**Fay goes shopping**

Fay was angry with herself; for not standing up to those boys. After all; they were only fourteen; and she was nearly twenty two. She was determined to stand up for herself, and ignore their thinly veiled threats. So the next afternoon, she left to go shopping; dressed in a cotton blouse and mid-calf length skirt. The small shopping centre was only a short walk away, and she took two linen shopping bags with her to bring back the groceries she needed.

But, as she approached her front gate; she met her tormentors on their way home after school. Simon and Peter were accompanied by the two girls, but not the younger boys who had enjoyed Faye’s humiliation a few days before.. Simon said scornfully: “Hello Fay, we thought we would call past, to make sure you are dressed as we said.” Fay was determined to stand her ground, and to establish HER position as the adult: “I’ll thank you to address me politely, and in the proper manner.” “OK, Ms Carter;” Simon sneered; “but we’re still going to check.” Before Fay could respond; one of the girls advanced and without hesitation grabbed the hem of Fay’s skirt; raising it above her waist. “Aha!” Philip Exclaimed, when Fay’s lacy panties came into view. “We warned you!” Simon added.

All four teenagers now advanced on Fay, who retreated until her back was against her own front door. “Get her undressed!” Simon said, with glee. “No, NO!” Fay pleaded. Her resolved had evaporated, in the face of the children’s determination. “Hand over the blouse, and we might let you off!” Simon said. He seemed to be suggesting some sort of compromise. Faye had no choice, and unbuttoned her blouse, handing it to Simon. One of the girls then stepped forward, and without saying anything, simply held out her hand; snapping her fingers. Faye knew what the girl meant, and reluctantly unclasped her bra, and handed it over. She was terrified that that someone would walk past at any moment, to see the young woman standing at her front door, topless. She was even more humiliated, when one of the girls stepped up, and kissed her breasts, bringing her nipples to an immediate state of arousal. But she was surprised, when Simon then said: “OK, that’s enough - you can put the shirt on again”. The girl stepped back, and Faye was relieved when she was handed her blouse, which she quickly put on and buttoned up.

But if she thought that was the end of the matter, she was soon to be disappointed. It was Philip’s turn to make the next comment: “OK, now the panties – hand them over; or else you’ll lose the skirt as well.” Faye was so relieved to learn that she was apparently going to be allowed to keep her outer clothes on, that she quickly slipped her panties down her legs. She almost willingly handed them over to the girls. Simon smiled: “Now let this be a lesson to you. NEXT time, you won’t be so lucky.” Philip added: “Going shopping? We might see you later, up at the shops!” “And remember;” Simon added, as a parting shot: “Try leaving again wearing bra and panties, and you’ll find yourself naked in the street!”

One of the girls scolded Simon: “No silly, sometimes she HAS to wear underwear. After all, she’s a woman. Don’t you know anything?” “OK, besides that, then;” Simon conceded. Fay looked at the girls with surprise – they weren’t as immature as she had at first thought. But then she realized that, after all, they were now fourteen. Also, her breasts were still tingling from the girl’s arousing kisses. One of the girls then turned to the boys and said: “Here’s a souvenir for you;” and handed them Fay’s matching bra and panties. Then the teenagers turned and walked off; leaving Faye standing at her front door. Faye followed the children out the gate, heading towards the small shopping centre. She daren’t go back inside to find replacement bra and panties – the kids were sure to be on the lookout; and she knew what would happen if they found her at the shops wearing fresh underwear.

The shops were typical of those found in a small town on the outskirts of a big city: They were arranged in a square, with a supermarket on one side, and smaller shops and cafes fronting the other three sides. In the centre was an open area with tables and chairs and a small stage, where shoppers would gather to drink coffee, have light meals, or simply meet to talk and swap gossip.

But Faye wasn’t thinking about her shopping as she approached the centre; she was more worried that her blouse was thin enough to show off the shape of her smallish but well-proportioned breasts. It was still wet and transparent from the girl’s slobbery kisses, and she realized that was precisely why the girl had been so sloppily attentive. When she arrived at the supermarket, she received more than a few appreciative glances; and not just from the men.

Fay went about her shopping, and as she approached the check-out, her blouse had dried (although it was still obvious that she was naked underneath). Faye breathed a sigh of relief, as she packed the shopping into her two cloth bags: Her ordeal was nearly over; and it hadn’t been that bad - she could have suffered a far greater embarrassment than appearing at the shopping centre in a see-through top.

But just as she was about to leave the check-out area, she felt someone grab her by the elbow: “You naughty, naughty girl! Just look at you, standing there like a hussy, with your bosom on display!” Fay turned around:, to find that she was being addressed by the boys’ Aunt Liz; a rather eccentric and unpredictable woman, about eight years older than Fay. “Obviously, you need a lesson in public decency; now come with me!”

Without waiting for a response, the woman led Fay by the hand, towards the central open area. Fay only had time to grab her shopping, before she was tugged towards three chairs, which had been arranged side by side. She barely had time to wonder about the obviously pre-arranged chairs, before she found herself standing in front of the older woman, who sat in the middle chair. “OK dear;” Aunt Liz said, pulling Fay across her lap: “Fold your arms under your head, might as well make yourself as comfortable as possible!” Fay did as she was told, and folded her arms to support her head. From that position; lying face down across three chairs supported at the waist on the woman’s lap, Fay couldn’t see much, and wondered what was about to happen next.

But she didn’t have to wonder for very long: “OK;” Aunt Liz said; “Now you are going to learn about dressing decently in public!” With sudden alarm, Fay realized that the boys’ Aunt intended to spank her, in front of the assembled crowd. She looked sideways; but all she could see was a sea of legs gathered around; and she was in no doubt as to the owners of the four sets closest to her. Then, to Ann’s dismay, she felt a hand grip the hem of her skirt. Oh no! She was going to be spanked on her bare bottom!

But as her skirt was raised to her waist, Fay heard Aunt Liz exclaim: “My goodness! You wicked girl – you’re not even wearing panties! I’m afraid your punishment will have to be far greater than I originally thought!” Faye detected more than a touch of false surprise in the Aunt’s voice. Then there were some rustling noises, and Fay heard her tormentor mutter: “Now let’s see. Ah yes; this will do nicely.” Apparently Aunt Liz had been searching in her handbag. Fay glanced back, and was just able to see a hairbrush in the woman’s hand (Fay felt sure that Aunt Liz had purposely held it forward far enough for her to see). Then her punishment began:

Smack! Smack! Smack! “Ow; OW!” Fay cried, but her cries were no use. Liz wasn’t striking very hard; with only enough force to make each blow sting slightly. It was more the humiliation of being smacked on her bare bottom in full view of the townsfolk that was most painful. Aunt Liz paused for a few seconds: “Lets see; fifty for showing your tits; fifty for not wearing panties. That should do it!”

Aunt Liz started counting, but as the light blows rained down on her exposed rear; Fay felt something else: Aunt Liz was supporting Fay on her lap, and had moved her knees apart, so that Fay’s thighs separated. Fay’s skirt was gathered around her waist, exposing her bottom; but it was long enough and full enough to hang down around the chair like a curtain. Aunt Liz’s other hand lay underneath Fay’s thigh, dangerously close to her most intimate features. Perhaps by accident, Aunt Liz’s other hand brushed against Fay’s pussy as she smacked.

Despite Fay’s best efforts at self control, she was becoming aroused as a result of being humiliated in public. “No, no,” she cried out; not at the smacking, but in response to the older woman’s fingers approaching her swollen labia. Then, Fay felt Aunt Liz’s index finger brush her slit, and enter her vagina. Fay was now in no doubt, Aunt Liz intended masturbating her in public! No one else realized what was happening; they were too intent on enjoying the spectacle of the young, pretty woman being spanked on her bare bottom. The generous folds of Fay’s skirt hid the truth of what was really happening. Aunt Liz was soon stroking Fay’s clitoris in time with the spanks, and before the count had reached sixty, Fay experienced her first orgasm. She had two more before the count reached one hundred; when Aunt Liz finally removed her hand (first wiping it on the inside lining of Fay’s skirt). She declared: “There! Let that be a lesson to you; and don’t let me find you dressing like this again, or you’ll get double next time!”

Fay was then allowed to get off Liz’s lap; but: she was still feeling groggy from the spanking and he three intense climaxes, and could hardly stand. She finally got to her feet, to applause from the appreciative audience that had gathered around. As Fay swayed from foot to foot, Aunt Liz acknowledged: “Oh dear, the poor child’s all overcome! Here boys; take her shopping, and escort her home. I’m sure she has learnt her lesson.” Simon and Peter stepped forward (as Fay suspected, they had been standing in the front row, enjoying the scene).

Fay still hadn’t recovered her wits, and was still in a trancelike state, as the boys picked up her bags. The two teenage girls (who had also observed the whole proceedings) took Fay by the arms, and led her out into the street. It was only a five minute walk home, and Fay soon found herself standing at her front door. Simon grinned at her: “In quite in a dilemma, aren’t you Ms Carter?” Fay’s mind still hadn’t quite become unfogged, and Simon continued: “If we catch you wearing underwear, we’ll carry out our threat; but if Aunt Liz catches you without it, she’ll carry out hers!” Fay at last found her voice: “It was all a plot; wasn’t it? – Including that, that degenerate deviant of an Aunt of yours!” The boys didn’t respond, but the girls then stepped up to Fay, and kissed her; this time lightly on the lips. Then, before she knew it, the teenagers were gone; leaving her to her own thoughts.

Her trouble, she realized, was that she was quite fond of the two boys: Twins, their parents had died in a tragic accident when they were six, and they had been brought up by their mother’s rather unconventional younger sister. No wonder the boys were a little ‘unconventional’ themselves!

As Fay stood in her front room, still trying to come to grips with the afternoon’s events, her husband arrived home from work. He found his pretty young wife, standing there with a vacant expression, and her breasts almost exposed (Fay still hadn’t realized that the boy’s aunt had managed to undo most of the buttons on her blouse, leaving it open to the waist). Of course, she had to tell him every detail of her afternoon, and they soon found themselves in bed together. Faye was still tingling with sensitivity from her ordeal, and her husband made sure that her sensitivity was expressed to its full extent.