

# Laura's Boyfriend

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*Laura wanted her boyfriend to spank her but it turns out rather differently*

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I really liked Robert , or rather was captivated by him. I was 18 at the time and Robert was 21 so a fair old age gap. We met at a friend's party and we went out a few times. It was when we were shopping and I wanted to do my usual going to every shop before deciding what to buy and Robert was getting more and more annoyed and eventually he took my arm and whispered fiercely in to my ear, "If you don't decide soon I'll put you over my knee and spank you until you do decide." I gasped in surprise. I hadn't been spanked for some years but had fantasised about it and in fact me being spanked was what I often thought about when masturbating. The hissed threat was somehow shocking which I suppose was because it was just so unexpected, but at the same time I felt a quiver in my pussy at the threat. I couldn't work out why I didn't laugh or something and egg Robert on to spank me there and then. I didn't though. It was probably the shock that overrode any other feelings but I said I had decided what to buy, bought the dress, and we went home. Mind you, I did take the dress back as I hated it, and only bought it to avoid it looking like I had capitulated. All that afternoon I looked at Robert in his dark tight blue jeans and dark red top looking so smart, so capable, wanting to ask him if he meant what he said, whether he would actually spank me, but I was too scared I suppose and he never mentioned the threat again. The afternoon sped by and by the time we went to a party that evening I had all but forgotten about it. That is until I got home and lay in bed thinking again about the threat and pictured what might have happened. I imagined so vividly Robert taking my knickers down and pulling me across his lap and as I lay on his tight jeans I was sure he was aroused by my bare bottom as he spanked me. As I lay in bed dreaming I found my hand on my pussy and was startled to find I was already so wet and that just the touch of my fingers along my pussy set me off gasping as I was that close to an orgasm. Moments later I was gyrating and groaning and gasping as I had the most amazing orgasm. I lay in bed afterwards, my hand resting on my pussy, my finger nestling just inside me, thinking about the day and how the threat of Robert spanking me had made me cum so easily. When I masturbated I fantasised about being spanked by

Robert, how I wound him up again, he threatened to spank me. I laughed at him, he got more annoyed, dragged me to a chair, yanked my skirt and knickers down, pulled me across his lap, and started to spank me. I howled in pretend protest and he held me firmly and as he spanked I started to cry which made him spank me harder and I cried more. Eventually Robert let me up, told me off again, and then held me closely to him, I hugged him and told I would be a good girl, and he wiped the tears away ever so gently, kissed my cheek then my neck and my lips, he helped me take the rest of my clothes off, I helped him take his clothes off, then we lay on the bed and made endless love. Afterwards Robert told me off again and made it very clear to me if I was naughty again he would have to spank me again and I said I totally understood and of course he must but I would try to be good. I thought these erotic thoughts all the next day and the following day, wondering if it would ever become true, and by the time I saw Robert again I wanted him to spank me, just to see if my fantasies about it were true. It was always on my mind but he never made the threat again and I was too scared to ask. The thought of him spanking me was too much to handle and one afternoon when I was at his house and I was thinking again about him spanking me. I thought maybe if I wound him up again he would do it. We were watching football on TV, and whilst I was usually happy enough to sit quietly as he got all het up over the match. This time I played up, interrupted, and tried to wind him up. He did start to get annoyed and snapped a couple of times. I tickled him and he tried to fend me off, I kicked out, missed, hit the side table and a vase went crashing to the floor. Just then his Mum walked in. She had been out and I didn't hear her come back. Anyway, she was standing there looking awfully annoyed. "What have you done?" She definitely was annoyed. Robert and I stood up and both stammered a, "Sorry." "Really? Just sorry are you?" She looked at me then at Robert. I said, "I'll get a pan and brush," and ran out of the room. I heard his Mum's raised voice as I found the pan and brush and dashed back in to the living room. Just as I entered I heard Robert plead, "Please Mum don't spank me in front of Laura." I caught his Mum's eye and she looked at Robert with an, 'I told you so,' look. "Too late," she said, just as Robert looked around open mouthed. I stared first at Robert then at his Mum. Robert's face said it all blushing a deep red, his lips quivering as though ready to cry and certainly not the tough boyfriend who had threatened to spank me. His Mum looked cross, her arms folded, a no nonsense stance if ever I saw one. "Good timing Laura," Robert's Mum said to me before looking at her son and saying, "You told her Robert not me, so now there is no reason to wait is there?" Robert's Mum went over to the chair and turned looking at the two of us. Robert was speechless but I wasn't. I never normally was to be fair, always quick to give my opinion, too quick sometimes, but I had to say something. "It was just an accident Mrs. Witton." I was quite taken aback by the glare I got. "Just? Just? Listen here my girl, that is my favourite vase. Well, was my favourite vase?" I was almost shaking as she snapped at me. I hadn't helped calm her down that was for sure. She took a deep angry breath and said sternly, "Robert, get your trousers down and your underpants and get across my lap." Mrs Witton then rolled each of her sleeves up to above her elbow showing she really meant she was going through with her threat. Different to Robert's unfulfilled threat I thought. Mrs Witton not just threatened a spanking but was jolly well going to carry it out. Robert undid his trousers pushing them down to his ankles and in one further movement his

underpants followed. He went to his Mum's side and just a look from her had him bending down across her lap. His hands hit the floor and his toes just touched the floor on the other side of his Mum's lap, he looked at the floor, his Mum's hand rubbed his bare bottom and there was silence in the room, except for the groan from Robert who must have known what to expect. Mrs Witton looked up at me and said sternly, "Stay still Laura and I don't want any objections from you. Do you understand me?" "Yes, Mrs Witton," I answered respectfully, finding her rubbing Robert's bottom rather sexy, although I was realising it was more watching her doing the rubbing with her, 'Don't cross me,' attitude, strong, inflexible, demanding, rather than Robert's 'I'll do as I'm told no matter what,' submission. My eyes followed her hand upwards and then the blur like movement downwards as her first spank made a loud clap like sound soon followed by Robert's gasp as his head jerked slightly and his bottom whirled. Spank followed spank as I watched now hooked on the constant hand rising ominously before being brought down quickly. I watched spellbound as she spanked Robert, sometimes spanking alternate bottom cheeks and noticed how when she spanked the same bottom cheek time and again it brought louder gasps and the occasional kick, and when she did the same to the backs of his legs Robert kicked more, threw his head up and gasped much louder. His bottom quickly turned red as did the tops of his legs but the spanking continued. Just when I thought the spanking had ended Mrs Witton picked up a wooden backed hairbrush she had wedged in to her lap somehow, tapped Robert's bottom with it, and the spanking resumed, this time the smacking sound being louder as was the groaning and gasping coming from Robert, in fact everything was louder really. The door opened and I looked around to see Danielle, Robert's older sister. I missed a breath as I had dreamt of her so often and she was looking very sexy in a pretty sleeveless dress with bare legs and looking quite delicious in high heels. What a moment for her to walk in though, to see her brother being spanked by their Mum. What will she think of me though standing here like a naughty girl? I blinked but she just looked at her Mum who kept on spanking Robert and it was clear she wasn't even surprised. She asked almost casually, "What's he done this time Mum?" Danielle just seemed to be chatting really. "These two broke my vase," Mrs Witton answered, still upset judging by her tone. "Oh dear," Danielle continued before looking at me and asking, "Is Laura next then?" My hand shot to my mouth. I certainly wasn't expecting that. For once I was speechless. "Maybe," Mrs Witton said giving me a stern look as she kept spanking Robert. I was shaking my head when Danielle said, "You want me to do it Mum?" My mouth dropped open. Surely not. Robert's older sister asking if she should spank me as though that were normal. Surely it wasn't normal. I looked back at Mrs Witton as though expecting her to make a decision about who will spank me and I wasn't even expecting to get spanked at all. She said nothing for a while and just kept spanking Robert and it was almost surreal as she held him tightly whilst his legs kicked and he squirmed around on his Mum's lap whilst she and Danielle were looking at me. After a couple of dozen more spanks and over Robert's crying she asked me, "Well Laura, you deserve a spanking you know, don't you." It was a statement, and yes well I suppose if Robert got spanked and it was as much my fault then I do deserve a spanking, but I'm 18 years old. Mind you, I had fantasised about being spanked, masturbated over my dream of being put across someone's lap and spanked, and here I was being told I should be

spanked and two women's laps waiting for me. I said what I had wanted to say so often. "I suppose I do deserve to be spanked Mrs Witton." She looked at Danielle and whilst I didn't see the look on Danielle's face I guessed she was laughing at my dilemma. "Me or Danielle then, Laura?" I looked from one to the other, wondering how come it was my decision. I gulped, looked at Mrs Witton with her rolled up sleeves, already with Robert across her lap, a strong woman my Mum's age and I suppose more the type I would expect to be spanked by. I turned briefly to look at Danielle, 25 years old I knew, she was often in the house when I was here and I had to admit that recently when masturbating I did picture being across her lap although never for a moment expected to be. She was smirking but somehow I just could not bring myself to accept a spanking from a 25 year old, so turned to Mrs Witton and said almost dolefully, "You please Mrs Witton." I heard Danielle say in almost a musical tone, "Ha, you'll regret that Laura, Mum spans really hard." I was regretting all sorts of things already. I watched more intently as I realised Robert's bottom was now a burning red colour, he was kicking his legs, squirming around on his Mum's lap, and crying deep choking cries as spank after spank hit all over his bottom and legs. I rubbed my finger along my lips in trepidation, and heard Danielle say, "Told you so." "Get up, Robert," Mrs Witton ordered and my gaze was again on him as he scrambled slowly off his Mum's lap and he stood looking down at his Mum rubbing his bottom madly. "That's enough rubbing. Put your hands on your head while I deal with Laura. You are grounded for a week as well." I thought that sounded awfully stiff for one broken vase. Danielle held a chart up and said, "It's still regular hey, Mum." Mrs Witton looked sternly at her son, "Yes Robert, that's the third spanking in a week." "That's right Mum, and three the previous week." I looked at Danielle who held a chart which I could see was headed, 'Robert's Spanking Chart.' I was totally stunned by that. Robert gets spanked really often and there I was thinking how I wanted him to spank me. No wonder he never mentioned it again after that one threat. He spent a lot of his time across his Mum's lap being spanked so the threat was probably a throw back to that, making him sound tough to his girlfriend, while all the time he was the one being spanked. Another thought struck me. Danielle's question. I turned to her and asked, "Do you spank Robert as well?" Danielle smiled, and half laughed. "I sure do young missy, I can't expect Mum to do it all the time can I?" "I suppose not," I answered, my voice trailing off. I was trying to get to grips with all this information when Mrs Witton ordered, "Come here Laura, I will deal with you now." I gulped as I walked over to her. "So Laura, you are a teacher aren't you?" I managed to answer but my mind was in turmoil thinking about what was about to happen. "Yes Mrs Witton." "So tell me, do you spank your naughty students." I didn't want to admit to smacking their bottoms. "Well I generally give them a detention Mrs Witton." "Like grounding you mean?" Mrs Witton laughed as she looked at Robert. "Tell me though Laura, don't you think a spanking far more effective for students?" I know I did. "I guess so Mrs Witton." "There you are then, even though you are a teacher at work you are just like Robert here at my home, so a spanking is exactly what you deserve isn't it?" She had wound me in and made me agree with her, just as I do with the students using child psychology. "Yes Mrs Witton, I know I deserve to be spanked as I was equally to blame for breaking your vase." "Good Laura. I have to ask you though, to give you a choice. I can always call your Mum and tell her I am about to spank you and ask her if she would

prefer to. Shall I do that Laura?" I shot back quickly, "No Mrs Witton, you do it please." I certainly didn't want my Mum to know I was going to be spanked, nor give her the chance to spank me. No way did I want that. "OK then," Mrs Witton said matter of factly, "Skirt and knickers off then." I fumbled at the zip of my skirt, my fingers were shaking, Mrs Witton obviously got irritated by my slowness and said firmly, "Let me," and she quickly unzipped me and the skirt quickly fell to the floor and before I could react her fingers were inside the elastic of my knickers and they were yanked down. "Step out of them girl," Mrs Witton ordered. I quickly stepped out of my knickers and looked at Mrs Witton who said immediately, "Get over my lap Laura." I took a deep breath. I was about to get the spanking I had dreamed about, masturbated over, but now it was happening I was scared, well not fear like that but scared of the pain. I bent over her lap and when I was balanced I opened my eyes just as Mrs Witton's hand started to rub my bottom. I realised it wasn't fear, but humiliation. I was across Robert's Mum's lap, Robert was standing close by naked below the waist and still rubbing his bottom letting out occasional sobs, and a few feet away Danielle stood, bare legged, her short skirt showing most of her thighs which I had to admit she had the most lovely legs, and a few inches away from my face were Mrs Witton's legs, also bare, but as her skirt was longer I was lying fully across the skirt and not her thighs. I thought if I were across Danielle's lap I would be lying on her skin and suddenly I wished I had chosen her to spank me. I supposed it would be just as humiliating to be spanked by Danielle anyway, as I was 18 years old and as far as I knew none of my friends were still spanked. Of course I didn't know Robert was still spanked so maybe I had that wrong. My mind was all a whirl for sure Danielle said to her Mum, "That is one very spankable bottom, Mum." I looked up at Danielle who was looking straight at me. "Comfy?" she asked. I should have hated her but somehow I didn't. This was my fault anyway and I supposed sarcasm wasn't completely out of place when siblings watched each other being spanked. So humiliation I now knew was very much part and parcel of being spanked and as I felt Mrs Witton still rubbing my bottom so my humiliation grew. "You know Danielle, I always thought Laura here was one of Robert's more attractive girlfriends." "So did I Mum, slim legs, good figure, lovely face, great hair, and now as I see a very spankable bottom. I guess she goes well with Robert." Mrs Witton added, "Yes, goes well, as opposed to sits well." Danielle laughed, "Good one Mum, you are right sweet Laura here won't be sitting for quite a while once you are done." I just had to take it, all this banter at my expense, could it get any worse I wondered, and just as I wondered so Mrs Witton gave me her first spank. It was quite a shock and brought back memories of those times I had been spanked. It stung, not much but I knew from here on in my bottom will sting more and more. What had I been thinking of, wanting to be spanked, dreaming about it, the reality is not like the dream. After several spans I was already uncomfortable and when the backs of my legs were spanked I gasped and kicked and squirmed but felt Mrs Witton hold my waist firmly and I knew I wasn't going anywhere. Mrs Witton spanked and I bounced around, continuing to squirm and kick, knowing my bottom was getting redder and redder as after all I had watched Mrs Witton spank Robert and knew the colour his bottom ended up. The spanking was getting harder and harder to take but at last there was a break although I didn't feel Mrs Witton's hand rub my bottom and next second I knew why. Of course, the hairbrush. I squirmed even as the hairbrush was patted lightly on my bottom. Mrs

Witton said, "This is going to hurt girl, but don't forget, it's your own fault." That demolished me. Yes, my fault the vase broke, my fault I chose Mrs Witton to spank me, my fault my fault my fault. The first spank with the hairbrush made me scream out. I didn't want to as after all as an 18 year old surely I should be able to take a spanking. It seemed not though as when the hairbrush spanked me again and again I cried out each time and each time the pain lasted longer and my bottom stung more and more. I felt Mrs Witton hold me tighter and her thighs tensed as she brought the hairbrush down fast on to my bottom and then even more painfully on to the backs of my legs. I was beyond humiliation, well beyond, as I cried freely, knowing I deserved every spank but just wanting the spanking to stop. I was telling Mrs Witton how I will be a good girl in future which only added to my humiliation as not even Robert had been such a wimp, but I was and I didn't care how it looked, I just cried and blubbered out my apologies. Until eventually, at last, the spanking stopped. I lay across Mrs Witton's lap as she rubbed my bottom and make shushing sounds which were well over ridden by my cries until even I calmed down, still sobbing, still hearing Mrs Witton shush shushing, allowing her hand to soothe me, and it did as she rubbed my bottom and the tops of my legs and the stinging in my bottom became sufferable, pleasant even, and yes actually a rather nice soothing stingy feeling. I even felt good about myself, punished for my wrongdoing, corrected, disciplined, and now being given the time to calm down, collect my thoughts, learn my lesson. I was almost upset when the rubbing stopped and Mrs Witton said, "Get up, Laura." I crawled awkwardly off her lap and stood up, unable to stop my further humiliation of rubbing my bottom as Mrs Witton watched me with a satisfied look on her face and Danielle was smiling, at least I think that was the look on their faces as my vision was blurred. I was conscious of Robert still sobbing so reckoned I will still cry for quite a while as I continued to rub my bottom. Mrs Witton said, "Give me a hug Laura." I stepped over to her and she hugged me hard. It felt good, loving, caring, and responsive to my needs and I felt secure, punished but protected. Mrs Witton let me go and flashed out orders to Robert and I. "Robert, give me a hug then you will face the wall until I tell you to move. You will go upstairs Laura and wash your face." I turned to hear Danielle telling me in her confident voice, "I'll come up and check you are done Laura." I missed a breath and licked my lips at her bossy tone thinking about Danielle checking up on me, an 18 year old. "Thank you," I said though, knowing I needed to be ever so respectful as being spanked in this household seemed to be an easy thing to happen. I went upstairs and in to the bathroom. I looked at my face and saw just how red my eyes were, tear filled, and streaks of tears running down my face. I was still rubbing my bottom and knew I had to see how red it was. I turned, looked backwards, and gasped at just how red my bottom and legs were, and could see a couple of bruises developing. I sniffed as I again rubbed my bottom and legs, and when I focussed on the pain, the tingling, I started to smile. I had done it, been spanked, and yes it hurt but now it wasn't so bad, not really. The stinging was a good reminder, and I reckoned it would tingle for quite a while. I decided to sit on the side of the bath and gasped as my bottom touched the cold plastic, jumping back up. I rubbed my bottom but the tingling skin felt tender and as I rubbed I felt a quiver in my pussy so let the fingers of my other hand rub myself. I smiled when I realised I was wet, aroused, I closed my eyes and kept rubbing. The door flew open and as I opened my eyes wide I saw Danielle standing there. "Naughty naughty, playing

with yourself after a spanking, you know what that deserves.” “No please don’t Danielle, I’m sorry.” I was begging. Danielle came in to the bathroom and closed the door. She wagged her finger but was smiling. “I came up to rub some cream in to your bottom.” She held up a tube of cold cream. I calmed down, “Oh right, well thank you.” “We’ll go to my bedroom,” and Danielle took my arm and led me across the corridor. I didn’t resist. I always obeyed strong women as I found them so sexy. Danielle sat on a chair pulling her skirt up leaving her long smooth thighs filling my eyes as she tapped her lap. “Go on, over you go, it’s the best position to do this.” Her voice was so strict sounding, so bossy, but when I looked at her blazing beautiful eyes my resistance melted, what else could I do as I had fancied her for so long, felt in awe of her, and now she looked so beautiful sitting there, her thighs almost welcoming, her bare arms so sexy, so toned. “Really?” I questioned, but Danielle looked more and more attractive to me as I looked at her and so smiling I bent across her lap and my first feeling was her cool thighs against my naked tummy. I closed my eyes feeling so aroused, her cool thighs and my tingling bottom turning me on. Danielle took the tube of cream squeezed some on my bottom and I giggled as I felt the cool cream on my tender bottom cheeks and sighed as Danielle rubbed it in, firmly, and I groaned with delight the more she rubbed, around my bottom and up and down my legs. “Feeling better?” Danielle asked. “Mmm yes Danielle, it’s so lovely.” Danielle kept rubbing, and I asked, “That’s a really red bottom Mum has given you. I bet it stings.” “Yes it does Danielle, she spanked me really hard.” “I did tell you Laura.” Danielle spoke with her bossy tone of voice again but she had told me of course. I asked her, “So Danielle, how often do you spank Robert then?” “Oh once a week I suppose, on average.” “Really, is he that naughty?” I was still coming to terms with how my seemingly dominant and always protective boyfriend was so far removed from the tough guy image I had created of him in my own mind, that not only is he still spanked by his Mum, but by his older sister too. Of course I thought that from a rather less than superior position, lying across his sister’s lap having a close-up view of the floor and of her gorgeous bare legs. “He is actually,” she replied, then asked, “Do you masturbate a lot when you are spanked?” I froze with the question. “Well, this was my first spanking in ages.” “I see, so you playing with yourself as I came in is new is it?” I didn’t know what to say. I felt a sharp pain across my bottom as Danielle gave me a spank. “Oww sorry, I mean that hurt,” I squealed. Danielle spanked me again. “Well give me an answer young lady, why were you masturbating?” I still found her tone so sexy even as I felt her hand rubbing my bottom again and said, “I just felt like it, my bottom was tingly, and I suppose I found it sexy.” I knew I meant what I was saying but was so surprised I actually said it. Maybe I somehow felt safe across Danielle’s lap and able to really open up to her. After all I found her superior attitude fascinating, aloof, demanding, and I knew I always reacted to people like her submissively, wanting to please. “Sexy huh? Still, when Mum caught Robert masturbating after a spanking she spanked him again.” I panicked. “Really?” “Yup,” and with that Danielle smacked my bottom and then again on alternate bottom cheeks and soon it was hurting as much as when I first came upstairs. After what seemed quite a while Danielle stopped spanking me and was rubbing my bottom again and that felt so good. Danielle explained, “One time Mum spanked Robert and the next morning she checked his bed and there were two stains on his sheet. She spanked him again right then and again before bedtime, once

for each stain.” “Did he do it again?” “Yup, Mum checked his sheets again the next morning and there was a third stain. Robert didn’t even argue. Mum sat on the chair, Robert just got her hairbrush, took his pj bottoms off and bent down across Mum’s lap.” “So that was the last time he masturbated after a spanking?” “Nope, I reckon he masturbates after every spanking and gets caught maybe once in four times.” Wow, my protective boyfriend enjoys being spanked so he can masturbate afterwards. How cool was that? I knew I was getting aroused by the conversation and being across Danielle’s lap with her spanking me I knew I deserved to be punished and was thankful to the bossy Danielle for spanking me and I knew I would be masturbating tonight and yes probably more than once, only Danielle won’t be checking my sheets so I won’t get spanked again for masturbating. Danielle said in a gap between spanking me, “Next time you get aroused you should ask me to make you cum, understood?” “Yes, Danielle,” I said wondering how that would work yet my pussy actually buzzed at the thought as Danielle rubbed my bottom. I squirmed around looking at her as best I could and asked quietly, “Danielle, do you get aroused by spanking me?” “I sure do my lovely, I sure do.” “Oh,” I said, turning away and smiling as Danielle gave me another flurry of spanks. What a turn on to know she enjoyed spanking me. I was shaken out of my thoughts of the beautiful assertive Danielle when Mrs Witton shouted from downstairs, “Is Laura being naughty again Danielle?” Danielle shouted back, “No problem Mum, I’m dealing with it.” Mrs Witton shouted back “OK Danielle, let me know if I need to spank her again.” Danielle gave a haughty laugh and said to me though replying to her Mum, “I think I can handle this Mum, don’t you, Laura?” I froze knowing Danielle spanking me for masturbating was likely to be the easier punishment, although that thought didn’t help when the 25 year old spanked me again, for longer this time. I was soon crying promising her not to masturbate again after a spanking. Danielle spanked me properly and it was hurting and I was crying freely. I heard Danielle speak and realised Mrs Witton was at the door looking at her spanking me. I heard Mrs Witton ask, “What did she do wrong?” Danielle kept spanking me as she answered, “I caught her playing with herself in the bathroom.” “No,” Mrs Witton said sounding very cross. “She needs a long hard spanking for that Danielle.” “That’s what I’m doing Mum,” Danielle replied. Mrs Witton stood by us and I heard her say, “I thought you might want this.” “Thanks Mum, very helpful of you. She will certainly need the hairbrush again as well.” Danielle was still spanking me and I was crying but still groaned as I realised I was going to be across Danielle’s lap for a long time still. Mrs Witton chatted casually, “I’ll make something to eat for when you are finished.” Danielle said, “Laura will stay.” “Oh, okay. Shall I find a large cushion for her?” Danielle said firmly, “No Mum, she can sit on the hard chair and we can watch her squirm on her sore bottom.” “Good thinking Danielle, I’ll put the hard chairs out for both of them.” Mrs Witton walked off and it was ages before the spanking stopped and I know I was kicking my legs and squirming as Danielle spanked my bottom and legs again. A second spanking so quickly after the first was just so painful but if masturbating earns a spanking who am I to object particularly as being across Danielle’s lap was so different, a girl just a few years older than me but so much more dominant. Once the spanking stopped I felt Danielle’s firm hands rub the inside of my thigh and rub along my pussy. That felt so good and without thinking I shot my legs apart allowing Danielle to run her fingers along my pussy again. My breathing deepened as Danielle caressed me. “You are



certainly close to cumming my lovely,” Danielle said. “Yes, I ammmm,” I said on the verge of an orgasm. “Isn’t me doing you better than masturbating?” “Mmmmm yes it sure is.” I was getting closer and closer as I lay across her lap, my bottom stinging, another spanking maybe just a wrong answer away. The uncertainty was even sexier than I could have thought. It was heaven but just as I was about to cum Danielle stopped rubbing my pussy and I groaned with disappointment. “What are you doing tomorrow Laura?” she asked. “Nothing I guess,” I replied, not sure as I was just wanting her to continue to make me cum, my breathing still laboured. “Fancy shopping with me? I am looking for a dress and a second pair of eyes will be good.” I looked around as best I could given my blurred tear filled eyes but conscious that Danielle was looking down at me whilst I was still across her lap and she was rubbing my bottom. “I said I would go shopping with Robert,” I said tentatively. Danielle laughed and said, “He’s grounded don’t forget.” I remembered, and said, “Oh yes.” Then added happily, “Cool,” I replied. “Great. Mind you Laura, I don’t have the patience of my younger brother. I will expect you to do as I say or I’ll have to give you a spanking.” I sighed as her bottom rubbing continued, and said “That’s OK with me. I am sure I can be a good girl.” “We’ll see shall we? Oh, and there’s a girl’s only party in the evening, so you can come with me to that.” “Great,” I replied. Wow, maybe Danielle and I will become friends. Danielle said, “Good, that’s a date then.” I looked around again. A date? What did she mean? Danielle was smiling though and so I reckoned that was good. I looked back at the floor and thought about the shopping trip. It did feel sexy across her lap and she was giving my bottom and legs a really soothing massage with lots more cold cream. I started to imagine being spanked again by Danielle and then who knows what else might happen between us. I knew I was getting wet at the thought of it and even as Danielle’s fingers strayed again down the inside of my legs and brushed along my wet pussy and just before I came with long orgasmic gasps I knew that I’ll be naughty for sure and earn another spanking. I sighed as I decided to earn many more spankings from Danielle, well, starting tomorrow not today of course because my bottom is hurting far too much to get another spanking today. Or maybe not.