

SUMMER CAMP PART 1: MIKE IN THE SHOW (Fb+/b femdom spank nc humil)by Sister

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This story is totally fiction for adult purpose only. Fictional minors are involved in humiliating situations by females. 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.

SUMMER CAMP PART 1: MIKE IN THE SHOW (by Sister)

There were two camps in that place: one was boys only and the other, of course, was girls only. The age range was from 6 to 12 years old for both. Those two special camps were the place where brats of both sexes was sent by their families to spend three weeks of holiday (for the parents) and learn discipline (for the kids). In both the camps, in fact, was a very strict regime which involved, actually, severe punishments for any misbehavior.

Every evening, after dinner, took place a punishment section during which the kids who had collected marks during the day were punished in front of all the other kids of the camp. Every punishment was always given on the bare while totally naked.

The number of the strokes and the implement to be used depended on the gravity of the offence. In all cases, every punishment section was followed and/or preceded by a bare time. Heavier was the offence, longer was the naked time (however never less than half a day). As the kids were really brats every evening a punishment session was on. All the boys and girls knew it very well and there was a sort of a game to put someone else in a situation to be marked by the monitors so to have fun at evening, at the punishment show. Of course every one was very careful not to be

involved in any trouble, finding him/herself the main actor of the show. What everyone knew but avoided to speak about was the fact that, if you got seven marks in a week, you won the worst punishment of the camps: on Saturday you'll be sent to the other camp where the kids had the possibility to give you all the punishments, the pain and the humiliation they want. So, if you were a boy, you'll be sent to the girls camp and, if you were a girl, the boys camp. Of course this punishment was something that everyone, boys and girls, wished to see but no one would never receive.

That morning Mike, ten y.o., woke up as usual at 8:00 a.m. and felt an urge to go to the toilet, so he jumped down from the bunk bed where he slept in the tent and, dressed in his swimming trunks, ran to the toilet block. When he arrived there he found out that all the stalls were in use. As his urge to relieve his bladder had reached a pain level, he decided to try outside. In the back of the toilet block was a wood fence and there was where Mike ran. He peeled down the front of his trunks and started to piss. Right at that instant he heard a stern voice yelling, "What are you doing there! Stop this instant!"

"Caught!" thought Mike trying to stop his stream.

"I said stop!" repeated the voice of the female monitor "and come here immediately!"

Mike immediately pulled up the front of his trunks but a last stream of piss exited, wetting him. Blushing, he went to the monitor who said, "Look at you! You're all wet! Shame on you for this and for pissing outside the toilet! Come on, follow me!"

Mike, with wet dripping trunks and eyes already tearing, follows the monitor. The monitor, a mid-twenty blond woman, takes him by the earlobe through all the camp to the lunch room already half filled by the campers. "You are going to stand facing the entrance till everyone is here. Of course peel down those filthy trunks!" said the monitor.

Mike's face was a deep red while he peeled down his only barrier to his modesty. He stepped out of his trunks and handed them to the monitor, who put them on his head with the wet front in contact with his face, ordering him to open his mouth wide as she forced the fabric into it.

"Hands on your head and suck it till I say otherwise!"
Crying for the shame and with the taste of his urine in his

mouth, Mike stood in front of the entrance with his wet trunks hat and with all his privates on display for everyone. He could not see a lot as the swim suit partially covered his eyes, but he could listen to his mates' comments and giggling that made him feel worst than ever.

When all were in, the monitor yanked him by an arm and stood him on a little stage in the center of the room. "Today" she said, "Mike decided to not to wait for a free stall in the toilet block but to relieve himself outside on the fence! This is intolerable! In addition to all this, he pissed in his trunks too! As per the rules in this camp, this evening after diner he will receive here, in front of all, a hand spanking followed by the hairbrush. Twenty swats each. Of course, for today, he will be totally nude. Twenty-four hours till tomorrow morning same time! For the rest of the day Mike has to remain bare and has to use the toilet stall with the door always spread open, with no less than three persons, including a monitor, looking at him."

At that instant, Mike hoped to be swallowed by the ground but nothing of the sort happened. The monitor left Mike in his position on the little stage with the wet swimsuit on his head. No breakfast for him today but only his urine to suck and swallow. To add something more to his embarrassment, he realized he was having a boner. He could hear his mates teasing him for it and his face reached a deeper stage of red.

After all the kids finished their breakfast and went out another female monitor came and let him free of his uncomfortable position and wet trunks.

He was allowed to go to join his tent group. Mike was happy that today was detail day for his tent, so they all had to remain in the camp cleaning everything. Meanwhile the other groups were on the beach. At least no other people could see him naked. Of course his mates teased him for all day long. The worst part was to use the toilet stall he had to go potty in front of a female monitor and other mates. Also in this time he ended up with a 4" hard glory for all the world to see that made his mates laugh and made him blush. It was hard to go through all of a day of nudity, between other kids being fully dressed and with all the female monitors around.

At last, dinner time came. After all those hours of shame now was coming the worst part of his punishment, the spanking show. He ate his dinner with a knot in his

stomach. He was not used to getting spankings and this seemed to be a real big one. At eight o'clock, the time arrived.

"OK boys," said the female chief monitor through the microphone, "It's show time!" Every one except Mike applauded. A monitor went to Mike and made him stand up, grabbing him by the earlobe.

"Well!" continued the chief monitor, "I'm glad to introduce to you the star of our evening show, Mr. Mike Hastings!" Mike was put in the center of the big stage facing the cheering audience, his uncomfortable boner on display. By his side was a chair on which the morning monitor was already seated. "Ok Mike, let's see how a naughty brat takes his well deserved spanking!"

Mike was put on her knee in such a way that his bum was facing the audience. Then started the spanking. The blond young woman knew very well how to spank a boy. At the first spank on Mike's right cheek he jumped and screamed. After the second and the third he started crying for pain and on the fifth he was already kicking and howling. The hand spanking went on for what seemed an eternity to Mike when, at last, it stopped. For the time the monitor needed to reach the wooden hairbrush laying on the table at her side. Then Mike felt the contact of the hairbrush back on his already sore and dark pink behind.

He had never thought it could be possible that a spanking could be so painful. The first two swats landed on his upper bottom, the third and the fourth on the middle, the fifth and the sixth on the lower. All the following ten were concentrated on the base of Mike's bum right where all his weight would be when he sat. By this time Mike was bawling like a baby and his kicking was becoming a running in place.

At this point the woman grabbed one of Mike's cheeks and stretched it out so his ass was spread open and Mike's asshole was in clear view. The last four swats landed exactly on it, making Mike's earsplitting screams reach an unbearable level. Only a few moment after the last swat did Mike realized that the spanking was over. The young woman put him on his feet and showed all the campers his deep red behind.

"This is what happens to those who don't respect the camp's rules!" said the monitor. She then turned Mike around to face his mates. "Now, Mike, apologize to your mates for

the indecent show you put on with your spanking and remain standing on the stage till bed time! And don't think about rubbing that sore backside of yours if you want to avoid another trip on my knee!"

Crying freely, Mike stood in front of his mates and realized he again had a hard-on. If possible, his face showed a deeper shade of red than his behind. He made his apologies and remained standing. After one hour with his hands behind his head bed time arrived and he was happy to be allowed to go in the tent. In the dark of the tent Mike was able to have a little relief. His ass was very sore but at least the next morning he would be dressed again. Laying on his tummy he swore to himself that never ever in the future would he be naked again.

But kids are kids and it is always difficult for kids to stay out of trouble for a long time.

THE END (for now. If you like this story others will come).

SUMMER CAMP PART 2: THE SPANKING DUO (by Sister)

It was already half an hour that the ten-years-old Peter was awake on his bunk-bed in the tent number 6. He couldn't wait for the time to go to the seaside and meet again that wonderful angel named Laura. She's so beautiful, he thought, with her blond hairs, her deep blue eyes. And what about her smile! Peter was totally lost in love with her.

In the girls' camp, a still sleeping ten-year-old Laura was dreaming of a bright knight with Peter's face who came to her rescue and embraced her putting a light kiss on her lips. And the dreaming ten-year-old was kissing the air in her tent.

It's time to get up, thought Peter, looking to his watch. Eight 'o clock: in one our I'll be able to meet her. With these cheerful thoughts Peter jumped down from the bunk and started his morning routine.

This morning Laura put more time than usual to prepare herself for the day on the beach. She pulled out all her bathing suits but it seemed that no one was the right one. Her hair didn't want to comply with the brush's orders. Nothing seemed to be right for that day. She had to choose. It was already late and she didn't want to risk to deserve any marks. Not today!!!!

The problem of the marks was very simple. Both she and Peter were on vacation in two separate camps, one for boys and one for girls. Those two special camps were the place where brats of both sexes aged 6 to 12 were sent by their families to learn discipline. In both the camps, severe punishments were given out for any misbehavior.

Misbehavior meant being awarded a mark by a camp monitor. Every evening, after dinner, there took place a punishment session during which the kids who had collected marks during the day were punished in front of all the other kids of the camp. Every punishment was always given on the bare while totally naked.

The number of the strokes and the implement to be used depended on the gravity of the offence. In all cases, every punishment session was followed and/or preceded by a bare time. Heavier was the offence, longer was the naked time (however never less than half a day).

If you got seven marks in a week, you won the worst punishment of the camps: on Saturday you'll be sent to the other camp where the kids had the possibility to give you all the punishments, the pain and the humiliation they wished.

The breakfast and the bus trip to the beach seen for both the youngsters to be a never ending time. At last they were at the beach. In a while the two separate groups of children descended from the local public bus and were running to their reserved place on the beach. While running Laura's sight was already on the boys' group looking for her sweetheart. She saw him and her heart missed a beat. All the children were at the place and everyone was engaged in a sort of game against the time undressing themselves to their bathing suits. Laura was proud of her new bright pink lacy one piece swimming suit. It was the first time she wore it and she felt it fit perfectly on her body. It traced sharply the line of her chest that had started to grown only some weeks ago, making her feel a grown-up girl.

Peter was in his light blue trunk and was looking for Laura. In ten minutes all the children were ready in their bathing suits to go play in the sand. Peter and Laura didn't want the others noticing there was something between them so they

started playing with other children in separate groups.

Working his best, Peter was able in a quarter of an hour to find himself in a place very near to Laura, who was waiting for that, too. Both wanted to be together with no mates around. Their friends wouldn't had wasted time in teasing them if they caught them together.

Peter said to his play mates he was going to get some water for the sand castle they were building up. He took a bucket and went toward some sand dunes that were on the left side of their place. While walking he cast a glance to where was Laura who caught his look and nodded. "I'll go to pick-up some shells," she said to her playing friends and Mr. Jones, the beach male monitor.

"Don't go too far, Laura," said Mr. Jones "and don't stay away too long." She stand up and started toward the water. She walked on the waterline in the dunes' direction till, after a couple of dunes she found the waiting Peter.

They kissed and hugged each other for a while and then they sat down on the sand. A light summer breeze was blowing through the dunes and the sun was giving them warm sensations that made sweeter their feelings.

Laura and Peter played with the sand for some time. She wrote love words on the sand and he built up a little sand castle for his queen.

Before long, they had totally lost the track of time. It was already more than half an hour since they had left their fiends. "Any one of you had saw Peter or Laura?" Mr. Jones and Ms. Makaresco, the two monitors, asked the children. Everyone started to search around calling them loud. Our two lovers didn't hear the voices calling them and went on playing together.

While laying on the sand again hugging each other a shadow eclipsed the sun light. They turned their sight only to meet the stern look of Mr. Jones. "What the hell you are doing in here?" he asked loud with his hand on the hips. "Laura Springfilds, stand up immediately!" he ordered, "and you too, young man." The two youngsters jumped up simultaneously only to find themselves yanked by their earlobes and propelled by the angry monitor toward the place on the beach where were the other children.

When they arrived at the place, they found all the children waiting for them. "Okay, children," said a loud Mr. Jones,

standing the two youngster in front of the group, "everyone sit down still." All the children sat on the sand under the common gazebo waiting for what will come. "I found these two brats," continued the Monitor, "hiding themselves between the dunes. They went away from the group by themselves without telling us. This is absolutely against the rules." Laura while standing in the sun was already lightly crying. Peter tried to be strong for his girlfriend but a little tremble in his hands betrayed his nervous.

"As you know, children," chimed Ms. Makaresco, "no breaking of the rules is allowed in our camps."

"For you two brats," stated Mr. Jones, "that means a mark each." The children sitting on the sand murmured.

"Silence, please!" stated Ms. Makaresco.

"First of all," continued Mr. Jones, "you will immediately strip off your bathing suits." A gasp came from the audience. "And as your offence is not a little one you'll be spanked once immediately after your strip. You'll receive another one with the hand and the brush during a special meeting we'll organize this evening in the presence of all the campers from both the camps." Another audible gasp came out from the listening children.

"No, please, Mr. Jones," pleaded both the children, "not in front of both the camps."

"Shut up!" he sternly ordered, "not another word from you, if you know what's better for you." While saying that, he and Ms. Makaresco went to the back of Laura and Peter. Leaving them facing toward the big group of mixed children Mr. Jones yanked the straps of Laura's pink one piece bathing suit and pulled them down off her shoulders. The fabric was peeled down her torso and her little budding breasts came on view for the audience. Her tears flowed down her face strongly now. As her bathing suit was on her thighs and her privates were totally visible to all she was crying hard.

Peter's trunk was peeled down at the same time and his little dick was in plain view for all the children to see. At this point he was crying hard too. They knew all too well that to cover themselves would mean another punishment in addition to the two spanking they already had deserved. Their face were blushing furiously. They were never punished before in the camp and the punishments they witnessed were always inside the camp with only children of the same sex

watching the show. Here now were more than seventy children in the audience. Of both the sexes!

To Peter's dismay, he realized he was having a boner. The teasing of the children in the audience, most from the girls, increased. The naked Peter was standing with all his hairless 4 inch glory on display for all the world to see. His shame was high and his sobbing was steady. Like Peter, Laura was crying freely, too. And the first spank was still to be delivered.

Two garden chairs appeared near them. The two monitors sat on the chair behind the two crying children and they pulled them down on their lap.

Laura was now laying on Mr. Jones lap and Peter was on Ms. Makaresco's. The two chairs were positioned in a way the two bare bottoms were facing the audience.

Without warning, the first hand spanks landed on both the bare asses simultaneously. Two young heads snapped in shock at the same time. How a hard blow was that! Just at the time they realized this, another one dropped on their bare bottoms. By the forth hard spank the two youngsters' loud sobbing become a steadily bawling. The "Stop, please, no more!" begging reached no goal with the two irate monitors who went on with hard spank after hard spank. Laura was crying harder than she had ever cried, nose running and furious kicking in the same way Peter was. Both of the hapless childrens were doing such a strange horizontal frantic ballet so fast that it was hard to see well the two sets of kicking legs. Laura's kicking was so wild that her legs frequently opened letting a generous portion of her femalehood display for the watching children.

Long before the end the two children's bawling turned to a continuous, earsplitting scream of agony. After the twentieth hard hand spank landed on their now red, hot and sore bare butts the two miscreants were made to stand on their feet. They immediately entertained their audience with a frantic hopping from foot to foot. For Peter's discomfort, he was sporting a raging hard on in its full 4 inch glory. Dancing all around he realized that most of the girls' eyes were glued to his privates. That added on his embarrassment. Most of the boys' glaces starred to Laura's privates, deepening the red on her face.

"This," loudly announced the female monitor turning the two youngsters' red, sore and hot bottoms to face the children in the audience, "is what you all have to expect if you

break the camp's rules."

"Now you two, apologize with your mates for the time they had to waste watching your poor show!" commend Mr. Jones.

"We are sorry," said both the children, "you have had to waste your time watching our spanking."

"And what else?" hurried Ms. Makaresco

"We are sorry 'cause you had to see us naked!" continued the two unhappy kids, blushing even more.

"Well, now it's play time!" stated the male monitor.

"May we have our suits back?" asked Peter in a futile attempt.

"No, you can't," come Ms. Makaresco reply, "you have to go to play with the other children in the state you are now!"

The rest of the day was horrible for the two naked youngsters. The hot sand was not a comfortable seat for their sore, red and already hot bottoms. From their mates an endless teasing followed them for the remaining of the morning and a good part of the afternoon. Most of time Peter sported his hard on for all the world to see. Most of the girls felt his very hot, very sore bottom and some of the older ones touched his front as well. Laura was crying all the time. No one outside her family had seen her naked in four years and it was already one year since the last time a male, her father, saw her bare. Now everyone on the beach was able to see her, and worst, there was yet the return bus trip to the camp. Anyone at the stop or on the public bus would be able to see her in her total nakedness.

Both were scared for the evening show, also. The previous spanking was nothing more than a warm-up compared to what was waiting them tonight.

With those thoughts they didn't enjoy too much the play.

Too soon for the children, the evening arrived. For the special night show it was decided that the girls would come to the boys' camp for dinner. At half past six, the girls' troop arrived, marching along the two hundred yards track in

the wood between the two camps, with a still totally naked Laura in front. Waiting for them were all the boys and, at the front of the line, stood the very naked Peter, at least soft.

With the two bare bottomed children in the lead, both troops marched toward the dining room. Here the naked children were led onto the stage fronting the tables, where they were let standing, one near the other, hands behind their heads. Of course no supper for them. For all the dinner time they could overheard embarrassing comments about their next spankings and their displayed privates. The redness of their bottoms were totally faded away now, but their faces were blushing furiously.

"I bet," said a boy at the first table to a girl near him, "that in a short time their bare bottoms will be as red as their faces". Adding to his embarrassment, Peter was once again showing an erection.

After a very long eternity for the two youngsters, everyone finished eating and it was the dreaded show time.

Miss Susan Leighton, the chief boys' monitor, went on the stage toward the microphone centered exactly between and in back of the two bare bottomed kids.

She knocked a couple of time on the mike so as to test it. "Welcome everyone!" she started, "Wow! Tonight we have such a big audience. I'm not used to have so a big one. Well, this evening's show seems to promise a lot, doesn't it?"

Peter and Laura were totally in distress. They perfectly knew about the huge number of children in the place, but to listen to someone to remind them of this was just too harsh to endure. Tears were already running freely on their faces.

"Well," she went on, "all of you knows exactly what Peter and Laura did today on the beach. They would have fun alone together without letting anyone know where they were. Now it's time for them to enjoy some time with us, isn't it?" A loud laughter came from the watching children and monitors. More crying and sobbing from the bare bottomed kids on the stage.

"Mr. Jones, Ms. Makaresco," continued Ms. Leighton, "Please, on the stage" The two monitors went toward her. Two chairs were placed at the right side of the trio and both Mr. Jones

and Ms. Makaresco sat on them.

"Peter, Laura," said Ms. Leighton to the naked children, "It's show time for you. Peter on Ms. Makaresco's laps, Laura on Mr. Jones's, now!" she sternly added.

Both the children shuffled toward their future tormentors. As they reached the sides of the sitting monitors they were yanked down on the two adults' laps. A couple of adult hands were raised in the air and immediately after dropped down on a couple of white young bare bottoms. By the time the two spanked kids realized how hard was the first blow, a second was falling down harder than the previous one. By the fifth blow both the children were steadily sobbing, by the eighth bawling and kicking. Before the twenty-fourth and last hand spank was delivered the two miscreants were howling hard, d their kicking turning to a running in place as if to reach some unreachable end line.

Suddenly the hand spanks ceased. Just in the time for the monitors to pick up the two hairbrushes lying by their sides. The spankings started again with renewed energy on the two now red, sore and hot bare bottoms. The two youngster's howling was again entertaining the big audience. They pleaded, begged for "stop, stop" but every thing was in vain. The two nasty brushes went on and on tattooing their purple, very hot, very sore bare bottoms. The hairbrushing was accompanied by a not-so-angelic chorus intoned by the two steadily howling kids. Their throats were made hoarse by their crying and screaming. Their voices had reached an earsplitting level and more then one kid in the audience was with hands on ears to decrease the volume of the loud noise.

As the two screeching kids were thinking that the end would never come the powerful hair brushing stopped. The two monitors promptly put the two children on their feet facing the audience.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," said Ms. Leighton, "the show is over, for now. Peter and Laura, your spankings are ended. In addition to your finished punishments you have to remain totally naked through tomorrow. You'll be allowed to dress yourselves again only on the day after tomorrow."

The two naked children were crying too much to have the strength to react or protest about that new statement. And that was their luck.

After a little while the girls left the boys camp with the naked Laura leading the line. The two spent an horrible time all the next day subdued to an unending teasing from their mates but, at least, they were able to survive till the following morning when they were able to put their bathing suits on again.

The end, a very shamefully end for the Summer Camp's kids. But don't worry, It's only for now. Other stories will be related by my diary one of these days.