

# ENTRAPMENT1

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*I was 23 years old and still lived at home, I say at home but in reality it was my fathers house and*  
<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/entrapment1.aspx>

I lived in part of the house, the rest being occupied by father, my 37 year old Step mother and her sixteen year old daughter. My Grandparents had died 5 years ago and left over 5 million in trust for me when I reached 25 years old. My father who is 60 years old has power over my trust fund and as long as I 'Keep out of trouble' as he puts it for the next two years I'm set for life. I told my father I was taking a year or so out from University to experience 'life' and would return to finish my degree in a couple of years time and he 'bought it!'

So now I spend my day's hanging with friends and just chilling, as my father works away 3 weeks in the month life would be ideal except of course for the 'invaders' in my house, my step mother Sarah and her daughter Melissa, they both moved in when my father remarried a year ago. I am sure the resentment between both then and I is mutual, but for my fathers sake we all reluctantly tolerate each other. My father wealthy in his own right was left by my mother when I was only 3 years old, she ran off with the gardener and neither my father or I have seen her since.

So here we are one big happy family.....not!

My father had left on a business trip the day before and I was lounging on my bed enjoying the morning sun filling my room when there was a knock on my door, it was my step-mother Sarah enquiring if I was going to the mall any time during the next couple of days and I informed her I was intending to go that afternoon.

"Would you do me a favour and collect a package from one of the stores in the Mall?", asked Sarah.

"I suppose so", I replied trying to sound as inconvenienced as possible.

"Great!", said Sarah, with that she gave me a piece of paper with the name and address of the store.

After spending the afternoon with some guy's I knew I decided to find the store my step-mother had told me about before it closed.

The store turned out to be some kind of ladies fashion store called Anabelle's. I went inside and asked the girl assistant near the door where the main counter was, she told me it was right at the back of the store, so I made my way through the racks of women's clothes, lingerie, accessories and finally to the main counter, another young woman aged about eighteen was attending the counter.

"Here to pick up a parcel for, Sarah" I said.

"I don't know anything about I' am afraid", said the assistant.

I noticed the girls name badge which read Tanya. "Well Tanya you better run along and find someone who does Know". Tanya hesitated, "Now!", I bellowed.

The young girl went red faced and hurried through a door at the back of the store. A couple of minutes passed and I could see the other young assistant at the front of the store obviously preparing to close the store, I glanced around and realised I must have been the last customer of the day. Just then Tanya returned with a tall slim woman about 40 years old with long straight black hair, she wore a black pencil skirt and a white blouse. "I am the owner, I gather your here to collect something, would that be for a Mrs Westbourne?", asked the woman with Tanya, with a good deal of authority.

"Yes", I said.

"Well, if you had said that in the first I would not have needed to be disturbed, Tanya fetch Mrs Westbourne's goods", the woman continued.

Tanya collected a box from under the counter and the store owner gave her a large bag to put the box in, Tanya passed the bag to the store owner who in turn passed the closed bag to me.

"There you are sir", said the Woman who owned the store.

"Yeah, whatever", I replied, and turned to leave the store, "stuck up bitch", I muttered as my back was turned. I said it just loud enough for them both to hear.

I wove my way through the rails of feminine attire and as I reached the glass doors the other young assistant unlocked the doors to let me out. I was half way through the door when I was grabbed by the arm and forcedly dragged back in to the store.

It was the store owner who grabbed me and I was taken by surprise and a little stunned, I heard her say to the girl by the door, "lock those doors again Emma", she said.

"What the hell's going on!", I shouted.

"Rude and a thief", said the store owner.

After some struggling one against three I might add, I found myself in the store owners office with the 2 young assistants Tanya and Emma.

The store owner looked the office door and walked around her desk and sat down.

I was angry and confused and stood in front of the desk still clutching the bag I had been given earlier.

"Your making a big mistake you bitch, I Haven't stolen anything", I barked at the Store owner.

Very calmly the store owner rose to her feet and leaned forward her hands on her desk and said, "I am Anabel Mortimer and this is my boutique, I have reason to believe you have stolen from this store and in accordance with regulation 1578 I am advocating my right to search your person for the stolen items".

This was crazy I thought, it was obviously a mistake, so I decided to co operate and get it over with.

"Okay, what am I suppose to have stolen?", I said.

"Tanya pass me the bag our captive is holding", said Anabelle Mortimer.

I allowed the young woman to take the bag from my grasp and then place it on the desk. Anabelle Mortimer lifted the bag and poured the contents on to the desk and I got the shock of my life!. Not only was there the box I was expecting but 2 pairs of very sexy ladies knickers tumbled on to the desk.

"There not mine, where did they come from!", I exclaimed.

"I know there not yours, they belong to me and you have just tried to steal them, that's right Tanya is it not?", said Anabelle Mortimer.

"Yes, Miss Mortimer I saw him put them in his bag on his way out", replied Tanya.

My head was in a whirl, "she's lying!", I screamed.

Anabelle Mortimer ignored me and picked up her phone and stated, "time to call the Police".

"Wait, wait, its just a mistake, look I will pay for them, I will pay double!", I implored.

"Hello is that the Police", said Anabelle Mortimer still ignoring me.

"I'll do anything just stop, anything", I pleaded.

Anabelle Mortimer put her hand over the receiver and enquired to me "anything you say?".

"Yes", I said.

"It appears I've made a mistake, sorry to have bothered you", said Anabelle Mortimer down the line and with that put down the phone and sat back down in her chair with a satisfied and triumphant look on her face.

"Well young man you deserve to be punished, humiliated and suffer for your crime against me and my staff, however if you agree totally without question to accept the punishment and humiliation directed by myself the Police never need to know." "Sowhat's it to be Me or the Police?", added Anabelle Mortimer.

I thought quickly, with a Police record I could lose my trust fund and I would rather answer to the woman in front of me than be dragged to a Police cells.

"Yes, I agree to your punishment", I said reluctantly.

Anabelle Mortimer got to her feet again and said "from now on you are to call me Mistress Anabelle and you will refer to my assistants as Mistress Tanya and Mistress Emma".

"Yes, Mistress Anabelle", I said.

Mistress Anabelle picked up one of the pairs of knickers which were yellow frilly, very small and nearly transparent, she held them up in front of her face, "very pretty" she said.

Both Tanya and Emma started to giggle.

"Lets see what they look like on you then", said Mistress Anabelle.

"What here, now!", I said in a very worried tone.

"Yes, now get your clothes off now", barked Annabelle, lifting the phone in a threatening manner.

I gingerly removed my shoes and every item of clothes and discarded them on the floor, I cupped my hands over my genitals and stood at the mercy of the three women, two of which were still teenagers and younger than myself.

"Hand' s by your side at all times", said Anabelle with a grin breaking over her face.

I looked at her pleadingly for a moment then let my hands fall to my side exposing my cock and balls to all in the room.

Tanya and Emma were loving my humiliation giggling and glaring at my cock. Anabelle threw the pair of briefs at my face and ordered "put them on".

The underwear were very small and tight but with difficulty I dragged up my thighs and pulled on. For some reason, maybe my predicament or the tightness the material I did not know which other than my cock was now fully erect straining and peeping out over the tiny waistband. I must have looked ridiculous.

Anabelle had also noticed my arousal and announced, "you are not supposed to be enjoying this young man", and with that she pulled her chair around to the front of the desk and sat back down shuffling herself to a position of comfort. "Time for some punishment, I want you to ask me, no beg me to spank you, do you understand?", she said glaring at me.

"Please, Mistress Anabelle will you spank me please", I croaked out the words.

"That's it, Ms Mortimer", said Emma with a shrill of excitement.

"Over herKnee", chimed in Tanya, smirking as she said it.

"You heard Mistress Tanya young man, Knickers down and over myknee", commanded Mistress Anabelle.

I felt absolutely defeated and with a bright red face I eased the knickers down as best I could exposing myself again before leaning over Anabelle's lap.

"Thirty smacks I think", declared Anabelle and proceeded to beat my naked behind.

Smack, smack, smack, the blows rained down on my behind. I started to kick my legs and wriggle as the pain got worse.

"Keep still or I will start again", shouted Anabelle, "and you better thank me properly afterwards", she added.

Finally, the thirty smacks were done and with my eyes glazed over and my bottom throbbing I stood up instinctively started to caress my sore behind my nakedness no longer a primary concern. I looked down at Mistress Anabelle and noticed her skirt had ridden up through my shuffling and her white thighs were visible above her stocking tops, my cock twitched back to life having earlier receded during the punishment.

"On your knees boy", demanded Anabelle.

I dropped to my knees in one motion before my mistress who at the same time raised her heeled foot to meet my lips. I took her shoed foot in my hands and kissed her foot thanking her between kisses for spanking my bare bottom, however my concentration was on the jet black triangle of Anabelle's panties exposed to my hungry eye' s through her actions. My cock was now throbbing at it's maximum and I did not care who saw.

Suddenly Anabelle pushed me back on my knees with her foot and said, "right girls it's your turn, who's going to punish him first?".

It was as if I was startled awake from a trance, "what", I said.

"These ladies are also your mistresses and you are to do what ever they say without question, they are going to give you twenty-five smacks each and you are going to beg them and thank them afterwards." said Anabelle in a very stern voice. "Now I have something to attend to while this is taken care of so, Emma you go first and you can use my chair, oh and have fun girls", added Anabelle who rose from her chair straighten her skirt and strode aside to allow Emma to be seated. I just knelt dumbfounded I now had to beg a girl who looked all of eighteen to slap my naked buttocks and thank her afterwards this was absurd I was twenty-three!

"Please Mistress Emma will you spank my bottom", I pleaded. Tanya and Emma were in raptures over the situation. Emma said playfully, "well I don't know, maybe if you say pretty please and lick my foot". Emma wore a short denim skirt, she had bare legs and wore flat sandal's, Emma slipped her foot out her sandal and raised it slightly, I bent forward and started to lap Emma's toes and feet with my tongue.

"How does it taste you naughty boy?", said Tanya, clearly loving my discomfort.

In stead of replying I addressed Emma again and said, "Pretty please Mistress Emma will you spank me?".

Finally, Emma told me to lay over her lap and proceeded to spank me as hard as she could, both girl's were laughing as my bottom was getting hotter and hotter. When I rose from Emma's lap my cock was still erect. I noticed Annabelle had left the office and my clothes were gone!, what now I thought, if it had not been for my trust fund I would have slapped these girls I forced my way out, but as it was I remained there like putty in their hands.

Tanya grabbed hold of my dick which made me flinch a little, she started to rub it gently but firmly the sensation was very welcoming and I sighed at her touch. After a few more delightful seconds Tanya sat down in the chair Emma had vacated and ordered, "over my knee boy!".

I did as I was told and once again the punishment on my backside began, smack! after smack!.

Tanya stopped and asked Emma for one her Sandal's, as she said her hand was hurting. Tanya took a firm grip of the sandal and smashed it down on my bottom, it stung much more than her hand. Very soon there I was naked knelt kissing Tanya's feet, virtually sobbing and thanking this nineteen year old for punishing me and even though my embarrassment was complete there was still an aching hardness between my thighs.

Suddenly Anabelle returned to the office both girls stopped their giggles and stood by the desk and I in turn struggled to my feet tenderly caressing my rear.

"Right, you girls can finish closing the store and then leave for the day", announced Anabelle who pulled her chair back to the other side of the desk and reseated herself. Tanya and Emma thanked Anabelle and left the office after of course smirking and slapping my bottom on the way out.

Anabelle pulled her chair back around the other side of the desk and sat down, she relaxed in to her chair and took a deep breath before speaking, she announced that while Tanya and Emma had been punishing me she had been through my clothes, found my licence, new my name and address and had called my house and spoke to my step-mother Sarah!. She went on to tell me that she had made an agreement with my step-mother to keep her word and not inform the Police as long as my punishment and humiliation was perpetuated by Sarah my Step-Mother.

"Even though this may or not be your first offence I can assure you that you would definitely serve three months in jail, especially as my brother is a District Judge", said Anabelle. "So for the next three months you will work here in my store every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday and you will do everything myself and my staff tell you without question, the rest of the time you will be under the care of your Step-mother who has assured me she will operate a strict regime at your home", added Anabelle.

For the second time that day I was in a state of total shock unable to utter a word. Anabelle pushed her chair back and eased back in to it, she threw her long black hair over the back of the chair and give a deep sigh. "Now this situation has stressed me out and I am in need of relief so, on your knees boy and crawl to me, it's time to pleasure your mistress with your tongue.

I hesitated a little until Anabelle barked, "Now! your step-mother is on her way over to collect you and we don't want to keep her waiting and make it good I want to be totally satisfied".

All I could think of to say was, "yes Mistress", as I again sank to my knees and crawled naked around the side of the desk Anabelle threw one leg on to her desk and the other over the arm of her chair exposing her most intimate area to my view, and what a view! her black panties had vanished and I found myself staring at her gorgeous pussy, excepting a small black line of hair above her clit her pussy was completely bald.

I leaned forward between her black sheer stockinged limbs and past her milky white thighs and embraced her pussy with my lips, she was hot and wet, really wet and all at once I was overwhelmed with lust and my cock was as hard as steel. "Who's the bitch now", I heard Anabelle say.

I was in heaven!, I flicked Anabelle's pussy with my tongue, gave the full length of her pussy long meaty lick's and nibbled on her clit, each change of technique was met with a differing moan of approval from Anabelle and soon her legs were over my shoulders and she was squeezing my head between her thighs. Anabelle's breath started to quicken and she raised herself up off her seat slightly and screamed "yes, fuck yes!" as she shuddered to a massive climax, filling my eager mouth with her juices. Seconds after, the attention I had been giving my cock with my own hand paid off and I came all over the office carpet.

Anabelle sank back in to her chair, she relaxed her grip on my head and instinctively pushed me back with her shoe. Anabelle collected herself, eased down her skirt and closed her leg's, she ran her hands through her hair and looked down at the mess on the carpet in front of my dwindling erection. "I did not give you permission to come and look at that mess, I will let you clean it up with a towel this time but if it happens again you will lick it up", she said now totally collected. Anabelle continued, "right your step-mother will be here soon and we need to get you ready for her.

I got up from the floor my face covered in sweat and Anabelle's 'cream', my eye's darted round the room, my clothes and shoes were nowhere to be seen, there was just the tiny pair of knicker's I had been made to wear earlier. I suddenly wondered what did Mistress Anabelle mean 'get me ready'.

## Part 2

Anabelle produced a small bundle of paper's and said, "I have amended one of our temporary contracts of employment to highlight that you will work herefor three month's without pay in lieu of your transgressions, sign here", with that Anabelle handed me the paper's and a pen. There was little point in me reading the contract, if I refused she would just call the Police and I would be back to square one, plus I was feeling vulnerable still being naked. I scribbled my signature on the contract. Anabelle satisfied that my signature matched that on my licence put the papers in her desk drawer and locked it. Anabelle told me to wait in the office while she went for my clothes, after about 5 mins she returned to the office but, instead of holding my shirt, pants shoes etc she was carrying some flimsy feminine items and a couple of pairs of wedged sandals. "Right, humiliation and learning respect is all part of your punishment so I am sending you home in such a way that you will remember not to steal", said Anabelle, who threw a pair of white transparent panties with red flowers on and a matching cropped top in red with white flowers. Anabelle gave me the two pairs of sandals and said "try them both, one pair will definitely fit. "I can't wear those what if someone see's me, this is all wrong", I said in disbelief. "I have thought of that and told your step-mother to bring her car around to the service entrance that way only the two of us will see you dressed in your pretty things" she replied with a final element of sarcasm. Just then a buzzer sounded, "That will be your step-mother at the door, so get dressed now!

and I will go and let her in", said Anabelle in a very strict manner. I struggled to pull the panties on and then wriggled in to the crop top. The clothing if you could call it that was very tight and did not seem to cover any of me. I slipped the wedged sandals on and toppled forward a little before I got my balance. I must have looked ridiculous a tight crop top with flowers on that did not even reach my navel, a tiny pair of see through knickers and ladies sandals! Even though I felt stupid my cock was getting hard again pressing against the tight waistband of the panties. Just then I heard Anabelle outside the office door say, 'this way' and the two women entered the office. As soon as Sarah, my step-mother saw me she burst out laughing and Anabelle started to giggle with pride at her handy work. I cringed with embarrassment and put my hands over my genitals, but Anabelle not only made me uncover my cock but also made me turn around and pull the panties down to show Sarah my sore bottom. I could feel Sarah loving every minute of my torment she was laughing and grinning saying things like I didn't think he could look so pretty and I see you have made a start with his little 'botty'. Anabelle changed her expression and said, "Right I will leave this miscreant in your charge until he returns here for work, I am sure you will continue to maintain his punishment after all he must have caused you and your family a lot of distress". "Still let us hope this arrangement avoids any further problems and maintains the good name of your family", added Anabelle as she held the door open for Sarah and I to leave. I waddled out of the office behind Sarah who led the way to the back entrance to the shop. Her car was parked right outside and Sarah got in, I rushed to get in myself but the door was locked and there I stood in the open air for anyone to see, I panicked and banged on the door window, finally Sarah opened the door grinning to herself and she said, "oops sorry, I didn't know the door was still locked". I was so relieved to be inside the car even though I was practically naked sat beside my step-mother. We started to drive away and I instinctively covered the area between my legs with my hands, it was uncomfortable as my bum was still a little sore. "Thank god!" I said, "that women was keeping me hostage and framed me!, we need to get home and call a lawyer, you need to help me Sarah", I added. Sarah suddenly stopped the car and turned to me and said, "you are already in a lot of trouble young man, I have had to sign an agreement to personally oversee your punishment and I gather, from Ms Mortimer, that you also signed an agreement which admits both your guilt and liability, if that is the case no lawyer can get you out of this, and if you kick up a fuss and your Father finds out, well I don't know what he will do, so I suggest you comply totally with this arrangement and adhere to your punishment". "Do you understand!", added Sarah sternly. I should have read all the papers before signing, not knowing what else I could do I just muttered, "Yes Sarah". "Very good", said Sarah, who continued, "now you will do exactly what I tell you to do without exception and we will start by having a good look at that "manhood" of yours, so from now on you are forbidden to cover yourself up, so hands by your side and if I ever catch covering yourself up again your backside will be purple". I obeyed Sarah and revealed myself to her gaze. Sarah softened her stern demeanor and broke in to a gentle smile, then she reached over and grabbed my cock, with her other hand she pushed the waistband down and under my balls, and started to massage my cock, she licked her lips and said, "to think you have been hiding this lovely piece of man meat all this time, and now your all mine". It was so unreal, I was now the plaything of my step-mother, who I had to obey, and who could punish me at her whim, and who was at this second rubbing my cock while I was wearing girls Knickers. Sarah put her hands back on the steering wheel and drove off giggling and saying to herself, "that's enough pleasure for you, for the moment". It was certainly the weirdest journey of my life and after twenty-five minutes we were driving through the gates of the driveway and parked outside the house. I turned to Sarah and pleaded with her to let me put some clothes on but, she just said she would have to see how obedient I was first. I rushed in to the house with Sarah strolling in behind me. When we were both in the hall Sarah told me to go in the living room and wait for her. I did as I was told and waited for Sarah. After a few minutes the door to the living room opened but instead of Sarah it was my step-sister Melissa!. "Oh my god!", shrieked Melissa, "I didn't believe mom when she told me but just look at you!", added Melissa. Melissa started to circle me staring in astonishment fixing her eyes on my still

straining cock, tears of embarrassment and shame started to trickle down my cheeks and yet I was still excited as I was still fully erect. Just then Sarah entered the room and when she saw the scene with me almost naked being surveyed by her daughter Melissa, she started to smirk. "Now, house rules", announced Sarah, turning to me she said, "for the next three months, call it your 'sentence', you young man will do whatever Melissa and I say and you will address us as Mistress Sarah and Miss Melissa, you will have a list of daily duties to perform which will be assessed by Melissa and I." "We will also administer any punishment we see fit, when a punishment is complete I think you should thank us, after all we are helping you stay out of Jail. When your father is here your punishment will be paused until he leaves the house, at which time your punishment will resume, I happen to know he is only planning to be here 10 days in the next three months, so with luck your crime can be kept a secret". As I was listening to Sarah and taking in the horrors that were in store for me over the next three months, I suddenly started to suspect collusion, Sarah seemed to have all this situation a little too well planned out. I was about to reveal my suspicions, when Sarah spoke again, "Right, Melissa needs a practical lesson in punishing you and I need to see that you are compliant too so, Melissa off you go". "What, I can spank him now?", asked Melissa to her mom. "Yes, you can spank him anytime you want", replied Sarah. Melissa jumped up with glee and rushed to get a chair, she brought it to the centre of the room next to me and sat down, giggling she turned to her mom and said, "shouldn't he be totally nude". Sarah replied, "whatever you want you're in charge darling, it's up to you to tell him what to do and he will obey". "Won't you", added Sarah addressing me. "Yes Mistress Sarah". I was completely defeated and Sarah knew it. "Strip", shouted Melissa, "and then over my knee I'm going to love this", she added triumphantly. I pulled the crop top over my shoulders and kicked off the sandals from my feet and dragged the flimsy panties down my legs and off. Fully nude me a twenty-three year old man laid over the lap of my sixteen year old step-sister to be spanked, totally at her mercy. Was staying out of Jail and the money really worth all this I thought to myself. Smack! the first blow hit my already sore bottom, smack!, smack!, smack!, the beating seemed relentless and I found myself pleading with Melissa to stop but, she just laughed and said, "this will teach you, you've been nasty to me since mom and I moved in, now I am in charge!" "Good girl, that's enough now Melissa", said Sarah. "Oh, I was just getting in to it", replied Melissa, who with that straightened her legs and pushed me to the floor. Sarah gave my back a light kick and said, "what do you say to Miss Melissa?". I brought myself upon my knees in front of Melissa's feet caressing my tender bottom and sobbing slightly said "thank you for spanking me Miss Melissa. Melissa laughed and said "I'm the boss, I can't wait to tell my friend's". I started to shake with fear, but then Sarah told Melissa it had to be a strict secret and she could not tell anyone about the situation. Sarah told me to go upstairs and take a shower and then to go to my bedroom when I was finished but, that I was to remain naked and that she would join me later to discuss my 'night time duties'