The Aftermath

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Published on Lush Stories on 09 Nov 2010

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This continues the story Spanked for Free Again:

When Scott disappeared upstairs Sheila went to the kitchen followed by Grandma who closed the door and said,

“Well you certainly showed Scott who is the boss here.”

“Thanks Mum, I am sure he is now very sorry.”

“Quite possibly dear, but how long will the impact last on the boy?”

Sheila laughed, “Oh a few days normally. Still that’s better than when we just had a chat, or more like a row, as he would leave the room and forget everything. Mind you, Mark is supposed to be staying over for a week and I have been dreading it. They are so rowdy together.”

“Hhmm.” Grandma was reflective, and then said, “That Mark is a strange one. He looked like he wanted to be spanked as well you know.”

“I saw that Mum.” Sheila laughed. “It will be interesting if Scott earns himself a spanking and Mark’s behaviour is left wanting. I am half hoping I will get the chance to give them both a good spanking. It will certainly help my stress levels.”

Grandma laughed and said, “Let me know if you need any help.”

They both laughed but Sheila knew her Mum really did fancy spanking someone so she had to

remember when the time comes.

Becky went to the TV room and her Mum followed. Sheila chatted casually with her daughter for a few moments then said,

“You know Becky you are quite often naughty enough to earn a spanking. Don’t you think I should put you back under discipline, for your own good?”

Becky was sure the question was going to come as she had seen her Mum glancing over at her earlier on, but she knew what Mum was saying was that she controls when she is spanked and she knew her Mum would have plenty of reasons to spank her once if she agreed to that.

“But Mum I’m 18 years old and you stopped spanking me a while ago. Maybe you do spank Scott again now but I bet you found out he enjoys being spanked.”

“You know he liked it Becky?”

“I saw a magazine once that’s all.”

Sheila was shocked as she didn’t know Scott had even read spanking magazines.

Sheila demanded to know, “And you didn’t tell me?”

“Like I’m supposed to snitch on my brother am I Mum?”

That was exactly the back chat Sheila so hated. She eyed her daughter carefully.

“Just a magazine?”

“Yes Mum, what else?” Becky really didn’t know what her Mum meant and Sheila was not about to tell Becky about Rosie.

“You’re right of course Becky. About Scott that is but you know Becky you answer me back a lot and I think maybe you won’t if you know I will spank you and that will make me feel better.”

Becky knew exactly what her Mum meant. They argued a lot and Becky refused to do what she was told more often than not. The fact was though her Mum stopped spanking her and can’t just start again because she feels like it.

“No Mum, we just have to cope the way it is.”

Sheila smiled at her daughter and knew she couldn’t just force her. She will have to bide her time and maybe get lucky like she did with her son.

Becky left the kitchen and went to her bedroom. She heard Scott moving around in his bedroom as she closed her door. Her hand shot under her skirt and she felt how wet she was, and she knew why. She watched as Scott was spanked and felt so aroused. At first she thought she would like to be a spanker but she soon realised that in fact she wanted to find out more what it was like to be on the receiving end, draped across someone’s lap and spanked. She knew she could ask her Mum but decided against it. Aunty Steph though was something else, a real possibility.

She looked in the mirror and unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor, turned around and looked at her bottom, rubbed it with her hand then lightly smacked herself, conscious of not making too much noise as she knew if her Mum saw her she would certainly give her a proper spanking. Becky rubbed her pussy at the same time and became aroused as she kept lightly smacking herself. She picked up her hairbrush and started smacking herself lightly with its wooden back which really excited her and at the same time pressed her finger deeper inside her pussy finding her clit rubbing faster and faster until she brought herself to orgasm. It told her one thing for sure. She will ask her Aunty to spank her and with a hairbrush for sure. She will have to make sure Mum doesn’t find out but she now wanted to be spanked for real if that is what her reaction is to a light smacking. A few minutes later she went back downstairs and went to the living room and sat close to Aunty Steph.

Back in the living room Aunty Steph and Becky were chatting. Mark had gone to the toilet. After several minutes Becky looked in to the distance, and said,

“The spanking was awesome Aunty Steph, really awesome,” said Becky.

“Quite something for sure,” Steph replied. She could hear Becky was almost breathless.

Becky looked embarrassed and said,” Aunty Steph, did you see how Scott got such an erection?” She had wide open almost childlike eyes.

“I did Becky. It happens.”

“It happened to me Aunty.”

“Really?” Steph gave her niece a quizzical look.

“My knickers are wet.”

Steph laughed. “No, not really Becky.” Then she looked more closely at her niece who looked deadly serious.

“Yes,” Becky said. “It really turned me on.”

“The spanking?” Steph wanted to be careful.

“Well, I kind of started to wonder what it would be like to be spanked like that.” Becky’s voice was quivering, unsure where she wanted the conversation to go.

Steph was more confident and said in a firm voice, “Want to try young lady?”

Becky gasped. “My knickers just got wetter.”

Just then Scott came back in to the room with Mark. Becky could not believe the change in his appearance. Dressed, hair in place, tears washed away, a bounce in his step. He was smiling, until Sheila came in and gave him a sharp look.

“I hope you will be better behaved now Scott.”

Scott froze, scared of what his Mum might say, remembering in the past that a flippant comment before has led to a second spanking.

“Yes Mum. Promise.”

Sheila gave her son a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

“Ok, then there’s some dinner on the kitchen table.”

She looked at Mark and said with a broad grin, “You too Mark. We can discuss your behaviour and whether you deserve to be spanked as well.”

Mark swallowed hard and blushed as he and Scott went to the kitchen.

They didn’t hear Sheila follow them out of the room as Mark whispered to Scott, “Did your Mum mean what she said before and that I might deserve a spanking as well? I won’t mind you know.”

Scott laughed at Mark’s bravado and replied flippantly, “Save on Rosie wouldn’t it?”

Scott and Mark went in to the kitchen and neither realised Sheila had overheard the exchange. Sheila smiled at the thought she had put in Mark’s mind. She might not charge Mark £100 but she was working out how to change the thought in to an actual spanking that Grandma can give him. Sheila waited a few seconds then went in to the kitchen and sat at the table with Grandma and chatted. Scott stayed standing, because as much as he wanted to give everyone the appearance he had coped easily with the spanking there was no way he would even try to sit down on the kitchen chair. When he thought no one was looking he rubbed his bottom which stung like crazy. Mark did see as he stood as well. Sheila winked at her Mum, looked at the two boys, and when she saw Scott rub his bottom said,

“Well Mark, do you deserve a spanking?”

Mark licked his lips, looked at Mark and then back at Sheila but bottled, no longer brave enough to accept a spanking, and just muttered, “Not really.”

Mark was excited though. Sheila and her Mum both saw the bulge re-appear very quickly in his trousers. Sheila bit her lip so she wouldn’t smile but her mind was already floating away as she pictured a bare bottomed Mark across her Mum’s lap. After the meal Sheila asked politely enough,

“Mark, can you wash up please.”

“You are joking,” Mark retorted forgetting where he was but he never washed up at home and didn’t see why he should here.

“Yes way,” Sheila said sharply, continuing, “You are under my rules now and will do as I say.”

Mark looked at Sheila half afraid now of what might be about to happen but unable to speak quickly enough. Sheila turned to her Mum and said, “Mum, what happens to boys who don’t do as they are told?”

“They get their bottoms spanked hard.”

Mark licked his lips. Were they poking fun at him or serious?

“Mark, I will not tolerate that kind of behaviour so Grandma will give you a spanking.”

Mark bit his lip. So it was serious. He was going to be spanked. He wasn’t nearly so brave now as he

went over to Grandma, lowered his trousers and underpants and went across her lap. Grandma winked at Sheila as she raised her hand and delivered the first of what was going to be a long and hard spanking. Mark thought the spanking was just like from Rosie and just as with her he rubbed himself against Grandma's lap as she spanked him and after just a couple of minutes he let out three low gasps as he came. This wasn't Rosie though. Rosie put a towel across her lap because she knew he came early on. There was no towel now though and whilst Grandma wasn't aware of it immediately but when she felt the wetness was very annoyed and asked sharply,

"Have you just ejaculated young man?"

Mark replied, "Sorry."

Grandma was very annoyed. "You will be my lad. I am going to finish giving you a good hard spanking, then you will soak and clean my skirt, after which I will give you a second longer and harder, much harder, spanking."

Mark groaned. Sheila thought how well that had gone. Scott stood to one side and realised it was the first time he had watched anyone actually get spanked and found it so arousing. He had a stiff erection and when no one looked he cupped his balls in his hand and with his thumb pressed firmly several times against the base of his stiff penis and he moaned as he came three times in all in his trousers. He was breathing heavily but controlled, until Sheila happened to turn and look at him and saw the huge stain. Masturbating after a spanking was ok so long as she didn't see him or actually know he did it but there was no mistaking this. She went over to him and whilst Grandma continued to spank Mark she said,

"How dare you Scott. You will go upstairs right now, take a shower, go to your bedroom and wait for me, naked, facing the wall. You know what you will be getting young man."

Scott gasped as he strode away well aware of what his Mum will be giving him.

Sheila turned and watched her Mum continue spanking mark, enjoying the show. Several minutes later the shower was switched off. She looked at her watch. One hour until her favourite TV show. She will leave Scott facing the wall for ten minutes, then go up and give him a long lecture on masturbating smacking his legs as she went knowing he really hated that, then put him across her lap for a good hard hand spanking followed by the hairbrush. She pondered for a second and decided to take the cane with her. Six more will enforce her message. That should all be done in good time for her to get back down to watch her programme so her evening was sorted.

She always liked the idea of Scott crying himself to sleep, and as Mark is staying the week the spare

room was already made up and he will no doubt be crying himself to sleep as well. She was looking forward to the morning and having the company of two well disciplined young men. Still, she had to dispense some more discipline tonight yet and was building herself up for more exertion.

Back in the lounge Becky turned to Aunty Steph as Scott left the room and said incredulously, “Did you see that, Scott was as cool as cucumber and after that spanking. Like it never happened. ”

“Well, I reckon he won’t be sitting in the kitchen. Anyway, do you still want to try it?”

“I must Aunty, I must.” Becky sounded quite breathless.

“Do you want the cane?”

“No Aunty,” Becky said quickly, “But the hairbrush, you must give me the hairbrush.”

Steph looked serious when she said,

“You don’t get to tell me to stop Becky. I spank you just like your Mum spanked Scott.” Steph saw Becky swallow and asked, “Or maybe you would feel safer asking your Mum to spank you?”

“No, no, I’d prefer you Aunty, please. I want to know what it’s like to have a really sore bottom, and see if I get the same reaction as Scott.”

“Don’t worry Becky, I am going to spank you so hard you won’t sit down for a week.”

Becky laughed, and then said, “Aunty Steph, you won’t tell Mum will you?”

“No Becky, not if you don’t want me to.”

Steph smiled and shook her head in disbelief. As she watched Sheila spank Scott she kept wondering how it would be to give someone such a spanking, and she reckoned her knickers were as wet as Becky’s at the thought that she will find out so soon.

She said, “OK Becky, no time like the present, your Mum and Grandma are chatting in the kitchen with the boys so let’s go to my house Becky, no one’s home.”

“What now?” Becky gasped.

“Second thoughts?” Steph asked.

“No Aunty, but my knickers just got wetter.”

“Oh and Aunty, can I use my vibrator afterwards?”

“No problem Becky, if you think you will be able to use it whilst crying.”

“Stop it Aunty, I’ll have an orgasm if you keep on.”

Becky went to her bedroom to get her vibrator. When she got back downstairs Steph and Becky heard what was clearly a spanking taking place in the kitchen. They walked in to see Mark struggling as Grandma spanked his bare bottom. Steph gasped at the sight and now really couldn’t wait to get Becky across her own lap.

Sheila looked up and smiled. Steph said,

“I can see you are rather busy here so Becky and I will go back to mine.” Steph and Becky left both noting with a smile Scott was indeed standing up

“See you later, “Sheila replied as she looked again at her Mum spanking Mark.

Grandma kept spanking but looked up at Sheila and said,

“You know you should say a big thank you to Rosie.”

Sheila looked quizzical.

Grandma said, “If you hadn’t caught Scott after she spanked him that time we wouldn’t be spanking these two lads today would we?”

Sheila laughed. That made sense she thought.

Steph and Becky left in Steph’s car. Steph turned to her 18 year old niece and said bluntly “Right young lady, get ready to have your bottom tanned.”

“Yes Aunty,” a now reflective Becky replied. She was going to do it though and she was quite the determined young lady when she made her mind up.

Steph was looking forward to spanking her niece. “You’ll like my hairbrush Becky, it’s got a big oval

head.”

“Will I Aunty, will I really?”

They both laughed and then fell silent, musing over what was going to happen. Becky put her hands between her legs and surreptitiously, or so she thought, pressed down on her pussy knowing she was already wet from watching her older brother being spanked and now more so from the thought of being spanked herself. She had thought about it before now. She had one friend also 18 years old who was still spanked at home and phoned Becky for comfort after each time she was spanked and whilst Becky was sympathetic and the two girls often curled up in each others’ arms and even kissed when cuddling together, Becky was also aroused and invariably masturbated when she was next alone. She often wondered what it would be like to be spanked as an adult. 18 years old and still spanked seemed strange at first but as her friend was spanked time and again maybe not so strange. Now that she knew Scott was still spanked at 22 years of age she wondered just how normal it might be. Were any of her other friends spanked she wondered.

Aunty Steph noticed Becky was rubbing herself and wasn’t sure whether to ask her to stop. The thing was she was aroused by watching Scott spanked and supposed Becky was as well. She didn’t want to show that to Becky though so decided to say nothing just then. The drive was very short and there was no time anyway.

Once in the house Becky asked to use the toilet. Aunty Steph went upstairs and once Becky closed the door she quickly felt under her skirt and was wetter than she expected to be. She quickly realised she wasn’t wet at the thought of being with Aunty Steph, but it was because of her impending spanking. She quickly put her hand inside her knickers and gently rubbed her wet pussy and in seconds brought herself to orgasm. She gasped but kept as quiet as possible and was glad when she heard Aunty Steph walking around upstairs. She quickly pulled the chain then went in to the living room and to try to conceal what she had done removed her knickers and skirt and top and stood only in her bra waiting for Aunty Steph to come back downstairs.

Aunty Steph had also gone to the bathroom and felt her own knickers as just like Becky she was aroused at the prospect of giving a spanking. She too put her hand inside her knickers and with ever increasing intensity stroked her wet pussy and brought herself to orgasm with several long blissful gasps. Afterwards she decided to change her knickers to hide her arousal. She wondered if the erotic desire had faded now she had masturbated but immediately knew it had not. She wanted to spank her niece and was fully focussed, maybe more so because she had masturbated in fact.

Aunty Steph went back downstairs, saw the toilet door slightly ajar and heard movement in the living room. She saw a near naked Becky look up, anxious, apprehensive even, and decided to take control

immediately.

“Take your bra off Becky, I will spank you naked, so you don’t try to leave part way through.”

Becky saw Aunty Steph smile as she made the comment and felt more relaxed, reaching behind her back and unclipping her bra, feeling uncomfortable as she put the bra with the rest of her clothes but looked at her Aunty obediently. Her breathing was heavy with anticipation and it was then she noticed the hairbrush in her Aunty’s hand, a large oval wooden backed hairbrush just as Aunty Steph had described. Becky closed her eyes as she contemplated what she had let herself in for. Aunty Steph took a chair and turned it in to the room, sat down, and said firmly,

“Becky, come here so I can give you a long and hard spanking.”

“Yes Aunty Steph,” Becky said almost in a whisper as she walked over to her Aunty, allowed her arm to be taken so she could be guided down and across her lap. She was looking at the floor and at her Aunty’s ankles as her bottom was rubbed. She felt the tremor between her legs and knew she was already wet and with bated breath waited for the first inevitable spank.

Aunty Steph looked down at the back of her niece’s head then looked along her back and allowed her gaze to settle on the bare unprotected bottom lying across her lap. She rested her hand on that bare bottom and rubbed in circles. It felt so good, the feeling of power, control, being the judge and jury, the sole decider of how much pain she would make this bare bottom suffer. She was sure now she wanted to spank this bottom and other bottoms, but this would be the first. She raised her hand and brought it down hard on Becky’s bottom, enjoying the sight of her bottom cheek bouncing from side to side as it wobbled back in to position.

Becky gasped as that first spank hit home and whilst it hurt and she knew the pain would intensify she was thankful she had decided to be spanked and knew from that first spank she would relish the pain and the inescapable soreness and no doubt lots of crying but when it was over she would have her vibrator and would bring herself to orgasm. She knew that would be the case. Aunty Steph kept spanking Becky interspersed with the occasional rubbing of her bottom when her crying was particularly intense. On one such occasion Becky parted her legs and Aunty Steph took the opportunity to run a finger along Becky’s pussy. Becky gasped even whilst crying and Aunty Steph felt how wet Becky’s pussy was and realised how aroused she was from being spanked. Aunty Steph now felt comfortable spanking the teenager even harder and intended spanking her again in future.

Aunty Steph continued the spanking even with Becky’s legs kicking and her bottom bucking as spank after spank hit home. Aunty Steph had made it clear of course that she was going to spank her teenage niece hard and that is exactly what she did. It was only when Steph tired and Becky’s bottom

was bright red that she relented, exhausted but elated, and she knew quite turned on. Steph allowed her niece up and told her to go upstairs to wash. Both women climbed the stairs, Becky clasping her vibrator as she sobbed but even through her tears and burning bottom knew she was aroused.

Becky went to the spare bedroom and lay on the bed rubbing her bottom until she ran her hand between her legs and along her pussy, her breathing recovering as she delighted in the pleasure she was now feeling. She switched on the vibrator and soon she was reaching even greater heights of sexual delight as she gyrated in response to the sway of the vibrator her pussy oozing her syrup and finally let out a long beautiful gasp of orgasm, then a second and a third before collapsing in ecstasy on the bed.

A few minutes later a now smiling and jubilant Becky went back downstairs bumping in to her Aunt on the landing as she caught a glimpse of her Aunt's bed saw the tell tale signs of a bed that had been laid on and the vibrator on the bedside cabinet confirmed her Aunt had been as aroused as she was, and judging from the smile on her face and the way she licked her lips she was sure Aunty Steph had brought herself to orgasm as well.

The two women looked at each other as they bumped in to each other and then both laughed. Aunty Steph was the first to speak.

"Well Becky, was it what you expected?"

"Yes Aunty, I mean it hurt like crazy because you spanked me really hard but it was worth it. What did you think?"

"Oh I enjoyed spanking you Becky so anytime you want a repeat let me know." Aunty Steph smiled wickedly as she eyed her niece, who replied.

"Well, if I sleep over you can spank me again in the morning. I would love to know what that would be like."

"OK Becky, why not call your Mum and tell her you will be staying the night?"

"Cool Aunty."

Becky made the call and got the answer machine. Strange she thought but left her message. The two women chatted in to the night about the spanking, and Scott's spanking until they decided it was time for bed.

Just when Becky made her call Sheila had Scott across her lap and was spanking him for the second time today. Sheila had spanked him for twenty minutes already scolding him as she went, although Scott didn't register what she was saying as his bottom was stinging so much as the spanking proceeded apace. He just lay across his Mum's lap knowing his bottom was going to be so red sore and stingy and there was no way he will be able to sit for a week although accepted he fully deserved to be spanked again. Even so he knew being spanked was doing him good, and goodness knows how badly behaved he would become if left to his own devices. Sheila saw how her son was crying hard but after all he deserved it. She was now confident he won't masturbate in front of her again, well for a while anyway, and that he won't be a problem for her tonight as he was likely to just lie on his bed on his stomach crying himself to sleep. She will be free to watch her TV programme.

Downstairs Mark had just finished cleaning Grandma's stained skirt who was now satisfied she will fully remove the stain from his cum. She had him by the arm and was pushing him across the room to her spanking chair where she will again put him across her lap for his second spanking of the day. She fully intended telling Sheila that she will be responsible for spanking him over the next week. Mark was till sniffing from his first spanking and was still coming to terms with the strange excitement of suffering the humiliation of being told by the older woman how to wash her skirt as she landed a regular smack on his still bare bottom if she needed to enforce a particular instruction. He may not be particularly looking forward to another spanking but it was very different to being spanked by Rosie whose spankings were light and friendly in comparison. Grandma spanked very hard indeed and gave him no leeway at all and he knew for the next week if he didn't behave he will suffer many more trips across Grandma's lap. This was maternal discipline for real.

All three spankings were given with relish each person was lost in their own thoughts, intermingled with the joy of giving and taking the hardest longest most severe spanking any had had up to that moment.

The next morning Scott stayed in his bedroom his bottom still stinging but his penis erect and he enjoyed running his fingers up and down his penis before holding it firmly in his hand as he jerked himself off for the third time that night. It was so humiliating to be spanked in front of the others but also so exhilarating. He will talk to his Mum about it, and maybe encourage her to spank him in front of an audience again.

Mark did go downstairs and found Sheila in the kitchen. He blushed when he saw her and went even redder when she said,

"So Grandma taught you a lesson last night I understand. You deserved it though didn't you?"

"Yes I did. I'm sorry."

“Oh don’t apologise. You are here for the week so what I want to know is that you will behave better than you usually do because if not you be go across my lap.” Sheila eyed the 22 year old with a glare that told him he mustn’t mess around.

In fact he said meekly,

“Yes, of course.”

Sheila was about to smile so spun around and looked at the sink. She bit her lip until she thought she could speak again normally and said,”

“Good, then please put the plates on the draining board away will you. Everyone has to help.”

Mark was gobsmacked as he had never helped before, but this time dared not refuse because he was sure he would get a spanking if he did. A good decision as it turned out because that is exactly what Sheila was going to do the next time she was given the chance. Later maybe she reckoned.

Aunty Steph got out of bed early and went straight to Becky’s room. She walked in without knocking to find her niece still asleep.

“Get up Becky,” she said loudly as she yanked back the bed clothes. Becky stirred. She opened her eyes and saw her Aunty standing over her and then saw the hairbrush in her hand.

“Remember Becky, your morning spanking, just as you asked me.”

Becky did remember and as her Aunty stood with her arms crossed Becky slowly got out of bed realising her bottom was still sore from last nights spanking. Aunty Steph grabbed her niece by the arm and led her to the chair, sat down, pulled her niece across her lap and immediately started to spank her with her hand. Becky could feel the spanking was at least as hard as yesterday’s if not harder. Steph looked with glee as her niece’s bottom cheeks swayed and bounced as spank after spank hit home, and marvelled at the gasps her niece made when the spanks rained down on the backs of her thighs, and like Sheila spanked without any break, getting off on the constant loud gasps and sobs being made by her teenage niece. Spanking was good as she had thought it would be. The hairbrush simply brought louder and louder gasps turning to shrieks and sobs as her niece lay across her lap, kicking her legs but accepting her punishment.

Once the spanking stopped both women were breathing heavily, both were aroused, and when after several minutes Becky had recovered albeit still emitting the occasional sob, both went to their

separate bedrooms to enjoy themselves with their vibrators.

Aunty Steph was already downstairs when Becky got back down.

“I phoned your Mum to say you were Ok. Guess what she said?”

“What?” Becky asked, still breathless from the pleasure she had given herself.

“Well, she said Mark had agreed to accept her discipline while staying the week so that left only you, and she wondered if she should insist you accept her discipline as well.”

“What did you say?” Becky asked, incredulous.”

“Don’t worry Becky; I said that wasn’t fair as the others enjoyed being spanked. I didn’t tell her you did as well.” Aunty Steph laughed at her own joke and Becky joined in.

“Still, I reckon if she finds out she will spank you for sure so be careful young lady.”

Becky looked thoughtful, and replied, “I will be Aunty, I will be.”