

**I Was Spanked Naked
The Most Humiliating and
Embarrassing Adventure of a
Middle School Student
in Puberty**



Richard Carlson

**I Was Spanked Naked:
The Most Humiliating and
Embarrassing Adventure of a Middle
School Student in Puberty**

By Richard Carlson

Copyright ©2023 Richard Carlson

My name is Andy. I was a shy twelve-year-old in middle school. I was at Grandma's house one Saturday in the countryside in upstate New York. It was a nice warm summer day, with just Grandma and me: Dad had dropped me off in the early afternoon. When we saw each other, Grandma almost always came to our house, so it was rare for me or my family to go to her house.

“Be careful with my antiques and collectibles. Don't break anything. It's all priceless, and a lot of it is irreplaceable,” she said. Seeing my reaction, she added, “Some of it is hundreds of years old and from around the entire world—Africa, Asia,

Europe, and South America. Many of them bring back precious memories for me.

Grandma had a huge collection of vases, Polish stoneware, porcelain figurines of naked angels, other figurines of people and animals, desk clocks, and even three tall Grandfather clocks.

I had brought my life-sized AK-47 BB assault rifle replica, BB's, BB propellant, safety goggles, and a target to shoot in the backyard. Except for my rifle, everything was in a green East German Army canvas bag from the Cold War. The brown leather strap was also East German. I had gotten the bag and strap at a gun show in town last month. I was particularly careful with my rifle; I treated it like a real gun. I was proud of

myself because I was always careful and responsible with it as I'd promised Mom and Dad I would be when I convinced them to buy it for me. I held my rifle, standing carefully, with the barrel pointed at the ceiling.

“Be careful with my things, and be careful with that thing. Don't shoot your eye out. Please and thank you,” she added.

Grandma went into the kitchen to read the newspaper.

Standing in the living room, I pointed my rifle in the distance and pulled the real East German Army brown leather strap over my shoulder. With my finger on the trigger, I aimed at a tall purple vase, then at a huge angel figurine, then at a porcelain horse, and

then the face of an antique clock on a table. My rifle recoiled as a myriad of BB's, one after the other, spewed out, smashing the clock onto the floor, shattering it into a million pieces.

I had accidentally pulled the trigger! I hadn't remembered to put the safety on: The selector had been set on automatic firing mode.

I couldn't believe what had happened!

Grandma raced into the living room as fast as a rocket to see what had crashed to the floor. Her face turned red. She clenched her fists and shook them at me. I had never seen her—or anyone—so angry. If she was any angrier, hot steam would spray out of her ears.

I was undoubtedly in horrendous trouble, I knew. I could feel my body shaking with absolute fear. I didn't know what to say or do, so, in the end, I didn't say or do anything. I just stood there, trembling, sweating, and staring at Grandma. She looked like a different person, like someone I had never met before.

It didn't occur to me to apologize to her profusely. But I was really going to wish I had done so.

“Take off all your clothes—all of them!” she exclaimed. “Everything!”

My body started to tremble even more intensely with fear. Nothing even remotely like this had ever happened before. My stomach swirled and swirled and swirled

faster and faster and faster, more violent than a vicious deadly tornado. Extremely embarrassed, I put my rifle and other things on the sofa carefully—I was terrified of her. I hesitated at first, but then I took off my clothes, including my shoes and socks, and put them in a pile next to the sofa. I couldn't help but feel humiliated, standing there completely naked in front of Grandma.

It was obvious that I had been in puberty for a while now; I had a pubic hair bush above my penis. My chest and armpits were hairless. My hairy legs stood out.

She sat on a chair in the dining room.

“Come over here and lie down on your stomach over my legs.”

She planned to spank me! I felt so nervous. I did what she asked submissively.

“Now prepare yourself,” she said. She held her slipper raised in her hand and ordered me to count each swat. I was trembling with fear. She swatted me the first time; “One,” I said, nervous and scared. She swatted me again; “Two,” I said, nervous and trembling. She swatted me a third time; “Three.” I could barely speak without mumbling because I was so terrified. She took her time, swatting my bare tush with her thick rubber slipper twenty-seven times. Each time my rear end stung and stung and stung, but not too much, thank goodness. My tush was as red as a fresh tomato, I knew.

Then, I stood up, shaking.

“Stand in the corner in the living room, facing the wall—naked,” she said.

I was very much surprised; in fact, I was shocked. I was too afraid for my life not to do what she ordered. Occasionally, but not recently, Dad had spanked me on the tush, but only pulling my pants and underwear down to my ankles. The last time he had spanked me, I'd been about nine. He only belted me that time once. It didn't hurt much. He just wanted to scare me—and it worked.

Grandma had never spanked me before; but this was the first time I had been careless and destroyed something very

special, priceless, and irreplaceable that meant a lot to her.

Stand there for an hour, in the corner, staring at the walls, holding your hands on the back of your head,” she ordered. I reluctantly followed her directions, assuming that my tush was still bright red.

That entire hour, I wished and wished and wished and wished and wished and wished I had been careful. I was still feeling dazed, like this wasn't reality. If I had only had the safety on. . . . If only I hadn't aimed at Grandma's things!

After what seemed like one hundred million years, the hour ended, and she said, “Now, get dressed.”

My arms felt sore and very tired because they'd been behind my head for so long.

With a shrug, I dressed and grabbed my rifle and went into the backyard. I went far into her backyard, past a field and into a wooded area where I followed a stream.

I was miserable. I couldn't believe that this had happened to me.

I put on my safety goggles and practiced shooting my rifle at a target after I'd tacked it to a tree trunk. My arms were shaking so much that it was difficult to steady my aim. All I could think about was how much trouble I was in. I was still shaking, even after the long trek outside.

Will Dad spank me, too, if or when he finds out?

I shot my rifle for over an hour, using up all my ammunition and most of the BB propellant. It was embarrassing enough that my own grandmother had seen me naked. At least she was the only person who would see me naked today, though.

I reluctantly trudged back to Grandma's house, hoping she had cooled down and would forgive me—and wouldn't spank me again. I suddenly started to worry that she might think I had been gone for too long, in which case, she might punish me again.

Grandma had cleaned up the broken pieces of her precious antique clock. She sat in the kitchen.

“Why were you punished?” she asked.

“Because I was careless and did something I shouldn’t have. It’s to teach me a lesson about being careful and responsible,” I concluded submissively.

Grandma grinned.

I just hoped she would forgive me.

Then, I realized that I had not told her how sorry I was; but now, it was too late to apologize after so much time had passed. I did not want to make her angrier.

“You can go now,” she told me.

I hurried into the family room. Quietly and slowly, I closed the door. Although my

eyes were staring at the television until dinner, all I could think about was that I was glad it was all over.

I ate pizza in the dining room with Grandma for dinner. Then, I watched more TV. At last, it was time for bed.

“Good night,” Grandma said, turning off the light to the guest room I was sleeping in.

I paused. “Good night,” I reluctantly replied.

Early the next morning, I got dressed right away.

With a fresh start, I felt a lot better. The day played out just like any other day. Grandma didn't speak about the clock and what had happened at all.

As the days and months passed, I almost started to wonder if that day really happened. I didn't tell my parents or siblings, or anyone else for that matter. In fact, I told my family that I had a fun time at Grandma's house that day. I didn't want Dad to find out the truth because I didn't want another spanking from him, especially with his belt.

I never forgot that day. I had certainly learned my lesson. Never would I be so careless again.

But Grandma shouldn't have used my nudity to embarrass and humiliate me. There is nothing shameful, humiliating, or embarrassing about being naked. I shouldn't have felt embarrassed about my body.

I eventually forgave Grandma for making me feel ashamed, embarrassed, and humiliated. It turned out to be an interesting childhood memory for me. I have Grandma to thank for that. I know that she just wanted to teach me an important lesson about being careful, thinking before I act, and being considerate of others.

Over the years, I did not have even one incident whereby I accidentally shot my rifle. I treated it like a real rifle and never aimed it where I didn't want to actually shoot.

Looking back, I can smile when thinking about that ordeal. I have a girlfriend now; we plan to get married. We plan to adopt children. I am a very happy person.

Recently, I read a book about how to discipline children without spanking them. It was a great book: I learned a lot from it. I decided that, when I have children someday, I am not going to spank them—especially when they are naked.

About the story: Andy was a hapless, but handsome, pubescent twelve-year-old. He was very sensitive, and very, very shy, despite his winsome personality. One day, he got a surprise he would never forget. When he went to Grandma's house for a visit, he was very foolish, goofing around, and accidentally broke a priceless, irreplaceable, antique deeply cherished by Grandma.

About the author: Richard Carlson is an author of children's and coming-of-age books. He is a highly sensitive person, or HSP. You can learn more about him at www.richardcarlson.com.

www.boyspubertystories.com

