Roommates

Well at last it was all coming together, my parents had decided to fund my College ventures with enough money so that I could move out of my Uncles and be on my own, that is on my own with the help of a roommate, Linda already had an apartment near the campus a nice two bedroom one that seemed perfect. A few money matters and all seemed set.

Unc. was great about it, said I could return any time, and has let me continue access to his computer.

After about a week several things were dawning on me # 1 was that on your own the money somehow goes faster than you expect, eating out is an expensive convenience and that if you pick a roomie do it carefully. ( I hadn’t)

Linda is one of the nicest and most sincere people that I know and she is also a slob, she tries to be neater but I suspect that there is a gene that makes sloppiness a trait and Science will soon be exposing it, shortly after my execution for murdering my roomie. ( I must confess that I am a neat freak, which of course compounds an already exaggerated situation.)

At first we talked, then discussed, then argued, then fought about what was becoming a real problem to our CO-existence, it was important to both of us that it work out , I needed a place to stay and she needed the income that I provided to afford the apartment.

We made lists of chores and duties but that didn’t work, everything couldn’t be anticipated and there were always excuses. It was a real frustration and beginning to intrude on our friendship and ability to concentrate on school something had to be done.

Then I remembered the fiction story I had written Fred and the neighbors about two sisters that were having similar problems, I decided to print out a copy, remove any references to me as the author and tucked it into her books at school, I’d let her wonder where it came from, and see what would happen.

For a few days she didn’t seem to notice it, I observed it still stuck in one of her books, and then on the third day it wasn’t in the book anymore, had she read it? Did she throw it away? I couldn’t be sure. We had a few more fights and arguments, and then one evening while peace was reigning she said to me “Daria are you happy with the way things are going?” “No” I responded “I wasn’t”, “Why do you ask” I inquired innocently?

“Daria I have an idea, I know that it sounds silly, but I want you to hear it out before you comment OK?” “OK” I said almost too eagerly.

“We need to get some structure into our living arrangements” ( this from a girl that couldn’t schedule a one car race) “I think that we need to set rules and have them enforced with discipline if necessary.” “Gee Linda” I said with my sweetest look “what kind of discipline did you have in mind?”

“Well here, I think that this is what we need,” she said, “read this” thrusting MY story at me, “read this and tell me what you think OK? I’m going to do the dishes while you read that.” My God I thought She’s going to do the dishes? I wonder what the temperature in Hell is today?

I pretended to read my own story, and then went into the kitchen and said gee Linda “are you sure? I mean these girls in this story actually choose to get spankings are you kidding me? This might just work, but well what do you think?” Linda then began presenting the selling points of the idea as if it were her own original thought, which of course to her it was.

We would set down some rules and assignments that each of us were to follow and if we had any disagreements we would try and work them out, but if agreement was not possible in a short time frame or the discussion was becoming difficult we would turn the matter over to an independent arbitrator for a decision and corrective action as that person saw fit.

But where to find such a person that would be willing ? I didn’t know of any candidates other than my Uncle, and I sure wasn’t about to suggest him I had gotten all the spankings from him that I needed for a while, and besides how could I involve him while I was in the middle of my big search for independence?

Linda suggested her boy friend, yea right.. I’m sure he would be fair and objective a few side favors ( you know what I mean) from Linda and I would have all the chores and a red bottom as a regular fixture of my anatomy. No thanks on that suggestion.

So who to choose, and how in the world do you bring something like this up to an otherwise unsuspecting person that can be trusted to keep it quiet and do the necessary duties with out taking advantage?

“How about Kevin next door” Linda suggested, “Kevin that book worm are you kidding? he looks like he would faint at the thought” I retorted. She went on “He seems nice enough,” (agreed) “and the type that can keep things confidential” ( I agreed) “and has a squeaky clean reputation” (agreed) “so what’s the problem?” ( none I had to admit)

We felt that one of us should talk to Kevin and sound him out about the possibilities, Linda lost the coin flip and the next day she was to pay our victim a visit.

She reported back that evening, “He’ll do it...” Linda “I said you were only supposed to feel him out not set up an agreement with him, what did you say to him?” “Nothing silly don’t worry he’s coming down to night and we’ll settle the details” sounded to me like more than nothing was said, but what did it matter, soon if the plan went right my dizzy rommie was going to have a real incentive to get her act together. ( as for me being a neat freak, I hardly expected that this whole thing would be a ripple on my ocean of tranquillity. Ignorance is truly bliss.

Linda to my surprise had given Kevin the copy of Fred and the neighbors, and that night it was evident that he had read it with care and decided to add a few thoughts of his own. The structure was to be the same as the story ( it was a strange feeling to write a piece of fiction, then find yourself living it and being the only one to know)

Kevin decided that for the next six weeks he was to be in charge, we had to agree to that time frame to get his agreement, which we did and if after six weeks we wanted out, so be it, but it was understood that what ever Kevin said was to be law.

Kevin laid down the rules about keeping the apartment clean, chores etc. at least I thought to my self we get to pick out our own clothes in the morning gee, isn’t that great, I had more freedom with my Uncle. Then Kevin lowered a bombshell he said that he was going to review all of our school work and exam scores and that any unsatisfactory grades would result in punishment, and me with the hardest course schedule that I could pick this semester to get some of the more difficult out of the way. But we had agreed that he was in charge.

Three days later I came home and Linda was in the kitchen sniffling, seems that she had taken a pop quiz that day and gotten a D for her efforts, she had gone by Kevin’s to talk about something else, the test score had come up and right then and there he had given her a spanking, my knees started knocking I had a C- test in my bag and I knee that he would be little more pleased with that, should I tell him? I guessed I should, one of his conditions was that if we ever lied, kept anything of substance from him or tried to avoid a spanking we would earn a whipping on the bare bottom with a fearsome strap that he had shown us that night. we referred to it as the death penalty, with nervous giggles, and knew that he was serious.

I knew I had to tell him, the only choice was did I go to his place then and discover my fate, or wait and worry until he showed up? I was thinking about my limited choices when a knock on the door resolved the problem for me, Linda answered the door, letting Kevin in, “Oh hi Kevin” I said , “Hi Daria,” just doing a quick housekeeping inspection he said as he walked through the apartment, a after a short look around he said “very nice girls keep up the good work,” and started to leave,

I knew then that I better speak up or risk the strap, “Kevin, I have something to show you,” “Yes Daria what is it?” he inquired as I fumbled for my test, holding it out for him I waited until he took it from my hand, (God I felt like I was ten years old again) “I’ll do better, it’s really not a big deal , not much of a test hardly counts” I said, Only then daring to look at his face for the first time.

His face didn’t have a smile and the first words out of his mouth were, “looks like you are about to get the same as Linda, Daria please close the front drapes,” “Yes sir” I muttered in a state of shock, as I walked wooden legged over and closed the drapes, I knew that if I was closing the drapes in the living room that I would be spanked there and Linda was going to be allowed to watch, which didn’t make things any better.

He pulled out a dining room chair sat down on it and patted his knee for me to come over, as I approached he said “Daria I want you to take down your shorts,” I stopped in front of him and lowered my jogging shorts to my knees and lay across his lap.

I got a short lecture about the importance of grades and related topics, and then Kevin began the spanking, What had I called him a few days ago? a book worm that was it, well this was one book worm that could spank, I knew now why Linda had still been sniffling when I came in an hour after her spanking.

Linda stood in the kitchen and with her left hand, was rubbing her bottom as she watched my spanking, Kevin was administering a through bottom warming no doubt to set the tone for future discipline to come, I was sure at that point I would never if at all possible put myself at risk of getting the strap on my bare bottom.

My mind flashed to several spankings in my past, and I was hard pressed to remember a harder hand spanking ever. The first five swats were bearable, the next several started a sting that seemed to spread all over my bottom at once. He held me in place with almost no force almost daring me to try and move, I knew better I wanted no part of that strap.

I dug my toes into the floor as best as I could with no carpet, and grabbed on to the lower rung of the chair, I felt my back arching and bottom rising as if to meet each swat, and then I lowered myself back onto his lap, He has a unique way of spanking each swat seemed to glance forward off my bottom cheeks as soon as it hit, the result was to my mind a more stingy feeling.

By now the twentieth spank I was crying freely and not in the least trying to hold back, then between spanks my knickers were being removed and the spanking resumed before I could even protest through my tears, and If I thought it stung before, I was ready to reevaluate my opinion, I was one contrite girl when he let me up sobbing, I was allowed to pull up my shorts and hop off to my bedroom, a bit later Linda came in and offered comfort after Kevin had left.

We were determined to stay out of trouble and for the next few days all I did was study and clean, clean and study, when a speck of dust landed on an area of my responsibility I attacked with a vengeance as if that spot was personally trying to get me spanked again.

Linda wasn’t as aggressive in her tasks, and I returned one afternoon just as she was being lectured by Kevin for not taking out the trash every day, he was especially steamed as he had warned her about this very thing a few days earlier. He proceeded with the lecture as if I weren’t there and Linda was too worried about what was happening to acknowledge my entry, so I watched as the drama unfolded, just as I had to do, Linda was instructed to close the drapes. She was ordered to the back of the couch in the living room, and told to take down her jeans and bend over the couch and place her hands on the seat of the couch, which she did.

Kevin then warning her not to move, went to his brief case and took out a ping pong paddle, walked back to Linda and placing the paddle on the sofa seat where she could see it proceeded to lower her knickers all the way to her knees. Then picking up the paddle, he stood to her side and gave her few pats with it, before proceeding with the real punishment.

>From a different point of view I got to observe his style, he used the glancing blow method that I had experienced a few days earlier, though thank goodness only with his hand.

With the first swat Linda almost went across the sofa, Kevin pulled her back into place as I watched the redness start to come out after just one swat of the paddle, The paddling continued with Kevin holding her in place, she squealed with each descent of the paddle, raising one leg and then the other, after a few of these she was tripping on her jeans and knickers and trying to stand up.

The spanking was stopped for a few seconds and Linda was ordered to step out of her jeans etc. which she did and then naked from the waist down was placed back across the couch to finish her paddling.

By now I would guess that she hand gotten about twenty swats with the paddle and her butt was as red as I think one can get. Seeing a successful completion to his work and a lesson clearly learned Kevin let her up, she scampered to her room.

Kevin turned to me and said “I’d like you to hang this on the wall in the kitchen for you girls when I need it.” “I’m not hanging that Damn thing up” I said, regretting my comment as soon as the words were out of my mouth.

“Really you’re not hanging it up is that right Daria? Come here NOW,” “I’ll hang it up, I’ll hang it up,” I said far too late.

Kevin took me by the left arm turned me to the side and said drop those shorts and bend over and place your hands on your knees, What could I do? I did as I was told and was lucky to only get five swats with that paddle.

The paddle now occupies a place of honor on our kitchen wall, mocking us when ever we look at it, I just hope it stays there in near mint condition and doesn’t get worn out.

Roommates # 2

As roommates Linda and I had settled into the routine of college, studying etc. Not to mention keeping an orderly apartment as Kevin our appointed watch dog was zealous in his new duties and augmented with our permission to administer punishment as he deemed necessary to ensure that Linda and I got our chores done and each did our share.

This, as history had recently shown us was going to be the only way that it was going to work out, and as neither of us could afford to go our separate ways at that time it was critical that a solution be found. The solution was a ping pong paddle hanging in our kitchen that Kevin used when ever he felt that the rules were being bent.

We may not have liked the spankings we got, but had to admit that the problem was under control, our living together was going smoothly and the idea of my moving out seemed distant. With each spanking one of us received we resolved that we would do better and that would be the last one. ( should the word deluded fit some where in here I wonder?)

Two weeks to the day after Linda’s last spanking and the five swats I had gotten with the paddle for not agreeing to hang it in the kitchen fast enough, I came home to find a orange slip hanging on the door knob, taking it off I walked in the apartment and put it on the counter, thinking no more about it, I went on about my business, I never saw that slip again as when Linda came home it was her turn to clean the kitchen and we think at that point the slip hit the garbage.

One week later , I got to the apartment and was shocked to see a padlock on our door and a large eviction notice taped to the center of the door, I raced to the managers office to demand an explanation. The Asst. manager an old bat that filled in, in her husbands absence said in a nasty tone, “well missy that’s just too bad your rent check bounced and you two ignored our warning notice last week so you’re out and we’ll get some responsible tenants.”

“Oh hell” I thought that’s what that orange slip had been, soon Linda was back and we put the pieces together, I had given her my half of the rent in cash and she had not got the deposit in on time and the check had bounced, when she got the notice from the bank she had assumed that the apt. management would simply re-deposit the check.

We seemed to be out of luck, as we stood outside the apartment wondering how on a Friday evening we could get the money to bring our account current and at least get our things back, I couldn’t even call my Uncle, he was out of town. Kevin was entering his apartment we saw him and scrambled over to him for advice as he listened to our tail of woe it was difficult to determine if he was amused or annoyed, maybe both.

We finished up telling him about our difficulties sitting on his sofa and by now at least he was smiling, some of the time. He said “wait here and I’ll see what I can do,” and he left us sitting in his apartment worrying about our belongings and where were going to stay. About forty five minutes later he returned and said “come on I have the keys to let you into your place.” We scampered after him happy to be able to retrieve at least enough of our stuff to get us through the next few days, as we began gathering our stuff Kevin asked “what the hell are you two doing now?” “We’re getting our stuff together what does it look like to you?” shot back Linda in an exasperated voice “is that OK with you?”

With that Kevin went to the door, closed it and while walking to the kitchen said, “maybe you unbelievably irresponsible girls don’t realize what I’ve done for you,” at this point he had reached the kitchen and taken down the ping pong paddle from it’s hook where I had placed it two weeks ago. Turning back to us and heading for Linda he went on, “I talked to the manager and explained what corrective steps I was prepared to take if he allowed you to stay, and he has agreed.”

“And now Linda for your smart mouth you will get a warm up for tonight’s main activities,” and with that Linda was taken by the arm and led to one of the stools by the counter, Kevin guided the surprised Linda to the seat and bent her over, she complied without comment, It was her bad luck to be wearing a running suit that was in short order pulled down and with that, Kevin delivered ten swats of the paddle as hard as I have ever seen it done to the seat of her knickers, with the first swat she squealed and almost lost her balance, a warning from Kevin kept her in place, the second was a loud crack that sent shivers down my spine. Splat and another squeal, Linda was definitely getting a paddling that was as we called them a real stinger. The fourth was a loud WHAP and then another WHAP by now Linda was crying and just trying to maintain her position.

With the tenth swat Kevin stood back and Linda sensing it was over slowly pulled herself off the stool and looking at me began rubbing her bottom and raising one leg slightly then the other as she does sometimes after a spanking to try and lessen the sting.

“Now that you’re overly clever mouth is quiet Linda, maybe the two of you will listen for a few seconds,” Linda was still sniffling but I was all ears. “I managed to get your eviction canceled by personally guaranteeing you future behavior and adherence to the rules of the complex, but at a price. In one hour, at 7:00 I will be back with Mr. Dels the manager at which time I will be giving you both a punishment you won’t soon forget and that satisfies Mr. Dels that you will be no more problem.”

“Kevin I asked, do you mean that you are bringing Mr. Dels here to watch us get spanked?” I asked in horror at the thought? “Yes Daria” he said “and if I hear one comment about it from you, you will get the same as Linda just got, NOW have you got anything you want to say?” I nodded my head no, I didn’t have a word to say. ( Not a total fool ). “Fine then put the paddle back on the wall for now, Daria,” he said handing me the paddle I took it by the business end and wasn’t sure if I imagined it or not but it seemed warm to the touch , and did as I was told.

After he left, Linda and I went to her room and as she pulled down her knickers it was clear that her short paddling had been most effective. We talked about the upcoming event and agreed that if we just held the thought that it would soon be over and we would be able to stay in our apartment we could get through the experience.

Just as he said, at 7:00 the door bell rang and when I opened it Mr. Dels came in with Kevin, I noticed that the old lecher had trouble hiding a smile at his pleasure, I couldn’t help blushing and at that moment I was as embarrassed as I have ever been.

Mr. Dels went over and to add insult to injury sat in my favorite reading chair. The nice and soft white chair with the wide arms that I liked to curl up in and read before going to bed, was going to be his vantage point for my spanking, I was almost indignant at the thought.

Kevin summoned us to stand in front of him and making short work of his lecture, sent Linda to get a chair and me the paddle off the wall in the kitchen. With the chair in place by the counter and directly in front of the very pleased Mr. Dels and separated by only eight or nine feet, I was told by Kevin to come to his side and drop my shorts and step out of them. Doing as I was told, I dropped my shorts which fell to my ankles, I stepped out of one leg and with the other softly kicked them to my right and away from us.

Kevin announced that since Mr. Dels had decided to waive the usual late charges of $50. we could each pay him back dollar for swat, with 25 swats a piece. and so our punishment was decided.

Kevin pulled me closer to him and as I was standing to his right, with my legs against his right leg he reached over and put his hands on both of my hips and my knickers and pulled them down taking care that they descended evenly on both sides until they were midway between my bottom cheeks and knees, with that accomplished he took my left hand and guided me across his lap while placing his other hand on my back and moved me into place.

I wiggled and tried to get settled in, as he pushed me forward forcing my bottom up in the air, higher than usual. His left arm pulled up the back of my over sized T-shirt and slid it to the middle of my back, he then placed his arm on my bare back and his hand on my side, just below my breast and secured me on his lap.

And with that the paddling commenced, I tried my best to maintain my dignity as best as I could with Mr. Dels in attendance and clearly enjoying the floor show to no end. But it was to no avail, I was soon kicking and crying like I was ten years old again.

With each swat of the paddle, Kevin was lecturing me on the responsibilities of paying our rent and being good tenants, I tried keeping my legs together and strained to squeeze them as tight as I could, but soon I was thrashing my legs and I knew, exposing my self to Mr. Dels wide eyed looks.

I tried to put my hand on my fanny to protect it, but Kevin simply took my wrist in his left hand and stopped that attempt. I grabbed the chair leg and hung on through the rest of the paddling.

The last five swats of the paddle, were delivered with an extra vigor causing me to squeal loudly with each of the final slaps on my bottom. I was let up and crying I tried to pull up my clothing and regain my composure, while giving Mr. Dels as small a view as possible. I moved backward and standing by the kitchen counter I finally got my shorts back up.

Then it was Linda’s turn, she went over Kevin’s knee just as I had done and I noticed that her bottom was still red from her earlier spanking, Oh wow was she in for it I thought.

He treated her the same as me, and soon she was crying and trying to get through her spanking, I watched as the paddle popped off her tail and her bottom shook with each descent of the paddle, I was surprised at how well she was able to maintain her position, she never tried to cover herself up like I had, and the kicking of her legs was minimal

She did rock slightly from side to side as the Paddling went past ten swats and was yelping softly in a small crying voice.

With each pop of the paddle the skin would appear white and then at once as the paddle pulled back a redness would appear, and soon her whole bottom was red and giving every appearance of getting even redder if that were possible.

I found myself, as I was standing there watching Linda’s paddling rubbing my bottom, through my thin shorts trying to get some of the sting out.

When the spankings were over, Mr. Dels was invited to leave by Kevin, which he quickly did, I noticed that his face was flushed red, almost as red as my bottom I imagined.

Kevin made me put the paddle back in it’s place on the kitchen wall, and told us both he would be back on Sunday to review our progress in some assignments from school, and we should expect him at 3:00 in the afternoon.

That night Linda and I compared our bottoms in the mirror to determine the extent of the damage, and as both of our fannies were quite red and clearly sore we were unable to declare a winner between the two of us.

As we applied lotion to each others bottoms later that night we kidded around that since Kevin had done the damage, he should have to apply the lotion. Well maybe next time.

ROOMMATES # 3

Several weeks passed since we forgot to pay the rent and Kevin had taken corrective action, as he referred to it, and things were back to normal and I assure you the rent was paid on time after that.

After the paddlings we had gotten, Linda and I talked about the events of the last few months and over the course of several days of our discussions we came to the mutual conclusion that we were both happier, less quarrelsome, and getting better grades than had been the case before, and that we were probably fortunate to have Kevin involved to put up with our silliness that emerged from time to time.

I should make clear that up to this point Kevin only Spanked us for serious offenses that deserved discipline, and while getting paddled was no fun, we both had to admit that in each case he was justified and we had no real complaint.

Almost as a natural extension of events, however soon Kevin was expanding his role beyond the scope originally agreed, we didn’t notice the change or object at first and when we finally realized the difference we simply accepted the new order of things.

Kevin began giving what he called preventive spankings, he said they were reminders for when he felt we were backsliding and before the situation got serious. Linda and I were of two minds on this new program on one hand it was annoying to say the least getting spanked more often, but the spankings were not as severe and we were able to resume a normal day after only a short 15 minute or so recovery period.

But it really didn’t matter all that much what we thought, we had given Kevin the authority and now that things were going well we weren’t about to stop what seemed to be working.

The first of these corrective spankings took place two weeks after the rent paddlings, and as luck would have it I was the first victim.

Kevin came over one afternoon for one of his surprise housekeeping inspections one afternoon, Linda was still at school, as he review the apartment he mentioned that there were a few dirty dishes in the sink, I responded in a curt tone, "well I’ll get to them when I get a chance is that OK with you?"

"No it’s not Daria," he said taking me by the arm and leading me to in front of the sink and taking the ping pong paddle from it’s place on the wall he ordered me to lower my jeans to my ankles, I did as I was told, he then stood behind me and lowered my knickers to my knees, and with that he took a position to my left and ordering me to place my hands on the counter edge he gave me five swats with the paddle very quickly.

I was then instructed to wash the dishes, with my knickers still around my knees and bottom stinging. Kevin stood behind me watching my progress with the dishes. When I was done I started to reach down and pull up my knickers, Oh no not yet said Kevin, and placing me firmly against the counter he gave me five more swats, before I was allowed to pull up my knickers and jeans.

Shortly after that incident Linda and I had invited Kevin over for dinner one night and as Linda was putting the finishing touches on dinner Kevin and I were talking in the living room about school and classes, he ask to see a report that I was to turn in the next day for a Western Civ. class, so I of course showed it to him, knowing that it wasn’t the best work I had ever done, but I had had a lot to do that week and well it would just have to do.

As Kevin review the paper I watched a frown spread across his face, and with a bit of relief I heard Linda announce that dinner was ready. As we ate and talked the subject of school came up and we all discussed how we were doing, Linda expected to get an A in one class and do almost as well in the rest, a stunning turn around from a few months ago, Kevin and I offered our congratulations as we all talked about the motivation that had spurred the improvements.

We freely talked about the spankings Kevin had given us and we were unanimous in agreeing that we had him to thank for our progress.

Then the topic turned to me and I had to report some what less satisfactory progress, there was not going to be an A in my immediate future and Maybe a B or two, but I piped up cheerfully, well that’s still pretty good improvement for me.

Kevin interrupted my rambling, Not nearly as much improvement as you are capable of, and if that sloppy paper you showed me earlier is any indication of the quality of your work I’m surprised that your even passing your classes. Not liking this turn in the conversation I ask, sullenly what’s wrong with it? Even though I knew the answer.

"The paper is sloppily written, the spelling errors are too numerous to count, and the grammar, How long did you spend on that paper an hour?," "No my smart mouth shot off, 45 minutes."

As soon as I said it I knew that I should have kept my mouth shut.

"Well I think we’ll have to take a little corrective action, Ms. Little, right after dinner, now what’s for dessert," He asked?

My stomach went to immediate knots and I sat quietly picking at my slice of apple pie. As Linda and I were clearing the table she hissed at me, "Daria keep your mouth shut and you’ll get in less trouble," "yea I know" I muttered, "I wonder how hard this one is going to be I said to her."

Linda and I went in to the living room as the dishwasher began it’s duties, as we both sat on the sofa Linda bless her heart tried to turn the conversation to lighter topic in a vain attempt to get Kevin side tracked and hopefully get him to forget about the corrective action he had mentioned or at the least, if he was in a good mood, maybe the spanking would be a minor one.

We chatted for a few minutes, then Kevin said, "before this evening progresses too much more we have a matter to get out of the way, isn’t that right Daria?" "Yes I guess we do I responded weakly."

"Daria he said, since your school work looked like that of a little girl, that’s how you will be punished, I want you to go to your room and put on your Bunny PJs , come back put here and I’ll see to your correction." ( I should point out here that my Bunny PJs were bought as a joke by Linda for my Birthday, after I had mentioned upon seeing some in a store that I had had a pair exactly like them as a child) They fit far too tight and were too snug across the bottom, but I suspected that my comfort was not all that important to Kevin at the moment. So I went to my room to do as I had been instructed.

With the bottoms of the pajamas pulled up as hard as I could they came up not quite to my waist and the tops reached down only to just above my belly button, leaving a wide expanse of me between the two uncovered, as I tried to adjust my apparel to some small standard of satisfaction, I was thinking to my self of how to thank Linda some fine day for this really thoughtful gift.

Soon still tugging and pulling, I made my appearance in the living room, as I entered both Linda and Kevin smiled at the presentation that stood before them. "That’s right go ahead and laugh" I said, "make fun.". "Easy Daria Kevin said no need to make this worse is there?" "No sir," I responded falling in to the little girl mode that the PJs inspired.

"Now then Daria, Please tell me how you were punished when you were ten and had misbehaved, and don’t leave anything out or try and minimize the punishment or I will, believe me, know and make the spanking a double," As I had little doubt that some how he would know if I tried to fib, I decided to be as honest as I could.

"For something bad I would be made to listen to a lecture, and then taken across my Dad’s knees, he would pull down my bottoms and lecture me some more and then would Spank me for fifteen or twenty swats, if I tried to escape or resist in any way he would add swats as he felt they were deserved, Then when the spanking was over I was made to stand in a corner for ten minutes or so."

"Hmm interesting," Kevin observed. "and tell me did you get the paddle or belt a switch or how was the spanking administered?" "Well sir I went on as meekly as I could, when I was ten, I was still usually spanked by hand."

"Then come here young lady," he said and I went to his side as he began a lecture of the importance of school work and my responsibilities, with that completed, he gently took my left hand and pulled me across his lap, and resumed the lecture, just as I described my spankings at ten years of age, with this completed he began the task of pulling down my bottoms.

As I mentioned before the bottoms were tight and he had to try and pull them down and he was taking care not to tear the material, for some reason I got into my head not to cooperate and pushed my self firmly onto his lap making his task harder, he quickly caught onto what I was doing and said Daria, lift your bottom up, this silliness is going to cost you extra, I quickly complied and soon my pj bottoms were at my knees.

He gave me a few light pats to zero in on his target no doubt, and then began administering the spanking.

The first three swats didn’t sting too much, but by the fourth a sting was starting to build, and as usual I was soon wiggling and whimpering with each swat as it landed on my tail.

I dug my toes into the carpet and determined to ride out the spanking with as little fuss as possible after all surely I could take an everyday hand spanking with no trouble. And to some extent I was right, even though it stung and I cried I was able to ride it out and maintain some semblance of dignity, as best one can under the circumstances.

As the fifteenth swat landed I was hopeful that that would signal the end, but it was not to be that quick and the last five had me kicking my feet and waving my arms in a frantic effort to help me get through the spanking, and then it was over.

He stood me up and as soon as I was standing, Kevin started pulling me towards a corner of the living room, where he placed me with instructions not to move or try or cover my self, and there I stood with my bottoms around my ankles and my red stinging bottom facing the living room.

After about five minutes, as I was expecting to be allowed to go to my room, the door bell rang, "Get that will you Linda?" Kevin instructed, "And don’t you move Daria" he ordered as I was bending over to pick up my bottoms, Not one inch do you move and get your nose back in the corner, your punishment isn’t over quite yet we still have the matter of resisting the removal of you bottoms.

"Oh swell, this is just great" I sniffled to my self, as I heard the door open.

"Why hello Brad," Linda said to our visitor, "maybe you can come back later?" "NO NO come on in Brad," offered Kevin, "what can we do for you?" "Well I came to see Daria he responded is she in? I was going to ask her out on our second date, we had a great time last week."

I thought I would pass out with embarrassment, about that time I heard Brad say "Huh?" and I knew that he had looked in my direction.

"Well Brad, Kevin said let me tell you, what we have here is a little girl that thinks it’s OK to turn in sloppy school work and then resist her punishment, and you’ve arrived just in time to see the final part of her punishment, If you’d like to watch please feel free to have a seat."

The next thing I was aware of was Kevin taking me by the left arm pulling me a foot from the wall and telling me to stand still and then I heard the paddle hit my bottom and then felt it, I yipped and then four more swats hit home, with the fifth I was on my toes leaning forward and going ouch ouch, Kevin then stopped and said "Daria Understand you are never to resist a spanking when I think it is necessary you have given up the right to question or resist my authority."

With that five more hard, Very hard swats of the paddle landed and I was once again up on my toes, this time crying freely.

"Do you Understand me young lady?? I didn’t hear you did you say anything," "yes sir I heard you," I croaked out between gasps for air and tears, "I understand, "Good he said now lets make sure," and with that the paddle began setting my tail on fire, I’m not sure how many swats I got in that series, I think it was about ten or so, but it felt like a hundred at that point. I was soon yipping again and lifting my feet as if I were running in place, though I knew better than to try and get away.

As soon as the paddling was over I leaned into the corner rubbing my bottom and crying forgetting about my audience and focusing on more immediate concerns.

I was then allowed to pull up my bottoms and go to my room and as I stumbled towards my exit I heard Brad say, "well I’ll be damned."

As I lay there on my bed and the sting subsiding I began to wonder what effect this was going to have on my new relationship with Brad. I was sure of one thing I was going to be embarrassed the next time I saw him.