

STRIPPED, HUMILIATED AND SPANKED (ggggbbbbb/b humil
strip
spank bond tort)by Sister

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the difference between a fantasy and reality. Nothing of
what is in this story should ever happen (maybe?). If you
are still reading means you have the same fetish of mine so
have a good time and let me know suggestions and/or critics
of yours.

STRIPPED, HUMILIATED AND SPANKED (by Sister)

The weather was beautiful on that early June day and I was
going to spend it playing in the apartment block's yard with
some friends of mine. It's wonderful, I thought, to be 11
(6th grade boy equaled being grown up in my mind) and to
have friends to play with. We were a gang and I was the
substitute boss of it. Maybe today we can go to the enemy
block yard (only an iron bars fence between ours and theirs)
for a good fight and we could get some prisoners. With this
thought in my mind I joined the other members of the team.
We all agreed for the fight and so we went.

We thought to arrive there unexpected but we were wrong. As
we were in their yard, far away from the "border", they
snapped their trap. We found ourselves surrounded by the
others so Luca, our chief, yelled out "Retreat men! Hurry
up!!"

We were able to escape from the enemy ring and started
running to the fence. Some of my buddies were already on the
other side when I slid on a piece of dog excrement and I
fell down on my face. The enemy surrounded me immediately.
I was the last one in our queue as to protect the escape of
our team so I remained insulated. The enemy grabbed me by
the arms and held me firmly to avoid my trying to escape.

Blindfolded, I was dragged into their headquarter and there they binded my hands together over my head to a tube on the ceiling. They took away my blindfold and I looked around: I was tied by my hands in the center of a large cellar facing nine kids aged from 8 to 12. Five were boys and four were girls. Then one of the boy came to me. He asked: "Where is your headquarter?"

"My name is Robert, Captain Robert, sir!" was my answer. "Ok" he said "let's try something more convincing." Saying that he snapped to another boy of about 10 who immediately came and yelled "aye, sir!"

"Pull up his shirt over his head, George!" The boy came close to me and tugged the hem of my T-shirt up till over my head letting it binding my forearms. I gasped as I found myself bare chested in front of all those kids. "Now tug down those shorts of his too!"

"No, please! Not my shorts!" I pleaded. Pitiless George yanked my shorts down to my ankles and off. My face was red as a tomato for the shame. I was there, bounded, with only my white briefs on in front of a bunch of kids, most younger than me, and, most of all, in front of four giggling little girls one of whom was my schoolmate. I was already crying when the first boy asked me again "Where is your headquarter?"

Through the tears I repeated "My name is Robert, Captain Robert, sir!"

"Ok CAPTAIN ROBERT, If this is what you want, it's what you'll have. Laura, come here and, please, pull down those briefs of his!"

"With a lot of pleasure," she said. As the blond nine-years-old Laura came to me I pleaded "Nooo! not my briefs!"

She inserted her little fingers in the waistband of my briefs and slowly started to peel them down. First came in view my ass and immediately after my prick was on display for all the world to see. She put my briefs in the pile with my shorts and, before going away she brushed her hand on my front. Against all my will, I got immediately a boner along with my total discomfort.

"This is your last chance to save yourself the tortures," Said their boss. "Where is your headquarter?"

Well knowing that it will be hard to go through but not willing to betray my buddies, I was able, between the sobs, to answer again, "My name is Robert, Captain Robert, sir!"

At those words their boss snapped again his fingers and another boy who was at my back said "Aye sir!" Immediately after I heard a swoosh at my back followed by a loud 'pak' sound when the paddle handed by the boy landed on my right cheek. As I screamed in surprise and pain a second swat followed on my left one. The pain was incredible. The boy was using all his ten-year-old strength to give it to me. A third fell down in the middle of my butt hitting both my cheeks. Before this beating started I thought to be able to resist the pain but now I was not so sure. Another seven swats followed the first three and my initial screams become howls. When the tenth landed and was not followed by another I was crying my eyes out. The sting in my ass was strong and I was not able to rub it away as my hands were bounded to the tube on the ceiling. As my legs were free, I was jumping from one leg to the other, making a nice show of my privates bouncing up and down that was enjoyed very much by the giggling watching girls. As if this was not enough for my shame, I also had a boner, that embarrassed me even more.

"Do you want now to say to me what I asked?" said the older boy.

Between the sobs I yelled "No! Never! Effing bastard!"

"Ok! your choice" He replayed. "Now our little Kelly will take care of your little thing!" He snapped to a little giggling girl of about 8 who came near to me starring to my 4 inch glory. As I was trying to kick her, another two girls came and grabbed my ankles. They put a rope on each of them, fixing the ropes to some metal rings on the wall, spreading my legs wide open. Kelly started touching my prick and my face blushed redder than my butt.

"Do you like it, huh?" she asked me with a smile printed on her angel face. All the other kids, more the girls than the boys, were giggling and began to tease me. I was suffering the shame to hate her touch and to love it as she rubbed roughly up and down on my stiff dick. I was there wishing she didn't stop it and meanwhile willing an end to this horrible nightmare. After a few moments she slid her hand down to my hanging sack and grabbed, squeezing it hard. I screamed in pain, and still holding tight my nuts she said, laughing, "And do you like this?" All the kids laughed at my pain screams.

"Stretch 'em good!" said a red-haired girl of ten. After a couple of seconds that seemed to me like an eternity Kelly let her grip go and I was crying in pain. My butt was sore, my nuts were sore and my legs, due to the wide open position, hurt too.

"Well!" said the boss "This is your last chance. I will ask you one more time. If you will not answer, our girls will torture you as much as they want to do it! Where is located your headquarter?".

I was exhausted but I didn't want to let them win. Trying to catch my breath I said with a low voice "My name is Robert, Captain Robert, sir!"

"You are more stupid than I could believe." He said, "Ok girls, he's your!" Immediately the other three girls reached Kelly near to me. First of all they took turns on touching all other my body, most of all on my red butt and my privates. The boner that I had lost before due to the pain in my nuts came back again.

"Hey, look at this dummy! Seems that he likes being naked and having us girls playing with his things!" said a brunette of eleven. "Well Martina, lets see if he likes some other tool!" replied Laura. She went to a wooden box in a corner of the cellar and took out a piece of a broom handle. It was thirty cm long and 2 cm wide, rounded on the top. Laura came to me, handling that scary tool. She went to my back and kneeled on the floor. Her face was inches away from my bruised butt.

"Hey! Someone hold his butt checks apart," She said and immediately Kelly and Martina answered her request. They took my ass checks, stretching them wide apart. Laura put the top of the broom handle at the entrance of my puckered hole, then she began to push it against my sphincter muscle. I began to pleaded with them to not do it but all my "big boy of eleven" pleads to the younger "little girls" worked only to make them laugh more loudly. Laura started to push harder and my asshole began to open to the intruding item. At a harder push by Laura the handle entered my virgin hole and I gave out an earsplitting scream. She showed it half way in my rectum and stood up on her feet. Kelly and Martina let their grip on my checks and stood admiring the wooden handle sticking out of my ass. "Do you like this too, Captain Robert?" Laura asked me. Before I could say anything she gripped the handle and started to swing it inside me, increasing my sufferance. Due to the work on my

prostate by the invading tool I had again a boner.

Leaving the handle in my ass, the girls moved their interests onto my front side. Martina, standing in front of me, slapped my sticking out stiff prick hard, making it bump from side to side. My groan in replay made her decide to do it again. Another harder slap hit my 4" glory followed by another groan of mine. At that point there started a kind of game between the girls. Taking turns, the four little girls slapped my dick as hard as they could, looking for the one of them able to make me groan loudest. After five minutes of that my dick was very sore but I was on the edge of cumming. When Kelly took her turn slapping with all her 9-year-old strength, with a big groan, I came. My shot missed her by a hair and splatted on the dirty floor.

My shame was at the edge. Not only had these four girls seen me naked, they had taken total control of my pain and pleasure, making me cum. I was crying continuously when they decided to take care of another part of me as yet untouched. Kelly went to the wooden box in the corner and when she came back she handled some plastic cloths pins. She attached the first two to my nipples. Immediately a jolt of pain reached my mind. They squeezed very hard. Before I was able to scream Kelly put another two cloths pins on my sack followed by others on all the length of my already sore dick. Meanwhile, Laura handled the paddle and started to beat my red behind hard. In the next minute I received twenty hard swats by Laura while Kelly worked on the cloths pins on my nipples, twisting and pulling them hard.

The worst thing was that I hardened one more time. Right at that instant a loud crack was heard through the cellar's door. One minute later the door broke down and twelve kids rushed into the place. My gang was there rescuing me. As they saw what was in the cellar their jabs dropped down. What a picture I was. Naked, bound to a tube with my legs stretched wide open, my privates and nipples covered with cloths pins, surrounded by little dressed girls spanking and torturing me.

The other gang boys jumped on my group and the girls joined them letting me hanging there. After a furious fight my gang won. Marisa and Maria, two ten-years-old girls of my gang came to let me free. I saw that they were giggling and starring to my privates while they worked to smooth the ropes. Marisa turned around me to go on the other side and passing at my back saw the wooden handle still sticking out of my bum. She gasped at the sight and Maria immediately came to see what was happening. I was totally devastated by

shame when Maria grabbed the handle with her hands and started to pull it out. With some pain the horrible thing went out and Maria threw it to the corner of the cellar. Some one handed me my briefs and shorts, so I was able to redress myself. With Marisa and Maria helping me, we walked outside in the sunshine to our headquarters, with a queue of blindfolded prisoners chained to each other by the hands following us.

Now is the moment for my revenge I thought, happy to be among friends again.

END OF THE TALE.