Beckys Bare Bottom Pool Spanking

Becky stood shivering in the cold night air. She held one arm awkwardly over her breasts and the other clenched between her thighs. Her eyes looked anxiously in every direction.

She had never imagined she would meet those boys from the swimming pool again. And she had certainly never considered what a difference six years might make. In her mind they had been the little kids in the pool still. Now they were eighteen year olds. Now they were bigger and stood taller than her.

Becky had not connected them at first to those two rowdy little kids at the swimming pool. She had even thought one was kind of cute with his swimmer's build. That was until he swam under her and she felt strong hands on the back of her swimsuit bottoms and then before she could even gasp, they came down and she was left naked below the waist in the water.

"Hey," Becky screamed. She looked around but she could see no one who was the culprit. Her shout only attracted the attention of other swimmers. Their glances made her feel even more naked. Her cheeks reddened as she wondered how clear the water was and hoped they would think her suit was light colored, when they looked at her bare bottom.

As she glanced around, suddenly she saw it floating on the water. Becky sighed in relief and swam toward it, trying to hope that no one had noticed the half-naked girl in the pool yet.

As she got closer to it, it suddenly vanished underwater again. Becky grabbed for it and a young man surfaced and held her bathing suit bottoms high up. Becky tried to grab for them but he was too tall and she settled for glaring at him instead.

"Give those back to me right now," Becky warned him.

He grinned disarmingly at her. "You don't remember me, do you."

"What, did we go to school together?" Becky asked. He didn't look familiar and he looked younger than her too. "Maybe someone's bratty younger brother," she figured.

"We met at this pool before," he said. "Except last time I took your top. This time I took your bottom. First."

First. The word made Becky feel a chill that peddled her skin and she put one arm protectively over her top.

"You're one of those brats at the pool," she said, in her most arrogant tone. "Didn't that spanking teach you a lesson."

"Sure. It taught me that I would really like to see the same thing happen to you."

"Not in a million years, now give that back or I'll scream and the lifeguards will come and you'll be kicked out of the pool and then I'll call the police too and you'll be arrested."

"Big talk for a naked girl," he said.

Becky opened her mouth to yell. She didn't like the thought of all that attention and she just knew once the explanations began, half the people in the pool would be diving down to see her naked.

Just then a hand came out of nowhere and gave her bare bottom a solid slap. Becky squealed and whirled around. There was another young man behind her.

"It really works best when they're wet," he said.

"Fuck you," Becky shouted and tried to shove him away.

She let go of her top in that moment as the newcomer grabbed her hands and dunked her underwater. Becky kicked and struggled and emerged spluttering, but without her top. She quickly dived down again, this time completely naked.

Becky emerged again, trying to stay low in the water. She was completely naked in the water now and it felt good and incredibly humiliating at the same time. She could hear the shouts of kids splashing all around her and she could only hope none of them noticed her.

Her two tormentors watched her with nearly identical smirks on their faces.

"Now maybe you're getting a little taste of what it's like," the first one, the one she had thought was cute, said.

"I think she's enjoying it," the second guy said. "Girls like her like to show off. I gotta say, she's gotten hotter over the years."

"Give me back my swimsuit, NOW," Becky hissed, feeling incredibly naked in the water.

"We'll give it back to you when you're ready to have it back."

"I'm ready for it now. Give it back and I won't press charges," Becky threatened them. But her threats felt hollow even to her.

"You can make a lot of noise and attract everyone's attention," the first guy said, "and then a few hundred people will see you naked. Or you can take your punishment."

"I don't deserve to be punished," Becky retorted.

"You got us stripped and spanked in public," the second guy said.

"You undid my top!"

"We were little kids and you acted like a real bitch. So now what we're going to do is leave you here like this, till the pool closes and then we'll give back your suit."

"Why should I believe you'll do that?" Becky demanded.

"Because you've still got a spanking coming," the second guy said and his hand slapped her bare butt again.

Becky bit off a cry and then a curse. She looked around again and thought of everyone gathering around and looking at her. She would do it if she had to, but maybe there was another way.

She nodded imperceptibly and the two guys swam away, each one holding one piece of her swimsuit leaving her there completely naked.

"If only I hadn't gone alone," Becky thought. But it was too late for that. She tried to edge toward a quieter spot in the pool where less people would notice her. If she could just get hands on someone else's towel. She also kept her eyes out for any women in the pool she could explain her predicament to.

Even as she moved and felt the water swirl around her nude body, she felt undeniably excited. She was completely naked in public. At any moment someone might yell out, "There's a naked girl in the pool."

She imagined them swarming all around her. Looking at her inspecting her from top to bottom. Cameras and cell phones would come out. Pictures would be taken and sent around. Soon they would be everywhere online.

She shivered, feeling both hot and cold at the thought of all that exposure. Her bottom still stung where that boy's hand had slapped her naked cheek. She had been more grown up than them, in their last encounter. But now she felt like the little girl, naked in a pool, while they had could control her and keep her naked.

"Oh no," Becky thought, "what if I'm caught naked in the pool and no one believes me. What if they think I'm some kind of pervert who enjoys doing things like this."

She clenched her thighs together, feeling her nipples standing up painfully in the cool water.

To her right an older woman swam by and approached the edge of the pool. Becky sighed with relief and swam toward her.

"Excuse me, Ma'am."

The woman looked at her and did a double take. Becky's face reddened again spreading down her chest to the tops of her breasts.

"You're naked in the pool. You can't do that," the woman said sternly.

"I know I can't do that," Becky said frustrated. "Some kids took my swimsuit. If you could just lend me a towel, so I can get out and get my stuff or if you could-"

"Do I look like your maid?" the woman asked.

"Look please just help me. This could happen to you too," Becky pleaded with her.

"Not likely. I don't go around teasing and flaunting my body like that," the woman replied snidely.

"I wasn't teasing them you old witch," Becky snapped and then regretted it right away.

"Nice mouth you have there," the woman said.

"Please, I'm sorry that was a mistake," Becky said quickly.

"Yes it was. A big mistake," the woman said.

Becky's breathing began to come in quick shallow gasps.

"I'm going to go away for a little bit and you are going to compose an appropriate apology for me, or I will see you thrown out of this pool in your skin and arrested for indecent exposure in front of all those children," the woman threatened.

"Wait...please," Becky called. The woman paid her no attention and swam away.

Becky remained in the water. Her body felt more chilled now and her heart was racing. She thought of all the shouts and screams and jeers that would greet her as they led her naked out of the pool. She imagined big burly officers pulling her hands behind her back and clapping steel handcuffs on her wrists so couldn't even cover herself.

She imagined them handling her naked body, putting her in the squad car and her breathing quickened. Her thighs twitched and she could feel some warmness returning. Her hand strayed between her legs.

"That's disgusting! In a public pool."

Becky spun around, splashing in the water. The two guys were back, one on each side of her.

"She really is randy and ready to go."

"Okay joke's a joke. Maybe I didn't treat you so well back then at the pool. You punished me and now it's over. Okay?" Becky said, putting an encouraging note at the end of the sentence.

"Not okay just yet. Everyone saw us naked and saw us get spanked," the second guy said.

"Fuck you. You're not going to do that to me," Becky retorted.

"Fuck you? Maybe later," the first guy smirked. "I bet you really are that easy."

"That's not what I meant," Becky protested, her feet kicking in the water.

"Oh your legs will be kicking, when we're spanking that ass until it's bright red," the second guy said.

"No fucking way," Becky shouted. "You touch me and I'll scream."

"Does she belong to you?" The woman had returned and regarded Becky contemptuously.

"In a way she does," the first guy said, still grinning.

"I do not belong to them. I don't belong to any man," Becky insisted. "Women should not belong to men."

The woman rolled her eyes. "A pervert and a rabid feminist."

"Hey," Becky said. "You've all had your fun but I'm here naked."

"Yes you are and it's disgusting." The woman's hand reached down and brushed down between Becky's legs. Becky frantically pushed her away.

"Don't do that! That's disgusting!"

"Very disgusting," the woman said, holding up her hand and wiping it ostentatiously against the tiles. "She really is a pervert."

"I, that's private," Becky said, flailing in the water. "Don't touch me there."

"Girls like you need a good spanking to put them in line, like the way it used to be. I don't know how they're raising you girls anymore," the woman said, grimacing.

"No, no, no. No one is spanking me." Becky backed her bottom back against the tiles protectively.

"She definitely needs that spanking," the first guy agreed.

"Okay, you can spank me once or twice, in the water and then give me my suit back," Becky said.

"That's not how a punishment works," the second guy said. "You need a spanking, bare bottom, in public, just like we got. Until you actually admit what you did wrong."

"I do not need a spanking! I do not want a spanking and I am not getting a spanking," Becky shouted, panting and out of breath. Her chest heaved and she felt the flush spread down across her front again as she channeled her embarrassment and arousal into pure anger.

"Someone obviously hasn't learned her lesson, the first guy said, smirking.

Becky pushed her warm bottom further back against the cool tiles. With difficulty she stopped pushing herself down in the water and forced herself to take her hands away from covering her breasts and did her best to face them down, trying to project all the confidence she could.

I'm not a little girl, she thought, I'm an adult. They attacked me. They are in the wrong. And I am going to get my suit back from them and they are going to apologize to me.

Staring them down, Becky wasn't sure if she was trying to make them believe it or herself.

The moment lasted until the second guy laughed. The first guy joined him. The older woman chuckled. Becky's face reddened and her hands clenched into fists.

"You want to spank me, go ahead," she said suddenly and leaned in to the second guy.

As his hands caught her body, Becky's knee came up into his groin. Then his thighs clamped around her knee, within a short distance of its target.

He pulled Becky forward headfirst into the water. Becky's legs kicked helplessly in the air and her arms waved frantically as a dozen spanks rained down on her helpless bottom. Then she was released again, spluttering, her eyes burning and feet still trying to kick everything in sight.

But when she surfaced the guys and the woman were gone. Shaking with rage and humiliation, she retreated back against the pool as one hand surreptitiously rubbed her bottom trying to take the sting out. She wondered if there were handprints where they had spanked her marking her butt like temporary tattoos. She hated that idea. It disturbed her whole sense of self. Someone else signing his name on her body. But it was also unnervingly exciting.

Whistles sounded. Her heart racing Becky peered over the rim of the pool. The sun overhead was sinking and the pool was being emptied now.

Holding her breath Becky dived into the water, trying to stay against the side, as footsteps slapped along the side and calls came for everyone to leave.

Becky could hear hundreds of feet moving past her above. She came up quickly for air and dived down again, her entire body tingling with the fear of being seen and the prospect of it too.

The coke she had drank on the way here was beginning to push at her bladder. But just because she was naked in the pool, didn't mean she was ready to pee in it, she thought. She was determined to do her best to preserve her dignity.

When everyone's gone, I'll just do it, Becky thought. I'll get out of the pool and if there's any lifeguards around I'll explain it to them and they'll help me find my suit or get me something to wear, a towel, anything.

"Hey look there's a naked girl in the pool."

The cry Becky had been dreading came. She looked up to see half a dozen kids, all around the age those two guys had been when she had first encountered them, pointing down and laughing at her.

Becky quickly swam away and felt something strike her on the thigh. And then another impact. Plastic toys floated in the water around her.

She looked up to see hundreds of faces looking down at her, some grinning, some mainly female, grimacing with disgust. Then the camera flashes began.

"Stop that." Becky raised one hand trying to block out her face.

"You there come out now," a burly lifeguard demanded.

Two male forms dived into the pool besides her.

"Wait, this is all a big misunderstanding," Becky protested.

Strong male hands gripped her around the waist and then her arms pulling her naked out of the pool. Becky flailed about, but couldn't shake their grip, as she was raised up wet, dripping and bare for everyone's viewing pleasure. Her breasts shook as she struggled and thighs bunched up and her wet hair fell plastered over her forehead. She saw the camera flashes increase now.

"Look at her nipples," someone in the crowd cried.

That's just the cold you idiot, Becky thought furiously, even as she kicked trying to get them to put her down.

"What is this supposed to be some sort of college dare? Are you drunk?" the other lifeguard demanded, manhandling her naked body.

"Let go of me! I'll sue you!" Becky shrieked.

"There are little kids who swim here. Did you think about that when you decided to pull this little stunt. Did you?"

"I didn't! Stop!" Wet and squirming Becky was hard to hold. As her legs scissor kicked in their grip, she was aware for a moment that she had just completely exposed herself to the watching crowd and that photos of the area between her legs were now in a dozen camera phones, but she was also aware that she had broken free.

A smirking teenager grabbed her around the chest, his hands on her boobs. "I'll help you guys hold her," he called out.

Not even pausing Becky kicked out and this time her knee connected perfectly with the groin. He let go and sank down groaning to the ground. She wished she had the time to take his trunks too but the lifeguards were behind her.

Having no other choice she dashed into the crowd. It was like running into a forest of wet sticky trees. She could feel hands all over her and she elbowed through them. She could hear the cries of the lifeguards behind her and felt a slap on her bare bottom, raising the sting that had been there again.

There was no time to think about it though. She ducked and weaved through people, trying to forget that she was naked and finding it impossible as hands tried to cup her boobs. She ran full tilt into an overweight woman gobbling two ice cream cones and squashed them leaving trails of strawberry ice cream across her left breast and all the way down her stomach.

"Slut! Filthy slut! Ruined my ice cream! Get her!"

"I am not a slut you fat cow!" Becky screamed back and breaking free of the crowd and the grasping hands she raced around into the ladies room.

She closed the door and leaned against it panting desperately. There was no one else there and she could see why. It was absolutely filthy. Wet trails were everywhere and in places the bathroom was almost entirely broken up into puddles. There were rust stains on the stalls and grime on the mirrors.

"Open up! Open up!" The hammering on the door resonated through her body.

"Go away!" Becky shouted.

"If you don't open up, we're coming in there."

She could hear the lifeguards on the other side. She dug her feet into the tiles and they slid hopelessly. She knew if they decided to try coming in by force, there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

"This is the ladies room and I'm not dressed. Just stay outside."

"You weren't dressed outside the ladies room. That was the whole problem. Now come out now."

"I'm getting dressed," Becky shouted frantically, hoping the lie would hold them back.

There were skeptical noises on the other side of the door.

"You've got five minutes to get dressed. If not we're coming in and we're getting you out."

Shaking with nervous energy and fear Becky looked around the bathroom, hoping for a discarded towel or piece of clothing, but there was nothing like that there. Outside she could hear the whistles blowing again.

"Damn, damn, there has to be a way. There just has to be." Becky shivered and hugged her arms. She imagined being led out naked through that crowd. She imagined bravely holding her head high and bit her lip.

Then her eyes fell on the racks of paper towels. Moving quickly she grabbed handfuls of them and began pressing them against her wet body. She pressed paper towels against her breasts and then between her legs and up around her butt.

Pushing the sticky bits of ice cream across her body and rubbing it around helped secure the paper towels. Where they didn't hold, she moistened them with water from the sink to dampen them enough.

Becky worked quickly until she had a makeshift two piece suit of paper towels. It was wet and looking in the mirror, it didn't cover her so well, but it would have to do.

She grabbed another handful of towels and looked up longingly at the bathroom windows. But they were small and out of reach. Even if she could get all the way up to them. She didn't really believe she could squeeze through them.

The door made a loud grinding noise and Becky ducked into a stall, just as it opened. Gingerly she closed and locked the stall door and climbed up on the toilet seat and huddled down, so she wouldn't be visible either above or below the stall door.

Moments passed and then she realized how foolish it was to close the door without letting feet show at the bottom, just as the stall door was jerked open.

"So that's where you've been hiding."

Becky winced and then opened her eyes determined to deal with whoever it was, with dignity.

The overweight woman she had insulted and whose ice cream was smeared all over her body confronted her.

"The lifeguards sent me in to get you." Her inflamed eyes traveled up and down Becky's form squatting on the toilet seat, paper towels stuck all over her like a raggamuffin's dress. "Those are for everybody you know."

"Just please leave me alone," Becky pleaded. "Or get me something to wear. A towel. Anything."

A thick hand seized a handful of paper towels stuck to Becky's body and tore them away exposing a section of her left breast including the nipple.

"And then when I come in the ladies room there's never any paper towels. But there should be. BECAUSE THE PAPER TOWELS ARE FOR EVERYONE."

The roar startled Becky and she backed up further retreating to the wall and trying to rearrange the wet chunks of brown paper stuck to her body across her now.

The infuriated woman instead seized Becky by the hair and dragged her out of the stall. Becky flailed and stumbled and the fat woman let go of her and she fell face down into a large puddle around the sink area.

"Ugh. That's disgusting." Becky struggled to her feet again, pieces of her makeshift dress floating away from her as she got up again. The entire back of was gone leaving most of her butt exposed and only a handful of strategically placed paper towels protected parts of her chest and remained near her waist.

"Disgusting is a naked whore running around the pool where you take your nieces and nephews," the fat woman screamed, seizing Becky by the air and marching her forward to the door. "Disgusting is having the ice cream you bought for them splattered all over that naked whore's body so she can impress the trash she runs around with."

Seeing where the fat woman was leading her, Becky frantically braced herself against the last stall. The woman pulled harder on her ear and Becky shrieked. "Owww. I am not a whore. If someone would just listen to me."

Instead of listening the fat woman pulled harder. Becky's wet feet shot out from under her on the slick floor and she fell on her back with her legs in the air. Dazed she shook her head just in time to see the door slide open revealing the bright daylight beyond.

The fat woman was an unstoppable force pulling her along to the door, still by the ear. Becky tried to hook her feet into something but it was too late. She tried to right herself but momentum was on the woman's side. And so she was dragged lying on her back through the door.

A crowd had been waiting for her return outside the bathroom, mostly teenage males, with camera in hand. In horror Becky glanced down at herself and saw that there was nothing covering her chest anymore except a scrap or two of paper towel. The rest had peeled off along the way as she had been dragged to the door.

Frantically Becky threw her hands over her chest as she felt her butt slide over the metal railing by the door and onto the hot asphalt walkway. The heat built up over a long summer day of sunshine struck her bottom like a sizzling over and she shrieked and instictively tried to bound up.

The fat woman paid no attention and Becky comically bounced up and then went down again with her legs in the air. Paper towels flew away, leaving a single one still stuck by the moisture between her legs. As Becky gasped a teenage boy who had been watching snatched it away exposing her completely to the ground.

"Give that back!" Becky reached for the paper towel but he held it out of her reach and immediately her hands tried to cover what she could, as camera flashes went off.

The fat woman released the grip on her ear and spun Becky around pointing her at the pool exit. In Becky's field of vision, she saw one of the guys who had stripped her grinning as he held up her suit bottom.

"Wait, there it is! He has it." Becky tried to reach for it as the woman gave her a solid kick in the behind.

Wailing Becky stumbled forward moaning at the pain in her already spanked bottom. As the fat woman wound up for another kick, Becky ran forward of her own volition, her hands no longer covering her chest or between her legs, but trying to shield her burning bottom from another kick.

Shouts and screams followed her, along with the crowd and Becky raced around and to the parking lot, hugging herself tightly and squeezing between several of the parked cars. As she heard them approaching she crawled beneath a nearby Kia compact and huddled underneath it waiting for them to pass. Grit and gravel stung her naked body and she felt it collecting and sticking to her.

"Please just go. Please just go," she whispered, closing her eyes.

She opened them again to a camera flash. Blinded Becky stumbled back crawling out on the other side of the car. With her bottom raised high in the air as she lifted her body out, she felt cupped hands spread her legs and heard the sound of more cameras snapping their pictures.

Frantically Becky ducked back down and crawled the other way, hearing laughter pursuing her, as she manuevered through the maze of cars, vans and SUV's like an endless tunnel. It seemed like it went on forever to her and by the time she stopped, panting, to rest, her body was bruised and her muscles ached all over.

She could hear them laughing in the background and comparing notes on the pictures they had taken of her.

"Look at this shot. It's all the way up her butt."

"No this one where she's got em spread."

"How about this video where she's running and her boobs are flopping all over the place."

"You know my brother knows her, name's Becky Romero. She has one hell of a rep. There's a story they caught her once screwing in a parked car."

"No way. Maybe she'll turn pro."

It went on and on while Becky gritted her teeth and tried to rest and plan her next move. Finally when the noises had died down, she tentatively wriggled out and looked around. The day was fading fast and the sun that had been bright was sinking now. Most of the cars in the lot were gone and Becky shivered feeling the first drifts of the night air cool the sweat on her wet body.

She thought longingly of her swimsuit and all her things locked back there in the locker. Looking up she saw that the gates of the pool were closed and all her clothes with them. She was trapped here naked and she would have to get home that way.

Quickly Becky patted herself down, shaking the dust and grit off her body as much as she could. Grey dust powdered the top of her breasts and she patted them clean. Grit covered her butt and she tried to pat it clean. Wrenching her back as she tried to reach it all, she suddenly felt a solid slap across her bare butt.

Becky leaped up and twisted around and another slap caught her butt from the other side.

"We told you, you had a spanking coming. Didn't we."

The two guys from the pool now stood on both sides of her, each holding one half of her bathing suit in their hands. Feeling the sting in her bottom from their slaps, Becky forcibly restrained herself from rubbing her aching cheeks. Instead she tried to face them down even as she edged over against the car to protect her bottom.

She stood facing them, her hands hovering indecisively across her body, torn between the urge to cover herself and rejecting that as a sign of weakness. Instead Becky put her hands on her hips, pushing out her chest, and faced them squarely.

The guys looked her up and down, smirking while they did it, and Becky fumed inside, even as she focused on keeping herself calm. "Don't let those creeps get to you. Don't let those creeps get to you," she continued reciting to herself inside, even as her thighs pressed against each other, trying to shield that private place from their sight and her hands itched to fly up and cover her body.

"Like I said before, nicer than ever," the first guy said. "We didn't get a chance to see you too well last time. This time it's been totally worth it."

"Alright," Becky said, in a voice as cold as ice. "You've seen me naked. You've seen me humiliated. You even spanked me. You got your payback. Now give me back my suit."

She did her best to glare at each one of them in turn, trying to make herself as imposing as a naked girl standing in a parking lot and shivering, could.

"Not yet," the second guy said, raising her bikini bottoms teasingly out of her reach. "That spanking was for what you girls did to us in the pool. The real spanking now will be in return for what happened to us outside the pool."

"Go to hell," Becky snapped, "I had nothing to do with that."

"You sure enjoyed it," the first guy said and dangled her bikini top in front of her.

Even knowing it was a mistake, Becky snatched for it, just as he raised it up out of reach.

"Come on girl, jump for it, jump for it."

"I'll show him," Becky thought, and gritting her teeth, she pushed back and jumped. Her fingers brushed the cloth of the bikini top and for a moment she thought she had it, but then it was flying through the air toward the second guy.

"You bastard, I'm not going to play any more games with you!" Becky shouted, ignoring the two pieces of her suit the second guy was danglingly temptingly in one hand near her.

"How about Spank the Brat." Another swat landed on Becky's already abused bottom and furiously, without thinking, she kicked out at him. The second guy grabbed her foot, holding it up in the air, forcing Becky to hop on one leg.

"Damn it, let go of me," Becky protested, trying to balance herself on one leg.

The second guy tossed the two pieces of her suit, one by one, to the first guy. Becky tried to reach for them as they flew through the air, but the second guy pulled on her foot, forcing her off balance. Becky hopped again trying to rebalance herself, feeling her breasts bounce humiliatingly with each hop, as her tormentors smirked.

"So, now that we have your attention," the second guy said, "it's time to confess."

"I don't have anything to confess," Becky answered and then wobbled on her left foot as he pulled her right leg up higher. She could feel how open she was now and feel the cool evening air blowing inside her body.

The other guy came to examine her, looking at her open in almost gynecological detail. Becky couldn't prevent the flush that came over her. She had been through a lot today but something about the way they held her open and stared casually at the most intimate part of her body, while she could do nothing more than stand in place and try not to fall, was incredibly degrading and arousing at the same time.

"Looks like she's getting wet," the first guy said abruptly.

"I am not," Becky said hastily.

"Looks like it," the second guy confirmed.

"You're just dorks and you don't know anything about women," Becky began rambling frantically. "I was in the pool and the time-"

"Better take a closer look," the second guy said.

"No way," Becky shrieked. "Any of you that gets closer to me is going to lose his head."

The first guy reached out a hand and Becky slapped at his head with all her strength as the second guy jiggled her foot. Her slaps went wild and she felt a hand touch her there and Becky shrieked again. The first guy held up a finger gleaming slickly in the light from a halogen floodlight.

"I don't think they can find that kind of wetness in pools. Except when she's in there naked," he snickered.

"Fuck you! When I get loose I am going to get my friends together and we'll do things to you that will make your tiny little weenies shrivel up and-" Becky's shrieks of rage turned to uncontrollable laughter as the second guy began tickling her foot. "Stop it. Stop that. I'll...you...I'll."

Her body shook as she laughed, her bare breasts jiggling and her torso wriggling from side to side as she tried to frantically pry her foot loose and wound up hopping crazily from side to side.

The second guy stopped. "Are you ready to confess now?"

"Confess what?" Becky screamed back at him.

"Confess that you deserve a spanking."

"No. No fucking way. I don't care what you do to me. I didn't do anything wrong. I don't deserve. Aaaaagh." And then Becky was shrieking with laughter again and hopping from side to side. The first guy was tickling her under the armpits now and Becky's hands flailed uncontrollably in the air, her breasts shaking from side to side.

"I'm not. I won't." Becky's wet hair flew around her face, plastering itself across her eyes and then back, as she wriggled and hopped desperately. The hands dipped down along her ribs and she shrieked even louder. As they descended down toward her hips, she began to hop vigorously up and down in the air.

The tickling stopped and Becky panted and gasped in exhaustion, unable to make a single move. As the hair fell out of her face again, she looked around in horror. Her shrieks had brought a crowd, mostly kids from the pool, some of whom had chased her before.

The second guy raised her right leg even higher, turning her into an involuntary ballerina, as the kids in the crowd peered in shock and delight at her open vagina. Cameras flashed again, capturing her in perfect intimate detail.

"No, no, stop!" Becky pleaded, spinning in a circle, but her raised leg prevented her from turning too far. The flush had now descended all down her body and she felt curiously warm. Worse she felt the return of the sensation she had felt back in the pool made worse by the tickling. She desperately needed to pee.

"Are you ready to confess?" Came the question again.

Becky bit her lip, wanting to say it and not wanting to say it at the same time. She felt lightheaded and dizzy. She couldn't, she wouldn't admit it, a part of her mind insisted stubbornly. They had no right to do this to her. No right at all.

She opened her mouth, unsure herself of what was going to say, but what came out was a loud, "Drop dead."

"Your choice."

The tickling began again, worse than ever. Becky squirmed, trying to kick away with her imprisoned foot, feelings the fingers go down her sole and up her calf, while other fingers ventured back under her arms, her stomach and even lower. Becky hopped with frantic desperation as she felt the pressure building against her bladder.

"Stop it! Stop it or I'm going to pee."

This announcement was greeted with waves of laughter as if it was the funniest thing in the world. Becky squirmed frantically, redfaced, facing a circle of laughing kids and teenagers. "Please, I don't want to pee myself," she said and hated herself for saying it. She sounded four now, even to herself. The laughter grew even greater.

"Are you ready to confess?"

Becky shrieked with hysterically uncontrolled laughter as she felt she couldn't contain it any longer. "Yes. Yes. Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes I deserve to be spanked. Spank me! SPANK ME!" At the last shriek, the dam burst and she could feel urine running down. The first guy let go of her and stepped away and the second held her at at good length, as surrounded by laughing faces, Becky peed herself.

When she was done, she stood suspended in the air, with her eyes closed and wishing with every ounce of her being that this was all a horrible dream. That she wasn't naked in the middle of a laughing crowd that had just watched her pee herself in public. Like a little girl.

She felt someone pull one of the remaining scraps of wet paper towels stuck to her, removing the last protection from her naked body and begin mopping between her legs and along her thighs. Becky tried to pretend she was elsewhere tuning out the remarks and cries and tried to pretend she didn't feel good to be cleaned down there again.

Mostly she tried not to cry. It would be the final indignity after being naked in a pool and having an accident in public. The final indignity of a college student who had been reverted to a little girl.

Then she felt herself lifted up and she opened her eyes in shock as the first guy sat down on the hood of a parked car and put her over his lap, her bottom facing up in the air.

"No. Wait," Becky protested, lifting one arm to cover her bottom.

"You said it yourself. Spank me. We have it on video."

Looking around in horror, Becky saw more than one camera capturing everything on video. The thought that everything she had done before was on video, was too much for her. Her arm fell limply as the first guy's arm rose. Then it came down again and Becky forgot the video and screamed at the impact.

"Ouch. No. NO!"

Her legs kicked helplessly, pinned down by one of his. His arm came down again and Becky screamed as it made contact with her other cheek. She pushed her bottom up, wriggling again, trying to escape his hand as it came down again and again on her bare cheeks.

"Are you a bad girl? Are you?"

"No! No! No!" Becky screamed, hating how childish she sounded, tears gathering at the edge of her eyes. "Let me go!"

"Not until you admit everything you did wrong."

"Never," Becky screamed defiantly and then screamed again as his hand came down twice in succession on her butt. He had only begun and her bottom already felt on fire. She wriggled up and down against him, feeling the fabric of his jeans rough against her sensitive thighs.

Her body humped up and down against him, not caring if it turned him on, as long as it escaped the spanking. She screamed inside at her rebellious body, which had squandered her pride and at her mouth which couldn't seem to stop shrieked with every slap that came down on her naked butt.

Her breasts slapped against each other, from side to side as saliva flew from her mouth. Her torso ground into his crosswise, as she humped down each time his hand smashed down flattening one burning cheek and then nothing. Her skin felt on fire and she felt as if she should be bright red now all over her body.

"Admit it!"

"No," Becky shouted, "never. Aaaaaaah. AAAAHHHHHH."

It's not happening. It's not happening, Becky thought fervently. Her wet hair covered her face and she was breathing hard.

Then another smack came down on her bare bottom and she screamed in pain and outrage and her legs kicked. Shamefully she could feel her butt cheeks twitching in anticipation of the next blow. She tried to stop them but she couldn't.

"Are you going to admit it?" her spanker demanded.

Becky gasped for breath and shook her hair out of her face. And closed her eyes again as she saw how many lenses she was facing. "Stop it. Stop it right now. And turn those cameras of...and...AAAAAHHHH."

She never got to complete her sentence as it turned into a yelp instead. A hand rested itself on her bare bottom and she winced at how sore her skin already felt under his touch.

"You could have done this the easy way," he said, running his hand across her painfully red cheeks. "Now it's really going to be the hard way."

Becky felt her butt cheeks tightening painfully in preparation for the onslaught. She bit her lip. Sweat trickled down her forehead and along her face.

"One last chance."

A part of Becky wanted to scream out and do anything he said but another part of her continued to stubbornly hold out and resist, the words were lumps in her throat she just couldn't get out. "Fuck you," she yelled out instead.

This time the hand came down with a warning and slaps and smacks rained down one after another, too quick to even count. As Becky screamed in pain from one, another came down and she was left gasping and shrieking and cursing until all that was left was a long drawn out shriek.

She struggled, she kicked, she fought and twitched and shook her body from side to side, but he held her down effortlessly with one hand while his other continued to remorselessly deliver punishment to her butt.

Suddenly the shriek became words. "I admit. I did it! I got you spanked and it was wrong!"

The spanking didn't stop. Not for one beat.

"I was wrong. Alright! Wrong. What else do you want."

Becky's knees were in the air now and the upper half of her body thrusting upward, while her pelvis ground into his. The strokes became more rhythmic and she matched the rhythm.

"I enjoyed it! I enjoyed it! Is that what you want!"

Each slap on her bare bottom seemed to be driving her now to some conclusion. Her slick naked body wriggled against his lap as a litany of confessions poured out of her mouth, everything she had ever done that she was ashamed of, every time she had had been spanked before, every time she had gotten herself caught naked and secretly enjoyed it. Every single time she had taunted and teased. She screamed it out, each humiliating detail, not caring who heard her anymore, not caring that every word was being permanently recorded by cameras all around her.

Still the smacks did not let up and the words became a shriek again, but this time a different sort of shriek as Becky's body shuddered, growing hot, a heat that radiated through her body concentrating through her sore bare bottom and between her thighs. She rode the wave and her body spasmed and her scream echoed through the parking lot and then she was still again.

For a moment the spanking stopped and Becky lay there across his lap, completely drained and unbelieving. She heard every mocking comment, every laugh directed her way and closed her eyes against the camera flashes. She felt ashamed but also cleaned inside out, like the way she had felt as a little girl after being made to take a bath. She lay there feeling small and still.

Then her momentary peace was broken as the spanking began again and this time she had no protection against it. Each spank connected with Becky's bare bottom and having no energy left to trash around, she screamed with each spank. Saliva dribbled from her open mouth and tears leaked out of her eyes.

"Are you sorry?" he demanded.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Becky screamed in answer.

"Are you a bad girl?"

"YES!"

"Yes what?"

"I'm a bad girl," Becky sobbed, "I'm a very bad girl."

"And what do you deserve?"

"A spanking," Becky bawled out, "I deserve to be spanked."

"Now put it all together."

"I'm a bad girl and I deserve, Aaah, to be spanked. I deserve it! I'm a bad girl!" Becky wept as his hand soundly came down again and again, flattening each cheek in turn. "I'm a bad girl. Bad!"

And then it was over. With no warning she was pushed off and went sprawling to the rough ground of the parking lot. Becky rolled and felt her butt come in contact with its surface, heated from a day's burning sunlight, and screamed and leaped up again.

Laughter surrounded her on all sides and Becky whirled around trying to escape the cameras and her undesired audiences, but they were here on all sides of her. She tried to cover herself but it was of no use. With a wail, she covered her red face with both hands instead.

She felt hands touch her bare butt feeling her hot bottom and she tried to kick at them and stumbled into someone's arms instead.

"Behave yourself Becky," her spanked warned. "Just stand there and keep your hands in back of your head or do you need to be taught another lesson?"

Still feeling the tears flow down her face, Becky raised her hands putting them behind her head and thrusting her breasts out and exposing the rest of her body to them as well.

"Eyes open," she was warned.

Becky opened her eyes, gasping at the sight of all the people looking back at her naked body.

"Smile," someone called.

"Say cheese," said another.

Cameras flashed and video cameras recovered every millimeter of her body and every moment of her misery. While Becky looked dazedly at them, overwhelmed, she could feel the heat gathering between her thighs again.

Cameras flashed temporarily blinding her. Becky could feel sweat dripping down over her body and the wetness between her legs. Her sore bottom ached with pain and she longed to rub away the ache. Instead hands rudely squeezed and patted her bare bottom. When a hand was gentle, Becky moaned and felt her body leaning in to it and flushed with shame until her face and chest were nearly as red as her butt.

More hands reached out to bounce and squeeze her breasts and she almost welcomed them as a relief from her sore butt.

"That's enough now," the second guy said.

Becky gasped, half-relieved and half-disappointed, as the hands withdrew. A part of her shuddered in humiliation and another part longed for their touch-- which only deepened her humiliation. It was horrible enough that this was happening to her. It was even worse that there were parts of her that actually wanted it.

Becky looked up at the second guy, her hands still locked behind her head, as if she were under arrest. Her breasts wobbled as she turned around to face him and she could feel the heat in her cheeks as her eyes met his. The last time she had seen him, he was a little kid. Now he was a man and he had stripped her naked and humiliated her. He had made her scream. He had made her cry. He had made her beg. And finally he had made her come.

"Line up everyone," the first guy said. "Everyone gets one shot on Becky's butt."

"No! No fucking way." Becky's hands flew to cover her sore bottom.

"If your hands aren't back up, that's going to be two shots a piece. Then three," the second guy said sternly.

Before she could even think, Becky's hands flew back up to her head-- the thought of two smacks a piece from everyone here was more than she could bear. But even one-- even one was too much.

"Please," Becky begged him, hating the whine in her voice. She sounded like a little girl to her own ears. A little girl begging a grown up for something she knew she wouldn't receive. "I already got spanked. I admitted I was wrong. I admitted-" She gulped. "-I deserved it."

"The way you acted before shows you don't get it yet," the second guy said. "Now stay in place and at the end you'll get your clothes back and you can go home. If you make any more trouble, I'll give them open season on your ass."

Looking at the milling pack of teenagers and kids around her, Becky shivered in horror and raised her head. She sensed them lining up behind her and her butt began to freshly tingle at their approach, but so did her thighs and up her thighs as the thought of the spanking she was about to receive.

The first hand slapped her butt hand and she could feel its impact traveling across her cheek, flattening it out and traveling all across her body. Her breasts wobbled, her feet trembled and spit shot out of her mouth.

"Oh," Becky gasped, unable to say anything else. With her body still trembling, n another came, this one light. But this one was from a kid obviously reaching up. A laugh followed the spank and she blushed an even deeper crimson at the thought of kids spanking her.

The next slap hit hard thrusting out her pelvis lewdly and sending waves of pain and heat radiating up her butt and thighs. Becky gasped again and again as the smacks continued and she shuddered, her eyes open, seeing each one pass, look her naked body over from the front while another hand spanked, rubbed and teased her bare butt from the back.

She felt tortured by an incredible mix of pain and pleasure, shock and confusion, feelings too intense to control that buckled her legs. Each pair of male eyes that ran up and down every inch of her body set off another wave of panic in her. The cameras recording her, seemed to be devouring her. Becky screamed so loudly, she felt as if she was shattering and then it was all over.

She looked up at the circle of watching faces surrounding her again as she squatted on the asphalt, while she huddled, trying to cover her naked body.

"Get up Becky," the first guy ordered.

Looking up nervously Becky stood up. She felt no longer in control of herself or her own body. Every inch of her was trembling and her feet shifted nervously while she bit her lip, feeling like a little girl.

"Is it over?" she asked, in a voice octaves higher than her normal voice. Her fingers crept across her body, covering nothing.

"It's over," he confirmed. And then he tossed her what he had taken from her. The scraps of fabric she had wanted back so badly. Her bikini top and bottom.

Becky fumbled to catch them and dropped them. They fell to the asphalt and she hurriedly scrambled on her hands and feet to grab them terrified that someone would snatch them out of her grip and the humiliation would go on until she couldn't take it anymore.

When she had them, she clutched them to her chest in her balled up fists.

"Well put them on," the first guy said.

Still naked Becky looked uncertainly around her. She slipped on the bottoms, realizing with horror that the reason she was doing it now, was obedience. He had made her do what he said. She began to sob again as the bikini bottom made contact with her sore bottom. Then she gulped down her tears and put on the top too.

When she had been stripped naked, the bikini had seemed like all the covering she could want but now in the asphalt parking lot, surrounded by male eyes on all sides, the bikini seemed like nothing at all. She might as well be naked.

Becky looked back at the closed and locked gates of the swimming pool and to the lockers beyond it where her clothes were. They were out of reach now until tommorow when the pool opened again. She shivered, sweat cooling on her body and looked uncertainly at the two guys.

"How am I supposed to get home like this?"

"Run!" the first guy commanded. "Run fast."

"I can't," Becky pleaded. "Just give me a t-shirt or something. I can't run home like this."

"She can't run home like this." The first guy shook his head, turning to his friend. "What do you think?"

"I think she needs incentive," the second guy said. "I say if she has trouble running, we spank her all the way home."

Becky shrieked as a a slap struck her bottom, hardly protected by the thin scrap of cloth of her bikini. and then another.

"AAAGHHH. I'm going! I'm going!" Becky screamed and ran as if pursued by all the demons of hell. Another slap landed and she leaped up comically in the air and ran even faster. Another landed and she jumped over the fence and was on her way.

A few passerby this late looked around to see the half naked girl in a bikini running like crazy down the street. Wolf whistles followed her as she ran and the occasional proposition.

When she passed by close, they could see the red bottom hanging out of her bikini.

"Hey girl who spanked you?"

"Whoever did it, I can finish the job."

"Little girl, need someone to rub lotion on that. I got great hands."

Flushing even deeper, Becky ran trailing tears and catcalls, her muscles aching, panting with her breath caught in her throat and her heart hammering in her chest. By the time she reached home, she had lost count of how many had seen her in this state. She had recognized some guys from her High School. One had even dared to swipe at her butt.

In the old days she would have depantsed him and told him off. Now she had just squealed and run faster, crying like a little girl all the way home.

When she reached home and was let in, she refused to answer any questions. Instead Becky locked herself in the bathroom, stripped off her soiled bikini and got in the shower under the warm comforting spray. She rubbed lotion on her sore butt, wincing at the pain and then soaped the rest of her body trying to wash away the sweat and the touch of their hands.

As she spray relaxed her, Becky found herself reliving it all over again. The hands. The eyes. Her naked body exposed to all. Her bare bottom thrust out. Standing there so naked and feeling so exposed. Her hand reached for the showerhead and directed it over the breasts, leaving her gasping at the touch and then down, further and deeper, the spray massaged her and loosened her as she sank down.

Tomorrow she would have to go back to the pool again to collect her clothes, Becky thought. She wondered if the boys would still be there.

The End?