Ash Under Supervision

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Ash yearns to be spanked but doesn't know how to find the right person, until she earns one

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/ash-under-supervision.aspx

This story iswritten for Ash, a lovely young lady living in India and soon to come to England. Her desire is to be spanked and this story describes one way that might happen.

22 year Ash had fantasised for some years about having her bare bottom spanked and whilst in her native India bare bottom spanking was not common she thought that once she came to England she would find someone to satisfy her fantasy. So when she finally arrived at her sister’s house and unpacked her things she was thinking already that maybe she will find the right person to spank her properly very soon.

Discipline at home in India was very different. Her Mum dispensed discipline there and she was so strict. All too often Ash lost her very short temper and after snapping at her Mum found herself sent to the naughty spot facing the wall with her hands on her head and her Mum smacking her shoulders which was the accepted style of smacking at home. Ash hated facing the wall and her Mum knew it so slowly the length of time Ash had to face the wall steadily increased and she often was left facing the wall for two hours or more. It was by chance Ash started to wonder about being spanked. A friend mentioned to her how a cousin in England had been spanked, explaining in graphic detail how her knickers were taken down and she was put across her Mum’s lap and spanked. To Ash it sounded erotic and whilst she stood facing the wall time and again, hour after hour, so she almost wished for the quick discipline of a spanking rather than the long drawn out boredom of facing the wall.

So Ash first wanted to be spanked when still living in India. She thought about asking her Mum to spank her and of course the best time would have been when being sent to face the wall. After all it was a short step from being smacked on her shoulder blades to being put across her Mum’s lap and spanked. However she was worried that the actual position, bent across her Mum’s lap and her face inches from the floor and her bare bottom facing upwards, was possibly too humiliating and she might

even be laughed at by her friends. So she decided pretty quickly she didn't want a family member to be the one to spank her. Someone unrelated would be needed. In the meantime Ash had tried out being spanked by acquiring a heavy plastic spoon which she used to spank her own bottom and thighs. The stinging sensation was both painful and erotic, so wanting a real spanking was a natural progression.

The reluctance to be spanked by a family member meant Ash already knew when coming to England she would not be asking her 25 year old sister Satya either. Prior to coming though Ash had scanned the internet and found the web sites of several women in the UK she would be quite delighted to have spank her. She was disappointed to discover though that they all lived so far away from her sister's place so she will still need to find someone more local to her. Her heavy plastic spoon was therefore safely packed in her case for use when living at her sister's.

Ash was glad to be living with her sister who she reckoned would give her more leeway than her Mum. Satya was divorced, had two children, and lived in a nice house close to the south coast. The location was idyllic and Ash thought that would make her sister relaxed, laid back. Not so. Ash soon discovered Satya was far more demanding than she had reckoned on. Satya showed Ash a letter from their Mum telling her to maintain a naughty spot because Ash was so short tempered she would need it to maintain discipline. Satya was given carte blanche to continue the family tradition of smacking the shoulder blades. Worse for Ash was that Satya was also short tempered.

One evening Satya was very annoyed with 22 year old Ash and stormed in to the living room and switched off the TV. The kids were at sleepovers and Satya had expected to be out for the evening and staying over with friends but her friend became ill so the evening was cancelled and she came home to find Ash had eaten the meal she had prepared for her but was too lazy to wash up. Satya had left specific instructions that Ash wash up before watching TV but here was a kitchen full of dirty pans and plates to wash up and dry.

Satya snapped, "Get up girl, I told you to wash and dry up the dinner things but all you are doing is watching TV." Ash stood up and immediately felt the tingle in her shoulders as though in anticipation of what might be the outcome and saw Satya half smirk in justifiable satisfaction that Ash was worried what her refusal to obey instructions might lead to. She pinched Ash's ear, ordered, "Face the wall girl and put your hands on your head whilst I clear up your mess," and walked her sister to the wall pressing her nose against it and making sure her hands were firmly on top of her head. She then smacked Ash firmly on each shoulder blade with the warning, "Do not take your hands from your head young lady."

Ash was regretting disobeying her older sister.

Satya then cleared up the mess, occasionally glancing at Ash checking her hands were still on her head but confident they would be. It took Satya nearly an hour to finish cleaning up and she made Ash face the wall the whole time and keep her hands on her head. Ash spent the time making sure her nose stayed pressed against the wall and forced herself to keep her hands on her head.

“I will be furious if you let this happen again Ash. Today I was supposed to be out but how often has it been that I go shopping or pick the kids up from school and get back to find the house in a mess. We may have had staff when in India but it is all different here Ash, very different.”

Ash scrunched her face up. She hated housework. Her sister wasn’t impressed Ash failed to answer her so stepped briskly across the room and saw Ash tense as she realised her sister was furious still and gasped at the expected smacks on her back, especially as Satya had the knack of really hurting.

“You need help young lady.”

“Do I?” Ash was being her usual sarcastic self.

Satya said defiantly, “Yes Ash. I was told today that I have to leave tomorrow and be away for two weeks for work. The kids will be with Auntie in London and that leaves you alone. Goodness knows what state the house will be in so I will arrange for someone to come and keep the house clean.”

“Good,” Ash snapped. Well actually that worked for her. A servant will be very useful she thought. Ash acted all nonchalant and asked, ‘Who?’

I have a really nice neighbour, Ruth, who is our Mum’s age, and she has a cleaner looking for extra work. I have asked her and she has agreed. Her name is Ingrid, she’s 24 years old and she is over here from Germany.”

Ash thought that sounded good. 24 so a couple of years older than herself but she will be the boss and Ingrid will just have to lump it.

“I would encourage you to say yes Ash.” The encouragement was several smacks on her back. When Ash just gasped but didn’t reply Satya smacked her again.

“OK, yes Satya, yes.” Ash thought she was being clever making her sister think she wasn’t happy about it. A servant though, how great was that thought Ash.

The smacking stopped and Satya said a simple but firm, “Good decision Ash.”

Ash kept facing the wall as she pondered what she would get her new servant to do. All sorts of things that will make her life even easier she reckoned. Ash wondered how quickly Ingrid would start work as Satya going away tomorrow. In fact things moved very quickly. Ash was still facing the wall as her sister made a phone call. “Yes, Ash will be delighted …. Yes, tomorrow will be just great. ….Yes perfect …. Yes I’m here now if she wants to come over and I can point things out for her.”

Satya said to the back of Ash’s head, “OK, stay facing the wall whilst I show Ingrid around, and keep your hands on your head my girl.” Ash’s hands pressed down on to her head, not wanting to be smacked any more. She knew her sister enjoyed watching her face the wall, knowing how pointless it was but if Satya thought it helped so be it. Ash kept her hands firmly on top of her head as Satya waited for Ingrid to come over.

Ingrid arrived and Satya brought her in to the kitchen and Ash could feel Ingrid coming to a halt as she saw Ash facing the wall with her hands on her head.

Satya said quite deliberately, “This is Ash, my younger sister. She is so naughty sometimes and this is how she is punished.” Then to Ash’s horror Satya explained to Ingrid that Ash must behave or else she should be told so she can be disciplined when she gets back.

“Disciplined? How?” asked Ingrid.

“Like this, standing facing the wall with her hands on her head,” Satya answered.

“Is that all?” Satya sounded amazed.

This wasn’t going the way Ash anticipated. How was Ingrid going to be her house servant if she knows Ash is disciplined and worse can tell Satya she has been naughty?

Satya asked, “What discipline would you give her then?”

“Well, I brought up my brothers and sisters and if they were naughty I put them across my lap and spanked their bare bottom until they cried and then some more.”

Ash gasped. Satya laughed and said, “Well in India we do not usually spank on the bottom and so the naughty spot is the main method of discipline and smacking the back also.”

“Really? How strange. I have heard that spanking does happen there,” Ingrid replied.

“Well that is true, but not like here. Not so much on the bare bottom.”

Ash wanted to say something, to show Ingrid she was the one in control, but that wasn't going to happen with her facing the wall with her hands on her head.

Ash didn't know then that Ingrid was one of four siblings, the second youngest but the most responsible of the four, and had been left to bring her sisters and brothers up as her parents were away so much. Ingrid spanked every one of her siblings, including her older sister and even her brother who is just a year younger than her.

The following day Ingrid arrived and the first few days passed by easily as Ingrid settled in to her new job, usually coming in to the house about 4 o'clock before Ash got home, and leaving about 8 o'clock. She cleaned, tidied up, and cooked for Ash who was actually quite happy with the arrangement, being genuinely lazy. Ash was quite taken by Ingrid in fact. Ingrid turned out to be a nice homely 24 year old with a happy smile, and tended to wear sleeveless tops and short shorts. Ash introduced Ingrid to her own selection of clothes and she particularly enjoyed the feel of Ash's sexy silky underwear. Daily life settled down well. Ingrid looked after the house, Ash went to work and came back tired as usual but Ingrid made dinner and washed up afterwards.

It changed on the first Saturday when Ingrid started at 12 noon, earlier than usual. Ash noticed immediately that Ingrid was wearing a sleeveless top, shorts, and black high heeled shoes so when she stood up she towered over her. So sexy thought Ash as she looked at the 24 year old who had flashing eyes that stared right in to her. Ingrid made lunch and afterwards Ash was relaxing after lunch feeling sexy in her lace underwear and before she knew it was using her vibrator like she had so often before. She quite forgot Ingrid was downstairs washing up though. After enjoying her orgasm Ash took a shower and with her towel wrapped around her went back to her bedroom to find Ingrid sitting on her bed, her legs crossed, and holding Ash's vibrator. Ash double took before licking her lips and decided to brazen it out.

"Hi Ingrid," Ash said trying to sound unconcerned.

Ingrid ignored Ash's apparent lack of concern. Satya had told Ingrid to look out for this knowing it would not be long before Ash would want to satisfy her sexual arousal. Satya had told Ingrid it wouldn't take long. It hadn't.

"What is the meaning of this Ash?" Ingrid demanded to know.

Ash shrugged her shoulders.

Ingrid stood up, went over to Ash and stuck the tip of the vibrator against Ash's nose. "This is yours

isn’t it Ash, your sex on the end. It is isn’t it Ash?”

Ash closed her eyes at the smell. How often had she masturbated and put the tip of the vibrator to her nose and enjoyed the perfumed smell of her sex. Yes she knew it was her. Of course she did as she had been using it only minutes earlier. She should have washed it off as she usually did before her shower but she forgot. Another stupid mistake.

Ingrid was pressing Ash. “Shall we call Satya and tell her Ash?”

That brought a look of concern to Ash’s face. After all she knew her sister was at a business lunch right then. She didn’t want to discuss her vibrator with her sister over the phone with her business colleagues listening. That was far too risky. She looked at Ingrid in her high heels, looked up to her actually, and all she could think of was just how sexy and commanding Ingrid looked. Still, she didn’t want to have to discuss using her vibrator with her sister and just wanted to get away.

Ingrid pressed though. “Well Ash? Do we discuss it with Satya or shall we deal with it here?”

Ash didn’t answer. She wasn’t sure what Ingrid was getting at. If Satya found out she had used her vibrator she would get a telling off, which was boring, face the wall for an hour, which was really boring, probably get half a dozen hard smacks on her back, but that was it. No big deal, so why the threats? Ash did wonder though what Ingrid was suggesting when she asked if ‘We deal with it here?’

Ingrid was getting annoyed at Ash’s reluctance. “Do you need time to think about it Ash?”

Ash looked up. Yes, time would be good. “Could I?”

“No problem.” Ingrid jumped up and grabbed Ash by the arm. “You can face the wall while you think.”

Ash was about to complain but was still quite taken by the statuesque Ingrid in her high heels as Ingrid tugged her arm and her voice was so strict sounding, sexy even. Ash allowed herself to be walked to the wall although she sensed power was transferring. Ingrid was imposing her authority, the 24 year old over the 22 year old. Ingrid had Ash face the wall, and snapped, “Press your nose against the wall Ash. Then you can take as long as you want.”

Ash felt her own breath bounce back from the wall. She heard Ingrid leave her room and a few moments later returned. “Here is the list of rules your sister left me Ash. It definitely says if you are caught using your vibrator I have to tell her.” Ingrid went and stood right behind Ash and in a forced whisper said in to her ear, “So Ash, once again, do we discuss this with Satya or do you want me to deal with you? You can decide.”

Ash wondered about the change of terminology. ‘Shall we deal with it here,’ has changed to, ‘Do you want me to deal with you.’ What did that mean Ash wondered? Could it be a reference to the fact Ingrid spanked her brothers and sisters? Was that how she would deal with her?

Ingrid stood back and said sternly, “Maybe this will help. I think you need to lose the towel. Make sure you keep your hands on your head.” Ingrid grabbed the towel and yanked. The towel flew away from Ash’s body. The air hit her immediately. At least she was wearing her lace underwear set. That is until Ingrid snapped, “Bra and knickers off as well Ash. You can stand facing the wall in the nude as long as you want but maybe it will speed up your thinking time.”

Ash was too surprised to argue and asked, “What do you mean Ingrid?” Ash was suddenly thinking this wasn’t going to end up with a telling off and thought again about the fondness Ingrid seemed to have with spanking. She didn’t need to be naked for a telling off so it would most likely be something quite different.

Ingrid allowed Ash a few moments to think about options before dropping the next bombshell. “By the way, I was cleaning your desk and knocked your computer. You hadn’t switched it off you know and the screen came on. Guess what it had on it?”

Ash gasped. She tried to remember to switch her computer off when not in the room but being lazy instead of switching off her computer she knew the screen blanked after twenty minutes or so and often just left it on. Ash realised what Ingrid was getting at. Of course. The last time she was watching porn and what was worse it was a spanking video of a woman spanking another woman. Ash assumed Ingrid had seen it, and knew Ash’s secret.

As though reading Ash’s mind, Ingrid said in a furtive tone, “So Ash, spanking turns you on does it?”

Ash remained silent, actually unable to speak. Whilst she had fantasised about being spanked she hadn’t really expected it to ever happen, not as all the women on the web sites lived so far away. Anyway, not at 22 years old either. She just watched the stuff because it got her aroused. At least Ingrid didn’t know she spanked herself as well as that was the closest she could come to actually being spanked. Now this, Ingrid looking sexy, and powerful, and of course right now very threatening and looking more and more as though she might actually spank her. Ash asked, “What do you mean Ingrid?”

Ingrid didn’t answer. Instead she stood right behind Ash, breathing on to her neck, and snarled through gritted teeth, “I mean this young lady.” Ingrid pulled her hand back and gave Ash a hard spank on her left bottom cheek. Ash gasped, Ingrid said firmly, “Do not move young lady, I haven’t

finished yet.”

Ash kept her nose against the wall and her hands on her head as she felt her bottom tingle with the first hand spank she had ever had on her bottom. What was clear to Ash was that Ingrid was expecting to discipline her. At first Ash was scared but then thought that maybe it wasn’t so bad. After all she had hoped to be spanked and here she was being remonstrated to by someone who clearly wanted to do just that.

Ash jumped when Ingrid demanded, “I said bra and knickers off and that’s what I mean. Now turn around and get them off.”

Ash immediately and obediently turned, put her arms behind her, and unclipped her bra. Ingrid held out her hand and Ash slipped the bra down her arms and handed it to Ingrid. Ash then bent down as she slipped her knickers down her legs stepping out of them fully aware Ingrid was looking at her pussy with a smirk. Again Ingrid held out her hand and took Ash’s knickers, before pointing to the wall and watched Ash turn back to the wall, push her nose against it and put her hands on her head.

Ash was nervous now, expectant as well, starting to wonder just what a spanking will really be like. No longer a fantasy. The real thing. Being naked in front of the 24 year old cleaner told Ash that Ingrid had taken another step towards control and Ash knew it. Ingrid waited several minutes whilst Ash stood straight with her hands on her head. She then came up behind Ash and put her finger lightly on the back of Ash’s neck and ran her finger slowly down Ash’s bare back as Ash groaned in delight, more so as Ingrid’s finger continued past Ash’s waist and down to her bottom, finishing with a squeeze of her bottom cheek. Ash gasped in surprise and enjoyment at the same moment.

“Turn,” Ingrid snapped.

Ash turned and Ingrid immediately saw Ash’s nipples were erect.

“Legs apart young lady,” Ingrid repeated firmly and Ash immediately obeyed, her legs apart but her hands still on top of her head. Ash was being very co-operative now. Ingrid put her finger just below Ash’s neck and ran her finger down between Ash’s firm breasts with tantalizingly erect nipples, her finger continuing down Ash’s stomach, down to her pussy, running her finger along Ash’s damp pussy, lingering on her luscious vagina lips, listening to Ash’s heavier breathing, savouring the sounds, as she ran her finger deeper and gently inside. Ingrid took her finger away and raised her fingers to Ash’s nose. “Isn’t this the same smell as your vibrator Ash, don’t you think?”

Ash breathed in and felt so aroused by her own sex smell. “Yes,” Ash admitted huskily.

Ingrid put her finger on Ash's lip and said, "My finger needs cleaning Ash, go on, lick it."

Ash opened her mouth and sucked on Ingrid's sex covered finger, licking her own cum off it, allowing her tongue to remain on Ingrid's finger. At that moment Ash decided. She didn't want her sister to know about this. That decision was pretty much made when Ingrid used the words, 'Shall I deal with you.' How sexy was that? Then when Ingrid grabbed the towel away from her and made her undress she knew Ingrid was fully capable of controlling her. When Ingrid ran her finger over her and fingered her, that was when there was no doubt left. Ingrid wasn't scared to be in control.

Ash said to the 24 year old after sucking her cum from her finger as she stood there in her high heels and sleeveless top and bare legs in her tight shorts, "Please Ingrid, please will you deal with me."

Ingrid smiled. "You accept you deserve a spanking Ash?"

"Yes, I so deserve a spanking Ingrid." Ash found Ingrid's voice so exciting, strict as well, but so arousing.

"Right, so you are want me to spank you rather than phone your sister then?" Ingrid was enjoying the power, so reminiscent of when she spanked her siblings.

Ash was already feeling so submissive. "Yes please Ingrid."

"No problem," Ingrid said in an off-hand tone, "In fact it will be my pleasure."

Ash wondered if Ingrid really would take pleasure from spanking her. If she did that could make it interesting. One woman who enjoyed giving another woman a spanking. That really would be something she thought. Just like the videos she watched so enviously.

Ingrid saw Ash thinking. She unsettled her by saying, "Let's go Ash," and took her arm and led her to the chest of drawers against the wall. Ash was so surprised when Ingrid took out the wooden backed hairbrush from the top drawer. How did she know it was there? Ash had purchased the hairbrush a few weeks before to replace the heavy plastic spoon and used it to spank herself but thought no one knew it existed, yet Ingrid went straight to it. How did Ingrid know to look there though, in just that drawer?

Ingrid sensed the question. "You silly young girl Ash. You left the drawer open the other day and the hairbrush was on top. There was no hair at all in the bristles, not even small ones, and you have a full head of hair so there would be bound to be something. So when I saw the video, then the hairbrush, and added one plus one I got two. I wasn't sure but the look on your face is a dead giveaway. You

spank yourself don’t you young lady?”

Ash was speechless. Ingrid laughed and holding the hairbrush and still with a firm hold on Ash’s arm, she led Ash to the other side of the bedroom and sat on the upright chair. Seconds later the naked Ash was across her lap being held firmly by her waist. Ash was looking at the carpet and angled her head to see Ingrid’s bare leg pretty ankle and black high heeled shoe and realised just how weird but wonderful a position it was to be across Ingrid’s lap, her bare bottom pointing upwards whilst the most comfortable position for her head was looking down at the floor just a few inches away. Just as she had imagined so often. The thought was short lived though as she felt Ingrid’s firm hold on her waist and her open palm rubbing her bottom up and down around and around.

Ingrid asked, “Did your sister tell you I have three siblings, I’m the second youngest, but was responsible for discipline in the family as both my parents had full time jobs? I spanked one or other of my brothers and sisters three or four times a week so I am very experienced. It’s why Satya took me on.”

Ash listened to Ingrid’s gloating tone as she rubbed her bottom. Wow, so Ingrid had spanked her brothers and sisters so this wasn’t the first time. In fact she will be rather skilled. Maybe that is why Ingrid had sounded so confident when telling Ash off? Well, that didn’t matter right now. What mattered was what was going to happen. 22 year old Ash was across the lap of 24 year old Ingrid and about to be spanked. Her first real spanking ever.

Ash felt Ingrid’s thigh tense and next second the first spank landed on her bare bottom. Ingrid spanked Ash on alternate bottom cheeks for quite a while until she focussed first on one bottom cheek landing spank after spank on the same cheek, then focussing on the other bottom cheek. Ash was soon squirming around on Ingrid’s lap particularly when the 24 year old spanked the backs of Ash’s legs, hard stinging spanks. Ingrid knew how to spank.

Ingrid looked down at Ash’s bottom and enjoyed the way she was turning it redder and redder. She knew her spanks will sting and when she felt particularly wicked she aimed her open palm at the backs of Ash’s legs and enjoyed the way they kicked out as Ash gasped in pain. Spanking the girl only two years younger than herself was actually fun compared to spanking her brothers and sisters. This wasn’t going to be the last time either she knew.

Ingrid decided it was time for the hairbrush. There was the smallest break in spanking as she picked up the wooden backed paddle brush, tapped Ash’s already red bottom, lifted the brush and immediately brought it down hard on the 22 year olds bottom. Ash kicked harder as she felt the spank from the hairbrush, an all encompassing pain, as Ash was spanked so thoroughly.

Ash kept crying for quite a while after Ingrid stopped spanking her, her breasts heaving and brushing against Ingrid's bare legs, Ingrid rubbing her bottom and the backs of her legs. Ash calmed down still sobbing but slowly recovering her composure. Ingrid rubbed Ash's bottom and when she was more composed gasped when Ingrid announced, "Nope, missed a bit here Ash," and proceeded to spank Ash time and again on the same spot of the same bottom cheek with the wooden paddle brush. Ash didn't count but reckoned Ingrid spanked her over two dozen times on the same spot as she kicked and squirmed and shrieked out in pain before Ingrid relaxed saying, "That's better Ash, much better."

Ash cried for a long time and kept on sobbing whilst Ingrid again rubbed her bottom and the backs of her legs, edging her hand down the inside of Ash's thighs and when Ash moved her legs apart ran her fingers along Ash's wet pussy. Ash lifted her bottom encouraging Ingrid to caress her pussy harder. Ingrid obliged for a while knowing the more Ash gyrated her bottom the more control she would exercise over her. Ash needed to cum but Ingrid wasn't ready to let Ash satisfy herself. Not this time. She wanted Ash to beg for it and knew today she wasn't ready. Instead she stopped caressing Ash and with a slap ordered, "Up you get Ash and get washed." Ash got up disappointed she was still without an orgasm but thinking her discipline was at least over, that is until Ingrid added, "Do not get dressed Ash. You will stay naked until I leave the house. Do you understand?"

Ash was disconcerted at the instruction but did as she was told. She sniffed and sobbed still, unable to speak, so nodded her agreement but that wasn't good enough for Ingrid who said sternly, "Come here."

Ash went quickly over to Ingrid and looked up in to her flashing eyes, more conscious than ever that Ingrid towered over her in her high heels. Ingrid took Ash's arm, spun her around and spanked her bare bottom six times on each cheek, Ash gasping after each spank.

"You will answer me, not just nod."

Ash quickly said, "Yes Ingrid, sorry Ingrid."

"In fact Ash, you will address me as 'Miss' when I come here, so long as no one else is here. Understood, if we are alone you will always address me as 'Miss.'

Ash was still sobbing and rubbing her bottom but forced herself to answer submissively, "Yes Miss."

"That's better my girl," Ingrid said in a stern but more relaxed tone satisfied that control was wholly hers. "Now go and get washed."

Ash went to the bathroom her bottom still stinging crazily. She went to the mirror and looked at her

bottom which was so red, as well as the tops of her legs. Yes the spanking hurt, but now the tingling stinging feeling was somehow sensual, exciting. Ash lightly rubbed her bottom and with wonderment realised her bottom was so warm. Slowly she pressed harder as she rubbed enjoying the sensation. Ash even looked in the mirror and smiled at herself. Yes, the spanking was just what she had hoped for. It hurt, a lot, when she was spanked, but now all she wanted to do was lie on her bed and masturbate.

A few minutes later Ash had washed and was back in her bedroom still naked. She was so aroused and needed to cum, had to cum, and listening to check Ingrid was downstairs she lay on her bed put her hand over her pussy and rubbed, slowly at first then harder and faster until her breathing deepened her pussy quivered and she came with the best orgasm she had had for a long time.

Ingrid knew Ash would masturbate and when all was silent upstairs she went back up and stood outside Ash's bedroom and when she heard the final throes of Ash's second orgasm she stamped on the floor to tell Ash she was coming and by the time she knocked and opened Ash's door Ash was sitting up her breasts were bare and her nipples standing proud as she looked and felt guilty.

Ingrid asked coolly, "Are you being naughty Ash?"

Ash answered too quickly, "No Ingrid, just resting. I mean no Miss."

Ingrid hid her grin when she heard Ash correct herself and hold her breath seeing if she would be punished again. Ingrid was off hand when she said, "OK, just making sure because if I thought you masturbated again I would spank you again you know." The look she gave Ash told her she knew and Ash realised Ingrid had let her off. Still she thought she had better keep the lie going.

"I haven't Miss, I promise."

Ash's heart was pounding. She had masturbated and lied about it. Two reasons to be spanked. Maybe she should admit what she had done, but then she had already lied so what was the use. No, she would keep to the lie.

Ingrid chose the moment to ask, "So Ash, now I have spanked you do you agree that if you break any more rules I should deal with you myself and not bother Satya?"

Ash swallowed, looked again at sexy controlling Ingrid and said a quiet, "Yes Miss, please Miss."

"Good," Ingrid snapped.

Ingrid left Ash in her bedroom to rub cream in to her bottom and went in to the garden and phoned Satya well out of earshot. “Yes I spanked her for masturbating and I know she masturbated again afterwards but let her off. Next time I won’t though and that will keep her on her toes.”

Satya was relieved as in fact it was she who had seen the video on Ash’s computer and she who had come home unexpectedly and heard Ash spank herself with the wooden backed hairbrush. It was just that she could not bring herself to discipline Ash herself. Instead she knew Ingrid used to spank her brothers and sisters and arranged for her to discipline Ash. The plan worked. Satya thanked Ingrid, saying, “Oh at least you will control her and that takes the pressure off me. Add any rules you want and spank her for them.”

Ingrid went back in to the house delighted Satya had given her control over 22 year old Ash, confident the 22 year old would earn another spanking very soon. She has already thought of several new rules she will run through with Ash.

Ash came downstairs and went in to the living room to find Ingrid cleaning in there. “Oh sorry Miss,” Ash said to Ingrid.

Ingrid turned and smiled, “No problem, you can be in here as well, in fact sit at the table.”

Ash saw only hard chairs at the table, looked at Ingrid, and decided it was best to do as she said. Ash had looked again in the mirror and some bruises had appeared on her bottom, the result of the hairbrush, so she knew her bottom was too tender for the hard wooden seat but she had to obey so sat gently on the chair, gasping as her bare reddened and bruised bottom touched the hard wood, and saw Ingrid grinning. Ash forced herself to smile back, starting to feel more relaxed in the 24 year olds presence, even though she was still naked. In fact Ash was enjoying the submissive role she was now expected to take with the 24 year old.

Ingrid said after a while, “Mrs Ruth has a son and daughter in their twenties.”

Ash knew them, or at least said hullo when she saw them.

Ingrid continued, “She spanks them both.”

Ash gasped wide eyed. She didn’t know that.

“I often arrive to hear one or other of them being spanked, or they have red eyes from crying. Mrs Ruth has a very quick temper. A bit like me.” Ingrid smiled when she saw to frown on Ash’s face when she realised what that meant. Ingrid continued, “I watched her spank her son again yesterday. He

cried so much. Just like you did today.”

Ash asked, “Should I address her as Mrs Ruth as well then?”

Ingrid laughed. “I don’t suppose so.” Ingrid looked more focussed when she added, “Of course if she ever spanked you then you might have to.

Ingrid left the thought in Ash’s mind. Ruth is her Mum’s age and she began to imagine herself being spanked by her neighbour. Ash decided to befriend her neighbours. Who knows, maybe one day she will earn a spanking from Mrs. Ruth. Who knows?

Ingrid left an hour later and Ash went upstairs to get dressed. She remembered Ingrid’s last words. “Be good Ash, if I catch you breaking any rules don’t forget I will spank you.” Ash stepped in to her knickers and as she pulled them up they stung slightly. Instinctively she rubbed her bottom, then her hand came round to between her legs and she rubbed her pussy and felt the dampness already through her knickers. She lay on her bed and took her knickers down again, her fingers rubbing her pussy, pressing harder, edging inside, flicking her clit time and again and soon she was moaning and groaning as she brought herself to another this time mind blowing orgasm, no longer scared Ingrid would hear her, no longer restricted by the threat or fear of another spanking, free to caress and fondle herself, until the wave of orgasms consumed her.

Ash thought of Ingrid, powerful, assertive. Of course it is now Miss as she will obediently, submissively, even gladly address her. Now that Ash had experienced her first real spanking she knew she wanted to be spanked again and wondered how quickly she would break another rule and have Miss catch her. Very soon she reckoned, at least once her bottom stopped stinging and she could sit down comfortably again.