

# Home Late

## (Part 1)

### M/f, F/f spank, no sex

My wife, Sherri, and I started dating in high school. We came from very different backgrounds. I was a classic rebellious seventeen year old from a family that didn't pay much attention to what I did. She came from a very conservative, strict, and religious family. Her parents were reluctantly allowing her to date now that she had turned 16, and she seemed immediately attracted to my darker side. And of course, I was intrigued by her naïve innocence. I looked forward to the process of teaching her about sex.

Before we could leave her house on a date, I had to go to church with her family and spend several afternoons at their house. I worked hard to act like a responsible and respectable young man, for fear I would never have an evening out with her. After three weeks, we were finally "allowed" to go out on a date—the first of her life. Her curfew was 9:30. I could hardly believe it. Since her parents thought that movies, dancing, and even bowling were evil activities, we chose an innocuous activity for our first date. We went on a picnic, followed by a walk around the flower gardens. Our first kiss was memorable, not because it was so outstanding, but because it was so awkward.

We returned to her house shortly after nine. Once inside the house, we spent 20 minutes answering questions from her parents about where we had gone and what we had done. I was strongly considering whether it was worth continuing to chase this cute young girl. But her petite frame, tiny tits, and innocent face continued to fascinate me. I asked her parents for permission to take her on another date the following week (appearing too eager for the next date would have assured a negative response from her parents). They agreed, and the evening ended with a small peck on the cheek as her parents pretended not to watch from the next room.

After leaving her house that evening I headed straight to the local college, where I used my fake ID to enter the bar. While Sherri might be a prize worth working for, that was no reason to be celibate in the mean time. And fortunately I knew where to find some drunk and willing girls.

On the night of our second date, I knew for certain that this was the woman I wanted forever. The date itself wasn't particularly noteworthy. We went to dinner and then to a movie, and agreed on a fabricated account of our activities for the evening (the details of which escape me now). Our kisses were a little more intense and a little less awkward. I copped a subtle feel and left a small hickey on the back of her neck, where it would be hidden by her blouse and hair. We returned 16 minutes after curfew. Her parents were waiting with a stop watch. I apologized profusely and quickly blamed it on a non-existent accident and traffic jam. Just when I thought that this would suffice, her father spoke up. "Well the two of you should have planned better. Sherri will have to be punished for being late. As much as I would like, I can't punish you, so perhaps by watching some of her punishment you will think twice about being late next time."

I glanced over and saw a look of shock and humiliation on my girlfriend's face. "Let him watch," she gasped. "Only enough that he sees the importance of obedience" her mother responded. "Have him help you select and prepare a switch" she continued. My curiosity was piqued. "Do I have to pin my skirt first?" Her mom replied, "Not this time."

Sherri quietly selected a knife and we walked outside. Her voice was cracking as she started to explain. My parents don't believe any child is too old for corporal punishment. I get spanked any time they think that I deserve it. Sometimes they use their hands or a slipper. That isn't too bad. But other times they use a belt, a thin leather strap, or a switch. I always get spanked on the bare bottom, and sometimes I have to strip. But I can't imagine that they will do THAT while you are still here." Just hearing her talk about it was incredibly arousing. I longed to hear more.

"What did you mean by 'pinning your skirt'? I asked

"Normally I have to go outside to cut the switch with my bare bottom showing. But I guess they didn't want my boyfriend seeing that, so I am getting off a little easy."

I almost commented that I was getting off too, but I didn't think that joke would endear me to her.

While she was stripping the bark from the switch, I asked "How often does this happen?" She replied, "Serious spankings like this only happen once every month or two. But I get some type of spanking at least once or twice a week." As we walked back to the house, Sherri almost pleaded "It will be a couple weeks before we are allowed to go out again, but you will come over while I'm grounded won't you?" Of course, I agreed.

When we returned to the house, her parents immediately directed her towards their bedroom. I was told to follow. They had me stand in the doorway while they walked Sherri to the middle of the room. "Since your boyfriend is watching, leave your skirt and top on, but remove your hose and panties." Sherri carefully removed, folded and placed them on the bed.

"Join us in prayer" her father said to me.

So we all knelt as her father said a lengthy prayer about the importance of obedience and how he hoped that this act of correction would help mold Sherri's will to honor her parents and please God.

Once the prayer ended, her mother spoke. "Face your boyfriend, bend your knees and grab your ankles."

Her mother then lifted Sherri's skirt across and draped it across her back. The look of humiliation on Sherri's face was total. Then her mom picked up the switch and snapped it firmly across her ass. Sherri counted "one." By the fifth hit, I saw tears start to roll down her face. After the eighth she was crying fairly steadily. At this point her mom stopped and spoke to me. "I think it is time for you to leave. Now you have seen a glimpse of the consequences of disobedience. After you leave, I can start over and give Sherri one switch for each minute she was late. Then her father will give her one swat for each minute with either his belt or razor strap. Since we can't spank you for being late, we will also each give Sherri 16 additional lashes that would have been for you. I hope your this little taste of what Sherri has to go through because of your irresponsibility will help you learn your lesson as well. I want to see you here tomorrow morning for church. And I hope we never have to do this again because of your irresponsibility."

Her parents walked me to the door, while Sherri stayed in the bedroom. I backed my car from the driveway and acted like I was driving away. Then I parked the car around the corner and ran back to the bedroom window. The window was open and I could barely see through a gap in the curtains. Sherri was folding her clothes on the bed. I saw the red welts on her ass. Her parents started carefully examining her, and immediately saw the hickey. "Stand straight and place your hands behind your head." Her small tits nearly disappeared in this position. Then her mother started to switch her tits, criss-crossing her nipples. All the while she lectured her about the importance of purity. After her tits were covered with welts, her mother finally stopped. Then came the questions if her virginity was still intact. She assured them it was. Nonetheless they decided to check for themselves. Sherri laid back on the bed and pulled her knees apart with her arms. Her mother carefully inspected her pussy and stated that she didn't see any swelling or redness. Then she instructed Sherri to hold that position for the remainder of her punishment and point her butt higher. With Sherri holding her legs apart and her pussy spread wide, her mom started to apply the 32 strokes of the switch on her inner thighs and ass. Several strokes landed very near her pussy. Sherri screamed in pain, but counted each one and stayed in the position she was told to keep. When her mother finished she told Sherri to kneel on the bed.

Sherri's dad walked over carrying a leather strap that was about  $\frac{3}{4}$ " of an inch wide. He told Sherri to place her face on the bed and stick her bottom out towards him. He adjusted her knees a little wider apart. I could see all the earlier welts from the switch on her thighs, ass and pussy. Her dad applied the strap with a loud whack. The resulting welt was the largest and brightest yet. I stood in amazement that Sherri handled the next one, let alone all 32 that eventually came. Her bottom and thighs were a collection of thick welts from

the strap. Her crying was constant. I chose this as a good time to leave. What I had watched had left me more excited than I could ever remember.

I arrived early at their home the next morning for church. I asked if I could drive Sherri and meet them there. Her parents discussed it briefly and said that it might be good if Sherri and I talked alone. As soon as we were alone in the car, Sherri asked why I would be with her after what I saw. Didn't it sicken me. I assured her that her parents' actions didn't change how I felt about her. Then I asked her what happened after I left. I wanted to relive it in my mind, and I knew that it embarrassed her to tell me, which was also arousing. She told me about undressing, her mom seeing the hickey and the extra switching for the hickey. She didn't mention WHERE the extra strokes were received. She also told me about the strap. I asked if it hurt bad. She said that it still did. I asked if it left marks, she verified that it did. I dared to ask her to show the marks to me. After a little hesitation, she agreed and, to my pleasant surprise pulled her hose and panties to her knees and allowed me to view her bruised bottom. I reached over and gently stroked the raised marks with my fingertip. I sincerely apologized. While Sherri was turned on her side, I traced several of the marks across her bottom and between her legs. Sherri changed positions slightly to allow me better access between her legs. Soon I was following some welts directly to her pussy lips. Next I was gently stroking her pussy. I kept doing that until right before we reached the church. Sherri was so aroused that my hand and her whole backside were dripping wet. Sitting in the pew next to her parents I swore I smelled her, and that everyone else might have as well. On the way home she told me about the strokes to her tits and wanted me to see and feel those marks as well. I obliged.

It was three weeks before we were allowed to be alone together again. For the next month and a half we were back early every date. And I was the perfect gentleman in front of her parents. And I was careful to not leave any more hickeys, since Sherri told me that her parents checked after every date. From time to time I quizzed Sherri about how her parents practiced spanking. I wanted details. Her descriptions only fed my fetish.

It isn't surprising that her parents weren't anxious to leave us alone anytime soon. But they seemed to welcome me visiting the house regularly. I think it might have reassured them that I had a sincere interest in their daughter. They actually gave us a surprising amount of privacy, at least to talk. They didn't spell out the restrictions, but it was obvious that Sherri and I shouldn't be anywhere together that even gave the appearance that we were trying to hide ourselves from plain view. Her parents didn't watch over us constantly, but they made it obvious that they were checking on us regularly. We never did more than hold hands and talk each day. I would help her with her chores, and if the weather allowed we would sit on the swing out back. It was far enough away from the house that there was no danger of being overhead. But it was clearly visible from the house, so it was easy to check on us.

We talked about plenty of nothing. But at some point each day I turned the subject, at least briefly, to the subject of spanking. It was interesting because the subject seemed to both embarrass and arouse Sherri. And I was learning that I enjoyed her humiliation just as much as I did her arousal. In hindsight my actions sound more carefully planned than they really were. I began by asking her general questions, as time passed the questions became more specific and her answers became more and more detailed. I rewarded her, unconsciously at first, by following up the discussions of her spankings with descriptions of what kind of date I would like to be taking her on right now instead of sitting at the house. As the details about her spankings increased, I was increasing the details about our imaginary dates and even adding in things about what I would like to do when we were married. A weekend in a remote cabin. A trip to the beach. Lying in each other's arms as we watched the sun set over the water. She told me about spankings that happened at all ages, but I paid the most attention to the ones she received as a teen.

#### General Information about Spankings

I learned a number of things about how and when spankings were administered in her household growing up. For instance:

- A child is never too old to spank
- All spankings should be delivered on the bare bottom or, if they were especially bad, without any clothing

- Mom always spanks first, sometimes Dad repeats the entire spanking when he gets home
- Being in public didn't always prevent a bare bottom spanking right there, but if they simply could not give a bare bottom spanking then, she would receive one spanking over their clothes in public and another one without clothes at home
- The church school she attends practices spanking, in all grades
- If she was spanked at school, she could expect double at home, or even quadruple if Dad punished her too
- Her mom liked using the wooden spoon and switch; her dad preferred using the belt.
- Sometimes the whole family witnessed a punishment if the offense was severe, or her siblings were affected by her behaviour
- Mom believed in "corner time" showing her punished bottom