**A New Life**

by StoryGuy

**Chapter 1**

Karen's father had left some years ago. She saw him occasionally for about six months after he left, then he stopped coming around. It had been hard, but she, her mother, and her younger brother had survived. Her mother had started dating a man and things were getting serious. Karen didn't care either way, but he seemed to make her mother happy.

Her mother had been working a day job, but it didn't pay well. Recently she had taken a new job that paid much better, but she had to work later and didn't get out until 11 PM. In order to do that, her boyfriend, now fiance, came over some afternoons and every evening to watch Karen and her brother.

For the first week and into the second things went smoothly. It had been a week and a half when he called her into the living room and had her sit on a chair facing him as he sat on the couch. He seemed deep it thought. Finally Karen asked, "What do you want? You called me in here.?"

"I don't like your attitude and I don't like your doing nothing around here. I'm not your maid. There's no reason you can't start doing things to help out,?" he stated.

Karen was a little put out by his remark, but didn't want to escalate the situation, so just answered, "OK. May I go now?"

"Things are going to change or you're going to regret it! Go!?" he snapped.

Karen rushed up to her room. It was fair to say she was a little angry. He wasn't her parent! Who did he think he was? She didn't even agree with what he said. Still, she was a bit fearful and resolved to do a little more just to appease him.

For the next couple of days things seemed to go back to how they had been before. On this particular day, a Friday, her brother had gone over a friend's house to spend the night, so it was just the two of them. Karen had made supper and she had it ready when he arrived.

She was pleased with herself when he commented she was doing better. They ate, but didn't really talk. Her phone rang and it was one of her friends from school. Karen stood and walked into the living room for some privacy. She wasn't paying much attention as she and her friend chatted away. Her call finally ended and she went to the bathroom, then walked into the kitchen, passing him sitting on the couch.

Karen was a little surprised to see the dishes already washed and in the drainer. Maybe it was his way of saying thanks to her? She walked back out of the kitchen and started up the stairs. "Come here!?" he yelled.

She turned and walked back down the stairs. "What?" she asked as she walked up to him.

He reached out, grabbed her wrist, and pulled her over his lap. Before she could react his hand landed hard on her ass a few times, then he pushed her off. "Stand up!?" he snapped. Karen was in shock. Slowly she stood up. "I warned you! I told you to start doing things around here and what did you do? Walked off to talk to your friends leaving me, your 'maid', to clean up after you.

"I'm sorry! I...?" Karen started, but he interrupted her.

"Take you pants off!?" he yelled.

"No!?" she protested, but he reached out, grabbing the waist of her pants, and yanked them down to her ankles.

"Step out of them,?" he commanded. Now afraid, Karen stepped out of her pants. "Panties too!?" he added. Her jaw dropped and she froze. Again he reached out and pushed her panties down to her feet. Again she was told to step out of them.

Karen just stood there, naked from the waist down, in shock. When she realized he could see her bare pussy she moved her hand over to cover herself. He reached out, grabbed her hand, and pulled her forward so she ended up sitting on his leg as she straddled it. "We're not done yet!?" he hissed.

He pulled her head down so she was sort of laying on her stomach and her head was under his arm. Again he began spanking her, this time on her exposed ass. He was striking her so hard that with each swat she slid up his leg. Karen struggled, but it was of no use.

Karen began to notice that it was starting to feel the same as when she touched herself, but with each spank the feeling got stronger and stronger. She continued struggling, begging him to stop, but he wouldn't.

Suddenly her whole body began shaking and her legs stiffened. She knew the feeling; she was climaxing! She wasn't pleasuring herself though. She was getting spanked. She had no pants on and a man was seeing her as he spanked her. Karen knew she wasn't supposed to have an orgasm, but her body didn't.

Her body was floating in ecstasy, but he continued swatting her now very sore ass. Her climax ebbed and finally began to pass, but the spanking continued. Once again she started begging him to stop. The sting on her ass was blinding.

Finally he stood her up. This time she didn't try to cover her pussy. Both hands were trying to rub the sting from her ass. "Look what you did! You made a mess on my pants!?" he yelled. Karen looked down and saw a wet spot on his pants. Had she peed on him? "You're a mess too!?" Karen looked down. Her pussy was glistening and there was a small stream starting down her leg.

He stood up and seemed to be trying to wipe the wet spot off his pants. "Go clean up,?" he snapped.

Karen turned and ran up the stairs and into the shower. The cool water hitting her freshly spanked ass both seemed to ease the burning, but also hurt her very tender skin. She finished her shower, picked up her top and bra, and walked into her room. Her ass was still sore, so she looked into her mirror and saw it was still red.

She grabbed a clean bra and top, putting it on. Karen then opened her underwear drawer, but then closed it. Her ass was far too sore to put tight panties on, so she pulled out a pair of loose shorts putting those on.

Karen flopped face down on her bed, finally resting after her ordeal. She wasn't sure how long she lay there when she heard someone on the stairs. Looking over her shoulder she saw him at her doorway. He tossed her pants to her.

"We will keep what happened between us. No one needs to know I had to spank you. If you brag about it next time will be ten times worse,?" he warned her, then left.

Karen stayed in her room the rest of the night. Her ass was still sore when she went to bed, so she stayed on her stomach. Her mind wandered back to her spanking. Karen had been shocked and embarrassed to have her pants taken off and her nakedness on display for him to see. She didn't understand it, but part of her had enjoyed being exposed to him.

Her hand snaked down and into her shorts. Her fingers began to rub across her clit giving her the same feelings she experienced when her spanking had produced as she slid on his leg. She remembered the jolts she felt when his hand slapped her ass. How the spanks had almost vibrated her clit. She hated getting spanked, but her body loved it.

Karen gasped as her orgasm hit. In her mind his eyes almost burned her pussy as he looked at it. Unconsciously her legs parted as she thought about him looking at her with nothing covering her from the waist down. Everything she had always fought to keep private had been exposed to him. He had looked at her and it excited her.

**Chapter 2**

A few days later, after school, Karen joined her friends and they went shopping. It was fun going from store to store looking at all the things they wanted to buy. The shopping group broke up and Karen headed home. It was no big deal. She knew her brother wouldn't be home and she didn't want to be home with "him" anyway.

When she got home, Karen just walked up the stairs to her room. Within minutes he was standing in her doorway. "Where have you been" he asked.

"Out with my friends, not that it matters," Karen answered, not even looking up at him.

There was a few moments of silence before he calmly ordered, "Take off your pants."

"I will not!" she snapped.

He lunged forward, grabbed her pants, and yanked them down to her ankles before she could react. "I said to take them off, now do it!" he repeated. They were already at her feet, so she stepped out of them. "Panties too," he added.

Karen remembered the last time. He had pulled her panties down and torn them. The ones she was wearing was one of her favorites. She knew one way or another they would be coming off, so she reached down and slowly lowered her panties until they slipped down her legs to her feet. Karen was almost trembling as she stepped out of them. Her hand instinctively went in front of her crotch trying to hide her nakedness.

"Hands at your sides!" he snapped.

"I'm too old to let you see me naked!" she protested.

"You are acting like a child, so you are being treated like a child. Hands at your sides!" he angrily repeated.

Karen's face turned red as her hands moved away from her crotch exposing her pussy to him. "Do you know why you are going to be punished" he asked, but her head hung down and she said nothing. "You went somewhere after school and said nothing to anyone. I had no idea where you were. You then wander in like you own the place and no one but you matters. I was concerned about your well being, but that doesn't matter to you at all. What would your mother do if you did that to her? I don't think she'd be too pleased with you," he lectured.

"Sorry," Karen mumbled.

"Sorry won't cut it! There's a price to pay and you're going to pay it. Lean over the end of your bed," he snapped.

Karen did as he asked, just wanting to get it over with. As she bent down she realized what he was seeing, making her blush even more. She didn't have much time to think about what he was seeing as his hand crashed into her exposed ass. The pain escalated quickly as he began spanking her hard with fast swats.

"Please stop! It hurts! I won't do it again I promise," she pleaded, but he continued to spank her.

Through the sting in her ass Karen felt those feelings starting again. She knew being bend over like she was her pussy lips would be protruding between her legs. As he spanked her, some swats were hitting her there. Although the spank still hurt, it was sending a slight, pleasurable jolt through her body. Also it seemed every spank was stimulating her clit. Karen tried to ignore and fight off those feelings, but it wasn't working.

She should have been fighting him. She should scream, run away, do something. Karen was just laying there, letting him spank her. She should have been trying to cover herself too, but she was just laying there knowing he could see her body, see her pussy protruding between her legs. Was something wrong with her?

Her ass was really starting to sting, but her body was almost overriding that sting. She could feel the wetness in her pussy. It seemed the more she tried to fight off the feelings, the stronger they became.

It finally happened. Karen's climax hit her like a freight train. He continued to spank her, but it was only serving to stimulate her even more. Her body jarred with every spank which felt like it was jarring her clit. When a spank hit her pussy it seemed to pull her orgasm out of her body.

The squirming and protests stopped as her body seemed to just float in ecstasy. He was still spanking, it still hurt with each swat, but her body seemed to look forward to every spank. Her ass was on fire, but it didn't seem to matter. Her pussy, ass, and even her asshole was there for him to see, but she didn't care. Her body was in control and even her tightly clamped legs seemed to relax a little and stop trying to cover her up by slightly parting.

He continued to spank her and her ass was really burning, but she made no more protests, just waited for it to end. Finally he stopped. "Stand up," he ordered.

Karen slowly stood, but made no effort to cover herself this time. She just turned to face him. He pulled the chair out from her desk and sat down facing her. For a while the two just looked at each other. Karen knew her pussy was bare, but there was no reason to try and hide from him now. He had already seen her.

He reached down, picked up her panties, and held them out to her. "Wipe," he stated. She took the panties, bowed her legs, and mopped up the obvious wetness between her legs. Karen dropped the soiled panties on her bed before looking back up at him. "Things have to change. You need to become more considerate of others and stop thinking of just yourself," he calmly told her. "We'll talk later," he said as he stood and walked out of her room.

For a while she just stood there, still in shock from what had happened. Eventually she looked around and saw her cream on her desk. Her ass was still burning. A glance in her mirror showed her a bright red ass confirming her spanking. Karen took the cap off the tube and started rubbing the soothing contents on her battered ass.

"You OK" she heard her brothers voice ask.

She looked over her shoulder to see her brother standing in her still opened doorway. "Yeah, I'm fine. Close my door and get out," she snapped realizing not only had "he" seen her with no pants on, but now her brother had.

Karen pulled a pair of shorts from her drawer, put them on, and flopped down on her bed face first. She quickly fell asleep.

**Chapter 3**

For the next week or so Karen tried to be on her best behavior. Her ass was still sore and her pussy was actually sore too. She applied her cream on her ass daily and also rubbed some on her pussy, and, even though her pussy was sore, proved quite pleasurable. She was happy that at least her body still worked as it had.

After a few days Karen's body was back to normal and the redness and soreness had gone. She was still on her best behavior not wanting a repeat though. He seemed pleased and had even complimented her on her improvement.

Karen had a bad day at school, she had a fight with one of her friends, and got a bad grade on one of her school papers. She had an event after school, which was fun and improved her mood some. When she got home she was surprised to see dinner was already ready.

After the three of them had finished eating, Karen and her brother was told to clear off the table and do the dishes. Normally that wouldn't be a problem. Karen would wash and her brother dried and put away what he could reach and Karen put away the dishes he couldn't reach.

Karen's brother didn't seem to be in the best mood either and began arguing with her about who was going to wash and who was going to dry. Karen was in no mood to discuss things with him and told him so in no uncertain terms and an argument ensued.

Suddenly the kitchen door burst open and "he?" came barging in. "That's it! I'll do the dishes. Both of you go to your rooms and take off your clothes. I will call you down for your punishment. You will each get ten hard spanks. Now go!?" he yelled. Both Karen and her brother opened their mouths to say something, but never got anything out before he bellowed, "Go! Now!?"

Karen rushed up the stairs closely followed by her brother and each went into their respective rooms. Karen sat down on her bed, afraid of what was going to happen. After a few minutes she decided she better get ready. She didn't want to make things worse. She slipped her shorts off and placed them on her bed. With trembling hands, she grabbed the waistband of her panties and slowly pushed them down.

She hated getting spanked and hated it worse on her bare ass, but there was no way to get around it. She sat down on her bed and waited for what seemed to be hours. "Karen, Todd, get down here, now!?" she heard him bellow. Being called filled her with fear, but being called down with her brother was far worse. Knowing she had no choice, Karen cracked her door open and looked out to see her brother walking down the hall in his underwear. She knew he'd be in more trouble, but couldn't help that now. She folded her hands over her crotch and followed him down the stairs.

"You, there. You, there,?" he snapped pointing to places on the floor in front of the couch. The two quickly moved to their designated spot. He looked them both over for a moment, then spoke. "It looks like neither of you can follow orders, so you both just doubled your punishment. I said to take your clothes off! You, take off your underwear. You, take off your top and, if you're wearing one, take your bra off too.?" Both gasped. "Now!?" he snapped.

Both Karen and her brother jumped when he yelled and took off the remainder of their clothing. Out of instinctual embarrassment, both folded their hands in front of their crotches. "Hands at your sides!?" he ordered and both dropped their hands to their sides. "Do you both know why you are being punished?" he asked and naturally both nodded. "I can't hear you.?"

"Yes, sir,?" Karen said softly and her brother repeated.

"You are being punished together because you both caused the other to be punished. One person cannot argue, it takes another to join in, and before you say anything I don't care who started it. You were both arguing and that's the issue, so you're both going to get spanked and both are going to get 20 spanks each,?" he explained. "Karen, you are the first born and you especially should have known better Step forward and lay across my lap,?" he ordered. Karen froze. "Are you trying for 40 spanks?" he asked.

Karen wanted to die of embarrassment. He was looking at her bare boobs in addition to her bare pussy. Not only was her brother going to watch her get spanked, he was going to see her naked. It wouldn't be the first time, but the last time was a few years ago when they were both little. She wasn't a little girl any more. Karen bent over his lap keeping her legs tightly clamped together even though she knew it wouldn't really hide her.

"Todd, stand there,?" he ordered, pointing to a spot behind Karen. "Ready?" he asked, but didn't wait for an answer. His hand slammed into her ass and, as it had in the past, Karen felt almost a vibration in her pussy. His spanks were steady, but slow. It only took three or four swats before her ass began to sting and, much worse, her body began reacting to the vibrations in her pussy. It was happening again and there was nothing Karen could do to stop it.

Her body was squirming, both from the stinging on her ass, but also from the buzzing in her pussy. Karen was fighting the feelings as best as she could. She hated having an orgasm when she got spanked and it was even worse that her brother was going to see it. She hoped he was close to being done because her climax was close.

Karen held her breath trying to hold back, but her body didn't cooperate. Her orgasm erupted slowly, but finally overtook her. Her ass was burning and her pussy was pulsating just the same. It wasn't long before her spanking ended, which caused her body to stop what it was doing and return to normal.

"Stand up,?" he told her after spanking her. She stood with a bright red face. Her ass was on fire, but the worst part was she had climaxed again. "Move out of the way,?" he told her and she stepped forward and turned around. Her brother was standing there, completely naked, but his cock was sticking out. It was the first "real?" cock she had ever seen and immediately recognized he had an erection because she had seen pictures on the internet.

"Your turn,?" he said looking at her brother. "Lay across my lap.?" Todd, completely red faced, stepped forward and positioned himself over his lap. "You, stand there,?" he ordered Karen pointing to the spot where her brother had been standing. Karen moved to where he stood and looked down at her brother. Part of her wanted to look away out of modesty, but seeing his bare, upturned ass fascinated her.

"Ready?" he asked and, as he had done with her, the spanking started. Karen could see her brother flinch with every stroke. She could tell he was trying to hold back, but his ass was becoming red and Karen knew how much he was hurting. He started to make a noise with every spank and without actually counting Karen knew he was only about half way through.

It wasn't long before he broke and began to cry out. His hands went back trying to protect his now tender ass. "Please! Stop!?" Todd begged to no avail. His hands were grabbed and pinned out of the way and his spanking continued. With his thrashing and kicking Karen saw everything. His legs were parting and between them she could see his ball sack.

Todd's spanking finally ended, but he was held down until he quieted. "Stand up,?" he was finally told. Unlike Karen, Todd went off his lap in front of him and turned to face him. Todd's hands were rubbing his ass. His cock was now soft and limp right in front of Karen. She felt sorry for him getting spanked, but she couldn't pull her eyes away from his cock.

"Both of you, go upstairs and get out of my sight!?" he admonished. Todd turned and actually ran up the stairs. Karen didn't run, but wasn't far behind him. She rushed into her room and could hear Todd still crying. Feeling sorry for him, Karen pulled on a tee and shorts and walked out of her room.

Todd was laying face down on his bed and had quieted some. He hadn't put anything on so he was still naked. "Can I come in?" Karen quietly asked, but he didn't answer. She slowly entered his room and he made no objection. His ass was scarlet and Karen knew how much it was burning, probably more than hers was.

"Um... I got some cream in my room I can put on you. It's kinda embarrassing, but it helps a lot,?" Karen offered and Todd nodded. She quickly went into her room, grabbed the cream, and went back. He had settled, but was still on his stomach and still naked. "Here,?" she offered holding out the jar, but he didn't move. "Want me to put some on?" she asked again.

"Yeah,?" Todd mumbled, still not moving. Karen unscrewed the lid and pushed her fingers into the jar. She suddenly felt awkward touching his bare ass, but rationalized he wanted her to. As her cream covered fingers touched his red skin she could feel the heat radiating from it.

He didn't seem to mind her rubbing his body as she gently spread the cream around. He seemed to relax more and his skin didn't feel as hot. He turned his head to look at her. "Better?" she asked.

"Yeah,?" he smiled. Karen turned to sit on his bed next to him. But winced and jumped up. "Didn't you put any on you?" he asked and she shook her head. Lay down and I'll put some on for you,?" he stated as he stood up, turning to face her. He was stiff again, his cock and balls were in plain sight, and he made no move to hide himself.

"It's OK. I don't need any,?" Karen lied.

"You do. I could tell when you went to sit down. I won't look, I promise. Just lay on your stomach and I can put some on for you. It really does help,?" he offered.

Karen couldn't think of an easy way to tell him no, especially since he was still naked and he had just minutes ago seen her completely naked. Almost reluctantly she crawled up on the bed and lay face down. She felt his hands on the waistband of her shorts and he pulled them down. "Wow! You're really red,?" he commented, not surprising Karen. She could feel the fire still on her ass. He released her shorts, but because she was laying on them and they had stayed up in the front, they immediately slid up her ass making her wince again.

"Sorry,?" he muttered as he pulled them back down again. "Lift up some,?" he said softly and without thinking she did. Her shorts slid down to her thighs and she was about to grab for them, but he released his grip and her shorts stayed at her upper thighs. It felt strange having her pants pulled down in front of her brother, but it was better than the first time earlier that evening.

Todd gently began spreading the cream over her raw skin. It was cooling and strangely relaxing to have him rubbing her ass. Karen's eyes closed as her mind began to wander. Her body began reacting to his touches. Suddenly it hit her that this was her brother. Karen flipped over, pulling her ass away from the fingers.

Having her pants still down never entered her mind until she looked up at Todd, who was kneeling in the bed next to her and he was still stiff and almost looked harder . Karen yanked her pants back up, hiding her pussy from his view, then stood up. "Um... Ah... I gotta go back to my room,?" she commented in an airy voice as she grabbed her jar of cream and rushed out.

Karen closed her door and leaned on it for a moment trying to gather her thoughts. As she settled she placed the jar of cream on her dresser and discovered she had forgotten the lid. There was no way she was going back into his room to get in, especially now.

She straightened out a bit, then turned her light off and climbed into her bed. Her mind relived the experiences of the evening. It wasn't the bad stuff she was remembering, but the orgasm from when she got spanked and the sensations Todd had caused when he rubbed cream on her ass.

Without thinking Karen snaked her hand into her shorts and between her legs. She hated herself for remembering the orgasm she had while getting spanked and after getting turned on by her brother, but she couldn't stop herself. Her body was craving those thoughts. Maybe if she gave her body what it wanted the thoughts would end?

**Chapter 4**

The next few days proved uneventful. Nothing was mentioned about their mutual experiences between Karen and Todd. From the outside it looked like nothing had even happened. Even the evidence of red asses was gone, or at least from Karen's point of view.

At school she and her friends had been talking about their favorite subject "“ boys. Somehow they had got on the topic of boys jerking off. They were all sharing what little knowledge they had on the subject and one of the girls stated that all boys jerk off all the time, producing a round of giggles. "It's true!?" the girl boasted sounding like an authority on the subject.

"I don't think my brother does,?" Karen commented.

"Of course he does. He's still a boy,?" the "authority?" countered. Karen wasn't convinced, but didn't argue the point. Unfortunately the class bell rang breaking up the conversation.

That evening, as Karen was doing her homework, a noise made her look up and she saw her brother walking from the bathroom, dressed in his robe and carrying his clothes. She turned her attention back to her studies, but remembered what the girl at school had said. Karen wondered if she was actually right.

Their house was old and in Karen's closet there was a hole going through into her brother's room. She had never paid too much attention to it before. On a whim Karen closed the door to her room, shut off the overhead light, and opened her closet door. She parted her clothes and found the hole. Conveniently, if she sat down the hole was at eye level.

Karen peered through the hole and into her brother's room. Right across from the hole was his bed. She was looking at the foot of it. His desk was evidently next to the hole. She spotted her brother walking around, still in his robe. He walked over to his bed and laid down on his back. She continued watching, but he just lay there not moving.

Thinking he must have fallen asleep, Karen went to stand up, but she saw him move. He reached under his robe and she could see his hand start moving. His hand was hidden, but Karen suspected what he was doing, so continued to watch him.

It was a few minutes before he opened his robe to reveal his fist wrapped around his stiff erection. Karen had seen it before when they were spanked together and after when she put cream on him, but didn't really look at it. This time she studied it. His small hand slid up and down his shaft from the very base to its bulbous head. Karen's eyes widened as she watched her brother jerk his cock, just as the girl had said he would.

Her brother's legs opened, giving Karen a different view. Between his legs she could now clearly see his ball sack. As his hand ran up the shaft of his cock, his balls seemed to lift and when he again slid down, his balls lowered. His pace was getting faster.

"What are you doing?" Karen heard a voice and her head snapped around to see her door hadn't closed and "he?" was standing there. She jumped up and he looked down where she had been sitting and noticed the hole. He flipped on her light. "Go get your brother,?" he ordered. Karen just stood there wide eyed, almost like she was frozen in place. He opened the door more and stood aside. "Go on, get him!?" he repeated.

Karen thawed quickly and rushed out of her room to Todd's closed door. She hesitated for a moment, then knocked softly. "Todd, you need to come to my room,?" she said softly.

"Go away,?" he yelled.

"Todd, he wants you in my room,?" she answered.

Karen heard rustling, then a minute or two later the door opened. He was still in his robe. Karen turned and slowly walked back into her room with her brother following. "You, stand there,?" he said to Karen as he pointed to a spot on the floor before turning his attention to Todd. "See that hole in the closet? Look through it,?" he angrily told Todd.

Todd, not knowing what was going on, bent down, looked in the hole, then stood back up. "Am I in trouble? I didn't make that hole. I...?" he stammered.

"No, you're not in trouble,?" he interrupted. "She is! I saw her sitting there spying on you through that hole. My guess is she was trying to look at you,?" he explained before turning his attention back to Karen. "You, take off your clothes!?" he snapped.

"Now? Here? In front of him?" she gasped.

"Why not? You didn't seemed too concerned about seeing him when you were spying on him. Why would you be concerned about him seeing you? Now take your clothes off!?" he yelled.

Karen knew this was a battle she couldn't win. Slowly she lifted her tee over her head and dropped it to the floor, standing there in her shorts and sports bra. He made a noise letting her know his impatience. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts and reluctantly push them down and stepped out of them. Again she paused.

"I'm waiting!?" he grumbled. Tears filled her eyes as she pulled her sports bra off. She wanted to cover her boobs, but knew he would just tell her not too. "Panties?" he reminded. She hesitated, but finally reached for her panties pushing them down and stepping out of them as well. As she did her hands instinctively went to her crotch.

"Stand up straight with your hands at your sides!?" he snapped and Karen complied. "Face your brother. Now turn, slowly. You wanted to see him, so you should have no problem letting him see you,?" he smirked.

Tears fell as she turned, letting her brother look at her body. Once she finished turning, she asked, "He's seen me now. Can I get dressed?"

"Dressed? You haven't been punished yet. Face your bed, bend over, and get ready to be spanked,?" he stated. Karen began to cry as she did as he asked. "Stand behind her... Back a little,?" he told her brother. Karen wanted to die. She knew her pussy lips were bulging out between her legs, but there was nothing she could do about it.

"You want to spank her or do you want me to?" Karen heard him say, but didn't hear an answer. A hand, no doubt his, landed on her ass and, as usual, it sent a vibration straight to her pussy. Her pussy got wetter as he spanked her, much to her horror, but also to her pleasure.

"Please! Stop! I promise I'll never do it again!?" she pleaded, hoping he'd stop before the inevitable happened to her again. Soft noises began escaping her mouth as the spanking continued and her legs began to shake. Karen tried to overrule her body, but her body won and she climaxed.

Waves of pleasure washed over her as her ass continued to be smacked. She stopped thrashing and just rode the wave of orgasm as her body floated. Every spank seemed to lift her a little higher, more so than the previous times.

The spanking finally ended and he left her room without saying anything more. It took a while for her body to settle and for her strength to replenish enough so she could crawl up on her bed. Her eyes closed as her body slowly returned to normal.

A hand touching her ass made her jump. "It's just me. I'm putting some cream on you,?" her brother softly said.

She thought about stopping him, but didn't. "I'm sorry I spied on you. I wanted to see if you... I know all boys jerk themselves and I... um...?" Karen stopped talking not knowing what words to use and she was far to embarrassed to continue anyway.

"Um... Did you see me?" he asked softly. Karen, who was still facing away from him, just nodded. "I'm sorry I did that, I won't...?" he began.

"No, it's OK. Everybody does it. Even I do,?" she interrupted and confessed.

"You do?" he gasped.

"Yes I do,?" she repeated. "Are you surprised that I do it or that girls do it?"

"Um... I didn't know girls could do it too. How do they do it?" he quizzed. Karen thought about it, but it was just too embarrassing to explain to him, so said nothing. Silently he continued rubbing cream on her still red ass. "Um, since you already saw anyway, if you want to watch, just ask me. I don't want you to get spanked for spying again,?" he whispered even though it was just the two of them in the room.

Karen rolled over and looked at him. "You'd let me watch?" she questioned and he nodded. It took a while for what he said to sink in. She became aware his eyes were moving and she realized she was still naked and his eyes were going back and forth from her boobs to her pussy. "Oops,?" she giggled as she rolled back onto her stomach. "I supposed we should get to bed,?" she hinted.

Her brother sat there for a while longer spreading cream on her, but not saying anything. Karen had the strange urge to roll over again and let him look at her more, but just couldn't. She wanted to, especially after his offer, but it was too embarrassing.

**Chapter 5**

Karen's brother had just signed up for an after school program, so it was just her and him home. She had quietly walked in and had gone to her room hoping not to disturb him, but he bellowed for her to come down to the living room. She had no choice but to comply.

Not knowing what he wanted, she nervously walked into the room. He was sitting on the couch, so she stood in front of him. Yes? she questioned.

You are fairly well behaved most of the time, but there's a lot of room for improvement. It seems like you are great right after you get spanked, but then you get worse and after about a week you aren't well behaved at all. I think I have a solution for that. Your brother has started an afternoon activity that meets once a week after school. So you don't have to get spanked with him hearing or maybe even seeing, I'm going to spank you on that day. That way no one will know you're getting spanked. How severely you get spanked will depend on how bad your behavior has been. Sound like a plan? he explained.

You're gonna spank me every week! Karen gasped.

Would you rather me just spank you when you do something wrong? It seems it will be probably every week anyway. Would you rather be spanked in front of your brother? he offered.

No! she blurted.

That's what I thought. You agree this way is better. We may as well get started. Step forward, he told her. Karen's jaw dropped and her eyes opened wide, but nothing else moved. He leaned forward, grabbing her pants pulling her close to him, then yanked her pants to her feet. Don't make things worse by defying me! Now step out of your pants, he commanded.

Why are you doing this? Karen asked as she kicked off her pants.

A proper spanking is on your bare ass. First you get ready, then I tell you what you have done wrong, then you get spanked, then it is over, he told at her. He then reached out and snapped her panties down before she could react. Her hands immediately went to her crotch. Stand up straight! Hands at your sides! he snapped. Good, he told her when she had done his bidding. Now step out of those.

Karen's face was red from embarrassment as she stepped out of her panties and stood before him, her arms at her sides, and naked from the waist down. She turned redder when she saw his eyes focused on her bush. The worst part was she felt her pussy begin to dampen.

This morning you left your dishes on the table after you ate breakfast and it was the fourth time this week you did that, he began as he started listing her offenses. Karen only half listened. Her mind was on her nakedness and she wished he would just spank her and get it over with so she could get dressed again.

He didn't take long to list her infractions, but to Karen it was hours. Bend over my lap for your punishment, he finally told her. At least her pussy would be covered Karen rationalized as she went down on her knees and draped her upper body over his legs. Hands on the floor! Boost that ass up so I can spank it, he growled.

Karen slid forward so she could reach the floor. As expected, her ass rose up, but what she didn't realize was that even though her legs were clamped tightly together, her pussy lips bulged out and no doubt he could see them clearly protruding between her legs. Her face couldn't get any redder from embarrassment, but if it was possible it would have.

His hand slammed down, slapping her bare ass cheeks making her jump. The worse part, even through the sting, was the jolt she felt in her pussy. With each slap her body would also slide forward a bit, rubbing her clit over his leg. His pace was steady, his spanks hard, her ass stung, but her body was reacting.

Karen's mind was screaming, but her body seemed to like what was happening. She was naked from the waist down and completely exposed to a man who could see everything she had. She was so embarrassed, but her body was getting turned on by showing itself to him. Even the soreness being produced on her tender ass wasn't slowing her body from enjoying what was happening.

Stop! Please! I'll be good, I promise! she pleaded as the burn on her ass got grew and even worse fire inside her pussy started to overwhelm her. It was like her asshole was funneling the fire from her ass and releasing it into her pussy. The spanking continued and with each slap the vibrations in her pussy got stronger. Karen tried to deny the feelings, but her body wasn't about to be denied. Deep down she felt her eruption coming.

Surrendering to the inevitable, Karen's body slowly stopped it's thrashing. It was coming and nothing she could do would stop in. Her legs began shaking; a sign of what was to come. She couldn't help it as sounds began escaping her mouth. The stinging on her ass was beginning to fade and the sensations from her pussy was starting to spread out across her belly.

Karen sensed her breathing getting deeper and the sounds coming out of her became more frequent. Her legs began to quiver. Suddenly her ass clenched and her body exploded. Every slap her ass took was like a jolt going through her body then smashing into the epicenter of her pussy. Her legs stiffened as her body was overwhelmed.

Waves of pleasure washed over her. Karen's body almost seemed to float. The spanks didn't even seem to sting. Her body was sliding a little on his lap with each slap making her clit rub against his leg increasing her sensations even more. Finally her body stopped floating and settled back down.

The spanks he was giving her began to sting again and she started to squirm once more. A short time later her spanking ended. Stand up, he commanded. Karen's legs felt weak, but she managed to get on her feet. Her hands went to her burning ass trying to put out the fire. Hands at your sides, he snapped and she complied not wanting to irritate him.

Turn around, he told her. She turned her back to him. Karen knew he was looking at her red ass. Turn, he said again and she turned to face him. It looks like it hurts. Is it worth it? he asked, but she didn't answer. Pick up your clothes and go up to your room. I trust you will behave better now?

Yes, Karen muttered as she gathered her pants and panties and headed for the stairs.

**Chapter 6**

It had been a few weeks since Karen's weekly spankings had started. Most of the time they weren't too severe, but the bad part was she always got bare bottom spankings. Her pants and panties were taken off. It was embarrassing being bottomless in front of him and she knew he got a good view of her. The good part, if it could be called that, is she always seemed to climax when she was spanked.

Karen hated that. She was spanked and her ass would turn red from it's beating and it really stung, but her body would respond anyway. Usually she was bent over with her ass in the air and her pussy lips protruding between her legs and sometimes even they got hit. Her ass would be set on fire followed by her pussy getting so wet it drooled. He had never tried to do anything else to her, but he had to know when she had an orgasm. Her spanking would end shortly after.

Karen had woken early that day. It was "dress up day" at school and she and all her friends were wearing dresses. She felt like a princess. The day went well and she had fun. Karen even received some compliments from the boys in her class telling her how pretty she looked. She was almost walking on a cloud as she walked in her door after she and her friends had stopped at an ice cream shop on the way home from school to treat themselves.

She walked in the door and headed for the stairs. "Karen, it's that day. Come here," he said calmly. Her mood suddenly dropped. She had completely forgotten it was spanking day and she hadn't told him she was stopping on the way home from school meaning she was to be spanked. She walked over and stood in front of him, staring at the floor.

"Get ready," he commanded. Maybe it was a good thing she had a dress on she rationalized. All she needed to do was take her panties off and he could just flip her dress up to spank her. He'd still see her, but it wasn't like she wasn't wearing anything below the waist. Karen reached up under her dress, dropped her panties down stepping out of them, then started to step forward to bend over his knee. "Take your dress off," he told her.

"Huh?" she blurted. "Can't you just lift it up to spank me?"

"Take your dress off," he repeated. Knowing she had no choice Karen reached for the zipper at the back of her dress, lowered it, then lowered her dress and stepped out of it. "Put it on the chair," he said and she picked up the dress and draped it over the chair behind her. Karen now stood in front of him wearing only a sports bra.

He looked at her for a moment, then told her, "Bra too." Her eyes widened as her jaw dropped. "Do you want to take it off or do you want me to take it off?" he offered. Karen wasn't sure which would be worse, but, as her face turned red, she lifted the bra off and tossed it with her other clothes.

Karen now stood in front of him completely naked. Her face was bright red from embarrassment. Not only could he see her pussy, but he could also see her growing breasts. The worst part was her pussy was getting wet even though she wanted to die. "Turn around," he ordered. She slowly turned letting him see her body. "You're becoming a very pretty girl," he complimented. "Oh well, let's get this over with."

Knowing the drill Karen stepped forward and draped herself over his knee, completely naked. She was embarrassed, but strangely turned on being exposed to him. Her legs were clamped together, but she knew her pussy lips were bulging out between her legs almost taunting him. The worst part was her pussy was already wet in anticipation of what was about to happen.

His hand slammed down onto her naked ass. The sting spread across her ass and it seemed like the vibration of his slap went right to her clit. As he spanked her with slow, steady slaps the fire on her ass grew. Her arousal also grew and she felt that familiar burn beginning deep within her that she knew would end in an orgasm. Ever her nips were hardening.

The spanking continued and her body began to react even though, as usual, she fought the feelings. Her back arched, pushing her ass higher and, at the same time, her legs parted a little, not only displaying her pussy more, but also seemingly begging to be hit. It stung each time a spank would pound into her, but if he happen to hit her pussy lips it also sent a jolt throughout her body.

Karen's hips started to involuntarily move, both pulling her ass away from his hand and also pushing up presenting a target for him. Her legs opened more as her excitement grew. She almost felt compelled to have him look at what she had spent a lifetime protecting.

A moan escaped her lips as her eruption began. The hurt of getting spanked was now giving her pleasure beyond belief. She no longer tried to prevent him from seeing her, but splayed her legs so he could see her pussy even more. She wanted him to look at her naked body. He continued spanking her and with every slap it felt like he was drawing her climax out of her body.

Karen's orgasm finally ebbed and her body began settling. Her ass was on fire, but she realized he had stopped spanking her. She also realized her legs were parted and he could no doubt see her wet pussy. Strangely it felt nice having him seeing her and she made no effort to close her legs.

"We're done. Stand up," he announced. Karen placed her hands on his legs to boost herself up. It was an accident, but one of her hands pressed against his crotch and she felt his hard cock. Her face turned redder than it already was from being bent over at her mistake. She quickly stood and pulled her hand away, but looked at where it had been and she could see the bulge in his pants.

"Turn around," he told her. She turned her back to him. "You're pretty red. Sore?" he asked and she nodded. "Go get your cream and I'll rub some on for you," he suggested. She turned and looked at him almost in disbelief. He was being kind to her now.

Karen turned and walked up the stairs still naked. In her room she looked into her mirror and saw her red ass. It still stung some. She grabbed the cream off of her bureau and went back downstairs again. She held out the jar to him and he took it. "Bend over the arm of the couch... there," he told her pointing to a towel draped over the couch arm.

She looked at the towel, then walked over to it and bent over the couch arm. She heard him rustling behind her, then his hand touched her tender ass. The coolness of the cream felt good. Strangely his touch also felt nice on her bare skin. Something new happened. She had climaxed just a short time ago, but she felt her pussy getting wetter anyway.

"Between your legs looks red as well. If you open them I'll put some cream there," he offered. Karen almost gasped at his words, but they also excited her. She knew he had already seen all of her already, many times, but he hadn't touched her except to spank her. He just offered to touch her if she opened her legs, but could she really do it?

Slowly she parted her legs, showing him her pussy. For a moment nothing happened, them she felt his hand go between her now parted legs. Her face flushed as his fingers grazed across her pussy lips. The cool cream felt good, but did nothing to cool down her arousal. The hand left, then returned with what seemed to be more cream.

He slowly and softly rubbed the cream on her pussy. Karen couldn't stop her body as her legs opened more and her back arched pushing her pussy out like it wanted to be touched more. Her body started to react to his rubbing. It almost felt like her clit was vibrating every time his hand slid over it. She couldn't push up in the position she was in, but her body tried anyway.

Again his hand left, but this time didn't return, much to her disappointment. "Feel better?" he asked sympathetically. Karen's head nodded, but she wanted him to keep rubbing. "Good. Now stand up, gather your clothes, and go up to your room and get dressed," he told her.

Karen slowly stood up and turned to face him. She made no attempt to hide her nakedness from him. Her mouth opened to say something, but nothing came out. Instead she walked to the chair where her clothes were, picked them up, and walked up the stairs.

She tossed her clothes onto her bed and walked to her mirror. Twisting so her back was toward the mirror she could see her ass was still red. She then faced the mirror. Her pussy was shiny from the wetness and her nips were poking out from arousal. A soft knock on the door she hadn't closed interrupted her.

"You forgot these," he said holding out her panties.

Normally her instincts would force her to try and cover herself, but this time she didn't. Instead she walked over to him, reached out and took her panties from him, muttered, "Thanks," and just stood there.

He paused as she watched his eyes rove over her exposed body, again making her pussy start to drool. He smiled slightly, then turned from her and headed toward the stairs.

**Chapter 7**

It had been a week since her completely naked spanking and following he had put cream on her. Karen had relived that moment every time she had pleasured herself, even though it had embarrassed her at the time. To make matters worse, or better, she wasn't sure, she had taken a shower after school two days ago. As she usually did, Karen had wrapped a towel around her and gone back to her room. She had just closed her door when there was a knock.

Karen opened her door to see him standing there. "I'm putting in a load of towels in the washing machine. If you're dry, give me yours and I'll wash it too," he stated.

At first she was shocked. Did he know she was naked with only the towel covering her? Even though shocked, she could feel those tingles deep within her. Slowly her hand went to the towel. She looked up at his expressionless face. Karen then pulled at the top of the towel, just above her breasts, loosening it. It fell from her body, completely exposing her nakedness.

Karen looked up at his eyes and could tell he was looking at her body. She made no effort to cover herself as her hand extended, offering him the towel. He took it from her and her arm fell to her side. She didn't understand it, but her pussy was getting wet as he looked at her nude body. "Thanks," he finally muttered and turned, walking away, leaving her standing there.

She just stood there in her open door completely naked for a moment trying to understand what she was feeling. Girls weren't supposed to let boys see them naked and it was even worse to let a man see them naked, but she almost wanted him to see her. She was embarrassed, but not because he saw her. She was embarrassed that she let him see her.

Karen heard her brother's door opening and quickly closed hers. Instead of dressing she just stood there pondering what had happened and wondering why she had done what she did. Some time had passed when a knock on her door snapped her back to reality. "Who is it?" she asked.

"It's me. How would you like to go for pizza tonight? ...you and your brother," he answered.

For some strange reason Karen opened her door even though she was still naked. "Come on in and close the door. I don't want my brother to see me," she stated as she stepped aside so he could come in. He walked over and sat on her bed as she closed her door again. "I'd like that," she muttered, but still hadn't made any attempt to cover herself.

"You going to get dressed or go out naked?" he smiled.

Karen giggled, but didn't answer him. Instead she walked to her bureau, opened her drawer, and pulled out two pairs of panties, holding them up so he could choose. He pointed to one and she put the other back and placed the chosen ones on her chair. She did the same thing with two bras, letting him pick one and putting the other back.

She repeated the procedure with shorts and a top. Once he had chosen, she turned to face him, still completely naked. She knew he was looking at her body. What should have been embarrassing for her really wasn't. It almost felt empowering standing before him wearing nothing at all, so she let him look for a moment.

"Are you still a virgin?" he asked her. The question made her blush and she wasn't sure what she should say. "Are you?" he repeated. With her face still red she nodded. "You still have your hymen then?" he continued and again she nodded. "Prove it. Show me," he told her.

"You want to look between my legs?" she gasped.

"Well, unless you can think of another way, yes. Just lay down on your bed with your legs open and pull your lips apart so I can see. I won't touch it, but I want to be sure," he explained.

Karen slowly walked over to her bed, not sure what she was feeling. He moved, making room for her. She crawled up onto her bed and onto her back. He twisted around so he was facing her. Karen hesitated. "Go on... Open your legs and show me. I've already seen you naked many times already, so it's no big deal for me to see you is it?"

She shook her head, unable to speak. Karen parted her legs a little, but couldn't move them too far apart with him sitting there. He took the leg closest to him and moved it so it was across his lap. Her face turned red as she reached down and pulled her lips apart so he could see her blockage.

"Good. That wasn't so bad was it?" he smiled. Karen pulled her hands back up, but couldn't close her legs because of her position and said nothing. "Has a boy tried to feel you up yet?" he asked.

Karen's face turned red. A boy had felt her boobs outside her clothes once. They had been at a party and were kissing and he had rubbed her. She was afraid to admit it to him though, so shook her head.

"Someday a boy will try to do that. It's up to you whether you let him or not. If you want, you can let him go as far as you want, BUT NEVER LET A BOY PUT HIS HANDS IN YOUR PANTS! Again, if you want you can let him rub you outside. Many girls like to be rubbed like that, but make sure the boy is special if you let him do that. There's only two things you can't do. You can't let a boy feel inside your pants and you can't let a boy see what's in your pants. The ONLY exception is me, I spank you so you have to take your pants off for that, and your brother might see you accidentally. You and he live in the same house and it is possible you could see him and he could see you. That already happened once when I had to spank you both. No one else can see you. Do I make my self clear?" he lectured.

"Yes," Karen answered meekly, blushing at what he had said.

"I'm very serious about that. No one sees or touches except me. If I find out you have let someone other that me or your brother see you, you will pay dearly. Believe me, your spankings so far have been nothing compared to what will happen if you disobey!" he emphasized.

"Yes, sir" Karen answered seeing the look on his face. She could tell he was quite serious.

"Good. I will be checking you on occasion to make sure you're still a virgin too. Now get dressed so we can get some pizza," he smiled.

A feeling of awkwardness came over her and she began dressing as he watched. Once more she was embarrassed, but not because he was watching her. Her pussy was getting wet. She hoped he wouldn't notice. Once she was dressed he stood and left her room. She put her shoes on and then walked out.

"I just saw him walk out of your room. Did he watch you getting dressed?" her brother asked making her jump as she didn't realize he was there.

"Um... Ah... Of course not! I was already dressed. He just wanted to talk to me," Karen lied. Todd seemed to accept the explanation and the two went down stairs, then out for pizza.

It was now the day she would be spanked again. Karen intentionally stayed outside a little longer than normal. He had taken her out for pizza because of her good behavior just two days ago and yesterday seemed to go fine. She wanted to make sure she did something to get spanked for and coming home late seemed to be a good idea.

Karen walked in knowing she was about a half hour late. "Get over here!" he bellowed. It scared her when he yelled at her, but she knew what to expect. She slowly walked over and stood in front of the couch where he was sitting and faced him. "You're late! You know what that means..." he scolded.

Her pussy was already getting wet in anticipation. She hung her head down as her hands went to the gym shorts she was wearing. Karen hooked her thumbs into the waistband and pushed her shorts and panties down. "I know..." she mumbled, not adding that was exactly what she wanted.

"No, not today," he told her making her look up. "Your brother is home. His after school thing was canceled for today. You can still get spanked if you want to or we can wait, but later you will get spanked. Your choice. You can either take all your clothes off and get spanked now, even though your brother might see, or you can pull up your pants and wait until later."

Karen's pussy was already wet. She wanted to get spanked and had been looking forward to it, but she didn't want her brother to see her get spanked. "I'll wait," she mumbled as she bent down to retrieve her shorts and panties.

"Go to your room. I owe you one, so don't think you're getting off without one," he grumbled. Karen was disappointed as she walked up the stairs. She didn't really like getting spanked because it hurt, but she loved the way her body reacted when she got spanked.

**Chapter 8**

It had been 3 days since Karen's spanking day when she didn't get spanked because her brother was home. She had been rubbing herself as her mind played a scenario where she was stripped in front of either a boy or, more often, him. As embarrassing as that could be, it always excited her and she climaxed easily.

As good as it felt to make herself orgasm, It wasn't as good as when she orgasmed when spanked. Something seemed to happen to her when he looked at her when she was naked. The spanking did things to her body she didn't understand and they were good things, even if they embarrassed her. Just having him see her naked seemed to excite her though.

Karen was feeling randy. She couldn't really parade around naked so he could see her and she knew he wouldn't spank her with her brother home, or at least she hoped so. Maybe there was a way though. She went into the bathroom, grabbed a facecloth, and wet it down with hot water. It was almost too hot, but she managed to hold it on her face. Karen repeated it a few more times until her face looked flush and felt warm. She then dried her face off and went downstairs.

He was sitting on the couch watching TV and didn't pay much attention to her as she walked into the kitchen. Knowing her temperature couldn't be taken with any accuracy if she had been drinking water, she made herself a glass of ice water and walked back into the living room drinking it.

He looked up when she walked back into the living room. Are you OK? Your face is flushed, he asked.

Not really. I don't feel well, she answered trying her best to sound sick.

Come here, he told her and she walked over to where he was sitting. His hand went to her forehead. You feel warm. I wish you had said something before you got some ice water. You feel like you may have a fever, but I can't take your temperature now.

Um... You still can, Karen corrected.

Not after drinking ice water I can't, he countered.

Um... It's kinda embarrassing, but I guess you've already seen me anyway. Sometimes my mother takes it in my butt, she answered, blushing even though it was what she wanted.

You OK doing it that way? he questioned. Karen lowered her eyes, but nodded. The thermometer is in the medicine cabinet in the bathroom, right? he asked and she nodded. Sit on the couch while I go get it, he told her as he stood and walked away.

He returned after a short time. OK, how do I do this? he asked as he sat down next to her.

You just stick it in, wait about 5 minutes, then read it, she mumbled, embarrassed about answering.

How far in? he questioned.

Karen took the thermometer from him and, slightly irritated, held the tip between her fingers. Hold it like this, put it all the way in, and just hold it.

OK, he acknowledged. I guess you should get ready?

Karen stood up and dropped her shorts to her feet, blushing as she did. It was strange that she blushed because she was doing what she wanted to do, but was blushing anyway. She stepped out of her shorts, then pushed her panties down stepping out of them as well. For a moment she stood in front of him. He was looking at her nakedness making her pussy wet.

Not wanting to be too obvious, she laid belly down across his lap and stretched out on the couch. Her face flushed as her legs parted enough for him to see between them, but hopefully not enough that he would realize what she was doing. She felt her ass cheeks being parted and knew he was looking at her asshole. Karen felt the thermometer ease into her and then felt his fingers, which were holding the thermometer, touch her.

Karen could feel the thermometer inside her and, in her mind, she visualized what he must be seeing. Her legs were open enough that she knew he could see the slit between her legs. Her ass was bare so he could see that and, with a thermometer in it, he could also see her asshole. It should have embarrassed her, but she liked him seeing her.

Whatcha doing? she heard Todd ask making her jump.

Hold still! I don't want the thermometer to break, he whispered to her. I'm taking your sister's temperature, he said to Todd.

In her butt? Todd gasped.

Yes in her butt. Now unless you want to get spanked when I'm done I suggest you go up to your room and give her some privacy! he snapped.

Karen heard him run up the stairs. I'm so embarrassed, she muttered.

Don't be. He's gone now. I told you before that living with a brother you are bound to be seen by him. You will probably see him as well, he comforted.

It took a few moments for her to settle after being seen by her brother, but she did relax and her mind went back to what was being done to her. His free hand was on her ass cheek and he was slowly rubbing it. Without realizing it her legs opened more hoping the hand would slink down to her pussy, which was begging to be rubbed.

Karen's mind was buzzing. She had no pants on, her legs were apart showing off her pussy, and he had pushed something in to her ass. Worse was she wanted him to and loved him doing it. She could feel her pussy getting wetter by the minute.

All too soon she felt him pull the thermometer from her ass and, after a moment, announced, Well, you don't have a fever. Why don't you go up to your room and lay down and see if you feel better later.

Karen stood up and faced him. That compelling feeling to have him look at her naked was still controlling her. She knew her pussy was wet and he could probably see the shininess of it. She just stood there for a few moments as he looked at her body. A sudden feeling of awkwardness came over her and she turned and headed for the stairs.

You going to put your shorts on? he asked.

She giggled as she turned and walked back to her discarded clothing. She almost didn't bother putting on panties, but wasn't sure what he would think if she didn't, so picked them up and stepped into them. Her wet pussy was begging for attention so she just picked up her shorts without putting them on.

Take this with you and wash it off, he told her holding out the thermometer.

Karen took the thermometer and headed up the stairs. She had just gotten to her door when she heard Todd ask, Are you OK?

Yes, I'm fine. I didn't get spanked or anything. I just had my temperature taken, she answered.

It didn't hurt? he questioned.

No. Come on in and close the door so he doesn't hear, she told her brother. He followed her into her room and closed the door behind him. It doesn't hurt at all, she repeated.

It doesn't? Didn't he put it in your butt? he asked again.

Yes he did and no, it doesn't hurt, she again repeated. Take your pants off and I'll show you, Karen offered.

I don't want to, Todd shyly replied.

I'm just going to show you what it feels like. You saw me doing it and I've already seen you anyway. I promise it doesn't hurt. Just do it. Pull your pants down and lay on my bed. I'll put it in, then take it out so you know what it feels like, she urged, but he didn't move. You saw me, so it's only fair you do it too, she pushed.

Todd hesitated, then his hands went to his belt. He unzipped his jeans and then pushed them to his knees. He struggled a little, but crawled up onto her bed face down. His underwear was still on. I gotta pull your underwear down, Karen warned as her hands went to the waistband and she pulled down, exposing his ass. He was still laying on his belly and didn't lift at all, so they lowered some in the front, but didn't go all the way down.

OK, just relax. Here goes, she muttered as her fingers parted his ass cheeks exposing his asshole. It was the first time she had ever seen one closeup, except for looking at herself with a mirror, but this was different. Her pussy started to get wet again. She took the thermometer, aimed it at his puckered opening, and pushed. It slid in easier than she expected and in her mind she felt a thermometer going into her.

Todd didn't move at all. Karen stared at his asshole with the thermometer embedded into it. Her pussy was almost dripping. See? It doesn't hurt, does it? she asked softly.

No. It feels weird, he whispered, still not moving at all.

Karen's pussy was screaming for attention. Her body needed to orgasm. She pulled the thermometer out of his ass. He reached down pulling up his underwear, then rolled onto his back. Karen saw the unmistakable bulge of his stiff cock barely covered by his underwear when he rolled. You got a boner, she muttered.

Todd's face turned red and his hands covered his member. Sorry, he muttered.

It's OK. I know boys get boners and you're a boy, so naturally you get them. It's no big deal, she comforted. His blush faded some, but his hands remained covering him. Can I see it? Karen whispered.

No! Todd gasped.

It's no big deal. I just want to see it. If you let me I'll let you see me... I'll even go first, she urged. Todd seemed to think about it, but didn't move and still hadn't said more. If I take my underwear off, will you do it? she offered.

He thought a bit longer, then nodded. Karen suddenly got nervous. He had already seen her, but she didn't have a choice then. She sort of regretted her offer, but it was too late now. Slowly Karen stood up and faced him. Her hands went to the waistband of her panties. She knew if she hesitated she'd chicken out, so just pushed down quickly. Her panties puddled at her feet. Now you, she said as she fought off the urge to cover herself.

Todd stared at her pussy, still not moving, but his erection seemed to twitch. Karen felt somewhat awkward, but her pussy seemed to get wetter. Your turn, she muttered again.

She watched intently as his ass lifted slightly and he pushed down on his underwear. The back seemed to come down, but his cock stopped his underwear from coming down in front until he pulled them up from his belly and finally exposed his erection and the balls below it.

His hard cock didn't even touch his belly as it seemed to stand off from him rigidly. He stayed motionless, but Karen noticed his erection twitch occasionally. She wanted to touch his cock, but remembered they weren't home alone plus she was too shy to ask. Her eyes remained glued to his crotch anyway.

Finally she realized the risk she was taking and reached down, pulling up her panties. Thanks, she smiled as he pulled his underwear back into place. He said nothing as he stood up and pulled his jeans back up. He looked at her again as she stood there with just panties on. It seemed like he was going to say something, but he turned and walked out her door without saying anything.

**Chapter 9**

Karen became almost obsessed with cocks. She would, as discretely as possible, look at boy's crotches and try to tell if they had a boner. Her brother was easy for her to notice. His pants would show like a ridge along his zipper when he was hard, which seemed to be most of the time.

It made her smile when she noticed a boy at school that was stiff. She wondered what it felt like to the boys who were hard. Sometimes her clit would poke out a little when she rubbed it, but it was nothing compared to a boy's cock. What struck her as odd was boys seemed to act the same regardless of whether they were stiff or not.

At home she could almost always tell when her brother was hard, but she wasn't sure about her mother's boyfriend. She knew he got hard sometimes. She had even felt it when she had been spanked, but aside from those times she couldn't really tell. She knew how big her brother's erection was because she had seen it, but she hadn't seen him yet. Karen even thought she could judge how big the boys in her class were when they got stiff because they sort of stuck out. He didn't seem to though, or not that she had noticed.

Karen wanted to see her brother's dick again too, but hadn't thought of a way to do that. She knew he wouldn't just drop his pants so she could see and felt awkward offering to let him see her again if she could see him. That seemed lame and she really didn't want to let him look at her again. She couldn't look at him through the hole in her closet wall either because a patch had been put over it. Every time she noticed he was stiff she wanted to just reach out and feel it, but she was far to shy to do that.

She had walked into her home thinking about her usual subject, cocks. Karen headed for the stairs, but he called to her. She walked over to him as he sat on the couch. "You've been pretty good this week, but you owe me for last week. Let's get this over with," he stated calmly.

Karen knew immediately what he was referring to. He had deferred spanking her last week because her brother had been home. It was the day her brother came home late again. She knew protesting would be futile. "Should I take off my pants?" she asked even though she knew what the answer would be.

He seemed irritated by her question and nodded, but didn't say anything. Reluctantly her hands went to her jeans and she slowly undid them, then pushed them down, stepped out of them, and picked them up placing them on the chair behind her. Karen looked up at him. She almost wished he would pull her pants and panties down. The result was the same, but it was easier when he did it then when she had to. Her face turned red as she pushed her panties down and finally placed them on top of her jeans.

"Can I leave my top on?" she asked, hoping her bare ass, along with her pussy, would be enough. He said nothing, but the glare he gave her scared her. Her hands went to the bottom of her tee, lifting it off. Karen paused before reaching for her bra. As embarrassed as she was, her pussy was already getting wet.

She stood up straight in front of him completely naked, but knew better than to try and hide herself. She had learned doing that only irritated him more and didn't change anything except the severity of her punishment. He scooted forward to the edge of the couch and motioned to her with his finger.

Karen dreaded what was going to happen, but her body betrayed her. Her pussy was already wet and getting wetter. She knew what was expected and spread across his lap. She could almost feel his eyes staring at her naked ass and her pussy lips poking out between her clamped legs.

"Open your legs," he ordered. Karen froze as she gasped. She knew her body was already on display for him. He slapped her ass hard. "Open your legs," he repeated a little louder. Karen's face turned red from embarrassment as she opened her legs. Her pussy, in its entirety, was now completely exposed to him.

Karen jumped when she felt him reach down between her legs. Her pussy lips parted around his finger as it slid along her slit. Without realizing it her legs parted more. Her breath sucked in as his finger grazed her clit. "I told you I would be checking you," he said as his hand pulled out from between her legs.

She sighed as the hand left her and hoped he didn't hear her. Suddenly his hand slammed onto her bare ass making her jump. It stung, but also gave her that little jolt in her clit. As he continued to spank her, the fire on her ass grew. He seemed to be spanking her harder. Although it stung, it also lit the fire deep within her.

He was spreading his spanks, sometimes on one cheek, sometimes on the other, and sometimes on her upper thighs. They all hurt, but occasionally a spank would land lower on her ass and hit her pussy as well. That really hurt, but also felt the best to her body. Karen held her breath trying to stop her orgasm, but it didn't work.

Her body exploded. Her legs jutted out and parted. He kept spanking her, but it had stopped stinging and seemed to be escalating her orgasm even more. She began gasping for breath. Finally her climax ebbed and her body began to settle. She realized he had stopped spanking her.

Hoping he was finished, Karen slowly stood up. She could feel her nips and knew they were hard and sticking out. Her pussy was almost dripping. "Go get your cream," he ordered. Karen slowly walked towards the stairs, no longer caring she was naked.

Karen returned and held out the jar of cream to him, which he took. He then took her wrist and pulled her forward, putting her across his lap again. Her free hand went out as she slightly stumbled. Karen aimed for his hip, but missed as her hand slid from his hip and landed in his crotch.

She was laying across his lap again, but her hand was right on his erect cock. She froze, not moving at all almost expecting him to push her hand away, but he didn't. Karen heard him take the lid off the jar then felt him begin to spread cream over her no doubt red ass.

The cream was soothing and she began to relax. Her hand was still on his stiff cock as he hadn't pushed her away. Karen began concentrating on his erection. The only cock she had seen in person was her brother and she had seen evidence of hard dicks on the boys at school, but compared to them he was huge. She wanted to feel around, but didn't want to push her luck and have him move her hand away, so kept it still.

His hand rubbing her bare ass felt good. He started putting cream on her upper thighs. That familiar tingle began deep within her, which surprised her. She had just climaxed a short time ago and usually that satisfied her for quite a while, but her body was responding to him.

His hand slipped down to put cream on her inner thigh and her legs parted for him. Too soon his hand left, but he was just getting more cream and started on her other thigh. Her legs parted more giving him more room and her breathing got deeper. The sensations she was feeling were getting stronger.

Once more his hand left her. Karen's legs opened wider waiting for his hand to return. It didn't take long for his hand to go between her legs again. This time it didn't go to her thigh though. His palm snugged up right on her pussy lips and he rubbed some cream on them.

Her hips tilted, pushing her pussy up presenting herself to him. He didn't push his fingers into her at all, but rubbed along her lips and bumped her clit, making her gasp. Her legs were opened as wide as the couch would allow. Her hand was still on his pants and, under, his stiff cock teased her.

Karen could feel her eruption boiling to the surface. She gasped as her body finally erupted for the second time. Her back arched, pushing her pussy into his hand. When her orgasm hit it seemed like all her muscles contracted, including her hands. She squeezed his stiff cock, trying to wrap her fingers around it. That wasn't possible as she couldn't get under his cock, but she was able to feel it well.

Her orgasm began to fade and her body started to relax again. Her ass settled back down and his hand pulled from between her legs. She didn't close her legs though, but left them apart letting him see her pussy. Her hand was still squeezing his cock, but she began to feel awkward, so released her grip and moved her hand.

He let her lay there for a while before helping her stand up again. Karen just stood there for a while, completely naked and exposed to him, letting him look at her body. "Go clean up," he suggested softly. She just looked at his crotch a moment longer, then turned and walked up the stairs.

Karen walked into her room and flopped face down on her bed. Her mind was spinning because of the events that had taken place. "You forgot these," she heard him say and she watched him place her clothes on a chair. Karen rolled over onto her back so she could face him. "A shower might be in order," he told her.

Karen stood up, still not trying to hide her body from him. "Yeah," she muttered as she walked past him and into the bathroom.

**Chapter 10**

Over the next few weeks Karen was spanked as usual. Sometimes she was completely naked, but other times she only was naked from the waist down. As always she climaxed every time he spanked her, but he hadn't rubbed her pussy after like he had that one time. Karen wasn't sure how she felt about that. It had been embarrassing when he did that, but her body loved it at the same time. She had relived the experience many times while pleasuring herself.

Today was going to be special. One of her friends, Eve, was having a birthday party. She'd been to parties before, but this one was going to be a little different. Her friend was having sort of a dinner party. Eve really didn't want that kind of party, but her mother thought it might be fun. She had protested, but lost the battle. A dinner party meant dressing up, ties for the boys and dresses for the girls.

Karen was dropped off for the party and he said he would pick her up at 9:30 and cautioned her to be ready. He was going to leave her brother home for the short time it would take. Karen promised to be ready, then left the car and walked to the door.

"I'm so glad you came," Eve grinned. "My mother let me invite 16 people thinking some wouldn't be able to come. I thought maybe one or two wouldn't come, but six declined. She had me invite my cousins so there's twelve of us. You remember Josh, right? Him and his sister are here. He didn't want to come either, but I told him you'd be here, so..." she giggled.

"Really? He came because I'd be here?" Karen blushed. She knew who Josh was and had met him a few times. He was two years older than she was, but she had always thought he felt she was too young for him even though she thought he was nice.

"Yes. I think he kinda likes you too, so I seated the two of you next to each other at the table. The dinner will probably be lame, but after we can go downstairs and dance and stuff," Eve answered.

Their conversation ended as more people arrived. As Eve became busy greeting her guests, Josh appeared next to Karen keeping her company, much to her delight. During the meal, which was served in courses, he held her hand under the table occasionally. Other times he rested his hand on her leg.

"That dress looks nice on you," Josh complimented, making Karen blush slightly. She smiled at him. "It shows off your boobs nice," he whispered in her ear, making her blush even more.

"Thanks. I'm glad you like it," she whispered back. What she almost said was "I'm glad you like my boobs," but that was obviously not appropriate, even though that's how she felt.

With the meal finished, all made their way down into the finished basement. The larger room was set up like a dance hall and music was playing. Josh asked Karen to dance and she of course accepted. The songs were mostly slow and Josh's hands went around her waist, hers around his neck.

As the evening went on, Josh's hands migrated from her waist to her ass until his hands were firmly grasping her lower ass cheeks. At first she was a bit unsure, but Eve turned out most of the lights, darkening the room, so it made Karen feel more comfortable. It also excited her to have a boy's hands feeling her body. As they danced he pulled her closer to him.

A smile came over her face when, being pulled closer to him, she felt his erection press into her stomach. Her body was making him hard, which thrilled her. Her boobs mashed into his chest as well. His hands slowly began to rub her ass over her dress, exciting her even more.

Karen was a bit disappointed when he asked, "Wanna take a break from dancing?"

She was enjoying the feel of his body against hers and wanted to say no, but muttered, "OK" instead. He took her hand and led her to the edge of the room where there were a few chairs set up. He didn't sit though. Instead he led her through an open doorway and into a TV room.

There was only one lamp lit up in the room, just enough to see where they were going, but not enough to light up the room really. Karen noticed another couple already in the room, sitting on a couch and kissing. Josh led her to the other side of the room to an overstuffed chair.

He sat down and pulled her gently down onto his lap. Almost immediately he started kissing her. Karen hadn't expected that, but had no objections, so kissed him back. His hand began to move. It had been on her stomach, but was moving up. She glanced over at the other couple, knowing what Josh was attempting to do.

The other couple, on the couch, were almost laying down, him on top of her. His hand was obviously on her chest rubbing her boob. Josh's hand was roving over her boob. She was a bit unsure, but the other girl was getting felt up, so Karen didn't stop him. They were still kissing and Karen could feel his stiff cock against her hip.

Josh's hand was going from one boob to the other, rubbing maybe a bit too rough, but it made Karen feel good. She wanted to reach down and feel his cock with her hand, but was a little too shy to try. His hand seemed to be stumbling as he moved across her chest, but she didn't pay much attention.

Suddenly she felt his hand touch the skin on her chest. He had undone some of the buttons on the front of her dress and his hand was on her sports bra. She was going to protest, but noticed the other girl in the room had her blouse completely unbuttoned and her bra was the only thing covering her boobs. Although a little uneasy, Karen let him continue while wondering what she would do if he tried to lift her bra.

"Karen, your ride is here," Eve's mother called down from upstairs.

"I gotta go!" Karen gasped as she jumped up and ran upstairs to the door. "Thanks for inviting me," she said to Eve as she walked out the door to his car waiting for her.

"Sorry! There wasn't a clock in the room we were in," Karen blurted as she opened the car door and climbed in. He just looked at her, then drove off.

"Did you get felt up?" he asked after a minute.

"No," Karen lied.

"Then why are the two buttons on your dress right at your breasts undone?" he questioned.

Karen looked down blushing, then immediately re-buttoned them. "OK... I did get felt up, but you said I could if I wanted."

He nodded, then ordered, "Pull your panties down."

"Why?" she gasped.

"So I can check you," he calmly answered.

"Here? On a public street? I can't," she protested.

"OK, if you want to wait until we get home. Todd is still up, but he probably won't mind seeing me check you. He might learn something," he stated.

"I didn't do anything like that. You don't need to check," Karen pleaded.

"You told me you didn't get felt up too. You have two choices. Pull your panties down here, while we are on the way home, or wait until we get home and have Todd watch you get checked," he countered.

Karen knew arguing was futile. "Can you just reach under my dress to check? I'd rather not have to pull my dress up and have someone see me," she asked and he nodded. "OK," she relented and reached under her dress, lifted her ass, and pulled her panties down to her thighs.

"You need to push them down lower so you can open your legs. Just push them down to your ankles, unless you want to just take them off," he commented. Karen nervously looked around, then did as he asked. They reached a stop sign on the road and his hand went under the edge of her dress, then to her pussy. She felt his finger push in between her pussy lips, then pull away. "You liked getting felt up?" he asked.

"Yeah... kinda," she mumbled as she pulled her panties back up.

"I thought so. You're still wet," he commented. "By the way, you're owed a spanking."

"Why? You said I could get felt up. Why are you going to spank me because I did?" she protested.

"I'm not going to spank you for getting felt up. I'm going to spank you for lying about it!" he snapped.

**Chapter 11**

That special day during the week had arrived and Karen wondered what it would bring. She hadn't been yelled at all week. Maybe she wouldn't get spanked this week? Karen quietly walked in. "Well you were close, but you still owe me for lying to me. Let's get this over with. Go to your room and get ready. I'll be up shortly," he calmly stated.

She had almost forgotten he had told her she would be spanked for that. Karen meekly climbed the stairs and walked into her room. Although she would normally close her door it seemed pointless to do so. Her door was for privacy, but he was going to see her anyway. She dropped her books onto her desk and looked at herself in the mirror.

Karen kicked off her shoes and dropped her shorts. She knew he would be there shortly to spank her and, as embarrassed as she would be, to look at her nakedness. Her panties puddled onto her shorts at her feet. She looked at the girl in her mirror. She had a triangle of hair at her pussy signifying she was growing up. Karen liked having hair, but was unsure if she wanted to keep it. A lot of her friends shaved theirs off, especially the older girls. They said having hair showed she wasn't grown up; only young girls had hair.

She didn't understand why, but she lifted her top off, exposing her bra. That too she lifted off and looked at the naked girl in her mirror. Karen hated the fact she liked him seeing her completely naked. Girls weren't supposed to like getting naked and having men look at them, but it excited her. Just standing there, knowing he was going to see her, was making her pussy wet already.

Karen stared at herself. Maybe she was being too obvious. He told her to get ready to get spanked. That meant she had to take her pants off, but he hadn't told her to take all her clothes off. She turned slightly to pick up her bra and noticed him standing in her doorway watching her and she knew it was too late to partially dress now.

He walked over and sat on her bed. This was the part she perhaps hated the most. She had to stand in front of him with her hands at her sides, completely exposed to him, and he would lecture her about what she had done wrong. Wasn't it bad enough she was going to get spanked? ...bad enough she had to take her pants off in front of him? Did he have to make her stand there so he could look at her naked body?

Karen only half listened to him as he began lecturing her. Her head was down not wanting him to see her face. "Look at me when I talk to you!" he snapped. She looked up and he began talking to her again. "Do you like having no pants on in front of me?" he asked.

Had he noticed her wet pussy? Could he somehow tell she liked him seeing her naked? "No!" she denied.

"Do you like me spanking you?" he challenged.

"No," she mumbled. She didn't like getting spanked. Her face flushed as she also thought of the results of her getting spanked. Not the hurt, but the part her body liked and she hated her body liking it.

"If you behaved and stopped doing things wrong I wouldn't have to spank you. At least you only did one thing wrong this week â€“ lying to me, but that is a very serious offense. Lay down on your bed and pay the price for that," he ordered as he stood up.

Karen meekly walked over to her bed, climbed on it, and lay face down with her head turned away from him. Her bare ass was now exposed to him and she waited for his hand to start abusing her tender skin. As much as she dreaded what was going to happen, her pussy was getting wetter.

"Roll over... on your back," he ordered. Puzzled, she did as he told her too. "Pull your knees to your chest," he commanded. Her eyes widened. What was he going to do to her? "Do it!" he snapped. Afraid not to do as he told her, Karen lifted her legs and brought her knees to her chest. Her face turned bright red, not just because of her position, but the fact her pussy was protruding between her legs and, even though her legs were tight together, there was no way to cover her now completely exposed pussy.

His forearm went to the back of her knees pinning her in the position she was in. Shortly after his other hand slapped her upturned ass making her jump as that unwelcome vibration went to her clit. His spanks didn't seem as hard as usual, but still produced the burn stinging her tender ass.

Karen's eyes widened as a spank connected with her exposed pussy lips. The sting was intense, but so was the pleasure. She began protesting and squirming in an attempt to make him stop spanking her, even though she knew that wouldn't happen. The burn on her ass seemed to be migrating toward her pussy and was only intensified by the burn on her pussy lips.

While squirming her legs seemed to open a bit and when his spank landed on her pussy lips, it also hit her clit, sending a powerful jolt throughout her body. The intensity was almost more than she could bear and her legs tried to push up, but his forearm stopped her movement. When the next spank hit her clit her body exploded. She pushed her legs against his strong forearm and, at the same time, her knees went to her shoulders, opening her pussy even more.

Her chest heaved as she tried to pull more air into her lungs. Her body involuntarily thrashed as her orgasm took control of her body. Waves of pleasure washed over her blocking out everything else. She hadn't realized before how intense an orgasm could be. Karen almost passed out before her climax finally ebbed and her body started to settle.

Karen's body seemed to go limp as she recovered. She realized he had stopped spanking her, but was still holding her legs. He slowly lowered them though and when he released them they seemed to just flop to the side leaving her pussy gaping between them. She didn't have the energy to move though nor did she have the desire. Why try to hide her body at this point?

He stood up, walked to her bureau, then sat back down on the bed. "Lift," he said softly as he showed her the jar of cream. The burn was already beginning to return to her freshly spanked ass, so she did as he asked. It was an effort, but she lifted her legs enough to get her hands behind her knees, then pulled, parting her legs as she did.

He unscrewed the lid, dipped his fingers in, then started to rub the cream on her red ass, putting out the fire. "More," he muttered as he pushed on her hand behind her knees. Somehow she managed to pull her legs up a bit more. The cool cream felt good on her burning skin.

A slippery finger slid along her ass crack and across her exposed asshole. As disturbing as that was, it felt good too, so she made no protest. It was a new sensation to her. Like every young girl, she had tried putting a pen into her ass. It felt strange, but also felt good to have something inside her. He had also taken her temperature there and as embarrassing as it was, she liked it.

Karen's eyes closed as she savored the feelings he was producing as he rubbed her asshole. What he was doing didn't enter her mind, only how it felt. The finger left, but returned quickly and it felt a little more slippery. She felt pressure, then felt the tip of his finger go into her. Her eyes opened. His finger was definitely inside her, but wasn't too deep.

A slight smile formed on her face as his finger seemed to push into her, back out some, then push back in. Karen wasn't sure how she felt about that. It didn't feel bad, but it wasn't an "object" inside her, it was him. Before she could react or even form an opinion, his finger pulled out of her.

He dipped into the jar of cream again and his hand went to her red pussy. His palm slid up her slit brushing her engorged clit as it passed over, making her breath suck in. As he began rubbing her pussy, Karen released her legs and let them flop open giving him ample access to her. He shifted positions and turned his hand, but continued to rub.

A second orgasm was quickly approaching. Her clit felt like it was vibrating as his hand lightly skinned over it as it poked out between her pussy lips. With her strength renewed, Karen dug her heels into the mattress, tilted her hips, and pushed her pussy up pressing into his hand. She gasped as her climax hit.

Karen's hips began pumping, mashing her pussy against his palm. Her legs were wide, displaying her pussy. Karen's eyes were closed as soft groans escaped her lips and her orgasm overwhelmed her body. "No more!" she gasped.

His hand left her and she slowly recovered, even though exhausted. She didn't have the strength yet to move even though her legs were still splayed. He stood up, looked at her, and softly said, "Go get cleaned up; maybe a bath."

**Chapter 12**

Karen's strength slowly returned. As it did she stood and walked over to her mirror. She twisted so she could see her ass, which was still pink. That was expected since she was just spanked, but it wasn't as red as it usually was. He didn't seem to spank her as hard as he usually did.

She turned to face the mirror again and bowed her legs. Her pussy seemed redder than usual and more puffy. Her clit was still slightly poking out from where it normally hid. Things seemed to have changed; she seemed to have changed. The changes she could see were easily explained, but she also felt different.

Karen straightened up again looking at her body. To her, the triangle of hair between her legs stood out the most. Maybe it was time. Her friends at school had been pressuring her about it and she wanted to look different to match how she felt. Karen rummaged around her room looking for some scissors. She knew the hair was too long to just shave it, so it had to be trimmed down first.

The only scissors she could find was a small pair. She walked into the bathroom, closed the door, sat down on the toilet, and opened her legs. What she thought would be an easy and quick job turned out to be far more time consuming. With the small scissors and being a little nervous trying to be careful not to cut her skin, it seemed to take forever to trim her pussy.

She would cut a patch of hair, then have to re-cut what seemed to be the same hair a few more times. After almost an hour she had the hair above her pussy almost all trimmed, but was still working on the hair near her pussy lips, which was proving to be very difficult to see without a hand mirror.

With frustration setting in Karen decided to take a bath, then continue later. She drew her bath and stepped in. Her pussy, with the scissor cut hair, looked worse than when she had started. How much longer would this take? She eased back in the tub trying to relax.

A knock on the bathroom door surprised her. "Karen, I really need to use the bathroom. You can close the shower door for privacy. I'll come in, do my thing, then leave," he said through the closed door.

Karen thought for a moment. The shower door was a three section door that, when open, usually was slid back between the tub and the toilet, which was next to the back of the tub. By closing the frosted door, he wouldn't be able to see her body. He had seen her naked many times though. It also meant she wouldn't be able to see him, which hadn't happened yet.

She pushed the shower door to the other end of the tub giving her an unobstructed view of the toilet as she leaned back against the back of the tub. He would have a clear view of her body, but, more importantly, if he left the shower door open as it was, she would have a clear view of his cock. "Come in," she called to him nervously.

The door opened and he walked in, then paused looking at the open shower door. Karen wasn't sure what he was going to do. He had told her to close the shower door and she didn't, so she might risk getting spanked for it. She hadn't thought of that before.

He walked to the toilet and again paused, looking down at her naked body. Karen began to regret her actions when nothing happened. Finally his hand went to his zipper and he lowered it. He continued watching her, but her focus moved to his crotch as his hand went into his pants.

He fumbled in his pants a bit, then his hand pulled out of them dragging, in Karen's mind, a huge cock. She had already felt it in his pants and knew he was big, but seeing him before her eyes was far more impressive than just feeling him. He wasn't even hard and he still looked gigantic.

She watched intently as he peed, then shook the last drop off making her smile. His member seemed to hypnotize her and she couldn't pull her eyes away from it. She studied it like a book, taking in every detail. Karen suddenly came to the realization he had stopped peeing, moved his hand away, and was just standing there letting her look. Her gaze rose up to his face. He was watching her look at his cock. She giggled nervously and her face turned red.

He reached down, stuffed his cock back into his pants, and zipped again. Karen watched his eyes as he looked at her body again and noticed him stop at her crotch. It embarrassed her as it usually did, but she made no attempt to hide. She had just been staring at his cock.

"You decided to get rid of your hair?" he asked and she nodded. "Looks like you might need some help? If you like I'll help you," he stated. Karen's face turned red, but she again nodded. "OK. I'll get the stuff and meet you in your room. Dry off then meet me there," he told her, then turned and left the bathroom.

Karen wrapped the towel around her and walked from the bathroom into her room. He was already there waiting for her. "Spread the towel on your bed so we don't get hair on it then lay on the bed so your legs hang over the side," he suggested.

It took some adjusting, but Karen got into the position he wanted. She was crosswise on her bed with her legs hanging over the side. "Now comes what may be the embarrassing part. You need to bend your knees and open your legs so they are flat on the bed on either side of you. You will be wide open, but that way I have plenty of room and you won't get cut or anything," he explained.

She did as he asked and blushed as she looked down and saw her pussy so exposed to him, but what he said made sense. The last thing she wanted was to get cut there. Karen stared at the ceiling hoping that not seeing herself so exposed might be easier. "I need to trim you a bit more before I shave you. I'm going to use a mustache trimmer for that," he told her.

Karen heard the buzz of the trimmer, then he began. A smile formed on her face as the trimmer began vibrating her pussy. The sensations overrode her embarrassment and she looked down to watch him. As he trimmed his fingers pulled the skin around her pussy tight turning her on even more.

All too soon he set the trimmer aside. Had he continued only a short time longer she might have climaxed. "Make sure you stay still," he muttered as he squirt some shaving cream into his hand, then with the other hand began spreading it on the stubble around her pussy.

Karen watched in fear and fascination as he brought a razor to her pussy and began to shave her. His fingers roamed over her most intimate area pushing and prodding, stretching her skin as he shaved. She had to concentrate to stop herself from squirming and mentally fight off her orgasm.

When he finished shaving her, he reached down and picked up a washcloth out of a pan Karen hadn't noticed before. He gently washed the residue of shaving cream from her pussy, naturally rubbing her pussy as he did. Karen's body began to react and she started to squirm. The warm, wet washcloth felt amazing to her.

He draped the wet cloth over her pussy and asked, "Where's your cream?" She pointed to her bureau. He stood, got the cream, uncovered her pussy, and began rubbing her newly bald pussy with the cream, making her squirm even more.

"Whatcha doing?" Todd asked. Neither had heard him come in and he was standing at her open door.

Karen gasped and snapped her legs closed. "Your sister decided to go bald. What do you think? Come on in. Show him, Karen," he answered. Karen's eyes widened as she froze in place. "Go on... Stand up so he can see," he encouraged. Her face turned bright red, but she knew better that to argue with him. Slowly she stood up and faced her brother. "So... What do you think?" he asked.

"You shaved off all your hair!" he commented, making Karen blush even more. "You look different. I guess I like it," Todd smiled. "What was it like to get shaved?"

"Pull your pants down, Todd," he ordered. Todd's jaw dropped and his eyes opened wide. "You can't be shy. Your sister is naked and she's seen you before anyway. Now do as you were told," he repeated slightly irritated.

Slowly Todd undid his belt and lowered his jeans. "Underpants too," he was told. Todd's face turned red, but he, like Karen, knew better than to argue. His underwear lowered to his thighs. "Move closer," he was told and he complied. "You have some hair. Take your pants off and lay down like Karen was. Karen, get him in position. I'll be right back."

He picked up the pan of water, washcloth, and razor and left the room. "You better do as he said. I wish I could do something," Karen warned. Todd nodded, then dropped his jeans and underwear to his feet and stepped out of them. "Lay on your back on the bed, then open your legs and bend your knees so your legs are flat. I know how embarrassing it is. I had to do it too," Karen comforted.

"Good," he complimented. "Karen, rub him so he gets hard and his balls relax." It was now Karen's turn to drop her jaw. "Do it. You don't have to jerk him off, just get him hard and get his balls relaxed so they can be shaved. The more relaxed his balls are the less of a chance of him getting cut."

Karen looked at her brother, now laying down with his legs splayed like she had been. "Sorry," she mouthed as her hand went to his crotch. He smiled slightly. She had never touched a naked boy like this and had no idea what to do, but no way was she going to ask either. She knew how to touch herself, so thought maybe she could do it the same way.

With her fingers together and extended, she palmed his limp cock and began sliding her hand back and forth from his cock to his ball sack hoping she was doing it right. Karen rubbed slowly and tried to not push down too hard. She couldn't help but smile when she felt his cock begin to grow. It wasn't long before his erection was pressing against her palm.

"You're a natural," he grinned. "Now move his cock to the side so I can shave him. I'll do one side, then the other," he told her. Gingerly she pushed against his cock, moving it slightly. "He won't break. Move him," he said as he pushed her hand to the side as it held his cock. He spread some shaving cream, then shaved, then had her move his cock to the other side and he repeated his actions.

He then moved to Todd's ball sack, applying shaving cream, then shaving while stretching out the skin. Todd just stared at the ceiling throughout the entire procedure, but Karen was fascinated. For the first time in her life she was actually touching a boy, but she was also able to actually study his boy parts.

"Finished," he announced. He then took the washcloth and held it out to Karen. "Clean him off and make sure you wash off all the shaving cream." Karen took the cloth and began washing him off. She carefully moved him around making sure to wash all the shaving cream off fearing something would happen if she missed any.

"That's good. Now put some cream on him. Make sure you put plenty on his cock and balls. The skin there is sensitive and we don't want any irritation," he ordered. She took the jar and dipped her fingers in, then began doing as he suggested. He gathered up the shaving stuff, then left the two alone.

"You OK?" she asked as he left the room. Todd nodded. "The cream helped me. Is it helping you?" she asked and again he nodded. His cock was rock hard and almost seemed to be quivering. She put more cream on, not only out of concern for her brother, but also fascination of his boy parts. He was smiling at her when she asked, "More?" He once more nodded.

Karen dipped her fingers into the jar of cream and this time rubbed some directly on his cock. She was surprised that it actually felt hot. Thinking that was from irritation, she put more cream on it. "Am I doing OK?" she questioned.

"Yesss," he hissed, then suddenly his cock erupted.

"What happened? Are you OK?" Karen gasped.

He nodded as his cock erupted a few more times. "You made me cum," he grinned.

"Sorry," she apologized, thinking she had done something wrong.

"It's OK. I liked it," he smiled.