Emily Embarrassed

Mon Mar 17, 2008 11:4392.2.19.192

I opened my emails hoping to see one from my best friend who had just gone to

work abroad for a year. I was really dissapointed not to see one, the only one

i had looked like some more annoying spam i clicked to delete it but opened it

by mistake.

It was a picture of a girls bare bottom looking very red indeed and the

heading “Do you need this in your life?”. I was quite shocked but couldn’t

stop staring at it, I had this bizzarre image of my own bottom looking like

that after someone had smacked it for me. I went on to read more and it was

from a gentelmen who offered what he called corective therapy for young

ladies.

I felt really naughty for some reason and before i knew what i was doing i had

replied to him saying i wanted to know more. I turned off my pc and went to

make a cup of tea, Mum was in the kitchen and i could feel myself blushing

thinking to myself, god how would she react if she knew what i had just done.

I was still living at home with my parents even though i was twenty six and

had quite a good job with an insurance agency. Most of my relationships with

guys din’t seem to come to much and i hadn’t had a boyfriend for almost a

year. I must admit i could be quite lazy and was the type of person who

allways put off till tomoorow what should have been done today.

I found it hard to take the picture of the red bottom out of my head and began

to think very seriously that perhaps it was what was missing in my life, some

real discipline. My Mum was busy with some washing and looked across at me as

I sat drinking my tea still in my dressing gown at mid-day on a Saturday. “it

wouldn’t hurt you to do some housework for a change young lady”, she

commented.I knew she was probably right but I just looked up “yeah whatever

Mum”, I sneared back at her. I bet she would agree that I needed discipline I

thought to myself.

Afew days later I recived a reply from the gentelman, he was called harold and

he had enclosed a form for me to fill in. I read through it and gasped out

loud at some of the questions he expected me to asnwer but it gave me a nice

tingle between my legs imagining this might become a reality. I made an excuse

to my Mum and Dad that I was tired and went to my room to fill out the

questionie

It was titled “My contract for discipline” and began almost like a typical job

application form. With more excitement than I could justify I typed in my full

name EMILY JANE HICKSON and went on to give all my personal deatails. Then

came to the punishment options, first of all was a hand spanking on the seat

of my knickers, of course I ticked the box saying I needed that. The next

asked if should have my knickers taken down and with a nervous little giggle

to myself I confirmed I did.

The next were a list of implements to be used on my bottom and without really

undersatanding the effect of any of these I decided I may as well tick them

all, Slipper, Hairbrush, Strap, Paddle and finally the Cane. I gave my bottom

a gentle rub and wondered just what I was getting myself in to. I then ticked

the boxes which said my knickers could be taken right off when needed and even

the one where I ought to be completely naked at times.

The next asked if I should wear a punishment outfit and gave me a choice, of

course i agreed I should and again rather greadily ticked all the boxes,

Schoolgirl, Stockings and sexy underwear, Gym outfit and finally one which

really made me blush “little girl clothes”.

I was then asked if I should wear the outfits just for the punishment or

before and after as well, which I agreed I should. Then the questions that

really made me blush, should these clothes be worn in front of people and even

in public. With a nice warm feeling between my legs I squeesed my thighs

together and ticked the box saying yes.

I had become so aroused at the thought of submitting to all this that I was

desperate to push my hand inside my knickers and bring myself off. This was

not something I usually did and I felt like a naughty, dirty girl sitting

doing it to myself. My orgasm made me moan and almost shriek and blushed

furiously hoping my parents hand’t heard my noises.

I waited eagerly in the follwing days for a reply but got nothing and then

began to think I had been foolish ticking all the boxes and he would probably

think I wasn’t being serious. It was Saturday once again and I had nothing

planned when I heard my Mum shouting outside my door to come downstairs she

wanted a word with me.

Emily Part 2

Tue Mar 18, 2008 07:4692.1.169.142

I lazily got out of bed, put my dressing gown on and went to see what she

wanted. She was looking quite stern which was most unlike her “sit down young

lady” she snapped at me. I did as I was told and sat at the kitchen table,

grateful I was seated becuase I felt sure my knees would have given way with

the shock at what happened next.

She thrust a pice of paper under my nose “care to explain this Emily”, god I

was mortified, how on earth had she got hold of it. “Well, I’m waiting”, she

demanded, I was genuinly speachless, i couldn’t think of any reply whatsoever.

I hung my head in shame as she began to read out loud my answers, “so you want

your knickers taking down and your bare bottom smacked do you?”, she had a hint

of amusement in her voice.

I was suprised she wasn’t laughing her head off, I think I would have been if

I had been in her position. She continued to compound my shame even more by

telling my it was my Dad’s idea to send me the email as he had a feeling it

was what i needed it my live. I held my hands over my face and began to sob

“please Mum I only replied as joke i dont really want it to happen in real

life”. “Nonsense young lady” she answered “ I have seen the way you have been

anticipating a reply, just like a child waiting for chistmas” she laughed.

The stark realisation began to hit me that I was indeed going to have my

bottom smacked but it wouldn’t be some stranger from the internet doing it it

would my pwn parents. In spite of this increased humiliation I began to accept

my fate and finally aknowledged it to my Mum. “Yes Mum I agree it is what I

need”, I said between my sobs, she lifted my hands away from my face and

smiled at me. “Oh yes Emily there are going to be some big changes for you

from now on” she grinned.

She told me to go and wash my face and get dressed as we had some things to

buy ready for my discipline to begin when my Dad got back from golf later. I

was on automatic pilot as I got dressed into some jeans and an old baggy

sweatshirt. Mum looked dissaprovingly “Make the most of that outfit my girl,

your going to dress as we tell you in future”.

The first place we got to was an adult sex shop in an idustrial estate outside

town. I looked at Mum not believing she was serious. I listened in dismay when

she told me they sold various items to use on a naughty little girls bare

bottom and we were going in to chose some. I found it hard to imagine my Mum

knew of such a place let alone what they sold inside.

With my face as red as an old fashioned telephone box she led me through the

door, “we don’t need to look for a Slipper I’m sure your Dad’s will do”, she

said cherfully not seeming to care who overheard. The shop was quite large and

very brightly lit, not at all like what I expected as Mum led me past a large

selection of pornographic dvd’s and magazines.

We stopped at a display stand full of all kids of whips and canes and so on

and I looked in bewilderment at the choice available. “So what do we need then

Emily”, Mum said hardly disgusing her amused experssion, I couldn’t bring

myself to look at her and just whispered back “a strap and a cane I guess”.

She began to pick up various leather straps, feeling them all over, almost as

if she knew what she was looking for.

She passed one to me to have a look just as the salesman walked over, I held

it my hands and just stared open mouthed at this bizarre situation. “Can I

help you ladies” he said in a typically cheerful salesman tone. “Oh we are

just looking for a few things to smack a girl’s bare bottom aren’t we Emily”

smiled Mum. God how could she humiliate me like this “well how naughty has she

been” he replied as if it was the most normal thing in the world to ask

someone.

Mum went on to tell him she wanted a selection of items and he seemed

delighted to offer his advice. He told her that heavier and thicker the strap

the more it hurt and the best in his opinion was one with a wooden handle and

a pivot holding a long peice of lether cut into two tails at the end. He told

her it was very good to swing but not too heavy it would cause a lot of

brusing.

She acepted his choice and gave it to me to hold while they began to look at

the canes. She eventually picked a really long old fashioned looking one with

a crook handle at the end “this will make your bottom dance won’t it young

lady” she laughed. The two customers looked up and smiled at her remark and

the salesman could barely contain his amusement. Just as we were walking to

the till Mum stopped “oh you wanted a Paddle for your bottom as well didn’t

you Emily”, she asked. I could see her expecting an answerand blushing more

than I ever I just replied “yes Mum”. “Oh this your daughter” he exclaimed

looking a little surprised to say the least. “I am sure a big girl like you

can go and get her own Paddle then while we go to the checkout” he was making

no attemp now to hide any amusement and was almost openly laughing.

I returned to the display and just grabbed the first paddle I saw, it was just

like a table tennis bat only made of soft leather. I handed it over to him to

scan the barcode and he talked to Mum just as if I wasn’t there. “she has

chosen a rather playfull paddle should we get something harder for her bum”.

Mum laughed at his comment but said she was sure that all in all my bottom

would ber very sore with everything we had. The final indignation was for Mum

to tell me to get my credit card out as I didnt expect her to pay for them did I.

Once outside I couldn’t wait for her to open the car so I didn’t have to carry

these things in my hands. I wasn’t even given a bag to put then in and prayed

no one would see them. “Mum how could you embarrass me like that” I said

angrily as we drove off. “My goodness me” she announced “if you think that was

embarrassing wait and see where we are going now”.