

# Maegan and her in-laws

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*A twenty-eight year old finds her spanking fantasies come true in a way she's never thought possible*

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Prologue Months after that fateful day, she knew that her subconscious had willed it to happen but the immediate reaction was to call herself a careless idiot. It was about two weeks after she had split with her husband following seven years of pointless cohabitation. "Mum," as she had always referred to her mother-in-law Victoria, had actually increased the frequency of her visits since the break-up. Ostentatiously coming to, "See how her dear daughter-in-law is doing," but the way she snooped made it plain she wanted to check on what Maegan was doing rather than her state of mind following the break-up. 'Mum', had always poked her nose in and Maegan had become quite used to her none too veiled criticisms of her less-than-perfect housekeeping but on that particular day she pushed further by saying as she passed through the lounge, "Oh Maegan dear, this shelf is filthy!" Almost anyone else would have responded that the blooming shelf was almost spotless or countered that it was as good as she could do given the busy career she had to get on with. Maegan didn't however, and just went to the kitchen and got some cleaning things. Horror of horrors when she came back. 'Mum' was seated at Maegan's laptop and was looking at the chat that had been going on when the doorbell had announced a visitor. Maegan rushed over to close the program but Victoria held up her hand to block her daughter-in-law's access to the keyboard. She scrolled up and studied the chat more and by the time she looked up, Maegan knew her face was burning red. "Now I know why this house is not spotless Maegan. Sitting here fantasizing about being spanked by some strange woman on-line, is not what I would have expected of my twenty-eight year old daughter-in-law. It might be understandable from someone half your age but this is outrageous." Maegan just looked at her and then at the cleaning things in her hands, as if to escape from her mother-in-law's angry stare. The older woman pressed her advantage, stood up and then it happened. She shouted at Maegan, "Look at me girl," and SLAPPPPP.., Maegan's left cheek exploded in sudden fire. Before she could utter a word Victoria shouted again; "How dare you behave like this," and SLAPPPPP, the other cheek. The cleaning things fell to the floor as Maegan's hands flew to protect and sooth her cheeks and she opened her mouth as if to scream a protest but again her mother-in-law took the initiative and told her to pick the things up and, "Clean that filthy shelf this instant." Maegan did and it was only later she would realise that a point of no return had been passed in that moment. Oh God, why had she left that chat active, she should have guessed it would have been her at the door. You idiot Maegan. Now

what would happen? Victoria put the kettle on as her daughter-in-law cleaned. Pointlessly, closing the barn door after the horse had bolted, Maegan switched off her laptop. She twirled in surprise as her mother-in-law shouted from the kitchen door, "Turn that back on Maegan, I want to see you dis-install that program totally." They then drank the coffee Victoria had made. At first, in a screaming silence but then Victoria informed Maegan that she had a lot to think about after the morning's events and could not gather her thoughts properly here in this house, so was going to return home but would call Maegan later. In the meantime, Maegan was to ensure that her Saturday-morning chores were thoroughly and well done as Victoria was going to check later.

Chapter 1 - Maegan discovers the true nature of her in-laws

The phone made her jump out of her skin. It had been not much more than an hour since her mother-in-law had stormed out of her house promising to, 'Let you know what was to be done about all this.' Maegan picked up the phone ready to say that things had gone too far and that, 'My life was none of her business,' but the wind was knocked out of her sails by the, "Hi Auntie Maegan, Gran is doing brunch and wants you to come round at 11." In the silence that followed, Maegan overheard some other voices at the other end and then Debra added, "Gran says to tell you not to be late." Maegan was lost for words but Debra didn't seek confirmation. She simply added, "Bye for now then Auntie," and put the phone down. What was my niece doing there, she wondered? Having heard more than just her mother-in-law's voice, she supposed that Debra and her mum, Maegan's sister-in-law Ellen, had dropped round but what on Earth had been said? Did they all know by now about her on-line chatting? Oh no, for goodness sake, she couldn't have told them. Megan looked at the clock and realised she'd have to rush but she could not go out without showering and a change into something smarter than her, 'Weekend at home duds.' she said aloud, "Why am I even considering going?" Another sip of coffee and a glance at the clock. Time was racing by, she'd best hurry. As she showered, more doubts. The embarrassment of it! Goodness knows what had been said and what they all thought of her. Debra was only sixteen. Surely Mum-in-law had not.... what shame!! Some instinct made her put on a lacy thong and matching black bra. She was quite proud of her figure. She had often mused that some might have considered her too 'full' by comparison to the almost anorexic norm of today's fashion but she liked the way she was and felt better when dressed sexily. It was a cool autumn day and for the first time in months Maegan pulled on some thigh-highs over her fading tan. As she put her face on, she decided she was doing the right thing. Go and confront mum-in-law and show her that she was cool, calm and collected. A pearl grey top and red skirt which though a bit too snug around her hips, following the summer holiday excesses, gave Maegan the feeling of confidence which she sought. Lastly, some red shoes with medium height heels. They'd not make up for the difference in height between mum-in-law and she but they'd help. She grabbed her bag and headed for the garage. It was only as she slid behind the driving wheel as she got back into the car after closing the garage that she spotted the car clock was showing she had only 15 minutes left to do the half hour trip to the other side of town. Maegan was not a slow driver but she prided herself on being careful and normally didn't take silly risks but that, 'Tell her not to be late,' rebounded in her head as she sped the car through a roundabout and onto the main road. Too late, she saw that a police car was following her from the roundabout. Pulling in at the first opportunity

and reaching for her bag from where it lay on the floor in front of the passenger seat, she decided that were she particularly cooperative and ready with her license the guy would let her off with a warning. 'He' turned out to be a 'She' and she felt her chances of getting away with it slip down the drain. "Sorry officer, I was in a hurry. I don't normally go through that roundabout like that". It was probably the worst thing she could have said, because the near middle-aged policewoman took a painfully long time to go through all the proceedings. She studied all Maegan's documents, asking where she lived even though it was written there. She even checked the tyres including the spare one in the boot and then, to steal even more precious time, she had Maegan blow in one of those little bags they use to check drunken drivers! Each car that went by slowed to see what was going on and Maegan was almost grateful when she put an end to it before anyone she knew came along. Damn, she thought; points off my license and a stiff fine to pay! Debra answered the door and instead of hugging Maegan as she always had, she just stood back to let her pass and said in a loud voice, "Now you're really in trouble Auntie." Her confidence, already shattered by the policewoman, could not have been at a lower ebb. She felt like a naughty child as she entered the kitchen come dining room. Sure enough, Ellen was there but also her other daughter, Sarah. Neither said a word but each looked alternately at Maegan and her mother-in-law. Victoria deliberately turned and looked at the clock and then back at Maegan. Debra sat at the table with the others but somehow, Maegan sensed it was just not yet the moment for her to join them. She placed her handbag on the sideboard, looked at her mum-in-law and said, "I'm so sorry, I'm late, you see, I got stopped by a policewoman and ....." In a flash Victoria was on her feet and for the third time that day Maegan's cheek exploded in pain as she SLAPPED. "Shut up this instant Maegan!" Her hand flew to her cheek, she looked at all three seated there staring at her. Her brain screamed at her to run out and go home but something paralyzed her legs and they refused to move. "Not only did you not take care to be here on time as I specifically had Debra tell you but you shame the family by breaking the law AND you don't think to alert us of the reason for your late arrival with a simple phone call. We were downright worried as there was no answer from your land-line and your cellphone is apparently switched off." "Oh, I think it's out of charge Mum." .... SLAPPP ...the other cheek. "I told you to shut up Maegan! We've discussed your antics and come to a decision which now, with the latest events, is proving one hundred percent correct. It was Debra's idea when she heard that you were fantasising about being punished that perhaps it's exactly what you need Maegan, to be controlled and when necessary corrected with a good hot bottom like the irresponsible child you are." Tears of frustration ruined Maegan's makeup. She wanted to scream at them but knew another slapped cheek would be the immediate result. "Take off your skirt, your shoes and your top Maegan." Meagan gasped, opened her mouth to protest but saw her mother-in-law raise her arm to strike again. Maegan's heart dropped when Ellen and her girls just smirked as she looked at them to appeal for their intervention. How could this be happening for God's sake? Meagan's hands disobeyed her brain and she did as she was told and folded her skirt and top over the back of a chair. Of course they had all seen Meagan in her bikini but, this was so different. She felt her face flush. Not just from the stinging slaps. "Now Maegan", it was Victoria who broke the silence almost to Meagan's relief, as she pulled her chair back from the table and patted

her lap. "Get over here." Not knowing why, but some part of her drove her to obey. In a way, she wanted to hide her face and even having her scantily clad bottom on display was better than continuing to suffer their grins. Victoria wasted no time and spanked her twenty-eight year old daughter-in-law hard. Three on the left, three on the right Slap, Slap, Slap. Slap, Slap, Slap. Then, she paused, slipped her hands into the waistband of the thong and before Maegan knew what was happening, had tugged it down to her knees. "Let's have these tiny knickers off shall we girls." Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap! "Gran." it was Sarah who had so far been utterly silent, "Why don't you use the spatula, she has such a fat bottom, I don't suppose she's getting the full benefit of your efforts." Maegan wanted to sink through the floor. Having her rear-end referred to as 'fat' by her nineteen year old niece. Victoria tightened her grip around her daughter-in-law's waist as she struggled to get up. Maegan gathered they must have agreed because she heard the scraping of chairs and a drawer being opened and closed. "Thank you dear, this should be more effective." It was! Twack, Twack, Twack, Twack, Twack, Twack. She really laid it on and Maegan started to plead despite her resolve to not make a big fuss in front of her nieces. Victoria tightened her grip even more and just increased the force. "We'll teach you Maegan,"..Twack, Twack, Twack. Real tears of pain joined those of shame and frustration but Victoria wasn't swayed one bit and continued to cover the bottom across her lap with hard whacks for what must have been a full ten minutes. "Get up, hands by your sides and face the wall there Maegan while we finish brunch." She climbed off and tried to pull up her thong as it fell around her ankles and heard... "Take that right off and put it with your other things. In fact, take your bra off too Maegan, the extra shame will do you good." Acutely aware of being stared at, Maegan held her thong a moment in front of her trimmed vulva. TWACK, TWACK across the backs of her thighs "Hurry up girl and do as your told. Don't you think you've delayed us enough this morning!" Trying uselessly to hide bits which should not have been seen, she took up her position at the far wall where all would be able to study her hot bottom. She felt it for blisters and it was Ellen who spoke. "Hands away Maegan, we want to see. In fact, put those hands interlaced on your head where you won't be tempted ." In time her sniffing eased as did her breathing. She seemed to accept her fate and was strangely at peace. Maybe they were right, maybe this WAS what she needed but oh God, why did she have to do it in front of them all? Why not in private? Conversation round the table was mostly about Maegan but also about their plans for the day. Apparently Ellen and the girls had dropped round to invite her mother out for a morning's shopping but now that had been postponed for the afternoon. It was so weird and all the more humiliating to hear this normal conversation. Almost more so than the repeated observation by Debra again about 'Auntie's huge fat bottom.' As the initial sting faded, she became aware of a new warmth. A damp warmth which needed urgent attention. Oh God, not now! How could her body betray her like this? She moved from foot to foot and tried to cross her legs. Again it was 'darling' Debra who drew the attention of the others to it. "Debra dear, take her to the bathroom but keep an eye on her. I suspect if she gets half a chance she'll do something disgusting." Maegan could FEEL the young witch grinning as she chuckled... "Yes of course Gran, I fully understand." Maegan thought that her face must have been the same colour as her bottom as Debra led her passed the others towards the bathroom. She pushed the door wide

open as her aunt sat on the toilet and stood there with an exasperated air of impatience, hands on her hips. "Come on Auntie, get on with it." The noise of pee made Meagan even more embarrassed but her niece wasn't finished rubbing in the salt. She took some toilet paper and passed it to over. "Get it nice and dry now Auntie and then wash your hands Auntie." Back in the kitchen, Meagan looked at her mum-in-law with pleading eyes and begged her to allow her to get dressed now. "Oh goodness me we're not nearly finished yet Maegan. You don't think that little spanking even nearly pays for all the upset you've caused today do you?" It was only then she noticed Ellen was undoing the belt of her jeans. Gaping, not understanding at first but when Ellen stood, pulled it from her hips and doubled it over on itself, Meagan's hands flew to her bottom and she yelled; "Nooooo, please, I've had enough. Listen, I'm awfully sorry." Ellen, simply stood there. Meagan came only to her shoulder-height. Sarah was even taller. Debra was shorter, about her mum-in-law's height, They all made Meagan feel small but never as small as at this moment. The thick leather doubled-up belt slapped against her palm as she said in a tone which let it be known she did not expect any further discussion; "Lean over the back of that chair Maegen, the one with your clothes on it. Hands on the seat, tummy resting on the back and that lazy arse of yours pushed out for my belt. I've longed to do this for years girl" The spanking had been more about humiliation than real pain as Meagan's own mother had been expert at making her sorry with her wooden hairbrush which left deeper pain but this was like nothing she'd felt before. Ellen was, like all her family, a fitness fanatic and tall and broad shouldered as she was, she really made that leather bite..... Again she used the phrase her mother had used, "We'll teach you girl."...WhoosssshTWACK,WhoosssshTWACK, WhoosssshTWACK. Meagan jumped up and grabbed her poor bottom shouting PLEASEEEEEEE Stoppppppp. "Girls, hold your auntie down while I give her something to really cry about." She was bawling and totally willing to do anything they wanted when Ellen stopped after what must have been ten more and passed the belt to Sarah. "Your go love, give her six good hard ones and ignore the crying, then Debra will finish off with another six just to show we all care." Through the fog of her pain, Meagan could hear them all laugh. Her 'punishment' went on and on, each taking turns also to help hold her down. She kicked and squirmed but it was only worse because Debra, who's turn it was by then, lashed the belt onto her exposed inner thighs as she did so. Meagan was by now sure that her younger niece had a sadistic streak in her but as her 'new life' went on, she was to learn that she had more than just a streak. She'd spent another fifteen-twenty minutes totally nude, sniffing and moaning, 'at the wall,' with hands back on her head, while they tidied up the kitchen, when mum-in-law said, "Debra, take your auntie back to the bathroom and make sure she fixes her face so that it's presentable in town." Again, supervised by her younger niece, she picked up her handbag and went to the bathroom to redo her makeup. Meagan was surprised by a display of 'gentleness' as Debra sat on the edge of the bath watching a moment and then said, "You may cool off that big fat arse in the bidet Auntie, it looks really sore." The older woman even thanked her as she filled it and ooooooowwwed at the relief. Debra giggled and then Meagan realised how she'd fallen into her niece's trap. She had the build AND the mentality of her grandmother. "Oh come on Debra, this just is not right," was met with, "Auntie, you don't seem to understand. Everything has changed because of your silliness. Gran says

your getting another spanking this evening before you go to bed and she has asked us to come again tomorrow to help with your retraining.” Meagan rose, turned her back to her sixteen year old niece and dried. While turned away, she opened her mouth in a silent scream. How had this happened????? They just made it in time to catch the 2:50 train to London. Mum-in-law had already threatened her with dire consequences if they missed it but once they were actually seated, she made those sitting nearby all stare with a loud, “Just as well for you Maegan my girl that we managed to catch it or you’d have been in even more trouble than you already are.” Meagan didn’t know where to hide her face. In discussion Victoria and Ellen decided they’d split up and meet back at the station at 7PM to catch the home train. It was a pity they said but continuing their grumbling about Meagan having caused so much delay, it was the only way they could get all they needed. She was to go to Portobello Road with Victoria and Debra while Ellen and Sarah were to go off somewhere else. Despite the belting she’d had on top of the earlier spanking, Meagan surprised herself by not feeling too bad after all. In fact, she felt rather strangely elated sitting there listening to their plans for the afternoon. The only really sore spots left were where Debra had connected with the soft inner thighs but she was actually beginning to treasure that pain. She told herself that she should have been horrified and rebelled at what had happened but were they right? Was it what she needed deep down? She found herself silently thanking mum-in-law for not criticising her further in a loud voice as she had when they first boarded the train. Victoria saw the thoughtful dreamy look in her daughter-in-law’s face and smiled. Maegan realised with a start that her mother-in-law could read her thoughts! She blushed and looked out the window at the houses speeding by. It was a delightful shop. Old style corsets, suspender belts, stockings of yesteryear and lots, lots more. Victoria spoke to the pretty assistant and indicated to Meagan who looked back curiously. Why me she thought, I hadn’t said I wanted any of this stuff. More to the point, Meagan didn’t think she could afford it as it all looked very chic and expensive. The assistant girl nodded as though she had understood Victoria’s need then she indicated that Maegan should follow her to a changing room. Once they were in the changing area, she said, in a matter of fact way, “Slip out of your things please Miss, everything except your knickers Miss.” Mum-in-law was right behind her and a touch on her shoulder was enough to send Maegan the clear message that she’d better do as the girl had asked or there would be consequences. Maegan dreaded a scene in public so she managed to smile at the assistant and backed into the changing room to undress. When she’d stripped down to her thong, the assistant announced, “I just need to take a few measurements Miss if you don’t mind.” The assistant was sweet and did her best to put Maegan at ease but the other two just standing there and watching her made Maegan feel embarrassed yet again. She groaned as her nipples hardened when the assistant brushed them with her fingers as she measured. She laughed and said, “No worries Miss, you have lovely breasts. So firm for their size.” Maegan concluded that she must have noticed just then the marks on her bottom because she had moved around behind and went silent in mid-sentence. Again Maegan blushed but it was apparent the girl was used to seeing all sorts and smiling, she walked out saying, “I’ll just fetch a few of the things I think would please you Madam.” It was only then that Maegan realised that her mum-in-law was choosing and not she. Maegan was relieved when Karen, as the assistant had

informed us she was named, came back. It had felt to her as though an eternity had passed while she'd been standing there practically nude before her mum-in-law and her sixteen year old niece and been told, "Oh do stop fidgeting Auntie," as she had attempted to cover herself a little with her arms. Karen fitted Maegan with a black and red basque which had hidden eye and hook fastenings at the side but also a lacing at the back which could be tightened, to the delight of Victoria. She could hardly breath and certainly didn't think that she'd be able to bend down easily as it had vertical boning reinforcement. "I'll just attach the straps to her thigh-highs Madam to give you the idea of how it would look with proper stockings. This model has six straps as standard Madam but if you wish, we can alter it to eight" Maegan felt special, despite the tightness or maybe because of it and turned around when asked so that they could say how it looked at the back. She saw herself in the mirror then and gasped because her bottom was totally uncovered apart from the straps and seemed huge by comparison to the newly trimmed waistline. "See Gran, I said Auntie has an enormous fat bottom." "Yes darling, we can all see that, no need to keep rubbing it in." Karen, who was standing beside her coughed nervously and when Maegan looked at her in an automatic reaction, she beamed and said, "It suits you perfectly Miss." Maegan was so grateful for the encouragement and felt Karen was right. It pushed up her boobs in a way they'd never been held before and she was happy with herself, despite 'darling's' bitchy comment, "Yes Karen, we'll take it. Do you have any other colours?" Karen showed them a night-blue and gold one which was otherwise identical and Victoria said that they could send them on when they'd added the extra suspender straps but of course, she'd pay now once they'd chosen some other things. "Those will be perfect under her uniform but Debra is right, we need something to control her rather ample rear-end for day-to-day wear." Maegan blurted; "Uniform, what uniform Mum?" "Maegan, I think it's appropriate that you don't call me 'Mum' anymore, Madam will do. I like the sound of that." Not waiting for a response, she carried on; "Karen, when I called earlier, your colleague who answered said that you have some maid's outfits. May we see please that she has the right underwear on?" As though it were the most normal request in the world, Karen went off. "Don't you think Auntie should refer to the rest of us as Miss Debra and Miss Sarah, Gran? Perhaps Madam for mum too?" "Why yes darling, let's establish high standards right away in her new role." Maegan was about to say something but didn't have a chance as Karen came back and helped her into a black dress. New role? Maid's uniform? What on Earth had they cooked up together? "It's a little too loose at the waist don't you think Madam? I did choose a rather generous size but the basque slims her waist wonderfully and I can get our seamstress to take it in right away as it's only a tiny job and I'm sure you'd like to take it home with you today." "Yes Karen, that's very thoughtful of you. Do ask her to alter another one too when she gets time later and send it with the basques please as we need a change available. Oh and do you have some white aprons that would match?" To Karen's affirmative, 'Madam' replied, "Let's have half a dozen then please." "Gran, what about a matching cap, you know, to keep her hair tidy?" Maegan groaned but was ignored and the ever-resourceful Karen appeared with a white cap and some hairpins within seconds. Debra, giggled and clapped. "She looks just the part Gran, how clever of you." Maegan blushed at herself in the mirror but indeed, she did 'Look the part.' As bid, she turned slowly and Victoria said that we just needed

some seamed stockings and sensible low-heeled shoes now and 'Our maid" would be perfect. Karen asked whether Madam would like to choose some stockings from their collection to which she responded, "Oh I'll leave it to you Karen. Half a dozen black pairs with reinforced heel and toe would be good and also half a dozen similar style tan-coloured pairs as we're at it please." Explaining that she would give the dress to the seamstress immediately, Karen helped Maegan out of it and to Maegan's relief took off the cap too before walking off. 'Madam' followed Karen and left Maegan alone with her niece. "Turn please Auntie, I'll unlace you." Before she did however, she tried pulling even tighter. "Oh watch Auntie, we can get your waist even smaller with a little effort." Maegan groaned and asked her to stop, which she did, but only after she had verified her new-found theory. As Maegan was getting out of the basque, Victoria returned, followed by Karen who was holding some more clothes which apparently had been agreed upon out in the main shop. "As you see Madam, these girdles have eight suspender straps already so once we choose the right size and model, you'll be able to take them away with you today if you wish." All this attention to the detail regarding her underwear both humiliated and excited Maegan. She could not understand her emotions but decided to concentrate on not looking sillier than was needed right now by cooperating with Karen as she held out the first one, a black open-bottom girdle with reinforced padding at the front to tuck in her tummy. She stepped in, wiggled and gasped as she tugged it up as it was a lot tighter than she thought was possible. Karen smiled. "Don't worry Miss, you'll quickly get used to it. It feels snug and controlling after a while." She then took down Maegan's thigh-highs and helped her on with a pair of black seamed stockings. "Careful putting these on Miss, they are run-resist but still rather delicate." Victoria, who had seemed to have been involved in chat with Debra but was evidently listening as well, added a sarcastic sounding, "She better be or she'll be in trouble." Karen attached the suspenders at the back and then asked Maegan to turn so she could do the front. Debra's, "Oh that's much better," was, she presumed, a reference to her flatter bottom. "It looks good Madam, don't you think?" "Yes Karen, you certainly have an eye for measurement. Right first time. We'll take three black and three white please. Don't bother wrapping this one. Maegan, put your bra, top and skirt on girl, don't just stand there looking useless." As Maegan dressed, Karen gathered up the girdles that had been rejected from the stool where she had placed them earlier and Maegan noticed for the first time the telltale signs of suspenders on the backs of her thighs. It made her smile and wonder whether her earlier advice about the girdle's 'snugginess' was from first-hand experience. Maegan thought it unusual in someone so young nowadays. Perhaps she wasn't the only one who was being told how she should dress around here. The other two were already outside but Karen had waited for Maegan smiling encouragement. When they joined the others, they found them busy looking at some gorgeous looking knickers and bras. Karen put the things she was carrying aside and Maegan followed her as she joined them. She helped them choose for themselves and Maegan sighed with relief that the attention was off her at long last. Not for long however because her mum-in-law, a little later, asked Karen whether she had 'this' in Maegan's size. 'This' was the strangest bra Maegan had ever seen. With peek holes where one's nipples would be. Karen went away to look once she had ascertained that three black and three white were needed. Maegan started to protest that, "I couldn't



wear a bra like that," when Victoria lifted her arm as though to slap her face right there in the middle of the shop with others nearby. Maegan relented immediately. Karen came back looking disappointed saying they had only one in black in stock right now but could order if Madam wished. "Let's see it on her shall we Karen?" A momentary hesitation by Maegan was halted by a stare from her mother-in-law and then Maegan followed Karen back to the changing room. The others did not come immediately and so Maegan was just fastening the new bra when her mum-in-law walked in and came straight up to her and 'fixed' the cups so that her nipples poked out. She even pulled at the nipples while Maegan was still doing up the catch at the back and caused her daughter-in-law to jump with fright. "Oh no Mum!" SLAPPPPPPPP "You don't say no Maegan," and, SLAPPPPPPPPPPP, "I'm Madam to you!" Oh God, everyone in the shop must have heard the slaps and her mother-in-law's loud admonition and Maegan desired only to avoid any more humiliation so she blurted, "Yes Madam." Smiling after her latest victory Victoria said, "Stand straight Maegan let's get a good look at you. Delightfully slutty Debra don't you agree?" Maegan was blushing bright and looking at herself in the mirror and so didn't see Debra's expression but heard her giggle and agree. "Yes, do please order the others Karen and wrap this one up as we can't have her looking so slutty in the train. Her top is too thin for it." The assistant, with whom by now Maegan felt a huge empathy, smiled, said, "Certainly Madam," and helped her out of the 'bra' and into her own. When the others had gone, Karen whispered, "Try not to make a fuss in public Miss, I do think that Madam would make you feel terribly humiliated in front of others. Best do as she says eh?" They joined the others outside at the cash desk. "That's it then Karen if the dress is ready?" Karen pointed to the folded dress there on the counter and smiled saying, "I'll just gather the other things together Madam. The Seamstress did it before she left for the day." When she came back Debra, addressing her Gran in a too loud tone, "Should we get her some special knickers too?" "No darling, the thong she has on is ideal. It leaves her bottom accessible and we can get some more if she doesn't have others which I'm sure she will. Right Maegan?" To bring this public and most unwanted conversation to a rapid end, Maegan replied, "Yes, I have plenty," and then, in a much lower tone, "Madam." Maegan thanked goodness no more was said and there was just chit chat while Karen wrapped up some of the things and placed others aside as they could be sent on so they didn't have to travel loaded. While Victoria paid with her credit card the shop owner who had been busy with other customers came over to greet and thank them. She enquired whether Karen had done everything to their satisfaction and when everyone replied positively, she smiled, patted Karen's bottom and said, "Good girl." Maegan smiled inwardly, she had guessed right! She was by no means used to the girdle yet and tried to tug at it a bit while everyone's attention seemed to be on the shop owner. "Goodness Auntie, you just cannot stop fidgeting can you." Victoria whirled at Debra's words and glared at Maegan. "That's it girl, you were already told to stop fidgeting by Debra earlier. What part of the word STOP don't you understand?" Maegan blushed in embarrassment, There were no customers apart from themselves as the owner had seen the last ones out. It was still so embarrassing to be treated like this in front of two perfect strangers. Again, a protest caught in her throat and all she could manage was, "Sorry Madam, it's just..." Ignoring her and addressing the shop owner, Victoria said... "I do beg your pardon but I'm

adamant that the girl mends her ways and get's away with nothing and it's patently obvious that the spanking she got before coming here has lost it's effect already. I wonder whether you'd mind terribly lending me your Seamstress's dressmaking ruler or anything similar with which I could teach her hands to stay still?" The shop owner's face lit up which horrified Maegan yet confirmed yet again the sort of relationship she had with her assistant, "I know exactly what you mean Madam." Saying so she addressed Karen, "Be a dear and go fetch your cane. The shorter one I think is required." Maegan gasped. Victoria and Debra exchanged delighted smiles. When Karen returned, she was carrying a straight piece of rattan about two and a half feet long. It had a leather binding at one end for grip. Victoria was struck by her lack of embarrassment at everyone knowing she was subjected to corporal punishment by her boss. Thanking Karen as she took the implement, she turned back to the shop owner, "I wonder whether we could exchange mobile phone numbers. I'd so love to have a chat." "Absolutely, always delighted to widen the circle." Was the immediate response. She surprised everyone then by passing the cane to Debra. "Two good sharp ones on each palm please darling. Maybe next time she'll listen to you." I'll add extra to the spanking I intend giving her this evening just to add an extra incentive." Maegan had finally found her voice. "Please, noooo" Debra didn't hesitate a second. "I'll make it THREE on each hand or would you prefer four Auntie?" Victoria and the shop owner smiled and exchanged contact numbers as Debra lined up the first across her aunt's left palm. WhooshhTwackkkkkk. Aiiiiiii...Maegan hadn't felt the cane since school. "Other hand please Auntie." Debra was beginning to relish her new power and swung the cane with greater force onto the right hand. SwishhhhhTWACKKKKKKKKKKK. "When I say STOP, I mean STOP Auntie." It went on, Maegan cried more from embarrassment than pain. How on Earth could this be happening to a twenty-eight year old woman? Being "punished" by her 16 year old niece in front of three others. At last, the sixth stroke. It was the hardest yet and Debra aimed it deliberately at the fingertips. SwishhhhhhhhhTWACKKKKKKK "Jolly well done." It was the shop owner. After a full minute of squeezing her hands under her armpits. Maegan managed to control herself. All watched with great interest. Debra and the older ladies from one viewpoint, Karen from another. Debra thanked Karen with a, "So kind of you to lend us YOUR cane." Karen blushed for the first time and took it. "Take her to the bathroom would you Karen dear. She needs to fix her makeup." As they were away, the shop owner handed the others a little package each saying, "A little something to express our gratitude. We do so hope to see you again soon but anyway, please let's stay in touch." Victoria shook the lady's hand warmly and assured her that, "I'll certainly be in touch. I'm sure I could learn a lot of tips." Maegan had returned so Victoria added, "Let's go or we might miss our train." On the tube while traveling to rejoin the others Debra's teenage curiosity got the better of her and she unwrapped the little package that the lady had given her. She held it up to the amusement of some and tut tuting of other fellow passengers, a red thong which was totally transparent at the front. Neither Maegan nor her gran made comment and so she laughed and put it away. Just as they walked into the mainline train station, Debra called her mum's cellphone and heard that they were already at the coffee shop which was near the departure platforms. To be continued....