

The Stepmother part I

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Amelia is left alone with her very strict stepmother.

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Amelia had to call her mother, but she really wasn't. Her widowed father Magnus had married Penelope not so much out of love; it was more a desire for his daughter to have a mother. He was away all the time and it would be such a shame to leave the poor girl with only servants to talk to.

It all began a lovely autumn afternoon in 1855. Every corner of the estate was being cleaned out because the master was bringing home his new wife today. Sixteen year old Amelia was given a new dress just for this occasion so it was a pretty big deal. Her father had bought it for the last time he came back from London with the news that he had remarried. Amelia was fairly sceptic of the whole idea. How could her father marry someone he had only known a couple of months ago? Was this love? Did she really love him, or was really only in it for the money? And how would she treat Amelia? This new woman was now the most powerful person in her life, except for her father, but he was never home. But her father must trust this woman, knowing the impact she would have on Amelia's life once they were married. Surely it would be fine.

And finally the moment was there. The black carriage came through the north gate, the white horses gleaming in the sunlight. It took some time before they actually got to the main entrance though, this being a huge estate. The servants were all in line. Every head was bowed and every hat was off. Then, the door opened and out came Magnus. He held his hand out for Penelope who shortly followed. She was very beautiful. She had almost black hair, her face was almost flawless and she was tall. In fact she was even a little taller than Magnus and when she hugged Amelia she only reached her stepmother's chest.

'I am pleased to meet you miss.' Amelia said curtseying

'No no dear child. Call me mother.' said Penelope smiling at her.

'Yes mother.' Said Amelia, a little embarrassed, but glad things were going well. She smiled at her father and gave him a hug.

'I have missed you father.'

'And I you Amelia my dearest.'

Together they walked in like a family.

The next couple of days were a bit strange. Amelia wasn't quite used to having to share her father, but tried her very best to behave. She wanted to make things easier on her new stepmother knowing that the adjustment must be worse for her. Usually Amelia was a handful. She was a good girl, but wild spirited and always up to something. Having no parents around there were never any consequences if she stepped out of line. Her nurse used to tell her off, but she had died the year before which was really sad seeing she had been like a mother to Amelia. Penelope hadn't seen this side of Amelia yet, but then again there were also sides of Penelope Amelia hadn't seen.

After a week at home Magnus had to leave again, but he was sure his wife and daughter would be fine. He felt no guilt leaving Amelia this time knowing she was in good hands.

'Be good my dearest and listen to you new mother.' He said kissing his daughters cheek.

'Yes father. I promise.' Amelia said not liking that her father had to go so early.

'And you my wife. I am sure you will be a great mother.'

'I will do my best.' Penelope said kissing her husband. And then he left. They watched his carriage go through the estate and by the gate he stuck a hand out the window and waved.

'Amelia' said Penelope. 'Come with me to the sitting room. I want us to have a little chat.'

'Yes mother.' Amelia said and followed her stepmother inside.

Penelope sat down on the sofa and patted the seat beside her signalling Amelia to take a seat there. Amelia sat down next to her stepmother.

'Amelia. Now that your father has left you are my responsibility and therefore think I should set some rules.' She looked at Amelia who looked confused.

'Rules? I don't understand.'

'House rules young lady. Surely you must already have them.'

'Not... not really.' Amelia said which was true because she usually did what she pleased knowing what she should and should not do.

'Well it is about time someone made some for you then. I have made a list.' Penelope said and pulled a sheet of paper out of her pocket.

'Rule number one: You are not to leave the house until you have finished the work assigned by you tutor. Rule number two: If you leave the house, you are to return by eight o'clock. That is when supper is served. However if it is necessary to get cleaned up before supper, I suggest you come home early. I will not have you show up with twigs in your hair and dirty fingernail.' She gave Amelia a stern look and then said 'why don't you take this list and have it in your room.'

Amelia took it and looked at the sheet. There were so many rules and some of them were totally unnecessary like 'rule number ten: You are to be in bed by ten o'clock' Was she mad? How could she expect a girl of sixteen to be in bed by ten o'clock?

'Amelia. Have you lost your tongue?' Penelope said.

Amelia was speechless. Her nice new stepmother had just turned into the worst authority figure possible. But she finally managed to say something.

'Mother, do I have to return by eight o'clock every night?'

'Yes! And not a minute late! You don't want to break my rules young lady. Is that understood?'

'Yes mother.' Amelia said a little frightened. She would have to obey these rules for a while, and then once she got to know Penelope a little better she could try to change them. But for now she didn't want to argue with her stepmother.

After three days of her stepmothers rules Amelia was pretty fed up, but she kept trying to make Penelope happy with her. Tuesday afternoon however she didn't quite finished all her work before heading to the stable where David the stable boy was waiting for her with a horse each ready. They went riding through the woods until they reached the big pond, and under the beautiful willow they sat down. Amelia just loved spending time with David. She was a bit taken with him. He was three years older than her, tall, blond and very handsome. Though she knew they could never be together. He was a stable boy after all.

'So how is life with you new stepmother' He asked after a while of joking around.

'Not great. I know I said she was wonderful and all, but she changed after father left. She has all these rules that she expects me to follow, but how can I they're stupid.'

'How so?' David asked.

'She expects me to do all my work before I am allowed to leave the house and she wants me in bed by ten o'clock. I am not a child you know.' Amelia looked sulky, but David just laughed.

'Those ruled aren't stupid. They are normal for little girls.' He smiled even when Amelia punched his arm.

'I am not a little girl. Take that back! And also she wants me to return by eight o'clock every night.'

'Okay so you aren't a little girl, but it is normal for a girl your age to have these rules. You just think they're stupid because you've never had them before.' And then he took his pocket watch out and looked at it. 'However if you want to remain in her good books you should get a move on because it is already a quarter to eight.'

'No! We'll never make it make in time!' Amelia said getting up and running towards her horse. Together they galloped back to the house. They even passed the stable and stopped right outside the house. Amelia jumped off and left the horse in David's care.

'You're late!' Was Penelope's respond when Amelia came running into the dining room breathing heavily.

'I know. I'm sorry I was at the pond in the woods when I realized I was late and I hurried home as quickly as the horse would let me.'

'I don't want to hear excuses. You know you are to return by eight. And did I not tell you to look decent for supper?' Penelope snapped. Amelia hadn't had the time to think about what she looked like. But there she was wearing her riding outfit, her nails were filthy, her hairs had leaves stuck in it and she probably smelled like horse.

'And you didn't finish your work either! You know you are not allowed to leave the house before you are done!'

'I'm sorry.' She said looking down at her feet.

‘Sit down. I have been waiting for you for ten minutes. I don’t want to wait even longer.’ Penelope said and signalled for a maid to bring the food. It was Katie, Amelia’s best friend and personal maid.

‘Katherine. Have a bath ready for Miss Amelia by the time she has finished eating her roast.’ Penelope said.

‘Yes madam, but the dessert won’t be ready until...’

‘Miss Amelia won’t be having dessert tonight. So that will be fine.’ Penelope said giving Amelia a stern look.

‘Yes madam.’ Katie said and left.

‘After you bath you will get ready for bed....’

‘But mother isn’t that a bit early.’

‘No it is not. Not for naughty girls who brake curfew. After you bath you will get ready for bed and then come to the master chamber for you punishment.’

Amelia did not like the sound of that, but didn’t say another word. She honestly thought that the not being allowed dessert part was well over the top for someone who was ten minutes late, and now she was to be punished in her stepmother’s bedroom. This didn’t sound good at all.’

After dinner Amelia went upstairs to find Katie readying a warm bath for her. She got into the warm water and allowed Katie to wash her hair.

‘You stepmother did not sound happy with you.’ She smiled.

‘You only heard the half of it. She wants me to come to her bedroom for my punishment after I get ready for bed.’ Amelia said sourly.

‘Oh dear do you think she will spank you?’ Katie said with a sympathetic tone, massaging Amelia’s head.

‘I... don’t know. No she wouldn’t would she?’ Amelia said now getting more frighten.

‘Well she does seem the type. Oh but I don’t want to scare you. You’ve never gotten a spanking

before have you?' she said pouring water over Amelia's head.

'Only when my mother was alive, but that didn't really hurt much. She just did it to scare me to behave. Oh Katie you don't really think she would spank me? I am sixteen after all.'

'I don't know Amelia. But if she does, remember it only last a little while. And I will be waiting for you right here to comfort you.'

'Thank you Katie. I don't know what I would do without you.' It really felt nice knowing that Katie was waiting for her. She was like a big sister to Amelia. Only two year older than herself.

After her bath Katie brushed Amelia's hair and helped her to get dressed for bed. Then Amelia put on her dressing-gown and left for the master chamber where Penelope was waiting for her. She knocked on the door.

'Come in.'

'You wanted to see me.' Amelia said.

'Yes. I warned you not to break my rules did I not?' Penelope said looking very stern. She was sitting by her writing desk writing a letter, but turned around to speak to Amelia.

'Yes, but I didn't mean to Penelope. I came as fast as I could.' Amelia tried.

'I told you to call me mother.'

'Yes mother. I'm sorry I didn't mean to break your rules.'

'It does not matter if you meant it. The fact is that you did break my rules and I have to teach you what happens to rule breakers in my house hold.' Penelope scolded.

'But Pene... mother I am terribly sorry.' Amelia said looking at the floor again knowing she wasn't getting out of this without punishment.

'You will be, once I have spanked you naughty bottom.' Penelope said getting up from her chair towering over Amelia.

'What?! No you can't. I... I am sixteen years old surely I am too old to be treated as a naughty little girl.' Amelia said shrinking under Penelope's gaze.

'But you are a naughty little girl, sixteen years old or not.' Penelope grabbed Amelia's arm and Amelia was lost for words. She couldn't speak. She allowed herself to be dragged towards an armless chair Penelope had placed in the middle of the room.

'Take off you dressing gown and fold it neatly on the bed, then come back here and pull up your nightie.' Penelope commanded.

Amelia knew that there was nothing she could do and that she might as well get over with it quickly. As she folded her dressing-gown she reminded herself that Katie was waiting for her and that once this was over she would comfort her. Amelia walked back next to Penelope who had sat down on the chair and pulled up her nightie revealing a nicely shaped bare bottom. Penelope took Amelia's arm and pulled her easily over her knees, and used some time positioning her perfectly so that her bottom was in the perfect angle.

'Amelia. Tell me why you need to be spanked.' Penelope said rubbing her bottom.

'I left the house without finishing my work, I broke curfew and was late for supper, and I did not look decent either.' Amelia said not leaving anything out in case it would give her less punishment.

'Good. It seems you understand. Then I can begin.' Penelope said giving Amelia a sharp smack on the bottom. It hurt and as soon as Amelia had registered the first there was a second. Sharp smacks were now raining down on her bottom.

Penelope's left hand was holding a squirming Amelia firmly down against her lap while the right moved in a nice rhythm smacking both of Amelia's cheeks hard so that they wobbled and a nice pink colour appeared.

'Ow... Penelope that really hurts. I won't be late anymore I promise just please stop.' Amelia was squirming and it had only been two minutes.

'Young lady I have only just started. I seriously doubt that you have learned your lesson yet.' Penelope said still smacking her bottom firmly. 'And it is not Penelope it is mother!'

'Yes mother.' Amelia sobbed feeling the sting in her bottom knowing it wasn't over anytime soon. She tried to think of Katie who was waiting for her in her room ready to tuck her in and comfort her, but the feeling of Penelope's hand smacking her bare bottom made that very hard to do.

'Ow..' Amelia whimpered after every smack and soon tears started running down her face. She did

feel very helpless over Penelope's knee, like she had no power what so ever.

'Maybe now you will make sure to follow my rules' Penelope said giving Amelia an extra sharp smack making her scream.

'Ow! Yes mother. I am sorry! Please let me go!'

'Oh no little girl we are not done yet.' Penelope said still smacking Amelia's bottom, but slowing down. And soon the smacking turned into rubbing. Amelia's whimpering went silent and now there was just sniffing noises.

'That's right it hurts doesn't it.' Penelope said speaking calmer.

'Yes mother. Will you let me go now?' Amelia asked still sniffing.

'No. I told you we are not done yet. I want you to go and get my hairbrush in the top drawer over there.' She pointed to a big wooden drawer.

'Mother no please. I have learned my lesson. I won't disobey you anymore.' Amelia pleaded.

'Do as you are told or it will get worse young lady.' Penelope told her. Amelia had no choice but to go to the drawer and get hairbrush. It was big and heavy and would surely hurt a lot. Amelia gave it to her stepmother looking terrified.

Penelope dragged Amelia over to the bed. It was very big and tall. It reached Amelia's middle which Penelope thought was perfect.

'Bend over the bed and stick your bottom out. Quickly!' Penelope said seeing Amelia hesitate.

Amelia bent over the bed supporting herself on her elbows and tried to stick her bottom out like Penelope wanted her to. Penelope pulled Amelia's nightie up revealing a bare now red bottom. She continued rubbing it for a while, admiring her work. Then she stood next to Amelia resting her left hand on Amelia's back and held the hairbrush in her right. Then she gave Amelia a sharp Smack with the brush which caused Amelia to cry out.

'OW!'

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

'Ow! It hurts!'

'Then this will be a good reminder the next time you want to break rules!' Penelope scolded giving her several more. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

'Ow! I told you... I didn't do it on purpose' Amelia cried.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

'Ow!' Amelia was now crying loudly. Her bottom was on fire.

Penelope kept smacking her changing between left and right and sometimes she would give her several smacks on the same spot. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

'Ow... please mother. It hurts!' SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

After a while the smacking stopped and Penelope put the hairbrush on the bed and rubbed Amelia's bottom. Amelia was still bent over the bed, but didn't dare to move unless her stepmother told her she could.

'I hope you have learned an important lesson Amelia. I don't do this to be cruel you know. It is for your own good. You haven't had anyone to teach you how to behave, but that is over now. My daughter will be obedient and ladylike. Is that understood?'

'Yes mother. I'm sorry.' Amelia sobbed.

'Good girl. Now go stand in that corner and hold up your nightie. I won't have you hiding that newly spanked bottom.' She gave Amelia a little push and Amelia stood in the corner holding up her nightie. It was boring standing there for fifteen minutes and her bottom was burning, but it wasn't embarrassing. Earlier that day it would have been, but Amelia wasn't ashamed of Penelope seeing her bottom after being put over her knee bare bottomed, and after having to bend over the bed.

After fifteen minutes in the corner. Penelope helped Amelia put on her dressing-gown and kissed her goodnight. Then Amelia walked through the corridor back to her room rubbing her bottom like mad.

'What happened? You were gone for a long time. Have you been crying?' Katie came running towards her the moment she entered the room.

'She spanked me, really hard too. First she put me over her knee and then afterwards I had to bend

over the bed while receiving the hairbrush.' Amelia said rubbing her bottom.

'What?! All that for being ten minutes late for supper?' Katie said in shock.

'Yes! She's a monster. Well... she says she cares about me and that is why she is so severe, but she doesn't even know me yet.' Amelia said sulking.

'Amelia...' Katie said blushing. 'May I look at you bottom?' Amelia took off her dressing-gown and pulled up her nightie to show her friend her red and bruised bottom.

'Wow that is one red bottom.'

'Yes! And it hurts.' Amelia said rubbing it still.

'You know what. I will go and get a bucket of really cold water and a cloth and then you can lie on your stomach on the bed while I make your bottom feel better.' Katie said.

'You will do that? Thank you Katie!' Amelia said and got into her bed.

Katie came back and the two of them lay in Amelia's bed, Amelia on her stomach and Katie rubbing her sore bottom and cooling it with a cool cloth. There Katie lay with Amelia until she was almost asleep. She then tucked her friend in and finished for the day.