**Emily Hodge**

It was Friday evening and yet again instead of being out having fun with my friends I was at the house next door babysitting Jack. Well I say babysitting or rather just sat bored out of my head as he sat in front of the large TV in the lounge playing video football. It was the only time he was allowed to use the big TV for this and it was his highlight of the week. As usual I was flicking through my phone and staring at the clock wishing the time away until midnight when his parents usually got back.

He was 12 now and hardly said a word to me now unlike when he was younger and he did want some sort of interaction that at least made me the evening go quicker. As I had just finished my degree at university and decided to do a further year I needed the money otherwise I would definitely not be here. I poured myself another glass of wine and smiled to myself that a free supply of alcohol was a perk not to be passed up. Each time my phone beeped it was some new update from my friends about their night on the town obviously having a great time.

During a pause of his game Jack did turn around and actually spoke;

“Hey, do u know I will be 13 in 2 weeks and Mum said I can stay on my own” he said in a dull monotone voice.

I had not realized and it suddenly dawned on me that I would be out of a job and the £40 a time I got from sitting here would be gone. He must have seen the anxious look of disappointment across my face but he just shrugged and went back to his game. I took a gulp of wine and sat with the proverbial face like thunder contemplating how I could get another job to afford to stay at university for the rest of the year. I had my student loan but that only just covered my expenses this money was just about all I had to spend on myself each week.

He turned again to look at me again and let out a giggle;

“Oh wow Emily, that’s a sulk and a half isn't it. My little cousin Lauren looks like that when she can’t have something” he laughed.

Without really knowing why I began to explain why I was upset and told him all about my finances and whether it was the effects of the wine or the whole situation I could feel my voice falter and was almost on the verge of tears. Quickly I sniffed back the beginning of a sob and rubbed my face as he looked genuinely concerned. He put his game controller down and said he was sure I would find some other job and not to worry about it but if there was anything he could do he would as he liked me coming over and thought I was….cool.

I had to smile at his comments and thought how much he was actually growing up before half laughing and saying that he could help by not getting older and getting me out of a job. He looked at me with a sort of apprehensive look as if he was deep in thought before clearing his throat to speak. He went on to say maybe he could have a word with his Mum and say he didn’t feel comfortable being in the house on his own and therefore maybe I could keep coming over. I got up and went over and actually hugged him and said I would be so grateful and do what ever he wanted if he would do that for me.

He pushed me away and shook his head before looking quite stern faced;

“Oh no. Its not as easy as that, I mean what do I get out of it. But then if say u will do anything then let me think” he seemed quite different now and like a cartoon character plotting some evil deed.

He got up and ran upstairs to his room and returned with a piece of paper with some sort of drawing on it. He thrust it in my hands and stood waiting for my reaction. I could feel my eyes go wider and my heart skipped a beat as I saw what it was illustrating. It was like a pencil drawing of a young woman over the knee of some much younger boy with her jeans and knickers down obviously getting her bottom smacked. The bare bottom had been coulored in bright pink and she was crying while he was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

I could feel myself blush and wondered why he had shown me this but when I saw the title of the drawing it dawned on me. It was called “Babysitter in trouble” and Jack obviously must imagine me or us in that situation. I looked up to see him slightly nervous but obviously waiting for my reaction. As my mind was spinning he explained that his friend had got it from the internet along with another that showed a teacher getting spanked by her pupils which they had put on the wall in class as a joke as it resembled their teacher.

I felt instant sympathy for his teacher even tho I didn’t know her and could imagine how embarrassed she must have been to see it in class especially if she did look a little like the character. Then as I looked closer at the drawing in my hand I began to see similarities of myself in front of me. The girl was obviously tall, like me. Her hair was long and tied in a pony-tail.like me. She had small sort of apple shaped breasts under a tight t-shirt, like me but most striking of all she had a rather chubby bottom that seemed to fill the picture and pull my eyes to it even tho I didn’t want to look.

“So are you up for it then Emily, let me do that to you and I will tell my Mum you can still come round every week and get your money” he made no attempt to disguise his motives and subtlety was not his strong point.

I was obviously feeling shocked as he continued to say how at least I would actually earn my money instead of sitting on my “fat bum” all evening. I could feel my heart race and my breathing get a little quicker and kept looking down at the picture then back up at his grinning expectant face. My head shook in disbelief and begin to panic thinking surely I couldn’t be so desperate for the little bit of what was after all “pocket money” each week that I was considering accepting this bizarre offer he was giving me. But considering it I was.

“Oh god Jack, I am 22 you know, I hardly think it is reasonable that u expect me to agree to this” I said knowing I was blushing as I did.

Even the choice of my words made it obvious I hadn’t ruled it out instantly like I should have. I mean what sort of grown woman would contemplate letting someone virtually half her age smack her bottom, her bare bottom at that. My mouth was dry and I felt all hot and clammy and the adrenaline was pumping through me. All the time a voice in my head was screaming for me not to be so stupid and tell him in no uncertain terms what he could with his obscene “offer”.

**Emily Hodge part 2**

“Well this better stay between us, you breath a word to anyone and….” I hesitated and looked down. “understand young man”. I tried so hard to sound in control even though it was blatantly obvious I wasn't.

He clapped his hands in glee and almost did a little dance of joy. I had an instant regret but yet something seemed to just compel me to agree. I took one last glance at the silly little drawing and it almost seemed like it was somehow influencing my thought process. I placed it on the arm of the sofa and got to my feet. It was like being in a dream like state where I knew what I was doing yet felt distant and sort of detached almost like I was watching myself act so peculiarly. My hands went to the button of my tight denim jeans and unfastened it and slid the zipper down. Before I had time to push them over my hips a sharp “Smack” landed on my bum.

“Bit eager aren’t u Emily” he laughed “what’s the matter do u like having your bottom smacked”.

He walked in front of me and my hands were still at the waist of my jeans as I stayed still. He might have asked a question but I doubt he was upset I hadn’t answered him. I think he was more surprised or even amazed that I was going to let him do this to me. Which in all honesty who could blame him. I even wondered if there was any planning on his behalf or had it just been a spur of the moment thing, either way the outcome was evident now as I stood shame faced in front of him.

“Hands on your head young lady, you do as I say now or the deal is off”

He emphasized young lady with a mocking stare into my eyes and all I could was nod meekly in response. My jeans stayed where they were despite being undone as I lifted both my hands up to the top of my head. He gave a satisfied smile at my obvious compliance and then his eyes wandered down to the opening of my jeans. My T-shirt had risen up slightly and there was a slight gap showing some of my bare tummy as well as a V where the jeans were slightly open. The top of my pale blue knickers were also on show with the contrasting geometric shapes of various shades of purple running along the waistband.

“Go on then. seen as you want to you can take your jeans down now” he was having trouble not laughing as he spoke.
I obeyed like a well drilled soldier, not even a hesitation as I put my hands back to the waistband of my jeans and began to inch them slowly over my hips. I had to stop several times as it was almost impossible to get them down without my knickers coming down as well. It was one tug of my jeans then a tug of my knickers in the opposite direction until my jeans were bunched up between my thighs and my knees and my knickers were now on full display to him. I gave a little look up to his face and he flicked his head slightly indicating where my hands should be and right away I thrust then back on my head.

“Good Girl Emily” he smiled “My Mum is always saying that all you student’s go around showing them selves off all the time and acting like tarts”

My face was bright red as I tried not to look him in the eye as he was openly insulting me. He walked around me like he was inspecting his “prize” as I tried to comprehend what the hell I was doing in this position. Before I could think any clearer he put his hand on the back of my knickers and gave them a tug outward and even though he was behind me I knew he was looking down at my bare bottom slightly. I gave a little shudder as he let go making the elastic snap back into place.

“Right get your knickers down. You can show yourself properly can’t you” he said as if it was nothing.

All the time my hands were moving to my knickers I was convincing myself it wasn’t really happening. It had to be a dream or a nightmare any second I would walk up and come to my senses. Surly no amount of money was enough to make me degrade and humiliate myself like this, let alone a pitiful £40. How hard could it be to get myself another Job, most of my friends worked in shops or Bar’s at the weekend and I couldn’t imagine any of them resorting to demeaning themselves so easily. Yet I was willingly almost paradoxically eagerly pushing my knickers down over my hips to join my jeans half inside out at the top of my knees.

“Wow. nice bush Emily” he giggled “I have just lost £1” he laughed again “I bet my friend Tom you would have it bald like a slut”

His eyes were fixed on my neat little triangle of chestnut brown pubic hair slightly darker than the hair on my head. I blushed even more not only being on display like this but also knowing he and his friend had obviously been discussing what I might look like between my legs and now feeling he had been planning all this and I had fell so easily into his trap. How could I be so naive and stupid and why was I still standing like some shop window manikin instead of getting dressed and acting my age and putting a stop to this nonsense.

“Click” “Come on smile we don’t want Tom thinking you’re a miserable girl who doesn’t know how to have fun” he pointed his phone at me again.

“Please Jack no, for god’s sake I am a grown woman you can’t take pictures of me like this let alone show them to other boys” I said in panic.

He took no notice and calmly walked around me clicking away from all angles. Even holding his phone level with my knees and pointing up between my legs. What was wrong with me, why was I just standing still letting him do this. Even he look slightly surprised I wasn’t objecting more as he stood back to get all of me in the frame. Knowing my face was red I tried to smile. I knew it must look forced and without thinking I pushed my tongue out like some of little brat and then giggled at the absurdity at the whole situation.

“Oh brilliant Emily, that’s perfect I can’t believe what a good sport you are” and at last he put his damn phone down.

He assured me he was only going to show Tom and still thinking I had gone insane I agreed he could. He walked past me and went to the kitchen and came back drinking a large glass of soda. His eyes were still roaming all over me with a look of incredulity and disbelief and to be fair who could blame him. He was behind be again no doubt feasting his eyes on my bare bottom when I gasped out loud as he cupped my left cheek giving it a little jiggle then a gentle “Smack”. He did the same with the right before walking over to the sofa and sitting down. He finished his soda with slurp and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand like a typical boy his age and put the empty glass down.

“So come and get over my knee like your naughty compatriot babysitter in the picture and lets see if we can colour you bottom the same shade of pink” he smiled.

I was still numb with the chain of events but knew for some unexplained reason that I appeared as willing a participant as Him as I walked over. With a deep breath and a flickering glance at his amused face I leaned right over and with a little “humpppffff” I let my weight fall on his lap. I reached forward so my arms were out in front of me and resting on the arm of the sofa and my legs out flat with my knees bent a little so my feet were resting on the opposite arm behind me. I could picture how I must look and thought it must be almost identical to the little cartoon drawing and all I did need was some colour on my bare bum to make it exact.

With a few gentle pats with his right hand on my bottom I felt the weight of his left hand between my shoulder blades pushing me down a little. He let out a little laugh saying it was cool to see how my bare bum cheeks were springy and gave a little ripple and a nice bounce back into shape. I was hardly interested in his observations of the female form from behind and gave a little huff under my breath out of frustration.

“Oh for god’s sake Jack. Just get on with it and give me a spanking so I can pull my jeans up and get back to normal” I snapped impatiently.

His left hand moved suddenly up to my pony-tail and tugged my head back sharply. “Smack” “Smack”. he leaned forward and half turned my head so he could look into my eyes and delivered several more hard smacks with his right hand. The sting was immediate and although easily something I knew I could handle I did wonder how much a prolonged spanking would hurt.

“You mind your manners, you little brat do you understand young lady” he snapped back at me.

To be honest I was actually quite impressed how well he was playing his role and as he pulled my pony-tail even harder I gasped and mumbled I was “sorry” and with that he relaxed his grip a little but resumed the steady rhythm of hard smacks to my bare bottom. I was gasping and hissing between my teeth as the sting was building up and each smack seemed to flatten my bum cheeks then have a split second delay until the burn of pain reached my brain. I began to wriggle and squirm over his knee but a few harsh tugs of my pony-tail seemed to keep me still enough for him to land the smacks on target.

“Oh this is so much fun Emily” “Smack” “ “are you enjoying it” he laughed.

With several hard jerks to my hair he made me nod my head almost like a puppet as if I was agreeing which made him laugh louder. The relentless hard smacks were now being evenly spread from left to right and almost from the base of my spine to the tops of my thighs. My gasps and abstract noises were getting louder and louder and I felt the panic of being near to crying. Surly I couldn’t embarrass myself completely by letting him reduce me to tears with a simple spanking. I was a grown woman after all not some silly school girl.

I could feel my bottom lip tremble and along with several loud sniffs I was screwing my face up and trying anything to take my mind off the heat building up on the skin of my bottom. Still the smack’s were raining down like a thunder storm on my tender sore bum cheeks and lower down the backs of my legs making me gasp and yelp louder and louder. With some gulps of air deep into my lungs I wanted to get some energy to focus on not showing myself up completely but I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes. I think he could sense my struggle and concentrated all his slaps on the lower part of my right bum cheek until the battle was lost and I let out a loud childish , whining sniveling sob.

“What’s the matter Brat” he laughed “not the brave big girl you thought you were……..fancy crying just because you have to get a spanking”.

He moved his attention to my left bum cheek now and once again with precision accuracy landing his hand again and again on the same patch of skin. It began to burn to match the other and more loud sobs escaped from me. I flicked my legs feeling them restricted by my jeans around my knees and without meaning to lifted my bare stinging bottom higher up. Another tug of my hair made me turn my face sideways and he looked down at me.

“Learning your lesson now are you Brat” he looked serious “what a pathetic little cry baby I thought you would be able to take more than a little spanking at your age”.

His harsh words made me cry openly and with that he let go of my hair and pushed me off his knee on to the floor. I scrambled up to my feet as me jeans and knickers let gravity do its work and crumple further down my legs to my ankles. I reached my right hand to the back of my head where my pony-tail was fastened and tried to rub as his harsh pulling of my hair had made me sore and with my left hand did the same to the burning hot skin on my bare bottom. He shook his head at the sight in front of him.

“Go and get in the corner, hands on your head and push that naught red bottom out” he snapped.

“Emily……Emily get out of bed now…….you will be late for university again…..and don’t forget you are babysitting Jack tonight” yelled my Mum from the bottom of the stairs.

Instantly I reached down to my bum and gasped….oh it was fine.