[**Chloe Harris**](mailto:turtlecon1@aol.com)

by Chloe Harris

**Chloe Harris part 1**

I slide my finger across the screen of my phone and somehow resisted the urge to throw it against the wall. Why of all times did my boyfriend's Aunt have to be sick and need him to drive his parents all the way to Cumbria. Now he rings me to tell that they are stuck because of the weather, Storm Desmond to be exact. It could be days before he is able to get home and he wants me to go and stay over at his parent's house and be company for his thirteen year old brother Mark.  
  
Quickly I packed some things into a bag and got in to the car to drive the few miles to their house. Mark not surprisingly was none to happy to see me, exclaiming that he was perfectly able to look after himself and didn't see why I had to be there. I wasn't in the mood to argue with him and before I realised what I had said I told him it was more to do with me not wanting to stay on my own. It was partially true as Simon and I had only lived together for a few months and before that I lived with my parents so actually I had never really stayed on my own.  
  
I found my way around his Mum's kitchen and got my self a strong coffee before going in to the lounge and sit with Mark. He was sat playing on his phone like most thirteen year old's seemed to do nowadays. As I sipped my coffee he told me the football was on the television later so I could forget about watching anything else. I replied that it was fine, he could watch whatever he wanted and tried to say that it was not ideal for either of us but we ought to just try and get along for the next few days.  
  
I made a few brief attempts at engaging in conversation with him but being a twenty six year old woman I hardly had anything in common with him and his one word replies didn't make it easy. I got up to put my cup in the sink and went up to Simon's old room to put my things away and gasped in surprise when I saw inside. Instead of the smart neutral coloured bedroom/office of a professional architect there was a bright pink room more suitable for a 3 year old girl. There was a single bed and soft toys everywhere and cartoon pictures all round the walls.  
  
I was standing looking around in dismay when Mark nudged me in the back giggling; “Bit different now since you were last here Chloe” he laughed.  
  
He told me it had been decorated for his cousin Katie who sometimes stayed over and she was indeed 3. With another laugh and a sarcastic comment that it suited a “Brat” like me he left so I could put my things away. How dare he call me a Brat and although I knew Simon had sometimes joked that was “high maintenance” so to speak I wondered if he had ever referred to me with that term. I was angry and frustrated and decided to have a shower and get ready for bed as there was nothing else to do and I would try and have an early night.  
  
I stood in the childish room wrapped in a towel and thought to myself how I would have some fun with Mark now and get him back for calling me a brat. I got out a little black satin nighty with some matching knickers that Simon had bought me. I put them on and stood in front of the mirror brushing my wet hair. My knickers were quite easily visible. the nighty was so short but at least there were not a thong so did cover enough of me. I could make out the outline of my nipples and the neckline of the nighty was low enough to show the swell of my small breasts, something that did make me feel embarrassed although Simon would often tell me that my bum made up for that.  
  
I did have quite a full round bottom and often wore tight jeans or leggings to show it off and thought it would be fun now to give Mark a treat and see how flustered he would become seeing me like this. I knew it was rather naughty of me but it was just a bit of harmless fun and I doubt he would see me as a brat now, more the sophisticated twenty something personnel manager that I was. with one last look at myself in the mirror I almost had second thoughts but decided to do it as a kind of “dare” to myself.  
  
I walked slowly downstairs and could feel my heart beating, with a deep breath I opened the door to the lounge and right at the last moment had a change of mind. I stood almost fully hidden by the door and just looked around it. Mark was still playing on his phone and didn't even look up. I hesitated then announced I was going to have an early night and I would see him in the morning. I was calling myself a coward and a chicken in my own head for refusing to carry out my own “dare” when he did look up.  
  
“Oh what ever” he almost grunted “but do you mind passing me a drink of cola out of the fridge........please” he added.  
  
I could feel my eyes open wider and a slight panic rushed over me and before I knew it I nodded my head and found myself walking to the kitchen. Oh God, I had done it now, I had to take him the drink and let him see me. I convinced myself that he would hardly even notice and holding the can of cola tightly I walked in the lounge. I stood right in front of him and held my hand out with cola in it. I was right he hadn't even looked up from his phone. Almost without looking he reached out his hand and I had to move mine towards his to pass the cola to him.  
  
I was just smiling to myself at what he was missing when I saw his eyes look at my feet then slowly move up my legs. A little shiver ran through me as I let go of the cola and just about managed to tug the hem of the nighty down to cover my knickers as his gaze met my eyes. I knew I was blushing as a smile spread across his face and instinctively I looked away. I felt rooted to the spot and not able to move a muscle as I knew he was looking me up and down. Far from making him feel uncomfortable and nervous it was me that had those feeling now.  
  
With a hint of amusement he spoke, “So Chloe, do you always get ready for bed at 7pm”  
  
I could feel myself bite my lip and shake my head, this had truly backfired now. So much for the sophisticated appearance I had hoped for, I felt more like the child in the room instead of him. I was just trying to work out a way of leaving the room without just turning around and showing my knickers completely when he asked if I had anything for tea or more importantly for him what was I making for tea. I could feel myself shrug my shoulders and admit I had not even thought about that and before I knew what was happening he pointed to a take-away menu on the side and exclaimed we could have a pizza then.  
  
My mind was racing inside but there was no way I could get out of this now and tried to act as normal as I possibly could and passed him the menu. I was still standing in front of him with my hand on the hem of my nighty trying to hide my knickers from his gaze as he announced he would order a pepperoni for himself and thrust the menu out for me to choose. I had no option but to take hold of the menu and with both hands I held it open so I could read it. He was clicking the order on his phone as I asked if I could have a small ham and pineapple please. I knew my nighty had ridden up now and he had chance to see my knickers clearly it was so short.  
  
With a nervous half smile I offered to get some plates ready and turned to go in the kitchen. He followed me in, obviously loving seeing me walk around like this and despite feeling so embarrassed I felt a sort of thrill as well. I had to reach up to high wall cupboard to get the plates and knew my nighty was almost at the top of my knickers now giving him a totally unrestricted view of them. The kitchen was untidy and after putting the plates on the table I walked around clearing things away. I could feel my braless breasts bouncing around a little and knew he was sitting at the table making no attempt to take his eyes off me.  
  
Gradually I put everything away and made no attempt to try and cover myself up and bent over in front of him letting him see down my nighty as well as reaching up high. With all the walking around I could feel that my knickers had worked there way up between my bum cheeks and knew most of bottom was on show now. I could hardly believe what a show I was giving him when suddenly there was a knock at the door. He let out a giggle and told me to open the door and show my fat bum to the pizza guy now I has showed it off to him for the last ten minutes. I blushed and shook my head then began to panic as he told me I needed to pay for it anyway.  
  
I had never thought that it needed paying for as I always pay online when ever me and Simon order a pizza. Another louder bang on the door made me shiver and almost gasp out loud as I walked towards the door trying to work out how much it was going to be and how much I had in my purse. I hardly even considered what little I was wearing as I opened the door and apologised that I had forgot to get the money ready and I would only be a minute.  
  
I turned around and realised that my purse was in my handbag upstairs and quickly ran up to get it. The door was now wide open and I could feel how much my bum cheeks jiggled as I climbed each step. I could hear Mark apologise again to the pizza guy and gasped in shock as he asked if his Mum was always this disorganised. Mark bust out laughing saying that I was not his Mum but the stuck up girlfriend of his older brother. I was blushing bright red as I got back to the door and opened my purse. With my mind still wondering how on earth this idiot could think I was Mark's mother I let out a little whine in further panic.  
  
I could see only one note and a few coins in my purse, “oh god I don't think I have got enough money”  
  
I looked up to see him change his face from the amused expression he had before to one a little more annoyed. I tried to count out the £16.50 as he began to say was this reason I had answered the door showing my tits and arse then, hoping for a free pizza. I gasped in shock shaking my head saying it was just an accident I was dressed like this and all the time could hear how pathetic my excuses were sounding. I held out £15.50 and looked at him saying I was so sorry but that was all I had and I promised I hadn't done this on purpose.  
  
He shook his head and I was almost on the verge of tears and asked if I could pay with my card then as Mark stood at the side of me holding out a pound coin. “I will lend you a pound then Chloe”  
  
I felt so relieved and grabbed the coin gratefully and thrust it in the hands of the grubby little delivery guy as Mark took hold of the pizza's. I was sneering in contempt at him and about to close the door without saying anything when he thrust the coin back in my hand. I could feel my mouth open in dismay as he said how he didn't want a young kid to have to pay for some tart who wants to play games and he had a better idea to make me earn the £1. I had no idea what he meant as all of a sudden he took hold of my wrist and spun me around roughly.  
  
“Smack” A loud stinging slap flashed down on to my left bum cheek followed quickly by “Smack” another to my right cheek.  
  
I let out a squeal as he released my wrist and I thrust both hands to my bum and gave a little dance up and down. Mark was looking in pure disbelief at what he had just seen and I was numb with the shock of the events. I turned around to see the pizza guy still standing in the doorway and was seething in anger that he dare do such a thing. My hands were still rubbing my bum cheeks and amazed that just two smacks could sting so much. I could see his stern looking face staring at me and despite wanting to let out a tirade of abuse at the audacity of his actions all that came out of my mouth was a meek, “Sorry”.  
  
His face changed into a smile again. “That's alright young lady and how about a thank you”  
  
My mind was rushing at a thousand miles an hour but I replied, “Yes........err thank you for smacking my bottom”  
  
How had I said such embarrassing words as I could hear Mark openly giggling in the background and then as if it couldn't get any worse the pizza guy shouted over to Mark that maybe he ought to tell his brother than his girlfriend responds well to a smacked bottom and to get him to spank me often to keep my in line. With such demeaning words ringing in my head he closed the door as Mark laughed how much fun that was to see and hurry up and come and get the pizza.

**Chloe Harris part 2**

The last thing I wanted to do was eat anything but I walked in to the kitchen trying as much as I could to forget the whole chain of events knowing deep down I only had myself to blame. Mark smiled and made a glib comment about sitting down or would I prefer to stand. I couldn't help but giggle and admit I would prefer to stand and as we eat the pizza I asked Mark not to say anything to anyone, especially Simon about what had happened. He agreed and then as I turned away to tidy the plates away he burst out laughing.  
  
“Oh god Chloe you have got two bright red hand prints on your bum” he choked laughing so much.  
  
I could feel my self pout back at him and the sting of before had subsided to leave a lovely warm glow instead. I looked over my shoulder and down to my bottom and could clearly see the hand prints myself. I shook my head and actually giggled openly. I told him that the smacks did actually hurt but it felt alright now. I finished clearing the kitchen and made myself a coffee as Mark went in to the lounge to watch the football. I joined him with my coffee and sat gingerly opposite him.  
  
I couldn't sit still and the thought of getting the hard slaps from the pizza guy filled my mind. I was in a kind of daydream when Mark let out an anguished gasp, his football team had conceded a goal. He turned away looking miserable and for some reason I wanted to say or do something to make him feel better. Without really thinking I looked up and asked if we ought to have a pizza for tea tomorrow evening. He looked at me and I could sense he was thinking about something. He began to speak then stopped. I could see he looked a little uncomfortable but I encouraged him to say what he wanted and I wouldn't mind.  
  
He hesitated, “Alright then Chloe I dare you to answer the door without your knickers this time”  
  
I could feel my mouth open and he looked away obviously expecting me to admonish him or something for suggesting such a thing. I could feel myself involuntarily squeezing my thighs together at the thought. God it would be such a rush but dare I really do such a thing. He must have sensed by my silence that I was thinking about it. He looked back over at me and smiled before adding that maybe I would get some more smacks, specially if I didn't have enough money again. I knew I was blushing but something inside had just switched on now and I wanted it to go further and further.  
  
I cleared my throat to speak, “Alright Mark, I accept your dare but could I have time to get used to walking around with my knickers off first”  
  
He looked a little puzzled but his face began to register what I meant. “So you want to take your knickers off now?”  
  
I could feel myself blushing and fidgeted as I sat. I bit my lip and looked down at the carpet. “Yes please Mark may I take my knickers off now so I can get used to walking around and then answering the door to the pizza guy...or anyone else”  
  
To say the look on his face was priceless would be the understatement of the year. I could see he was trying to keep calm and as nonchalantly as he could just shrugged his shoulders and replied that he didn't mind. He reached for the remote of the television and turned the volume down and then sat upright on the edge of his seat. Slowly I stood up and took a few paces until I was right in front of him. The atmosphere was intense and a thousand things ran though my head telling me not to do this but I had gone too far now.  
  
I looked at him before asking so politely, “Please Mark would it be alright if I took my knickers off”  
  
He replied with a brisk okay and slowly I put my hands to the waistband. Trying to breath normally I began to push them down with one hand while using the other to hold my nighty in front of my light brown pubic hair. I kept the nighty pulled down and once my knickers got to my knees I gave my legs a little wriggle to get them to slip to my ankles. I lifted one foot at a time and stepped right out of my knickers leaving them laying on the floor. With a nervous shudder in my voice I whispered “thank you”.  
  
“You're welcome Chloe” he smiled “but you are not going to walk around holding your nighty like that though …...are you”.  
  
I realised he hadn't actually seen between my legs yet and even though my knickers were on the floor by my feet I still had the last stage to go to show myself to him. With trembling hands I moved them nervously to my side and felt the nighty spring back up by itself to stay almost at the top of my neatly trimmed bush. My face must have been crimson as he looked intently for a minute or so before asking me to turn around. I shuffled my feet around and stood with my back to him. Without being told I decided to reach around and ease my nighty right up around my waist so he could see every square millimetre of my bare bottom.  
  
“That's much better Chloe.....will it stay like that if you tuck it up”, he asked, as if he had a a twenty six year old woman stand displaying herself to him every day of the week.  
  
As I tried to fold the bottom of the nighty up in itself to allow it to remain around my waist I hissed a sharp breath between my teeth as I felt his hand on my bum cheek. I could feel my mouth go dry as he traced his fingers all over my cheeks before sounding disappointed that the hand prints from earlier had almost faded completely. Before I could think of anything to say I let out a little yelp in surprise as well as pain as he delivered a sharp “Smack”.  
  
“Shall we see if I can make a few hand prints on your bare bum then Chloe” he giggled  
  
He continued with several more slaps as I confirmed that he could, although I hardly think he was asking my permission anyway. I let out little gasps and most unladylike grunts as the “Smacks” continued to reign down. He even placed his left hand on my thigh to kind of steady himself so he could land harder “Smacks”. Soon my bottom was really beginning to sting and I could feel the heat building up and my gasps getting louder and louder. My breathing was becoming heavier and as well as the gasps I was letting out little yelps and squeals each time a particular hard slap seemed to catch just the right part of my bottom as if he had got the timing just right.  
  
“Wow Chloe, that has made your bum nice a red.....all the hand prints have blended together now” he exclaimed.  
  
I looked over my shoulder as he stopped and sat back to admire the view and I couldn't resit touching my sore bottom. I could see him grinning triumphantly as I gave a sulky little pout and squeezed my sore tender cheeks. I stood massaging them for several minutes still in dismay at why I had allowed all this to happen let alone the thought of answering the door like this at some point the next day.  
  
“What have you got to say for yourself now young lady” he almost mimicked the smug old pizza guy.  
  
“Oh err......thank you Mark for smacking my bare bottom” I couldn't believe how grateful I actually sounded  
  
“You're welcome Chloe....it was a pleasure” he smiled  
  
I asked if I could get myself a drink and he seemed quite amused that I was asking as if somehow he had become in charge and in all honesty it felt like he had. I gulped down some cold water and made a coffee as well as asking if he wanted anything bringing. He asked for another cola and I walked in carrying my coffee in one hand and his cola in the other. My nighty was still tucked right up around my waist giving him a clear display of my tuft of hair between my legs. He grinned widely as I handed him the cola and not really knowing why I stayed standing in front of him sipping my coffee.  
  
He looked up and said with a confident authority now, “Spread your legs nice and wide then.......lets see what you have got to show the pizza guy tomorrow!”  
  
I shivered in shame at the thought of that but almost eagerly pushed my feet along the carpet until my legs were wide apart. I held my coffee cup tight up to my lips and sipped it slowly letting Mark take in the sight in front of him. I glanced down to see him staring and gradually he leaned closer and closer. Without asking permission or anything he reached out his hand and ran his finger on my tummy and then along the top of where my bush started.  
  
He gazed up to meet my eyes, “So is this bit shaved then Chloe” he asked and continued to run his finger around my pubic hair where it met the smoother skin around it.  
  
I answered his rather personal question truthfully and explained that yes I shaved around my pubic hair to make the sort of triangle shape smaller than it would be otherwise. He gave several tugs at the fullest part of my bush and asked if I have had to cut this to stop it growing any longer. I told him I didn't although I had shaved almost all of it off last summer before I went on holiday to Spain. I could see his face light up and with one final hard tug that made me gasp he let go.  
  
“So Chloe how about I dare you shave every single hair off before you open the door tomorrow”. He grinned.  
  
I was numb at the idea but the glow in my bottom and standing like this was making me not think straight.  
  
“Oh only if you agree to giving me another hard spanking first Mark”

**Chloe Harris part 3**

I woke up and looked around the room, for a few seconds I had no idea where I was. Gradually I began to remember the whole series of bizarre events of yesterday. Oh god how I had I managed to to not only get my bottom slapped quite hard by the obnoxious fat old pizza guy but then to go along with Mark's dare to take my knickers off let alone then having a spanking from him and another obscene dare. I sat up and slid my feet out of bed only to be reminded of the fact I was only wearing one brief garment.  
  
It felt so deliciously naughty and daring to step out on the soft carpet and then slowly open the door and creep downstairs. I stood waiting for the kettle to boil for my morning coffee then suddenly had a panic fill my mind. What if Simon and his parent's had got home in the middle of the night. I looked around to see any signs but even as I did the thought of being seen like sent a shiver run through me. I walked over to the window and felt a sigh of relief to see no car in the drive and had to smile to myself as I had suddenly become addicted to the the thought of someone seeing me like this.  
  
I sipped my coffee and almost wanted to go and wake Mark up so we could continue the absurd charade of him being in charge of me and telling me what to do. Even the thought of him seeing me again was enough to send a tingle up my spine. Here I was a grown woman of 26 wandering around the house of my boyfriend's parents dressed in nothing more than a black nighty that didn't even reach the base of my bum cheeks and left my bush on show at the front. For some unknown reason I almost felt like I had become another person and had no concept of the consequences of acting like this.  
  
As I walked around I saw the pizza box's from last night and another jolt of memory made me wince at how hard the pizza guy had actually slapped my bum cheeks. I remembered the dare to let him see me without my knickers this time then gasped as I also remembered the condition that Mark had set as well. To shave my bush as bare as a baby so he could really get a look of what I had between my legs. With that thought in my head I picked up the cardboard box's and walked back into the kitchen to look for somewhere to put them.  
  
I then recalled that Simon's Mum had a cardboard recycling tub that I thought she kept in the garage. I walked along the hall to the door that led to the garage but it was locked with no key. On the wall near the front door was a set of hooks with various keys as well as a little fob to open the electric garage door. The fob caught my eye instantly and I had to smile to myself. Could I really do what I was thinking. Walk outside in broad daylight, wait for the garage door to open and put the box's away, all in just the stupid short nighty.  
  
It was like a challenge, a dare to myself and slowly I opened the front door and glanced down the drive and onto the pavement then the road. No one was around and it was a quiet neighbourhood anyway. I took a step outside and instantly stood on a little pebble and jumped back inside. I looked down to see my shoes, which were a pair of patent black leather high heels. I looked down and thought surely I couldn't put them on. Feeling my heart race I stepped into them and imagined how much more a surreal sight I must look now. As I went back outside I held the box's in front of me and pointed the fob the the garage door and slowly it began to creek open.  
  
The little morning chill made acutely aware of how little I was wearing and thought that with box's held at waist level if anyone did catch a glimpse of me then its wouldn't look too unusual. The door seemed to take an age to finally open enough for me to walk inside. As I did so I moved the box's behind me to shield my practically bare bottom from the view of the road. I had a giggle to myself at my little game and for a brief second moved the box's and imagined my bare bum on show to street. Little goosebumps sprang out as I looked around the garage but couldn't find the blue recycling tub anywhere.  
  
I walked back out to the drive and once again pointed the fob at the door before realising I was standing facing the door waiting for it to close and the box's were in front of me. My bare bottom was indeed on show to who ever was looking and just as I heard the noise of a car driving by I thrust the box's behind me in panic and half turned around at the same time. Once again a thrill ran through me and just as the garage door clicked shut and I turned to walk back in the house a voice made me jump.  
  
“Hello dear, are you looking for something” asked a middle aged woman who I presumed must live next door.  
  
I turned to face her square on with the box's firmly held at thigh level, not really caring that from the road it was now apparent how short my black nighty was and the fact that it was the only I was wearing apart from my shoes. I saw her look me up and down and seem to raise an eyebrow as she gazed past the boxes to my bare legs and then to my high heels. I was speechless for a moment as he face began to register who I was.  
  
“Oh, its err …...Simon's girlfriend isn't it” she asked and before she could think of my name I nodded and said “yes...Chloe”  
  
She smiled and said how she remembered how Simon had called and it was all a bit of a rush as they set off to Cumbria. I was trying not to be rude and just interrupt her conversation as she went on to say how bad the weather looked like up there because of Storm Frank. She asked how Mark was and how good it was for to me to have come round and look after him. All the time I was praying for her to shut up and say goodbye and turn around so I could get back inside the house. It was bad enough that I could be seen from the road but if anyone was looking from the other side of the house they would clearly see I was knickerless out on the drive.  
  
Her attention was drawn to the box's and just as I was about to explain what I was actually doing outside, I heard the gate open. I looked around in panic and saw the postman walking towards me holding out a large white envelope. I knew he expected me to put my hand out and take it from him. I was holding both the pizza box's with both my hands and doubted whether I could manage to keep them held together with just one hand. Nervously I had tried to turn a little more sideways knowing the postman had not seemed to really look at me properly but at the same time trying to make sure the woman couldn't see how short my nighty was and the fact that it was all I was wearing.  
  
I could feel myself blush and look at the envelope trying to work out how I was going to grab it as he got closer and closer. I tried moving one hand and the box's began to separate and quickly I held them tight again. I could feel myself turn more with my back now against the garage when suddenly the front door opened and a half asleep Mark stood rubbing his eyes. The postman's attention was diverted from me and he handed Mark the envelope. I was willing him to just turn around and walk back down the drive when he reached into his shoulder bag and exclaimed he had a letter for Mrs Williams while he was here.  
  
I looked over and saw Mark notice me clutching the box's and could see he could tell why I was holding them so tight and why they were held at waist height. He began to smile and looked between me, the postman and Mrs Williams, who has now engaged him in conversation. A wave of panic spread over me and I looked at Mark standing in the doorway and thought about just running and trying to get my way inside before everyone realised I was outside with just the box's to keep my modesty. Alas my opportunity had evaporated as mark opened his mouth.  
  
“So what on earth are you doing outside dressed like that Chloe” , how could he sound so firm at his age  
  
The Postman turned and suddenly focused on me as did Mrs Williams who instantly had a look of disdain on her face. With a huge smile on his face, enjoying every second of my discomfort and embarrassment he asked again. This time he folded his arms and had a brief glance to the postman and his next door neighbour before sounding even more in control.  
  
“I won't ask you again, young lady” he barked.  
  
Oh god how could he call me “Young lady” when he was barely half my age himself. I could feel my legs actually tremble and knew my face must be the reddest it had even been in my entire life. Oh why cant these two amused spectators just leave us alone at least. It wouldn't be so bad if they were not not staring intently waiting for my response as if I was having to answer to an irate father and not the little brother of my boyfriend. I took several quick breaths and tried to explain.  
  
“Oh well....err.... I was just looking for the recycling tub to put the pizza box's in …..that's all” I flicked my eyes between all three of them as I spoke.  
  
A devious smile came over his face, “Well it is collection day today so it outside the gate on the pavement”  
  
I could feel my eyes open wide and my breathing becoming shallow as the panic increased. I shook my head in dismay thinking surely he didn't intend me to just walk brazenly out and deposit the box's there and then and walk back in front of all of them. The postman had now realised and a huge grin had appeared on his face meanwhile Mrs Williams was pursing her lips and looking at me with contempt.  
  
“So you were in such a rush you didn't have time to put your knickers on.....is that what you are saying young lady” he added sarcastically.  
  
I sniffed like a child and could feel the tears of shame well up in my eyes as I looked down at the floor and mumbled, “I'm sorry Mark”  
  
“Well obviously the spanking you got yesterday hasn't stopped you being such a brat has it” he remarked so casually  
  
The Postman attempted to stifle a giggle at my expense as well as Mrs Williams snorting back a disbelieving laugh. I could feel my chest heaving under my thin nighty and looked up to see Mark take a step outside. This was insane how could I possibly consider walking to the pavement like this. I looked up to see Mark take another step towards me and he looked so calm and self assured as I felt like a nervous wreck about to burst into tears.  
  
“Are you going to take the box's like a good little girl ….....Or do you want the whole street to see how you get your bare bottom smacked” this time he couldn't hide the hint of amusement.  
  
I could hardly put one foot in front of the other as I began to walk down the drive towards the gate. The sound of my heels clicking on the concrete seemed to reinforce my spectacle. I knew my practically bare bottom was now jiggling with each step and openly on view to the three of them behind me. The Postman openly sniggered and announced how the lads at the depot would not believe a word of this when he told them. I reached the gate and not thinking properly took one hand off the box's to try and open it. The box's immediately fell to the ground and in panic I bent over to grab them.  
  
My nighty was now up around my waist as I stumbled in the heels trying to get the box's into to recycling tub. The postman let out a loud wolf whistle as my bare backside was now thrust up lewdly for then all to see. Before I managed to close the lid on the tub it felt like a hundred cars had driven past and god knows how many more of the neighbours caught sight of me. I turned back to walk towards them with my hands tugging my nighty down almost feeling like I would rip it. My head was down and the sound of the heels clipping like a horse was all I could hear.  
  
“Go back and close the gate...........you know its like having a 6 year old Mrs Williams...... god knows how Simon puts up with her” he spoke to his bemused neighbour.  
  
I couldn't hold the tears in any more and half ran back to the gate, hardly caring now how much my bum cheeks jiggled up and down as well as my braless breasts under the nighty. I was openly sobbing as I walked back to them with my hands crumbling my nighty up in a desperate attempt to shield my pubes from their gaze.  
  
“Chloe!.........put your hands by your side......is that how you treat clothes that Simon bought” yelled Mark  
  
I was beyond refusing anything now and let go of the nighty allowing it to raise up almost to my waist. I could not look at any of them as I walked up the drive and was desperate to get inside the house. Unfortunately for me Mark was loving every second of demonstrating his new found authority over me.  
  
“Apologise to the grown up's Chloe...then we can go inside and see if another spanking makes you behave like a normal 26 year old..... instead of the Brat you are” he laughed.

**Chloe Harris part 4**

How dare he talk to me like that! I walked past with an indignant glare, almost pushing him out of the way to get inside the house. What on earth must Mrs Williams be thinking, let alone the leering postman. I stood in the hallway and tried to calm down and at least try and think of a way of ending this paradox of a charade. How can a woman of my age have found myself in a situation where someone half my age has suddenly assumed he is now in total charge of my behaviour. I know I was stupid to parade myself in the first place in just my ultra short nighty and knickers but it was only meant as bit of harmless fun. Oh god why had I so eagerly accepted his dare to answer the door without my knickers let alone virtually ask his permission to remove them there and then. This was fast becoming a complete nightmare.  
  
I could hear voices outside the door and knew it was hard to get away from Mrs Williams but surely after what she had just witnessed you would think it might have rendered her speechless. I was breathing heavily and still attempting to bring some kind of rational explanation to the spiralling chain of events which were snowballing way out of control. Mark had at last escaped from his curious neighbour and opened the door to see me standing facing him not even caring now with my front frontal display.  
  
“Just what the hell do you think you were trying to prove out there...........you little shit” I yelled at him  
  
At the same time I kicked of my shoe and at managed a childish stamp all in one movement. It caught me slightly off balance and almost stumbling I reached down to pull my other shoe of my foot The red mist had well and truly taken over now and I lifted my arm to throw it at him. I could see him flinch at what he thought must be the imminent arrival of an airborne shoe. Thankfully I had a sudden flash of conscience and pulled my arm out of his aim at the moment I let go of the shoe.  
  
“Smash!”....... The shoe sailed straight through the glass panel of the front door.  
  
I could sense my mouth fall wide open as well as my eyes. As the glass shattered and the shoe bounced down the drive ratting around in a circle like a spinning coin. As if in slow motion shards of broken glass cracked and dropped out of the door almost surrounding a shocked looking Mark. For a brief second I closed my eyes and thought....... please let this be dream but alas it was as real as the tears streaming down my face.  
  
“Oh God!......Mark I am so sorry....are you alright” I rushed over and hugged him so tight it made his gasp for air.  
  
“Its okay Chloe....its only a broken window.....not my head like I thought it was going to be”, he spoke as if he was indeed the adult and me the petulant child  
  
Gently he pushed me away from the splinters of glass on the floor, reminding me that I hadn't got anything on my feet. Then with a half smile he turned me around and gave me a little slap on my bare bottom emphasising that I hadn't got anything on my entire lower half, not just my feet. With a rather curt command he told me to go in the kitchen, stop crying and make myself a cup of coffee to try and calm myself down, while he would go in the garage and get a brush to clear all the glass up. I went meekly to do as he said and stopped in mid step as he went to door to the garage in the hall and opened it wide and walked inside.  
  
“Hang on Chloe.........how come you didn't use this door to look for the recycling tub for the pizza box's” he asked.  
  
I looked at the door opening out into the hall and realised it hadn't been locked, it was me that had tried to open it in, instead of out. I mumbling something about not realizing that there was a door to the garage, although I don't think he looked convinced at my answer. I sat at the table holding my coffee cup tight watching him brush the glass into a dustpan. He opened the door and swept the drive clear and picked up my shoe, carefully shaking the glass out of it before putting it neatly next to the other one. I looked up and whispered a polite “thank you” to him before my expression must of changed as Mrs Williams stood in the doorway.  
  
“I am afraid someone has had a little temper tantrum......haven't we Chloe” he explained to his confused neighbour.  
  
She looked at the broken window in the door and then back at me. Mark could see her about to ask how it happened and before she could speak he said “Yes, she threw her shoe at me....but it missed”  
  
“Oh I meant to miss on purpose....you idiot” and again I sniffed like a child and began to sob in frustration.  
  
I could hear her gasp in surprise and began muttering something to Mark. I wasn't really listening, I didn't care what the old bat had to say. I noticed that he did seem to be intrigued in what she was telling him and every now and again they would both turn to look at me. At last she left and Mark came into the kitchen and announced we were going out later and I ought to get on with his breakfast now. I could feel myself giving him a little surly pout but none the less I stood up and began to fix something to eat. All the time I walked around the kitchen without a care in the world that I was displaying my bare bottom and neatly trimmed pubic hair to him. I sat down to eat breakfast together and once again apologised for throwing my shoe and he looked up and smiled.  
  
“Do you behave like a little brat with Simon then” he asked curiously “ and walk around with next to nothing on”  
  
I shook my head and instantly denied it and said that I had never done anything remotely like this before. I could feel myself blush as I admitted that I had sort of deliberately gone downstairs in just my nighty and knickers as a little dare to myself. I tried to explain that I hadn't meant to look like some sort of tease and when he decided to sort of play along by daring me to take my knickers off I just felt compelled to do it. I then let out a little nervous giggle and acknowledged that I did find it a thrill to be outside in my nighty even though it was terrifying when I had been seen. He looked at me and hesitated before asking if I wanted to continue with him giving me “dares”. I remember just shrugging my shoulders and replying that it might be fun while all the time thinking that hadn't this gone far enough all ready.  
  
I washed the dishes as Mark helped and told me we were going shopping, as Mrs Williams had told him about a little antique shop that her brother owned which might stock something he thought I needed. I felt curious with his little riddle but before I could spend any time thinking what I might need from an antique shop he delivered a sharp “Smack” to my bare bum just I bent over to put the frying pan away.  
  
“Come on then Brat.....lets go find you some clothes......unless you fancy a walk down the high street like that” he laughed.  
  
I chased him up to Katie's room laughing and giggling saying I wasn't a brat and he better stop calling me one although deep down I knew that is exactly how I was behaving. We went in the bedroom and he pushed me playfully on the bed and told me sit down while he found me something to wear. I began to protest that I was perfectly capable of deciding for myself what I wanted to wear. He looked at me and grinned before whispering that it was a “dare” for him to chose my outfit. I grimaced and mumbled “Alright then” and looked as he began to go through the clothes I had brought. Knowing it had been a bit of a rush to get things together I knew he didn't have a huge choice to pick from.  
  
The first things he found was my gym gear of which he threw me a pair of white ankle socks and my bright pink trainers. I sat and put them on feeling so strange to be doing this while still bare below the waist as he looked in the drawer where I had put my underwear. I blushed as he picked up a black thong, then some lacy purple knickers before holding out a simple plain pair of white knickers. He held them by the waist band and pulled it wide, as you would if expecting a child to step in to them. Surely he didn't expect me to stand and let them put them on for me but with a nod and stern look and I did what he wanted. With a beaming smile he dragged them over my trainers and up my legs before a firm pull had them around my hips and then almost to my waist.  
  
“That's a good girl Chloe......now take the nighty off and lets see what else we can find you” he grinned.  
  
I didn't even think to refuse and shrugged it over my shoulders thinking that showing him my bare breasts seemed insignificant since he had just put my knickers on me as if I were a 2 year old. I stood impatiently in just the white knickers and socks and pink trainers as he kept smiling and looking over at me then he found a short bright yellow skirt. As it sailed through the air for me to catch I quickly tried to explain that it was the kind of skirt that was meant to be worn with leggings or at the very least thick black tights. Whether he understood or not didn't seem to matter I was told to stop complaining and put it on.  
  
He seemed to smile even more as I wriggled it up my legs and he realised just how short it was once it was on. I folded my arms and gave out a little huff in disapproval, not that he cared and said the way I had walked about lately I ought to be grateful he was allowing me a skirt at all. I pulled a face at him behind his back as he picked up a black bra and dangled it down before looking at my arms folded over my bare breasts.  
  
“I think you can manage without a bra......after all you hardly act grown up enough for one do you” he giggled.  
  
I tried to ignore him as he looked at a couple of vest tops I had which were mainly to wear at the gym. He decided on a vivid turquoise one and again threw it to me. I looked aghast at the stark contrast between that and the yellow skirt. I pulled it on and glanced down to see it leave plenty of cleavage on show, although I hardly had much of what the American's call a “rack”. I was shaking my head more to myself at the miss-match of colours when he found my pink headband and looked at me. Surely he didn't want me to put that on as well. I pulled back my hair and stretched it over me head and couldn't help myself in giving a little childish kick at the carpet in annoyance. I was at least thankful hardly anyone knew me around here to recognize me out in public like this.  
  
“Oh god Mark....... it looks like I have been dressed by the blind school” I shrieked as I looked in the mirror.

**Chloe Harris part 5**

I stepped outside and immediately felt so aware of just how short the bright lemon coloured skirt was. I had worn the very same skirt loads of times but always with the modesty of thick black tights and now all I could see when I looked down was an expanse of bare leg. I didn't know what to do with my hands in-between tugging the hem of the skirt with one hand and pulling at the little vest top to stop it ridding up my tummy with the other. Mark seemed totally unconcerned with my acute embarrassment at being outside like this and walked in front of me and kept looking back and telling me to hurry up.  
  
At first we just walked along a few quiet streets with hardly anyone around but soon the traffic began to build up as did the number of people around. I was mainly looking down at my feet anyway but every so often glanced up to see the looks of astonishment and intrigue on several faces as they saw me. We approached a small row of shops and there was a bank with a cash machine outside. Mark took my debit card out of his pocket and pushed it in the slot then asked me for my pin number. At first I was outraged by his obvious expectation that I would just give it him but also very concious not to make a scene outside like this so I just mumbled the 4 numbers. He withdrew £100 and giggled as he put it in his pocket saying he would pay for the pizza tonight and might have the rest himself as a “babysitting” fee.  
  
I tried to ignore him as he announced that he wanted a drink and did I want anything. I shook my head and gave him a surly stare as he grabbed my hand saying I wasn't responsible enough to stay on my own and pulled me into the little corner shop. I must have looked every inch the petulant child despite my age as I refused to look at anything as Mark chose a drink and again asked me what I wanted. As he was paying he picked up a little strawberry lolly-pop and smiled as he bought it then unceremoniously pushed it firmly in my mouth before I could refuse.  
  
“There you go Brat” he laughed and at the same time he slapped the back of my leg playfully.  
  
I pushed him away and almost lost my balance in the little tussle we were having before the shopkeeper shouted, “Now then act your age and stop messing about” he paused “Especially you young lady aren't you old enough to know better”  
  
I could feel myself blush as we both ran out then I tried to compose myself as a few people looked around to see what was going on. I could see one old woman in particular give me such a disapproving stare that all I could think of doing was pulling the lolly-pop out of my mouth and yelling at her;  
  
“What are you looking at” before hissing under my breath “Stupid old bitch”  
  
I turned my back on her and walked purposeful away only to see Mark still behind me talking to her. I slowed down and waited for him to catch up with me for him to to inform me that hadn't I recognised her as him and Simon's Aunt Margaret . Of course I hadn't realised who she was and did he think I was stupid enough to speak to her like that if I had. He remarked that I was in serious trouble now as she was bound to tell his parents and I would have some explaining to do when they got home with Simon.  
  
I was well and truly sulking now and still not believing how I had got myself in to all this. Even Mark was quiet and we continued to walk along with me sucking exaggeratedly on the childish lolly-pop. Suddenly I noticed Mark had stopped and was gazing in the window of a shop a few meters behind me. I turned and walked back to him and noticed the shop was in fact a beauty salon. His eyes were fixed on a sign in the corner of the window which read;  
  
“ 20% discount on a full range of Bikini Wax styles ”  
  
He was grinning and saw me blush more as I read it while slowly shaking my head at what I knew he was implying. He calmly asked if that meant what he thought it meant and as I had promised to shave my pubes later anyway why not have it done “properly” now. This was insane how could I even be discussing such an intimate personal subject with him. Before I knew what was happening he had taken my hand and opened the door and we were standing inside the salon. The receptionist was typical of a place like this, all fake tan and over done nails as she looked up from behind her desk waiting for either of us to speak.  
  
I was on the verge of just running out when Mark began, “Errrr my friend needs a one of them Bikini wax things done before tonight......can you do one for her now”  
  
To say she was shocked at the request would not do her face justice as she glanced down to the booking list. She flicked a couple of pages then looked us both up and down not quite believing what she had just heard Mark say. With my face as red as a ripe strawberry she confirmed that they did indeed have an appointment available and told me to fill a form out while she called one of the beauty technicians to come through. Her name was “Chanelle” and she looked about 18 and again looked rather bemused at me and Mark standing there.  
  
She led Mark to a waiting area and asked him to take a seat and we would be around 30 minutes or so. She then led me along a small corridor and into a treatment room. My hands were shaking as I gave her the form and she glanced over it before pausing and then trying not to laugh she said I had not ticked the box asking if I had my parent's permission but then saw my date of birth and realised how old I was. I doubt maths was her strong point by the way she counted on her fingers to make out I was actually 26. With her shaking her head in disbelief I reached in my purse to show her my driving licence. She looked at the little picture of me then back at me and shrugged her shoulders then even had the audacity to suggest it must be a fake as I didn't even look 16 never mind 26.  
  
Under normal circumstances I would be pleased to be told I looked younger but this was hardly what you would call normal. I was then handed a piece of paper with little sketch drawings of all the various styles of waxes that they offered. Of course I knew what a Brazilian was but had never heard the term Hollywood referring to totally bald down there. I gazed at all the options including one called formal which was the shape of a bow tie and even one called the final frontier which was the star trek badge. Before I had time to speak she took the paper out of my hand and opened the door and shouted to Mark.  
  
“Your girlfriend is having trouble choosing what she wants.......you wanna pick for her” she grinned.  
  
I don't know who said it first that I wasn't his girlfriend or that he wasn't my boyfriend but it didn't stop her ushering Mark in to the little room. He looked amused at the little shapes and names of all the ways you could trim pubic hair. He glanced from me to the paper and then back at me again. I was speechless and still in some kind of a daze at all this when he explained the dare to Chanelle. She giggled and then said how it sounded fun and even wished she was as brave as me to do something daring like that. She then looked quite surprised to learn that Mark was my boyfriend's younger brother and even turned to actually tell me off for encouraging him and acting like a tease. I could feel my self pouting a pulling a face and so wanted to tell her to mind her own business when she pointed to the table.  
  
“Right Chloe lets have your knickers off and your naughty little bottom up on there and give you something nice to show the pizza guy” she could hardly contain her amusement.  
  
They were both looking at the paper and then Mark seemed to show her one and they both giggled. She explained that she had never done that particular one but had always wanted to try it. I was panicking by now and kept thinking why I was even allowing this to happen. Why didn't I just walk out and tell Mark to stop this absurd game right now. My hands seemed to be on automatic pilot in contrast to what my mind was telling me and I slid my knickers down to my ankles and stepped out of them. I never even thought to object to Mark actually being in the room let alone staying to watch the whole procedure as he obviously was. I sat up on the treatment table and swung my legs up and with one final look at them both smiling at me I laid flat on my back. The short skirt was only just covering my pussy but I knew I would be totally exposed soon enough.  
  
“That's a good girl Chloe.......now don't make a fuss while this nice lady does her work.....we don't want to spoil it....do we” Mark spoke to me like he was the adult.  
  
I was shaking so much inside and could only nod my head in acceptance at what he said. I could hear her getting some things and then gave a little shudder as Mark flipped up the front of my skirt. I could hear her explain to him that she would wax around my labia and even below and up between my bottom cheeks but the design he had chosen she would have to do with the electric shaver. I could feel my face blush so much it actually hurt as she eased my knees wide apart and made me gasp at the warm feeling as she spread wax on me. I don't know why but up to then I had never even contemplated how much this was going to hurt but then I yelled out loud as she ripped the wax strip right off without warning. She repeated it several times and even had me tun around and kneel on the table so she could get between my bum cheeks.  
  
The pain was so intense I hardly cared the view she and Mark had of my most private parts. I doubt even Mark's brother had seen as much of me as they were now. Chanelle gave my upturned bottom a little smack and told me to lay on my back again so she could get to work on the design they had chosen for me. My head was spinning and it took all my concentration just to breath but I got myself in to the revealing position once again. The humming buzz of the electric clippers made me jump a little and I tried to keep as still as I could. I had a quick glance down but couldn't see what was left of my brown bush clearly enough to make out what shape she was meant to be doing but saw a deep look of concentration on her face. Mark on the other hand was stood right behind her smiling and looking so satisfied.  
  
After a few minutes she announced it was all done and they both stepped back to look. Mark held up the paper and said it was exact and congratulated Chanelle saying she had done brilliant and even gave her a high five. I was almost frozen still and so much wanted to know what it was and see it for myself but couldn't move a muscle. Mark then took his phone out of his pocket and before I could think to stop him he snapped several pictures of me in the obscene position. Chanelle quickly followed suit and explained it would be ideal for her portfolio. The with me still not moving she held a mirror between my legs angled up to my face. At first I couldn't make out what it was. There was like some sort of car shaped outline with two curvy lines underneath the tyres. I was looking intently and trying to figure out what it was supposed to represent when it suddenly came to me and I remembered my driving test and the road sign it was from.  
  
“OH god.....No........how dare you.....Mark you little shit......this is not funny........I look like some porn star or slut for gods sake” my voice was raised as I stood up.  
  
“So you get it then.......Slippery when wet” he laughed.  
  
I looked at Chanelle who I could see was trying her best not to laugh and demanded that there was no way I was walking out like that and she better remove every last hair. With a huff in temper I got back on the table and opened my knees wide and even pushed my hips out a little. My outburst had obviously been heard from outside and the door opened and in walked the manageress. She seemed not to take a second glance at me laying on my back and asked Chanelle to explain what all the commotion was about. Both her and Mark looked a little sheepish as between them they recounted the whole story. I could see the woman actually smile as Mark even told her the part where the pizza guy had spanked me and how the dare had come about and everything. Then the woman turned to look at me and even bent down slightly to peer between my legs.  
  
“I can't see anything wrong with what Chanelle has done young lady.....so what is your problem” she asked.  
  
I was almost in tears as I tried to say I had not agreed to this and how unsuitable I thought the design was. She then questioned me almost as if it was me who had dome something wrong. How I had come in here and asked and then encouraged Mark to come in the room and allow him to chose the design. How I had wasted Chanelle's valuable time and effort and just because I had changed my mind I was trying to get her in to trouble. I tried to explain that it was not like that even looked at Mark and said the dare was to remove all my pubic hair and not have it shaved in to a silly design like this. The Manageress was unconcerned and simply announced that if I wanted a full bikini wax instead of a design I should have made it clear and I could book another appointment but Chanelle had another client waiting so the matter was closed.  
  
“Oh stop whining Chloe its not as if it's a tattoo is it.........I can shave the rest off later....lets go pay.....we have to get to the Antique shop now” and with than Mark grabbed my hand  
  
My legs were shaking as I put my card in the machine to pay and then in front of the several other customers the receptionist looked up at me. She giggled and said loudly that no one has had the “Slippery when wet” design before and it was the most expensive at £80. Not only was I being humiliated beyond belief I was actually having to pay for it. My hands were trembling so much I even pressed the wrong number and Mark had to do it for me as he remembered my pin number. Eventually we walked outside and I felt the cool breeze below the ultra short skirt leave me in no doubt how bare I was now.  
  
“Oh God Mark....I haven't even put my knickers back on” I whined  
  
He laughed as I am sure a couple walking past overheard me. He hesitated for a moment saying I could always go back in and ask for them, which I am sure he knew I wasn't going to before he dragged me along like some sulking child. With each step I was positive the skirt was blowing up over my bare bottom cheeks and tried desperately to keep it down with one hand while Mark held the other. Before long we were outside the Antique shop and Mark turned to look at me.  
  
“Right Chloe.....I want you on your best behaviour and any back chat or attitude I am going to smack your bare bottom right here in the shop......do you understand”  
  
I was on such a high with the adrenaline now and couldn't think of anything I wanted more. “Yes Mark Sir......I understand”.

**Chloe Harris part 6**