**More humilation for Emma**

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**Synopsis:** A long overdue sequel to The humiliating training of Emma, updating everyone on my current situation.

I can't believe it's been five years since I first told the world all about myself. All the time I meant to write more about my desires to be spanked and humiliated and to tell everyone about some of my real live adventures.

I suppose I better begin by summarising the last five years, which seems to me to have past in the blink of an eye as they say. I am now married to James and although he does sometimes spank me it isn't a big part of our relationship. His mum however still attends to my bottom occasionally but I must confess the exquisite thrill of shame that existed in the beginning has become a little jaded.

I have been to stay with Sharon a few times (she didn't last long with Greg) and she has tried to repeat the experiences of my inauguration into the world of spanking.

Of course without Greg to take the lead it hasn't had the same impact both upon my bottom and more importantly my mind.

James knew of my built up frustrations and together we decided to try and find “New” people to thoroughly shame and punish me. To be honest I never imagined it would be difficult but boy have I been wrong. In the last two years we have met several gentlemen who given me a good smacked bottom to varying degrees of success.

The trouble I have with just meeting people for the sole purpose of getting my bum smacked is that the humiliation aspect is over before it has begun. Obviously I don't know any of these people before hand and it is highly unlikely I will ever see any of them again. The whole situation is more like a visit to the doctors, you know it will be embarrassing and painful but it's all so antiseptic and meaningless.

I knew deep down that the biggest element in my enjoyment of being spanked was the dramatic and almost absurd transformation from the “real” me into my “naughty little girl” persona. The problem that posed was that none of the people we were meeting knew me to begin with so that part was missing.

My Mother-in-law referred to me as a “stuck up little tart” which although crude was probably how most people thought of me. I do speak properly which to most people translates to posh, of course I like to buy nice clothes and spend money pampering myself. If I am quite honest I do have a tendency to look down at people in general and can be rather curt and aloof especially at work.

Right from the start when we discussed the impact of spanking on our lives we decided that we couldn't let it affect my work, no matter how exciting a thought it is to be naked and smacked in front of all my colleagues. The reality would soon lead to me losing my job I'm sure.

During the few times James spanks me now it's the dialogue we have that excites me the most. He will often describe the scene in which I am in and imagine we have people watching. For instance if I am over his knee he will say thinks like shall we ring your Dad and ask him if he would like to see how red your arse is. He will then have an almost real conversation with him saying things like “I bet you never thought you would see your daughter in this position” or saying to me “your dad can see every square inch of your wet cunt”. It is this pretence that's gives me such an intense orgasm along with a red-hot bottom of course.

We took a huge gamble involving his Mum in our games and she has displayed me to

Several people who knew me to a limited extent and those sessions are the ones I enjoy the most. Of late she hasn't introduced anyone new and although James has dropped several hints I think she feels it is a sore bottom that excites me when really it is the combination of that and intense humiliation.

Sometimes I lay awake in bed at night and go through all the people I know and try to imagine there reaction if they new about my little secret. I imagine how they would stare in shock to begin with then gradually laugh and ridicule me ending up letting them spank me. One of the biggest problems is that James isn't all that good at spanking me let alone controlling me and humiliating me in private let alone with company. He loves to watch me on the receiving end and I suspect he has a slight desire to be humiliated himself by seeing his wife getting a good tanning.

I think he was a little uncomfortable when his mum let his younger brother spank me a few times before he went to university. The most humiliating time for me to have a boy ten years younger order me around like a two was on the day of my wedding. His Mother arranged it on the morning, she thought it would be amusing to know my backside was red raw under my wedding dress. James did actually protest but his mum was having none of it, she had me get ready from her house and barely an hour before the ceremony I was bent over a chair in her dinning room getting my bum caned by his smug little brother. He gave me 18 absolute scorchers, which left me sobbing my eyes out all the way to the church.

In fact that was the last time I felt a real sense of helplessness and felt completely detached from the real world almost. To all intense and purpose I was a naughty little girl who would do what ever I was told no matter who was watching and it is that feeling I longed to recreate.

Anyway I think I better move on to the main reason for writing again is that I have something to write about. A few weeks ago I was having my nails done at home on a Saturday morning, the girl who did them was called Alison and she was in her early twenties and I had considered letting her know about my “secret side”. James was away playing golf and I was ready for a hot bottom. I had a feeling Alison could be bossy and although she was always polite I sensed a bit of resentment towards me.

I got her a glass of wine when she arrived and we sat down making meaningless small talk as she began sanding my nails. I went over several phrases in my head trying to think of one I could say out loud to bring the conversation onto spanking. I took a gulp of wine and then blurted out something like how I had over spent on clothes this week and James would spank me when he got home.

Before I had even finished the sentence Alison replied with a crisp and blunt “oh I'm not into anything kinky just give me hard cock”. I was shocked at her crude reference and felt humiliated that I had mentioned spanking and had the subject so quickly dismissed. I could feel my face turn red as I tried to laugh it of as a joke “oh don't be embarrassed I bet there are hundreds of women like you”, what did she mean “like me”.

I was speechless and couldn't have imagined the conversation being so short and totally unproductive when she continued, “yeah my brother is always chatting on the internet to bored snobby housewives who want a smacked arse”. I was even more embarrassed at her liking of me to a bored snobby housewife even though she was probably right.

Nothing else was said until she was about to leave and she scribbled down a mobile phone number. “Hey why don't you call my brother Josh he's always trying to get me to persuade one of my friends to let him spank them”, she said almost laughing.

For the next hour I couldn't get the thought out of my head about actually ringing him and indeed letting him spank me. I knew he was a stranger so to speak but yet in a way the fact that I knew his sister made him an ideal candidate. I decided to take the bull by the horns and sent him a text saying Alison had given me his number and was he interested in spanking me tonight.

After a while I heard the beep of the phone and looked at the screen, “Stop takin the piss Ali”. I felt a surge of disappointment and decided to actually ring him and speak to him. At first he sounded very suspicious and hardly spoke as I told a little about myself and I was genuinely looking for someone to smack my bottom and do more or less anything they wanted with me. He asked what I mean by anything and I hesitated for a moment before replying, “what it means, anything”. I then gave him a brief rundown of some of the things I had done or more precise had done to me.

I wasn't altogether sure how much he believed of what I told him and he sounded a little blasé when he gave he his address and told me to report at 6 pm and he would see to my bottom.

Alison called me later and could hardly suppress her giggles as she asked me if it was true. She asked how much did Josh tell me about himself and I admitted nothing but I wasn't interviewing him for a job so what did I need to know. She said I must be mad and then to my dismay she said she might call round sometime during the evening to see how it was going. I could feel myself tingle with the thought of her walking in and seeing me naked with a red bottom and I was sure she would certainly laugh at me.

I got myself ready in plenty of time for the short drive over to his place. I decided not to tell James as I thought it would be a nice surprise to tell him all about it when he got back. I had gone to a lot of trouble to get ready putting my make up on as if I were going out for real. I decided to wear my hair in a ponytail and of course shave my pubic hair completely to leave myself bald as baby. I put on some expensive underwear, a nice black and red lacy bra and knickers set with a matching camisole. On top I wore a smart grey jumper and knee length black skirt finished off with black heels. Just as I was about to leave Josh sent me text asking me to bring 4 cans of beer and 3 or 4 bottles of water but when I arrived to leave them in my car.

I was a bit puzzled as why to leave them in the car but decided to do as I was told, after all that was the point of tonight to do exactly what I was told. I was beginning to get excited and felt quite proud of myself for having the nerve to admit my “secret” to Alison and then contacting Josh. I just hoped he could treat me how I needed to be treat when I felt like this.

I made the trip to the shop like a good little girl and found myself outside his house. I was slightly concerned to find it in a rather shabby looking area, which I hardly knew. I parked my car on the street just past the driveway; although it was empty I didn't want to presume I could use it. I took a big breath and composed myself and thought no turning back now as I walked to the door. I could hear music coming from the house it was awful rap music and wondered whether my knocking could be heard above the racket.

The monotonous thumping of the bass stopped and I heard footsteps coming downstairs, the door swung open and I was halfway through taking a step inside when my whole body froze in shock. I could feel my mouth actually drop open and I stumbled out the word “Josh”. “Of course you idiot, who were you expecting the Pope”, the cocky reply matched the image before me.

It was a boy in fact very much a boy barely in his teens by the look of him, god what the hell was I doing. Before I knew it I was led in and followed him into the front room. I made to sit down and calmly explain there had been a misunderstanding and I had better leave. Before my bottom touched the cushion of the sofa Josh yelled at me to stay standing, I hadn't been told to sit.

I didn't know what was more of a shock at that moment, the fact I responded instantly or the fact that despite his age he was clearly the one in charge. Automatically I put my hands on my head and muttered and apology to Josh. I could see his face beam with a huge smile as he condescendingly accepted and said I obviously knew my place. He went on to tell me how Alison had told him a little about me and how I thought I was better than everyone else. He went on to tell me he expected me to behave myself and to do whatever he told me without protest. I meekly nodded my acceptance and still found it incredible that at his age he could be so confident. He then sat down and picked up a clipboard and said he had some questions for me. He ran through them as if he had rehearsed then a thousand times.

Date of birth, my home address, my work address, my job title, Mothers name the list was never ending. I hesitated briefly on some questions and was met by a warning not to lie, when it was over he knew every last thing about my life. Without seeming to look up from the paper he gave me the command to strip to my underwear.

I took a quick glance over my shoulder and realised I was standing right in front of the bay window and could be easily seen from the street. “Please Josh can we close the curtains” I asked, he walked behind me then stopped “Smack!” I jumped back in shock as he whispered in my ear “I thought you were going to do as your told young lady”, he gave me 2 more smacks to my bottom over my skirt.

I was thrilled deep down at his harsh manner and knew I was going to get exactly what I wanted tonight. I had to keep reminding myself to not be so eager as I unzipped my skirt and slowly removed my jumper; the little bastard wasn't even looking at me. He was busy texting on his mobile and looked up to say he was just letting Ali know I had arrived and looked like I knew how to be a good little girl. I put my hands back on my head while he looked me up and down “there fancy Knickers Mrs snobby, how much did they cost”. I had only bought them a few weeks ago and I did actually remember “£65 for the bra and knickers and £45 for the cami-top” I replied.

“Oh excellent” he grinned “then that's what you owe me for staying in to sort you out” I was outraged and objected that I wasn't going to pay him besides I didn't even have that much in my purse. He wasn't even flustered with my arguing and as if it were the most normal thing in the world he told me would be glad to take a cheque. I was utterly amazed at his arrogance and tried one last plea that it was a joint account and my husband would want to know what the money was for. “Just tell him the truth you stupid little girl, you had to pay to have your arse smacked” he laughed.

I couldn't believe how much he had humiliated me in less than half an hour and I hadn't even taken my knickers down yet. He told me turn round so he could see my bum and then he made me walk backwards until I was standing right in front of him.

The idle sod stayed seated while he spanked my bottom for a few minutes making me bend over and push my bottom up to meet his smacks. His next words were to bring my face to the same shade of pink as my bottom, he wanted me to go out to my car and fetch the beer and the water.

“I can't go like this” I protested, but with his usual obnoxious attitude he just repeated the order and said it wasn't his fault if I wanted to look like a cheap whore in my fancy knickers. He half led me and half pushed me to the door and when I was near the end of the drive he yelled “don't you want your keys you stupid bitch”. I held out my hands for him to throw them but he just stood dangling them in his hand. I ran back and just as I reached out my hand he snatched them away “walk don't run,” he snapped. I had to suffer the indignity of asking politely if I could have my keys, all the time I was on open view to the whole neighbourhood.

I walked back to the car imagined what on earth anyone would say if they saw me or more importantly what the hell would I say. I had to put the beer and the water on the roof of the car then lock it up and put the keys between my teeth and hold all the bottles in my arms. As I turned back to the house I almost walked into a man and a woman, they both stared at me I heard the woman mutter “not an ounce of shame the little tramp”.

Josh was standing at the door waiting for me, I was desperate to get inside but he had other plans. With the keys in my mouth I could only utter an outraged “Mmmmmm” as he bent down to pull my knickers all the way down my legs. He made me step out of them completely and with a massive smile on his face he hung them on the door handle before letting me inside and shutting the door leaving my knickers on show to anyone who walked past.

He took one can of beer for himself and gave me one bottle of water with instructions to drink it all in one go. I tried my best but it took me 3 or 4 gulps to get it all down and said a mocking “good girl” as I finished. I was then told to stand right in front of him again this time facing him with my legs splayed as wide as could be. I could feel my vagina open up slightly in this position and looked down to see him gazing right at it. “So why isn't there any hair down her my girl”, god the cheek of him calling me “my girl” I replied that I was not allowed pubic hair. He went on to get me to admit I was a silly little girl and nothing more than an over grown baby and it did not matter who saw me like this as I needed as much shame as possible.

He slapped the insides of my thighs a few times and asked if I wanted anyone else to see my dirty wet cunt. I said yes and he made me ask him if he could invite a few of his mates over to see me. My face was burning with shame as he sat sending text after text to his friends asking them to come over, each time he made me say the names and then “ please Sir can they come and see my dirty wet cunt”.

He began to touch my swollen lips and asked me if I needed to be brought off, I shamefacedly admitted I did, he pushed 2 and then 3 fingers inside me and laughed, as he made disgusting squelching noises. He changed hands and brought his soaking wet fingers up to my mouth, without being told I sucked them instinctively. I feel to my knees as my orgasm almost made me scream and he just sat back and laughed yet again at me. He wiped his wet fingers on my camisole and then lifted it up over my head and reached behind me to take off my bra. He took the crumpled cami-top and rubbed it between my legs even reaching right back to rub it between my bum cheeks then pushed it deep in my mouth and told me to stay where I was.

I could hear him run upstairs to the bathroom and didn't need to guess twice what he was doing. I then had time to think of the implications of asking him to invite his friends over. For gods sake I didn't even know how old Josh was let alone his friends. I knew they would be probably less than half my age of 30.

When Josh returned I asked if I could use the bathroom, his face lit up as he said no he had a more suitable place for me to take a piss. I was still on my knees and he pushed my back to force me down on to all fours, “come one little bitch, Walkiessss”. Oh I hung my head in total humiliation as he opened the back door for me to crawl in the back yard. It was still daylight outside and I could see several windows clearly overlooking the yard. “Please Josh someone might see me” I begged, he shrugged his shoulders “then hurry up you silly cow”.

I all the times I had been spanked no one had talked to me with such contempt as he was. I had no choice than to spread my knees as wide I could and lower my hips to the ground slightly. Just as I was about to let go of my bladder Josh kneeled down behind me “that's a good girl show me what a bitch you really are”. I shuddered in both relief and humiliation as I let myself urinate in broad daylight on the instruction of a mere boy. He was delighted to watch me do the most personal of things right in front of his eyes and had one more shaming act for me before I was led inside. I was made to turn around and sniff my own pee.

For the first time he looked at me with a degree of sympathy as I felt a tear run down my cheek. For the first time someone had brought me to tears by humiliating rather than the actual pain of a spanking. He told me to go upstairs and clean myself up just as we heard a knock at the door.

I was thankful to be out of sight although my anonymity would be short lived. I looked in the mirror and my face was red and flushed which was hardly surprising.

I saw some make up remover on the bathroom shelf and cleaned it off my face and washed my vagina knowing it would soon be inspected by god knows who.

I heard at least 3 more knocks on the door and sounds of excited muttering downstairs. I sighed to myself that I had certainly got more than I bargained for when I was hatching my plan this morning.

I heard Josh coming upstairs and he had a dog lead in his hands, “come on you little bitch, I'm going to take in the room on your hands and knees on a lead”. I gave a gasp as he fastened it around my neck and when we reached the bottom of the stairs I sank to the floor with just a look from him.

The door to the room opened and I followed Josh inside, a mass of exclamations filled the room, “fucking hell” “man that's awesome” Fuck me she's naked” was just some I heard as he led me round the room. He gave a tug on the lead and brought me to my feet without needing to be told I parted my legs and put my hands on my head, the lead hanging from my neck between my breasts.

There was an intense atmosphere of anticipation in the room as Josh told me to tell them my name. “Emma Cavendish” I stuttered “Mrs Emma Cavendish”, I was them mortified to have to say my age and my address and my place of work. Josh then explained that I was a stuck up bitch who got her kicks from being bossed around and smacked. He went on to say that I probably didn't expect to get this kind of treatment by someone of his age but he knew how to put me in my place. I found myself answering involuntary “yes Sir its my own fault for admitting I would do anything”.

A few giggles were heard as he said “good girl” to me. He then addressed his friends reminding them to what he had told them earlier, which was they could what ever they liked to me including smacking me very hard.

I gazed round the room in dismay as I saw their young eager faces, 6 boys all around Josh's age, which I still, didn't know. Then to my horror I saw a girl only she was much younger than the boys, Josh saw me looking and laughed, “this is Sarah, Ben's little sister, he was suppose to be babysitting her”. Josh slapped my bum to the amusement of everyone and asked where my manners where and to say hello to her.

I could hardly get the words out of my mouth as I stammered “hello Sarah”, She looked right back at me and with just a hint of a grin replied “Hello Mrs Cavendish”.

It was then the bombshell hit me I knew who she was; she was the niece of a lady who lived a few houses away from me.

My face must have registered my alarm and Sarah went on to tell everyone I lived near her Aunt Elizabeth, her brother Ben then exclaimed that he remembered me, he had seen me washing my car a couple of weeks ago. Everyone thought it was hilarious they knew me Josh said it was just what I deserved.

The first game they had in store for me was to walk up to each boy and ask if I could go over their knee and “please could you smack my bottom”. I was almost grateful to be over the first ones knee so I didn't have to look at there smug grinning faces.

I must admit they all smacked harder than I expected and by the end of it I was wriggling and “ohhhhing ahhhhing” more than I thought. I noticed Josh had shared the beer out in some glasses for everyone and then he gave me another bottle of water. I actually wanted a drink but not the consequences of what another full bottle would do to me.

A small table had been brought in the room and I was told to lie on my back on it and bring my knees up to my chest and splay them out. I could imagine how exposed it had made me and Josh told them that he had already made me beg him to bring me off earlier.

The boys took turns to kneel between my thighs and explore me. It wasn't long before I couldn't help myself and was wet through. Josh had brought a plastic spatula in the room and pronounced “the dirty bitch needs a good smack right on her cunt”. Few of the boys gasped at my impending punishment, “don't worry she loves it, don't you?”

I had no choice but to reply, “ Yes please smack my cunt”. A ginger haired boy named Steven was the first to have a go with the spatula. He surprised me by standing astride me; well he was practically sitting on my tummy. “Are you ready you fucking bitch” without waiting for my answer and amid of the sound of his friends laughing at his crudity towards me he slapped my pussy hard.

I gave a loud gasp of air like a hiss, he gave me another 2 hard smacks thankfully just above my pussy lips. I was squirming on the table now and he actually put all his weight on my tummy to keep me still. The spatula was just a little wider than my pubic area and as it came down it half hit my thighs and slowed it down.

I was thankful he couldn't get a direct hit right on my pussy lips. He delivered a few more spiteful smacks and as he stood up he turned to face me, “did you enjoy that you bitch”. Everyone laughed when I replied, “yes Sir thank you for smacking my cunt”

The next boy had a different idea and asked me to stand up. He wanted to smack my boobs, he was able to get a full swing and land the smacks right on my breasts. Soon he had me yelping and squealing as he laughed to his mates how red he was making my tits. As he finished Josh came with a bag of clothes pegs “hey guys I've seen this on the Internet”, with that he put a peg on each of my nipples.

Everyone wanted to pull and flick them and after 2 more boys had smacked my pussy with the spatula I was openly crying. As well as the pain I badly needed to relive myself. I asked Josh if I could go to the bathroom knowing full well he wouldn't let me. “Who wants to take the bitch outside for a piss then”. Of course I think everyone volunteered. But even at that moment Josh had a new surprise for me,

“Why don't you take her Sarah”, that brought a fresh flood of tears from me and a delighted hoot of glee from Sarah. She took hold of the lead and literally skipped outside with me scurrying on my hands and knees to keep up with her. At least I had the cover of darkness to hide most of my shame but the noise the boys were making was enough to alert every house on the street.

She insisted on walking me around the garden a few times before letting me stop to pee. I was near the fence and just about to go when the light came on next door. The boys suddenly went quiet and I held back a sob as we heard the door open.

“Hi boys, I've never heard so much noise taking a dog out” it was a woman's voice and she sounded like she was standing right at the other side of the fence to me. I was so desperate to pee I had to let it go and that brought a few giggles and gasps from the boys. “What kind of dog have you got then Josh” asked the woman. Again the boys couldn't hold back their giggles and as Josh tried to explain it wasn't his dog it was too late the woman had put her head over the fence.

“Good God” came the reaction just as my flow of urine was coming to a stop. The woman then actually laughed, “Not sure I recognise that breed”. For the first time that whole evening Josh was stuck for words it was Sarah of all people who came to his rescue. She explained to the woman that I was her cousin and I had made a stupid bet and lost and this was a dare and I had got too drunk to really know what I was doing so they were teaching me a lesson. “Oh good for you young lady” she continued laughing she went on to say how she bet the boys couldn't believe there luck to see an older girl as bare as a baby. The boys seemed to relax and find it even more amusing than an adult had seen me like this, they led me back in the house amid the woman's laughter telling them to have fun with me.

Sarah patted my head and said “good doggie” as josh gave me the last 2 bottles of water to dink all in one go. It was then decided because I had been a “good dog” I could frig myself and bring myself off in front of them all.

Josh gave me a deodorant can about 8'' long and as wide as my wrist “Come on bitch stuck that up your twat”. I pleaded when I saw the size of it but was told to hurry up or I would do it in the yard. I lay down on the floor and rubbed my fingers along my slit to try and open myself up for the can. The boys were wide eyed and fascinated as slowly I managed to get the can inside me. After a few minutes of panting and thrusting from myself Josh told me to stop. Each of the boys took turns to “pump” me with the can. Some were rougher than others and had me begging and pleading to be gentle with me.

Josh then came back with a bowl of something. He told the boy who had hold of the can to pull it out of me and dip it in the bowl. As he did the boys were laughing at my pussy as they saw how wide open and gaping it was. “Look at the state of her cunt I could get my bike in it” they erupted with more laughter.

I heard one of the boys ask Josh what was in the bowl just as a boy was about to push it inside me again. “Oh it's a nice concoction to make her cunt tingle” said Josh arrogantly. At first it felt cold and wet but as he “fucked” me with it my pussy began to burn.

Josh then laughed at my reaction and told them all what was in it. Aftershave, toothpaste and chilli sauce he exclaimed. I was crying again and pleading with all my heart for them to stop and take it out of my poor pussy. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Ben whispering to Josh and laughing. Ben came to kneel at the side of my head and turned my face to him.

“Here's a present for the little bitch” he said to everyone and despite the pain in my pussy I gave another squeal as I saw his erect cock heading towards my mouth. “Open wide” he said triumphantly and began to fuck my mouth. Over the din the boys were making encouraging him I heard Sarah laugh “hey Ben are you gonna squirt your stuff in her mouth”

Of course he said yes and just as Sarah said “urghhh” he came inside my mouth. I had to swallow every last drop and then say thank you as the other boys were still “pumping” me for all the were worth. 3 more boys used my mouth until I exploded with an amazing orgasm that had me actually pass out for a few seconds.

After a brief time to recover they had me on my feet in the middle of the room. Yet again Josh came back with a new torment for me. It was a 4 pint plastic milk bottle with the top cut off and 4 pieces of string looped through holes cut near the top.

He had me open my legs as wide as I could and he knelt between them. He took hold of my labia on one side and attached 2 clothes pegs to it. As he did the same to the other side he laughed how red my cunt was and this would really finish my punishment. He then fastened the ends of the string to the clothes pegs making the milk bottle hang about 6 ‘' below my pussy.

I had already guessed the purpose as he explained to the others what it was for. They looked on in total bewilderment at what I was going to do. Josh began to mock me and say what a disgusting little bitch I was and how my husband and my friends should be here to see me like this.

Some of the boys were walking around me giving me hard smacks to my bottom making the bottle jiggle between my legs.

One boy actually took hold of the bottle and tugged it downwards pulling my lips hard. It was then I couldn't hold back any longer and let out a log hard stream of urine. Everyone roared with laughter as the bottle filled up with my pee.

When the last dribble had dropped in to the bottle I was made to sway my hips to make the bottle swing. All the time I was receiving hard smacks to my bottom to encourage me to swing it faster.

I could not in my wildest dreams have thought up a more shameful punishment and wondered how on earth a boy of his age could have invented it. The boys wanted me to humiliate myself even more by admitting I loved every second of it. I had to say “thank you for giving my cunt the treatment it deserves” and all the time keep asking for more slaps to my by now bright red arse.

I was just building to another pee and wondered if my stretched labia could take the weight when we heard the door open. “Shit it's my parents,” yelled josh. I felt every nerve in my body shudder with shame as I let out another hot gush of urine and the boys stopped in their tracks.

Alison walked in the room with my knickers in her hand, the boys gave an almost synchronised sigh and she stood totally “gob smacked”. “Jesus Emma you dirty cow”, and you josh she gave a playful slap around his head “ you kinky little sod”. The boys began to get there shoes on ready to go home as Alison warned them not to tell anyone or they wouldn't get to “play” with me again. She looked annoyed to see Sarah and listened incredulously as she told her how she had taken me for a “walk on my lead”. Despite not quite agreeing with it she couldn't help but smile at my total humiliation.

Josh came over to me to take the pegs off me and brought new yells from me as he roughly pulled them off first my nipples then my cunt lips. One last thing Mrs Cavendish he grinned and held the milk bottle up to my lips. I hesitated this was going too far I couldn't do it.

“You're the silly little girl who said she would do anything” he laughed and in front of those disbelieving faces I drank my own piss from the bottle. I wanted this ultimate humiliation like never before and while I drank as fast as I could my cunt shuddered to another orgasm.

I finished the whole bottle and even had it dripping down my chin and running over my tits as Alison pushed me through the door “Get out you filthy whore” she spat.

“Next time make her piss in her own house” she said to Josh who just waving to me.

“See you in couple of weeks you stupid bitch” he laughed.