**The School Project**

by Ellie Davenport

**The School Project. Part 1 Ellie Davenport**

I was home from college and getting something to eat when John stormed in from school. I could see he looked annoyed as he threw his bag down the hall, muttering under his breath he came into the kitchen and grabbed a coke from the fridge. He popped it open and gulped it down and before I had even time to ask what was wrong he went on his rant.

“Oh god.... I hate History so much.... not only do I have to do a stupid project.....but I have to do it with that idiot Mark....he has never got an A in his entire life”

I tried my best to reassure him even though I was his big sister we didn't really get on that well but since Dad left and Mum had to work loads of hours we had spent more time together. I tried to explain that the teacher would know who had done most of the work and she must know he was a straight A student and he should see it as a way to help Mark. He grumbled a little but seemed to get over it.

The following day I was late home and it was supposed to be his turn to make our tea. As I walked in I couldn't smell anything cooking, although I doubt him putting something frozen in the oven was classed as cooking. I went in to the lounge and saw him engrossed in school work with papers scattered all over the coffee table. He looked up and quickly apologised but said this History project was brilliant and he wanted to do as much as possible cos he knew Mark was lazy. I huffed in temper under my breath and went to get something ready. I served up some frozen potato shapes and baked beans which was hardly appetizing but was food. He looked up and turned his nose up then laughed.

“Hey you would have to do better than this if you lived in the days of my History project” he grinned

He went on to tell me about the Project, which was about domestic discipline in the household in the 1950's. He was eagerly telling me about how the teacher had suggested he picked a particular area and he had chosen; The punishment of Adult girls who still lived at home. I was surprised at such a topic and for no reason at all I felt myself blush a little. He finished the meal and put his plate on the floor and carried on writing. I shook my head to myself and realised I had to clear up as well and bent over to pick up the plate.

“Smack”.......A sharp slap on the back of my jeans right on my right bum cheek made me let out a shocked squeal.

“You would get spanked every day if I was in charge of you Ellie” he laughed. “You have got an arse that is asking to be smacked and you are a brat”.

I pulled a face at him which made him laugh more and walked into the kitchen. I had always thought my bum was my best feature, I guess some people would say “bubble butt” and always wore tight jeans and leggings to show it off. I had to smile to myself and thought even though he was my little brother it was kinda a compliment none the less. I stayed in the kitchen feeling a little embarrassed about what he had done and even rubbed the seat of me jeans feeling a slight sting at how hard he had slapped my bum. Soon he put his homework away and went up to his room to play on his Playstation as per normal.

When I went in I saw the folder still on the table. I picked it up and even though it wasn't exactly top secret I felt a little naughty reading it without his permission. I was fascinated and also quite impressed at the detail of his work, no wonder he gets A's all the time I thought. I was engrossed in an article he had found about a 23 year old girl who still got the strap from her Father as she was still living at home in Ireland in 1954. Suddenly he walked past me to get a drink and without thinking I quickly put closed the folder and pushed it back on the table, almost feeling a kid caught with their hand in the cookie jar.

“Hey.....what have a I told you about touching my stuff” he grabbed it then grinned, “Unless you want another smack”

I could feel my face red and could only say sorry but then went to explain how he might want to reference his sources for his research material. He looked confused and I told him what I had been taught in college about cataloguing his references to give the project more credibility and so on. He seemed pleased but then changed the subject and asked me how I thought it would be if I was living in a strict household like that. I was blushing even more and fidgeting in my seat and just tried to shrug off his questions with vague answers. He smiled and left me alone.

The next few days followed the same pattern and I became obsessed with his stupid project and at the same time he seemed to take on a whole new bossy persona. Mum was hardly home at the same time as us and he began giving more and more of his chores for me to do and reminding me to be lucky this wasn't the 1950's. He then almost made me gasp out loud as he said he had found an example where a younger brother had been left in charge of his older sister. I could feel myself shiver inside as he laughed that in fact the ages were identical to us. My 19 and his 15.

I waited until he went to his room and looked for the project. I couldn't find it anywhere and felt so frustrated. I made an excuse to take a biscuit and a drink up to his room and saw it laying on his bedside table. I sat on his bed and tried to make some conversation as he was glued to the Playstation. I contemplated just picking it up and reading it but then asked sort of politely and respectfully if he would like me to go through and see if I could help. He turned briefly and smiled as I knew I was blushing again before saying to me firmly No, he didn't want anyone thinking he had cheated by getting his big sister to help. I could feel myself pout like a 6 year old and glared at him as I huffed in temper and went sulking to my own room.

I was sat on my bed when Mum got back from work and she could tell something was wrong, as she put it I had a face as long as a race horse. She asked if we had been fighting and falling out like brothers and sisters do and she would have a word with him to do his fair share of the chores. I said nothing about the project but did wonder if he had showed it her. I then heard her go into John's room and come back out and told me he was fast asleep and as she said good night I had a plan.

I waited a few minutes until I heard Mum's light go off then crept slowly on to the landing. Stepping carefully not make the floor creak I pushed open his door. It was dark but I could see enough and sneaked in. I reached over and got the project and felt so pleased with myself but as I turned I got my foot caught in a cable and stumbled right onto the bed on top of him. He woke in shock and just as his mouth opened I managed to put my hands over it and whisper loudly that it was only me. His eyes were like saucers, even in the dark I could see him look totally bewildered. I tried to whisper the explanation while all the time I was laid on top of him feeling so embarrassed being caught out like this.

I sat up still holding the folder and he rubbed his eyes and switched on his bedside lamp. Nervously I tugged the hem down of my short black nighty realising he was looking at my bare legs. The next thing he flung his duvet off and swivelled his legs out of bed. He took the project out of my hands and motioned me to shush before whispering that I had earned a proper spanking now and to come down to the shed at the end of the garden this minute unless I wanted Mum to come in and see me having my bottom smacked.

This was absurd as we both crept downstairs trying not to wake Mum. He held my hand as if I were indeed 6 or something and led me out on the back garden. The moon was shining enough to see as we walked down to the wooden shed at the end of the garden. The further we got from the house the more I began to pull on his hand and whine just like a naughty little brat, how this wasn't fair and he had no right to treat me like this. Without warning he swing me around with his firm grip on my hand and then with his other he delivered a crisp sharp “Slap” to the back of my left thigh. It seemed to sound like a shotgun in the quiet of the night.

“Shut up your whining Ellie...unless you want to be spanked back in the house …..get yourself in that shed......Now!” he hissed sounding like he had done this all his life.

I could feel myself on the verge of tears and my heart was racing in my chest. It was almost like we had been a time machine and he was indeed in charge of me. I stumbled free of his hand and ran in to the shed and stood in the clear space at the side of the lawn mower and the two bikes and the clutter that half filled it. He walked in and closed the door firmly and even though it was dark the bright moon gave enough light through the window for me to see how angry he was.

“You are really going to get it now young lady.... what makes you think you think you can sneak in to my room and steel things” he snapped.

I was sniffing and sobbing by now really feeling like a genuine naughty little girl instead of the grown up 19 year old college student I was. I mumbled how sorry I was and that I only wanted to read it and wasn't steeling anything. He folded his arms and looked intently as I went on to say how I was too old to be spanked and I would never go in his room again and we should forget about the whole thing.

“Right …..have you finished all your pathetic excuses.....just listen to yourself Ellie.....ever since I got this History project you have wanted your bottom smacking ….Haven't you!” he looked right into my eyes.

Even though it was Dark I was sure he could see how red my face was, it felt like it was glowing. I glanced back at him thinking surely he didn't expect me to actually answer him. Before I could think of anything to say he grabbed my hand again and pulled me towards him. At the same time he turned sideways and lifted his left leg up on the top of the lawnmower and kept pulling my hand until I was falling forward over his knee. He let go of my hand and pushed my back to continue my momentum until I was reaching down with my arms to put my palms on the floor, In a split second he had me upside down over his knee with my bottom up in the air and as my nighty floated down my back my bare bum was ideally position for the next stage of the sequence.

“Smack”.....”Smack”....Smack” I don't what was more of a shock, the sudden sting on the skin of my bare bottom or the expert way in which he had got me in position before I could even blink. I squealed and yelped as the hard smacks covered my entire bottom and I was only gratefully that even though I was bare it was dark enough for me to think I had some modesty left.

“Smack”.....”Smack”.....”Smack”...... “So Ellie are you happy now you have got what you asked for” he gloated.

I shook my head as the smacks kept raining down on my red hot bottom all the time my bum cheeks flattening then springing back leaving the burning sting. As I wriggled and even flicked my heels up he moved his vicious hard hands down to smack my thighs. Oh that made me howl and even squeal like a piglet which he thought was hilarious. It must have only been a few minutes but felt like for ever and when I was bawling and crying like a baby he stopped.

“God Ellie....you should be embarrassed for yourself......you have only hand a little hand spanking and look at you.... think what it is going to feel like when I get a leather strap for your fat arse”...... “Smack” he laughed and moved his knee letting me fall onto the floor.

He left me there and walked calmly back inside, even whistling and humming like the happiest boy alive. I stayed on the cold dirty floor and reached back to feel my blazing bum cheeks. God they were so hot to touch. How could his hand make me feel like this and did he really mean it about the strap. I closed my eyes thinking what a strap would actually feel like and began to hope that he was indeed serious and knew that if he was I would not stop him using it on my bare bottom. The next moment I heard birds signing and bright sunlight streaming through the window.

In panic I got to my feet and stepped outside. As I walked back to the house I could see my Mum in the kitchen window. She looked at me in total confusion as I tried to compose myself and took a deep breath. I opened the door and stepped inside to see John sat at the kitchen table eating toast. He looked over and burst out laughing and asked if had been out there all night. I ignored him and grabbed a drink and walked over to the sink to wash the glass.

“Good grief Ellie.....look at those hand prints on your legs......have you had your bottom smacked” asked my Mum and without warning she flipped up the back of my nighty.

“Well that better get me an A\* for my History project” laughed Mark.

**The School Project part 2**

How much more bizarre could this whole situation get. Not only had my my little brother taken me out to the shed and given me a sound spanking like some naughty little girl now I was now standing with my nighty flipped right up so my Mum could see the results. She ran he hands over my bare cheeks, hardly seeming to care that John was sitting a few feet away looking on. I had my back to him but I was sure I could hear the unmistakeable sound of a stifled giggle. To be honest who could blame him, I could imagine myself feeling so amused if the boot was on the other foot so to speak.

“Right you two........Looks like you both have some explaining to do” demanded Mum.

She let my nighty fall back to cover my pink and blotchy bum cheeks and turned me around and ushered to me the table. As I sat I gave out a little wince both at the slight sting still in my bottom but also the shock of the cold hard wood on my skin John let out a muffled laugh. This earned him a stern look from Mum who exclaimed that this was no laughing matter although I am sure he felt differently. She looked at each of us in turn then asked in a firm voice who was going to go first and tell her exactly what was going on. I was still feeling numb from the chain of events and knew I was sat pulling a real sulky face.

“Oh he can tell you.........its his fault......... and you always believe him anyway.......and besides he started it”, the voice out of my mouth sounded more like a 9 year old than my 19.

“My word Ellie, you really do need to grow up......don't you”.........”I am not surprised you have had your bottom smacked with that sort of attitude young lady”. She sounded so calm and inside I was screaming.

John on the other hand was so methodical and comprehensive as he began explaining how it had all started. I could feel myself pulling a face and sulking even more as he recounted everything that had happened during the last week. I was fidgeting nervously and playing with my hair and looking down at the table not making eye contact with either of them but I knew they both just looking right at me. He ended his little monologue with a statement that he might have gone too far smacking me on my bare bottom but he didn't realise I wasn't wearing knickers. I gave a little glance up to see him looking almost pleased with himself at the justification for his actions.

“Right Ellie........is this all true..........you went in to his room deliberately to steal something.......something that didn't belong to you......knowing he was asleep...with no regard for his privacy”. She made out I was the criminal of the century or something. “Not to mention parading yourself in next to nothing with no thought for any modesty”

With my face a deep shade of red and still pouting and sulking I could only grunt and nod my head.

“I asked you a question young lady......and take that look off your face.... unless you want me to get John to take you down the the shed again”, with that she even had trouble not laughing at the absurdity of it all.

I mumbled nervously that it was more or less true but just wanting to read something was hardly stealing. Again I used the excuse that I was really only trying to help him and he was being unfair not letting me read it anyway. Besides knowing he was asleep how on earth did I think he was going to see me in the short nighty and nothing else. The more I spoke the more it sounded like I was making one excuse after another. With a final deep breath I looked up at John and through gritted teeth I said a loud polite “Sorry”.

The both looked pleased with my response and Mum said she would like to read this History Project that had caused all this trouble. John got up and went to bring it as Mum told me to go and wash my face, brush my hair and put something respectable on to be seen around the house. Then come back down for some breakfast. I was almost beginning to think all of a sudden I was 9 again as she spoke to me that. I passed John on the stairs who just grinned at me as I was still blushing like a beetroot. I could only pull a face at him like a petulant child would. He smiled even wider then...... “Smack”..... he caught me just below my nighty on the right thigh.

“Haven't you learned anything Ellie..........start showing some respect around here” he grinned.

Oh god I so much wanted to punch him right in the face like I have never wanted to hit someone so much in my whole life. We had our fair share of pretend wrestling and even little fights growing up and I was always big enough to come out on top but now it was as if the dynamic of our relationship had suddenly changed dramatically. He then had the sheer audacity to tell Mum how he had just had to give me a smack on the leg for pulling a face at him as he went back in to the kitchen. I could hear them both laughing as I went in the bathroom and slammed the door in utter frustration.

The cold water on my face did nothing to calm me down as inside. I was boiling at how things were developing. I began to think that it was almost like our ages had been totally reversed only to more of an extent where I was now the child of the house. I went to my room and shrugged off my nighty and stood naked looking over my shoulder and then in the mirror at the faded pink marks on my bottom and the fresh red hand print so clearly showing on my thigh. Being a natural red head with very pale skin it didn't take much to mark it.

I took out some white cotton knickers and dragged them up over my hips to fit snugly over my bottom then not wanting anything too tight and showing my bottom more than necessary decided not to wear my usual jeans or leggings. I looked through my wardrobe and didn't have a huge choice of skirts or dresses but then saw a loose thin pale blue summer dress that buttoned up the front. It was little like a large man's shirt and every time I had worn it before I had put black leggings on as it was quite short. Not really sure why but I reached in my sock drawer and took out some white ankle socks with a little ruffle on the top then I don't even remember knowing I had. Brushing my hair and not bothering with the usual make-up I would normally put on each day I fastened my dyed brown hair into to neat Pony-tail.

I walked back in the kitchen to see Mum engrossed in reading the damn project, occasionally shaking her head then pausing to look inquisitively then carrying on. John on the other hand took notice immediately at the way I was dressed and couldn't take his eyes off me. Had I sub-consciously tried to make myself look as young as possible to carry on the charade even more I wondered. I walked around getting myself some cornflakes and a cup of tea and even asked politely if ether of them wanted a cup. Mum looked up to say yes then noticed how I was dressed. Her eyes looked from my head to toes with a confused expression.

“Well that's a bit of a change from you squeezing your bum in to the tightest thing you can” she laughed. “it actually suits you......about time you looked like a proper young lady”.

I knew my face was red yet again as I handed them their cup's of tea and sat at the table with them. Mum looked up and closed the folder and exclaimed that it was indeed fascinating and very well put together and congratulated John for his work. I chimed in almost not wanting to be left out of the praise by saying I had helped him with the reference system. I was just about to pull a face as they both looked at me but instantly looked back down to my cornflakes. My heart then gave a flutter as she commented on the account of the older sister who had received discipline from her much younger brother. With that she slid the folder over to me and with John's permission she told me to read it.

I began reading and had to stop and re-read every word again. I was transfixed on how she had brought it to life so vividly. How he dad was killed in the second world war and how the times were beginning to change and her Mum was old fashioned even by the standard of the 1950's. How utterly shamed she had felt when her brother was given disciplinary control over her. Even to the extent of running away from home once before going back and accepting it. How then for 2 years she had to live under his strict rules and conditions and receive painful bare bottom thrashings with a leather strap. She then went on to say how her brother even though very strict with her had never abused his position and only punished her for things she had actually done wrong. I was totally memorised and felt such sympathy for her yet at the same time just felt a strange connection. It finished with her telling how she went on to get a very good job in an accountancy office and was the first woman from Ireland to be qualified as a charted accountant. She gave thanks to her brother and said they had remained best friends throughout their lives.

I was so emotional I was actually on the verge of tears, at the same time I was remembering how my college grades were dropping, how I was getting rude and disrespectful to everyone especially my Mum. I was spending more time going out partying instead of studying and even drinking too much and experimenting with cannabis. Not to mention boys! I had actually shoplifted a few times recently to get money for my wayward lifestyle. I couldn't hold back the tears any more and just burst out crying. Both Mum and John looked totally surprised at my reaction and Mum who had been clearing up the kitchen came over and put her arm around me.

The damn had well and truly burst now and between loud childish sobs I said how sorry I was for becoming a disappointment to her. I relayed all my recent behaviour and saw her and John sit in total silence as I continued to admit my actions. To say they were shocked was putting it mildly. Mum was only grateful that I hadn't been caught by the police and that at least I had admitted what was going on and how she would do her best to help me. She was upset and blaming herself for spending too much time at work and she too was crying. With my mind spinning I pushed the folder over to John then with my whole body shaking I opened my mouth.

“Please John..... I would be grateful if we could have the same regime that Sean and Maureen had”. Sniffing back a sob I waited.

You cut the atmosphere with the proverbial knife and no one said anything for what seemed like forever. I glanced up to see Mum had stopped crying and was looking from me to John waiting for someone to say something. John was actually blushing a little and then he cleared his throat. He ignored me and spoke to Mum and they both agreed that despite how unreal it would seem it might actually work. I could feel the guilt easing away and a strong pride in my brother for how mature he was becoming. Then it was agreed, he was going to formulate some rules for me and we would begin right away with the new agreement between us.

An overwhelming sea of absolution swept over me as I knew this was what I deeply wanted to bring me back on the rails again. For some reason I was beaming in delight and rushed over to hug him and then Mum. I promised that they would not regret it and I would make them both proud of me. I could see Mum look totally bewildered at the events of this morning and as she went off to work she was still shaking her head in disbelief. John on the other hand was beginning to look even more self assured and pleased with himself.

“Right Ellie the first thing we need then is to get a nice Strap for your naughty bottom”........”go and get your laptop and we will see if Amazon or e-bay sell them”. He said as if we were buying a pair of shoes or something.

I did as he said instantly, not wanting to refuse anything and spoil this new dynamic we now had. I was surprised to see that you could actually buy such a thing and how many different types they were. As I was scrolling down the pages and gazing at the images on the screen with John looking over my shoulder we saw an advert for a shop in our own town. I could her him let out a little laugh and then exclaimed why wait. He told me to put my shoes on a get my bag and we were going shopping. Before I had time to comprehend how I was dressed we were standing by the bus stop at the end of our road.

The short dress and the white frilly socks and plain black shoes just seem to accentuate how bare my legs were and he even laughed that at least the hand print on my thigh from earlier had faded into more of just a pink splodge. The Bus arrived and I bought one adult one child ticket in to town and the bus driver looked at us both and asked which was which. John calmly took out his school pass and the driver smiled as I blushed feeling everyone's eyes on me. All the time I couldn't take my hands from the hem of my short dress concious of how I looked and when we got in to town it was a thousand times worse as we walked it just felt like everyone was staring at my legs.

“You know Ellie the more you tug that silly dress down at the front ….the more it rides up at the back...... you kickers are practically on show.......leave it alone”. With that he pulled my hand from dress.

The shop was clearly an adult establishment and was full of manakins in the window draped in sexy lingerie. I hesitated in the doorway before John pushed me inside and I could only look down at the floor knowing my face was so red. John was a like a kid in a sweet shop and his eyes were everywhere. Most of the manakins actually looked quite realistic and were dressed like you could only describe as.....Sluts. He marched right over to a corner of the shop where several spanking type implements were hanging.

“Over here Ellie this is what we need.....stop looking at the knickers....you don't want anything to make look like a tart do you” he shouted.

Although the shop was hardly full his voice could clearly be heard and everyone looked over at me. I walked over trying to not to look at anything but found myself gazing out of the corner of my eyes at things even I didn't know anything about. Just as I saw John reach up and take a large leather strap from a hook and swing it in front of him I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to look in panic and prayed it was not any of my friends or someone who knew me at college. To my slight relief it was quite old man who clearly worked in the shop.

“Excuse me young lady....... I don't think this is the kind of place for someone of your age” he began to turn me back toward the door.

“No stop....please ….I am 19 if you must know” and with that I scrambled in my bag for my ID.

John was looking over smiling as the man looked at my ID and then back at me before shaking his head and saying how were a little young to be in to this sort of thing. Then John let out a giggle as he ushered me over to him and told him to watch his girlfriend as I had that naughty look in my eye which needed to kept under control. He shook his head and exclaimed that I wasn't his girlfriend and as I shuddered in shame carried on. Oh god no way is he actually going to tell him who I really am.

“She is actually my big sister......... not that you would know it.......we are here to get something to use on her fat bare bottom......aren't we Ellie” he snickered delighting in my utter shame.

The man look for a moment then laughed, “Very funny......I have heard it all in here ….don't think you can wind me up that easily” and he walked leaving John laughing.

After more laughing and teasing from John who was actually acting more his own age now as you would expect a boy his age to be in a place like this we began to look at the range of implements. I just looked and looked and then shuddered imagining what they would feel like on my bare bottom. I could feel myself squeezing my bum cheeks at the thought. John laughed again and said I ought to see my face as my eyes were like saucers and I looked almost hypnotized by everything. Eventually he decided on the biggest Strap they had and then as we walked over to the counter he stopped and looked back.

“Actually Ellie.....I reckon you might need the cane as well to make you behave properly......Don't you think so.....this strap might not be enough for a bubble butt like yours”. He was trying not laugh so much then he swung his hand on the back of my dress...”Smack” ….”Go back and get one you naughty little girl”

Both he and the guy at the counter were openly laughing as I returned holding a large flexible cane in my hands. Never mind the rest of the people in the shop who were giggling and pointing over at me. Just I thought it was impossible for my face to get any redder I glanced down and saw a shelf full of every kind of sex toy you could imagine. My eyes were glued to them and they both saw me looking.

“Hey........ don't think your getting anything like” laughed John “you will have to show me how your behaviour can improve you before you deserve a treat”

The whole shop erupted in laughter. I done know about his History Project but he certainly got an A in how to make me blush.

**The School Project part 3 Laura Marsh**
I was beginning to get really pissed with my best fried Ellie. She went to a different college to me and had made excuse after excuse not to do anything for the past two weeks. I bet that secretive little cow had got herself another boyfriend and not bothered telling me. I was going shopping in town later and thought right this is it, I was going to give her one last chance to hang out and if she refused I was going to give her a piece of my mind. I was looking at my phone wondering what excuse she would dream up this time when the reply came back.

Hi L am allowed out
4 cpl hrs ws gonna go
shops ne way luv
2 see u xx

What the hell kind of a message was that. What did she mean “allowed”. I thought she must have got herself some kind of jealous controlling jerks for a boyfriend. I was worried now and really needed to find out what was going on. We had been friends for like forever and we always told each other everything and she was keeping secrets like this from me. I was really hurt and almost felt like making an excuse myself not to go now but I had second thought and was determined more than ever to find out the truth.

I was waiting outside the bus stop in town and at first glance almost didn't recognise Ellie as she stepped off and looked at me. She was wearing a knee length blue skirt that looked exactly like the old skirts we had to wear for school. Unlike then when we would wear black tights her legs were bare and then she had little white socks and some pink and white trainers. On top she had a on a plain white t-shirt and gone were all her jewellery and bangles and she looked totally different.

“Ellie......wtf.......is this some kind of bet or something.....you look like you're 12 for gods sake” I exclaimed.

She gave a little blush and hugged me and said how she was really sorry she hadn't been able to get out for the last week or so but she was fine and no need to worry. She seemed to shrug off her appearance and made out it was just a bit of a change of image and no big deal. I was really panicking now and thought she had hooked up with some kind of right nut job who wanted her to look younger for some creepy reason. She made some small talk and said she had some money to buy a couple of new outfits and we headed off to our favourite clothes shops.

Straight away I asked if she was going to Jessica Thorpe's party tonight. It was going to be amazing, she had a live band it was a free bar until 10pm and like everybody we knew would be there. She gave me a little shrug and said that she really couldn't make it and never said why. I was annoyed by her evasiveness now and pulled a face at her and shook my head. Best friend or no best friend I couldn't keep quiet any longer. I grabbed her by the shoulder and spun her round to look at me.

“Ellie!....have had a ...ing personality transplant in the last 2 weeks ...cos you're just giving me shit now” I shouted.

She just pushed me back and yelled that they were more important things than getting drunk all the time and going to stupid parties. I was sulking now and wondered what the hell was going on with her. One after the other we walked past all the cool trendy shops we used to spend hours in until we came to a charity shop on the corner. I gave Ellie a puzzled look and followed her inside. I looked around and they had lots of clothes and instead of going over to the Jeans like she always did she walked over and began flicking through a rail of juvenile dresses. This was getting insane now, something was seriously wrong with my friend unless I was falling for some kind of wind up here.

“Elle....this is like kids stuff.....my Mum bought me a dress like this when I was 13..... and I hated it then”. I whispered.

She ignored me and picked it up and went over to a little changing room in the corner. I went to follow her inside when she pushed back saying that she wasn't 13 and could try a dress on by herself. We had always gone into changing cubicles together and had a right laugh flipping the curtain back on each other and flashing to strangers. I was really angry and upset now and didn't even want to spend time with her any more. I was going home and she could crawl back when she had broke up with the mystery boyfriends she obviously had. I walked over and dragged the curtain back.

“Screw you Ellie!..... I am not putting up with this crap any.............” I stopped mid sentence and stared.

She had taken of her skirt and t-shirt and the dress was just over her shoulders half way down her back. Her white knickers did nothing to cover her bottom cheeks which were as mass and red and dark red marks, almost verging on bruises. She panicked and pulled me inside and closed the curtains at the same time pulling the dress down to cover herself. Her face was bright red but not quite matching the state of her bum. I could see her begin to cry and without thinking I hugged her tight.

“Oh god Ellie …..this lunatic is beating you.......why the hell didn't you tell me” I whispered and pulled her closer.

She sniffed and sobbed and quickly explained it was not what I was thinking and we ought to go for a coffee and she would tell me exactly what was going on. I was amazed that first of all she could even sit but no where near as amazed with what I was hearing. I felt my mouth must he hanging wide open as the events of the last two weeks were relayed to me. I got the sense that despite how embarrassing this was for her she was more than glad to be able to talk about it. She even began to giggle and told me it didn't hurt as much as it looked like it would although she did cry like a baby while she was getting it. I was speechless and had never heard of anything like it my life.

“Yeah...I mean I can kinda get an old guy....you know air of authority sort of thing.....but your little brother” I could only shake my head in disbelief.

I must admit this was going to take some getting my head round but now that it was out in the open I could see she looked a lot happier. I even had to stop myself from laughing when she told me that she would have loved to come to the party tonight but she was actually “Grounded”. We finished our coffee and she hugged me again and thanked me for being a true friend and hoped she would be allowed out to see me soon. I was still trying to absorb everything when she got back and the bus and blew me a kiss.

A few hours later I had just finishing getting myself ready for the party when a I had a light bulb moment. I had seen Ellie's brother loads of times and actually thought he might have a bit of a thing for me as he got older. I was going to go round right now and do a bit of flirting and get him eating out of my hand and get Ellie to the party. Besides I still wondered if she did have some kind of control freak boyfriend and she had panicked and made the whole thing up about John and the whole History Project nonsense.

I took a deep breath and pulled down the hem of the little black sparkly dress that was riding up to show the tops of my hold up stockings with every step. I Knocked on the door and waited. For some reason I was expecting Ellie to open the door like she usually did but John opened it and looking surprised to see me. I tried to keep calm and wondered how to play this now, before asking rather immaturely if Ellie was in. Almost as if I was asking if she can come out to play like we were kids. He hesitated for a moment and gave the impression that he was unsure what to say. I could see him sort of checking me out, and thought this was going to be easy now to get the truth out of him.

“Was she expecting you to call tonight Laura....because she never mentioned it” he spoke quite deliberately and did seem to have a bit of something different about him.

I looked up and not really knowing what to say I blurted out, “oh she hasn't been grounded then has she” and found myself giggling like a schoolgirl.

He stayed in the doorway and said rather firmly that it wasn't any of my business and he would tell her I had called when he saw her. I flicked my hair and smiled at him and told him it would take me at least half an hour to get a taxi and the least he could do was make a coffee. He gave a resigned face and let me inside. As we walked in to the kitchen I could see his eyes drop down to look at the breasts hardly contained in the low cut dress. Which to be fair was the same as most guys did when looking or speaking to me. Me an Ellie had often joked that she was first in the queue for bums and I was the first in line for boobs. He handed me a coffee and I was at least grateful he didn't offer me a seat as this wasn't really a dress made for sitting.

“So explain something to me then Laura.....you have been out with Ellie this afternoon......you know she isn't going to this ….party....tonight....so what are you actually doing here” he asked.

I lifted the coffee cup up to my lips and took a sip trying to think what to say. This must be true I thought, he seemed to just have the aura around him that made it impossible to lie to. I stammered nervously that I thought she had said she might go, so came over on the half chance she had changed her mind. I knew right away he didn't believe me I could feel myself blush slightly and take another sip of coffee to try and hide my face. I reached down to give my dress another tug down and in the bright light of the kitchen began to feel embarrassed as he just gazed at me and shook his head.

I had to say something as he was obviously not going to give anything away. So not really caring if Ellie would think I was betraying her trust I told him that I knew all about the History Project and what was going on now with the two of them. He looked a little surprised but still stayed silent. I walked over and placed the cup down on the table at the side of him. making sure he got a good look down my dress as I did. With flick of my hair and a my best sexy smile I looked right into into his eyes. Trying to keep as calm as I could despite my heart pounding inside my chest I leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

“Oh come on John.....let Ellie come to the party with me.......I promise to have her home by midnight” and with a little giggle I stepped back waiting for his reply.

“You think you can just march in here like you own the place.....dressed like some cheap slut........and try and flirt with me ….just to get your own way” he snapped

“What next....you going to get your tits out.....or are you saving that for later at this party....... that is so important you get to” he continued.

I had never been spoken too like this in my whole life and instantly felt so ashamed of myself. I could feel a tear run down my cheek as I said how sorry I was and how I never meant to interfere with anything I was just trying to be a friend to Ellie. He looked angry and totally unsympathetic as I stood head bowed. My head was in a whirl and not imagining anything would pacify him I asked meekly if there was anything I could do to make up for my behaviour. He smiled and took hold of my hand.

“Yes Laura....I think you and me can take a trip down to the shed....you can see first hand.....of should I say first strap.... what putting your nose in where it doesn't belong had earned you” he smiled for the first time this evening.

I was half walking and half stumbling down the garden as my high heels dug into the grass. This couldn't be happening to me. I had seen the marks on Ellie's bum this afternoon and now mine was going to look just the same. Oh god what had she said about crying like a baby and how much it hurt at the time. How on earth had I got myself in to this. With a final pull on my arm he got me inside the shed and flicked on the light. I could see what looked like an old wooden trestle type thing you used to cut wood on with a cushion on the top. There on a hook on the wall was a large black leather strap and a long crook handled cane.

“Get that pathetic excuse of a dress up around your waist young lady and bend over the bench” he hissed.

I didn't care now if he was 15 or 50, the results were gong to be exactly the same now. I did as he said and eased the dress up to reveal my little pink thong covering nothing of my bottom cheeks. My head was upside down as I bent right over and my heels made my bottom seem to raise up high, How dare he even call me “young lady” when I was way older than him but that was the least of my worries. He used his foot to push my feet wide apart and I was thankful that he had a least let me keep my thong on.

“I gather Ellie has been getting a bit of a reputation for being a slut......and I can see clearly now where she has got it from” his words were punishing me enough never mind anything else.

“Whack”......”Whack”.......”Whack”.......”Whack”

God the sting was incredible and the noise as it cracked down on my poor defenceless bum cheeks bounced off the wall the same as the strap bounced off my bottom. I yelled and hissed and shook my head and held on so tight to the legs of the bench with my hands. My whole body tensed and my head shook as the pain seared through me.

“Whack”....”Whack”.....”Whack”.....”Whack”

“Not quite the attention I bet you thought your bottom would be getting tonight is it Laura”.......although your wriggling it more that I reckon you would have on the dance floor”he quipped sarcastically.

I knew I was shaking my bottom almost like the best Miley Cirus twerk imaginable but it didn't stop the Strap from crashing down on it. I couldn't hold out any longer and the tears were running like a river down my face. The burning sensation was spreading right inside me and I just wanted it to end as soon as possible. Despite knowing I could probably just stand up and demand he stop when ever I liked I needed to prove to him that I would take as much as he thought I deserved.

“Whack”.....”whack”......”Whack”.......Whack”

“Oh God...pleaseeee John ….pleaseee I am so sorry....please I know I deserved this but pleaseee it hurts so much” I begged

Through my sniffs and my sobs I could hear him hang the strap back up and felt so thankful it was over. I let out a sudden gasp as he ran his hands all over my sore red hot bum cheeks. I knew he was taking a bit of a liberty handling me like that but what the hell who could blame him. A few squeezes and a rub and finally he stepped back.

“Smack”.....”Smack” Two stinging slaps from his hand made me yelp again much to his delight.

“Next time we will use the cane to teach you a lesson....do you understand young lady” he sounded so satisfied with himself.

He left me alone telling to me switch the light off and close the door when I had composed myself and he would go and tell Ellie I was here. In all the turmoil of what had happened I never even thought about her finding out about this. A fresh wave of humiliation over came me. What was she going to think of me now and how was I going to justify why I had come over in the first place. I was shaking in pure shame as I walked back to the house knowing what a total mess I looked like now. I knew all the crying had ruined my make-up and one of my stockings had got ripped and the other wasn't holding itself up any more and was around my knee.

John was sitting at the table when I walked meekly inside. He smiled and told me to get myself a drink and then I saw Ellie standing there with a look of total shock at the sight of me. I am not sure if my face looked any less shocked than hers as I saw what she was wearing or should I say not wearing. All she had on was a little pink vest top and nothing else. She was completely bare from below the waist and her pussy was as bald as an egg. I had a crush on Ellie since I was about 14 and God she had never looked so cute. She let out a nervous smile that would break the heart of Satan and walked over to hug me.

“Oh Laura.....what have you got yourself into.......you should have kept your nose out” and with that she reached her hands down and slipped under my dress and clutched her cool hands to my blazing bottom cheeks.

“You can't go home looking like that.....Please John can Laura have a sleepover tonight....I promise we will behave”she asked as if we were both 9 and not 19.

He said yes and with me standing like a statue she moved her hands up and pulled the zip down of my dress. I was frozen to the spot and let her wriggle the dress right down to the floor and stepped out of it. With no hesitation she took hold of the waistband of my thong and slide it over my hips then right down my legs to my ankles. She rolled my stockings down my legs and with my shoes took them right off. I had forgotten all about John for a moment then realised he could see my bare breasts with my hard pink nipples sticking out to attention and my little strip of curly dark blonde hair on my mound. He must have thought all his birthdays had come at once to see his sister strip her best friend stark naked right in front of his eyes.

“Right girls........I want you in bed this minute.....not a sound from either of you...,.one single noise and you will both be in that shed before you can blink......is that clear” he tried to sound firm but deep down I think he was as bewildered as any of is as how things had snowballed in to this.

I looked at Ellie's perfect ass as she bent over and kissed John on the cheek. I wanted her to stay bending over for ever, as even with the marks from the strap it had to be the most beautiful bottom you could ever hope to see. She stood back up and looked over at me and I walked over to do the same. I walked over as naked as the day I was born and lowered my head to kiss him for the second time tonight. This had been the best day in my entire life and I wanted it to never end.

“John.....that must be the best School Project in the whole wide world.... You deserve more than an A\*.....and I haven't even read it” and with that me and Ellie ran to her room with all three of us laughing.

**The School Project part4 Laura Marsh**
“Shush Laura......John means it.......we will both be back in the shed if we don't keep quiet....and your bum can't take any more tonight” she whispered.

We had ran giggling to her room like a pair of silly schoolgirls and now I was laid face down on her bed with my bottom throbbing and stinging like mad. She went over to her dressing table and got a jar of moisturising cream. With a little laugh she lightly slapped my bum cheeks and then made me suck back a breath as the cold cream hit my scolding skin. Her hands slowly massaged the soothing cream deep into my entire bottom. Oh this day was getting better and better and I didn't care if I had to that awful strap every day as long as this was the result. I closed my eyes and even though her touch made me feel electric it had such a simple innocence to it.

We were whispering and trying out best to keep quiet as Ellie said how so happy she was that she had told me all about the History Project. She admitting that never in a million years did she imagine this would be the outcome a few hours later. I listened as she explained the new rules for her now. No more tight jeans when she went out, hardly any make-up. Home straight after college and a list of chores to do then one hour study time and then in bed by 8pm among many others. The rule that made me gasp was the reason she was just wearing a little pink vest now. She had to go to her room the second she walked into the house and strip off everything below the waist apart from socks and remain like that the rest of the day. I couldn't believe what I was hearing let alone the fact she seemed totally happy doing this.

The first thing that entered my head was that her Mum was totally complicit in the arrangement and then found out she had even helped John with the rules. This was just so incredible and then another thought entered my head. I looked over at her as asked incredulously that what happened if they had any visitors over. She had such a cute blush on her gorgeous face as she so matter of factly admitted that it didn't make any difference and anyone who walked in the house could see her. She then went on to say that her Mum had told all the close neighbours and various other family members and even let most of them read the History Project so they knew what it was all about. I was listening intently when we both jumped out of skins as the quiet whispering was interrupted by the door opening.

It was John with all my clothes bundled up in one hand and my shoes hanging from the other. He just dropped them on the floor and turned to look at us both now laying flat on our tummies with bare strap marked bottoms on show. I felt a shiver and thought surly we hadn't made hardly any noise that we can be in trouble already. I tried not to look at him, still feeling embarrassed that he was seeing me naked and bare. I could feel such a sense of relief when he began to walk back out of the door and just before he closed it he spoke.

“Right girls.....sleep.... unless you want reminding who is in charge around here” he tried to sound calm and firm but there was no mistaking a smug amused undertone to his voice.

“Yes John” we both said in complete unison that would have made the best orchestra proud.

The following morning I woke up to the beeping of Ellie's alarm clock and for a brief second didn't know where I was. Her hand reached over me to switch it off and she had the warmest smile on her face. I was still trying to take in the events of the day before as she scrambled out of bed and tugged to the little pink vest top over her head. I know she has always felt a little self concious about her small boobs but they looked perfect to me. Oh why did she have to be so damn cute. I realised I was just staring at her when she turned and flipped back the duvet and took hold of my hand.

“Hey... want to share a shower........we don't have time for separate ones before we have to make breakfast” she giggled and pulled me out of bed.

I was still half asleep and she opened the door and beckoned me to follow her as she walked in to the bathroom. I couldn't remember the last time I had shared a shower with anyone and now I was about to step in with my best friend as if it was just so natural. The warm water felt so good and I shuddered as she poured the shower gel on my back and giggled as she rubbed it in. I was still feeling like this was somehow a dream and things like this just don't happen in real life. She handed me the gel and turned her back to me and it felt exquisite to run my hands all over her back and then not able to stop myself I carried on down to her amazing bottom. We both giggled and swapped places, taking it in turns to stand under the warm water.

Then Ellie looked seriously at me. “This is so much fun Laura....but are you staying all day.....only if you are......you know the rule for naughty girls in this house” and with such a mischievous smile she patting me on my bare wet bottom.

At that moment I would have done anything to stay and having to walk around bottomless seemed no big deal considering what had already happened. She looked delighted when I said yes and then warned me to be on my best behaviour. Before jumping out of the shower and grabbing a towel and telling me to hurry up. I still couldn't take my eyes of her as she hung her head on one side drying her hair looking so pretty. I did the same and then pulled over my head a tight yellow t-shirt which she gave me and a pair of white socks and that was all I was allowed for the rest of the day. She gave me a bobble for my hair and I did the same as her and fastened it into a pony-tail high up on the back of my head. With a deep breath and a my legs shaking a little I followed her downstairs.

“Morning Ellie........Morning Laura....did you sleep well” her Mum asked not taking a second glance to see us both standing half naked in front of her.

In all the chain of events that had happened so quickly I had completely forgotten about Ellie's Mum. I knew I was blushing and felt so embarrassed to have her see me like this let alone knowing what her son had done to me last night. Ellie walked over and gave her Mum a hug and a kiss on the cheek and said a cheerful “Morning Mum” in reply to her. I was rooted to the spot with my hands covering the neatly shaped triangle of dark blonde pubic hair. Her mum smiled and told me not to be shy as naughty little girls had no modesty in this house. It must have been 10 years since anyone had called me a naughty little girl yet it just seemed so right for the situation. After telling me turn around so she could see what John had done my my bottom she looked back over to Ellie.

“Oh dear....that does look sore.....go and get a cushion for poor Laura to sit on..... since you have a guest you can be excused breakfast duty” she said as if this sort of thing happened every day.

“Er Mum.....I was wondering if Laura can stay all day and help me with my chores.....I promise we won't be any trouble....Please Mum” she asked.

“Well you know its really up to John.....don't you......you better ask him when he comes down” she smiled and reminded Ellie about the cushion.

A cushion was placed on a dinning chair and I sat down gingerly. “Thank you Mrs Davenport” I said in the politest way I could.

John walked in and even though I was partially covered by the table it was obvious I had accepted the same dress code as Ellie. With an equally cheerful greeting like his Mum he sat at the table. Ellie asked her brother the same question as she had asked her Mum and he looked quite pleased and replied that as long as I stuck to the rules it was fine. I was handed a glass of orange juice and made sure I remembered all my “Please” and “thank you's ” as I was served a wonderful breakfast by Mrs Davenport. In between eating we shared what was seemingly just typical small talk about how my parents were keeping and how I was doing at college and so on. John then told Ellie to go and fetch the cream and he would “do” both our bottoms before we went out in the garden to get on with the chores.

I was sitting thinking this could not get any more unbelievable as she returned with the same large jar of moisturising cream she had used on me last night. With out any hesitation she turned her back to John and bent right over and held her arms down in front of her. By shuffling her feet wide apart she was able to get her palms flat on the floor and her bottom right up in the air. I had always been told it was rude to stare but the view in front of me made it impossible for me not to. Her glorious bum was thrust up with the pink strap marked cheeks spread right open showing her cute little butt hole winking up and then her neat girlish pink slit in all its glory. I didn't know what colour her face was having to adopt this almost crude position to display herself like this but I knew mine must have been bright red even looking.

As her Mum took no notice whatsoever and busied herself with clearing up the breakfast things he began to rub cream on Ellie's upturned bottom. I wanted to look away but at the same time I was thrilled to see my best friend showing her intimate secrets so blatantly. His hands wandered over every last square milometer of her cheeks and even right between them, rubbing and squeezing and massaging them carefully and slowly. All the time they were having the most unrelated conversation between them about what chores needed doing in the garden and around the house today and how he would expect extra things to be done as she had me to help her. With a gentle playful smack to her bottom she was allowed to stand up.

“Right young lady.....go and brush your teeth....put your shoe's on.... and I will rub some cream on Laura's bottom” he announced.

She glanced over to me and gave a cheeky little smile and skipped gleefully out of the room. It was my turn, oh god it was my turn now. How could I just adopt the same position and let him see me like that let alone put his hands everywhere like he had done with Ellie. He looked over at me and I knew this was the moment of no return. Of course I could just go and get my clothes and walk right out of here. I mean it wasn't as if they were holding me prisoner against my will or anything. I had chosen to take part in this absurd arrangement even if last night's strapping was not exactly chosen in advance. With my whole body trembling I got off the chair and stood with my back to him. I didn't even know if I could put my palms on the floor and keep my legs straight as Ellie had done. I was a little taller than her, not that I knew if that made any difference.

I counted to 3 in my head like I was jumping off a diving board and then bent right over quickly and opened my legs at the same time. It wasn't quite as elegant as Ellie had made it look and I had to do a little shuffle backwards before I could hold the position properly which made him and his Mum let out a little laugh. I had spent the last 5 minutes staring at the view my friend had given like this so know how everything I had was now on open display. The cold cream made me give a little wriggle and soon his hands were exploring everything that under normal circumstances would never be shown as deliberately like this. I had to admit it did feel so nice and thought no wonder Ellie was so eager to bend over like this when I heard the unmistakable sounds of the outside door to the kitchen opening.

“Hi John.....Hi Mrs Davenport......Hi Ellie..... god that looks sore ...have you been a naughty girl again”, the voice was that of a boy around John's age.

John laughed and then as if I wasn't showing enough of myself he pulled apart the top of my thighs at the base of my bum cheeks. “This isn't Ellie.....you idiot.....cant you tell the difference” he laughed again.

I knew my pubic hair was showing clearly now and both the boy and John's Mum laughed. With a crisp slap which I was sure was harder than the one Ellie got I was told to stand up. His Mum stuck up for the boy's mistake by saying that one naughty spanked bottom looks much like another even though I knew my bottom looked nothing like Ellie's incredible ass no mater how red and sore it was. If I had thought my face had been red before I felt it must be the reddest it was possible for a face to be now as I stood up and turned to face them all. Out of pure instinct I put my hands to down to try and hide my pussy.

“A little late for that Laura.......put your hands on your head and show some manners and say Hello.......this is Ellie's best friends by the way..... she has been for a sleepover.......and as you can see...not been behaving herself” John spoke hardly containing his amusement at my discomfort.

How hard could it be just to say the word Hello. It took all my strength and courage to stay like this with my hands firmly on my head and I looked down at the floor in total shame and said a muted “Hello”. The boy walked over and standing in front of me he held out his hand as if expecting me to shake it like any normal greeting. After an awkward delay I did take my right hand down off my head and held his for a polite gentle handshake. He told me his name was James and he was a friend of John's and he was pleased to meet me. I let go of his hand and not wanting to disobey put my hand back on my head. I was hardly able to speak let alone think of anything to say although I was aware I could be considered rude not to reply.

“Oh Hi James........oh you know Laura now” then she looked at me “I've found some old tennis shoes that might fit you” breezed Ellie without a care in the world that we were both bare below the waist.

James laughed and told Ellie how he had mistaken me for her and she laughed with him saying he needed glasses if he couldn't tell the difference. He playfully chased her around the kitchen telling her not to be so cheeky and even gave her a couple of smacks on her bare bottom as it jiggled around with them both laughing. The sight was so surreal but yet all seemed so natural and somehow normal. Both the boys went out for their football practice and I tried on the shoes before stepping outside into the bright sunshine with Ellie. She was so eager and almost glad we were about to do chores all day, something so strange was happening around here.

It was a fairly normal garden and even though it quite private there were several windows that could over look it. We began by sweeping leaves and generally tidying up. I must admit it did feel sort of risky and daring to be outside like this and did actually make the chores much more fun. Ellie said it was really great she had someone to share all this with now and was so grateful I had agreed to stay. We had a laugh and giggle about James mixing us both up and she thought it was hilarious that I had been bent right over like that and that was the first thing he saw of me. The chores didn't even feel like chores at all we were having such a good time.

“Ellie.....can you just take this dish back to Karen and ask her if she wants to come over for coffee” asked Mrs Davenport.

Ellie gave a little pout and a shrug and for the first time showed a sign of the old Ellie I knew so well. “Oh Mum do I have to” she whined.

She was quickly reminded that John hadn't used the cane on her naughty bare bottom yet and to do as she was told or else. She pulled her face and walked over to get the dish from her Mum. Looking at me she asked her if I could go with her and her Mum said it was up to me. I was confused, go where, surely she didn't intend to leave the garden dressed like this let alone expect me to go with her. Ellie giggled that it was boring to be good all the time and was dying to find out what the cane would feel like so she had to act up a little bit as John wasn't going to give it her for nothing. I could see how thrilled she looked and knew she was loving every minute of this and to be honest so was I.

We began walking by the side of the house and I looked at the road and the houses all along it. I asked where Karen lived and was astonished to hear that it was 4 houses away. I could feel the butterflies in my tummy as she kept walking. This was madness two 19 year old girls just don't walk brazenly down a public road in the middle of the day wearing nothing below the waist, not to mention having pink and red strap marks all over their bare bottoms. She opened the gate and with a look of such delight began to walk along the footpath. I hesitated not believing I was going to do this and walked behind her seeing just how delightful her bare ass looked as it swayed with each step. Suddenly she started running and giggling.

“Come on lazy bum....last one there is a loser” she laughed.

If her bum was a sight when she was walking it was amazing as she ran as fast as she could. I tried to chase her bit not wearing a bra made running fast not as easy as it was for her. I was actually holding my boobs over the front of t-shirt as I tried to keep up. We turned into the driveway of a house and she laughed at me behind her trying to keep my boobs still as I ran. With us both breathing hard she knocked on the door and waited. I so much wanted to put my hands between my legs and hide myself as much as I could as the handle of the door turned. It opened wide and there was a man abut 50 standing with a perplexed look on his face.

“Good god Ellie and.......I thought I had got double vision there for a moment” he laughed.

She explained I was her friend Laura and we had brought the dish back that her Mum and borrowed and did Mrs Bradshaw want to come over for a coffee. The man who I presumed was the husband didn't take his eyes off us or more precisely from between our legs. Switching his gaze from my little tuft of pubic hair to Ellie's hairless little girl looking vagina. He called his wife and took the dish from Ellie. We waiting and then Ellie blurted out that we had both been naughty and she had got the strap Friday evening and I had the strap last night. With that confession she turned around and without warning adopting the same position she had when John had put cream on her bum. I could hardly breath but knew I had to, or even knew I wanted to do the same. I tried to make it look a little less awkward this time and soon we were both bent right over legs as wide as could be letting him see every last detail.

“Oh we have two naughty girls on the street now do we ........Put your eyes back in David....you will go blind looking at that for too long” laughed the woman.

We both stood back up and I doubt there was any difference in the redness of our faces. The woman got a jacket and began to walk back with us. It was much harder now walking slowly and knowing she was right behind us. The next moment another woman stepped out of a driveway in front of us. Ellie began to run and instinctively I chased after her. We were giggling and laughing as we did. Then Karen shouted us to come back immediately. She gave us both telling off for running and not walking and not showing manners to Mrs Jordan.

“Good grief.....the naughty girls are multiplying now” she laughed.

I was beginning to wonder if everyone in the whole street had got an A on the History Project

**The School Project part 5 Miss Hughes**
I had been at Weston Grange academy for over six month's now. It was a good school and generally had pupils who were interested in learning and wanted to succeed, which of course made them much easier to teach. One of the few exceptions was Mark Jones. I was not happy then when the Principal Mr Jefferson had called me into his office to discuss him. It appeared that even though he was not shall we say academically very bright, he was on the other hand very good at football. So much so that he had been offered a Football scholarship at one of the top college's in the country. There was however a condition that he had to get a grade A in a least one of his academic subjects.

Mr Jefferson went on to explain that he had looked at all the reports form all his teachers and his general grade was a D. The only exception was the subject, History and that was a C. I listened as the Principal went on to say that the academy
would gain a lot of publicity and would be a feather in its cap if one if its Pupils could get such a scholarship. The upshot was that I was to offer extra tuition to Mark to try and get his grade from a C to an A but under no circumstances was I to mention the chance of a scholarship as the offer of the award had not been made public. I was just about to refuse and explain that it would really not be possible to improve a C into an A at with only 4 weeks of the term left.

“I appreciate I am asking a lot of you Miss Hughes......but let me just remind you the head of the History department is leaving at the end of term” he gave me a knowing nod.

I just mumbled that I would do the best I could and left the room feeling light headed Surely he was virtually offering me the position if I got Mark Jones an A. I was only 29 and no one got to be a department head until they were at least 40. Oh that bitch Mrs O'Reilly, who thought the job was nailed on would die if I was appointed instead of her. Slowly I began to accept that even though it was a chance it was really not going to happen. I knew he was slightly interested in historical conflicts and war as well as of course the female rear. I had lost count the number of times I had seen his eyes fixed on the bottom of a pretty girl or even my bottom come to think of it. I walked back thinking I had to find a way to get him hooked on the big History Project the class had to do, so I had a choice, War or Bottoms. I smiled to myself and knew that if this project didn't get his interest nothing would.

I knew John Davenport was in the football team and although they had a separate social circle I am sure if I gave them a joint project he would help him. John was an excellent student and would have no problem achieving an A. I handed out the topics in class the following day and saw how annoyed John was at being put together with Mark. I would need to speak to him and try to think of a way to get him to work with Mark without mentioning the scholarship. At the end of class my desk was surrounded with endless questions about the projects I had handed out and as usual they all wanted to change the topics or pick their own and so on. It wasn't until the next day that I managed to ask John to stay after so I cold have a word with him.

He was still upset that I joined him up with Mark and I tried to explain that I thought with him being in the football team they would be okay working together and the better grades the whole class got as a unit helped the reputation of the academy. I then suggested parts of the Project that I thought Mark would be more suited in doing. One of which was sourcing suitable illustrations to use. I then went on to explain how I would do my best to give them help on the research materials and the structure of the Project. Mark didn't seem overly impressed and did say how he would still have to do most of the work and he better not get a lower grade because of Mark. I tried to reassure him that I would know who had done the work. Just as he was leaving I took out a folder from my desk with virtually Mark's half of the project mostly done and gave it him. I told him not say anything and I would be really grateful if he would work alongside Mark and try his best to get a joint A for both of them. He looked surprised but took the folder.

He was just closing the door when he looked back. “You know Miss Hughes.....this is the same as cheating.....if I do this for you and get Mark an A...I ought to get the chance to put Marks on your bottom” he laughed as he saw the wide eyed look on my face.

I was trembling but not able to stop myself I replied, “Right John....its a deal”

I don't know which of us was more shocked by what I had just said. John closed the door and then the panic set in. I could explain later that I was only joking, after the project was handing in then there would be no proof that I had given him some of the work. He would understand that it wasn't really acceptable in any way shape or form that a teacher could possibly allow one of her pupils to discipline her in the manor of some of the examples I had given him. I convinced myself that he would be happy to get the A and not spoil his flawless school record and he was mature enough to understand that it just couldn't happen.

It had been week since the conversation with John and I replayed it several times in my head. The following Monday in class he had such a huge smile and look of satisfaction on his face. He had always been a confident and popular student but now he just seemed to look different. I waited until after class and asked him to stay until everyone had left so we could chat. I began by asking if he had done any work with Mark and how he though the about the project in general and so on. I was pleased to hear how he had spent a few lunch breaks and all Sunday afternoon with Mark after their football practice and Mark was indeed very interested and had surprised John by actually not being a stupid as he thought. I then hesitated and mentioned how happy he seemed to be and then blushing slightly reminded him of what was said between us both.

“Oh don't flatter yourself Miss Hughes.....if you must know I have already given a practical demonstration of some of the elements of the project” he smiled.

I could feel myself blush a little more and asked him nervously what he meant. I had a sudden jump in me heart rate as he told me how he had spanked his sister. Not only that but their Mum had found out and it had been agreed that she would accept discipline from him from now on. I thought instantly that his sister must be younger and shook my head and tried to explain that was not the subject of the project and the spanking of children was a whole different debate altogether. I assured him that it didn't sound like a good idea and maybe he should ask his Mum to come to school and discuss it with a counsellor.

He laughed “Oh Ellie isn't a child.......she is 19 nearly 20 in fact......although she cried like a baby when I smacked her bare bottom” he chuckled to himself.

This was impossible surely no 19 year old girl was going to submit to a spanking from their little brother. Let alone then get the it condoned by the Parent and agree to be continued. This was the most astonishing thing I had ever head but as he explained in detail the chain of events I was squirming behind my desk on my chair. Oh how embarrassing for her and then the trip to the shop. A shop that I actually knew and had been there with my ex-boyfriend. I was speechless and knew my face was so red. I didn't want to believe it , after all schoolboys can have a habit of making things up but the way he spoke and the confidence in his attitude just made me know he wasn't lying.

“So Miss Hughes.....I will getting plenty of practice now......so that when me and Mark do get an A you are really going to know about it” he laughed and left me sat shaking.

This was insane, how on earth had I got myself in this situation. The more I thought about it the more absurd it became. Then the big difference happened that the more I thought about it the more fascinated I became. My thighs were pressed together tightly and my blood was pumping. I was telling myself no, a thousand times no but I knew I had made the decision and it would be a yes. If indeed they got an A my bottom was going to pay for it but as I thought about becoming the head of history, oh it would be so worth it. I even sat back a smiled to myself at what genius I was for picking the topic of the project. All I needed now was Mark to really step up to the plate and do some work for once.

A week later John handed in the Project and looked slightly disappointed. He told me Mark had lost interest. Something about his sister getting divorced and having to move back home and he had to move out of his room and then she had deleted some of his work on his laptop and all sorts of things. I was devastated and tried to put a brave face on it even asking him if he told Mark about our wager. He shrugged that of course he hadn't as Mark was not the kind of person who would keep that to himself and besides he didn't think I wouldn't go through with it anyway. I was actually quite annoyed and looked indignant.

“Young man.....I am not the type of person who goes back on her word” I said through pursed lips.

He left looking suitable admonished and I picked up the folder. I was not marking the work and normally wouldn't bother even reading any of the projects. I had enough work to mark and read anyway. As I glanced through it I could see how John's work was up to his usual impeccable standard and in reality Mark's elements were probably a certain B. If only he had spent that extra time on it but families can be distracting. I looked up almost as if I was being watched as a thought entered my head.

Two weeks later it was results day. To say that I had put John and Mark's project to the back of my head would be an understatement but it was a very busy day dealing with disappointed students and the usual hectic school league tables to focus on. By the end of day I was exhausted and finally glad to be going home for the weekend when I saw John standing at the school gate. He had a smile on his face and holding a piece of paper in his hands. My heart pounded and my whole body trembled as I walked towards him. His smile got wider the closer I got and I knew what he was going to say before he even said it, of course he had got an A.

“Well Miss never goes back on her word Hughes.........you better get yourself over to my house tomorrow......2pm sharp....and don't be late.......young lady” he didn't wait for my reply and just walked away calmly.

I was wide awake until 4am thinking what I could do. I began to imagine what it would be like to have a dual personality disorder as all I was doing was arguing with myself. Eventually despite knowing this was so wrong I got myself ready and set off. I felt like a condemned prisoner as I sat on the bus looking out carefully for the right stop. He lived in a nice area on a small road with about 10 houses close together. I walked along looking for the house number with the feeling that mainly only people who lived here walked by as it didn't really go anywhere else. I had to smile inwardly as I saw the bright red door with number 6 on it, thinking that might be the colour of my bottom shortly. I knocked and looked around at the typical suburban scene thinking what was going to happen next was hardly typical.

“Good afternoon Miss Hughes.........fancy seeing you here....come in please” he seemed quite calm considering the purpose of my visit.

The house was nice and immaculately clean and tidy and he lead me through to the kitchen and asked if I wanted a coffee or anything. I needed something more than a coffee but I refused and just said we should get this over with with and put an end to this nonsense. He opened the door to the back garden and ushers me outside. He smiled that this was where he had dragged Ellie the first time when she sneaked into his room. He then went out to say that it was just the thought of their Mum not hearing but now having a shed as a place of discipline was cool. A bit like the American woodsheds in the project he smiled. Speaking of his sister I looked up and quickly asked if we were alone and he nodded saying Ellie had gone out shopping with her “Slut” friend Laura and Mum was at work and wouldn't be home till 6pm.

He opened the door and with a polite “Ladies first” I stepped inside. Half the shed had the usual gardening equipment and various clutter all pushed to one side but there in pride of place was a wooden trestle with a little cushion on the top. He even apologised for it looking a bit makeshift and said he hadn't really had the time to make it as good as he intended just yet. How on earth could he sound so so calm knowing what was about to happen. My eyes caught sight of the strap and the cane that he had told me he had bought with his sister a few weeks ago and I really felt scared now of how much this was going to hurt.

“I am a little disappointed to see you wearing jeans Miss Hughes....I would have just got you to raise a skirt but they need to come right off I am afraid” he then carried on “In fact you don't wear jeans in class do you......don't you think its a little disrespectful to turn up here in jeans”

Oh god this boy deserved an Oscar he sounded like this was the most natural thing in the world to be disciplining his own teacher like some naughty 10 year old. I felt so ashamed not only to have to take my jeans off but just the way he acting so superior to me. I had known that it was highly unlikely I would have indeed kept my Jeans up but I was not happy at the thought of taking them right off. Despite this I began to unbutton and then slide them down. The shed was not particularly large and having to bend over a little in front of the bench to slide my jeans down I was almost pushing in to John. He didn't seem too concerned and hardly even looked which made me feel even more embarrassed. I know I was way older than him but still thought I was attractive enough for him to at least find it exciting to see me take my jeans off in front of him. I had deliberately chosen to wear a pair of black knickers that covered as much of my bottom cheeks.

“I must admit I had it 50/50 that you would turn up.....but I am very pleased to see you have come with the intention to do as you are told......young lady” he did give a little smile at the young lady taunt.

“Right then over the bench...hold on tight........and get that naughty bottom as high as you can” he continued.

I knew despite sounding calm and assured he must be absolutely loving having the control over his teacher like this. With a resigned sigh I leaned over the bench and looked down at the rough wooden hand rail and gripped my fingers over it. I could feel my bottom tighten a little and was at least grateful to have my knickers on. Having seen some the drawings and sketches I knew it must have been very common for this to happen on the bare bottom. At least I spent most of free time at the gym since being single and my bottom was still in good shape. Just as I was thinking that and expecting him to at least ask if I was ready or anything.

“Smack”...”smack”....”Come on Miss Hughes ….you can do better than that.....bottom up I said” he growled.

With the slight sting of the hard smacks over my knickers I shuffled my self further over the bench and tried to push my bum up more. Another smack to each cheek and he seemed satisfied. I heard him take a few steps away and then back. If I tried to look back between my legs I could see my own feet and then just to one side of me I saw his red converse shoes. Oh why was everything I looked at have to be red today. Suddenly he grabbed the waistband of my knickers and with a mighty yank he pulled them up as far as he could. I gasped out loud more with the surprise as much as the feeling between my legs and my bottom cheeks.

“Smack”...Smack” “Not a bad arse for a woman your age Miss Hughes....I know Ellie is my sister but she has an amazing bum.....and you should see the strap bounce off it” he sounded amused as he said that.

Oh he was really making the most of it now knowing full well how embarrassing this must be for me. With another tug at my knickers making me gasp again and wondering that it must be impossible to get them any further up the crack of my bum. He gave me several more smacks making my bottom cheeks jiggle slightly and the sting increase. He rubbed my bum a little now which I was not sure was really necessary or just an excuse to either embarrass me more or satisfy his own curiosity.

“It sounds a bit odd.... me calling you Miss Hughes all the time...especially with me looking at you in this position” he laughed. “What is your first name” he asked

“Its Jennie....er I mean Jennifer” I replied, quickly loosing any authority I had now between the two of us.

“Right Jennifer.... lets give the naughty girl what she came for then....shall we” he had such a condescending hint to his voice now.

I was seething with rage inside. How dare he speak to me to me like this. I thought this was going to be painful but I liked John and was not expecting this arrogant almost cocky attitude he was displaying. I had even thought that it would be a fun type of thing, with him being nervous and unsure and generally just laughing and fooling around. I had seriously misjudged it and it was certainly not a laughing matter.

“Whack”.... The strap crashed in to my bottom leaving a almost a flick of flames on my bare skin. “Whack”.....Another, just below the first seem to burn even more as it caught the lower half of my bottom just above my thighs. I closed my yes and tried to think of anything else other than the pain spreading over my bottom as he delivered several more hard swings of the strap. It was almost like he was trying to cover every last part of my bottom the same way you would paint a wall. Some time the strap slightly overlapped where it had hit before making my gasps louder and my breathing faster as I struggling to maintain any kind of composure.

“Well Miss Hughes...I mean Jennifer....it does seem like you are doing quite well...perhaps an older woman can take more of a thrashing” he mused.

Oh as if his words were not taunting and mocking enough as it was. At 29 I was now referred to as an older woman. The pain on my bottom combined with his insults had gone far enough. I pushed myself up off the bench and spun around to face him.

“Now you listen to me John Davenport.....this had gone far enough.....you might get away with treating your sister like a misbehaving little girl....but you don't expect me to act the same and be treat the same....is that clear” I shouted.

His expression if anything looked even more determined. “NO....you listen to me young lady.....because you are not going to like what I have to say to you”

I was taken aback by his response and felt quite nervous and fidgeting especially standing in front of him with my knickers now pulled up so tight. He then began to speak slow and deliberately. How first of all giving him some of Marks work already done was nothing less than a disgrace for a teacher to do such a thing. Then how I had obviously continued to help him by providing material and references so he hardly to do his own research. As if that wasn't enough he went on to say that after he had handed the folder to me Mark told him that he had forgot to put his examination board enrolment number on the front. I was blushing more and shaking my head slowly.

I had to stand and listen as he told me how he had gone to see Mrs O'Reilly later that day only to find out that I had not passed the folder on to her. She had explained that I had told her it was submitted on time but then I had mistakenly took it home with me. The only problem was that when John went the next day with Mark to give Mrs O'Reilly the number the folder was different. Instead of just letting Mark write the number she had to take a call and they just looked through the folder to see if he had missed anything else. They both noticed the changes I had made to Marks section of the project. The result was that Mark had presumed John had made the changes. Despite the chance of Mark now getting an A to which he had idea of the importance he blamed John and when they left the office an argument and even a minor fight broke out between them.

“So Miss Hughes...I hope you are really proud of yourself for setting such an example of how to cheat....and also tell lies” he looked me right in the eye.

“Please John....please you don't understand” I sniffed back a sob

“I understand that a certain young lady is not going to leave this shed until I am satisfied she has learnt her lesson...now get your knickers down to your knees and that bottom better be up in the air by the time I count to three” he demanded.

I could feel my face crumple into tears and knew how trapped I was.

“One”

I tried one more time with a long whining “Pleeeeeaaaaasssseeeeeeeeee”

“Two”

I looked at his face and knew he wasn't going to change his mind and just as he opened his mouth to say three I pushed my knickers down to my knees and turned to get over the bench as quick as I could. I was half trying to show him I was doing as he said but also half trying not to let him see me my chestnut bush between my legs. I hardly had time to grab hold of the rail with my hands when.

“Whack”....Whack”.....Whack”....”Whack” The strap flayed down on my bare bottom.

I was bawling and howling for the first time I could remember in years as he continued his relentless assault on my upturned bum. My head was shaking and in between gulping air to keep breathing and squealing in agony I was begging for him to stop. My legs were kicking up and down and scissoring as wide as the knickers around my knees would allow. No thoughts of maintaining my modesty entered my head now as I knew he could see everything but that was the least of my problems. With a final searing dozen or so swings of the strap right on the backs of thighs he stopped.

“So Miss Hughes......would you give that an A …...if you had to grade how to thrash a naughty girl” he laughed.

**The School Project part 6 Miss Hughes**
I was crying and snivelling like a well an truly punished little girl. With loud heaving breaths and shudders through my whole body I I tried to ease myself back into some sort of normality. I hadn't notice John leave the shed but as I eased myself up from the bench he was no where to be seen. I ran my hands over my bum cheeks and gasped at the intense heat and the sensitivity to just the slighted touch. I was sure they felt swollen and were incredibly sore. I found myself jumping up and down a little in some sort of bizarre dance ritual and at the same time stamping my feet a little in frustration at how I managed to allow this to happen. How could I ever face John at school after this. I looked around for my jeans and couldn't see them anywhere although to be fair the thought of dragging them up over my tender thighs and blazing bottom was not a prospect I was looking forward to. I gently pulled my knickers up and even that act had me wincing and grimacing in further pain.

As I stepped outside the shed into the warm sunshine my knickers were still below my bottom cheeks and only just pulled up a little at the front still leaving some of my pussy hair on show. I looked over to the house and with no sign of John walked across the pristinely cut lawn. My hand felt the cold brass handle of the door and I opened it and walked inside. Sat at the kitchen table was John with a cup of coffee in front of him and a glass of something red at the other side. It was sherry, which he told me was all his Mum had and he thought I could do with a drink but he would make me a coffee if I preferred. I took the sherry and gulped it down in one go. It reminded me of Christmas with my grandparents and suddenly thought what they would think if they could see me now.

“I have got your jeans Miss Hughes.....and I have found a skirt of Ellie's you can borrow to go home in” it wasn't a question but a simple assumption.

I could only nod in acceptance, any will I had left to refuse what ever he said was long gone by now. He then asked if I would like some soothing cream on my bottom and explained how he always put generous amounts of cream on Ellie after a thrashing and then at regular intervals from then. He could see my hesitation and reluctance to allow such an intimate act between us both. He shrugged his shoulders and responded that is wasn't his bottom that was on fire and If I wanted it to feel better I ought to turn around and let him rub the cream in. He then made me shiver with further shame when he commented that he had no idea what time Ellie would be home but his Mum would be hone from work in half an hour. With my mind still racing with the events so far and his calm and unperturbed reaction to the situation I could only shuffle around with my back to him.

“Lets have these knickers right off while we are at it Miss Hughes” with a swift tug they were around my ankles “Step out them young lady.....we don't them any more.....do we” even though he made it sound like a question it was clearly a command.

What had happened to me. I was behaving like some programmed automaton
with no will of my own any more. How could a simple spanking, all be it a hard thrashing with a mean feeling strap reduce me to this. Before I had time to contemplate the complex psychology of all this I let out a soft moan. Oh he was right, the cream was indeed soothing and his touch was gentle and caring. I closed my eyes and even though it didn't magically remove the pain but did feel much, much better.
He suggested I bend over a little so he could get full access to my bottom and the conflict between the additional embarrassment of what he might see was outweighed by the relief I was feeling. I leaned forward and put my hands on my knees with my feet a little apart to keep my balance. He applied the cream to the tops of my thighs and then took his hands away.

“Ellie bends over with her legs as far apart as she can........then she can get her palms right on the floor.....I think its a yoga position or something....but I guess she is much younger and more flexible” he paused “I guess it must be harder at your age to do that”

I was 29 for gods sake why did he keep thinking I was some old woman who needed a walking frame or something. With a little huff under my breath I pushed my feet as far apart as I could. It was a stretch to get my hands on the floor then I had to bend over that little bit more to get my palms flat. I would show him what for. I knew yoga and was very proud of my fitness. How dare he assume I was some old has been. I was stretching every muscle I had in the backs of my legs but I could stay like this for as long as possible now. The satisfaction of proving I could adopt this pose was soon transformed in to pure humiliation as I realised what the view of me he had now.

“Oh that is a good girl Jennifer” he laughed “See what you can do when you really try”

My god he was good at this. Just the subtle change from saying Miss Hughes to saying Jennifer made all the difference. He sounded so in control and so superior and the tone of his voice left no doubt that he knew it, more so he believed it. Once again he massaged cream into my well thrust up bottom and even squeezed and pulled my bum cheeks further apart. I was sure I could never face him again after he had seen me like this. I remembered one time in class when I had got up from a chair with out realising a boy was picking up a pencil from the floor and knew he had seen right up my skirt and then blushing every time he looked at me for a week after. I was going to do more than blush now when John looked at me in school, I was going to die.

Eventually he must have got bored of seeing the last vestige of my dignity slowly ebb away. With crisp “Slap”...”Slap” to each cheek he pronounced his task completed. I was actually a little harder getting up from that position than it was getting in it. I knew my face was a red as a ripe strawberry as I turned to face him and grabbed the skirt from the counter. I knew it was the same as the school uniform and he had done this on purpose to really put me in my place. Considering what he had just seen of me I don't really know why I was so eager to put it on. I took a deep breath to fasten it and although it was a little tight I managed to pull the zip up. It reached well above my knees and the blue socks that were virtually hidden when I had my jeans on looked ridiculous now a little way up my calves.

“That's looks much better Miss Hughes.....we can't have you going home bare bottom....can we” he smiled.

He got up and walked around me as I tried to get the hem of the skirt down as much as I could. He laughed that I was just Ellie when she had to go out in a similar skirt but she wasn't allowed the luxury of that or even knickers when she was home now. He could see me look in disbelief as he continued to tell me of the rule that he implements now for her. As if that wasn't shaming enough for the poor girl it was now common knowledge on the small street of how her little brother was now in charge of her. I could feel my eyes open wide when he added that almost all the neighbours had seen Ellie bare below the waist and that she had got so used to it now she even went outside like that. I was so struck by the image in my head of her walking around like that and for some reason could picture myself doing it. I don't know whether it was the sting in my bottom or the recent feeling of John's hands or the image now in my head but I had such a shudder and a thrill run through my body.

I was feeling hot all over now and fidgeted a little as he asked if wanted a coffee before I left. I listened a little more to how he was really surprised how Ellie had taken to the new rules he made for her and how she seemed so happy with the arrangement. The increasing sensation between my legs made me begin to understand why she would look happy and had to smile inwardly. As I took a sip of coffee I had the sudden urge to make a confession. I told John all about the scholarship and the conversation I had with the Principal and the whole story of how he had come to end up with the History Project. We both actually began to laugh how such an innocent thing as a school project could affect people's lives like it was doing. I then told him about the upcoming vacancy for the head of the history department. His expression began to change and he looked sternly at me.

“So....Young lady....it was your own career rather than helping Mark that was the real motive behind all this” he asked firmly.

Suddenly we heard the sound of front door opening “Hi John...be a dear and make me a coffee will you” then his Mum walked in and saw me.

I knew my face was still bright red and wondered if it was as obvious as I thought that she could tell I had been recently crying. For the first time even John looked a little lost for words before introducing me as his History teacher, Miss Hughes.

“Oh goodness yes ...Miss Hughes... I recognise you now......we met at the school open evening at the end of last term” she looked with a quizzical expression of her face.

I knew she was still unsure to the purpose of me being there when John added that I had just come over to tell him of the scholarship awarded to Mark. I was still standing with a rabbit caught in the headlights look on my face as I told her how proud I was of John for working with Mark and the part he had played in them both getting an A. While I was speaking I cold see out of the corner of my eye John push my knickers under the table with his foot. I was as scared of be found out for doing something I shouldn't be more then ever in the whole of my life. With a final sip of my coffee trying to hid my red face I announced I really had to go and John led me to the door as I said goodbye to his Mum.

“We have unfinished business young lady.... we need to attend to the bottom of a matter of someone putting their own promotion prospects first....and what did you say about the Principal asking you to give Mark more of your time.....you just got me to do your job instead ......you lazy little girl” he smiled but it was a menacing smile.

I walked out unable to even look at him let alone answer, when was this going to end. My head was spinning, a thousand thoughts were trying to make any sense of this whole absurd charade and thought even the best Hollywood scriptwriters would have a job making all this up. Just as I turned the corner I saw a girl who at first glance seemed to be a tall 10 or 12 year old. Then it hit me, it had to be Ellie. She was walking with a purpose and a confident stride as opposed to my slough and permanent hand glued to the hem of the identical short skirt. She was looking around, smiling and thankfully hardly noticing me. Quickly in a blind panic I did what any normal sane adult woman would do and hid behind the nearest parked car.

I was squatting trying to peer around to see if she could see me and then whether it was the panic or the sherry or the coffee, I had a sudden urge to pee. This was insane the more I looked for her the more I wanted to go. I knew if I didn't do it now there would be no way I could get on the bus feeling so desperate. I hitched up the skirt and for the first time since a drunken night out at university I was going to pee in public. I cringed and trembled and prayed a car didn't come along or anyone in the overlooking houses could see me. The pee splashed on the ground and I shuffled my feet even wider while leaning on the car to avoid getting my shoes wet. I was shaking in disbelief at what I was doing.

“Is everything alright.....I saw you go behind the car and I thought you had fallen or something and........ oh sorry.....I didn't realise.....sorry” with a giggle she turned to walk away.

She gave a little glance back and giggled again. I would have thought that I had blushed as much as I could blush with the attack to my dignity I had suffered already. I could clearly see as she walked further away that even in a skirt it was obvious she did have a wonderful bottom and generally was as a cute as a button. She had such a shine in her eyes and a friendly smile even if she was virtually laughing at me. I could only imagine what a gorgeous sight it would be to see her prancing around bottomless. Then a fresh panic swept through me, what if she told John what she had just seen, He was smart enough to know that it must be me and if she did would he tell her about me.

At last I stood up and trying not to look at the little puddle I walked to the bus stop. My head was all over the place and as I was waiting to get off the bus in town with my pulse just about returning to normal for the first time in the last three hours, I saw Emily Jessop and Carla Spencer. Of all the girls in school who I would have hated to see me like this it was those two. They were inseparable and caused trouble no matter what they did. From constantly talking in class to being disruptive as well spreading no end of gossip and always seeming to be picking on someone or other. I kept my head down and tried to walk past in the sheer hope they would not see me.
As if I was I going to be so lucky.

“Hi Miss Hughes.......we thought it was you.......but then we saw the ….skirt and” giggled Emily.

Without having time to work it out I had to say something “Er...oh ….I have had an......er accident and had to change out of my jeans....this is all I had” I mumbled.

Oh god....you haven't wet yourself ….have you Miss” and with that both girls burst out laughing.

“NO.....No of course not.....it was a cup of coffee.....Not that it has anything to do with you two” I let out in my best teacher voice.

“Don't try and get all bossy with us.....we're not in school now.....besides you look more like a school girl in that skirt than we do”. they thought they were such cleaver little bitches.

Not wanting this to get any worse and without wanting to prolong the conversation any longer and with several people looking on I turned to walk away.

“Oh wow....can you see that....someone's smacked her legs”they laughed and almost cackled like the little witches they were.

“Hey Miss.....are you sure you haven't got caught wetting yourself and then had your legs smacked” they were in complete hysterics laughing so much now.

Why did I have to pick bottoms instead of war for this stupid History Project. I was beginning to think it was cursed and seem to be taking on a life of its own. How many more people were going to get under its spell. I gave a little look back and saw two girls I would have liked to give what I had got this afternoon and felt sure I would get an A given the chance.