Rebecca Shaw

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 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!