Another Week with Auntie Beryl - Part 2

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Spanked in front of Aunties friends and now her daughter who I hated but I'd turn the tables..

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I lay on my bed, as instructed by Auntie just after she told Kate that I would be punished again after dinner. My cock responded, as I remembered my punishment in front of three of Auntie's attractive friends that afternoon. This was strange but I realised that although it hurt I was aroused by the whole experience.

6 o'clock and I was called down for dinner. Kate was smiling as I arrived but stopped as her mother turned towards her. "As I told you earlier, Kate, I felt it was right to punish Jim in front of my friends as he had spoilt their day, but as you reminded me all punishments are normally given after dinner at 7 o'clock. So Jim," she said, turning to me, "I am going to give you another six strokes of the cane after dinner, this evening."

I thought about arguing, but realised I would suffer more so kept quiet.

At five to seven I was told to get ready and went to my room. I removed all my clothes and put on my short pyjama jacket, as required. I went back down, and noticed in the mirror how big my cock had grown at the thought of what was to come.

Auntie Beryl could not take her eyes off my cock. "I …..er…..I...er….Jim, explain to Kate why you are being punished."

I turned to face the table, very aware of my full erection and that I was not allowed to put my hands over it. I looked up to see Kate's eyes were also fixed on my cock.

I told her "I took one of Auntie's special biscuits that was meant for her friends and then I broke a plate."

"And you lied about stealing the biscuit," added Auntie Beryl.

"And I lied about stealing the biscuit. I'm sorry."

“Right, take off your pyjama jacket and bring over the coffee table.”

I removed it, brought the table over and bent over the end, my legs either side of the table. Knowing how vulnerable I was made me more excited than ever and my penis throbbed.

Auntie took up her position, to one side of me and began. Swish, swish, swish, swish the strokes came down sharp and fast. Swish, swish and I waited for the instruction to stand.

“Get up.”

As I rose I knew my cock was rigid and heard Kate’s take in a breath.

“Fetch the ruler!” said Auntie.

I returned from the kitchen, cock bouncing as I walked and stood facing her. She moved to one side and thwack, thwack, thwack spanked me along the shaft. Thwack, thwack, two more on the head and thwack, a final stroke on the tip. I glanced up to see Kate smiling wickedly, enjoying the display.

After five minutes in the corner I was ordered to return, stand in front of them to apologise. Unfortunately my hard-on had remained and after I’d apologised, Auntie gave me another three strokes across the head of my cock.

“Go to your room and wait for me to call you back,” instructed Auntie.

Eventually I was allowed to get dressed and come down.

I woke the following morning still thinking about the experience of the previous evening. It was now my fourth day at Auntie Beryl’s and with Kate at school, as our half terms were not the same week, I was bored. Much as I hated Kate at least her being around gave me something to do.

“I’m going to the park, Auntie,” I called.

“Make sure you are back before 1 o’clock,” she replied. It seemed as though she wanted any excuse to spank me.

I sat in the park watching some lads kick around a ball. Then one of them invited me to join them and I had a great time. Ron, the lad who called me over, and I got on really well so I asked Auntie if he could come over for dinner and she agreed.

I remembered that Auntie liked us to help with chores so I began to set the table for dinner. Kate gave me sneering smile as I carried cutlery out to the dining room. When she saw Ron she turned all coy and gave him a real smile.

As I left the kitchen the second time carrying plates she threw a cup which smashed in front of me.

“You clumsy oaf, you’ve smashed one of our cups!” she shouted, trying to make sure that Auntie Beryl knew it was me. Unfortunately for Kate, Auntie had just returned to the kitchen, she’d seen the whole episode and was furious.

“Go up to your room immediately,” she instructed her while I decide how you will be punished.

Kate looked mortified; instead of getting me into trouble she was now going to be punished and in front of Ron too, as all punishments were given in front of whoever was there at 7.00. She stomped upstairs and slammed her door while I started to clear up the broken cup.

Some time later Auntie called her down and told her, in front of both Ron and I, that she would be punished after dinner. Six strokes of the cane.

“No, Mum please, not the cane,” she pleaded, glaring at me and trying to avoid looking at Ron. She knew that having the cane as punishment meant having to be punished nude.

“Go back to your room. I will call you when dinner is ready,” her mum said.

When dinner was ready, Auntie told us to sit down so Ron and I chose the place opposite where I knew Kate would be spanked. I was treated to another glare from Kate when she realised why I had chosen those seats.

Dinner was over and at five minutes to 7.00pm Kate got up and went to her room. A couple of minutes later she came down the stairs wearing a tiny baby-doll nighty and stopped by her mother’s chair.

“Apologise to Jim for breaking the cup.”

“I’m sorry I broke a cup,” Kate mumbled.

“Take off your nighty.”

Reluctantly Kate lifted up the hem and slipped it over her head, giving us a fabulous view of her body. She had filled out since I last stayed and her breasts while bigger were still incredibly firm. Her mound had a little more hair and her body was beautiful.

“Explain to Jim and Ron why you are being punished.”

Kate knew that it would be worse if she argued. She stepped up to the table to stand in front of us and explained it was for trying to get me into trouble. I couldn’t help staring at her tits, her flat stomach and her slit. I could feel the blood pumping into my penis, fortunately hidden under the table and from the look on Ron’s face he was having the same problem. As I looked up I realised that Kate had just noticed the effect her body was having on us and had started to enjoy the situation.

“Bring over the coffee table and bend over,” Instructed Auntie.

I ached as I watched her breasts moving as she went over to the table. As she bent over to pick it up I had a perfect view between her legs but I was in pain as my erection was trapped hard against the table.

Kate put down the coffee table, came round and with her back to us she bent over. After a tap on the legs from Auntie, Kate spread her legs either side of the table, her slit parted and glistened. She knew exactly what effect she was having on us and that did nothing to help my discomfort.

Auntie stepped to one side, swishing the cane in preparation. Swish, swish, Kate moved from one foot to the other, spreading her legs even more widely as the red lines appeared. Swish, Kate cried out but sensibly kept still, swish, swish, the lines criss crossing her gorgeous cheeks. Swish, the final stroke was a stinger across the top of Kate’s thighs and finally she was allowed to get up. She faced us and began to rub her bottom which made her tits move beautifully. Discretely she smiled at Ron before going to stand in the corner until Auntie was ready.

Five minutes later, she was instructed to come back and apologise. Her breasts were so firm and her nipples erect as she stood directly in front of us.

“I’m sorry for trying to make it look as though you had broken the cup, Jim,” Kate stated but in her eyes I could see she was already planning her revenge.

“Go to your room, Kate, and I’ll tell you when you can come down.”

I was going to have to be careful, I had three more days to watch my back, but Ron didn’t appreciate my dilemma and all he was thinking about was being invited to dinner again.