

THE EVIL SCHOOL PART 1 (F/b/humil/spank/public/light bd)
by Sister

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This story is totally fiction for adult purpose only. It depicts of a boy and a girl being humiliated, spanked and otherwise painfully punished under a new school regime. If you don't like this kind of story or if is not legal for you (i.e. minor of 18 y.o.) to read this stuff please leave now. The author knows the difference between a fantasy and reality. Nothing of what is in this story should ever happen in this world. This is my first story so if you, like me, enjoy this fetish, have a good time and let me know of any suggestions and/or criticisms. Here is the first part of the story.

THE EVIL SCHOOL PART 1 (by Sister)

Hi everybody! My name is Alex and I'm 12 in seventh grade. I want tell you what happened in my school this year. First of all I'll tell you about my school. We all live in a little community out in the country and up to this summer everything here was a paradise. Parents were not so severe, school was more or less easy with us pupils and all went on well. But something was on his way to change. Well, since we started school one month ago we all felt that there was something in the air but we couldn't feel exactly what. Was a mix of little marks. A couple of parents-teachers meeting at the end of August, some sentence hanging in the air by our parents on a "be carefully on what you'll do/say" regarding the following school's year behaviors and so on. When the school started we all felt that our teachers were not so easy on us like they were last year. Definitely there was something in the air that tensed us a little. The bombshell dropped only four days after the school beginning.

* * *

As usually, at the end of the first school's week, we used to have a welcome's assembly during which the school board is presented to all the students and the principal tell us the news regarding changes in the school's classes and give

us the usual "good Luck" encouragement for the incoming year. This time, after the presentation and the class changes matters there the expected "good luck" from Ms. Harriet Porter, our school's Principal, didn't come.

"Students," declared Ms Porter instead, "starting with this year something of important is changed." An absolute silence dropped on the assembly. You really could hear a fly flapping. "As maybe you had already notice we, school board, had meet your parents twice to discuss about new policies as to increase the low level of behavior of the last years." Some mumbles started from the student body. "Silence!" shout the Principal. Suddenly everyone was still. Never was happened that Ms. Porter had said anything with that kind of voice! "Well," continued the Principal, "in those two meeting we, teachers and your parents, decided to introduce Corporal Punishments in this school starting from this year." The bomb was dropped. A big gasp came out from two hundreds young throats. "As I don't want you, me and all the teachers waste time I'm not going to explain you the rules right now. All the rules will be explained you in your classes by your teachers after this assembly. So, by now, good work and... good luck! I think you will need it!" With this last statement Ms. Porter went down the stage followed by all the other teachers who went towards us as to took their classes in their rooms.

Once we were in our room, sat and still, miss Kathy O'Neil, our teacher, said us "Welcome back children! This is the starting of a new year full of new things to learn and new rules to follow." With this last part of her sentence she captured all our attention. We couldn't yet believed what the Principal had said. Maybe we had misunderstood. "As you had listen at the assembly," she continued, "starting from this year the corporal punishments will be used in this school. All your parents, and I mean ALL," she underlined, "asked for the introduction of the CP in the school as the standard children' behavior of the last years went down to an unacceptable level. As we teachers all agreed with this we decided to adopt a new policy on the matter." The silence in the room was touchable. "Well, rules are simply" said Ms. Kathy, "Every time you misbehaved, you failed in your works, you will do not your best you will be punished. That means that you'll receive, at our discretion, one or more spankings on the spot and, if you'll failed in some important rule, you'll receive other additional punishments." A big gasp went from we students. "Stop this noise!" ordered sternly the teacher. "One of the rules," she added, "says that no sound has to be heard when the teacher is speaking. Otherwise the noisy one or ones will be

immediately punished." Our world was totally crushed down. Images of eighteenth century schools flashed in my mind within teachers with canes or paddles in hand. No, should be only a nightmare, shouldn't be real. I'm just sleeping and now I'll wake up in my nice bedroom and I'll laugh about all this crazy things.

* * *

Wasn't that way. That same day, at dinner time, daddy, mummy, me and my eight-years-old sister Karol, were talking about what's news in our day. Me and Karol avoided to say any word about the new rules matter we learned at school. After talked a few about unimportant things, our parents dropped the question. "What's new in your school children?" asked daddy as nothing, "I know today was assembly day, wasn't?"

"Yes, daddy," I said trying to have a normal looks.

"yes, daddy," echoed my little sister with low eyes.

"And so, tell us kids," hollered mum. Me and Karol glanced each other.

"Well," I started, "they said the usually things like welcome back, or hope you'll do your best and so on."

"Yeah," chimed Karol, "always the same things."

"And they said nothing other?" doubted dad.

"Uh, well, uh, y-yes," I stammered.

"And so...." said mum.

"Uh, well, they said that starting from this year we'll could receive also sp-spanking if we'll misbehave and that you agreed. This isn't true, isn't?" I hopefully asked.

"Well, children, we were waiting right for this." answered dad, "Yes, it is. We had a couple of meeting with your school and all together we decided to try it. Me and Karol, mouth agape, were frozen in place. So was true. Not a nightmare but a fucking reality. "And we want you to know another thing, kids," added mum, "Every time you'll punished in school you'll punished at home too. The same way." this last statement destroyed our last effort to be brave. As me as my sister started to cry lightly "But, but, you cannot do it" I mumbled, "The children's rights chart stated it."

"Sorry children," replied dad, "but the new law changes allow this kind of things if everyone agreed."

"But we didn't agree," I blurted out between my sobs.

"Sorry again kids," said once again dad, "but "everyone" means the grown up." No way! We were trapped.

* * *

One week ago I was hanging out in the hallway after PE waiting for my mates that were still in the locker room changing from their gym uniforms. I don't know what got me but, as no one was around, I went to the girls locker room and tried to peep in through the keyhole. What I saw was a picture. Fourteen twelve-years-old girls just in their panties. WOW! What a sight! Someone had already started growing tits and they were clearly visible through their training bras. I was absolutely lost in that sight and my dick was already stiff. Maybe an atomic bomb should falls right in that moment that I couldn't notice it. And that was what happened.

"What hell do you think you're doing there, boy?" As a loud voice shouts it over and behind me I felt my right earlobe grabbed and pulled up.

"Ouch," I screamed in pain and fear. "N-Nothing, nothing miss O'Neil!" I tried to lied.

"Nothing?" questioned my teacher, "You call it peeping in a girl's locker room? Come with me, you filthy boy!" She dragged me away till the end of the hallway. "Stand here still and don't move yourself till I'll come back." she ordered and went toward the girl's locker room door. After a while she and the girls came out and walked toward the spot I was.

"Well, girls," she started, "I caught this dirty boy peeping in through the keyhole of your locker room while your were changing your outfit." An astonished mumble went from the girls. "As per the school's roles he's going to be punished for it." added Ms. O'Neil. "As we'll go back to our room you'll be punished" she said looking right in my eyes. I was there frozen in place, tears already streaming down my checks, blushing furiously. All the girl were looking at me with stern gazes.

When all my schoolmates were ready we marched upstairs

toward our room, me leading the group always held by my earlobe.

As we enter the classroom I was led by my teacher to the front.

When all my classmates were sat I was put standing facing them.

"Alex Wright," she said, "You had blamed the class with your absolutely filthy behavior. You had try to see the girls undressed and now, for your punishment, you are going do show yourselves undressed."

"Please no, Ms. O'Neal," I pleaded, "Not here in front of all."

"Please yes," came the reply, "Remove your pants and shirt, now!"

"I, I can't, I just can't," I said, sobbing loud, my hands trembling.

"Do it now," she said, "otherwise we'll can have some of the girls do it for you!"

A loud gasp came from my fellow and a large grin spread over the girls faces.

"No, no," I stammered, "I'll do it by myself."

I started slowly to unbuttoning my shirt. I pull it away and I gave it to Ms. O'Neal that put it in her drawer. I unfastened the belt of my trousers and unzipped them. Blushing furiously I peeled them down to my ankles and totally off to my teacher. "the undershirt too," said the angry teacher. I grabbed the hem of it and pulled it off giving it too to Ms. O'NEAL. She made it join my shirt and pants. Here I was, facing fourteen openly smiling girls in only my white cotton brief crying and sobbing hard.

"What's the matter?" asked Kathy O'Neal, "What does it means all that crying. The spanking is not yet started and you are already crying like a baby!" The girls giggled even more at this statement. I blushed same way.

"Now it's time for your punishment to start." she said. For how was regarding me the punishment should be already over so much I was feeling in shame.

She took her chair out of her desk toward the front of the class. "Come on, here over," she commanded. I went toward her and she made me stand in front of her. I felt her fingers in the waistband of my brief. "Nooo!" I shouted as she pulled my brief down to my ankles and off.

The classroom was immediately filled by ooh and aaaah by the wide eyed girls starring to my no more so private privates. My hands flew over to cover my boyhood but Ms. O'Neal thought other way and slapped my hands away.

"Hands behind your head, young man" she ordered. "We don't want boys playing with themselves here!" Statement which caused loud giggle by the girls.

"Anyway you don't have so much to hide down there!" she added to my total distress and to even more giggles for the girls.

I felt my face flaming as I blushed deeper.

Was a long time since someone had saw me naked. And, to my discomfort, I had to agree with my teacher. Adding the fact that I'm still totally hairless there down, my dick it's more like that ones of the eight or nine-years-olds than of the ones my age. I was deeply embarrassed to have to display myself in a so ashamed way in front of all that bunch of giggling girls one of whom is my secret love. She doesn't know anything about it and now she'll never ever want to become the "short dick's" girlfriend. Neither any of the others. My crying increased more and more.

"Over my laps, young man," Ms. O'Neil commanded "Quickly!"

Immediately I was draped on her laps. My spanking time was arrived but I had a little bit of relief thinking that now, in that position, my privates were no more on display for all of them. Before I finished thinking it an hard slap impacted on my bare bottom. Wow, what an hard spank! Suddenly the second joint on my right cheek. Harder than the first! I was never spanked before and I couldn't believe that such a nice and slim person as was Ms. O'Neal could spank so hard. And she was using her hand only! By the seventh spank my sobbing and crying turned to a steady bawling. By the twelfth I was only howling with high pitched screeches at every hard blow. At least the twentieth and last spank was delivered on my now bright red, very sore and hot behind.

When I realized that the blows aren't falling down any more

I relaxed a bit thinking that, however, it was ended. What wrong I was! I listened my teacher looking for something on her desk and immediately after I felt an incredible pain in both of my cheeks. She had brought the wooden twenty inch ruler she used in class to explain lessons and she was using it on my bare bottom just for that purpose.

I spent the following three minutes in total agony. My eyes had no more tears to leak, my throat was hoarse for the screaming, my legs kicking was so fast that a little piece of paper on Susan's desk in the first line flew away for the wind. As I was thinking to be on the way to dead for the pain, actually the spanking ended.

As soon as the last spank was delivered I felt myself put on my feet facing the class again.

"Hey, everybody," shout Marika, a little brunette in the second line, pointing to my dick, "Look! It's seem he liked to be spanked bare in front of us!"

I looked down and to my horror I discovered I had a boner. I was there in front of my girl classmates naked, spanked and with my pubes sporting a three inches glory for all to see.

"I don't think he liked the spankings he got. Ill get the occasion to teach you something more for the sex-ed class. What happened to him it's quite a normal thing for a boy. The spankings had increase his blood pressure and so that is the result: an erection. At least now there is something to see, isn't?" I hoped that an earthquake would came right in that moment and the ground would opened swallowing me. How she could teach a sex-ed lesson to the class using me as a living example! and how she could teased me in that way, in front of girls! An hand raised from a blond girl in the middle of the class.

"Yes, Michelle?" said Ms. O'Neil.

"Has he to remain in that state long?" she asked.

"No," replied the teacher, "It's only a matter of time. Once his blood pressure will decrease his erection will leave and he will return soft."

"Other questions?" she demanded the class.

No hands this time, only girls' eyes glued on my raging boner.

"Well," continued Ms. O'Neal, "By the way, this is what you have to expect if you misbehaved." She made me turn around showing my back to the class. A chorus of ooh and aaah followed my exposition. "And when I'm saying you I mean all of you," she added, "you girls too!" At this last statement all the giggles on the girls' faces vanished and turned to a feared look. They didn't had considered that point of the punishment's rules.

"Ok, class," said cheerfully Ms. O'Neal, "lets go on starting with our spelling class."

I started to turn myself to her desk for to have my clothes back when she said, "Alex, now you have to remain standing in the corner near the blackboard facing the class for the rest of the lesson."

"When may I have my clothes back, madam" I asked her as I was walking toward the blackboard.

"You'll get no clothes back for today" was the sharp reply, "You'll have them back only at the end of tomorrow's classes"

A loud gasp came from the class. My almost subdued crying suddenly became louder.

"But, but," I stammered through the sobs, "How may I go home in this state?"

"You already be naked in front of all us and it was not a big deal."

"But was and will be for me!" I said loudly.

"Too bad, Alex," she stated, "This will be one of the parts of your punishment for what you did."

What does she means. ONE OF THE PARTS? It was not already enough what she had me made to do? What other she want? With those thought I made my way toward the blackboard feeling all the classroom's sets of eyes fixed on my glowing red hiney. When I turned facing the class I could see questioned look in my classmates' eyes too. What the hell would happened yet?

End of part one.

THE EVIL SCHOOL PART 2 (by Sister)

The following two hours were terrible. My boner leaved me only fifteen minutes after. There was no more giggling from the girls but no one of them followed the lessons so much. At the start of the second class I felt a little itching down there. I looked down and, to my renewed horror I saw that my dick was hardening again. In less then a minute I had a boner again. Suddenly Julie, in the second desk of the windows's row, raised her hand.

"Yes, Julie?" questioned Ms. O'Neal.

"Alex has anothererection." she said with a little pause before to pronounce the new "embarrassment" word. "Why is this? Does he have an increasing in his blood pressure again?"

Ms. O'Neal turned toward me and looked to my hard on with an angry gaze.

"No, Julie," she said to the girl always looking at me. "I don't think that. I guess that our filthy boy here is only too naughty."

"Ho no, Ms. O'Neal," I begged. "It was not my fault. I made nothing to do it. Please, it's not my fault." My crying started again.

"Well, I think so instead," came the reply, "Come over here again, young man." she added as she put her chair out again.

Once again I was on her laps for a spanking. Never spanked before and today already three times and with all my girl classmates witnessing it.

My bottom was still red and sore from my previous spankings so, since the third swat I was steadily bawling and crying. I had my definitely breakdown after the twentieth and last hand spank had landed on my bare behind. Then I realized that twenty with the ruler were coming. My screams reach a so high level that many of the girls had the hands covering their ears trying to reduce the too loud noise I was doing.

Then that horrible spanking eventually ended. I found myself on my feet again facing the class. Oh noo! I thought between my loudly sobs looking down to my privates. My three inches of glory were still hard in display for all the world to see.

"Be careful, boy," said the teacher to me, "we will not

tolerate such a dirty behavior. With your piggy manners you made the class lost precious time."

I was totally tilted. My bottom hurts as never before, and, despite to all my efforts, my hard on gave no marks willing to go south.

"As you still go on with this kind of thing," she added, "we know better how to manage with you."

What's coming now again? I thought in fear.

"Please, please," I begged her, "No more spanks. Please!"

Right in that moment the lunch bell rang.

"Well, class," said Ms. O'Neal, "Lunch time. But, first..." she added as was rummaging in her drawer "we have something to do."

As she said that she brought a piece of white rope out. It was three feet long and a quarter of inch wide. She came toward me and quickly she put it around my balls and my still stiff penis tiding it tight.

"Who of you girls," she asked to the astonished but light smiling girls, "want to lead your filthy classmate to the lunch room?"

"What do you mean?" asked shyly Maureen, my secret love.

"It's simple," Ms. O'Neal replied, "As he behaves himself like an animal we had to treat him like that. So I need a volunteer to lead him around using this rope as a leash"

"But, but," I started to stammer, "you cannot do it! You just cannot do it! Everyone in the school will see me in that way!"

"Stop with that pleading!" she sternly commanded "If you know what is better for you. By the way, it's better if you loose that hardness quickly because if when we will reach the lunch room you'll still have it you'll find yourselves in bigger troubles. Come on girls, who wish to lead him?"

Fourteen hands sprang immediately up.

"We will need only one for now," said the smiling teacher. "So I choose only one of you. Maureen wish you?"

"Yes, gladly," replied immediately the cheerful giggling girl.

Nooo! I thought. Everyone but her.

She took the rope's end from our teacher's hand and, after a amused look to me and my exposition, she started following Ms. O'Neal toward the classroom's door. I could ear the exiting children' noise outside the door. The hallway should be full of them. I was no able to move a single step from my spot. No! I thought. I absolutely cannot go outside there! As I was thinking that the rope reached its maximum extension and I felt a strong tug at my privates.

"Oh, come on, Alex!" said my beloved classmate, "It's show time for you!" and with a lot of giggles from all the girls she tugged hard the rope making me give out an ouch. We exited through the class's door in the hallway. All the students there, most of all the girls, froze themselves on the spot looking our parade. What a sight we should be. Ms. O'Neal leading the group with Maureen immediately after her leading a totally naked boy, me, by his prick with a leash and twenty other student totally dressed that followed the leading trio.

"Hey," said a fourth grader girl, "that boy is stark naked!"

"And look to his thing!" said a giggling girl classmate of her.

"Wow!" said an other, "Hey Janet. Look to his hinie. It's very red!"

To my total distress, as I was again hollered by Maureen with continuously sharp tugs to the rope, my hard on was still in its best glory.

How could the thing become worse now? In very little time I would had discover it.

* * *

Our entrance in the lunch room was an hell. All the pupils of the school were already there and, as the voice of my conditions was already arrived to all of them, everyone was looking to the door waiting for me.

As we entered the lunch room's door my teacher stopped and turned to me.

"Alex," she said loudly for all to hear, "Don't you have either a little bit of decency? Look at you!" As she was saying that I looked down and saw that, despite my shame, my dick was still sporting the biggest hard on ever happened.

"Well, boy." she stated. "If this is what you want this you will have. Maureen, follow me."

They restarted to walk and a big tug of the rope hollered me to follow. I was lead to a little stage in the center of the lunch room. I didn't remember to have noticed it before. We stepped on it followed by everybody eyes. On the stage I saw a kind of wooden bench in a Y shape. Ms. O'Neal made us fronting the filled room.

"Sorry everybody for the interruption," she started, loudly enough for all to hear. "This boy was caught in a very nasty act. During the PE class he was find peeping in the girls locker room through the keyhole."

A mumble was eared through the tables.

"As you maybe had eared the noise, he was already spanked in class." She continued "but seems that his naughtiness did not want to decrease. In fact," she went on as was pointing to my raging hard on, "as you can see right now, he is shamelessly sporting around his fault"

laughter ran over the children.

"So now," she concluded, "he is going to be punished for that in a way he will not forget for a long time."

With this she reached and untied the rope around my privates and leaded me toward the bench.

"Go on there," she commended, "on your back."

As my butt touch the hard wood of the center of the Y shape bench I jumped up again for the pain I felt. My bottom was too sore to accept to sit on such an hard surface.

"Over there, Alex, now!" ordered Ms. O'Neal.

I managed somehow to complain. When I was laying on my back she grabbed my wrists and pulled them back beyond my head blocking them high with a strap. After that she grabbed my right ankle and strapped it in a stirrup standing at the right end of the Y shape bench then did the same with my left ones. For last she fixed a leather strap around my

waist blocking me totally to the bench. I found myself laying on the hard wooden bench with my hand stretched over my head and my legs totally spread. Suddenly I realized that my privates like my bottom hole were in plain view for all the children sat in the lunch room. My dick always standing on attention.

Ms. O'NEAL took a thin nylon rope with a ring on one end and a little clamp on the other. She attached the clamp end on my foreskin and went to fixed the ring at a hook located over the bench stretching well my stiff dick up.

After doing that she turned to a little table at a side of the stage and took something. When she turned back in front of me I froze. She was carrying a thick wooden ruler in her hand. It was fifteen inches long, half an inch wide and with a solid look.

"Now the main part of the show!" said Ms. O'Neal to my gapping audience. "For his naughtiness he will receive twelve swat of this ruler on the offending part of his body." A gasp came from all the kids.

Saying that she turned again toward me and put herself on my right side. She rode up her harm and I eared a swish sound in the air. Suddenly an unbearable pain jolted from my nut sack. She was spanking me with that evil ruler right on my balls! As I was screaming in pain for her blow a second landed on the same spot. I didn't believe I should be able to endure such an horrible pain again. But I had to. The third and the fourth spanks fell on the high part of my shaft one per side. The following two others were back again on my already sore nuts. My screams reached an earsplitting level as the seventh blow reached on my too sore privates again. Up to the end I received eight blows of the ruler directly on my balls and the other four on my dick. I was still screaming and crying when she released the clamp grip from my privates and untied me from the bench. I was made to stand up facing the audience. My privates were aching and very red but, luckily, now I was soft. I doubled for the pain grabbing my boyhood with my hands.

"It seems to me I've already say to you that no play with yourselves it's allowed!" she shouted standing me again and slapping my hands away. "As you are not able to control yourselves I will have to teach you your lesson again"

Saying that she sat on the bench, grabbed my hand and draped me on her laps. Suddenly her hand was descending on my bare

behind again. Thirty hard hand spans followed by other thirty with the ruler she used on my balls.

When that torture ended I was made to stand with my hand on my head till the end of the lunch time. When the bell rang she tied again the white rope on my privates. We descended the stage and I was lead always by the tugs of Maureen toward our classroom.

End of part two.

THE EVIL SCHOOL PART 3 (by Sister)

On our way back to the classroom we were accompanied by most of the school children. They were continuously teasing me, most of all the girl even the second and third graders. When we were almost to my classroom I felt a light touch on my sore bare behind.

"Who the hell....." I started turning myself to see who was touching me.

"Hi, Alex," said my eight-years-old sister Karen with a large smile on her face.

"What hell do you want, twerp?" I said her in angry, "Don't you dare to touch it again!"

"But seems to me," she replied grinning, "that someone had already touched your little hiney well."

"It's not your business." I cut away.

"Well," she said grinning ever more, "if that is the way you'd like to speak to me, be sure. I'll certainly give you no help, this evening, when our parents will spank you. I think, instead, I'll enjoyed to see you punished, brat!"

Saying that she turned away but not before to give me a sharp slap on my too sore bottom. Meanwhile Maureen restarted to holler me again with a big tug on the rope.

The afternoon was not so good also. I received no more spankings but I had to seat still at my desk on the hard wooden chair. This kind of furniture, I discovered, were not made for a bare well spanked behind.

I couldn't help to wiggle and sob from time to time. Ms.

O'Neal didn't miss occasion to underline my predicament with remarks like "Alex, aren't you able to seat still?" which always caused a lots of giggling from my amused girl classmates.

At least, the bell rang one last time to announce everybody the end of the lessons. Everyone in the classroom stood up, got his packs and walked out of the door. I wasn't able to resolve me to go out. Other side I could not remain there and I had absolutely to go picking up my little sister from her class. This is one of my duties. As I am the older brother I had to take care of my little sister accompanying her to school right to her class and picking up her same way for the bus ride to home.

When I arrived to her class I found all her classmates outside the room with her.

"Hi, Alex," she smiling said to me between the giggles of all the other third grader girls, "There was someone of my friends who wish to have a look at you again." I was furiously blushing.

"Hey, Karen," said one brunette near her pointing to my privates, "It doesn't seems to me your big brother being so big!"

"Yeah," said another girl right in front of me, "I bet the my brother of six is a little bigger down there!"

My shame was unbearable. Be so teased and ashamed by such kind of little eight-years-old girls.

"Yeah, friends," came the reply by Karen, "I'm quite sure now that he is not so a big boy. I couldn't wait for this evening when our parents will give him another trashing that certainly will make him ever little."

Saying that she and her friends gave out a laugh and, with an hard slap on my red and sore bare bottom she said "C'mon, Alex! Let's go home!"

* * *

The bus trip to home was an hell. Everyone merciless teasing me. Karen made all her efforts to shame me with contiguous references about my little boyhood or about what I was been to get from our parents once we should be at home.

Eventually we reached our bus stop so we went down from the

bus. Now we were in our neighborhood and a lot of people knows me very well. For all the two blocks and a half to our house Karen didn't loose occasion for to let everyone know about my troubles describing them with a lot of details. I think I was never ever so embarrassed.

With my relief, at least, we arrived home. As we entered the front door we found an angry mum waiting for us.

"Look at you, young man," she started, "Look at your state. Totally naked in school and on the street. Do you ever realized what you have done?"

Before I could answer my little twerp sister said "He was been a very naughty boy, mum. He peeped the girls in the locker room and we all saw him nude in the lunchroom."

"but, but" I tried to chimed.

"And he was with his thing all hard in front of us, what a disgusting thing. Bleah!" she continued with a repulsion look on her face and putting out her tongue. Little faked tears sprung out of her eyes.

"Alex!" said sternly my mum, "Look at you sister! Don't you realize what you have done? You shocked her, little brat!"

"But, mum," I unwisely shouted, "she seemed not so shocked while she was teasing me in front of all her classmates today in school!"

"Go immediately in that corner, young man!" she shouted "And don't dare to move an inch from there till I will say otherwise!"

With this last order she took Karen under her harm and leaded her toward the kitchen saying consolation words to that little demon.

It was about one hour I was standing facing the living room corner when I eared the front door bell rang. My corner was exactly on the opposite side of the room respect of the front door so everyone would be in the entrance could have a nice view of me, naked, with my very red behind in display.

Karen went to the door. I listened her talk with someone but I was not able to detect who was. Then she wide opened the door saying "Barbie, Kim, Heather please, come in" Noo! I thought in my mind. She had just made enter in the room three of her best friends and now they were looking at me

naked in the corner.

"Hey, Karen," said one of them, "your brother is still naked."

"Yes, Kim," she replied, "and will be in this way till his punishment time will end."

"And when it will be?" Asked another.

"Oh, well," answered my little twerp sister, "It will take a long, long time. He has to remain stark naked till tomorrow afternoon when the school will end."

A gasp came from the three little girls. Right in that moment mum came through the kitchen door.

"Oh welcome children!" she cheerfully greeted the brats, "Karen, why don't you make your friend take a seat? Would you like some milk and cake?"

"Yes, ma'am," they all answered, "thank you very much!"

"Alex," commanded mum, "get out of that corner and go to the kitchen. Take some milk and cake and serve them good to your sister's guests. March!"

I had to turn around and show my front side to the four little girls. I went in a hurry toward the kitchen door as to hide myself from them. I took milk and cake on a porter and I went back in the living room. When I finished to serve the girls I turned and started to go again toward the corner but my mum stopped me.

"No boy," she said, "You have to remain here. You will stand here right in front of the girls, hands on your head, and you will serve them all they will wish."

"But mum," I started to pleaded, "you said I shocked Karen being nude. I cannot stay here nude in front of them."

"Shut up, young men," came the reply, "You didn't shock her for being nude, that it's not so a big deal, but for being hard in front of her."

This make me blushed furiously. How could she embarrass me so much in front of my own sister and three other little girls.

"By the way," she added, "do everything your sister will ask

you. No arguing. No complain. And don't dare to make anything nasty again. Do you understand, boy?"

"Yes, ma'am." I replied in a very low voice.

So there I was naked once again facing totally dressed girls. This time more little than me. I was extremely embarrassed. the four little girls went on for a while speaking about silly little girls' stuffs but their eyes were always glued on my not so much privates that were in plain view for them to see. Despite my shame, with all that looking at I started to feel itching in my low parts. After a little while I saw Kim eyes open wide.

"Hey Karen," she said, mouth gapping and pointing to my boyhood, "Look! It's growing! It's pointing upwards!"

"Oh you, dirty boy!" Exclaimed my sister, "Shame on you! What are you doing! Mummy! Come quick! Look at Alex!"

Hollered by Karen's calls, mum run in the room and stopped looking at me.

"What the hell are you doing, dirty boy!" she shouted.

"Look, mum," chimed in my little tormentor with an upset look on her face, "he is always so naughty!"

"I see, sugar," agreed my mum, "Very well, Alex," she continued turning towards me, "As your behavior seems not to improve we'll teach you immediately a good lesson."

"But mum," I tried to pleaded with no effort already crying, "it was not my fault, I swear"

She didn't ever look at me.

"Karen, go upstairs" she said to my little sister, "and bring me back my hairbrush that is on the drawer in my bedroom."

"Yes, mum, gladly!" cheerfully answer the brat running upstairs.

"Sorry girls," said mummy to the other three little girls. "I'm very sorry for Alex's naughty behavior. Please remain on the couch and be pleased to attend to Alex's spanking."

"But, mum," I said in total distress, "You cannot spank me

right in front of these little girls. You just cannot!"

"Yes, I can," she sternly replied, "and will do!"

As she ended this last sentence, Karen was running in the room handing mum's wooden hairbrush.

Mum took out one of the chair from under the table, put it right in front of the couch and sat down.

"Over here, boy!" she commended.

I went toward her. She grabbed my wrist and immediately I found myself draped on my mother's laps. She slaps my bare bottom hard with her hand. First the right cheek, then the left followed by another hard spank right in the middle bridging both the cheeks. Again she started the sequence with always harder spanks. To the amusement of the four watching children, by the fifth one I was already sobbing hard and by the tenth I was bawling like a baby. The hand spanking went on till twenty. When I realized that her hand was no more descending on my sore butt I started to stand up but I felt mum's grip taking me down. THE BRUSH! I had totally forget it! At a sign by mum Karen stood up and handed her the brush. Suddenly a set of hard spanks rained on my already too sore behind. In four blows my crying turns in a steadily loud howling. My legs kicking reached a so fast speed to make possible a waiving of a flag. Karen's three girlfriends look agape as my behind turned from red to crimson. The pain in my ass was unbearable. Eventually the twentieth and last brush spank landed on my tortured behind. Mum made me immediately stand up. I started a frantic jig all around and my hands flew speedily on my bottom trying to rub away some pain.

"Those hands away, Alex!" ordered my mum, "we don't want any of that rubbing."

I managed to complied always hopping around. That made the girls giggling at the sight of my private bouncing up and down.

"Mum, look!" said the evil Karen, "Alex is still hard!"

"Ok, girls," she replied, "I need your help now to made this dirty boy learn his lesson."

"Alex," she shouted at me, "go immediately on your sister's laps!"

It should be no possible! I thought. She was not going to let the kid spank me! Wrong! She was.

Still crying hard, I made my way towards my little sister. Mum helped to adjust me on her laps and handed her the brush.

"No, mum, please," I started pleading, "Don't let her use the brush on me!"

"Karen," said my mum, "start. Please"

And she started. I bet she used all the strength her little body could give her. By the second blows on my too sore behind I was already howling and kicking.

"Girls," said mum to the other girls, "take an hold of his wrists"

As they complained she put her hand on my back holding me there.

She let Karen give me twenty hard brush spanks before to stop her.

As I was released mum grabbed my hand and dragged me by Kim. I was made to bend over her laps and suddenly the brush appeared in Kim's little hand.

"Come on, Kim" said her mum, "give it him good"

Hesitantly Kim gave me the first swat that, despite of the low strength, made me howl again.

"Harder, Kim" mom encouraged her, "I don't believe that is all you can do!"

With this invitation Kim loose all her shyness and started to hit me very hard. As my bottom was already extra sore, her strength was enough to made me screaming as I was to die. She gave me twenty hard blows too and before I was able to realized it I found myself on Barbie laps for another trashing.

As Heather too had ended her twenty brush spanks tattoo I wasn't able even to stand up. My bottom was now dark crimson with many purple spots and some white blisters. I was thinking that my skin was been peeled away from my tortured cheeks. Never I had have to endure such a terrible pain. Never I had have to endure such a shame being spanked and

made howling by little girls. Me, a big boy of twelve bawling like a baby by the hands of four little girls of eight.

The only relief was that, with all that pain, my boner was totally gone.

I was sent again in the corner, this time facing the room. Twenty minutes later, as I was still crying hard, Karen's three girlfriends went home. At least, now, only mum and Karen were here looking at my nakedness.

* * *

The evening was another hell. When my father came home, one hour later, I was spanked once again by him. Fortunately, as he looked at my butt conditions, he gave me only ten hand spans. But so hard that I couldn't appreciate the favor. Terrible was to eat my dinner sat on the kitchen wooden chair. At least the dinner ended and I was sent directly to my room a lot before my normal bedtime. It took a lot of time before to be able to sleep. Tomorrow should be another day in hell being to go to school totally naked again and endure all the mates teasing. I fell asleep with the hope to not get at least other spankings the day after.

Fortunately the following day I was able to avoid them but the teasing made me died. Even the first graders teased me and in classroom a lot of my girls mates, even Maureen, tried to find occasions to be able to touch my naked bottom or my privates. As for the pain I still had in my butt, all their efforts to make me harder, and consequently spanked, had no success. So, at least, I survived till the last bell rang and Ms. O'Neal gave me back my clothes. At least I was dressed again! The pain didn't leave me for the following four days but that made me think a lot and decide to never do naughty things again: if I'll want to see some girl undressed well, it's better that I wait till the first of those bratty girls will be punished. As the punishments will be always on the bare will be certainly better then to see a silly panties clad bottom through a keyhole. I hope that in the near future I will be able to see my bratty sister trashed like I was been but one thing, eventually, will be sure: my life in this school will never ever be the same in the future.

The End.