**Blackmail and Bare Bottoms**

By SDS

**Part 1**

I felt sick, My step brother had lied and so here I was dragged sobbing into the living room by my step mother. She had spanked me before but the pain was nothing compared to the humiliation I was about to face. I looked at him sitting in the armchair, he looked so smug and pleased with himself, any moment he looked like he was about to break out the popcorn. "I didn't do it!! I didnt!" I cried as she pulled me towards the couch. "Don't you lie you little thief! I found his wallet under your bed! how dare you!! he's your brother you evil child!" Screamed by step mother There was nothing i could do, she wouldn't believe me over this manipulative little shit anyway. I changed tact suddenly realizing what she intended to do "Please no! not in front of Bobby!" I cried as she bent me over the chair arm. "Oh yes, you never learn, every spanking I give you changes nothing and so let's see if you do it again when your’e spanked in front of your brother!"

She knew how shy I was, the last time I was being spanked Bobby had pretended he didn't know it was happening and walked in. She had seen how embarrassed that made me and knew it was the perfect weapon against me. I wanted to resist but knew how bad things would get if it did. my bottom was pointing straight at Bobby as my evil step mother lifted the back of my school skirt revealing my embarrassing knickers. They were quite childish, bright pink with hello kitty fishing across the bottom. I heard baby laugh and just caught a quick look at him grinning ear to ear starting at my intimate garments. I want to die and for the whole world to swallow me whole.

Then the pain started, hit after hit making me cry more until i'm in full blown hysterics. I know what's coming next, she always asks me to choose. "So girl have you had enough?" "Yes" i cry, but know she's not going to stop. "oh I don't think we’re over! Do you want the next lot with the brush or on your bare bottom?" usually I'd have picked the bare bottom but right now the pain seems worth it. "The brush!" I cry and hear a sigh of disapointment from Bobby obviously wanting to see more. My step mother continued with the brush each blow feeling like a thunderbolt. with each hit my bottom got more and more sensitive and each blow more painful.

"Please stop I cried as the brush tanned my hide from a milky white to a tomato red" After a few more stinging blows my step mom lets up. I reached for skirt that was around my ankles but she swatted away my hands. "No your punishment is not over yet." I stood shocked covering the front of my knickers from my perverted brother. "Why did you lie?" I said through sobs as she left the room leaving me alone with him. He just grinned looking me up and down in just my white school shirt and panties. I longed to pick them back up and to cover myself but quickly enough my mother re-entered with a stool. I stared at it confused as she placed it in the centre of the room. "Now you're going to stand on this with your hands on head for one hour, if you dare move i'll make you take more off, your lucky you're only showing you panties" Said my step mum pulling me over to it and making me stand on it. She forced my hands onto my head and turned to Bobby, "If she moves you tell me! make sure she keeps them hands on her head." She exited the room. With my hands on my head my school shirt had ridden up exposing the bottom of my tummy and all of my knickers to Bobby. Bobby wasted no time in comming over to inspect me. Tears still streamed down my eyes and my nose was a bit snotty from the upset. I daren't move but he walked around me as if inspecting a prize animal. "Maybe I should tell mum you've moved" My heart dropped. "No please!" I begged making him laugh at my vunerablity. "Let me get a look at the damage and i won't tell" He said happily walking around to get a good look at my bottom. "No you can't!" I begged. "Oh mum!" he started to say as i paniked. "OK OK!!!"I cried fearing what she would make me take off. "Just a bit at the back though, not all the way down" I begged. The humiliation was already intense and soon he would see my bare rump.

"Ok" he said obviously exited at the thought at seeing more exposed flesh. I started to move my hands from my head to pull my knickers down a bit at the back. He however had other plans. "What do you think your doing?" he said in a mock horified voice. "You can't move allow me!" I should have stopped him right then but petrified of my Stepmum I allowed him. I felt his fingers on the waistband of my panties just above my bum crack. He seems nervous too, obviously the fist time touching a girl in such intamacy. I cringe as I feel his fingers against my bare skin as he pulls them down carefully at the back revealing my butt crack and then the majority of my naked bottom. I think he's being nice being careful and not pulling my knickers down too much at the front.

I'm terrified not knowing what he's planning, the shame builds up to almost breaking point, as I start crying again. "Wow, that looks painful" he laughed and to my horror i feel his hand quickly touch my bare cheeks. I nearly cry out "What are you doing!" I cry. "Shut up, just feeling how warm it is" he laughs but dosnet touch me anymore. Suddenly without warning I feel him grab my panties waistband again but think he's going to pull them back up instead he pulls them straight down and I let out a scream. He laughs getting a great view of my totally naked bottom. I am just about to bend down to retrieve them when my nightmareish stepmum re-enteres "Whats going on!" she screams. I am about to take my arms away when fear of her glues them in place still on my head keeping my humiliation totally on show. Bobby has jumped back onto the couch like nothing has happened. "Her panties just fell down" he says. Dam he's a good lier, I'm too terrfied to move. "Oh did they now" she says and laughs at me. "Well they must be too loose for you then" She roots around in the washing pile and comes out with a pair of my little stepsisters knickers. She is only 10 but with a choice of them or nothing I step into them very aware of my nudity in front of Bobby as she pulls them up my legs, These are tight but i'm fairly small for my age and this combined with my skinniness makes them humiliatingly nearly fit. They are bright pink with cinderella on the front. They hug my painful bottom tightly but i'm humiliated to be on show in them. "and for causing me all this trouble" she says and starts to unbutton my white school shirt. "No please" I cry through sobs of tears but she doesn't care. "If you're going to act like a night little girl you'll be treated like one.” she says.

Bobby is still behind me staring at my humiliatingly panty clad bottom, I know he wishes he has a better view from the front as my white push-up bra comes into view. "And this vulgarity!" my step mom screams pulling out the padding inserts. "I'm terrified shes going to leave it like that as without padding my breasts where practically exposed in the oversized bra. She makes me remove my hands from the sleeves as she deposits the shirt on the floor along with my other clothes. Bobby now has a great view of my nearly naked body from behind, all my bare flesh aside from my panties and bra strap on display. "This won't do" my step mother says and walks over to retrieve a white training bra from the hamper. Bobby is grinning massively know knowing what this means. She unclipped my bra making me feel totally exposed now. I cover my little breasts with my hands which she allows as she places the bra with the rest of my clothes. Luckily she quickly allows me to put on the humiliating kiddy bra before Bobby gets a better look. Once i'm attired in my kiddy panties and training bra which is painfully tight hiding what little breasts I already had.

She left me then to resume my hour, luckily Bobby didnt make me do anything else I think drinking in my humilation was enough. However he did get a few photos of me which i'm sure he would use as blackmail. I think he'd have prefered seeing me in the push-up bra as the training bra was quiete modest. I cried through the whole thing thinking of everything that had just happened and all that could still happen while my dad was working away for the six months.

A week Later Bobby entered my room. "I'll delete the photos if you get yourself in trouble!" I looked at him shocked and terrified. "What if i don’t?" I asked knowing the answer. "Then loads of our year gets to see you in “my first bra” and princess Panties" Bobby says grinning. I was shaking but knew I had no real choice. "Oh and i get to choose the underwear you wear!" I was shaking, after the incident my step mum had threatened me to wear my little step sisters embarrassing underwear again, even to school, but luckily hadnt followed up on it. "Ok" I said. "A thong" he replied grinning. "What!" I said shocked "I don't own any!". "You do now" he says passing me a pack of 5...

**Part 2**

A week Later Bobby entered my room. "I'll delete the photos if you get yourself in trouble this morning!" I looked at him shocked and terrified. "What if i don't?" I asked already knowing the answer. "Then loads of our year get to see you in my your baby bra and princess knickers" I was terrified but knew I had no real choice. "Oh and i get to choose the underwear you wear!" he continued. I was shaking, after the incident my step mum had threatened me to wear my little step sisters embarrassing underwear again and possibly even for school. But luckily I had been on my best behavior and hadn't needed punishing "OK" I said. shaking, I was just starting to think if i kept my head down everything would be OK "A thong" he said grinning. "What?!" I said shocked "I don't even own any!" I said mortified. "You do now" he says passing me a pack of 5 he had bought. I wondered if he had been embarrassed buying them but not half as embarrassed as I would be wearing them and probably getting a spank in them.

It was nearly breakfast time and so I quickly showered and got dressed. I almost resisted putting on the revealing underwear but then thought about the earlier incident the week before and thought better of it. If i wore a normal pair he would probably remove them and possibly see more than my bottom this time. I looked through the pack, they where a soft cotton and although would reveal most of my bum cheeks at least it wasn't a G-string. The five thongs were plain in design obviously a cheap nondescript brand. Luckily he had gotten my size correct, I chose a green one for no reason and pulled it on. It was a bit uncomfortable akin to having a wedgie but I was sure to get used to it. My face was already burning with embarrassment and fear chilled me as I thought of my stepmother's wrath.

I sat down for breakfast, although I had no appetite. There was my step mom making us all breakfast. My step sister Julie was also there, she was ten and a right little shit. She had been away for my show last week and so was disappointed in not experiencing my shame. She had teased me all week especially for wearing her undies. At the table there also was Kaylee, My little sister by blood, she was a couple of years younger than me in between me and Julie in age. She was a quiet shy little girl and I knew I was the only thing that could try and protect her from Bobby and my evil step mother.

I see Bobby grinning at me and he makes the a silent suggestion and I know he means me to get myself in trouble. I had hoped for more time but at least it was getting it out of the way. I racked my brain for something to do to get in trouble, usually it was so easy, it happened by accident. In the end I Knocked my bowl of the table. everything went silent as it shattered on the tiled floor spilling milk and cereal across the room. My step mum span around and found me looking white faced. "You stupid clumsy girl! Get this messed cleaned up right now!" I lowered my eyes from my scalding and knew it wouldn't be enough, she was strict but wouldn't punish me for an accident. I had to force the words past my lips. "God! It was an accident! Chill" my voice nearly broke from fear of my words, I could see the rage in my Stepmother's eyes and her face had gone red with fury. "Back talk from you! I had hoped you had learned your lesson but no it seems you need to be punished again"

She steps over to me and I can't keep up the defiant act, right then I don't care who see's "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" I cry "It was an accident!" But it's no good I've pissed her off with one of her pet peeves of children talking back to parents and there was no saving me. Bobby had a creepy look of excitement about him while Julie was grinning like Cheshire cat. My sister however, my real sister was mortified, the sweet girl was nearly crying for me. I steel myself to a hard fact, at least it's happening to me and not her. If I wasn't around he would have probably have targeted her, and i know she wouldn't have fared even as well as me. "Come on kids I want to you to watch this and let it be a lesson to you all" I know the real reason is that she wants to embarrass me as much as possible. I know she thinks it will improve my behavior and it probably would if I actually had a behavioral problem. I had however planned ahead, I hoped that I could avoid the worst of the embarrassment by wearing skirt meaning she wouldn't necessarily have to pull my bottoms down and secondly I had worn a long T-shirt and so hoped that if I had to stand on a stool again I could be somewhat covered even in this terrible thong.

She dragged me to the oh too familiar chair. I was terrified, I felt like a little girl again. She easily overpowered me as like my sister we where both small and skinny for our respected ages. For my sister this meant that our step sister was nearly the same size as her and was a much more dominant personality. I was dragged over the chair arm and I could hear clearly the laughter of Julie. The addition of the extra audience increased my embarrassment and suddenly my heart stopped as I realized I was only seconds away from everyone seeing my thong clad bottom. "Please I'll be good!" I begged but It was no use. Luckily she did decide to lift my skirt, I felt the soft fabric slide up the top of my legs exposing my bottom. "She hasn't got any knicker on!" laughed Julie excitedly but my Stepmother soon confirmed as it was pulled all the way up my back that in fact I did have something on, a bright green thong exposing in my bent over position my pale bottom to the room. I was crying now, a blush spreading all over my face. "I keep telling you to stop dressing like a slut!" My stepmother shouts "well i'll teach you for exposing your bottom, you'll be begging for some of the little girl panties when i'm done with you."

I can't believe what is happening, I'm mooning the whole room. Both my step siblings are loving what i'm going through for different reasons. I realized that Bobby is getting a far longer and sustained view of my bare bottom that last week and now the spanking starts. It's obvious mu stepmother is trying to teach me a lesson. The whacks intensify and suddenly my white cheeks are tanned red, I scream and cry but this time she carries on longer. She then grabs the brush and i'm ready for the question she always asks me. However this time i'd much rather have them on the bare as i'm hardly covered anyway. She doesn't give me a choice though and my already tender bottom is subjected to the pain of the wooden paddle-like back of the brush. I suddenly didn't care about my bum been on show all there was, was the pain. I wouldn't be able to sit right that day or sleep well that night. Finally she let up I could tell from her breathing that she had gone a little overboard.

I instantly pulled my skirt back down and cover my bottom. I try and wipe my tears away but it's no good i'm still crying like a baby. My stepmother fetches the stool of shame that she had left out to remind me of last weeks incident. She looked down on me covered still by my skirt and long T-shirt. She made me stand on the stool with my hands up in the air. I knew what was coming and could hear Julie asking Bobby "Is mam, gona strip her now?" I saw his grin as he silently nodded. My skirt was the first to go being pulled down my legs without resistance. I looked down and my heart got a bit of joy as even with my arms up in the air my bottom was only slightly on view. My step-mum stepped around me examining her handy work. "Right then you've got to stay like this for an hour" she says and despite everything I stop crying, my shame wasn't as terrible as it could have been. I was facing Bobby and my sisters, I could see the disappointment their faces. However my almost smile vanished as all of a sudden I felt a tug at my shirt. "Almost forgot this" says my stepmother with a wicked delight in her voice. With my arms up in the air my shirt was quickly pulled upwards. I saw Bobby's eyes flash down to my exposed crotch and saw his terrible grin and it passed past my bra. My view of him was hidden for a moment as it passed over my head, my last refuge of coverage had been stripped from me leaving me standing in the exposed thong and modest floral print bra.

This day however my stepmother never left the room so i couldn't be harassed more by Bobby or Julie. Although there was lots of staring and laughter from them It could have been a lot worse. I also knew that Bobby kept secretly taking pictures of me with his phone, suddenly it hit me, I know he might delete the old ones but now he'll have a lovely collection to blackmail me with. with that thought going through my head tears start to flow freely again, I feel so ashamed standing their unable to cover my underwear while my step family laugh at me.

**Part 3**

It was weeks after the second humiliating incident and my stepmother thought things had worked. However Bobby with a handy pile of blackmail approaches me with an offer ether break a window or serve him and his friends drinks in just my thong and push-up bra after school tomorrow.

He leaves me with the choice and i'm terrified of ether option. In the end however I just can't bring myself to let more than just Bobby see my in my underwear never mind my skimpy embarrassing ones. My heart was racing, I knew I had no choice. I dreaded the spanking but maybe it wouldn't be too bad if I made it look like an accident. It was a Sunday morning and my Stepmother was out shopping. I couldn't believe I was doing this.

Bobby had agreed to delete all the photos of me and not take anymore if I did this. I picked up a cricket ball that Bobby had left on the side and felt it's weight. I walked outside and breathing heavily threw it straight through a small window just to the side of the door. The sound and the mess send a chill of fear down my spine. I had done it and now I was going to be in a lot of trouble, I don't know what possessed me to but I ran.

It was stupid and I know, I would have to face the punishment eventually but I couldn't help it my feet had a life of their own. I hid out in the park for a few hours before forcing myself to return, terror dragged my feet slowly along towards my fate.

As I entered the house my Step mum greeted me frowning, the glass had been cleaned up and suddenly I knew I should have stayed and cleaned it up myself as running will have only made things worse and add to my guilt. My only hope is that she buys that it was an accident. I struggled for word to explain myself when she cuts me off. "We've been waiting for you, get in the living room" She said turning and expecting me to follow, my fear was at at it's peak but suddenly as I entered the room I knew everything was wrong. My sister was white faced and tears already dripped down her eyes.

My step mum addressed me before I could ask the question "Your sister has broken a window by her own stupidity of playing with heavy ball near the house, she will now learn" I froze starting at my innocent little sister clinging to the hem of her white sundress for comfort. Why had she covered for me!"No! It was me!" I yell out desperately but my stepmother looks at me annoyed. "She admitted to it and Julie confirmed that is what happened. I know you're only trying to protect your sister but don't you dare lie to me!" shouted my stepmother causing me to step back in fear. "The next time you lie to me you'll be sharing her fate" I looked at my little sister who just shakes her head signalling me not to resist. She had made her decision.

This was worse than it happening to me. My sister was led over to the chair which I had come to associate with my humiliation. I felt powerless watching her submit to my stepmother's strength, She looked so little and innocent younger than her actual age. I looked over at Bobby and he was grinning, it might not have been the show he expected but it would be a second girl he would get to see in her panties. Julie was beaming obviously about to enjoy my sisters shame. As she was bent over her dress rode up exposing the first glimpses of her white knickers.

I felt sick as I watched as the dress lifted up, I heard my sister let out a cry of embarrassment as all her panty clad bottom came on display. She had pale skin like me and suddenly the whole room had a great view of her white panties with a rainbow trim waistband. I knew the pair and knew they had a smiling cloud and rainbow on the front.

Even from this angle I could see her face burning red. She was crying even before the first blow impacted and with each hit I felt her shame, each hit should have been meant for me. I felt like not only had I failed to protect her but I had caused her to suffer. I was crying too by the end unable to take my eyes of my yelping sister.

Although she had been given a much milder spanking than I had taken, her being younger and better behaved let her get more or less away with the accident. If it had been me i'm sure i'd have had the brush and probably this time on the bare bottom.

The spanking stopped and luckily no brush had been used, Her bottom was probably red underneath her modest knickers but at least our step sibligns hadn't got a view of her naked. Once she was done and let up she ran into my arms burying her head into my chest I felt her tears through my thin top but I didn't care about that I just hugged her tight.

I watched silent and unable to help as our step mother retrieved the shame stool and placed it in the center of the room. My sister almost had to be prised out of my arms and made to stand on the stool. I was terrified that her dress was going to be removed as it covered her knickers, I knew if my sister had been seen in her little bra it would have devastated her.

Instead she was made to hold her dress up around her stomach and stay like that for half an hour. I think for my sister this was worse than the spanking. She stood facing us having to hold her own skirt up showing the front of her panties to the room. She was made to hold her dress up enough to reveal her pale stomach. The whole event I wanted to jump up and save her but i know any interference on my behalf would only lead to me being punished and possibly my sister getting worse too.

Once our step mother left the room the real taunting started. I watched as the pair encircled my sister getting a full view of her panties and pale skinny legs. I wanted to stop them but knew it would only mean worse for us. Julie even had the shame to pull my sisters knickers out at the back to get a look at her red bottom. "aww not as red as your sister was" she laughed letting them ping back into place. MY sister was beat red and crying from the embarrassment of a boy seeing her in her knickers.

Luckily however shortly after our step mother reentered so Bobby couldn't do his usual trick of getting a look at her bare bottom like he had done to me the first time.Our mother re-entering ended the extra ordeal for her. That night my sister stayed in my room and shared my bed, tearfully she told me that she knew about the blackmail and lies and wouldn't let me go through it again as she overhead them talking about lying to say I did it on purpose. They thought if I got into trouble for something big like that again I might end up naked. Totally naked! She cries herself to sleep in my arms reliving the humiliation she had just faced I allow myself the same weakness once I know she's sleeping. I won't let them blackmail us again and there is no way i'm letting my sister go through something like that again.

**Part 4**
by [**Debbifan**](https://www.girlspns.com/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=182)

It was the day before Bobby's sleepover when he came into my bedroom with his latest demand. "Steve and Danny are coming to sleep over tomorrow night and you're going to get into trouble with mum again" he informed me. This time I stood my ground. "No way, Not again. Not with those two around." Steve was the arrogant son of a rich father who looked down on our family, though Bobby was too stupid to see it. Steve went to a private school now but was always home for weekends. Danny was just a creep from my own class at school who was forever trying to look up my skirt.

"But you have to" Bobby reminded me, repeating his threat of a few weeks ago. "Or I'll send these lovely photos I have of you to everyone in our year !" He waved his phone at me and I glimpsed one of the mortifying photos of me in the training bra and princess panties. But I had been giving this some thought in the intervening period and had my counter argument ready for him. "You and Julie might be ruling the roost now but dad won't be away working for ever. If you send those photos to everyone you lose control of them and they are still going to be around" I said. "Yeah" he laughed. "Think of all those kids seeing you in your bra and knickers"
"Oh I am, believe me" I admitted. "But what if, when dad comes home, I tell him what you've done ? And he goes around to some of the other parents and makes their kids admit they have the photos ? Who's in trouble then ? Even your mum, or our mum as I know I have to call her, won't be able to shrug off that evidence. Then who's the one in a real heap of trouble ?"

My heart was thumping. Had I pulled it off ? I could see Bobby's face lose its confidence and air of invulnerability. "So, no. I am not going to get into trouble tomorrow night. I am going to be on my best behaviour and I am going to stick like glue to our mother so she sees what a good little girl I am !" Bobby turned away defeated. "You'll be sorry" he made a vague threat but I could see he had no plan to back it up since his latest blackmail attempt had failed. "Not as sorry as you would be" I called after him in triumph.

Unfortunately, what I did not know then was that my evil little step sister had been listening at the door all the time and she was not one to admit defeat as easily as her spineless brother.

The following evening we were all sitting around in the living room. It was the boys sleepover and so they had been allowed to commandeer the TV for some shoot 'em up game. Julie had her annoying friend Laura over. She was too young to have a sleepover but had been allowed to have her friend visit for a few hours. My sister was keeping a low profile doing her homework at the table and I was browsing my phone and keeping as close to my stepmother as I could so that I would not be accused of anything.
My reverie was broken when my stepmother nudged my shoulder. "Your sister was asking you something" she said. I looked up to see that the sister in question was step sister Julie. "I was asking if you wanted to come to the kitchen and play with me and Laura and her Barbie dolls." I looked at her incredulously. What would 14 year old me want to play with dolls for ? And I didn't recall ever having seen ten year old Julie with any doll before either. "Er, no, I don't think so thanks all the same" I said, as politely as I could. Julie pulled an exaggeratedly disappointed face. "Go on" urged my stepmother. "You never make any effort to bond with your step sister. We're all one family now you know. You must have worn out the screen on that phone by now."

Reluctantly I agreed, which was also greeted by an excess display of enthusiasm from Julie. I didn't really have any intention pf playing with the two younger girls and their dolls and so had taken my phone with me to the kitchen. I should have been suspicious when the previously enthusiastic Julie made no effort to involve me in any game while I skimmed the phone but my calm was shattered by an ear piercing scream !

I had hardly had time to put down my phone and stand up to try and ascertain what was going on when my stepmother burst into the room. "What on earth is it ?" she demanded. Julie pointed at me. "She threw Laura's doll into the stove and I burned myself trying to get it out" she lied. I looked aghast at the singed Barbie lying on the floor. The evil little schemer might even have burned the very tip of a finger in scooping it out of the stove, hoping the momentary pain might be worth it.
My stomach lurched in fear. The look on my stepmother's face was worse than anything I had ever seen before. "What ? No, I never. She's lying. She did it herself" I cried. "Well Laura ? Did she ?" my stepmother asked. "It was her" Laura answered, sealing my fate. "It was my favourite doll" the friend lied, they had in truth long outgrown dolls and were happy to sacrifice this one. My stepmother's face was a mask of cold fury. "Right, That's it. You've had enough chances but you never learn, you wicked, wicked girl" she said, grabbing my arm and dragging me towards the living room!

**Part 5**

I was hauled into the living room with the two grinning younger girls tagging along behind. "You wicked, wicked, wicked girl. Whatever am I going to do with you ?" my stepmother stormed. I caught the alarmed look on the face of my sister seated doing her homework. "What's going on ?" asked Bobby innocently, as if he did not know. Julie filled him in. "They're lying, I didn't do anything" I protested. I couldn't help myself, even though I knew that each denial was only making my stepmother more and more angry and Julie and Laura were doing such a persuasive job of keeping up a united front.

"Just what do I have to do to get through to you and make you behave ?" my stepmother continued. "But I haven't done anything ?" I answered. "Stop lying, you're only making things worse for yourself" my stepmother warned. "But she wouldn't do anything like that" my sister called across. "You be quiet unless you want to be in trouble too" she was warned. I shook my head at her to indicate she should stay out of it.

My stepmother carried on with her tirade. "I've spanked you in private. I've spanked you in front of your brother" Steve and Danny looked at Bobby for confirmation. "I've spanked you in front of both your brother and sister. You've stood on the shame stool in your underwear" Steve and Danny were getting even more interested. "But none of it's had any effect" she lamented. "But I didn't do anything" I could not help myself saying one more time. "Right, that is it. You are about to get the spanking of your life young lady !" With that she began to sit down and drag me face down across her lap.

"No, not with all these here. Make them leave, it's not fair" I wailed. My stepmother was not to be moved. "Oh yes, with all these here. Maybe the shame of that might finally have some effect. We can only hope so for all our sakes." I turned my head to see Bobby taking out his phone. "No Bobby, no pictures. Put that phone out in the hall." His mother had also noticed and felt that a step too far, not knowing about the photos he already possessed. "But mum" Bobby whined. "No buts, put it in the hall" she ordered. Bobby got up and rushed back as soon as he could so as not to miss anything. His mother had waited for him. I guess I was thankful for small mercies but did not yet know that Steve was being much more circumspect and with his super smart phone resting discretely on the arm of his chair, was not just taking photos but video recording the whole event !

Once the assembled audience was attentively settled, my stepmother flipped up the bottom of my skirt. I was still wearing my school uniform and my underwear was plain white and sensible. I had not succumbed to any blackmail from Bobby and so was not wearing the hated thong. Julie and Bobby, who had witnessed these events before, were a little disappointed by the conservative knickers. But the reveal was exciting enough for Steve and Danny and embarrassing enough for me. Embarrassment was the least of my worries though once my stepmother began spanking !

I had endured spankings from her before but as she had threatened, her temper had been raised to another level. I was soon wailing and kicking my legs. "Keep still" she commanded. I noticed out of the corner of my eye, my sister getting up and running from the room crying. She did not want to witness any more of the proceedings. The three boys were all seated on the sofa to my right, while my evil nemesis Julie and her friend were sitting directly behind me.

After what seemed like an age, my stepmother paused, breathing heavily from the exertion. I waited for the now routine choice. "Do you think you have had enough young lady ?" she asked rhetorically. "Yes" I whined. "I'll be good." Of course, the decision was reached that I had not suffered enough. "What's it to be ? With the hair brush, on the bare, or twenty-five extra at the end ?" This last was a new innovation and met with a gasp from the audience. The choice was between the devil and the deep blue sea but as usual, I opted for the hair brush and gritted my teeth.

It was then, however, that my stepmother sprang her bombshell. "I see. You would prefer the hand brush would you ? But that hasn't worked in the past has it young lady ? So, instead of the choice you would prefer, you are getting both choices that you did not want. Twenty-five extra and on the bare !"
"Nooooo" I cried in desperation. "We're going to see her bare bottom" I heard Julie squeal delightedly behind me. "Cool" said Danny, the creep from my class. With no further ado, I felt the fingers of my step mother at the waistband of my knickers and then felt the air on my bum as they descended to my knees. I just had time to register the giggling from the two girls behind me before the pain began again.

I desperately tried to keep my legs clamped together and to stop kicking, in case I kicked my own knickers off completely. "OK girls" said my stepmother addressing Julie and Laura. "I want you to begin counting off the twenty-five extra spanks. We'll begin now !" The laughing girls started intoning. "One, two, three.......nine, ten, eleven...eight, nine, ten" amid much giggling. "They're messing about, they're miscounting" I managed to cry through the pain. "What ? What was that ? I can't hear properly" my stepmother laughed, seemingly enjoying the joke with her natural daughter. "Eighteen, nineteen...fifteen, sixteen" Finally, after goodness knows how many, "Twenty-four, twenty-five !"

Even my stepmother seemed to have had enough by now. She rested her hand on my flaming bottom. "I sincerely hope that at long last you have learned your lesson this time my girl" she said. "Yes, yes, I have, I'll be good" I sobbed, swallowing the bitter pill of the injustice that I had not done anything to apologise for. Surprisingly, she helped me pull my knickers very gingerly up over my throbbing backside. "I think that we had better make sure though. After all, we've been here before" she continued. "Julie, will you get the shame stool please ?"

**Part 6**

"Oh no, not in front of the boys and Julie please. I will be good, I will" I pleaded but my stepmother was implacable. "But she ruined my dolly" interrupted Laura. Thanks a lot kid, I thought ! "She did indeed" agreed my stepmother. "She really is a very bad girl and I want this to be a lesson that will surely make her think twice in future." Julie skipped back into the room carrying the chair which she deposited in front of the sofa. Steve and Danny did not know exactly what to expect but thought it would probably be something interesting. Laura had already been filled in by Julie.

"Up on the stool. Face the boys" my stepmother commanded. Bobby looked like the cat that had got the cream. "No please, not now, later" I tried. "I swear I'll be good." My stepmother talked over me, ignoring my pleas. "She has an hour of shame time boys and has to stand here with her hands on her head and not move" she explained. "Cool" said Danny. "Please no, not in front of them." Steve and Danny still weren't quite sure why I was making such a fuss. "Oh, and did I mention ? Because this is the umpteenth time I've had to punish her, she will stand there in her underwear !" my stepmother further explained, reaching for the zip of my skirt which was soon pooling around my ankles.

"Mega cool" exclaimed Danny, this was way better than trying to get a glimpse up my skirt in class. The full unclad length of my pale thin legs, which he had already seen during the spanking, were once again exposed to his gaze. And he would have a whole hour to take it in ! Needless, to say, Steve and my brother Bobby were entertaining similar thoughts. This was more of a childish prank for Julie and Laura but they were revelling in the humiliation of the snobby older step sister.

My stepmother moved around in front of me and began to unfasten the buttons of my blouse. I made one final futile effort. "No, please, let me keep this." The tail of the blouse was temporarily providing some cover for my knickers. But my stepmother studiously ignored me and when all of the buttons were undone, deftly slipped the garment off of my shoulders. My knickers were now fully exposed along with my modest floral bra, since I was no longer allowed my old set of falsies. It was hardly the sexiest set of underwear known to man, truth be told a little childish. But it was a girl their own age, from their own class in the case of a Danny and my step brother. This was more than enough for them.

"Hands on your head" my stepmother commanded. "Now stay there, don't move and don't say a word." I was relieved to see her sit back down in the chair that had been the scene of my painful spanking. The throb in my backside was slowly beginning to abate and at least she had not left the room and left me in the clutches of my evil step siblings and their friends. I knew that I was blushing furiously but I desperately tried to keep looking straight ahead and avoid eye contact with the boys and desperately tried to shut out the giggles and teasing emanating from Julie and Laura. I succeeded for a few minutes but then heard my stepmother's phone chirp.

"I've got to take this work call" she said standing up. "But I'll be right outside. Don't you dare move" she said to me. I was terrified that Bobby would start to behave as he had done when left alone with me in these circumstances once before but maybe the presence of his friends was an inhibitor rather than an encouragement. Whatever it was, the three boys remained seated grinning at me. Unexpectedly it was Laura who ran up behind me, pulled out the back of the waistband of my knickers and let it slap back just above my sensitive bottom. "Ow" I cried. Laura scampered back to her seat and the boys laughed. "Nice knickers" said Danny. "Wait until I tell the others in class that I've seen them" he laughed. "Yeah ? Well, I'll just deny it" I responded. "You've no proof" I carried on, confident that Bobby had been made to deposit his phone outside the room. "Oh, I wouldn't be so sure about that" said Steve slyly. It was then I noticed his smart phone propped on the armrest and pointed at me !

Before I could challenge him on it, my stepmother returned to the room. Something at work had clearly put her in an even worse frame of mind. "I don't believe how some people can be so incompetent. Anyway, has she been good ?" she asked the assembled crowd. "Not really" answered Julie. "What ? I have. I haven't moved" I said. My stepmother's face was already darkening. "She swore" continued the evil Julie. "Called you a bitch" she continued. "Said she'd get her revenge when her dad comes home" added Laura, who had been prompted by Julie knowing that this would press my stepmother's buttons !

"No, they're lying again. They're always lying" I called in desperation. My stepmother approached me with a look of cold fury. "And there was I thinking that you just might have finally got it this time" she began. She leaned in close to me. "Shall we start the spanking all over again ?" she asked. "I fought back tears but did not reply. "Well ? Should we ?" she demanded angrily. "No, please no. My poor bottom could not take it tonight" I cried.

"Very well" continued my stepmother, moving behind me. "In that case, the alternative is that you complete your shame time stark naked !" And before I knew it she had unclasped the back of my bra and pulled it off me completely. "I can see her boobies" cried Julie in delight. Before I could react the boys had also had an eyeful of my little nubs with their round pink nipples. I began to hyperventilate as belatedly I pulled up my arms to cover my chest. But my stepmother hadn't been bluffing when she had said I would be stark naked. While I was preoccupied with covering my boobs, she grabbed my knickers and whisked them down to my ankles !

I could not believe what had happened so quickly. Bobby, Danny and Steve were staring at me naked. Staring at my few thin little wisps of brown pubic hair. A boy from my own class was seeing me like this ! My mind was in a whirl. Julie and Laura were prancing around me and chanting childishly, "Step sister's all naked, step sister's all naked !"

"Shush girls" said my stepmother indulgently. "And what do you think you're doing now ?" she asked me as I stood there huddled awkwardly, not knowing what part of me to try to hide. "What ?" I answered dumbly. "You know the score. Shame time means you stand up there with your hands on your head." I looked at her for any sign of mercy but received none. Totally defeated, I complied. Bobby surveyed me with a look of total triumph. I would say that it was my worst nightmare but my mind had been incapable of ever dreaming up a nightmare as bad as this.

My stepmother announced that I had forty minutes remaining of my shame time. It was the tiniest of respites, I had feared she might begin all over again. She remained in the room so the others could not be too outrageous but Steve would occasionally gesture at his phone with a grin and on a couple of occasions the boys took the opportunity to get up and inspect my red bottom from behind. The two evil girls were worse with continual giggling and silly songs. But the very worst was when my poor sister popped her head around the door of the room, took one look at me standing there naked, burst into tears and rushed back upstairs.

At long last, the time elapsed. I had to stand there and endure one final lecture from my stepmother about learning my lesson, before I was allowed to step down from the stool. I did not bother getting dressed again but scooped up my clothes and ran from the room, ran straight upstairs to comfort my poor sister.