

Setting a Good Example

On the day of the Divisional Round of the AFC playoffs I got stuck watching the game with my older twin sisters and our next door neighbor's 8 year old son. My team, the New York Jets were playing the Pittsburgh Steelers. Nobody in the world gave the Jets a chance in hell to win the game, but I had faith.

By the end of the game my faith would be completely gone. My 20 year old twin sisters were babysitting the brat from next door, Tommy, so we were all sitting in the living room watching the game on our widescreen HDTV. The game started out very poorly for the Jets. They couldn't do shit on offense. My faith in them was beginning to dissipate. They blew some easy plays on offense and I grew very angry and I screamed "Damn it will you learn how to play offense you pieces of shit!"

My sisters said, "Chris, you need to watch that dirty mouth of yours, we have a little boy here we'd like you to try no to corrupt."

I said "Sorry I just got a little frustrated won't happen again."

They said it better not or you'll be sorry. I ignored that last part of the comment and went back to watching the game. We finally we're driving the ball on offense and just had a big run for first down and the play was being called back for a holding penalty they showed the replay and the call was very questionable, but it was a penalty and it couldn't be challenged.

I was very angry at this because we were finally getting a rhythm going on offense so I screamed "That is such bullshit, there was no goddamn holding anywhere these refs are incompetent assholes."

After I said it I realized i had just exploded with profanity again "My sister said that's strike two one more time and you'll be very sorry."

I apologized again and although I didn't know how my sisters would punish me nor did I care, but I figured it wasn't worth the hassle so I tried to control my anger throughout the rest of the game.

I managed to do so until the very end of the game after the Jets lost because the kicker missed two field goals that could have won the game. I said "Brien you piece of shit how could you miss those? If only Paul Can't Hackett wasn't such an incompetent asshole maybe we could have got into better field goal range. I mean for Christ-sakes what the fuck do you call a 2 yard out for on 3rd and 10?" After the realization of what happened hit me I cried. Yes I know it's sad for a grown boy of 19 to cry over a football game but this loss was heartbreaking and I couldn't control myself. I screamed why God why as a I cried like a baby.

All of a sudden as I was wallowing there in my misery. I heard my sister say "Strike 3 you're out!," and she jerked me by my earlobe. My other sister sat on the other side of me on the couch so I couldn't get away. She said we gave you every opportunity to watch your dirty language, but now you have exposed little Tommy here to it. We are going to have to punish you and he will witness it so he knows what will happen to him if he acts the same way you did.

We also think he should help out since he was subjected to it. We are going to wash your mouth out with soap for your dirty language, and we are going to bib and diaper you for acting immature and crying like a baby.

I said "No you can't do that not in front of him. I'm getting out of here before I could run my sister pulled me by my earlobe over her lap and said since you want to be disobedient I will also spank you."

She began spanking me very hard on my ass and even though I had jeans on it still hurt pretty badly, and I was never really good at dealing with pain so I begged for her to stop she said ok but if you try to run again you will get it twice as hard with a hairbrush on the bare. I knew I was trapped know there were two of them and they were bigger and stronger than me.

They said "Tommy go get whichever soaps you think we should use and whatever we need to apply them like a sponge or a washcloth things like that. We'd recommend you look in the bathroom and the kitchen. We are going to go diaper little baby Chris here and put a bib on him. They pulled me by my ear into the guest bedroom and went to the closet and pulled out a box. Inside the box were some disposable diapers like infants wear but in an adult size.

They told me to strip and after I did they pushed me onto the bed they told me to lift up my butt and powdered me and then slid the diaper underneath my butt and told me to put my butt back down. Then they taped up the diaper. They got me up by my earlobe again and brought me into the kitchen. They made a makeshift highchair with a chair from the kitchen table and a tray we use to serve snacks. Then they secured me in the chair by tying my legs to the chair legs and my arms to the arms and they taped the tray over my arms so I was pinned into the chair they got out a little coffee table we had and lifted the makeshift highchair on top of it so i would be at their level.

My sister Tina went back to the guest bedroom and returned with a bib it looked plain white but when she flipped it over i saw that it was a Jets bib with Baby Chris embroidered on it. As she tied it on me I was now beginning to wonder how long they had been planning this.

Tommy came into the kitchen carrying a pink bar of soap, a pouf, a washcloth and a bottle of body wash. He placed these items on the tray of my "highchair" and went

to the sink. He grabbed the bottle of Palmolive next to the sink and a dishrag and brought these items over also.

My sisters said "Tommy you've made some good choices, but if we're going to use the dish soap we need to use a sponge, and some gloves." She went under the sink and got a new sponge out along with the pink rubber gloves she uses to wash the dishes. She said we are gonna start with the bar soap and the washcloth. She turned the water on in the sink and began to work up a rich lather on the washcloth and told me to open wide.

I refused and she asked my other sister to hold my nose. When I opened my mouth to breathe she plunged the cloth in and rubbed it around my mouth for a while. Then she said "I think we should do the body wash next , Tina you can do the honors, and Tommy you can put the body wash on the pouf. She handed him the pouf and the body wash and he poured a large amount onto the pouf, and then handed it to Tina.

She said "You did a great job Tommy now we can make sure to get all the dirty words out of his mouth." Tina said "Open up" and again I refused, so she squeezed my cheeks and forced me to open my mouth. Once it opened she forcefully pushed the pouf in. The body wash tasted much worse than the bar soap, and Tina liked to move it more slowly and methodically than Jenny did so it took longer for her to be satisfied that my mouth was clean.

When she was finally done she said "Okay that was for your first two offenses, now we are going to use the Palmolive and finish you up for your strike three. Jenny put on the rubber gloves and walked over to the kitchen sink with the sponge, she turned the water on until it was steaming and then wet the sponge. She came back to the "highchair" and squeezed a generous amount of soap onto the sponge.

This time when she said Open up, I did not refuse. This was by far the worst tasting of all the soaps, and she scrubbed the sponge on my tongue pretty hard. Then she removed the sponge and squirted some soap into her hand she then rubbed her rubber gloved hands together and inserted her fingers into my mouth to continue the scrubbing. When she was finally done she removed her fingers.

She said untie him and let him rinse. She let me use a big glass of water to rinse as many times as I wanted. When I was done rinsing she took the cup from me and put it in the sink. She got out a plate and poured some Palmolive and body wash in it. She told Tina to go get the other surprise they had for me. I was worried about what she was talking about. Jenny returned with a Jets pacifier. She took it out of the package and washed it in the sink then she placed it in the dish with the soap in it and coated the nipple of the pacifier with the soap mixture.

She took the pacifier out and tied a little ribbon onto it. Then she said " This will be a reminder for you as to what a dirty word tastes like." She put the pacifier in my mouth and tied the little ribbon in the back of my head so I could not spit it out. She said also because of your antics with not taking your punishment like a good boy I'm going to have to spank you again. and this time it will be on the bare.

I tried to beg her not to do that but i couldn't say anything with the soapy pacifier in my mouth. I was dragged back to the living room and my diaper was pulled off and I was pushed across Tina's lap. She began spanking me hard and I kicked from the pain and it accidentally hurt her. She said "Ow you little brat now your going to get it worse. I tried to say it was an accident but all that came out was moaning behind my pacifer.

She said "Jenny go get the brush." Jenny went upstairs and returned with an old fashioned heavy wooden hairbrush and handed it to Tina. When the first spank hit my ass it felt as if someone had set it on fire, and she repeatedly rained down on my ass.

SMACK....SMACK.....SMACK.....SMACK....SMACK.

After only a few spanks I was completely helpless and just gave up I was crying uncontrollably and praying for her to stop. It took a while but my prayers were finally answered. She put my diaper back on me and sat me on the couch.

She said "Tommy this is the kind of thing that happens to potty mouth cry babies who misbehave we don't want you to end up like him, he didn't set a good example of what a man should be, so don't ever cry over meaningless things like a football game, and don't ever use profanity or you'll be treated like the baby out little brother Chris here is."

I was completely humiliated an 8 year old boy had just seen me spanked to the point where I was hysterically crying and he was being told that I was not a good example of what a man should be." The pain has slightly subsided now but i just put my head down and cried in utter humiliation.