

The Girl Next Door

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Becky needed a good spanking but I didn't reckon on Mom needing one too!

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The noise from next door was familiar and predictable; Jill was having yet another argument with her daughter Becky. I was looking out of my bedroom window when the door slammed and from my viewpoint across their garden I saw the recalcitrant teenager storm off up the path. She was a pretty girl with long blonde hair and looking stylish in a pink zip-up jumper with a sort of hood and tight blue jeans. They were expensive, with a fancy pattern embroidered on each back pocket, given to her just a couple of weeks ago by her mother for the girl's eighteenth birthday. She couldn't afford them of course, but nothing was too good for her darling Becky, who repaid her with tantrum after tantrum. Even through the walls I could hear Jill crying. She was sobbing for all she was worth so I decided to go round to see if she was OK. "Sorry, Dave," she blurted between sobs, "I guess you heard us arguing again?" "Couldn't help it I'm afraid," I said, "Are you OK?" "I just can't seem to do right by her," she sobbed again. "I'm coming in," I said, "I'll make us a cup of tea." Jill sat in the lounge blowing into a handkerchief as I made tea. I joined her sitting opposite whilst she attempted to sort herself out. Even with tear stained eyes and running mascara Jill didn't look anything like thirty-six. As pretty as her daughter was, Jill outshone her in the beauty stakes, her blonde shoulder length hair glistening like silk. She was wearing a white top with a dark blue mini-skirt doing full justice to her pert breasts and long slim legs. Her high-heels matched the colour of her skirt. She looked great. She sipped on the tea whilst I ventured my opinion. "Teenagers uh. Can be a bit of a handful I expect." She nodded her agreement, "Trouble is she's getting worse. I think she is getting in with a bad crowd at school." I was a little confused, "School!" I'd have thought she'd be old enough for College. She is eighteen isn't she?" Jill nodded again, "Yes but she failed her exams so she's got to stay on another year. That's part of the problem. All her friends have gone to College but she just didn't work hard enough." She put down the cup, "I told her she had to work harder but oh, no; she knew best staying out until late. Well she's stuck with school for another year and she's not happy about it." I could see Jill had relaxed a bit. "She'll just have to make the best of it," I offered. "I can see her point," she said sympathetically. "She's got to wear a school uniform. There are no exceptions. But when you are her age you want to show off a bit. Dress in all the fashions." She took a slurp from the cup and continued in her defense, "besides, school uniforms don't exactly look great on an eighteen year old girl, do they?" I almost choked on a mouthful of tea. "Oh, I don't know," I teased. She gave a knowing laugh

and for a moment her worries left her face and she looked sensational. I added mischievously, "I bet you'd look good in one." She gave a girly giggle; "You know how to flatter me, Dave." "You don't need flattering, Jill," I said and then in a more serious tone, "what are you going to do about Becky? You know you can't go on like this." Her worried look returned, "I just don't know, any suggestions?" Without thinking I blurted out, "The girl needs a firm hand, preferably applied firmly to her backside." I thought she might blow me out at the suggestion. "You're right of course," she said, surprising me. "Trouble is her dad left years ago and we've not heard from him since. You've seen how tall she is. She's the same height as me, too big for me to handle." I nodded and drained my cup and got up to leave. "She's not too big for you to handle though, Dave." She looked up at me with imploring eyes. I thought I had heard her wrong. It must have been obvious from my expression because she added; "She needs a man's hand, Dave. And you're that man." She stood up to face me, her face deadly serious. "If she doesn't get some discipline soon she'll get into real trouble. I just know it." I gave her a hug, and she buried her face into my chest. "What do you want me to do?" "Spank her of course," she answered flatly. "And spank her good." "She'll never accept a whipping from me," I said, "remember she is over eighteen with a mind of her own." It was as if the all Jill's worries had been taken from her; she looked up at me with a confident air. "She'll either accept it, or pack her bags. As you say, she is an adult, but until she acts like one she'll get treated as a child whilst she is under this roof." Her mind was made up and the answer to her recalcitrant daughter lay with me. My cock jerked in anticipation of upending that young brat. "Come back around six o'clock," Jill said. "I will have given Becky her ultimatum by then. You must carry out my threat, no backing off when she starts." She warned. I nodded and went back next door, spending the next hour wondering how I would deal with her. I hadn't spanked a girl in years. "You can't possibly do this," Becky raged at me. She had obviously exhausted that argument with her mother. "I ... I don't even know you," she spluttered. I kept up a cold front, "You'll get to know me from across my knee, young lady," I said severely. "You'll learn you can't mess around with me." Becky was every inch the arrogant teenager. She had discarded the pink jumper to reveal a white T-shirt with some silly slogan across her quite ample breasts. Two inches of bare midriff separated it from her tight jeans, held up by a thick studded belt; I thought of using that across her cheeky behind but had second thoughts. My hand would suffice for her first spanking. Jill had confided that her daughter had never been spanked before by anyone. She was a pampered puss right enough, wearing expensive looking pink strappy high-heels revealing matching pink nail polish. "Has your mother explained the situation to you?" I asked. Jill nodded from her chair opposite me. "It's either a spanking or you leave by the end of the week," she said, clearly fed up with the girl's attitude. I was sitting on the arm of the sofa to give me a better sitting height with my legs slightly apart. "Well, er ... I don't want to leave," she answered nervously. Her arrogance was waning at the sight of me in my spanking position. "But you can't possibly spank me!" she said still trying to wriggle out of what she knew was coming. "I'm eighteen, you know. Not some little girl." I got up and made to leave. "In that case I'll leave you both to it." Jill jumped to her feet and faced her daughter directly. "Go to your room and get packed," she raged. "I'll phone Auntie Eileen and tell her you are going to stay there until you can get a room somewhere." "God, not her," Becky screamed. "I'm going

nowhere. This is my home Mom.” “Then you know what to do,” Jill said forcibly. “Okay then, I’ll do it.” Then turning to me, “It better not hurt.” “We’ll see about that.” I said sitting back down and pulling the startled girl across my knee. Her mother looked apprehensive for a moment then motioned for me to give it to her. Becky squealed her indignation as I secured her to my knee with my left arm, my right hand cupping each of her jeans covered globes in turn to acquaint myself with the target. ‘SLAPP! ... SLAPP!’ I applied two good spanks on each side of her bottom feeling her cheeks bounce gently beneath my palm even within the tight stretched jeans. She gave out a surprised “oooooooooww!” and then, “ooooooooowwwccccchh!” ‘SLAPP! ... SLAPP! ...SLAPP! ... SLAPP!’ I picked up speed, my hand spanking the same two spots as directed by the embroidered pattern on her rear pockets. “oooooooooww! ... oooooooooowwwccccchh! ...oooooooooww! ... yeeeeooooooooowww!” She responded with a shrill squeal. Her feet began to kick at the floor. ‘SLAPP! ... SLAPP! ...SLAPP! ... SLAPP!’ Those pink shoes kicked further into the air as the warmth of my hand penetrated the thick material of her pants. “yeeeeooooooooowww! ... ooooooww! ... yeeeeooooooooowww! ... Ooooooww! Let me up, you pig,” she squealed, “I’ve had enough.” I looked at Jill who shook her head, willing me to proceed. I could swear she was actually enjoying seeing her daughter get her comeuppance. ‘SLAPP! ... SLAPP! ...SLAPP! ... SLAPP!’ “yeeeeooooooooowww! ... ooooooww! ... yeeeeooooooooowww! ... ooooooww!” I dug my fingers into the belt on her jeans and helped to pull her back to her feet. Becky scrambled off my knee rubbing furiously at the seat of her pants, her pelvis gyrating seductively towards me. She glared at me in disbelief, her face although flushed red from bending over, she had the look of a sultry movie star. My shaft was as hard as iron. “Any further tantrums and I’ll put you across my knee again, my girl.” I warned, “And next time I’ll take your pants down.” Still glaring at me and still rubbing at her rear, “You wouldn’t dare,” she screamed. Jill spoke for the first time, “You know the deal. Your bad behaviour stops right now, Becky.” Her voice became more severe, “If you want to continue living here you will do as you are told. If you misbehave, you will get a spanking from Dave. Do I make myself clear?” Becky turned her glare on her mother, still smoldering she lowered her voice in cold acceptance, “Yes,” she hissed and stormed off to her room. “Well, how did I do?” I asked, moving from the arm of the sofa onto its cushions. She came and sat by me. “You were great,” she whispered. “You certainly know how to spank a girl.” “I think she got the message,” I said feeling quite pleased with myself. “Loud and clear from where I was sitting,” she breathed. Her voice was sexy and she was looking at me intently. I locked her eyes onto mine. Suddenly I felt her hand sliding across my crotch, her slim fingers massaging the outline of my erect cock through my trousers. “My, my,” she husked, “spanking my daughter has turned you on.” I felt embarrassed by the suggestion, “Well she is a pretty girl,” I said, “but not as pretty as her mother.” Jill leaned towards me and placed her lips over mine, sucking greedily, her hand easing down my zip and reaching inside for my cock. She pulled it clear and began massaging my erection. I couldn’t believe my luck, I had fancied this woman for so long it didn’t seem real, and now my cock throbbed between her fingers. She broke off her kiss and looked down at my shaft in her hand and sank her head into my lap, sliding her pink lips across my tip before plunging me deep into her throat. I almost came but managed to hold back as her head bobbed back and forth on my lap, ‘wow, she was good,’ I thought. Jill slid off the sofa and ran her hands up each

side of her short skirt, her fingers re-emerging with her pink lace panties in tow, easing them down her shapely legs. She pulled them over her stilettos and tossed them beside me onto the arm of the sofa as she straddled my lap and sank down onto my rod, letting out a low moan as I reached deep inside her. "It's been a long time since I had a man fuck me," she husked. Jill threw her head back and sucked herself further onto my shaft. I was as hard as a stallion and she began to ride me at a steady trot as my fingers played with her discarded panties, watching her breasts dance wildly inside her top. We both came together in a long sequence of jerks and she collapsed on top of me, snuggling to my chest as I gradually eased out of her. Things were quite with Becky for a couple of weeks after that but Jill and I went from strength to strength having had several great sex sessions with her in my bed. She would always go back home next door afterwards, not wishing to leave Becky on her own. The girl was back at school and, as her mother had pointed out, looked cutely ridiculous in her school uniform which consisted of a white blouse, maroon blazer and a red 'tartan-checked' pleated skirt which she wore as short as possible. Her school tie dangled loosely around her neck. To ensure everyone knew she was no child she wore fairly high-heeled shoes, which accentuated the great legs she had obviously acquired from her mother. It was quite early when the row started and I was just finishing my breakfast when eventually Becky stormed out of the house slamming the door on her way to school. Within minutes Jill was round crying. We agreed there was no point in making threats if we weren't prepared to carry them out. So there I was sitting in my 'spanking position' on the arm of the sofa when Becky arrived back from school. As she put down her school bag she realised what was going to happen, "Oh no," she said shaking her head. "You're not going to spank me again." Jill cut in, "You know the deal." "Then I'll pack my bags and leave," she screamed and stormed off to her room. Jill's face was a picture of panic, "do you think I may have over reacted?" she said despairingly. "She'll calm down," I reassured her. We both sat waiting the outcome, me in my lumberjack shirt and denims and Jill as beautiful as ever in a yellow top and short denim skirt. She had her long legs crossed affording me a great view up her skirt almost to her panties. After some banging and stomping around she reappeared and came directly to my side. "I suppose you'd better get on with it," she hissed. Jill seemed relieved she had decided to take her licking. I felt differently. "I told you I'd take your pants down the next time you misbehaved, young lady. You should be feeling a little sorrier about the way you treat your mother." I added more seriously, "And a little more worried about what's coming to you." "She asked for it," the girl sniffed haughtily. "Anyway I'm not wearing pants if you hadn't noticed," she said cheekily, tugging at the hem of her skirt. I wasn't having any of her lip, "I didn't mean 'pants' as in your 'jeans' young lady. I meant 'pants' as in your 'panties'," I explained. Her expression was one of incredulity, "Wha... you mean you're going to spank my bare bottom?" I nodded my answer, "No way," she squawked. Jill was equally surprised but didn't interfere. I decided it was time to gain the upper hand, "You're not showing much sign of contrition, my girl," I looked her straight in the eye, "you need a little more than just a spanking." Both of them now looked confused, "You will go to your room and fetch me one of your gym-pumps. Your attitude has earned you a darned good slipping." Becky's shoulders dropped as she realised her options were down to just two and looked to her mother for some way out. Jill shrugged her shoulders at her daughter. "Get

along with you, my girl." I snapped, "Fetch me your slipper right now!" She suddenly jerked into life and stormed off again to her room. The look of apprehension returned to Jill's face, "Don't worry," I said. "She'll take the slipper." Becky slammed her bedroom door shut and flung herself onto the bed her skirt flying up her waist. She was staring blankly at the ceiling as she contemplated Dave's command, her hand unconsciously finding her open crotch. A realisation set in, she was actually aroused by the thought of going back over his knee! The last time he had spanked her she had noticed how hot it had made her, and not only on her bottom, but had shrugged it off as just a reaction to her very first spanking. But this! Bare bottomed, and with the slipper! She jumped off the bed. No sooner had I spoken when Becky re-emerged and silently offered me her pink canvas gym-shoe. I took it and swatted it against my other hand to check it for suppleness as she waited, both hands clenched in front of her short skirt. "Over my knee," I ordered. Becky obeyed without protest much to the surprise of Jill, and placed her hands on my knee lowering her slender body across my lap. I put my arm around her trim waist and eased her into position, fully bent over my knee with her pretty little bottom facing up to me. Her arms and legs dangled loosely at either side of me, stomach flat on my thighs, her breasts hanging gently over the far side of my knee. My cock was at full attention, fingers quivering with excitement as reached for the hem of her skirt and flipped it up across her back. I almost came at the sight of her pure white cotton panties stretched tightly across her nubile cheeks, the edge of her blouse peeking out from beneath the waistband of her tartan school-skirt. I glanced at Jill as my fingers tucked into the elastic of her panties; she could see my obvious excitement and re-crossed her legs sending her own skirt riding high, giving me a glimpse of her blue panties. The message was obvious, spank her but look at me. I tugged down Becky's panties with my eyes fixed on Jill's up-skirt display and picked up her pink slipper and measured it across her pert little bottom. 'SWATT! ... SWATT!' I opened the batting, planting the soft rubber sole of her gym-shoe perfectly on the mound of each cheek in turn instantly raising a splash of red. "Oooooowww! ... Aaaarrrrrhhhh!" she squealed in reply. ' SWATT! ... SWATT! ... SWATT ... SWATT!' Her little slipper was a perfect fit for my hand, her reddening orbs bouncing like a jelly with each spank. My cock was supercharged and bursting to be let free from my denims and I realised I was studying Becky's behind with undue attention as her little 'quim' taunted me from between the tops of her legs. I quickly looked towards Jill who had now uncrossed her legs and sat with her knees slightly apart, her panties now on full view. ' SWATT! ... SWATT! ... SWATT ... SWATT!' the slipper was finding its own mark as I continued to look up Jill's skirt, Becky responded with louder squeals. Her legs kicked and bucked, toes hammering against the carpet as the heat spread across her bottom. The white panties had found their way down her legs and loosely bound her ankles together. ' SWATT! ... SWATT! ... SWATT ... SWATT!' Her bottom was crimson and her panties had escaped one ankle and dangled wildly from the other as she kicked even wider now her legs were no longer constrained. My view of her 'young fruit' was completely unhindered and once again I forced my gaze back to Jill. Becky's squeals told me she'd had enough and I set her back on her feet. She was still howling and hopping from one leg to the other as her hands worked urgently on her backside. Her pubic bush gyrated in front of me as she pressed her hands feverishly across her burning cheeks, her panties still in a

puddle around her shoes. Eventually she reached down and tugged them back up around her waist cutting off the pubic display. Trying to summon up a look of both horror and indignation she turned and ran to her room. I stood up followed by Jill. "I think you'd better go back next door," she said. "I'll go and make sure she's OK. That was sure some spanking you gave her." She turned to follow Becky upstairs, "I'll need to get her clothes cleaned for tomorrow." I felt she was telling me I'd overstepped the mark with Becky and placed the slipper on the table and made to leave. "I'll be around soon," she smiled, "once I've settled her down." It was over an hour before I heard the back door open. I didn't get up but waited for her to enter, certain that she would be angry with me for tanning her daughter so hard. Jill entered the room and if I hadn't already sitting down I would have fallen over with shock. This beautiful woman stood before me dressed head to foot in Becky's school uniform, her maroon blazer and red tartan school-skirt and even her daughter's school tie hanging loosely down the front of the girl's blouse. Her much fuller breasts strained against the buttons of the crisp white shirt. The only additional touch was a pair of white ankle socks with frilly lace tops emerging from inside her high black stiletto heels and her hair, which was in girlie bunches. She stood like a little girl with her hands behind her back and my cock zoomed to full erection creating a massive bulge in the front of my trousers, which she noticed immediately. "I wondered if what you said about women in school uniforms was true," she whispered in the sexiest voice I have ever heard, "I can see it is from here." She added, "Did you fancy Becky when she was over your knee?" I swallowed hard trying to think of an answer to that one, "I ... I er," I thought 'sod it' I'll have to tell the truth. "I can't deny I enjoyed spanking her," I admitted, "although I don't sort of fancy her in any other way. She's too young for me. Anyway, she's not as pretty as you." It sounded corny but it was true, I added, "You look much better in that outfit than she does." "I was hoping you would like it," she said huskily, "that bulge in your trousers speaks volumes." I felt my face flush a little. I was looking for a reply when she added. "I would like you to spank me like you did Becky," she said moving right up to my side. Jill's hand came from behind her and offered me Becky's little pink slipper, "I want you to put me over your knee and slipper me, just like Becky," she breathed. It was all I could do not to ejaculate. I took the slipper from her and turned her across my lap and flipped back the pleated skirt once again and gasped. She was wearing Becky's white cotton panties, stretched even more provocatively across her full rounded bottom. "I think you need a hand spanking before I take your pants down for the slipper," I said in mock severity. She gave a sexy moan of acceptance. 'SMACKK! ... SMACKK!' My slightly cupped hand felt her cheeks wobble beneath each spank. Jill gave out an ecstatic squeal but lay totally inert over my knee. 'SMACKK! ... SMACKK! ... SMACKK! ... SMACKK!' The feel of my hand against her (actually Becky's) warm panties drove my cock wild. She squealed softly with delight. 'SMACKK! ... SMACKK! ... SMACKK! ... SMACKK!' Her gorgeous bottom was warm from my hand, the pink blush spreading beyond the area covered by her panties. "oooooww ... oooohhh ... aaaarr... ooooowwwccchh!" she cooed. 'SMACKK! ... SMACKK! ... SMACKK! ... SMACKK!' "Please slipper me, Dave" she begged, "slipper me hard." My throbbing cock had grown to halfway down my thigh. "Time I had your panties down, my girl," I said and tucked my fingers into the elastic waistband of these very same knickers for the second time in one evening, this time drawing them down over the

mother's delectable posterior instead of her daughter's. This time I could look all I wanted, and boy, did I want to. My spanking hand had given her perfect derrière a rosy glow almost like a ripe peach. I picked up the pink slipper and presented it to her bottom. 'SWATT! ... SWATT! ... SWATT! ... SWATT!' I wasted no time in roasting Jill's cheeks and she kicked and bucked on my knee like a rodeo mare, her panties stretched between her knees. Her low sexy moans had now risen to shrieks of pleasure and pain, mixed in a tantalizing cocktail. 'SWATT! ... SWATT! ... SWATT! ... SWATT!' As I continued whipping her burning fanny with the slipper Jill had managed to get her hands beneath her onto my knee and was trying to prise herself up out of my grip. Her slim body was nothing in my strong arm as I lifted her slightly and pushed her further over my lap. Jill's breasts scraped across my left knee as she lurched forward. Her grip gone she lay evenly over my lap and completely at my mercy so I continued to tan her hard with the slipper. 'SWATT! ... SWATT! ... SWATT! ... SWATT!' With her bottom now more elevated her 'woman' became visible, her pouting entrance inviting my swollen cock to come in and play. I set her back onto her tottering heels and her panties slid to the floor, Jill kicked them off and sat her burning orbs back onto the knee I had bent her over. Her lips covered mine in a smothering kiss as her hand once again slid down my zip and freed my weapon, her small hand barely able to encircle my massive shaft as she pumped me back and forth. Jill slithered off my knee to the floor between my legs and shook back her long blonde hair, giving me a knowing smile before sinking her luscious mouth over the straining 'head' of my cock. I sat mesmerized, my eyes focused on the top of her head bobbing up and down on my hard-on. I quickly unbuckled my belt and popped the button, freeing my cock and balls for her to get at and was rewarded with a fantastic ball sucking. Jill licked the length of my rod before resuming a great blowjob. I slid to the floor and I spread her beneath me as I mounted her and drove my steel-like shaft deep into her hot tunnel working her with my tool until we both let go with an earth-moving jerk. The next day I bought her her very own school uniform, which she keeps at mine. Becky still goes over my knee occasionally when she needs it but her mother has turned into a very naughty girl!