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**Mothers, sons and babysitters.**

**Chapter 01 (F+f/mm, spank, humiliation)**

Anna's husband died five years ago in a car accident, when Tim, their son, was only eleven. The shock of the sudden loss hit very hard on the poor kid. Already a shy and introverted child, Tim's physical and psychological growth seemed to have slowed down even more after the accident. At sixteen, he didn't look older than thirteen/fourteen: having inherited his mother's beauty, he was a looker, with a well proportioned body, but he was shorter than most guys his age. He didn't have any problem at school, a very good student, but he didn't socialize with the other kids, preferring to spend his free time home, on the internet.

Anna and her husband had always been strict parents, who believed in discipline for their son, sometimes also physical discipline in the form of spanking. That has almost always been Anthony's duty. Until his death. After the accident, at least one year went by in the house without even the threat of a spanking. Then one Saturday afternoon, right after lunch Tim was stubbornly refusing to go visit his grandparents

with his mother, preferring to stay home and surf the internet. Anna tried to persuade her son, and he started behaving like a child. Anna told him that if he refused to go, he would be grounded for one week and would get a spanking. In response Tim stormed to his room and shut the door.

Anna went to the living room and turned the TV on, to try and calm herself. After a while, having decided that there wasn't anything interesting on, she turned the TV off and called her new friend Helen, a 40 year old divorcee. They had met the previous year in the neighborhood and, being both single mums of boys of similar age, they had become friends. They got closer and closer in the past few months, and started sharing their respective problems in dealing with their teenage sons. Anna confessed to Helena her difficulties with Tim since his father death, and Helena told Anna that she also believed in firm discipline and that she spanked her 14 year old son Jason on a regular basis. Anna showed a great interest in it, right from the beginning, and so Helen started telling her every single episode of her son's disciplinary lessons. Sometimes they stayed entire hours on the phone or would meet at each other's house after driving the kids to school, and lately the chit chat would be soon about Helen disciplining Jason.

Of course none of them admitted to the other, and Anna to herself either, that all this talking about discipline and spanking had started to turn them on a little. It was as if all the pent up sexual energy Anna had, found somehow a release in their chats (Anna had not had sex in a long time, other than using her collection of vibrators at night in her bedrooms). Anna told her friend that when her husband was alive, it was him who spanked Tim most of the time, and that now that he was gone she didn't know how to resume it with her son. Helen confessed her that after the divorce she had the same problem at the beginning, but she was in full control and Jason had become, in her words, "much better behaved". "Let me tell you dear, she continued, that I find that a combination of physical pain and humiliation is the most effective with Jason. When he behaves like a child I treat him like a child, I start spanking him on the bare and always finish with him completely naked, and sometimes I make him stay naked in his bedroom even after the spanking. Once I even caught him touching his willie after a spanking, and I had no choice but to spank him again until his erection went down". Anna blushed at the thought of little Jason spanked in the naked, by her friend, and Helen saw an interest in Anna's eyes that she had not suspected.

For a couple of days, they didn't talk about it again. Anna was a little bit confused and maybe embarrassed, maybe not at a completely conscious level, but anyway they avoided the subject. Then one day Helen surprised Anna. They were in Anna's

kitchen, on their way back from their kids' school. "Hey Anna, about what we were taking the other day, about you not being sure on how to restart disciplining Tim..... I was thinking, you know, since our kids sometimes go to sport practice at different times and different days of the week, you could come to my house and assist me while I spank Jason, or you might even help me!" Anna was startled at first and didn't know what to answer. "So, what do you think about it, Anna? Doesn't Tim have tennis practice tomorrow afternoon?" "Yes, Anna replied." "Well, stop by tomorrow, will you?" "Ok Helen, I will." She was excited but didn't suspected that this was the beginning of something that will change her life, and that of her son too.

Anna didn't slept too much that night. She kept forming in her mind images of her friend spanking Jason, and finally fell asleep when it was almost dawn. When the alarm clock buzzed, she had barely slept a couple of hours. She drove Tim to school and then ran some errands, but she was like in a daze. When she got home she was so tired she fell asleep. Her telephone woke her up: it was Helen. "Hi, how are you?" "I am fine and, you?" "Fine thanks, Anna are you sure you are ok? You sound a little strange?" "No, I am ok, really." "Ok darling, I was a little worried, at what time do you drop Tim at practice? Ok then will wait for you here."

Anna drove Tim to practice and then went straight to Helen's house and rang the bell. Helen come at the door smiling, she was wearing a light summer dress that revealed her beautiful figure and her ample cleavage, at her feet she had open designer sandals. Please come on in she said. They sat in the living room on a couch. Helen excused herself, went to the kitchen and returned with a tray of home-made cookies and hot tea. After they finished their tea, Helen called her son. After a while Jason appeared in the living room. "Say hello to Mrs. Fisher, said Helen." "Hello Mrs. Fisher." "Hi Jason." And then Helen started talking as if Jason was not in front of them. "As I told you Anna, Jason needs discipline on a regular basis, he now understands that and I am not saying that he likes it, but he knows that it is for his own good." Jason, who was not expecting this at all, blushed and try to say something, but his mother said: "Jason, stop it right now because you are making it worse, you know it!" Speak only when you are spoken to. And they restarted to speak about him as he was not even there.

Needless to say, Jason didn't have an erection now, on the contrary, he was standing there blushing and his willie was so small that seemed to have shrunk between his legs from all the embarrassment. After a while Helen stood up and asked Anna to seat on an armchair to the right of the couch. Then told his son to approach the couch and made him stand in front of them, facing both. Anna was fascinated how Jason's

attitude has changed. Now he was staring at the floor and even his posture looked submissive. He had tried to beg her mother not to let this happen in front of Mrs. Fisher, but Helen had silenced him right away. Helen sat up on the couch and told him: come closer and put your hands behind your back. Anna looked mesmerized while Helen in one slow motion lowered Jason's jeans and boxer shorts to his knees. There he was, standing with his attributes exposed, beet red and staring the floor. Helen smiled at Anna, and she smiled back.

"You see Anna, how regular spanking made him well behaved; let me tell you, he wasn't like this when we started." Then she put her son on her lap in a way that gave Anna an unobstructed way of his buttocks, and the spanking began. It started slow and almost playful, but soon it increased both in speed and force. While spanking her son, Helen alternated between talking to Anna and to Jason. Her voice when speaking to her son was firm but at the same time maternal. She kept telling him how she was doing it for his own good and how she liked now that he was behaving and accepting his punishment. Then she stopped, and told him to stand up near the couch. She pulled down his jeans and boxers to his ankles and ordered him to step out of them. Then she told him to take off his t-shirt too. He was now standing completely naked in front of them, to Anna's amazement.

"Come on Jason, let's go to your room to finish your punishment." Jason walked ahead of them, Helen took Anna's hand in her, and they followed him up the stairs. Once in the room, Helen made her friend sit on an armchair by the bed and had her son lie face down on the bed. She took one of the pillows and positioned it under Jason's stomach, then she took his son's ankles and spread them wide on the bed. Amazingly now Anna had a clear view not only of Jason's buttocks, but also his testicles and penis were totally exposed. "Anna darling, can you please go get the hairbrush in Jason's bathroom please?" Anna stood up, and like in a trance walked to Jason's bathroom and retrieved the hairbrush. It was one of those traditional hairbrushes with a wooden handle, it looked solid and felt very heavy. Anna handed it to Helen who took it with a smile. She had it in one hand and with the other hand was caressing her son's red cheeks.

She started again nice and slow, but soon gathered pace and Jason started babbling and squirming on the bed. After a while Helen put down the hairbrush, sat down on the bed and had Jason sitting on her lap like a little boy, facing her directly, with one foot to her right and the other to her left. She put his forehead on her ample chest and try to calm his sobbing. During this she had both her hands on Jason's buttocks, massaging it, and Anna thought it was finished. But she was wrong. Helen made

Jason sit on bed with his feet dangling, she stood up and to Anna's amazement told his son to assume the position. Jason lied down on his back this time, lifted his legs up in the air and kept them there, putting his hands behind his knees. Now Anna stood no more than a couple of yards from him, his cheeks were now glowing and he was totally exposed, more than ever, she saw that his legs were shaking from the pain and fear, and his penis, testicles and pink asshole were in plain view, his sphincter contracting from the tension. Helen resumed the spanking, smiling directly at Anna, which by now was like in a trance. Soon Helen stopped and hugged again his son who was now sobbing uncontrollably.

When the crying subsided, she made in stand up and ordered him to put his hands behind his head and to spread his legs. He stayed like that with his gaze fixed to the floor. Then invited Anna to stand up and come closer to inspect the result of the spanking, while passing gently her right hand on her son's cheeks, then caressing his stomach and the inside of his right thigh, up until the back of her hand inadvertently touched the sack of his testicles, with a giggle she turned her hand, and for a second grabbed them, and gave them a soft squeeze, smiling to Anna. Then took Anna's right hand and positioned it on Jason's left bottom cheek: "do you feel how warm it is?" She then ordered Jason to give Mrs. Fisher a hug too, and Anna couldn't stop herself but put hers two hands on Jason's buttocks and started rubbing them gently.

The rest of the afternoon was kind of foggy for Anna. She remembered that, after putting Jason to bed, they returned to the living room downstairs, and this time they drank a beer instead of tea. Helen did most of the talking. She told her friend how happy she was that Anna has helped her, and hoped she liked it too. She told her that she was more than welcomed to come again every time she wanted, and that actually next time she would like Anna to take part in the spanking too. They talked also about starting to spank Tim too. And sometime maybe the two kids together too. Helen also mentioned a sixteen year old girl named Cassandra, daughter of neighbors a few blocks away, that she met a few weeks earlier at her tennis club. Helen one day asked her if she might be interested in babysitting Jason and she accepted. After a few babysitting evening, Cassandra witnessed the scolding and the threatening of spanking on his mother return home. Eventually Helen permitted her to watch an actual spanking, and later they talked a lot: the young girl was fascinated.

At some point in the conversation, Anna remembered she had to pick up Tim and left in a hurry. That night, once in bed, with the door to her room safely locked, Anna took out her favorite vibrator, and masturbated to exhaustion.

The following days Anna kept reliving the experience in her mind. She also found a new determination in dealing with Tim. One evening, after calling him for dinner for five minutes without answer, she walked upstairs and enter his room. Tim was, as usual at his computer, he turned around on the chair and said in an annoyed voice: “mum, why didn’t you knock?” At this point, Anna was already angry and had decided that this time he would get a lesson hard to forget. “Tim, I have been calling you for the past five minutes.” “Come on mum, leave me alone, I am busy”, and with that he stood up and tried to get out of the room. Anna grabbed his left hear, and made him sit down on his bed. “Tim, I should have done this a long time ago, you are behaving like a child, you will be treated like one. Now Tim, I am going to give you the spanking you have been deserving for a long time, stand up!” She wasn’t angry anymore, her tone was nice and she spoke in a no non sense way.

Tim was surprised, he sensed a change in her mother demeanor. He saw how resolute she was and strangely he felt compelled to obey her order to stand up. She was now seated on his bed, and continued to scold him with a tone of voice that was maternal and at the same time strict; Tim was standing in front of her, with his eyes lowered to the floor. She kept talking and at the same time started lowering his sweatpants. Tim look with horror as his mother’s hands reached for the elasticized band of his pants and slowly started pulling the down to his ankles. At this point it only seemed natural to him to step out of them and let her mother take them. She neatly folded them and put them on them bed, still talking to him. Tim was in a daze, he wanted her mother to stop, but at the same time he somehow knew she would not stop there. Anna now put both her hands on her son’s boxers waistband and with one slow movement pull them down to his ankles. He again stepped out of them and she folded them and put them on top of the sweatpants.

“Very well Timmy”, it was a long time since she had called him Timmy, “now be a good boy and put your clothes on the chair” she said, and handed the bundle of clothes to him. Tim took them and started walking to the chair. He couldn’t think clearly, he was walking to the chair and the air felt cool on his private part. When he turned back and started walking toward his mother, for a moment he lifted his gaze and saw her mother looking at him, from head to toe, and he felt very naked and embarrassed, and quickly lowered his eyes again. When he stopped in front of her mother, Anna grabbed him gently by his left wrist and help him position himself on her lap. It was a strange sensation for Tim, his mother’s jeans felt rough on the skin of his naked penis, and the air felt cool on his exposed bottom.

Anna started spanking Tim gently, as she had seen Helen doing with Jason. She then increased the tempo and the strength until Tim started to sob and asked her to stop. “No Tim, I will stop when I think it is enough, when I think you learned your lesson. And, besides, I think that from now on I will spank you on a regular basis.” After about five minutes, Anna’s hand started to hurt. She stopped the spanking and said: “Tim, stand up!” The boy stood up and his mother said: “take off your t-shirt.” Tim didn’t respond, trans-like he just stood there, so her mother stood up and took his t-shirt off herself. Then she made him turn around and observed with a smile the perfect shape of his son’s very red bottom cheeks. She told him to stay still, went to her bathroom and took her favorite hairbrush. She re-entered Tim’s bedroom, sat on the bed and repositioned her son on her lap. She then started using her hairbrush on his already sore bottom. This was even worse than the spanking, Tim began almost immediately to sob and then openly cry, until his mother decided he had enough.

At this point Anna, made him stand up, and while he stood there, she made him turn around and started rubbing his cheek, baby talking to him. Then took him by his hand and made him seat sideway on her laps and started caressing his hair and told him how they will get along much better. After dinner, they watched a little bit of TV together in the living room. When it was time to go to bed, Tim stood up from the couch and was heading to the stairs when her mother stopped him: “Tim, what do you say?” “Good night mum.” “That’s better!” “Wait, that t-shirt and shorts go to the laundry.” “Ok mum, I will go upstairs, change and bring them down.” “No Timmy”, her mother said standing up too, she took his hand and told him: “let’s go to the laundry room.” “But mum....” “Timmy, it’s already late, we are both tired, so please don’t be a child, you don’t want mummy to spank you for the second time in one day, don’t you?” At the mention of spanking Tim shook his head and meekly followed his mother to the laundry room. Once inside, Anna told him: hands up, and quickly removed the t-shirt, then without a word she put her hands in her son’s boxers’ waistband and with one fluid movement pull them down. By this time Tim knew exactly what to do and lifted one foot after the other. Her mother took his boxers and threw them with his t-shirt in the laundry basket.

Now he was again naked in front of her mother, for the second time in a day. Her mother took him by the hand again and together they went upstairs together. Anna guided him to her room and made him lie down on her bed on his stomach. “Stay there Tim.” She went to her bathroom to retrieve a lotion. She approached the bottom of her bed and with her free hand took hold of one of Tim’s ankle and spread his legs on the bed. She sat down and started applying the lotion on her son’s buttocks, gently rubbing them with a circular motion. Tim was lying down with the

face in one of his mother pillows, half asleep from the tension and emotions of the day, in a humiliating position for a 16 year old boy. Anna put her left hand under Tim's left hip lifting it a little and with her right hand grabbed her son's penis, turned it backwards and retrieved her left hand from under Tim's hip. From her position now her son's genitals were in full view. His penis wasn't completely soft anymore. Anna's hand continue to massage his bottom, occasionally rubbing along the crack of his ass until her middle finger touched his anus and started gently probing inside. Tim started to moan softly, she could see her son's penis had now become bigger, but the position didn't permit a full erection. For the boy was painful and humiliating at the same time. "Tim stand up, it's time to go to bed darling." The boy didn't dare to move, paralyzed by the shame. "Tim! It's late, stand up!" He quickly stood up and try to get out of his mother's bedroom as fast as possible but Anna stopped him. "Tim, stop! Give a kiss to mummy and promise you'll be good. Now, we agreed you need to be punished once a week, didn't we?" "Yes mummy", he replied. "Ok, go to bed now, she said."

Week after week Anna kept disciplining Tim. With the aid of Helen's advice and suggestions, she was able, by a combination of physical punishment and humiliation, to turn sixteen year old Tim into a small kid again. Anna continued also to visit Helen, and slowly became aware that her friend was not the only female that shared her fascination with disciplining young boys and their natural submissiveness, to humiliate and dominate them. Tim was staying with his grandparents for the weekend and Helen and Anna had planned a night out. "Hi Anna darling, are you ready for our big night out?" "Of course Helen, I am," "Listen Anna, I was thinking, since little Timmy is away for the weekend, why don't you come here for lunch?" "And then you can sleep over here, what do you think?" "Why not, thank you Helen" "This way you can also meet Cassandra, she is so nice, she will be babysitting Jason.

Anna entered Helen's kitchen and shook hands with Cassandra. She was the typical sixteen year old cheerleader type of girl. Blond, with long leg, incredibly blue eyes and a well developed bosom. She was wearing a very short skirt and a navy blue shirt that showed her ample cleavage. They sat down and chit chatted for a while. Then Helen said: "you know Anna, I think Jason has a crush on Cassandra. It is so humiliating for him to be babysat by a girl almost his age, isn't it Cassandra?" "Yes Mrs. Carlsson." "Cassandra, how many times did I have to tell you to call me Helen!"

"I think Jason needs a little bit of discipline, it is a few days he hasn't got any" Helen continued. "Let's go upstairs. Anna you will see how it comes natural for Cassandra



to be in control.” They knocked on Jason’s door and entered. He was at his desk playing videogames. He turned, and when he saw the three women, his face went pale. “Jason, stand up” his mother said sternly. He stood up, he was wearing a T-shirt and a pair of boxers. “Cassandra, Anna and me are going out tonight, I leave you in control of the situation here. Jason already knows that he has to obey you like he does with me. If he doesn’t behave you know you can discipline him as you see fit. Is that understood young man?” “Yes mum” said Jason, his eyes lowered to the floor.

“Cassandra, I think you could start now, and give Jason a spanking. He well deserves it anyways, and Anna might appreciate watching you in action. She has a son too, and she sometimes need a babysitter as well. The young girl smiled and sat on the bed. “Jason, come here! Hands behind your head.” Jason complied. She slowly lowered his boxers. “Step out of them!” “Hand them to me.” She neatly folded them and put them on the bed. Jason stood naked and the three women were staring at him. He felt so humiliated. She took his right hand and helped him lie down on her lap. She then smiled at Helen and Anna, while gently caressing Jason’s naked bottom. Cassandra started spanking him, still with a smile on her face. She hit hard for a sixteen year girl, Anna thought. After a few minutes Jason started begging her to stop.

“You see how good she is?” Helen was asking Anna. “She will be perfect for Tim. Give her a few weeks, and she will turn him in a perfect, obedient little boy. Cassandra stopped and ordered Jason to stand up. “Hands behind your head and stand where you are.” “Is it clear?” “Yes.” “Yes what?” “Yes Miss Cassandra” said Jason, blushing. Anna giggled. Cassandra continued: “You are not a bad kid Jason, But you must learn to be more obedient. It’s for your own good. Now go to your mum and Anna and apologize. After he apologized, Cassandra placed him in the corner and told him to stay there ten minutes. After it, he could come downstairs for lunch after it.

He entered the kitchen, the women were seated at the table, chatting. Helen got up and said: “Jason give that dirty T-shirt.” Jason hesitated for a moment. “Jason!” said again Helen. He reluctantly started taking it off. “Your jeans too, off they go.” “Mum!” “Do you want me to tell Cassandra to spank you again?” They jeans went to the floor.” With a rapid movement, Helen put her fingers under Jason’s waistband, and pulled down his boxers. Jason instinctively put his hands on his crotch. “Jason! Put those hands on your head!” “Much Better.” All eyes were pointed at his private parts. He was so ashamed. Cassandra, raised his eyes and smiled at him. He blushed profusely. Helen continued: “Lunch is ready, you can now seat at the table. It’s so hot

today, you don't need to go upstairs to get dressed. And besides... everybody saw you naked already." Anna and Cassandra giggled.