**Summer's Cruel Summer**

by The Controverser  
  
Summer sat in the backseat of her parents' old station wagon for what surely be the last time. A deal was a deal and she had to suffer through the unbearable weekend to win her freedom. It was only a weekend, right?  
  
The Holm family had a strict way of doing things. There was an order, a method to the madness, so to speak. Where other families found its members falling out of touch with each other whether by design or by accident, the Holm family went the extra mile to make sure that didn't happen.  
  
Every summer, on the exact same two dates, whether they fell on a weekend or a week day, you dropped whatever you were doing and you made your way to the foothills of North Carolina where you would attend an all day barbecue on the first day and a day at the beach on the second.  
  
Everyone was expected to come unless Death himself was planning on making a friendly visit. The parents of adult children were expected to make sure that all of their children were attending as well. There would be grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, second cousins... too many people for Summer's liking.  
  
Of course, at eighteen, Summer expected to be able to make decisions for herself. However, her parents threatened to give her a proper spanking and drag her out to the car kicking and screaming if they had to. The tradition would remain intact if only for one more year.  
  
Summer fought hard and protested going, especially after what had happened at Christmas time. She had found herself absolutely humiliated in front of her entire family via web cam Only when she threatened to go to the police and have her parents arrested did her father offer her the deal of a lifetime. The bluff had been dramatic but it worked.  
  
The offer was that if she come this one last time, it would be the last family function she would ever have to attend. Which led her to the backseat, dreading the fact that they would be arriving at her aunt's house in a few moments.  
  
Summer reached into her purse and pulled out her compact mirror. This was probably the fourth or fifth time since getting back in the car at the Shell station where they stopped to fill up the car. Summer was granted a five minute period in which she could walk around and try to work out any kinks or cramps that sitting for hours might have brought on.  
  
The blue eyes and long blonde hair were the first features she noticed when she looked in the mirror. She considered herself different from the rest of the family-- except her father that is. She and her father are the only members of the entire family with light blonde hair. The rest of the family was made up of either red heads and brunettes.  
  
The next thing she noticed was the frown. The frown that felt like it was permanently etched into her face from having to endure this shitty weekend. The thought of disappearing over to one of her many friends' houses had crossed her mind and had it not been for the deal she had been offered, she probably would have. At least then she might have some resemblance of a smile.  
  
“Finally! I need to pee!” her mother suddenly blurted out.  
  
“I told you not to get the Big Gulp,” her father casually remarked.  
  
Summer disregarded their conversation and she glanced through the front windshield to the two story white house that was now in full view. The front porch, painted red, held two swings, one on each side. Her cousin Hope was sitting on one of the swings, moving it with her feet as she listened to her IPOD.  
  
If she could sum up all of her dread, reluctance, and hatred for this weekend with a single mental image, it was her fifteen year old cousin Hope. Ever since Summer's tits started to develop like there was no tomorrow, Hope, who even at fifteen was still rather flat chested, started to take great joy in humiliating her.  
  
At the last barbecue, she had stolen Summer's bra from her suitcase and tied it to a kite and flew it in the air. Everyone thought that it was a hoot and congratulated her on a well thought out and funny prank. Funny Summer's ass. It was humiliating.  
  
Hope was wearing a pair of shorts and a tank top that showed her black bra underneath. Summer suppressed a chuckle as she thought how pointless it was for Hope to waste money on a bra. Suddenly, their eyes met and Hope waved, a knowing smile on her face.  
  
“Oh God,” Summer sighed.  
  
“It isn't going to be that bad, Squash,” her father said. “You'll see.”  
  
“Dad, do you have to call me that nickname?” Summer asked.  
  
“Yes, I do,” her father said with a chuckle. “I love your nickname.”  
  
“It's embarrassing,” Summer said with a sigh.  
  
Stupid nicknames. She got that nickname from the vegetable that she threw temper tantrums over. There was no way she was going to eat Summer Squash. It was disgusting... only it wasn't. She eventually tried it and loved it. From that moment on, her father called her Squash.  
  
Her father looked through the windshield and saw Hope, now standing and waving, on the porch. He knew that Hope was the reason Summer didn't want to go and while it was his intention to keep them apart, her mother had other ideas. The two of them had fought for almost an entire day until her mother came out victorious. The decision? Summer would have to spend quality time with her cousin.  
  
“We'll get the bags, Summer. Go say hello to Hope,” her mother said.  
  
“I'll say hello..” Summer said. “Smack the shit out of her..”  
  
“Go ahead,” her mom said, giving her permission. “I'm sure everyone would love to see a repeat of Christmas morning. This time live and in person.”  
  
That was that. Her mother had proven that she didn't care who was around when she put Summer back in line. There was no such thing as too much humiliation as far as punishments go. After Christmas time, there was no limit or line to cross.  
  
With the deepest sigh she could manage, Summer opened the door and willed herself to exit the car. She could swear that Hope's grin widened as she started walking towards her. Glancing back over her shoulder, she locked eyes with her mother and her mother's stare was clear-- behave or be punished.  
  
“Hello, Hope,” Summer said, stopping in front of her younger cousin. “Good to see you.”  
  
Before Hope could respond, her two younger sisters, Angelina, a bubbly little nine year old with a heart of gold and her identical twin Charlotte, who was much too like Hope for Summer's tastes, ran out onto the porch.  
  
“Summer!” Angelina cried out, giving her cousin a hug.  
  
“Hi, Angie,” Summer said hugging back.  
  
“Oh, Summer! Sorry, I guess they recognized you easier than me,” Hope said with a grin. “I barely recognized you with your clothes on.”  
  
“Huh?” Angelina asked, looking at her sister. “What do you mean?”  
  
“Yeah, what do you mean?” Charlotte asked.  
  
“Oh, that's right. You two were playing with your new toys when we were on the web cam with Aunt Mary, Uncle Roger, and Summer. Do you want to tell them, Summer or shall I?” Hope asked.  
  
“Hope, can't we just get along?” Summer pleaded.  
  
“Sure. As soon as they know what happened,” Hope said.  
  
“I'm not telling them,” Summer said, turning away.  
  
“On Christmas morning, Summer here thought it was a good idea to call me the “B” word while we were on web cam with the whole family. Aunt Mary made her take off all of her clothes and lay over her mommy's knee for a spanking. Her butt was facing the camera the whole time,” Hope said, grinning wider.  
  
“That's horrible,” Angelina said, frowning. “That isn't funny, Hope.”  
  
“Sure is,” Charlotte said with a laugh.  
  
“It gets better. I was so mad at her calling me a “B”, that I blurted out that Aunt Mary should make Summer spread her legs wide open. She made her do it! Right in front of everyone watching. We even saw her butthole,” Hope said with a laugh.  
  
Both Summer and Angelina turned bright red while Charlotte and Hope laughed at Summer's humiliation. Summer balled up her fist and took a mighty swing at Hope. Unfortunately, Hope had been standing right in front of the screen door and the punch sent her flying into it. The worst part was that the glass window of the door was shut and Hope went right through the glass.  
  
Summer took a step back and watched as a tornado of activity took place around her. Her mother and father made it to the front porch in record time. Everyone except Angelina and her father were screaming at her and panicking at the blood coming from the back of Hope's head.  
  
Summer's Aunt and Uncle rushed Hope to the car and then sped off for the hospital. Summer's mother started marching towards her daughter with so much fury in her eyes that for the first time ever, Summer was actually fearing for her life.  
  
Summer's father suddenly stepped in front of his daughter and pointed to his wife and told her to go inside and cool off. He promised that he'd get to the bottom of this. He also promised that her mom could punish her a bit later when she had time to cool off.  
  
Before Summer could breathe a sigh of relief, her father grabbed her by the arm and started dragging her towards the wood shed. She had heard stories that the wood shed is where her mom and aunt used to get their spankings but it hadn't been used for that in many years. She hoped her father wasn't about to bring back an old tradition.  
  
Shoving her inside the dark shed, her father groped around the wall until he found the light switch and turned it on. Once they could see, he shut the door behind them and stared at his daughter.  
  
“What in the hell were you thinking, Summer? You know that isn't why I taught you Karate. You acted just like the bullies who used to beat you up. No, scratch that, worse! Hope is family! You struck a family member!” her father was really dishing it out.  
“I know. I'm sorry. She started with me right away,” Summer said, already crying.  
  
“What are you talking about?” her father asked.  
  
“She told Angelina and Charlotte about what happened on Christmas morning. She described everything!” Summer said.  
  
“So you thought it was okay to strike her physically when she struck you verbally? Summer, you are smarter than that!” her father yelled. “I'll admit your mother was wrong with what she did to you on Christmas morning. That's on me. I should have stopped it. My hands are tied this time. There is no way Hope isn't going to need stitches. Everyone is out for blood and there isn't a damn thing I can do to save you.”  
  
Summer cried all the harder because she knew her father was a straight shooter and would never lie to her. He was telling her the truth. He wasn't going to be able to save her. Suddenly, there was a loud knock on the door. Summer's father opened the door and was surprised to see his father in law, Summer's grandfather, standing there.  
  
“Margaret wants you two in the house right now,” he said before looking at Summer. “Come here, Summer.”  
  
Summer and her father followed her grandfather into the yard. He paused and looked at the large oak tree in the front yard and pointed high up to a nub where a thick branch had once been.  
  
“See that nub?” he asked.  
  
“Yes, sir,” Samantha said.  
  
“Your Aunt Sarah used to like sitting up there in that branch. She'd sit up there for hours. One day, she called your mom a tramp. So your mom went up to her room and opened the window. She took her slingshot and shot a small rock at your aunt's leg. Your aunt was so startled that she fell out of the tree and broke her leg and her wrist,” he said.  
  
Summer's mouth opened. She couldn't believe her own mother did something like that! She felt that there was a point to this but she didn't know what it was.  
  
“My point,” he said, as if he could read her mind. “is that this isn't the worst crisis that has happened here. Trust me, Hope is going to be getting the lion's share of the attention for the next few weeks but she'll be in her glory. I just don't want this to happen again. You'll be in the same house for the next month, you'll need a way to co exist.”  
  
Summer's eyes got wide and she turned around and looked at her father. Her father turned white as a sheet and took a step back. He knew what was about to happen. He knew it all too well.  
  
“A MONTH!?” Summer demanded. “A MONTH!!”  
  
“Charlie, you might want to back up slowly,” her father said.  
  
“What's the matter?” her grandfather asked.  
  
“We didn't actually get around to telling her about the month long vacation. She made such a fuss about the weekend, if we would have told her about the entire month she wouldn't have come.”  
  
“You liar!” Summer screamed before rushing towards her father and flailing away at him with her fists.  
  
Summer's father stood his ground and let his daughter take out all of her fear, anger, and frustration on him. His athletic and conditioned body absorbed all of the blows until Summer finally collapsed on the ground in exhaustion. Her father helped her back to her feet and the three of them headed towards the house.  
  
When they entered the house, she could see that her mom hadn't cooled off much. She was staring at Summer with such content that Summer slowly backed towards the door.  
  
“You couldn't even make it five minutes, could you?” Summer's mother asked. “Your cousin is in the hospital because of you, probably getting stitches! I swear that you are going to regret this!”  
  
“Shut up, Mary!”  
  
Everyone gasped as they found the wiry frame of Margaret, Summer's grandmother, standing in the doorway leading to the kitchen. She had a rolling pin in her hand and her arms and face had a good coating of flour on them.  
  
“Mom!” Summer's mother protested.  
  
“If you don't shut up, I'm going to take a switch to you. Don't you dare think you are too old for that,” Summer's grandmother said. “I've been listening to the only credible witness who isn't the least bit bias and I've got the facts.”  
  
Summer's grandmother motioned to little Angelina who was sitting at the dining room table coloring in one of her coloring books. No one could argue with her. Angelina was the most thoughtful, honest, and pure little girl that they'd ever known. There was no way she was going to lie about it.  
  
“Angelina said that Hope and Charlotte were teasing Summer about what happened on the web cam thing. She said that Summer tried to make peace but Hope wanted to humiliate her. I believe her. However, Summer struck a family member and injured Hope. Unfortunately, Summer, Hope was the lesser of the two evils this time. So, this is what is going to happen. Tonight, Hope is going to be allowed to choose two punishments for Summer. One for the punch to the eye and one for the back of her head. After this, Summer is to be forgiven by everyone,” Summer's grandmother announced.  
  
“Grandma, can I make a suggestion?” Angelina asked, looking up.  
  
“Sure, cupcake. What do you suggest?” her grandmother asked kindly.  
  
“Since this all happened because of the Christmas morning spanking, how about the next person to bring it up gets a spanking themselves?” Angelina asked.  
  
Both Summer and her grandmother couldn't help but smile at Angelina. The mind of a child was precious and much more intelligent then it was given credit for.  
  
“That is a terrific idea, cupcake. You heard her. I don't care how old you are. I'll take a switch to your butt if anyone mentions what happened on Christmas Morning. It is to be forgotten,” her grandmother said.  
  
Summer's grandmother instructed her to go up to the guest room and try to relax before everyone got back. Relaxing wasn't possible but you didn't argue with grandma. That was a cardinal rule.  
  
Instead of relaxing, she found herself fretting her punishments. She was glad that her mother wasn't going to murder her and neither was her aunt. Still, giving Hope that kind of power was terrifying. Hope was going to be screaming for vengeance after what happened earlier.  
  
Finally, Hope and her parents arrived. Her father came up to let her know they were home. He recommended giving them a few minutes because Summer's grandmother was telling them the way it was going to be. Finally, they were called downstairs.

**Summer's Cruel Summer (Ending)**  
  
Summer walked right to Hope and apologized for what she did. She didn't give an excuse, she didn't elaborate. The last thing she wanted was for it to sound like she was trying to justify what she did. It was an honest, heart felt apology.  
  
“I would normally suggest letting this wait until later and give Hope a little time to rest but I want to get this done right now. Make no mistake, after this is done, there will be no more attacks verbal or physical. I will switch your butts raw if there is. We are a family and we are going to act like it,” her grandmother said.  
  
“I know just what I want,” Hope said, wincing at the pain caused by trying to grin. “A naked spanking from Aunt Mary, in front of the entire family.”  
  
Summer felt her heart drop. She looked pleadingly at her grandmother but her grandmother simply nodded her head in agreement. That was a fair punishment, apparently.  
  
“And your second?” their grandmother asked.  
  
“She has to stay naked and exposed for the entire month. Really exposed. No covering up at all. When she sits down, she had to spread her legs really wide apart. If anyone wants to see something that is hidden, she has to show them for as long as they want,” Hope said.  
  
Summer wanted to throw up. It took her all of about five seconds to realize that Hope was saying she had to show her butthole to anyone who asked. At that point, that would be the only thing hidden. An entire month of being naked! This was absolutely horrible.  
  
“All right but I am going to add something,” her grandmother said. “Hope, you and Charlotte are forbidden from teasing her and absolutely no photos are to be taken. Videos neither. Am I clear?”  
  
“Yes, ma'am,” both Hope and Charlotte said.  
  
“Summer, I want you to go up to the guest bedroom and get your suitcase. Bring it back down and take it out to your car. Put the suitcase inside the car and before you close the trunk, add the clothes you are wearing to the suitcase then close the trunk. You are not to be clothed until you step inside your house,” her grandmother told her.  
  
“What? I have to ride home naked? No way!” Summer yelled before she could stop herself.  
  
Her grandmother brought her hand up to her chin. Everyone was stunned that Summer had just argued with her grandmother. No one was crazy enough to do that. No one. Not even Summer.  
  
“Okay, then. Since you wanted to argue with me, I'm going to give Hope an extra punishment. If you argue with me again, she'll get one every day for the entire month. Hope?” her grandmother asked, turning to Hope.  
  
“Make her throw all of her clothes into the bon fire tonight,” Hope said.  
  
“Well, now, that makes things so much easier. How many outfits did you leave yourself back home?” her grandmother asked.  
  
“None,” Summer's mother answered for her. “It's a little family tradition. We pack for the trip, we donate everything we don't pack to the charity shops and then we go clothes shopping the day after we get home.”  
  
Her grandmother considered what she had just been told. She stared at Hope and then at Summer. Summer looked at her grandmother, no longer as an ally but rather as someone who was no better than Hope. Unfortunately, her grandmother seemed to pick up on that vibe.  
  
“Right. Post pone the shopping trip for Summer until the last day of summer,” her grandmother said.  
  
“What!” Summer shouted. “Are you serial right now?”  
  
“Summer, one more outburst from you and I swear you will spend the entire year naked,” her grandmother threatened.  
  
“What if my friends come over?” Summer demanded.  
  
“The same rules apply at home that apply here. You made this harder on yourself girl,” her grandmother said. “I will not tolerate disrespect in my house.”  
  
Summer broke down crying. She hated Hope with such a passion. She suddenly wished that she had done more damage to that evil bitch. She was going to get back at her if it was the last thing she did.  
  
Of course, that night, as she stood next to the fire, her crimson red butt cheeks on full display in the fire's glow, she wasn't feeling so vengeful. One by one, she was feeding her only wardrobe into the fire until she was left with nothing at all. She couldn't believe that she didn't own a single stitch of clothing and that she was going to have to wait until Fall before she would own anything.  
  
If she was lucky...  
  
Because on the other side of the bon fire, Hope and Charlotte were trying to figure out how to force their grandmother's hand and make good on her threat. They wanted Summer naked for the entire year!  
  
The only question to be answered is... would they succeed or will justice finally be served?