m sorry I stole a biscuit.”

“Get the stool from the kitchen. Quickly.”

I returned trying to use it to hide my erection. Auntie placed it slightly to one side and, picking up the tawse, told me to bend over, feet either side of the stool legs. From my new position I saw the guests, sitting forward eagerly, eyes fixed on my cock.

Thwack, thwack, thwack, came the first three strokes each no doubt leaving a bright red mark. I decided to focus on their faces, flinching as the stinging strokes continued, thwack, thwack and one last stinging thwack flicked across my bum.

“Stand up. Take off your jacket and apologise to my friends for lying and breaking my plate.” I received another stinging prompt to encourage me to do what I’d been told.

Removing my top, I was stark naked and with a hard on to be proud of under any other circumstance. I stood less than two feet from these attractive ladies who were staring at my penis. “I’m sorry for breaking Auntie’s plate and for lying.”

She gave my cock a flick with the tawse, “I’m afraid he will need to be punished if you can’t control him.” she smiled and the ladies moved forward in their chairs. “Move the coffee table into the middle of the room and take up your position.”

My cock bounced from side to side as I dragged the table over in front of her friends, then I bent over, putting my feet either side of the table as instructed. Auntie took up her swishy cane and moved to one side, leaving them a clear view of proceedings.

Swish, swish, swish, I wanted to show how tough I was but, swish, the fourth stroke, caught me at the top of my legs and I yelled out. Swish, swish and it was over. I stood and ran my hands over my bum and could feel the lines criss crossing. My excitement at standing naked in front of four attractive women continued to grow and particularly as I was fairly certain that Auntie was going to spank my hard cock next.

When I stood up Auntie had already exchanged the cane for her flexible plastic ruler. “Face forward, hands out of the way on your head. I am now going to give him six strokes to remind you that it is impolite to wave your penis around at my friends.”

The three ladies had moved to the edge of their seats by now, anxious not to miss any part of this punishment. Thwack, one stroke across the shaft, thwack, another, this time along the length of the shaft, thwack a stroke on the underside of my shaft. She shifted position and thwack hit the head followed by another in the same place, making me cry out; a mixture of pain and excitement. She reminded me to keep my hands on my head and thwack struck me right on the tip of my cock.

I was about to move when she stopped me.

“I think that each of you should give Jim one stroke each on his penis to show him how upset you are that he seems unable to control himself.”

Sue was out of her seat in a shot and came over to stand in front of me. She ran her hand along my cock and then, stepping to one side, spanked it with the ruler.

Alison was next, she stroked her fingers around the head and along the underside of my cock which was now totally rigid. She hit the head of my cock with a stinging stroke, making me cry out again. Then she lifted it up to examine her work, thenbefore leaving me to Helen, sheslid back the foreskin, making me groan.

Helen stood very close to me and took my cock in both hands, stroking it gently before she spanked it with a perfectly weighted stroke on the tip making my eyes water.

Auntie told to remain there for five minutes before I would be allowed to return to my room. My erection refused to go as I knew their gaze was on me, until finally the five minutes were up. At that moment I heard a key in the front door and I started to head for my room.

But Auntie had other ideas, “Stay where you are Jim. I’ll tell you when you can go.”

Kate called from the hall, “Mum, I’m home.” before appearing in the doorway, seeing me stark naked from behind.

“Come over here, darling, I’m afraid Jim was very naughty this afternoon and had to be punished.”

Kate came round and couldn't help but stare at my cock which had grown in length and girth since she witnessed its punishment during my last stay a year ago.

“But all punishments are given at 7.00pm after dinner, they always have been.” complained Kate.

“On this occasion I decided that Jim should be punished in front of the people he’d most upset, but you’re right, Kate. I will punish him again this evening the proper way.”

Kate’s face lit up “Oh, that’s good, I wouldn’t want to miss his punishment.” and her eyes darted back to my hard on.

“Jim, you may go up to your room now. Get dressed and I will tell you when you can come back down.”

I picked up my pyjama jacket and left the room with mixed feelings as it was not over yet. Now I was to be punished in front of Kate who I knew would gloat out of sight of her mother. I had to find a way to get her into trouble and get my own back.