**Helen’s Ordeal**

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**Helen’s Ordeal – Part 1**

I was used to spankings as a child and often received them from my mother who rarely put up with anything. These ended however when I was about 9 when I seemed to only receive other punishments like denial of privileges like the loss of TV or being sent to bed early without supper.

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That all changed when I turned a teenager. My mom was constantly nagging me about my attitude and truthfully I was a bit difficult to get along with as my body was slowly changing and my moods were inconsistent. My mom blamed it on my hormones. It seemed as though there was some sort of competition between the two of us to see who was going to come out on top – at least that’s how I saw it. I could tell my mom was growing impatient with me but I couldn’t seem to help myself and often said or did things I soon regretted like the time when I was sitting on the couch and my mom came in shaking some piece of paper in front of my face. �Just LOOK at this!� she yelled angrily.

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�Huh?�

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�It’s your report card. Your grades are bordering on failing in three subjects!�

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�So? I’m not a very good student,� I snapped back flippantly. �Besides I hate school. Everybody does. �

�

Without warning my mom forcefully yanked me from my chair, pulled me across the room and tossed me over her lap and proceeded to give me one hell of a whipping! I was shocked as my last spanking had occurred over 5 years previous. I was 16 now and believed I was too old for such treatment and yelled that fact to my mom at the top of my lungs.

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The spanking stopped and the room fell silent. Just as I thought I had made my point I was shoved off her lap and pulled to a standing position before my mom, who looked madder than ever!��

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�What do you think you are doing?!� I exclaimed as she began unzipping my skirt and pulling it off.

�

She continued forcefully undressing me as she explained, �So you think you are too old for such punishments do you? Well, we’ll just see about that.� Despite my struggling I was soon standing naked before her as she looked over my body. The smirk on her face made it clear to me that she found my body amusing and made a point to go out of her way to insult me. �Just look at you. Why you’re just a little kid! Your boobs are pitiful and look at those wisps of public hair, why they’re hardly noticeable! I wonder what the kids at school would say if they saw you now? I doubt any of them would think you’re a teenager! If you are going to act like a 9 year old and you LOOK like a 9 year old you’re going to be treated like a 9 year old!�

�

I was mortified! Her words hit me in the worst possible way as I was already self-conscious about my body as other girls in school were much more developed than I was, and knowing my mom thought I still looked like a little kid was demoralizing to say the least. �She then pulled me back across her lap and continued with her assault on my ass.� I must have received over 100 swats with her hand and my butt was literally on fire before she stopped. �Once again she pulled me to my feet and stood only inches away from my face breathing heavily as I whimpered.

�

�Now little girl, I want you to stand right here with your hands on top of your head for the next hour and I don’t want you to move a muscle or I will strap you silly, understand?�

�

Through my tears I managed to sigh, �But mom, the curtains are open! Someone might see me!�� I was standing in our front room directly across from the large plate-glass window that looked out onto the sidewalk and the street that ran in front of our house.

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My mom just looked over at the window, gave me a silly grin and replied, �Good! I hope somebody does! Maybe that will teach you a lesson.� With that she left.

�

Standing there naked with the possibility of being seen baring my under-developed body to strangers was more humiliating than the pain of the spanking I had just received. Occasionally I could see people walking by our house. Each time my heart almost stopped as I feared they would spot me! Cars were no different.

�

As I stood there I mentally cursed my mom and I began to hate my body all the more. I was panic-stricken and humiliated. I desperately wanted to hide but I dared not move for fear of what my mom would do. My feet felt like they were in concrete secured fast to the floor.� As cars drove by I was tortured by the thought that inside one of them a classmate had spotted me standing at the window and was feverishly calling everyone she knew to tell them of my humiliation. Tears ran down my cheeks from the combination of the stinging sensation from by backside and the mortal dread I’d soon be discovered.

�

Silently I stood with my hands on my head, my mind filled with emotions. Time passed slowly. After a while, my mind started to become a daze and I got lost in the moment not really aware of what was going on outside as I was feeling sorry for myself and angry thoughts towards my mother invaded my consciousness. Suddenly I was jolted back to reality when I heard the front door opening. It was my brother Josh who was two years older than me coming home from school. The look on his face was of total shock as he saw me standing there naked facing the window.�

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I screamed, dropped my hands across my chest to cover myself and then immediately ran upstairs calling my brother all sorts of names. I’m sure he got a good view of my reddened backside as I fled.

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I was no sooner in my room when my mom entered, grabbed me by the hair and pulled me forcibly back down the stairs. I knew she meant business as she shoved me back in front of the window and shouted, �DID I TELL YOU THAT YOU COULD MOVE? WELL, DID I?�

�

�No ma’am,� I replied meekly �But . . . JOSH IS HERE!�

�

My mom got that silly wicked grin on her face again as she realized the one thing that I feared more than anything – being seen naked, especially by my brother.�

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�Josh,� she said coyly, �what do you think of your LITTLE sister?� She placed emphasis on the word �little�.

�

My brother just giggled.

�

�Well, Helen,� my mom continued with a certain musical tone, �Why don’t you explain to your sweet brother why you are naked with a red ass?� My feelings sunk to a new low as I wondered how she could embarrass me like that in front of Josh. I just stood there whimpering.

�

�NOW!� she shouted growing impatient with me.

�

I started out whispering, �Because I got a . . .�

�

�Turn around and face us. We can’t hear a thing with you facing that way.�

�

Resigned to my fate I slowly turned around and exposed myself to Josh. It took everything I had to keep my hands on top of my head. When he saw my boobs he busted out laughing. He wasn’t faking it either. He was downright amused by the sight of his little sister.�

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�Go on . . .� my mom prodded.

�

I swallowed hard. �I got a bad report from school.�

�

�Then what happened?�

�

�Mom stripped me and gave me a spanking.�

�

�You thought you were told old to be punished that way didn’t you?�

�

�Yes, ma’am,� I replied meekly.

�She doesn’t look too old right now does she Josh?�

�

My brother was still laughing out-loud and simply shook his head. �She looks like a little kid!�

�

I began to regret all those times that I had picked on my brother annoying him to no end just for the fun of it. That old saying of what goes around comes around seemed really to be true.

�

My mom seemed pleased to lord her authority over me as she stood there with that stupid grin on her face. She finally spoke up, �Well little girl, since you disobeyed me and left your spot before the hour was up you need to be punished again. Don’t you think?�

�

My heart sank at the thought of another whipping but I knew what I had to say so I agreed with her and waited. I’m sure she could see the fear in my eyes as I stood there silently.

�

�I think another 20 will be sufficient and after that you will do TWO hours in front of the window.� I sighed quietly with relief. Twenty was not 100. Just as I thought I had managed to escape with a light sentence she continued, �Josh, since she obviously dragged you into this by running away and calling you those awful names I think you should have the honors.�

�

�MOM� I protested adamantly in the loudest voice I could muster!

�

I could see the pleasure in my brother’s face at his good fortune, and he didn’t waste any time either, as he quickly grabbed my hand and pulled me towards him. I dared not disobey as I was truly scared of my mother. She had that way about her that was very intimidating. Her mere presence in a room exuded authority. In no time I found myself over his lap with my bare behind only a short distance from his face –HOW HUMILIATING!! I was sure he could see everything!

�

At first his swats were not that hard, more playful in fact, pausing between slaps to gently slide his hand across my butt before delivering the next blow which only embarrassed me the more as I knew he was enjoying the moment and wanted to prolong it for his own pleasure but I guess he must have figured that mom wouldn’t tolerate that for long as I was supposedly being punished so his slaps soon increased in force until they became so hard I was crying again.� As I flailed around reacting to the pain, the fingers of his spanking hand often landed between my legs coming dangerously close to my sex. This caused some unusual stirrings deep within my pelvis which I could not explain. �It seemed to take forever but finally he announced, �19 . . . and . . . 20!� It was over!

�

He firmly held me on his lap not allowing me to get up as he plopped his hand on my butt and kept it there for a moment commenting on how hot it felt. His remark only made my mom laugh, �Good, that means you’ve done a proper job.�

�

I was eventually ushered in front of the window, this time positioned a lot closer to the glass than I had been before and told to remain there with my hands on top of my head for the next two hours.

�

Of course Josh was in no hurry to leave and seemed to take a sudden interest in doing his homework right in the front room – something he never did as a rule. I was sure it was because he didn’t want to miss a minute of my humiliation.� After about an hour though, he must have gotten bored because he went upstairs.

�

My arms were growing very painful and fatigued being held up for so long on my head. I wanted like crazy to move them but I dared not. I managed to sneak a peek at the clock on the wall and I still had an HOUR to go. I was sure I was never going to be able to do it! I tried to distract myself with thoughts of other things like the wonderful smells emanating from the kitchen as my mom cooked dinner. I tried to think of anything other than the people passing by outside as I stood there naked. I hadn’t really noticed anyone paying attention to my body but that didn’t mean that someone hadn’t spotted me and was too polite to make a big deal about it. I tried not to think of that at all. It was bad enough that my brother had seen how underdeveloped my body was, I couldn’t handle the thought of anyone else seeing me this way. I just wanted this ordeal to be over!

�

I jumped as I suddenly heard the doorbell ring! �Who could THAT be,� I wondered to myself. I hadn’t seen anyone approaching the house.

�

�JOSH, COULD YOU GET THAT FOR ME PLEASE,� my mom yelled from the kitchen.

�

My legs felt weak as I waited anxiously.

�

�JOSH?� I heard my mom call impatiently again over the sound of pots and pans being moved about in the kitchen. Surely she wouldn’t let anyone else see me this way. Maybe whoever was there was at the wrong house. Maybe it was just someone collecting for a charity and Josh would just send them away as I was sure he didn’t have any money to give them. �

�

The doorbell rang again.

�

�Oh for heaven’s sakes,� I heard my mom complain from the other room, �HELEN, go see who’s at the front door, and be quick about it.� I can’t leave what I’m doing right now.�

�

�BUT MOM . . .!!!!�

�

�ARE YOU ARGUING WITH ME?�

�

�No ma’am . . .� I muttered meekly as I silently cursed my brother. Where was he?

�

The doorbell rang once again.� �HELEN, IF I HAVE TO COME OUT THERE . . .� my mom threatened.

�

�I got it mom,� I submissively reassured her and slowly made my way to the door.

�

Using the door to shield as much of me as possible I carefully opened the door a crack and poked my head outside. It was Alice, a classmate of mine. She was one of the popular girls at school. You know the type, great body and an outgoing personality that everyone liked. She was smart too and even took a couple of advanced classes at school that usually only older kids took. We didn’t exactly hit it off if you know what I mean.� Even though we lived in the same neighborhood we were miles apart on the social scale. She barely gave me the time of day.

�

�Alice!� I exclaimed quite surprised to see her. �Um . . . this isn’t such a good time right now.� I’m sure she could tell something was amiss as my voice was quivering terribly.

�

�Are you okay, Helen?� she asked. �You don’t sound so good.�

�

�I’m . . . I’m fine.�

�

�Oh, well if you say so. Anyway, I just stopped by to see if you could lend me your math book. I forgot mine at school and I need to do my homework.

�

�Look, I can’t talk right now . . .�

�

Before I could think of a logical excuse to get rid of her, my mom yelled from the kitchen, �Who is at the door?�

�

�Nobody, mom,� I replied. �It’s just Alice.�

�

There was a short pause and then I swear I heard mom laughing. �Invite her in. I need to give her some plates to take back that I borrowed from her mother.�

Honestly I could feel all the blood draining from my head. I felt like I was going to faint. My first instinct was to slam the door and run up the stairs again but I knew that I would only make things worse by doing so.

�

I thought if I told Alice that I didn’t have my math book she’d leave and I could get rid of her before my mom realized she was still here. Unfortunately I didn’t get the chance as Alice heard what my mom had said and remarked, �Oh good. I had forgotten about those plates. She’s been after me for days to come by and pick them up. Now about that math book, can I borrow yours?�

�

I was still hiding behind the half-opened door when my mom appeared outside the kitchen holding the plates. �Helen, I TOLD you to invite her in, didn’t I?� And what are you doing hiding behind that door? Is THAT where you are supposed to be?�

�

Nervously I replied. �No ma’am.�

�

�Well go on, invite Alice in and then get back to your place or do you want me to . . .�

�

�No, ma’am,� I hurriedly interrupted her and then, turning to Alice, meekly said, �Won’t you please come in?�

�

�Thank you,� Alice replied with exaggerated politeness.� I no sooner opened the door enough for her to enter she spotted me and exclaimed, �Oh my GAWD! You’re NAKED!� I saw her eyes bulge out and the confused look on her face as she checked out every inch of my body. Her eyes lingered at my chest then eagerly dropped down to my pelvis. Her face then strained to hold back a giggle. She obviously was amused at my lack of development.

�

�HELEN . . .� my mom prodded firmly.

�

�Yes, ma’am,� I replied with resignation and obediently walked over to the window, faced the street and put my hands on top of my head.

�

Alice must have spotted my reddened behind and put it all together as she remarked sarcastically, �Oh . . . I SEE.� There was silence for a few moments then I heard my mom having a polite conversation about how I was being punished for being too big for my britches. She went into all the gory details about what had happened including my brother’s participation. I was mortified.

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Finally my mom told Alice to thank her mother for the loan of the dishes and excused herself to resume cooking dinner.

�

At first Alice just laughed, �Do you know how ridiculous you look?�

�

I ignored her biting my lip lest I said something to get into more trouble.

�

�I’m sorry, Helen,� she said trying not to laugh. ‘It’s just, well, you’ve got to admit, it’s not something you see every day, at least not what you’d expect for someone YOUR age is it?� She then came over grinned and put her arm around me looking me over once again. �Well, then again . . .�

�

�What’s THAT supposed to mean?� I whispered angrily.

�

Alice giggled and said, �Oh calm down I was just teasing you. I didn’t mean anything by it.�

�

I began to fear what she would say to our classmates at school so I quickly pleaded, �Listen Alice, this is embarrassing enough. PLEASE don’t mention this to anyone. I’m begging you.�

�

She reassured me in a most sincere voice that she wouldn’t breathe a word. She promised that repeatedly, though I distinctly could see the twinkle of glee in her eyes despite how empathetic her words sounded. She then left and I finished my time without further incident.

�

Over the next several days nothing was said at school about my punishment and people seemed to treat me as they always had. I began to think that Alice must have kept her word for which I was grateful and I began to respect her for that.� At home I was on my best behavior and I tried to keep a low profile with my mom.

�

Friday night I took a bath and was in my room still wrapped in my towel brushing my hair in front of my dresser.� I began to feel somewhat aroused sexually. Perhaps it was because I was clad in just my bath towel. I wasn’t really sure why I felt that way. These feelings always confused me and I lately I found myself in this excited state quite frequently. When this happened I noticed that my nipples became quite prominent. I liked that as to me at least, they made my boobs look more mature. I’d often pinch them gently and watch them respond to my touch and this seemed to make me all the more excited. It felt good. As I became wet between my legs I also noticed that my clitoris popped out from beneath its little hood and appeared almost as pronounced as my nipples – like a pencil eraser just begging to be touched. When I did finally succumb to the temptation to touch myself there it was as if an electric shock raced through my body and I became even wetter than before.��

�

If I continued to touch myself there making little circles between my labia I knew I would soon experience a most intense shuttering all over my body that was almost indescribable it felt so good. Somehow deep down inside I knew that doing this wasn’t right but it felt so good I just had to do it.� I’d often hide under the covers and play with myself, always feeling embarrassed after I was through and the spasms of my little button subsided.� In fact I felt ashamed. But that wasn’t enough to make me stop doing it, just enough to make sure I took precautions not to get caught. I thought about boys a lot too. I noticed that they seemed more interesting than they ever did before and many times when I fingered myself I pictured different boys in my class and wondered what it would be like if their fingers were touching me instead of my own.

�

That Friday night was like all the other times I was excited except the feelings were more intense than usual and I knew what I had to do. Making sure my door was closed, I tossed my towel on the floor and laid down on the bedcovers and slowly began to tenderly touch myself. Soon I was on the verge of euphoria enjoying the strange but addictive feelings deep within my being. I was just about to climax when I heard the door open and my mom shout angrily, �JUST WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!�

�

There I was lying naked on the bed with one hand between my legs and the other pinching the nipple on my right breast. To make matters worse I had just started to spasm. I couldn’t stop. My body took control of my brain and I couldn’t help myself. I HAD to finish. My mom stood there with her mouth wide open taking it all in!

�

�HELEN!! You little PERVERT!� She exclaimed angrily. �Oh you are SO in for it now.� She raced over to the bed and once again pulled me up by my hair and dragged me naked downstairs all the while I pleaded with her.

�

Once I was in the front room I spotted Josh who was grinning from ear to ear.   
�What’s she done this time,� he asked playfully.

�

�Go on.� My mom said jerking me to a stop so that I faced my brother. �Tell him.�

�

�I can’t . . .� I muttered in horror shaking my head as if to beg her not to make me do it.

�

She pinched the nipple of my right breast with her fingers so hard I screamed in pain. �TELL HIM!� she demanded again.

�

I looked at my brother who was smiling from ear to ear. He somehow knew that this was going to be good. She kept increasing the pressure on my nipple until I couldn’t stand it anymore and that I would do anything to ease this torture. �I was . . . I . . .� My mom clamped down one final time so hard that I blurted it out: �Mom caught me playing with myself!�

�

�Playing with yourself . . . What does that mean?� Josh asked pretending as though he didn’t understand. �We’re you playing the card game Solitaire or something?�

�

�Go on, explain it to him.�

�

�I was rubbing my fingers on . . . my . . . private parts . . . my vagina.�� I was so filled with shame at having to admit that to him.

�

�That’s nasty!� he said wrinkling up his nose.�

�

Yeah like he never touches himself I thought to myself. But then I began to wonder, maybe he didn’t do such things. Maybe mom was right and I was the perverted one.

�

Mom yanked my hair again and continued, �Listen girl, I’ll not have you doing filthy things like that. Do I make myself clear?�

�

Before I could answer she bent me over the back of the desk chair and began strapping my butt with her cloth belt she had been wearing only moments before. She didn’t double it over but instead swung it almost like a whip. The belt made a loud �snapping� sound as it hit the tender flesh of my ass and it hurt like the dickens! All the while she was yelling at me telling me how disappointed she was in me and that she wasn’t going to let me turn into some kind of slut or grow up to be a loose woman. Her belt flew faster and harder as she spoke then it happened! On one of her lashes the end of the belt wrapped around my waist and was low enough that it hit me right on my vulva! I reacted immediately by covering the area between my legs and snapped at my mom angrily, �HEY! DON’T HIT ME THERE!�

�

That was a big mistake. I knew it the minute I said it as I saw the fury in my mom’s eyes grow in intensity. �OH NO? I’ll punish you however I see fit LITTLE GIRL! Perhaps that’s a good idea. Since you’re so set on playing with yourself maybe that will be a better lesson for you. Josh, grab her legs.�

�

Before I knew what was happening she had me on the floor and my brother was at my feet spreading my legs apart and holding them fast, his eyes eagerly taking in the site of my now exposed and still VERY wet vagina. My mom, who was standing at my head, used the belt to whip the area between my legs. I writhed in pain and did my best to break free but my brother’s grip was too strong for me to get loose. I knew he was getting a great view of my private parts but I was more concerned about the pain my mom was inflicting on me.

�

�If you don’t hold still your beating will last longer.�� Her words forced me to try and stop my squirming. She continued whipping between my legs then started on my boobs. By the time she was done I was crying like a baby.

�

�Stand up,� she commanded. �I want you to sit down at that desk over there and write 100 times, ‘I will not play with myself.’ Put your name at the top of each page in capital letters and put today’s date on it. When you are done I want you to find me and give them to me right away. Is that clear?�

�

�Yes ma’am,� I sighed between crying and gasping for breath. I got up and went to the desk as my mom handed me some paper and a pen.� As I passed my brother he whispered in my ear, �Nice cunt.��

�

I was shaking so badly from the pain that I could hardly write at first and I did my best to try and calm down.� As I looked down my boobs were beat red and the area between my legs was even redder and boy was it swollen! The lips of my labia were at least TWICE the size of normal! My clitoris throbbed with every heartbeat as if it was screaming for relief.

�

As I continued writing my brother would occasionally look at me and laugh. Someday I was going to get him for this. I wasn’t sure how but I was certain that he would get his in some way. Eventually Josh got bored watching me write and left.

�

Later, when I had finally finished my assignment, I got up and looked around the house for my mom but I couldn’t find her. I went upstairs calling for her but she did not answer. I returned back downstairs and rechecked the kitchen, the laundry room and finally the bathroom but she was nowhere to be found. I knew she wanted these right away so I kept looking for her.

�

Finally, as much as I hated to do it, I went to my brother’s room and asked, �Have you seen mom?�

�

�Yeah, are you finished?� he asked.

�

�Yes,� I snapped flippantly. �Have you seen mom?�

�

�She’s over at Mrs. Barker’s house. She told me to tell you to bring your assignment over there as soon as you finished.�

�

�Great,� I muttered to myself as I turned to go to my room to get dressed. Just what I needed, I thought, another person to learn of my humiliation. Mrs. Barker was a busybody friend of my mom’s that lived two houses down. Anything that happened in the neighborhood she knew about it. I guess the term �town gossip� would accurately describe her personality. What my mom sees in her to keep her as a friend I’ll never know.

�

�Oh sis . . .� my brother called out as I was about to enter my room. �Mom said to be sure to tell you that you should come over there just as you are.�

�

�WHAT, no way,� I exclaimed! �You’re making that up.�

�

�Nope, that’s what she said. If you don’t believe me go ahead and get dressed but I wouldn’t want to be you when she finds out you disobeyed her.�

�

I stood there in shock. It took a few moments for what I had heard to sink in. �Tell me again EXACTLY what she said. I mean it. Don’t change a word.�

�

�She said: Tell Helen I went over to visit with Mrs. Barker and that I want her to bring her assignment over to me when she’s finished. Tell her to come just as she is.�

�

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. Deep down inside I knew that after what she had already put me through earlier that I dared not disobey.� Knowing what I had to do and finding the guts to actually go through with it were two different things. As uncomfortably embarrassing as it was to do, the pain in my nether regions was enough to convince me that I had to comply.

�

When I got downstairs I pondered as to how best to do this. It was dark outside and I only had to make it two houses down from mine. I could try and go out the back door but the neighbor next to ours had a privacy fence surrounding her yard so that meant I’d have to either try and climb over the fence or make my way up to the front street to go around her place anyway so I decided to just leave by the front door and scurry across the adjacent yards until I reached Mrs. Barker’s. I waited until the coast was clear then opened the front door and RAN!

�

I had managed to make it half way to Mrs. Barker’s trying my best to stay in the darkened shadows and using the trees as cover when a car rumbled down the road headed right towards me. I almost peed on myself as I saw the headlights momentarily illuminate my body. I jumped for the nearest bush and hid as best I could hoping that whoever it was had not seen me. Mercifully the car seemed to pass. I had no way of knowing if I had been spotted but at least whoever it was didn’t stop and harass me.

�

Finally I made it to Mrs. Barker’s front porch, swallowed what was left of my pride and rang the doorbell. I was hoping my mom would answer and that I could then just give her my assignment and make my way back home. Instead it was Mrs. Barker who answered the door!

�

�Well, well, what do we have here,� she asked rhetorically. She looked me over grinning from ear to ear. �Helen, isn’t it?� I nodded and then lowered my head in shame. �Wait here and I’ll get your mother.� She then closed the door and left me standing naked on the porch! I was worried to death that other cars would come by and I’d be spotted for sure.

�

After a few moments my mom came to the door. She looked at me, smiled and said, �Well at least this proves you can be obedient when you WANT to, doesn’t it? Get your sorry behind inside this house. Did you finish your assignment?�

�

�Yes ma’am.�

�

�Good,� she replied and took the papers from me and began counting each line as if she didn’t trust me to write it out 100 times as I stood there meekly in the living room.� �There are only 99 lines here,� she finally announced with great displeasure.

�

�That’s impossible . . . I . . . I know I counted them at least twice!� I said in my own defense.

�

�Write it one more time,� she demanded. �Go ask Mrs. Barker for a pen.�

�

I went into the lady’s kitchen and asked to borrow a pen which she gladly gave me. She then followed right behind me as I returned to the living room. �What are you writing?� she asked being nosey.

�

�Show her,� my mom instructed.

�

I nervously handed our neighbor the pages after I finished the one last line my mom had requested. Mrs. Barker laughed heartily as she read the lines. �So THAT explains your red ass. Good for your mom,� she said. �It is high time young people today learned discipline. Spare the rod and spoil the child I always say. If you were my child and I caught you doing something nasty like that I’d whip more than just your butt.�

�

�Oh I did,� my mom interjected. �Show her, Helen� She then pointed between my legs and indicated I was to spread them for our neighbor to inspect. How humiliating!

�

�Not bad,� Mrs. Barker said admirably after spending a good deal of time looking at my vagina. �Maybe that will teach you a lesson, LITTLE girl.� She then turned to my mom and continued, �You know I’d keep an eye on her if I were you. Behavior like that is so addicting it wouldn’t surprise me if she’d become even sneakier about it and try and hide it from you so she wouldn’t get caught. I doubt that this one little lesson will change her behavior permanently.�

�

�You don’t have to worry about that. I know all too well how devious girls are and I have a few plans of my own to keep her in check.�

�

I had no idea what she meant but I was sure I wasn’t going to like whatever she was planning.

**Helen’s Ordeal – Part 2**

The next morning my labia were so tender I couldn’t stand wearing panties as the pressure from the elastic between my legs was too painful. I elected instead since it was the weekend to just wear a skirt with nothing on underneath. When I finally made my way downstairs later that afternoon I discovered that Ricky Patterson, a boy I had a crush on from school was over visiting my brother. Ricky was a grade above me but I still thought he was the hottest guy I had ever seen. Several times he had even stopped to talk with me between classes and every time he did I thought I was in heaven.

�

To my surprise my brother was actually very civil towards me and treated me as though nothing had happened. I enjoyed chatting with Ricky and they even invited me to watch TV with them. I was so enchanted at hanging out with this boy that I began to get those familiar feelings deep down, despite how tender my privates were. After a while I began to get thirsty and asked if each of them if I could get them a soft drink. Both of them thanked me and I got up to go to the kitchen.

�

Mom was busy ironing in the laundry room which was right off of the kitchen area. She too treated me pleasantly and I began to feel that my troubles were over. As I turned to open the refrigerator to get the sodas to my horror there, posted on the refrigerator door where anyone could see it, were the pages I had written the day before: �I will not play with myself . . . I will not play with myself�, over and over 100 times. To make matters worse my name was written in big bold letters at the top of the page so there was no mistaking who had written it!

�

Mom noticed the panic on my face and remarked, �Yes Helen, those pages will stay on the refrigerator as a reminder to you of how naughty you were and serve as a warning not to touch yourself again.�

�

�But mom . . .� I pleaded. �You don’t really need to do that. I’ll be good I promise!�

�

She just smiled that evil grin I had come to hate and kept on ironing.� It was no use arguing. When my mom made up her mind her decision was final.� My biggest challenge was keeping Ricky out of the kitchen. Then I had a terrifying thought. What if Ricky had already seen it?! My heart began to pound as I shuddered to think of what he had thought of me while reading it. Then I tried to calm myself by saying that he surely hadn’t seen it yet as so far he was treating me like he always had.

�

My thoughts were interrupted when I heard Ricky’s voice talking to my mom. �Excuse me ma’am, but could I use your phone? I need to call home and let them know where I am.�

�

My mom looked at me with that silly grin as she surely knew as well as I that our phone in the Kitchen was right next to the refrigerator. Fate couldn’t have presented a more convenient opportunity for adding to my humiliation. �Certainly Ricky,� she said still smiling. �It’s right there on the wall next to Helen.�

�

I had to think fast! I quickly opened the refrigerator door so that it was facing away from the telephone as Ricky approached. I pretended to move things around looking for something.

�

Ricky was standing only a couple of feet away from me as he placed his call. I was so nervous I could have just died right there on the spot! He seemed to be engaged in a rather long conversation with whoever was on the other end and showed no signs of hanging up anytime soon. I began to worry as certainly I couldn’t keep up this charade forever.

�

�Helen, what on earth are you doing? You’re letting all the cold air out standing there like that with the door open. Money doesn’t grow on trees you know. Shut that door.� Mom knew full well that I was stalling and she was being clever about not letting me get away with it.

�

�Um, sorry mom, the guys asked me to get them something to drink and I was . . . ah . . . just trying to think of what they would like.�

�

Ricky must have heard my explanation and tried to be helpful. �Josh and I would like a couple of those cans of cola on the top shelf there. Those would be great. Thanks.� He then resumed his conversation.

�

I looked up at mom and she was sporting an even sillier grin. I was busted and she knew it. She couldn’t have been happier as she waited to see what I was going to do. I grabbed the two colas and moved a few more things around hoping that Ricky would finish.

�

�Now what are you doing?� my mom asked impatiently.

�

�Looking for something for MYSELF,� I replied nervously.

�

Just take a cola too or do without and shut THAT DOOR!�

�

�Yes ma’am.� I did as she suggested and closed the door.��

�

No sooner had I closed the door Ricky hung up the phone and looked right at me. My shameful papers were hung on the door right behind me! It was only a matter of time before he noticed. If he saw them I would just DIE! I quickly extended my arm handing him a cola.

�

�Thanks,� he said politely and turned to leave the room. I let out a sigh of relief and looked at my mom who just shrugged her shoulders as if she didn’t have a clue what I had been stressing about.

�

I left the kitchen and resumed watching TV with the boys again. Eventually my brother suggested that he and Ricky go hang out at the park and soon they left leaving me to finish watching the program by myself.

�

I had forgotten all about them until much later when I suddenly heard laughter in the kitchen. At first I didn’t think anything of it then I grew suspicious and ran to the kitchen door. There stood Ricky, my brother Josh and two other boys from school looking at my papers on the refrigerator door laughing their fool heads off!

�

�There’s the horny girl now!� One of the boys said spotting me standing in the doorway.

�

�Have you been playing with yourself today, hmmmm?� another boy chided. They all laughed all the more at my expense. �I wonder how often she does it.�

�

�Lots of times,� my dumbass brother answered, �She’s always getting in trouble for it.�

�

I turned beat red, blushing from head to toe! I just wanted to cry and quickly ran off to my room to hide. I was sure I could never show my face at school again! All I could think about was the 4 boys reading my papers and trying to picture me naked and playing with myself. I couldn’t get it out of my mind.

�

Later that night despite what had happened earlier, or maybe because of it, I felt that familiar powerful urge to pleasure myself. After I was sure everyone in the house was asleep, I slipped out of my nightgown and began playfully touching myself. It wasn’t long before I was once again experiencing the joys of masturbation. It felt so good I didn’t care if I was caught or not I was determined that . . .

�

Suddenly the lights were turned on and there stood my mother with a scowl on her face and her arms planted firmly on her hips. �Ah ha, I KNEW you’d be at it again! I just KNEW it!�

�

All that bold talk about not caring if I was caught seemed to vanish into thin air and I was scared to death!

�

�JOSH,� my mom yelled at the top of her voice, �GET IN HERE. SHE’S AT IT AGAIN!�

�

My brother rounded the corner rubbing the sleep from his eyes. �She’s at what again?� he said with a half-yawn. He then saw that I was lying naked on the bed and smiled eagerly.

�

My mom looked at me and said, �Go on you little perv, show him. Show him what you like to do at night.�

�

�But mom!�

�

�DO IT!� she demanded.

�

I nervously put my hand between my legs and left it there hoping at least to not only satisfy my mom’s instruction but also to cover my sex from the prying eyes of my idiot brother.

�

�HELEN . . .� she prodded firmly, �You know what I mean.�

�

I sighed and began rubbing my fingers in little circles over my clitoris as my brother watched in amazement. I’m sure in his wildest dreams he never thought he’d witness something like this! The odd thing was that my clitoris didn’t care who was watching or how embarrassed I was – it just liked the sensation of my fingers sliding over it coated with the wetness increasingly oozing from my vagina. It felt good and I couldn’t help myself much to the growing angst of my mother.

�

�SEE?� my mom asked my brother. �See what she does when she’s alone up here? Is that not the most disgusting thing you’ve ever seen?�

�

My brother, giggling now, just nodded his head.

�

It was then that I felt the growing pulsations from deep within my nether regions and I exploded in a tremendous orgasm right in front of both of them! My body shook and convulsed like never before. Perhaps it was because this time I had an audience. I wasn’t sure why it was so intense but it seemed much stronger and last a lot longer than any of my previous orgasms.

�

My mom wasn’t amused and once again pulled me off the bed and dragged me downstairs by my hair and made to lie down on the floor.� My brother held my legs apart and my mom proceeded to lash both my vagina and my breasts using her cloth belt again. Josh just laughed as my mom berated me for my disgusting behavior. My clitoris was so sensitive having just experienced a wonderful climax that my mother’s lashing seemed to hurt much worse than before and I screamed like a pig with each stroke.

�

When she was through I was made to stand in front of the large glass window with my hands on top of my head. She then purposely turned on every light in that room and then proceeded to open the drapes. �You stand there for TWO hours and you had better not move a muscle.�

�

I nodded my head as they left to return to bed. My mom knew full well that one of my biggest fears was being seen naked by others. By turning on all the lights inside the house she made sure that I’d be clearly seen by any passersby outside since out there it was dark while my body was bathed in light inside the house. �Several cars drove by and a few even slowed down to a crawl as they passed our house making me believe that I had been spotted! I could only hope that no one I knew had been in those cars. Standing there naked was confusing. I HATED the thought of being seen but knowing that others HAD seen me naked made me wet. It was most frustrating as I didn’t understand why my body was reacting this way. I stood there a bundle of nerves for the entire two hours worrying about it.

�

After my time was up I returned to bed.

�

The next morning my mom informed me that from now on I was only to wear white cotton panties under my clothes. She explained that she was sure that part of my problem was that I was thinking impure and perverted thoughts which were making me horny and leading me to such bad behavior. �From now on I will be checking your panties at any time of the day,� She explained. �If I find that they are stained or wet I’ll know you’ve been thinking obscene thoughts and you’ll be punished. Understand?�

�

�But mom . . .� I protested. �My panties sometimes get that way anyway and I’m not thinking anything bad.�

�

She cut me off and said she didn’t want to hear anything more from me. �Just remember if I catch you with soiled panties you’re in trouble. And if we have one more episode like last night of you playing with yourself you’ll wish you were someone else, understood?�

�

�Yes ma’am.�

�

True to her word she called me downstairs several times during the day and made me lift my skirt and step out of my panties so she could examine them. She made me stand there with my skirt hiked up around my waist as she looked for any indication that I had been excited. Fortunately they were clean and I passed her inspection each time.�

�

Later that night, I heard her calling me yet again. I sighed with contempt. This was getting ridiculous, I thought. I stomped my way downstairs. When I rounded the corner I saw my mom sitting in the front room with Mrs. Barker with her niece Tammy and her nephew Edward! They were both about my age. I began to get an uneasy feeling about all of this and my heart began racing.� �Did you call me?� I asked cheerfully hoping not to let on how scared I was.

�

�Yes, dear, I did. Mrs. Barker was just asking me a question and I thought that you’d be a better person to answer it.�

�

�Oh . . .�

�

�Yes, Helen,� Mrs. Barker joined in sweetly, �I was just asking your mother if you had been behaving yourself since I last saw you.� I just stood silently.� All I could do was look at Tammy and Edward sitting there. I wondered how much they knew. Why was my mom humiliating me like this in front of them?!� �Well, have you?� she asked again obviously wanting an answer.

�

�Yes, ma’am,� I replied meekly hoping my short answer would suffice.

�

�Helen . . .� my mother cautioned. �You know you shouldn’t lie.�

�

My face grew hot as I blushed at hearing her remark.

�

�No ma’am� I replied.

�

�No, what� Mrs. Barker asked. �No, you know you shouldn’t lie or no, you haven’t really been behaving?

�

I looked at Tammy and saw her smiling.� �No, I haven’t been a good girl.� I said shamefully with my head bowed towards to floor.

�

�What did you do?�

�

�Yesterday I was . . . I mean I did . . .� I stammered looking for the right way to say it without embarrassing myself too much in front of them. �Yesterday I was at it again.� I finally said with a sigh swallowing my pride but I quickly added, �BUT I’VE LEARNED MY LESSON AND I’VE BEEN GOOD ALL DAY TODAY, HONEST!�

�

�Oh . . .� my mom remarked with distrust. �Well let’s just see shall we?�

�

My eyes widened with fear. �No please . . .� I begged �Not here, not now!�

�

My mom just got that sickening grin on her face and motioned for me to hike my skirt.

�

�But mom . . .�

�

My mom just shook her head and indicated with her finger for me to continue. I looked over at Tammy and Edward and they looked confused over what was going on. That made what I was about to do all the more embarrassing for me. I grabbed the hem of my skirt and slowly started lifting it up, higher and higher up my thighs. Edward’s eyes started to bug out while Tammy put her hand to her mouth to hide her smile. In no time I was standing there with my skirt gathered around my waist and my white cotton panties exposed to the entire room.

�

Mom made things worse by getting up and coming over to me and unceremoniously yanking my underwear to the floor and then having me step out of them like I was a little girl.

�

Edward and Tammy were all smiles as they looked at my almost hairless pubic region. I could literally feel them making fun of me in their minds as their gaze stayed fixed between my legs.� My mom methodically examined my panties looking them over as if she was at a crime scene which made Edward giggle all the more.� At least I didn’t have anything to worry about, I thought. I hadn’t masturbated all morning.

�

�Aha! Just as I thought,� my mom exclaimed pointing to the crotch of my underwear. �I want you all to see this,� she said as she passed my panties around the room for everyone to see what she had found. �Just look at that wet spot! She’s been thinking nasty thoughts again.�

�

I shook my head. �That’s impossible! I’ve been good . . .� It was then I recalled thinking of Ricky earlier and picturing him reading my little assignment that had been posted on the refrigerator. My thoughts at the time were a mixture of shame and excitement and I remember getting that funny feeling even though I despised what had happened. Surely that must have been when I . . .

�

�Helen, you know what I have to do, right?�

�

I was about to plead and protest when Mrs. Barker turning to her relatives interrupted saying, �Now you will get to see what happens to naughty teenagers when they get caught doing something nasty. Make no mistake about it. They get punished.� She then told my mom to go ahead and discipline me as it would be good for her relatives to see first-hand the consequences of doing such things.

�

Since I was already naked below the waist holding my skirt up past my hips, my mom had me bend over the desk chair directly opposite our guests giving them a great view of my privates and proceeded to whip my butt with the hardest lashes yet. I was determined not to cry in front of my peers but the pain was too intense and I broke down and started to whimper which caused Edward to giggle. He obviously thought my punishment was funny.��

�

When I was through she told me to stand and face her. I was glad this ordeal was over as I stood there whimpering.� �You know what to do now.� She said as if I had a clue.

�

I shook my head in confusion.

�

�Strip off and take your place in front of the window. Two hours I think ought to suffice.�

�

It was my turn for my eyes to nearly pop out of my head. It was bad enough for my peers to see my naked behind get paddled. Now I had to expose my under-developed breasts to them as well. �I was about to refuse when I suddenly became aware that she wasn’t going to whip my vagina like she had when I was caught masturbating. I decided not to risk angering her further so I slowly took off my clothes and stood naked before them covering myself with my hands.

�

�We’ll have none of that. Put your hands on your head like you are supposed to,� my mom instructed. After I complied she added, �Now go over and apologize to each one of our guests for having to witness such a thing.�

�

I nervously walked over to Mrs. Barker and said, �I’m sorry you had to see this.�

�

She just smiled and nodded her head. �You should have gotten worse. If you were mine I would have handled it differently.� I really didn’t want to know what she would have done if it was any worse than what my mom was dishing out!

�

I walked over to Edward and said the same thing to which he inquired trying not to laugh, �What are those red stripes across your puffy little boobies?� I looked down and sure enough there were visible red marks across my chest from the belt my mom had used earlier to whip me.

�

That’s when things got really embarrassing. �Oh that’s where I whipped her last night,� my mom volunteered, �when I caught her playing with herself naked in bed. You should see her go at it. She pinches her nipples and fingers her vagina like a sex-crazed slut or something. I thought if I whipped her boobs and silly little cunt they’d be too tender to play with.�

�

Her remark caused both Tammy and Edward to laugh out-loud.

�

Now my secret was out! They both knew that not only did I think nasty thoughts and get sexually excited by them but that I was punished for masturbating naked in bed!

�

I quickly apologized to Tammy and took my place at the open window displaying myself once again to the street. �Why does she have to stand there?� Tammy asked.

�

�It’s part of her punishment. Since she likes being naked so much I thought a little humiliation might help discourage her a bit. What do you think, Tammy? Will that be a deterrent?�

�

�I’ll say and more. I mean if I was a teenager and had such a little girl’s body I’d be ashamed to show it to anyone!� Edward laughed at her remark making me fume deep down inside.

�

�Too bad there isn’t a crowd outside to witness her punishment.�

�

�Yeah,� Tammy agreed giggling.

�

Eventually our guests left before my time was up at the window leaving me alone with my thoughts. All I could think about was how confused I was about all of this. Part of me clearly hated the humiliation. Part of me was beginning to grow fond of it and I couldn’t figure out why. Perhaps it was the sexual nature of the punishments that was making things hard for me to deal with. My mind was thinking one way but my BODY was behaving another!

**Helen’s Ordeal – Part 3**

Over the next two days I was whipped many times for being aroused. These inspections were going to be my downfall. It seemed the more I tried NOT to become sexually excited the wetter I became. Of course once wet I eventually HAD to find release so I ended up fingering myself again only to be discovered by the rat fink of a brother of mine or worse by my mom.

�

If my mom caught me I would receive terrible lashings on my vagina and breasts. If my brother caught me my mom would let him punish me himself. Eventually she would let him punish me without her supervision because as she put it, �She had better things to do than spend all day disciplining the likes of me.�

�

My privates were so swollen and sore I had to do something to stop this torture. I made up my mind that the very next day I would tell the principal at school and hopefully solicit his help. My mom liked Mr. Peterson and I was sure that she would listen to him if he objected to what she was doing to me.

�

The only problem was how to go about it.�

�

The next day as I dressed for school I was so sore from the whippings that I couldn’t stand to even wear panties as they chaffed me so. I chose instead just to wear a nice pair of denim jeans as there was no way I could go to school wearing a skirt without underwear, I just couldn’t! After arriving at school I arranged with the secretary to see Mr. Peterson during my lunch hour. He was an older man and quite intimidating in stature but he seemed fair and I was sure he would help me or at least advise me on how to handle the situation. I still wasn’t sure what I was going to say when I met with him but at least I was taking a big step towards ending this madness.

�

After the first hour of classes, however, I realized that I had made a terrible choice in picking out my clothing for the day. The course denim fabric of my jeans had rubbed the already tender area between my legs practically raw and every step I took made me want to scream in agony and I still had the entire day to go!

�

When my lunch hour came I made my way to the Principal’s office and waited patiently until the secretary led me into his private office. He was sitting there at his desk looking over some papers and never even looked up as the secretary announced me.� He just muttered, �Yes, yes, that’ll be all Ms. Woodworth,� and resumed his studying of the papers he was reading as I just stood there.

�

He finally looked up and scrunched up his face as if he was surprised that someone was in his office. �Who are you and what are you doing in my office?� he asked sternly. Before I could answer he took off his glasses and continued as if he suddenly remembered, �Oh yes, Helen isn’t it? What can I do for you?�

�

�Well sir . . . you see sir,� I mumbled trying to finds the right words. �I need your help with something.�

�

�Well spit it out girl, I haven’t got all day you know.�

�

The tone of his voice made me all the more nervous. �Um, I have a problem . . .�

�

�What’s wrong? Why are you standing bent over and squirming like that? Are you having menstrual cramps or something, is that it?�

�

�Um, no sir but that’s part of my problem. I . . . that is, my mom spanks me at home a lot and I need your help.�

�

�MY help?� he said raising an eyebrow.

�

�Yes I need you to help me put a stop to it.�

�

He broke out laughing.� �Oh that’s rich. I assume you were being punished for a good reason. I mean your mother had cause to punish you - she just didn’t beat you for fun.�

�

I lowered my head and sheepishly replied, �Yes she had a reason but . . .�

�

�So what’s the problem then? Don’t tell me you think spanking is wrong?�

�

�In this case yes. You see it’s just that� . . .�

�

�Listen girl, I’m behind your mother 100%. I believe that if a child misbehaves there’s nothing like a good old fashioned whipping to get to the heart of the matter. In fact if you were my child I’d punish you just the same way.�

�

My eyes widened at his words as I mentally pictured him whipping my pussy with his belt. Surely he couldn’t possibly know what I had been punished for to respond in such a way. I began to wonder if my mother had already gotten to him and told him about me. �I got very embarrassed. I couldn’t believe he was taking her side.� �You mean you aren’t going to help me? I’m in pain here I can hardly walk! You mean to tell me you aren’t going to do anything?!��

�

He smiled at me in a condescending sort of way and pushed the button on his intercom. �Ms. Woodworth, would you come in here for a moment please.� When she entered the office he continued, �Ms. Woodworth, Helen here, has a problem and she expects me to do something to help her. As you can see she’s appears to be in a lot of pain. Please take her to the school nurse and see to it that she is examined right away.�

�

�But . . .� I protested clearly not satisfied with his course of action.

�

�He narrowed his eyes and looked at me scornfully, �Surely you don’t want ME to examine you, do you?� The perverted looking smile on his face told me that he was probably hoping that I’d let him do just that!

�

I just sighed and lowered my head. It was clear that he was siding with my mom and I wasn’t going to get anywhere with him. Perhaps the nurse would be more sympathetic. �No sir,� I said with resignation, �of course not. The nurse will be fine.�

�

Ms. Woodworth led me out of the office and down several halls until we reached the school nurse’s office. As before each step was unbelievably painful and several times I had to ask her if we could stop for a second to catch my breath.� She smiled at me after each request which made me wonder what she was thinking. She prodded me onward and indicated that she was sure I could manage on my own and left me waiting at the door. Though I was somewhat dejected over my encounter with our principal I still wanted to somehow find a way to force my mother to stop treating me as a child and leave me alone – even if that meant that I had to have a medical excuse to get her to stop. I opened the door and carefully walked inside.

�

�ALICE!�� I exclaimed as I saw my fellow classmate behind the desk. �What are you doing here?�

�

�I work here during one of my class periods – sort of cooperative educational training. It gives me exposure to the medical field in case I decide that I might want to be a nurse someday.�� I always knew Alice was smart. Cooperative Ed programs were usually only reserved for students in the upper classes. �So what’s wrong with you? Do you need to see the nurse?�

�

�Yes, as a matter of fact I do. Is she in?�

�

�She’s at lunch right now but should be back shortly.�

�

�But I have to be back at class soon. I can’t afford to be late as I have a test next period. Will she be long do you think?�

�

Alice smiled and said, �I think we can save some time if I get you ready for her. That way she can get right down to work as soon as she comes in so you won’t miss class.�

�

Alice already knew a little about my punishments and what life was like for me at home so I decided to take her into my confidence. I explained the whippings on my privates and about how sore I was, so sore in fact that I could hardly walk. Alice giggled a bit when I explained the details, which I couldn’t really blame her for, but she did try to keep herself composed and seemed to really want to help. �What do I need to do?� I finally asked.

�

�I’m sure the nurse can help – at least she can recommend something for the pain and to help you heal. Follow me,� she said as she headed into a small room next to the waiting area. �She’ll need to examine you first so you’d better go ahead and get undressed and hop up on the table when you’ve stripped off. I’ll go and see if I can find you a gown. But best not waste any time though as lunch time is almost over.�

�

I had never been to the nurse before and wasn’t sure how much to take off but I was sure she’d want to see my breasts and my vaginal area and since I wasn’t wearing any under-things I decided just to get naked and wait for Alice to return.

�

So there I was sitting on the table without a stitch on when the door opened. Alice had a paper gown in her hand and was about to say something to me when the phone rang at the desk outside in the waiting area. �Alice sighed and left to answer it taking the gown with her and leaving the door open as she did so. �

�

She no sooner picked up the phone when the front door opened and in walked Peter Simpson. �I’m sick and need to see the nurse he said pitifully. Alice held up her finger to shush him up as she continued talking. I immediately covered myself with my hands as I spotted Peter looking at me smiling. There was nothing I could do. If I got up to close the door he’d surely see more of me than I cared to show so I just sat there doing my best to hide my body from his prying eyes. �

�

When Alice she asked Peter what was wrong and listened patiently as he went on and on about his issues all the while looking at me and smiling. Alice noticed him and glanced back over her shoulder at me sitting there naked and embarrassed as anyone could ever be, but she didn’t make a move to shut the door OR give me the gown that she had draped on the desk chair. Instead she continued asking him probing questions as to what was wrong with him. She may have been just doing her job but it seemed to me like she was really intentionally prolonging my agony. She finally gave him a clipboard with some papers to fill out and came back into my room holding a clipboard for me.

�

�Uh� . . . where’s my gown?!� I asked in a whisper asshe entered without it still leaving the door open.

�

�Oh, sorry I left it on the chair out there,� she replied with a chuckle. �Just fill this paperwork out and I’ll go and get it. The nurse will need that before she sees you.�

�

I spotted the clock and time was growing short if I was to make my next class on time so I got busy filling in that idiotic form. Why did they need all this stupid information anyway? Don’t they already have a file on me somewhere I wondered? Vaccinations, childhood diseases, age of first menstruation? Good grief. I’ll never get this all filled in! When I did finally look up again I noticed that the door to my room was still open and Peter was STILL looking me! It was then that I realized that he had had an unobstructed view of my small boobs the whole time I was filling in my form!! I covered my chest with my arm and yelled for Alice!!

�

�Oh sorry,� she said apologetically as she ran in with my gown. She no sooner had helped me into it when the nurse came into the outer office.

�

�Okay who’s first?� she asked as she put her things onto her desk.

�

�She is,� Alice answered calling out from my room.

�

�What’s her problem?� she asked rummaging through some papers on the desk.

�

�Her vagina is sore,� my so-called friend blurted out without thinking how embarrassing her remark may have been for me. I heard Peter laughing out loud and the nurse headed toward my room shaking her head.

�

Even though she closed the door I still heard Peter and Alice laughing outside in the waiting room.

�

The nurse was all business with a bedside manner that was brash and uncaring.   
�Your vagina’s sore is it? Well let’s have a look see� She pushed me back onto the table and spread my legs apart placing my feet on the tabletop with my knees bent to get a better look.

�

She was no sooner about to start when Alice burst inside saying, �Phone call for you ma’am,�

�

I lifted my head off the pillow and saw Peter outside looking at me through the wide-open door getting a great view of my pussy, which from the way the table was positioned placed my vagina right in line with where he was sitting.

�

�Tell whoever it is I’ll have to call them back.�

�

�Yes ma’am,� Alice replied and left the room.� Her timing couldn’t have been worse!

�

The nurse resumed her examination. �It’s all red and swollen. Just what happened here? Why is it like that?�

�

With Peter sitting just outside the door hearing every word there was no way I was going to tell her the truth now. All my plans for soliciting her help vanished into thin air. All I wanted to do was to get out of there. I just shrugged my shoulders and kept quiet.

�

�Well I suppose it could be a rash of some sort. Are you allergic to anything?�

�

�No ma’am, not that I know of.�

�

�Has this ever happened before?�

�

�No ma’am�

�

�Okay I’m going to mix up an old fashioned, herbal cream that I want you to use until this clears up. If it doesn’t I want you to come back and see me is that clear?�

�

�Yes ma’am.�

�

�Stop by after school and pick it up. I should have it ready by then. In the meantime quit wearing these denim jeans as they only make things worse. From now on wear only dresses and skirts until things clear up.�   
��

I thanked her for her help and got dressed. I could only chuckle as I heard Alice say to Peter, �Go ahead and get undressed.� It would serve him right if I stayed and ogled him the way he did me but I was already late for class!

�

At the end of the day I stopped by the office and Alice was waiting for me. �The cream isn’t ready yet but I’m supposed to bring it round to your place later this afternoon.�

�

�Oh?�

�

�Yes. Apparently the nurse called your mom and spoke to her about your problem. I’m not sure but I think things might get better for you now. Either that or your mom will whip the hide right off your Cooter when you get home,� Alice said with a little chuckle.

�

I lowered my head, thanked Alice for her help and left. The walk home was agonizingly slow. I thought about running away but I figured my mom would somehow find me and things could get really worse for me then. I dawdled along stopping to think about things here and there. I lost track of time.

�

When I finally managed to reach my home and opened the door there was my mom smiling at me. �Hi honey,� she said sweetly. �Have a good day?�

�

�Um, yeah I guess. I have a lot of homework I’m going to my room.�

�

�Alice dropped off this ointment for you,� she said holding up a little blue jar.

�

I took the jar and read the handwritten instructions on it, which appeared to be in Alice’s handwriting. �Apply to nipples and vaginal area twice a day. Leave on for 30 minutes, then rinse off. Do NOT remove ointment from skin any sooner than 30 minutes.�

�

I looked at my mom fearfully wondering what she had thought about me going to the school nurse behind her back. All sorts of thoughts ran through my head about what they might have said to each other. Did the nurse now know that my mom whipped my private parts? Did she know the real reason why I received those whippings – that I was a frequent masturbator? Oh this was all so embarrassing.

�

Mom finally broke the ice and spoke first. �Helen dear let’s get started with your treatment. I can’t have you feeling poorly can I? I’ll apply the first dose so you’ll know how to do it later. Alice was very explicit in her instructions so pay attention. I’ll watch you the second time and if you do it right I’ll leave you to attend to things yourself. If not, I’ll make sure it gets done right, don’t you worry about that. �

�

�Yes ma’am.�

�

�Go ahead and get undressed.� I knew better than to argue so I quickly undressed and soon was standing in our front room naked once again. �Now the first thing you do is take a dab of cream like this and SLOWLY rub it in until all the wetness has vanished. Mom then applied the cream to the nipple area of my left breast and began making slow circles around my areola with her fingers. GAWD that felt good! The cream was cold and soothing. There was something about the way my mother was rubbing the ointment in that was very arousing. I LOVED IT!�

�

As she was still rubbing the cream in on my left breast she put some more on her other hand and began rubbing on my right nipple area too. It must have been a sight the two of us standing there, her in front of me with her outstretched hands fondling my boobs. I was getting very, very horny and worried that soon she would discover I was wet again.

�

When she had finished she applied a little more to her fingers and slid them between my legs. I almost gasped out loud! I had never felt anything so wonderful. The sensation of her fingers touching my sex was electrifying and the coolness of the cream soothed the irritation away quite nicely. Maybe things were going to work out I thought. My mom didn’t seem to notice how wet I was. I guess the slipperiness of the ointment made it hard for her to tell where the wetness was coming from. Anyway mom was really into her work and I didn’t want her to stop. It was shameful I know but my own mother was accidentally close to getting me off!

�

All too soon she stopped, removed her hand and stepped back and grinned at me – that sort of grin she had when she was punishing me before. �THAT’S how it’s supposed to be done. Do you think you can do that?�

�

�OH YES,� I exclaimed almost breathlessly. Little did my mom know that she had just given me permission to get myself off under the guise of ‘therapy’.

�

As I stood there for a moment, thinking, I began to get a weird sensation on my nipples. Where they . . . Could they be . . . ON FIRE?!! The burning sensation was horrible! �GET IT OFF!� I screamed in a panic. �IT’S BURNING�

�

My mom smiled calmly and said, �Nonsense. It’s supposed to feel that way. That’s how you know it is working. The instructions said to leave it on for 30 minutes and that’s exactly what you’re going to do young lady. In fact, just to be sure you don’t try and remove it prematurely I want you to stand here with your hands on your head until I tell you that it’s time to wash it off. Understand?�

�

�PLEASE . . . LET ME WASH IT OFF NOW!!! Please MAMA, PLEASE,� I begged as I was hopping up and down. My vagina was now burning too and it was almost too much for me to stand. My mom just gave me a stern look waiting for me to comply with her command. As soon as I put my hands on my head she left.

�

That’s exactly how my brother and his friend found me as they came in the front door. I was hopping in place with my hands on my head, my small boobs bouncing and a look of agony on my face.

�

�What’s she done now,� my brother asked? Of course my mom was only too happy to yell out from the kitchen all the details of my raw vagina and the treatment I was undergoing. My brother and his friend were laughing hysterically as they continued watching me hop and listened to my mom’s explanation. I wanted to die!

�

After about twenty minutes the pain began to ease off. After half an hour I felt no worse than I did before and my mom informed me I could get dressed and that supper was ready.

**Helen’s Ordeal – Part 4**

I was never so glad to take a shower in all my life. I washed and rinsed and washed again until all traces of that wretched cream had been removed from my body! When I was through I collapsed on my bed, my private parts still throbbing from the effects of my supposed treatment. I wasn’t sure I could stand another application of that horrid stuff.

All through dinner my mother just sat across the table grinning as if she hadn’t a care in the world. I was beginning to loathe that grin.

�

The next day I heeded the advice of the nurse and wore a loose-fitting dress, something that I never wore to school as a rule. It did seem to make a difference though I was still sore. I wasn’t sure if that ointment made things worse or if I was still feeling the effects of my mother’s frequent whippings. Either way I had to do my best not to look like a fool when I walked.

Upon arriving home after school I had made up my mind to act and walk normally and to tell my mom that I was fine now but I never got the chance. She was waiting for me at the door holding that stupid jar of cream!  �Time for your treatment, dear,� She said pointing her finger at me indicating she wanted me to undress.

�But mom, I’m much better now. I don’t need another application. That stuff worked miracles. I’m cured!�

�Nonsense, Alice was quite specific. She said it will take time and that we should use the entire jar. Now, unless you want me to whip you again I’d suggest you do as I say. Actually that’s not a bad idea. You’re overdue for a reminder of what’s in store if you act nasty again. Besides, how do I know what you’re up to at night?�

�NO!� I protested. �I’ve been good and I’m getting undressed – see?� I immediately dropped my book-bag and started unbuttoning my blouse. There was no use dragging this out as it was clear she was going to win anyway. When I was finally naked, she unscrewed the cap on the blue jar and handed it to me. It was clear she wanted me to suffer the indignity of torturing myself. I put two fingers into the jar and took the tiniest dab of cream and began carefully rubbing the tiny amount of ointment on my left nipple area. The coolness felt good and was deceiving as to the pain that would surely follow so I wasn’t about to use anymore than necessary figuring less salve meant less pain.

The scowl on my mom’s face told me that she wasn’t pleased. �JOSH! Get your ass down here!� she screamed up the staircase at my brother who immediately came bounding down the steps like an elephant at feeding time.  He was all smiles seeing me naked again. �Your sister is trying my patience so I’m giving you a new job. She refuses to follow my directions on properly doing her therapy so I’m going to show you how I want it done and from now on it will be your job to see to it that it’s done right every day. Got that?�

�Yes ma’am.�

�First take a good dab of this cream on your fingers,� my mom instructed as she placed his hand into the jar. When she withdrew it a large glob was covering most of his fingers. �Then apply it first to the nipple areas on each breast.� She then forced his hand out to my left boob and began working his fingers over my sensitive skin. �That’s it. Use your fingers to pinch the nipples and surrounding skin working the ointment deep into the tissue.�

�MOM,� I pleaded does he have to TOUCH ME?  I can do it, honest!� Mom just gave me a scowl and prodded Josh on.

My brother smiled as he playfully massaged my tits awkwardly doing as my mother had instructed him.  He had NEVER touched me sexually before and I LOATHED it! He was having way too much fun.  When it was time to apply the cream to my vaginal area I had had enough. I grabbed his wrist and shoved it away. �Oh, no you don’t,� I yelled forcefully.  My action earned me a wicked slap across my face from my mom who then pushed me down to the floor and began taking off her belt from around her waist.

�I’m not wasting any more time. I’ll give you a reason for this therapy now!� She then swung the belt wildly through the air and it found its mark right between my legs!

�MOM, NO!�

The belt flew away unmercifully trashing my tender pussy until it was raw. I squirmed and writhed to avoid the blows but my brother came to my mom’s aid and held my legs open as he knew to do from prior punishments. �I WON’T TOLERATE ANY DISRESPECTIVE BEHAVIOR FROM YOU YOUNG LADY! YOU’LL DO AS YOU’RE TOLD! YOU’LL NOT BACKTALK ME!�

After FIFTY welts she took pity and stopped as I laid on the floor sobbing.  �NOW GET YOUR ASS UP AND LET YOUR BROTHER FINISH HIS JOB!�

My eyes widened as the prospect of having that infernal cream put on my raw flesh but I didn’t seem to have any choice. I felt two inches tall as I looked at Josh’s smiling eyes as he retrieved a wad of ointment and eagerly began rubbing it onto my vulva. Like before the coolness of the salve felt soothing and I willingly opened  my legs a bit wider to give him access – anything to ease my pain even if but for a moment.

When he was finished my mom ordered me to stand with my hands on my head. �Now listen to me young lady and listen good because I’m only going to say this once. From now on Josh will see to your treatment every day and you WILL follow his instructions. I don’t care one wit how embarrassing it is for you or whether you like it or not. YOU were the one that brought all this on by visiting that school nurse so you’re going to see it through. YOU DO WHAT HE SAYS! If I find out that you so much as uttered a word of protest I’ll whip every inch of your body until it bleeds. Is that clear?�

�Yes ma’am� I whimpered choking back my tears.

�Now stand there for 30 minutes THEN you can wash it off.� She then stomped out of the room leaving me standing there as my brother laughed his fool head off. Just about that time the burning sensation started kicking in and like before I tried desperately shifting my position to ease the pain. Soon I was uncontrollably jumping up and down like an idiot trying to unconsciously shake the cream off my body – which of course was impossible to do.  My brother wasn’t going to miss a second of my humiliation either. He sat there pointing at me snickering and making derogatory remarks about my body. �Maybe that stuff will make your boobs get bigger! What do you think?� and comments like �Gee, I wonder if that stuff will make hair grow? You could certainly use some down there!�

I wanted so badly to punch him in the face but I couldn’t even if I wanted to as I didn’t have to strength or the nerve to risk further punishment.

Finally my ordeal was over for the day and when it was time I scurried up the stairs to wash that stuff off me! My only consolation was that it was a small jar and at the rate Josh was smearing it over my body it wouldn’t last much longer.

The next day after school I found my brother eagerly waiting for me in the front room along with three of his friends from school. �Time for your treatment, sis.� He said wryly.

One of his friends clearly was confused. �What treatment? Is she sick?�

Josh was only too happy to explain. �No, she has a rash that needs attention with this special salve. It’s my job to apply it correctly. My mom said that I do it best – better than she does as she can’t be trusted to do it right.� He then got a mischievously smile and said, �Go ahead and get ready.�

�What here . . . In front of them?�

�Are your defying me?�

�NO!� I shouted back immediately. �I’m just not sure what you want me to do,� I said PLEADING with him with my eyes NOT to make me do this.

�Oh, well I’ll make it clear for you then. STRIP out of those clothes.�

The tension in the air was palpable as the other boys waited to see what I was going to do. It was clear they couldn’t believe that they were actually going to get to see me take my clothes off as they watched.  I looked around the room and to a boy they all had their eyes wide and mouths pursed. One was even biting his lower lip in anticipation.

�Well . . .� Josh prodded as I was nervously standing there hoping he’d change his mind.  Part of me was hoping that my mom would walk in a put a stop to this but I knew that even if she was home she probably wouldn’t lift a finger to help me. She made that perfectly clear yesterday when she blamed me for embarrassing her by running to the school nurse complaining of my punishments at home.

One of the boys let out an audible gasp as I started to unbutton my blouse, clearly surprised that I was actually going to do it. By the time I was down to my bra and panties I was positive that all of them were sporting erections as they seemed to be going to great lengths to adjust their clothing to either hide the fact they were aroused or to shift their anatomy to a more comfortable position within the confining nature of their underwear. If I wasn’t so embarrassed I would have found that amusing.

As I unsnapped my bra and exposed my tits to the room, one boy went pale in the face, shuddered a bit and then got a look of shame. Looking down I was almost sure he had ejaculated all over himself inside his underwear as there appeared a small but discernable wet spot on the front of his trousers.

There was another gasp as I lowered my panties and shook them off my feet.  All eyes were on my body that they failed to notice that my brother had placed a wad of cream on his fingers. When he walked forward and started rubbing some of it on my nipples they all let out a surprised but nervous laugh.

�You have to do that EVERY day?!� One boy asked incredulously.

�Yep, that’s what my mom said.�

�And she just lets you do that?� another asked still in disbelief.

�She will if she knows what’s good for her.�

I just stood there rolling my eyes as Josh groped my tits under the guise of applying the cream. He wasn’t adhering at all to the method my mom had showed him. Instead he was making quite a show of it for his friends, squeezing here, pulling there. He even went so far as to use both hands to rotate my boobs – one counter-clockwise and the other in a different direction. He was off course trying to impress his buddies by making it appear that he was sexually experienced but the whole thing was awkward and mortifying for me – especially when he pinched my nipples hard between his fingers making me wince with pain.

Then he took some of the cream and slid his hand between my legs. He playfully rubbed and teased me knowing that it would arouse me and soon it had the desired effect as I felt myself getting wetter and wetter. �You have to rub it in completely,� my brother said for the benefit of his friends.� It takes a while but the cream is soothing. She likes it, see?�  The look on my face must surely have embarrassed me.

�Can I try?� one of the boys asked eagerly.

My mouth literally dropped open as I heard my brother reply, �I don’t see why not. Just get some of that stuff on your fingers and slide them over her tender spots – like I was doing.�

�Okay!� he said as I watched in horror as he dipped his hand into the jar and then began bringing it closer to my sex. I bit my lip as I felt his inexperienced touch against my flesh.  I was sure this was the first time he had ever touched a girl before. But it wasn’t long before he discovered my clitoris and sending me close to the edge. I felt that familiar pressure building up deep inside of me begging to be released. I actually found myself rocking my hips back and forth a little helping the poor boy find all the right spots. My breathing quickened and my pulse raced and then . . . Aaaahhhhhhh! I exploded right before their eyes as wave after wave of spasms overtook me and my body reacted uncontrollably.

�WHAT DID I DO?� the lad asked in a panic as he quickly withdrew his hand frightened that he had done something wrong.

�Nothing,� Josh replied laughing. �I think you just got my sister off!�

All the boys had a good laugh at my expense. After I quit shuddering I was so embarrassed I wanted to die.

�Now this is the fun part,� Josh said pointing at me knowing full well how painful things would get for me. �Just watch.�

I knew he wanted to add to my humiliation and I was bound and determined NOT to give him the satisfaction. I made up my mind to just tough it out no matter how much it burned.

�Hands on head,� Josh commanded obviously enjoying his new-found authority over me.

Soon that familiar pain began eating away at my resolve but I stood there clenching my teeth not moving a muscle. Time passed and the boys continued the vigil watching and waiting to see what would happen. My muscles tensed and it was all I could do to just stand there but somehow I managed to keep control of myself. At least I did for a few minutes anyway, then, I lost it.

I yelled out a small cry and then started hopping about first on one foot then the other. The boys giggled and pointed at me. �Look at her little tits jiggling up and down. HOW FUNNY!�

I was so mad at myself for caving in but I just couldn’t help myself. My vagina was so tender from the whipping my mother had given me just the day before the cream felt like it was eating away at my raw flesh and I just couldn’t take it anymore. Of course the boys all thought it was hysterical. I wondered if they would think it was so funny if I put some of that ointment on their balls! I’d bet they wouldn’t think it was so funny then! The very thought of them jumping around naked holding them themselves suffering in agony was the only thing that helped my keep my sanity.

After 30 minutes I was allowed to wash. I was surprised they hadn’t followed me into the bathroom to watch me shower! There was no telling what my idiotic brother was telling them as they visited downstairs!

Funny thing though. Later that night as I was laying in my bed all the thoughts of my humiliation seemed not to bother me as much. In fact all I could think about was that another BOY had touched me. I found myself getting wetter by the minute as I recalled how much I enjoyed his awkward touch and how good the orgasm felt. It was different than when I initiated it. I wanted more and soon my fingers found their way between my legs. I was conflicted to be sure. I HATED being used and abused but part of me deep down inside realized that all these things seemed to give me an opportunity to explore my own sexuality. I couldn’t explain it.

The next afternoon my brother lingered much longer than before on my tits and between my legs until he too was able to get me off just like his friend had done the day before. The burning wasn’t quite as bad as it had been previously and somehow I managed to get through it. Later that evening as my mom and brother watched TV I found the little blue jar and took off the lid. I was curious to see how much of that foul stuff was left. To my surprise the jar was FULL! That’s impossible I said to myself. It should be empty by now. I checked the handwriting on the side to make certain I indeed had the correct jar and sure enough Alice’s writing was still there. I was so confused. Something was definitely wrong!

At school I decided to find Alice. I finally caught up with her outside the gym. When she spotted me she immediately started laughing. �How’s the treatment going?� she asked coyly.

�I KNEW you had something to do with that awful cream,� I snapped.  �The nurse didn’t make up that herbal remedy at all did she?�

Alice still giggled. �Oh she made it up alright but I gave your mom something I thought might be better.�

�You rat. Why did you do such a thing? I thought we were friends?�

�Oh we ARE friends. It’s just that your mom called the nurse back after she got her message and your mom and I started talking and I agreed to help her out. In fact I’m supposed to be spying on you and reporting back to her every day on how you are behaving at school.�

�YOU ARE?!�

�Oh yes and so far I’ve been giving her good reports just to keep you out of trouble.�  Alice then came over and began playfully twirling the top button on my blouse until the thread finally broke and the button popped off in her hand. �You DO want those good reports to continue don’t you?�

�Of COURSE I do. What do you mean?�

�Well, it takes a lot of work lying to your mom and all. I just think you owe me something for going to all that trouble.�

�Well . . . I guess I can do your homework or something.�

�Oh no, that’s not what I had in mind at all. No ma’am not at all.�

All I could do was wonder what she was up to.

**Helen’s Ordeal – Part 5**

�So what DO you want? � I asked nicely hoping for the best.

Alice smiled coyly and began fingering the second button on my blouse, twirling it like she had the top button. �As I said, all this lying and making up good reports about you is very time consuming on my part and I believe I should get something to make it worth my while.� Just then the second button popped loose and fell to the ground.

�Look, if it’s money you want I don’t have any.�

�No . . . it’s not money I want, just your cooperation. After all, I’m cooperating and acting in your best interest, I think it’s reasonable to expect a little cooperation from you. You can do that for me can’t you?�

�Yes, but . . .  what is it exactly that you want?�

�Just meet me at my house tomorrow night at 9 o’clock. Don’t be late.�

I reluctantly agreed knowing that my life could turn into a living hell with my mom if Alice started turning in bad reports about me. Her time of 9 o’clock would mean that I had to sneak out of the house to keep my appointment, but it was something I thought I could do without getting caught.

Upon my return home my brother was already waiting for me with jar in hand. In the front room were the same three boys that had been over the previous day and all of them had mischievous grins on their faces.

�Where’s mom?� I asked nervously.

�Out.�

�Well I have homework to do and I’m feeling fine now. I’m sure I don’t need any more treatments.� I tried to act confident and started making my way up to my room hoping that if I asserted myself that would be the end of it.

�You might be better now but I’m sure you won’t be after I tell mom you disobeyed me. She left explicit instructions for me to be sure that you got your treatment before we left to go to the movies.�

�WE?�

�Yes, didn’t she tell you? She won’t be home until late tonight and she told me to keep an eye on you and not leave you alone. So . . . since the guys and I already had plans for this evening I guess that means you’re coming with us.�

�Couldn’t we just skip the treatment for today? Please?�

Josh just smiled and motioned with his finger for me to get undressed.  I just stood there stubbornly. I had had about enough of this and, although it was against my better judgment, I just stood there defiantly seeing if he would back down.

�Fine, if you want to do it the hard way . . .� Just then Josh lunged toward me and grabbed ahold of my blouse and started ripping it off. He was soon joined by the other boys who exuberantly began to wrestle me to the floor and started stripping me. There was no attempt at doing this with any dignity. No, they were like a pack of starving, wild dogs pouncing on the first piece of meat they had seen in days. My blouse wasn’t unbuttoned. It was literally ripped off my chest and tossed on the floor. The boys were yanking on my skirt and it too ripped along the side as they carelessly tugged the hem as I desperately held on to the skirt to keep it in place. Once I was down to my bra and panties I decided to really fight back and started thrashing my legs and flailing my arms trying to prevent them from going any further. My brother was stronger though and he was able to reach around back and soon had my bra unsnapped and was stretching it across my chest trying to break the straps that held it on my shoulders. In no time at all he succeeded and my small boobs were once again exposed. This brought playful laughter from the other boys as they were still trying to manage to get my panties off.

Josh worked his way around above my head and pinned my shoulders to the ground. �I did my part,� he boasted to his friends. �The rest is up to you.�

The boys, spurred on by my brother’s chiding continued their assault with renewed vigor! They were all laughing and carrying on. If it wasn’t happening to me I would have laughed to!  My feet were still free and were lashing about madly. One boy managed to get a hold of one side of my panties and began pulling.

It was then that it happened. Just as the elastic ripped on the waistband of my panties, one of my legs somehow managed to kick one of the boys in the groin. He immediately let go and cried out in pain. Everyone stopped and it got very quiet. I could see that I had really hurt him and I felt bad. I didn’t mean to do it – it just happened.  My brother let go and went over to his friend and I could see from the expression on his face that I had really done it now. I just froze and watched the scene unfold.

The injured boy finally stood up and began undoing the button on his jeans and unzipping his fly. I took notice and immediately sat up wondering what he was doing. He was still groaning a bit but I watched as he slid his pants and underwear down exposing his cock! My jaw must have open so wide it could have hit the floor! I was seeing an older boy’s cock for the first time in my life!

The boy bent over and began examining his balls oblivious to the fact I was watching all this. This went on for about a minute then he looked up at me with beady eyes and said angrily, �You’re lucky, Missy. That’s all I can say!�

Seeing his friend was all right Josh turned his attention back to me. �That does it!� He pulled me off the floor, snatched the remnant of my panties away from me and pulled me over his lap. �Give me your belt, Frank,� he said. �She’s going to learn a valuable lesson now!�

No sooner had his words sunk in I felt the burning sting of a leather belt against my backside. These weren’t playful slaps either. He meant business. Over and over my brother laid the leather to my skin and I writhed in pain. Then, funny thing, I discovered something in all my agony. I suddenly noticed that as I was lying across his lap I felt something – my brother had a boner! I could feel it sure enough. There was no mistaking it! I found myself either, subconsciously or perhaps deliberately squirming a bit, applying pressure to his lap and noticed that it moved with my friction and pushed back against me.

I was so wrapped up in what was happening that I didn’t even care much when Josh asked the others to take a turn as he held me fast across his legs. One boy used his hand, the other a brush and Frankie went back to his belt.

I DID noticed, however, when Frankie said, �Since Tom was kicked in the groin I think SHE should get kicked there too so she knows what it feels like.� My heart stopped immediately and I wondered if I heard right.

�No,� Josh said in my defense, �but we sure as hell can whip her there. I was quickly pushed to the floor and Josh pulled apart my legs as he had done so many times before during my mother’s beatings exposing my sex to the group. The injured boy took Frankie’s belt and gave three quick lashes to my sex. He wasn’t as hard as he probably could have been but it hurt nonetheless. The boy was all smiles as I wailed aloud.

�Now for the cream,� Josh said as he pulled me off the floor. As before he rubbed it in thoroughly across my nipples and put gobs of it between my legs. When he was through rubbing it in, he tossed me my blouse and torn skirt. �Get dressed. We’re already going to be late because of you.�

�But these are a mess and practically ripped to pieces. I can’t wear these!�

�Fine, you can go naked then for I care,� he said as he grabbed my arm and started for the door.

I pulled back, �Okay! I wear these.�

I put my arms through the sleeves of the blouse. Of course there were no buttons at all. Alice had popped the top two earlier and Josh had popped the rest when he yanked it off of me on the floor. There was also a 4-inch tear under my right arm that left a gaping and noticeable hole even with my arm at my side. You could clearly see that I wasn’t wearing a bra as skin showed where my bra strap would have been.

My skirt wasn’t much better. What I thought was a small rip actually was much worse. There was a slit up the entire left side of my skirt that went right to the waistband. I would have to be careful how I walked.

I must have looked a sight as we left the house and headed for my brother’s car. There I was holding my blouse closed with one hand and grasping the two sides of my skirt at the top with the other trying to keep the pieces together. I wish I had underwear but my bra and panties had been literally destroyed in the fray and I wasn’t about to make things worse by asking to get another pair.

Just about the time we arrived at the theatre, which was only two miles from the house, the burning from the cream began. I started to shuffle in the car seat to ease the discomfort. By the time I had gotten out of the car my flesh felt like it was on fire. It was MUCH worse this time – worse than it had ever been. I couldn’t figure out why until I recalled that the last time I checked the jar it was full. ALICE! I screamed to myself. What had that bitch done? She must have replaced whatever was in the jar with something stronger. I was going to kill her for sure!

So there I was trying to walk to the theatre lobby, holding my blouse closed so I wouldn’t flash everyone, literally hopping on one foot then the other as the burning seemed only to get more intense. I kept pulling my blouse away from my chest and back again fanning myself as if to create a breeze to cool off. I didn’t work but I HAD to do something. People were looking at me. I’m sure that someone surely saw an occasional glimpse of my bare chest but I just couldn’t help myself.  One guy I’m sure must have thought I was having a seizure or something as he asked, �Are you okay?�

�Fine, Just FINE,� I snapped back!

�Okay, OKAY!� Just trying to be helpful,� he said as he walked off in a huff.

Embarrassed I waited as Josh bought our tickets and we went inside.  We all took seats in the back row of the theatre. I didn’t even know what show we were going to see. I didn’t really care. I just wanted to be out of the limelight and into the darkness.

After the movie started I leaned over to Josh and said, �I’ve GOT to get this off of me. I can’t STAND it anymore!� He just looked over at me and shrugged his shoulders.

�SERIOUSLY JOSH,� I whispered forcefully, �This new stuff is stronger than the other stuff. I’m about to break down and scream! PLEASE let me wash this off.�

He looked over at me again, then into my eyes. I’m sure he could see that I was serious. He let out a pathetic sigh and said, �Oh all right, you big baby. Give me your blouse.�

�What . . . here?�

�Well I’m certainly not letting you out of my sight. You’ll just run away or hitch a ride with some stranger. No way. You’re staying here! If you want to wash that off give me your blouse.�

I nervously looked around the theatre and made sure no one was looking and slowly let the blouse drop off my arms and I handed it to my brother leaving me topless in that public place.

�Now the skirt.�

�WHAT?!�

�You heard me. Unless you’re just planning on washing off just those boobs of yours I need the skirt.�

I mumbled something crude under my breath knowing that my brother couldn’t hear me and slipped out of my skirt and handed it to him as well. Now I was completely naked! The boys next to me all leaned over in their seats and checked me out giggling like a bunch of schoolboys – which is what they were!

�Now what,� I asked impatiently.

Josh handed me his drink bottle and went back to watching the movie. What was I supposed to do with this? I wondered. �JERK,� I mumbled to myself. Then I realized it was an unopened bottle of water so I quickly put some in my hand and splashed some on my exposed, burning flesh. It felt good so I continued doing it both on my upper body and in between my legs. I was making a mess but I didn’t care. It felt good. After I was good and soaked I began to feel relief!

I handed the now empty bottle back to my brother and, after he took it from me, kept my hand there in the air waiting for my clothes.

�Well . . .� I asked impatiently.

�Well, what?

�My clothes!!�

�No way, you’re wet. Wait until you dry off, THEN you can have them back.�

�But . . .�

�No use arguing and that’s that.�

I folded my arms across my chest in a huff and sat there. As I looked around the theatre I realized that as the brighter lit scenes came upon the screen it illuminated my naked body as if I were in a spotlight. Then when the scenes went to an inside shot, I was able to hide in the relative darkness again. Every time the theatre lit up it almost took my breath away. It was during one of those scenes that I saw Patty Barnes, a girl from my class who was sitting several rows ahead of me. I REALLY hated her. She was such a snob. If she were to turn around and catch me sitting here naked I’d just die!

The boy that I had kicked was sitting on my left next to me. Josh was on my right. It was creeping me out being out like this among all these boys and I slid ever so quietly down into my seat hoping to use the chair in front of me to shield myself. It didn’t work that well as this theatre had stadium-type seating and I was still pretty much exposed, but I felt a little better anyway.

�I think you broke it,� the boy to my left whispered to me.

�Broke what?� I asked pretending to be ignorant and hoping he would leave me alone.

�You broke my penis, that’s what.�

�No I didn’t.�

�I think you did. It doesn’t work.�

�What do you mean it doesn’t work?� I snapped back flippantly.

�I’ll show you,� he said as he grabbed my hand and started pulling it towards his crotch. I looked over and sure enough he had his pants pulled down exposing his cock and he was pulling my hand right towards it.

�HEY!� I whispered emphatically. �Cut that out.�

�I was only trying to show you that it didn’t work.�

�I’m not touching that thing!�

�Be that way,� he said snidely. �Hey isn’t that Patty Barnes sitting up there. Maybe she’d like to come and sit with us.�

�You wouldn’t dare!�

�Wouldn’t I? Watch this.� He then sat up straight, and cupped his hands around his mouth as if he was going to shout out to her.

�Okay, Okay,� I hurriedly replied. �Show me how I broke it!�

He smiled wickedly at me and sank back down into his seat. He reached over and took my hand again and pulled it onto his penis.

I let out an audible gasp as my fingers touched it. I was touching a boy’s cock! Just then I felt it twitch beneath the palm of my hand and I instinctively pulled my hand away but the boy stopped me and replaced it on his member. It twitched again.

�See what I mean,� he whispered playfully. �It’s broke.� Just then I noticed my brother looking at what I was doing. He just gave me a knowing smile and went back to watching his movie.

�What are you talking about,� I said. �Isn’t it supposed to do that?�

�It’s supposed to get big and all it does is twitch. Maybe if you rub it. It might get the blood going again and it will be better.�

I looked over at him incredulously. He wanted me to give him a hand job in a crowded theatre in front of all of his friends?!

He manipulated my fingers around his shaft and began slowly sliding my hand up and down his penis. �Do it like that,� he said breathing rather hard now.

It was taking my breath away too as I was indeed curious about male anatomy and how it worked so I kept up the motion. �Not so hard!� he complained. �Relax your grip a bit . . . that’s better.�

His penis began to stiffen right in my hand and soon it was quite long. I felt some moisture at the tip of his gland so I used it to wet his shaft and kept rubbing. I was lost in my work so to speak that I didn’t even notice that he had put his arm around me until he started fondling my naked right breast!  I gasped out loud causing my brother to look over and smile. I then felt HIS hand on my right leg slowly and playfully running it up and down my thigh. I practically gushed my nectar into the seat I was sitting in I got wet so fast.

Just then the boy tensed up, stopped his breathing and proceeded to squirt not once but 5 or 6 times some sticky white fluid all over my hand and his lap. It was warm and it felt good. I had just jerked a boy off for the first time! I had heard the girls talking about this at school but I never in my life thought I’d be doing this so soon. That was fun, I thought. A feeling of sublime satisfaction came over me. I wiped my hand on his seat and sat back into mine feeling a warm, satisfying glow. The boy didn’t turn loose of my boob though and kept awkwardly fondling it throughout the movie.

One time when I rubbed my nose because it itched using the hand I had used to give the boy a hand job, I noticed it smelled funny. Not bad, just different. I wondered what that stuff he shot all over himself tasted like. I scolded myself for having such wicked thoughts! Still . . .

I almost panicked when I saw that the movie was almost over. �JOSH, my clothes,� I pleaded with obvious stress in my voice.

He gave me a smirk and replied, �What clothes?�

�Bastard!�

He laughed and then handed them to me and I quickly put them on as best I could. No sooner than I had gotten my skirt on and had pulled my blouse together the house lights came on and people were starting to leave. My heart was never beating so fast in all of my life. That was close!

�HI HELEN!� I heard a voice shout from somewhere up front. I looked up and saw Patty Barnes waving at me. My knees got weak as I was sure she was going to come up and chat but mercifully she didn’t!

After everyone left we got up and made our way to the exit. I was ever so worried that I’d run into Patty in the lobby and tried to think of how I could explain my tattered clothing. When we rounded the corner and entered the lobby Patty was nowhere to be seen.

On the drive home I thought about what had just happened. I felt more of a woman now. I guess I felt a little bit more experienced now that I had gotten a boy to orgasm. I had spent almost two HOURS naked in a very public theatre. Good for me! I said to myself.

Now all I had to worry about was Alice and my appointment with her tomorrow. I wondered what SHE wanted.