**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".