

naughty elder sister

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This happened some ten years ago when I was a kid of 19. I was in my bedroom playing games on my PC when a knock came on my door. When I opened it there stood my 23 year old sister. She was dressed as she was much of time, in red shorts and white T-shirt. My very sexy and also very annoying big sister. I said to her, "What do you want?"

"Can we talk, bro?" I was a little surprised that she actually wanted to speak to me. Normally she did her best to avoid me.

I shrugged and replied, "Okay but make it quick, I want to play my game."

"It won't take too long." I let her inside and she sat herself down on my bed. She gestured for me to sit beside her.

What's going on here? I was thinking. I settled myself on the bed beside her, wondering what this was all about. I waited for her to start the conversation.

After a few moments she told me, "I know I've been very mean to you and Mom just lately. I stay out very late and I answer Mom back and swear at her. Since our Dad passed away it's been hard for her to bring us up on her own and I never appreciated that before. I've started drinking and doing other stuff that I won't go into with you but I know I could turn out very bad if I keep on the way I am. I've been talking to some of my friends at the college and they said I needed some correction before I get out of hand. Some of the girls and even one or two of the boys still get spanked at home for bad behavior by their fathers and their mothers too. At 20 and 22, can you believe it!"

I found myself wondering where all this was leading. I said, "You mean you think you need a good spanking for being such a bitch. Why not just ask Mom to give you one? I'm pretty sure she'd like to. What are you coming to me for?"

She answered, "You're right, little bro, I AM a bitch and I'm sorry for not being more considerate towards you and our Mom. I've already asked her to do it to me but she told me I'm a grown woman and much too old for that sort of punishment but I don't think I am. I feel very guilty about the things

I've done and I think I deserve the same kind of punishment some of my classmates are still getting. That's why I came to you, Mike. If our mother isn't going to spank me I thought maybe you could do it."

I didn't know what to say at first. I suppose that deep down I had always wanted to get back at my sister for all the shitty things she had done to me but I had not expected this at all. It took a little while to take it in and then I told her, "Come on, Jenny, I'm only 19. I don't think it's right and proper for me to do it and I'm not sure I could do it anyway."

Jennifer responded by saying, "Please do it, Mike. There wouldn't be anything wrong with it just because you're my little brother. I think you are capable of giving me a really hard spanking and that's what you should do. I want you to put me across your knee and spank me until you make me cry." She was pleading with me now.

She repeated, "You heard me. Take your belt or hairbrush to my bottom and set it on fire!"

Still I was reluctant. "I don't feel right about doing this, sis! You really sure you want it?"

She looked at me and said, "I need you to do this to me. When you do it just might encourage me to behave better. If not then I might need a second spanking and a third. When you do you've got to mean it. Do it as hard as you can. This isn't a game, Mike. It got to be for real. My bottom has got to hurt a lot. You've got to make me cry. Can you do it for me?"

I could see no way out. "All right, if that's what you want. Get over my knee!"

She rose to her feet and then placed her 135lb frame over my lap. It was all I could do to hold her over my lap I can tell you. Her large shapely bottom clad in red cotton shorts sat in the center. Now that I had her draped over my knee this way I realized I was a little less unwilling then before. Maybe she DID deserve some of this and her big well defined backside did make an inviting target. Well, she had asked, no BEGGED for this, and now she was going to get it. I raised my hand high about to deliver the first smack.

I was strongly tempted to pull down her shorts and panties and give her a bare assed spanking but thought better of it. NOT THIS TIME! I thought. My hand connected squarely with her bottom cheeks. She let out a cry and I knew that enough of those would make her butt very sore and reduce her to tears. This was going to be for real all right.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

Here I was, a 19 year old boy giving his grown up sister a very painful ass whipping. My palm landed to her backside time and time again. She had started to cry but I kept on spanking her. Guess I was caught up in the moment. I just spanked until I couldn't spank anymore. I used only my hand for her first spanking. Her bottom was a deep red by now and she was crying uncontrollably. She had been well and truly disciplined.

I realised that my hand was hurting a little but probably not nearly as much as my sister's rear. I let her up and she just stood in the middle of the room for a few minutes still crying and holding her chastised backside. Neither of us said anything for quite some time. Then she suddenly walked over to where I still sat on the bed and she sat herself down in my lap. This was crazy! She was bigger than me. She put her arms around me and cried on my shoulder for several minutes.

I smothered her with kisses and did my best to comfort her. She promised to be a good girl and not get into trouble anymore. It was as if I was her father instead of her young brother. It was kind of strange and embarrassing to be in this role I must admit. I was pretty sure this wouldn't be the only time I would be required to punish her this way.

She just cried herself to sleep on my lap. I didn't want to wake her so I stood up still holding her in my arms. She was really too heavy for me to carry but somehow I carried her. I was a fairly strong kid for my age and I carried her out of my room and down the hallway to her own bedroom. I put her down on her own bed and then kissed her goodnight. I knew from that day onwards that things were going to be a lot different between us and that our relationship had changed.

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