Interaction with the neighbours: part1

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Suzie introduces her neighbours to her hobby, which is sadism.

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I consider myself to be a very fortunate person; at the age of nineteen I own my own house. I inherited from my Uncle, along with an extensive library of erotic literature (most of it is simply porn) and what is probably one of the largest private collections of implements designed to cause pain.

It is a nice house too, detached with three bedrooms, a living room, a dinning room and a kitchen to die for. It also has a good size study, which I have converted into a hobby room, you will find at more about my hobbies later.

The garden is a dream and I spend hours in it. Mainly indulging in nude sunbathing.

By the way my name is Suzie.

I like my neighbours; Jane who is a single mother and her teenaged children Zack who is sixteen and Stacy who isseventeenoccupies the house to the right. Zack and Stacy are basically good kids, but they can give there mum a hard time.

Zack is clearly sweet on me. I am fairly certain that he watches me sun bathe from his bedroom window. He blushed when I gave him a pair of binoculars for his birthday.

He is fit and definitely presses some of the right buttons. Stacy however is truly stunning and presses all of the right buttons many times over.

Jane brought her Zack around tonight; she had caught him spying on me though my window. She said she would leave him with me for a suitable punishment.

He was dressed only in his boxers, and while nervous, a bulge shows that he was very excited.

Once Jane had left Zacksaid

"Stacy and I know about your hobby, I am really glad that I the firstoneto try it out"

“Zack, remove the boxers,”

He blushed and said

“Do I have to?”

“Yes, it would be better for you if I can monitor the damage I am inflicting on your bum.”

He obeyed and I was really impressed by the size of his cock, which was now fully erect. I bent him over a table and secured his arms and legs to it. The punishment was going to be painful and I did not want a lot of movement on his part.

I began with a warm up spank, slapping one check then the other. By the time I had laid down a thirty, his bum a very nice shade of red. I then changed the pattern, three slaps to one cheek followed by three to the other.

He made the mistake of saying it was not as bad as he had feared.

“I have only just began” was my reply.

I then began to administer blow after blow with a two pronged paddle in bursts of ten, rubbing his bottom between each burst, thirty of these left his bottom a deep shade of red and covered in angry welts.

He begged for me for more.

“Don't worry Zack, there is a caning still to come.”

Zack said he needed the bathroom; I produced a vase and said if he needed a pee he could use it, he clearly did as he half filled it.

I decided we both need a rest, so I jerked him off. Stroking the whole length of his cock whilst kneading his very sore backside soon had the desired effect, his body tensed and a jet of cum hit me full in the face.

I finished with fifteen strokes of a wicked cane. I made him count. Each cut brought about an immediately reaction. After ten he was screaming that he could not take any more, I believed him but still took my time administrating the last five.

When the caning was finished, I took my time to masturbate him. I was stripped and I wanted to see how many times I could make him cum.

After the fifth time, I released him and let him finger me. He did this with a vigour born of pain and I soon squirted all over him. I then jerked him off once more.

By this time his cock was fairly red and we were both covered in sex. I did not let him clean himself up or to reclaim his boxer's.

I sent him home I the state he was in for sister to see.

An hour later my doorbell rang, as I was already in bed I answered it in the nude. When I opened the door Stacy produced a jug of double cream and poured it over my tits and pussy.

“Stacy, what the hell!”

“Suzie, I am really pissed off that you introduced Jack to your hobbies before me”

She then smiled and asked

“Have I been bad enough to deserve a harsh spanking?”

“Stacy, be careful what you wish for, because you will get it”

I stripped her out of the knickers and tee shirt, which she wore in bed.

Firstly I made her lick of the cream and then lay her over my knee. The spanking was gentle at first and she complained that I was not being hard enough on her, so I built up the tempo and force of the smacks going from cheek to cheek.

Soon the tears began to flow but I just carried on. He cheeks were nicely red by now but I only stopped when they were a deep shade of crimson. I asked if she had had enough, no way she said.

I got her to lick me out before continuing the punishment. I treated her to a very hard session on one

my wank machine and enjoyed the sound of her moaning.

“Stacy, its pussy whipping time.”

I enjoyed the flicker of anxiety passed over her face before she said

“Yes it is.”

I first shaved her; with her legs very well spread I attached clips to her pussy lips and then attaching the clips by cords to her feet. This ensured that her pussy was very vulnerable to the whipping that was to follow.

I introduced her to my three-pronged paddle and then I began the punishment, each cut landed as desired, both pussy lips and her clit being struck.

After five cuts it was clear that a gag was necessary and after fifteen cuts I allowed her to piss into a vase before continuing. She received a total of thirty cut before I released her.

Then as an act of kindness I soothed the pain with my tongue. She seemed very appreciative of this kindness.