Spanked by My Step-Dad M/F

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As a young girl in school, I was a very good student and stayed out of trouble. I was also a very good girl at home. I always did what I was told, did all of my chores on time, and completed my homework. I had very loving parents and we did many things together.

Then, when I turned twenty years old, my dad died in a tragic automobile accident. Because of that, I lived at home with my mom, to comfort her and to help pay for expenses. This way, she was able to stay in our house, and didn't have to move to an apartment.

Soon, my mom, Jane, began slowly to date men, looking for a future husband. Most of the men seemed to be real jerks, and she wasn't interested in them. After I turned twenty-two, she met this nice salesman. His name was Bob and he liked things to be very correct and orderly, but also respected my mom. He had a lot of money, drove a very nice car, and bought many gifts for my mom.

So it wasn't a surprise that they went to Las Vegas and got married. They left on Monday, and told me they would be back on Sunday afternoon. Since Las Vegas is only a five-hour drive from where we live, they decided to drive there. This way they would have their car to see the many shows on the strip, and to see the sights around Las Vegas. It made a wonderful place to get married and to have their honeymoon.

Since they weren't going to return until Sunday afternoon, I decided that I wouldn't clean the house until Sunday morning. But, to my surprise, they arrived back to the house on late Saturday afternoon. Being a good daughter, I made them a quick but nice meal and helped them unpack their things. After dinner and my mom and I cleaned the dishes, Bob decided that we should have a family discussion.

Bob, my new Step-Dad, told me that they had discussed many things in the car and they needed to inform me of their decisions. Starting tomorrow, all of his stuff would be moved into our house, and he would now be the head of the household. If I were living in their house, I would have to follow his rules and his orders. I was working at that time, and helped pay for many of the expenses, so I had no problem with anything he said.

But then he said something that upset me. “I will also be the disciplinarian of the house, and I have already disciplined your mom on our honeymoon.” Bob said. “If you are going to keep living in this house, I expect it to be kept nice and clean. The house is a mess and now you will receive your first strapping from me, for having such a messy house while we were gone.”

“But I am twenty- two years old!” I complained. “I am too old to be spanked like a naughty little child.”

“I spank and strap your mom when she is out of line, and you will receive the same treatment.” He said. “Jane, take her upstairs to the bedroom and prepare her for her first strapping from me.”

“Yes, honey.” My mom replied. “I’ll do it right now.”

Then my mom took me arm and started to drag me up the stairs. She held her finger to her lips and said, “You better be quiet, don’t say a word until we are upstairs. It will only make things worse, if you say anything,”

When we got upstairs, my mom lifted her skirt and pulled down her panties. Her poor bottom was red and blue, and had marks from the strap. “Your new father likes to keep order by spanking me. You will get used to it, because I love him and he is a kind, caring man.”

She pulled up her panties and said, “But first, we must get you ready for your strapping. He likes to do things a certain way, and I will prepare you they way he likes you to be. So first, strip off all of your clothes while I prepare the bed.”

I didn’t like it but I took off my clothes. In the meantime, my mom took down the bed covers and stacked three pillows in the middle of the bed. Then she placed a towel over them and got some lotion, and put it on the bed stand.

“Now climb up on the bed and lay face down with your tummy on the pillows.” My mom said. “This will raise your ass up high, so it will be an easy target for him.” Once I was on the pillows, I felt my mom spreading my legs. “Bob always likes your legs spread, so he can spank your most tender spots. So spread your legs even wider and be sure and hold that position during your spanking.”

Now I felt very humiliated and embarrassed. Besides having my legs spread wide, my breasts hung straight down, completely exposed. My mom also had me spread my arms and grip the headboard on both sides. I have always kept myself fully dressed when my mom had dated Bob, and now I was completely exposed and vulnerable to what ever he wanted to do to me. I couldn't believe my mom would marry a man that would want to spank me and my mom like this.

My mom ran her fingers through my hair and said, "Stay still. This will be over with, soon." Then she went into their closet and pulled out an old fashion razor strap. It had a red wooded handle and was about four inches wide and about a foot and a half long. The strap part looked very black, well oiled, and very scary. This is the strap that was about to be used on my poor elevated naked ass.

Next, I heard the dreadful noise of my new step-dad walking up the stairs and coming into the bedroom. "You have a very lovely daughter." Bob said. "And you have prepared her well for her spanking." I next felt his hands on my naked ass. "Your daughter also has a very spankable ass, like you do. It is white right now, but it will be a nice shade of red soon."

Then I felt his fingers and hands cup my breasts and nipples. "I never knew she had such lovely breasts." Bob said. "She should wear clothes that show them off, more often." I had to concentrate on holding on to the headboard of the bed while he was examining my completely exposed body.

"Since this is your first spanking from me, you will only receive 100 strokes from the strap." My step-dad told me. "Your mom takes 200 or more strokes when I spank her, but I will limit myself to only 100, since this is your first time. I will deliver them in sets of 10, so that you will have a little bit of time to recover your exposure. In the future when I spank you, I will want you to count each stroke. But since this is your first time, I will have you count only the last ten strokes. Do not move from your position, or the strokes will not count, and be given again. Do you have any questions?"

"No, just get this over with." I replied.

He picked up the razor strap and said, "Before I begin, turn you head away from me, so you don't anticipate each stroke."

This was just awful. Here I was, a twenty-two year old woman, completely naked and about to be spanked by my step-dad. All I could do was to tightly grip the headboard and wait for the pain from the first stroke of the strap. I saw the condition of my mom's poor ass, and I knew that mine would be soon looking like it.

CRACK!

The first stroke scared me more than it hurt. The razor strap makes a loud noise as it hit my bare skin, but didn't hurt real bad.

"Your first strokes will not sting to much, because I am starting light with you. But by the end of your spanking, you will be either crying out in pain or yelling." My step-dad said.

Then CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK, nine more times.

Now I could definitely feel the sting of the strap. I was also surprised, because it also made the lower part of my body feel warm.

CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK, ten more times.

Now he was hitting my poor naked ass really hard with the strap. I wasn't sure if I would be able to withstand 100 strokes.

CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK, ten more times.

I wish I could just stand up and walk away, but I had to stay in position.

CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK, ten more times. Now I was up to forty strokes. I had sixty left. My ass felt red hot and I had a burning sensation.

Then CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK, ten more times. Fifty strokes! "You are taking your first spanking very well. I will stop for a moment so that your mom can put some lotion on the already red ass of yours. Stay in position, and do not move."

Next, I felt my mom's gentle hands on my poor ass. The lotion felt very cool and nice. "Be sure and rub some between her legs." My step dad said.

I was surprised when I felt my mom's fingers between my legs and over my exposed sex. I didn't realize it, but I was a little wet down there. I was embarrassed, but stayed in position.

"If you forget to do your chores around the house, or even have a bad attitude, you can expect another spanking like this." My step-dad said. "I am stricter than you mom, so you will get more spankings. Now I will proceed with your final 50 strokes."

Then CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK, ten more times. I wanted to rub my burning ass, but I stayed in position. Now I was up to sixty, only forty more strokes.

CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK, ten more times. Now my lower body was heating up from the sting of the strap.

I was given a pause, then CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, ten more times. Eighty strokes, I have only twenty left.

CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, CRACK. After these six strokes, I start to kick and move my legs. “Jane, hold her legs so that they stay spread apart and she doesn’t kick.” My step-dad said.

I couldn’t help moving my legs because he was hitting my most tender areas with the strap. Besides hitting my ass, he was hitting my inner thighs and my sex. Now my mom was holding my legs apart, so I was totally exposed again.

Then CRACK, CRACK, CRACK, and CRACK. “That’s ninety strokes.” My step-dad said. “For these last ten, please count them out loud, starting with one.”

CRACK. “One,” I said. I tried to twist and turn, but my mom held my legs in place.

CRACK. “Two,” I said. I wanted this to be over with as soon as possible and these last strokes really hurt.

After eight more strokes, I finally had my 100 strokes. I had tears in my eyes and a very sore ass.

“Jane, hold her legs apart as I apply some lotion on her.” My step-dad said. Then I felt his rough fingers all over my ass, and even between my legs. “You are wet down here. Maybe you are like your mom, where you also sort of like to be spanked.”

I made no comment, but held on tight to the headboard.

“You can stand up, rub your ass, and go to your room.” My step-dad said. “Now your mom will receive another spanking.”

I was so glad to leave their bedroom, and I jumped on my bed and cried. Is this the way it is going to be from now on? Will I get many more spankings from my step-dad.

As I laid there, I could hear the strap landing on my poor mom’s ass. But at the same time, I felt very warm and nice inside, and my sex was very wet.

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