

Joey 1: Joey Learns the Hard Way

(nc, otk spanking, masturbation, femdom, M/b, fg/mb, Fff/bbm)
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THIS STORY CONTAINS EXPLICIT DEPICTIONS OF SEXUAL ACTIVITY BY AND BETWEEN MINORS, MOSTLY FORCED AND NON-CONSENSUAL.

The story takes place in a female dominated home, where the boys are subject to additional indignities and embarrassments.

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Joey Learns the Hard Way (by Nialos Leaning)

Author's Preface:

"Joey Learns the Hard Way" is first and foremost a spanking story. Most of the story occurs during a Saturday evening punishment session for three young boys. Spanking is the punishment of choice. Anything else the boys are subjected to is either ancillary to their spankings or is a result of being in a female dominated household. These additional punishments and humiliations create a nasty predicament for the boys. Refusal or inability to do as ordered results in another spanking. But doing as ordered will also inevitably lead to a spanking.

The opinions and attitudes expressed by Joseph Patrick Donohue are strictly his and not those of the author. Despite springing from the author's imagination, all of the author's characters have minds and personalities of their own. They're all much too smart to adopt the author's.

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The reference to the findings of the Kinsey Institute is factual and derived from Alfred Kinsey's 1948 book, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." Everything else in this story is pure fiction, absolute fantasy straight from the almost always strange and convoluted imagination of the author.

Nialos Leaning
Somewhere in Cyberspace
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* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue, age eleven, was proud of himself on this Saturday morning. He'd certainly shown his mother and sisters that he was too old to be bossed around by mere females. Doing dishes was girl's work, not a man's job. No way was his mom going to make him do the breakfast dishes. As usual, the female lost the battle, even if he did get sent to his room. Unless his sisters or mom had done them, the dishes were still in the sink.

Before the dish fight, he had gotten his sisters good. He didn't care if it was Mary's hour to select programs, he wasn't going to allow any mushy girls' stuff on any TV he was watching. So he grabbed the remote and changed the channel. That, of course, started an argument. An argument, that as usual, the females couldn't and wouldn't win. He ended up calling twelve-year-old Mary "a stupid cunt good only for making babies." He'd told Sally, the ten-year-old, that she was a "silly pussy good for nothing

at all." It was at this point that his mom tried to interfere, telling him to go do the dishes.

So now he was in his room, waiting for his dad. No big deal. Dad would scold him, tell him to listen to his mom, to be nicer to his sisters. Then he would be pulled over Dad's lap for twenty-five or so hand spans over his jeans. It didn't really hurt that much, but he still put on an act for his dad of crying and carrying on.

He didn't like fooling his dad, a fellow man, but didn't want to be punished like his friend Eddie next door. Eddie had told him that he was spanked bare bottomed, in front of the whole family, including his sisters and mother. Men, like himself, shouldn't have to be naked in front of ladies and girls. Females should have to be naked in front of males. After all, men were clearly superior and the bosses of the universe.

If Joey only knew of the conversation his own mother and sisters were at that very moment having with Eddie's mother, he wouldn't had been so sure of himself.

* * *

"I just don't know what to do with Joey anymore," confided Katie Donohue to her next door neighbor.

"What's the problem?" asked Judy Coughlin.

"He shows absolutely no respect to his sisters, and very little to me."

"Yeah," chimed in Sally, "he's mean to me and Mary. He calls us names, sometimes he shouts at us and hits us."

Mary added to her sister's litany, "He tells the boys at school lies about me. He erased my school project from the computer. Good thing I had another copy on floppy. This morning he called me a real nasty name. He's nothing but a terrible spoiled brat!"

"I'm afraid the terrible part is true," confirmed the exasperated mother. "He mouths off to me, only grudgingly does what I ask. This morning he refused to do the dishes because he said that was girls' work."

"How is he with Jack?" asked Judy.

"No problem, he listens and obeys his father immediately,"

replied Katie.

A thoughtful Judy responded, "sounds like he's developed a real contempt for the females in his life."

"That's it exactly," agreed Joey's mother. "It's the same at school, disrespect for females, respect for males. I've gotten more than one call from his women teachers this year."

"What do you and Jack do about all this?"

"We've tried everything. Groundings, taking away privileges, Jack's even started spanking him. Nothing works, positively nothing!"

"I think maybe you should start doing like we do with our boys," suggested Mrs. Coughlin.

"It would be wonderful if Joey would behave like your two!" exclaimed Katie. "They're the most obedient, polite and gentlemanly boys in the neighborhood."

Mary interjected, "Kelly's told me and Sally all kinds of things about that. Things I just can't believe, but Kelly never invites us over so we can find out. And when I ask Danny, he just tells me to shut up and mind my own business."

"Yeah," piped up Sally, "Eddie tells me the same thing."

"They do, do they?" asked Judy Coughlin, more as a statement than a question. "Well, tell you what girls. Run along while I talk to your mother. I think you two will be coming over tonight to see exactly how the females in our house treat Danny and Eddie. And to see Joey get the same treatment."

"And girls, not a word to Joey," instructed their now more cheerful mother.

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue was not very happy on this Saturday evening. As he, his mom and his sisters made their way up the walk to the Coughlins' front door, he had a bad feeling, a very bad feeling. He was convinced that he would very soon be spanked, like his friend Eddie, bare bottomed in front of everyone.

Impossible as it was, the females were winning! That morning, waiting in his room for his dad, he heard his mom come back in. A few minutes later, his dad arrived home. His parents held a brief conversation, which Joey just knew was about him. Then his dad came up the stairs and into his son's room, without even bothering to knock.

To Joey's surprise, his dad was carrying a ping pong paddle. Before he even began scolding Joey, his dad ordered him to remove his jeans. He had to stand in front of his father in his underpants, which were manly white cotton briefs, not sissy little boy cartoon characters. His dad scolded for a long time, much longer than usual. He shouted a few times, something he never did before when reprimanding his boy. Joey was crying well before the scolding had ended and he had climbed onto his dad's lap.

Then the most awful, the most painful spanking Joey had ever received, began. Time after time the paddle struck his briefs covered bottom, time after time, Joey cried out in pain. His legs kicked ever more vigorously. His cries gave way to shrieks and howls, which became a non-stop wailing. His pleas for mercy fell upon deaf ears. After thirty very hard, very stinging strokes, the spanking ended.

Joey danced a very frantic jig, furiously rubbing his behind. He barely heard his dad's instruction that as he was acting too big for his britches, he was to stay in his underpants until told otherwise. He didn't have the slightest idea what "britches" were, but he knew he was staying in his room. His sisters hadn't seem him in his underwear in over a year, his mom six months. And, It'd been more than two years since his sisters had seem him naked, his mom almost a year.

At lunchtime, to Joey's great embarrassment, his dad ordered him downstairs to eat with the family. His sisters giggled at the sight of him in his briefs. They teased him, teasing his parents made no effort to stop. He went back to his room as soon as he could.

At three o'clock, his mother, followed by his again giggling sisters, entered his room. Like his father earlier, without knocking. His still very much sore behind was the only thing that stopped him from hollering at them for being "inconsiderate bitches." His mom went over to his dresser, pulling out an old shirt and even older pair of shorts, both almost too small for him. She told him to put them on and be downstairs in five minutes. While dad worked on a project, the rest of the family would go to the mall. After

finishing their shopping, something Joey hated with a passion, they would eat out and then visit with the Coughlins' next door.

So went the worst day of Joseph Patrick Donohue's young life. A day which, if only he had known what his mother and Mrs. Coughlin had discussed over the fence, he would have realized was going to be much worse, very much worse before it ended.

* * *

Reaching the door first, Mary Donohue rang the doorbell. Almost immediately thirteen-year-old Danny Coughlin opened the door. "Please come on in," invited the completely naked and obviously masturbating boy. Standing just beyond Danny was the equally naked ten-year-old Eddie, sporting a full erection, in all its small glory.

Following the Coughlin boys into their living room, Joey couldn't help but notice that both had pink behinds, clearly from spankings. Danny placed two fingers into an open jar of Vaseline, then resumed his masturbating. Joey's very bad feeling suddenly became a much more bad feeling.

"Have a seat, everyone," Mrs. Coughlin greeted the Donohue's. "Well, girls, are you starting to believe what Kelly's been telling you?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed an once more giggling Mary. "Too bad Joey isn't naked like them!"

"Oh, but he will be," stated fourteen-year-old Betty Coughlin.

This comment caught Joey's full attention. He had been mesmerized watching the still masturbating Danny. Danny's privates were much bigger than his own, but smaller than the older high school boys he would sometimes see in the rec center's shower. Unlike the hairless Joey, Danny had a small patch of pubic hair. The end of Danny's penis glistened with some kind of fluid. The shaft was slick with Vaseline. From the strained look on his face, Joey didn't think Danny was enjoying himself.

"What do you mean?" asked a shaky voiced Joey.

"Let me explain," offered Judy Coughlin. "In this house, boys are required to be naked, as a sign of respect to any females present."

"Yeah, but why isn't he naked?" interrupted Sally, pointing to Larry Coughlin, husband and father of the clan.

"Because Larry is a man, not a boy, and as he almost always shows proper respect, he has the privilege of wearing clothes, unless I tell him otherwise."

Just then, a suddenly grunting Danny shouted out, "I'm cumming!" All the Donohue's watched fascinated as Danny's bright white semen spurted onto himself and the wooden floor.

"Daniel Coughlin," screeched Betty, "I didn't give you permission to shoot off!"

"But, but, I couldn't help it," stammered the red faced boy.

"Too bad, brother. Clean up that mess and get over here for a spanking. Right now!"

"Judy?" tentatively queried Katie Donohue, almost as open mouthed as her two girls.

"When a boy shows disrespect," explained Judy, "or misbehaves, which by the way is also a form of disrespect, he is spanked. Than as a compliment to the female or females he offended, he must go around with a hard on for four hours. A boy with a boner in front of a girl is telling her that he likes her."

"Yeah, but what's a boner?" asked a genuinely unknowing Sally.

"An erection," responded her sister.

"Girls," informed Mrs. Coughlin, "in this house when we talk about the boys privates and what they do with them, we only use the rude words, never the polite ones."

"You know," chanted a giggling Kelly, "cock, dick, balls, ass, cum, jerk off, piss, shit."

"Thank you, Kelly," Betty sarcastically told her sister, putting a stop to the younger girl's showing off.

"But, why is Danny being spanked for making his cock cum?" asked Mary, blushing at using such forbidden words in adult company.

"Because the boys can only jerk off and cum with the permission of a female," answered Danny's mom.

"Or when one of us orders him to," added Betty. "Anytime they cum, they have to shout out that they are."

"Cumming without permission," continued Judy Coughlin, "or not cumming when told to is disrespect and earns an immediate spanking. Plus, of course, four hours of showing off a boner. Losing the boner also means a spanking for disrespect."

Noticing Danny now standing by his sister, Katie Donohue asked, "Did someone order Danny to pump away?"

"No," replied Betty, patting her brother's behind, "a little before you arrived I caught him whacking off without permission. He shot just as I went by, the dummy."

"The penalty for that is a spanking and being made to beat his meat for four hours straight," Judy expanded on her daughter's explanation. "because Betty caught him, she's in charge of him for the night."

"Isn't all that kind of hard on the boys?" asked Katie, smiling with all the other females at the unintended pun. "I mean, a boy can only cum so many times in day."

"Actually, you'd be surprised," replied Judy. "What's Danny's record, Betty?"

"Six times in four hours, mom," answered Betty.

"And," picked up Judy, "just last week Eddie came thirteen times in four hours. Of course, he doesn't squirt yet."

"That seems an awful lot," responded Katie.

"Actually, both boys are within the ranges the famous Kinsey Institute studies in the forties found for boys of their ages and level of development."

"The fun part," said Betty, "is ordering them to cum when you know they can't."

"That doesn't seem fair," commented Katie.

"Well, we do have some limits in place," Judy responded. "Between us, we can only order a boy to cum no more than once an hour. Each of us can order Danny to cum two times

in a day and Eddie four times. That's a total of six cums for Danny and twelve for Eddie. Of course, that doesn't count any cumming they do on their own, like during a four hour boner or jerk off penalty."

"Why isn't Danny hard now?" asked the observant Mary.

"Because," Judy answered, "Once a boy cums, he's allowed a ten minute break. It's during that ten minutes that he gets spanked."

"Yeah," Sally said, "but I want to know what Eddie did."

"Just before supper," Kelly told her friend, "he refused to let me play with his dick."

"The boys have to let the girls play with them whenever they want," elaborated Judy. "For a boy to refuse is to show disrespect. The girls do, of course, have to follow the rules about how often they can make the boys cum."

"Come here, Eddie," ordered Kelly, "I want to play with your prick." Sheepishly, the boy went over to his sister. The still dressed Joey was momentarily gladdened to note that while Eddie's dick was about the same size as his, Eddie definitely had smaller balls. Like Joey, Eddie didn't have hair one down there.

The entire room watched as Kelly grasped her brother's penis and began rapidly rubbing it. In just over a minute, the boy began simultaneously gasping, shuddering and buckling. He loudly proclaimed to the world, "I'm cumming!"

"Mommy," Kelly advised her already aware mother, "Eddie came without permission!"

"Well, you'll just have to spank him, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am!" came the enthusiastic reply.

Suddenly, Judy Coughlin's eyes fell upon the very distraught Joey. "Joey, still in your clothes! That's disrespect young man, and disobedience. When Eddie's spanking is over, you have ten minutes to go to his room with him, get naked, and be back out here, with a boner, for a spanking. Is that clear?"

"Yes ma'am," answered the dejected boy. "Mom," pleaded the now crying boy, "are you going to let her make me do that? You just can't!" The irony that he was calling on one of

the female enemy to save him from their vengeance completely escaped Joey.

"Yes I am, and yes I can," cheerfully declared Joey's mother. "It's about time you learned to show me, your sisters, and females in general the proper respect. Too bad you have to learn the hard way."

This pronouncement caused even louder sobbing from the devastated Joey.

Danny and Eddie were now over their sisters' laps. Both girls were holding wicked looking hairbrushes. As if on cue, both girls delivered their first stroke in unison. The boys immediately cried out. Stinging spank after stinging spank fell upon two pairs of already sore bottoms. As the spankings continued, the boys squirming gave way to ever more energetic movement. Legs scissored ever higher, ever faster. Cries gave way to a steady ever louder sobbing. Near the end Eddie was howling out pleas for Kelly to stop.

The Donohue females looked on in fascination, Joey in horror. He was shaking in fear of what was very shortly to be his own fate.

Not soon enough for the Coughlin brothers, and all too soon for Joey, the spankings ended. Danny and Eddie's formerly pink bottoms were now a shining bright red. Both boys were profusely sobbing as they pranced around. They knew better than to rub their behinds. That would be showing disrespect for the handiwork of their sisters.

"Danny," pronounced Betty, "you know the rules. Start jerking. You have three minutes to have your dick pointing up."

"Eddie, get Joey to your room," ordered Judy Coughlin. "In ten minutes, Joey is to be out here, naked. And you both better have your little cocks hard as rocks."

Joey blushed at Mrs. Coughlin's jab. He knew his equipment wasn't as big as the high school boys, or even the boys Danny's age. But, for a boy his age, he was proud of what he had between his legs. Even so, he didn't want the six sets of female eyes in the room seeing his pride and joy.

Eddie led Joey up the stairs. When they reached the upstairs hall, Joey let out a gasp. Immediately to his left was a bathroom, completely open to the hall, no door, no wall. Anyone could see right into the room. Both the

toilet and the tub were made of some kind of clear glass or plastic. The shower curtain was also of a transparent material. No way will I ever use that bathroom, thought Joey, I'd have no privacy at all.

"That's my and Danny's bathroom," announced Eddie. "And here's my room." Joey gasped again. Eddie's room, right next to the bathroom, was similarly open to the hall. Across from Eddie's room was still another open bedroom. "That's Danny's room," explained Eddie.

"What about the girls?" asked Joey.

"Their rooms are right past ours," replied Eddie, pointing to closed doors on either side of the hall. "Their bathroom is there," he added, pointing to a door at the end of the hall.

The boys stepped into Eddie's room. Joey asked about the bed not having blankets or a top sheet. "In the warm weather, we're not allowed anything to cover up with," Eddie explained to his friend. "In the winter, mom brings up blankets right before bedtime."

Looking around, Joey realized that the room didn't have a dresser or anything else for putting away clothes. The closet, also minus a door, contained toys and other stuff, but no clothing. "Where are your clothes?" inquired the curious Joey.

"Mom keeps them in a locked room in the basement next to her and dad's bedroom. When we need clothes to go out, we have to ask Mom or one of the girls to get them. They pick out whatever they want."

"Suppose you don't like what they picked out?" asked Joey.

"Either you wear it or you go out bare ass," responded Eddie, "Once, I didn't like what Betty chose for me and refused to wear it. Mom made me go with her and ride through the drive-in at Mc'Donalds naked. Boy, was I ever embarrassed"

"Well, I'm embarrassed enough already, and I still have my clothes on," said Joey.

"You better hurry up and get them off, we're running out of time."

"I don't know if I can," replied the despondent Joey.

"It'll be worse if you don't," warned Eddie. "Last Easter, our aunt and girl cousin visited. Coming back from getting them at the airport, Danny wouldn't undress. We're supposed to be naked by the time the car is in front of the garage."

"Good thing your garage is in the back," stated Joey, who had stripped to his underwear, but no further. "What happened to Danny?"

"Right out in the back yard, they tied him to the picnic table. They got some scissors and cut off all his clothes. Than mom, Betty, Kelly, my aunt and my cousin all took turns spanking him. They made him keep a boner all weekend, and kept ordering him to shoot off. Mom said they didn't have to follow the rule about making him cum no more than six times a day. When he couldn't cum he got spanked. By the end of the weekend he had a very sore behind and an even sorer dick."

Eddie's story was enough incentive for Joey. In short order, he was as naked as his friend. "I'm really embarrassed now," declared a blushing Joey.

"I was seven when mom started making Danny and me stay naked and it still embarrasses me," Eddie confessed. "Come on, let's get out dicks stiff."

"I don't know," stuttered Joey, "I just can't do that!"

"Tell you what," offered Eddie, dipping his fingers into an open jar of Vaseline, "I'll rub yours, you do mine."

"Okay," agreed a very reluctant Joey as he followed Eddie's example with the Vaseline. For several minutes the boys studiously masturbated each other, only stopping when both where on the verge of dry orgasms.

"It's show time," announced the falsely cheerful Eddie. His three inch hard on leading the way, Joey proceeded Eddie down the stairs. As the boys entered the living room, both pair of sisters applauded.

"Boys," scolded Mrs. Coughlin, "you took twelve minutes, I said ten. For your disrespect to us all, you're both getting spankings."

"And I think they both should cum for us," suggested Joey's mom, to his great shock.

"Yeah," agreed Sally, "I want to see Joey cum just like Eddie."

"Excellent idea, Katie," agreed Eddie's mother. "You have three minutes to cum. Start playing with yourselves, now!"

"I, I can't," stammered Joey, "I just can't."

"What is this," exploded his mom as she walked toward him, "refusing to show respect?"

"No, mom, I don't mean to, but I can't do it in front of all of you. It's too embarrassing."

"Well, I mean this and I'm not embarrassed to do it," came his mom's reply as she suddenly grabbed and squeezed his balls hard.

"Arrghh," screeched Joey at the sharp pain emanating from his groin. "Stop, stop, let go, it hurts, it hurts!"

"I'll stop when you start doing what you were ordered," responded Katie Donohue. "From now on, whenever you don't immediately follow a command, you'll feel the result in your balls, then on your ass. Understand me, young man?"

"Yes, mom," urgently replied an almost doubled over Joey. Quickly, he began imitating the masturbating Danny and Eddie. Just as quickly, his mom released his now sore nuts.

Less than a minute later, Eddie cried out, "I'm cumming," as he repeated his earlier performance. Almost immediately, Joey was giving his own almost identical show. Both boys were still sprouting stiff dicks.

"Joey, over here," ordered his mom. "You're getting extra for not announcing you were cumming."

"I forgot!" retorted the boy.

"And you get this for talking back," said his mom as she gave his balls another hard squeeze.

Joey gave out with a loud scream as he practically folded over onto his mother's lap, his boyhood now deflated.

"Eddie, get over here!" commanded Judy Coughlin.

Before Eddie, still hard, could reach his mother, Danny loudly informed the room, "I'm cumming!" Once more, the

Donohue girls were treated to the sight of globs of white spunk erupting from the end of the young teen's cock.

"Danny," admonished his mother, "you didn't have permission to do that. Clean up and go to your sister."

"Mom, can't she do it later?" pleaded the thirteen-year-old.
"I still hurt from the last one."

Reaching out and giving Danny's balls a very hard squeeze, Judy Coughlin informed her son, "No, she can't."

"Ahhhhhh!" exclaimed Danny at the excruciating, almost unbearable, pain in his mid-section.

"Mrs. Donohue has the right idea," pronounced Danny's mom.
"From now on, any back talk, any protesting will mean some very sore balls for that boy."

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue was feeling very sorry for himself this Saturday night as he positioned himself over his mom's lap. His tear streaked face was a very bright red. In a few short hours his world had undergone a complete upheaval. Now, his mother was about to do what she never had before, spank him. Not only that, for the first time in a long while, she and his sisters were seeing him naked. Worse, so were the Coughlin family. Even more worse, everyone saw him with a hard on. Much worse, they all saw him cumming. And his balls ached something fierce from his mom's squeezes. The females had gone from despised inferiors that morning to feared superiors that evening. The females had achieved the unimaginable, the unbelievable. They had triumphed over him, an eleven-year-old man of the species.

This was definitely the most horrible day Joseph Patrick Donohue had ever had to endure. A horrid day which, if only he had known what his mother and Mrs. Coughlin had planned over the fence as a finale, he would had known was about to become much more horrible.

* * *

Danny fervently hoped this would be his last trip over his sister's lap this evening, but he knew it wouldn't. If all he had to was keep a boner, he had at least a chance of not cumming. Unfortunately, with two hours of constant yanking left to go, there was no way he could avoid cumming a few more times. Unless his already sore dick and hand gave out

on him, in which case he would still be spanked, for going soft. And that would be the exact time one of his sisters would order him to cum, resulting in a spanking when he couldn't produce. He resolved right there and then to never again whack off without permission.

Over his mother's lap, Eddie was having somewhat similar thoughts. He just wanted this terrible evening to end. Like his brother, he knew he had more spankings on the way. It didn't take much touching of his dick to make him cum, earning a spanking. But, if he didn't play with himself at least every few minutes, he would lose his hard on, also resulting in a spanking. Never, ever again would he tell Kelly "No."

"Yeah," Sally broke the momentary lull, "when do the spankings begin?"

"Right now," replied Mrs. Coughlin.

With that comment, three hairbrushes rapidly descended to first contact with three separate bare bottoms. Joey didn't know where his mother had gotten her brush. He did very quickly know that it stung and burned quite fiercely. Before long, he was bawling like a baby. The big man of this morning was rapidly reduced to the naughty little boy of this evening, a very, very sorry little boy.

As brush stroke after brush stroke found their targets, the cacophony of boy grief grew louder and louder. Three sets of boy lungs ever more raucously, ever more desperately, roared out sounds of anguish, pleas for relief. All to no avail as again and again the punishing brushes tormented the boys. In a rare coherent moment, Joey wondered why the police were not knocking at the door, surely all the noise the boys were making had to be against the law.

When the spankings inevitably ended, Joey's behind was a very bright red. Both Coughlin boys' rears were a deep crimson. All three were wailing and dancing as if maddened dervishes. Not yet knowing better, Joey began rubbing his bottom.

"Get those hands off your butt, young man," ordered Mrs. Coughlin.

"Are you trying to show mom disrespect by trying to stop the pain she caused?" asked Joey's sister Mary. Grasping his balls, she twisted and squeezed much harder than his mom had. It felt like she was crushing them.

"No, I'm sorry," croaked Joey through the blinding pain. "I didn't mean to, honest," he sputtered out as Mary released him.

"Excellent job, Mary," Katie Donohue complimented her eldest daughter. "Sally also needs to learn how to do that," she added, to Joey's great consternation.

In the next two hours all the boys did receive additional spankings. Danny twice for cumming without permission, once for not being able to get hard and cum when ordered by Betty. Eddie four times and Joey five times, all for unauthorized dry cums. None of these spankings were as severe as the boys' triple header. Mrs. Coughlin seemed to have a knack for knowing a boy's limit and never quite exceeding it. Still, at the end of the evening, all three had very dark crimson bottoms, with a smattering of purple blotches.

As the Donohue's made ready to leave, Larry Coughlin spoke up. "Mrs. Donohue, if Jack needs any help with his remodeling project, tell him to let me know."

"Thank you, Larry. I'll be sure to let him know," Katie replied.

Just then, Joey made toward the stairs. "Where do you think you're going?" demanded his mother.

"To get my clothes," answered Joey.

"Oh no you aren't," responded Katie. "You stay here where we all can see you. Eddie, would you please bring me Joey's clothes?"

"Yes ma'am, right away."

Eddie quickly returned with Joey's clothes. Taking them from him, Joey's mom deposited them into a trash can as she said, "you won't be needing these anymore."

"Yeah," enthused Sally, "Joey has to go outside naked!"

"Judy," said Mrs. Donohue, "if you don't mind, we'll go out the back way."

"No problem," replied Mrs. Coughlin.

"Sally," instructed her mom, "grab hold of Joey's dick."

You're to lead him back to the house that way. Joey, while we're outside, you better cum, or else."

Joey was appalled. What if the neighbors saw him naked? Worse yet, what if they saw him cum? As Sally tightly attached her thumb and forefinger to the head of his dick, he blushed a deep red.

"Okay, let's go," ordered the matriarch of the Donohue family. All too soon, Joey found himself in the Coughlin's backyard, en route to his own. Sally was roughly tugging on his prick, to keep him hurrying along. To his relief, and shame, he did cum before reaching the back door of their house. Blessedly, none of the neighbors were out and about that late in the evening.

As soon as everyone was in the house, Katie sent the kids off to bed. The naked Joey was first up the stairs, followed closely by his giggling sisters.

"Nooooo!" he screamed when he reached the top landing. The door of the bathroom was missing. The tub had a clear shower curtain. His bedroom door was gone, his dresser was gone, his closet door was gone. There was no sign of any of his clothes. The blankets and top sheet of his bed were also gone. He knew, without being told, that this was only the start of his dad's project. Soon, he was sure, the bathroom and his bedroom would match those of the Coughlin boys.

"Joey," shouted up his mom, "is there a problem? Because if there is, my hairbrush is ready to take care of it!"

"No, mom," he hollered back down, "no problem, no problem at all."

His sisters laughed uproariously.

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue was restless this Saturday midnight. He was having trouble falling asleep. He couldn't stop sobbing. His butt hurt. His balls hurt. His dick hurt. Even his eyes hurt, from all his crying. His universe had been completely shattered, utterly destroyed. In less than a day, he had gone from a superior macho male master of all around him to the boy toy plaything of formerly inferior females. The females had utterly defeated him. Worse, their victory was complete and total, likely to continue on and on and on.

This turn of events was an absolute disaster for males in general and Joseph Patrick Donohue, age eleven, in particular. A disaster which, if only he had known what his mother and Mrs. Coughlin had planned over the fence for him in the coming months, he would had known was about to become a never ending nightmare.

Joey Visits the Clinic (by Nialos Leaning)

Author's Preface:

"Joey learns the Hard Way," the predecessor to this story, was not intended as anything but a one time, stand alone effort. I had no plans to make it a series, or to write a sequel. Fans of that story had other ideas, however. I've received more requests for additional Joey stories than all my other stories combined. So, not so reluctantly bowing to fan demand, the saga of Joey continues.

As was "Joey Learns the Hard Way," this story is first and foremost a spanking story. Spanking is the punishment of choice. Anything else the boys are subjected to is either an additional punishment ancillary to their spankings or is a result of being in a female dominated environment. Some of these additional punishments and humiliations create a nasty predicament for the boys. Refusal or inability to do as ordered results in another spanking. But doing as ordered will also inevitably lead to a spanking.

From time to time, I've been told that my stories depict a child's worse nightmare. In the neighborhood I grew up in, the protracted and repeated spankings and long periods of forced nudity that are common to my stories certainly were among the worse nightmares imaginable to us preteen kids.

However, among the boys an even worse nightmare was that of the Bogeyman. The Bogeyman who snatched boys who after dark wandered more than a block or so from home. The Bogeyman, who, if you were lucky, merely sent you home naked after stripping and spanking you. The Bogeyman, who, if you weren't so lucky, after stripping and spanking you, not only sent you home naked but also as less than all boy. I explore this latter fear in this story.

The opinions and attitudes expressed by Joseph Patrick Donohue are strictly his and not those of the author. Despite springing from the author's imagination, all of the author's characters have minds and personalities of their own. They're all much too smart to adopt the author's.

TaraKLamp is a registered trademark of the manufacturer, TaraMedic Corporation Sdn Bhd, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. All TaraKLamps used in this story were obtained legally by

licensed medical professions from authorized distributors.

This story is pure fiction, absolute fantasy straight from the almost always strange and convoluted imagination of the author.

Nialos Leaning
Somewhere in Cyberspace
April, 1998

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue, age 11, was very unhappy this Friday afternoon. He was crying as he made his way to his room to undress. Ever since his punishment at the Coughlin's a week ago, he, a superior male, had been treated by the inferior females of the house as their lesser, completely subject to their control.

His bedroom and bathroom were completely open to the view of all, the doors and hallway walls having been removed. As a sign of respect to his mother, sisters and any visiting females, he had to be naked whenever at home. Only the impolite terms for his private parts and what they did could be used. Any female could at any time order him to jerk off. To refuse would be disrespect. He had to let his two sisters play with his dick and balls whenever they wanted, refusing was disrespect. Whether he or his sisters did the masturbating, having one of his dry cums without permission was disrespect. Not being able to have one when so ordered was also disrespect.

The penalty for disrespect was a very hard spanking and being made to have an erection for four hours. During the four hours, losing the erection or any other disrespect, meant more spanking.

He, a boss of the universe by virtue of being male, was being bossed about by lowly females who had no right to do so, they weren't his fellow males. They weren't treating him as the man he was, they weren't even treating him as a boy, they were treating him as nothing more than a toy! It wasn't right, it wasn't fair. It was supposed to be the other way around, the men ordering the just barely human females about.

All this was contributing to his sobbing. But the main cause was his mom's announcement when he came home from school that he and the Coughlin boys would while staying naked be visiting a special clinic tomorrow. A clinic run by a lady doctor who knew how to treat boys just like them.

If only Joey had known what "treatment" at the clinic really meant, his crying would had been much more vociferous.

* * *

"I'll sure miss this," said twelve-year-old Mary as her stroking fingers brushed against the tip of Joey's dick.

"Yeah, me too," chimed in ten-year-old Sally.

"What do you mean?" a terrified Joey asked his sisters.

"Never you mind, you'll find out when you see the doctor," replied Mary.

Joey cried. All morning his sisters had been dropping hints. Hints about his dick, as in missing. At least they hadn't said anything about his balls. Yet.

"Please, mom," the sobbing Joey begged as his mom walked in the room, "don't let them cut my dick off."

Joey's mom squeezed his balls, hard. Joey screamed. "That's for begging," said his mother.

"I'm sorry," Joey managed to croak in response. He knew the rule. Beg, question, argue, protest or refuse, and his balls would swiftly feel excruciating pain. Maybe that was why no one had said anything about the doctor doing anything to his balls.

"Glad to hear it," responded Mrs. Donohue. "Besides, it's too soon for you to worry. You won't know what Dr. Mathison will be doing until we get to the clinic." To his mother's amusement, this statement only increased Joey's anxiety and crying.

During all this, Mary had continued to masturbate her brother. Despite his discomfort, he was suddenly gasping and shuddering with one of his dry cums. Embarrassing as it was, he still fervently hoped it wouldn't be his last, that there would be more after today.

"You didn't have permission," shouted Mary as she slapped her brother's behind.

"Yeah," added Sally, "and he didn't say he was cumming."

"Double spanking," announced his mother. "First from Sally,

than Mary. Thirty each with the brush. You can also give thirty hand smacks, if you want."

Joey walked over to Sally without protest. He didn't want another painful reminder in the balls. He immediately positioned himself over her lap. Just as immediately, almost magically it seemed to Joey, Sally had a hairbrush in her hand. It was beyond him how the dreaded wood backed hairbrushes always seemed to be in the same room as him. Perhaps they cloned themselves?

Joey shouted out in pain as the first stroke of the brush struck his behind. Sally couldn't hit as hard as Mary or his mom, but she still could make that brush sting and burn. Sally commenced a steady attack upon her brother's helpless rear end. Joey knew not to even think about using his hands to protect his bottom. Such a sign of disrespect would bring terrible retribution and repeated spankings all weekend. Sally soon had Joey's behind glowing a healthy pink. Joey in turn was kicking his legs about, continuously crying, and letting out a bellow of pain with each blow.

After thirty painful smacks, Sally stopped. As he was supposed to, he immediately got off her lap. Sally handed her sobbing brother the brush. He carried it, and himself, over to Mary. Taking the brush, she laid it aside. Unlike her weaker younger sister, she intended to give Joey a full dose of her hand before using the hairbrush.

All too soon for Joey, Mary's hand was busy at work punishing his already sore behind. Time after time, her hand inflicted suffering upon her brother's bottom. Joey's rear took on a reddish hue. His crying was louder, his kicking more furious, his shouts more of a shrieking than with Sally's spanking. Mary's hand spans hurt more than Sally's hairbrush ones. Finally, mercifully, Mary's hand descended for the thirtieth time. Her hardest slap yet, eliciting a particularly sorrowful howl from Joey.

Before Joey had recovered from Mary's last hand spank, the first stroke of the hairbrush landed upon his ravished bottom. In very short order, Joey's crying and shrieking gave way to a steady ear splitting howling. His legs were violently scissoring at a frenzied pace, as if they were trying to run away. Mary's finishing stroke struck a very crimson, very hot, very sore bottom.

As soon as he was off his sister's lap, Joey set about doing an energetic banshee dance. Tears streamed down his face. His sobbing could be heard throughout the house. Somehow,

he managed to avoid the disrespect of rubbing his burning behind.

"Joey," reminded his mother, "you have three minutes to get a boner."

Without stopping his dance, Joey grabbed his dick and began rubbing. He was hard in under a minute.

A few minutes later, the somewhat calmed Joey realized that the four hours he would have to keep his hard on wouldn't be over until after they returned from the clinic. If he still had a dick when they returned. "Please, mom," he asked at the risk of his balls, "can I wear some clothes to the clinic?"

To his surprise, his mother's hand didn't descend to his balls. Probably because he asked a real question instead of questioning an order. To his further surprise, she said, "yes, if that's what you want."

"Yes, please," answered Joey.

"Sally," said her mother, "please go to my room and bring down Joey's clothes that are on the chair."

Sally returned carrying a tee shirt, a size too small pair of Joey's underpants, socks and shoes. As if he was a little baby, Joey's mom put the shirt on him. To Joey's dismay, it was so short it didn't even cover up his belly button. Next she put on the underpants, hooking the waistband under his privates.

"Please, mom," pleaded Joey, "do I have to wear them like this?"

Immediately his balls suffered the consequence of his protest. He doubled over in agony. Fortunately, his hard on didn't wilt.

"Yes you do," answered his mother. "How are you going to show us, and the people at the clinic, respect if your boner is all covered up?"

"Well, than, can I go naked, like you said yesterday?" asked Joey.

"No you can't. You asked for clothes, you'll wear these clothes, just as I've put them on you."

"Yes, mom," replied the dejected Joey.

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue felt so silly this Saturday morning, dressed as he was. In his underwear, with his balls and hard dick hanging out for all to see. As embarrassing as going to the clinic naked would be, this was much worse.

His crying, which had subsided since his spanking, picked up again. His worries about the clinic and the future of his privates returned. Ridiculous as he looked right now, that was still better than if he had to return home without some, or all, of his boy parts.

For a week now, his universe had been in a shambles. The insignificant females had gained absolute authority over him and his body. Over him, a male of the species who should by rights be their master.

If only Joey knew what his immediate future held, his worry and foreboding would have been magnified many, many fold.

* * *

"Sally," ordered her mother, "grab hold of Joey's dick."

"Yeah," a giggling Sally gleefully replied.

"And Joey, like last week, you just better cum while we're outside, before we reach the Coughlin's."

Joey was as horrified at this command as he had been last week. What if the neighbors saw him in his silly get up, boner showing? Worse, what if they saw him cum? With Sally roughly pulling on his dick, the Donohue's made their way through the back yard to the Coughlin's house next door.

Just before reaching the Coughlin's back door, Joey shook with another dry cum. Shameful as cumming in public was, Joey was grateful to have avoided another spanking.

Eleven-year-old Kelly answered the door. "Come in," she invited. "Everyone's in the living room, the boys are being spanked."

Following the hurrying Kelly, the Donohue's soon saw for themselves that the Coughlin boys were indeed being spanked. Joey's friend, the naked ten-year-old Eddie, was draped over his older sister's lap. Fourteen-year-old Betty was showing

no mercy to her brother's already crimson bottom. Eddie howled and wailed like a crazed madman as stroke after stroke of the hairbrush further tortured his sore behind. Over on his mother's lap, Danny, thirteen and also naked, wasn't faring any better.

Soon, the spankings ended. Ignoring her shrieking, prancing boys, Judy Coughlin greeted her guests. "Katie, girls, welcome."

"Quite an impressive show, Judy, " said Mrs. Donohue. "What did they do?"

"Yeah," echoed Sally, "what did they do?"

"Well," came the reply, "Danny tried using his hands to cover up when Mrs. Covington dropped in. That's playing with himself without permission."

"Doesn't that mean," asked Mary, "that he has to beat off for the next four hours?"

"Sure does," answered Kelly.

"And," added Betty, "mom said the six cum and once-an-hour rules don't apply."

Joey felt sorry for the older boy. The Coughlin family rule was that between them the females could make or order Danny to cum six times in a day, but not more than once an hour. For Eddie, who like Joey was hairless and unable to yet squirt, it was twelve times. Any cumming the boys did on their own during a four hour boner or jerking penalty didn't count. Danny was going to get plenty of spankings. Each time he came without permission in the next four hours. Each time he lost his erection, except for five minutes after cumming. Each time he couldn't cum when ordered. With the six time and once an hour rules out the door, his sisters were sure to order him to cum many, many times. Especially at the clinic.

By now, both Danny and Eddie had produced boners. In keeping with his punishment, Danny continued masturbating himself.

"Yeah," Sally asked, "what did Eddie do?"

"He had the nerve, the tenacity," said his mother, "to ask to wear clothes to the clinic."

"Joey did the same thing," said Katie Donohue. "You can see his penalty."

"I like it," replied Judy Coughlin. "I bet you wish you were naked right now, don't you?"

Joey didn't reply. Immediately, his mom's hand was doing its agonizing torture act on his balls. Joey screamed. "Answer Mrs. Coughlin," his angry mother ordered.

"Yes, ma'am, I do," Joey managed to answer in a much higher pitched voice than normal.

Unfortunately, this last assault on his balls caused Joey to soften somewhat. Not wishing to endure a spanking for disrespect, he vigorously began imitating the masturbating Danny.

Suddenly, Danny was spurting onto the wooden floor. "I'm cumming," he shouted out.

Almost at the same moment, Joey had an unwanted by him dry cum. He remembered this time to make his own "I'm cumming" announcement.

"Danny, that was without permission," said his mother. "Back to Mary for another spanking."

"And you, young man," proclaimed Joey's mother, "are to get out of those underpants and go to Kelly for your spanking." The boys, knowing better than to protest, went over to their designated spankers. Kelly was delighted to have a new bottom to spank. Joey was mortified with embarrassment. Bad as it was that his own sisters spanked him, now a neighbor girl his own age was also about give him a spanking.

Which promptly began. Once more Joey was amazed at the magical powers of the hairbrush to be where he was. Once more Joey was shouting and wiggling as the brush did its duty upon his behind. Once more, as the pain intensified, he was howling and kicking in utter distress. Once more, when the spanking ended, he was dancing a not-so-merry jig, tears streaming down his face.

Danny's spanking was every bit as devastating as Joey's, an almost exact duplicate. Danny shouted, Danny wiggled, Danny howled, Danny kicked, Danny danced.

"Three minutes are almost up," said Mrs. Donohue as she brought Joey's underpants over. Joey immediately started a

furious wanking, not wanting any more spankings this morning. Somehow, as his mom held them open for him, he managed to step into the legs of his underpants without missing a beat on his dick. To his immense relief, by the time she had once more hooked the waistband under his privates, he had a boner. On the other side of the room, Danny had resumed jerking off.

"Okay, everyone," said Mrs. Coughlin, "time to go to the clinic."

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue was miserable riding in the Coughlin van this late Saturday morning. So far, the van ride had been horrible. Both he and Eddie had managed to have two dry cums each. Danny had shot once without permission. This meant Mrs Coughlin stopped the van a total of three times, for five spankings to be administered to already red and sore bottoms. Danny's sisters ordered him to cum two additional times, which somehow, he was able to do.

The Coughlin girls, whom he was sitting between, were given permission to play with his dick. His sisters had permission to do likewise with the Coughlin boys. This is what had caused all the cums that had gotten the three boys spanked. Like his sisters earlier, Betty and Kelly were constantly hinting at missing a part of him. His sisters were doing the same thing to Eddie. For some reason, no one said anything about missing any of Danny.

Both preteens were crying the entire trip. Joey, being a novice to Eddie's three years of female subjugation, was near hysteria. Somehow, beyond all comprehension and logic, the despicable females of his immediate world had all but crumbled his male dominated universe, the universe as God and man had meant it to be.

His fear kept growing worse as they approached the clinic. As the van entered the tree lined driveway of the estate like setting, Joey was absolutely petrified. It was embarrassing and humiliating to have females see and touch his privates, but that was still better than not having a dick, and maybe not any balls, for them to see and touch. And his mom still wouldn't tell him what the doctor was going to do.

If only Joey had known exactly what was about to happen to him in the clinic, he would had known that his anxiety was more than justified.

* * *

"Ok, everyone out," said Judy Coughlin as she parked the van.

With each step toward the entrance, Joey and Eddie grew ever more anxious. They were shaking in fear as they stood by the door. The first line of a bronze plaque announced, "Josephine Mathison, M.D." Beneath that, in smaller print was inscribed, "practice limited to boys ages 8 to 14."

"Go right on in," ordered Joey's mom, slapping his underpants clad behind. Joeys privates, boner and all, were still hooked over the waistband, on display for all.

Seven boys, accompanied by assorted mothers and sisters, were already in the room. All the boys were naked. Two of the boys, one about eight, one around eleven, were wearing funny looking plastic devices on the end of their dicks. Except for the two with the devices, all the boys had erections.

"Can I help you?" inquired the receptionist. A name tag identified her as Nancy Robbins.

"Yes, please," replied Eddie's mother. "I'm Judy Coughlin and this is Katie Donohue. Our sons have appointments."

"Let's see," said Nancy. "Here we are, Eddie and Joey, is that right?"

"Yes it is," answered Judy.

"Well then, we'll need these papers completed for our records. The doctor will be ready for them in about ten minutes, she's doing all her surgery before any other appointments."

"Great," said Katie, "no waiting."

"Yeah, no waiting to miss this!" exclaimed Sally as she grabbed the end of Joey's dick.

"Not here!" hissed the embarrassed and crying Joey.

"Yes, here," retorted his mother as she once more squeezed his balls, hard. "You've just earned yourself a spanking from Sally."

The doubled up Joey was in too much discomfort to make a reply. Adding to his embarrassment, he was now the center of attention.

"March," ordered Joey's mom, pointing toward the waiting area. The totally humbled Joey did exactly that, as if a soldier on parade.

When they reached some empty chairs, Joey noticed that the eight-year-old was no longer in the waiting area. Neither was the other boy with the funny thing on his dick. Joey wondered if the doctor was cutting their pricks off right now. He was convinced that at least part of his private parts were going to indeed be missing when he left the clinic.

Joey's mom whisked his underpants down and off. His shirt likewise came off. "You won't be needing these things anymore today," she told him. "Now get over your sister's lap."

As Joey approached his sister, a red faced Danny shouted out, "I'm cumming!"

"Without permission," said Betty. "That's another spanking."

"Yes it is," said Danny's mother. "By Kelly, this time. Over her lap, now!"

Soon, the two boys were in position for their latest spankings. Again, almost magically, hairbrushes appeared in the girls' hands. Not so magically, the brushes began doing their own magic upon the boys' bare bottoms. Stroke after stroke after stroke. Repeating their earlier performances, both boys quickly went from tears and shouts to crying to unabashed howling. They again gave their legs a vigorous, but ultimately futile, workout. Their behinds again went from the residual pink of the earlier spankings to red to crimson. When the girls finally ceased heating up their brothers, a fire almost hot enough to cook on was emanating from both boys' behinds.

Joey was still prancing around, about to restart his erection, when a nurse walked up. "Mrs. Coughlin, Mrs. Donohue, hello," she said. "I'm Joan Reiteg. If you and the boys will follow me, the doctor is ready."

"Saved by the bell," said Joey's mom. "You can stop rubbing. The doctor needs you soft for this. In fact, you

won't be making any more boners today. Or tomorrow, or the next day, or the day after for that matter."

Joey's crying intensified as he followed Mrs. Reiteg into a treatment room. He was again trembling. The moment of truth had arrived.

"Up you go," said the nurse, helping Joey onto a table. Another nurse was helping Eddie onto an adjacent table. The nurse took hold of Joey's penis, washing his privates, upper thighs and pubic area with a antiseptic laden cloth. Eddie was being similarly prepared by the other nurse.

Walking into the room, the doctor introduced herself. "Hello, I'm Dr. Mathison," she greeted her two patients and their mothers.

"Glad to meet you, Doctor," said Judy Coughlin.

"Me, too," said Katie Donohue.

"Boys," prompted Eddie's mom.

"Hello, doctor," responded Eddie.

"Hello, doctor," echoed the crying Joey.

"Now, now," asked Dr. Mathison, "why all the crying? I haven't even started yet."

"I don't want my dick cut off!" blurted out Joey.

"What ever gave you that idea? I'm only going to circumcise you."

"Circumcise?" questioned Joey.

"You know," said Eddie, "Like Danny."

"Is he the one playing with himself," asked the doctor.

"Yes, that's my brother Danny," answered Eddie.

"A circumcision isn't anything to worry about," said Dr. Mathison. "All I'm going to do is cut off this bit of skin covering the head of your penis," she continued as she started to gently tug Joey's foreskin.

"Will you be putting me to sleep," asked the hopeful Joey.

"No I won't. But like a dentist, I'll be giving you a shot. Only difference, it'll be down there, not in your mouth. You won't feel a thing, I promise."

"Thank you," said the relieved Joey. As much relieved at not losing his dick as at not feeling the pain of the operation.

"I must warn you, there will be some pain for a few days. I'll give your mom some pills for that."

"Okay," said Joey. "What's that funny thing the other boys were wearing?"

"That's one of these, called a TaraKLamp," answered the doctor, holding up the device for Joey to see. "It works like this..."

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue was resting restlessly on his bed. His dick, TaraKLamp attached, was starting to hurt. Dr. Mathison said it and some dead skin under the ring part would fall off in five to seven days. Meantime, he could do almost anything he usually did. One of the things he couldn't do was play with his dick. Thankfully, that meant neither could his sisters.

Moments ago, when his mom had given him his pain pill, she had told him he could still expect spankings for disrespect. And if he earned them, more ball squeezings. He would get no special treatment, other than no boners. This last statement had Joey's spirits soaring. He, Joey the man, had prevailed against terrible trials and tribulations to beat his sisters. They couldn't touch his dick. A victory was his!

If only Joey knew what his mother had planned for him in the coming months, his spirits would have been completely deflated. He would had known that this was only a temporary ending of his never ending story.

* * *

Information about the TaraKLamp device can be found at the manufacturer's web site <http://www.tarاكلamp.com.my/>

Joey Stays Home (by Nialos Leaning)

Author's Preface:

As are my other "Joey" stories, this story is first and foremost a spanking story. Spanking is the punishment of choice. Anything else Joey is subjected to is either an additional punishment ancillary to his spankings or is a result of being in a female dominated household. Some of these additional punishments and humiliations create a nasty predicament for him. Refusal or inability to do as ordered results in another spanking. But doing as ordered will also inevitably lead to a spanking.

Of my nineteen spanking stories written to date, only the three "Joey" tales and one other, "My Greatest Birthday Ever," contain explicit sexual situations. These four are also the only ones with Femdom themes as a major plot element.

When I wrote the first Joey story, "Joey Learns the Hard Way," I did not anticipate it evolving into a series. However, that story hit a very responsive chord with some readers, resulting in requests for more of young Joey. So, eventually I wrote "Joey Visits the Clinic," with the same results, requests for more. And thus, this present saga of Joey.

This story is partially based on an idea from a reader of the previous Joey stories. He suggested depicting a typical day at home for Joey. While there is no such thing as a typical day for Joey, much of what follows is typical of Joey's atypical days, although they're not always this extreme. After all, under the rules of the house, it's virtually impossible for Joey to avoid at least one daily spanking. With his sisters around, eventually, without permission, the inevitable is bound to happen!

The opinions and attitudes expressed by Joseph Patrick Donohue are strictly his and not those of the author. Despite springing from the author's imagination, all of the author's characters have minds and personalities of their own. They're all much too smart to adopt the author's.

This story is pure fiction, absolute fantasy straight from the almost always strange and convoluted imagination of the author.

Nialos Leaning
Somewhere in Cyberspace
November, 1998

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue, age 11, was both happy and unhappy this Saturday early morning. Happy, because it was the weekend, meaning no school. Unhappy, because unlike school, he had to be naked at home, as a sign of respect to his

mother, sisters, and any visiting females. Happy, because he would be able to go out and play with his friends, for which he would be dressed. Unhappy, because his mom or sisters would get to pick out the clothes he could wear. Happy, because his penis no longer hurt from his circumcision of two weeks ago. Unhappy, because that meant that his sisters could once again play with his privates whenever they wanted; he would have to masturbate whenever his mom or sisters ordered; and whenever he was spanked, he would have to get and keep an erection for four hours. All as a show of respect.

And, if during any of this, he came without permission, or didn't come when ordered, or went soft when he was supposed to be hard, he would be spanked, for being so disrespectful toward the females. Females, that inferior species, that had somehow seized control from him, a strong man of the universe. It wasn't fair, it was the females that should be doing his bidding, showing him respect. After all, males like him were clearly God's intended bosses of the world.

It was all still unbelievable and unacceptable to Joey. All of it had started only three weeks ago. That was when he, his sisters, and his mom had visited next door at the Coughlin house. Eddie Coughlin was his best friend. Joey's mom liked how the Coughlin boys were punished and made to demonstrate respect, and had adopted the same methods for her only son.

Joey began crying as he stepped out of his room into the hall. Not through the door, which was missing, but through where the wall used to be. His bathroom was the same way. That was another part of showing respect, boys weren't allowed any privacy, any place to hide themselves or their bodies. If only Joey had known what awaited him this morning, his crying would have been much more bitter and intense, very much so.

* * *

"I sure missed this," said twelve-year-old Mary as she rapidly rubbed up and down on her brother's now hard dick, her hand repeatedly banging into his hairless pubic area.

"Yeah," chimed in ten-year-old Sally, "Joey's prick is my favorite toy!" She giggled at using a naughty word for Joey's penis. It was one of mom's rules, only the dirty names could be used when talking about Joey's privates and what they did.

Joey merely blushed. Suddenly, he was shuddering and gasping with a dry orgasm, the only kind he had. "I'm cumming," he remembered to shout out, just in time. It was another rule, announcing to the world each time he came.

"Joey," scolded his older sister, "I didn't give you permission to do that."

"Yeah," said Sally, "neither did I."

"And, I certainly didn't," stated Katie Donohue, mother of all three children. "Mary, give him his spanking."

"Yes ma'am, mom," Mary enthusiastically replied. Under the rules, she didn't need to obtain her mom's permission, Joey had shown her, and the others, disrespect by his action. As she was in control of him at the time, as evidenced by her grip on his cock, she had the right to spank him for that lapse. But, being only a year older than Joey, she welcomed the reinforcing support of her mother's confirmation.

Without protest or delay, the already crying Joey placed himself over Mary's lap. As if on cue, a hairbrush was in her hand. That always amazed and mystified him, how whenever he was about to be spanked, a brush always just suddenly appeared in the spanker's hand. Didn't matter where they were, it always happened. Joey, as a mature man of eleven, didn't believe in magic, but he was convinced that the females' trick making the hairbrush appear couldn't be anything else but.

All too soon, the brush was doing another kind of magic, on his bare bottom. Stroke after burning stroke quickly ignited a stinging, painful fire in his behind. It didn't take long at all before Mary had her brother wailing and howling, almost shrieking with the agony. Because of his circumcision operation, everyone had been taking it easy on his bottom the last two weeks. Often, he had been only given token spanks for his acts of disrespect. At the time, Joey hadn't appreciated the consideration he was being shown. Now, over Mary's lap, he likewise didn't appreciate the consideration she was showing him by making up for the lost time in his lessons of respect.

As Mary continued her punishment of Joey's behind, his bottom turned redder and redder. His legs kicked ever more furiously, at an ever faster tempo. His ear splitting shrieking echoed throughout the house, and most likely, the neighborhood. It was far from the worse spanking he'd received since the new regime had started, but his period of

leniency had clearly softened him up some, lowering his tolerance. His mother resolved that something would have to be done about that, and today.

Finally, Mary finished delivering the standard thirty strokes and stood Joey up. "Now, now," she chided, "what's all the fuss? I didn't spank as hard as I could, and I didn't even bother with a hand warm up."

Joey didn't respond. He simply continued his furious dancing around, careful not to touch his bottom. To try to rub away his sister's handiwork would be an act of disrespect.

"Answer!" snapped Joey's mom, smacking hard his already sore behind.

"It hurts," Joey managed to blubber out as an answer to his sister.

"Good, it was supposed to!" she cheerfully replied.

"Three minutes are almost," up announced Mrs. Donohue, "and I don't see a boner yet. Get to it, young man!" That was another rule, three minutes after a spanking ended he had to be hard. Likewise, if he was on a boner punishment, he had to get hard within three minutes of cumming, unless being spanked for that.

Quickly, Joey began jerking himself off. It didn't take him long at all to sport a full erection, all of three inches long, and skinny. Suddenly, it hit Joey that he would have to stay hard for four hours, with his boner on display for all. No way could he go outside like that!

"Please, mom," he begged, "I was going out to play with Eddie and our friends."

"So?" responded his mother, giving Joey's balls a hard squeeze, doubling the boy over in pain. Another rule. If he begged, protested, argued, questioned a command, his balls got squeezed, very hard.

"I, I," stuttered the boy, his mom still holding his balls, but not as hard, "can't go outside naked and all hard!"

"Well, I'll be glad to let you go out dressed," answered Katie Donohue, finally releasing Joey's balls. "Dressed just as you were for the clinic."

"No!" shouted Joey, forgetting himself. Immediately his mother again squeezed his balls.

"Arguing, are we?" asked the now angry mother, further tightening her grasp on Joey's terribly sore sack.

"No mom," Joey croaked, "I'd meant, no thank you, I'll stay in."

"That's your choice," his mom answered, once more releasing her grip. "Gives the girls more chances to play with you, to help train you."

"Goodie!" exclaimed Mary.

"Yeah," said Sally.

Joey just groaned. As sore as his bottom and balls were now, he knew that before the morning was over, those, and his dick, would be much sorer. As would his eyes, from all the crying he would be doing.

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue was not a happy boy at all this Saturday mid-morning. It wasn't fair, his being punished, his not being able to go out to play with his friends. It wasn't his fault he had come, what else did they expect would happen when Mary just kept rubbing and rubbing his penis?

Mom refused to listen to him about it being unfair. She pointed out he still had a choice, to stay home or go out.

Some choice, stay home and his sisters would be constantly either ordering him to come, or playing with his privates, making him come. And, of course, getting more spankings, either for not being able to come when ordered, or coming without permission. Fortunately, there was the rule that between them, the females could only order or make him come once an hour, and no more than four times each in a day.

Yes, he could avoid all that by going out. Wearing nothing but a pair of briefs, the front hooked under his balls, showing them and his hard dick off to everyone. And you could bet his mom and sisters would be checking, to make sure he stayed hard. He would be the laughingstock of the neighborhood, the county, the state, the country, the world, the whole universe! The universe were men like him were supposed to be supreme, but in his house weren't anymore.

Joey cried some more. If only he had known just how miserable his sisters were going to make things for him, he would have gladly opted to go out instead of staying home.

* * *

"Get it back up," shouted Joey's mom, pointing to his dick, which had gone soft from her painful squeezing of his balls. "Or do you want another trip over Mary's lap?"

"No mom," responded the crying Joey, immediately setting to work on his offending boy part. In almost record time for him, his three inches once more was not so proudly standing tall.

During the first hour, Joey had no trouble staying hard. His sisters saw to that. They each took several turns playing with his dick, being careful not to make him cum, as an hour hadn't passed since Mary had caused his last one. When they weren't amusing themselves with his boy toys, the ones between his legs, they were quick to alert him to the first signs of his boner softening.

"Hey, you're starting to point the wrong way," Mary told Joey the first time she noticed this.

"You don't have to tell me," Joey protested his older sister's teasing. "I already know that," he added as he began working on his dick.

"We're only trying to help you not get spanked," replied Mary, squeezing his balls in penalty for the protest.

"Yeah," said a giggling Sally.

"Thank you," Joey managed to squeak out in response.

"Your welcome," Mary said, releasing her brother's sorely tortured nutsack. After that, he simply put up with their "concern" for him.

Forty minutes into the first hour, Mary observed that "Your dick's starting to go south." In his furious attempt to again go north, Joey caused himself to shudder and shake with a dry cum.

"You didn't have permission," exalted Mary.

"Yeah," added Sally, "and you didn't say you were cumming."

"Double spanking!" both girls exclaimed in gleeful unison.

Joey quickly found himself over Sally's lap, feet and hands touching the floor. She just as quickly briskly began hand spanking his bare bottom, with as much energy as her small frame could muster. On his already sore and still somewhat red behind, her efforts were stingingly effective. After only a few smacks, he was sobbing. Long before the thirtieth and final spank, he was crying continuously, emitting an occasional howl, his legs dancing in place.

When Sally finished, Joey had no respite before Mary started. She repeated her younger sister's performance, only with much more force. Joey gave a much more vigorous repeat of his performance. His crying turned to steady howling and wailing, his dancing to a merry jig. When Mary finally delivered spank thirty, Joey was convinced he couldn't take anymore today.

But, alas for him, she immediately had her hairbrush in her hand. Which promptly commenced cursing his bare behind with its magic. Stroke after burning stroke quickly had Joey shrieking non-stop, his scissoring legs desperately imitating a dervish in extreme agony. An extreme agony which Joey was most definitely experiencing. Not anywhere soon enough for Joey, the brush eventually administered its thirtieth dose. His bottom was ablaze, a very bright red indeed.

Joey couldn't help but prance all about the room, he was in absolute anguish from the pain in his rear. The girls were amused at how his privates flopped all about during his exertions. Several times, the loudly sobbing boy reached toward his bottom to try to rub away some of the pain, but each time managed to pull his hands back before making contact. Thus avoiding a further spanking for disrespect.

Halfway through his frenzied circuits of the room, Joey had the presence of mind to begin jerking off. The clock was ticking, if he wasn't hard within three minutes of his spanking ending, it would be spanking time all over again. Unfortunately for Joey, distracted by the feelings on his rear side, he disregarded the feelings from his front side and once more came.

With all his moving about, the girls probably wouldn't had noticed, except that something in his brain clicked and he remembered to shout out, "I'm cumming!"

This time Sally had the honors all to her self. Thirty hand spans, followed by another thirty hair brush strokes. When she finished, the wildly screeching Joey had a very hot to the touch crimson bottom.

As soon as Joey was hard, exactly one hour into his punishment, Sally ordered him to cum. He barely managed to succeed within the allowed three minutes. But after his orgasm, he failed to get hard within three minutes, earning another spanking from Mary.

Which she gladly doled out. First, another thirty hand spans, then a further thirty hair brush smacks. By the end of his latest torture, Joey was convinced that his mother could cook dinner on his end. His bottom was now a very dark scarlet. Joey was again demonstrating his exercise techniques, accompanied by his howling. Once more the girls delighted in watching his bouncing privates.

This time, Joey had his boyhood pointing skyward with time to spare.

In the next three hours, both girls made Joey cum once each, both times without permission. He, of course, was spanked for those acts of disrespect. Once, he failed to get hard fast enough, once he caused himself an unauthorized cum, garnishing two more spankings. Fortunately for his devastated behind, for all four spankings, his mother only allowed the girls to use their hands, limited to twenty spans each. Still, after the last spanking, his very darkly red bottom displayed several small purplish areas. Undoubtedly, if the girls had continued to use the hair brush, he would now be sporting some very painful blisters.

After what seemed to Joey an almost endless eternity, his latest lesson in respect drew to an end.

"Lunch," Katie Donohue told her children.

"Yeah," said Sally, "I'm hungry after all that fun."

"I'm not," said the still lightly sobbing Joey, "and it wasn't fun."

"You're having lunch anyway," his mother informed him.

"I don't feel like eating," Joey replied.

"You will eat," said his mother, giving his balls another good hard squeeze, renewing pain that had diminished to a dull

ache. "I made it for you, you will give me the respect of eating it."

Just as he had predicted to himself, it was with a very sore bottom, a very sore dick, and very sore balls that the crying Joey made his way to the kitchen to join his family for the noon meal.

* * *

Joseph Patrick Donohue was a very unhappy boy this early Saturday afternoon, laying on his bed. His bottom, his dick, his balls, his eyes all still hurt. He didn't feel like going out to play, but mom insisted that he did, till supper time.

She had brought out the clothes he was to wear. The very same briefs he didn't want to wear that morning, and nothing else. With instructions to keep the waist band hooked under his balls at all times. She told him that if he wasn't outside in five minutes, she would spank him right out on the sidewalk in front of everyone. And then, he would still have to stay out in his briefs, only now with a hard dick for the whole afternoon.

Wisely choosing the more palatable of his two unpalatable choices, he donned the briefs, carefully placing the front under his privates. Sobbing, he made his way out of his open to the world room and downstairs toward the front door. He was just devastated at how the lowly females had gained control of him and his universe. An universe that he was certain that some day soon he and his fellow males would win back from the inferior species of womanhood. Restoring things to the way they should be, to the natural order of male supremacy.

If only he knew what the females had in store for his future, he wouldn't had been certain at all, not even the least bit so.