**Izzy’s new Itsy-Bitsy Teenie-Weenie Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini**

Izzy was feeling restless. After overspending on her credit card for the upteenth time Tonya had decided to take it away from her and a teary Izzy cut her creditcard into little pieces with a pair of scissors. Tonya gave her a monthmy allowance. But Izzy had always been hopeless with money, so after two weeks she had not a dime left. The weather was beautiful and the sun was shining. Izzy wanted to go down to the lake and swim and lie in the sun. We all know she needs a well-tanned body. At the mall she had seen a new bikini she really loved. All her old ones were just stupid and out of fashion. But she had no money and after her latest tantrum she was pretty sure, Tonya was in no mood to cut her some slack.

Izzy was brooding in the living room when Tonya came in to tell her she had to go and bring one of the senior partners an important. She would drive out to his residence. Since she would be working on a Saturday, it was only fair Izzy would clean the house. When Tonya left, Izzy looked around the house, it did seem clean enough to her. And that bikini kept playing on her mind. If she would jog down to the shop, it was a beautiful day after all, she could get the bikini, jog back, and start cleaning. She had a plan. Much happier she hopped up the stairs and dressed in a pair of cut-off jeans, a tube top and a pair of trainers.

It was only a mile and a half from the condo to the shop and Izzy likes to run. It keeps her fit and we all know why she has to keep fit. Izzy was hardly panting as she arrived at the shop specializing in beach wear and games and toys for the beach. Those paddles with little rubber balls made Izzy’s bum shiver. She has some fond memories of those paddles after all. Her plan was so simple it could not fail. She would be trying on all sorts of bikinis so in the end there would six or seven in her changing cabin. She would slip on the one she really loved, dress, put all the other back in the rack and leave. How could anything possibly go wrong.

The owner of the shop was a buxon red-head in her late forties with a keen eye for pretty and for naugthy girls – and one glance at the darkhaired beauty entering her shop told her she was both. There were some seven teenagers in the store, 5 girls and 2 boys, obviously a bunch of friends. Izzy could not help herself but she started parading the shop in skimmy bikinis just to get the boys’s attention and make the girls jealous. Mrs. Meadows, the shop owner, was watching her antics with a smile. Finally Izzy emerged in the Itsy-Bitsy Teenie-Weenie Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini she really loved. It was small, in fact so small it hardly covered her tits – and we all know she is not really heavy on top – the bottoms were ridiculous, three quartes of her fanny was and it was a good thing she is a well-shaved girl for the front would not have covered her pubic hair. Why Izzy felt this sudden need to start exercising and beinding over to touch her toes – with her bottom to the leering boys – we will never know. The girls started calling her names “Hussy, Whore, put on some clothes. Stop oggling that butt. My tits are much bigger.”

Izzy was enjoying herself immensely, she is a little tease after all and driving guys mad is like second nature to her. But all good things must come to an end. She went back to the cabin, slipped on her clothes and trainers. With two hands full of bikinis she walked to the rack and began putting them back. When she hung up the last one, Mrs. Meadows was standing beside her. The group of teenagers was starting to leave the shop.

“I think there is one bikini missing, Miss!”

Izzy looked up at the woman and started blushing. She stammered “I think I left it in the cabin.”

Mrs. Meadows grabbed her arm and said: “Let’s have a look!”

Izzy started protesting, “Let go of me, you have no right.” She dragged her feet but Mrs. Meadows was a big and strong woman and just dragged her along like naugthy little girl. Of course, the cabin was empty.

“Well I am sure you had Itsy-Bitsy Teenie-Weenie Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini on earlier, so where can it be?”

Sensing the commotion the group of teenagers came back into the store that might be fun after all.

Izzy was staring at Mrs. Meadows with a priceless look of horror on her face. It had seemed like such a good plan. Mrs. Meadows just grabbed the bottom of her tube top and started pulling it up. Izzy was so frigthened she could not move and soon the yellow-polka-dot top came into view. “Ah there it is.” Without hesitation she pulled the tube top over Izzy’s head. “You are a thieving naugthy little girl and do you know what happens to those in my shop?” Izzy shook her head. “They get their bottoms spanked.”

This last announcement led to same intense use of cell-phones. It seemed all teenagers know someone who would like to watch this. And the first photos of the blushing Izzy were also taken.

Before Izzy knew what was happening, Mrs. Meadows was sitting on a chair and undoing Izzy’s cut-off’s. She made her take off her shoes and pulled her over her motherly lap. To Izzy this all came as a surprise. Teasing boys was fun but being up-ended across some bitch’s knee and getting a spanking in front of an fast increasing teenage crowd was something else. She just prayed these were not Amy’s classmates.

“Comfy dear?” Mrs. Meadows was a polite woman and she always tried to make a naugthy girl as comfortable as possible across her knee. She would of course be staying there for quiet some time. Izzy whispered yes between clenched teeth. Looking beside her she could see all those grinning faces. She quickly let her had hang down; it was too humiliating to bear and so her face would not be visible. Thank God she had such long hair.

SMACK….SMACK…SMACK...SMACK…SMACK…SMACK….SMACK…SMACK

Just a few spanks taught Izzy that this lady had lots of experience. She made her bare cheeks wobble delightfully and smacked the same spot three times in succession before moving on. Izzy’s bare fanny soon became rosy and she could feel the sting and heat radiating from her bottom. After some five minutes she began to moan and cry out. Oooch. SMACK Enough SMACK Not so hard pleeeSMACKzzzeeeSMACK I will never SMACK steal SMACK again SMACK. After ten minutes she was struggling for all she was worth, trying to move her butt out of the way of the punishing palm. She started kicking her legs too, much to the delight of the teenage crowd. Her bottom was flaming red by know. Finally Mrs. Meadows stopped and Izzy lay limp across her lap, counting her blessing and thinking her ordeal was over.

Mrs. Meadows pointed to one of the paddles and asked a girl to had it over, which she did with glee. Izzy had not noticed it and tried to get up.

“Oh no dear, just stay were you are. We are not done yet. You see in this shop no spanking is a real spanking unless it is a BARE BOTTOM one.”

Izzy shrieked in outrage as her bottoms were slowly stripped from her. Mrs. Meadows was a sensible woman and with an underage crowd she pulled the bottoms just below her cheeks so that her private parts would remain hidden from view. “How old are you?” No answer. WHAP WHAP “How old?” “Twenty-six.” “Twenty-six it will be and you will count them.” Izzy’s age let to a lot of comments. “Imagine being twenty-six and getting a bare bottom public paddling. How humimiliating, how deliciously naugthy.”

Izzy was crying by now. WHAP “One!” “One, what?” “One, thank you Mrs.” “Good girl!” Izzy has of course lots of experience in getting her bare tush paddled. So she managed to count all the whacks correctly. Her bottom was purple and the beginning of blisters were showing. She was bawling and desperately drumming her bare feet on the floor. Mrs. Meadows put her bare-bottomed in the corner for twenty-six minutes which gave the teenagers ample time to get all the shots they wanted.

Finally Mrs. Meadows told her she could pull up her bottoms and come out of the corner. Izzy was very happy to pull up her bottoms and hide part of her fanny from view. When she looked around the shop her clothes and trainers were nowhere to be found. “Where are my clothes?”

“I will keep them in payment. You can keep the bikini,” Mrs. Meadows answered with a smile. “But I can’t go out on the street like this..”

“Oh yes you can and you will. If you are not out of her in thirty seconds, I will take the bikini back.” Izzy realized she was in enough trouble as it was and she ran out of the store and started running along the avenue back to the condo. The Itsy-Bitsy Teenie-Weenie Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini was not really made for strenuous exercise and soon Izzy’s titties were falling out of the top and the little bit covering her flaming red butt was disapperaring in the crack between her wobbling cheeks leaving her bare-bottomed for all intents and purposes. The Saturday shoppers watched her with disbelief as an almost naked girl ran past them. Most were too stunned to do anything but stop and stare at her bouncing titties and wobbling cheeks. Some had the presence of mind to imoortalize her naked form on photo. Some called out rude comments or whistled happily. Cars honked and a cyclist slapped her butt as he rode past her.

Izzy was panting by the time she got home and feeling rather flustered. She could not deny a certain moistness between her thighs. Her heart stopped in her throat as she saw Tonya’s car parked in front of the condo. If Tonya found her like this, she would in real trouble. It was only at precisely this moment Izzy realized her housekey was in the pocket of her cut-offs at the shop. Think you fool, if Tonya sees you like this, you are really in for it. Oh god, she was supposed to be cleaning the house. Tonya was going to be so mad. The only thing Izzy could think of was try and sneak in through the backdoor. So she ran around the block and entered the garden. Very stealthily she moved to the door and tried it. Thank God it was not locked. She sneaked in an tiptoed to the stairs. Tonya was nowhere to be seen, she was safe, she was going to make it. Izzy put her foot on the stairs, then another and then…..

“Hold it right there!”

Izzy’s stomach turned over. She was caught after all.

“What is the meaning of this? And why is your BUTT so RED and NAKED”

Izzy turned around blushing prettily and stammering. “Well … let me … hmmmm you see… it is not …. What it looks like….I was just….. Cleaning…”

Tonya interrupted her: “One you are supposed to be cleaning the house. Two I found you sneaking in through the backdoor! Three you are wearing an Itsy-Bitsy Teenie-Weenie Yellow Polka-Dot Bikini ith your tits hanging out and your fanny uncovered. Four it looks like someone got a spanking! So five what the fuck have you been up to?”

It took a teary Izzy quite a bit of time to give Tonya a full and satisfactort explanation. She made her go over every little humiliating details three times.

“Where are the housekeys?”

“In my jeans at the shop.”

“Then we’d better go and get them back! But first I want you to go out and cut some switches. You are going to pay for your Itsy-bitsy bikini and for disobeying me!”

“But that is not fair you bitch. I have already been spanked ….”

“You just lost your top. Take it off!”

“But fuck…”

“Bottoms too. Not another word or I will give you another spanking first! Strip”

Izzy knew Tonya well enough not to psuh her luck any futher and with a pretty pout she stripped. A smack to her fanny made her hop out of the backdoor with a knife clenched in her right hand. As luck would have it most of the neighbours were enjoying the sun. Izzy just ran for it and disappeard up the stairs into the woods.

Five minutes and two embarassing meetings with elderly couples later Izzy returned with three switches. She headed for the stairs again. “Where do you think you are going?”

“I am getting dressed,” Izzy replied. “Oh no, you are coming with me just the way you are. If you had not been backtalking, you could have worn the bikini, but your big mouth got you into trouble again. I am going to take care of this for once and all!”

So a very naked Izzy was slipping out the front door hoping nobody would see her. She got lucky, there were only some fifty people oggling her many charms and it took Tonya a long time to unlock the car door. And why did she have to chat for five minutes to that bloody neighbour, while Izzy was blsuhing from her toes to her forehead? Her well-spanked rear-end did not go unnotice. “Hey Izzy, who has been a naugthy girl!”

Since it was such a beautiful day Tonya opted to drive with the roof down much to the discomfort of Izzy. Lorry drivers and bus passengers got more than eyeful of all that delicious girl flesh blushing prettily and trying to cover as much of herself as she could.

Getting out of the car some 100 yards from the shop took all Izzy’s willpower, but she rightly guessed Tonya would not hesitate to switch her over the hood of the car if she dragged her feet. People just stopped and stared at the blushing dark beauty walking passed them buck bare naked on a Saturday afternoon. The pavements was hot so Izzy was a kind of hopping, her titties bouncing and her fat bum wobbling.

Mrs. Meadows looked surprised when they entered her shop. Tonya explained why they had come and offered a switching in return for Izzy’s old clothes and her housekey. Mrs. Meadows let her eyes travel all over the naked girl’s many charms and licked her dry lips. She sure was pretty and watching that saucy behind dance to the tune of a switch a rare delight. Still she felt a little sorry for the teary eyed girl and decided to close her shop and give her a little privacy.

Tonya watched with glee as Mrs. Meadows started chasing Izzy with the first switch. She grabbed her arm so Izzy could still try to move out of the way but never get far enough to be safe from the bite of the switch. A few stripes across her titties and the front her thighs made Izzy realize that presenting her fair sit-upon for its well-deserved chatisment would be her best option. Swoosh. Swossh. “Oouuchy. Aauwy It stings. Pleeze. Let me go you evil bitch Swoosh”

Tonya was confused: she felt excited and enjoyed the sight of Mrs. Meadows putting Izzy through her paces, but at the same time she felt sorry for Izzy and just wanted to hug her. It took some ten minutes until the first switch snapped. Izzy was frantic and begging to be spared. Tonya decided she needed ten more to teach her the errors of her ways. She told Izzy to grab her ankles and stay in position. She told Mrs. Meadows to give her ten good ones and then they would call it even.

Swoosh. One, thank you Mrs.

Swoosh. OUCH Two, thank you Mrs.

Swoosh. ARRGHH Three, thank you Mrs.

Swoosh. Pleeezzee Four, thank you Mrs.

Swoosh. Aauuwwyy Five, thank you Mrs.

Swoosh. Not so haardddd Six, thank you Mrs.

Swoosh. Noo morree Seven, thank you Mrs.

Swoosh. Soo soorryyy Eigth, thank you Mrs.

Swoosh. Ouuchyyy Nine, thank you Mrs.

Swoosh. Oohhhh myyyy Ten, thank you Mrs.

As Izzy danced around the shop trying to rub some of the sting away, Mrs. Meadows went into her back office and returned with Izzy’s clothes. Tonya did not want to risk another naked streak, so she allowed Izzy to get dressed. Izzy apologized sincerely to Mrs. Meadows and thanked her for not involving the police and for punishing her. Mrs. Meadows gave her a hug and told her as far as she was concerned the score was settled. Izzy took Tonya’s hand as they started to walk to the door. As the passed the last remaining switch Tonya picked it up. Izzy looked at her wide and teary eyed.

“There is still the mater of your disobedience we have to discuss. I told you to clean the house, did I not?”

“Yes you did. I am sorry. I thought I would be back in time.”

“I am keeping the switch as an incentive for you to do your best and make sure everything is properly cleaned. Nothing like a switch across her bare behind to get a girl’s attention. And yes you will be cleaning Buck Bare Naked. So you’d better watch that sassy behind of yours!”