**Poor Laura**

by LBS

**Poor Laura - Post 1**

I was humiliated alot after my father re-married. When I was 14, our family extended. My brother was 12, and we were joined by my step-mother and her 3 children. Her son who was in my year at school. I was older by about 2 months. And her 2 daughters, aged 12 and 11.

For some reason my step-mother always made my punishments worse. Using the excuse I was the oldest. The first time I experienced it is still very vivid in my memory.

We each had a 'chore' night. We would get home from school and spend the evening on housework. We were left with a list from my step-mom. And my night was Thursday. And we always seem to have a more detailed dinner on Thursdays which required more prep time. More pots to use. And so more to wash up. And the amount of time I had to clean the bathroom compared to my siblings really got to me as well. I usually had not much time for anything else.

Well, this one Thursday my siblings and I decides to play some basketball outside before I started prep for dinner that evening. Well, a window got broken. My brother messed up a shot and hit the window. My step mother was furious. She called a glazier while I had to clean the broken glass inside, and my brother outside. Took me along time as most of the glass landed inside, and there were lots of little shards on the carpet. After I was finished my step mom said we are all to be punished. Though I had to go in the kitchen and begin dinner as it would already be late. I was to be punished after I had done my chores. I went into the kitchen and I could hear what happened to the others. And I popped my head around the kitchen door once in a while just to see how bad I would get it later. I couldn't see anything clearly with the couch being in the way, but it gave me an idea as to what to expect.

My brother was punished first. He was told to remove his trousers and underpants and he was lectured with his hands on his head while his step-siblings looked at him. I then heard him get 6 strokes of the cane on his naked behind. He was then sent to his room. My step brother followed. He was given no 'nude lecture' but I did hear 6 strokes of the cane on his naked bum. Then he was sent to his room. My step-sisters got it different. The had to take off their dresses, but they kept their underwear on. And I heard over the knee spankings with their knickers still on. I was relieved, as it seems girls got an easier punishment, and that let me get on with my chores with less nerves.

I was to find out how wrong I was, which I will type up and post shortly...

**Poor Laura - Post 2**

By the time dinner was done, and I had cleaned the bathroom, time had got on. I would usually only have time to do my homework and shower before bed. However, I would have to have my punishment as well beforehand.

Everybody was in the front room, including my dad. My stepmother had been seeing the seeds of how I was to be punished, and my dad just went along with it. I was told because I had made dinner be late, that I was to be punished further. I was told to undress completely and stand with my hands on my head, and I would be told how I was to be punished. Any delay would result in further punishment. I tried to argue about if I wasn't the one who had to clean the broken glass up, dinner wouldn't have been late. My stepmother simply said "further punishment added". I stalled and pleaded with my dad, and my stepmother just said "further punishment added". I was defeated, and I got no help off anybody, and I began to undress.

Once I was naked, my covering with my hands resulted with my stepmother telling me I would be punished further. So I meekly put my hands on my head. All went quite. I glanced around the room. I remember my dad, brother and stepbrother sitting on the couch. My two stepsisters sitting on the floor in front of me, and my stepmother standing next to me. Everyone was staring at different parts of my naked body. The most embarrassing was realising my dad was looking in between my legs. I was deeply embarrassed and tries to squeeze my legs closed, and the humiliation made me start to cry. And I remember hanging my head in shame.

My stepmother began the lecture. It seem to go on forever. Then I was told my punishment. 6 strokes of the cane like the boys had. I had to keep my hands on my head, and lean forward so my bum presented a better target. Though that had the effect of causing my developing breasts to dangle forwards. And while I was caned, each stroke caused my to shudder, which I knew caused my care breasts to jiggle.

After that was done, I was told to shower and come down naked as I would receive the 'added punishments' I had earned.

Back downstairs, my family had not moved. My stepmother told me to lay on the floor and get into the diaper position. I started to cry again, but did as I was told. My stepmother told her son to hold my legs open. Now I know my bits were fully open to everyone's gaze. I had never known humiliation like this. My stepmother kneeled down and started to spank my bum. The hits caused immense pain in top of the caning. I was crying out loud this time. And my stepmother decided to finish with one swot to my vagina.

When it was done, all us kids were told to do our homework. Though, I was told not to dress. I was to remain naked until bedtime, as it would teach me not to argue about punishments or even hesitate when told to do something.

That was my first naked punishment. And it was far from my last.

**Poor Laura - Post 3**

Well, I was always singled out. I have been told since my stepmother was threatened by me, and humiliating me with nudity was her way of expressing her female dominance of the family.

Nudity of the other kids did happen, but I was always sent out of the room if and when it happened. And it was only the boys. Her two girls didn't suffer any nude punishments as far as I remember. And the boys saw me naked so many times I lost count.

I remember one day, a few months into the new living arrangement, I had been sent to he store to get groceries. I bumped into our next door neighbour while there, and she kindly gave me a lift home. I arrived home some 20 minutes earlier than I would have if I walked. What I walked into shocked me and made me freeze.

My brother was standing in front of my stepsisters who were on the couch. He had his hands on his head. He was naked from the waist down, and his willy was hard. My stepmother was standing over him, shouting at him about being disgusting. Then she saw me. I was looking at his willy (first one I had ever saw) in total shock. My stepmother screamed at me and dragged me in the kitchen telling me I would be punished later for being perverted. When I talked to my brother later that day, he told me he was being trained to not get an erection in front of our stepsisters as it shows disrespect. He had got hard during his punishments so he had to undergo training. Several times a week he would have to stand naked from the waist down while his stepsisters looked at his willy. He would have to try and stay soft. Up till that point he always failed and would be punished for it.

Well, my punishment that night was similar. I was standing naked again in front of the whole family with my hands on my head. This time my stepmother had taken to making me stand with my feet apart. So my vagina was more visible to be looked at during my lecture. I couldn't believe I was being punished for looking at my brothers willy, while my stepmother and her daughters were openly gawking at it. My father did nothing though. He meekly let her punish me this way. And he would always look in between my legs. It was horrible.

That night I experienced a different caning. 6 strikes of the cane across my breasts. 3 on each breast. That caused pain like I had never felt up until that point. When my nipples were striked the pain was excruciating. That was the first time I noticed my stepmother didn't keep her usual frosty angry face. I noticed a smile of satisfaction come over her.

Again I was kept naked for the rest of the night. Even though I didn't protest once, or hesitate when given any command. Looking back I was being trained to accept whatever happened to me. And things only got worse.

**Poor Laura - Post 4**

My conditioning got worse. I had sub-consciously accepted her complete authority over me, and my father was really weak and let her treat me so awfully.

I will share one other occasion. The chores over time had near enough got transferred all to me. I had no social life. It was school and housework. And my nudity at home eventually became common place. By the time I was 15, if I was told to undress naked, I simply did it.

This one evening when I got home from school it was a hot day. My stepmother told me I had some chores to do that night, so I had best undress to keep cool. I was told I could keep my panties on. Which I remember thanking her for, so bad was my conditioning. Well I was told I had to scrub the kitchen flor clean. With a toothbrush. And it had to be spotless. So I went to work, near enough naked on my knees scrubbing the kitchen floor with a toothbrush. She sat at the counter reading a magazine so she could keep an eye on me. My siblings had gotten so use to my nudity, they often paid little attention to me at this point. So they simply walked passed me if they got themselves a drink.

From time to time my stepmother would give me a two minutes break so I could have a glass of water to rehydrate. After I had cleaned the floor, I prepped dinner. I remember having to boil potatoes, which caused the kitchen to get extra hot. My stepmother kept giving me glasses of water.

As my conditioning had gotten so bad, I had taken to asking her permission for anything for myself. So I asked if I could use the toilet. She said no. I had to wait until after dinner. As the family gathered at the dinner table, and I was playing up dinner (still topless) the pain in my bladder was getting very bad. So I asked permission again, though I whispered it. She told me if I asked one more time, she would thrash the daylights out of me. And as I had bothered her too much, I was to stand at the counter to eat my dinner, while the others sat.

Halfway through, my stepmother poured everyone a tall glass of water and told us all to drink up, including me, as it was a hot day. I got a few sips in, and I couldn't take it anymore. I started to pee myself. My stepmother went into a rage. Yelling at me, and telling my father how immature I was. For some reason I just didn't defend myself. I didn't tell anyone I was told I couldn't use the toilet.

That night after I had showered, I was spanked my everyone in the family. I had to lay on my back on the settee, with my knees by my head. And each member of the family spanked my vagina. My stepmother had told them spanking my vagina would teach me to control myself. I felt sick to the stomach when my father and brother spanked it. I was sure my father enjoyed it in some perverted way. Though he also looked deeply embarrassed. Not as embarrassed as I was I can tell you.

**Poor Laura - Post 5**

As time went on, my life consisted of school and chores. I was practically running the house. My stepmother turned into a lady of leisure. And as long as she kept degrading me with nudity, my father was complicit. Humiliation was constant now, no need for it to be for discipline reasons. And I was so conditioned into pleasing my stepmother, I did anything she asked, without question. My social life ceased, and my grades began to suffer. I still remember why the first time I didn't complete my homework. I was 15 and half, and it had been a little over a year since my step family moved in.

This particular evening I was doing my list of chores. And I was topless. She changed what amount of clothing I was allowed to wear each day. This day I did my chores in my school dress, socks and shoes. Breasts on display. This particular evening time had got on, as I was requires to descale the bathroom tiles to her satisfaction. It took some time. Once I was finished, my siblings were already in bed. I asked her permission if I could go to my room so I could do my homework. She refused.

She told me to bring her a clean towel. I did as she asked without question. I returned to the couch her and my father were sitting on watching tv, and my stepmother told me "because it is such a warm evening, you can make yourself useful and waft a nice cool breeze onto me and your father while we relax watching our movie. And Laura, as it is a warm night, take the rest of your clothes off and fan us in the nude. This will help keep you cool as well". Again, without question I stripped naked and spent the next hour fanning them with a towel.

When their film was done, I was told to stand in front of them. My stepmother grazed a finger through my pubic hair. And she told my father to do the same. She commented on how thick it was growing, and she told me to fetch the scissors.

When I returned I was ordered into the diaper position. My father knelt above me and held my legs open. He again had a unobstructed view of my bits, and my stepmother began to trim away at my pubic hair. It was trimmed right down until it was a thin patch. My stepmother smugly said "there we go. We can keep her looking like a woman, while still getting a good view of her vagina for when she is being punished". She told me to stand up, and her and my father felt my new trimmed pubic hair. Instinctively through my conditioning, I thanked my stepmother for what she had done. She smiled at me, reached up and grabbed my nipples with both hands, and forcefully bent me over so she could kiss me on the forehead. She then sent me bed.

I tried to get my homework done while in bed, but the late time of night, and the work I had done throughout the night had got the better of me, and I fell asleep.

He next day I was sent home from school with a letter stating I hadn't done my homework. And I feared the worst.

**Poor Laura - Post 6**

When I got home from school, I saw the list of chores I had to do. My stepmother must have been in her room, and I knew better than to disturb her. First on the list was to weed the garden. So I got underway while my siblings played and watched tv.

Half way through, I was getting very hot as it was another warm afternoon. Though I knee better than to get a glass of water, or to change into cooler clothes without permission of my stepmother. Just as I was thinking such thoughts, my stepmother appeared. She called me over, and gave me a glass of water. Which I drank on the spot. Then she told me to remove my school uniform. I stood in our garden, in my underwear. Then she told me to take that off as well. Now I was conditioned to not question her authority, but I did freeze, just for a moment. Being naked in the back garden wasn't a nice prospect. It only needed a neighbour to look out of a window. Anyway, as soon as I was naked, she handed me a bikini to wear. "this will keep you cool" she said laughing as she walked off. I quickly slipped on the bottoms. My bum was on display, with just a triangle of material protecting my modesty at the front. And then I put on the top. After much faffing, I finally realised the top was a couple of sizes too small and my breasts were spilling out of it. Still I got on with the weeding, many times having to force a breast back into the flimsy cup of the bikini.

When I had finished, I spoke to my stepmother in the kitchen. I softly asked her if it was alright to talk to her. She nodded her head without looking up fro bet magazine. I passed her the note from school, and quietly explained how late I had got to bed last night, and that is why it wasn't done. She read the note, and smiled. Kissed me on the head, and told me not to worry about it for now. But to get on with my chores. Then she told me to take off the bikini. As I was doing that, my brother came in the kitchen. My stepmother told him to help see if I was hot and bothered. He was told to grab my breasts and hold them, to see if they began to get hot and sweat. Well after working in the heat, it happened. My stepmother told me to take a quick cold shower, and to put on clean underwear. Then to get on with dinner and the rest of my chores.

It got to about 9pm when I finally finished, and I asked if I could do my homework. My stepmother shook her head and started to shout at me. The whole family was there, and I was marched into the middle of the room, so everyone could witness my lecture about not completing homework. And they would witness the punishment that my stepmother was about to dish out on me.

**Poor Laura - Post 7**

My punishment was a very degrading one. After 10 minutes of shouting about how I had let the family down by not doing my homework, while standing in front of my family in just my underwear, my stepmother told me to remove my bra. I did so, and knew better than to cover my breasts with my hands, so as usual I left my hands by my sides while my family looked at my breasts. My stepmother took my bra off me, and stood behind me. She then took my wrists and moved them around my back. Then she tied my hands together with my bra. She then put her fingers in the tops of my knickers, and slowly pulled them down, until my freshly trimmed vagina came into view for my family. She stopped when my knickers reached my knees, and told me to spread my legs until my knickers stretched out, so my legs kept them up without help.

I stood like that for a few minutes while my stepmother lectured me some more. My family sitting quietly looking at me. I could see my father looking in between my legs again. I always felt sick when I saw him looking there. Then my stepmother began caning me. On the backs of my legs, I got about 10 strokes on each leg.

I was left like that for about 10 minutes while my stepmother took a rest. I was a snivelling mess, unable to rub my beaten legs as my hands were still tied behind my back.

My stepmother then instructed each of my family members to get up and slap each of my breasts 5 times, so my father, brother, stepbrother and my two stepsisters each slapped my breasts. While they did this, my stepmother went into the kitchen. After my breasts had been beaten red sore, my stepmother returned with two glass bowls of hot water. She moved the coffee table, and placed them on the floor in front of me. She told me to close my legs, and she slipped my knickers off me. Then she took her turn to slap my breasts.

She then instructed me to get on my knees and bend over. I still had my hands tied. She then moved the bowls so they were directly under my breasts, then she told me to get my breasts in the hot water. Well, my already stinging breasts began to burn with pain. The eater wasn't boiling water, but it was very hot. I was squealing in pain. She told me to be quiet and told me to take 10 strokes of the cane on my bum while my breasts remained in the hot water.

After it was done, I was a howling mess. I was begging and pleading with her to stop, I couldn't take anymore.

My stepmother, looking very satisfied told me I had 1 hour of punishment time to serve, then I could get to my homework. She rolled me on my back, and told me to hold the diaper position, while my hands were still tied. She took the bowls back into the kitchen, and returned with some duct tape, and a bottle of Tabasco sauce. She taped my mouth up for the first time ever. Then she did something else for the first time. She got her hairbrush, and gave me a quick fire spanking on my vagina with it. Then she took the tabasco sauce, and smeared it all over the handle of her hairbrush. Then inserted it into my vagina. I was screaming into my gag, as my sensitive area burned in intense pain. My stepmother calmly told me to remain on that position for 1 hour, with the hairbrush in me, and my punishment would be over. If I moved, or took out the hairbrush, I would be punished much further.

This broke barriers that were previously in place. This punishment had me restrained, gagged and something inserted into my vagina. My humiliation, degradation and punishments changed forever after that night.

**Poor Laura - Post 8**

I will continue with the abuse stories my stepmother inflicted on me, with the silent co-operation of my dad, at a later date. Right now I want to tell you about the change in the relationship dynamic I had with my siblings. I went from happy 14 year old school girl, to a 15 year old slave, who was naked a lot, and was beaten in front of everyone a number of times.

The first few months, all my siblings enjoyed seeing me forcibly get naked for my punishments. My stepbrother and stepsisters especially. The never hid their grins. While I am sure my brother liked looking at a naked girl, he did have some compassion in his eyes for what I was going through. And in private, he was being forced to be naked in front of our stepsisters. So I knee he had some understanding.

At the time when all the chores were being assigned to me, my brother would help. Though, my stepmother would punish him for helping. So that soon stopped. He also wouldn't stare for too long at my exposed private areas, for a good while. Though, all that began to change over time. He too was being conditioned. Everybody was being told I was the problem child. Everything bad in our family life was down to my failings. And over time, as ridiculous as everything sounds, everyone was conditioned onto believing I was inferior, and everything was my fault. Including me. My brothers eyes eventually changed from that of love and compassion, to that of I was pathetic and I deserved it. I knew he had changed when one day while I was scrubbing the kitchen floor topless, my brother and stepbrother came in to get a drink. My stepbrother started kicking one of my breasts as I worked. He started laughing. My brother not only did not tell him to stop, my brother started kicking the other breast. Not hard, just so they would jiggle and sway. I didn't even look up. I just let them do it.

My stepbrother took every opportunity to look at me naked. Once my stepmother took to having me undress to do mt chores some nights, my stepbrother would always find an excuse to be in the room I was working in. At the beginning, he was careful not to linger, as my stepmother would shoo him out. Sometimes telling him off for being perverted and he would get the cane, of course in his room away from me. As time went on, that began to relax. My stepmother moving him along started to stop. So he would come in and stare as I worked. Then one evening, while he was watching dusting while topless, my stepmother told me to take off the rest of my clothes. Once naked, she invited her son to stand in front of me. Then told him he had 5 minutes tk touch me where he wanted. And I had tk stand with my hands on my head, and legs spread, and let him. The only thing he couldn't do, was to put a finger (or anything else) inside me. As time went on, this little right he had over me got extended. Sometimes he would be given rights to stop me when he wanted, so he could touch and feel what he wanted. At this point, still the practice of nothing internal of my vagina was happening. And he was threatened with a beating of a lifetime if he violated it. And nobody ever did, until my stepmother did with the tabasco sauce incident.

**Poor Laura - Post 9 (final)**

My relationship with my stepsisters was different. Well it would be. For the boys, much of it was teenage girl nudity. For my stepsisters, who were 2 and 3 years younger than me, it was about power.

For the first 6 months or so, they too were punished for things they did wrong. Though in their rooms in private. At the 6 month stage, things began to change. As I was polishing the varnished woodwork in the front room, the girls were fighting over the tv. I carried on working, then my stepmother stormed down the stairs. Saw them fighting, then with a face of thunder, turned at me. Then started yelling about letting them fight. I was old enough to stop them, and it was my responsibility. I earned a family time naked caning that night. The girls got away scot-free. And after that incident, the times they were punished dwindled, and myself getting punished for things they did wrong increased.

Not long after I turned 15, I remember the girls both laughing at me as I was hanging out the washing. They were snickering, telling me I was going to be stripped naked later that night, and be caned. I ignored them. I knew better than to talk to anyone unless spoken to. Then once inside the house, I was walking through the front room, the youngest stepsister had a vase in her hand, and she was smiling. Then she dropped it. I instinctively began to clean it up. The girls ran on to the couch. And when my stepmother came into the room, she saw her girls behaving watching tv. And myself cleaning up her broken vase. It didn't take long, she was soon bellowing at me. I tried to defend myself, telling her that the girls broke it. She asked them, and they looked at her blankly and calmly said that Laura had done it. I got into trouble for trying to get her daughters into trouble.

I got a double punishment that day. For the vase breakage, I was given a standard naked caning. I got a breast caning as well that night. And as for trying to blame my stepsisters, I was given an immediate punishment. I was told to strip naked. Then get over my stepmothers lap. I was given an on the spot spanking. Then she dropped me on the floor. I was naked, and curled up laying on the floor with a reddened behind, while my stepsisters stood over me fully clothed and laughing.

My stepmother then got hold of her hairbrush. My stepsisters were told to sit on the couch. Then I was told to get over their knees. Each of them blistered my already sore behind with a hairbrush spanking. After 30 minutes of that, and myself a bawling mess. I was told to kneel in front of the girls, while I was naked of course, beg their forgiveness for trying to get them in trouble.

After that, they realised the power they had over me. They would bark orders at me. And I would obey. Once in a while my stepmother would tell them they were being out of order, and would tell me to carry on with my chores. However, usually she would just go along with what they would say. Stripping naked and making me do jumping jacks, as they called the boys in to watch was their favorite. Sometimes I heard my stepmother laughing as my boobs bounced all over the place, and the girls would scream at me to jump faster and faster. They were careful not to make me finish my chores late though. My stepmother would always admonish them for that if they did.