

aunty betty part 2

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a striking blonde receives some well deserved discipline

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My name is Caroline. In the summer of 1979 I was a very beautiful tall blond girl of 17, staying with my 37 year old aunt Betty, also a tall striking beauty and her 19 year old daughter Amanda who was naturally stunning. I was on holidays at the time, being a senior student in a very strict and prestigious private girls school in England. Although generally well behaved, like all teenagers I had a somewhat rebellious streak. In the rigid atmosphere of a strict English girls school this did not always go down too well and some of my female teachers took the opportunity to improve my behavior if I over stepped the line. Well smacked legs were the order of the day and naturally I had my fair share but luckily up till then I avoided anything more severe. However this was soon to change when I decided to spend my summer break with my Aunty Betty. Now Aunty Betty, a teacher herself, was no stranger to disciplining girls of all ages and her strictness was not confined to her professional life. Her daughter Amanda was subject to very strict rules of conduct even at age 19. These included no makeup, and very modest dress and of course no smoking. On the first day of my visit we were rather reckless, breaking all three rules and unfortunately being caught by a very vigilante Aunty Betty. The obvious result was a well deserved thrashing for both of us. Since this was my first taste of the strap I was rather upset, but Amanda managed to console me and we soon formed a very close relationship. Next morning was a Sunday, and Aunty Betty informed us that we would be attending the annual church picnic. We agreed and after breakfast Amanda and I went up to our room to discuss the situation. Amanda was not really that interested in boys but I was, and I asked if she could introduce me to some nice boys at the picnic. She said there was only one boy worth talking about, a tall, handsome blond about the same age as me. I asked if she had been out with him. She said only once but would not go into any details about what happened, however she agreed to introduce him to me. Naturally we could not wear any makeup in front of Aunty Betty and we had to dress modestly, so we decided to smuggle some makeup and short skirts into the picnic basket unbeknown to Aunty Betty, which was no mean achievement since she had a reputation of being a female Sherlock Holmes. As soon as we arrived at the picnic we rushed out of the car with the basket and made straight to a secluded area where the younger members of the church met. The adults, including our esteemed Aunt congregated near the church and were too busy to worry about the young folk. Amanda and I sneaked into a small hut nearby and changed into our very short skirts and applied our

makeup. It was not long before we bumped into Peter and I was introduced to him. I liked what I saw and asked him to take a walk with me to the another small building some distance away. As soon as we entered the building Peter was all over me like a cheap suit and we started kissing quite passionately. We spent about half an hour there just kissing when Amanda came in and said we better get changed because Aunty Betty was looking for us. I gave Peter one more long passionate kiss and a quick wank to go with it and he left. Amanda had brought the picnic basket and while we were changing we started kissing and Amanda really got busy with me. When we eventually caught up with Aunty Betty she was quite angry and asked where we had been. She was not satisfied with our answers and said she would sort us out when we got home. As soon as we arrived back we were sent to Amanda's room and told to wait. It was not long before Aunty Betty arrived carrying a very large plastic hairbrush. I was first to be bent over her lap. My skirt was raised and my knickers were lowered right down to my ankles. I received 12 solid strokes across the bare bottom followed up by six real stingers across the top of each thigh. Amanda was next and received the same. Needless to say after Aunty Betty left, Amanda produced the jar of lotion and she rubbed the soothing cream into my well thrashed bottom and thighs. I returned the favor and we spent the rest of the evening in bed together.