**Kelly's Mistake**

beginning *by* Sara

Ten-year-old Kelly Anderson arrived home from school. Her mother met her at the door as she was leaving. "Oh hi, honey. I am going out with some of my friends for tonight. Your father will order a pizza for dinner. You can have a snack now, but then get on your homework."

"Yes, Mommy," Kelly smiled. "Have fun tonight," she said as she kissed her mother on the cheek.

"You just behave yourself," Kelly's mom said, as she gave a firm but playful swat to the seat of Kelly's jeans.

Kelly put her backpack on the kitchen table and headed upstairs to her bedroom. She stripped off her jeans and shirt, quickly removed her shoes and socks, and headed back downstairs for her snack.

Kelly liked to run around the house in her underwear when no one was home. She was *allowed* to run around in her underwear when her parents were home, but she was rather shy, so she never did. Her parents usually only saw her underwear when she was getting spanked, something Kelly liked to avoid if she could.

Kelly thought she looked cute in her Barbie panties, and wondered if Johnny Taylor would think she looked cute in them if he ever saw her like this. Johnny was the fourteen-year-old boy who lived in the neighboring house, and he was simply dreamy in Kelly's opinion. Sometimes as she undressed in her bedroom, she imagined that she was in *his* bedroom, with him watching her and saying how pretty she was. Of course she would *never* let him see her naked for real, nor would she ever be in *his* bedroom anyway.

Kelly got herself a snack of apple slices and peanut butter before starting her homework. She had just finished up the last of it and began putting her things back in her backpack when her pencil fell to the floor and rolled into the corner. Kelly picked it up and stood up thinking about all the times she had stood in that very same corner, in her underwear, waiting to be spanked. She put her pencil back in her bag and put the bag by the door so she would be able to find it in the morning. She went back to the corner and put her hands on her head and wondered what it would be like to stand there waiting for Johnny Taylor to pull down her panties and spank her.

She didn't know why she thought about Johnny pulling down her panties. She usually got to keep her panties up for a spanking. She didn't know why the thought of *Johnny* spanking her made her feel all funny inside.

Kelly, lost in her daydream, didn't hear her father come into the house until she heard him say, "Oh, Kelly what did you do to deserve a spanking? It's been a couple of months since I last had to spank you."

Kelly gasped. Her dad thought her mom had put her in the corner to be spanked. "No Daddy, I was just thinking about something," she said, dropping her hands. She began turning around.

Three quick hard swats on the seat of her panties made her gasp. "You know the rules young lady. Get your hands back on your head and turn around. *Now!*" Three more hard swats made her obey quickly.

"It's a mistake, Daddy! Mommy didn't put me in the corner. I dropped my pencil and started to daydream while standing here."

"Enough of this nonsense, Kelly. You're just making things worse for yourself. Tell me what you did wrong or I will give you a very harsh spanking and extra for not cooperating."

Kelly cried, "Please Daddy! You have to believe me. I didn't do anything wrong. I dropped my pencil and came to the corner to get it."

"Where is your pencil, Kelly?" her father asked. Kelly looked down, crestfallen. She no longer had her pencil. "So you expect me to believe that you just decided to stand in your punishment corner in your underwear for no reason at all?"

"Please Daddy," Kelly wailed. "It *is* the truth!"

Kelly's father felt perplexed. Kelly usually cooperated for a spanking. He didn't know why she wasn't this time, but was determined to make it the *last* time she didn't cooperate.

He went up to his bedroom and got the hairbrush he used to spank her and his thick leather belt, the one he never wore, but reserved for special punishments.

Kelly could hear him in the kitchen as she cried in the corner. She couldn't do anything to make her situation any better.

"Come eat dinner before your spanking, Kelly."

"Yes, sir." Kelly gasped as she turned around and saw the belt and the hairbrush. She was really in for it.

Kelly and her father ate their pizza and salad in relative silence, the only exception being the clanking of silverware on the plates and Kelly's soft crying. After she finished eating, a hard task indeed for Kelly, knowing she was facing a harsh undeserved spanking, her father sent her back to the corner with three hard swats to her bottom.

Kelly stood quietly crying as she listened to her father wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen and dining room. She heard the dining room chair get dragged out from the dining room table and she knew it was behind where she stood.

"Come here young lady. You had all dinner to tell me what you did wrong but I will give you one last chance. Tell me."

"I didn't do anything Daddy, it is all a mistake," Kelly sobbed.

"Fine, you have never failed to cooperate before, and I am sure after this you will never fail to cooperate again," Kelly's father said.

Before she could protest, she was pulled over his lap and soundly spanked by his large right hand. Her protests of it being a mistake, her begging him to believe her and her pleadings for mercy failed to move him. Kelly soon gave up pleading and just cried.

A pause in the spanking gave Kelly hope it was over. Her hope was quickly dashed as she felt her panties pulled down. Her father continued to spank her on her bare bottom. Thoughts about Johnny Taylor spanking her bare bottom seemed years away, as her bottom kept getting redder and redder, hotter and hotter and sorer and sorer.

Another pause, but Kelly knew what was coming, and she was proven right as the hairbrush smacked her sore bottom, making her sob all the harder. All this time he kept telling her how disappointed he was in her for not telling him why her mother put her in the corner. Kelly realized during her long painful spanking that her story might have been more believable if her parents had seen her walk around in her underwear from time to time.

Finally Kelly felt herself lifted off her father's lap, but her punishment wasn't over yet. "Grab the seat of the chair," her father demanded.

'Oh God, I forgot the belt,' Kelly thought. She was sure she was going to get ten swats, the most her father ever gave her. She had to pull one of her feet out of her panties to bend over as far as he demanded. She stood trembling, almost completely naked, and tried to prepare herself for the swats. Like that ever worked.

She counted to herself as her father counted out loud. At "ten" Kelly was relieved that it was finally over.

Then she heard him say "eleven" and instantly felt the swat as the spanking continued.

'No!' Kelly cried to herself. 'He *always* stops at ten!!'

Her ordeal continued until she heard her daddy say, "...25."

She felt her hands placed on top of her head and she was pushed back to the corner. She stood there crying for a long time. When she stopped crying, she stood there waiting for her father to send her to bed.

After what seemed like an eternity her father said, "This time I'm not going to send you to bed early." He told her to stay there in the corner until bedtime, warning her of the consequences if she moved.

Half an hour later, he returned unexpectedly and caught her with her arms down at her sides. He firmly dealt out the punishment he had promised, then returned to his work in the garage.

At her bedtime, he returned and sent her to bed. "We will discuss this again tomorrow and see if you want to cooperate then. If not, you'll get more than you got tonight."

She started to once again profess her innocence but quickly thought better of it and said, "Good night Daddy." She kissed him good night and went to bed.

That night he was shocked to hear his wife hadn't put Kelly in the corner. They could only conclude that Kelly thought she needed to be spanked, but lost her nerve to confess what she needed to be spanked for. Kelly never did get the apology she felt she deserved, but at least she didn't have to repeat her ordeal the next night.

Johnny Taylor heard the neighbors' car door slam shut. He peeked out through the curtains to see their car rolling down the drive, with only the mother inside. He knew the father wouldn't be home from work for another hour or more. That meant Kelly had been left alone again. Awesome.

Nervously, but carefully, making as little noise as he could, he ran to the back of his own home, slid the glass door open, and stepped out into his back yard. He moved to his favorite spot: the place he could peek through the fence at the Andersons' house. He was in luck; the curtains on the dining room had been drawn aside and left open. Adrenalin pumping through him, he could barely hold still, as he waited. And waited. '*Come on, come on,* Kelly,' he urged, 'come on, where are you?'

Finally, his patience got rewarded. There she was, his ten-year-old neighbor, Kelly Anderson, walking around in the house in her panties, that he knew she only did when her parents weren't home. Man, she was sexy. Man how he wanted to see her closer. But he knew if he just went over and asked, she'd be afraid, or even if she wasn't, she'd still obey the stupid rules every girl got from her parents, and she would never let him see her. That was certain. He watched, entranced, as she left for the kitchen, giving him a full view of her, head to foot, in nothing but her panties.

'Come on, come on, get back here, Kelly, you little...' he whispered under his breath, stopping in mid-sentence when she returned, facing him this time, giving him a wonderful view of her bare chest.

"Stop there!!" he whispered pleadingly, wanting to see her in the doorway, but she didn't hear him (no one did, thank goodness). She sat and ate some sort of snack. He watched, eagerly hoping for more.

She pulled some books out of her school backpack. Man, she was going to do her homework while sitting there in her panties! Johnny swallowed and tried to stay calm. Man, she was sexy. 'Stay calm, stay calm,' he reminded himself twice, then gave up, and just enjoyed the view through the fence. He lost track of time, and didn't care. He was definitely not calm.

'What the heck is she doing?' he wondered, when she stood and walked into the corner of the room, knelt, then stood again. Once again he could see her from head to foot, and he loved the sight. She walked to her backpack again, picked it up and took it away somewhere, then oddly she soon returned to the corner. 'Oh god,' Johnny gasped, when she put her hands on her head. It was like she was waiting for someone to pull down her panties and give her a spanking!

She stayed there so long, Johnny stopped thinking, his instincts urging him to action and his good sense unable to stop him. He very very carefully scaled the fence, slid over the top, and down the other side, into their back yard, repeatedly glancing at the Andersons' house as he did, either to make sure she stayed in the corner instead of turning around and seeing him, or else because he couldn't tear his eyes away from her.

Very carefully, he crept to the window and peeked in the side. Kelly stood no more than ten feet from him, her back to him, her hands on her head, wearing nothing but her panties. 'Rats,' Johnny thought, 'Barbie panties,' when he was close enough to see the design. He'd seen Kelly in much much cuter panties on other nights, and had thought these were the ones with pink flowers. Oh well, that was a small disappointment he could certainly live with.

Struggling to keep his breath under control, he crouched, peeking in the window at her. 'Hey, Kelly,' he thought what he would *never dare* say to her for real, 'keep your hands on your head. I'm gonna pull your panties down and spank you, and then you're gonna...'

He jerked back out of sight, disappointedly cursing his bad luck, as Kelly's father entered. At least he hadn't been seen, but Johnny didn't dare try to scale the fence to escape now; he'd be in plain sight through the windows. So he stayed to the side of the window and waited. He couldn't help but overhear *everything*that happened next.

After the spanking, Kelly stood in the corner, crying, with her hands on her head and her panties at her ankles. Johnny cautiously peeked in the window, enjoying the sight, ready to jump back if her father looked likely to turn around.

"I'll be out in the garage, working on the car," Kelly's father stated. "You stay there in the corner until bedtime. If I come back in and you aren't there in the corner just like that, you'll get it all over again. Understood?"

"Yes, Daddy," Kelly cried. She knew she would have to keep her hands on her head, and couldn't even look around, the same as always.

Johnny knew her bedtime was 8:30, from previous (but much less daring) times he'd watched her. It was only seven, so he knew she would be standing in the corner, her back to the window, hands on her head, basically naked but for her panties at her ankles, for well over an hour, with no one else in the room. Once her father left the room, Johnny very carefully moved to the fence, climbed back over to his own home, and got his father's video camera. He came back, with greater difficulty scaling the fence one-handed, crept to the window closest to her, and began recording Kelly as she stood naked and subdued and crying in the corner. He zoomed in close and panned the camera slowly up and down to get all of her enticing nakedness. 'The gang would all *love* to see this,' he thought. 'I wonder what she'd think of that?'

After half an hour, Kelly took a chance, and lowered her arms. She rubbed her sore bottom, trying to make it feel a little better. Before she had her hands back on her head, her father suddenly appeared in the doorway.

Once again Johnny cursed his luck. He hid in time, and listened.

"I warned you, Kelly. Get over here, now. Bend over the chair again," her father demanded.

Johnny changed his mind about his *luck*. Kelly stood with her back to him, and leaned low over the chair. She pulled her foot out of her panties and spread her legs a bit to get close enough to the back of the chair. Her father also stood with his back to the window, the thick leather belt in his hand.

Johnny kept the video camera running through all fifty swats, recording Kelly's every scream and wail as her dad gave her another spanking over the chair. He often zoomed in close on her pussy showing from behind, where he and the video camera were, and often zoomed out to show the entire scene of her standing there submissively getting spanked. He made a *great* video of Kelly bawling and squirming, ending with her moving back to the corner and putting her hands on her head, her red bare bottom in view, her panties at her ankles, obviously still crying hard. Her father gave her another warning and left. Johnny let the camera run.

Just before her bedtime, he turned off the camera and slipped away, back home. He replayed the recording over and over that night.

Johnny made plans.

Three days later, alone at home again, Kelly heard a knock at the front door. She went to the door and curiously peeked out through the spy hole, figuring she would just ignore the salesman or whoever it was. 'Oh my gosh!' she gasped, both surprised and a little shocked. 'Johnny Taylor! What is *he* doing here?' she wondered. She had just been thinking about him, again, in fact, dreaming that he would notice her, but never imagined he would be right there at her door. "Just a minute!!" she called through the door, then frantically rushed back to her bedroom to get some clothes on. She certainly didn't want him to see her with just her panties on. That was just a daydream, and would never really happen, she knew.

She ran back downstairs and quickly opened the door. "Oh, it's you," she pretended she hadn't already known. She hoped she didn't look nervous. "What's up?"

"Hi Kelly. Come on over to my place. There's something I want to show you that you'll be *very*interested in."

The invitation surprised Kelly even more than him being there. She wanted to go see what he was talking about, but knew her parents wouldn't approve of her going there without telling them, and probably wouldn't give her permission even if she could reach them by phone. She didn't say anything, just stood looking at him. She noticed he was looking at her. And he was *smiling* at her, too. That had to mean something.

"Come on, Kelly. You'll be back home way before your parents get home. They'll never know. I promise it's something you'll find very interesting."

Kelly stepped outside and closed the door, leaving it unlocked since she knew she would be back very soon. She followed Johnny over to his house, grateful that the street was clear of cars and pedestrians for the half a minute it took to get out of sight, inside his door when he held it open for her. It wouldn't do to let a nosy neighbor tell her parents, and get a spanking for it.

"In here," he said, and led the way to his bedroom.

'I'm going into Johnny Taylor's *bedroom*,' Kelly thought, half sure she was still daydreaming.

Suddenly the daydream ended. As soon as she stepped into the room, she noticed six other boys in the room, all teenagers like Johnny. She had only seen one of them before, and only briefly. One closed the door and stood behind her. Two more moved to join him. "Start it up," Johnny told a boy beside a television set. "This is what you'll be very interested in," he told Kelly. "Just watch!" The boy punched a button.

She moved closer to the television. She saw someone bent over a chair. Someone *naked* was bent over a chair. The person over the chair was definitely a girl, since her pussy lips showed clearly between her legs. Kelly felt offended. 'They shouldn't be looking at a girl like that!' she thought. The girl on the screen pulled her foot out of her panties and spread her legs a little wider to get closer to the back of the chair. The girl's pussy showed even better, disturbing Kelly even more that the boys were looking.

Kelly finally recognised *her* living room, *then* she recognised herself, just as a leather belt came down and smacked her bare bottom on the television screen. In the video, and in person, Kelly screamed. She looked around at the other boys who were there in Johnny's bedroom. None of them were the least bit surprised at what they saw. The belt struck again, and Kelly on the screen screamed again. They had all obviously *already* seen it, had all *seen her naked*, and they had all *watched her getting spanked*, before she arrived.

Kelly, in her neighbor's bedroom, gaped at the television screen. Kelly, on the television screen, stood up, bawling, and walked into the corner. She put her hands on her head and stood facing the wall, her panties around one ankle but otherwise completely naked, her shoulders shaking with sobs. The video went on and on as she stood there crying, and stood there watching herself cry.

Kelly turned away and moved to the door. She tried to push the boys out of the way who stood blocking it.

"Where do you think you're going?" one of them asked her.

"Home!" she declared, and tried again to push past them.

"Think just a second, Kelly," Johnny said. "I'm the only one with a copy of this right now, and these guys are the only ones who have ever seen it. How many people do you think will get this video if you just *leave* now? How many people do you think will see it? How many guys at your school, or even *in your class*will see it, even get a copy, if you leave now?"

"*No one!*" Kelly pleaded.

He laughed. "No. That's how many if you *stay.* Make your best guess how many, for real, will get the video if you leave. I mean it. How many do you really think?"

Kelly stood trembling. Finally she guessed, "Ten?" All the boys laughed. It was obviously a lot more than that.

"Is that what you want? Or would you rather stay and have *no one* get the video and *no one* in your class ever see it?" When Kelly nodded, he pointed to the corner of the bedroom. "Good. We want to see you in the corner again, Kelly. That one right there. Now."

Kelly moved to the corner. She stood still. "I have to get back home real soon, you know."

"No you don't. Not for another hour, at least. And that's *not* how we want to see you in the corner," Johnny said. "Just like you were."

She knew what they wanted. She knew she had to undress to her panties or they'd give the video to a lot of people. Without a word, she pulled her dress off, grateful at least that she couldn't see them watching her. She put her hands on her head, as if she was in her punishment corner at home, waiting for a spanking from her father.

"Bare feet, too, just like before."

Kelly knelt and got her shoes and socks off, then stood up again and put her hands back on her head. "Please, I want to-"

"Hey, Kelly, *keep* your hands on your head," Johnny interrupted her. "I'm gonna pull your panties down and spank you, and *then* you're gonna *turn around!*"

Kelly whined in protest as he yanked her panties down to her ankles, but she kept her hands on her head as he had demanded. She stood facing the corner and wailing as someone, she assumed it was Johnny, swatted her bare bottom with a belt, over and over, without even bothering to count. All the while, she kept remembering what would happen next, dreading what she would have to do as soon as the spanking finished.

"That's enough. Now *turn around!*" he demanded. "With your hands *on your head!*" he corrected her as she started to lower her arms.

When she turned around, she immediately saw one of the other boys holding a video camera, aimed at her, and obviously recording. "No!!" she protested. "You can't!" He'd undoubtedly got everything as she stood in the corner almost naked letting Johnny spank her. Now she stood facing them, hands on her head, and she was still almost naked, and the video was still running.

"What makes you think I can't?" the boy retorted. "It sure looks to me like I can."

"Now we're *all* going to spank you, three swats each," Johnny told her. "Step out away from the wall. All the way out here." He pointed to a place in the middle of the room.

Ashamed and afraid, Kelly didn't move.

Two boys stepped forward, took her arms, and pulled her out to the place Johnny had indicated.

"Step out of your panties and get your feet apart, out here and here," he demanded, pointing to two places she would have to stretch to reach. The boy with the camera kept recording her as she fearfully obeyed.

"Please," she tried, "please just leHAaaawwh!" She screamed and wailed as the first boy began spanking her. At least he had to stop at three, that part was true, she discovered, so it wouldn't be quite as painful as the last one, but worse for the humiliation of having to let all of them watch her, from all around her, as she let one after another of them swat her. Finally they finished, leaving her bawling but meekly standing still for them.

The boy made a show of holding up the video camera and shutting it off, to emphasize that he hadn't shut it off before then.

Johnny moved in front of her. "Understand this, Kelly. If you don't do what we want you to do, from now on, we'll give this second video to a lot of people. And the first one, too. Every boy in your class will get to see you standing there naked, letting a lot of boys spank you. If you come over whenever I say, and do what you're told, that won't happen. *Now* you can get your clothes and go home."

Kelly cried as she gathered her clothes, ran to the front door and almost left, going outside naked. She stopped and dressed first, balancing the humiliation of the boys watching her against the risk of being seen walking naked down the street. She cried all the way home, and cried a long time afterward.

The boys replayed both recordings over and over the rest of the day. They liked the second one much better.

That night, Johnny made even more plans. And a phone call to BR&T Magazine.