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| Punished |  |  |

By Louetta

This is a pretty accurate rendering of something that happened

to me one summer at a camp on a lake in New Hampshire.

Slowly, amid the silence she realized she was awake. No alarm

required. Not a sound to disturb the silence, the eeriness of the

mist outside her window. Nerves took care of ending her sleep.

Nerves she always felt before punishment. Punishment. A sentence

to be carried out. And this time in front of witnesses. In front

of witnesses she would hang there naked, naked and helpless, and

submit. Willingly. Willingly submit to her whipping. Her

punishment. Richly deserved. Eagerly awaited. At sunrise. In an

hour or so, with the mist still on the lake and the sun peering

over the horizon.

On her bureau the clock said 5:03AM. It was cold in the room and

colder still outside. During the night she had closed her windows

but the chill had crept in. It was only September first but the

chill had crept in. Soon she would be outside in that chill,

naked, hanging, suspended by her wrists, waiting for the sun to

rise, helpless, frightened. Waiting for the whip to sear her thin

bare ass and scorch the relative hardness of the backs of her

thighs. But no breasts today. No breasts. No hard strokes against

her soft white boobs, no painful rawhide welts on her hard pink

nipples. No, too painful, too erotic, too sexual with witnesses

watching her nude body rise to every cruel stroke of the leather

thong. Rise and fall back, quiver, twist slowly under the lash

til she hung there limply, exhausted, sobbing into the flesh of

her upper arm. Occasionally a scream but never a word. Never a

plea for mercy, an entreaty to slow down, only an involuntary sob

or moan when she momentarily lost control.

Sunrise. 6:13. 6:13. Like an airplane departure time, 6:13. She

put her feet over the side of the bed and stood up. She smoothed

her nightie over her bottom and looked at it carefully. It would

do nicely. She would present herself just as she was: nightie,

perfunctory white underpants, ankle bracelet. Nothing else. Her

hands would be tied tightly behind her back, head up she would

walk to the edge of the lake. Coolly she would stand there as she

was stripped naked as the day she was born. Hung by her wrists.

Naked, shameless, brazen, before the three of them, naked except

for her ankle bracelet. Naked, nude, bareass, indecent, immodest,

helpless, faltering, faltering ever so slightly in the mist and

the cold, waiting for the whip. Struggling a little, trembling,

sobbing, trying the ropes that bound her wrists to the rope that

hung from above. Trying them and finding them taut, too taut to

budge. Helpless, a prisoner, doomed to the coming ordeal. And

then she would wait. Wait for the sun to peer over the far edge

of the lake. Wait for the first crack of the single wet rawhide

strand across her bare bottom. And then she would be whipped.

Whipped, whipped, more and more til she cried, more and more til

she screamed, and still more until she begged. There in the

morning cold and mist.

5:09. She crossed the hall to the bathroom. Time enough for a

shower. She stripped off her nightie, turned on the shower, sat

down to pee. Panties off and into the shower. She wanted to wash

her hair. She would have to dry it against the cold but there was

time. The heat of the water felt good on her bare skin. Her puppy

brown body felt good. Nipples hard, a trace of warmth in her

small, white breasts and in the hollow of her groin. She put her

hands to her tender young breasts, and then slowly ran both of

them down over her stomach past the soft brown floss to the pink

lips of her sex. Middle finger of her right hand slipped inside

to tickle her clit. She shivered at the tingle in her loins and

stood there for a minute feeling the heat rise inside her,

enjoying the pleasure of her own naked body. But just for a

minute. That was all. She was there to shower not to toss herself

off.

5:22. Shower finished, step out naked, towel around the hair,

pick up the nightie and the underwear, back across the hall. A

noise downstairs. The car bringing the witnesses. Her name is

called, yes, she is up, can't they hear the shower? Still nude,

dry the hair, brush it, leave it down, comb the runway a tad,

after all there are guests. Back on with the little white

panties, back on with the nightie. Sit on the side of the bed.

Wait. Enjoy. This is fun.

5:45. She is called. She descends the stairs and through the

kitchen. No time to eat or drink. No thought for it. Out to the

porch. Open the door and down the stairs to the ground. It is

cold out. She shivers slightly. Her nightie barely covers her

taut little behind. Her long brown legs are bare. Goosebumps

immediately spring up over the fronts of both thighs. Her arms

are bare too, as is the upper part of her chest. She feels the

cold sneak down the sides of her breasts and further down her

body. Her feet are already cold in the moisture of the grass. Put

your hands behind your back, they tell her. She does.

5:47. Slowly, somewhat clumsily, her wrists are bound behind her.

Tight. The ropes hurt. They are supposed to. She wants to be

hurt. She wants to be tied. They stare hungrily at her, a nearly

naked girl with her hands bound behind her. She knows they can

almost see her tits through her nightie. She knows she is

helpless. Her body responds to being the victim and her nipples

harden like diamonds, between her legs she can feel the moisture

seep into her underpants. She spies the thermometer on the corner

of the porch. Fifty-two degrees, or eleven, if it suits you

better. Ready to go. Two in front, one in back she heads for the

water. Head up, chest out. A procession, more like an execution

than a whipping.

5:53. Only a hundred feet but she's really cold, her feet are

freezing on the damp ground. Up two stairs into the little gazebo

near the corner of the dock hidden by the trees from the house,

open to the water. In the middle, from the cross beams, hangs the

rope from which she will hang, hang naked, on her tip toes, to be

tortured, the rope cutting into her wrists as she twists and

turns. Turn and face the river. Underneath the rope is a

Styrofoam kickboard. Stand on that so you can be tied. When its

removed you'll hang just enough from your wrists so your toes

touch the floor. The three foot length of rawhide that will lash

her bare skin goes into a small can full of water to soak. Placed

where she can see it. When its soaking wet the weight of the thin

strand will insure she will suffer. The witnesses stand in front

and to the side. Don't block the view of the river. No sign of

the sun yet. Quiet, cold, misty. No one about. Behind her busy

untying her hands. They have to be retied in front of her after

she has taken her nightie off. Hands are undone.

5:56. Off with her nightie. She must strip herself. Hands crossed

in front of her she slips the straps down off her shoulders

halfway down her arms. There she waits. She likes being a sex

object and she's going to act like it. Then slowly down her

breasts. Halfway. She waits again. The whiteness at the top of

her tits hints at the tantalizing little breasts still concealed

beneath the top of her nightie. All the way. Her innocent breasts

bared to the thin gray light of morning and the boys in front of

her. Over her stomach and down over her hips to the ground, step

out of it and kick it away. She stands up. Arms crossed in front

of her tits. They have to wait a little bit longer to see what

precious few boys have seen before. First one then the other, she

looks the witnesses in the eye. One eyes her hungrily, the other

with amazement. It occurs to her that her nakedness, or near to

it, is a surprise. Put your wrists together. She does and again

her wrists are bound, this time in front, again a little

clumsily. Evidently whippings make everybody a little nervous.

Now hands over your head. Now her small white breasts are clearly

visible, as is there effect on the witnesses. Cocks stir inside

trousers. Her hands are pulled as high as possible above her, the

rope from above looped through her wrists and tied off as high up

as can be done. Her thin brown body is stretched as taut as

possible, naked except for her somewhat threadbare little panties

and her ever-present ankle ring. With her body pulled tight her

underpants inch down her body to in back display the top half of

her ass and in front her tummy almost to the hair that guards her

moist pink lips. She can't help trembling with excitement knowing

she is about to surrender her naked body to two hours of this.

Her hands now tightly bound she can feel her heart soaring out of

control as her last avenue of escape has been stripped away. Her

hair is tied up behind her head. Not sure why, only her ass and

her upper thighs are to be whipped, not her back. But it will

make her look and feel even more naked. Naked. She can't wait.

Naked in the mist, bound, helpless. Already her nipples ache, the

velvet lips between her legs are soaked and seem to quiver almost

with joy.

6:01. Her ankles are tied together. Tightly. Her wrist ropes

already hurt and soon will her ankle ropes. But all that will

soon be lost to the pain of the whip. She still has her panties

on. In case someone comes they must be near enough to preserve

her at least a trace of modesty, so they will never leave her

ankles. Now there is a tug at the waist band. Finger tips inside

her panties. Inches from the tender pink lips that guard her

girlhood. Inches from the dampness between her thighs. Slowly the

thin little garment is lowered to reveal the snow white bottom

that soon will feel the bite of the whip, lowered in front over

the flossy little hillock that leads to her soft pink lips. And

inside those soft pink lips lies the little tunnel which offers

the boys who stand in front of her the ultimate pleasure a girl's

body can offer. Now the little garment slips down her thighs, her

knees and down to her ankles where they will for the next half

hour reside. The board is kicked out from under her feet and her

naked body stretched taut. The witnesses in front of her stare

wide-eyed so, thrusting her bare breasts forward, grinding her

virgin thighs like a whore in heat, she gives them something to

stare at. Girl power is being nude and helpless and knowing you

can't be touched. The whiteness of her breasts and ass contrasted

with her brown body makes her feel all the more naked, all the

more vulnerable. She almost glows with the knowledge that in

minutes she will be offered to the upcoming sun and to the whip

that will provide her with both the ultimate pain and the

ultimate pleasure that her body can provide her. At 6:13.

6:03. She is alone. She has ten minutes. From behind her she

hears muffled voices, some laughter, the odor of cigarettes. But

she is alone with her thoughts. The smell of the trees brings

back scenes from her childhood when they would play cowboys and

Indians in the woods. Like the girls in the latest remake of the

Last Of The Mohicans she would be marched hands bound through the

woods by make believe Hurons. She was tied to trees, tied to

fence posts, staked out and hung by her wrists, just as now. But

she was never naked, topless a few times not that it mattered

then physically but she gained a hint then of the attraction her

now bare chest held for men. Hanging naked now she felt the

ghosts of many of the same feelings she felt then only then they

had no names, they were just feelings, feelings she liked,

feelings she felt now, hanging by her wrists in the woods, only

now she was naked, now she would be whipped. Then as now, despite

the necessary presence of her tormenters, being tied up was an

extremely private and personal thing, not wholly to be shared.

She didn't understand it then and didn't really now but there was

something about it that satisfied a need or some appetite that

couldn't quite be described and that satisfaction was multiplied

over and over when she was old enough to add the whip. Taking off

her clothes she understood now as a prelude to a sexual

experience. The cool breeze against her bare skin. The eroticism

of being naked before these boys, thinking about perhaps being

discovered that way by someone else. Being bound, the tightness

of the ropes, the discomfort in her wrists and ankles, the

feelings of helplessness, vulnerability, expectancy. The physical

sensations of being turned on, rock like nipples, warmth and

moisture inside her. The agony of the whipping itself,

surrendering, submitting, sometimes faltering, forlorn,

frightened, struggling, shaking, crying, trying to summon her

courage to continue, the bite of the lash, the uncertainty of

never knowing quite where it would fall. Finally the ecstasy of

getting off. Forgetting about hating her body for causing her all

that pain and now loving it for providing her with all that

pleasure. As the clock ticked she felt her breath quicken, felt

her heart beat a little faster, forgot about the cold and the

bite of the ropes around her limbs and remembered her body, her

soft brown body with the snow white breasts and ass, the pink

lips of her pussy and the warmth in her loins and what it could

and would do for her in just a very few minutes.

6:12. Of a sudden the cigarettes were extinguished, the witnesses

in position. In a minute the sun would rise to warm the gentle

curve of her breasts, kiss the pinkness of her nipples, caress

the smooth skin of her belly, peak at the smoothness of her bare

white ass as she writhed back and forth in agony, tickle the

softness of her inner thighs, smooth the downy runway of her

pubic hair and catch a hint of the pinkness of her cunt lips. Did

the sun or the whip know the best orgasms she ever had where when

she was helpless as she was now, her body given up to an ordeal

such as she was about to willingly undergo? The rawhide lash came

out of its can of water, indulged itself in two practice strokes

against the railing. There would be no warm-up, unless it was the

fire building between her legs.

6:13. The sun peaked above the horizon, the glow shown all the

way down the lake to where she hung naked, wide eyed and

expectant. She felt the butterflies in her belly, the trembling

of her body, a flush that crossed her boobs, a touch of sweat

under each arm. Remembered the glow she felt as a little girl

playing a game, the center of attention, the heroine waiting to

be rescued, frail, slender, desperate, alone. Then a different

kind of glow flooded her eagerly offered body as the first strike

of the wet rawhide whip bite hungrily into both cheeks of her

bare ass started her on a journey of pain that ended five minutes

later in waves of pleasure. And when they cut me down sometime

later the good part is all I could remember.