**Debby’s Punishment 1**

Debby stood before me naked. I had always stripped her for her punishments and although as a young girl this was merely a humiliation as she had grown older it had become a delight to see those breasts grow and her hips widen. Her luscious round bottom felt all the sweeter to spank now it had taken on a more womanly shape. Her breasts, still youthful, but very full and firm. Her skin still had a slight tan from the summer and her straight shoulder length brown hair perfectly framed her big brown eyes that shone with the beginnings of her tears.

“You look delightful,” I said as she stood nervously. “Everybody‘ll be pleased to see you later I’m sure.”

I went to the desk and opened the drawer to find the ruler I kept there for just these occasions. Debby’s face drained of colour as she looked on.

“Hands on your head young lady.” I often had her stand like this, I think because she hates it and it makes her breasts stand to attention that much more it gives me a thrill.

I put the ruler to one side for a moment as she stood and readied herself.

“Chest and bottom right out,” I scolded. She responded immediately pushing her ripe young breasts out before her and arching her back to offer her bottom.

“Good girl. Maybe just a little further though.” I cupped one of her breasts in my hand and took her nipple between my thumb and forefinger and placed my other hand on her bottom. “That’s a good girl,” I encouraged as I began to squeeze her nipple and lightly spank her bottom. She strained to offer her bottom further and push her breasts out, her back at the limits of it’s youthful flexibility. I ran my hands over her, down her back and stomach as a judge might at a pedigree dog show checking for posture and bone structure.

Indulging myself a little more I took both her breasts in my hands and started to stroke, squeeze and rub her rather roughly as she pushed herself forward. Then running one hand down her stomach and around to her bottom I gave a couple of gentle slaps before sliding my hand between her legs. The feel of her naked body excited me as I thought about the evening ahead. I continued to caress her, bringing my hand back to her breasts and letting my imagination run as I squeezed. I loved the way she stood so submissively and allowed my hands to roam, flicking the ripe buds of her nipples and kneading the firm soft flesh of her bottom, I guess it was the power to do as I liked that really turned me on and I took my time to enjoy it.

“Now lets get on with things.” I tapped her breasts with the ruler. “Right out, shoulders back.”

Debby adjusted herself, her breasts giving an obliging little bounce as she did. I admired her for a moment, letting her nervously strain to hold her position.

“No moving , you keep those nice and still.” I instructed as I readied the ruler.

“Understand ?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Good Girl.”

Her submission, not by choice was wonderfully exciting. I gave her a slap with the ruler across the top of one breast and she gave a delightful little gasp but remained still. I gave her a second slap on her other breast, this time on her nipple, she bit her lip to refrain from making a sound, her face trying to maintain what little dignity she could muster from the situation.

“Very good,” I said and squeezed the soft mound of her breast in my hand. I continued to fondle her as I spoke. “I have somewhere special to take you today and I’m going to need you to be on your best behaviour.” I gave her another slap with the ruler this time on her bottom. “Before we get you dressed I need you to tidy yourself up a little. I want you to be nice and smooth.,” I said and tapped her neat pubic bush with the ruler. “Understand ?”

Debby kept herself neatly trimmed but had never shaved her pubic hair off before and was clearly a bit shaken by the implication of my instruction. I had a feeling that the humiliation of her nakedness this evening would be deliciously heightened by having to cleanly shave herself, the look on her face suggested that I was right.

I slapped her again on her bare bottom. “Well?”

“Yes, I understand,” she whimpered.

“Good girl. Now off you go, you’ll find the bits and pieces you need in the bathroom” I gestured towards the door. “I want you to be down here when you’re done so I can check you over.”

I gave her a final swat on her behind as she lowered her hands and turned towards the door.

It was about half an hour later when she reappeared wrapped in a large towel. I instructed her to go to her room and wait for me there and she quickly disappeared without comment. I followed, but went to the bathroom first, got a small bottle of massage oil from the cabinet and went to inspect her handiwork. When I arrived she was sitting on the bed looking worried, still wrapped modestly in the towel.

“On your feet and let’s have that towel.” I said extending my hand. She got to her feet, peeled away the towel and handed it to me. She stood with her hands crossed in front of herself, clearly embarrassed by the lack of hair. Taking the towel I laid it across the bed.

Sit down, lie back and open your legs.” I said with barely disguised amusement.

What a marvellous sight she presented as she slowly sat and leaned back on her elbows.

“Very good,” I said smiling as I looked at her newly naked state. “Knees up and open wide so I can see how you got on. Lean right back”

She hesitated only momentarily before she lay back and opening her legs. I could feel my excitement growing, her naked pussy opening before me, still slightly red and sore from the razor and framing the perfect pink lips of her vagina. Her flat stomach and full breasts with her cute nipples pointing skyward.

“Very good, just a bit wider.” I said, enjoying the spectacle as she strained to open her legs further, pulling her knees back almost onto the bed. She looked quite beautiful as she lay, spread wide apart, she really was a dutiful young girl despite the obvious embarrassment she felt presenting herself in such a vulnerable way. She was exquisitely neat and now smooth and shaven she was the perfect picture.

“Good girl, now lets see.”

Opening the bottle of oil that I had brought I poured some into the palm of one hand, placed the bottle on the bedside table and rubbed my hands together.

“I’ll warm this up for you,” I grinned.

I started with my hands on the inside of her thighs and started to massage the oil into her soft skin. Then working my way inwards I rubbed my hands across the lower part of her stomach. There was a look of dread on her face as I stopped to pour some more oil. I placed my well lubricated hands back onto her legs but this time stroked one hand onto her smooth and perfect pussy rubbing gently with the flat of my hand.

“A very good job, very smooth. This should help take away a little of the soreness.” I said as I caressed her, my fingers tracing along the lips of her pussy. I continued to rub the oil into her, even working my fingers into the crack of her anus and eliciting a gasp as I touched her. I massaged without letting my fingers enter her. I finally stopped and wiped my hands on the towel. Debby continued lying there, afraid to move, spread in front of me glistening from the oil.

“Don’t you look sweet lying there showing yourself off. Lets find you something to wear before you go out.” I said fighting the urge to slide inside her for a while before we left. Her tight young pussy, warm and inviting as it was would have to wait until later.

I went to her closet to find something that would be suitably revealing for her to wear. Newly shaven, I thought something short worn without knickers would be ideal. Tucked away in the back of the closet I found a skirt that was not only small but had a rather revealing slit up the side, held together by a couple of buttons at the top, it couldn’t have been better. With it I found her a tight long sleeved top that would hug her ample breasts, covering her but leaving little to the imagination. It had a zip up the front which that went about halfway and would give a nice flash of the tops of her tits. Permitting myself just one more touch, slipping my finger ever so slightly inside her, I allowed Debby to get up from the bed and as she reluctantly dressed herself it was apparent that the skirt was more revealing than I had expected and the two buttons were having to do an undue amount of work to keep the whole thing together. The top must have been very old and was designed for somebody much smaller in every respect. It was quite a strain to get the thing done up and the zip started to open of its own accord as she breathed.

“You look marvellous !” I exclaimed, “Just one more thing.”

I went back to the bathroom to collect a pair of scissors and returned to cut away one of the buttons on the skirt.

“Perfect !” I said. The skirt now straining to maintain what little coverage it offered in the first place. The long slender view of her leg now uninterrupted and offering a tantalising glimpse of her nakedness beneath.

“Please can I wear knickers.” Debby asked in a whisper. “I feel stupid”

“Now what was it I said earlier ?” I shook my head in resigned disappointment.

Stepping closer I took the hem of skirt and lifted it before giving her a very hard slap with the flat of my hand on her bare bottom. She lurched forward and instinctively tried to cover herself. Pulling her hands away I gave her another fierce slap.

“Do I need to explain,” I said slapping her for a third time.

“No, I’m sorry .” she whimpered.

“If you think you look silly then the skirt can come right off if you’d rather.”

“Please, I’m sorry.” She sobbed. “Please let me keep it on.”

“Take it off and go to the car. Maybe, just maybe you’ll get it back later.”

Crying now she unbuttoned the skirt and handed it to me. Naked apart from the half zippered top she turned to walk from the room.

“Take this with you.” I said before she left and handed her the bottle of oil.

I rang Adam’s father before joining Debby in the garage. There had been some trouble in the last year of school with accusations of bullying. His son Adam, a girl Karen and one or two others had been involved and it had all got rather messy with the involvement of the school authorities. I naturally had been rather skeptical of Debby’s version of events but there had been several students disciplined and in fact Adam had left later had to leave for another school. The crux of the matter was a childish prank that had had Debby the victim of some rather embarrassing shower room photographs and in my opinion had got a little out of proportion. The matter had been resolved in a fashion, although hopefully everybody would feel less aggrieved by the outcome after the opportunity to taste a little sweet revenge this evening. Debby didn’t yet know what was in store for her.

Debby waited obediently by the car, stood wearing nothing but the tight, ill fitting top. I almost felt a pang of sympathy for her.

“I’m sorry can I please have the skirt ?” she asked as she saw me.

If only so that I would be able to keep my eyes on the road I relented, had her apologise again and gave her the skirt back. She fumbled quickly with the solitary button as the garage door automatically opened.

“Hurry up,” I said as Debby struggled to seat herself without the skirt riding up around her waist and her breasts spilling from the rapidly unzipping top.

End of Part 1.

Debby’s Punishment 2

Debby sat silently during the journey, one hand on her lap the other keeping a firm grip on the zip of the top. It was a half hour drive and we arrived in a quiet neighbourhood and parked down a narrow driveway just off the road. Debby didn’t know the house and was reluctant to get out and go to the door although the biting cold and the lack of suitable clothing hurried her along. Watching her fumbling along and trying to keep her clothes in some sort of order as she approached the door was very amusing.

As the door was opened Debby recognised Adam’s father from the meetings that had taken place at the school and her face registered a moment of alarm. His face broke into a large smile as his eyes wandered up and down Debby’s outfit. She pulled self consciously at the scant clothing as she stepped into the house, the skirt insistently riding up as she walked. We stopped a moment in the hallway as I introduced Debby and made our way to the living room. Ushering her into the room she was becoming increasingly nervous and came to an abrupt halt as she saw her four high school tormentors lounging on the chairs. Adam and Karen the main culprits of the pranks along with two of their friends, Caroline and Mike, all sat grinning at Debby as she entered. The colour literally drained from her face as she stood and she would have backed out of the room and fled had I not been behind her to push her further.

“You kids all know each other from school I understand,” I said by way of introduction. “Although I don’t believe I’ve had the pleasure.”

There followed a chorus of rather polite hello’s although all eyes were on Debby, not least for the fact that in pulling the hem of her skirt she seemed to be in imminent danger of spilling out of the top that was opening under the strain.

“We all felt it would clear the air and clean the slate as it were if Debby were given the opportunity to express her regret for the ... how shall we put it .... events that unfortunately occurred and ... I think we all agree ... got rather out of control.”

As I spoke Debby continued to pull at the skirt, the tops of her breasts now making a very dramatic sight. Adam in particular was hypnotised.

There was an awkward silence before Caroline, a very striking young lady I’d not met before spoke. “Nice outfit Debby, you buy that special ?”

The other three laughed at her remark and the atmosphere relaxed slightly although in contrast Debby had become considerably more tense. She finally became aware that she was about to unwittingly bare her breasts and quickly pulled the top together as best it would allow. As she fumbled with her outfit I continued.

“Of course Debby has always been punished for any trouble she causes and being as you four were on the receiving end it seemed only right to involve you.” I said solemnly.

“We going to watch her write lines then ?” Mike said dismissively. He and Adam exchanged an arrogant glance. I ignored his remark and continued.

“No, in fact Debby has always been accustomed to slightly firmer discipline for any misdemeanours and she has agreed it would be fitting in this case. Would you like to tell everyone what happens when you overstep the mark?” I asked, looking across at Debby.

With tears welling in her eyes Debby shook her head as if to plead for a reprieve. Unable to speak she stood tugging at her clothing.

“What Debby is struggling to say is that she has always been spanked.” I added.

“No way !” exclaimed Mike to the laughter of the others. “Spanked like a little kid . This I got to see !”

“No please.... you wouldn’t .... please! “ Debby cried and started to back away. I took a hold of her arm and continued.

“Rather than simply watch me put Debby over my knee I thought it more appropriate if you four were to administer the punishment. I’m sure the point would be made far better”

There were more howls of laughter as the reality of what was about to happen sunk in. The four knew why they were here, Adam’s father had explained all that prior to our arrival, but the details were beginning to give a new and slightly bizarre slant to the whole thing. Debby was showing signs of rapidly growing panic.

“Perhaps the other thing you should know is that Debby since she was small has always enjoyed being bare bottomed for her discipline and given the nature of the photographs that caused such a stir, ... well, it seems only fitting that it should apply here.”

“You can’t,.... please, ... you can’t.” pleaded Debby, pulling against my grip on her arm.

“You mean she’s going to get naked and we’ll get to spank her ass ?” Adam asked incredulously.

“Exactly.” I answered. “It will have more meaning coming from you four and it will make it all the more memorable for Debby. Your father I believe has supplied a paddle to liven things up.” I said and looked across at Adam’s father who nodded his acknowledgement.

Debby’s worst nightmare was about to unfold. She knew eventually she was going to have to comply and the consequences of refusing, she knew from experience could make things a lot worse. It was also clear from her expression that being stripped and spanked in front of these four was about as bad as she could have imagined. It took some while for her to regain some composure. She very reluctantly stepped forward as I directed her to the middle of the room and had her stand with her hands clasped behind her back. She stood, the skirt just about covering her, the split up the side wide open and making it very obvious that she wore nothing underneath. The zip of the top was making it’s way slowly down, tightly moulding itself round the contours of her breasts, the points of her nipples visible under the material. The look of sheer desperation on her face was quite wonderful.

“As I said she’ll be undressed and I think that it would set the tone if one of you would show her whose in charge and assist. That’s if you don’t mind.

Debby always responds best to firm instruction.”

I was unsure how Adam, Karen and their friends would react to the situation and was rather worried they were going to be reticent to participate. It quickly became obvious that not only had I little need to be worried but that the polar opposite was true, the four of them were very keen to get involved.

With surprising eagerness Karen, who had been quiet up to now stood and spoke.

“I’ll help,” and striding forward she smiled at the other three. She was both very attractive and very assured, flicking her blonde hair as she strode to stand to one side of Debby. She looked across as if for permission.

“You do whatever you feel she deserves. “ I assured her. “She’ll say and do exactly what’s she’s told, you go right ahead.”

Karen smirked at the other three before turning her attention back to Debbie. “You going to be a good girl and do as you’re told ?”

Debby nodded as her eyes again filled with tears. Karen smiled to the others who looked on in anticipation. It became very quickly apparent that Karen wasn’t reluctant to take full advantage of the situation.

“Let’s get this skirt off so the boys can see what you’ve got for them,” she said with obvious delight. “Unless of course you’d like to ask me nicely to leave it on ?”

“Please don’t take it off.” Debby sobbed quietly.

“She did as well !” shrieked Caroline in amusement.

“You’ll need to do better than that.” Karen said. “How about asking me nicely not to take your silly skirt away and show everyone your bare bottom.” Karen spoke as if speaking to a small child.

Everybody else in the room other than Debby found Karen’s remark hugely funny and you could see any resolve than Debby might have had to retain her dignity crumble as she spoke.

“You’re a natural.” Shouted Mike and I had to agree with him, Karen couldn’t have played the part better.

“I saw a film about it. She’ll enjoy it if she gets treated like a little girl.” Karen said to another ripple of laughter.

“Don’t look like she’s havin’ a ball just yet,” said Adam to a chorus of sniggers before silence descended and everyone waited for Debby’s reply.

“Please, I’m really sorry, I am.” Debby spluttered through her tears.

“Can I make her lift it up ?” Karen asked ?

“No need to as me, you do as you see fit.” I gestured her to continue.

“Okay, turn round and pull it up first ?” Karen said before standing to one side to allow an unobstructed view.

“I can’t believe she’s goin’ to do it !” said Mike. “I don’t reckon she’s got anything on under that either.”

Karen smiled. “You forget to wear your knickers you naughty girl?”

Debby nodded her head and turned slowly, her back now to Adam, Mike and Caroline. Very reluctantly she took the hem of the shirt and pulled it ever so slightly higher.

“Right up sweetie,” urged Karen. “I’ll tell you when to stop.”

Almost in slow motion Debbie began to raise the hem of the skirt, the round cheeks of her bare bottom slowly coming into view.

“Right up,” Karen urged.

“Go on Lets see her.” Mike called impatiently.

Finally the gorgeous sight of her bare bottom was revealed, framed by the rather scant covering of the skirt now pulled to her waist.

“It’s only going to get in the way though, it’ll have to come right off.” Karen said with a theatrical sigh. “It won’t be too difficult you seem to have lost your buttons.”

Debbie stood baring herself to the laughing and appreciative audience before Karen had her turn to face them. The front of the skirt still just covered her, although not for very much longer as Karen ran her finger teasingly up the side of Debbie’s leg to find the solitary button and with a deft flick undid the button holding the skirt together without letting it fall.

“Whoops, seems to have come apart.”

A sadistic cheer went up from the others looking on as Debby’s nightmare unfolded.

“Hands away,” ordered Karen and waited while Debbie moved her hands.

Karen slowly peeled the skirt away to a second cheer of approval followed by surprise as the full extent of Debby’s nakedness came into view.

“Oh my God.” Squawked Caroline. “Look at her !”

Debby stood with her hands behind her back, wearing only the top that clung to her breasts, tears streamed down her face as her four tormentors gave howls of approval at the sight before them. Karen waved the skirt victoriously in the air.

Debby brought her hands to cover herself and stood with her head bowed.

“You’re forgetting yourself already,” I said with disapproval. “Hands away, I don’t think anyone here said you could cover yourself.”

Debby slowly complied and put her hands at her sides, the slit of her pussy visible in the lighter freshly shaven V between her legs.

“You’ll excuse her,” I said. “She’s a bit shy in front of everyone.”

I had her stand for a while as the comments and jeers reduced her to a rather pathetic figure, her bare bottom and naked shaven pussy the focus of every bodies eyes. Even Caroline and Karen appeared sadistically excited by her humiliation.

“We get to take the top off as well?” asked Adam through the commotion.

“Damn right.” Mike added in approval. “She’s practically out of it anyhow.”

“Seems to be enjoying it more now she’s got a bare ass,” called Adam although quite obviously nothing could have been further from the truth.

“I’m sure Karen wouldn’t mind helping her out of the top as well,” I said.

I sat down and watched as Karen now expertly moved her attention to the top, the zip almost undone of it’s own accord but still just about covering Debby’s large and very gorgeous breasts. Karen showed no signs of sympathy as she dropped the skirt and motioned for the others to be silent.

“My pleasure” she said smiling across towards me.

“It’s no more than she deserves.” I encouraged.

“Let’s see then, how does this come off.” Karen slotted back into her role of chief tormentor perfectly.

“Looks like she goin’ to pop out anyhow,” Adam said excitedly, “She ain’t exactly small.”

“Let’s have her jump around till they bounce out on their own,” Karen said with a look of wicked satisfaction. “How’s about a few star jumps.”

Debby looked across in desperation but I had to admit Karen’s idea was better than I could have thought and I wasn’t about to put a stop to it.”

“Off you go. Lets see a bit of energy. Nice big stars as you jump.”

Debby’s face crumpled into more tears as she made a very half hearted attempt, jumping slightly but keeping her legs together and barely moving her arms.

“Not good enough.” I said matter of factly and started to take my belt from around my waist. “You either jump or I get you bouncing with my belt young lady.”

The encouraging words were enough and she started to jump with a great deal more vigour. Adam and Mike were immediately taken with the show as Debby’s considerable and unrestrained charms started to bounce around. As well as her tits there was her newly shaven pussy now getting a little more air as she opened her legs with each jump. Caroline had collapsed in fits of giggles at the spectacle.

Predictably the zipper started to make its way down with each jump and the overstretched top started to part. It became almost unbearably tantalising to watch as her breasts worked their way from the material. She was starting to tire at about ten jumps or so and despite a large portion of her breasts now on show she remained just about covered. Finally and rather comically one breast popped from the confines of the top to a cheer from Mike and further hysterical giggles from Caroline.

“Stop there, “ ordered Karen rather mercifully and brought the workout to an end. “Let me help before you kill yourself.” She pulled the top open at the front without undoing the zipper. Debby’s breasts now hung from the front of the top and were rising and falling magnificently as she tried to regain her breath. Her exposed tits were beautifully framed. Stood with her naked pussy and cute pink nipples on display it was a sight to savour.

“If you don’t mind I think this is one for the album !” Adam’s father spluttered before rushing off.

“I think it’s photo time !” said Adam with a tone of comic resignation. “We might even get a slide show in a week or two.”

We let Debby stand, her excruciating embarrassment doubling the excitement of her exposure. The top seemed to push her tits together and I could almost imagine dribbling some oil between her luscious mounds and sliding myself between them. My thoughts were interrupted by Adam’s father returning with a camera.

“Just a quick snap !” he said positioning himself in front of Debby and firing off a couple of shots. “Arms back chest out, smile for the camera,” he joked.

“Maybe a couple more jumps for the camera now you’re showing yourself off,” I added. “Off you go.”

Debby started jumping again, her breasts bouncing wonderfully for the camera.

“Maybe if it ain’t blurred we could have a copy for the school reunion,” Adam said with more than a hint of irony.

“Sure you don’t need a wide angle as well,” jeered Mike to general laughter.

Debby stood breathless while everybody looked on before Karen stepped forward and took control of things once again.

“Arms back.” She commanded “and stop crying, you know you like it really.”

She opened the top completely and slid it down Debby’s arms.

“Hands on head like a good girl.” Karen ordered after she pulled the top completely off.

Debby now stood completely naked in front of the four teenagers, her eyes red with tears as the boys laughed and eyed the smooth curves of her body and the girls smirked, revelling in their power.

I stood watching as Adam’s father took more photographs. Things seemed to be rolling along very nicely.

“I think it’s about time this young lady showed just how sorry she is and took her punishment.” I spoke as I stood......