

Priya - Part I - The Beginning

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Older brother Vic takes on the duty to discipline his younger sister, Priya.

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Summer was fast approaching and I was eagerly waiting on school to end so that I could put all the stress from tests and assignments behind once and for all. After four grueling years I was finally completing my bachelor's degree, and as I looked outside my living room window and saw the bright sun illuminating nature to its finest, I knew it wasn't a moment too soon. The last couple months had been rough; I had been finishing all my assignments and preparing for finals with a focus I never knew I had. Now, with just convocation to go through, I was all but done my studies for the short term. My sister, on the other hand, was the exact opposite of me. Being the eldest amongst us, I was always the leader in the house. Both mom and dad worked feverishly at our restaurant to put us through school and so it was just my sister and I growing up. We got along quite well, besides the regular argument here and there that would be forgotten as quickly as it started up. My sister, Priya, took after dad in height - she stood an impressive 5'11, and had his strong bone structure - while other attributes more closely resembled mom - she had mom's heavy, dark hair that shimmered a light brown tone in the sunlight, she had mom's light grey eyes, and could credit her voluptuous figure to her, also. My sister truly was a knockout, I would be reminded of such everyday during high school with the number of guys getting stuck gawking at her in the halls. "Yo, bro - can you finish this assignment for me?" She was sitting on the ground of the den, eyes fixated on the laptop screen before her. I couldn't help but notice the back of her shirt rise up giving me a peak of her lower back with her pyjama's snug around her bottom. "No, Priya. You need to figure these things out for yourself. Time to spend more time studying and less time running around with your friends shopping for useless things" I tried to say that as stern as possible while taking quick peeks at the exposed flesh of skin which only highlighted her bottom, especially when she would reach over to fiddle with the scattered paper around her. "I really hope, Priya, that you do realize your marks are nowhere near where they should be. You're in your first year of college and the same things that got you by in high school are no longer going to work at this level" "Yeah, yeah" She said that mockingly, nodding her head like some bobble-head, eyes beginning to roll. "You know, Priya... the best marks you ever received were when you had some discipline to abide by, some structure in your life to constantly remind you the consequences of your actions." Her ears perched and immediately she straightened her back, knowing where this conversation may be headed. Reading her body language, I continued,

stepping into the room and leaning against the doorway. "Mom & Dad work too hard for you to just throw everything away like it means nothing. I saw the letter from your college - why didn't you tell me you were having a hard time at school? I mean... to be on academic probation after your first term.... seriously?!" Her eyes shifted downward in a sense of both shame and guilt. My heart started to beat faster as I began to pick up momentum. "This is simply unacceptable. What do you think mom and dad will say once I tell them? Huh?" I threw in the last remark as a ploy, hoping she'd bite. My sister hadn't been disciplined by mom or dad for a couple of years now. Back then, she would be on the honour roll regularly, excelling in both school & sports. "Please Vic, don't tell 'em! I swear, I'll smarten up... I can't afford to be grounded right now. We have the winter ball soon approaching and I've already bought my outfit and everything. If mom and dad find out, they'll ground me for sure." This was working out better than I had hoped. She was at my mercy. "Well sis, we both know that groundings just aren't going to cut it anymore. In order for you to smarten up, you need discipline that leaves a more lasting impact on you. " During those days, mom and dad would keep tabs on her and ground her immediately for her missteps in life. As the restaurant began to consume our parents lives, household discipline quickly became a thing of the past. Besides, grounding just didn't seem to do the trick any more. I knew that a new type of discipline had to be introduced. I entered the room, taking another step towards her. I wanted her to feel my presence, to feel my dominance. I wanted her to look up and cower in fear of what was to come. "Vic... You don't really mean...." "Yes, Priya... That's EXACTLY what I mean." I now stood directly over her, watching her as she sat there staring at the ground, playing nervously with the carpet beneath her. "Look at me, Priya." She cautiously lifted her gaze, her eyes begging for leniency. I walked over to the couch and sat down on the edge of the seat. "Come here," I said, pointing to the spot before me. Slowly, she lifted herself off the ground. As she stood I realized that the shirt she was wearing was far smaller than I originally had thought. As she straightened up, the shirt raised just above her navel, exposing her lightly-tanned flat stomach. I could tell she was feeling conscious of her choice of clothing as she kept tugging at the bottom of the shirt in a weak attempt to cover her exposed flesh. "No need, Priya. Your miniature clothing simply reflects the immaturity you have shown these last couple of years. Your choice of revealing attire in this household is a reflection of that. Rather than dressing appropriately, you consistently choose to wear clothing that is two sizes too small. Quit tugging your shirt and make your way here. Now!" Looking straight at the ground, she began dragging her curvy figure towards me, her gaze never leaving the ground. As she walked, I noticed her nipples were hard, clearly showing through the thin fabric of her light pink t-shirt. She came to a stop before me, positioned between my two legs, eyes still fixated on the ground. I savoured the moment, making her feel even more tense standing before me, waiting for me to begin. Finally, she slightly lifted her head... still not making eye contact. She was giving me a sign - she was ready. "Priya, as your older brother, it is my duty to ensure you stay on the right path and do not squander the opportunities you keep getting thanks to our parents. Your behaviour has been bratty and immature, to say the least. You're on academic probation after just one semester and show more interest in pointless reality shows about other peoples lives than fulfilling the responsibilities and expectations that this household has placed upon you." Setting

myself up for the lead-up, I began speaking in an even more stern voice "As a result, you will be now be spanked for your misbehaviour. It seems to me like you have forgotten how to stand ready for a spanking... That will cost you extra." Without a moment's hesitation, she quickly locked her hands on top of her head, now shifting her gaze straight towards the wall before her. The front of her shirt raised higher, showing me her entire stomach, almost tempting me to reach out and feel the smoothness. "Much better." My heart was beating hard as this was the first time I had spanked my 20-year old sister in a couple of years. In fact, our spanking sessions were very brief the first time around. I began spanking her at the age of 16, during her most rebellious phase of high school. That only lasted four months before things smoothed out and I became wrapped up in my own studies. Yet, here she was standing before me in complete submission. My throat was getting dry in the excitement as I kept pushing this further and further, seeing how far she would go. I out-stretched my right hand, clutching the waistband of her bright red pj's. I felt her quiver as my hand made contact with her body, my fingers digging into the inside of her pants. I forcibly pulled the pants towards me, leaving a gap between the pants and her waist. She stumbled with feet as she tried to regain her balance in-front of me. Now, she stood just inches from me, my fingers resting against the front of her waist. "You can drop your hands from the top of your head." Without a word, I removed my grasp of her pants and moved towards the upper part of her left arm. Purposefully, I nudged the side of her left breast causing it to jiggle. Still, she said nothing and went with it. As I forced her over my lap, I positioned her so that her bottom hung in the air, her toes barely touching the ground. With my left hand, I tightened her pj's, giving her an uncomfortable wedgie. She began fidgeting around, so I raised my hand and smacked her on her right cheek. "Stay still, or you'll really get it!" "Sorry, Vic." Another four smacks, alternating between the two cheeks. "From now on, during our sessions, you will refer to me as 'Sir'. Do I make myself clear?" "Yes..." She had taken too long to finish the sentence. Another eight smacks, this time working in two's on each cheek. I rested my hand on her bottom and gave her the most subtle squeeze, using just my fingertips to dig into her ample bottom. I could feel the warmth permeating through the thin fabric. Again, she did nothing. "You have a lot to learn, Priya." I began slowly rubbing my hand over her round bottom. "Respect is paramount and I will not tolerate such disobedience from you ever again. The next time you fail to listen, you will be spanked on the spot, regardless of who is present. Understood?" "Yes, Sir." "That's like a good girl. Now, I am going to spank you over your pj's until I see fit. Afterwards, you will go and stand in the corner with your hands on top of your head. You are to remain there until I say so. Understood?" "Yes... Sir." I started spanking away, making sure to give equal attention to both her cheeks. The smacks started with the lower end of her bottom but were now spreading out, making sure to redden her entire bottom. She squirmed, adjusting herself in any way possible to lessen the blows. Finally, I stopped. I began to rub her bottom some more over her red silk pj's, caressing the bottom I often found myself staring at when she was nearby. Yet, here she was... my beautiful, voluptuous sister, lying over my lap in complete submission, waiting for my next command. After rubbing her bottom for a few minutes, I patted her bottom lightly and motioned for her to get up. As she got up and stood before me, I went over how I wanted her to stand in the corner to think about what she had done.

"Hands on top of your head, Priya." My hands went on either side of her waist, my fingers again digging her into her pj's as I grasped them firmly. I saw her inhale in anticipation of what she thought was going to happen. But no, not this time. With that, I curled the insides of her pants and pulled them up as high as I could, causing her as much discomfort as possible. She grimaced but still remained in position. I got up and forcibly grabbed her upper arm, again nudging the left side of her curvy breasts. This time, however, I kept my hand wedged between her arm and her chest, making sure to rub against her breast as I forced her into the corner. "Now, Priya... You are to stay perfectly still or else. If I catch you so much as moving a muscle, I will have you back over my lap, only this time without those pj's." Taking a step back and seeing my fine work, I walked away heading straight for my bedroom door.