Upside Down Spanking

By Kenna 23 Feb 2009

Feel free to repost this story, with proper credit given to the author, in any forum where is will be appreciated. This version is dated 23 Feb 2009 and adds this paragraph. Occasionally, I review and edit stories (those dang typos slip in). If you have an undated copy or one dated earlier than this, replace it with this one and repost wherever you posted. Please.

The sun had just set as Laurie ventured into the woods behind her house. It made the normally tranquil setting a bit eerie, but she knew it was safe. Safe from animals – there hadn’t been a bear sighting in years. Safe from people – the only ones around were trusted neighbors. And, best of all, safe from daddy – he hadn’t been checking on her for a couple years now. Just in case, this put her away from the house.

The 16-year-old wound her way through the familiar trees to her usual spot. It has served her for years, a hiding place from her angry father in earlier times. Now it was a comfortable place where she could be alone. This was her alone time. She didn’t think of it as hiding anymore. She was nearly an adult. She could do what she wanted. She just couldn’t do it in front of daddy. Of course, she couldn’t do it in front of her little brothers either. They’d just tell daddy.

It wasn’t like she was afraid of daddy anymore. He treated her like the almost adult that she was. It was just that she didn’t like that disapproving look he’d give her. She’s tested him. An inch of bare skin around her midriff had worked its way up to several inches of bare tummy over the years. He’d scowled. He’d said she shouldn’t. But it had been 5 years since he’d spanked her and 2 since he’d grounded her. She knew just how far she could go. It had taken her years, but she’d figured him out.

The massive granite slab was easy to find in the dark, standing out stark white against the black of its surroundings. She could have found in with her eyes closed. Stepping behind it, she leaned her back to the cool rock and slid down to sit on the centuries of soft leaves, pine needles, and loam. A sigh of relief escaped her lips as she relaxed in her own world. So many times she’d sat here and dreamed her dreams in solitude. So many times she sought refuge here from the trials and tribulations of life. So many times she’d found comfort in this rock, these trees, and the silence.

Laurie fumbled in her shirt pocket, a sense of amusement running through her over old memories. There’d been a time when she could find the bottom of a pocket on her flannel shirt easily. Now she had to reach around and below her breast. They were nothing special, just a C cup. Not much compared to some of her friends. But boys paid attention to her at school. More than one boyfriend had gotten to second base. She sighed again as she tossed that memory aside and fished out the joint and the lighter that sat low in her pocket.

In the woods, the gloom was now complete. Leaning back, she flicked the lighter and froze. She pulled her thumb away, letting the small flame die. An eternity of seconds ticked by before she lit it again. “Haaaahh,” she gasped. This time daddy’s face was inches from hers. She froze again. There was no other option.

In the flickering light of the tiny flame, she watched daddy’s hand come out of darkness as if in slow motion and take her wrist. Only then did she let the flame die again. Her stomach tumbled. It was all she could do to keep from peeing her pants. ‘What is he doing here?’ she thought. ‘How long has he known?’ And worst of all, with that mercilessly tight grip on her slender wrist, ‘What now?’

She rose to her feet at the firm tug and followed him meekly, feeling like that 14-year-old girl who had been grounded by her stern father. He said nothing… he never did. That made it all the more ominous as she pulled her with sure footing through ‘my forest.’ She hadn’t thought that he might know the lay of land as well as or better than her. The back porch light of their house bobbled in front of her. She felt like she was 11, on her way to her very last spanking. She was barely able to focus on the light as it grew large. Once she tripped… in ‘my forest.’ She hadn’t fallen here… ever that she could remember. Tears came to her eyes as she stumbled into the back yard.

“Daddy?” she quailed. “Please? I didn’t…”

Oh shit, she’d forgotten that look. She was 7 years-old. Her mind went blank and her lips stopped moving. Her mind was practically numb with fear. The next thing she knew, they were in the basement. A vise grip of a hand was clamped on her wrist. She didn’t remember, didn’t know how, but daddy had the joint and the lighter in his other hand. He still had said nothing. Just held the evidence in front of her.

She peed. When there was scarcely a drop remaining in her bladder, she fought for control. “Daddy, I’m 16. I get to…” Again the look. Her last attempt at maturity failed. She slumped in his grip, a meek little girl. When she gathered her wits and looked back at him, tears filled her eyes. The tears were fright and shame. “I’m sorry, Daddy, I… I knew it was…rrr… wrong. But… but…”

“Take off your jeans and panties,” said daddy. They were the first words that he spoke and, while chillingly humiliating, gave Laurie a sense of relief. She hadn’t been spanked in years. But, she could take it. Spankings were abrupt, painful, and embarrassing. But spankings ended. And they ended relatively quickly. Without hesitation, she took of her shoes and socks and fumbled for the snap of her jeans. Daddy hadn’t seen her like this… with fur between her legs… but he’d seen her years ago and she was sure he’d seen… other women. It was less humiliating to think that this moment was nothing special to him.

“Danny, Mark, we’re ready,” he called out. Her little brothers pounded down the stairs. For a brief moment she’d thought this would be different from every other spanking. She thought daddy would administer it and be done. She froze with the snap of her jeans undone, staring in disbelief at her brothers. She glanced at the unyielding face of her father and blushed. Protests ran through her mind, but they would be pointless. She’d watched their bare bottom spankings and they’d watched hers. But that was five years ago.

Shaking with humiliation, she unzipped her jeans and slid them down her legs. The jeans were tight and a bit of a struggle, a bit of a wiggle to get off. She felt every move of her hips, every tug on her uncooperative jeans. And, since they were tight jeans she was wearing a thong. She wriggled out of her jeans and set them aside. Hardly thinking, she brushed her hair back out of her face and looked at the wide eyes of her brothers, 14 and 11. She blushed again and tried to stare them down, but they wouldn’t look away.

She had no choice but to take off the tiny panties and lay them aside. At age of 11, she hadn’t quite grasped that humiliation was part of the punishment. Sure she’d been embarrassed, but more embarrassed then about just getting a spanking than being bare assed in front of the whole family. Now the way that daddy had staged this… the boys had obviously been waiting for their cue… she understood that her punishment was well underway.

Once she was naked from the waist down, Laurie got her next surprise. “Lay down on the floor,” said daddy. She lay down on the cold, hard cement. It was an unusual demand, but it was easy to rationalize that she was simply too old, too big to put over his knee. The surprise faded as she accepted the logic of the position.

The next surprise came quickly as daddy tied her ankles together. “Daddy?” she called out, feeling like a helpless little girl once again. She didn’t want to be made more helpless, but again the logic settled in. She simply accepted this as a way of restraining her. She’d surely struggle. She’d fight. She had in the past, but she’d been much smaller and easier to restrain with just his hands. Now she couldn’t struggle just as surely as a 7-year-old on her daddy’s lap couldn’t. Daddy had made sure of that. So, it was hardly a surprise anymore when daddy tied her hands behind her back, tied a rope around her waist, and tied her hands to that rope. She couldn’t struggle and she couldn’t cover her bare bottom. In fact, the whole position only demonstrated her maturity (to her). She was too much for him to handle. Perhaps daddy even thought she might escape. Daddy had simply made sure that his 16-year-old daughter would accept her punishment.

The moment of the spanking was near and then it would be over. Again she had the idea that she could endure the pain.

The fourth surprise really shocked her. It was hard to rationalize why daddy would rip and cut her flannel shirt free of her. And then her bra. Her breasts were still hidden, pressed against the cold cement. Now she was completely naked and only the floor hid her from her brother’s view and that didn’t hide her bare bottom. She was more naked than she’d ever been for a spanking and she had so much more to hide. While that thought was in the back of her mind, she was (at this point) clearly aware that daddy had no interest in the front part of her body. She lay still, waiting for the spanking, but wondering why her back was bared to him.

She heard an odd sound. Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick. Forevermore, she would remember the sound of five harmless ticks. The sound of metal clicking on metal. An innocuous sound that on the sixth tick became horrible. Tick. She felt the tug on her ankles. Tick. Her ankles rose slightly into the air. Tick, tick, tick and her knees rose off the floor.

“Daddy?” she protested. As the sound of the hand crank continued to steadily tick away, she was aware that her thighs, then the private triangle between them, and then her stomach were slowly coming into view as her feet went higher and higher into the air. For the first time she considered escape. This was too much to bear. She struggled against the ropes on her wrists, but could tell almost right away that daddy had done a good job with them. There was no room for movement. “Please, daddy,” she pleaded again just before her breasts were exposed.

She couldn’t see daddy, because he was behind her. She could only imagine that he was staring at her. There was no point for her to be naked except to humiliate her. She could look to the side and see her brothers sitting on the floor and watching. They didn’t laugh or joke lest they be next, but she could tell they were enjoying the view. She squirmed as her nipples dragged across the concrete floor and then into the air. Then she briefly faced a new problem as her face was the only thing touching the floor. She turned her head to the side and felt her head scrape across the floor and then finally into the air. Her body swung back and forth like a pendulum until daddy stepped closer and put a hand to her hip.

Laurie started to cry just from the shame and frustration. She was hanging upside down, with her hands tied back and nestled against the small of her back. She squirmed but that did nothing. To make matters worse, he turned her around to face her brothers and she could see their eyes go up and down her body, stopping a strategic points as if they knew how to make her feel the worst possible. Hot tears ran down her forehead and temples.

She jumped and screamed as the first swat landed. So focused on her brothers, she’d forgotten for a moment the purpose of being restrained. It wasn’t daddy’s hand, the sole implement he’d used for other spankings. She couldn’t see it, but she could guess that it was a wooden paddle. A hand on her hip kept her from swaying for surely the power of the blow would have started her tracing small arcs in the air. He spanked her a full twenty swats until her poor bare bottom was beet red. She screamed at each one. As they fell with unerring consistency and her bottom reddened, each blow felt more savage than the previous. She strained and struggled helplessly against the bonds.

After 20 swats, she still sobbing loudly, but it was over. She figured she wouldn’t be able to sit for a couple of days, but it was over. Over except that she was still hanging naked for all to see. That’s when the lecture started. “I am so disappointed in you, Laurie,” said daddy. “The three things I’ve told to not to do… smoking, drugs, and drinking. And what do you do? Did you think you could get away with it? I have half a mind to leave you hanging here all night long.” Which was, thankfully, what he said when he didn’t really mean it.

“You’re the oldest of my children and I expect you to set an example for your brothers. You have disappointed me, but your have set the wrong example for them. So, your spanking is not over.” Danny rose from his sitting position and came closer. His expression was no longer the eager look as he’d taken advantage of her helplessness, but looked now like he was sorry for her.

“No, please, no more,” she begged as she saw Danny’s feet take the unmistakable position of the one about to spank her. “For God’s sakes, no,” she wailed. “Not him, too.” Then the paddle struck her bottom again, sending new needles of pain through her. Her bottom couldn’t take anymore, but it did. It took ten more blows as she screamed in agony and frustration.

“Oh, no, please no,” she pleaded as Mark stood and came closer. But what could she do? The answer was little more than watch as his feet, too, took the stance like a baseball batter stepping into the batter’s box. And her bottom was a home run pitch. The 11-year-old swung the paddle ten more times as she screamed out each one.

She knew it was finally over when the hand crank starting ticking again. This time each tick brought her lower and lower until even her feet were resting on the ground again. “I guarantee you boys that I’ll string you up just like this and in front of your sister and hand her the paddle if I ever catch you smoking, doing drugs, or drinking. Take a good look at her bottom and imagine how that feels.”

“Now go, show’s over,” he said and the boys ran upstairs. He untied her and left. It was many minutes before she moved and nearly an hour before she could bring herself to show her face upstairs.

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