

# Tony - Part III - What a Morning

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*Tony finds himself missing gym class because of his imprudent ways...*

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I hope you all enjoy this latest installment. This story is a follow-up to the two earlier stories of Tony and his spanking adventures. It was nearly 8:00am and my younger sister, Simone, was still in the bathroom blow-drying her hair. "Hurry up, Simone! I still have to freshen up and we leave for school in fifteen minutes! Come on!" I began knocking even harder hopefully to annoy her enough to open the door and share the bathroom. Ever since we started to renovate the upstairs floor we've been forced to share one working bathroom between the four of us: my two sisters, my mother, and I. Mom and Kara weren't the issue but because Simone and I still attended the same school, our schedules always seemed to cross-paths. It was my graduating year at high school and there was always something to do whether it was pulling pranks before and during school, or driving by other schools after class to harass its students. Being a big 6'2, 235lbs burly guy I naturally had a deep booming voice that seemed to echo when I began to yell. "Simone! What the hell are you doing in there?! Hurry the hell up damn it!" My hammering away at the door abruptly stopped when I heard Kara yell from down the hall, "Tony! Shut the fuck up! I don't need to hear your whiny voice to start my day!" She began making her way down the hall and now was situated a few feet away from me on the opposite side of the door. Suddenly, Simone opened the door and briskly walked out and towards her room, completely ignoring the both of us. "Thank God," I muttered under my breath as I moved toward the now open door, "Hold up a sec, Tony, I just have to grab a hairbrush." I was clearly annoyed at this latest delay. I was already irritated by having to wait so long for Simone to open up and now here was Kara just barging in. "Geez, come on, Kara. I have to get ready. You can't just budge in line... shit!" I said, sounded obviously irked at her intrusion Kara did not appreciate my snide remark as she took a step closer to me and was now standing inches from me. "You got a fucking problem, Tony? I said I was going to just grab the fucking brush and go." She moved closer, shoulders wide and chin held high to stare me right in the eye. Realizing her mood, and my stupid mistake, I took a step back and began diverting my eyes to escape her stare. "Watch your fucking mouth next time you piece of shit... you got that?" She snapped her fingers and pointed her out-stretched finger towards my face. I was too nervous to reply and so stood in silence. SMACK Kara did not like to wait and she reminded me of this as she slapped me hard across my face. I felt a sudden rush of pain across my face, a feeling that seemed foreign and arousing. I looked up to see her finger

pointing at my face, again. "When I ask you a fucking question, you answer it!" Her finger was so close to my nose I could feel its laser presence taking its effect, "I know you have your favourite class first thing in the morning, but today you're going to be missing it." My eyes darted up in both shock & confusion, one hand still slightly rubbing the burning cheek. "That's right, fat boy, no gym class for you. Instead, you're going to march your big ass back to your room and prepare for a spanking." "Bbbut Kara... I didn't mean to..." She took her right hand and quickly grabbed the both sides of my cheeks with her thumb and index finger, squeezing hard. "Shut up, Tony. I didn't tell you to talk. Now, go to your room and stand in the corner. NOW!" She let go of my face, giving me another quick smack across the same cheek. Without a word I slowly turned and waddled back into my room, my mind racing over the spanking to come. Kara had becoming more and more dominant the last couple weeks. Ever since the PS3 incident, it seemed like she made it her life mission to humiliate and punish me. Nobody dared to mess with me at school and would be shocked to find out I was on the receiving end of spankings at home, especially from my much smaller sister. I stood in the corner of my room for what seemed like forever, hoping to hear her footsteps making their way down the hall and into my room. The idea of being placed over my sisters knee and being spanked again got me excited. I became stiff over the thought of me being thrashed and spanked senseless by a woman, my sister on top of that. I heard her enter as she made her way to my bed. "Come here, Tony!" My eyes looking down the entire time, I scurried over to stand in front of her waiting for further instructions. Though humiliating, I always enjoyed the pre/post spanking routine. Before the spankings, I'd get lectured as to why I was getting spanked and the need for me to be disciplined. I felt like a child being scolded by a parent for deliberately misbehaving. "These spankings are obviously not having its desired effect as you continue to act like an immature child. Therefore, from now on you will be treated as such." She took a hold of my wrist and pulled me over her lap. Kara was dressed for school and was wearing tight blue denim jeans and a small shirt that displayed her midriff. Her brunette hair was tied in a ponytail, swaying from side to side as she moved her head. Her 5'7 frame and her girlish facial features made many believe she was younger than me as I was always mistaken to be the stronger, older brother. How wrong that truly was. Kara, like usual, pulled by up pyjamas as high as she could until she felt like it was as uncomfortable a wedgie as it possibly could be. With that she began her spanking, striking her hand on either cheek, sometimes in numerical patterns to change things around. After spanking me for a few minutes, she told me to stand up and patted my bottom to usher me along. I was glad to see the spanking was short as I needed to gather my things and get ready for school. "Like I was saying, Tony, your behaviour warrants a change in discipline and so you will now be disciplined as the child you are. I don't appreciate your bitchy ways and so you leave me no choice. Hands on your head." I inter-locked my fingers on the top of my head, confused as to what the heck was going on. Before I knew it, Kara reached for my waistband and pulled my pyjamas all the way to my ankles. I moved to cover up my private part but she slapped the side of my side of my leg making me wince in pain. "Stand still, Tony. Hands back on your head until I tell you to move" My face turned a deep red I realized I was utterly powerless before my sister. Here I was, a 17 year old teenager standing in-front my sister with

nothing but a t-shirt and white undies on. "My my... A little excited are we?" Kara laughed as she pointed out my full-blown erection. My bulging erection was captive inside the front of my undies, dying for a breath of fresh air to stretch out and expose itself. "Well, at least the girls aren't missing much," she snickered, humiliating me even further. Sensing my discomfort, Kara began lecturing me even more, outlining more rules that I needed to abide by. "After your spanking today, you will remain in your underwear and go do my bed. After, you will prepare my breakfast so I can leave and make sure my boots are clean and ready by the front door. Only then can you get ready to go to school. Understood?" She smacked the left side of my leg, forcing my entire body to wiggle with impact. "... yes Kara..." I choked out "Good boy." With that she again grabbed my wrist and slumped me over her legs. As the spanking began, I was now faced with a stronger smack on each contact. The protection of my pyjamas was now gone as I felt each hand bury into the thin fabric of my white undies. The top of my legs stung even more as she made direct contact with skin, her hand coming down just as fast it was bouncing off each leg. My pyjamas had slipped off my ankles and I was not only in my white undies over my sister, my t-shirt had pulled its way up to expose my gut hanging over her lap. I was in tears by the time Kara stopped the spanking, my cheeks and legs glowing a bright red. She pushed me off her legs throwing me onto the floor before her. Looking up through watery eyes I saw Kara get up from her chair and make her way over to me. She grabbed my left ear and pulled hard, forcing me to quickly scramble to my feet and bow my body in pain. "If you touch ANYthing in my room besides my bed, I will come right back in and spank you so hard you'll have a hard time sitting in any of your classes today." She pulled my ear harder and came closer, raising her voice, "Clean the fucking room and then run over to the kitchen and prepare my breakfast and leave it on the table. My boots better be thoroughly cleaned and placed by the front door. If I see your fat ass anywhere near me when I come to eat breakfast, you're going to get another spanking. I want you to finish everything and then go straight to your fucking room and stand in the corner. You are not to move until I leave the house and ring the bell as a sign. Understood?" "Yes, Kara. I understand," I squeaked out in pain as she continued to pull my ear. She let go of my ear and marched over to the entrance of the room. Standing there she ordered, "Now move!" Her right hand placed on the side of her waist and her left arm out-stretched pointing towards the hallway. I buried my head into my chest and walked out. As I passed her I felt her right hand give me another SMACK on my left cheek which reminded me to quicken my step. I quickly finished the bed, making sure not to look around the room as I knew better than to stop and stare. She expected this to be done quickly and efficiently and I couldn't waste time aimlessly looking around. After preparing her breakfast and cleaning her shoes, I ran into my room and went straight to the corner to face the wall. "What a day," I thought, "Wow, having Kara expose me in my undies and then force me to run around the house in nothing but a loose t-shirt and white undies on finishing all the chores..." The thoughts were getting me aroused. I looked up to Kara and came to respect her authority far more over the last couple months. Today just reinforced everything, assuring me I was in good hands. "I need this discipline," I quietly said to myself, just then I heard the front door open and close. The doorbell rang and I was suddenly woken up from my heavy mindset. Feeling light-headed over the rush of everything taking place, I jumped straight into the shower. The

spanking played over and over in my mind as I felt my hand reach down and stroke my hard erection. Water pouring all over me I began to masturbate quicker and quicker, using my other hand to balance myself on the shower tiles at times to ensure I didn't slip in the tub. "The face slap... The pants pulling... The hands on the head...The final ass smack as I left the room..." Everything was in full swing as I stroked harder and harder until finally I felt it come out... Breathing heavy and arching my head back in a feeling of ecstasy I regained my balance, What a great way to start a day...