Rebecca Shaw

Sat Sep 30, 2006 14:52195.93.21.101

My name is Rebecca Shaw; I am 29 years old and work as teaching assistant at

Thorpewood Junior School. I am single and share a house with another woman and

to the outside world seem like quite a boring respectable young woman who has

not yet found the man of her life.

In fact some aspects of my life are far from boring and border on the surreal

to the unbelievable. In some ways I have found the “man” of my live, not to

consider marrying but he treats me in the most delightful way bringing out my

secret need to be spanked very hard in the most shameful ways possible.

I first met him when I went out with his son when I was in my teens and he

walked in and caught us fooling around. I actually had my knickers round my

knees getting a very playful spanking and to say he was amused is an

understatement. The relationship with his son didn’t last long and I met him

again 4 years ago purely by accident when he visited my school to pick his

grandson up.

He recognised me instantly and said quite openly how I was in a much more

dignified position since the last time and quite casually asked if still liked

to have my bottom smacked. Several parents and children could clearly hear and

amid a few giggles and gasps I could feel myself blush as red as a tomato as

he helped his grandson on with his coat while telling him how his uncle Peter

had smacked my bare bottom all that time ago.

The following day Paul, his grandson gave me a note from him which said if I

did indeed like having my bottom smacked to give him a ring and he would be

delighted to do it for me. After constant dreams or nightmare a few months

later I did build up the courage and made contact.

He now lives about a hundred miles away and I go and visit him 5 or 6 times a

year usually for the weekend but at least once a year for a full week. During

that time I am radically transformed from my real age of 29 to a naughty

little girl of probably less than 9 and the whole think is made very public.

My physical appearance helps in my new role, as due to a rare medical

condition I never developed fully during puberty. The most obvious signs are

that I never grew any pubic hair what so ever and my breasts are exceptionally

small for my build. I am 5’6’’, not fat but not exactly skinny either and

despite having a rather chubby round bottom my lack of boobs is constant

source of embarrassment for me.

It was the summer and I had just arrived at “Uncle John’s”, the long drive was

tiring and yet again I was full of fear and dread of the upcoming events, even

though I had been looking forward to it tremendously part of me hated the way

I was made to behave. With a last deep breath and mental goodbye to the real

me I knocked on the door.

“Hi Miss Shaw”, beamed the smiling face of Paul, I stood in complete shock not

knowing what to do or say as the grinning 13 year old politely asked me

inside. I heard other muttering voices, which must have belonged to other boys

around Paul’s age as he told me that, his Granddad was out and would be back

soon and he had put my things in my room.

Without being able to speak to him I almost ran upstairs to “my room”, it was

just an ordinary small bedroom but laid out on the bed were far from ordinary

clothes for a 29 year old woman. I stood by the window staring out aimlessly,

my situation was quite widely known in the remote village due mainly to the

big mouth of Uncle John’s cleaning lady. Also due to the fact I had received a

number of very public spankings all greeted with amusement and encouragement

form the locals.

It was not fair to say I didn’t mind people knowing but the fact I was a long

way from home did make me feel quite safe to enjoy my humiliation if enjoy is

the right word. However it was obvious from the smug look on Paul’s face that

he must know the reason for me being in his Granddad’s house. I tried to

convince myself it was only a coincidence and reluctantly began undressing

hoping that the boys would go as soon as Uncle John returned.

Once naked I shivered with the absurdity of what I was doing and thought to

myself why hadn’t I just got back in the car instead of willingly

participating in my degrading torment. I picked up the white socks from the

bed and pulled them over my ankles and tugged them tight up just below my

knees followed by the plain white cotton knickers, which snapped tight against

my bum cheeks when I let go of the waistband.

As usual there was no bra although I normally did wear a slightly padded bra

in normal circumstances now everyone would soon be in no doubt just how

juvenile I did look. I picked up the dress only to drop it instantly when I

realised what it was! The sarcastic bastard had only got hold of a genuine

Thorpewood Junior School uniform dress complete with the school badge.

Despite my anger and outrage did feel a slight acknowledgement to him for

knowing how to increase my shame beyond anything I could ever had imagined.

With trembling hands I slipped the dress over my head and down past my hips

where it abruptly stopped, hardly concealing my knickers. I looked in the

mirror at the blue and white checked dress with a silly white collar and the

school badge almost smiling at my ridiculous appearance.

Some patent black shoes completed the outfit and I reached back to fasten my

hair into a ponytail. I couldn’t take my eyes away from my refection; my bare

thighs seemed to go on forever from the top of the socks up to the hem of the

dress. I gave the dress a tug to try and magically make it longer, I had often

thought it looked short on some of the older pupils and now I had squeezed

myself into one and I looked quite obscene.

I had paced up and down the small room a hundred times, on several occasions

stopping in my tracks determined to put my own clothes back on and tell Uncle

john where to stick is silly games. Deep down though I knew this was what I

wanted and the anticipation was driving me crazy.

“Rebecca, come down here at once young lady” it was the unmistakeable voice of

Uncle John. My heart missed a beat and I held my breath as I gingerly opened

the door, I could hear the boys voices, removing my last hope that they would

have gone by now. I was met at the bottom of the stairs with a look of

satisfaction on his face “well it almost fits” he smiled as he led me in the

lounge to meet all the boys.

They were 4 in total all from my class 2 years ago, Paul, Martin, Graham and

Tony, each had the widest smile imaginable as they were told not to think of

me as Miss Shaw any more but instead I was now a very naughty little girl who

needed her bottom soundly smacking as often as possible.

“Isn’t that right Rebecca” asked Uncle John and in barely a whisper I replied

“Yes Sir”. A firm smack across my bottom brought stifled giggles from the boys

as I was told to stop slouching and holding the hem of my dress and to stand

up straight and tell the boys exactly what I was. Reluctantly I put my hands

by my sides and faced the boys “I am a very naughty girl and I do need my

bottom smacking hard”, I hesitated not knowing how to address the boys then

quietly added a collective “Sir”.

Uncle John had taken a seat on the edge of his favourite armchair and with a

pat of his lap I didn’t need to be told what was expected of me. I swallowed

hard and leaned forwards until my hips rested across his knees and my hands

were touching the floor. My legs were stretched out with just my tiptoes on

the floor behind me. I knew the dress had ridden up but he took hold of it and

rolled it half way up my back.

The atmosphere was incredible and in complete silence he began smacking me

across my tight white knickers. I had never known 4 boys be as quiet in my

life and despite not wanting too I was drawn to turn my head and see their

reaction. It was a mixture of surprise, disbelief and fascination as they all

starred intently on his hand slapping down on my bottom.

I began to make a few sounds and started to wriggle my hips slightly and just

dip my knees a touch as the smacks got harder and harder. Uncle John told the

boys to feel free to ask me any questions and he didn’t mind at all if they

wanted to have a good laugh at my expense as I was here for there amusement

and to show that certain adult women still behave like silly little girls.

All at once the boys seemed to giggle in unison and Paul asked “does it hurt

then Miss Shaw, Ohh I mean Rebecca” he corrected himself and before I had

chance to answer another boy Martin said “this is so much fun will we get to

slap her bum”. Uncle John laughed and said he would consider it, which made me

give a loud “Ohhh please you can’t”. The boys laughed loudly as he gave me 2

really hard smacks to each thigh “You know the rules Rebecca, it isn’t up to

you who is allowed to spank you is it”. I cringed in shame as I replied, “ “No

Sir, my bottom deserves to be spanked by anybody Sir. “Good girl” he said, and

then asked if the boys thought I deserved to have my knickers taken down.

A roar of agreement erupted from them amid gasps of excitement as Uncle John

reminded me to show them what a good girl I could be and ask him nicely to do

it. For some unknown reason I once again turned my head to face them and in my

best little girl voice “Please Uncle John can you pull my knickers down and

show Paul and his friends my bare bottom”.

I was making it plainly obvious that I loved every second of my embarrassing

ordeal and left the boys in no doubt I would do what ever I was told. A brief

halt in the slaps reigning down on my bum brought his fingers to the waistband

of my underwear.

With a firm slow tug he pulled them inside out and right down to my knees, my

legs were slightly apart and they stretched tight making me feel more exposed

than if he had taken them off altogether. “Hey, do you like showing your bum

then Becca” teased Paul, the other boys laughed and one added “she’s got a

nice arse, look how pink it is”.

Red is her favourite colour not pink laughed Uncle John and resumed his hard

smacks to my now very bare bottom. It was getting more difficult to stay in

position and I had to concentrate on every part of my body not just the

burning in my bum cheeks. My arms ached having to hold the weight of my upper

body and the backs of my legs were tight having to keep my legs straight.

I could hear the boys talk among themselves saying thinks like how fantastic

it was that I didn’t care who saw me like that and how great it was going to

be when they got a chance to smack me. I gasped in shock when I heard Paul say

how his Granddad had told him I might be kept completely naked most of the

time as well.

I was getting to the point where I couldn’t stay still any longer I began to

lift my bum up to meet the smacks. I was making more and more noise, lots of

little squeals and yells and ohhh’s and ahhh’s. If it weren’t for the knickers

round my knees I would have spread them wide open with each new stinging slap.

“Starting to get nice and warm now Rebecca, would you like the belt across you

fat backside now”. The boys laughed at his crude remarks and them even more

when I answered, “Yes please Sir”. I was let up from his knee and stood with

both hands rubbing my sore cheeks. Thank god the dress had fallen back in

place to cover my vagina from the boys view.

“So did you like that Becca” asked Paul, I looked him right in the eye and

replied “yes Sir” which brought a huge grin from him and his friends. “

Doesn’t she look silly with her knickers dangling round her knees” giggled

Graham to which Uncle John responded by saying “Well if you think she should

take them right off just tell her”.

“Hey Granddad can I take them off for her” asked Paul.

He was given a nod to confirm that he indeed could and as Uncle John walked

past me to fetch the belt he gave my rump a sharp smack telling me to put my

hands on my head like a good little girl and walk over to his Grandson. All

four of them were on the edge of the sofa as I shuffled across to stand in

front of Paul. Without any hesitation he reached out and slowly pulled my

crumpled knickers to my ankles and I dutifully stepped out of them.

“Wish we had known all about you when we were in your class Miss Shaw”, said

Tony “Yeah” added Paul “we could have done this to you every day couldn’t we”,

I meekly replied “Yes Sir you could”. Uncle John returned with the big leather

belt swishing it down on his hand a few times “This will make her dance boys”,

he smiled. Another hard smack to my bum followed his question of did I thank

Paul for taking my knickers off.

I quickly said “Thank you Sir for pulling my knickers down and right off”

which was met with more laughter from the boys when Graham continued, “So can

I take her dress off then”

I looked round at Uncle John knowing it was useless to say anything as he

looked over to Graham. “Off course you can young man, you will all have full

authority over what she wears this week. A few comments passed between the

boys about how I would be lucky to wear anything all this week. Graham stood

in front of me and I was even more humiliated to realise he and probably all

of them weren’t even as tall as me.

With a slightly nervous look he paused and I took my chance to add to my

already incredible shame. “Please Graham will you lift my dress right over my

head and right off so you can all see what a silly little girl I really am”.

“Oh that is a very good girl Rebecca” congratulated Uncle john. I gave an

involuntary shudder has his hands dragged the dress up over my waist up to my

neck then with an untidy finish down off my arms.

I put my hands back on my head and stood with my feet about a foot apart.

Graham sat back down and let my naked state be revealed to them all. Uncle

John was behind me squeezing my bum cheeks and the boys were openly laughing.

“Doesn’t this serve you right Rebecca, showing yourself off to boys who were

in your class”. “I gave a hesitant “Yes Sir” as a reply.

“She hasn’t even got proper tits,” laughed Martin “Yeah” joined in Paul and

her fanny looks like my 2-year-old sister’s. “No wonder she likes getting her

arse smacked I bet she can’t get a proper grown up boyfriend”. I was blushing

all the way down my body as Uncle john made me tell them they were right. “Yes

I need to be shown naked to everybody so they can see how I am not grown up”,

and “I want as many people as possible to see me get my bare bottom smacked.

With crude laughter ringing in my ears I was led to the armchair and knelt on

the seat cushion and rested my chest against the cool leather of the back.

Thankfully my knees were close together as Uncle John told me to push my

naughty bottom up as high as I could.

A few well-aimed swings of the belt soon had me howling and between my sobs

and yelps I began to plead with him how I would be a very good girl this week

for them all. He was relentless in his punishment of my poor bum cheeks and

kept saying to the boys that despite my appearance to the contrary I was

actually a 29-year-old woman who had a well-padded backside that could take a

good leathering.

I could hear between my crying their mocking comments of me. “What a stupid

cow wanting to be smacked like this”. “I bet he’s going to smack the skin off

her arse at this rate”. “Look at the marks of the belt on her bum”. I was now

openly and unashamedly crying my eyes out, looking for the entire world every

bit of a naughty little girl.

As a final conclusion to my bottom roasting Uncle John helped me further over

the back of the chair by putting each of my knees on the far apart arms of the

chair. My head hung over the back in shame with my bum cheeks spread wide open

and everything in between on full display. I couldn’t remain still and kept

trying to clench my bottom and move it from side to side to shake the sting

away. Uncle John ran his hands all over me and then to my utter dismay invited

the boys over to “feel her hot naughty bottom”.

I had no idea who was doing what to me as the boys gathered round, I could

feel more than one pair of hands on my bottom at a time mauling me roughly and

laughing. They were amazed how hot it felt and then one of them pulled my

cheeks as wide apart as

cut off!