**Mrs Alison Jenkins**

by Alison Jenkins

**Mrs Alison Jenkins part1**

It had only been two weeks since Steve, my husband had gone to work in Australia for a whole year. Already I missed him and hated living on my own. We had only been married for a few months and moved several hundred miles away from my parents because of his stupid job and now I was stuck here alone.

To be fair the small village in North Yorkshire was lovely and unlike London where I grew up everyone was very friendly even if they did consider us both to be “posh southerners”. We had rented a small cottage which was one of a row of three. The first was occupied by a single mum called Susan and her son Ryan who was 13. We had the middle one and the last was mainly used a holiday home.

I managed to get a job working in a bank in the nearest town and if it hadn’t been for that I would have gone home to my parents right away. The thought of spending a full year on my own was not pleasant but I knew the financial rewards would be worth it when Steve returned.

I was out in the garden on Sunday when Susan brought me out a cup of tea, which was just an excuse to question me on why she hadn’t seen Steve for a while. I explained the situation and she smiled and commented that I would have to behave as being newly married with an absent husband might be a temptation for some of the local men.

I quickly tried to change the conversation and asked how Ryan was doing at school. She looked concerned and told me how he was quite cleaver and such but didn’t seem to mix very well and didn’t have many friends. Part of the problem seemed to be that he wasn’t very assertive and she admitted that she was over protective. She then laughed that one of his teachers had suggested it would help him if he found a babysitting job or similar to give him a sense of responsibility. Unfortunately she didn’t know anyone with small children as most of the villages were a bit on the elderly side.

Without thinking I agreed that looking after a small child would improve his assertiveness remembering how looking after my small cousins certainly taught me a think or two. I then went on to ask if he would like to do some gardening work for me and giggled that it always helps to have a man around the house.

She looked amused then smiled “Oh Alison your not saying you need a babysitter to keep an eye on you are you”. I blushed instantly and protested that was not of course what I meant but none the less found myself agreeing to make him tea the next day and discuss how he could help.

In the morning I felt nervous at work and couldn’t seem to get the word “Babysitter” out of my mind. A few of my colleagues asked if I was alright as I seemed to be in a world of my own. I decided to buy a nice steak and make the effort to make him a really nice meal and simply explain that it was just cutting the lawn and a few odd jobs around the house .

The doorbell rang and I had butterflies in my tummy as I opened the door to usher him inside. He gazed wide eyed and looked me up and down making me blush slightly. “Errr thank you for asking me round for tea Mrs Jenkins”, he stammered. I smoothed down the front of my short lemon summer dress and led him into the kitchen.

I could see he was a little shy and it was quite awkward engaging in conversation but slowly he began to relax and said how good he was a cutting the grass and it would be great to earn some pocket money. He seemed very grateful for the steak adding that it made a change from the egg and chips he usually had.

I opened a bottle of wine and even gave him a glass, all be it diluted with some lemonade. We were soon openly chatting and getting along quite well. I even began to tell him how much I didn’t like being on my own and would enjoy his company more often.

I could sense him become more confident then he suppressed a giggle, “Mum said it might be like I am babysitting you Mrs Jenkins”. I could feel my face turn red as I answered rather rudely that his Mum was just being silly after all I was 27 and over twice his age.

He sat quietly, looking upset for a few minutes then mumbled that he knew I was a lot older but his Mum had told him I would allow him to be in charge so to speak to try and help him get used to making decisions and be responsible and so on. He then got up to leave and continued to say that he knew I didn’t want to be helpful and was sorry to be any trouble.

I felt guilty and without hesitating asked him to sit back down and maybe I had misunderstood. Whether it was the wine or some insane mind block I found myself agreeing to him actually being in charge of me and he could treat me as if I was a little girl.

I could feel a shiver run through me as I said the words “little girl” out loud. The look on his face was a mixture of surprise and amusement and I felt speechless at what I was suggesting.

“Well Mrs Jenkins I think you ought to clear away all these dishes and then you can get ready for bed”, the tone of his voice was firm but still with a hint of the surreal amusement of the situation. I took a gulp of the remaining wine in my glass and stood up to tidy the kitchen. He looked pleased with the way I was doing as he said.

I glanced at the clock and could hardly believe I was about to go and get ready for bed at 7.30 under the instruction of a 13 year old boy. I turned to look at him and hesitated, “Have I got to get ready for bed right this minute Ryan”, the words out of my mouth felt like someone else had said them and I could only imagine how childish I must sound.

He grinned a wide amused smile “Yes Alison right this minute, I think its better if I call you Alison isn’t it”, he added. I sensed he could hardly contain laughing out loud as I hurried up to my room.

I felt numb and dizzy as I got undressed and thought I would just let him see me in my pyjamas and pretend he had sent me to bed and he would go home happy. I caught a glimpse of my self stark naked in the mirror and for some unknown reason decided to pick out a rather short “sleep tee”. which is just like a slightly longer T-shirt made to wear for bed.

It was white with a big pink bunny rabbit on the front and Steve had said how he never liked it as it made me look about 10. I thought it was perfect and wandered back down to the kitchen with almost a thrill at letting Ryan see me like this.

He looked delighted and motioned with his hand for me to turn around “Lets have a proper look young lady”. I twirled round a little quicker than I intended and felt the hem flip up slightly and panicked wondering if he had seen a brief flash of my bottom as I hadn’t worn anything underneath.

His face didn’t give anything away as he said how it was very suitable for a little girl and how pleased he was that I knew my place. I couldn’t think of anything to say and nervously held my hands together in front of me and just nodded my head.

I was almost convinced that it must be some sort of dream as he told me he had to be home by 8 0-clock so he better put me in bed before he went. I shuddered as he took my hand and led me up to my room, I could only be thankful that at least he went upstairs first otherwise he would have had a view to remember.

We walked into my room and I blushed as I realised I had left all my clothes in an untidy pile on the floor. He pointed and asked where they ought to be and I meekly looked over to the laundry basket and felt like a real child getting told off for having her room a mess.

I held my sleep tee down to try and keep myself covered and quickly picked the clothes up trying to hide my bra and knickers from his gaze feeling so embarrassed. He ignored me and pulled closed the curtains and turned back my duvet.

I was about to climb in bed when he stopped me. Have you been to the bathroom young lady, he asked as if it was an everyday occurrence he got to put a grown woman in bed. I shook my head and nervously muttered no. “You must need a wee after all that wine surely” he smiled at my discomfort.

Again I was too ashamed to speak and could only nod as he spun me round with his hand on my shoulder and then with his other hand gave me a gentle pat on my bottom. “Off you go then my girl” he stifled a snigger as I was mortified to be called “my girl” let alone his blatant hand on my bottom.

I went to the bathroom trying to be as quiet as possible and walked back to my bedroom holding my hands together and looking down at the floor and then at the rings on my finger reminding me that I am married woman behaving more like a 6 year old girl.

“Mrs Jenkins! Is that really necessary” he looked in surprise. I stopped and then caught my reflection in the mirror, my sleep tee was up around my waist clearly showing Ryan my dark brown bush shaved in to a neat Brazilian. I gasped in horror noticing a strand of cotton had caught around my engagement ring and in an attempt to free it managed to lift the garment even higher.

After what seemed for ever it was untangled and I eagerly said how sorry I was and it was just an accident. My face was bright red as I looked down in utter shame. “Go and stand in the corner you naughty little girl” he barked at me.

Without even a thought of refusing I marched quickly over and faced the wall. “Now you can lift it up properly and show me that naughty bottom I am going to smack”. I turned and shook my head and for the first time began to refuse to carry on this bizarre charade.

He could sense my protest and walked to wards the door “I’ll count to three Alison if you haven’t got that bottom on show I’m going to tell my Mum just how naughty you have been”. I shivered at the thought of Susan knowing how I gone along with all this and trying to explain how I didn’t mean to display myself to her son.

He hadn’t even got to 2 when I eased the hem right up high to stand bare bottomed in the corner.

“SMACK”

“SMACK”

He delivered two really hard stinging slaps to each bum cheek and laughed that he had to go home now and he would deal with me properly tomorrow evening.

**Mrs Alison Jenkins part2**

I stayed stood in the corner of my bedroom almost in shock for several minutes. My hands wandered to the cheeks of my bare bottom and I could feel the hint of a sting from the smacks he had given me. I felt indescribable almost like on a high roller coaster about to descend, the mixture of fear and the adrenalin rush.

I thought he must be home by now and sneaked back downstairs, genuinely feeling that what I was doing was naughty and forbidden. After he all he had sent me to bed despite being a married woman and worse than that promised to deal with me tomorrow. I rushed to open another bottle of wine and gulped it desperately trying to figure out what was making me feel like this.

I rubbed my bottom again and tried to imagine what it would feel like if he had given me a proper spanking. How much it would hurt and how red it might be and what would he think of me just letting him do it. It was beyond letting him do it I began to realise I wanted him to do it.

I ran back to my bedroom and stood looking at my self in the mirror, even now I still seemed to be blushing. I opened my wardrobe doors and tried to think what I could wear for him tomorrow evening. I tried on several outfits each giving me no inspiration of how I wanted to look. What was wrong with me, I wanted to look childish, I wanted to look every inch the naughty girl he was going to treat me like. I stood naked gazing at my self then looked down to my neat “landing strip” of pubic hair as Steve called it. Well that was one think that didn’t look much like a little girl I thought.

I was trembling as I went to the bathroom and stood in the shower. The warm water relaxed me and I reached for my razor and some lotion. With each stroke of the razor I was exposing more and more of my pubic mound. Finally there wasn’t a trace of hair left and I swallowed nervously feeling even more absurd but at the same time eager to let him see me like this.

I thought maybe it would be wise just to wear the juvenile looking sleep tee again. This time however I ought to at least wear knickers and rummaged through my underwear drawer to find something suitable. I finished the bottle of wine and fell into a deep sleep.

I stayed in bed longer than usual and snoozed my alarm several times feeling exhausted. In panic I got ready for work knowing I was already late.

I rushed out to my car dressed in my high heels and black tights with a smart navy blue skirt and matching jacket. I was just about to open the car door when I looked up and saw Susan grinning at me from her doorway.

“I hear someone was a naughty girl last night”, she smiled.

Instantly I knew my face was burning as red as could be, I could hardly look up and just muttered that I was late and really had to go.

“Well don’t be late back Alison, from what I hear your in enough trouble already”, she couldn’t hold back her amusement and burst out laughing.

I was in a blind panic trying to drive, what on earth had Ryan told her. Surely he hadn’t told her that I had deliberately wanted to expose myself. Or worse told her how I had a narrow Brazilian pubic hair style between my legs and eagerly held my top up to let him smack my bare bottom. Oh god what would she think if she knew I shaved myself completely now for him to see.

I was useless at work and even got a verbal warning for being late and having an uncooperative attitude to the customers. I felt the familiar fluttering in my tummy as my supervisor told me off as if I was in school again. I couldn’t help my mind wandering and thought how shocked she would be if she knew who was going to be telling me off tonight and what else he would be doing.

The day went so slow and I was eager to get home and then just to add to my luck there were some road works on the way home making me 15 minutes late. Ryan was kicking a football up and down the drive and looked none to pleased as I got out of the car.

He ignored me as I fumbled with my keys and opened the door, I waited for a few seconds before he picked the football up and followed me inside. Nervously I stood not meeting his eyes and explained that I was sorry for being late and I thought he might be coming round later after tea or something.

“Well young lady you wont be having any tea tonight because your getting sent to bed early for being a disobediently little girl”. his voice was strong and firm.

He went on to say how he had got lots of homework and didn’t want to have spend all night putting me in my place. His language was perfect for the situation and I couldn’t help but be impressed at how he was adopting the role of my strict babysitter.

I argued that what happened last was an accident and I didn’t mean to have my night dress up when I came back from the bathroom.

“I was going to let you off for that Alison”, he interrupted “However when I looked out of my window last night I saw your kitchen light was on”

I stood hands together wearing my sophisticated office clothes feeling speechless. He continued to say how he had sent me to bed at a reasonable time and I had deliberately disobeyed him by carrying on as if nothing had happened. I tried to make the excuse that I just wanted a drink and had gone straight back to bed, only to be caught out when he told me he saw the light was on for half and hour.

“Please may I get changed ready for bed so I can show you how sorry I am”, I whispered.

His expression changed and he smiled “Yes Alison of course you can”.

It was 7.30 last night when I went to do this, now it was 5.30 and I wasn’t going be allowed anything to eat. How much worse could this get I wondered but at the same time was desperate to find out.

Eagerly I stripped naked and grabbed the little sleep tee then pulled on some white knickers with a pink lace edging and a little pink bow on the waistband that I chosen last night. I tugged the grips out of my hair that had kept it looking all business like for work and fiddled with a little pink ribbon to match my knickers and fastened it to my pony-tail. I couldn’t help but smile to myself at the instant transformation and walked downstairs like an overgrown 7year old.

Ryan was in the kitchen and told me to wait in the lounge. I decided to stand in the corner and be as contrite as I could. He gave out a little laugh when he saw me with my hands on my head and the sleep tee lifted high enough to just show my knickers. I knew what this looked like as I had practised looking over my shoulder in the mirror with several of the outfits I tried on last night.

“A touch of modesty this time then Alison” he said and then made me jump with a light smack to the seat of my knickers.

I was told to turn around and keep my hands on my head as he sat on the sofa with a can of Pepsi looking pleased with himself. He looked me up and down for a while and |I thought why wouldn’t he be pleased with himself having me parade myself like this in front of him. He then pointed to a glass of milk on the coffee table and told me that was more suitable for someone my age. I then stared in disbelief as he told me while I was getting changed he had taken all the bottles of wine out of the kitchen so I wouldn’t be tempted to sneak out of bed again.

He grinned at the look of obvious anger and bewilderment on my face.

“That’s not fair” I stamped my foot in temper, “I work hard and can have a drink of wine if I want to when I come home”.

He just shook his head “little girls don’t drink wine, especially naughty little girls like you”. he emphasised the word naughty with a smug little grin.

I could see the bottles in his school bag and was tempted to just go a grab them and tell him where he could go and stuff this stupid babysitting job. Just I was about to yell at him I thought better of it and decided I would just buy more tomorrow and keep it where he wouldn’t find it. That would teach him!

“Yes Ryan” I pouted and fidgeted and walked over and got the milk and drunk half of it down. I wiped my hand over my lips and put the glass down returning to stand in front of him.

“That’s better young lady…..see you can behave when you want to cant you”, although it was a question I doubt he wanted an answer.

My heart gave a little flutter as he stood up and moved the glass of milk and pointed to the little wooden coffee table. With a curt “up you get” he motioned for me to stand on it. I felt even more on show now standing on the small table with my hands on my head as he walked around me.

He reached the hem of my sleep tee and lifted it up while he was stood behind me, “Hold this nice and high you naughty little girl” he mocked.

I blushed and did as he said and holding it high above my waist. Once again he walked around me looking at my tight knickers and smiling to himself.

“Very appropriate choice of underwear for a little girl isn’t it Alison” he asked.

I stood still and opened my eyes wider as he said maybe we ought to go shopping at the weekend to buy some others even more suitable, such as some cartoon ones like Disney and so on. He grinned at my discomfort and then said so matter of fact;

“The problem is you need to have a bare bottom to get what you deserve now don’t you”. he looked waiting for my reply.

His fingers ran over the little ribbon at the front and he pulled gently. “Snap” he let go making me shudder as the elastic flicked against my tummy and he openly laughed.

“So do you want me take them down se we can smack your bottom properly young lady”, he looked at my face and waited.

I just couldn’t let him pull my knickers down as I stood holding my sleep tee tightly, I just couldn’t. I took a deep breath and hesitated

“Please Ryan, please my I take my own knickers down and even right off”, I asked as pleadingly as I could.

He grinned “Since you asked so politely, yes you may take your knickers off completely”

I let go of my top and slowly and deliberately pushed my knickers all the way down to my ankles and stepped out of them. They looked like a little tangled piece of cloth on the top of the table as I stood with my feet each side.

“That’s a good girl Alison, now lift your top nice and high again please”. he spoke calmly and so assured as my mind was turmoil at what I was doing.

I eased it up feeling like I was displaying my self to the world not just a 13 year old boy who I had chosen to obey seemingly without question. I could feel my legs shaking slightly as he walked around to see what I had done between my legs. He stopped and gazed intently and as I looked at his face he smiled making me look away in total shame.

“What a busy young lady you have been haven’t you” he could hardly hide his amusement.

“Well it looks much better Alison now you look like a proper little girl” he continued to stare then made me gasp as he continued.

“Open your legs nice and wide and lets have a good look shall we, after all I don’t think you’re really shy are you”. he said and sat right in front of me.

I knew I had gone too far to resist now and could only slide my feet along the wooden table until I was balancing with my legs wide apart. He looked inquisitively for what seemed like an eternity like cleared his throat.

“So how come you have shaved all your hair off then”, for the first time he didn’t sound like he was telling me off or in control more as if he was genuinely curious.

“I guess if I’m going to be treat like a little girl then I suppose I ought to look like one” I answered and then giggled pushing my hips out nervously almost pleased with the way he was letting me show myself to him.

“You like showing everything you have got don’t you, most girls let alone someone your age would hate to be seen like this” again his tone was more of a confused and puzzled nature as I could see he was trying to understand me.

He stood up and with the his fingers traced a line across the top of my pubic bulge and grinned.

“Well you better keep it this way young lady you never know who else we might get to see you like this” he laughed at the look of shock on my face.

He walked over to the dinning table and pulled out a chair and sat upright and patted his knee.

“Come on then Alison time to warm that naughty fat bottom” he smiled.

I looked at him and sulked, running my hands over my bum cheeks; “They’re not fat!” I glared at him.

I know I’m not exactly super model shaped and maybe I could do with losing a few pounds but how dare he call me fat. Still pouting like a petulant child I climbed of the table and walked towards him. Slowly it dawned on my that I was going to lay over his knee and have my bare bottom spanked by someone not even half my age.

A delicious mixture of shame and anticipation ran like a wave over me as I avoided his eyes and awkwardly bent over. My palms were flat on the floor and my feet on tip-toe trying to keep my hips away from his knees.

“That’s a good girl with your bottom up in the air Alison” he sniggered condescendingly.

I tensed my whole body as he rested his had squarely on my bare cheeks.

“Now relax this naughty bottom young lady, how do you expect me to smack it when its all clenched like this you silly girl” he mocked.

I did as I was told and felt his hand rub all over my bare vulnerable bottom. My sleep tee had fallen almost to my shoulders and I wondered if he could see my bare breasts which were dangling down quivering as I tried so hard to keep calm.

“SMACK” “SMACK”

Two resounding hard slaps to my left then right bum cheeks echoed loudly round the room. I lifted my heel off the floor slightly and gasped as he unleashed a flurry of equally hard smacks. My hips sank to his knees and I hissed thro my teeth as the sting began to build up.

He paused “Where should this bottom be Alison” he asked and emphasised with another crisp smack on each cheek.

“OH, high in the air Ryan….I’m sorry” I sniffled

I lifted it up and straightened my legs again keeping my hips clear of his knees taking all my weight on my hands and feet. More and more hard slaps reigned down covering my entire bottom from the base of my back to the tops of my thighs.

Soon I was struggling to keep still as the pain increased and a burning sting enveloped my shuddering bum. In between the relentless smacks he began to leave his hand on my bottom for a few seconds roughly shaking my sore hot cheeks even pulling them apart slightly to smack right on the tender area of my bottom crease.

I began to gasp and let out muffled squeals which made him laugh out loud. “Awwww is the naughty girl beginning to feel it now”

“Yes, yes please stop Ryan, please” I begged.

“SMACK”, “SMACK”, “SMACK”, “SMACK”.

The hardest ones of all made me let out a shrill yelp as he pushed me off his lap on to the floor. He sat smiling and told me get to my feet. Without any thought of my state of dress I danced up and down rubbing my bum cheeks and was amazed how hot they felt. My top was still bunched around my shoulder and as I danced up and down my bare breasts bounced up and down to his amusement.

“Take it right off you naughty little girl and get those hands on your head where they belong” he tried to sound firm but still couldn’t hide his amusement at my predicament. I tugged the top over my head and dropped it on the floor and lifted my hands to rest on the top of my head.

Here I was stark naked, a 27 year old married woman in my own home trying to hold back the tears because I had been spanked by a boy who I had virtually asked to baby sit me. I couldn’t imagine anything more surreal and unbelievable.

“Turn around Alison lets see what your bottom looks like now” he grinned.

I shuffled my feet and presented my back to him and jumped slightly at his touch as he ran his hands over my bum cheeks. I turned to glance over my shoulder and gasped at how red my bottom was.

“Oh Ryan I cant believe how hard you’ve spanked me”, I let out a mixture of a sob and giggle at the absurd situation.

He shook his hand in the air “My hand hurts actually, I smacked you as hard as I could with the last few” and we both smiled at each other.

“I still think your arse is fat” he laughed surprising me with his coarse language.

With a pat to my red bottom he ushered me back on the coffee table standing astride my knickers again, legs apart hands on head. He explained that from now on this was my “naughty table” and this was how I was going to stand on it whether I was wearing anything or not. I nodded in agreement as he decided he would stop and do his homework here and have me stay like this for the next hour.

I looked in dismay as he got his schoolwork out and sat at the table and ignored me. I kept looking up at the clock which hardly seemed to move and began to fidget from one foot to the other. Eventually I complained that my legs were aching and my arms were tired and please could I change position.

He leaned down to his bag and took out a piece of paper and some crayons. Standing up he placed items on the floor in front of the table.

“Right I want a picture drawing of what you think a naughty girl like you looks like when she has had her bottom spanked” he snapped and walked back to the table.

“Oh and by the way young lady I haven’t given you permission to get off the naughty table” he smiled.

I looked down at the paper and tried to think how I could reach it. I knelt down and leaned forward easing my knees apart and arching my back I managed to stretch my hand to the crayons. Concentrating as much as I could to keep my balance I began to draw a picture. Deliberately I made the image look like a 6 year old had drawn it. I coloured the bottom a fiery red and made the hair the same brown as mine with a pony-tail and hands on head. I turned the face sideways and put a sad frown on as well as some blue tears trickling down.

I was absorbed so much in my task I hadn’t noticed Ryan walk behind me.

“Good grief Alison, your putting on a display and a half now aren’t you” he sniggered.

I knew my knees were right on the edge of the table and with my back dipped low it has the effect of spreading my cheeks as wide as possible, let alone what my shaved vagina looked like. I closed my eyes and could only imagine what an obscene view I was giving him. I doubt even Steve my husband had seen me blatantly exposed like this.

He put his hand on my bottom and his fingers ran along my gaping crease just to demonstrate how wide they were apart.

“Well you can stay like that while I get some blu-tak and put this picture on the fridge” he laughed.

He congratulated me on what a good girl I had been and how the picture looked a little like me and how funny it would be when people saw it. I cringed in shame at the thought but yet at the same time I wanted everyone to see it.

He returned from the kitchen holding a wooden spoon, “I think this is what your fat bottom needs isn’t it young lady”.

Oh god how it stung like a million bee stings as he thrashed me for what seemed like forever. My skin was so tight across my bum that the spoon bounced off them like a drum as he beat it down again and again. I was crying and sobbing like a baby and pleading and begging, promising to get on the naughty table when ever he told me and I would strip naked on his command at any time. He only stopped when I begged and begged and said how sorry I was for being a naughty little girl.

He at least gave me the luxury of rubbing my searing, blazing bottom as I danced around the room frantically trying to rub the agony away. Through my tears I could see him gather his school books up and I danced over to my handbag and took out my purse.

“Here is £20 Ryan, thank you so much for babysitting me” I sobbed.

**Mrs Alison Jenkins part3**

I woke the next day and instantly reached down to rub my bottom. It still felt warm to the touch and very sore. I got dressed for work but couldn’t wear any knickers or tights so put on some stockings and suspenders. Even the material of my skirt irritated my bottom when I walked and was a constant reminder of the spanking he had given me with the horrid wooden spoon.

I finished my coffee and walked out to the car, at least the nosy cow Susan wasn’t around to tease me this morning. Even the soft seat of the car made me wince when I sat down and the rough country roads made me aware of every bump. At work I felt everyone’s eyes were on me as I sat carefully and walked stiffly the whole day. The fact I was knickerless kept me on edge and made it hard to concentrate instead just daydreaming of what Ryan had in store for me when I got home.

I stopped off at the local shop in the village and felt myself blushing as I bought two bottles of wine. It was almost as if Mrs Jones who worked there knew I wasn’t allowed as she gave me a little smile but of course it was all in my head she couldn’t possibly know. There were no sign of Ryan or Susan and I felt butterflies in my tummy as I sneaked them into the house. It tasted so good as I stood in the kitchen holding the glass to my lips only to be startled by a loud knock on the door.

Quickly I hid the bottles and the half full glass in the cupboard and went to open it. It was Ryan looking a little sheepish and I ushered him. I led him into the lounge and stood up on the little table with my hands on my head making him smile. He looked me up and down for a few minutes which felt like forever as I stayed still knowing my face was blushing a deep pink.

“So have you been a good girl today then Alison” he grinned. Not waiting for an answer he continued, “And how is that bottom young lady”

I blushed even more and told him it was still a little sore and then listened as he apologised for smacking me so hard with the spoon. I could see he felt a little guilty and uncomfortable but I tried to reassure him that it was no more than I deserved. Without being told I unzipped my skirt and wriggled it down my hips and then on to the table around my ankles. I could see his face look surprised as I lifted my hands back to my head causing my blouse to ride up and show him I wasn’t wearing any underwear.

“So have you been to work without your knickers then Alison” he asked still looking inquisitively,.

Meekly I nodded my head and explained how my bottom was too sore to have anything right against it. He gave a nod indicated he understood as I went on to say how I knew it was a little naughty to go out like this but hoped he would realise why. I shuffled my feet around to let him see my bottom and he gasped out loud at the sight of it.

“Oh wow Alison, it looks really sore are you sure I haven’t smacked you too hard” again he sounded so concerned.

I did my best to convince him that although it looked very red and blotchy with some dark red imprints of the spoon still visible it was how it was supposed to look after a proper spanking. I looked over my shoulder at him and added that I was sure it could take a lot worse and if I behaved like a naughty little girl I would need much more. I was shocked at my own words and saw him smile at my explanation.

“Well little girls don’t get to wear grown up clothes so take everything off young lady” he sat back grinning.

Even though I knew he had seen everything I had in the most explicit way it was still so excruciatingly embarrassing to stand on the silly little table and undress. I flicked off my shoes and unfastened the clips on my stockings rolling them slowly down my legs. I glanced up to see him looking intently and thought how smug he must feel to be able to order me around like this. I almost lost my balance tugging my stocking over my feet making us both giggle and I admonished him jokingly for making me do this right here in the lounge instead of the privacy of my own room.

“Oh be quiet young lady you ought to be thankful your not outside doing it and showing everyone your red bare bottom” he laughed.

I shivered at the thought and stood unbuttoning my blouse and shrugging it off my shoulders. I turned my back to him and then thought I will teach you to be so flippant.

“Could you please unclip my bra Ryan” I asked knowing he would have never touched a bra let alone unfasten one.

I looked over my shoulder trying not to smile as he looked a little hesitant and stood behind me. His fingers tentatively rubbed my back as he tugged at the hooks. Disappointingly he unfastened it quite easily and kept hold of it as he pushed the straps over my shoulders. He walked in front me with it in his hands and dangled it in front of my face.

“I wonder what your husband would say if he knew I’m having to undress you like a baby” he grinned sarcastically.

I shivered at the thought and felt my whole body blush imagining the reaction if he knew. He has always thought me to be shy about my body and he would so shocked to se me behave like this. I hadn’t even sunbathed topless yet now I couldn’t wait to be naked in front of Ryan.

“Get your nose on the carpet and your backside in the air then Alison” he grinned.

I knew how he wanted me and quickly knelt down on the table with my knees apart and my head lower than my body to put my nose touching the carpet. I could hear him let out a satisfied little laugh as I exposed myself as much as I could to his eyes. I could imagine him studying my every intimate little detail as he stayed in silence behind me for a few minutes.

“Have you shaved your fanny today then young lady” he asked.

The question made me blush even more if that was possible and I replied that I hadn’t. I could hear him kneel behind me and shivered inside almost feeling his breath on me as he inspected me at such close quarters. I let out a soft gasp with surprise as he ran his hand down the crease of my bottom then down on to my upturned pubis and checked for hairs.

“Right you better shave it now and then we can find something suitable for you to wear as we’re going out”, his tone never changed as my heart skipped a beat in panic.

Soon I was standing in the shower trying to concentrate on running the razor carefully around my most intimate places while he sat and watched. Just a few days ago I was an average married woman with a responsible job and now look at me. Shaving my self as bare as a baby in front of a grinning teenage neighbour who had smacked my bottom so hard the night before I had cried myself to sleep.

He picked up a towel and I could only stand feeling helpless as he dried me like you would a two year old. He giggled as he rubbed under my armpits making me squirm then laughed out loud as he rubbed harder on my bare breasts making them jiggle around.

“These are about the only things that makes you look like a grown up aren’t they Mrs Jenkins” he sniggered.

The use of my married name instead of Alison really made the utter humiliation sink deeper inside me. My breasts had never been what you might say impressive but at 34b they were prominent enough and hardly what you would associate with the age of a child I was being treat like now.

“All dry little girl, lets go to your room and get you dressed”, he punctuated his statement with a crisp slap to my bottom making me squeal out loud which he found more amusing.

He walked in my room and stopped in his tracks and looked round. The room was an absolute bomb site. Clothes were strewn everywhere I hadn’t made the bed, make-up was all over my dressing table, some with the tops off. They were half drunk coffee cups and plate with some toast on it.

“This is a disgrace young lady what do you have to say for yourself”, up to know he had been amused at the situation but now his tone had changed and he sounded so firm.

I felt genuinely ashamed and muttered nervously how sorry I was and I would tidy it all up. He continued to scold me like a naughty child and I could only respond with more apologises and promises to clean every last bit. I almost forgot I was still stark naked the only think that went thro my mind was how naughty and childish I felt.

He picked up my crumpled sleep tee off the floor and threw it me, “Get that on you lazy, ungrateful little brat”.

I hurriedly tugged it over my head as he opened the top drawer of my dressing table. He shook his head as he looked down at all my knickers and exclaimed the sooner we buy something more suitable for my age the better. He picked up several of my what I called sexy knickers and threw them on the floor with a distasteful look.

He opened the next drawer down and did the same with my bra’s, muttering to himself that he didn’t even thing little girls like me needed a bra. He seemed satisfied as he opened the last drawer and found a pair of white ankle socks.

“Put them on young lady and since you don’t have proper knickers you can go without”, he spat angrily.

I balanced on one foot at a time pulling my socks on as he stormed out of the room telling me to hurry up. I ran downstairs to see him holding up a pair of pink and white trainers I sometimes went to the gym in. I sat on the stairs and tired to unfasten the laces as I always had a habit of just kicking them off.

“Hurry up! And keep your legs together don’t you know how to act a little bit lady-like”, he stared between my legs.

I tugged nervously at the hem of the little sleep tee as he opened the front door, “Please I cant go out like this” I begged.

“You were quite happy to go to work without your knickers so don’t start complaining now young lady” he didn’t seem to have an ounce of sympathy.

He took me by the hand and literally dragged me outside. I looked around frantically praying no one was about. We lived down a short lane about 50 yards from the main road in the village so it was unlikely but not guaranteed that no one was walking past. He held my hand tight and walked fast with me struggling to keep up with one hand constantly holding my top down trying to keep it covering my bum.

We turned at the end of the drive and then walked up to the door of Ryan’s house. He could see I looked puzzled only to be told that his Mum was making tea and I better be on my best behaviour. My face must have shown my reluctance and disbelief at having to go in dressed like this.

“What’s the matter young lady would you rather I parade you up and down the high street” he looked menacingly.

I didn’t or couldn’t answer as we walked inside. Susan was in the kitchen and turned and opened her eyes and her mouth wide at the sight of me. An amused smile spread across her face as she looked at me from top to toe.

“Hello Alison, I am so glad you are able to come round for tea”, she could hardly contain her amusement at my state of dress. “I’m sure we can get you back in time for bed” she laughed out loud.

Then she looked at Ryan who was still had a face like thunder and asked if everything was alright. “Mum! You wouldn’t believe how naughty she has been” he replied.

He pushed me towards a chair at the table and sat me down making me wince as the hard seat made contact with my bottom. Over the next few minutes he went on to describe the condition of my room and then really made me blush as he told his Mum how I had gone to work without my knickers. She nodded and agreed that I was indeed a naughty little girl but babysitting wasn’t supposed to be easy and after all I was paying him for the trouble of looking after me so he would just have to earn his money.

She had such a condescending and sarcastic tone to her voice and placed two boiled eggs and some bread in font of me. “I’ve cut you some nice little soldiers to dip in your egg” she was grinning at my discomfort.

I could feel my self pout an stare up in defiance and was just about to tell her where she could stuff the flaming soldiers when Ryan barked out at me. “What did I say about being on your best behaviour young lady” he paused “Now show some manners and say thank you”

My split second of resistance had gone to the back of my head and I looked down at the plate knowing my face was blushing deep red. “Thank you Mrs Harrison”. I couldn’t believe what I was doing I had never called her Mrs Harrison in all the time I had been here.

I began to eat as Ryan and his Mum sat down and tucked into their roast chicken. I realised how hungry I was soon began dipping the bread in the runny egg yolk eagerly clearing my plate. I sat still, holding my hands on my lap quietly as Ryan and his Mum chatted about how his day at school had been and other mundane things.

I looked up in shock when Ryan told his Mum that he had found it hard to concentrate at school as he had been concerned and worried that he had smacked my bottom too hard last night. She tried to hold back her amusement and looked up at me saying it did not appear to have done me any harm.

“Stand up Alison and show my Mum your naughty bare bottom and see what she thinks”. His anger had subsided and the hint of amusement was returning.

My mind was in turmoil. It was all I could to breath normally at the absurdity of what was being asked yet meekly I stood up and turned away. I took hold of the hem of the long T-shirt and slowly eased it up to expose my bare bum to her eyes.

“Good grief Ryan!” she gasped. “You really have given her a sound spanking haven’t you” her voice sounded shocked.

I felt totally embarrassed standing here like this but at the same time I didn’t want Ryan to get into trouble. I glanced over my shoulder to see Susan staring at my bottom, slowly shaking her head at the sight of the deep red marks.

“It was my fault Mrs Harrison I deserved every last smack and would be grateful if Ryan spanked me even harder in future” I trembled at my own shameful words.

Ryan looked satisfied with my response and told me turn around. I bit my bottom lip nervously and turned to face them both with my hands still holding my sleep tee up high.

“At least you’ve got the decency to remove all your hair between your legs now your intent on showing Ryan and all and sundry your charms”, said Susan looked on in almost disgust at my display.

I was told to go and stand in the corner with my bottom on show while Ryan cleared the dishes and washed up. I was gazing at the wall and day dreaming of my next spanking, wondering if indeed he would give it me even harder and how much it was going to hurt when a knock at the door made me shudder in fright.

A voice I thought I recognised rang out “Its only me Aunt Mary”, as the door opened and the sound of someone walking into the kitchen was unmistakeable. I froze in fear as the woman stood in her tracks and exclaimed. “My word!……. Hasn’t someone been a naughty girl!”

Susan and Ryan sounded as surprised as me at the obviously unexpected visitor although I doubt they felt as mortifyingly embarrassed. Ryan sounded actually as unsure of himself as I have ever heard him and made the excuse that he had to sort his school books out for tomorrow and his Mum would explain. Typical boy I thought leaving his Mum to try and sort out everything.

“You better stay there in the corner young lady while me and Mrs Jones have a little chat about things” I could sense Susan’s mind was racing to try and come up with an explanation for the bizarre spectacle.

I shivered inside and realised who the woman was, it was the same Mrs Jones from the shop earlier. I could hear the sound of the kettle switched on and the tinkle of cups as she asked her to sit down and they would have a nice cup of tea. Oh god how could they just have a cup of tea and leave me standing with my bare red bottom on show.

I listened as Susan told her that I had moved in next door a few weeks ago and recent events about Steve going to work overseas and so on. Then she sounded hesitant and added how I work in the bank in town and have quite a stressful job and apparently I had read an article in a magazine. It was about women who missed real discipline in their childhood and wanted to re-live that time. I listened as Susan told her that I had moved in next door a few weeks ago and recent events about Steve going to work overseas and so on. Then she sounded hesitant and added how I work in the bank in town and have quite a stressful job and apparently I had read an article in a magazine. It was about women who missed real discipline in their childhood and wanted to re-live that time. I listened intently almost believing the whole thing as Mrs Jones let out a loud raucous laugh when she was told that it was me who had asked if Ryan was allowed to baby sit me and treat me as a little girl.

I could hardly breath and felt sure my knees would give way as Susan asked me to turn around and introduce my self properly to Mrs Jones. I knew that despite all the unbelievable events of the last couple of days my face was blushing the most it had even done in my entire life. I turned not even thinking to let go of my top and try to hide myself from her gaze and stood showing her my freshly shaved mound.

I looked up to see her smiling and hesitated before speaking, “Er Mrs Alison Jenkins aged 27 pleased to meet you”. God why I had I told her my age like some eager child would trying to sound proud.

“So 27 young lady, are you sure your not 7 standing here like this” she smiled.

Both women laughed as Ryan appeared at the doorway and listened how his Mum retold the “story” of how I had come to be like this. I looked down at the floor too embarrassed to look at anyone as Mrs Jones asked me to introduce myself again telling me the age I really was. I could see she found it hilarious watching me squirm in shame.

I took a deep breath and looked up “Mrs Alison Jenkins aged 7 pleased to meet you”. the room filled with laughter and for some unknown reason I wanted to continue the mocking and teasing. “I am sorry for being a naughty little girl and having to show my bare smacked bottom”. of course they thought my contrite manner was very appropriate for my status.

“Well 7 year olds don’t usually come into my shop and buy wine” smiled Mrs Jones “Although I can understand why you would want some Dutch courage to display yourself like this young lady” she added.

Ryan was furious and for the second time this evening scolded me like the naughty disobedient child I appeared to be. “How dare you sneak around buying wine when I have specifically told you little girls your age aren’t allowed any” he bellowed.

His Mum and Mrs Jones seemed to look apprehensive as he walked around me almost like a Jekyll and Hide character transformation, lecturing me as if he did this everyday. “I cant believe after the spanking you got last night you can go out and deliberately try your best to be as naughty as you can young lady” he seethed with rage.

I was holding back the tears as he looked upset and told him Mum he was sorry that he had obviously been far too lenient with me and how stupid he was to think he had spanked me too hard when it was clearly no where near hard enough.

“Get your bare arse round home Alison, get that silly little top off and get up on your naughty table and wait for the grown ups” he hissed.

He calmly asked if they would like to accompany him and see how a naughty little brat like me really needed to be treated. I was tugging the top over my head before I had got out of the door and ran home stark naked apart from the ankle socks and trainers. A man walking his dog a way down the lane looked and shook his head as my bum and breasts bounced all the way until I was inside and on the table.

I stood up straight, hands on my head and my feet placed right on the edge of the table. Oh why I had been so naughty, why couldn’t I just be a good girl not have Ryan so angry with me. He led his Mum and Mrs Jones in to the lounge and ushered them to the sofa. Both their eyes were fixed firmly on my nude body standing so obediently on display. Ryan walked behind me;

“SMACK”, “SMACK”

He delivered two hard slaps to my already sore bottom making me gasp out loud and sniff back a sob.

“So what, ….”smack”…….do you have to……”Smack” …..say for your self young lady” he berated me with several more slaps until I could speak.

“I am so sorry for being a naughty girl, I promise never to buy alcohol ever again Ryan Sir”, I sniffed and sobbed.

He has walked around me several times smiling, “You ought to be sorry standing naked in front of my Mum and Mrs Jones without an once of shame”.

He picked up my knickers which were still laid around from the day before and held them in his hand. He carefully placed them on the floor in front of the table. He pushed all my work clothes further away which were still untidily pilled around after I had stripped for him earlier.

“Get your nose on your knickers and your backside where it belongs you little brat” he laughed. “lets see how you really like to show your self off shall we”.

I was numb with the thought of what the two women must think of me as I did as I was told. My nose right on my knickers, my knees splayed wide apart and my already throbbing bottom pushed up in the air.

“Come and have a look at her bum now Mum, this is where she is going be very often from now on” he grinned.

Susan and Mrs Jones got up eagerly and walked behind me. I could hear the stifled giggles as they tried not to laugh. “Oh Susan you can see her poor little bottom hole quivering at the thought of what she is going to get” smirked Mrs Jones.

I was trembling and knew how lewdly I was displaying myself to the two women. Ryan returned with the wooden spoon and lifted my head up by my pony-tail. “kiss it young lady and say thank you to Mr Spoon for going to set your bum on fire” he hissed.

I leaned my head gingerly and kissed the back of the spoon, “Thank you so much Mr Spoon, will you please burn the skin on my naughty fat bottom”.

The women found it hilarious and laughed how indeed I looked and sounded every inch the naughty little girl I was. Ryan let go of my hair and I eagerly pressed my nose back into my knickers and took a deep breath knowing what was coming.

“WHACK”. “WHACK”, “WHACK”

The spoon cracked down hard on my tortured bottom making me squeal and yell.

“WHACK”, “WHACK”, “WHACK”

Oh god how can such an innocent looking object cause so much agony.

“I know your bottom must be really sore now Alison so I’m going to continue all the way down the backs of your thighs to your knees young lady is that alright” he asked

I whimpered and cried and between my sobs and heaves managed to say yes and felt the crisp slap of the spoon sear into my soft thighs. Methodical hard smacks reigned down along the insides of my thighs which felt even more tender than my blazing bum cheeks.

Soon I was crying and begging and pleading and frantically wriggling my bum from side to side. He stopped and paused;

“The last one Alison, ask for it nice and hard to show how sorry you are” he spoke softly.

“Oh, oh yes please may I have the last one as hard as you can Ryan Sir”

“YEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOWIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!”

I yelled as loud and as long my lungs would allow as he brought the spoon up vertically on my poor fanny. Gasping for breath and not wanting to scream again I opened my mouth over my knickers and sucked them firmly between my teeth. I was sobbing and crying and almost using my knickers as a comforter to suck on.

I was told to stop crying like baby and get back upon the table and slowly I got to my feet. I put my hands on my head and opened my legs grateful to feel the air soothing the fire between my legs and all the way down to my knees.

“That’s where your knickers belong isn’t it young lady…… in your mouth” he laughed openly as the two women joined in. I was told to stand there for a full hour and then get in bed, Ryan would take the key and he might check up on me at any time and I better have done exactly as I was told or I would get the same no matter how sore I was. I sobbed as they all left laughing hilariously that I had got what I asked for now.

**Mrs Alison Jenkins part4**

I was grateful that the following morning I could stay in bed as I had the day off work having to work Saturday instead. I slowly got out of bed and felt my swollen bum cheeks with my hands and gasped out loud at my reflection in the mirror. I had never cried so much in my whole life. I made my way to the kitchen and was too sore to sit so stared out of the window sipping my coffee recounting the utter humiliation I had suffered at the hands of my teenage babysitter.

I spent the rest of the morning cleaning and tidying the entire house. I hated housework as it was but knew Ryan would be over later and I wanted him to find no reason to give me another spanking. I hadn’t even bothered to get dressed and was still naked when I heard the key in the door. Surely Ryan would be at school and I hid behind the kitchen door in panic.

“Alison are you there?” asked a concerned sounding Susan.

I leaned around the doorway still trying to hide my nakedness as she explained how she had seen my car on the drive and wondered if I was alright. I offered to put the kettle on and thanked her for her concern and explained it was my day off. She giggled nervously as she saw I was stark naked and even seemed to blush slightly as I met her eyes. I asked if she minded and explained that my bottom and thighs were so sore I hadn’t even thought of getting dressed. I could see she was trying not to look at me as she quipped nervously that it was not as if I had anything she hadn’t seen before.

“Turn around then Alison lets see the state of you bottom”, she seemed to relax and realise how she could treat me just the same as her son did.

I gasped as she traced her hands all over my bum and then down my thighs to my knees. “Yes I bet you know you’ve had a spanking now don’t you” she smiled.

“lets have a look between your legs Alison, it looked like you really felt the spoon when Ryan smacked you there with it”, she grinned at my hesitation before I turned to show her.

She tapped my legs to make me open them wide and gazed intently with a look of amusement and intrigue on her face. She giggled out loud and remarked that she could see a faint imprint of Mr Spoon right on my plump little mound. I blushed not only with the view I was giving her but the shameful way she referred to the horrid little cooking utensil. She ran her fingers over the mark and smiled that I had survived and ought to try and behave from now on.

My knees were like jelly as she continued to explore between my legs with her fingers and unlike Ryan’s brief touch this was much more intense. She commented how well I had shaved myself like a good little girl all the time circling around with her fingers. I couldn’t speak and breathed harder and faster as she moved ever closer and closer to my little love button. Without any warning she leaned her face close to mine, she stared into my eyes and then suddenly kissed me full on the lips. I didn’t know how to respond, her fingers were driving me to the edge and desperately I kissed her back.

She pulled away and stood smiling at my whimpering and shivering in total frustration. “Now, now Alison your not trying to get me into trouble are you” she grinned.

“I’m sure Ryan has got his hands full with one naughty little girl let alone two”. she leaned forward again and kissed me softly, my mind was totally confused as she calmly walked away leaving me bewildered.

My own hand finished what she had started and a delicious thrill ran through me at the thought of Ryan dealing with me and his Mum at the same time and then putting us both in bed together to sooth our burning bottoms. From her reaction I was sure she was imagining the self same thing.

The next couple of days passed without any real incident as Ryan came round and had me on the naughty table while he did his homework and generally checked to see if the house was kept tidy and I had behaved myself. We had arranged that he would meet me after work at 12pm on Saturday when the bank closed and we would spend the afternoon in town shopping.

I was on tenterhooks the whole morning and made a serious of silly mistakes making Claire my colleague annoyed as she had to put my errors right. I had even overpaid a customer £20 which we would both have to stand for. Slowly the clock turned 12 and I could see Ryan waiting outside for me.

“Come on Alison your late, so much for your best behaviour” he snapped looking at his watch even though it was barely 5 past.

I looked nervously over my shoulder to see Claire looking perplexed and surprised at the tone in which he was speaking to me. I could feel myself blush as he informed me were going to MacDonald’s for some lunch first. We stood in the queue looking up at the menu and Ryan laughed that he would have a big mac and I could have a kids meal to remind me of my position.

I approached the counter and asked for the order and the young girl looked over at Ryan and smiled and asked what toy he would like with his meal. His face looked a mixture between anger and embarrassment as he informed her that the big mac was his and the kids meal was for me. Quickly I tried to explain that I was on a diet and the small portion was just enough.

“Don’t you dare tell lies young lady, your having a kids meal because that’s what you are” he smirked. “A spoilt over grown little brat”

The girl looked in amazement at the smart business like woman standing there being spoken to like a child by a boy in earshot of the whole restaurant. Several people muttered and stared at me as we walked back holding the food. I thought it couldn’t get any worse then he pointed to the children’s section in the corner.

“You can sit there with the rest of little brats to teach you for telling lies” he sneered.

I looked in horror at several little kids sitting and running around shouting and generally doing what they do. He could see me hesitate and about to refuse when he whispered in my ear. “Sit down Alison or I will tell everyone how you usually need to be spanked before you behave”

I rushed over to a small plastic chair and sat with my knees up high and opened the box on the little table in front of me. I knew my face was so red as I slowly tried to eat the food and glanced down and even saw my name badge from work clearly on view on my jacket. I kept looking up at Ryan and praying he would hurry up and finish as I just played nervously with my meal. A few parents came over to collect their children from the little play area and looked curiously at me. I could only hope they thought that I had a child nearby and wanted to keep an eye on them.

At last Ryan walked over and looked down at me sitting on the tiny chair blushing like a tomato. “Put that in the bin you ungrateful little girl” he pointed to my food and waited for me to obey before leading me out by my hand.

I could her stifled giggles and gasps of astonishment as he pulled me past several gloating customers. “That was cool Alison you sitting there, did you know everyone was staring at you” he laughed.

Once we got outside he let go of my hand and we walked along to a large clothing store. Inside he looked up at the signs and announced we were going to the children’s section. I kept looking around terrified of seeing anyone who knew me but thankful it was unlikely as only several people from work or from the village knew who I was. We arrived at the girls section and Ryan began to smile as he saw some of the little cartoon printed knickers on display.

He held some up and stretched them between his hands “Will you get your fat bum into these Alison,” he sniggered.

I was desperate to get out of here as soon as possible and said we better just pick the largest we could and we would have to hope they would fit me. He seemed pleased with my cooperation as together we picked a dozen pairs. All the time I was blushing to the roots of my hair thinking what I would look like in them. Next we walked to see lots of little vest tops which I imagined would hardly fit over my head let alone cover anything they were meant to cover. He chose some pink and white ones with frilly edges and even had the cheek to hold some up against me to check the size as people stared. We hurried to the checkout to pay as a crowd seemed to be gathering.

Just as the assistant was putting them in a bag and my credit card was in the machine he nudged me, “Bet your going to look so cute in them aren’t you Alison”, he giggled as the woman stared up in disbelief and shook her head. Outside I felt the relief at thinking my ordeal was over and giggled nervously.

“Oh god Ryan I will never be able to show my face in there again” and we both laughed together.

I looked puzzled as he led the way to a part of town I had never been to before. He told me that Mrs Jones had told his Mum about this little shop and laughed that my predicament would be all over the village by now as she was the biggest gossip ever. I was so thankful that at least I was at more than a hundred miles away from my parents and everyone who knew me. I asked what the shop sold and stopped instantly when Ryan laughed it was a school uniform shop.

I pleaded that I could not be expected to just walk in and ask for a school uniform to fit me and he just said not to worry as Mrs Jones knew the lady who ran it and she was expecting us. Despite the over whelming embarrassment I was going to suffer I felt a tingle inside at what I would look like dressed as a naughty little schoolgirl.

The people got less and less and we walked further and further and then turned down a little alley and there was the shop.

WAINWRIGHTS SCHOOL OUTFITTERS

I felt my heart flutter and we walked inside; “The boy’s uniforms are through this door madam” glanced up an elderly looking lady from behind a row of grey tunics.

I hesitated not knowing what to say as Ryan cleared his throat “Mrs Jones has sent us ….this is Alison” he sounded as nervous as me.

She beamed a huge amused smile and walked up to us both. “Oh the naughty little Alison that is the talk of the village” she grinned.

I cringed in shame as she put on her glasses and peered at my name badge “Mrs Alison Jenkins” she read out loud then shook her head. “I dint know you were married my dear, what does your husband think of all these shenanigans”.

I stammered out the explanation of where he was and a brief outline of why I was here based on the story Susan had made up about the magazine article and so on. She nodded in approval and then looked at Ryan and announced that he was a very lucky young man. He agreed and smiled and I could see him began to relax in her company. She looked down at the bags and asked what we had already bought and eagerly Ryan took out several items to show her. She held up a tiny pair of pink knickers with a bright yellow teddy bear on the front and a little matching pink vest.

“Go and put these on then dear and we can measure you for a nice uniform suitable for your age” she spoke quietly and firmly and pointed to the changing room.

I walked over felling light headed and dizzy as I heard her shout to someone in the other room. “Put the kettle on Samantha……. do you take sugar Ryan” she asked as I entered the small cubicle.

I undressed my out of my work clothes, the smart black skirt and crisp white blouse and black jacket. Black tights and knickers and a white bra and sensible heeled shoes. I wriggled the tight little pink knickers up around my hips and snugly over my bottom. They were very tight and the yellow teddy bear seemed to be smiling at me in the mirror as it covered my fanny. The vest top however was not as much of a success. It hardly reached my belly button and my breasts were hardly contained with my nipples almost on show at the side of the tiny vest.

I took a deep breath and walked out bare footed to the shop. My hands trying to cover as much of myself as I could and held one knee in front of the other in a coy pose. A young girl about 14 or 15 appeared carrying a tray of cups. Her mouth opened wide in surprise and she looked bemused at me.

“This is Alison, the naughty little girl who I was telling you about earlier, or should I say the naughty little wife, can you believe she is actually married” laughed Mrs Wainwright.

I meekly said hello to Samantha as she smiled and was told she was the Saturday girl as she continued to look on in amazement at how I was dressed or should I say almost dressed. The cups of tea were handed out to everyone except me while I was led up to what was called a measuring block. It was just a small block of wood for the child to stand on so the assistant didn’t have to bend down as far to take the measurements. Ryan laughed that it was a little like my naughty table at home and told me to show them how I had to stand on it.

I was beyond refusing anything by now and I was sure that if the block had been in the middle of the town centre I would have still done as I was told. I lifted my hands right to the top of my head and eased my bare feet to the edge of the block and stood as straight as could be. Samantha put her hands to her face trying to cover the fact she was openly laughing. Ryan looked at her and I sensed he was a little taken by her as she was indeed a pretty girl.

“What an excellent pose for a naughty girl” smiled Mrs Wainwright and before she had chance to put the tape measure around me the little bell above the door rang.

I looked on in horror as a woman hardly much older than me walked in with two young boys in tow. The boys eyes were fixed on me as the woman looked then looked away. She explained that she had an appointment for James and Mathew and she would be back in half an hour to collect them. She appeared to be relieved when she was told that the boys room was next door and not to take any notice of the naughty girl waiting for her uniform.

The boys head swivelled around like owls keeping their eyes on me until the last moment as Samantha ushered them into the other room. I could hear outbreaks of laughter as Samantha came back in for some paperwork and one of the boys eagerly exclaimed “Wow you could almost see all her boobs”. Mrs Wainwright shook her head and just muttered that boys will be boys.

I stood still as she measured me carefully and took little notes, all the time Ryan sat back and watched. She gathered up a few different items and put them on a rack next to me. Every other minute or so one of the boys came to stand in the doorway and stare at me with a huge grin on his face. Mrs Wainwright noticed and whispered something to Ryan. He opened his eyes wide and laughed then nodded his head as if he was agreeing.

“Why don’t we give the boys a treat Mrs Jenkins” she smiled with a mischievous hint in her voice. “Why don’t you take the little vest and knickers right off for them to see just how naughty you are”.

I stammered nervously that what if anyone else walked in, what on earth would they think of me. She smiled as I realised I hadn’t even objected to the boys seeing me just anyone else.

“I’m afraid this is the price a married lady like you has to pay if you want your school uniform”. she winked to Ryan as he sat eagerly waiting to see what I would do.

I knew deep down I wanted to do as she suggested and looked down at the floor in shame. “Please may I take my vest and knickers off” I asked in my best little girl voice as she held her finger to her mouth and told me to shhh.

I looked confused as she walked into the boys room and returned with James and Mathew and a smirking Samantha. I could hardly listen as she explained that normally girls don’t do this especially when boys are around but I had been exceptionally naughty and it was part of my punishment. She looked at me and nodded and I knew what she wanted me to do.

“Please my I take my vest and knickers right off because I have been a naughty girl”, my whole body blushed as I spoke.

They boys stared in awe and nodded eagerly and Samantha grinned. I could hardly take hold of the waistband of my knickers my hands were shaking that much. Eventually I pushed them off my hips and down my legs to the top of the wooded block.

Quickly I tugged the vest over my head and stood hands on head naked as a newborn. The boys eyes were like saucers as Samantha led them back to their room promising they could see me as soon as they got their uniforms sorted.

Mrs Wainwright passed me a short navy pleated skirt and asked me put it on. The zip was a struggle but I managed and I gasped as she held up a mirror to let me see how short it was. Ryan approved and slowly I tried on several other items each tight and revealing on me. I was just in the process of tugging a pair of white knee socks up around my calves. When the bell rang again.

In walked a an old man about 60 and glanced over at me just as I got my hands on my head and legs apart. I stayed motionless as he looked away and walked to the counter ignoring me. He said he had come to collect an order for his grandson and as Mrs Wainwright went to fetch it he looked around at me again.

“Oh I hope you don’t mind young Alison standing there, only she has been a bit of a naughty girl”, smiled the amused Mrs Wainwright.

He laughed in surprise and walked closer and said he had thought it was rather a strange position for one of those manikins to be in. he looked even more shocked when she announced that “Uncle Ryan” would be smacking my bare bottom when we got home. He looked even more amused when Ryan got up and delivered a hard crisp smack to my bottom making me squeal.

“Say thank you Alison” grinned an extremely amused Ryan.

“Thank you Uncle Ryan” I exclaimed as the old man looked from me to Ryan then back to me and said how he had thought he had seen everything now and walked out shaking his head.

The boys ran and stood in front of me and announced they had got all their uniforms and could they watch the naughty girl finish getting hers. Mrs Wainwright chose out a tight miniscule gym skirt and T-shirt with some navy knickers which she had me take on and off in front of the grinning boys several times. She handed Samantha most of the items to wrap up and told her to go in the changing room and put my grown up clothes in a bag too.

The boys walked around me looking from all angles and even peered right between my legs. Mrs Wainwright saw what they were doing and instead of telling them off she pushed another wooden block next to me.

“Go on Alison put your foot here and open those legs as wide as you can to let the boys have a proper look” she grinned at me.

I obeyed her outrages suggestion and spread my legs as wide apart as I possibly could, leaving nothing to their imagination. One of them turned to Ryan and asked how old I was. He asked them how old they thought I was and one said;

“Well she is quite tall but she hasn’t got any hair between her legs like a big girl would” the other boy interrupted “Yeah but she has got proper tits hasn’t she and girls can shave there you know” he tried to sound so knowledgeable.

They howled with laughter when Ryan told them I was actually 27 and married but liked to dress like a little girl and be very naughty. They thought it was hilarious when he told them he babysat me and smacked my bottom very hard. He then stunned the boys into silence by asking if they would like to give me a few smacks before I put my new school uniform on.

The sound of their little hands slapping my wriggling bum cheeks rang around the shop as everyone encouraged them to spank me as hard as they could. They had a bum cheek each and despite their age soon had me squirming around promising the that I would be a good little girl.

Soon the boys hands were hurting and they stopped just in time as their Mum walked in and asked if they had behaved themselves. Mrs Wainwright had just slipped an incredibly short gingham dress over my head and told the woman that the boys had been as good as gold and no trouble at all.

I got out my credit card and paid £300 for all my new clothes and stepped out on the street for the whole world to see me dressed as a 10 year old with white knees socks and black Mary Jane’s with shortest blue and white dress you have ever seen and no bra or knickers.

**Mrs Alison Jenkins part5**

The cool breeze outside made me acutely aware of my lack of knickers and the dress was so short I felt positive anyone looking closely enough would see my pink bottom and hairless vagina. I had a bag with the rest of the ridiculous clothes in each hand and despite this made several attempts to tug the hem of the dress down to try and cover myself. Ryan gave me a stern look and told me to stop messing about with my dress and slowed down so he was walking behind me.

“Oh yes I can see why your trying to pull your dress down Alison it is very short isn’t it” he sounded so matter of fact as usual. “Maybe you ought to put some knickers on, its still a long walk to the car.

He looked at me as I stopped then realised he expected me just to get some knickers out of the bag and put them on right there and then in the middle of the street. I hesitated and gazed around seeing several people walking close by but not seeming to really be taking any notice of us. Quickly I took out a pair of white knickers with little red cartoon strawberries with smiling faces on them. Oh god they looked so small in my hands as I lifted one foot and pushed it through the knickers. Once again I looked up to see people oblivious of my shameful activity of tugging up the childish knickers in public.

Again Josh stayed behind me and I could hear him laughing as he exclaimed that they didn’t do much to cover my fat bum cheeks but at least everyone could see I was wearing knickers. I pleaded with him that the dress was way too short to be outside especially in town and as we carried on walking the busier it was getting. I tried not to look as people began to notice and I overheard several surprised comments;

“Good grief can you see the state of that”

“I don’t believe how she dare wear such a thing”

“Hey, been a naughty girl have you”

Along with just gasps of astonishment and shakes of heads and constant tuts we carried on to the car. I was so relieved to be sat inside and out of the public gaze I could only let out a nervous giggle.

“Oh god Ryan I cant believe I have walked through town like this”.

“Maybe I should have let you keep your knickers off and really given them something to talk about”, he grinned and without realising I was nodding in agreement.

He smiled at my response and told me naughty little girls who like showing themselves off need a smacked bottom when we get home. Again I could only agree with him and thanked him for taking the trouble of accompanying me shopping for my new clothes. I listened as he said that we were having tea at his Mum’s this evening and I could show her my new outfits. I knew how amused she would be to see me dressed like a 10 year old and deep down couldn’t wait to parade around in front of her.

We arrived home and once inside Ryan led me upstairs to my bedroom and then without warning told me to gather up all my clothes out of my wardrobe and put them in some bags. I stayed silent as he explained that he had decided that from now on I was only going to be allowed the clothes I had just bought and everything else was going to kept at his house. Each morning I would have go round and get ready for work in front of him and his Mum and at all other times I was to be kept dressed as the naughty little girl I obviously was.

I could feel my heart beat faster at the implication that I was to be dressed as a 10 year old whenever I wasn’t at work. It didn’t cross my mind to consider refusing and began to empty my room of all my adult clothes. I opened the drawer on my dressing table and as I began to put all my bra’s and knickers into a bag I saw the wedding photo of me and Steve and shivered at what he would think if he knew what was happening to me.

I was still wearing the ridiculously short blue and white checked school uniform dress and white knee socks and shiny black Mary Jane shoes along with the childish knickers as we entered Josh’s house. Susan smiled and said what a good girl I was bringing all my clothes around and she was glad I had accepted it would be good for me to stay dressed as a little girl all the time from now on. Ryan said he was going to play on his x-box for a while before tea and went up to his room.

Susan took me up to the spare room and told me to put all my work outfits on hangers and leave the rest of my clothes in bags. She explained that each morning I would have a shower at home then walk around in just my knickers and shoes so she could supervise me getting ready for work. I knew no one was likely to be around at that time of the day to see me but even so I felt a wave of shame run through me at the thought having to walk topless and in some childish knickers to her house each day.

Just as we finished there was a knock on the door and Susan told me go and stand in the corner of the living room. I faced the wall and lifted my hands to my head knowing that the dress would ride up and show my little knickers off entirely. I heard the unmistakeable voice of Mrs Jones and realised she had been invited to tea and then cringed with further embarrassment as I heard another voice. I overheard the conversation and listened as Mrs Jones had brought her grand daughter along to see the naughty young wife put through her paces as Jennifer could not believe such a thing was true.

I stayed still as I heard them all enter the room and between stifled laughter Susan told Jennifer that here I was in the flesh so to speak and after tea I was going to put on a little fashion show to display my new clothes that Ryan had been so kind as to take me shopping this afternoon for. With a pat on the seat of my knickers from Susan I was told to turn around and introduce myself to Mrs Jones grand daughter. She was about 11 or 12 and look at me in amazement as I politely said hello and I was Mrs Alison Jenkins and very pleased to meet her. Susan praised me for being a very good girl and encouraged me to tell Jennifer the reason for my attire and how I had asked her son Ryan to becoming my full time babysitter and smack my bare bottom whenever I was naughty.

I knew my face was as red as the strawberries on my knickers as I explained the events of the last few weeks to the incredulous girl. She shook her head as I told her I was 27 and married and my husband knew nothing whatsoever about any of this. With my face still burning in shame Susan announced tea was ready and led us through to the kitchen and shouted Ryan to join us.

It turned out he knew Jennifer from school and although she was a year younger they did sometimes sit next to each other on the bus and he had a laugh with her that he could tell her about me now as he had kept it a secret from his school friends so far. I stared down to the table where I was expected to sit and saw that instead of the meal the rest were having a little bowl of baby food was there along with a babies bottle. I could feel my mouth drop open as looked in dismay and then noticed everyone was smiling at my reaction.

Slowly I sat and continued to just look down at the baby food as everyone else began to eat. I knew that any protest would soon result in a spanking from Ryan and dipped the spoon in the horrible beige coloured slop and put it in my mouth. It tasted gross and the texture was horrible but I was hungry and began to eat as Ryan told everyone about the afternoon we had. They were so amused at hearing the events and how I had stood stark naked without a care in the world who might have come into the shop to see me. I was shaking with nerves at remembering the details and how James and Mathew had seen every inch of me and then even smacked my bare bottom when some of the baby food dropped off the spoon onto my dress.

“Oh for heavens sake Alison, that’s a new dress and look at it now”, snapped Susan “Take it off right this minute before you spill anything else on it”.

I shook my head knowing I wasn’t wearing a bra but a look from Ryan made me know I had no choice. I could sense everyone waiting in anticipation to see what I was going to do

“Do as your told young lady and then you can sit on your hands as your obviously not grown up enough to even feed yourself” said Ryan with the tone I knew so well.

Jennifer giggled as I stood up and unbuttoned the dress before wriggling it off and then handing it to Susan. As usual my pink nipples were hard as I exposed my bare breasts to all of them.

“Please can you wash my dress Susan and I’m very sorry for getting it dirty” I said in my best little girl voice.

I returned to the table and hesitated before putting my hands under my bottom and sitting on the as I had been told. No one seemed to take much notice until Susan saw that Jennifer was the first to clear her plate. I could see a smile spread across Ryan’s Mum’s face and she could hardly stop herself from laughing as she spoke.

“Jennifer would you like to feed our naughty little girl since you have finished” she grinned.

Jennifer seemed delighted to be asked to take part in my shameful treatment and picked up my spoon. With a curt command to “Open wide” she pushed the spoon inside my mouth and waited briefly before pulling it out again. She repeated it several times and even ran it up my chin as a little baby food dribbled from my mouth making everyone laugh. I kept my hands firmly underneath my bottom and waited eagerly with my mouth wide open for spoon after spoon of horrid baby food. The bowl was finally empty and I was congratulated for being such a good girl and eating it all up.

“Right Mrs Jenkins who would you like to give you your bottle” laughed Susan deliberately highlighting the fact that despite my appearance I was still a married woman.

Jennifer giggled excitedly and asked if she could be allowed to give it me. The taste of the awful baby food was still in my mouth and the thought of some virtual 12 year old stranger feeding me a babies bottle was too much.

“No, I am 27 I am not a stupid baby!…… this isn’t fair you cant do this to me” I argued.

Before I had time to gauge the reaction from my outburst Ryan had gripped my ear tightly and pulled me up to my feet and with his other hand swatted me hard across the top of my thigh making me squeal.

“Get your knickers off this minute my girl!…….How dare you speak like that in front of guests” snapped Ryan

I sniffled childishly and with his hand still holding my ear I struggled to push my knickers down and stepped out of them. With a another crisp slap to my legs I was told to put my hands on my head and apologise for my behaviour and ask properly to have my bottom smacked to remind me of my place. I knew I couldn’t object and with the mixture of intense shame and an absurd sort of thrill running through me I took a deep breath.

“I am so sorry for being a naughty little girl and please may I have my bottom smacked Ryan Sir! I spoke the shameful words clearly and as if I genuinely meant every word which of course I did.

Ryan pulled his chair away from the table and sat down then patted his knee. I walked over and caught a glimpse of Jennifer Susan and Mrs Jones watching intently. I laid right over his knee with my palms flat on the floor and my feet on tip-toe and slightly apart with my bare bottom up nice and high.

“Good girl, see you can behave properly if you try cant you Alison” smirked Ryan

“Smack”

“Smack”

“Smack”

The loud sharp stinging slaps echoed round the room as he continued to cover my entire bottom and soon had me gasping and hissing through my teeth as the sting began to build up.

“I wont, “Smack” have you, “Smack” being such a, “Smack” disobedient, “Smack” little girl, “Smack” when I tell you to, “Smack” do something, “Smack” young lady, “Smack” is that clear.

With further hard spiteful slaps to my bottom I promised him I would do as I was told right away and again apologised. More smacks were delivered right to the base of my bottom which had me yelping and again promising to be a good girl.

“How old did you say you were then Alison” laughed Mrs Jones “Are you going to let my grand daughter give you your bottle now!

“Oh yes, yes please may I have my bottle from Jennifer” I sniffed back my sobs to answer her.

Ryan gave me the hardest slaps of all and told me to stand up and get my fat bare bottom in the lounge and wait for the grown ups. I struggled to my feet and gave a childish little dance making them all laugh as I hurried with my boobs and red bum cheeks jiggling to stand in the corner of the lounge. I could hear them clearing up and talking about how much I loved being treated like this and how I always managed to earn myself a smacked bottom almost every day.

I almost jumped out of my skin as I felt a cool hand on my blazing bottom;

“Does it really hurt then Mrs Jenkins” asked a concerned Jennifer.

I mumbled that it wasn’t that bad really and no where near as painful as the wooden spoon which I sometimes got when I was really naughty. She giggled again and continued to feel how hot my bum cheeks were.

“Right better come and sit on my lap then and I’ll give you your bottle” she sniggered.

I turned to see her sat on the sofa grinning at my utter shame. I kept my hands on my head letting her see my bald vagina and hardly felt like a married woman, about to be bottle fed like a toddler by someone not even half my age. She patted her knee and held the bottle up high.

I sat gently on her lap as she exclaimed I was certainly heavier than a real baby and eased me backwards and looked down at me. She pushed the teat of the bottle in my mouth and I tasted the foul taste of what I imagined must be real baby formula. I sucked hard to get the liquid out of the bottle as the others walked in the room to see me laid over her lap being fed the awful stuff. Ryan sat next to Jenifer as Susan showed Mrs Jones the clothes we had bought earlier.

Susan looked across and laughed at the face I was pulling and told them all it was real baby milk and she was going to give me a bottle each morning before I went to work. They thought it was hilarious and Jennifer tipped the bottle up further for me to empty the last drop. I could only lick my lips and mumbled a polite thank you as again everyone laughed.

I was allowed to stand up and Susan held up a pair of pink knickers we had got this afternoon, she made me step into them like a 2 year old and she tugged them up my legs. Then she stood up and made me hold my hands in the air to pull a little pink vest top over my head. I walked up and down showing them how I looked and was told that this was to be my normal clothing now when ever I was home or here at Ryan and Susan’s. Then she held up a short navy blue skirt and waited for me to step in it so she could zip it up and told me if it was warm I could go outside like this.

Ryan said how I had enjoyed walking around town showing everyone my knickers so I would not mind being seen like this and despite blushing I could only agree. Mrs Jones then said she thought the skirt was long enough to cover my knickers unlike the dress I had on earlier so maybe I ought to go without. Ryan thought this was a good idea and then said how I ought to get used to having my knickers taken off and put back on so I better stand in front of Jennifer and ask for them to be taken down then take them to the next person and ask for them to be put back on.

I held my skirt up high and took a deep breath, “Please will you take my knickers off Miss Jennifer”

They thought it was wonderful that I had addressed her so politely and she pulled them down eagerly smiling up at me as I lifted one foot in turn. She put them in my hand and told me to go and ask one of the adults to put the back on for me. With laughter echoing round the room I walked over to Mrs Jones and asked if she could please put my knickers on for me. She held them out for me to step into and smiled that I was learning to behave properly now. The whole routine was done several more times with everyone taking turns to take my knickers right off then put them back on again.

I had to try the rest of the outfits we had bought and parade up and down the room for them to see and congratulate Ryan for his choice and then Mrs Jones looked up at the clock and announced she ought to be going soon and could she have the bags with my clothes in. Susan said of course and went up to get them as I looked confused at Ryan.

“Oh hasn’t Mum told you Alison, Mrs Jones has kindly offered to take all your old clothes to the charity shop since your not old enough for them any more” he smiled

I felt numb and couldn’t speak, surely they were not serious. I protested that this wasn’t what I had agreed to and how much money they had all cost and how would I explain it to Steve when he returned in a few months. Jennifer sat openly laughing at how permanent my status would be without any grown up clothes whatsoever. I stamped my foot in temper and began to get angry.

“Oh god no!… you cant give all my clothes away you just cant!” once again I stamped my foot.

“Please, I mean Steve has bought me some of those dresses and me err my lingerie and my shoes , oh god my shoes!” I shouted in panic as Ryan stood in front of me.

“Take the little girl clothes off now young lady or these will go as well and you will spend every minute stark naked is that clear” he barked.

I was feeling dizzy and so outraged but all I could do was undress and as I stood as naked as the day I was born. Mrs Jones stood in the doorway with the bags in her hands. She just grinned and laughed that it was not like I was going to need them and I obviously loved to be bare for all to see. I was sobbing openly as Ryan asked her to stay as watch me get a real tanning now for making such a fuss over a few old clothes.

I shook my head in dismay as Susan handed him a wooden spoon and pulled out the coffee table in the middle of the room. Mrs Jones sat and said she could spare a few minutes and Jennifer clapped her hands in glee. Ryan pointed to the table;

“That fat arse better be up in the air in 3 seconds my girl or I’ll march you to work on Monday in the shortest dress you have and no knickers for them all to see what a baby you are” he growled.

I knew he would do it and hurried to kneel on the table and lean right over with my elbows on the floor. I let out a childish sob and eased my knees wide apart and dipped my back trying to get my bottom as high as I could. I couldn’t care about my clothes now I knew how much my poor bottom was going to burn and burn with that dreadful spoon.

“Please Ryan Sir”, I sniffed between sobs “Please may Mr Spoon visit my bare bottom to show me how grateful I am for everyone helping me behave properly”

He lifted my head up with my pony tail so I could see Mrs Jones and Jennifer, “Say thank you for them taking the trouble to give your clothes to someone who is grown up enough to wear them” he smiled.

Again I sniffed “Thank you so much for giving all my clothes away I don’t deserve to wear anything like that any more”.

Before I could hear a response from the gloating pair the spoon crashed down making me squeal out loud. Again and again he swung it hard into my bare bum cheeks and as I yelled he asked Jennifer to come around and see how sore my bottom looked. She gasped in amazement and commented how marked and how sore it must be and then he gave her the spoon and asked if she wanted to add some more colour to my fat bare bottom.

She smacked the awful spoon down hard right between my spread bum cheeks and laughed at my shrill squeal.

“Bet you wish you had another bottle rather than this” she sniggered and whacked me more and more.

I was crying uncontrollably and she whispered something in Ryan’s ear. I heard him laugh and reply “why not” and then the cold round handle of the spoon was pressed against my anus. With a hard push it was right inside me and I could feel it sticking out in mid air as she let go.

“Ryan has said you can come over to Nan’s next week I want to potty train you”

With more laughter they left and I stayed crying like a baby with the spoon stuck up my blazing bottom.