

Spanked for doing dares in the garden

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We'd been doing naughty dares but didn't expect to be spanked by the neighbours

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My name is Angie, I'd just turned 18 at the time of these events and was about to go off to university. My friend Mike is a couple of months younger than me, he's tall and very fit but somehow we'd always just been 'friends'. He was going off to University on the other side of the country soon and we were spending a fair amount of time together before going our separate ways. We enjoyed each other's company and had done all the usual stuff together as we grew up, playing doctors and nurses and so on, so we had seen each other naked, but not for a long time. Mike rang to ask me to go over for the day as his parents would be out. That was all he'd say - very mysterious. I arrived and he said we had the place to ourselves did I fancy playing a special game of Consequences? I said I was up for it - whatever it was. Mike explained that we would use the Trivial Pursuit game questions but if we couldn't answer the question we had to do a dare. I felt a thrill go through me and a warm feeling between my legs - I just knew this was going to be naughty. Mike gave me a dozen little pieces of paper and a pen, "Just write a dare on each of those and fold it up. The dares can be done in the house or out in the garden or somewhere even more risky, it's up to you but remember you might be the one who gets that dare!" "This is naughty," I said, "we haven't done anything like this for years." "That's why I thought we should and we're not going to see each other for ages," he smiled and started writing. He was very sexy when he smiled. I made some of the dares really scary and some a little milder but of course we wouldn't know which order they'd come out in. When we'd finished and folded them all up Mike put them in a big dark bowl they had and this went on a table in the bay window. On the floor was the Trivial Pursuit game all set out and I suddenly felt very nervous, remembering some of the dares I'd written down. We played for nearly ten minutes before Mike got a question wrong and I could see he was now a little scared. "You have to mix up the dares and pick one out without looking," he told me. I went over to the table and I noticed a neighbour across the road working in her garden. I swirled the dares and picked one out. "Now you read it out and then hand it to me," he explained. My hands were shaking slightly as I opened it and read out, "You must stand in the middle of the room and allow me to remove all your clothes except for your underwear." I handed the note to Mike. "That's it, nothing else?" he seemed disappointed when I nodded. He stood up in the centre of the room and I came over and unbuttoned his shirt and slid it off revealing a very tanned muscly body. I knelt down and undid his jeans and slid them down and I was face to face with

his bulging pants which twitched as I knelt in front of him. He slid off his socks and jeans and I ran my hands up his strong thighs wondering how soon I would see what it looked like now. When I stood up I saw the neighbour staring straight in to the room in amazement. We quickly ducked down and Mike put on his shirt and jeans as we shrieked with laughter, wondering what she thought was going on. It was Mike who got the next question wrong too. By now I knew the routine and went across to the bowl. The neighbour glanced over and I looked away as I picked out the next dare. "Strip down to your underwear, go out to the end of the back garden, remove the underwear and walk all the way back, down the middle of the garden, with your hands behind your back." I felt my juices starting as I read it. Mike didn't bat an eyelid, he read the note and then stripped down to his underpants. As he moved to go he stopped dead, looking shocked as he'd noticed the neighbour heading across the road but she continued past and on to his next door neighbour, not here. He went out from the kitchen, through the side door, onto the open drive, which would be in full view of anyone looking and then through a low gate into the back garden. There was a high fence down the right side and on the left a reasonably high hedge but the garden was quite long and I saw Mike look nervously at both neighbour's houses hoping no one would be looking. I watched as he reached the end and gasped as he turned and pulled off his pants as a substantial hard on sprang out. Then he tried to stroll casually back to the house, his cock swinging as he walked. Half way back he noticed a window being opened on his next door neighbour's house and he ran back to the gate and on to the drive just as a woman walked past on the pavement. When we got inside he was shaking. "Shit," he said, "thought I was going to be caught then." I helped him dress, enjoying watching as he struggled to force his cock back into his underpants. Back to the game and I was still doing pretty well, until I landed on a geography question. I just had to hope my luck was still in. My wild guess at 'Bulgaria' was wrong. Mike was obviously pleased that at last it was my turn and he leapt up and strode over to the bowl. "Give it a good swirl," I ordered. After a second or two swirling he pulled out one of the notes and opened it to read out, "Remove all your clothes, leave through the front door, turn towards the back garden up the drive. In the garden go to the far hedge, pick a flower and return, hands behind your back, into the kitchen through the back door." "No way," I shouted, "I can't do that." "You've got to, I did all mine and it was just luck that you got this one. Besides, from the front door you can check it's clear before you go." I was literally shaking at the prospect but I decided to go for it. I took off my tights, little top, my skirt and then took a couple of deep breaths. The bra was off in seconds and I was pleased to see Mike's obvious pleasure as I am quite proud of my tits. Finally I removed my flimsy knickers and revealed my moist shaved slit. He stepped up to me and ran his fingers over my firm breasts down to the nipples which were now very hard. "Come on," I said, "I've got to do this." I opened the front door a crack, checked the gardens opposite, the driveways and the windows across the road, then a quick look along both pavements and off I set with Mike just behind me. I panicked a little as I struggled with the gate catch, wondering if someone would see me, then I was through and headed up to the hedge. Actually, this was alright, I relaxed a little and started to feel quite liberated and definitely sexy. I decided to give Mike an eyeful and instead of crouching down I spread my legs and bent right down to pick the flower and I revelled in Mike's croaky splutter as he viewed my oozing

slit. My exhibitionist feelings disappeared a second later as I turned to see the the lady from across the road and the lady next door watching from her french window steps. I covered myself as well as I could and ran back up the garden and inside the house as quickly as I could. I was getting into my underwear when the front door bell rang. Mike who was panting with fright next to me hesitated but it rang again and he cautiously opened the door. I heard him speaking and there was a woman's voice. A moment later he came in, "Angie, this is Mrs. Scott and this is Mrs. Martin, they would like to talk to us about what's been going on here." They stood in the doorway, taking in the scene, Mike in shirt and jeans and me in only bra & pants. Mrs. Scott, the lady from across the road was about 30, slim, mid- blond hair and wearing glasses which made her look very serious. Mrs. Martin must have been a year or so older, very attractive with long dark hair. Mrs. Scott started, "Mike, I know that your mother is away today so I was keeping an eye on the place. Have you anything to say to explain what we've seen?" Mike was struggling to think what on earth to say and I just kept quiet. Mrs. Martin said, "Jenny, er, Mrs. Scott came round to my house a short time ago and told me what she'd seen. I told her about seeing you, naked in the garden, Mike. Then as we were trying to decide what to do we saw this young lady walk along the side of the house, into the garden and... well, enough said." Mrs. Scott joined in, "As Sue just said we were wondering what to do about what we'd seen but we cannot let what we've witnessed go unmentioned. We have decided to punish you both, that is spank you both and say no more about it on this occasion." I wasn't keen on this but I didn't want my parents to hear about today anymore than Mike wanted his mum to find out. Mike saw my look of resignation and said, "All right, we'll take a spanking from you." "Outside," Mrs. Martin added, "now!" when we didn't move. Mike lead the way into the back garden. Mrs. Scott told Mike "Fetch a swishy garden cane... Quickly. I do hope I'm not going to have to repeat everything as that will lead to more strokes." Mike looked horrified as he realised what they meant to do. He returned with the cane. "Right, girls first. Angie, get undressed and bend over this." Mrs. Scott pointed to the patio table. You will both receive six strokes of the cane on your bare bottoms - from each of us. I hadn't expected to be totally nude and stood in disbelief, wondering what to say. Mrs. Martin gave me a swish across my panties, "Seven strokes from each of us for you young lady for being disobedient." Mike said "No, that's not fair, she didn't realise you were expecting us to take off..." But Mrs. Scott cut him short, "Seven strokes from each of us for you too Mike for arguing." She looked fiercely at us both, daring us to say more. I unhooked my bra and tossed it on the chair, then my panties. When I looked up Mike had that expression on his face again and the bulge in his jeans definitely grew. Mrs. Scott bent me over the table, pushing my tits onto the top and spreading my legs. "Mike stand here and watch, then she can watch when it's your turn, perhaps that will help you learn your lesson." The cane swished down again and again, criss crossing my bum and thighs. I wriggled and writhed spreading my legs more and more but I hardly cared. Finally the stinging was over and I stood and rubbed my bum, while Mike watched my tits bounce around. Mrs. Martin said, "I think we'll give Mike his first punishment next then give Angie her second set after." This was agreed. "Mike take off your clothes," said Mrs. Scott. He got down to his underpants and I could see Mike was trying to hide the bulge. He glanced up to see Mrs. Scott tapping the cane impatiently and he slipped off his pants to reveal a full

hard on. Now I don't know what they are used to but I could see from their eyes that Mike's erection had impressed them both. Mrs. Martin took the cane and tapped the tip of Mike's cock, "You had better get that under control, young man, or we may have to punish him as well." Mike bent over and Mrs. Martin slid her hand down past his stomach to push his erection down between his legs so it was held rigid against the edge of the table. She handed the cane to Mrs. Scott who started immediately. I was made to watch and marvelled at how each stroke flicked across his taut buttocks leaving tramlines. He didn't make a sound until the last stroke which Mrs. Scott was obviously determined would get a reaction. He leapt up, his cock swinging wildly as he yelled and rubbed his bum. All eyes were on his wonderful, rigid penis. Now for my second set of seven strokes. Again I bent over the table and spread my legs to let Mike see my swollen lips, hoping to give some pleasure to him. (Of course it didn't help him get rid of the hard on but I'd forgotten that issue). Swish, swish, swish, Mrs. Martin hit me harder than Mrs. Scott and I yelled out and leapt up twice, each time getting an extra stroke for my troubles. Finally my caning was over. Mrs. Scott bent Mike over the table and again Mrs. Martin took hold of his cock to arrange it as she wanted before standing me in place to watch proceedings. Swish, swish, there was no doubt that Mrs. Martin was the harder hitter and Mike too yelled out once and stood to rub himself. Eventually it was over and he was told to stand up and face them. His cock stood out rigid and they smiled as Mrs. Scott reminded him what Mrs. Martin had said. Go and fetch a springy plastic ruler," she instructed. Mike returned from the house, his cock still swinging from side to side as he walked. He handed over the ruler. Mrs. Scott said, "Lie down on your back on the table, Mike. We're not going to hurt you, it's only a springy ruler, but it might make you think twice before pointing that thing at your elders." He climbed up and lay on the table; his erection, throbbing slightly pointed up and chest-ward. Mrs. Scott took the swishy ruler and flicked it gently, thwack, hitting his shaft then she reached out and stroked up and down his cock making Mike groan. Thwack, thwack, thwack, these strokes were not hard but each sent Mike's magnificent cock bouncing. The more I saw of Mike's cock being touched and flicked with the ruler, the sexier I felt. I stood there with my nipples hard and my juices running. Mike's erection responded as he saw me secretly slip my fingers along and inside my slit. After the sixth spank she held his cock firmly before running her fingers round the head making his juices flow. Then Mrs. Martin took the ruler, "You understand that I'm not going to hurt you, but it is intended to shame you into mending your ways." Thwack, thwack, two strokes slapped against his shaft, thwack, thwack, two more underside of his cock, then she pulled his foreskin clear of the head and gave Mike the last two strokes. After a short lecture on our behaviour in the future I could tell they were leaving reluctantly. I stood looking at Mike's magnificent penis and wanted to make it better but also I wanted to see how it felt. I'd hated watching these attractive women fondling his wonderful cock and now it was my turn. Mike started to get up but I made him lie back down. I started running my fingers across his firm chest, down his ribbed stomach, then down to his balls and up and around his thick, hard penis. "I'm so sorry they spanked him," I said. "It's alright, they didn't hurt at all, I quite enjoyed it." "Even so," I said, "I think I can make it better." I leaned over and put my lips over the head, swirling my tongue around the juicy tip. Then I sank down over him and took his erection as far as I could into my mouth and slid my lips

slowly back and forth along his shaft. As I moved my mouth up and down it felt huge inside my mouth and seemed to be getting more rigid if that was possible. I was almost lying across him and I felt him touching my breasts, making my nipples hard as I worked my tongue around his swollen member until suddenly he gave a huge groan and I swallowed his load. I lay there sucking him dry. Somehow I knew our relationship would be different now.