Once Too Often

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Jackie spanks her husband with her sister watching

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I saw the car and was livid. The front bumper pushed in. I was beside myself as I stormed in to the house. I went to the lounge and saw Susie, my sister, sitting there.
“Have you seen Peter?” I asked.
“He’s upstairs” she answered. She knew what was going to happen. I had confided in her a while ago that I discipline Peter.
I went upstairs to our bedroom. Peter was sitting on the bed. Waiting for me. He jumped up immediately.
“I’m sorry Jackie.”
“You have gone too far this time Peter. Did you really think you were going to get away with it?”
“I don’t know what happened” he bleated.
“Really. So how do you manage to crash the car when I forbade you only this morning to drive it? Tell me that Peter?”
He stood there, wringing his hands, looking at the floor, knowing he was in trouble. Well I had had enough. This was his second crash in three months. He just goes around like a boy racer and hits something. It’s just luck that no one is hurt.
“What did I tell you this morning Peter?”
“Not to take the car” he said quietly.
“And?”
“You would give me what for I did.”
“Exactly. So, you know what to expect then. Don’t you?”
“Yes” he said sullenly.
“Tell me Peter, how many times have I spanked you since we got married two years ago?”
“Erm, I am not sure Jackie.” He was squirming now.
“Go on, have a guess.”
Peter looked at me, at my hard stare. He knew I was going to press the point.

He looked at the floor and said “about 20 times.”
“Really Peter. Wrong. I have spanked you 32 times.”
He looked at me, but was not surprised.
“And what did I promise you last time?”
Silence.
“About being spanked in private?” I suggested.
Still silence, but he was starting to fidget. He knew all right.
“I have always waited until we are alone before spanking you. Do you realise how inconvenient it is, having to wait for the house to be empty. Well, it’s very inconvenient.”
Silence still. I let him stew a moment. He was now very uncomfortable that was for sure.
“Get the hairbrush Peter” I snapped. He obediently went to the bedside cabinet and got it. He held it out for me but I just said “Right, follow me then.”
Peter looked up at me. He knew what I was going to do. He knew Susie was downstairs.
“Please Jackie, not in front of Susie. Spank me up here, as hard as you want. Please Jackie.”
“Enough” I snapped.
I had spanked him so many times, well he knew he would only risk a greater punishment if he argued. I turned and walked out of the room. I could hear movement behind me and so knew he was following. I went downstairs and in to the lounge to find my sister. Peter followed me in.
“I have something to say Susie. Today Peter crashed the car again. He took it without my permission. Worse, he took it knowing full well I had specifically forbidden him to take it this very morning. The cost of insurance will now go sky high. So, I told him I am going to spank him. Up until now I have waited for the house to be empty, and spanked him in private. However, that delays the punishment, and frankly I don’t think has helped at all. Therefore, from now on, he will be spanked as soon as I decide he has earned one, and in front of whoever is there at the time. So, Susie, I want you to watch, if you want to.”
“Of course Jackie.” She smiled.
I turned to Peter. “Follow me Peter.”
Peter scuttled over to me with the brush. I walked over to the chair, turned it in to the room, and sat down. Peter knew he was now going to be spanked in front of his sister in law but gave up any attempt to argue. He came and stood to my right, and handed me the hairbrush.
“You know what to do Peter.”
He slowly undid his belt, and pulled the studs out of his jeans, unzipped the fly, and pulled them down to below his knees.
“Please Jackie, not on my bare bottom. Not in front of Susie.”
I looked up at him. I almost felt sorry for him, but that insurance premium really was going to be very high now, and what with the excess for today’s damage it might mean I will have to cancel my new fridge. I was not prepared to be lenient.
“I have just increased your punishment Peter. Don’t make me wait any longer.”
He groaned, but at the same time lowered his underpants to below his knees. He was trying to get

across my lap, when I stopped him.
“I think you should remove your trousers and pants altogether.”
He was about to say something, but realised it was futile. He removed the clothing and stood there, with his white t shirt and black socks his only clothing. He knew to stand there with his hands by his side.
“Tell me why you are going to be spanked Peter.”
“I crashed the car Jackie.”
I turned slightly to my right, brought my hand back, which Peter could see me doing, and knew he must not move whilst I delivered a hard smack to the side of his leg. He gasped.
“I’m sorry Jackie. I mean I took the car even though you told me not to.”
I lifted my hand again, and gave him another smack. That brought a second gasp.
“That’s better.”
He certainly wasn’t thinking about his modesty now. I looked across at Susie who had a good view of Peter’s bottom. She smiled at me, and raised her eyebrows as though to say this is fun.
“OK Peter, now get across my lap. Sharpish now.”
Peter quickly bent over, careful not to lean too heavily on me and to take his weight by pressing up on the floor. Then he stretched his arms out in front of him until I was taking his whole weight but that was no problem at all. I had already placed the hairbrush on the floor in front of him, ready to have him pass it up to me when I asked for it.
“Are you ready Peter? You know to ask me to discipline you Peter.”
“Yes Jackie, please give me the spanking I deserve.”
I looked at Susie who still had a grin on her face. She was quite happy to sit there and watch her brother in law being spanked. She knew that women should hold this position of responsibility. It was less time consuming, less stressful for us.
I brought my hand down on his left cheek. It brought the usual gasp. The first smack always did. It was more shock than pain. That would come later when the spanks got harder. First the warm up, to make sure the spanking had a lasting effect.
I spanked him for about ten minutes. I scolded Peter throughout, asking Susie if she agreed with me, having a nice sisterly conversation really, always with the background sound of the smack of my palm on Peter’s bare bottom. Susie was enjoying her brother in laws predicament, and encouraged me to spank him harder and harder, which I did.
It was time for the hairbrush. I was glad I changed to this from the slipper. It makes a lovely slapping sound and really hurts Peter.
“Pass me the hairbrush Peter.” He was decidedly unhappy. I think the embarrassment was worse than the spanking. Still, I will try to change that now. I was still very annoyed over the car. I have already established he will be disciplined in front others and Susie was the best person to start with. Anyway, the warm up was over. Now it is time for him to be really punished for what he did.
Peter quickly found the hairbrush and passed it up to me.
“Just move slightly back Peter, so I can get a proper swing in.” He wriggled about a bit. I held his

waist and pulled slightly, and he moved again. I enjoyed having him move around when on my lap. It added to his embarrassment and enforced my control.
“Good boy” I said, knowing he hated being treated like a child, even more so with Susie watching. I tapped his bottom a couple of times.
“So Peter, what about the car?”
“I am very sorry Jackie, really.”
I lifted my arm, and brought the wooden back of the brush down hard on his bottom. He was gasping at each hit. I made sure each one was very firm, first on one cheek, then on the other, and quite often hitting on the same spot time after time. I had never thrashed him so hard before.
“Will you do it again Peter?”
“No Jackie, definitely not, no, never, please Jackie. Please stop Jackie.”
“I have told you before. Do not ask me to stop. There will be ten extra spanks Peter. Understand?”
“Yes Jackie, sorry Jackie.”
He was whimpering.
“So, I will ask you again. Will you do it again?”
“No Jackie, I won’t, ever?”
The swats continued. He was crying freely now, tears streaming down his face.
“Do you find it fun Peter?” *I asked sarcastically, knowing he was crying and squirming and desperately trying to avoid the onslaught.
He was crying, and finding it hard to speak. I reckoned he had had enough.
“No Jackie. It is really hurting, like never before.”
“That’s because I have never thrashed you like this before. I must have used the hairbrush a hundred times, and each time with maximum force. You are going to find it hard to sit down for days.”
“I am so so sorry Jackie. Really I am. Really. Really. Really.”
He just lay there, shoulders heaving, his bottom redder than I have ever seen it before, and I knew by tomorrow there would be heavy bruising. Still, maybe he won’t take the car again. I felt his bottom. It was burning.
“OK Peter. Get up.”
He stood in front of me, rubbing his bottom as fast as he could.
“Go over to Jackie and tell her you are sorry she had to see you being spanked.”
Peter gave me such a sorrowful look. But I really believed that spanking him in public would make him better behaved so did not relent. Peter went over to Susie but covered his penis.
“Peter, you can rub your bottom or have your hands by your side, but do not cover yourself, do you understand.” I really didn’t mind my sister seeing my husband in all his glory. Of course I knew what would happen. It always did.
Peter looked at me and I shook my head. He took his hands away, and held them tightly by his side. He looked at Susie and said “I’m sorry Susie you had to watch this.”
I saw Susie’s eyes open wide and her mouth dropped open but with a broad grin. I knew she was looking at Peter’s growing penis.

“Sorry Jackie, but it always happens after a spanking. Cute isn’t it.”

Jackie just laughed.

I waited a few seconds before instructing Peter to go and stand in the corner for 15 minutes. He couldn’t get there fast enough. I don’t think he worried at all about Susie seeing him now. He was well passed that. He won’t object next time. I just wondered who it would be in front of.