

Home Late Chapter 2: Recounting Being Watched by Her Brother's Friends at Age 13

I asked Sherri what it was like to have her older brother watch her being spanked. Her brother was two years older than her

"When I was younger it just seemed normal. For as long as I could remember there were times when each of us saw the other one get spanked. And plenty of times where we both got spanked together."

"Well when was the first time it felt strange to have him see?" I asked.

"I had just turned thirteen. I had just started noticing boys. It was the end of the summer and three of my brothers' friends were over, including Jimmy. Every girl at school had a crush on Jimmy. Especially me. I wanted to be around Jimmy, I wanted him to notice me so bad. I probably deserved the spanking I got that day, but it was very embarrassing."

"What happened?"

"I recruited my sister to help me hassle the boys while they played. When they played hide and go seek, Sandy and I would follow them to their hiding places. When they tried to play ball, I threw the ball on the roof because they wouldn't let me play too. I went too far and Mom heard the yelling from the house. One look and she knew who was guilty; she's good at that you know."

"Sherri! Sandy! You two come with me right this minute"

"We knew we were about to get spanked. And my brother knew it too. But he didn't try to stick up for us; instead he started whispering to his friends. I know he was telling them what was about to happen. Mom took us inside and told us each to get ready for the spoon."

I had heard her tell me what "getting ready for the spoon" meant. She described it as 9 steps.

1. Take off her panties
2. Neatly fold the panties
3. Place the folded panties on her mom's dresser
4. Button, or pin, her dress up in back. Her Mom sewed special buttons on the backs of the girls dresses that held them up for spankings and "corner time"
5. Take a dining room chair to whichever room Mom had said the punishment would be in
6. Get a wooden spoon from the kitchen drawer
7. Kneel on the chair
8. Put the spoon on her low back
9. Wait

Sherri continued telling me about that day, "usually Mom gave us 10 hard whacks with the spoon. I'm not sure how many I got that day but it seemed to go on forever. My entire bottom felt like it was on fire. But when the spanking stopped, I noticed, between my sobs, that it was completely silent outside. And I knew that my brother and his friends were listening to me being punished. I paid close attention as Mom started to spank Sandy. Smack, smack, smack... A steady rhythm for 10 strokes. Mom knew I talked Sandy into helping me, so I was getting what I deserved.

I was clearly going to get the worst end of things. I had hoped it was over. But my Mom had other plans.

"Go cut a switch."

"But Davey and his friends are out there, they will see my bottom."

"You should have thought about that beforehand. Now both of you march."

I had heard before that cutting the switch was only part of what she had to do. They had to strip all the bark from it while they stood outside with their bottoms bared. Sandy described to me another time how she had to do this, day or night, sun, rain or snow. In the snow, the cold would bite at her bare skin, making her butt hurt almost as much as the spanking. And making the switch hurt even more on the cold skin.

She continued with the story, "When I went out for the switch, my brother and his friends didn't even pretend to look away.

Davey called out "that looks like it hurts pretty bad, you sure you will be ready for the switch too. I don't know that I have ever seen such a red bottom. "

My face had to be nearly as red.

The boys followed us to the tree and watched as we cut and stripped our switches. About half way through my Mom came out. My heart lifted, she was going to tell the boys to go back to playing. She didn't.

"Sherri, are you ashamed for these boys to see you like this?"

"Yes, momma"

"Good. Maybe that will help you think twice about your rude behavior. Finish up that switch and get inside."

Sandy and I finished our switches and hurried inside. I don't think I was ever so happy to be heading into the house with a switch. Mom was going to switch Sandy first and she told me to watch. It was worse to watch my sister go first because the whole time she was being spanked I was thinking about what was about to happen to me. Instead of kneeling on the chair, Mom told her to straddle the chair, feet and knees outside the chair legs, face against the seat of the chair. Mom didn't make us get in that position very often, but we dreaded it when she did.

The first strike hit the center of her left cheek leaving the tell-tale thin red line. Mom paused, waiting for the next stroke, which was lower down. Another long pause, followed by a stroke aimed perfect in that tender area between the top of the thigh and the bottom of your butt. Slowly she worked her way down Sandy's thigh. Since she was straddling the chair, Mom could hit both the back of her thighs and the soft flesh of her inner thigh. When she had finished with the left thigh, she repeated a mirror image of marks down the right side. With all of the pauses, it seemed to go on forever.

Then it was my turn. I didn't have to be told, when my sister stood up I took over her position. I just wanted to get this over with. But Mom had other plans.

"Sandy, go get your brother and tell him that I want him to watch his sister being punished for what she did to him."

Before, all I thought about when straddling the chair was how much more the switch hurt on my inner thighs. Now I pictured what my brother was going to see, everything. I knew from school that other girls my age had plenty of hair, but I only had a little tiny bit and I was embarrassed about that too.

I was glad when Davey stood a little bit to the side. At least he wouldn't be looking directly at my privates the whole time. I heard Mom moving behind me, probably getting ready to start, and I glanced back. My brother's friends were peaking around the wall in the kitchen. They didn't have a perfect view from there, but the thought that they would see my switching was humiliating.

Mom took her time with me as well. I counted thirty lashes with the switch. At least ten of those were near the top of my inner thigh, and they really hurt.

I joined Sandy standing in the corner. When Mom went out to the garden, my brother and his friends snuck back into the dining room to take a closer look at our bottoms.

"I've never seen a girl get spanked before."

"Do you get watch every time?"

"Look at those lines the switch left."

They talked about me like I wasn't even there. I was glad they didn't stay longer. But they didn't want my Mom to catch them.