**Red-faced on the Red-eye Pt. 03 - Spanked Red**

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Red-Faced Part 3: Spanked Red

Sara's ENF vacation with Rosie continues

This story is the third installment my "Red-Faced" story (following Red-Faced on the Red-Eye Part 1 and Red-Faced Part 2: Sunburn) and would best be enjoyed after reading those first. These stories follow wannabe exhibitionist Sara on her Caribbean vacation, which she and her friend Rosie planned as a way to explore their ENF (Embarrassed Nude Female) and public-nudity fantasies. In Part 1, Sara got an unplanned head start on her naked antics during her overnight red-eye flight from Ireland, courtesy of Anna, a very seductive and dominating flight attendant. Part 2 saw Sara and her friend Rosie meet up and head out to their hotel's clothing-optional beach for their first foray into public nudity, only to run into Anna, who was kind enough to take some time off work so she should could offer some very "hands on" guidance to make sure their "nay-kay vay-cay" is as thrilling as they hoped -- and more…

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Sara was mortified that Rosie had caught her playing with herself as she watched her buxom friend masturbate, but Rosie's offer to rehabilitate her straightness by hitting the beach to "catch some dick" could not drive Sara's erotic fascination with Anna from her mind.

Still, when the athletic, naked Latina grabbed Sara by the wrist and forcefully yanked her up from the bed, the horny Irish girl felt strangely compelled to obey.

The girls decided to leave all their gear in their room because they didn't want to risk leaving anything on the beach while they were gone, and after a few deep breaths, they nervously ventured out towards the surf with nothing but their room keys on their wrists.

The water felt amazing coursing over their nude bodies, the constant back and forth flow of the waves across their bare skin constantly reminding them that they had nothing on. They stalled a bit on the pretense of getting used to the water until Sara eventually suggested they start making their way towards a regular beach in the dare that had both agreed to when they were first planning the trip.

Skeptical of Anna's advice from earlier in the day, Rosie insisted that they head south, but barely 100 yards down the beach, they spied the rocks Anna had warned them about and they started making their way north toward the red-roofed Jardín de Flores, where Anna had told them was the farthest they should go if they wanted to avoid a run it with the police.

Along the way, both girls enjoyed the thrill of swimming amid throngs of beachgoers who were all oblivious that they were both nude beneath the waterline. Rosie seemed particularly interested in chatting up cute guys while secretly naked, approaching them even in much shallower water than Sara dared venture, crouching down to keep the waterline at her shoulders. And more than once -- to Sara's delight -- a big wave would catch Rosie totally off guard, first pulling the waterline down to bare her boobs before she could react, and then totally dousing her in front of the guys she was trying to impress.

"Stop laughing, you freaky bitch," Rosie said the umpteenth time she had retreated to deeper waters rejoin Sara after being humiliated by a rogue wave. "I'm not the one having big, slutty lesbian orgasms in the middle of the beach!"

"Okay, okay! Don't be mean," said Sara, first embarrassed, but then strangely aroused by the accusation. "We're here now anyway," she said, pointing to the red roof. "Those guys are going to get to see a lot more than your boobs if they stick around."

"So... are you really ready to do this?" asked Rosie, as if hoping for permission to back out.

"You're asking the 'freaky bitch' who lets women lick frozen margaritas off her pussy in public?" Sara retorted with a new confidence born from accepting the erotic humiliations she had already endured, then she grabbed Rosie's hand and started walking towards the beach.

"Damn girl! Lemme take a breath," said Rosie, digging into the sand to try and slow her friend down -- but to no avail.

"This is what we came here for, Rosie. If we chicken out, we might as well go home."

Hand-in-hand, the two nude girls ventured up towards the public beach in a long, nerve-wracking walk, with each wave first exposing them more than the last and then splashing against their backs like a bucket of cold water. Soon they were totally exposed and naked with the surf dancing around their ankles, and they looked out at a crowded beach filled with people -- tourists and locals -- none of them so much as topless.

True to Anna's advice, though, there were no kids to be seen, which was a relief to both girls, and made them feel somewhat more comfortable as they strode naked up the beach. Rosie showed her adorably broad, toothy grin and giggled nervously as she reveled in her first experience being naked in broad daylight in front of so many people. And even Sara, who had imagined that she would be totally inoculated from any sense of shame after her humiliating morning of orgasms on the beach, also blushed at the subtle embarrassment of being seen naked by hundreds of people who were only in bathing suits, but still all clothed nonetheless.

Both girls reveled in the euphoria of their exposure, glancing around in delight at the people gawking at their naked bodies in amazement. They saw many judgmental looks, of course, and heard several whistles and catcalls, just as they had expected -- but what they weren't entirely prepared for was the sound of a police whistle.

They looked around frantically and spotted a uniformed man approaching them down the beach from the street, blowing on his whistle and waving his arms. As if emboldened by the official intervention, many people around them began shouting at them in Spanish. The tone was all derisive, but the only word Sara could interpret was "Nudista!"

"Public nudity is illegal here," said the policeman when he reached them, grabbing them both sternly by their arms. "Signs are posted. You are breaking the law."

"We're sorry, we got confused!" said Sara in a panic, covering her bare pussy with the hands.

"I thought Anna said there wouldn't be cops here!" said Rosie as she cupped her ample boobs in a hand bra and brought one leg up to try and hide her trimmed bush.

"Where are your clothes?" the policeman said glancing around. "Did you leave your clothes somewhere on the beach?"

"No -- we... uh, we don't have any clothes..." Sara said, instantly regretting it.

The policeman just shook his head in disgust and started hauling them up the beach.

"Oh my god, Rosie, can't you explain or something?" said Sara. "I mean, you speak Spanish, don't you?"

"My grandma speaks Spanish, you racist bitch!" snapped Rosie. "And explain what, anyway? We're buck-naked on a public beach. He's kinda got us."

When they reached the road at the edge of the beach, the officer pulled out two pairs of handcuffs and started cuffing their hands behind their backs.

"Holy shit, he's serious," said Rosie, now regretting she hadn't at least tried her Spanglish on him.

"You are both under arrest for public indecency."

"Lo sentimos mucho! So Sorry!" offered Rosie frantically. "Prometemos nunca más!"

"Silencio!" the officer responded. "Estas bajo arresto."

He took then both by the arm and started pulling the two naked, frightened girls up a street leading away from the beach. Past the short block of beachfront shops, the street opened up onto a wide square filled with locals and tourists milling around and sitting at outdoor cafes. The reaction of the locals to the pair of "nudistas" being arrested was even more scornful than the reaction on the beach. Derisive cries of "puta!" "mujerzuela!"and "furcia!" rang out at them from throughout the plaza.

"What are they saying?" asked Sara, wincing just at their tone.

"They're basically calling us whores," said Rosie, turning away from one old woman shouting "puta!" only to face another yelling "furcia!"

With their hands cuffed behind their backs, there was nothing either of them could do to hide their nudity. They could only bow their heads in shame as they felt the hot blush of their humiliation burn every inch of their bare skin as they were paraded naked through the crowded square.

"Why did we even do this?" whined Rosie. "This one was your idea, wasn't it, you freak!"

"I'm sorry!" Sara whimpered.

As the two naked girls were hauled past the old colonial church on the square, locals gasped and crossed themselves and the tourists turned their cameras from the architecture to the exhibitionists, more than doubling the entourage they had already accumulated of vacationing lads following them with their phones taking videos.

"I can't believe this is happening!" wailed Sara, turning away as a guy got up in her face with his phone after taking a long, close-up shot of her shaved pussy. "Go away!"

"Jesus, if anyone I know sees this shit on the web, I will cut you, bitch!" snapped Rosie "Oh jeez, forgive me Jesus! I know this is sending me to Hell!" she said as they passed an ancient woman in a chapel veil clutching her chest like she was having a heart attack.

After their excruciating trek through the public square, the two naked, handcuffed girls were actually relieved to finally be hustled into the back seat of a decrepit police car and whisked away from the shouting, picture-snapping crowds. Their relief quickly turned to concern, however, when they began to consider what might face them when they arrived at the police station with no passports and no identification -- not to mention no clothes.

But their concern started building into genuine fear when it appeared that they were being driven away from the center of town where a police station might be, and into an area of small hotels and cottages.

"Wait... where is he taking us?" whispered Sara ominously.

"Hey! A dónde vamos?" said Rosie, kicking the back of the front seat. "Hey! I'm talking to you! Where are we going?"

The officer answered with only a dismissive wave of his hand as turned up a side road going up a hill. When he parked in front of a modest, isolated bungalow and opened the back-seat door, Rosie put up her legs to kick him if he tried to pull them out of the car.

"Don't get out, Sara," she said, then she shouted at the policeman waiting outside the car. "Esto mal! No estamos entrando!"

The officer stood back and started laughing and Sara heard the door to the bungalow open. Then she nudged her combative friend with an exasperated sigh.

"Don't worry, Rosie," she said. "We've been played."

Rosie turned and saw Anna standing in the open doorway with that oh-so-smug grin of hers.

"You fucking bitch!" Rosie shouted as she heaved herself out of the car. "You scared the hell out of us! What the fuck were we supposed to think, being driven out here to some rape shack when we're buck naked and handcuffed?!?"

Anna and the policeman were both laughing now as the two naked, handcuffed girls got out and stomped over to the doorway where Anna stood, wearing the same white swimsuit and robe as earlier. Rosie got right up in her face -- or rather slightly below it, since tall, leggy flight attendant was now wearing heels and the shorter Latina was barefoot. But that didn't stop Rosie from bumping chests with Anna even though her hands were cuffed behind her back.

"You think this was funny?" Rosie said, getting up on her toes to bring her nose up to Anna's chin. "You get these cuffs off me and we'll see how funny it is!"

The sparky performance made even Sara suppress a giggle, and as the policeman advanced to unlock their cuffs, Anna comically waved him off.

"Wait a second, Carlos!" she said stepping back from the pissed-off Latina. "Are you trying to get me killed?" Then she pulled an envelope from her robe pocket and held it out to the officer. "Here you go, Carlos -- one roundtrip flight voucher to Madrid. Now about those cuffs... How about you just leave the keys with me and I get them back to you later?"

"Okay, Anna, no problem," he said, exchanging the keys for the envelope and getting back in his car. "Pleasure doing business," he said as he drove off.

"Oh, the pleasure is all mine," whispered Anna to the two young girls standing naked and handcuffed in front of her bungalow, as she slowly stepped backwards through the doorway, dangling the keys with a wicked grin to entice them reluctantly across the threshold.

"I cannot believe you did this!" Rosie growled as Anna shut the door behind them.

"Oh, I can," sighed Sara, with a world-weariness born of being the subject of this diabolical domme's games for -- what? Not even 24 hours yet? "So, everything you told us -- all that 'friendly advice' -- was just a ploy to get us here in your hotel room naked and handcuffed just like this, wasn't it?"

"Well, that," Anna shrugged, "and to keep you from actually getting arrested for public indecency by a policeman who I did not go to considerable trouble to ensure he wouldn't actually take you in," she said. "After all, as I told you, public nudity really is illegal on the public beaches here."

"Oh..." said Sara, suddenly chastened by Anna's logic. "I—I hadn't thought about it like that," she said, glancing over at a suddenly much calmer Rosie.

"Well then, aren't you glad that I did?" asked Anna, putting her hands on her hips and tapping her foot at her two naked, humbled houseguests.

"Y-yes ma'am," said Sara meekly.

"Mmm?" Anna said to Rosie, bending lower to catch the pouty Latina's eye.

"Yesss!" hissed Rosie, pointedly refusing to add Sara's submissive "ma'am."

"Good, it's nice to feel appreciated," said Anna smugly, placing a fingertip on each of their chests right between their breasts and pushing them backwards until they both bumped against the wall. "But I think I deserve to feel some gratitude, too..." she said, slowly trailing her fingertips up the girls' chests to tip both of their chins upwards. "How about a nice 'thank you, ma'am' from both of you?"

"Whoa," said Rosie, pushing forward from the wall, "you want us to thank you for getting us arrested on a public beach, then paraded naked though that crowded square and totally humiliated, and then dropped off here at your little love shack in handcuffs so you can toy with us like this?"

"Yes, actually," said Anna sternly, pressing Rosie back against the wall with a hand over the Latina's flushed chest. "Because I'm pretty certain that both of you actually quite enjoyed it," she said, pulling her hand away from Rosie's reddened chest and waving it theatrically like she was singed.

Sara immediately bowed her head and crossed her legs in acknowledgement, but Rosie did her best to act defiant.

"Fat chance," she said. "I don't get off on any of this kinky 'whips-and-handcuffs' shit."

"Okay then... a wager," said Anna, running a finger slowly down each girl's chest. "If you're not turned on right now," she said, her fingertips gliding down both girls' chests between their breasts, "then I'll unlock the cuffs and send you both back to the Coral Cay right now with long t-shirts and cab fare and you'll never see me again." Anna's fingertips inched slowly down their stomachs... "But, if I discover that you two shameless little exhibitionists actually did get all wet from being paraded bare-assed and handcuffed through that public square, and from standing here in front of me feeling so naked and helpless, knowing that I'm the only one who can let you out of those cuffs..." Her fingers neared what would have been their panty lines -- and kept going -- and then she locked eyes with Rosie, daring her to move. "Then you will both humbly thank me for the experience, and those cuffs will stay on until I decide to let you go."

With that, Anna plunged her fingers into both girls, deep enough to make Sara moan and Rosie curse. She stirred them both up until they were panting and bucking their hips on her fingers as she teased their clits with her thumbs. Then, as if further proof was needed, Anna held up her moist, slippery fingers for them both to see, nodding a prompt to the two horny, naked, handcuffed girls.

Sara looked over at Rosie, who curled her lip and bowed her head in humiliated defeat.

"Thank you, ma'am," they said in unison.

"Well," said Anna with supreme self-satisfaction, "I can't say this is the first time I've had a couple of attractive young girls thank me for bringing them to my cabana naked and handcuffed, but this is certainly the most satisfying."

Anna then turned around and reached back to slide her middle fingers into each of the girls' pussies, expertly finding their g-spots and then pulling them both behind her down the short hallway into her bedroom.

The sliding doors of the closet were all floor-to-ceiling mirrors, reaching across one entire wall of the bedroom so when Anna took them around the corner, the two girls were confronted by the life-sized image of themselves naked and handcuffed, on either side of a beautiful, fully dressed woman, who was leading them both around by their pussies. The shocking sight made them both suddenly go pale -- then quickly red.

"Oh, my fucking god..." muttered Rosie as the humiliation of her predicament sank in to an even deeper level.

"Ohhh, mmy..." whispered Sara as Anna locked eyes with her in the reflection and stirred the horny Irish girl with her finger. Even without the added teasing, and Anna's mesmerizing eyes, the vision of herself and Rosie both so completely naked and helpless at this woman's mercy was more than enough to make Sara swoon.

After taking a moment to enjoy the erotic tableau, Anna turned the three of them around to face away from the mirrors, pivoting around the stunned and sullen Latina and swinging Sara around them both by pulling hard against her g-spot, making the poor girl nearly stumble.

The smugly dominant woman slipped her fingers out of the girls' extremely wet pussies and stepped back, theatrically licking their juices.

"Now, would either of you ever have imagined before you left home that on the very first day of this sexy little vacation of yours, you'd end up naked together in the bedroom of a certified lesbian?" Anna said, not even trying to suppress her wicked giggle. "And in handcuffs, no less!"

"Never in a fucking million years," sneered Rosie. "I'm stone-cold straight, bitch!"

"Well, so was my naked little sextoy here before she met me, isn't that right, sweetie?"

Sara, beyond humiliation, could only manage to bow her head and nod.

"But you can never say that again, can you?" said Anna with a devilish grin, tipping up Sara's chin to meet her eyes.

"N-no... I... no ma'am," Sara whispered, for the first time fully accepting that this was true.

"So, who knows what the future holds?" said Anna with a wink at Rosie as she admired the two helpless, naked girls -- both looking excruciatingly uncomfortable, but for entirely different reasons.

"And what does 'straight' really mean, anyway?" Anna mused. "Just that you haven't had a woman make you cum yet? I mean, every 'straight' girl has at least made out with another girl before, right? Surely, you've done that before, haven't you, Rosie?"

"The fuck I'd tell you if I did!"

"That's a yes," said Anna, with a wink at Sara, who couldn't help but return her grin.

Then Anna locked eyes with Rosie with a sudden, seductive seriousness, stepping ever-so-slowly towards the naked, handcuffed Latina.

"Have you ever touched another girl's naked body before?" she asked, drawing closer. "Have you ever had a woman touch yours?" she said as her hands lightly stroked Rosie's bare breasts.

"Please..." said Rosie, her breath shortening. "Please don't..." She backed up until she bumped against the mirror, the cold glass on her naked skin making her jump.

"Don't what?" said Anna, caressing more of the girl's fit, tanned body. "Don't touch you in ways you might enjoy?"

"Just... please don't..." said Rosie, squirming back against the glass. "I... I just can't..."

"What? You can't enjoy the sensual touch of a woman? Can't allow yourself to feel aroused by the tender attentions of a lesbian?" Anna's hand glided between Rosie's legs, making the girl whimper and bite her lip. "Well I beg to differ, young lady... You are quite clearly enjoying this -- you're actually dripping, you horny little 'straight' girl."

"Please no... I really—ooh... Oh my god..." whispered Rosie as Anna really went to work on her pussy, her breath turning to pants and her whimpers melting into moans.

"Just relax and enjoy it, sweetie -- and know that this pleasure you're feeling is a gift from another woman," said Anna as the girl's hips started bucking and grinding against her fingers."

Then Rosie let out an agonized groan as she arched her back, her body quaking with the most intense orgasm she'd ever experienced.

She slumped forward, sweating and quivering head to toe, revealing that her heat had even fogged the mirror behind her. Anna supported her tenderly as Rosie caught her breath, and for a moment the girl seemed to nuzzle her seductress's neck as the aftershocks rippled through her naked body. But eventually she recovered herself and recoiled from the lesbian embrace.

"Goddammit, you fucking bitch!" she said as Anna stepped back, licking her fingers with a wicked grin. "I'm totally straight, okay? That doesn't change anything!"

"Well... let's see how you feel about that after you've recalled that climax on a few lonely nights, and you start thinking about how you might experience it again," Anna said with a wink. "You just might find yourself curiously cruising lesbian bars for a hook-up -- or at least fantasizing about it, which is a good first step."

The flustered Latina started to dish out a comeback, but she lost her words under Anna's piercing gaze.

"But of course, our main order of business today is about YOU, young lady," Anna said, turning her attention to Sara, who had been staring raptly at the two buxom ladies.

The naked Irish girl was suddenly mortified to realize that she had been aggressively rubbing her thighs together as she watched her friend squirm naked at the end of Anna's fingertips, and she wanted to fall through the floor when she saw Rosie recognize exactly how much -- and why -- she was turned on.

But when she saw Anna approaching her like lioness stalking her prey, Sara froze like a gazelle, eyes wide.

"Wh—what?" she said meekly. "What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember, sweetie?" asked Anna, relishing the girl's naked angst as she closed in and ran her fingers down her neck to swirl around her erect nipple. "You need to be punished..."

The ominous declaration made Sara gasp and take a step back.

"But... what did I—"

"You moved when I was teasing you on the beach," interrupted Anna, with a growing smirk. "I told you not to, and you disobeyed me. Sooo, you need to be punished."

Anna again slid a finger into Sara's pussy to pull her forwards, leading her around to face her naked friend.

Rosie flashed her a "what the fuck have you gotten us into!" glare that made Sara wither and look away, but suddenly both of their attention snapped to Anna as she dangled the handcuff key.

"Oh, thank god!" said Rosie. "Please let me go. This kinky shit is just between you and Sara, right?"

Now it was Sara's turn to shoot a WTF look, but Anna just laughed and grabbed Sara's own cuffed wrists.

"Silly girl, this is for your obedient little friend, not for you," she said, sneaking a finger between Sara's butt cheeks to goose her rosebud, making the girl jump. "Besides you still have a role to play in this, sweetie."

Anna unlocked one of Sara's wrists and moved her hands in front of her, leaving the open cuff to dangle from the other like an outsized charm bracelet. Then her finger slid down into the girl's slippery folds and began stirring her up as she looked over the girl's shoulder, her eyes flitting from Sara in the reflection to Rosie in front of them.

"Now, Sara... my naked little sextoy... this is a test for you," Anna said in loud, husky whisper. "You're more than halfway to freedom -- you can make a break for it now, grab my robe on the chair by the door, and run to the hotel office to plead your case, or maybe try your luck flagging down a passing car... And of course, alert the authorities to my nefarious designs and have a SWAT team barge in here to rescue your friend before I even get a change to have more fun with her," she added with a wink at Rosie.

"Or..." she said, working Sara's pussy and locking the girl's eyes in the mirror with her captivating gaze, "you can choose to do the opposite... You can choose to stay. You can decide that you'd rather stay here and remain my naked sextoy for the night, and discover what new pleasures it can bring you. You can decide that you really should stay and take your punishment — that you actually deserve it, and so, perhaps, you might even WANT it..."

"No, Sara... go!" whispered Rosie with a pleading look, but the buxom Latina's words were lost in a loud moan from her friend as Anna plunged another finger deep inside.

"You can choose to surrender yourself to a woman who can make you do things — naughty, sexy, embarrassing things — that you could never even imagine doing on your own," Anna said, breathing the words into Sara's neck while giving Rosie another sly wink. "You can decide that this is what you really want. You can decide to lock that open cuff around your wrist, knowing that you're choosing to remain bound, and completely at my mercy, until you've done everything I want and I decide to release you."

Anna reached around with her other hand to jingle the dangling cuff while she held Sara's reflected eyes in her dominating gaze -- all while Rosie anxiously shook her head at her quivering, submissive friend who now held both of their fates in her hands.

"So what is it that you really want, my naked little sextoy?..." Anna asked as her fingers drifted from the cuff to Sara's swollen clit. "Freedom?... Or surrender?"

As the naked Irish girl's breath quickened, she managed to break away from Anna's gaze in the mirror and glance at Rosie. Her friend's eyes were wide with genuine fear because she saw already in Sara's eyes the decision that the trembling girl wasn't yet aware she had made.

Then a hot blush bloomed across Sara's naked skin as her heart started pounding so hard it throbbed in her ears. Rosie shook her head pleadingly, but Sara could only whisper "sorry..." before she bowed her head, nearly weeping with shame, and placed the open cuff around her wrist, squeezing it closed with a terrifying click.

"Goddammit, Sara! You pathetic, horny little slut!" snarled Rosie, rolling her eyes and stamping her bare foot.

"Oh, don't be so hard on her," said Anna. "At least she's honest with herself."

"Fuck you!"

"Or you, depending on how the night turns out," Anna said to Rosie as she hooked a finger around the handcuff chain and pulled Sara behind her like a pet.

She led the naked Irish girl around to the other side of the bed and turned her to face her reflection -- and her furious friend. But then, after making her squirm a bit by pinching her nipples and goosing her rosebud again, Anna wrapped Sara in a surprisingly tender embrace from behind.

"I'm so proud of you sweetie," she whispered in that husky voice that felt so intimate but was loud enough for Rosie to hear. "It's not easy to admit what you really want -- especially when what you want is to be the naked, bound sextoy of a very demanding and dominant lesbian." Her hands roamed softly over Sara's nude body as she gently kissed the girl's neck, and Sara sighed deeply as she drifted into a rose-tinted fantasy of tender sapphic lovemaking -- or at least what the innocent Catholic girl imagined it might be like.

But Sara was yanked back to reality by a sharp smack on her bare ass and a shove forward onto the bed.

"Okay, up on the bed, young lady," said Anna. "On your hands and knees. Time for your punishment."

Totally flustered, Sara complied immediately, like a well-trained dog obeying her owner's command, her heart racing in anticipation of what might come next. Next was another hard, stinging smack on her ass, and another push between her shoulder blades.

"Down on your elbows," ordered Anna. "Arch your back -- get that cute little butt up in the air!" she said with another smack.

Sara then realized that these weren't just playful smacks, but that her "punishment" was going to be an actual spanking, and her mind reeled as she recalled the rare but unforgettable paddlings she endured growing up in Catholic school. A lightning bolt of fear and submission crackled through Sara's body with Anna's next smack, and she obediently arched her back like a cat in heat. Reliving the humiliation of being paddled in front of her school friends -- and the devastating shame of the arousal it stirred -- Sara buried her face in her hands and nearly cried.

But Anna was having none of that. She grabbed Sara's mousey hair and pulled her head back so that she had to face herself in the mirror in that humiliating position -- and see Rosie staring at her predicament in disbelief. Sara could hardly recognize the prostrated figure as herself -- completely naked, hunched low with her shoulders nearly pressed to the bedsheets, her back arched severely at her slim waist so that her hips and the cleft of her bare ass rose to form a heart shape behind her head. It was like something she'd see on a porn site -- it looked incredibly erotic, and it felt intensely humiliating.

"Now that you've made it so very clear that you want to be my naked sextoy, sweetie, you have to admit that you've been naughty and deserve to be punished," said Anna, keeping a painful grip on Sara's hair with one hand and smacking her bare butt again with the other.

"I—ouch! I'm naughty and I need to be punished!" responded Sara immediately, eager to appease her domineering seductress.

"Are you sure, sweetie?" Anna prodded, landing another smack. "How were your naughty?"

"Aah! Um, I—I moved! I moved when you told me not to!"

"You were disobedient," Anna clarified with another smack. "You're a naughty, disobedient little slut, aren't you?"

"YES! Yes, I was disobedient!" squealed Sara. "I'm a naughty, disobedient little slut and I'm so sorry!"

"And how does a disobedient little slut need to be punished?" Anna punctuated her question with a particularly hard smack, as a hint at the correct answer.

"I... I need to be spanked," Sara answered, quite reluctantly, so many painfully humiliating memories flooding her mind. It was all made just that much more unbearable when she glanced over at Rosie to see her friend watching in slack-jawed shock and fascination.

"Good girl," said Anna, this time not smacking Sara's butt with her open hand, but rather gently teasing the sensitized skin with her fingertips. The expert domme had been alternating her whacks between the girl's butt cheeks, so now both were evenly red and equally aflame. The soft touch felt like a kiss on a well-slapped face, and it made Sara sigh and momentarily let down her guard.

"Well I'm not going to spank you... Rosie is," said Anna, stepping around the bed towards the stunned (and surprisingly flushed) Latina.

"The fuck I will," said Rosie, but Anna just smirked and twirled the handcuff key on her finger.

"Don't you want to get out of those bracelets, sweetie?" she asked, again slipping her finger into Rosie's pussy to lead her to the other side of the bed, where her friend waited in that oh-so erotically humbling "head-down, ass-up" position.

Rosie winced with a mixture of unwelcome pleasure and humiliating frustration, but she followed obediently as Anna positioned her directly behind Sara's upturned butt, and unlocked one cuff to free her right hand, and cuffing the other to Sara's left ankle.

"That's just to make sure you don't try and make a dash for it before you've finished teaching her a lesson," said Anna, squeezing Rosie's butt and stepping back.

The two girls looked at themselves in the mirror and each blushed flaming red. Sara was prostrated nude with her ass high in the air, offering it up to her college friend standing naked behind her. The scene stuck both of them as unsettlingly but undeniably erotic, but above all, deeply humiliating.

"Okay, you hot-blooded Latin lovely," said Anna, positioning herself behind Rosie. "I think our naughty, horny little friend deserves at least a couple of dozen smacks for all that she's done. Don't you agree?"

"Um, okay," Rosie answered awkwardly. "I mean, you're the expert, right?"

"Oh, don't be coy," said Anna, patting both of their bar butts. "It's not like you don't have reason to give her a few good smacks on that cute little ass of hers."

"I—what do you mean?"

"Oh, just give it a try. Give her a good, hard whack on that lily-white ass and see how it feels."

Rosie did as she was told, landing a hand so hard it made Sara yelp and glare up at her friend in the mirror.

"Give her another -- harder this time."

The athletic Latina put her body into the next one and left a bright red handprint on her friend's upturned ass.

"Ow, Rosie! What the hell?" shouted Sara over shoulder.

"Shut up you little slut!" said Anna, with a harsh voice Sara had never heard before. "You're the whole reason you're both in this position, after all." She nodded at Rosie, who issued another solid whack. "You're the horny little slut who tempted me to meddle in your vacation in the first place. You're the one who got Rosie arrested and paraded naked through a crowded town square," she said with another curt nod.

"Right past a church!" added Rosie as she gave another smack that made Sara yelp.

"That's right," said Anna with exaggerated agreement -- and another nod at her naked disciplinarian, who was now looking down at her prone friend with an increasingly resentful look.

"If it weren't for you stripping naked on my plane like an exhibitionist whore, neither one of you would even be here right now. It's because of you that I was able to have my way with you -- both of you," Anna said as she ran her fingers down Rosie's bare back, making the raven-haired girl shudder -- for a number of reasons. Then she turned her eyes to Rosie. "Don't you feel sort of entitled to give your so-called friend a good spanking for all this? For all she's put you through? For this position she's put you both in?"

"When you put it that way, I think she DOES deserve a good spanking!" said Rosie, giving her friend several hard smacks.

"Rosie!" Sara cried. "That really hurts!"

"Quiet you slut!" snapped Rosie, landing her hand so hard that the skinny Irish girl had to brace herself to keep from tumbling forward. "She's right -- this is all your fault. That ridiculous display on the beach in front of all the other guests, getting arrested and paraded around naked like that, getting fucking abducted by a goddamn lesbian dominatrix, that bitch getting her fingers up in me -- it's all your fault!" she said, punctuating each item on the list with a hard smack on her whimpering friend's bare butt.

"And don't forget your first lesbian orgasm," said Anna helpfully, looking on with a proud and wicked grin.

"You shut up too, you fucking bitch!" said Rosie taking out her frustration on Sara's reddened as with several quick swats.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" pleaded Sara, in tears from the pain but not daring to break from her prone position. "I didn't mean for this to happen, Rosie! I didn't mean to get you caught up in it!"

"But it happened, didn't it? And here I am, stark naked in some lesbian bitch's cabana spanking your slutty ass!" Rosie countered, accompanied by more swats.

"Okay, okay! It's all my fault and I deserve a spanking for it," said Sara, sniffling. "But didn't Anna say like two dozen? This must have been way more than that by now!"

"Oh, you weren't counting. Sweetie?" said Anna, with a wink at Rosie. "Well then we're going to have to start over and do this properly so Rosie can get her handcuffs off."

"No!" protested Sara. "My butt is on fire!"

Anna nodded again at Rosie, who delivered another yelp-inducing whack, now seeming to quite enjoy the feeling of power over her troublesome friend -- even forgetting for the moment that she was still following Anna's directions.

"Now, sweetie, your lovely friend here is going to give you those 24 smacks -- hard ones -- and you are going to count each one out loud so we know how many you've gotten," said Anna, running her finger up Sara's dripping slit. "Do you understand me, my little slut?"

"Y-yes ma'am..." said Sara humbly, feeling totally and utterly dominated.

"And like a good little subbie, you're going to thank your dear friend Rosie for each one of your well-deserved spankings. But you won't dare speak her name while she's punishing you for what you did to her. Instead, you will say 'thank you ma'am,' just like you would to me. Do you understand me, my little slut?"

"Yes ma'am," said Sara, wincing with humiliation at the thought of saying that to her friend. She glanced up at Rosie and was shocked to see a wicked grin on her face -- one remarkably similar to the one she'd see so often from Anna. The quiveringly submissive girl looked away immediately and buried her face in her hands.

But Anna snatched her head up by the hair again and forced to look straight into the mirror -- at herself naked and prostrated with her ass in the air, at her friend Rosie standing over her with that wicked smile eager to spank her, and Anna smugly presiding over it all.

"Oh no, my little slut," Anna said. "You are going to look her in the eye for every smack, every count, and every gracious 'thank you.' Break eye contact and we start all over again, is that clear?"

"Yes ma'am," said Sara, at the same time that Rosie said "Crystal!" and delivered the first official smack of her spanking -- and it was indeed a hard one.

"Ow! One! Thank you, ma'am," said Sara, her face burning red as she watched Rosie revel in her humiliation.

SMACK!

"Ouch! Two! Thank you, ma'am!"

SMACK!

"Three! Thank you, ma'am!"

SMACK...

And so it went -- painfully slowly -- with Sara sinking deeper into humiliation and submission with every stinging smack, and each humbling testament of gratitude.

"Ow! Twenty-four! Th-thank you, ma'am!" said Sara through hot tears, accepting Rosie's smug grin as the natural order, having given up on any hope of keeping even the thinnest shred of dignity in her friend's eyes.

Rosie looked down at her handiwork -- Sara's bright red cheeks standing out against her otherwise lily-white skin -- then she laid her hand, gently this time, on her friend's bare butt, feeling the heat. After so many spankings, even this light touch made Sara flinch, but the girl submissively held her position, waiting for permission before she dared move. Even her eyes, red with tears, remained obediently locked on Rosie's, looking up at her friend with a mixture of fear, apology and total surrender. And the sight stirred something in the tall, athletic Latina -- it didn't quite turn her on, but it did feel... right.

"Admit it," said Anna. "You enjoyed that didn't you."

"Yes," said Rosie, too surprised to deny it, "I guess I did..."

"And how about you, our horny little slut?" she said, smacking Sara's reddened ass.

"Ow! Of course not! It hurt like hell!" the prostrated girl whimpered -- still without breaking her submissive pose.

"Well there are some things you can't hide, sweetie," said Anna, sliding two fingers into Sara's sopping wet slit and showing the thick coating of juice she retrieved. "Trust me, while you were crying, you were dripping out the other end too. It seems that you get turned on by being punished when you know you've been naughty -- just like a good girl should."

Sara pressed her face into the sheets as another wave of hot shame broke over her, then a smack on her sore ass from Anna made her yelp and lift her head back up to face the mirror like a good girl.

"So hey, a deal's a deal, right? Can I get out of here, now?" said Rosie, jangling the cuff attaching her to Sara's ankle. "I'll leave you two to your... whatever. But I gotta go."

"Oh, won't you at least stay for dinner?" said Anna, running her fingers down the naked Latina's shackled arm. "I feel like I owe you at least that. And of course, you more that welcome to stay for... whatever..."

"No fucking thank you. Unlike you two lezzies, I have a date with some dick tonight!"

"Oh congratulations," said Anna. "So you talked to Juan about meeting him at the Mango Cantina down the road from the Coral Cay bungalows? He's not allowed to date the guests, but you'll be able to sneak him into your room from there."

"Yeah," said Rosie, feeling oddly shy. "Um, thanks for the intel."

"Okay fair enough. I'd hate to stand in the way of Juan's happiness. He's such a sweet boy," said Anna, unlocking the cuff around Sara's ankle. But she left the cuff on Rosie's wrist as she walked over to desk and picked up the phone, dialing the front desk. "Yes, it's Anna, could you call my usual taxi to send around to my cottage? Thanks, and please send up some room service -- let's see... some guac and chips, a double platter of those sizzling shrimp skewers, and an order of your wonderful strawberry and chocolate fondue. Just for two tonight -- sadly," she said with a wink at Rosie.

"Um, forgetting something?" said Rosie, jangling the cuff still dangling from her wrist.

Anna just winked and stepped away, cocking her head to indicate that the naked Latina should follow to the short hallway leading to the front room. Sara started to get up to follow as well, but as soon as the bedsprings squeaked Anna snapped at her without even turning around.

"Stay right where you are my sweet little sextoy. The big girls are going to have a talk," she said over her shoulder. "And keep staring at yourself in that mirror, thinking about what a horny lesbian slut you've become."

"God you're so mean!" whispered Rosie with a giggle.

"Oh she's loving it," said Anna. "That's the difference between girls like you and her."

"What do you mean?" said Rosie.

"For one thing, it's obvious you like to be in charge, because you get so frustrated and flustered when you're not. You were so spicy and defiant throughout this whole escapade, while horny little Sara sextoy over there looked like she was just eager to get her next command."

"Well yeah, we do have very different personalities, I'll say that," said Rosie, glancing over her shoulder at her friend, who was still obediently prostrated on the bed.

"And very compatible ones. You know, you can really have some fun with that on this trip," said Anna with a suggestive smile, nodding toward the bedroom and the silently waiting Sara.

"Wait, no, I told you I'm straight—"

"Oh, pish posh," said Anna, rolling her eyes. "You don't have to sit on her face to enjoy being able to boss your friend around -- especially one who's caused you as much bother as she has."

Rosie opened her mouth to say something, but then stopped herself, glancing over at Sara with a stern look.

"You did enjoy spanking her," prodded Anna. "And you know damn well that she'd bend over if you ever told her she deserved another one -- like if she didn't do as she's told..."

"So... you mean, like, make her be my servant?"

"Well that goes without saying. But you can also have some fun making her do other things."

"Like what?" said Rosie, her skeptical tone returning.

"Like... say, how about making her streak through that big square all by herself while you sip wine at a café and watch? Seems like that's the least she deserves for getting you dragged through there naked in handcuffs."

"Damn, you really are mean," said Rosie, warming to the idea.

"Well, like I said, I think you'd both have fun with it -- even if Sara likes to whimper and protest and pretend that she's not totally getting off on it."

"Hmm," said Rosie, "I can certainly see the possibilities..."

"Oh, they're endless, sweetie! The Coral Cay has a dance party every night on the beach patio by the bar that's technically clothing optional, but everybody comes dressed because it can get chilly. So you can take Sara there naked and she'll be the only one nude -- and you can even make her act like she's drunk and dance on the tables. Wouldn't that be hilarious?"

"Okay, okay," laughed Rosie, "I'm sold."

"Great. Then let's set to tone before you go," said Anna, unlocking Rosie's cuff. "When she comes over, you tell her to get down on her knees."

Before Rosie could react, Anna snapped her fingers and called Sara from the bedroom like a dog. When the naked Irish girl scampered over and stood meekly in front of them, Anna gave her buxom friend a prodding look.

"Oh, um, Sara, get down on your knees," said Rosie, trying to sound as stern as possible.

Stunned by her friend's tone, Sara slowly melted to her knees, looking up at Rosie and feeling a strange new rush of humiliation -- and arousal -- at the reality of their changed relationship.

"Eyes down," snapped Rosie, growing into her role. She exchanged a wink with Anna as Sara's eyes immediately dropped to the floor.

"So, my naked little sextoy," said Anna, tapping her foot in Sara's humble field of view. "As we discussed earlier, you've caused your friend here considerable trouble since you two met up this morning. So, we've decided that you owe her a bit of atonement -- wouldn't you agree, sweetie?"

"Y-yes, ma'am..." said Sara in a quivering voice, her mind swimming with speculation as to what that "atonement" might entail.

"So from now on, when you're with her, you will do whatever Rosie tells you to. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And if you ever disobey her, disrespect her, or displease her in any way, she has the absolute right to punish you in any way she chooses -- including spanking -- anytime, anywhere she sees fit. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Sara, her new level of humiliation now mixing with fear -- and prompting even deeper arousal.

"And you agree that you deserve this -- for all the trouble you've caused her because of your own shameless, wanton, slutty desires?"

"Yes ma'am," said Sara, almost weeping. "I'm so sorry, Rosie."

"You'll call her 'Miss Rose' from now on, you little slut," snapped Anna. "And you should apologize to her face," she said, using the toe of her shoe to tip Sara's chin up to face her tall, athletic friend towering over her.

"I'm sorry for all the trouble I've caused you... M-Miss Rose," she said, her voice cracking.

Rosie wanted to say something comforting when she saw her friend looking up at her so humbly, offering such a groveling apology, but the words "Miss Rose" struck her mute, and filled her with a distracting thrill.

"Now tell Miss Rose that you want to atone," said Anna, "and promise to be a good girl for her and do everything you're told."

"I-I want to atone for all the trouble... Miss Rose," said Sara, hardly able to believe she was actually saying this to her college friend. "I promise... I promise I'll be a good girl for you... and do everything you tell me to."

The two girl's eyes were locked in a trance of mutual disbelief and fascination -- Rosie at Sara's total and abject submission, and Sara at the wicked, toothy smile that was unconsciously spreading across her friend's face.

"Now ask Miss Rose to help you learn to be a good girl by punishing you whenever you disrespect or displease her."

Sara nearly choked on the words, but Rosie's smugly expectant grin compelled her to say them. "Please help me learn to be a good girl, Miss Rose, and punish me if I ever disrespect or displease you," she said in a quivering voice, feeling like she was sinking into the floor at her friend's feet.

Suddenly, the beep of a car horn announced that Rosie's ride was there, and snapped the two girls out of their trance.

"Up!" commanded Anna, nudging Sara with her foot. "Let's see Miss Rose off so we can get on with our 'whatever.' And Rosie, before you go, there's something I should mention about Juan," Anna said as she walked them to the front room by the door.

"Oh Jeez, please don't tell me he's gay!"

"Not hardly! But I do hear that he is awfully shy -- and painfully Catholic -- so you're really going to have to take the lead with him. You know, tell him what you want him to do so that he doesn't feel the need to ask permission."

"I think I can handle that," said Rosie with a knowing confidence.

"You were born for it," said Anna. "I can tell these things. Well, sorry you won't stay, Rosie, but I'm happy for Juan -- and for Sara," she said as she threw open the door and stepped out onto the porch, pulling Sara along behind her by the cuffs.

"Wait. What, like this?" Rosie said, suddenly clasping on a hand-bra and crossing her legs. "You're not going to give me anything to wear home?"

"Oh, that was only the bargain if you weren't totally wet from being paraded around naked, remember? Besides, Frida knows me," Anna said. "And this definitely won't be the first time she's picked up a naked girl from my bungalow."

At Anna's coaxing, Rosie joined them on the porch, and Sara recognized the driver immediately as the one who picked her up at the airport.

"Aaah, it's Pinky!" the driver said with a big laugh. "I knew you were a puta! Ha!"

"No, Frida, these are both very nice girls," Anna said. "Tourists, just here for some sexy, naked fun, right sweetie?" she said, hooking Sara's cuffs with her finger and lifting up her hands to wave. "But this hot little chili pepper is all worn out and needs to get back to the Coral Cay," said Anna, patting Rosie of the ass and tossing Frida a fold of bills. "She's in a bungalow. Take her around to that side where she just run naked down the path from the road."

"You got it. Hop in little pepper," Frida said. "I'll get you home."

Once Rosie was gone, and Anna wordlessly led Sara back inside so they were alone in her bedroom, the intimacy and erotic tension skyrocketed for the naked, handcuffed girl. She suddenly felt transported back to those intense moments on the plane when she felt nothing else but how stripped bare and vulnerable she was for this dominating woman -- and how much it turned her on.

"So, my naked little sextoy..." said Anna, stepping back to admire her prize as Sara stood naked and helpless, almost quivering with anticipation. "Are you ready to learn what that word really means?"