**Emma's Descent**

by Bellatheslut.

My name is Emma and I am 20 years old and live with my Mum after Dad left us when I was 12. He's re-married now and lives up north and I haven't seen him in a long time, but he always contributed financially, so we never struggled and were able to stay in the same house I grew up in. I went to college but dropped out and now I have a job working in a supermarket. It's boring, but the money's okay especially as I don't pay rent. I don't generally help out around the house, despite Mum having a full time job herself as a nursery school teacher. I don't have a boyfriend at the moment, though I have had a few since I first started dating at 16. I lost my virginity when I was 17 and enjoy sex, though I don't consider myself promiscuous in any way. I never had a

one-night stand and only had sex when I was in a commited relationship.

One day, Mum announced that my cousin, Paul, would be coming to stay with us over the summer, and that he'd be bringing a friend with him. I didn't really know Paul, but Mum said he was 13 now. She said Aunt Kathy was having some marital problems with Uncle Joe and that a little time on their own without Paul around might help them work things out. I wasn't keen on having some kid hanging around, and couldn't understand why he had to bring a friend with him too, but Mum just said it was all arranged and that was that.

I came home from work one Friday and Mum told me the two boys had arrived and were upstairs, settling in. To my horror, she'd put them both in my room, as it had a bigger bed, and I was put in the spare room.

"I've put your stuff in the spare room, apart from the things in your closet. The boys don't really need a closet, and you can get your things as and when you need them."

To say I wasn't happy was an understatement, but Mum ignored my protests. She said it was only for a few weeks. Mum called the boys down and introduced us. Paul was skinny and had very blond hair and pale skin. His friend, Tommy, was black and slightly chubby, and tall for his age. The two boys looked me up and down, checking me out with their eyes. I felt like they were mentally undressing me, imagining what I looked like under my staff uniform, which consisted of an orange blouse and tight black trousers.

I had a shower and changed into jeans and a sweatshirt, which is what I normally wore around the house. We had our tea and I was still aware of the two boys staring at me from time to time. If I caught Paul looking at me, he'd smile and look away, but Tommy was different - he'd hold my gaze for a few seconds, almost challenging me, before casually smiling at me. More often than not, it was I who looked away first.

Mum went out at seven, to Bingo. The boys were upstairs in their room, playing on Paul's Xbox, which he'd brought with him. I had another Friday night without a date, so I sat in front of the TV in the front room, watching nothing in particular, drinking wine.

One thing that annoyed me about having Paul and Tommy staying here - even more than having to sleep in the spare room - was that I couldn't do what I normally did when Mum left me on my own. What I normally did was to strip naked and walk around the house like that. It was something I'd done ever since I was old enough to

be left on my own. I don't know what it was, but I just got a real thrill out of being naked, even though I knew no-one could see me. I remember ordering pizza and daring myself to answer the door naked when the guy showed up, but I was always too scared to do it. Sometimes, feeling daring, I'd answer the door in nothing but a bath robe or with just a towel around me, like I'd just come out of the shower. I would hunt through my purse for the money to pay them, feeling the cold night air on my body, knowing the guy was looking at me, checking me out, hoping to get a look at my bare tits. Sometimes I'd drop the money and have to crouch down to pick it up. It

wasn't deliberate, just a mixture of nervousness and excitement, but I noticed the guys never made a move to help me and it was obvious that they were hoping to see something they shouldn't. Of course, it gave me a kind of thrill when this happened and I found myself crouched in front of them and my head was level with their cocks. I

think secretly that I wanted them to take advantage of me, but it never happened and I would end up rubbing my pussy hard and making myself cum before I had a chance to eat my pizza. I guess I knew I had an exhibitionist streak, despite the fact that I dressed pretty conservatively most of the time. It annoyed me now that Paul and

Tommy were denying me my fun and I just sat and drank my wine. I was flicking through the channels when Paul appeared.

"Can we have some wine, Emma.?"

Without thinking, I just shrugged and said, "Sure, okay."

"Cool. Get some glasses and bring it upstairs for us."

I was surprised by his tone, the way he was telling me what to do, but I found myself doing as he said and got some glasses and another bottle of wine and took them upstairs to what was once my bedroom. Paul and Tommy were sitting on my bed, playing some silly racing game on the computer. I poured them both a small glass of

wine and, not having anything better to do, joined them on the bed.

"Thanks for the wine, Emma" Tommy said. "You can have a go now."

He handed me the controller and I was, of course, useless. Paul and Tommy laughed at me and openly mocked my pathetic attempts to steer my car around the track. I don't know why it bothered me so much, as it was just a stupid game, but I was determined to finish as best as I could.

"As you were so useless, you can pour us more wine," Paul said.

It was absurd, but I did as I was told, as if it was some sort of forfeit for my hopeless score on the computer game. I sat in a sort of sulk, watching Paul and Tommy taking turns to zoom around the track, both taking the opportunity to make sly comments at my expense.

Paul said, "Your turn, Emma."

Then Tommy laughed and said, "Well, this shouldn't take long."

I tried my best, but I was still hopeless. It didn't help, of course, that the two young boys were mocking me and laughing at me and Paul even nudged me a few times, causing me to go off the track. I was also slightly drunk, of course, which only added to my poor display.

"You're hopeless," Paul laughed. "I'm amazed you managed to pass your driving test."

Tommy said, "What will her forfeit be this time?"

I could feel my face redden with shame as Paul told me my forfeit was to stand in the corner with my hands on my head, like a naughty schoolgirl. I was to remain there until it was my turn to race again. I don't know why I did it, but I found myself silently agreeing to his demand, and stood in the corner, facing the wall, putting my hands on top of my head. I felt really stupid, but part of me liked it, being humiliated in this way, being told what to do by a couple of young boys. The boys seemed to ignore me as they took turns playing their game. I just stood there, feeling silly, hoping none of my friends found out about this. Why was I doing this anyway? What if Mum found out? It all seemed ridiculous, and yet I stood there, passively accepting my forfeit.

"Your turn," Tommy said.

Paul smiled at me and said, "If you don't do it this time, your forfeit will be worse, so you better not mess it up this time."

I was aware that my hands were shaking as I took hold of the controller. I should have just walked out and gone back downstairs, but the game started and I knew I was in trouble as I crashed on the first bend. Paul and Tommy laughed as I struggled to get back on track, but my nervousness was making it almost impossible for me to control the car and I crashed twice more in quick succession before I snapped and threw the controller away in disgust.

"What a baby," Paul sneered, as I sat there shaking on the bed netween the two boys.

"Maybe she did it on purpose," Tommy said. "Maybe Emma wants to be punished."

I was told to stand in the corner again. I was still shaking as I obeyed their instruction, and put my hands on my head again. But then my face reddened again as Paul spoke.

"After your tantrum, I think we'd better have your jeans and knickers pulled down."

I just stood there, facing the wall, blushing at this latest humiliation. I knew I couldn't do it, and yet the idea of being exposed in such a way in front of two teenage boys was exciting to me, even though I knew it was totally wrong.

"If you don't do it, your punishment will be worse," Tommy said.

I wanted to do it. Well, part of me did. I couldn't explain it, but part of me was in some strange way enjoying this humiliation and was almost craving more. But I was 20 years old - an adult - and the idea of pulling down my jeans and panties in front of two 13 year old boys was too humiliating for words.

Paul said, "If you don't do as you're told, Emma, your Mum will find out you let us drink wine. What do you think she'd say to that?"

I knew my Mum would go crazy, but surely that was better than the idea of exposing my bare bottom to two teenage boys. So why were my hands undoing my jeans? Why was I pushing them down around my knees? Why was I letting Paul and Tommy see my little pink panties?

"Good girl," Paul said. "Now your knickers."

His voice was so commanding, so sure of itself. I felt like I was no longer the adult in the room. I felt like I was 8 years old again. With only a little hesitation, I slowly eased my panties down, until they too were down around my knees.

"Hands on your head."

Again I did it. Raising my arms caused my sweat shirt to rise too, exposing the whole of my naked bottom to the two boys, who sniggered at me and clearly couldn't believe their luck.

"Such a dirty little girl," Tommy laughed.

"Better have your top off too," Paul said.

I did it, of course. I seemed unable to refuse. I had a thin white bra on underneath. I put my hands on my head again and listened in shame as the boys returned to their game. I still couldn't believe what was happening. Of course, the wine didn't help, but I wasn't so drunk that I didn't know what I was doing.

"Your turn, Emma," Paul said.

I made no attempt to hide my pubes as I turned and shuffled across to the bed, hearing their giggles at my expense and yet unable to look either boy in the eye. I sat down, aware that I couldn't win at this, that more humilation awaited me following my inevitable defeat.

"Try harder this time," Tommy said. "If you don't, we'll make you stand in the corner again, only you'll be naked this time."

I tried my best, I really did. Paul and Tommy didn't even try and put me off this time, but I was still hopeless. I started out okay, but then my nerves got the better of me, and I had trouble steering. The room was silent, except for the sound of the computer game, as if we were all waiting for the game to end so that they could strip me naked and humiliate me further.

"I think she's losing on purpose," Tommy said.

Paul just looked at me and said, "You know what to do, Emma. Get undressed."

I tried to protest, but I felt weak and helpless and I found myself standing in front the two teenage boys, feeling like a little girl, like a naughty little girl, even though I'd done nothing wrong. Well, except maybe letting them drink wine and then pulling down my jeans and panties, which were still down around my knees.

"Get on with it," Paul said firmly. "We don't have all night."

I did it. I reached up behind my back and unhooked my bra and took it off and handed it to Tommy, letting the two boys see my bare breasts.  I felt ashamed at what I was doing, exposing myself in front of these two young boys, feeling their eyes on my bare breasts, desperately fighting the urge to cover myself up.

"She's got nice tits," Tommy said. "Nice and big."

I had been ptoud of my breasts when they first started growing, but then they kept growing and they became an embarrassment to me. Of course, they attracted the attention of boys at school, but I became really self-concious about them and even refused to wear a bikini when I went swimming.

"Now the rest," Paul said.

They could already see my pubes anyway, so what was the point of keeping my jeans and panties on? Meekly complying with their wishes, I stripped naked and stood there, awaiting further instructions.

"Give me your knickers," Paul said.

Again, shame-faced and totally humiliated, I did as I was told. I picked up my pink panties and handed them to Paul, who smiled at my submissiveness and openly sniffed the crotch of my panties before handing them to Tommy, who also sniffed them.

"That's what girls smell like," Paul said, grinning.

"Go and stand in the corner, Emma," Tommy said. "Hands on head."

Why was I doing this? Why was I allowing two teenage boys to order me around like I was their servant or slave? Worst of all, why was I enjoying this humiliation? My pussy was already wet and I only hoped the boys didn't notice.

Paul said, "Spread your legs, Emma. Wider. Good girl."

"She's got a nice bum," Tommy said, giggling.

I felt totally humiliated, and I was sure my face was bright red. I was shaking too, even though it was a warm evening. Here I was, a 20 year old woman, standing naked in a room with two 13 year old boys, letting them order me about and control me. I could hear the boys playing their game, laughing and joking, and it was more humiliating to me that they weren't even taking any notice of me. After what seemed like an eternity, Paul announced that it was my turn again.

"I think we should stop now," I said. "Mum will be home soon."

It wasn't true, but I desperately needed to gain some sort of control, to end this humiliation, even though I somehow craved it. But even as I said it, I was aware of how weak and pathetic my voice sounded, and I knew I didn't have any authority in this room, despite supposedly being the grown-up.

"It's over when we say it's over," Tommy said firmly. "Sit down and play the game."

I was beaten. I sat down on the bed between the two boys and was accutely aware of my nakedness, sitting next to two fully-dressed boys. I made no attempt to cover my bare breasts or pubes. The game started and I knew it was hopeless, but I tried anyway, knowing that I was going to suffer further punishments, further humiliations. The game itself was pointless now - I may as well have just stood naked in front of them and awaited their commands. In a way, the game was just another punishment, a way to increase my anxiety, wondering what they had in mind for me next.

"She's getting worse," Paul said. "She must like being punished."

Tommy laughed and said, "I think you're right. She must do."

The game ended and I bowed my head in shame. When was this nightmare going to end? Did I even want it to? I sat there, trembling, awaiting my next humiliation.

"Go downstairs and get us a coke, and I'd like a sandwich too. Ham and tomato."

Paul said, "I'll have cheese."

I knew it was pointless to ask to put something on first, as I knew it wouldn't be allowed, so I went downstairs naked and made their snacks. I was a little nervous, as our kitchen window has no curtains or blinds, and it was possible to see in from the flats at the end of the garden, but it was unlikely. I was tempted to turn the light

out and work in the near darkness, using just the light from the hallway, but I chose not to.

In a way, this was like my times walking around the house naked, except I was always careful not to stand near windows, even though I often fantasised about being seen. Now, in some perverse way, I no longer cared, because I'd somehow relinquished responsibility, and my warped thinking was that if I got into trouble, it was Paul and Tommy's fault, not mine. It sounds silly, but I felt like I was a little kid, and that's how my childish logic worked.

As I headed back upstairs, I knew the boys had been discussing what to do to me.

"You need to be punished," Paul said, as I handed them their snacks. I just stood there, naked and helpless, knowing I would do whatever they said.

"You do need to be punished, don't you, Alison?"

I stood there, and then I quietly answered, "yes." even though I couldn't think I'd done anything wrong, except if I hadn't done anything wrong, then why was I standing here naked like this?

Tommy said, "When my sister's naughty, Dad smacks her bum. I think you should have your bum smacked too, don't you, Emma?"

Shame-faced, I nodded and said, "Yes... "

I stood there, trembling and naked while they played 'rock, scissors, paper' to see who would go first. Tommy won, but Paul didn't mind, as he knew he'd get his turn soon enough. Tommy pulled the wooden chair from my dressing table and put it in the middle of the room. He sat on it and told me to lay across his knees. I was totally

humiliated, a 20 year old woman laying across a 13 year old boy's lap, awaiting a spanking. It was quite clear that Tommy was turned on by this evening's events, as I could feel his cock was hard, pressing against my stomach. I'm ashamed to admit that I was turned on too, despite my nervousness and unease.

"How many smacks do you think you should get?" Tommy asked, running his hand over my bare bottom. I didn't know what to say.

"Six?"

"That's not very many. I think you deserve more than that, don't you?"

"Yes... " I admitted. I realised that they were waiting for me to come up with a more appropriate number, though they seemed in no hurry.

"Twelve... " I said, tentatively.

"Okay," Tommy said. "We'll start with twelve. I just hope you learn your lesson, young  lady."

It sent a shiver through my body, hearing him talk to me like that, like I was a little girl. I silently hoped Mum didn't come home and see me like this. In a perverse way, I wished she didn't come home tonight at all, that Paul and Tommy would continue to humilaite and punish me. What was I thinking?

Tommy started spanking me, and it was harder than I expected, and made me cry out. He ignored my protests and carried on, one cheek and then the other. I felt too weak to resist and just lay there, allowing him to smack my bum.

"Stand up," Tommy said.

My knees were weak. I managed to stand, but my legs felt like jelly. I rubbed my bum cheeks, trying to take away the sting. I caught sight of myself in the dressing table mirror and saw that my bum was bright pink.

"My turn now," Paul said, smiling at me, as he took Tommy's place on the wooden chair. He patted his thighs, indicating that I should take my place laying across them.

"No, please... let me rest a minute... "

I saw a look pass between the two boys, and then Paul said, "Okay, Emma. We'll let you catch your breath."

He stood up and led me over to the dressing table. He made me bend over at the waist until my forehead was resting on the cool wood surface. I was then made to put my hands out so I was gripping either side of the dressing table. My large breasts hung down, like a cow's udders, wobbling slightly.

"Okay, Emma. Spread your legs."

I knew if I did that both boys would have a clear view of my exposed pussy. Worse, they would see how wet I was, and that their humiliations were turning me on. I didn't know what to do. Part of me wanted to obey them, but I was so nervous.

Paul said, "Did you hear me, Emma? Are you deliberately being naughty? You know you're only making things worse for yourself, don't you?"

"Please... "

Tommy said, "Looks like we'll have to show your Mum your knickers and see what she says when we tell her you stripped naked in front of us."

"Please... don't... "

"It's up to you, Emma. We've tried to be lenient with you, but you keep trying to be naughty all the time, and we are growing tired of it. Maybe your Mum can do something with you."

What choice did I have? If Mum found out half of what I'd done tonight, I'd never be able to face her again. How could I possibly explain any of this? With a deep sigh, I signalled my defeat and slowly started to spread my legs.

"Wider. Keep going, Emma. Wider."

My legs were spread achingly wide, and I knew my pussy was open obscenely to the gaze of the two young boys. I had no doubt that mine was the first pussy either boy had seen, and they must have thought Christmas had come early to have a girl like me at their mercy.

Paul said, "Rest like that for a few minutes, Emma. Your earlier disobedience means your spanking will be much worse than before. Do you understand?"

"Yes... "

"It's what you deserve, isn't it?"

"Yes... I'm sorry... "

"Are you going to be a good girl from now on?"

"Yes... I'll try my best... I promise... "

Nothing more was said for a little while, and I was a little surprised that the two boys were taking this opportunity to eat the sandwiches I'd made them. I was supposed to be getting a rest, but my arms and legs ached and my back too. It was an incredibly uncomfortable position, but I kept my complaints to myself, trying to be a good little girl, just as I'd promised. The boys were whispering amongst themselves, and I heard

them giggling. Who could blame them? I bet they never expected to have me as their plaything when Mum went out tonight.

"Okay, Emma. Come here."

Paul and Tommy were sitting on my bed. I stood in front of them, my hands behind my back, my head bowed slightly. My whole body ached. I knew they were going to spank me again, and the thought scared me, but it excited me too.

"You've been a naughty girl, Emma, and we were going to spank you anyway, but now it will be worse. Much worse."

I stood there, waiting, knowing that nothing I said would change their minds.

"We've had a chat and decided you will be spanked thirty times."

Oh God. Twelve had been terrible, but thirty was way too much. I bit my lip and resisted the urge to speak out, as I knew it would only make matters worse. I wanted to cry.

"Do you think that's fair, Emma?"

"Yes... "

Tommy said, "Because you promised to be a good girl from now on, we've decided to give you a choice. You can be spanked thirty times without taking a break, or you can have ten hits with a belt."

Either way, I knew I was in for some pain. I decided to take the belt, but only because it would be over more quickly.

"Can I have the belt please?"

Paul stood up and went to the closet and brought out a brown leather belt that was hanging in there. I usually wore it with jeans, as it looked deliberately worn and faded, and I could even remember buying it at a market stall in Bursley. It occurred to me that Paul and Tommy must have been nosing in my closet, even though they weren't supposed to go in there.

"Okay, Emma. lean over the chair and put your hands on the seat."

I did as I was told. I caught sight of myself in the mirror, a side-on view, and I looked terrible. My breasts and hair hung down, while my bare bum was offered up to be whipped with the belt. I suddenly wondered if maybe I should have stuck with the spanking, but there was no going back now.

"Open your legs a bit. That's better. Are you ready for your punishment, Emma?"

I nodded, but they wanted to hear me say it.

"Yes... Please don't hurt me too much... "

I screamed out as the belt slapped against my bare skin. I never thought it could hurt so much. I thought the whole neighbourhood would hear me, I screamed so loudly. I imagined someone calling the police, and I feared a sudden banging on the door. I was sobbing, kicking my legs up and down, trying to take away some of the pain. I was sure it left a mark.

"That's one," Paul said.

Tommy said, "She's very loud. She'll wake the up dead. if she carries on like that."

"Put something in her mouth. Gag her."

"Oh, I know what we can use."

He came back with a pair of my dirty panties from the laundry basket, the ones I'd worn all day at work. He forced them into my mouth, and held them in place by tying a pair of my tights around my head.

"There, that's better, isn't it?"

I nodded my head dumbly.

Paul whipped my bum again, harder this time, and I screamed into my panties. I tried to see my reflection in the mirror, to see the marks it was leaving, but my eyes were filled with tears, and I couldn't see anything clearly.

"Lift up your bum. Higher. Good girl."

I felt so weak and helpless. My legs felt like jelly. Paul whipped me again and again. I couldn't believe I'd gotten myself into this situation, letting two young boys do these things to me. Why was I letting this happen? And why was I enjoying it so much, the pain and humiliation?

"You're making her bum nice and red."

"Yeah, but she likes it. Don't you, Emma?"

And I nodded again and mumbled "yes" into my balled-up panties.

Paul carried on whipping me, slowly, taking his time with me. I lost count, but it didn't matter. If they whipped me a hundred times, I wouldn't have stopped them. I wasn't even aware they'd finished until Tommy started undoing my gag.

He said, "What time's your mum getting home?"

"I don't know. Usually around midnight, I think. I'm usually in bed by then."

"Good. We've still got time for some more fun."

My pale bottom was covered in red stripes, and the back of my thighs too. Paul and Tommy took me into the bathroom and made me kneel in the bathtub. I had lost any will to argue with them. I was their plaything and they controlled me, and all three of us knew it.

Paul took his cock out. It was hard, but still quite small, and very pale. He didn't have a lot of hair down there. I thought he was going to make me suck his cock. I'd done it before, with some of my boyfriends, but never really liked it.  To my surprise, Paul started peeing on me. I screamed in shock as the warm liquid splashed over my bare

breasts, and then Paul laughed as he aimed higher, hitting me in the face. I kept my eyes and mouth firmly closed, but didn't turn away, as the stream of urine soaked my face and hair. Finally, it stopped, and the last of it fell weakly against my thighs.

"Did you like that, Emma?"

"No... "

Paul washed me down with cold water from the shower, soaking my hair and my pubes. He scrubbed me with a big sponge. He still had his cock out and it was still hard. As he scrubbed me, it brushed against my arm a couple of times.

"Paul... " I said. "I, um... I need to pee myself now... "

I blushed, hardly believing I said that to a 13 year old boy.

"Well, who's stopping you? You can pee in the bath."

But then Tommy said, "No, wait. We'll give you a choice, Emma. You can pee in a cup and drink it, or you can pee in the bath. If you chose to pee in the bath, you have to agree to drink my pee instead, right out of the tap."

Both boys giggled at this.

Paul said, "That's brilliant," and they high-fived eachother.

I didn't want either option. It was bad enough that both boys would watch me pee, whatever one I chose.

Paul said, "Make your mind up, Emma, or you'll drink both. Now hurry up. We don't have all night, you know."

What was the lesser of two evils? Drinking my own pee seemed the better option, but could I really drink my own pee out of a cup? As odd as it seems, I thought drinking Tommy's pee might be better, but only because I thought it might be over quicker and it would be less of an ordeal.

"I... I'll drink Tommy's pee... "

Paul laughed and said, "Ugh, did you hear that? Emma wants to drink your pee."

My feeble protests were drowned out by the boys' laughter as they openly mocked me and chanted, "Emma drinks pee, Emma drinks pee... "

I was red-faced as Paul made me stand up in the bath with my feet apart, and told me to pee. Both boys were crouched at the side of the bath, getting a close-up of my latest humiliation. I just couldn't do it. Hard as I tried, it just wasn't going to happen. I had never peed in front of anyone and my bladder wasn't going to let me

do it now. The boys were becoming frustrated at my lack of co-operation. I tried to explain, but they weren't interested. In their minds, I was doing it deliberately, just to annoy them.

Finally, Tommy said, "Well, it looks like you get to taste my pee first."

I was made to kneel again. Tommy pulled his jeans down and I was surprised at how big and meaty his cock was, especially compared to Paul's. I'd been out with guys at college who had smaller cocks than Tommy's, and he was still only 13.

"Open your mouth."

I did as I was told, closing my eyes. Tommy moved so close, his cock brushed against my lips. Paul moved in for a closer look, but was wary of getting any of Tommy's pee on him, if it splashed back off my face.

"You better swallow it all, or you'll be sorry. Understand?"

I nodded my head keenly, my eyes still closed, which made my nose bump against the tip of Tommy's cock. It started slow, but soon my mouth was filled with the taste of Tommy's pee. At least it was weak-tasting, though a little bitter. I swallowed as best as I could, but knew some got away, dripping down onto my breasts. I hoped they didn't notice, but knew they did.

Tommy shook his head slowly, like my Mum used to do when she was disappointed in me, or when I got into trouble.

"Seems you just won't learn, Emma."

"I'm sorry... really... I did my best... I only missed a little bit... "

"We're not talking about that," Paul said.

I didn't know what it could be, but then Paul pointed down and I saw it. Somehow, while Tommy was peeing in my mouth, I'd peed in the bath. I watched the last of it go down the drain. I knew that they were annoyed that they'd missed the show.

Paul said, "Your Mum will be home soon, but don't think you won't be punished for this."

"Please... "

"Unless you want us to leave your knickers lying around for her to find... "

"No, please don't do that. I deserve to be punished. You can do it tomorrow, when I get home from work, if Mum's not here. Or I can let you watch me pee."

We heard the car pull into the driveway. Paul and Tommy hurried out and ran into their room, and I ran into the spare room and threw on some clothes and then I realized my hair was still damp from my cold shower, so I grabbed a towel and started to dry it. I would have just pretended to be asleep, except the lights and the

TV were still on downstairs.

"Did you win, Mum?"

"What are you doing up so late? I thought you were working tomorrow. Have you just had a shower, at this time?"

"Oh, yeah. I spilled some perfume on me."

"Oh. How were the boys? Did they give you any trouble?"

"Um, no. Mostly they stayed in their room and played on the computer."

"Well, just keep an eye on them. Boys that age can be handful."

Didn't I know it? I went up to bed, wondering what the boys had in store for me. They knew they could do what they wanted with me, and they knew I'd let them. I just hoped Mum didn't find my clothes and underwear in their room. I knew it was going to be a difficult couple of weeks. I fell asleep, thinking about the events of the evening.

Paul and Tommy were still in bed when I woke up. I had a shower and saw that my bum was still marked, but it was fading. Mum made me some coffee and toast. I kept thinking she was looking at me oddly, but I wasn't sure. Did she know something about last night?

"Good morning, Mrs Chaplin. Good morning, Emma."

"How are you, Tommy?" my Mum asked. "Did you sleep okay?"

"Yeah, it wasn't too bad. It's a nice big bed."

Lucky you, I thought, remembering my uncomfortable night on the spare bed, which had a lumpy mattress and was against the wall.

Tommy said, "It was really fun playing with you last night, Emma."

Mum looked at me and I said, "Um, we played some games on the computer."

Tommy just grinned at me.

Then, when Mum's back was turned, he pulled my panties out of his pocket, just to show me he still had them. Then he pointed towards the ceiling and I knew he wanted to see me upstairs.

I went up and waited in the spare room, sitting on the edge of the bed, nervously wondering what Tommy wanted with me. I looked at my watch, as I didn't want to miss my bus.

Tommy came in and closed the door.

"Take off your bra and panties. No underwear for you today, as you were so naughty last night."

"Tommy, please. Don't do this. I have to work today."

"Maybe I should show your Mum your knickers and tell her you gave us wine last night, and all the other stuff. Well, Emma?"

I knew I had no choice. I stripped off my blouse and took my bra off and handed it to Tommy. As I put my blouse back on, I knew it would be obvious to everyone at work that I wasn't wearing a bra, even though the material was quite thick. I pulled my work trousers off, and pulled my panties down and off. It seemed so natural to undress in front of Tommy, and I didn't even feel embarrassed any more. Then I realized that I was in front of the window, and suddenly wondered if anyone saw me, as the bedroom is at the front of the house and it's quite a busy road.

I knew everyone was looking at me at work, and I'm sure they all knew I wasn't wearing a bra. I had thought about sneaking one out, but Tommy kept a close eye on me until I left to catch the bus. I wondered what they'd think if they knew I wasn't wearing panties either. At least we keep our blouses buttoned up, so there was no

chance of anyone seeing something they shouldn't. Even so, I had to put up with a lot of stares from customers and my male colleagues.

Just as I was leaving my till to go to lunch, Paul and Tommy showed up. I guess Mum told them where I worked. Normally I had lunch in the staff canteen, but the two boys took me to McDonald's, where I bought them burgers and cokes.

Tommy said, "I hope you didn't put any underwear on, naughty girl."

"No, I didn't."

Paul said, "We'd like to trust you, Emma, but we want proof."

The restaurant was busy, but I undid some buttons on my blouse and opened it enough that they could see I wasn't wearing a bra. I then had to undo and unzip my trousers and both boys stroked my pubes under the table. I saw some builders looking over at me, but I'm not sure if they saw anything.

Paul said, "Your Mum's going out later, to a neighbour's house, so we're going to have some fun... after you've been punished, of course."

I nodded and said, "Okay... " and the two boys smiled at me, knowing I wasn't offering any resistance. Did they know how turned on I was by being punished and humiliated? Did they care? I guess all they cared about was that they had a 20 year old girl as their plaything, and that was a schoolboy's dream.

Before I went back to work, Tommy said, "Don't be late home. We've got lots of fun and games lined up."

I found it hard to concentrate at work, wondering what delights Paul and Tommy had in store for me. I made three errors on the till, when I gave customers the wrong change. Mrs Green, my manager, called me into her office after my afternoon break.

"What's wrong with you today, Emma?"

"Nothing. I just didn't sleep well last night."

"And it looks like you forgot to put a bra on this morning."

"I was in a rush this morning.," I said, lamely.

"Well, you'd better buck your ideas up. If you can't do your job, I'm sure there are plenty of girls out there who can."

"Yes, Mrs Green."

I managed to get through the rest of the afteroon without making any more mistakes. I couldn't afford to lose this job, as I knew Mum would go mental if I was sacked. On the bus home, I started to get nervous, as I knew Paul and Tommy had probably spent the entire afternoon dreaming up new punishments and humiliations for me.

When I got home, Mum gave me a look as she saw that I didn't have a bra on, but she didn't say anything. I'd managed to sneak past her this morning, without her seeing. I went upstairs to have a shower before tea, but Paul called me into the bedroom.

"Pull down your trousers."

The bedroom door was open, and Mum could come up at any minute. but I knew better than to argue with the boys. I undid my trousers and pulled them down around my knees. They made me get down on my hands and knees, like a dog, and they took it in turns to spank my bare bum. Then they picked out a dress for me to

wear. It was a lightweight summer dress I hadn't worn in ages, and they reminded me not to wear a bra or panties.

Mum was horrified as I sat at the table in the flowered dress, especially as it was obvious I still didn't have a bra on. My nipples were pressing against the thin material, much to the delight of Paul and Tommy. It was also very short and I remembered the last time I wore it was at a birthday party when I was 16.

"I'm going over to Nora Pinner's later, so you'll have to look after the boys again."

"Okay, Mum."

"Oh, I thought you might be going out, as you're wearing that dress."

"No, I just thought I'd try it on and see if it still fits. I haven't worn it in ages."

"I'm not surprised, as it's too small for you now. You should have thrown it out ages ago."

"It's not too bad," I said, despite the fact that I was having trouble keeping my breasts from spilling out the sides. "I might need to let it out a bit."

I was so embarrassed, but thankfully Mum changed the subject.

Mum left at seven, and said she'd be back around ten-thirty.

As she was leaving, she said, "Don't let those boys take advantage of you. I know what you're like."

"Mum, I'm 20 years old. I think I can handle two young boys."

Did she suspect what was going on? As soon as the door closed, I turned and saw Paul and Tommy standing there, grinning like Cheshire cats. I bowed my head slightly, indicating my submissiveness to them.

"You've been a nughty girl, haven't you, Emma?"

"Yes... "

"And you deserve punishment, don't you, Emma?"

"Yes... "

"Say it."

"I... I'm a naughty girl and I deserve to be punished... "

Tommy said, "I think you should start calling us 'sir' don't you, Emma?"

"Yes... sir... "

"How old are you, Emma?"

"I'm 20, sir... "

"I don't think so. You don't look 20 to me. If you were 20, you'd be a grown-up, and you're not a grown-up, are you, Emma?"

"No... No, sir."

"You're just a little girl, aren't you, Emma?"

"Yes, sir... "

"So, I'll ask you again. How old are you, Emma?"

I didn't know what to answer. Four? Eight? Eleven? I wasn't sure what they wanted to hear. I could feel their eyes on me, waiting for my answer.

"I'm seven years old, sir."

Paul smiled and said, "In that case, I think you should go upstairs and do your hair properly, like a little seven year old girl, with nice pink ribbons. Now, run along. We want to get to the park before it gets dark. Little girls shouldn't be out after dark."

Again, I was humiliated, sitting in front of the mirror, putting my hair in pig-tails and adding little pink bows. I looked ridiculous, like something out of a smutty magazine. When the boys saw me they smiled and then made me wear white ankle socks and some shiny black shoes I'd bought in a charity shop but never wore.

"Doesn't she look lovely?" Paul said.

"Like a little angel," Tommy said. "Now, let's go to the park."

"Please, sir," I said. "Would it be okay if I wore some panties, sir? This dress is quite short, and - "

Tommy said, "No, you may not. And from now on, you'll say knickers, not panties. Now, do you have anything else to say to annoy us and make us want to punish you more?"

"No, sir. Sorry, sir."

"Then let's go."

The two boys led me outside, and I was scared our neighbours would see me like this, but there was nothing I could do about it. They were taking me to Whitton Park, which meant passing Mrs Pinner's house, and I prayed my Mum wouldn't be looking out the window as we passed. Both boys insisted on holding my hands, so I walked between them. It meant that I couldn't stop the bottom of my dress lifting up slightly whenever there was a strong breeze. A few cars passed by, and a few of them tooted their horns at me. What was I getting myself into?

We made it to Whitton Park without passing anyone on the street, which was a minor miracle. It was quite late so even though it was still light, it was almost empty. Of course, being a seven year old girl, I was taken to the play area and told to swing on the swings. The boys watched me as I swung back and forth, and I was told to

spread my legs so they could see my pussy.

A man came along. He was about 40 and looked a little drunk. He had a suit on, but it had seen better days, and his tie was undone. He reminded me of my old History teacher, Mr Richmond, except Mr Richmond was a bit better-looking and wasn't quite so chubby. I was swinging on the swings as he walked by and he suddenly did a

double-take as he realized that I wasn't a little girl and also that my dress was flying up, revealing my bare pussy. The boys didn't even notice him at first, as they were having fun enjoying my humiliation. I think they only realized something was up when my face turned even redder than normal.

The man took a seat on a bench about twenty feet away. The two boys turned to look at him, but didn't seem to mind him being there. I just carried on swinging, making sure my legs were open on the upward swing, as the boys had ordered. I was too embarrassed to look at the man directly, but I felt a sort of strange thrill, exposing

myself to a stranger like this.

Paul said, "That's enough for now."

I felt relief but also a strange disappointment that it was over. Except it wasn't. At Paul's insistence, I had to climb up on the monkey bars and hang upside down. It wasn't easy, as I wasn't as fit and nimble as I was at school, and the boys openly laughed at me and mocked me as I struggled to climb up, lacking any grace or

poise. In the end, the boys had to physically help me get into position, saying I was fat and out of shape and maybe I needed to go on a diet and go to the gym once in a while. Their words stung me, as I always thought I was in good physical condition, but of course I had to thank them for their comments and agree with everything

they said.

Once I was upside down, gravity ensured my dress fell, exposing everything to the boys and the man. I was made to spread my legs slightly, which wasn't easy for me. It was tiring, being upside-down, and very uncomfortable. Paul and Tommy wouldn't even let me put my hands down on the ground to take some of the weight. To add to

my humiliation, Tommy walked up to me and pushed the dress back off my breasts, exposing them to the cool evening air, and of course three pairs of eyes.

I glanced at the man and saw he had moved closer. Looking closer, I saw he had a definite bulge in the front of his trousers.

"Can I get down please?" I asked, sounding puffed out, like I'd just run a marathon.

Paul said, "Not yet."

Both boys moved behind me, out of sight. I was left to hang there, with my pussy and breasts on show. I was really getting dizzy and it was getting chilly, in such a thin dress that wasn't covering much anyway. I knew the man was watching me, and I looked at him and sort of smiled apologetically, but he was too busy looking at my

exposed body to notice. I considered myself a pretty girl, and was used to men looking at me, but I'd never seen such blatant lust in a man's face before.

Suddenly I cried out as Paul and Tommy whipped my bare bum with what I guessed were thin branches. I was crying out but I couldn't escape the onslaught without falling to the ground. They had a good rhythm going, taking it in turns to whip me, one side and then the other. Then the man spoke for the first time.

He said, "Why don't you whip her tits too?"

And even as I cried and begged them not to, the boys were unzipping my dress and pulling it down over my head and stripping me almost naked, except for my shoes and socks. And I just hung there, letting it happen, because I was just a little girl and I was too weak to put up a fight. So they took my dress off and made me put my hands on the ground to support myself, and to stop me protecting myself. I felt so helpless as they began to whip my bare breasts, keeping up the same steady rhythm they'd used on my bum, except it was a hundred times more painful to me. The boys were laughing and joking as they whipped my bare breasts, and I think it was an added thrill to tham to have a spectator, and I admit it was to me too.

I was in tears by the time they finished. As my breasts were upside-down and hanging down, most of the blows were struck on the underside, which was better, as there was less chance of mum seeing any marks. I rubbed my breasts to take away the sting, which must have looked like I was obscenely massaging them and playing with

them.

"Please... let me down now... "

Tommy relented, and the two boys and the man helped me down. I noticed the man took every opportunity to feel me up, but I was too glad to be upright and on solid ground to care.

Tommy said, "Do you promise to be a good girl from now on?"

"Yes... "

Paul proudly announced, "This is our little baby sister. She's been naughty so we had to punish her."

"Well, she probably deserved it," the man said. "How old is she, and what's her name?"

The two boys looked at me and I bowed my head and said, "My name is Emma and I am seven years old."

"Well, you're lucky to have two older brothers who care about you and bring you to the park to play. You're very pretty. I like your pink ribbons."

It was weird, the way he was playing along with the boys, talking to me like I was a little kid, but Paul and Tommy were enjoying it. I realized I was still lewdly rubbing my tits, but they still hurt. I just hope there wouldn't be bruises in the morning.

The man said, "Little girls shouldn't have all that hair around their pussies. Maybe you should shave it off for your sister."

Tommy said, "Yeah, we will. We'll do it tonight, when we get home."

I groaned inwardly, hearing them say that. I didn't even have much hair down there, though I hadn't trimmed it for a week or so. There didn't seem much point until I started dating again. Of course, I could never have anticipated standing naked in Whitton Park on a Saturday night, letting a grown man and two young boys see me

like that.

The man said, "Come and sit on my lap, Emma. I'll tell you a story."

Paul said, "Go on, Emma. Go with the nice man."

The man took my hand and led me over to the bench. He sat down and I sat on his lap. I felt foolish, but what could I do? I could feel his hard cock press against my thigh. I wondered what he was thinking, seeing a grown woman acting like a little kid, seeing me stripped naked and humiliated by two 13 year old boys.

He started to tell me a story about a Princess, but I wasn't really paying attention. He had one hand around my waist, and his other hand was stroking my thigh. Paul and Tommy had left us to it, and were playing sword-fighting with the branches they'd whipped me with. The man said, "You're a dirty girl, Emma. Is that your real name?"

I nodded my head.

"Open your legs."

I knew it was hopeless to argue. If he called the boys over and told them I was being a naughty girl, I knew they'd inflict more punishment on me, and I wasn't sure I could stand another whipping tonight. So I opened my legs and let the man touch my pussy. He slipped a finger into my pussy, and I was embarrassed at how wet I was, and how easily it went in.

"Christ, you're sopping wet. You must really get off on being whipped, huh?"

I bit my lower lip as I again nodded my head.

He pushed two fingers in, then three. He was rough with me, knowing it's what I wanted, and I knew I couldn't hold off my orgasm for long. I couldn't believe I was letting a strange man slide his fingers in and out of my soaking wet pussy. It was even weirder because he was fully dressed and I was sat on his knee, practically naked. I clamped my legs closed, trapping the man's hands, his fingers deep inside me. My whole body was shaking as my orgasm washed through me, and I moaned through clenched teeth. The man's other hand gripped my hair and turned my head to face him and he kissed me hard and passionately, and I continued to moan into his mouth as my orgasm subsided.

"I think we'd better be getting little Emma home," Tommy said.

The man released me and I stood up on wobbly legs and I felt my juices running down my thighs, feeling cool in the night air. The man smiled at me and looked at his fingers, which were soaked and glistening in the fading light. He offered them to my mouth and I sucked on them eagerly, like a baby sucking on it's mother's teat.

"Well, I enjoyed meeting you and your baby sister," the man told the two boys. "Perhaps you'll bring her back tomorrow?"

"Yes, I think we will. You like the park, don't you, Emma?"

"Yes... "

The man smiled and said, "Good. I look forward to it. My name's Colin, by the way. Colin Richmond."

I froze as I realized that the man who had just finger fucked me was my old History teacher. I knew he looked familiar, but he'd obviously let himself go a bit since I knew him. I remember Suzy Miller even had a crush on him. I guess he didn't remember me, even though he knew my name was Emma, but I'm not surprised, as I didn't exactly stand out from the crowd, and I was hopeless at History.

Mr Richmond took out a business card and handed it to Paul.

"Why don't you give me a call and let me know what time you'll be here? Or maybe we can go to the beach? I've got a car, and I'm sure Emma would love a day out at the seaside."

Tommy said, "Yeah, that would be fun. Don't you think so, Emma?"

"Yes," I said. "Thank you, Mr Richmond."

We walked to the park entrance and Tommy had yet to give me back my dress. I didn't have a watch, so I had no idea of the time. If Mum got back before us, I could be in big trouble. My breasts still ached slightly from the whipping, but they weren't too bad. Mr Richmond left us at the entrance, again saying he had a nice evening and

was looking forward to seeing us again.

"Can I have my dress back now, please?"

Paul said, "No. And you deserve more punishment for not calling us 'sir' or did you forget?"

"No, sir. I mean... yes, sir. I forgot, sir. I'm sorry, sir."

"Well, you can wait here. You're not to move until we're around the corner, into Cherry Road. We'll leave your dress by the blue car. Understood?"

"I... Yes, sir."

So I waited in the shadows and watched the two boys take my dress and drop it beside a car, and again I wondered how I had allowed myself to be used and abused like this, letting myself be controlled by two 13 year old boys.