**Birthday Paddy Whacks**

by[**EmiTsuruta**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=80688&page=submissions)©

I guess the first time I ever saw or heard about 'paddy whacks' was at Brandon's birthday party a year or two ago. Brandon is the son in the host family I'm staying with here in Oceanview, California. He was maybe 19 years old, brown hair, freckles, around the same age as me, shy around other people, but for some reason, more forward with me. I don't know why he took to me so quickly. Maybe he likes me. Who knows? He's kind of cute I guess, in a lost puppy dog kind of way.  
  
Brandon's birthday is in early spring. Brandon and his friends, Scott and Dylan, were horsing around outside in the backyard, while Brandon's sister Jennifer and I were helping their mom Loretta clean up after lunch. I could see out the window that Scott and Dylan had grabbed Brandon, wrestled him to the grass, and now Scott was hitting Brandon right smack on his rear end.  
  
"What on earth are they doing?" I asked, as I picked up another dish to dry off.  
  
"Birthday paddy whacks," Jennifer explained. "You get one for each year old you are."  
  
"Oh my!" I exclaimed, feeling a bit sorry for poor Brandon.  
  
"I guess it is kind of strange," Jennifer laughed. "Don't people get spankings in Japan?"  
  
I thought this over. My parents had never spanked me nor had any of my teachers, but I guess I'd seen shows on spanking. A bit of a weird custom I thought.  
  
"I've never heard of anyone getting spanked on their birthday!" I told them, wide-eyed, playing the innocent. Jennifer and Loretta both smiled. I know that they see me as a bit prudish. If only they knew the truth...  
  
When Brandon and his friends came back inside, Jennifer told them about how surprised I was. Brandon glanced at me out of the corner of his eye as he gulped down a glass of milk.  
  
"When's your birthday?" he asked, his eyes gleaming.  
  
"Oh no, you don't!" Loretta boomed, chasing him out of the kitchen. As I said, Brandon is pretty shy most of the time, so I was startled by his sudden interest. Loretta would have none of it though. She clearly didn't approve of all this rough housing.  
  
The next time I saw my boyfriend, Ryosuke, I told him about it. Ryosuke is tall for a Japanese, a leader, and a joker. He's usually a good boy, but when I told him this story, he got this funny look on his face. Lord knows what he was imagining. He already knew when my birthday was because we'd celebrated it together the year before.  
  
Eventually, my birthday rolled around, but by then, I'd almost forgotten about the whole thing. Ryosuke hadn't however. Mid-afternoon, we were up in my room. Loretta and Jennifer were out in the backyard, Brandon was downstairs watching TV, and my friend Satomi was on her way here.  
  
"Hey! You know about those paddy whacks you were telling me about...," he started, rolling up his sleeves.  
  
"What? No! I'm not going to let you spank me!" I ran away, thinking he must be joking. Ryosuke chased me round my bed, until I finally dashed out into the hall and down the stairs, trying to get away. Brandon looked up from the TV, and Ryosuke yelled for him to help.  
  
"Here, grab her! It's time for her birthday paddy whacks!" Ryosuke insisted, almost catching me. Brandon just sat there at first, but eventually, he got up, and the two of them cornered me by the door to the kitchen. Ryosuke grabbed me around the waist, but when I tried to break free, I lost my balance, and fell. Ryosuke managed to cushion my fall a bit, but he still had me.  
  
"Here, I'll hold her down. You undo her pants," Ryosuke gurgled all giddy now. Undo my pants? Why does he have to undo my pants? Horrified, I struggled to get loose, but Ryosuke twisted my body over, and pinned me face down to the cold wooden floor. I couldn't see Brandon, but it sounded like he was just standing there, worried about his mom maybe. She'd already made clear that I was not to be messed with.  
  
"OK, you hold her down," Ryosuke told Brandon, easing his grip for a moment as they switched places. I tried to get up, but soon Brandon leaned into my back keeping me pinned to the floor. I could feel Ryosuke slip his hands under my hips, and fiddle with my belt buckle. Oh my god! He isn't serious, is he? I guess Ryosuke has done some pretty crazy things in the time I'd known him, but never anything like this in front of my host family!  
  
I squirmed this way and that, yelling at them to let me go. Ryosuke was breathing pretty heavily, obviously excited. I still hoped he might be joking, but soon he'd got my buckle undone, and started fiddling with my zipper. I tried to reach down, and grab his hands, but Brandon caught a hold of my arms, and held them down too. I turned my head, trying to catch Brandon's eye. He looked torn, but he didn't let go. I think he was getting all excited at the prospect of seeing me stripped naked.  
  
I continued to struggle, but soon Ryosuke got hold of my jeans, and pulled them down. I couldn't believe he was stripping me right in front of Brandon! Brandon had caught glimpses of me naked before, but never like this, up close. I prayed that Ryosuke would leave my panties on, but soon I could feel him pulling them down too, leaving my bare behind uncovered. I braced for the worst, shocked that it had got this far.  
  
"Quite the sight, isn't it?" Ryosuke huffed, fingering my butt cheeks. I was so embarrassed! My body was flushing hot, and I was breathing heavily now too. Brandon was still leaning into my back, but I was starting to get all excited, despite myself. Ryosuke's hand fell smack on my bottom, making me jump. It didn't hurt exactly, but it was so humiliating getting spanked bare ass with Brandon looking on! I mean why was I the only one who got stripped for this!  
  
"Here, take a swing," Ryosuke told him. Brandon bless his soul, hesitated, but Ryosuke kept urging him on. When I finally felt Brandon's hand, a shiver ran up my spine. I couldn't believe he was touching my bare bottom! It sounded like someone had come in from the backyard, but while Ryosuke was distracted, Brandon slid his hand down between my legs, feeling for my pussy! Against my will, my body reacted, heating up even more, even though I knew it was just Brandon. He fumbled around awkwardly, unable to find my hello kitty.  
  
I was hoping Loretta would rescue me. I definitely didn't want to orgasm in front of these two perverts. Whoever it was didn't come out into the living room though. Brandon pulled his hand away, and then I felt Ryosuke(?) hit me again a bit harder, obviously getting a real kick out of seeing me squirm. I spread my legs trying to get up unto my knees, but I couldn't balance with my jeans wrapped around my thighs. Ryosuke took this as a signal to pull my jeans down all the way to my ankles. I tried to reach down, and grab my panties at least, but Ryosuke got hold of them, and ended up pulling my panties and jeans clear off. I was really panicking now. I couldn't believe he'd stripped me naked out here in the dining room with Loretta or whoever nearby.  
  
Now that I was bottomless, Brandon let go of my arms, and got up off of me, watching to see what I would do. I tried to pull down my t-shirt to cover up my bottom, but it wasn't long enough. I sat up, staring daggers at Ryosuke. He was still trying to spank me, but I got up on all fours, and crawled away. I felt so humiliated, head down, ass up; that's the way we like to... oops!.  
  
"Iya, don't look!" I squealed, sliding one hand down between my legs. I was soaking wet down there. Lord knows why. I pulled my hand away, staring in wonder at my own love juices slathered all over my fingers.  
  
Then, suddenly, the doorbell rang. It had to be Satomi. I didn't want her to see me like this. I tried to crawl away, but Ryosuke grabbed my arm, motioning for Brandon to pin me down, so they could do more paddy whacks. Thankfully, I think the dining room table was blocking the view from the front door. Ryosuke swatted me again, but I finally pulled free, and scrambled to my feet.  
  
"Hey! You still have more paddy whacks coming," Ryosuke cackled. I couldn't see my jeans, and Satomi kept ringing the doorbell. I tried in vain to pull my t-shirt down over my pussy. Brandon finally took pity on me. He fished out my jeans from under the sofa, and handed them to me. Ryosuke finally relented, and let me run off. Hiding my pussy with my jeans, I quickly dashed upstairs to the safety of my room.  
  
I was still in shock though, breathing heavily. I couldn't believe they'd done that. I could still feel Brandon's fingers diddling around in my pussy, probing for my hello kitty. The whole thing was so kinky and strange. Why am I so excited?  
  
Soon, there came a knock on the door to my bedroom. It was Satomi.  
  
"Emi! Are you up here?" she called through the door.  
  
"Yeah, I'm here." I quickly wiped the love juice off my fingers on my pillowcase. My fingers smelt like sex. Satomi came in, surprised to find me bottomless.  
  
"What happened?" she asked. I covered my face with my hands, mortified, barely able to speak.  
  
"They were giving me birthday paddy whacks."  
  
Satomi didn't understand, so I stood up, and showed her my bare bottom. Satomi's eyes widened in amazement.  
  
"Are you OK?"  
  
"Yeah, I'm fine. I mean... I'm not hurt or anything. They just hit me a few times."  
  
"They? You mean Brandon too?" she exclaimed, even more shocked. Usually, I defend Ryosuke, but for once, I was as upset as she was. "Here, you'd better get dressed. We're having lunch soon, aren't we?"  
  
I stood up, and walked over to the mirror, examining my poor violated rear end for marks. There was a hint of red, but I don't think that was from Ryosuke hitting me. I was more upset that Ryosuke had gotten Brandon in on it. Lord! What must he think?  
  
"Come on, Emi! The others are waiting."  
  
"They didn't finish. You are supposed to get one whack for each year old you are," I explained, tearing up.  
  
"Oh, don't be silly! I'll protect you."  
  
I slowly managed to settle down. I had to wash up, so I dashed across to the bathroom, still bottomless, and tried to wash the sex smell off my fingers and pussy. I finally pulled my jeans back on, but there was still that fire burning inside me. It would be a while before I calm down. I eventually went downstairs, and the rest of the day was more normal.  
  
One day, Ryosuke's birthday rolled around. When we met up, I playfully swatted him a few times. It wasn't quite the same though. He just laughed, finding me silly. On Brandon's next birthday, I didn't do anything. He hadn't really hit me, and I didn't want to provoke him. He had given me back my jeans.  
  
My next birthday though I woke up in a really strange mood. Loretta and her kids were going out, so they were busy getting ready. Ryosuke had to work all day, so I probably wouldn't be able to see him till late. Satomi and our other friend Asuna had offered to take me out somewhere, but nothing had been decided. It's hard to explain why, but somehow I felt disappointed. My last birthday had been different anyway, but this time, it was like they were all busy doing other things.  
  
I couldn't stop thinking about the paddy whacks. I know this sounds silly, but for some reason, I guess I wanted to be spanked again. Even with all the struggling and embarrassment, it had made my birthday an event, a day to remember. I didn't know what to do though. I couldn't just ask Brandon to spank me. Even if I did, he would probably say no. I had to provoke him into it somehow, but the question was how.  
  
I could hear Loretta and them rooting around downstairs, making breakfast, and getting ready. I nipped across for a quick shower, and then came back to my room to decide what to wear. I ended up pulling on a pair of pink bikini panties with frills and a white cotton t-shirt. Maybe this will get Brandon's attention.  
  
Down in the kitchen though, none of them even looked up when I walked in. I guess they'd all seen me in my underwear before. I'd been hoping for some kind of reaction though. I wasn't even wearing a bra for heaven's sake. You could kind of see the shape of my nipples through the t-shirt. I smiled at Brandon, but he just nodded, and continued to eat. Even when I sat down next to him, he didn't even look. I guess they were in a hurry and everything, but still. So much for my theory that Brandon has a thing for me.  
  
Slowly, another plan formed in my mind. Since the three of them were in a bit of a rush, maybe I could get away with an even more daring get up. Leaning down to get some cereal out of the cupboard I made sure that the three of them all got a good look at my panties. Then acting like I'd forgotten something, I stepped out of the kitchen for a moment. The t-shirt I was wearing was an ambiguous length, but maybe long enough to cover my pussy.  
  
Quickly, before I lost my nerve, I slipped out of my panties, and hid them behind the TV in the living room. I was beginning to get all horny again, so I hardly even cared that the hem of my t-shirt probably wasn't long enough to cover my bare bottom. I wanted Brandon to see my bottom, and perhaps remember my last birthday and the moment we'd shared. I know it sounds crazy, but that's just how I felt that day. Don't you ever do crazy things sometimes?  
  
I walked back to the kitchen door, but I was so excited I was starting to lose it. I can't go in there like this! Even if the t-shirt were long enough, which it's not, I'll probably end up doing something silly, and giving myself away.  
  
I hesitated there for the longest time, but it sounded like they would leave soon, so if I wanted to do something, I had to do it quickly. I finally opened the door, and peeked in. Brandon and Loretta had their backs turned, and Jennifer was telling some story, not really paying attention to me. I tiptoed in, but soon, realized I had to get a bowl down from the cupboard for my cereal.  
  
"Brandon, could you get me a bowl?" I asked sweetly.  
  
"They are in that cupboard," he dismissed me pointing. I waited till Loretta wasn't looking, and then reached up, and grabbed a bowl. I quickly sat down next to Brandon, but amazingly, I don't think he realized I was bottomless. I was relieved in a way, but frustrated too. This was going to be harder than I thought.  
  
The milk was on the table, so I stood up, and leaned forward to get it. I held that pose for as long as I dared, hoping Brandon would look over, and see my bare behind, but he just kept on munching away, lost in his own world. I guess he was still sleepy. I finally sat back down, all excited myself, but with no one to share it with.  
  
They eventually all got up, and headed off to get ready. I put my dishes in the dishwasher, and came out to the living room switching on the TV. There was nothing on of course, but it gave me an excuse to stay out here dressed like this. Brandon didn't come back though, so I finally trekked up to his room where he was busy getting ready.  
  
"Do you mind if I play some video games?" I asked, holding the t-shirt hem down over my pussy.  
  
"Uh, yeah sure, go wild," he replied tossing me the controller, before turning away to look for something. I lay face down on his bed, a bit frustrated that he still hadn't noticed.  
  
Determined to get a rise out of him, I raised my arms high, pulling the t-shirt up, so he could see my bare bottom better. I was so nervous I was shaking, but I figured this was the only way to get him to notice. He continued to root around in his closet, so I spread my legs wider, and reached down to check if I was wet or not. My pussy was getting pretty wet for whatever reason. I could hear Loretta and Jennifer in their rooms across the hall, but I continued to lie like that, twiddling my hello kitty, getting all excited.  
  
"I found it," Brandon exclaimed triumphantly, emerging from his closet, holding up a baseball. He beamed at me, but then slowly his expression changed. "What on earth are you wearing?"  
  
Pretending like nothing was wrong, I ignored his question, and held up the game controller.  
  
"How do you work this thing anyway?" I asked.  
  
"Emi! My mom and Jennifer are just outside the door!" he warned. I looked back, but they were apparently still in their rooms. "What are you doing anyway?"  
  
I grabbed his shirt sleeve, pulling him closer.  
  
"Spank me!" I whispered. "Like you did last year."  
  
He looked shocked, but there was definitely a bulge forming in the front of his trousers. I reached out, and gave his penis a playful tweak.  
  
"Emi! What the...?" He looked completely scandalized, wondering I guess what had gotten into me.  
  
"Here, quickly before your mom comes." I pleaded with my eyes, pulling his arm over trying to get him to hit me. "Aaan!" I moaned, in my sexiest voice.  
  
"Emi, I... uh..." For some reason, he'd gone all stiff. I guess he wasn't expecting me to come on to him, and maybe thought I was just toying with him or something. I really don't know what I was doing, but I did want him to spank me. I guess I was a bit out of control by that point, overwhelmed by my own lust.  
  
I tilted my rear even higher in the air, trying to entice him. To humor me, he hit me, half-heartedly, and I let out a squeal of delight. I nodded for him to hit me again, but his eyes had glazed over. I think the big problem was I'd gotten him so turned on, he was maybe on the edge of coming. I pulled him closer, and moaned in his ear, but then his body started twisting this way and that in a weird shaking motion. He must have come in his pants. Oh my! Now what have I done? Who knew he would get so excited so easily? Young boys!  
  
"Oh Brandon. Can't you do a girl a favor?" I whispered. Unfortunately, it sounded like his mom was out in the hall, so I finally twirled, and sat up, still as horny as ever. I spread my legs, showing how wet my pussy was, but he was out of it, down for the count.  
  
"Oops. Sorry! I didn't mean to..."  
  
Brandon just gaped at me.  
  
"Here, you'd better hurry up, and get changed," I told him. I started to undo his pants, but he pushed me away, embarrassed no end. I kind of feel guilty for playing with him like that. I don't know what go into me. I'll have to apologize later. I was kind of happy though that I'd gotten him so excited. I haven't lost my touch.  
  
I finally scurried back to my room, and shut the door. I felt bad of course, but I was too excited to worry about that. I frantically dabbed at my clit, drawing little circles, dipping my finger in, slowly easing myself up to orgasm. In and out. Deeper, faster. Here we go. Ahhhh! That feels so good.  
  
Loretta called up the stairs as they left. I opened the door just long enough to say goodbye.  
  
Oh my. Even I can hardly believe what a naughty girl I've become.  
  
Emi Tsuruta