

Aunty Bety part 3

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a stunning blonde is seen to by a strict aunt

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I was into the second week of my summer break with Aunty Betty and my cousin Amanda. When I first arrived I was rather rebellious and somewhat reckless but Aunty Betty soon sorted me out. My last session over her lap was quite severe and this convinced me to improve my behavior. Amanda was also on her best behavior since she knew that our next encounter with Aunty Betty would involve the cane and she spoke from experience when she explained that this was not something to look forward to. I had become very close to Amanda, and had shared her bed from day one. Although I preferred boys I had no objection to her advances and really enjoyed her cleaning me out every morning and evening. However I still needed some male company, and was pleasantly surprised when her 18 year old blond cousin Steve came to stay for a few days. Although he was rather short and very skinny I found him quite attractive. One day, while Amanda and Aunty Betty were out, I decided to take a chance and changed into a short skirt and piled on the makeup. Steve was sitting on the sofa watching television when I walked. I could tell from the bulge in his shorts that he was pleased to see me, so I walked over and sat on his lap. I was not wearing any panties and after a few passionate kisses and some strategic wiggling the inevitable happened. I was not long until his rod was ready for some more action and we spent the next few hours getting into it. I was exhausted by then and went back to Amanda's bed and lay down and fell asleep. I must have overslept because I did not hear Aunty Betty arrive home. I did not have time to change my skirt or clean up my makeup. She asked for an explanation but I could not really think of one, and agreed to accompany her to her upstairs bedroom. She said that she was very disappointed in me and that I needed a sound thrashing. I reluctantly agreed and was promptly asked to bent over the chair. When my skirt was lifted Aunty Betty asked why I was wearing no panties. My explanation made no sense to her so she decided that I would receive 4 strokes across my bare upper thighs in addition to 8 strokes across the bare bottom. She then produced a rather heavy cane and proceeded to give me a well deserved thrashing. After she had finished I went back to my room. Amanda arrived soon after and inspected my bottom and was rather surprised at the severity of my caning. She then produced the jar of cream and helped sooth my well thrashed thighs and bottom. Nobody ever found out about Steven, and Amanda and I continued with our very close relationship.