David's landlady part 5

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David's landlady introduces her daughter Mary and soon to be son in law Oliver.

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"Mummy I've definitely decided I'm going to marry Oliver" came breathlessly down the telephone.
"Darling this is a bit premature isn't it, last time I was talking to you were still undecided".
"I know Mummy but he's so compliant now I only have to give him a maintenancepunishment once every 2 weeks and I followed your advice about caning him if he came before me and it has worked wonderfully well, 10 hard strokes of the cane, a week in the spare room with no sex, as much oral as I can take and he can masturbate to his hearts content in the bathroom. Mummy he's so considerate now I'm almost tempted to suck his penis as a reward".
"Steady on darling don't get carried away, I'm delighted with what you say but you know, what with you living so far away I've only met Oliver twice and hardly know him".
"That's one of the reasons I've phoned, I'm going away on business for 10 days next month and thought that you could come up and look after Oliver while I'm away, can you make arrangements for David do you think, oh and how's your wrist, back to operational fitness I hope?"
"David's bottom can confirm that the wrist is fine now, Barbara gave him a good thrashing with her strap while I was incapacitated, she's certainly an expert with that, I'll ask she if she can look after David, I'll let you know".
So it was that 3 weeks later Linda drove the long way north to Manchester and knocked on the door of Mary's house. "Lovely to see you Mrs Robinson" said Oliver as he kissed her on the cheek in greeting.
"Lovely to see you too Oliver, butif you're going to marry Mary you better call me Mummy" She hugged and kissed her daughter while Oliver took her case upstairs.
"Well if you give me a lift to the airport on Monday morning I will be back a week on Wednesday, we can have this weekend together and you can get to know Oliver while I'm away. now remember Oliver Mummy's in charge while I'm away, you treat her as you treat me do you understand".
"Of course Mary I'm sure we will get along very well."
So Linda took her daughter to the airport and settled down to a comfortable routine with Oliver. He went to work early in the morning before she arose and came back fairly late in the evening. He was punctilious in telling Lindawhen he would be home and she had good meal waiting for him when he arrived.They chatted in the evening and went to bed quite happily. On Thursday evening Oliver told Linda that he would take her out to a lovely restaurant on Friday and to be ready at 7.30pm. Linda

prepared herself with a simple black dress that hugged her figure slightly more than decency demanded and offered a cleavage that was too much to ignore. Oliver, not for the first time, admired his mother in law to be and complimented her lavishly upon her looks. He proudly followed her the length of the restaurant as the waiter led the way. The food was delicious, the conversation never faltered and the wine slightly overcame them both. Back in the house Linda kissed him on the cheek and thanked him for a lovely evening. "I'll cook us scrambled eggs and bacon for breakfast, about 9am, no need to rush in the morning, you can come down in your dressing gown".
On the morning Linda rose and washed her face, sprayed some cologne onto herself, admired her short white cotton nightdress in the mirror, admired her breasts visible both through her nightdress and her cleavage, she turned around and ensured that her bottom showed through covered in pale pink panties and went down stairs to cook. Oliver followed 10 minutes later and pulled up short as he saw Linda. "Good morning darling, come and give Mummy a kiss, breakfast is nearly ready" he kissed her on the cheek and peered down her cleavage, Linda pretended not to notice but carried on cooking and chatting while Oliver could not keep his eyes off her. "There we are darling" said Linda as she leaned forward and put Oliver's breakfast in front of him, went to get her own and carried on chatting as she ensured he had a good rear view of herself inher semi transparent thin cotton nightdress and light pink panties. God he is so obvious thought Linda, it seems a shame to break the spell, but break it she did. "So how often have you masturbated since Mary left darling" said Linda as she took a mouthful of bacon and egg and offered her breasts for view again. Oliver was dumb struck, he forced his eyes from her cleavage to her face, his moth went dry, she smiled sweetly at him. "Mummy " he stuttered, "I couldn't possibly tell you that", his face reddened and he looked down.
"Oliver look at me, into my eyes, and listen carefully, I asked a question to which I want an answer, now I will ask once again and if you do not answer me truthfully I will take you upstairs and thrash you bare bottom with one of Mary's canes and then we will come back here and I will ask you again, so, think carefully,how often have you masturbated since Mary left on Monday?" Oliver looked at Linda, she smiled again but with her mouth not her eyes, they were firm and bored into him, she seemed to be reading him, he wilted, God, her daughter was powerful but she could see right through him, she was toying with him, he knew he was totally fucked.
"Twice Mummy" he whispered.
"When and wherepreciselу"
"Once in my bathroom at the office and in bed last night"
"What did you think about last night as you masturbated" Oliver looked at her, tears formed in his eyes.
"I thought about how attractive you looked in your black dress Mummy".
Linda thought about this and allowed the pause to unsettle Oliver even more as he squirmed in his seat, red face downcast. Linda played a hunch, not too difficult really.
"When you masturbated last night what, apart from your penis of course, did you have in your hand".
He looked at her, again into her eyes, briefly, their was no escape.
"A pair of Mary's panties Mummy."

"Go and get them" Oliver returned with a brief pair of white cotton panties and put them on the table.
"Tell me Oliver, what are Mary's rules about masturbation".
"I'm not to masturbate in the bedroom and I have to tell he every time that I do it".
"So you broke the rules 3 times, you did not tell me of the 2 occasions and you did it in the bedroom. Also you used Mary's panties. I am going to give you a sound thrashing but first get the phone and ring Mary and I will listen to you telling her everything, and I mean everything." Oliver stuttered and struggled through his conversation with Mary, but with reminders from Linda he eventually managed all of it."
"Mummy he's so naughty, give him a really good caning and make sure the marks are there for me to see when I come home on Wednesday, oh and tell him he will get the same again from me as soon as I get home".
"Of course darling, alright if I use his facilities afterwards".
"Mummy you are dreadful, mouth and tongue only mind".
"Of course darling".
Linda turned the phone off and faced Oliver. She smiled, with her eyes this time. "Right my boy, upstairs, bring those panties with youand show me where Mary keeps her canes". She selected a thin whippy cane, about 3 feet long and took Oliver into her bedroom.
"Right my boy, dressing gown off". Oliver complied and stood facing her in his boxer shorts.
"Boxers too"
He stripped off his shorts, put them with the dressing gown and stood to face Linda. his penis was straining northward, he was slightly plump but well endowedas Mary had told her. She walked around behind him, buttocks reasonably firm but this boy needed more time in the gym. She walked in front of him and stood very close, she sensed his fear, she cupped his scrotum in her hand and rolled his testicles. "I see that you are very aroused, do you enjoy being punished?"
"No Mummy"
"Then why is your penis erect?"
"I don't know Mummy it always is when Mary is going to punish me as well".
She continued to roll his testicles in her hand. "What does Mary wear when she canes you Oliver?"
"Sometimes she is naked, other times she wears panties or a thong, sometimes she is fully dressed".
"How would you like me dressed Oliver" There was a lengthy pause.
"Naked Mummy please".
"I'll cane you harder if I'm naked, do you still want Mummy naked?"
"Yes please" Oliver croaked.
She put the cane on the bed and pulled her nightdress over her head, she turned and faced him dressed in pale pink panties, her pubic hair pushing out of all sides, she hooked her thumbs into the waste band and pulled them down, stepping out of them and handed them to Oliver. "Hold these" she said. He instinctively pushed the warmth into his face, breathing deeply as Linda turned to the bed to collect her cane. She stood facing him, he with her warmpanties pushed into his face, she, solid, statuesque, breasts with swollen nipples, slightly drooping, strong thighs, dark pubic hair dominating

between her thighs.
"Take those panties from your face and listen carefully. I want you to face this large mirror, take Mary's panties and wrap them around your penis. I want you to face the mirror and masturbate. When you ejaculate I want you to do so into my panties, right into the gusset. Make sure every drop goes in there and nothing on the floor. As you masturbate I will cane your bottom. I will not stop until you ejaculate. You may start now".
She stood behind Oliver who was watching himself in the mirror and her as she raised her cane. She caned him rhythmically and steadily, varying the strength of the stroke but at a fast tempo. He was almost unaware of the stripes on his bottom as he luxuriated in the feel within and around his penis, his excitement of seeing Mummy naked, her breasts bouncing with the cane, masturbating in front of her, he felt his penis thicken as a climax approached. Linda noticed also and increased the strength of her strokes, hard, solid blows significantly marking the target. Oliver became aware of an increasing pain in his bottom, he pumped furiously, willing himself to come, he watched Mummy thrash and thrash him, he exploded into a massive ejaculation, he sank to his knees and squeezed his semen into the gusset of Mummy's pale pink panties, he remained kneeling, gasping, squeezing, oh what a climax, oh what an experience, did he love his Mummy?
Linda waited and watched, she was breathing heavily, her nipples engorged, her vagina very damp.
"Now Oliver, put the panties by the door, you can wash them later. Mary wants to see some cane marks on Wednesday, when incidentally, she will cane you again, so I want you to bend over the end of the bed and I will stripe your bottom 6 more times, it will be hard for you because you will not be able to see me and your penis will not be so aroused but be brave and stay in position".
Oliver groaned as he draped his nether regions over the end of the bed and waited, the cane arrived fiercely and whistled against his already striated bottom, he groaned again, and again, and again as he gritted his teeth waiting for the final stroke. he sank to his knees and sobbed. The heat was almost unbearable but it was over. He struggled to his feet, Mummy came towards him with a big hug, he hugged her back, squashing her breasts to his chest, his penis to her stomach, he felt a familiar movement. Mummy pulled away. "You were a brave boy, well done, now one more thing and I will rub some cream into your bottom". She lay on the bed and shifted towards the headboard, opened her legs lewdly.
"Use your mouth and bring me to orgasm as quickly as you can, it wont take long, then carry on and do the same again, the second time will take longer, can you do that for Mummy, Mary tells me that you are good with your tongue". Oliver shifted position, slid a hand under each of Mummies buttocks and buried his head between her thighs.
"I'll do my best Mummy".