

A Week of Canes and Hairbrushes

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I knew I was going to get my first caning ever during that week. I also knew that I was going to be sent to the corner, have my mouth washed out with soap, and be spanked thoroughly with a hairbrush before the week was over. It had been discussed and planned for weeks prior to my coming. I just didn't know when it was going to happen.

I had managed to avoid my first caning and my "punishment" spanking quite well for the first couple of days. I was quite delighted with my cleverness at escaping these for so long. However, she caught on soon enough.

The caning came at a completely unexpected time. We were out on the deck looking at the stars, enjoying a peaceful night, when I hear her voice, "You are getting your caning tonight. I thought I'd let you know that so you can think about it over dinner."

She looked over at me as if to read my reaction. I remember thinking, "Uh oh, I need to think fast."

"But I won't be able to eat then," I protested. "I will be too nervous thinking about it" I wasn't expecting her response. "Well, then maybe we should do it now," she said with a little smile on her face.

I think I pretended I didn't hear her. I am not sure. My heart was going pretty fast at that moment. But then she said it again with the words, "I will let you decide."

I didn't want to decide. I had very conflicting emotions about the whole thing. I was scared to death. I must of taken too long because she finally said, "I think we should do it now. C'mon," and she grabbed my hand and led me back into the house. Once inside she grabbed two canes. I remember looking over at another person who was in the house. She gave me a knowing smile. A smile that said, "you are in for something!"

She knew that I needed privacy for this first time so we trekked down to the basement. I didn't think my legs were going to hold me up walking down there. She didn't waste anytime. "Pull down your shorts and panties," she commanded.

I remember looking in her eyes wondering if she was really going to go through with this. Yes, she was serious. I lowered my shorts and panties trembling as I stood there. "Bend over and place your arms on the bed," she said. I did, thinking that this was a most undignified position. I realized I was holding my breath as I felt her judging where she wanted the first stroke to land.

"I am going to give you 3 so you know what it feels like and I want you to count them out loud, " she said. I just wanted this over with. I felt like I was gonna faint if she

didn't give me the first one.

The sting of the first stroke made me gasp.....not because it hurt so bad, but because I was relieved that it didn't hurt so bad. I remember thinking, "This isn't so bad after all." And then the after- sting came.....just as she landed the second one.

The sharp sting and the burn made me wiggle and squirm, but I managed to count the strokes out loud. I knew the third stroke was going to be hard. There was a long pause. I felt the cane caressing my thighs. I shivered not knowing when I was going to feel that last bite of the cane. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, I felt the cane lift, leaving a breeze in it's wake, and come down again on my bare flesh.

I moaned as the burning set in. I felt her hand on my back and her ask , "Are you okay?" I nodded. "Do you think you can take a couple more?" she asked.

I nodded again thinking I must be crazy. I knew that these next would be even harder, but I actually liked the cane. I liked the sharp little sting and the burning afterwards.

Like before, I was to count the strokes out loud. The first two really hurt, especially since she found my previous marked areas. And like before I knew this last one was going to be the hardest of all, but I wasn't prepared for how much it would hurt.

The cane found my bottom and I gasped at the sting it left. I wanted to scream. I put my head down and bit down hard on my lip. The burning was so strong.

Her hand stroked my head as my head cleared. I turned and thanked her for giving me that experience. I will not forget it anytime soon.

As we walked back up the stairs for dinner, I thought about the "punishment" spanking I had coming. I wondered when it was going to be, and what it was going to be like.

But that is a story for another time....

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The cool basement gives me relief from the July heat. I snuggle deeper into the blanket and close my eyes feeling drowsy. Between the coolness and the music radiating out of my walkman, I am completely at peace.

I must drift off to sleep because the next thing I know she is sitting on the bed beside me, brushing my bangs from my forehead. Her lips are moving, but my music prevents me from hearing what is coming from them. It looks like she is saying, "It is time." I turn off my music and say "What?"

"It's time," she says again.

My heart speeds up. I am still a little sleepy, but I know that she is talking about giving me my "punishment". Like the caning the night before, we had planned a "punishment session" for weeks. I just didn't know that she meant NOW. And now that the time was here, I wasn't so sure I wanted it!

I smile a sleepy smile that says, "yeah, sure, whatever," and roll onto my side facing away from her, and say, "but I am still tired. Let's do it tonight K?"

"C'mon, get up," she says and gives my bottom a few little spanks to let me know that she is serious. I sigh and look at her and know that yes, it really is time.

I am nervous and feel like a very naughty little girl as I follow her up the stairs. I can hear my heart pounding in my ears. We enter the living room where three other women are sitting. She starts to scold me and tells me that first I get 15 minutes in the corner. I have never been in the corner before. She has me pull down my shorts and leads me over to the corner. Inside I am giggling....this strikes me very funny for some absurd reason. She makes me put my hands on my head giving the "audience" a good view of my panty-clad bottom. It is hard for me to stand still for so long and my arms get tired. I squirm and wiggle, trying to get some relief to my arms, and I get spanked for moving. I get spanked when I try to tell her that I am bored, and I get spanked for leaning my head against the wall.

After 15 agonizing minutes in the corner she calls me over to her. She is sitting on a chair placed in the middle of the room. "Pull down your panties," she commands. I do so immediately....although, I think she coulda been a little nicer....I had just had a terrible ordeal in the corner!

Because I am so short, I am led over her lap and left dangling there like a small child. I am mortified at my predicament. I don't like the feeling of having nothing to rest my legs or arms on. She picks up a hairbrush (a particularly nasty one I might add) and starts to scold me again.

"You've been very naughty lately. Lying, cussing, causing trouble, and I won't have it." The hairbrush meets my bottom and oh boy, does it ever hurt! She lands it over and over again on my bare bottom, while telling me just how naughty I have been. That hairbrush stings like nothing I've ever felt before. I am squirming and wiggling before long. Her pace picks up and it causes me to shout out a particularly bad word (which I won't name because I don't want to be spanked again for it!) . And right away I know that was a mistake because I hear her say, "What was that?" And the hairbrush comes down on my thighs....

And I say, "Nothing."

And she says, "I think it is time we take care of that mouth of yours, young lady."

Uh-oh, I think as she tells me to stand up. She grabs my arm and leads me to the

bathroom where there is a fresh bar of ivory soap just waiting for such an occasion. But I have thought ahead. I am clever. I have gum hidden in my mouth so that I can rid myself of that nasty soap taste. Because I can't breathe out of my nose, she has taken special consideration and lathers up a washcloth with soap. She then has me open my mouth and she takes the washcloth and rubs it thoroughly all around and in and out of my mouth. My gum is lost somewhere in that washcloth and I am feeling not quite so clever.

The soap tastes horrible and I want to rinse, but she says, "spit it out."

I do so obligingly and she takes my arm again and leads me back out to that dreaded chair and that horrible hairbrush. So much for rinsing, I think.

Back over her lap I go and the real spanking begins. Her spansks on my bottom are fast and furious. The pain is unbearable. I am almost at my breaking point. I think I can't stand one more minute. I feel like I am on fire. All fight has left me. I simply lay there with my fingers curled into little balls. Finally, I hear her say, "I am going to spank you for 3 minutes straight." And she begins. These are very hard and very fast and I find that I have a few more squeals and yelps left in me, and then as suddenly as they came back, they are gone again. I take the last minute of that hairbrush spanking quietly and compliantly. I think that I have never felt such pain. I am close to tears and then the spanking stops.

She has me get up and tells me to lean over the back of the chair. It is time for my caning. I will be getting 6 strokes. She has me spread my feet a little and bend over. My hands grasp the chair legs. She says to count each stroke.

The cane comes down each time firmly and deliberately. I am relieved at each stroke because it is one stroke closer to being finished. Finally the sixth one lands, and of course it is the hardest. I yelp, but am glad. She takes me back to my corner and I am so tired, and I am definitely not giggling anymore. I stand there and do not fidget, talk or wiggle. I am a very well punished girl. As I stand there, I hear comments like, "she took her spanking so well" and "she is being so good" and "her bottom is awfully red."

I feel proud. I did it. I took it all. When my 15 minutes are up, she has me lay on the bed and applies lotion all over my bottom. I am, once again, in that place of peacefulness.