

Home Late Chapter 3: Recounting Being Spanked at School and Home at 16

"When was the last time you were spanked at school?"

"Earlier this year"

"What happened?"

"It really wasn't that big of deal. I got 5 demerits in history class. Stupid things really, I wasn't in my seat when the bell rang, I was chewing gum in class. 5 demerits IS enough for a trip to the principal's office. But it wasn't "insubordination" and "willful rebellion" like the teacher said on the note. But those words meant a much worse punishment was coming. And this was my second trip in less than a month.

I went to the principal's office, knowing that I was going to get spanked. The only questions were how many and what would he use. He had a ruler, a strap and a cane. The standard punishment was 6 hits. Sometimes he went easy on us and only gave us half. I knew that wasn't going to happen to today. What I feared was that I would get a double.

I knew the routine when I got to his office. He left his door open so everyone could hear; although no one could really see unless they walked all the way in. But in our small school this was way worse than you would think. All of the classrooms were close to the office. And most of the teachers would open their classroom doors and pause their teaching so the whole class could hear each spanking. They thought that it deterred other students from misbehaving. I hated it because everyone in school knew about your spanking.

He would have me go to the far side of his desk, raise my skirt, and bend forward on to the desk. Then he would lecture me about what I had done. I waited through this to see which instrument he would pick to use on me. I was glad to see it was the ruler, it would hurt but it wasn't too bad.

I counted out the strokes as he gave them to me. Smack, "one", smack, "two" until I had counted six. He walked to put the ruler away and I started to get up, thankful it was over and that it wasn't as bad as I had expected.

"We aren't done yet young lady, get back into position while I get the strap"

My bottom already stung from the ruler, and now I was about to get the strap. I heard it wish through the air just before it hit my bottom. The crack of the leather as it hit my panties registered in my brain just a little before the pain. I started to say one, but it just came out as "Ow".

"Since you didn't count that one properly, I'll have to do it again."

Another smack right on top of the last one, but this time I was careful to clearly say "One". The next 4 strokes all landed in roughly the same spot. Each one hurt more than the one before, but I kept counting. Then with the last stroke he unexpectedly changed his aim, he hit me lower and aimed the strap so that it curled around my cheek and hit my privates as well. Instead of counting out number 6, I scream out "shit".

"I'll have to do that one over as well. Plus three more for cussing."

I had gone from sobbing to a full fledge cry. I counted out the next 4 through my tears. It was finally finished.

The principal gave me a couple of minutes to wipe the tears from my face, and then walked me back to the classroom. I was still sobbing lightly and breathing quickly. Sitting on those hard school chairs the rest of the day was misery. But I still had to go home and face my parents.

The note from the principal repeated the insubordination and willful rebellion comments from my history teacher, and it added that I received extra punishment for cussing during my spanking. It listed my punishment as 6 strokes with the ruler and 11 with the strap. I knew what to expect when I got home.

I handed the note to my Mom.

"Undress and wait for me in my room."

I took off my school outfit and folded it neatly on her dresser. And I waited. She came in with a plastic ruler and grabbed one of dad's belts from the closet.

"It looks like you got it pretty good at school. But you already know that doesn't compare to what you are going to get here. Do you have any idea how embarrassing it is to have the school tell you that you have raised an insubordinate and rebellious child? Do you think that just because you turned 16 that you don't have to listen to the rules any more? I'm sure your Dad and I can change that idea. Lay down on the bed"

I laid face down, with my legs tight together. Mom grabbed my ankles and spread my legs apart. "Hook your toes on the outside edges of the mattress to keep your apart." Mom had never asked me to do this before, so I was a little worried. It spread my legs wide and angled my butt into the air more.

Instead of the ruler, Mom began with the strap. She started near my knee. One solid swat against the back of my thigh. She moved a few inches higher, and gave me a second. I was glad that my sore bottom wasn't getting any more from the strap. But it wasn't much help since the strap on the thighs hurt even more. 5 swats with the strap and she had worked her way up my one thigh. She moved to the other side of the bed. 5 more, working their way up my thigh. Then came number 11 as hard as she could right across my already bruised bottom. Oh how I squealed and cried.

"Turn over, heels on the outside of the mattress"

Mom started again down by the knee, one stroke after another running up the front of my thigh. 5 swats up the right side, then 5 more up the left side. The final stroke was right across the top of my panty line. It hurt so bad I curled up to cry.

"back in position, you still have 12 more with the ruler."

Mom took careful aim with the ruler on my inner thigh, right up next to my privates. All 12 hits on one thigh, all within a couple inches. I could see the growing red welt. It looked worse than any of the strap marks.

"stand in the dining room until your father gets home"

I was scared, there was no way I could take another 30 some strokes when my Dad got home

He agreed, kind of. When he arrived home, he saw me standing naked in the dining room corner. He could certainly see from the backs of my thighs and bottom that I had been spanked hard today.

"So what happened with you?"

I turned around to face my dad, and he could see all the marks down my front side as well. There was no use telling anything less than the full story. "I got in trouble at school today for being insubordinate and rebellious. I received 6 swats with the ruler and 6 more with the strap. I got two extra with the strap for not counting out properly. And I got three extra for saying a curse word after one stroke. When I came home, Mom punished me and sent me here to wait for you."

"Insubordinate and rebellious? You probably deserve even more than you got. But it doesn't look like you are ready to handle what you deserve right now. Go get your Mom and we will discuss the rest of your punishment."

I brought Mom back to the Dining Room, and Dad described the upcoming punishment. "Sherri, it seems that you have been acting very full of yourself at school. The best way to wash that out is with an enema and a suppository. Starting this evening, for the next three evenings you will get an enema right before supper. The suppository will be before school.

Enemas are bad enough, but dad used a candle mold and a special formula for these suppositories. The candle mold was about 5" long and about 1" across. I'm not sure what all was in the special formula, but it dissolved really slowly. It had some hot spices or something like that because it burned all day.

My Dad continued describing my punishment, "If her old ones won't fit anymore, make some new punishment knickers for Sherri." He said to my Mom.

He returned to addressing me, "You will be wearing them around the clock, including to school, for the next three days. Three nights from now, I will give you the rest of your punishment. 34 strokes with the belt for the punishment you got at school, plus 6 more for what you should have got at school for being insubordinate, plus two more for each day that we are waiting to finish your punishment."

I was adding those up in my mind, 46 strokes from my Dad with the belt was going to be brutal.

I interrupted her to learn more about what she meant by "punishment knickers".

My parents used them from time to time when they felt that we needed reminded all day long about how we were acting. Usually we only had to wear them for a few hours. I hadn't worn any since elementary school. They are made out of really rough wool. They go from your knees up to your waist. They are tight, and hot, and really itchy. When your skin is red, like marks from a spanking, it is even worse.

But I had no idea how bad it would be to wear these wool underwear all day long. They were so warm; they made me sweat constantly. And the sweaty skin against the wool itched even more. Maybe I didn't remember as a younger kid, or maybe that was one of the differences of growing up, but the wool rubbed against my privates all day and that hurt. I would sit in school with this terrible itch, but I couldn't even squirm around in my seat without getting in trouble for fidgeting and not paying attention. And the whole time my privates itched, the inside of my butt was on fire from the suppository.

Before the three days were over I was actually looking forward to being spanked by my father. Just so I could end the constant itching.

When it was time for my spanking, Dad had me change into a night gown. He told me to pin it up front and back. I came back down stairs wearing exactly what he asked and he directed me into the living room.

First I bent over the side of the sofa. He hit my bottom 5 times with the belt and another 5 on the backs of my thighs. Next I laid on my back on the sofa and he gave me 8 swats on the front of my thighs, and two more across my bikini line. He wasn't even half done yet.

Next he had me sit on the front edge of the sofa and grab my ankles, pulling my legs back and as far apart as I could. He took the belt to the inside of my thighs. 10 slaps on each side. My entire thigh, the whole way around, was one big red welt. Then he flipped me almost on my head. My feet were over the back of the sofa and my butt was straight up in the air. With my legs still spread, he swung the belt so it would hit that small area that is between the cheeks. That hurt so much worse than anything else. That skin was usually protected during a spanking. Three solid strikes on each side.