

Auntie Sarah Spanks Part One

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Emma goes to stay with her Auntie Sarah who has re-introduced spanking

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I knocked on the door. I was so looking forward to the next six weeks. I was staying with my Aunt and my cousins over the summer break from University. My cousin Holly opened the door, smiled, and held her finger to her lips. I said nothing.

“Hi Emma” she said loudly.

She looked gorgeous. Her black hair flowing down her shoulders, her black sleeveless t-shirt showing her bare midriff, black bra straps showing, and her red mini skirt. It took my breath away. We were both the same age, 19. I felt quite dowdy beside her. I always did. She had everyone looking at her, boys and girls. But we were best mates as well as cousins. I may have other feelings for her, which I knew weren't returned, but that didn't matter so much. We were mates.

“Jack is for it. Mum's about to tan his backside just like she used to all those years ago.”

“What, your brother Jack?”

“Who else? He’s had so many spankings recently. Mum wouldn’t let me tell you but now you are staying here she had to. Come on, you can watch, just like you used to” she said quietly, laughing. She half turned away, then looked back at me, and said “You look great Em.”

Wow, I felt so good. Like a million dollars. Holly saying how nice I looked, and she was the corker.

I heard Holly’s Mum, Auntie Sarah, sounding very cross as we got closer to the living room. She was scolding Jack. The telling off stopped when we walked in to the room and both Auntie Sarah and Jack looked at me. Jack had a face the colour of a beetroot. Auntie Sarah smiled and said “Hullo Emma, how nice to see you.” I smiled and said “Hullo Auntie Sarah.”

“You don’t have to watch this Emma if you don’t want to, but it may well make Jack think twice before being so naughty although I suppose he is likely to be spanked several times during your stay in any case.”

“I don’t mind watching if it will help” I said obligingly, and sat down on a free chair by the wall. I was going to enjoy this. Watching Jack have his 17 year old butt spanked by his Mother. 17 years old and still spanked. Mind blowing. Mind you no one else knew the feelings I had. The desire to be spanked myself.

I have watched Auntie Sarah spank Jack before, many times, but not for at least 3 years. I thought it was a thing of the past. I must say I always enjoyed watching Auntie Sarah make Jack’s bottom bounce around, and as she turned it bright red so he cried his eyes out. I was in awe of Auntie Sarah at times. A grown up of course, what, 40 years old odd, so far more mature than us, and Holly’s Mum after all.

Auntie Sarah started scolding Jack again. Suddenly she said “go and tell Emma what you did. Go on.”

“Jack looked across at me, his face even redder now. I knew he fancied me. He was just too young. And of course he was my cousin. A definite no no. He edged slowly across to me and stood looking down, not at me at all, but at the floor.

“I took some money from Mum’s purse without asking” he mumbled.

“Speak up Jack” Auntie Sarah shouted. Jack repeated the admission much louder.

“How much?” I asked. It seemed appropriate for me to ask as I had been included in the conversation.

“£150” he said.

“How much?” I said, louder than I had meant to. I was just so surprised. I know I looked surprised. I had expected a fiver or tenner. Not £150. Good grief I thought. No wonder Auntie Sarah was so annoyed.

“See Jack. Even Emma is surprised.”

Then I realised I had the opportunity to take my revenge for last week. Jack was watering the garden when I went out to sit down. He wet me on purpose. My t-shirt was soaked and I knew became see through. My nipples stood out proud, and he gawked before laughing. He had said I looked like the actress who was playing a prostitute in her latest series. I asked if he really thought I looked like a prostitute. He was embarrassed because he meant it as a compliment and to say I looked like the actress herself not who she was playing, and she is just about the best looking girl around.

Still, nice as that might have been I knew he soaked me on purpose. So I said “Jack, please look at my face and not my breasts.”

Auntie Sarah was very annoyed and beside herself with fury. I knew that just a few days ago Jack had ogled one of Auntie Sarah’s own friends. A woman of 40 who did like to dress like a 20 year old. She wore a really low cut dress and Holly told me Jack’s eyes nearly popped out of his head. Auntie Sarah told him off then, in front of her friend who was rather embarrassed herself.

“Get over here Jack. I’ve told you about that before” she snapped.

“I didn’t, wasn’t, never...” Jack stammered, not sure who to look at first, just pleading his innocence to everyone.

I knew he wasn’t looking at my breasts, but no one else could tell. Just a white lie but may be it will get him some extra spanks, all because of me.

As Jack walked across to his Mother Holly gave me a look, trying hard not to laugh but failing. I managed to keep a reasonably straight face although Holly knew I had lied. Auntie Sarah was only focussing on Jack so didn’t see me give way to a smile.

“Take your trousers and pants off Jack. You are going to be taught such a lesson young man” she snapped at her 17 year old son.

Holly and I looked at Jack. We could see the side of his face as he looked intently at his Mother. At least anywhere but at us. He looked as though he was going to object, then thought better of it. He sighed, then undid his trousers and pulled them down to his knees.

“I said take them off Jack. It will make it easier for me” Auntie Sarah snapped again.

Jack obeyed, and took his pants off as well without needing to being asked again.

We had all seen his Mother in this mood before. When she got the bit between her teeth there was no arguing with her. Not until she had done what she set out to do. She was one forceful woman. I know I was scared of her when she was in this mood. I reckoned if she told me to take my knickers off and get across her knee I would do. I knew she wouldn't, although had wondered on more than one occasion what being spanked by her would be like. I had usually thought that when watching her spank Jack in the past. I wasn't surprised to find myself thinking it again now.

I became aware of Holly looking at me. I turned and smiled at her and she smiled back, raising her eyebrows as though saying just how strange is this. Did she know what I was thinking I wondered? We had never discussed it though.

We looked back to find Auntie Sarah scolding Jack again. This time it was a real stinging tongue lashing. Jack was still beetroot. Mind you being told off was not as embarrassing as he was going to be in a few minutes when he would be across his Mother's lap having his bottom soundly tanned.

I looked at Holly who was staring wide eyed at her brother. I followed her gaze and just saw Jack looking beetroot faced still. Then I realised Emma wasn't looking at his face. She was looking much lower. At his erection in fact.

I gasped and put my hand across my mouth. My goodness. How very strange.

Auntie Sarah looked across at me. "Oh I know Emma. The same happens every time I spank him. He never did this when he was younger."

I didn't remember that happening either. Then I realised what else she had said. "How often is every time Auntie?" I asked. I glanced at Jack who had no choice but to stand with his bare bottom and erection showing, his bare bottom waiting patiently for the thrashing he knew he was due to get. Yet Auntie Sarah wanted to explain how come her 17 year old son was accepting his punishment so obligingly.

"Yes. I reintroduced spanking a while ago. Jack agreed it was for the best. The first time I sat down and when he came over to me I realised he had an erection. I supposed it was a boy thing, but thought what the heck, and put him across my knee. He dug in a bit, but that went soon after I started spanking him. Anyway, I told him to expect to be spanked again if he was naughty and it's been about weekly since then, oh for about three months now."

I watched Jack and his erection actually got stiffer. My goodness. He was really turned on. By the thought of being spanked. Wow. Then I realised I was quite wet myself. I wanted to feel my knickers but knew I mustn't. There was no doubt though. I was turned on as well.

Auntie Sarah took Jack's arm and guided him across her lap. He shuffled around a bit to get himself comfortable.

She put her hand on his bottom and gave him another stern talking to before raising her hand and bringing it down hard on his bare bottom. It sounded like the crack of a rifle. Her hand made his bottom bounce. Jack gasped, bent his bottom down on to Auntie Sarah's thigh until bouncing back up again. I saw it in slow motion and thought how wonderful. Jack struggling but having to accept his punishment. The satisfied look on his Mothers face. Then her hand rose again and the whole thing was repeated.

Auntie Sarah then spanked her 17 year old son spank after spank with her hand. She kept up a steady rhythm. Her hand thrashed home on Jack's bare bottom. Jack gasped, and started to sob. His Mother knew the pain she was causing and kept going even perhaps spanking harder as she went on, encouraged by the reaction she was getting, helped by the knowledge her son was being taught a lesson. I even noticed how her hand was becoming red as she spanked, though no where near as red as she was turning Jack's bottom.

She rested for a short while, berating Jack yet again as though he needed constantly reminding why he was being disciplined. It was only then I realised she was holding a wooden backed hairbrush. I gasped, but no one heard as Auntie Sarah gave Jack yet one more telling off before raising the hairbrush and bringing it down hard on her son's bare and already reddened bottom. Jack gasped. Auntie Sarah raised her hand again. I looked at Jack's bottom which had the results of an already hard spanking but somehow the pattern caused by the hairbrush stood out even more, an oblong mark standing out against the background of his red bottom.

Auntie Sarah spanked Jack with so much force. She wasn't holding anything back. She stared at Jack's bottom as she landed spank after spank after spank. She pursed her lips as she raised her hand and brought the brush down hard each time. She allowed a couple of seconds before raising her hand and again bringing the brush down hard. I realised that sometimes Auntie Sarah alternated between bottom cheeks but at other times landed several hard spanks on almost the same spot,

spank after spank, and these caused Jack to gasp and cry much louder. Still he never tried to get up.

Jack was crying soon after the spanking began. Auntie Sarah's hand spanking made Jack very uncomfortable from the start. I could only guess at how much more the hairbrush must have been hurting him. He squirmed around on his Mothers lap but couldn't avoid the unforgiving wooden paddle like brush making his bottom bounce around.

I tried to see if he still had his erection, and whilst I just couldn't get a good enough view I reckoned it had gone. I didn't suppose anyone could cry so loudly and still be sexually aroused.

I couldn't say the same for me though. I was wetter than ever. I pushed my thighs together to check and was certain my knickers were positively soaking. And as I watched the spanking continue so I was getting more and more aroused. I had to concentrate to make sure I didn't start groaning as that would have really given the game away.

Auntie Sarah stopped spanking Jack for a while to let him recover, and for her to catch her breath as well perhaps. Even whilst he was crying she scolded him again saying how she hoped he would learn his lesson. Such a strict voice. Such a strict and sexy voice. My arousal was getting worse I realised. I wasn't sure I would be able to stave off the on coming orgasm.

Jack answered all his Mothers questions, quite respectfully in fact. He kept eying the hairbrush she was waving in front of his eyes which no doubt helped with the respect aspect. It would though wouldn't it.

"Right young man, let's continue then shall we" Auntie Sarah said after yet another gap in proceedings, another rest period, happy with the responses her 17 year old son had given her. Jack tensed his bottom and once the first spank hit home he just let out another cry, and looked again at

the floor. There was no resistance. Just the thud of the hairbrush on his now very red bottom, followed by a loud gasp and otherwise constant crying.

What I couldn't understand was why I was still wondering what it might be like being on the receiving end of such a thrashing. But I was. For some reason I wanted to feel what it was like to be thrashed to tears and with absolutely no say in how long or how hard I was being disciplined.

Holly said to her Mother "well I hope he is good in future Mum or else you will have to do all this again, but harder."

I looked at Holly and suddenly realised she had the same strict voice as her Mother. The very same. I wondered if Holly might put me across her lap and thrash me just like Auntie Sarah was thrashing Jack. Holly controlling me. Dominating me. And then make love to me. Oh my. I was so aroused. By Holly. It was such a pity she didn't have those same feelings for me. And what chance of having Auntie Sarah spank me? How could I ask her?

A few minutes later and Auntie Sarah told Jack to get up. It took several more minutes for him to recover sufficiently to actually get up. He did so painfully, still sobbing albeit not crying uncontrollably any more.

"Go and face the wall Jack. I will tell you when you can get dressed."

We all watched Jack's red bottom walk over and face the wall.

"Put your hands on your head as well. Oh, and you may as well get used to being spanked in front of

Emma. Understood Jack?”

Jack sobbed, turned still with his hands on his head, and mumbled a very wet “yes Mum.”

All three of us saw it at the same time. Somehow Jack was erect again. Minutes after being thrashed to tears he was aroused.

“Face the wall Jack” Auntie Sarah managed to say.

“Disgusting” Holly said, and she really did look as though she was going to be sick. “How can anyone get aroused by being spanked. Unbelievable. Anyway, I’m going to change so we can go shopping Emma. You coming?”

“Sure Holly.”

We went upstairs. I watched Holly get undressed. She didn’t mind me watching. I was miles away when Holly said “are you OK?”

That snapped me out of my thoughts. “Yeah, great” I managed to say, still wanting to picture her, naked, beautifully naked.

“Emma, you looked a bit strange you know.”

“Sorry Holly, I was just thinking about Jack being spanked.”

“What do you think? Getting aroused like that. How could he?” She was going six to a dozen and obviously enjoyed watching her brother being disciplined, but only as an onlooker it seemed. Shame.

“What did it mean to you then Holly?” I asked.

“My brother getting a good tanning, that’s what. One he deserves. And I hope he gets plenty more. At least it will keep him out of my hair.”

“Right. Yes, that’s it exactly. At least he won’t bother me so much either.” I thought I had better agree after all.

By now Holly was dressed and ready to go. Still looking delicious.

“Let’s go then.”

Just then my phone rang. It was from this house so I was confused. I put the phone to my ear and immediately heard Auntie Sarah say “don’t say anything. Just tell Holly it’s your Mum and she’s coming over to drop something off she forgot to give you so you need to stay here, and then come downstairs. OK?”

“Erm right. Sure.”

“It’s my Mum. She’s coming over and I need to stay here I’m afraid.”

“Bad luck Emma. We’ll catch up later, huh?”

“Sure thing Holly.”

We both went downstairs. Holly spoke first. “Emma needs to stay here, so I’ll go to the shops by myself.”

Auntie Sarah said “Or, you could take Jack with you. You know he has good taste and he has promised to be good.”

“Jack?” Holly said, annoyed at the suggestion.

“He has been disciplined Holly, so he is back on good terms for the time being.”

“I guess. OK you, let’s go” Holly said, looking at Jack. “I guess we won’t be sitting on any hard seats though will we?” she laughed. Jack blushed and rubbed his bottom. No, I guess he won’t want to sit on anything hard for a while.

They left the house. I turned to Auntie Sarah, wondering why she had wanted me to stay behind.

“You do know Holly isn’t interested in girls don’t you Emma” she said, kindly I thought. But I was shocked by what she was saying. How could she know my thoughts after all.

She added “Holly likes you like a sister, but not as anything else.”

“Uh huh” I muttered, disappointed, but I already knew I supposed.

“I saw the way you looked when I was spanking Jack” Auntie Sarah said more cheerfully.

Wow, where did that come from? Right out of the blue. I swallowed hard, and blushed. “Did you?” I asked.

“Jack asked to be spanked you know.”

“Did he?”

“You don’t think I would have reintroduced spanking for a 17 year old if he didn’t?” she said smiling

“I didn’t think really but how come?” I was just so shocked by all of this.

“I found a magazine in his bedroom. He showed me his favourite photo which was of a woman spanking a man. He said to me he wanted to find a woman just like that. I looked him in the eye and said he had, so long as he accepted it won't be a once only. He gave me a look and asked if that meant I would spank him. I said that is exactly what I meant. Well I know Jack. He's just the type to go off and look for someone and get in to all sorts of trouble.”

I was amazed. Auntie Sarah laughed.

“So he has been spanked regularly for the last three months and will be from now on. Holly watches of course. I told her though if she told anyone then I would force her across my lap and thrash her in front of my friends. That's why she didn't tell you.”

I had wondered about that.

She went on “Holly doesn't know about the magazine. That is Jack and my secret. You were always going to be told about him being spanked though once you got here.”

I still couldn't see where this was leading. Why tell me things Holly didn't know?

“You turning up just as I was telling him off was a coincidence, but he would have been spanked sooner or later whilst you were here. I told him he had to accept you watching him being spanked just as you had seen him spanked so many times before after all.”

“What, and he just asks you? Is that how come he gets spanked every week?”

“No. I wouldn’t agree to that. I said I would reintroduce spanking as discipline for him when he is naughty. He didn’t like that idea as he wanted control but the only person to have any control would be me and he could take it or leave it. Mind you, I had no intention of letting him say no.” She laughed at the very thought.

“So I decide if he needs to be disciplined and he has to accept whatever I decide to give him. He really did steal that money but I caught him. Anyway, he gets what he wants, just not when he wants it and of course he has no say on the severity and how hard he gets spanked. Just like any Mother should when dealing with a naughty child. The only difference, if there is one, is that he is 17 years old.”

“You’re a good Mum then.”

“Thank you. So, coming back to the way you looked when I was spanking Jack. I thought maybe if you want to try being spanked then I can help you there.”

“How do you know that’s what I want as well?”

Well at least it was now blazingly clear why I was asked to stay behind. So whilst I was wondering how I could ask Auntie Sarah to spank me she was planning to ask me. She looked so awesome at that moment. So in control. So sexy.

"I just do Emma. I'm a Mum aren't I and don't forget how long I have known you. All those comments you used to make add up. I know you want to be spanked. Tell me I'm wrong then" she said testily but still with such a friendly smile.

"Yes" I conceded, then asked "so, you will spank me if I want you to?"

"No young lady" she said sharply. "Listen to what you are being told. You have to earn a spanking Emma. You have to do something that if anyone ever asked you got what you deserved. And it can't be on purpose either. You get disciplined properly when I decide." "Oh, right."

"You aren't the only one to gain because like Jack I suspect you will think twice before getting me cross over the next 6 weeks. You saw the kind of spanking I give. It's the only type I give. No half measures. But that's the risk Emma."

"What if I get aroused, like Jack?"

"I don't mind you being aroused but it won't affect me. At least if you agree I will have 2 out of 3 who will either be better behaved or suffer a red and sore bottom. But just know I will be strict and severe. You though will get the spanking you crave. After that stay well behaved and I am very happy. If you misbehave then whether you get aroused or not it will be across my lap. Every time. If I suffer then you will also suffer. The big difference is whilst afterwards I can carry on as before you on the other hand will have a throbbing reminder of the result of your misbehaviour. But surely Emma that is part of the excitement, the reason for the arousal.

I knew she was right. The excitement will be having to behave or take that trip across her lap. The trip I want but the trip I will also dread. But take it I will if I deserve it. Only if I deserve it.

Auntie Sarah continued. "Anyway, you saw Jack recovered quickly enough. He had a few minutes in his room and then happily went to the shops. He'll be sore, but is that so bad? He was very naughty after all. Look Emma, you decide. Just bear in mind that once you agree it will be like Jack. Spanking is what you get when you are naughty. No arguing. Just put across my lap for twenty minutes of being thrashed. I know this first time you will effectively be asking, but afterwards it's the very last time you get a say in when you are spanked."

What a choice and she knows it. Very clever even for a Mum. She has it all worked out I thought. I can't just have the one spanking to see. I have to hand over control. For 6 weeks if Auntie Sarah tells me to take off my skirt and knickers then that will happen. I won't have any say. None. She will decide if I have misbehaved. She will decide how hard she will spank me and for how long. I will cry because she will make me cry. And Holly and Jack will watch. I can't agree to those conditions. Why should I? Just because the thought of it is making me wet as I think about it. Wet. My goodness yes, I am wet in my knickers. So that's it then. Argument over. How can I refuse now? It won't kill me. It's only for 6 weeks anyway.

I looked at her. That strict voice, in fact that strict sexy voice. I looked at her and knew I had to agree. It would answer so many questions. And if I only get spanked when I am naughty then it is up to me to be good. Easy.

I looked at Auntie Sarah and said "you slut" and swallowed hard.

"What did you say" she snapped.

I looked up, knowing my eyes were wet, and said more clearly "You slut Auntie."

Auntie Sarah glared at me. "That is not very nice young lady. I think you deserve to be disciplined for that. Come with me."

Auntie Sarah went back to the chair and sat down, pointing to the floor in front of her.

"Take you skirt and knickers off and get across my lap."

I did as I was told, the adrenalin flowing. In fact when I took down my knickers I checked and yes they were freshly wet again. So I was still aroused by the thought of being spanked. I looked at Auntie Sarah who now held the hairbrush. The sight took my breath away as I eased myself down across her lap and stared at the carpet.

"So Emma will this be your only trip across my lap or will you be like Jack coming time and again to look at that very piece of carpet. I wonder. No need to answer young lady because you really don't know just yet. You need to get through this one first don't you."

I nodded. I was too tense to speak.

"Right young lady, stretch your arms out front and don't try to cover your bottom. Don't struggle either. I just hope this teaches you a good lesson young lady, and if it doesn't we will soon do this again. Understood?" she snapped.

I nodded again, still unable to speak. The excitement was too much..

“Right. Hold this hairbrush whilst I spank you with my hand.” I took hold of the brush. It looked so large in my hand. “Nice girly bottom” she said. Some compliment as I was draped across her lap, my “girly” bare bottom waiting to be spanked.

“You did lie about Jack looking at your breasts didn’t you?”

I looked up and nodded.

“Good girl. You can expect some extras for lying though.”

I looked back at the carpet. Very strict I thought. But she was right. How did she know that?

“Emma, just so you know, I'm glad you have taken this route. It's better for me and I think better for you. More painful for you but yes certainly better for me at least.”

Great to know I mused, but I didn't think about it much longer, at least not from when the first spank hit home. I gasped, it hurt, it stung like crazy, but I didn't get up. I didn't even try to get up. I wasn't going to get up until I was told I could by my strict Aunt. I could feel her hand was rising up again. I knew she was focussed on my bottom. Just like when she spanked Jack. Only this time it was my bottom that was her target. The second spank stung more than the first. I let out a gasp and a small sob. I was getting the spanking I deserved and wanted, both at the same time.

To be continued....

