**Something Seemed Off**

by Whispering Lurker

***Description*** *When 12-year-old Nick gets caught peeping into his 17-year-old stepsister Sasha's bedroom (again), their mother allows Sasha to punish Nick herself. Sasha drags Nick into her room and slams the door shut, and their mother soon hears Sasha ordering Nick to strip naked, followed by a hard spanking, all over Nick's protests. Later that evening, Sasha and Nick's mother leaves the house for a while. As she looks back at her children, something seems off to her …*

**Chapter 1 Part 1 – Mrs. Hudson's POV**

**Cast of Characters**
Nick – Mischievous 12-year-old boy.
Sasha – Nick's gorgeous 17-year-old stepsister.
Mrs. Hudson – Nick and Sasha's mother.

"NICHOLAS ADAM HUDSON! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!"

The dark-haired 12-year-old boy practically jumped away from the sound of his mother's enraged screech.

"Young man, I can't believe you would do this again!"

Mrs. Hudson stormed down the hallway and grabbed Nick's arm in a vice-like grip. The boy visibly swallowed as his mother knocked on the slightly ajar bedroom door he had been peeking through.

"Sasha! You'd better come out here!" she called.

Moments later, the door opened to reveal Nick's all-too-beautiful 17-year-old stepsister, Sasha.

Too beautiful for both her good and Nick's, because almost from the day that they became stepsiblings, he had been trying to peek at her whenever she was changing clothes, taking a shower, or doing anything that would reveal any of her skin … Unfortunately for Nick, his desire to see Sasha undressed far exceeded his skill at evading detection in doing so, as his frequently reddened bottom had long attested to.

"What's going on, Mom?" asked Sasha, twirling her long, dark brown hair anxiously around her fingers.

Even with as much trouble as he was in, Nick couldn't seem to resist sliding his eyes longingly down Sasha's slender, shapely body in the trim, tight black slacks and equally tight white sweater she was wearing.

"I'm sorry to tell you this, honey," said Mrs. Hudson grimly, "but I caught Nick peeping into your room again."

"H-He was?" stammered Sasha.

The girl fidgeted tensely as she turned to look at her stepbrother. Nick shot her a glare, and she seemed to pull herself together.

"You perverted little creep!" snarled Sasha, her eyes flashing with indignation. "How long were you spying on me?"

"Not long enough," said Nick sullenly. "You were only down to your underwear when Mom caught me. Another minute, and I bet I would've gotten to see you totally naked this time."

"Nick!" admonished Mrs. Hudson. "You apologize to your sister this instant!"

Nick shrugged.

"Okay, Mom," he said. "Sasha, I'm sorry that I didn't see you totally naked. I'll try to do better next time."

"NICK!" said Mrs. Hudson in exasperation.

"Seriously, Mom, can you really blame me for looking?" Nick gestured toward Sasha's chest, and then down the rest of her body. Sasha flushed and lowered her eyes.

"Yes, Nick, as a matter of fact, I can," said his mother with a heavy sigh.

"You know, Mom, I wouldn't have to keep peeking at Sasha if she'd just show me her boobs or her butt once in a while. But she just refuses to do that … So if you really think about it, Sasha, this is all your fault."

"Nick," groaned Mrs. Hudson, covering her face with her hand.

She sighed and turned to her daughter.

"Sasha, I keep telling you that you should lock your bedroom door when you're changing, and lock the bathroom door when you're taking a bath. Then we might not have to keep going through this."

Sasha visibly stiffened at that, but she simply said, "I'll try to remember, Mom."

She looked at Nick, who shot her another icy glare. Sasha took a deep breath.

"But for right now, Mom, I think Nick deserves some punishment for spying on me."

"You're absolutely right, dear. Nick, you're going to have to be spanked for this."

Nick had to have known this was coming. It was far from the first time. But he still let out a deep groan upon hearing it.

"And listen, Mom," continued Sasha, "since I'm the injured party here, I think I should get to spank Nick for what he did."

"I don’t know about that, Sasha," sighed Mrs. Hudson. "Your father and I thought that if we let you spank Nick, it might embarrass him enough that he'd stop peeping at you. But it's been a couple of months now since you started spanking him, and it hasn't helped. If anything, he's been spying on you even more now."

"No, I haven't," said Nick flatly. "You've just gotten better at catching me."

His mother rolled her eyes.

"I stand corrected," she said.

Mrs. Hudson paused for a moment, apparently weighing something.

"But, you know," she said thoughtfully, "I have noticed that Nick has been behaving much better lately – I mean, when he's not trying to peek at you, Sasha. Ever since you started spanking him, Nick has been much nicer and more respectful to me and to your father. I've even seen him being much nicer to you, Sasha. That is, when he's not being a little pervert."

"Yes," said Sasha slowly, nodding. "He really has."

She gave Nick a curious look, but he just gazed back at her impassively.

"Perhaps your spanking him is having some kind of positive effect on him," conceded Mrs. Hudson.

"So, uh … You're going to let me spank him, Mom?" Sasha clasped her hands together behind her back and gazed at the floor, twisting her leg slightly.

"Well," said Mrs. Hudson thoughtfully, turning to look at her son.

Nick, however, seemed to be focused on Sasha instead of her. If Mrs. Hudson had not been so preoccupied with making her judgment, she might have thought it odd … She would have expected Nick to be waiting for her decision with bated breath, or more likely arguing against letting Sasha spank him. After a moment, Sasha seemed to notice Nick gazing at her, and straightened up.

"I think that would be a good idea, Sasha," said Mrs. Hudson finally.

"What?!" exclaimed Nick. "Come on, Mom, she was just in her underwear!"

"Nick, please – "

"I don't believe this!" Nick glared at his stepsister. "You're gonna spank me again, Sasha? And I didn't even get to see you naked this time! What a rip!"

Mrs. Hudson regarded her son critically for a moment.

"Nick," she said. "Okay, seriously, sweetheart, do you ever actually listen to the things you say out loud?"

Nick grumbled.

"I can't believe you're letting her spank me," he said, folding his arms in front of his chest. "I shouldn't even be spanked at all."

"Nick, I am aware that 12 is a bit old for spankings, but nothing else ever seems to – "

"Being 12 has nothing to do with it," Nick interrupted her. "I'm a guy! Getting smacked on the butt is for girls!"

For a long moment, there was only silence in the hallway.

"Nick," said Mrs. Hudson, "let me give you a bit of good advice. The best thing to do when you find yourself in a hole is to stop digging."

She sighed as she turned to Sasha, who was staring, open-mouthed and blinking, at Nick. In a different time and place, it might have looked comical.

"Sasha," said Mrs. Hudson firmly, which seemed to bring her daughter's attention back into focus. "You may spank Nick, and this time, I will not place any limits on how you may do it."

"What?!" shrieked Nick.

"Be quiet, Nick!" said Mrs. Hudson sharply. "Believe me, you have done enough damage with your mouth already! Sasha, this is entirely in your hands now. I will trust you to spank Nick, and to do it as long, as hard, and in any way, you see fit."

"No!" howled Nick. "Mom, you can't! Mom, she wants to spank me naked!"

" … Really?" Mrs. Hudson looked at Sasha in surprise.

Sasha looked taken aback, but seemed to quickly recover.

"I wasn't expecting Nick to tell you that, Mom, but yes, that's right," said Sasha firmly. "Look, Mom, don't forget … This time, you caught him while I was in my underwear. But there were other times when we didn't spot him until after I'd taken everything off. And he's just admitted that there were some times when we didn't catch him at all. Since he's seen me naked, probably several times, I thought it was only fair that I should spank him naked."

Mrs. Hudson was silent for a moment.

"Sasha," she finally said, very hesitantly, "I … I don't know about this. What you're saying does make sense, of course, but – "

"Mom, please!" Sasha now looked ready to break down in tears. "Mom, do you even understand what this is about? Nick has seen me naked, against my will! Do you have any idea how violated that makes me feel? Every time that Nick ever looks at me now, I think he's remembering how I looked without any clothes on! Without even my underwear on! Sometimes, when I'm with Nick, even when I'm totally dressed, I feel completely naked in front of him!"

"Sweetheart, take it easy!" Mrs. Hudson looked alarmed as she tried to soothe her increasingly agitated daughter.

"Mom, thanks to him – "

Sasha threw a bitter glare at her stepbrother.

" – I don't feel safe in my own home! My bedroom is supposed to be my private sanctuary, but I can't even feel safe in there! I haven't been able to in months! I could be standing in a closet, and I'd still feel worried I was being watched!"

"Honey." Mrs. Hudson rubbed Sasha's shoulders and arms, which seemed to calm her a bit.

"Mom." Sasha wiped her eyes and sniffled. "I know this is going to sound crazy, but … Nowadays, every time I'm with a boy – not just Nick, any boy at all – I feel like he's seeing right through my clothes! I feel like every boy I meet can see me naked! All because of him!"

Mrs. Hudson was stunned.

"Sasha," she whispered. "Sweetheart, I am so sorry … I had no idea it had gotten so bad. I knew that this was painful for you, of course, but …"

She shook her head.

"Nick." Mrs. Hudson turned to glare at her son, with barely contained fury. "Just look, Nick. Look at what you have done to your sister, for goodness sake."

"Mom," said Sasha softly, "please let me do this. I need to do this. All I'm asking for here is a little justice. I want Nick to get just a little taste of what he's made me feel. I want him to feel just a little of the pain, the violation, the embarrassment, the helplessness … Mom, listen. If I spank him naked, then at least he will know it's coming. He won't have to worry about it ever happening again afterward, when he has no control over it. All he has to do is stop peeping at me, and it all ends for him … As long as I'm living in this house, I will never know when or if he's seeing me!"

"Sasha," whispered Mrs. Hudson. "Oh, honey … You know what, sweetheart, you are absolutely right. Nick deserves this, and so do you."

"NO!" screamed Nick. "Mom, you can't let her do this!"

"Do not presume to tell me what I can and cannot do, young man," Mrs. Hudson said harshly. "You deserve this punishment, and Sasha deserves justice."

"But Mom," whined Nick, "I don't want her to see me naked!"

"You should have thought of that before you looked at her naked," retorted Mrs. Hudson.

"But she's a girl!" protested Nick.

"Nick." Mrs. Hudson covered her face with her hands. "I don't even want to know what that was supposed to mean. Sasha, he's all yours!"

"Thank you, Mom," said Sasha gratefully. She wiped a tear from her face. "Thank you so much!"

"You're not gonna spank me!" Nick roared at her. "And you're sure as hell not gonna do it with me naked!"

"I can, and I will!" hollered Sasha.

"Nick, don't embarrass yourself anymore," said Mrs. Hudson. "Take your punishment like a man. So to speak."

"Come here, you sick, perverted little creep!" said Sasha, grabbing Nick by his shirt. "You're gonna get it, and you're gonna get it bare! It's what you deserve!"

Sasha dragged Nick, kicking and screaming – literally – into her bedroom.

"So you liked looking at my bare butt, huh? Well, I'm gonna enjoy looking at your bare butt, but not in the same way, I'm sure!"

"Let go of me!" shouted Nick, struggling futilely against Sasha's grip as she began to close the door to her bedroom.

"You really loved having me naked in front of you, didn't you, you little worm?" said Sasha, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Well, now it's your turn to be naked in front of me! I hope you enjoy it just as much as I did!"

The door slammed shut, and Mrs. Hudson heard Sasha turn the lock.

Mrs. Hudson noticed that as soon as the door was closed and locked, it suddenly became deathly quiet inside Sasha's bedroom. For the next minute or so, there wasn't a single sound emerging through the door, which puzzled Mrs. Hudson. She would have expected there to be shouting and complaining, at least.

She was just about to knock on the door to see what was going on, when she heard Sasha shout, "ALL RIGHT, NICK, GET YOUR CLOTHES OFF! ALL OF THEM!"

Well, that's more like it, thought Mrs. Hudson in satisfaction. Perhaps Sasha simply wanted to take a minute to get her anger under control before laying into Nick. Mrs. Hudson smiled. As angry and as hurt as Sasha was, she still didn't want to actually injure Nick.

Always a sensible girl, she thought proudly.

After a moment, Mrs. Hudson heard Nick shout, "SASHA, PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME STRIP! I DON'T WANT TO TAKE OFF MY CLOTHES!"

"NO ARGUMENTS! GET YOUR PANTS OFF!" hollered Sasha.

Mrs. Hudson froze. Would Nick really obey that order? She honestly had no idea. Mrs. Hudson also wasn't sure if Sasha could physically overpower Nick, if it came to that. Sasha was older, and taller, but Nick was awfully strong for a boy his age and size. If need be, though, Mrs. Hudson could enter the room and help Sasha undress Nick by force ...

… But could she really do that to her own son? She prayed that she would not have to find out.

Her prayer was apparently answered, because after a moment, Sasha roared, "QUIT WASTING TIME, NICK! GET YOUR SHIRT OFF!

So he did it? Nick really took his pants off? Mrs. Hudson found that she was surprised. She grimaced at how embarrassed the poor boy must be feeling now, whether he deserved it or not.

Mrs. Hudson doubted that removing his shirt could have been all that difficult for Nick to do, certainly compared to taking off his pants. Still, it seemed to take a while for him to do it. She was beginning to wonder why this all seemed to be going so slowly. Nick must be more shy than she ever realized.

"PLEASE, SIS, NOT ON THE BARE!" Nick suddenly cried out. "LET ME KEEP MY UNDERPANTS ON!"

Mrs. Hudson cringed. Whatever else he may have been, Nick was still her son, and she could feel her heart breaking at the idea of him being humiliated like this.

But she knew that it had to be done. Sasha deserved justice, and Nick really needed to be taught this lesson. It was for his own good, really. So she closed her eyes and fought to suppress an urge to knock on the door and tell Sasha to stop this …

Mrs. Hudson was not surprised that Nick would be extremely reluctant to comply with this particular order. Still, it seemed to be quiet inside Sasha's bedroom for an awfully long time. Mrs. Hudson began shuffling her feet restlessly, wondering if she should at least ask Sasha if everything was all right. But her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by more shouting emerging from the door.

"YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!" shouted Nick. "I DIDN'T EVEN DO ANYTHING!"

"YOU SPIED ON ME WHILE I WAS CHANGING!" yelled Sasha.

"SO WHAT IF I PEEKED AT YOU?" hollered Nick. "YOU SHOULD BE NAKED ALL THE TIME, ANYWAY!"

Mrs. Hudson slapped her forehead. Sometimes, she seriously wondered if Nick really didn't listen to the things he said out loud.

Suddenly, Mrs. Hudson paused. She thought she had heard Sasha say something, which she couldn't quite make out. Sasha sounded upset, though … Hardly surprising, considering what Nick had just said to her.

Indeed, a moment later, Sasha shouted, "MY GOODNESS, WE ARE DIGGING A DEEP HOLE FOR OURSELVES!"

"NO, PLEASE, SASHA, PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME GET NAKED!"

"LITTLE BROTHER, WHEN I SAY BARE, I MEAN BARE!"

Mrs. Hudson took a step away from the door. She was now struggling with herself. She wanted to put an end to this, she really did. The thought of Nick being hurt in this way was almost more than she could bear. But she knew that she could not go back on her promise to Sasha.

After a while, Mrs. Hudson began frowning. It had now been quiet in the room for a very long time. Was Nick still stalling? And if so, why wasn't Sasha yelling at him about it, or perhaps asking Mrs. Hudson to help? But before she could decide what she should do, there was a shout that took her by great surprise.

"SASHA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Nick suddenly cried out. "HEY, STOP IT – YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME LIKE THAT!"

Mrs. Hudson's head jerked up. What on Earth …?

"BE QUIET!" shouted Sasha. "AND YOU'D BETTER HOLD STILL, NICK!"

"NO, SASHA, PLEASE!"

"NICK, I WILL TOUCH YOU ANYWHERE I WANT!"

Mrs. Hudson's jaw dropped. Was Sasha really doing what it sounded like she was doing …?

"STOP WHINING, NICK, I WILL TOUCH YOU THERE IF I WANT TO!"

Surely, this wasn't right … Mrs. Hudson had never given Sasha her approval to touch Nick. Apart from the spanking, that is. Certainly not in the way it very much sounded like she was doing. And Nick was only 12 years old, for goodness sake …

Should I do something? she wondered.

After a brief moment of indecision, Mrs. Hudson shook her head. No. She had given Sasha her permission to handle Nick's punishment in any way she saw fit, and she had to honor her word.

Mrs. Hudson could not deny that what Sasha seemed to be doing now was beyond the scope of what Mrs. Hudson had had in mind, but if this was the humiliation that Sasha felt Nick deserved, and needed, in order to learn his lesson … Mrs. Hudson would trust her daughter's judgment.

"AND I'll TOUCH YOU THERE, TOO, MISTER!"

This was too much.

Mrs. Hudson wasn't going to stop Sasha from doing as she felt necessary to punish Nick, but she didn't have to stand here and listen to it. She turned and started walking down the hallway toward the stairs. As she reached them, Mrs. Hudson looked back at Sasha's door, biting her lip and wondering what could be going on in there now.

Whether he deserved it or not, Mrs. Hudson's heart ached for her son. What could the poor boy be enduring now … ?

As she reached the bottom of the stairs, Mrs. Hudson heard another shout from Sasha's bedroom.

"PLEASE, SASHA, DON'T MAKE ME GET OVER YOUR KNEES!"

Mrs. Hudson let out a sigh of relief. As much as it pained her to think of her child being spanked, she was grateful that Sasha had apparently at least stopped touching him.

"OKAY, NICK, IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO SPANK YOU, I WON'T!" Sasha yelled. And a moment later came another shout, "DON'T YOU KNOW SARCASM WHEN YOU HEAR IT, NICK? GET ACROSS MY LAP RIGHT NOW!"

Despite everything that was swirling around them now, Mrs. Hudson could not help chuckling. It was just like Nick to think that Sasha was actually serious when she said that she wouldn't spank him just because he didn't want her to, especially after everything he had done.

Not long after that, Mrs. Hudson heard the very distinct sound of a strong hand smacking blow after blow against a bare rump. The smacks were hard enough for Mrs. Hudson to hear them, even from down in the kitchen.

One such smack was accompanied by Nick's cry, "OW! SIS, PLEASE STOP, THAT REALLY HURTS!"

"YOU DESERVE THIS!" shouted Sasha, at the same time that Mrs. Hudson heard a particularly hard smack.

SMACK! – "OW!" – SMACK! – "OW!" – SMACK! – "OW! – SMACK! – "OW!"

Mrs. Hudson closed her eyes and ran her hand through her hair. No matter how much any parent believed that a child needed and deserved this punishment, it still could not fail to tear the parent's heart apart.

"DOES THAT HURT?" yelled Sasha. "I HOPE IT DOES, YOU LITTLE CREEP!"

Mrs. Hudson bit her lip. Sasha certainly had reason to be angry at Nick, and Mrs. Hudson trusted her daughter … But did it not sound like Sasha might be allowing her anger to overwhelm her judgment?

The fact that Nick had to endure this punishment naked, and delivered by a girl … Mrs. Hudson could scarcely imagine how painful and humiliating it must be for him. Should she do something? If not stop Sasha, then perhaps tell her to try to control her anger a bit … ?

Nick suddenly shouted, "YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE NAKED AND OVER MY KNEE, SASHA!"

Mrs. Hudson blinked. What was … ?

"I DON'T DESERVE A SPANKING, NICK!" shouted Sasha, and this time, Mrs. Hudson felt herself in complete agreement with her daughter's judgment.

"OF COURSE YOU DESERVE A SPANKING, SASHA! YOU'RE A GIRL!"

Mrs. Hudson's jaw dropped. She turned to stare incredulously in the direction of Sasha's bedroom. Did he really just say … ?

"WHY YOU MISERABLE LITTLE – THAT'S GONNA COST YOU PLENTY MORE SMACKS, NICK!" hollered Sasha.

And sure enough, within seconds, Mrs. Hudson heard several more hard smacks against a bare backside. Only this time, Mrs. Hudson felt very little inclination, if any at all, to intervene. It seemed that Sasha was right. Nick really did have a hard lesson to learn.

And then, for some God unknown reason, Nick apparently felt the need to shout out, "SO WHAT IF I SAW YOU NAKED, SASHA? IT SHOULD BE ILLEGAL TO COVER UP A BODY LIKE YOURS!"

Mrs. Hudson dropped the kitchen knife she was holding. For a moment, she seriously wondered if she had really heard what she had just heard.

"AND ANYWAY, YOU'RE A GIRL!" he continued. "SOMEBODY NEEDS TO TEACH YOU THAT YOU GIRLS SHOULD ALWAYS BE NAKED AND SPANKED BY US BOYS!"

This time, Mrs. Hudson had no doubt as to what she had heard. All of a sudden, she could not believe that she had even considered intervening on Nick's behalf.

"YOU ROTTEN, MISOGYNISTIC LITTLE – YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT, NICK! I'M GONNA MAKE YOU PAY FOR EVERY HORRIBLE THING YOU'VE SAID TO ME!" came Sasha's furious voice.

"Good girl," murmured Mrs. Hudson, nodding emphatically.

Nick clearly deserved far more of a lesson than Mrs. Hudson had ever imagined. Soon, Mrs. Hudson was nodding in approval with each hard smack she heard being applied to Nick's rump. There was one particularly hard smack that was followed by a surprisingly high-pitched squeal.

Mrs. Hudson blinked. She just had to marvel at how Nick apparently squealed like a girl when he was being spanked.

She continued listening, but no further sound emerged from Sasha's bedroom. It seemed like the spanking was done. Mrs. Hudson was not at all sure that it had been enough, but again, she would trust Sasha's judgment.

Mrs. Hudson resumed preparing dinner, all the while listening with half an ear for any sound, anything at all, from that bedroom upstairs. But she could hear nothing.

Finally, she couldn't take it anymore. She walked to the stairway and gazed up at the still closed door to Sasha's bedroom. It had now been very quiet for far too long … What could be going on up there?

As she had kept saying to herself, she trusted Sasha … but Mrs. Hudson decided that she had to at least check up on them, to make sure everything was all right. She headed up to the door and knocked on it.

"Sasha?" she called out. "Is everything all right in there?"

After a moment, she heard Sasha reply, "We're fine, Mom."

"Okay, Sasha," said Mrs. Hudson. "I was just a little concerned because it's been awfully quiet in there for a while now."

"It's all good, Mom," said Sasha. "I've finished Nick's spanking. He's not fighting me anymore. He's … He's just upset."

There was a pause, and then Sasha added, "I'm helping him through it."

Mrs. Hudson let out a small sigh of relief. It seemed she had been worried for nothing. Sasha had everything well in hand.

"Well, I can understand that," she said. "Should I come in?"

"No, Mom … Uh, Nick's still naked. I … I'm just trying to give him a little … comfort."

Mrs. Hudson couldn't help noticing that Sasha's voice seemed to squeak on that last word. She briefly flashed back to earlier, when Nick was pleading with Sasha to stop touching him. Mrs. Hudson very much hoped that Sasha wasn't doing anything inappropriate to "comfort" Nick, especially if he was still naked …

"Well, I'm certainly glad to hear that," she said carefully, after a moment's pause. "Nick, can you hear me? I hope you understand that this is really for your own good, as well as Sasha's."

"I understand, Mom," Nick called out.

"Your sister and I both love you very much, no matter what you may have done," said Mrs. Hudson sincerely, hoping she could finally get through to her son. "We want you to become a better person."

"Oh, trust me, I am much better," said Nick.

Mrs. Hudson frowned slightly. Something about the way Nick said that made her feel a little dubious. Perhaps he was only putting on a penitent act to try to avoid more punishment? It was not uncommon for children to do that.

However, a moment later, Mrs. Hudson heard Sasha confirm, "He certainly is, Mom."

Mrs. Hudson paused. She still felt dubious, but as she kept telling herself, she would trust Sasha's judgment.

"Well, all right, then," she said, "you two finish up, and then come downstairs."

"Gotcha."

Mrs. Hudson gave the door another long glance, and then headed back down the stairs to the kitchen.

A while later, Mrs. Hudson heard the door to Sasha's bedroom finally open. Soon, Sasha and Nick came down the stairs and into the kitchen.

Nick was sniffling and rubbing his bottom. He gazed at the floor, seeming unable to look either his mother or his sister in the face.

Sasha, on the other hand, was walking tall and proudly.

"It's over, Mom," she announced with satisfaction. "It's all taken care of."

"Well, I'm certainly happy to hear that," said Mrs. Hudson. "Nick, how are you doing?"

"Mom, she stripped me naked and spanked me on my bare butt!" whined Nick. "Real hard, too!"

"Yes, I know, Nick. That was the idea."

"But Mom, Sasha … She saw me naked! It was humiliating!"

"And how do you think Sasha felt when you saw her naked?" demanded Mrs. Hudson harshly. "This is what you deserved, Nick. I hope that now you understand just what you did to your sister."

Nick fumed for a moment.

"Well, she … She touched me, Mom!" he complained. "And I'm not talking about the spanking! She … She touched me …"

Mrs. Hudson hesitated.

"Yes, I know," she said slowly. "I heard that. Sasha …"

She looked at her daughter seriously.

"Sasha, I'm not entirely certain that that was appropriate. As I said, I will trust your judgment, for tonight at least, about Nick's punishment. If you felt that was necessary, then I will accept that. But in the future … Sasha, please, think carefully before doing that again. Don't forget that, whatever else he may be, Nick is still only 12. If I feel that you've crossed the line, I will have no choice but to step in."

Sasha returned her mother's gaze, but said nothing. Nick, on the other hand, was steaming.

"That's all you have to say, Mom?" he demanded. "She touched me, and all you can say is that she should be more careful from now on? You're not going to do anything about this?"

"Nick, enough," said Mrs. Hudson wearily. "What you have been doing to Sasha is, quite frankly, disgusting, and my patience with you has worn very thin. At this point, I would suggest that you be grateful that I am reining her in at all."

She turned back to Sasha.

"Sasha, did I make myself clear to you?"

Sasha was still quiet. After a few seconds, she said, "Yes, Mom. I'll be more careful."

Nick pouted.

"Well, you didn't have to spank me so hard," Nick said to Sasha, rubbing his rear harder.

Mrs. Hudson sighed and shook her head.

"Dinner's just about ready," she said. "You two go wash up."

"Uh, Mom?" Sasha seemed to hesitate for a moment. "I … I think that Nick and I really need to spend a little time apart. Just for now. So if it's all right with you, I'll eat my dinner in my room."

"Yeah, me, too, Mom," said Nick.

Mrs. Hudson was silent for a moment.

"Well, if that's really how you feel," she finally said. "All right, then. I was really hoping we could put this all behind us, but if you two feel the need to take it slowly, I will respect that. Go wash up, and I'll put your dinners on trays for you."

"Thanks, Mom," said Sasha quietly.

"Yeah, thanks," said Nick.

"I hope … Sasha, Nick, you know that we always say in this family that after a punishment, we should kiss and make up," said Mrs. Hudson softly. "I very much hope that you two were able to do that."

"Don’t worry, Mom, we did," said Sasha.

"Yeah," said Nick sourly. "She made me really kiss her. Yuck!"

Sasha looked at Nick for a moment, her face blank.

"Honestly, Nick, there's nothing wrong with siblings being affectionate," said Mrs. Hudson dismissively.

Nick blew a raspberry, which made Mrs. Hudson roll her eyes.

Sasha was still looking at Nick, with that blank expression on her face. After a moment, she took a deep breath.

"Nick," she said softly. "I …"

Her voice seemed to falter. Sasha's mouth hung open for a long moment, but nothing came out. Nick and Mrs. Hudson both looked at Sasha curiously.

"Sasha?" Mrs. Hudson finally asked. "What is it? Is something the matter?"

Sasha's mouth slowly closed. She looked at her mother, and then back at Nick.

"Never mind," she said quietly. "I'm going to go wash up."

She turned and headed out of the kitchen.

"Uh, I think I will, too, Mom," said Nick, before following his stepsister.

About an hour later, Mrs. Hudson came out to the living room, with Sasha and Nick following.

"Your father was working really late tonight," remarked Mrs. Hudson, putting on her coat. "I'm going to go pick him up."

"How long will you be gone?" asked Sasha.

"I'm going to take your father to a restaurant," answered Mrs. Hudson. "You know how he hardly eats anything while he's working late. I want to make sure he gets one good bite to eat tonight. We probably won't be home until after you're both asleep."

"Okay," said Sasha after a moment.

"I'm afraid that you probably won't see us in the morning, either," said Mrs. Hudson. "Your father and I both have to start work early."

She gazed at Sasha and Nick thoughtfully.

"Sasha," she said seriously, "I've been giving this some thought, and I've decided that I want you to give Nick all of his spankings from now on."

"What?" said Sasha and Nick simultaneously.

"Well," said Mrs. Hudson, "it seems to me, Sasha, that the spankings you've given to Nick lately have had a very positive effect on him, especially tonight. I would like that to continue."

"Mom, I …" Sasha's voice trailed off.

At the same time, Nick sputtered, "Mom – You – You can't be serious! You can't let Sasha spank me all the time!"

"Once again, Nick, do not presume to tell me what I can and cannot do," said Mrs. Hudson sharply.

"B-But, Mom," stammered Nick, "Sasha's … She's a girl!"

"Curiously enough, I was already aware of that," said Mrs. Hudson. "Hopefully, being spanked by her will embarrass you enough to finally make you shape up. Sasha, what do you think?"

Sasha was still silent. But then, she smiled and said, "I think that's a great idea, Mom. I will be happy to."

Nick could not seem to do anything but grumble under his breath.

"I think it's settled, then. And Sasha … I think that Nick still hasn't quite learned his lesson from tonight. So I want you to give him a spanking tomorrow morning. And yes, you may give it to him naked. But, please, do not touch him, beyond the spanking itself."

"Okay, Mom." Sasha nodded. "I understand."

Nick continued grumbling.

"Oh, and one more thing," said Mrs. Hudson hesitantly. "Sasha … You might consider not spanking Nick quite so hard … because …"

She turned to look at her son.

"Nick," she said softly, "I know tonight has been very hard on you, and I'm not trying to embarrass you any more than you already have, but … I don't know if you're aware of this, but when you get spanked really hard … Well, you squeal like a girl."

Nick instantly froze at this, and Sasha seemed to stiffen as well.

"You noticed that, too, huh, Mom?" asked Sasha after a few seconds.

"I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Hudson, trying to suppress a giggle at the expression on Nick's face.

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it?" asked Nick sullenly.

"You could go upstairs and practice squealing like a man," suggested Sasha.

This time, Mrs. Hudson did giggle.

"Good night," said Mrs. Hudson, giving both of her children a hug and a kiss. "You two be good. Nick, you mind your sister."

Mrs. Hudson headed out the door. As she walked to her car, she glanced back at the house, and spotted Nick turning to talk to Sasha.

She paused for a moment, watching them, before getting into her car. As she drove away, Mrs. Hudson couldn't help feeling that something seemed off that night, but she could not figure out what it was …

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**Chapter 1 Part 2 – Nick and Sasha's POV**

"NICHOLAS ADAM HUDSON! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!"

Facing her bedroom mirror, Sasha had just pulled off her T-shirt when she heard her mother hollering out in the hallway.

The beautiful 17-year-old girl instantly froze. At the moment, wearing nothing more than a skimpy bra and panties that barely covered her, Sasha instinctively wrapped her arms around her body as she turned toward her bedroom door.

Sasha's heart sank when she saw her suspicions confirmed – The door was slightly ajar, and she spotted a head of dark hair just outside.

"Not again," moaned Sasha.

She immediately put her T-shirt back on, and hurriedly pulled on her white sweater and black slacks. Although they were tight on her, Sasha had long since learned to squeeze herself into her clothes in a rush. Sasha had just buttoned up the slacks when she heard her mother knock on her door and beckon her to come out.

Sasha reluctantly made her way to the door. Upon opening it, she grimaced when she saw, as expected, her creep of a 12-year-old stepbrother, Nick, squirming in the tight grip of their mother.

Over the next few minutes had come an all-too-familiar conversation. Sasha could barely refrain from rolling her eyes when her mother announced that she had caught Nick peeping at her again, as though this was some sort of shocking revelation. Her stepbrother had done this so many times before that each time he was caught, it was only a question of how long he could get away with it before he was caught again.

Sasha had bristled when her mother admonished her for not locking her bedroom door. Why should it be her responsibility to prevent Nick from being a pervert? But, having no desire to drag this out any longer than it needed to be, Sasha accepted her mother's scolding without question.

Nick, of course, had bellowed all of his usual misogynistic trash, which naturally served only to make their mother even more angry … Finally, there came the moment of truth … Sasha asked her mother to let her punish Nick.

Half-hoping and half-dreading that she might say no, Sasha felt mostly relieved when her mother said yes.

"Come here, you sick, perverted little creep!" … "You're gonna get it, and you're gonna get it bare! It's what you deserve!" …

"So you liked looking at my bare butt, huh? Well, I'm gonna enjoy looking at your bare butt, but not in the same way, I'm sure!" …

"You really loved having me naked in front of you, didn't you, you little worm?" … "Well, now it's your turn to be naked in front of me! I hope you enjoy it just as much as I did!"

Sasha barely registered the words that were coming out of her own mouth as she dragged Nick into her bedroom. She could only think of what would happen once the door was closed and locked …

Click.

There. It was done. It was time.

After turning the lock on her bedroom door, Sasha swallowed hard as she turned to face her stepbrother.

Nick was already on the far side of the room, leaning against the window with his arms folded in front of his chest. As Sasha slowly approached him, he smirked at her.

"Not bad, Sis," he remarked, chuckling.

Nick hunched over, crossing his arms to rest his hands on his shoulders.

"'Do you have any idea how violated that makes me feel?'" squeaked Nick, in a mocking but accurate imitation of Sasha's voice. "That was good, Sasha. In fact, that whole speech you gave Mom? 'All I'm asking for here is a little justice!' That was really good. Ever considered becoming an actress?"

As Nick quietly laughed, Sasha simply gazed at him, her face a blank mask. After a long moment, she looked away.

"Why are you doing this to me, Nick?" she asked, when she finally turned back to him. "Just what was it that I did to make you hate me this much?"

"I don't hate you, Sasha," objected Nick.

"Then why?" Sasha shook her head. "What have I ever done to you?"

"Nothing," insisted Nick. "You haven't been anything but sweet to me ever since our parents got married. As I recall, even when you caught me peeping on you in the shower, you tried to protect me from Mom and Dad. I couldn't ask for a better sister than you."

"I can't help noticing that that hasn't stopped you from blackmailing me," retorted Sasha.

Nick opened his mouth, seeming ready to argue, but then glanced past Sasha to the door. He hesitated, and then sighed as he leaned in close to her.

"Sasha, do you really want to have this discussion now?" he hissed. "Mom is right outside that door, and if she doesn't hear some yelling and spanking pretty soon, she's going to want to know what's going on in here."

"Fine," said Sasha heavily. Taking a deep breath, she shouted, "ALL RIGHT, NICK, GET YOUR CLOTHES OFF! ALL OF THEM!"

As she let out the furious demand, Sasha reluctantly took hold of her tight white sweater and pulled it up and over her shoulders.

Nick gazed admiringly at Sasha's ample chest. The T-shirt she was wearing was even tighter on her than the sweater. But after a moment, his eyes focused on Sasha's face again, as she shook her long, dark brown hair out of her own eyes.

"What?" she asked him quietly, when she noticed him staring at her.

Nick didn't quite know what to say. He had always thought Sasha was gorgeous, with her lovely alabaster skin, her large dark eyes …

"You have really beautiful eyes," Nick suddenly said.

Where did that come from? Sasha look startled by the compliment, and even Nick felt taken aback. After a moment, Sasha seemed to collect herself.

"It won't be long before my eyes aren't even on your radar," Sasha retorted derisively.

Nick shrugged.

"Nick, Mom is listening," Sasha reminded him.

"Right," said Nick. He took a deep breath and shouted, "SASHA, PLEASE, DON'T MAKE ME STRIP! I DON'T WANT TO TAKE OFF MY CLOTHES!"

"NO ARGUMENTS! GET YOUR PANTS OFF!" hollered Sasha, as she unzipped her trim, tight black slacks and slowly pushed the snug material down her long, slender legs. Nick's eyes travelled up the entire length of her beautiful legs, and focused on the tantalizing peek at her skimpy panties underneath her T-shirt. He smirked, knowing he'd be seeing those panties soon enough.

"This is gonna be fun," whispered Nick as he slowly approached Sasha.

"Why did you tell Mom that I wanted to spank you naked?" asked Sasha.

Nick grinned.

"Honestly? I just wanted to throw a wrench in the works to see how you'd deal with it. I knew Mom wouldn't like the idea of you stripping me naked before spanking me. I thought it'd be fun to watch you try to talk her into it."

He snickered.

"And it was fun. Mom probably thought you were being a bit of a perv yourself, but that speech you gave her about wanting justice was inspired. Did you make that whole thing up all on the spot?"

Sasha stared at Nick for a long moment, and then sighed and shook her head.

"QUIT WASTING TIME, NICK! GET YOUR SHIRT OFF!" she roared, as she reluctantly pulled her figure-hugging T-shirt up and over her head.

Sasha pulled her socks off her feet and discarded them, trying to ignore the fact that Nick's eyes were everywhere now, taking in her long legs, her taut stomach, her large, firm breasts which were barely contained by a skimpy pink lace bra.

Nick walked around Sasha, noting that the matching pink lace panties seemed to reveal more of her tight, shapely backside than they hid. Sasha simply folded her arms and looked away from him.

"Nice," commented Nick. "You have great taste in lingerie."

Sasha sighed.

"I don't know why it matters," she said in a dull voice. "You're just going to strip them, anyway."

"It never hurts to look fancy," replied Nick.

"I notice that you're not looking at my eyes anymore," said Sasha bitterly, as Nick took in the generous curves of her body.

Nick didn't answer.

"PLEASE, SIS, NOT ON THE BARE!" he cried out. "LET ME KEEP MY UNDERPANTS ON!"

While making his plea, Nick smirked as he slipped his fingers into the waistband of Sasha's panties.

"I can do it myself," whispered Sasha, her eyes starting to well up again.

"Where would be the fun in that?" asked Nick cruelly, as he slowly slid the pink lace panties down.

"Nick, please, I'm your …" Sasha's voice trailed off. It was no use, and she knew it. She closed her eyes and tried to will away the tears forming in them. Sasha could feel Nick's leering gaze on the taut, round flesh of her behind, and the neatly trimmed dark brown curls between her legs. Finally, Sasha broke the silence.

"You did it on purpose, didn't you?" she asked miserably. "You let Mom catch you perving on me."

She opened her eyes and fixed a level gaze at Nick.

"You're blackmailing me into doing anything you want," she said. "You don't need to peep through my door anymore. You could just walk into my bedroom and tell me to strip for you. You're only doing it this way because you get some kind of kick out of tricking Mom into believing I'm doing this to you, and forcing me to go along with it."

Nick smiled.

"You know me so well," he remarked.

"You wanted Mom to send you in here with me," continued Sasha. "So why did you try so hard to get Mom to say no?"

"Hey, I had to make it look real," replied Nick. "If I acted like I didn't mind having you spank me, don't you think Mom would've gotten a little suspicious?"

"Quiet," said Sasha suddenly. She looked at the door. After a few seconds, they heard their mother shuffling around outside again. She sounded restless. Sasha turned to Nick and prodded him on the shoulder.

"YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!" shouted Nick. "I DIDN'T EVEN DO ANYTHING!"

"YOU SPIED ON ME WHILE I WAS CHANGING!" yelled Sasha.

"SO WHAT IF I PEEKED AT YOU?" hollered Nick. "YOU SHOULD BE NAKED ALL THE TIME, ANYWAY!"

As he said it, he gave Sasha a meaningful gaze as he twisted his lips into a cruel smirk. Sasha's jaw dropped.

"N-Nick, y-you wouldn't," protested Sasha, a little too loudly for Nick's liking.

"Don’t break character," hissed Nick.

"MY GOODNESS, WE ARE DIGGING A DEEP HOLE FOR OURSELVES!" shouted Sasha.

"Good," whispered Nick with a smile. He slid his eyes up and down Sasha's nearly naked – soon to be completely naked – body once more, before calling out, "NO, PLEASE, SASHA, PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME GET NAKED!"

As he said it, he smirked and pointed a finger toward Sasha's last remaining article of clothing.

"LITTLE BROTHER, WHEN I SAY BARE, I MEAN BARE!" Sasha bit her lip, now letting a tear or two flow freely down her face. She crossed her arms in front of her chest, resting her hands on her shoulders.

"Nick, please," she begged. "Can't you at least let me keep one …"

"Mom is expecting to hear a spanking," Nick reminded her.

"But she's not going to know if I'm naked or not," pleaded Sasha. "Nick, please …"

For a long moment, Nick was silent. He actually seemed torn. In the end, though, if he felt any compassion for Sasha at all, it did not win out.

"Take it off, Sasha," he said. "Or I will."

Sasha lowered her head, and let more tears fall from her now tightly shut eyes. After a moment, she lowered her arms, and then reached behind her back to unhook her bra.

"You didn't have to do this to me," said Sasha softly, her eyes still closed. "You didn't have to do this, Nick."

She pulled the straps of the bra off her shoulders and slowly peeled the fabric from her breasts, finally dropping the garment to the floor. Nick gazed at Sasha's large breasts and pert, cute nipples, now bared to his sight.

"Sasha," said Nick softly, leaning in toward her, "for whatever it's worth for me to say this … I still think your eyes are your best feature."

Sasha's eyes suddenly flew open. She stared, wide-eyed, at Nick, not seeming to know how to react to his pronouncement.

Nick didn't seem to notice, however, as he walked around Sasha, continuing to take in the sight of her now naked body.

"SASHA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Nick suddenly cried out. "HEY, STOP IT – YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME LIKE THAT!"

Sasha froze, and then let out a soft moan. "Oh, no …"

"Sasha," said Nick warningly.

"BE QUIET!" shouted Sasha. "AND YOU'D BETTER HOLD STILL, NICK!"

"NO, SASHA, PLEASE!" Nick smirked as he moved in toward Sasha.

"NICK, I WILL TOUCH YOU ANYWHERE I WANT!" she shouted, cringing as Nick's hands gently massaged her breasts.

"Nice," whispered Nick, as he luxuriated in the feel of the beautiful girl-flesh under his fingers.

"STOP WHINING, NICK, I WILL TOUCH YOU THERE IF I WANT TO!" Sasha decided that it was a good thing she had to yell, because she really needed to scream at the feel of Nick's hands fondling her buttocks.

"You know, all that working out you're doing is really paying off, Sasha," he told her, giving her bottom one last rub.

"I'm so glad you approve," muttered Sasha. She wiped the tears from her cheeks and took a deep breath.

I can do this, she thought. I can get through this …

Nick gently pushed Sasha down into a chair, and knelt down in front of her.

"AND I'll TOUCH YOU THERE, TOO, MISTER!" Sasha looked up at the ceiling and tried to focus on anything other than Nick running his hands up and down her legs, squeezing her thighs.

Forget about getting through this, focus on just not strangling your stepbrother.

Nick took Sasha's hand and pulled her up out of the chair. He then ran his hands down her back, resting on her rear once again, before moving his hands to her stomach. He slowly began running his hands down her stomach, to her waist, to her …

Maybe I will strangle him … Yes, maybe I will … I swear, no jury would convict …

But just before his fingers reached her most private place, they suddenly lifted off from her body. Sasha blinked, and looked at Nick in surprise.

"I think I can at least spare you that, Sasha," he said softly.

For a moment, Sasha could only stare at Nick in wonder.

"Thank you," she managed to say.

Okay, I guess I can let him live. Grudgingly.

Nick gently pulled Sasha toward him, resting his hands on her waist.

"You're beautiful, Sasha," he told her. He looked intently into her eyes. "And maybe you're getting tired of hearing me say it … but I still think you have the most beautiful eyes."

Sasha looked down, still unsure what to say to that.

Nick pulled a chair to the center of the room and sat in it.

"PLEASE, SASHA, DON'T MAKE ME GET OVER YOUR KNEES!" he shouted.

Sasha let out another soft moan.

"OKAY, NICK, IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO SPANK YOU, I WON'T!" she yelled.

Nick's eyes looked like they were about to pop out of his head.

"DON'T YOU KNOW SARCASM WHEN YOU HEAR IT, NICK?" Sasha rolled her eyes. "GET ACROSS MY LAP RIGHT NOW!"

Sasha glanced around the room, and spotted her T-shirt lying with the rest of her discarded clothing. It would do.

She picked up the shirt and walked over to Nick, handing it to him. Sasha then turned around and, after just a moment's hesitation, reluctantly crossed her wrists behind her back.

"You're learning," chuckled Nick with satisfaction. He made quick work of Sasha's hands, and soon they were tied tightly behind her back with the T-shirt. Nick took hold of Sasha's arm and turned her around.

Sasha didn't weigh much more than Nick. She was rather thin for her age and height, while Nick's body was quite a bit heavy with muscle from working out. That made him very strong, which Sasha had come to know all too well.

But Sasha was a good five inches or so taller than her stepbrother, and the height difference made it somewhat awkward for her to get over his lap. Still, with a fairly practiced hand by now, Nick was able to get a good grip around her waist and guide her into a comfortable spanking angle, her face close to her bedroom carpet.

Sasha winced as she felt Nick cup her bare behind in his right hand. No matter how many times he had done it, she still felt every bit as violated as the first time. Sasha wanted to slap his hand away, but she knew that, even if her hands weren't bound, she couldn't.

Nick smiled fondly as he caressed Sasha's beautiful posterior, admiring it as if it was his most treasured possession. This wasn't the first time he'd seen and felt this soft, smooth skin. It wasn't even the first time in the past twenty minutes. But he still couldn't believe how wonderful it felt, so soft, firm, and warm.

"You've done really well tonight, Sasha," he whispered to her. "But now, Mom needs to hear a spanking, so …"

Nick raised his right hand, and Sasha instinctively tensed the muscles in her butt. But, then, knowing it would do no good, she relaxed her body as much as she could.

Sasha fought to hold in her cry of pain when Nick's hand struck the first smack, leaving a bright red handprint on her bottom. Soon, Sasha was biting her lip, tears streaming down her face, as Nick's powerful hand rained down one blow after another on her defenseless rear. At first, he alternated from one cheek to the other, but soon he was just smacking her over and over, relishing in hearing her whimper.

"OW!" cried Nick, as he smacked Sasha hard. "SIS, PLEASE STOP, THAT REALLY HURTS!"

"YOU DESERVE THIS!" shouted Sasha, cringing as Nick landed a particularly hard smack on her bare rump.

SMACK!

"OW!" shouted Nick.

SMACK! – "OW!" – SMACK! – "OW! – SMACK! – "OW!"

"DOES THAT HURT?" yelled Sasha. "I HOPE IT DOES, YOU LITTLE CREEP!"

"Nick," she whispered, through gasps for breath, "please, not so hard … It really does hurt …"

Even worse than the pain, though, was the humiliation. Sasha was 17 years old, practically a grown woman. She felt so ridiculous to be bent over her brother's lap – her 12-year-old brother's lap – like this, completely naked, getting her bottom blistered as though she was a naughty child. Having her hands bound made it impossible for Sasha to offer any resistance, which only intensified her feelings of helplessness and humiliation – which, she had no doubt, was just why Nick had done it.

She hadn't even done anything to deserve this. Nick should have been the one over her lap ... Sasha was startled when, as though he could read her mind, Nick suddenly shouted, "YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE NAKED AND OVER MY KNEE, SASHA!"

For a moment, there was only silence as Sasha tried to absorb what she'd just heard. Nick tapped her on her shoulder.

"I DON'T DESERVE A SPANKING, NICK!" she shouted, with absolute sincerity.

"OF COURSE YOU DESERVE A SPANKING, SASHA! YOU'RE A GIRL!"

Sasha's jaw dropped. She turned to stare at Nick incredulously. He grinned back at her.

"Don't push it, Nick," she growled.

"WHY YOU MISERABLE LITTLE – THAT'S GONNA COST YOU PLENTY MORE SMACKS, NICK!" she hollered.

Nick smacked Sasha's backside several more times, while she struggled to hold in her squeals.

And then, for some reason best known only to him, Nick decided it would be a good idea to shout out, "SO WHAT IF I SAW YOU NAKED, SASHA? IT SHOULD BE ILLEGAL TO COVER UP A BODY LIKE YOURS!"

Sasha felt Nick shudder. She could tell even without looking at him that he was fighting to hold in his laughter.

"God, Nick, you really are a dick!" she hissed at him.

"AND ANYWAY, YOU'RE A GIRL!" he continued. "SOMEBODY NEEDS TO TEACH YOU THAT YOU GIRLS SHOULD ALWAYS BE NAKED AND SPANKED BY US BOYS!"

If looks could kill, Sasha's glare would have cremated Nick.

"YOU ROTTEN, MISOGYNISTIC LITTLE – YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT, NICK! I'M GONNA MAKE YOU PAY FOR EVERY HORRIBLE THING YOU'VE SAID TO ME!"

Sasha fixed a withering gaze on Nick.

"You really are going to pay for this," she vowed. "I promise you, Nick, one day, you're going to know how it feels to be naked and spanked by me. And I'm going to make you pay for every last second of this nightmare. Count on it."

"That could happen," said Nick with a shrug. "Or it could not. But if it does, then I guess I'd better enjoy this while I still can."

He punctuated his remark with several more hard smacks to Sasha's rump. One particularly hard smack was just too much for Sasha, and she let out a high-pitched squeal.

They both froze, certain that their mother must have heard that, and known that it wasn't a boy's voice. For several seconds, they waited tensely, half-expecting their mother to knock on the door … but nothing happened.

"I think we better wrap this up," whispered Nick. He gave Sasha one last hard slap on her butt, and then, finally, mercifully, let Sasha up.

"Untie me, Nick, please," begged Sasha, bending over to thrust her bound hands toward him, not even caring about the view she was giving him of her red, sore posterior.

"Okay, okay," said Nick, fumbling to undo the knots of the T-shirt as quickly as he could.

Sasha quietly sobbed as she rubbed her bottom, trying to soothe the aching flesh.

"Oh, God, my butt," she moaned.

"You know, Sasha, that's just what I was thinking," commented Nick. "Your butt is definitely proof that there is a God."

Sasha glared daggers at Nick.

"Sorry, couldn't resist," said Nick, holding up his hands. "You know, one day, we may finally get to the bottom of this problem."

"Christ, Nick, you really are an ass – Don't say it!"

With a smirk, Nick got up and walked over to the door. He pressed his ear against it for a long moment, and then shook his head.

"I think we're okay," he told Sasha quietly. "It doesn't sound like Mom's still out there."

Sasha felt half-relieved and half-disappointed to hear that.

Nick smiled as he reached out to caress Sasha's neck with his right hand, making her instantly stiffen.

"All right, now," he said softly, gently sliding his hand along the back of her neck, "here comes my favorite part of all this … Now that the spanking is over, we kiss and make up."

"Um, you mean a peck on the cheek, right?" asked Sasha timidly. "Like siblings are supposed to?"

Nick just chuckled in amusement. Sasha's face tightened.

"Nick, please, you're not going to kiss me on the mouth again, are you? I really don't like it when you do that. And besides, I'm your sister, you shouldn't be doing that to me."

"You're my stepsister. We're not really related."

"But we're still – "

"Hush."

Sasha suppressed a sob as Nick pulled her face close to his, and pressed his lips against hers – gently at first, and then more and more deeply. Again, the height difference made it a little awkward, but Nick managed to turn their heads just enough for it to be smooth.

After a minute or so, Sasha pushed Nick away from her.

"Come on, Nick, that's enough," she said, trying to pull herself free of his arms.

"Are you kidding?" asked Nick. "We're just getting warmed up."

"Nick, please – "

"Remember what I've told you every other time we've done this, Sasha. Before we make up, we gotta make out. Now pucker up."

Sasha whimpered as Nick pulled her close to him again, pressing his lips deeply into hers. She cringed as she felt his tongue darting inside her mouth. But knowing she could do nothing to stop him, Sasha gave in, letting out an occasional sob.

Nick, meanwhile, was in heaven. This was better than seeing Sasha naked, better than spanking her, better even than groping her. In that moment, nothing in the world mattered to Nick but those lips. Those wonderful, warm, soft, sensual lips. He plunged himself into a pleasurable abyss.

After what seemed like an eternity to Sasha – though it could not have been more than ten minutes – Nick finally let her go.

"That was nice," breathed Nick. "One day, you're going to make some really lucky guy an incredible girlfriend, Sasha."

"Thanks, I guess," muttered Sasha.

"The good news is that we're almost done," said Nick. "There's just one more thing."

He sat down on Sasha's bed. She immediately recoiled in horror.

"No, no, not that," said Nick hastily. "I promised you that the very first time we did this, remember?"

"You promised no sex." Sasha nodded, but still eyed Nick warily.

"I said that and I meant it," said Nick. "My dick doesn't touch any part of you, ever. Not even a handjob."

"Okay," said Sasha slowly. "So what, then?"

"I just want to feel you up again," said Nick.

Sasha groaned, but she figured it could have been worse.

"But first, I want to make sure that Mom doesn't hear you squealing, like when I was spanking you. Get me something to gag you with."

Sasha let out a heavy sigh, but knowing it would be pointless to argue, she went over to her dresser. She opened a drawer, and pulled out a scarf. As she did, her eyes fixed on something else in the drawer – a small plastic case with a beautiful silver locket in it. The sight of it, as always, set off a flurry of mixed feelings in Sasha's heart, and she could not refrain from staring at it for a long moment.

Hearing Nick clearing his throat snapped her out of her reverie, and she hurriedly closed the drawer and went back over to him.

"Sit down next to me," he commanded.

Sasha obeyed, and tried not to wince as Nick tied the scarf tightly in her mouth.

"Look on the bright side," he said. "At least I can't kiss you like this."

It was the very smallest of silver linings, but Sasha knew she had to take whatever she could get.

For the next few minutes, Sasha could do nothing but sit limply on the bed as Nick's hands roamed her body, just like they had before, caressing, fondling, squeezing …

As before, though, Nick at least had enough decency to leave her most private place untouched. But Sasha cringed as his hands invaded every other place they could. At least the soft bed provided some comfort to her badly abused rear.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Sasha and Nick both froze.

"Sasha? Is everything all right in there?" came their mother's voice.

Nick shot his stepsister a warning glare before pulling down her gag.

"We're fine, Mom," she called out, as Nick's hand caressed her leg.

"Okay, Sasha. I was just a little concerned because it's been awfully quiet in there for a while now."

"It's all good, Mom," said Sasha, while Nick ran his hand down the smooth skin of her back.

"I've finished Nick's spanking," she continued, lifting herself slightly off the bed so that Nick could massage her still sore bottom.

"He's not fighting me anymore. He's … He's just upset." Sasha bit her lip as Nick's hands circled her waist to her midriff.

After a pause, Sasha added, "I'm helping him through it," as Nick's hands slid up her tight stomach and fondled her breasts.

"Well, I can understand that. Should I come in?"

"No, Mom … Uh, Nick's still naked. I … I'm just trying to give him a little … comfort."

Sasha's voice squeaked on the last word as Nick gave her breast a little squeeze.

" … Well, I'm certainly glad to hear that. Nick, can you hear me? I hope you understand that this is really for your own good, as well as Sasha's."

"I understand, Mom," Nick called out, as he finished massaging Sasha's chest.

"Your sister and I both love you very much, no matter what you may have done. We want you to become a better person."

"Oh, trust me, I am much better," said Nick, leaning in to plant a few gentle kisses on Sasha's neck.

"He certainly is, Mom," said Sasha flatly, tilting her head as Nick pressed his lips firmly against her neck.

"Well, all right, then, you two finish up, and then come downstairs."

"Gotcha."

Sasha and Nick heard their mother walk back down the stairs.

"Not bad, Sis," said Nick with a smile.

"Are we done now?" asked Sasha tiredly.

"Almost, Sasha."

Nick got up from the bed and pulled Sasha to her feet. He untied the scarf from her neck and tossed it on the bed.

"Give me a hug," ordered Nick.

Sasha reluctantly put her arms around Nick's neck and pressed her body tightly against his. For once, Sasha was grateful that Nick was still clothed.

"Nice," murmured Nick, looking into her eyes once again. "C'mere, gorgeous."

Sasha showed no surprise when Nick kissed her yet again. She cringed, though, when she felt his right hand slide down her back and cup her behind once more.

"Tell me, Sasha, who does THIS belong to?" whispered Nick as he gave her bottom a squeeze.

"You," she said miserably.

"And don't you forget it. No boy touches that except me, you hear?"

" … For the record, that's not something I routinely allow boys to do, anyway. But okay, I guess."

"And these?" Nick gently tapped Sasha's lips.

"They belong to you, too," said Sasha, sounding resigned to her own dismal fate.

"You don't kiss any boy other than me," Nick told her. "At least, not without my permission."

"Fine," said Sasha after a moment.

"Good. I think we're done, then."

He gave Sasha one more kiss, and then finally let go of her.

"Get dressed," he told her. "Mom's waiting for us downstairs."

Sasha walked over to the small pile of her discarded clothing, still lying on the floor, and limply picked them up. She felt like she should be rushing to get dressed, but found, somewhat to her surprise, that she had very little inclination to hurry.

What's the point? she wondered bitterly. He's already seen everything, several times over. What's a few more minutes?

"Okay, let's go downstairs," said Nick, after Sasha was dressed again.

Sasha gazed at the floor for a long moment.

"Nick, you didn't have to do this to me," she said softly. "You didn't have to take off my clothes, you didn't have to grope me, you didn't have to …"

Sasha's voice began to break, and she was visibly struggling not to cry.

"Nick, you didn't have to humiliate me like this."

 Nick regarded her silently. He seemed to be thinking, weighing …

"Yes, I did," he suddenly said. "I did have to."

"What do you mean, you did have to?" demanded Sasha, gazing at him levelly.

"I did," said Nick. "You don't understand, Sasha, because you're not …"

"I'm not what? A guy?" asked Sasha contemptuously.

"No." Nick shook his head. "That's not it. It has nothing to do with being a guy."

"Well, what, then? I can't understand why you supposedly had to do it, because I'm not … What?"

Nick was silent again.

"Let's go downstairs," he said.

Sasha stared at him, obviously wondering if she should press the issue. Apparently, she didn't think so, because she simply turned and started out of the bedroom.

"How long are you going to keep blackmailing me?" she asked tiredly, as she and Nick walked to the door. "A month? A year? For the rest of our lives? What?"

"I don't know," replied Nick honestly. "I'm kind of winging it right now."

He gave Sasha a sly grin.

"Right now, I'm just kind of enjoying myself," he said, brushing his hand against Sasha's cheek. "I really like having you naked."

"Really?" asked Sasha, wide-eyed. "I never would have guessed."

Nick smiled. He leaned in to kiss Sasha again, ignoring her inevitable cringe as he did so, and then patted her on her butt, ignoring her inevitable wince as he did that.

"You're cute when you're sarcastic," he said, caressing her face affectionately.

Sasha reached for the door.

"Wait," said Nick. He took hold of Sasha's arm, and then gave her three quick, sharp smacks on her still sore bottom.

"Ah!" cried Sasha in pain. "What was that for?"

"Just a reminder to behave."

Nick walked out of the bedroom. Sasha followed, rubbing her behind.

By the time they walked into the kitchen, however, they had switched positions.

Doing her best to ignore the soreness in her butt, Sasha drew herself up to her full height and proudly told her mother that she had taken care of Nick's punishment.

Nick, meanwhile, was putting on an Academy Award-worthy performance of sniffling, rubbing his bottom, and acting too humiliated to even look either Sasha or their mother in the face. Sasha struggled to keep from rolling her eyes when Nick began wailing about all of the things that Sasha had supposedly done to him.

But when Sasha's mother admonished her for "touching" Nick inappropriately, she nearly lost it.

It took every last ounce of willpower that Sasha had not to scream at her mother, "You think that I touched him, Mom? You really think I did that? I didn't touch him at all! He touched me! He stripped me naked, he spanked me, he groped and fondled me, he forced me to kiss him! And he's been doing this to me over and over for …"

… which would probably have been as far as Sasha could get before she broke down completely in sobs.

As it was, she had frozen in place, and managed to summon enough strength to simply tell her mother that she would be more careful in the future.

When their mother said that dinner was nearly ready, Sasha had hesitated for a moment before asking to eat her dinner in her room. In truth, she really didn't want to spend any more time with Nick than she absolutely had to … but, mostly, she was afraid that if she sat down to dinner with her family, her mother would notice that she was fidgeting in her chair, unable to sit comfortably.

Nick, meanwhile, would have been perfectly happy to spend as much time with Sasha as he could … But he asked to eat dinner in his room because he didn't want his mother to notice that he wasn't fidgeting in his chair, and able to sit comfortably.

With Sasha's willpower already stretched to the limit, she nearly blanked out when Nick complained that she had made him kiss her …

Moments later, she was walking out of the kitchen, her head filled with the overwhelming thought of what she had wanted to say to Nick, but could not find the strength to get out of her mouth …

Sasha let out a sigh, feeling grateful that she was at least safe from Nick's attentions for the moment … She was wrong.

As she was heading for the stairs, she was barely aware that Nick, who had left the kitchen right after her, was hurriedly coming up behind her. Before Sasha even knew what was happening, Nick had grabbed her arm and pulled her to him, pressing their bodies together.

"Nick!" Sasha was almost too startled to speak. "What are you – "

Sasha's words were quickly muffled by Nick pressing his lips deeply into hers yet again. If anything, this kiss seemed even more passionate than the ones before. Her eyes wide with shock, Sasha struggled and protested, and after a few seconds, she managed to pull free of him.

"Are you crazy?" she hissed at him. "Mom is right in there!" She gestured toward the kitchen, not twenty feet away.

"Sorry." Nick shrugged helplessly. "I couldn't help it, Sasha. You're just so irresistible."

"Nick," growled Sasha through clenched teeth.

"I really couldn't help myself," Nick lied.

"Well, try!" snarled Sasha.

"I will try my very best," Nick lied.

"Great," retorted Sasha. "That was a very reassuring lie."

"I am not lying," Nick lied.

"Nick," Sasha shook her head in frustration.

"You know, Sasha," said Nick with a sly smile, "I've never had a girlfriend …"

Sasha stared at him.

"Nick, I'm your sister," she said slowly. "You can't seriously think that – "

"No, no, of course not," said Nick. "We couldn't do that. But I think you would make for good practice. One day, hopefully, I'll have a girlfriend for real, but for now, I think it would be really helpful if I were to practice having a girlfriend, with you."

Sasha's mouth hung open.

Nick had finally done it. He had rendered Sasha speechless. She literally could not think of anything to say to him.

"Well, let's get washed up for dinner, girlfriend," said Nick with a grin. He leaned in and kissed Sasha again, and then gave her a sharp smack on her butt, before heading up the stairs with a self-satisfied smirk on his face, and leaving behind an utterly stunned Sasha.

A short time later, Sasha had retreated into her room with her dinner, closing and locking the door, and praying that she would finally be free of Nick for the night …

… She could hardly believe it when her mother announced, an hour later, that she was leaving to meet up with Sasha and Nick's father – which meant leaving Sasha at home, alone, with Nick. It was like the entire universe was conspiring to humiliate her as much as humanly possible.

When Sasha asked her mother how long she would be gone, her heart sank when her mother said that she wouldn't be home for the rest of the night.

"I'm afraid that you probably won't see us in the morning, either. Your father and I both have to start work early."

Now, Sasha was certain that the entire universe was conspiring to humiliate her as much as humanly possible.

"Good night," their mother had said, giving each of them a hug and a kiss. "You two be good. Nick, you mind your sister."

Sasha grimly reflected on the irony of her mother's directive.

Nick, to Sasha's dismay, held true to form. As soon as their mother was gone, he turned to Sasha with a wicked grin on his face.

"All right, girlfriend," he said, nodding his head toward her pants, "drop 'em."

\*\*\*\*\*\*

**Chapter 2**

"Drop 'em," repeated Nick, gesturing toward Sasha's pants. "Get naked."

Sasha sighed, and began to strip. This time, there was no hesitation at her underwear. Her bra and panties joined the rest of her discarded clothing as easily as her socks did.

"No begging and pleading this time?" asked Nick.

"What would be the point?" said Sasha flatly.

"I don't really understand why you made such a fuss about taking off your bra earlier," said Nick. "It's nothing that I haven't seen before. More than once, actually."

"This isn't the kind of thing you can really get used to, Nick," said Sasha. "Sometimes, I feel like I can handle it, and other times, it just … It just feels like too much.

"So I should just expect you to run hot and cold?"

"Something like that."

Sasha folded her arms in front of her chest wearily, trying to ignore Nick's appreciative gaze travelling over the curves of her naked body.

"All right, so I'm naked again," Sasha finally said. "Now what?"

"Well, first of all," said Nick. He took hold of Sasha's arm and turned her around, and then delivered a sharp smack to her backside. Sasha let out a small cry of pain.

"That," said Nick, "was for the crack about learning to squeal like a man."

Sasha stared at him for a moment, and then they both began to giggle. As silly as it was, it felt good to laugh about something.

"Did you really have to spank me so hard?" asked Sasha, rubbing her bottom.

"Mom had to hear it through the door," Nick pointed out.

Sasha shrugged.

"Here," said Nick. He pulled Sasha close to him, and gently began massaging her buttocks. She instinctively began to protest, but then fell silent.

"Does that feel better?" he asked after a moment.

Sasha looked at him, and then looked away. She said nothing. Nick gave her a faint smile and continued the massage.

"What happens now?" she asked.

"Well, first of all, since Mom and Dad are leaving early tomorrow morning, and we'll have the house to ourselves …"

Nick paused thoughtfully.

"I'm going to get up around eight o'clock or so. The first thing I'll do is take my shower. While I do that, I will need to have my bed made, by a naked sister."

"Fine," said Sasha glumly.

"And then," continued Nick, "I want breakfast prepared for me, and served to me, by my naked sister."

"Okay," sighed Sasha.

"After that, I would like my bedroom carpet to be vacuumed, by a nak – "

"I get it," said Sasha testily. "Do you plan on keeping me naked all day long tomorrow?"

"Of course not," replied Nick. "Eventually, Mom and Dad will come home."

Sasha growled.

"Just make sure that you're in my room at eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

"I will," said Sasha with a heavy sigh.

"And be naked."

" … I will."

"And why will you be naked?"

Sasha stared at him.

"You've gotta be kidding, Nick."

"Say it." Nick grinned. "I love it when you say it."

"God, Nick, what are you, five?" said Sasha in irritation.

"Hey, there are a lot worse things I could be making you do."

Sasha had to admit he had a point there.

"So say it."

"Fine," she said in resignation. As humiliations go, at least this one was pretty minor.

"I will be naked for you because I am a girl," she recited. "And girls should always be naked for the pleasure of boys. Please, Nick, give me the chance to let you enjoy the sight of my naked body. It is what you deserve, as a boy. And it's what I deserve, as a girl, to be naked."

Sasha rolled her eyes repeatedly as she said the words. Nick made a mental note to show her what would happen to her behind if she didn't start saying the words with a more convincing show of obviously fake sincerity. Speaking of which …

"And you will do anything I say tomorrow."

"Yes."

"Because you know what happens if you don't do as I say."

"Yes." Sasha nodded. "I get spanked."

"And what happens if you do follow my orders?"

"I get spanked anyway, if you feel like spanking me."

"Correct." Nick beamed.

"I'm going to get spanked, no matter what, aren't I?"

"Well, yeah. Don't forget, Mom told you to spank me tomorrow morning."

"Aw, Nick," Sasha moaned. "Mom's not even going to be here tomorrow morning! Can't we just tell her that I spanked you?"

"Orders are orders, Sasha."

"But she won't even know if we do it or not! I didn't even do anything! You're the one who should be spanked!"

"That's right, I am. And I'm also the one who's holding blackmail material over you, not the other way around. So tomorrow morning, you'll be spending some quality time over my knee. Won't that be fun?"

Sasha just looked away.

"I still think you should consider becoming an actress. When Mom told us that you'd be spanking me from now on, you did a great job of acting like you liked the idea. Mom doesn't have a clue that this means from now on, you're going to be taking all of my spankings for me."

Nick chuckled. Sasha glowered at him.

"What if Mom or Dad wants me to spank you in front of them?" she challenged.

Nick shrugged.

"Well, then, you'll just have to spank me for real," he said.

Suddenly, he smiled.

"Actually, that might not be so bad," he said. "It wouldn't have been my first choice, but …"

Nick leaned in close to Sasha with a wicked grin.

"You said earlier that one day, I'd be naked and over your knee … At first, that sounded awful to me, but now that I think about it … Being naked and getting spanked by you kind of sounds like fun. We really should try that some time."

Sasha sighed. So much for that idea for revenge. She would have to think of something else.

Still smiling, Nick ran his hand around the back of Sasha's neck. She knew perfectly well what was coming, and that there was nothing she could do to stop it. Sasha reluctantly let Nick pull her close and kiss her once again.

"Nick," said Sasha softly, once he'd let her go, "about this 'practice girlfriend' thing …"

"No sex," said Nick at once.

"Just wanted to confirm." Sasha nodded.

"You know," sighed Nick, caressing the back of Sasha's neck, "I must be the luckiest 12-year-old boy in the world. I've got a sexy 17-year-old girl living in my house, who gets naked for me, and lets me have fun with her, any time I want. How hot is that?"

Sasha grimaced.

"So what 'fun' do you have planned for us tonight?" she asked sourly.

Nick was quiet for a moment.

"I think I've done more than enough to you for one day," he said. "You can have the night off."

Sasha stared at Nick in surprise, not sure that she'd heard right.

"It's okay," said Nick. "You don't have to do anything more for me tonight. You can go."

"Thank you," said Sasha after a moment.

"You're welcome, Sis." Nick nodded.

Sasha turned to leave, when Nick suddenly grabbed her arm.

"Wait," he said, reaching for her backside again.

Sasha closed her eyes and steeled herself for yet another hard smack on her rear … and opened her eyes in surprise when Nick gently and soothingly massaged her bottom again instead.

"That really does feel better, doesn't it?" asked Nick.

Sasha looked at him, seeming torn, and then bit her lip and lowered her head. Again, she said nothing.

"Well, good night, Sis," said Nick, leaning in to kiss Sasha again … and to her surprise again, he kissed her gently on her cheek this time instead of her lips.

Sasha looked at him for a long moment.

"What?" asked Nick finally.

"Do you really think I have pretty eyes?" she suddenly asked.

The question seemed to surprise both Nick and Sasha herself. Nick quickly recovered.

"I think they're beautiful," he said sincerely. "I think they're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life."

Sasha blushed … She couldn't quite believe it. Here she was, totally naked in front of Nick, showing him all of the most private parts of her body, but it was his compliment about her eyes that made her blush.

Suddenly, Sasha leaned in toward Nick, and before he knew what was happening, she kissed him on the lips. When she let go of him, he stared at her in shock.

"Wh-What was that for?" he finally asked, not that he was complaining.

Sasha wasn't really sure herself.

"If it's going to happen no matter what," she said quietly, "I wanted it to happen, just once, on my own terms."

Nick didn't seem to know what to say to that.

Sasha gazed at him thoughtfully. Suddenly, she found herself thinking, once again, about that beautiful silver locket she had in her dresser drawer.

"Nick," she said softly. "That silver locket that you gave me for my birthday … How many months did it take you to save up enough money to buy it?"

Nick flushed. He put his hands in his pockets and gazed at his feet.

"I don't know," he said lamely. "Three or four months, maybe … Give or take three or four months."

"Even at that, that locket must have cost you every penny you had, and then some."

"I … I had to borrow a few bucks here and there to make up the difference, yeah." He looked up at Sasha. "So what's the problem? You liked the locket, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I did," said Sasha. "I loved it. I still do. It's beautiful. And it's the sweetest thing I think anyone's ever done for me. It was also a bit of a surprise, considering that only a few days before my birthday, you had me naked in your room, and you were feeling me up, ignoring me when I pleaded with you to stop."

"What are you getting at?" asked Nick with a sigh.

"Nick, sometimes I just don't understand you," said Sasha. "I hate the way you've been blackmailing me, taking advantage of me … But Mom was right. Ever since … this … all started, you've been acting a lot nicer to me than you ever did before. At least, when you're not taking advantage of me.

Yesterday, you carried all the groceries in from the car for me. You never used to do that. Last week, you did all of my chores for me. You certainly never did that before. A few days ago, when you saw I was feeling down, you bought me a cupcake to make me feel better. And …

… And a couple of weeks ago, when we all went out for a family dinner, I wore that silver locket you gave me, with a black dress. I got a lot of compliments on it … but the one compliment that really seemed to matter to me, I don't know why, was when you told me I looked beautiful in it, and you thanked me for wearing it."

"So?" Nick finally asked.

"So, I want to know why you've been so nice to me sometimes, when you're … when you're so mean other times. Nick …"

Sasha took a deep breath.

"Nick, I don't know if you remember, but in the kitchen tonight, when we went to see Mom after you … after you were finished with me … there was a moment when I tried to say something, but I couldn't."

"I remember," said Nick. "What was up with that?"

"What I wanted to say …"

Sasha bit her lip. She seemed to be gathering her strength to say what she needed to say next.

"Nick," she said softly, "you're my brother … Stepbrother, yes, but that doesn't really make any difference to me … And whether you believe this or not, I love you. I love you very much. And what I really want from you …

… What I want, Nick, is for you to love me back. That's why I've been taking it so hard, the things you've done to me. Because the way you've treated me lately makes me feel like you don't love me."

Sasha lowered her head. Tears were clearly forming in her eyes now, but she scarcely paid them any attention. She had been crying a great deal of late.

"If you really don't love me, Nick, then just please say so and get it over with." Sasha looked up at Nick, her eyes pleading. "But if you do love me … Please stop making me feel like you don't."

Nick stared at Sasha for what seemed like hours, though it couldn't have been more than a minute or two. He slowly looked away, not saying anything.

Sasha felt like her heart was breaking. She couldn't stay here anymore. Not knowing what else to say or do, she slowly picked up her clothes and then turned and headed for the stairs.

"Sasha, I love you," Nick suddenly blurted out.

Sasha, who was now on the bottom steps of the stairs, turned to stare at him. Now it was Nick's turn to take a deep breath and gather his strength for what he needed to say.

"I love you," he repeated. "It's … It's hard to describe. Most of the time, I just love you like a sister, and sometimes, I feel like I love you in a different way. But I do love you. I wouldn't blame you if you didn't believe me, but it's the truth."

Nick hesitated, trying to frame his thoughts and feelings into words.

"I meant what I said before. You've been wonderful to me. I couldn't ever ask for a better sister than you … Sasha, I told you tonight that you couldn't understand why I needed to do the things I've been doing to you, because you're not …"

Nick swallowed hard.

" … because you're not as weak a person as I am. If you had a really gorgeous guy in front of you, and you had the power to force him to strip naked and do whatever you wanted, I believe that you would have the strength to resist, because you know it's wrong.

But I'm just not that strong a person. I know it's wrong, what I've been doing to you, but no matter how hard I try, I just can't resist the temptation. I'm … I'm just not as strong a person as you want me to be, Sasha. I'm sorry."

Nick lowered his head, unable to look Sasha in the eyes anymore, but he could feel her staring at him.

"You and Mom were right. I've been acting nicer to you than I normally do, because … I've been feeling guilty about the way I've been treating you, and I'm trying to find a way to make up for it."

He looked up at Sasha. She was gazing back at him. She had a blank, almost unreadable expression on her face.

"I know that I've … I've disappointed you, Sasha, and I'm sorry. But whether you believe it or not, I really do love you."

Nick took a deep breath.

"Sasha, I want to see you in my room at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Be naked. But, uh … We can forget about the spanking. You were right, Mom will never know."

Sasha was still staring at him, her face still unreadable. After a long moment, she turned away. Without another word, she headed up the stairs to her bedroom.

Nick stood silently in the living room, pondering what had just happened. After a long while, he walked into the kitchen and got a soda out of the refrigerator. As he slowly drank it, he grimly wondered if the fact that Sasha at least hadn't laughed bitterly in his face should be taken as a good sign.

"I'll find a way to make this up to you, Sasha," he whispered. "If it takes me the rest of my life, and a while afterward, I will make it up to you. I promise."