

Niece's Visit
M/F Spank
By Tom

The greatest experience of my life happened when my niece agreed to be our nanny. But I am getting ahead of myself.

My wife and I had been married for just over 10 years when we had our first baby. It almost amazes that we did have a baby, since we rarely had sex after the honeymoon. It wasn't really a sudden stop, but gradually there were more and more days that my wife said, "No, she wasn't in the mood." For my part, I quit trying. It wasn't worth the effort. No one likes to beg.

Six weeks after our baby was born, our 19-year-old niece came to live with us for the summer and be our nanny. Christy had always been my favorite niece. She reminded me of my wife when we first met. Christy was a very cute, and very petite, blonde. She wasn't allowed to wear jewelry or makeup at home, since her patients were very strict and conservative. Many times Christy looked more like 15 or 16 than nearly 20. She had a firm, athletic body. Her breasts barely filled an A-cup. Her hips were narrow and her butt was firm as a rock. I had noticed her for the last several years, and jumped at the idea of having her as a nanny.

Her strict parents had never allowed her to live anywhere but home. So she was thrilled to come live with us. And she was a great help with the baby and the housework. Her behavior was perfect, she was always responsible and helpful. The 2nd weekend she was there she asked to borrow the car to go to the mall. I gave her the keys and some extra money—I liked the idea of doting on this cute young thing. She didn't come home when the mall closed. I tried her cell phone and there was no answer. My wife and I were both worried. We knew she wasn't usually allowed to go anywhere alone after dark. We waited up for her. It was almost 1 AM before she came home.

By this point, worry had also turned into anger. We were both furious with her. There was little enough sleep for new parents, having to stay up waiting for someone wasn't what either of us needed. My wife went up to bed and I agreed to have a talk with Christy.

"I can't believe you were that late. What were you thinking?"

"I went to the arcade and I lost track of time. Sorry. It won't happen again. Please don't tell my Dad what happened."

"It shouldn't have happened even once. What should I do?"

Her answer shocked me, "You probably need to ...spank me" her voice quivered.

"What"

Bolder this time, “You know, send me to my room and spank me for being so bad. My Dad spansks me whenever I have been bad, or he thinks I have been.”

“You might need to explain a little more to me, I haven’t been a father long. Certainly not long enough to understand punishments.”

“I go to my room and change into my pajamas. I wait there for Dad, I mean you, to come. I usually get between 10 and 30 hits with the belt. I was pretty bad, so I probably deserve more like 30.”

I was fascinated, and a little aroused, by the idea. I sent Christy to her room and told her to wait for me. I went upstairs to our bedroom to get a belt. I told my wife about Christy’s punishment. She was enthusiastically supportive. “That little brat needs to learn a lesson.”

I knew from the stories that my wife had told me that she had been spanked by her parents up until at least her teen years. I had tried to get more information from her in the past, but she was very quiet about it. Perhaps I could use this opportunity to learn a little more.

"But she is a teen. How old were you when your parents stopped spanking you?"

"Old enough to know that Christy can benefit from a good hard session with the belt?"

"Your Dad used a belt on you as a teenager?"

"He had a razor strap he liked. But he often made me cut my own switch. I hated that more than the strap, even though it didn't hurt as much."

"How 'often' did he do that?"

"Quit stalling. Go spank our niece so we can go to sleep already."

I chose my stiffest, heaviest belt and went down the hall to Christy's room. She had changed into a thin nightgown. I noticed the outline of her nipples against the cloth. I knew I was going to enjoy this.

“Bend over” I instructed her, like I knew what I was doing.

She bent over and lifted her gown. I was taken by surprise, she wasn't wearing any panties. I paused to admire the view. Firm, pale buns upturned towards me. The slightest hint of blonde hair peeked between her thighs. I tentatively applied several swings of the belt. Christy informed me that “real spankings are harder than that.” So I swing harder, leaving a big red mark across the center of her bottom. I was growing the biggest woody

of my life in my sweat pants. It was more than seeing her gorgeous young body. Being able to dominate it was a powerful aphrodisiac.

I waited to see her reaction. There was none. I hit a little lower. Again I waited as I watched the redness spread. I moved up and down her bottom with strokes. Pausing between them to admire both my work and her beautiful little ass. I had finished 12 strokes with the belt and wondered about spanking her from a different angle. I walked directly behind her.

"Raise your bottom as high in the air as you can."

She leaned forward on to her hands. As she did this, she spread her legs just a little for balance. Now I saw more than just wisps of hair. I had a clear view of her cunt. I hadn't planned this, but it was a nice benefit. I brought the belt down vertically on her left cheek. And then the right. Back to the left, to the right. I liked the view so much, I waited even longer between strokes.

After 20 strokes I stopped. When I finished, Christy stood up, turned around and hugged me. It seemed that she pushed her hips firmly against my erection and held them there just an instant. It was probably just my imagination, but it sent bolts of lightning through my body.

When I returned to bed my wife was sound asleep. I went into the bathroom and relieved myself. All that I could think about the rest of the week was how erotic it had been to spank my niece.

The next day I decided to use this event as an excuse to dig deeper into my wife's experiences being spanked. As I was getting ready to leave for work, I started peppering her with questions.

"I know Christy deserved it, but I felt strange spanking my teenage niece. Did that ever happen in your family growing up, did a relative ever spank you as a teen?"

"Honey, I'd rather not talk about it."

"Well I'm sorry, but I need to talk about it. I want to be a good father, uncle and husband. But I need to know what to expect and how to act."

"Ok. I was spanked several times by both of my Dad's brothers. I was probably 17 the last time."

"Did you have to pull down your pants?"

"I'm certain it was far worse than what you gave Christy last night. My uncle punished me in front of my aunt and cousins. I was spending the weekend at my aunt and uncle's house. I got caught passing notes with my cousin Sandy during church. As soon as we got

home from church, Uncle Phil announced to the family that Sandy and I would be spanked before lunch. While everyone else changed clothes, Sandy and I waited in the living room. I couldn't believe that he was going to spank us in front of my cousin Don, he was 2 years older than me and everyone thought he was the hottest guy. Finally Uncle Phil came downstairs. He had a well worn leather dog leash. It was only about a half inch wide and I knew when I saw it that it was going to hurt. 'Visitors first', he proclaimed. He made me take off my dress, my pantyhose and my panties. Then wearing just my bra, I had to go into the dining room and bring back a wooden chair. I was so ashamed that my cousins, especially Don, could see me almost naked. Then as I bent over the chair, I was even more humiliated. But I forgot all about that as the spanking with that leash started. I counted out all 20 strokes, and it took every bit of my strength to stay bent over that chair."

"Did you parents know that he spanked your bare bottom?"

"My dad believed that bare bottom was the only kind of spanking. And he most certainly did know, when he and mom came to pick me up Phil told him. And Dad made me undress again in my uncle's living room and spanked me with his belt in front of the whole family."

"I think I should call your brother Fred and let him know that I spanked Christy."

"If that will make you feel better, go ahead. Don't be surprised if he tells you to spank her on the bare bottom next time. He probably remembers how the females in our house were always punished and treats Christy the same way."

All that I could think about the rest of the day was how erotic it had been to spank my niece.

I called Ted that evening.

After the small talk was over, I told him what I had planned to when I called, "Christy came home late last night and I spanked her for it." I was a little scared to hear his response.

"I hope you didn't hold back. That girl has a rebellious streak and she needs a firm hand to keep her in line. I was a little worried when she left to stay with you, but I figured Susan would know what kind of discipline was needed and inform you if you didn't already know. I suggest a belt with Christy, it gets her attention well. And I hope you already realize this, but real spankings always occur on a bare bottom. Don't let Christy talk you out of that."

"I used a belt on her bare bottom."

"Good", Ted interrupted "I feel better already about her staying with you and Susan." We talked a little more and then hung up.

The rest of the week, Christy was the model, responsible young adult. Doing even more than was asked of her. When I came home from work that Friday, she asked if she could borrow the car and go to a movie. I agreed, but demanded her assurance that she would return home by 11pm. She readily agreed. I told her I would give her one strike with the belt for each minute she was late. I swear she smiled as she told me, “no problem”

As 11 approached, I was getting excited. When the clock struck 11 and there was no sound of a car in the drive, my hopes soared. Watching the minutes pass was the most intense foreplay I had ever experienced. Finally, I heard the car. By the time she made it to the door, Christy was 36 minutes late. She didn't offer an apology, just asked me if I was ready to start her punishment. It almost looked like she had a grin in her eyes.

I directed her to go to the basement so that we wouldn't wake my wife and baby. I instructed her to undress, completely. She faced me and stared straight into my eyes as she pulled her top slowly over her head. She unfastened her bra and let it fall off her shoulders and then to the floor. She was staring at my eyes, but I kept glancing to her nubile body. She removed her sandals and then slowly pulled down her jeans, stepping out of them. I eagerly awaited the final piece of clothing. Sensing my anticipation, I think she took her time, pulling the panties down ever so slowly. Now she stood in front of me totally nude. And she looked outstanding. I was asking myself how much I might be projecting my fantasies on to her. No attractive teenager is trying to seduce their uncle, and who had ever heard of someone looking forward to a spanking. But that is what she looked like. I don't know how long I stared before she asked, “Are you going to spank me or just stare at me?”

That taunt was enough to move me from staring at her into action. “Kneel on the coffee table” I commanded. Once she had positioned herself, I spread her legs further apart and had her lay her head on the table. This position left her totally and completely exposed. Her cunt lips were clearly visible through her wispy blonde pubic hairs. I brought the belt down hard across the meatiest part of her taught bottom. I waited a few seconds while the red mark appeared. Then I brought down the next stroke. Again and again I hit her with the belt, waiting between each stroke to admire the effects. I worked my way lower until I was hitting her upper thighs. After 25 strokes my arm was getting tired, so I paused longer to admire my handiwork. And to bask in the exposed view I was given.

As I looked at her, I just had to touch her. So I started lightly running my finger along the darkest of the red marks. As I did this I noticed that her lips were swollen and glistening with dampness. As I stared at the slight part in her lips I knew I was faced with a watershed decision. If I played it safe and continued with the spanking I might have more chances to spank her in the future. But maybe not. Or I could push my luck. Perhaps I wasn't really projecting my desires and she really was turned on by having her uncle spank her. I could see the prize. It was worth the risk.

I tried my best to sound shocked and disgusted. “You are quite the little slut. You actually enjoy this!” I said as I was sliding the tip of my finger between her lips. Running my

finger along the damp lips, I easily found her swollen clit. Gently tapping her clit, I continued to talk, "Is it really a punishment if you are enjoying it this much? I have never heard of such a thing. You must be quite the whore." By this point her hips were slowly bucking, pressing harder into my hand. Her pussy was quivering so much that her hole looked like it was gasping for air.

I was still massaging her clit when I slapped her pussy with the belt. This seemed to excite her even more. With each of the next 9 slaps, I hit her just a little harder. She was sopping wet and her breathing was labored. I started rubbing my finger in circles around her cunt opening. As she pushed herself against me, I used my other hand to remove my sweat pants. I placed the head of my dick against her opening. She pushed back against me, causing me to enter her. She paused as I hit against her hymen. I pulled out. She pushed against me again and I pushed hard into her at the same time. I could feel her tear as I pushed, and she let out a small cry, but I continued pressing forward until I was hilt deep. I remained deep inside her, moving only slightly as she became accustomed to the intrusion. Slowly she began moving her hips in unison with me. Slowly I started moving in and out. Before long I was pumping hard, grabbing her hips and pulling her towards me to enter her fully. Her orgasm was so strong that her already tight passage felt like it would crush me. I came at the same time.

Christy collapsed onto the coffee table afterwards. A mixture of blood and cum seeped down her thigh. While she was laying there, I told her that her punishment wasn't finished. She had only received 25 of the 36 strokes she had earned. "I will finish tomorrow. Before then I expect you to shave yourself as bald as a little girl." I have long had a shaving fetish, and my wife won't even trim for a bikini, so I was looking forward to this. Christy didn't make any protest.

The next afternoon my wife left to the grocery. The baby was asleep. Before her car was out of the driveway, I told Christy to strip. I had her lay back on the kitchen table with her legs spread so that I could inspect her shaving. I ran my fingers across her freshly shaved skin. I found that she hadn't done a thorough enough job along her lips. I could feel stubble. "This will mean an extra 10 strokes with the belt."

I left her laying on the table while I commanded, "Pull your knees back towards you."

Pulling her knees against her torso tilted her pelvis upward. Her newly shaven lips were clearly visible as they poked between her thighs. They were already swollen and glistening. I proceeded to lightly run my fingers along the outside of her lips. "It seems like you are looking forward to your punishment today. You are already excited." I continued to gently rub her lips as she tried to press harder against me. Once they were sufficiently swollen that they had started to part, I began her punishment. This position meant that more of my stroke fell on her thighs. And I repeatedly hit her pussy lips. For the final 5 strokes, I instructed her to spread her knees apart. While these strokes were slightly softer, I brought them down directly between her thighs.

As soon as I finished spanking her, I entered her with one thrust. She was so wet, that I slid very easily into her tight body. I could feel the pressure surround me, as she adjusted to the size. Slowly I pulled all of the way out, lingering just long enough for her passage to narrow again slightly, before I slammed into her even harder. With her hips positioned just off the end of the table, and holding her own legs back, my penetration was deep. I ground my self into her even deeper. After only 5 strokes like this, Christy had the strongest orgasm I had ever witnessed. I couldn't believe how long it was lasting. She clamped down so tightly on my manhood, that all I could do gently rock. After about a minute or so of this, I came as well. I lingered inside as I rapidly shrank, waiting until I was placid to disengage.

"I want you to clean me off. Come here and kneel on the floor." Christy quickly complied with my demands. "Use your mouth and clean me completely." She licked and sucked on me until I was hard again. Looking at the clock, I realized that my wife could be home soon. So instead of an encore, I gave Christy different instructions. "Do not clean yourself until bed time. I want you to wear a skirt with no panties for the rest of the day. From now on, that will be standard as long as you live here. Nor will you be allowed to wear any bras. I prefer the school uniform, plaid skirt, socks, and a white shirt. But you may select other clothes as well. I will send you to the store with my credit card this afternoon. I expect you to buy 4 or 5 new outfits."

Christy had barely gone upstairs, when my wife pulled in the drive. As my wife started unloading groceries, I told her to wait for Christy to come help. Christy came down in a sundress with relatively thick cloth. I was a little disappointed that I couldn't tell whether she had put on a bra or not. But I was certain that I could smell her as she walked by. My wife had to have noticed an odor, but perhaps she couldn't identify just what it was.

Christy went to the store later that afternoon and came home with a number of different bags of clothes. I worried about my credit card bill, but I was anxious to see what she bought. It seemed that she was anxious to show me as well. She came down to the living room where my wife and I were sitting in order to show us each outfit. First was a thin, clinging sundress. I noticed the clear bumps made by her nipples. I think my wife did as well. Next was a short leather skirt and lacy top. She was wearing textured stockings, that I would later learn were attached to a garter, and knee high boots with a spiked heel. As she walked back upstairs, my wife asked me whether I thought that was too risqué for a young woman. I responded that she WAS nearly 20, and probably need some chance to express herself, adding that I thought it was probably harmless and maybe even a good thing for helping her establish an identity. My wife reluctantly agreed. Finally were two consecutive "school" outfits. Both had short, heavily pleated plain skirts. One was gray and red, the other was mostly shades of blue. The blue skirt had a light blue blouse. The first one had a white top. Both had knee high socks. My wife raised her eyebrows at the first one, and then had to ask about the second one, "Why would you want to dress in a school uniform?" she asked.

Christy replied, "I just love this look. We had to wear such drab clothes to school every day, I wish we could have had neat ones like these." Her school had required uniforms,

but they were long, gray skirts. The explanation made sense to my wife; I knew the real reason.

Over the next few weeks, I found frequent reasons to punish Christy. I only had sex with her once or twice per week, but I required her to orally service me every day. She did this with much enthusiasm.