**I Got More than I asked for**by Emma No knickers  
  
The first day of my new job was better than I thought possible, at twenty-seven  
I had earned this job through sheer hard work. I was in charge of about a dozen  
people in a small insurance agency. The nameplate of "Manager Ms Lisa James" on  
the door made me feel fantastic. My only regret was that I had to move away from  
home and I had booked myself in to a hotel for a few weeks until I found myself  
a flat.  
  
I had declined the offer of a first day drink with my new colleagues and was  
just tidying my desk when in walked Mrs Henderson. She introduced herself and I  
was a little taken aback by the way she informed me how she was here to clean  
the office and hoped I was not the sort who liked to work late. She was quite a  
stern looking lady but friendly and when I told her about staying in a hotel she  
quickly offered me the use of her spare room. I was very unsure of staying with  
the office cleaner but the thought of saving the money on a hotel room and the  
fact that see seemed a nice person made my mind up for me.  
  
I was surprised to see she lived in a quite large detached house in a very  
exclusive area, she told me that her husband was a successful accountant before  
he died and she only worked as a cleaner for something to do with her time. She  
was in her early fifties and seemed the type of person to stand for no nonsense  
and despite me being the new office manager she treated me like a teenager for  
the first few weeks. I must confess that after a day of dealing with all manner  
of problems it was comfortable to come home to Mrs Henderson and be relieved of  
any responsibility what so ever. I was sitting in the lounge on Sunday morning  
when Mrs Henderson walked in "I really do wish you would wear something more  
suitable for Sunday lunch" she said briskly. I looked down at the tracksuit I  
was wearing and for some reason I went straight up to my room and changed in to  
a skirt and blouse. It felt so strange to be told what to wear and I couldn't  
understand why I was so keen to do as Mrs Henderson told me. We had a guest for  
lunch, it was one of my landlady's friends Mrs King, I had seen her a few times  
and I was so embarrassed when she told her how she had made me change my clothes  
for lunch. My face went even redder when I heard Mrs King's reply "you'll be  
putting her over your knee next" she laughed. I was then shocked to hear Mrs  
Henderson reply "oh she's to big for that it will have to be over a dinning room  
chair for the strap" and with that they both laughed.  
  
In bed that night I could not get their comments out of my mind and I actually  
visualised myself over the chair. This was ridiculous, the strange image in my  
mind was actually turning me on. The whole of the next day was filled with me  
thinking of a reason for Mrs Henderson to put me over the chair. That night over  
tea I summoned up the courage and asked if she really did have a strap. She got  
up and walked over to a drawer and then placed a brown leather strap on the  
table. My whole body seemed to tingle and I could not take my eyes of it. when  
she went out of the room I picked it up, It was about eighteen inches long and  
heavier than I thought again the image of me across the chair filled my mind.  
  
"Fascinated are you, it can really make a young lady dance" she smiled and I  
felt myself flush with acute embarrassment. Later that night we were having a  
cup of tea when she told me quite openly that she got the idea I might like to  
feel the strap across my backside. In disbelief I heard myself admit that I was  
curious and Mrs Henderson told me I would have to wait until Friday evening, as  
she did not want me having trouble sitting down at work afterwards. The week  
went so quickly and every day I told myself I would tell her that I was only  
joking and it was quite ridiculous that I should let her put me over the chair.  
But it was soon Friday and I could hardly speak during tea and as soon as we had  
finished the strap was put on the table. "Come on young lady let's get it over  
with" she said in a no nonsense manner.  
  
Everything was in slow motion as I stood up and bent over the back of the  
chair, I still had my shoes on and I could just about put my hands flat on the  
seat comfortably. I was startled to feel her hands at the hem of my skirt and as  
she lifted it up round my waist I wanted to shout stop. "This skirt is a little  
tight dear, just go and put your night-dress on", she said as if it were the  
most normal thing in the world. Without question I went straight upstairs to  
change even putting some fresh panties on. My mind was racing but I could not  
say anything as I bent over the chair again and then I gave a loud cry as she  
swung the strap down. I was on tiptoes without my shoes and could feel my bum  
cheeks tighten. The pain was much worse than I had imagined and she did not give  
me time to think about it as another crack made me cry out again. "Let's get  
this out of the way" she commented as she lifted my nightdress well clear of my  
bum. My breathing was soon becoming heavy and each smack of the strap made me  
gasp loudly and grip the front of the chair tightly. I was beginning to shuffle  
on top of the chair and each time I sensed the strap coming down I tried to  
cushion the blow by thrusting my poor bottom in to the backrest. Soon I was  
actually lifting my legs up in the air and altogether making a most undignified  
spectacle. "That's twenty to start with" I heard Mrs Henderson's voice "please  
no more" I was sobbing now and my bottom was really stinging. Then I felt her  
hand touch my panties and she ran it all over my behind "quite a hot bottom  
you've got" she said mockingly. Then without a pause in between she gave me six  
much harder strokes. She helped me to my feet and I stood with tears running  
down my face and my hand furiously rubbing my burning bum cheeks.  
  
"Right off to bed my girl and next time I will give you much more" she snapped.  
I couldn't believe what was happening and as I walked upstairs she shouted, "it  
might be on your bare bottom next time". I was in shock as I lay in bed how  
could I have got myself in this situation, a twenty seven-year old woman being  
strapped and then sent to bed at eight o-clock. Soon the burning eased a little  
and a lovely warm glow spread from my bottom all over my body. Before I knew it  
my hand had crept between my legs and I was actually masturbating. I reached a  
wonderful climax with the picture of me receiving another hard thrashing this  
time on the bare skin from Mrs Henderson.  
  
Nothing was said the next day and I even wondered if I had dreamed the whole  
thing. The feeling on my backside was amazing and for about three days  
afterwards I sent myself to sleep with the image of myself getting a bare bottom  
thrashing in my mind and my fingers between my legs. By the following Friday I  
found myself a mass of nervous tension and the strap was almost like a drug that  
I needed. I looked at Mrs. Henderson and tried to plead with my eyes that I  
wanted it but she seemed oblivious to my craving. Jokingly I stuttered a laugh  
and said how it was not like last Friday but I got no reaction at all. In a  
desperate attempt to provoke a confrontation I blatantly knocked over my cup of  
tea. She made me jump with a crisp command to go and get a cloth to wipe up the  
mess and as I did I began to feel the butterflies again. I could see her go to  
the drawer and take hold of the strap "last week you wanted to see how it felt,  
now I want to you to feel a real punishment young lady" her words were like an  
ice cube running down my back. I could not speak as my mind tried in vain to  
comprehend what I was doing but I was sent like an errant child to put my  
night-dress on for my second dose of the strap. Mrs. Henderson was sitting when  
I returned and I was told to stand in front of her, without warning she reached  
under my night-dress to the waist band of my panties. All I could mumble was  
"please" but she ignored me and the next thing I realised was lifting each foot  
so she could remove them completely. "I promised you it on the bare bottom young  
lady and you have only got yourself to blame" she almost sniggered at me. Over  
the chair the flimsy material of my night-dress was thrust high up my back  
almost to my shoulders. Oh god how I wanted to run and scream how absurd it all  
was but I stayed as still as could be waiting for the impact of the strap. With  
a loud "crack" she swung it down a thousand times harder than the week before  
and a yell echoed round the room. I hardly recognised it as myself as another  
escaped from my lips and I found my voice to plead with her. Genuine tears were  
soon running down my cheeks but as well as the tremendous pain I felt an amazing  
feeling right between my legs. I eased open my legs a little and felt the air  
around my pussy and then found by that by bending my knees slightly my sex  
itself was rubbing the top of the chair. Each stroke made me push my pussy  
harder on to the chair and I could feel my legs getting further and further  
apart. The thought of what I must be showing entered my head and sent a surge of  
excitement down to my by now wet vagina. It was too late, I knew if the strap  
continued I would reach a climax there and then in front of Mrs. Henderson.  
  
The next couple of strokes were aimed at the tops of my legs below my bum and  
had the effect to make me spread open my legs even more. I was past caring how  
obscene I looked and needed to satisfy myself as I lewdly began to thrust myself  
in to the back rest of the chair. I suddenly noticed the searing pain of the  
strap had stopped and with a glance over my shoulder I saw her face smiling at  
me. I tried to hold back my scream and held my hands to my face as the most  
powerful orgasm of my life tore through me and then as I bucked and thrust at  
the chair she delivered a huge swing of the strap down on me. "You disgusting  
girl" she spat and almost dragged me upright to look at her before telling me to  
stand in the corner. I was trembling and sobbing and as the night-dress fell to  
cover my shame my relief was crudely put to a halt when she ordered me to take  
it right off. I tried to cover my nakedness by standing close to the wall but  
she made me face her and then walk closer to her. She looked me up and down as I  
dare not cover myself before her eyes and then with a mocking laugh she told me  
she was not finished with me before sending me to bed.   
  
In the morning she seemed in a cheerful mood and I could hardly look her in the  
face and no mention was made of last night. Later she went out to do some  
shopping and I watched some television even though it was a bit uncomfortable  
sitting down. When she returned I was told that she wanted a word after tea  
about my future behaviour and again I could not believe the absurdity of the  
situation. We sat in the room and actually felt nervous as she spoke "well Lisa  
I think that you found your strapping enjoyable, don't you" she asked. I could  
only answer shamefully with a whispered "yes" and then I was told to stand in  
the middle of the room. It was like being in a different world as I was informed  
that from now on she would use the strap whenever she saw fit. I made no attempt  
to argue and felt so childish having to stand like a real naughty little girl.  
  
I was then lectured on what Mrs Henderson thought my behaviour should be like  
and I listened in horror when she told me that she had decided to buy me some  
clothes to wear while I was doing what I was told. The first item was a denim  
smock dress and I was told to try it on. It was about six inches above the knee  
which was shorter than I was used to wearing but what was more worrying was that  
the front was only narrow and although it covered my boobs from the front it  
left a lot showing from the sides. I was glad I was wearing a bra and I thought  
that I would wear a T-shirt under it normally. The next was like a netball sort  
of an out fit and the skirt was really short but the third was a real shock.  
First there were white knee socks with black sandals and then a ridiculous pink  
and white party dress more suitable for a ten year old than a grown woman.  
  
I was stood wearing this embarrassing outfit as Mrs Henderson continued to  
lecture me. My first task was to do some work in the garden on a Sunday morning  
and then on Saturdays I was to do housework, the denim dress was my garden  
outfit and the netball one was for the housework. I was not told when I had to  
wear the dreadful party dress and did not think too much about it as the first  
nightmare was to be seen in the garden wearing the short denim dress. I was told  
to take my new clothes to my room and that I may as well go to bed as I would be  
up early ready for the garden. Once again I had been sent to bed like a child  
and even though I was furious I felt strangely aroused by my treatment. At seven  
the next day I was woken with a sharp knock on my door.  
  
I was told to be downstairs in five minutes dressed as ordered. After a quick  
breakfast I was told to stand and then to my horror told to take off the T-shirt  
I had on under the dress. I felt so embarrassed having to unclip the front of  
the dress and strip to my bra in front of Mrs Henderson. "That's no good my girl  
take the bra off as well", I was mortified at hearing the words but I could not  
resist and slowly reached behind to unfasten my bra. I was so ashamed to have to  
expose my breasts to Mrs Henderson and quickly pulled the front of the dress up.  
Out in the garden the cold air blew right through the side of the dress and my  
nipples were soon hard. I was given a list of tasks to do, each time I had to  
bend over my boobs were barely contained in the dress and despite my shame I  
carried on. I was left alone while my landlady went to prepare lunch but then I  
saw our neighbour standing at the fence.  
  
He was about sixty and he could not take his eyes of me, which was no surprise  
with my boobs almost hanging out of the sides of the dress. He soon engaged me  
in conversation and I had to keep smiling and talking to him. Mrs Henderson  
returned and to my disbelief she told him how she had bought the dress as part  
of a new regime in discipline for me. I blushed furiously at the way she talked  
about me and then she offered to make a cup of tea for them both when Mr Blake  
said he wanted to hear more. I learned that she had invited him to lunch and it  
got worse she told him how she was fed up with my slovenly appearance that she  
had got me a lovely dress to wear for Sunday lunch. Inside I was told to go  
upstairs and change, then with a smile Mrs Henderson said how Mr Blake had been  
very interested to hear of my treatment and offered to help.  
  
I begged her not to make me wear the dress but all she did was laugh that it  
would be the least of my worries as she had promised to show Mr Blake how I  
liked the strap. The mention of this humiliation sent a shudder through me and I  
knew she would carry out her threat I just hoped that I could keep my underwear  
on. This was so absurd that I had not even considered refusing such a ridiculous  
scenario. During lunch I could hardly eat a thing as they talked cheerfully and  
I felt almost in a daze, then I was brought to my senses when Mr Blake said what  
a well-behaved young lady I was. Mrs Henderson then got up and showed him the  
strap. "She quite likes it really but I do try to make it sting" she said with a  
giggle. In fact I was going to give her some this afternoon would you like to  
stay to see for yourself. Of course he was not going to turn down such a bizarre  
invitation.  
  
They retired to the lounge and I was left to do the dishes, every so often I  
heard their laughter. Mrs Henderson shouted for me to bring one of the dinning  
chairs in to the lounge and the strap she added. I placed the chair in the  
centre of the room, "how old are you then Lisa" asked Mr Blake in the most  
sarcastic voice possible and with my face bright red I mumbled "twenty seven",  
they both laughed as he replied "I would say you look more like seven". I was  
informed that Mr Blake was keen on the discipline of young ladies and he had  
shared some ideas with Mrs Henderson so in future he was going to help with my  
regime. They told me that I had better do exactly what I was told and as they  
suspected I got some kind of thrill from it all anyway they had decided to be  
very severe with me. There was no time to consider the implications of this  
statement as I was soon over the chair with my dress up round my waist, my white  
panties on full view. I gritted my teeth determined not be reduced to the  
snivelling wreck I was before when Mrs Henderson spoke "you deserve this don't  
you my girl" and I could only add to my shame by answering "yes".  
  
With that she dragged my panties down to my knees "knickers down" she laughed.  
It was mortifying to be exposed like this in front of them and I was literally  
shaking with anticipation and fear but she had decided to really make me suffer  
the shame of it all this time. I was told to stand up and turn the chair around  
so Mr Blake could see my backside properly. My panties were down round my ankles  
as I finished shuffling round and I was told to remove them altogether. By the  
time I had finished I had given him a good look at my bushy triangle and it did  
not go unnoticed. "It's a pity she has all that pubic hair, it spoils the  
spectacle don't you think" he spoke to Mrs Henderson as if I were not even  
there. She made me stand right in front of them both with my dress held up high,  
she reached out and ran her fingers through my pubes, "yes I see what you mean,  
although she does have quite a nice triangle" and with that she gave my pubes a  
little tug. I couldn't believe the turn of events and the way they were talking  
about my most private place as if I was invisible. My legs almost gave way with  
the absolute shame when he asked her if they should remove it, she replied that  
they should trim most of it off with the scissors and then shave my mound bald.  
Mrs Henderson looked at me and smiled "I think you would enjoy that Lisa don't  
you", I shook my head as she told Mr Blake to fetch his razor.  
  
I was dumb with disbelief as I took the dress right off and got a towel and a  
bowl of water, when I returned I heard Mrs Henderson on the phone, "yes we're  
going to shave her bare and I think she will do absolutely anything we tell  
her". She put the phone down and told me that Mrs King was coming to watch as  
well, I gave a little gasp at the prospect of my never ending torment "you  
really like this sort of treatment don't you" she laughed. I was in a different  
world as I lay on my back over the kitchen table when I heard the doorbell. Mr  
Blake was back and I could see his look of pleasure as he saw me waiting. He was  
told about Mrs King and as she would be about twenty minutes he asked if he  
could "inspect" the area first. He pulled up a chair and sat between my legs  
while my landlady made a pot of tea. He gave me a sharp smack to my leg and told  
me to hold the backs of my knees and pull them up to my chest. I was almost in  
tears of humiliation as he made me open them as wide as I could.  
  
I could feel his hands all over my pubic hair and he commented to my landlady on  
what a pretty little pussy he thought was hiding under all this hair. Then he  
made me gasp out loud as he ran his fingers down my exposed slit. Soon he began  
to open my pussy lips and then teased my clit "well, well I think our young lady  
is getting excited" he exclaimed as he pushed two fingers deep inside me to feel  
my arousal. He then pulled apart my pussy as wide as he could and I squealed as  
he pinched my sensitive clitoris. I could see Mrs Henderson standing behind him  
with a mocking smile on her face, as he gave my bottom a gentle smack to get me  
more on my shoulders. Now I could have really died with humiliation as he pulled  
apart my bum cheeks, "a few hairs there we will need to remove" he muttered as  
they stared at my wide open bum hole. They were interrupted by Mrs King at the  
door and when she walked in I was still in the same position "good grief young  
lady, you've got nothing to hide like that" she laughed as they joined in.  
  
"Next I felt the cold steel of the scissors as Mrs Henderson started to clip  
away at my pubes. Mrs King was not content to watch she was fascinated on why I  
was letting my self be treated so shamefully. She stood by the side of me "so  
this turns you on does it Lisa", "fancy a grown woman wanting to suffer this  
shame of all this and then the strap" she laughed. I couldn't answer her as I  
was made to jump when cold water was poured over my bulging mound and Mr Blake  
said "Don't move young lady were going to get you smooth as a babies bottom" and  
again they laughed. The sensation was incredible as he carefully drew the razor  
along every part of me and I tried to imagine how they could see every last  
detail of my exposed sex. He pulled my poor pussy all over to get every last  
hair and I could feel my self becoming wet with my own excitement mixed with the  
incredible shame. "Now for the tricky part" he said and then I begged "please  
no" as both the women pulled apart my bottom cheeks so he could get access to my  
bum hole. His face was only a few inches my most secret place and as I looked  
through my legs I saw their mocking smiles. Then with a final slap to my  
backside he said "all done" they all laughed out loud as Mrs King said "what a  
sight for sore eyes".  
  
I was given the stupid dress and told to go upstairs and look at my new haircut  
and to put the dress back on. I stared in shock at my hairless pussy through the  
mirror and a real thrill ran through me at the way I was being humiliated beyond  
belief. Downstairs I was made to walk about the room and hold up my dress in  
various positions "that's much better" laughed Mr Blake "looks much more like a  
seven year old" and once again I had to suffer their laughter. Mrs King told me  
to come over and stand in front of her with my dress still held high in the air,  
"you don't look much like the office manager now do you Lisa". Again I simply  
could not speak as she continued to taunt me "are you looking forward to the  
strap then" she mocked. This time I was put over Mr Blake's knee and I felt even  
more shame at such a childish position but they were going to extract every  
ounce of humiliation possible by making me ask for a spanking. "Please will you  
spank my bare bottom" I was made to say and as he lifted the dress clear of my  
backside more laughter was drowned out by the sound of crisp hard smacks to my  
bottom. I expected it to be much gentler but he really gave me a good "tanning"  
as he put it. It must have lasted a good five minutes and I really wriggled on  
his lap as he even slapped all the way down the backs of my legs. After he made  
me promise to be "a good little girl I was allowed off his knee. I had to thank  
him for giving me what I deserved and then I was put in the corner with my dress  
still around my waist and my red bottom on show while they had a glass of  
sherry. I wasn't really taking much notice of their conversation but then I  
heard the words "send her to the shop"  
  
"Please, please you can't make me go outside like this, I will do anything you  
want in here but please not outside" I was really begging but I could see by the  
look on their faces that it was no use. "I'm a grown woman I can't go out like  
this please" and Mrs Henderson left the room and returned with a pink ribbon, I  
was sobbing as she put my hair in a ponytail with it. "Perfect" she exclaimed  
and told me I was to go to the local newsagent and buy a lollypop, all of them  
howled with laughter and as I cried Mrs Henderson pushed me over the chair and  
gave me six really hard strokes of the strap. "Now go and wash your face and do  
as you're told or I will take you to work like this tomorrow young lady". I  
stood at the door and Mr Blake reached in his pocket, he gave me fifty pence and  
said "does the little girl want some a lollypop" and then I was outside.  
  
It was fairly cold and as I reached the gatepost Mrs Henderson shouted me, I  
thought they had only been joking and I would be allowed back inside. "Catch"  
she laughed and threw my panties at me "we don't want you getting a cold bottom"  
and with that the door was shut. I stood in shock with my knickers in my hand  
when two young lads walked round the corner, I tried to look composed as they  
looked in bewilderment at me. When they got past me they burst in to laughter  
and I started to walk the short distance to the shop. Although it was not very  
busy on a Sunday afternoon I knew I would at least have to face the man at the  
shop. I set of walking and then I realised I still had my knickers in my hands  
and worse I could imagine the backs of my legs would still be red from the  
spanking. Oh my god this was so humiliating what if someone asks me what I was  
doing. As I walked I became really conscious of my knickerless state but I just  
couldn't stop and put them on in the middle of the street. Each step seemed to  
bring my bottom in to view, a few people passed on the opposite side of the road  
but no one seemed to take much notice as at last I got to the shop. My relief at  
the shop being empty was short lived as to my horror someone else walked in. I  
tried to walk round the shop and keep out of way but an elderly woman followed  
me and she could not take her eyes off me. I heard her whisper something to the  
shopkeeper and they both looked at me, the humiliation was almost beyond  
comprehension.  
  
After she left I made my way to the till, the man behind the counter was about  
forty and he starred in amusement at me. I could see him look at me, then all  
of a sudden he asked if I was Lisa. I stood in shock as I nodded yes and  
realised my tormentors must have told him I was coming. Then he laughed and I  
froze with fear "so you've been a naughty girl have you", I tried to tell him  
that I did not know what he meant but he interrupted me. I have just spoken to a  
good customer of mine Mr Blake and he has just told me an interesting little  
story about you" he grinned. "I know he buys those magazines about girls being  
spanked and it looks likes he's got the reel thing now". He asked what I had got  
in my hands and I could only reach out to show him, he took my knickers from my  
hand and threw them in the bin, "you won't be needing these" he grinned. "Now  
show me your backside I want to see if it is true" he laughed and before I could  
reply he told me if I did not do as he said he would ring the police and tell  
them I was a shoplifter. My heart was beating so fast as I said, "please someone  
might walk in" his callous response was to tell me to get on with it then. I  
turned round and flipped the back of my dress up "very nice, so you really have  
been spanked" he mocked. I quickly let it fall back down and asked if I could go  
now. "Not until I see the view from the front," he said with a look of contempt  
on his face.  
  
I knew it was a hopeless situation and I looked at the door to see if anyone was  
coming and then lifted the dress up at the front. "Mr Blake tells me you're  
twenty-seven Lisa so where's you little curls then" he laughed I put it back  
down and begged "please somebody will see me" but he barked that he had not had  
a good enough look. "I want you to lift it right up to your bra, if you're  
wearing one, and open your legs as wide as you can" he snapped. The unbelievable  
humiliation was actually turning me on and I could feel my pussy starting to get  
wet. The more demanding he was becoming the more excited it was making me.  
  
I took a firm hold of the frilly hem of the dress and hoisted it high to my  
chest, " Well if you don't want the whole world to see you why don't you at  
least move away from the window" he said. I was almost too turned on to care if  
a hundred people were watching but I walked to the side away from view. I took a  
deep breath and moved my feet as far apart as I could, I actually tried to  
thrust out my shaved sex to his gaze. He looked in amazement and let me stand  
for what seemed like an eternity, "I don't believe this, you're enjoying it  
aren't you" he grinned. "OK my fine little slut show me your arse again" he  
ordered. I turned round with the dress still round my shoulders and then he told  
me to bend right down as far as I could go. With my legs straight and still wide  
apart I had to let go of the dress but it remained bunched up round my  
shoulders, I knew he could see absolutely everything I had, "grab your ankles  
and bend your knees a little" he laughed. I could feel my bum cheeks open wide  
at this ridiculous position he had me in. I could hear him walk towards me and  
then his hand was on my bottom, his fingers moved all the way down the cleft of  
my bum and even touched my anus. "Slap", "Slap" as he gave me two hard smacks  
and told me to go in to the storeroom. There was a door between the shop and the  
room and from his position near the till he could see in to it but the rest of  
the shop could not. "Right strip naked" he hissed, it did not take long to  
remove the dress and my bra and with just my white knee socks and sandals I  
waited all too eagerly for my next command. I gasped in shock as he told me to  
open the door to the outside and go in to the back yard and then I was told to  
carry forty-two crates of lemonade in to the storeroom. "Don't worry there is a  
high wall, no one can see you" he grinned. He then picked up the phone and I  
heard him saying "yes she is fine, I've got her stripped stark naked fetching  
lemonade from the yard" he laughed.  
  
He continued to tell them how I had posed in the shop and then to my absolute  
horror he laughed that he had not told me about the security camera. It took  
over half an hour to move all the stuff and during this time at least a dozen  
people had been in the shop and he had talked to them so calmly as he looked at  
his naked helper working away. For my part the feeling of being outdoors naked  
was fantastic and knowing that any time he could have invited someone to see me  
kept me aroused the whole time. When I had finished I again had to pose for him.  
I was stood right next to the door only a few feet away from the unaware  
customers.  
  
He made me do all kinds of humiliating things like pull and pinch my own nipples  
and bend over and "swing my tits" to laying on the floor holding my bum cheeks  
apart. At last he told me I could go and told me that next week I was to return  
for more of the same but he would have time to think of something really  
humiliating for me to do since I obviously loved every minute of it. When I got  
to the door he told me to stop and walked towards me, he looked up and down the  
road and as it was quiet he pulled my dress up and gave a really hard smack to  
my bottom. "Off you go my fine young tart" he laughed. On the way back I did not  
care who saw me and I could not wait to get back, I hoped they were still  
waiting for me and were not finished with me yet. Back in Mrs Henderson's room I  
had to tell them exactly what had happened and I even admitted how exciting it  
had made me feel. I was told that they had decided to make every Sunday my  
discipline day and this would involve severe thrashings and humiliations and  
also they would ensure plenty of people saw me behave myself.  
  
To finish off my first day I had to strip completely naked down to my socks and  
shoes.. I was back over the chair but with my legs spread wide apart and I was  
told that each of them was going to give me twenty with the strap. Mrs King was  
first and she waited about two minutes between strokes. All the time she told me  
what a dirty little girl I was and I should be ashamed of myself for being a  
"kinky little bitch". I was out of breath and gasping as she finished and my  
backside was beginning to really hurt. She sat down and confessed how she had  
really enjoyed it and would have to think of some really interesting things for  
me in future, Mr Blake was next and his strokes were much harder. They really  
had me bouncing on the chair and I was soon openly crying "stop whining my girl  
you know you love every minute" he taunted.  
  
When Mrs Henderson picked up the strap I begged her to at least let me have a  
rest. My request was to earn me more torment as she made me stand up and put my  
hands on my head. "So you want a rest do you" she mocked and then I was made to  
run as fast as I could on the spot while she delivered the strap. My audience  
grinned as my boobs bounced lewdly for their enjoyment and I was thrashed  
mercilessly for their amusement. At last she stopped but she told me to open my  
legs as wide as I could and then she delivered one hard stroke right up between  
my legs on to my freshly shaved sex. I squealed in horror at this new onslaught  
and clutched my hands between my legs. To finish my torment for the day I was  
made to masturbate on the floor in front of them while they told me how they had  
all thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon. As my landlady's guest's left I was  
standing in the shower, my poor backside was throbbing and burning as I let cool  
soothing water run down it.  
  
The door opened and Mrs Henderson was stood there, She helped me dry myself and  
she took me to my room. She asked me if I wanted more of this type of treatment  
as she had found the whole situation amazing as she felt I had. It was easier to  
talk to her now and we had a very bizarre conversation about my new found  
compulsion to be treated so shamefully.  
  
  
MORE HUMILIATION  
  
  
The next day at work when Mrs Henderson arrived she had me stand naked on my  
desk while she cleaned my office. Every so often she would stop and walk up to  
me, "still got a hot bottom haven't you" as she stroked her hand over it. "I  
wonder if everyone has left" and with that she opened the door. I gave a low  
moan and whispered "please", she laughed "you absolutely love this don't you"  
and I could only nod my head in shame. The feeling of being naked in my own  
office was incredible and even though I knew everyone had left I was shaking  
with fear at the wide open door. Back home and I had to put my night-dress on  
before tea but I was not allowed underwear. Afterwards I had to spend twenty  
minutes standing in the corner with my bottom bare and then I was sent to bed.  
Mrs King was invited to tea one night and the procedure was the same, this time  
I was allowed to stay up until she left but most of the time I was stood with my  
night-dress up round my waist. She really enjoyed having me answer the most  
embarrassing of questions, "have you played with your little bare pussy again"  
or are you looking forward to having your botty smacked again" she would tease.  
  
On Saturday morning I was in my "netball" outfit and was told to go round to Mr  
Blake's house. This was the first of my many trips outside that I had been  
promised, I only prayed that no one from work would see me. As I stood at his  
front door I could feel people starring at me, at last he opened the door and  
then to my shock a young man was also there. He introduced me to Colin a young  
lad of only eighteen who was here to do some painting for Mr Blake. "This is  
Lisa, she is staying with Mrs Blake next door and she is going to the shop for  
me" I was mortified not only to be stood in front of the grinning Colin but also  
to know I was to go outside again. I was shown the room that being painted and  
all the time Colin never took his eyes off me, also his amused grin never left  
his face either.  
  
At last we left Colin to his painting and Mr Blake had me stood in front of him,  
he lifted my skirt and starred at my navy knickers. Without warning he put his  
fingers to the waistband and pulled them down to my knees. "Please he might walk  
in" I whispered but I was told that it did not matter if he did. I had to remain  
like that while he had a good look and feel of my pussy. "I think you need a  
touch up with the razor young lady, don't you" he mocked. I had to remain like  
that with my skirt up and my knickers round my knees while he went to get  
everything. I stared at the door convinced Colin would walk in and see this  
ridiculous sight and when the door started to open my knees almost gave way in  
fear. Mr Blake then looked at his razor and remarked how he thought he ought to  
have some new blades to ensure that I was left without a single hair as he put  
it. I didn't realise the significance of this remark until he told me that this  
is what I had to go to the shop for. He sat down in front of me again and  
proceeded to pull my knickers down to my ankles, he gave my leg a little slap  
and told me to lift it so he could remove the knickers completely. "You need  
some fresh air on this pretty pussy of yours" he remarked casually I and  
realised I was to go to the shop like that. The skirt was obscenely short and I  
could not believe he intended me to go out like this, before I had time to argue  
he asked if I wanted Colin to go with me. I begged "no" and then a note was  
thrust in my hands "take this to Mr Jackson, he will get the razor blades for  
you". I couldn't believe he had given me a note to take to the shop, he was  
really treating me as if I was seven years old. I was made to go in to other  
room and ask Coin if he wanted any thing from the shop and again he could not  
take his eyes of my legs. Out side the cool breeze made me instantly aware of my  
knickerless state and each step I took seem to send the pathetic excuse for a  
skirt high in the air. The wind seemed to increase as I turned on to the main  
road and I was sure any one behind me would see my bare bottom without  
difficulty. This time the shop was much busier and I stood in the queue for a  
few minutes. I gave the note to Mr Jackson and he looked at me with a mocking  
smirk across his face. "I'm afraid I'll have to go and get some from upstairs in  
a minute Lisa" he smiled. I was left to stand at the side while he served people  
and all the time he kept talking to me. He asked me what I was doing today and  
was I looking forward to helping him tomorrow and all the time everyone starred  
at me standing there being spoke to like some ridiculous child. Eventually the  
shop became quiet and he led me in to the storeroom, he gave me the razor blades  
and asked sarcastically "I wonder what these are for" at the same time he lifted  
my skirt. He roughly pushed his hand between my legs and rubbed his fingers  
along my slit, "is the naughty little girl going to come for me" he hissed. The  
shop door opened and he whispered to me to continue and not to stop until I had  
an orgasm right there in the storeroom. I could plainly hear all the people in  
the shop and all the time he kept looking across at me. I was furiously rubbing  
at my moist pussy lips and teasing my own clit. I could barely contain my scream  
as I shuddered to a huge climax and my pussy was soaking. I could see him smile  
in triumph at me and then I was shocked to see him put his finger to his mouth  
and gesture to me. He wanted me to place my fingers in my mouth and taste my own  
pussy. After a slight hesitation I complied and the feeling was a mixture of  
intense arousal and pure humiliation as he watched.  
  
On the way home I had to walk past some workman and blushed bright red at the  
obligatory wolf whistles. Mr Blake had everything ready for my return and soon I  
was over his kitchen table legs spread wide apart and my skirt on the floor. I  
think he could tell from the state of my wide open pussy what I had been doing  
and he scolded me like a child for playing with myself. He had difficulty  
getting to my anus properly and grinned that he ought to ask Colin to hold apart  
my bum cheeks I quickly took hold and pulled them as wide apart as I possibly  
could. "All done" he sighed and gave my bum a sharp smack and froze in fear, as  
I knew Colin must have heard it. Then I was allowed the protection of my skirt  
but not my knickers as I went to ask him if he would like a drink of tea.  
  
Back in the kitchen Mr Blake told me I had one last thing to do before I could  
go. I stood open mouthed in protest but I knew I would do it. I was to show  
Colin my pussy. I was told I could make it look like an accident or just walk in  
and lift my skirt up but Mr Blake must be sure he had seen it. I had a strange  
urge to actually walk in and just show him but I knew it had to look like an  
accident although it could be no accident that I was knickerless. I took a deep  
breath and walked in the room I had his cup of tea in my hand and I offered it  
to him and then squatted down to put it on the floor. I could feel him stare at  
my legs and as I reached out to place it down I opened my knees a little. I knew  
my pussy was on full view and a thrill ran through me, I had done it quite  
easily. Then the bombshell, "Lisa are you showing yourself off again" shouted Mr  
Blake, Colin gave a nervous laugh and I went beetroot red. Mr Blake then told  
Colin how I was a little tramp who enjoyed showing herself off then to my horror  
he lifted the skirt high in the air. "You may as well give him a proper look you  
shameless tart" he hissed. "Look at that Colin she even shaves herself so she  
can show all she's got", the humiliation was electrifying as he turned me round  
"let's see the back then" he laughed. He asked Colin what he thought and he  
mumbled that he had never seen anything like it. I was told to go in the room  
and I could the two of them talking. They both entered and Mr Blake informed me  
that they had decided to teach me a lesson, I was to remove every stitch I had  
on and show them every square inch of my naked body. Colin sat mesmerised as I  
slowly stripped for their gaze. Once naked I had to pose in the most revealing  
positions imaginable blatantly showing them every detail of my exposed body.  
Gradually Colin began to relax and along with his huge grin he became more  
demanding even making me jump up and down on the spot to "bounce my tits" for  
them. Soon I was laid on the floor and opening my pussy lips as wide as I could  
for them to see right inside me. Colin laughed "the bitch is loving it, my mates  
will never believe this". Mr Blake replied "I'm sure if you ask nicely next time  
we can invite a couple of them", I almost came on the spot at the thought of  
doing this in front several grinning teenagers. Before I was sent home I had to  
promise that soon I would let Colin and a few of his friends see me naked.  
  
The following afternoon I had been promised a really severe thrashing for my  
disgraceful behaviour. Along with my three tormentors from last week there was  
to be some one new. Alison was the daughter of Mrs King and her Mother had told  
her all about my peculiar desire for humiliation and she was fascinated. Alison  
was about the same age as me and I really hated the thought of her witnessing my  
ordeal. They were all in the lounge when I walked in, as before I had on my  
"little girl" outfit and Alison burst out in laughter when she saw me. "Good  
grief Mum I thought you were joking". Mr Blake was to be in charge of me for the  
punishment and the others would sit and observe. He had me stood with my hands  
on my head while he told them about my "disgracefully lewd display yesterday".  
First of all he made me repeat "I am a dirty little girl who needs thrashing"  
and with that I had to raise my dress above my waist. From behind he reached out  
and pulled the white cotton panties to my knees. Alison tried to stifle a giggle  
as my shaved sex was displayed to them. "As you can see Alison, she is shaved  
once a week to remind her what a dirty girl she is" said Mr Blake and Alison  
openly laughed at my shame. Next I had to walk all the way in to the dinning  
room and fetch a chair, all the time I was told not to let my panties fall past  
my knees. I tried to walk back in the room with the chair and my legs were  
getting wider and wider apart, I must have looked an absolute sight as they all  
laughed at my predicament. Once in place my tormentor sat on the chair and  
hauled me over his knee. "I think a nice bare bottom spanking to begin with" he  
informed my audience. The slaps to my bum were delivered slowly but with as much  
force as he could. Between smacks he let his hand wander all over my bum cheeks,  
he commented on the increasing redness and told the ladies how "warm" it was  
getting. Soon I was wriggling and gasping at each smack, then he actually pulled  
open my bum cheeks with both hands to expose my bottom crease to their gaze.  
"Not much red here" he laughed and asked for his little strap. I was off his  
knees and after he had removed my panties completely I found myself kneeling  
over the back of an armchair. He lifted each knee so it was actually on the arm  
of the chair and then made me bend as far over the back as I could. My dress was  
now over my head and I was practically naked except for my bra. I gasped as he  
ran his fingers down the crack of my bum, "this is the area we will be dealing  
with" he exclaimed as if he were carrying out some kind of scientific  
demonstration. I hadn't even see his "little strap" but I soon felt it, the  
first stroke had me yell in surprise as well as pain. He brought it down again  
right along the crease in my bum. In this position it was wide open and even my  
poor exposed anus was not shielded from the stinging piece of leather. The strap  
was making me thrust my bum about in the most lewd way imaginable and he was  
reduced to trying to hold my bottom with one hand and bring the strap down with  
the other. Mixed between these strokes I still received an occasional hard smack  
with his hand across my backside. After a couple of warnings to keep my bottom  
still he asked for a volunteer, I was mortified to here Alison offer her  
services. She was instructed to stand at the side of me and hold my bum still.  
Her hands felt cold on my already blazing backside and she gripped quite hard,  
the way she was holding me actually forced my bum cheeks further apart. "Hold  
her steady" he said concentrating and then a flame burned right down my bum  
crack to my quivering little anus. I scrammed in shock at its searing heat and  
as he prepared for another Alison laughed, "you can actually see her bottom hole  
open and close when she tenses herself". Amidst the amused laughter another  
stroke lashed down followed by another, he was managing to land then right on my  
bum hole. As I braced myself for another he changed direction and brought the  
strap up to my gaping pussy. My squeal reached a new pitch as once again mocking  
laughter filled the room. Allison's grip on my bum was even tighter as my pussy  
was the new target and between strokes she had taken it upon herself to  
administer some smacks of her own.  
  
I was sobbing almost uncontrollably by now and at last I was allowed up. As I  
stood the sensation between my legs worsened as the tortured flesh was brought  
together. My whole body heaved as I cried and through the tears I could see my  
tormentors were quietly drinking sherry and commenting on how it looked like I  
really felt that. I was given ten minutes to wash my face and "stop snivelling  
like a two year old". I was praying that it would be the end of my punishment  
and the thought of more humiliation was better than any pain. Back in the room I  
was mortified to see a cane laid on the chair, I was really begging now "Please  
no more, I promise to be a good girl" I repeated it over and over again but Mr  
Blake just stood there. I even stamped my feet "it's not fair I've done  
everything you wanted please don't use the cane". I offered to do absolutely  
anything, I would go outside and show myself off to anyone they wished, I would  
play with myself any time they wanted and front of any one. "That's quite a  
tantrum young lady" mocked Mrs Henderson and then I was given the most  
humiliating option yet. I was told I had to calm down and beg for the cane  
across my bare arse or I could leave tomorrow and not see them any more. My  
mind was in a complete turmoil as I was given a few minutes to make my decision.  
Slowly my sobs died down and I walked up to Mr Blake "I am sorry will you please  
cane my bare arse" Alison gave a muted giggle "she is one kinky little bitch". I  
had to stand in front of everyone and ask them all the same thing. Mr Blake took  
my dress off me and then he unfastened my bra, "that's a good girl" he  
encouraged me as I opened my legs and touched my toes. The first stroke was like  
my worst nightmare from the horrendous whoosh to the dull impact and scorching  
pain. I was given a few minutes to compose my self and then had to ask for the  
next one. I received six full-blooded strokes of the cane and then everyone came  
to feel my bruised and tortured rump. I felt a great satisfaction that I had  
taken my punishment and I was sent to my room where Mrs Henderson soothed my  
burning bum with cold cream. She gave my bum a gentle pat and laughed "wait till  
the girls at work see this".