**Emma Croft**

I pulled my car on the drive of boyfriend's house and was really looking forward to spending a weekend on my own as he had been called to work away for a few days. I shared a flat with my friend Lisa and she was more than happy to have the place to herself so she could get her boyfriend to stay over. I had planned myself a nice shopping trip for the next day and bought a bottle of wine for tonight and wanted to try out something that had been on my mind ever since I saw it.

The something I wanted to try or to be more precise to feel was not something you would normally see hanging on someone's bedroom wall. It was in fact a paddle, the kind of paddle used to spank someone, not to use in a canoe. I had this bizarre fascination ever since I saw it and my boyfriend James didn't even know why it there. It was hanging on the wall when he moved in and he just left it there. I had often made little jokes about whether it had ever been used or even what it might feel like. Of course James was ignorant to my interest and my giggling comments about how I better not be a naughty girl fell on deaf ears.

So I thought if you want something doing girl, do it yourself and decided I would dress myself up as some imaginary old fashioned “little girl” who had been so misbehaved she was going to get the paddle. Then with the courage of a bottle of wine I would give myself a few whacks with the mean looking paddle and see what it felt like. Obviously I knew it wouldn't be the same as getting it for real but I was sure I could mange to swing it hard enough to make it sting. I had got myself a thin little white vest top to wear along with some white ankle socks and thought that would make me feel quite embarrassed even though no one would see me in such a childish outfit.

I opened the door and went straight to the bedroom and took the paddle off the wall. James and I had been going out for almost a year yet this was the first time I had been in his house on my own and it even felt quite naughty for some strange reason to touch things that didn't belong to me. The paddle was heavier that I had imagined and it even made my heart skip a beat when I swung it through the air thinking just how much it would sting. Without waiting I quickly undressed out of my smart navy blue uniform of skirt and jacket that was regulation Bank attire where I worked. Almost eagerly I unbuttoned my pale blue blouse and shrugged it off and then un-clipped my bra and thumbed my black knickers down and stepped out of them.

Already I felt such a delicious mixture of apprehension and daring that I was playing out such a delightfully naughty charade and as I tugged the sleeveless vest top over my head I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. I gave a little giggle to myself and bent over to pull the socks on stood gazing at my reflection. It was obvious I was not wearing a bra as the outline of my nipples could easily be seen and then as I looked down to my bald pubic mound between my legs I looked every inch the naughty little girl I was pretending to be.

“Well Emma your in for now my girl”, I spoke out loud to myself

I walked back to the lounge and took the paddle and placed it on the coffee table and got the bottle of wine and went to the kitchen to open it. I poured a large glass and gulped some down and began to feel a rush walking around bare from the waist down. I noticed I hadn't even closed the curtains and looked through the window at my car on the drive and out to the road in front. The window came down to my waist so I guessed that even if someone did happen to look in they wouldn't be able see how little I was wearing but none the less gave me an extra thrill at the thought.

I switched on the TV and sat on the sofa, the cold leather on my bare bottom reminded me how surreal all this was. I kept glancing over to the paddle and thought I would wait until at least some effects of the wine had time to dull some of the pain as I was determined to deliver some hard whacks. The beep of my phone brought me out of my fantasy world and it was a text from James. He apologized again for having to work all weekend and for some unknown reason I didn't tell him I was here. Instead I told him I had stayed in with Lisa. I couldn't work out why I had said that but the thought of lying to him made me feel like I deserved a genuine punishment. This fantasy was taking a life of its own now, if only I had known just how much it was going to snowball out of control.

I couldn't sit still and kept getting up to walk around knowing my bare bum cheeks jiggled as I did and even put my hands on them to feel the movement with each step. At 5'10'' I guess I looked slimmer than I actually was and knew I could do with losing a few pounds, especially from my bottom and thighs. I was always more proud of having long legs and guys always seem to compliment me on my bottom as my best feature. However since my breasts were only a b cup it meant it didn't have much competition I guess. I sat back down and gazed at the paddle and finished my glass of wine. With a deep breath and a warm rush inside I got up and took the paddle in my right hand. I hesitated then thought come girl u can do this and leaned forward a little and swung the paddle awkwardly and laded it slightly off target on the base of bum and the top of my left thigh. It stung instantly and made me inhale sharply. I waited a few seconds and tried another swing.this time twisting my waist more to try and get more to my right bum cheek. Again it had a spiteful sting as it met my skin and I thought how much this would really hurt if it was swung properly by someone else. I put it down and went to get some more wine.

I began to get used to walking around bare and was just fastening my long strawberry blonde hair into a pony-tail when I heard the lock to front door click then the sound of the door opening. In a blind panic I looked around and not even taking time to think who it could be that had a key I knew I couldn't let them see me dressed like this. I had no way of getting to the bedroom to retrieve my clothes as the door was at the bottom of the stairs and the person was already inside now. If I went to the kitchen there was no where to hide and the only thing I could do was to stand behind the sofa. The door to the lounge opened and I could feel my face blush and my heart was racing like mad. I knew my eyes were wide open like a rabbit caught in the headlights.

“Oh its you!......I thought it was your car but.James sent me a text me and told me you weren't here” snapped Sam my boyfriend's younger brother.

I had never spent any time on my own with Sam but for some reason we did seem to be a clash of personalities you might say. I was quite out spoken to some extent and he was the type of person who always liked to be heard. He certainly did not have a easy nature like his brother James and he would always look for an argument any time he could with me. He seemed to hardly look at me and put his skate board in the corner and began sort through some Play Station games. My heart was almost beating out of my chest as I stood half hidden by the sofa but also half dressed. The paddle was on full view on the coffee table in the middle of the room next to my glass of wine.

At one moment I contemplated making a dash for the door while his back was turned but knew he was bound to see my bare bum before I made it upstairs to get my clothes. Yet what else could I do unless I could get him out of the room even for just a few seconds to make my escape. I couldn't think of anything to say that would sound remotely plausible in order to get him to leave the room. I had to think of something, I could hardly stand behind the sofa until he decided to leave. I tried to sound normal and under control although this situation was far from normal. I asked if he was looking for any particular game and had he just to come over to borrow it or something. I could feel my knees actually tremble as he replied that James had texted him and said he could come over and play a few games here and have the place to himself out of the way of “rent’s”, I presume he meant parent’s.

Oh well am I invisible then…..I guess you can just change your plans and just skateboard yourself back home” it was hardly a polite tone in my voice.

“Hey no way……how did I know you were here and what are you doing here anyway” he kept his back to me and switched on the playstation.

He turned around and stood up, “Hey wait.…..you have got another guy here..or your waiting for one…….you cheating bitch”. he yelled.

I instantly panicked and felt a cold sweat making me shiver, “God No, Jason you have it all wrong…..really you have”.

He ran out of the room and upstairs shouting for who ever was hiding to come out and I could hear his footsteps upstairs and opening and closing every door. Oh shit what was I going to say now to get out of this, let alone get to my clothes. I ran from behind the sofa and grabbed the paddle, thinking as least I could hide this so he would not know exactly what I was up to. I looked around and held the paddle but before I could do anything he was running back downstairs. All I could do was hold it vertically in front of me trying the best I could to shield my pussy from his gaze. His face was like thunder and at first I don’t think he noticed how I was dressed, or more precisely not dressed. He pulled his phone out of the pocket of his baggy jeans and flicked at the screen. I took a few sideways steps towards the door thinking I could run and get my clothes at least when he glanced up.

“Oh no you don’t bitch,,,you stay there and see what my brother has to say and I want to hear him dump you right now…..you're history” he was so angry I was scared.

“Please Jason, please stop…….I can explain…you have seriously got it all wrong…. honest there is no one else”, I pleaded with him.

He had got Jame’s number now and I could feel a tear running down my face and knew I was blushing so red. I could hear the ringing sound as the room was deathly quiet. For a moment I prayed James was not going to answer and even if he did I could maybe explain later and smooth it all over with him. Even if that did work it wasn’t going to get me out of this room without the idiot of his brother seeing me and knew if I made a run for it he would see the slightly red marks on my bum cheeks at the very least. Oh god this was truly the rock and the hard place now. Then the click of the phone being answered brought me back to face the stark reality that I had no way out now.

“Hey Bro you won’t believe what this cheating bit”, before he could spit out the word bitch Jame’s interrupted him.

“Look man I am driving let me just pull over…..give me a second”.

This was my last chance and I moved the paddle to my side and spoke.”Please Jason let me explain….and if you don’t believe me then ring James back and tell him what ever you like”

His mouth fell open a little just as James spoke, “Go on bro…what do you want”

“Oh its………oh its just this ….this cheat code on fortnite…oh its fine…..I mean I can speak later…I errr I have to go now I’m in the middle of the game” he swiped his phone.

His eye were rooted between my legs staring intently at my hairless pussy with the plump pubic mound and neat little slit just viable from the little gap in my thighs. The silence was electric and for what seemed like for every time stood still, I didn’t want to speak, I didn’t want to look at his burning eyes but I had to say something. At last he flicked his eyes back to my face, like the reaction you get when you catch a guy staring down your top or something. His expression had turned from shock and surprise to curiosity and to some kind of bewilderment to see me standing like this in front of him. It was confession time now I told myself and wondered if any catholic priest had heard anything like what I was going to say. I was almost oblivious to what I was exposing now, not just physically but mentally as I began to tell Jason about my fascination with the paddle. I told him the whole story and my plan for this weekend and then as far as giving myself a couple of smacks with the damn thing that had taken over my thoughts.

“Yeah…..nice try Emma…do you think I’m dumb or something…..I mean what idiot wants to smack their own arse” he sneered.

“More like you wanted to play kinky spanking games with another guy since my brother doesn’t go for it….that more like the truth” he laughed.

Before I had time to think it through I turned to leaned forward a bit and pushed my bare bottom out to him. “Well who the hell has done this to my bum then……..the invisible man”.

**Emma Croft part two**

I was pushing my bare bum out and still holding the paddle thinking how ridiculous I must look. Sam meanwhile was slowly shaking his head at this almost comic yet highly embarrassing spectacle I was making of myself. I stood back upright and glanced up to him before looking back down feeling such utter shame at both my appearance and my admission. I think he was almost stunned into silence and I walks over and put the paddle back on the coffee table and picked up my glass. It didn’t seem important now to make ant attempt to cover myself up and just walked calmly to the kitchen. Poured myself another glass of wine and went back to the lounge and saw Sam holding the paddle. Just looking at it in his hands gave me another shudder inside and then an outrages thought entered my head. Before I had time to formulate my idea he spoke.

“So is that it then…..you just gave yourself two little smacks” he asked.

I was a little indignant at his comment as if he was suggesting I had not been able to take any more. “Well some idiot interrupted me”, I snapped

He smiled and walked past me into the kitchen and came back with a can of coke, “Well carry on…..don’t mind me”, he smiled.

With that he sat on the sofa and leaned back like he was the movies or something. No way could I just carry on as if he wasn’t here. He could see me hesitating and added that he could always ring James back and since I had told him I wasn’t going to even be here my story was not looking watertight. I knew it was hopeless I was going to have to let my boyfriend’s little brother watch me do such a humiliating thing. I walked over and swapped my comforting glass of wine for the not so Innocent looking paddle. He let out muffled laugh and I decided to stand sort of side on to him. With several deep breaths I gripped the paddle tight, my hand right at the end of the handle and then without any rehearsal I swing it harder than before. Oh it gave a really sharp,smarting sting almost all on my right bum cheek. I took a brisk inhale of breath to stop myself making a noise but none the less my reaction was obvious that I had felt it.

“Oh wow…Emma this is priceless I have never seen anything like it….go on I am sure you can do better than that though”he was openly laughing now.

I was feeling so confused now, I wanted to feel the paddle more but I hated him seeing me like this. I was concentrating now and moved the handle to turn the paddle a little and swung again hard. This time it made more of a “splat” on my bare bum cheeks as if I got the timing just right and the impact did sting much more.It was still hard to get it around to my left cheek and again my right cheek was really smarting now. I didn’t even wait to hear anything Sam wanted to say and swung it hard again. A little gasp escaped from my mouth and again my right cheek got most of the blade of the hard paddle. In frustration I pushed the paddle into my left hand and immediately felt much more awkward, not that what I was doing before with my right hand was a piece of cake. Again I took a wild swing and with no control with my left hand almost missed and only caught a glancing blow now to my hip rather than my bottom but the momentum made me almost lose my balance and swivel around. I heard Sam laugh again and for some reason could only giggle myself imagining what on earth I must look like before stopping myself and looking away.

“Oh it isn’t easy you know……why don’t you try it” I sort of pouted like a petulant child.

Before I realized what I had said he got up and took the paddle from my hand. “Sure Brat…..it will be a pleasure…bend over then properly”.

I tried to protest that it wasn’t what it meant but he spun me around and then brought the paddle down in a smooth arc and really caught me almost off guard and got me to yelp out loud. I jumped up and reached back to rub my bum cheeks. Thankfully he had at least the decency to aim more for my left cheek and I massaged my bottom slowly as he stood laughing. I was walking around almost pacing up and down like a wounded animal. The fact that I was bare from the waist down seemed irrelevant now as I stood facing him. He still had the paddle in his hand and he looked uncertain and curious. It was like we we were both waiting for the other to speak first. I reached the conclusion that maybe none of us needed to say anything and turned back with my back to him and leaned forward slightly and put my hands on my knees.

“Oh my does the naughty little brat want another then”. and without waiting “Whack” delivered a stinging smack.

I hissed between my teeth but stayed bending down and remained still as he swung again, harder this time and before I could absorb the intense stinging and burning to my bottom I got another. I took a couple of steps forward but at the same time kept my hands on my knees and my bare hot bottom pushing upwards. I gasped again as the paddle struck my bottom and was breathing hard now almost like I had been running. It was as if I was now challenging him and who was going to blink first although I am sure it was obvious who was getting the wrong end of the paddle. With another final “Whack” I decided to hell with losing face I was going to blink and jumped up. I did what is commonly known as the “spank dance” and he just watched with such an amused expression on his face.

“Right as much fun as this is Emma, why don’t u go get dressed and let me have this place to myself all weekend now”, his words brought me back to earth with a bump.

I began to explain that I had promised my flatmate Lisa I would be away all weekend and besides I was Jame’s girlfriend and girlfriends took priority over brothers. He smiled and said I hardly looked like I was in the best position to want to argue with my red bare arse on display. I sulked and pulled a face and promised I wouldn’t be any trouble and he could sit and play video games as much as he liked and I would even get a pizza for him and tidy up after him. He seemed to look like he was considering it and thought for a moment. He exclaimed that it all sounded good but we had a slight problem he had invited his friend Jimmy over tonight and maybe a few more of his buddies for a night of gaming tomorrow.

“look its fine, I will just stay in my room when ever anyone else is here and you won’t here a peep from me” I almost begged.

I was sounding more and more like the little brat I was dressed like as he smiled as if he was thinking it over. He announced that it might work but I had to acknowledge who was in charge between the two of us. I think the way I was dressed and the fact that my bottom was still smarting hardly left any doubt as far as I was concerned. Of course I agreed and then he decided that we should put that to the test. He was grinning as he said had a little teat of obedience for me to really prove I knew my place this weekend. He told me to go upstairs and gather all my clothes I had arrived in, which he had obviously seen strewn on the bedroom floor and bundle them all up in my arms and come back here. I turned around and walked out feeling my bum cheeks jiggle with each step and did as he said. I was holding everything in my arms and had even hid my bra and knickers in my skirt and blouse, embarrassed for him to see them and yet here I was blatantly showing my newly shaved pussy to him like it was normal to show myself off like this.

“So Emma, or should I say Brat I want you to go outside and put your clothes in your car…..that is if you can prove you can follow orders”, he spoke calmly and slowly.

“What the ...! You can’t mean it…….how the hell can I go outside dressed like this you moron”, I spat out.

He shrugged his shoulders and began to push me slowly to the door, “Oh you are going outside you Brat the only choice you have is whether you come back inside or not”.

I was walking backwards towards the door and feeling like this wasn’t really happening to me and I was almost watching it happen to someone else. I remained still as he let go of me and went to open the door. My heart was ready to burst out of my chest and I knew it was simple to just refuse and put my clothes on and walk away. But that would be easy and the sting on my bottom had began to change into more a warmth that spread all throughout my body making me know I wanted more and more. With an almost petrified panic inside me he turned and slapped me hard on my bare bum and sent me outside. It was still daylight and I was in front of my car shielding my lack of clothing on my lower half to anyone who could be looking. I looked both ways along the road and I guessed the few cars that were driving past would not really have the time to notice how little I was wearing. It was anyone walking on the pavement that was my main threat. With a step that felt like I was taking a leap from the top of a cliff I moved to the side of the door and took hold of the door handle.

“Shit…..Sam its locked….my keys get my keys quick…….please”, I begged.
“Oh you sure are dumb…..who goes to their car with no keys…..I mean I am getting to think you like being outside like that”, he laughed.

I told him my keys were in my bag and for some insane reason I just stayed waiting at the side of my door with my bare red bum facing the whole street. It was like my feet were glued to the drive and I couldn’t move a muscle. After what felt like eternity he stood in the doorway holding my keys and before I had time to react he had launched them in the air. I could see them spinning as they hurtled towards me and without thinking I dropped the clothes on the floor and plucked my keys right in front of my face. In a blind panic I pushed then in the door and swung it open before bending down frantically grabbing at my blouse then my skirt then my bright pink knickers. I had opened the drivers door and even though it hardly mattered I lent right in the car to push my clothes to the passenger seat. I could hear Sam laughing and as I scrambled back out of the car and he was stood in the doorway dangling my bra from his fingers.

“Forget something Brat” he grinned.

I screwed my face up in temper and rushed towards him when he pushed his hand behind his back. “Hey don’t u know its rude to snatch”,

I did a little dance up and down in sheer frustration at his audacity that he could have me standing outside like this as if it were completely normal. I made another grab for my bra only for him to easily move his hand out of the way. Just then I heard giggling from behind me and turned to see two girls around my age walking past the end of the drive. Instantly I crouched down in front of my car so I was out of their sight. Obviously it was a little late as they had clearly seen me. Sam was smiling and waving my bra in front of him like a prized trophy. The girls were still laughing but still continuing to walk away now as I overheard something like;

“Did you see her bum…….I mean it was like two tomatoes having a fight”, as they bust into louder laughter.

“Right act your age now Brat and stop messing around…..ask nicely and you can have your bra back”, smiled Sam.

I got to my feet and stood in front of him, “Please may I have my bra so I can put it with rest of my clothes…..and stay like this all weekend”

God what was wrong with me but at this moment in time all I wanted to do was go inside and get some more of the paddle on my bare bottom and would have done anything to be able to achieve that. He let me take the bra out of his fingers and I ran eagerly back to my car to put it inside and closed the door. I was locking it with my hands shaking the keys when I heard the unmistakable noise of a skateboard approaching. I didn’t look up but sensed it stop at the end of the drive and then the flip of someone sending it in the air to catch it. Oh god it couldn’t be Jimmy already but as with the rest of my luck today of course it was. I knew he must have already seen me but all I could think of doing was getting back inside now. I ran and pushed my way past Sam and headed to the front room to pour myself another glass of wine.

“Hey…Isn't that Jame’s girl Emma….whats going on” asked Jimmy.

Sam was hardly able to talk he was laughing so much, “Oh she has a new name now…she is called Brat…….and you aren’t going to believe whats happening this weekend”