**The Shot Tower**

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**The Shot Tower Ch. 01**

My name is Marian. I am 18. I am on my knees and forearms ... naked ... my bottom up, my head down. A pimply nerd from my high school is about to shag me in my well-spanked, paddled, switched and very sore bottom. Oh, did I mention that we are outdoors and that a number of people from my town are watching? But I've got ahead of myself. Let me tell you the story of this town, so you'll understand why I'm in this position.  
  
**Who I Am**  
I was born and raised in London, England. I'm what people call a "classic English rose": I'm brunette with pale white skin and red lips. My proportions are about average, maybe a mite bigger in the chest than most. As I mentioned, I'm 18. A year ago I applied at my secondary school to spend my final year in school abroad in an exchange program. I was desperate to gain some independence from my parents, who still treated me like a little girl. I was accepted and assigned to the high school at Springdale, California. I had been hoping for someplace more sophisticated, like Paris or Berlin; but even a small town in America was better than spending another year under the same roof with my suffocating Mum and Dad.   
  
So the first of last September I arrived in America. My host parents, Brian and Jane Forbes, picked me up at the San Jose airport and drove me to their home in Springdale. I fancied them immediately. They were in their mid-thirties, about 10 years younger than my parents, and they seemed so much more relaxed and free about everything. I discovered on that first drive that they even listened to some of the same pop stars that I fancied. They insisted that I call them by their first names. That took some getting used to. I'd never called an adult by his or her given name before; but it made me feel older and worldly, like I was an adult, too. I was looking forward to nine months with them.  
  
The time has rushed by and I enjoyed it even more than I thought I would. By mid-May when graduation was not far off, I was sad to think that soon I'd be going back to England for university. I was going to miss Brian and Jane.   
  
The only disappointing thing about my school year in America was the quality of my fellow students. Or rather I should say, *lack* of quality. I found them crude. I much preferred to spend time with my host parents and other adults. The Yanks my age seemed to know little about what was going on in the world and they knew even less of literature and the arts. I didn't respect them and I made no attempt to hide my disdain. They regarded me as an English snob, but I didn't care.   
  
One twit in particular was the most horrid. He is called 'Lumpy' and I can't think of a more appropriate name. He is chubby and pimply and crude. On my first day at my American high school, he approached a flat-chested girl standing next to me and said "Hey, I got a joke that will knock your tits off. ... Oh, I see you already heard it!" He then strolled away laughing. I hated him instantly.   
  
There was one exception to my general contempt for the Yank high schoolers: Bobby. His last name isn't important. He played one of those awful, violent American sports. I think it is the one where boys in thick padding slam into each other while one of them carries an oblong ball around, or maybe it's the one where the boys skate around on ice in baggy shorts and hit a little black thing with sticks, stopping frequently to clobber each other. But Bobby's athletics were not what interested me. He is tall and handsome, with a confident but gentle smile. Even his eyes seem to smile. His shoulders and chest are broad and strong. He was the only boy in the school who could turn me into a giggly schoolgirl, and there were many nights that school year when I had a wank in the bathtub while I indulged a lewd fantasy about Bobby ravishing me.   
  
There's one more thing I have got to explain about Springdale before I can continue with the story: The Shot Tower.   
  
**The Shot Tower**  
A shot tower was where bullets were made in olden times. Until about a 150 years ago, bullets were just little round balls of lead called musket balls. They had to be pretty nearly perfectly round and it was hard to make them until somebody discovered that if you dropped a teaspoon of molten lead from a tall height, the drop of lead would be almost perfectly round by the time it reached the ground. That's when people began building shot towers. A shot tower is a brick or stone tower about 15 stories tall, but it doesn't really have any floors, except at the very top and bottom. There is a shaft down the middle of it and a big basin of cold water at the bottom the shaft. At the top of the tower there is a brick oven in which lead is melted. The workers would drop dollops of molten lead down the shaft. The falling lead becomes perfectly round by the time it plops into the water tank at the bottom. The water cools it and at the end of the day, the workers empty the tank and they've got several hundred near perfect musket balls.   
  
But for my story, the important part of a shot tower isn't the shaft, it's the stairs. The workers needed a way to get to the top, so shot towers had stairways wound around the shaft along the inside of the walls of the tower. Some towers were round, so the stairway was a continuous spiral going all the way up to the top where there was a floor and the oven. But some shot towers were square, so the stairs had landings in every corner.   
  
Most of the world's shot towers were torn down long ago, and Springdale has the last one still standing in California. It is a square one and it is the world's widest shot tower, each side being 30 feet long. But it is far from the tallest. In fact, it was never completed: the builder went bankrupt when the tower was only about eight stories high. This was 150 years ago. He couldn't pay his taxes, so the town of Springdale seized the tower, and the land around it. It became Springdale's Shot Tower Park. The city put a roof on the tower and built a safety parapet around the sides of the roof, so it looks a bit like a square castle. It has been open to the public ever since. Anyone can go in and climb to the top. There are windows along the stairway, but not on the outside walls where they would give a view of the park and the town. Instead, they are on the inside so you can look into the shaft, one window on each landing. There are 16 landings in all. Each flight of steps between the landings goes up half-a-story. The echo in the shaft is so loud that they say if you drop a penny from the highest window, just before the stairway opens onto the roof, you can hear it hit the bottom 95 feet below.   
  
I know all this, by the way, because in the spring of my American year, my history teacher, Mr Ventor, required a 15 page paper about local history and I chose to write mine about the shot tower, so I had to do a lot of research, and, of course, I visited the shot tower several times and climbed its steps to the top. Apparently, I was the first student to write about it, because my host parents and librarians looked surprised when I told them that I was researching the shot tower. So did Mr Ventor and everyone else I told, or at least every other adult. In fact, some of them looked down right alarmed, as if I was some kind of English girl spy out to steal America's secret shot tower technology.   
  
**Complications**  
In early May, barely 6 weeks before graduation, I was sitting at the kitchen table doing homework, when I heard my host parents, Jane and Brian, talking in the next room about some tradition or other, except they kept saying "the tradition" as if there was only one tradition in the world. I didn't really pay attention, until I heard them mentioning the shot tower in connection with this tradition. None of my research into the shot tower had revealed any special tradition.   
  
When I heard one of them mention the shot tower again, I got up from the table, opened the door and said "What about the shot tower?"  
  
Well, maybe I should have knocked first, because they both jumped like startled deer.   
  
"Marian!" Jane said, "you scared the life out of me ... uh ... how long have you been standing there?"   
  
"Yes ... um ..." Brian asked, "how much did you hear?" He seemed as nervous as Jane. You'd think they'd been planning a bank robbery from their guilty looks.  
  
I explained that I had been doing my homework when I heard them mention the shot tower, and they both seemed to relax. But when I asked them to explain this tradition they were talking about and to tell me what it had to do with the shot tower, they became evasive.   
  
"It's nothing, really, Marian, and it's too ... uh ... *complicated* to explain," Brian said.  
  
"I can't forget it," I pointed out. "If there's a tradition connected with the shot tower, Mr Ventor, my history teacher, will know about it and I'll get a bad grade if my paper doesn't mention it."   
  
They seemed at a loss for how to respond to this and they looked at each other quizzically as if each hoped to see the answer in the face of the other. Finally, Brian got an 'I've got it!" look on his face and he spoke.  
  
"It's a *picnic*—Yes, that's it. The town has an annual picnic on the Saturday before Memorial Day in Shot Tower Park. So the picnic ... uh ... you see ... is a*tradition*!"   
  
He said this in an oddly triumphant tone, as if he had only just now made the earth-shaking discovery that the town's annual picnic was a tradition.  
  
"Why, yes," Jane added with a tone of wondrous surprise, "that's it exactly! The tradition is the picnic!"   
  
I looked from one to the other and back again. They both beamed satisfaction at me, silly grins of relief on their faces. Two more obvious liars would be hard to find outside of a convention of swindlers and politicians.  
  
"So, what are the complications?" I asked.  
  
"Huh?" was Brian's brilliant response. They both started looking nervous again.  
  
"You said the tradition was too complicated to explain. Those were your exact words, so I'm asking you now, what are the complications?"   
  
"The *complications!*" Brian said, suddenly remembering his earlier evasion. "Yes ... Right ... The complications ... Well, the complications are ... Well ... actually*Jane* can tell you about the complications. Go ahead, Jane, tell Marian about the complications."  
  
"What?!" Jane erupted, looking at him crossly, "You were the one who said there were complications!"  
  
"Ok, you two," I said as I folded my arms. "I know you're hiding something. Enough of the nonsense please. What really is the tradition and what does it have to do with the shot tower?"  
  
Jane signed in defeat and looked at Brian, saying "She's over 18, Brian, she's allowed to know. In fact, she's allowed to participate."   
  
He gave a sigh that matched hers and said, "Ok, but, Marian, I'm not sure how you'll react: you see, Springdale does have an annual picnic on the Saturday before Memorial Day, but there is another ... uh ... very ... uh ... unusual tradition that takes place that evening. As your host father, I don't feel comfortable telling you about ... uh ... the tradition. Jane, can you explain it to her?"  
  
"Wait," said Jane, "I've got a better idea. Let's send her to Pam. Pam can explain it better than we can anyway. After all, she was there when it started."   
  
Brian looked like he'd got a reprieve from a death sentence. He readily agreed and gave me the address of a woman named Pam Sneed.  
  
"Go talk to her, Marian. Tell her you're over 18 and ask her to tell you about ... well... how it all began."  
  
**The Beginning**  
Pam Sneed turned out to be a woman in her mid-thirties, like Brian and Jane, but single. When I explained the mission that had brought me to her door, she was initially reluctant to tell me about the tradition; but it turned out that when she had been my age she had travelled in England and that she had basically run away to see the world just as I had come to America. After a little chin-wagging she said that I reminded her of herself, and she agreed to fill me in about the tradition.   
  
"Since you are over 18 now," she began, "you are eligible to know about the tradition and even to participate this year, if you want. I can tell you how it originated. It started 12 years ago at the annual community barbecue that is held on the Saturday of every Memorial Day weekend at the park surrounding the shot tower. Various members of the community volunteer each year for different tasks. One person is to get 50 bags of potato chips, another brings hundreds of lemons to make lemonade, still another brings hundreds of hamburger and hot dog buns, and so on. The money comes from the town treasury. Anyway, in that particular year ... uh ... a certain young woman, 24 years old, volunteered to arrange with the local grocery stores to have hundreds of hot dogs and 100 lbs. of hamburger meat delivered to the park the afternoon of the barbecue.   
  
"Now ... uh ... this particular woman had been kind of a wild child. Her parents did not believe in disciplining children at all, so she had grown up without any self-discipline. She'd never had to pay a price for misbehavior and as a result she had a reputation for being irresponsible. Some people in the town were concerned when they heard she'd been given the assignment to get the meat to the barbecue, but they didn't say anything, perhaps out of a belief that she should have a chance to prove herself.   
  
"Well, all she ended up proving is that she was still a self-absorbed brat. She strolled into the park about 3 pm that day, long after the meat was supposed to have arrived. When the other volunteers asked her where the meat was, she looked puzzled at first. Then she got one of those 'Ohhh, Yeahhh.' looks on her face, like people do when they suddenly remember something.  
  
"She said 'I was supposed to arrange for the meat wasn't I? Oh, well, we'll just have to make do with beer and chips. No big deal.'   
  
"With that, she strolled off toward the beer table.   
  
"They were all furious with her. The children were complaining that they were hungry, so families started leaving. The picnic was ruined. Several of the younger men without families stayed to drink the beer and they got very drunk. When they saw ... uh ... this woman wander into the shot tower, they followed. They confronted her at the bottom of the stairs and began to chew her out for neglecting to get the meat.   
  
"She just laughed and said 'If you guys are hungry for meat, why don't you chow down on each other's hot dogs?'  
  
"That was the turning point. One of the men staggered forward and swatted her on the seat of her pants, telling her she ought to be spanked like any brat. She whirled around to face him and another man swatted her bottom from the other direction.   
  
"Nervously, she tried to laugh it off: 'Ok, you guys, you got me. We're even now.'  
  
"Then she tried to exit the tower, but the several men blocked her and she felt three more spanks land. Panicking, she reversed course and ran up the shot tower stairway. The men chased and caught her on the second landing. They bent her over the sill of the window that opened into the shaft and began to spank her hard. Her squeals echoed up and down the shaft. This struck the men as uproariously funny and they began to laugh and let her go.   
  
"She ran up the stairs again, and behind her she could hear the men conversing in low voices. Running up steps is exhausting and she had to stop on the fifth landing to catch her breath. She made the mistake of not looking behind her as she sagged against the wall gasping. One of the men had taken off his shoes and silently run behind her. He grabbed her and held her until the other men arrived. They took off her shoes and socks and threw them through the window into the shaft. They landed on the bottom with a booming echo. They bent her over the window sill just as they had on the lower landing, but this time, before spanking her, one man undid the snap of her slacks and yanked them down. She gave out a little shriek of embarrassment but the men were not deterred. The slacks were pulled off one foot and then the other and tossed into the shaft. As they resumed spanking her pantied bottom, she began whimpering apologies and promising to buy them all the hot dogs and hamburgers they could want if only they'd let her go. The tearful apology resounded up and down the shaft.  
  
"The men released her and she again ran up the stairs, this time looking back behind her to be sure she wasn't followed. On the eighth landing, farther up, she found two other men waiting. She recognized one of them as a local minister.   
  
"'Oh, thank goodness!' she exclaimed, 'Please help me. Some men are stripping me and spanking me.' As she said this, she tried to hide her underwear by squatting a bit and pulling the hem of her top down in front to the top of her thighs.   
  
"'Actually,' the minister replied, with a grin, 'we've heard what's been happening through the shaft and it sounds to me like you are getting what you deserve.'  
  
"With that the minister and the man with him each grabbed one of her arms and pulled her over to the landing's window. They were about to bend her over the sill when the other men arrived.   
  
"'Wait just a second, Reverend,' one of the men requested. Then he grabbed the hem of her top and at a nod from him, the minister and his friend let go of her arms so her top could be pulled up and off in one sudden motion. There were hoots from the men and calls to remove her bra. The minister's friend chuckled at this and obliged the small male crowd. Both garments were tossed into the shaft as the woman crossed her arms over her breasts. But her arms were quickly pinned to her side again and chorus of men murmured and whistled there approval at the sight of her bare breasts still heaving from her long run upstairs.   
  
"She was bent over the window sill and spanked again. By this time her bum was getting pretty sore and her 'ouch's and cries of pain echoed in the shaft.   
  
"'Please ... st- stop,' she stammered, 'I- I've learned my lesson. Ow! I'll never do it again.'  
  
"'I am getting tired,' one of the men complained. Most of the others were breathing hard, too.  
  
"Alright,' said the minister, 'I have an idea. We're near the top, let's end this when she reaches the top, but in exchange she'll have to *walk* up past each of us, like an old-fashioned gauntlet.'   
  
"The men murmured their approval, so the minister made her the offer: 'If you cooperate in the rest of your punishment, it will end when you reach the top of the tower. Otherwise, this might go on all evening. There are plenty men still down there in the park who would be glad to take a turn swatting your naughty ass.'  
  
"She realized that her least bad option was to take the deal and so she agreed. The men cheered at this and then went upstairs and spread themselves evenly along the stairs, while the minister and his friend stayed with her to make sure she didn't welch on the deal and try to run downstairs.   
  
"When everyone was positioned, the minister ordered the woman to walk up the stairs to be spanked by each man she passed. She was not allowed to cover any part of herself with her hands. Sniffling, she nodded her assent to this and began to walk up the steps with her arms at her sides, her breasts jiggling a little with each step.   
  
"The men were spaced about every third or fourth step and each one gave her a strong spank on her silk-pantied butt. After she passed, each man joined the group following her up. Other men, hearing the commotion had come up to, so now there was quite a crowd.   
  
"When she reached the last of the men, she was still three landings from the top. The men passed her and again distributed themselves evenly on the stairs above her. There were so many of them that there was one almost every other step. Before she could continue, however, they made the shame-faced woman peel off her panties and toss them into the shaft to flutter down to the bottom. Also, for this last passage through the gauntlet, she was required to stop beside each man, bend forward to stick out her bottom, and ask politely for a spank. Then she had to thank the man for the spank and continue. "When, at last, she reached to the top, her face was as red as her bottom. But her shame was not quite finished yet. The men refused to let her go back down the staircase and fetch her clothes at the bottom of the shaft. Instead, she was required to climb down via the outside fire escape in full view of the remaining people in the park. Even when she reached the bottom, she was not allowed to dress, so she had to run home with just her hands to cover her nakedness. Each hungry person she passed laughed at the sight of her pink, well-spanked butt."

"My goodness, that's quite a story," I said, and I realized that I'd been fidgeting in my chair and that Pam's home had become uncomfortably hot. "But what exactly is this tradition that Brian and Jane were talking about?"  
  
"I actually don't know much about how the tradition started," she demurred, "I just know it grew out of that day's events 12 years ago. But you can talk to Don and Alita Rodriguez. They know better than I do what happened in the days and weeks following that disastrous picnic."  
  
She wrote down their address for me and I headed home. As soon as I began to walk I was surprised to find that I was fizzy between the legs. Pam's story had generated images and that I couldn't get out of my head. Once home, I ran in and drew a hot bath for myself. As I lay back in the tub, soaking in the hot water, the images came back to me; images of a woman being spanked by leering men in the shot tower, images of her stripping in front of them, images of her bending down and asking the men for spanks, images of her legging it home naked as passers-by laughed at her—   
  
"Marian! Are you ok?"  
  
I nearly jumped out of my skin. It was Jane's voice, calling from outside the water closet door. I realized that I had been twisting my legs around each other and moaning out loud.   
  
"It's ok," I called out to her, trying to think of an excuse for my noises, "I just ... uh ... twisted my ankle a bit in gym today and it's hurting, but I'll be fine."   
  
"Alright, dear. Let me know if you need to go to the doctor."  
  
I heard her footsteps fade away and I sat amazed and disturbed at how aroused I had been by Pam's story. I tried to replace these erotic thoughts with one of my standard fantasies about Bobby. I put a dry washcloth into my mouth to gag myself and then lay back in the tub and pictured him shirtless as we stood together in a field of lilacs. He held me close and I kissed his wide chest. But before long, the image changed: Bobby and I were not in the field anymore, we were in the shot tower and he was kissing me insistently on the mouth. The picture changed again and suddenly I was naked and he was pulling me up the stairs. Then I was bent over the sill of a window in the shot tower. Bobby was spanking me and calling me a naughty girl. I came powerfully and groaned through my gag. When it was over, I lay their panting and noticed that I had splashed a gallon or so of soapy water onto the water closet floor. Lest Jane or Brian see it, I had to get sop it up with a towel which I wrung out in the tub. I had to do this several times to get it all up.  
  
**The Tradition**  
The next evening, I was sitting in the living room of the Rodriguez's home. Don and Alito, who were also in their mid-thirties, were on the couch before me, shifting nervously. I had told them that Pam Sneed had sent me to get the story of the "tradition" at the shot tower. They evaded my question at first, but when I told them that Pam had already filled me in about the famous picnic-that-wasn't 12 years ago and the events that transpired in the shot tower, they reluctantly agreed to pick up the story from there.  
  
"Well," Don began, "That the night after the non-picnic, many men in town, especially those who had participated in the spanking were pretty aroused. What surprised many of them was that that their wives/girlfriends were also turned on by the whole thing. This included both women who had been in the park and witnessed P-"  
  
Alito cleared her throat loudly to interrupt and she gave him a significant look.  
  
"Uh, right," he continued, "well, as I was saying it wasn't just the women who had seen ... uh ... the spanked woman's nude run home who were turned on by it. Those who only heard about the whole thing were aroused too. Many a woman in Springdale that night confessed to her man that she fantasized that it was she who had been publicly spanked. Similarly, many a woman whose man had not been present at the spanking found that her man was turned on by the idea of chastising a woman with a spanking. So, ... well, let's just say that a good many couples in town who had never tried S&M before tried it that night."  
  
I noticed that Alita was blushing, but I ignored this and simply asked what the mysterious tradition was. Alita picked up the story.  
  
"Well, a week or so later, one couple got a little bolder. They sneaked into the tower late one night when the rest of the town was sleeping and partially re-enacted the scene. The husband followed his wife up the stairs, spanking her."  
  
"Who was this couple?" I asked.  
  
"Nobody knows!" Don interrupted suddenly before Alito could answer. "I mean, it hasn't really been determined who was the first to ... uh ... use the shot tower." I noticed that *he* was now blushing too.  
  
"Yes," Alito agreed looking at her husband, "nobody knows who that first couple was. Anyway, at each landing she took off an item of clothing and drop it down the shaft. Eventually, she was nude and her husband bent her over a window sill in the tower and spanked her, making her ask for each spank and thank him afterward. This was followed by some pretty great sex on the top of the tower."  
  
"Great?" I asked.  
  
"Yes ... well ...," Alito stammered, "I mean that's what I've been *told.* That it was great. Anyway, after it was over they retrieved her clothes from the bottom of the shaft and went home."  
  
After a pause, Don continued the story.  
  
"This couple began to make a regular thing of this. What they didn't know was that other couples in town had gotten the same idea and were doing their own S&M sessions in the shot tower. Well, you can guess what happened."  
  
"It was inevitable," Alito interjected.  
  
"Indeed," Don continued. "There came a day in mid-summer when a couple arrived at the tower around midnight. This particular couple decided they would begin with a warm up spanking before they made the climb up the stairs. The man sat on the third step from the bottom while his girlfriend pulled down her underpants to the ankles and pulled up her skirt. He then put her over his lap. He started to spank and soon she was twisting and begging to be let off."  
  
I pictured this as Don talked and I was suddenly feeling hot just as I had at Pam's house. I undid the top button of my blouse. *Why do Yanks keep their houses so hot?* I thought.   
  
Alito had been watching me and I thought I saw her eyebrow rise in surprise when I undid the button, but she simply continued the story, "After a particularly stingy smack, the woman involuntarily stiffened, which lifted her head. In this position, she was looking straight at the bottom of the shaft. And that's when she saw a woman's clothes, bra and underpants included, scattered around the bottom of the shaft. She pointed this out to her man and he paused in the spanking as they tried to puzzle out the meaning of these seemingly abandoned clothes. At almost the same moment, they heard a couple giggling somewhere above them on the stairs. They looked up just in time to see the other couple come into sight and stop on the lowest landing. The woman was bare naked and she was rubbing one hand on her butt."  
  
"The two couples froze and stared at each other in astonishment for several seconds," Don continued.  
  
"That must been awkward," I interjected.  
  
"Oh, that's not the half of it," said Don. "You see the two couples were best friends."  
  
"Oh, my goodness! How ... how ... ," I searched for words, "how *excruciatingly*embarrassing that must have been."   
  
"Indeed," said Alito, "and there was no way that either party could explain away what they were doing there. After all, one woman was over her boyfriend's lap bottomless and the other was completely nude."  
  
"And both had pink butts," Don added.   
  
"Well, somehow they got through the moment without actually dying of embarrassment. The two women got their clothes on and the two couples walked out of the park together. But since each now knew that the other was into S&M, there was no point in not talking about it, so they next time they were together for a social occasion, they agreed to go together to the tower that night for a joint S&M scene. Both women ended up getting long bare-bottomed spankings from each of the men."   
  
I felt beads of sweat along my hairline. Alito was looking at me. Her smile was*knowing,* almost a smirk.  
  
"Well, as we said," Don continued, "lots of couples were using the tower, so over the following months there were more and more accidental meetings, and—"  
  
"more and more mergers of S&M scenes," Alito completed his sentence. "Couples became foursomes, four became six, and then eight or more."  
  
"And some of those accidental encounters were more memorable than others," Don smiled.  
  
"How so?" I asked.  
  
"Well," Alito responded, giggling, "there was a young couple in town who were engaged to be married that autumn. Their parents had been friends for years. Anyway, this couple decided to do a little S&M experimenting in the tower one night not long before the wedding. When they reached the top of the tower, the young girl was naked, weeping, and rubbing her very red bottom, while the young man had an erection that forced him to open the fly of his pants and shorts, so he was protruding, if you get my meaning."  
  
"So?" I wondered out loud.  
  
"So," she continued, still giggling, "when they got to the top they found *both*sets of parents there: each mother was lying naked over the lap of the *other*woman's husband being thoroughly spanked as she kicked, twisted, and sniffled."  
  
"Oh, my God!" I exclaimed. It was my turn to giggle, and both Don and Alito joined me in laughter.  
  
After a moment, I recovered from my giggling fit enough to ask a question: "So, is *that* the tradition that Brian, Jane, and Pam were talking about? Using the shot tower for S&M scenes?"  
  
"Well, no, actually, the tradition is one special S&M scene," Don explained. "That March the last game of the high school's basketball team was an away game at night in a town about two hours down the highway. By coincidence, one local TV station was showing the latest Toy Story movie that same night and another station was showing the latest Harry Potter. So virtually every underage person in the town was occupied that night, either out-of-town at the game or glued to the TV."   
  
"That meant that parents all over town were free to socialize," Alito elaborated. "So many of the couples and small groups that were doing the S&M scenes, scheduled a scene at the shot tower for that evening, unbeknownst to each other."   
  
"I can guess what happened," I jumped in, "all these groups arrived at the shot tower that night, each expecting to have it to themselves."  
  
"Exactly," said Don, "it was kind of a giant-sized version of the awkward discoveries that had been happening in the tower all year. Well, no one was quite ready for a giant-sized S&M scene that night, so all these groups went home disappointed."   
  
"But," Alito joined in, "the secret was out. Now everybody that was into S&M knew that most of the town was into it as well. So some meetings were held. It was decided that at the next town picnic on the Saturday before Memorial Day, the underage kids would be taken home by late afternoon. But adults who were into S&M could return to the park a bit later. Parents would hire high school kids to babysit their children."  
  
"So," I asked, "what happens after the adults return?"  
  
"There's a re-enactment of the original spanking," Don explained, "except instead of just one woman, any adult in town with masochistic desires can come to be spanked and possibly humiliated in other ways."  
  
"And," Alito added, "any adult can come and be a spanker."  
  
"Well," said Don, "long story short, it was a smashing success, and it was quickly decided to do it every year."   
  
"We'll keep the details secret, if you don't mind," Alito said. "But if you decide to participate this year then you'll discover how it all works."   
  
"And that, Marian," said Don, "is the tradition."  
  
"I see," I mused out loud. "But what about the woman who was originally spanked for forgetting to order the meat? I presume she left town out of sheer embarrassment. Whatever became of her?"  
  
Alito and Don surprised me by laughing heartily at my question.   
  
"That's another thing you'll probably find out if you participate this year," said Don.  
  
My walk home from the Rodriguez's house was a repeat of my walk home from Pam's: I was immediately aware that I was very wet between my legs. I couldn't stop thinking about the episodes Don and Alito had described, and I was practically squishy by the time I arrived home.  
  
Once again, I made straight for the bath. This time I remembered to gag myself with a dry washcloth right from the start. As I lay naked in the hot soapy water slowly stroking myself, I closed my eyes and invented pictures to go with the scenes in Alito and Don's story.   
  
Before long, the man in my pictures became Bobby and I became the woman. It was Bobby who sat on the low step in the shot tower and it was me who obediently peeled down my knickers, held up my skirt, and submissively lay across his lap. It was me who kicked and bawled and begged for mercy as he gave me a thorough spanking.   
  
Then it was me who was spanked in a group scene on a landing in the shot tower. Except that in my imaginary version, the other girls were not spanked with me. They were spankers just like the boys; I was the only spankee, the only one who bent naked pushed out her bottom and politely asked for each spank and then, sniffling, thanked the spanker afterward.  
  
Then it was me at the top of the tower, where Bobby and another boy traded partners and, thus, it was me lying naked over the lap of the other boy who gave me a long bare bottomed spanking while I kicked and twisted and cried as Bobby spanked the other girl nearby.   
  
So it was me who was surprised when a third couple arrived at the top, but in my version of the scene, they were not a betrothed couple with a pink-bottomed girl and a boy with a visible stiffy. They were my parents magically transported from England, fully clothed and carrying paddles.   
  
"You naughty, naughty girl," my Mummy exclaimed in outrage. Moments later I was bent over naked facing Bobby, my arms around his waist and my face pressed against his bare, hard, belly. My legs were spread wide and my parents were taking turns paddling me.   
  
"Thank you, Mummy. Thank you, Daddy," I called out tearfully after each smack as Bobby held me in place and he and the other two kids watched and laughed.  
  
My climax was the most powerful of my young life: my hips took on a life of their own and pumped up and down furiously several times, rising up out of the water and then, a split second later, slamming my bottom back down into it again. This created a virtual gale in the tub and, once again, I splashed gallons of soapy water onto the water closet floor. In my throes, I hadn't noticed that the washcloth had dropped from my mouth and, as I came, I heard my own voice call out "Oh, Bobby!"  
  
I froze in mortification. *Had Brian or Jane heard me?* I wondered. But there was no sound from the hallway and I relaxed and set to work sopping up the water.  
  
**A Decision**  
The next morning at breakfast I told Jane and Brian that the Rodriguezes had told me all about the tradition. Then I told them that I had decided to participate this year as a spankee.   
  
I had been expecting, hoping even, that they would be shocked, but they showed no surprise at all.   
  
"Well, if you are sure that's what you want, dear," Jane said. Brian hardly glanced up from his newspaper.  
  
"You're not surprised, then?" I asked ... surprised.  
  
"Well, actually, Marian, I heard you ... ah ... *hurt your ankle* ... the other night, and Brian heard lots of splashing in the bathroom last night, so I took the liberty of calling Pam and Alito after you went to bed. They both told me that you seemed quite affected by their stories."   
  
I was mortified. I felt my face burn and it must have turned red as an apple. They *knew* or at least they *suspected.*  
  
"I- I don't know what they could be talking about," I stammered, feigning outrage. "I wasn't affected at all."   
  
"I understand, dear," Jane smiled, "but you know there'd be nothing to be embarrassed about. As you've no doubt figured out by now, Brian and I participate every year."   
  
"However," Brian said, putting down the newspaper, "you are a bit young for this sort of thing. Maybe you should start your adult sex life in a slower lane. S&M can be pretty intense, and I mean that in an emotional sense. Also, it's not likely there will be anyone else your age there."  
  
"But anyone over 18 is eligible. Isn't that the rule?" I asked. "I've been 18 for six weeks now."  
  
"Yes, that's true," Jane confirmed, "and we've had 18 year old participants a few times in the past, but we don't go out of our way to tell people that young about the tradition. Most people in town don't learn about it until they're around 21 or so."  
  
"And, even then," Brian added, "they usually take a couple of years to work up the courage to participate."  
  
"They often ask if they can come and just observe the first time," Jane continued, "but that's not allowed."  
  
"Nope," Brian affirmed, "it's all or nothing when it comes to participation. Also, you can't start and then drop out before it's over. Once you start up the steps, you have to go all the way to top. That's another rule."   
  
I promised them that I'd think it over some more, but that night in bed I had more fantasies about being publicly dominated by Bobby and I knew I was going to go through with it.

**The Shot Tower Ch. 02**

The Saturday of Memorial Day weekend came soon enough. The afternoon picnic was pure Americana: Softball games, eating, children playing on slides, swings, and teeter-totters. The menu was all-American too: hot dogs, hamburgers, potato crisps (which the Yanks call potato chips), and beer. After 5 PM, families started heading home, and the volunteer cleaners picked up the litter and took the leftovers to the local homeless shelter.   
  
By 5:30, the park was nearly deserted, but about 7 PM, with the sun still pretty bright at that time of year, adults began drifting back in couples, small groups, and singles. Jane, Brian, and I walked back to the park together. When we got to the shot tower, I saw that people were dividing into two groups. One, mostly male, was queued up to go and enter the tower. The other, mostly female, was gathered on the opposite side of the tower. Each group had about 150 people in it. It wasn't hard to guess which were the dominants and which were the submissives.  
  
"Well," said Brian, "I'll see you two on the flip side." With that, he headed off to join the queue waiting to go into the tower.   
  
Jane took my hand, and led me over to the mainly female group. I realized that I was more scared than I thought I would be. I looked around and saw a few other women who looked as nervous as I felt: the other first-timers, I guessed. All of them were around 21 years old give or take a year. I saw no other girls from high school, but Alito was there. I tried to chat with her, but I was so nervous I could hardly speak. She did not seem the least bit surprised to see me there which irritated me a bit. I admit that I *had* got fizzy by Pam's and the Rodriguezes' stories, but even so I felt slightly offended that they would just assume that I was a slutty submissive, merely because I'd been a little ... what was Jane's word? ... *affected* by their stories. As I was ruminating on this, I noticed that Jane had walked off to talk with someone else and I soon lost sight of her in the crowd.  
  
Shortly after that a women came through the crowd passing out copies of a waiver form. Each of us was required to sign one. It was a simple document in which I swore that I was acting voluntarily. It also said that I agreed that once I started up the stairs, I had to keep going till I reached the top. I signed it and handed it back to the woman who was collecting them.   
  
Finally, we were told to queue up and we were led around the tower to the entrance. The spankers had by then already gone in and taken up positions along the stairway. My stomach was doing gymnastic flips and for a second I had an urge to run away; but I took a deep breath and told myself that if all these other women (and a few men) had been spankees in the past and come back year after year, it couldn't be unendurable.   
  
I was close to the end of the queue, only about 20 spankees were behind me. There was something familiar about the woman just ahead of me and while we were waiting to go in, she turned around and smiled at me. It was Pam Sneed, who had told me about the original incident that inspired the tradition. She also didn't seem surprised to see me, and again I felt a little annoyed. Seeing how nervous I was, she took pity on me and leaned over to whisper in my ear.  
  
"We're not supposed to tell first-timers any details," she whispered, "so you didn't hear this from me, but here's a couple of tips. If you try to protect your bottom or cover up with your hands, the spankers can stop you, hold your arms and give you four hard extra swats with a paddle. They'll let you rub your bottom, but only when you are on a landing."  
  
"Good grief," I whispered back, more nervous than ever now, "are there any other secret rules?"  
  
Suddenly, the queue began to move and I could see up ahead that the women near the front of the queue were entering the tower.   
  
"There's no more time to talk," Pam whispered back as we moved forward, "just keep in mind that it's all about *submission* and you'll be fine. Trust me, Marian, I ... *understand* you."  
  
I didn't get a chance to ask her what she meant by this because she and I had reached the arched entrance of the stone tower.  
  
As soon as I entered, I could hear echoing noise in the shaft. There was a pile of shoes and socks at the bottom and we were told to add our own footwear to the pile.   
  
"You can pick them up again, afterward," Pam whispered to me.  
  
After we had complied, I looked past Pam to the queue ahead us as it led up to the first landing and then turned out-of-sight to go up to the next one. The spankees were walking up the stairs, each about 2 or 3 steps behind her predecessor. There were men along the walls also spaced about every third step, but some were on the inner side — the shaft side — of the stairs. Paddles lay on the steps near the feet of some men, presumably for punishing rule-breakers. They were all clearly enjoying themselves. As each spankee passed a man he would reach out and smack her on the seat of the pants with his hand. I could tell by the way the women jerked in response that these weren't gentle pats. Some of the women were already rubbing their bottoms when they crossed the first landing.   
  
Pam reached the bottom step and I saw her start up. The first man, who was standing on the third step, smiled as she reached him and then he leaned forward and gave her a powerful slap on her right buttock. It knocked her right hip forward a couple of inches and I heard her emit a low "umph" sound. But she kept climbing.   
  
I stepped onto the lowest step and realized that I was sweating and my knees were shaking. In another second or two a man's hand would spank my jean-clad rear for the first time in my young life, and I gulped as I moved to the second step. I didn't have the nerve to look at the man, so I looked down and away as I reached the third.   
  
I was lifting my left foot to the fourth step when — Smack! — I felt a strong swat to my right bum. It jerked my hips forward a bit and I reflexively "owh"ed out loud. Two thoughts struck me in the next second as I continued to walk up the steps on autopilot: one, a man's hand covers a lot more surface area that I imagined in my fantasies and, two, the spank hurt more than I had imagined it would.   
  
Smack! A spank from the second man interrupted my thoughts. This one seemed to come up from below and I felt that I was lifted in the air a centimetre. For some reason this angle of attack seemed ruder, more invasive, than the first spank, and I had a sudden urge to whirl and slap the man on his face. I suppressed it and kept going, but my flash of anger must have registered on my face. The third man seemed to take this as a challenge, so he also gave me an upper cut too, but instead of letting his hand bounce away from the smack, he slid it up my right bum, his fingers trailing through the crack of my blue jeans. I was mortified and jerked my hips away from his hand as I continued up the steps.   
  
*These men,* I thought to myself, *they are ... are ... doing whatever they want with me! Taking whatever liberties they want with my bottom.* It was one thing to fantasize being controlled by a man, it was quite another to actually experience it.   
  
The fourth smack was on the outside left bun, almost on the side of the hip. The fifth was in the middle but way down low, almost *between* my legs. Both were hard and I gave out a little gasping "ouch" after each of them. Both of these were in unexpected places and I learned something else about the difference between fantasy and real domination. You can't be surprised by anything in your own fantasy, not really; just like you can't tickle yourself. So, in a fantasy you aren't *really* under the control of someone else, even if you are imagining someone controlling you. But this gauntlet was different. I really didn't know where each blow was going to land or how hard it was going to be.   
  
As I was to discover, some of the men seemed to understand this and they did things to make even the timing of the spanks unpredictable for the spankees. Some men, for example, would wait until the spankee had passed them and almost reached the next man before they landed their swat. Others did the reverse: instead of waiting for the next spankee to reach them, they would take a step down and swat her only a split second after the swat of their predecessor.   
  
"Well, looky what we have here," the voice of the last man before the landing interrupted my thoughts, "it's a real young'un. Been a few years since we had a teen for this. Glad to see it, though." With that, he gave me a slap right in the middle of my bum and chuckled. He was not to be the last spanker to comment on my youth.  
  
**Intensity-Stop**  
I reached the first landing and turned left to start up the second flight of steps, still a few steps behind Pam. About halfway up a male voice echoed through shaft: "Intensity-stop."  
  
At this, the spankers cheered and I heard some groans of dismay from some of the women. The queue of spankees came to a halt. The man beside me gave me a sharp smack to my left bun and followed it up quickly with one to the right. He continued rapidly spanking me. Ahead of me the man beside Pam was doing the same to her, and I realized what "intensity-stop" meant and why the men had cheered. Pam was not one of those who groaned in dismay. In fact, she immediately stopped, bent forward and rested her hands on her knees, sticking out her bum for chastisement.  
  
The spanking seemed to last forever although it was only about 20 seconds before a voice boomed "Go" and the queue started moving again. But my spanker landed 15 spanks in that time and I was squirming a little by the end. I squeezed my eyes shut as I endured it and I squeezed my hands into fists at my sides to resist the urge to put my hands back and protect my rear. *This,* I thought to myself, *is* my first spanking. This is what it's like to ... submit. And then, for the first time that day, I felt the tiniest bit of moisture between my legs.  
  
Comparatively speaking, I hardly felt the next few blows, and when I reached the second landing, I rubbed my bottom furiously as I turned and moved to the next flight.   
  
There were no intensity-stops on the way up to the third landing, but the cumulative effect of all the spanks I'd been getting made itself felt and I rubbed my bottom as I crossed the third landing, bearing left to the next flight of steps. As I passed the window that opened into the shaft something colourful caught my eye. I turned my head and looked just in time to see several bright pieces of cloth falling through the shaft. It took me a second to realize that they were blouses. Somewhere, high above us, the women at the front of the queue were being ordered to take of their tops and toss them into the shaft. One I recognized was the white and blue striped shirt that Jane had been wearing.  
  
The first man on the next flight gave me a whack on the right, but the next man reached out and cupped one of my breasts, as if to brace himself, before smacking me hard with the other hand. Once, again, I had an urge to slap him in the face. *Is this allowed?* I wondered, *Are the men allowed to molest the spankees?* In retrospect, that was a pretty silly thing to think, given the circumstances, but nevertheless that was my instinctive reaction. Then I remembered Pam's advice: it's all about submission. I said nothing and kept climbing.  
  
On the fourth landing, even Pam was rubbing her bottom. As she passed the window, I saw her glance out and smile. She seemed to gain energy at that point and her step quickened as she moved quickly to the next flight. I glanced out of the window, too, and saw slacks, jeans, cut-offs and other short pants falling through the shaft along with blouses. I felt a hot flash and a burst of moisture in my privates at the thought of the women above us, stripped to their underpants.   
  
I was recognized, again, by the third spanker up the next flight. It was one of the few women spankers and she spoke with a Scottish accent.   
  
"Och, it's that snooty English lass with her fancy talk," she said, surprised but evidently pleased to see me there providing a target with my bottom. She swung her left hand back behind her and then swept it forward, stiff-armed, to clap hard against my butt. I heard her chuckle with satisfaction as I squealed an 'ow' and staggered forward a little.  
  
**Humility Corner**  
As I moved on, I noticed that up ahead on the wall of the fifth landing was a big, handwritten poster. Humility Corner #1 it said in big letters across the top. Below this were some curt instructions: "Stop. Bend. Ask for Spank (Politely!). Say Thanks."  
  
As I got closer I could see that there were three men standing on the landing. As each woman reached it, she walked to one of them, bent at the waist, and received a smack on the rump. I wasn't close enough to hear what was being said. Since the procedure required the woman to stop for a few seconds, having more than one man available to give spanks, kept the queue moving.   
  
Pam reached the landing and stepped forward briskly to bend at the waist beside one of the men.   
  
"Please give me a swat," she said.  
  
Pam and the woman ahead of her occupied two of the three spots when I reached the landing, so I stepped over to the third man. It was then that I realized it was Don Rodriguez. He was the first spanker I'd encountered so far that I knew and I found it so embarrassing that I looked away as I stopped beside him and bent at the waist.  
  
"Please, Mr Rodriguez, give me a ... a spank," I stammered a little.  
  
"Gladly, Marian," he replied, then adding "I thought I'd probably be seeing you here." With that, he gave me a smack on the centre of my rear.   
  
"Th- thank, you," I gasped as I straightened and continued to the next flight, still not able to look at him.  
  
The next two flights were relatively uneventful but the cumulative effect of all the spanks we'd been getting was being felt by all the women. Many now had watery eyes and some twisted their hips or clenched and unclenched their buttocks as the climbed, trying to twist away the pain. The men seemed to delight in this kind of show and it seemed to me that they especially loved to swat an already churning behind. I was gasping and 'ow'ing now with almost every spank on my tenderized butt.   
  
As I passed through the seventh landing I looked out of the window and saw bras falling through the shaft along with the usual assortment of pants and tops.   
  
Halfway to the eighth landing, my heart sank to see another poster on the wall there. Humility Corner #2 it said. Below that was the command: "Go over the first available lap."   
  
When we got there, I could see that there were again three men on the landing, but this time they were each sitting in a straight-backed chair and each was holding a ping pong paddle. I was reminded of the old barber shop slogan: "Three chairs, no waiting!"  
  
Then, to my shock, I realized that man in the rightmost chair was Brian. From that moment, I hardly noticed the spanks I was getting as I climbed the steps closer and closer to the landing. I was too busy crossing my fingers and hoping that I wouldn't end up over Brian's lap.   
  
No such luck. When I arrived on the landing, the woman ahead of Pam was just getting up from the lap of the man on the left and Pam was draping herself over the man in the middle. Brian had the only unoccupied lap. I was mortified and looked at the floor because I couldn't look him in the face; but I walked over to him, took a deep breath, and lay myself down over his lap.   
  
"Puh- Please give me a swat," I stammered to my host father. Now, I understood why it was called "Humility Corner".   
  
He smacked the paddle down on my left bun and I my body jerked up and stiffened. It stung like a dozen bees at once. I twisted a little on his lap which humiliated me even more, but I couldn't help myself.   
  
"Thank you," I finally gasped and slowly rose to my feet. Still avoiding Brian's eyes, I headed toward the next flight stroking my burning bottom with both hands. I took comfort in the fact that I had now passed the halfway point. There were eight more landings before the top.   
  
The climb to the ninth landing was comparatively easy since hand spanks did not compare to a swat with the paddle, but my rump was so tender now, that even relatively light swats brought grunts of pain from me. I also became aware that I was getting very damp by all the manhandling.   
  
Passing the window on the ninth landing, I watched the colourful rain of clothing floating down from above. I noticed with a shiver that there were knickers mixed into the storm now. But it was much a shiver of arousal as fear. The women at the head of the queue, I realized, must now be bare-naked.  
  
As we neared the 10th landing, I saw Pam suddenly put her hands back to protect her butt from the imminent spank of the man she was passing.   
  
"Here, here, what's this?" the man said, "you know you can't do that, Pam! You'll have to pay the penalty now." He bent to pick up a paddle that was lying on step next to his feet as two other men closed in and grabbed Pam's arms.   
  
"That's alright," a fourth man said, "ya don't gotta hold Pam. She does this every year."   
  
With that, the men let Pam go and, sure enough, she bent forward and stuck out her butt for the paddle. She got four hard swats which must have stung terribly and hers eyes did water; but to my astonishment, after the second smack Pam cupped her hand over her own crotch and began to slowly stroke it up and down as the third and fourth blows landed.   
  
I stood stock-still and stared at her as she resumed the climb until a sharp spank reminded me to keep moving.   
  
When we got to the 10th landing, a man was standing there saying "Tops off, tops off, ladies."   
  
I saw the woman ahead of Pam pull her baby tee off and toss it through the window. Pam took a bit longer to unbutton her shirt, but soon it too was floating in the void. I stepped up to the landing, took a deep breath, and pulled my pink sleeveless with the lace collar over my head and, with a gulp, tossed it out through the window. As I moved to the first step of the next flight I felt as if every man was staring at my white bra. My face turned red, but I also felt excitement and warmth between my legs.   
  
The flight up to the 11th landing was actually the easiest so far. The men were so intense on looking at the lace-and-silk-encased breasts before them that they did not spank very hard.   
  
But the 11th landing proved to be the most embarrassing so far. A man was standing there repeating the same command over and over.  
  
"Lose the bottoms, now, girls. Off with the pants and skirts."   
  
The woman ahead of Pam, unsnapped her plaid shorts and I saw her shoulders heave and heard her give a little sob as she pulled them down and off. After hesitating just a second or two, she tossed them through the window, blinking back tears as she did so.   
  
Pam, on the other hand, didn't hesitate to yank off her jeans as if they were an encumbrance she was glad to be rid of. She tossed them through the window without even looking. To my astonishment, I saw that she was wearing G-string underwear. All the men in the vicinity hooted at this, but Pam didn't seem to mind. Her face was flushed with excitement as she stepped toward the next flight of stairs and the next awaiting spanker.   
  
Then it was my turn. For the first time since I'd entered the tower, I felt an urge to run; but I knew that wasn't allowed and I wasn't about to find out what sort of punishment was dealt out to those who tried. I also figured that if I worked fast, I could get my de-pantsing done with while the men were still ogling Pam's nearly bare buns. I quickly unbuttoned my jeans and yanked down the zipper; then, with my eyes squeezed shut, I pulled them down and tossed them to my left.

There was a chorus of male laughter and heard a voice say, "See, now, girlie, you missed!"  
  
I opened my eyes and saw that my jeans were lying on the floor of the landing: I'd completely missed the window. My attempt to make my stripping go fast only succeeded in making it take longer. I bent to pick up the pants and dropped them out through the window. I then scurried to catch up to Pam which brought more laughter.  
  
Jane had advised me as a first-timer to wear my thickest underwear to better protect my rump in the early stages of the gauntlet, but my thickest was all cotton and bright red. Now I realized as I began the climb up the next flight, that compared to the subdued beige's, whites, and light pinks, of the other women's knickers, my bright red ones, against my alabaster skin, were like a beacon to male eyes. Fortunately, Pam's bare buns distracted them somewhat.   
  
The difference in sting between a spank on jeans and a spank on cotton panties is significant. I jerked and gasped with surprise at the first spank on the seat of my knickers. The spanks from the next two men were just as bad and I "ouch"ed and "ow"ed after each of them, twisting first one way and then the other. Ahead of me, I could see Pam's butt turning pink as it flattened and then bounced out with each blow.  
  
As I pasted the fourth man and gritted my teeth against the expected sting of his hand. But instead I felt my undies being pulled down on right side below my buttock. I whirled in outrage toward the man, and for the third time I had to clench my fists, grit my teeth, and suppress a desire to slap a man's face. Instead, I remembered Pam's admonition: "It's all about submission." So, I resumed my climb with one of my buns exposed, something which I believe to this day is more embarrassing than being completely bare-bottom. Perhaps this is because in addition to being exposed, you look comical, ridiculous, with your knickers down on only one side.  
  
Each of the next two men gave out a hoot of surprise when I reached them and they saw my half bare butt. My face turned as red as my knickers. But, mercifully, neither chose to target the bare side with their spanks, and I reached the 12th landing where, under the pretext of rubbing my bottom, I was able to pull the underwear back in place.  
  
No sooner had I done this than I realized this was another stripping landing. I'd been so focused on my one bare bun, I hadn't been looking ahead. Now I saw that the woman ahead of Pam was topless and Pam was unhooking her bra, as well.   
  
"You, too, Miss," the man standing there said to me rather formally.   
  
I've done some heavy petting, but always in very dim light. I'd never truly bared my breasts to man or boy before. With a sigh, I reached behind me and unhooked. The bra slipped down my arms and I tossed it through the window and action which caused by breasts to shimmy and shake much to the approval of the men watching from the flight of stairs ahead of me. I felt tears of humiliation well up in my eyes, but I also felt, only seconds later, a powerful erotic excitement.   
  
Indeed, there seemed to be a concentration of "breast men" on these steps, for their spanks were comparatively weak. Butts, I concluded did not interest them, but they kept their eyes glued on the mammary panorama before them.   
  
"Hey," the first of them called out, when I reached him, "this little one's nipples are erect, just like Pam's". I went red in the face at the realization that he was right.   
  
The second man confirmed this and the third one actually reached out and pinched my right nipple, as he reached down to give me a light smack on the left side of my knickers.  
  
The fourth man actually forgot completely to spank me. Instead, he cupped my left breast in one hand and "hefted" it for a second or two. Strangely, I did not feel like slapping him. In fact, I gasped a little at his touch.  
  
And so it went, some light spanking with a lot of breast pawing until I reached the 13th landing.   
  
As I neared that landing, I could see that, again, a man was giving instructions to each woman as she reached the landing. I saw the woman farthest ahead pull down her skivvies to her thighs and hold them there with her hands as she walked across the landing red-faced. Then she disappeared from sight up the next flight of stairs. The woman behind also her pulled her knickers down to her thighs, but instead of holding them up with her hands, she spread her legs enough to stretch the nasties from thigh-to-thigh; she walked in a kind of stiff, splayed-leg fashion across the landing.   
  
As I got closer, I could hear the instructions the man was giving. Each woman was required to drop her knickers down to her thighs but each one could use whatever means she chose to keep them there. It was a pick-your-poison choice, since both options forced a humiliating posture on the woman. Spankees who chose to hold their underwear up with their hands could keep their legs together as they walked and climbed the steps, but they were forced to bend forward a little, sticking out their now bare arses as if inviting spanks. Those who chose to hold the underpants stretched could straighten up as they walked, but were forced to spread their legs, revealing more of their triangular privates.   
  
Regardless of the choice she made, each woman invariably turned pink with embarrassment as she revealed her last secrets and paraded them, in one or the other humiliating fashion, before her tormentors. I found the sight powerful erotic and felt a new wave of moisture in my channel.   
  
When the woman ahead of Pam reached the landing, she chose to use her hands, giving a little sob of humiliation as she lowered her knickers and bent forward to climb the next part of the gauntlet. Pam, whose buns were already bare and pink, thrust down her tiny G-string with enthusiasm and chose the stretch-across method as she waddled splay-legged to the steps and awkwardly began to climb while keeping her legs spread.   
  
As I reached the landing, the instructor said, "Down to your thighs and hold 'em there."   
  
I gulped in nervousness as I put my thumbs into the waistband of my underpants. Then I stood there lacking the nerve to take the next step.   
  
"Hurry it up there," said the man giving instructions, "or I'll have to give you some encouragement."  
  
I gritted my teeth and squeezed my eyes shut and then in one bold pull, yanked the knickers down to my thighs. For the first time in my life my privates were bare to the eyes of men. I felt two powerful waves of feeling: one was mortification and, again, I teared-up in humiliation. But the second was arousal at the thought of how I was humbling myself — submitting — to the men.   
  
I kept my underwear in my fists and, bent over a bit at the waist, I proceeded to the left across the landing and started up the next flight of stairs.  
  
A nanosecond after my foot reached the third step I felt the first spank of my life on my bare bum. It stung and I involuntarily jerked my hips forward and straightened up. This caused my knickers to come up and partially cover my hair delta.   
  
"Hear, hear," said the next man up the stairs, "we'll have none of that: get those panties back down."   
  
I hastened to obey as I continued up the steps. A second later the man who had spoken gave me a swat on the opposite bum and I jerked again, but this time managed to keep in position as I heard the spanker chuckle.   
  
There were no "breast men" on this flight of stairs. They gave all their attention to the girly bare bottoms parading past them and they took evident joy in slapping them. As I neared the next landing I looked up to watch all the women ahead of me. All of them had pink butts now, as I'm sure I must have, too; and Pam's was even darker.   
  
Just before the 14th landing, a man was systematically feeling up each woman who passed as he gave his spank. I felt him cup my pubis and slide his hand up to my belly. This time, I did not want to slap him. I wasn't even angry. The outrageousness of his act and the fact that I had to put up with it just made me more aroused. I just bowed my head humbly as I continued.   
  
Behind me, I heard him exclaim, "Hey, this little girl is as wet as Pam! Didn't expect that from a high school girl."  
  
My faced turned a thousand shades of red at having my state of arousal revealed like this. My shoulders heaved as I let out an involuntary sob of mortification. But, paradoxically, I felt even more turned-on by this latest blow to my dignity.   
  
It won't surprise you to learn that on the 14th landing, the knickers came off completely and were tossed into the shaft. After tossing mine, I crossed over to the next flight of stairs naked as a jaybird like the rest of the women, and also like them, I was rubbing my stinging bottom furiously as I walked.   
  
I was no more than a few steps up when a male voice from above called out "intensity-stop!"  
  
Again, the men cheered and the women, including me this time, groaned as the nude parade came to a dead halt. It seemed to me that the man I had stopped beside hurrahed with particular delight at finding that he was the lucky one who would administer a naked spanking to a nubile high school girl.   
  
This time Pam wasn't content to merely bend at the waist as she had done in the first intensity-stop. To my amazement, she turned her backside toward the nearest spanker, spread her legs wide so that one foot was two steps up from the other, and then bent all the way over to grasp her ankles. All her treasures were exposed to her imminent tormentor.   
  
"Don't hold back, Jake," I heard her whisper.  
  
"I wouldn't dream of it, Pam," the spanker — Jake apparently — said.   
  
And with that, he began a firm spanking to the rump she had so meekly and lewdly offered up to him.   
  
I was so transfixed by this submissive performance, that I was caught off guard by the first smack from my own spanker. It landed firmly on my left bum and I jumped in surprise, but I managed to hold my position and to resist the urge to cover my aching butt with my hands.   
  
The second and then the third swats came in rapid succession. He rained blows on my posterior, apparently trying to get in as many spanks as he could before the queue moved again. I twisted and jerked one way and the other, clenching and unclenching my bare buns. I was aware of the lascivious show I was putting on, but I was powerless to stop as I tried vainly to squeeze and twist away the pain.   
  
Finally, someone yelled "Go" and the queue resumed, but the sounds of moaning, sniffling women filled the air and we all moved gingerly and stiffly because every move made our bums hurt.  
  
As I neared the 15th landing, I looked up to see a poster reading Humility Corner #3. Below that was the instruction, "Bend, hands against the wall, spread legs, and ask politely for a switch. Say thanks!"   
  
Once, again, as at the previous two humility corners, there were three men waiting. Each had a thin flexible switch in his hand. To my horror, the one on the left was Mr Ventor, my history teacher. I prayed that he would not be the only available position when I got to the landing, but as luck would have it (and I'll let you decide if it was good luck or bad) the woman ahead of Pam stepped up to the man to the right, Pam took the man in the middle, forcing me to walk across the landing to Mr Ventor. I wanted more than anything to cover my breasts and pubis with my hands, but I knew that would only make it worse for me, so I kept them stiffly at my sides and looked down as I approached.  
  
Following the example of Pam and the other woman, when I reached Mr Ventor's side, I bent forward at the waist and leaned forward with my hands on the wall. Once again I had to squeeze my eyes shut in mortification as I then spread my legs wide so that all my secrets were revealed to my teacher.   
  
"Well, Marian," he said with surprise, "I didn't expect to be seeing you here. I didn't even realize that you were over 18. But I certainly don't object, you've got quite a nice firm butt."   
  
As he said this, he rested one hand on my sore left bun, and with the other he cupped my mons and slowly rubbed it.   
  
"My, my, aren't you the wet one!" he exclaimed.   
  
If it were possible to die of embarrassment, I would have perished at that moment. Sadly for my dignity, I survived and choked out my required request.  
  
"Puh- please, Mi- Mister Ventor," I sniffled, "give me a switch."   
  
"Absolutely," he said with enthusiasm, and a split second later I felt a searing sting across both buns from the lower left to the upper right. I jerked up compulsively to stand straight and grunted in pain through clenched teeth as my hands flew to my butt. A flat-handed spank, even on a bare skin, does not compare to the sting of a switch.   
  
"Thank- thank you ... huh-uh ... Mr Vuh- Ventor." I sobbed through my tears as I turned to the left and walked to the steps rubbing my rear.  
  
The next-to-last flight of steps, to the 16th landing, was packed with a double helping of men. They queued up along both sides of the stairway. Several recognized me and called me by name and, as I passed by, many commented out loud about my erect nipples or my damp pubes as they reached out to swat my tender arse. Otherwise, it was uneventful, if you can call being spanked and groped naked by a few dozen men 'uneventful'.   
  
At the 16th, and last landing, we were required to drop to hands and knees and crawl the final flight to steps to the roof of the tower.   
  
"You must remain on your hands and knees when you are on the roof," a man at the landing instructed us.  
  
Someone had put a long thin carpet on this final set of stairs so spare our knees as we crawled up. Most of the men we crawled past were also on their knees, the better to reach our buns. But some stood up straight with long-handled paddles that they used on our blazing butts. The paddles stung like the dickens, but crawling past the kneeling men added another layer of mortification to the experience because they each got a close up rear view of the each woman's pubes. Several found it necessary to point out — out loud — how wet Pam and I were.   
  
When I crawled up the last step onto the roof, which had also been carpeted for the occasion, I heard the buzz of conversation, just like at a cocktail party. The sun had set completely but there were several tall torches around the roof like the kind you see at night-time barbeque parties. They provided plenty of light to see.   
  
And there was a lot to see. The roof was packed with clothed spankers — mostly men, and naked, crawling spankees — mostly women.

**The Shot Tower Ch. 03**

**The Roof**  
"Marian! Marian!" I heard a female voice call out, "Over here!"   
  
I crawled toward the sound, threading my way past red-eyed and red-bottomed women and the legs of men, one of whom bent down to give my right bun a pinch. I soon found myself at the north side of the roof just inside one of the parapet walls. It was Alito who had been calling me. She was kneeling on her haunches, naked, facing the wall. I knelt beside her, back to the wall, and began to rub my sore bottom unconsciously. I didn't see Brian or Jane anywhere. *Thank God,* I thought, *I passed Brian early in the gauntlet when I still had clothes on. I would die of humiliation if my host father were to see me up here naked as the day I was born.*  
  
"Stop that, Marian!" Alito said, with alarm. "You can't turn your back to the wall like that. You have to keep your bottom facing the crowd at all times. Also, if you want to rub your bottom here on the roof, you have to rest the side of your face on the floor and hold your butt up. You can't rest it on the backs of your lower legs."  
  
I pivoted to face the wall as she advised, lay my face down on the carpet, raised my pink butt up, and resumed rubbing it.  
  
"Here let me help you with that," said a man passing by. He stopped and pushed my hands aside. Then he rubbed both his hands up and down on my bare rear several times and gave it a squeeze before walking off again, laughing.  
  
"Since you're a first-timer, you don't know what happens next, do you?" Alito asked me when he had gone.   
  
"No." I answered, "Isn't it over?" I didn't say so, but I couldn't wait to get home and have a long wank.  
  
"It is over, if you want it to be. You just have to crawl over to the fire escape and climb down," she explained. "Rummage through the pile of clothes at the bottom of the shaft to find yours or just grab any top and bottom that fits, that's what most people do."   
  
"Then, why are all these people still here?" I asked as I looked back at the top of the stairs and saw the last of the spankees arrive, tear-faced, on the roof.  
  
"Actually, most of them are just waiting to leave. There's always a backup at the fire escape, so subs are waiting for the chance to climb down. Most of the spankers go down the inside stairs after the last woman has passed them and wait for their significant others at the bottom of the fire escape. Then they'll walk home together. Usually the submissive partner is a sex slave for the rest of the night. There are some swinger couples that organize potluck groups. Each sub in the group is randomly assigned to a dominant who is her master for the night."  
  
It was hard to see much through the crowded forest of men's legs, but I could perceive that on the far side of the roof, naked pink-bummed women were indeed climbing over the parapet onto the fire escape, one-by-one. Several men had stationed themselves there and each woman paused just before swinging a leg over the parapet, bent over with her hands on the top of the parapet and allowed one of the men to give her half-a-dozen hard rapid final spanks before she departed.  
  
However, looking around, I also noticed a crowd of men off to the right on the west side of the roof area with their backs turned to me. They were making a lot of noise and every few seconds one or another would let out a cheer or a whoop. There were so many that I couldn't see past them to view what was holding their attention. I looked to my left and saw a similar crowd of men on the east side. This group was quieter and I could hear female voices from that direction, but I could not make out what they were saying.  
  
"But what about them?" I asked Alito, pointing to the men on the right. "And them?" I added, pointing to the group on the left.  
  
"Well, there are some women who ... uh ... that is," Alito seemed to search for words. "... I mean that the stairs isn't ... well, isn't *enough.*"   
  
"Enough?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, they really crave ... I mean, they want *more.* You see, if a submissive wants more pain and she doesn't have a significant other she can go home with or wants the pain from someone else, she can crawl over there to the right and get extra discipline. You can't see it with all those men standing around, but there is a pile of switches, paddles, hairbrushes, canes and other implements over there. Any submissive who wants to can crawl over there and pick up her choice of implement in her teeth and then crawl to any of the dominants standing there and ask for spanking, paddling, switching or whatever. The submissive can choose the number of spanks, but all the other details are decided by the dominant."  
  
Suddenly, I understood why I was hearing cheers from the men in that group. I remembered the powerful sting of the single switch I'd got from Mr Ventor and the paddle swats that I'd got while crawling up the last flight of steps. The thought of more filled me with fear, but I also felt a new flood of arousal in my privates at the thought of crawling naked to a man with a spanking implement in my mouth and then humbly asking him to chastise me.   
  
"On the other hand," Alito's voice interrupted my reverie, "if the submissive wants more public humiliation, she can crawl over there to that group on the left for what we call 'humility training' from some of the town's authority figures, such as preachers, policemen, and school principals."  
  
"What's that?" I asked. The very name of it made me even fizzier.  
  
"They must confess bad behavior and their secret desires out loud to an authority figure and then masturbate in front of the others and anyone else who wants to watch. The authority figure dictates what position they must take."   
  
"My God!" I exclaimed spontaneously.   
  
At just that moment, we heard cheers and applause from the extra discipline group on the right. As we looked in that direction, we saw some of them men step aside and a woman came crawling out between them.   
  
It was Pam.  
  
I watched fascinated as she crawled across the roof, where the crowd was beginning to thin out. As she neared us, we could see her sniffling a little but her eyes also shown with excitement, and as she passed by, we could see that her bum had at least a dozen thin red stripes across the pink background. She kept going until, to my surprise, she reached the humility training group on the left. The men there parted and after she passed between them they closed up the gap so we could no longer see her.  
  
"Ah, yes," I heard a man's voice say from that direction, "here's Pam now. I knew she wouldn't miss humility training."   
  
"Yes," said Alito, anticipating my next question, "there are some who go for *both*the extra discipline and the humility training. In fact, after everyone who wants extra discipline or humility training has done so, there is a small group of dominants and submissives who stay for an extended session of public punishment and sexual slavery here on the roof. Don and I have never stayed for that, but I've heard that the same two women stay every year."  
  
I felt my loins gushing again as I tried to picture such a scene. Alito's voice interrupted me again.  
  
"Well, I see the line at the fire escape is down to only a few people, so I'm heading over there. Don is waiting for me on the ground."  
  
Fire Non-escape  
  
With that she began to crawl over to the fire escape on the opposite side. Other than the small knots of people in the extra discipline and humility training areas, the roof was almost empty now. I crawled behind Alito and waited in queue beside her on the far side. We were careful to keep our bare bottoms facing inward so they were visible to any passing man. No sooner had we got there, than I heard more cheers from the extra discipline area and then a muffled woman's voice from the humility training spot. I tried not to picture what was going on in those groups, hidden from my view by the men standing around, but I couldn't stop the images from coming; images in which I had the starring role. I felt myself growing wetter and wetter.   
  
After a couple minutes a nude woman crawled out from the extra discipline group and crawled over to wait in queue behind me. She was weeping, but I could see that her nipples were stiff and I could smell her arousal. A minute later, another woman came crawling out from the humility training section. She looked shell shocked, but also very ... satisfied. She joined the queue too.   
  
As Alito and I got closer to the front of the queue, I discovered that there was more subtlety to the final spanking of the departing women than I had realized when I'd watched it from the other side of the roof. After each woman stood up, but before she bent over with her hands on the top of the parapet, she had to pick out one the six or seven men standing there by name and ask for her spanking. Weirdly, after she was bent, bare bottom outward, she had to engage the spanker in a bit of chat before he spanked her.  
  
When the woman ahead of Alito reached the head of the queue, she scanned the men's faces for a moment and then, looking down in embarrassment, said "Bob, would you please give me a hard spanking?"  
  
"Gladly," one of the men replied with a smile as he stepped forward to position himself beside her. She then turned her back on him and bend forward, placing her hands on the parapet.  
  
"So, Sara," he continued, "I haven't hseen you since the last garden club meeting. How did your tulips do this year?"  
  
"Uh ... fine ... just fine, Bob," she said clearly nonplussed.  
  
"That's great," he replied. "I look forward to seeing you at the next meeting."  
  
With that, he swept his arm back and gave her six quick spanks that re-pinkened her bottom. They were hard and she audibily "ow"ed after each one. After a brief pause to recover, she gingerly straightened up and turned to face him again while she rubbed her bottom.   
  
"Thank you for that, Bob," Sara said with a weepy quaver in her voice. "I'll be there. I wouldn't want to miss your presentation on mid-summer weeding."  
  
They may have been hard spanks, but I realized that she was weeping more from embarrassment than from pain. And now I understood the purpose of the small talk. It was to emphasize to the sub that she was debasing herself in front of someone she knew, someone whe was going to have to face often in her daily life.  
  
As Sara climbed over the parapet, Alito stood up to face the men. I could see that her face had turned a deep red and her eyes were already wet with humiliation.   
  
"Just pick out anyone you know," one of the men encouraged her when she seemed to hesitate.  
  
She hung her head and whispered "Jerry, please give me a spanking."  
  
"What's that?" the man who had encouraged her asked. "Speak up!"  
  
Alito heaved a huge sign of defeat and repeated her request out loud, "Please, Jerry, give me a spanking."  
  
"Sure thing, Ms. Rodriguez," a young man who couldn't be more than 20 said as he stepped forward. "I'd do anything for you. You've been one of my favorite customers ever since I started working as a bagger at the Food-Mart. You're always polite and give me a big tip at Christmas time. That's why I always double-bag your groceries."  
  
"Yes ... um ... well ..." Alito was finding it difficult to speak casually to a social inferior when she was starkers and about to present herself for him to punish. "You're ... uh ... the best bagger that Food-Mart has ever had."  
  
She then turned and took the required position: hands on parapet, bent at waist, naked rump presented for chastisement.  
  
"There's just one thing, Ms. Rodriguez," Jerry asked. "What kind of spanking do you want?"  
  
"Huh? What kind?" Alito asked in confusion.  
  
"I mean like hard? fast?" Jerry explained.  
  
"Oh, ... well ... uh ... as hard as you think I need," she said, her voice choking. (I didn't need to be told that "soft" was not an option in The Tradition.)  
  
"And why do you want this spanking, Ms. Rodiguez?" Jerry continued the interrogation. *He may be young,* I thought to myself *but he sure knows how to rub in the humiliation.* I was growing wetter and wetter watching this scene unfold.  
  
"Well— uh— because—" Alito stammered. "Because ... well ... I've been naughty. I looked through a fashion magazine at the Food-Mart magazine rack but then I didn't buy it."  
  
"My, my, you have been naughty, Ms. Rodriguez," Jerry persisted, "And where do you want your spanks?"  
  
"Uh ... on my butt."   
  
"What kind of butt is it, Ms. Rodriguez?"   
  
Alito heaved another huge sigh before replying, "Naughty, Jerry. [sniffle] I have a naughty bottom. Please give my naughty naked bottom ... oh, God ... a good hard spanking."   
  
"Okey doke," Jerry said cheerfully and then he began to deliver a slow spanking, with pauses of at least ten seconds between the swats. She grunted after each blow.  
  
Smack! "Ugh!"  
  
Smack! "Oww!"  
  
Smack! "Urrrgh!"  
  
I watched in aroused fascination as this mid-30s woman was spanked by a kid bagger from her grocery store. In particular I was transfixed by the sight of her buns flattening and then bouncing back with each smack. As a virgin, I had always had a fascination for more mature women and was curious about their sex lives. Now as I watched Alito's meaty buns alternately collapse and rebound, I realized that I was witnessing a real grown-up woman in a sex act. I felt that I had crossed a great divide. I felt that I had joined a club. Of all the things I had seen and was to see this night, it was this — seeing these mature shaking buns and knowing that their owner had more or less volunteered to have them treated this way and she was probably sexually aroused by the experience — that made me feel like a grown-up myself.  
  
Smack! "Ummph!"  
  
Smack! "Arrrh!"  
  
"Now, before I give you the last spank, Ms. Rodriguez," Jerry said, interrupting the spanking. "I want you to tell me something. What are you going to remember from now on when you see me in the Food-Mart?"  
  
"I— I— [sob] ... I'm going to remember this." Alito choked out.  
  
"That's good, Ms. Rodriguez, because that will help you remember not to be naughty again. Every time I bag your groceries, you will remember the consequence of being naughty in the Food-Mart. You will remember that you bent over stark naked in front of me and these others and asked me for a spanking and you got a good hard slow public spanking. Now this last one will be especially hard to drive home the point"  
  
SMACK!   
  
"Arrrgggghhh!" Alito moaned as she jerked to a standing position and began to rub her bottom furiously. Tears rolled down her face, but I knew this was from humiliation rather than pain. It had, after all, been only six spanks.  
  
"Th— th— thank you [sob], Jerry. I will remember this every time I see you."  
  
With that, she climbed gingerly over the parapet and onto the fire escape.  
  
It was my turn.  
  
I stood and faced the men and I immediately realized that I didn't know any of them. They seemed to come to the same realization too, and they were visibly disappointed that the humiliation of being spanked by someone you know would not be applicable in my case. They looked at each other and shrugged. Finally, one stepped forward and gestured for me to take the proper position.  
  
I was about to do so when, looking past his shoulder, I noticed the extra discipline area. Then I stopped as a picture of myself came, unbidden, to my mind: I was on hands and knees. I had a paddle in my mouth. I laid it at the feet of a man. I bowed my head. I said "Please paddle me, sir."   
  
"Hurry up!" the woman behind me said, waking me up from my fantasy.   
  
But I did not bend over the parapet. Instead, I dropped to my hands and knees again and began to crawl over to the extra discipline area. Behind me I heard both male and female voices gasp in surprise and a few giggled.   
  
When I got there one of the men, all of whom had their backs turned, heard me approach and he stepped aside to let me crawl into the circle of dominants. I immediately saw a small pile of paddles and switches on the floor near the parapet. An empty folding chair was beside them.  
  
"Ah, look at this," one of the men said, "that English high school girl is here."  
  
There were many masculine murmurs of approval at this piece of news.   
  
Inside the circle of dominants there was just one other submissive. It took me a moment to recognize her because I'd never seen her without clothes on.   
  
It was Jane, my host mother!   
  
She was standing bent 90 degrees at the waist with her hands resting on the top of the parapet and her legs spread wide. She had arched her back which made her bare butt seem to stick up and out more. That butt was covered with bright red stripes and she was emitting little choking sobs, but her crotch was visibly damp and she was making no move to leave. I made a quick scan of the faces of the men there. Brian was not among them.  
  
Suddenly, the man standing next to her gave her a sharp snap on her right bun with a switch he was holding. Swwwiffff-ppt!  
  
"Urgghhh!" she grunted through clenched teeth as her head snapped up. Her right knee began to pump up and down rhythmically as she tried to shake away the pain. A new stripe appeared where the switch had landed.   
  
"Ooowwwoo! ... [sob] ... thank you, Aaron," she choked out breathlessly.   
  
I had learned earlier that Jane was a sub, but it still came as a shock to see her like this, offering her naked rear up to a man, not her husband, to be switched while other men watched.   
  
Swwwiffff-ppt! Aaron — apparently that was his name — brought the instrument down on the opposite bun, and again Jane howled and did her little one-knee dance, on the left this time.   
  
"Errr-oooh ... [gasp] ... thank you, Aaron," she repeated.  
  
"Last one, Jane," Aaron said as he brought the switch back behind and low. "I'll make it a good one."  
  
Then he swung around and up and fast. It caught her across both buns and she jerked her hips forward and her upper body up. Her head snapped back and her eyes squeezed shut as she gritted her teeth, her face a mask of pain.  
  
"Grrggrrrhhhggg! ... [gasp] ... oh, God, ... thu- ... [gasp] ... thank, you, A-Aaron," she sobbed, "oww ... [gasp] ... ooo ... huh ... muumm."   
  
For another 10 seconds, Jane continued to gasp in pain as her hips twisted and jerked while her butt muscles churned. The show brought hoots of approval from the surrounding doms.  
  
Finally, she dropped to her hands and knees and gingerly turned around. She thanked Aaron and he held the switch down near her face so she could take hold of it in her mouth. She crawled over to the pile of spanking instruments, wincing with each "step" of her knees, as any movement seemed to made her bum hurt. After dropping the switch on the pile, she began to crawl away from the parapet, still making small gasps of pain. Two doms stepped aside so she could crawl out of the group. I could see that her tear-stained face was flush with excitement.  
  
Extra Discipline  
  
Suddenly, I was the only submissive present and I felt all eyes on me. I was suddenly very frightened, but I was something else, too. Jane's display had turned me on tremendously, especially the way she had arched her back as if welcoming the switching. There was something terribly erotic about that.   
  
"Come on, then, lassie," I heard a man's voice say, "time's a wastin'. Pick your implement, pick your spanker, and tell us how many swats you want."  
  
I crawled over to the pile of tools. I'd had one switch from Mr Ventor earlier and that was plenty for one night, I thought. Anything else would be bound to be less painful than a switching.   
  
I spotted a ping pong paddle that seemed the least lethal of the devices, so I bent my head and grabbed the handle with my teeth. Then I turned back toward the circle of men. I wanted someone who would be a bit tender with me. After all, this was my first time. But I didn't know any of them, so there seemed to be no reason to pick one over another. Then I noticed the legs of some short person who was mostly hidden by other doms standing closer to the front.

A small person might have small muscles and not swat as hard, I reasoned, so I crawled over to the shoes on the feet at the bottom of those legs.   
  
I dropped the paddle in front of the feet and said, "Please give me four spanks with this paddle."   
  
"Four?!" a voice from far to the right exclaimed. "Is that all? Four is hardly worth the trouble of pickin' up the paddle from the floor."   
  
There were some general murmurs of agreement from the small crowd around me.  
  
"Now, now," another voice said. "You all know the rules: it's her choice. And besides she's a first-timer. Give her a break."  
  
This brought the murmuring to a stop.  
  
The men in front of the dominant that I'd chosen stepped aside and I looked up from his feet to see his face. I gasped out loud when I saw who it was. *Oh, no,* I thought, *this is too much. Erotic humiliation turns me on but, please God, not* him!  
  
It was *Lumpy.*   
  
There he was in all his chubby, pimpled glory, leering down at me as I knelt naked before him. His grin was so wide, you couldn't even call it ear-to-ear. I think it extended *behind* his ears and met in the back! This was clearly the happiest moment of his life.   
  
I instinctively clapped one hand over my pubs and the other arm over my breasts.   
  
"Ut, ut! We'll have none of that covering up, now, missy," said the same man who had defended my choice of only four swats. "You've got to follow the rules, too. That's going to cost you an extra swat."   
  
I reluctantly dropped my hands to my sides and looked down so I wouldn't see Lumpy's leering face.   
  
"Now, young man," the authoritative man continued, "you seem to be a first-timer, too. Tell the girl how you want to paddle her; specify the position and any other details."  
  
"I want her lying across my lap!" Lumpy exclaimed.   
  
"And?" It was the voice of the man who complained about my choice of only four swats.  
  
"And what?" asked Lumpy.  
  
"Confound it," the older man continued, "don't you want to add some spice to it? Why don't you at least make her thank you politely for each swat."  
  
"Oh, ok. ... uh ... Yeah ... That sounds good," Lumpy declared uncertainly. "Let's do that."  
  
"And, since there are only going to be five counting the penalty swat," another man suggested, "why don't you have her compliment you by name for each swat, too, and show you how much she likes it. And make her use a *different*compliment each time."  
  
"Yeah, alright. That sounds good, too," Lumpy agreed as he gained confidence.  
  
"And make her ask for each swat, too," another voice proposed.  
  
"Ok, good. This is going to be great," Lumpy exclaimed, and although I was looking down I could practically hear him rubbing his hands together in glee. "Hey," he suddenly asked, "can I hold one of her tits while I paddle her?"  
  
There was a chorus of responses:   
  
"Absolutely"   
  
"Sure can, kid"  
  
"Good idea"  
  
Seconds later Lumpy was sitting in the folding chair near the pile of spanking tools. I crawled over to him, and then, sniffling with shame, I rose up and draped myself over his lap, placing my palms on the floor, my smooth young naked pink bottom displayed for him.   
  
He wasted no time before cupping my left breast in his left hand and I felt him stroke my bare backside with the paddle. The sheer familiarity of it was infuriating, but I held my temper. I wanted to get this over with so I didn't wait for anyone to tell me to ask for the first spank.  
  
"Please, give me a spank, Lumpy," I said.  
  
Swat! The paddle hit me square in the middle of my still tender buns.   
  
"Oww!" I exclaimed. It wasn't quite as bad as the switch, but it came with a lot more sting than a bare hand.   
  
"Thank you, Lumpy," I said, through gritted teeth, "that was a very good spank. Please give me another."  
  
"Glad to, Marian," he sneered. "But this time spread your legs wide."  
  
It took all my will power not to rise up and slap him or run away, but I knew I had to obey. Closing my eyes in shame, I spread my feet about three feet wide.  
  
"Wider!" he commanded. "As wide as they'll go, and hold your feet off the ground."  
  
"That's usin' your noodle kid," one of the onlookers approved. "Now yer getting' the idea."  
  
I obeyed, lifting my legs and spreading them so wide they were nearly a straight line from foot to hips to other foot. It was like doing "the splits" in dance class, except I was lying instead of sitting on the floor. I began to whimper in ignominy knowing that I was giving this chunky loser from my high school, not to mention the rest of the audience, a close up view of my bottom bud and my mons.  
  
"She must really be enjoying your spanking, Lumpy," a voice called out, "look how wet she is."   
  
"Damn, you're right," Lumpy said, "she must really be into me."  
  
This brought a chuckle from the assembled audience, but Lumpy did not seem to realize they were chuckling at him, and he began to knead my breast with his fingers.   
  
SWAT! He brought the paddle down hard on my right buttock. I jerked as the pain took my breath away for a second.  
  
"Arrgh! ... [huh] ... Thank you, Lumpy," I said gasping. "That was another good one. May I please have another?"  
  
"Not so fast," said another voice, "you can't repeat the same compliment. It has to be different each time."   
  
"Oh ... uh ... in that case," I searched for words, "uh ... that swat was exquisite, Lumpy. I fancy another if you please."   
  
SWAT! The opposite bun this time, but otherwise a repeat. I jerked again.  
  
"Errgh! Ow! ... [gasp] ... thank you, Lumpy," I paused trying to think of another way of complimenting a blow from a paddle. "Um ... that was ... um ... very*stingy.*"  
  
This brought more chuckles and this time I knew it was me that was being laughed at. I also realized that despite my horror at debasing myself over the lap of this nerd, I was getting powerfully aroused.   
  
SWACK! This time the hit the lowest part of me between my wide spread legs. Another half-inch lower and it would have been a spank on the pubes instead of the butt. It stung horribly and tears came to my eyes.  
  
"Ooowwwuhh!" I called out as I began to twist involuntarily on his lap.   
  
"Hey," a voice suddenly spoke, "she's supposed to *show* the boy how much she enjoys it, not just compliment him, remember?"  
  
"That's right," said the voice of authority. "Alright, miss, you've still got your penalty swat coming for covering up. Now let's see you *demonstrate* your appreciation of the young man's paddling you."   
  
Tears rolled down my face, whether from pain or mortification would be hard to say. As Lumpy began again to roll my left nipple between his thumb and finger, I tried to think of something that would "show" I wanted the paddling.   
  
It actually wasn't as hard to come up with something as it would have been before this evening began or, for that matter, before this paddling began. My own arousal — the sea of erotic humiliation I was immersed in — gave me inspiration. I thought of Pam bending and grasping her ankles during the intensity-stop and of Jane arching her back as she was switched right here. The memories brought a new gush to my biff.   
  
Keeping my hands on the floor, I brought my legs down and together again. I then planted my feet and straightened my knees. The effect was to thrust my bottom up off Lumpy's lap and closer to his face. This put me in a kind of jack-knife position, with my weight on my hands and feet. Then I spread my feet again. Finally, I arched my back which rolled up my bottom and pubis as if I was offering them to one and all to partake of as they wished.   
  
This brought surprised gasps of approval from the encircling dominants.   
  
"This has been a wonderful paddling, Lumpy," I said. My voice was breathy, but more from arousal now than pain. "Exactly the way I fancy it. Now, please give me one more, hard, right on my naughty naked bum."   
  
More and louder expressions of surprise were elicited by my request, but I had no time to reflect on this.  
  
SMACK! He brought the paddle down hard in the middle of my bum. My head jerked up and my hips jerked down to slam into his lap.   
  
"Oooouuuggghhh!" I cried. "Oh, oh, God ... hurts ...Errh."   
  
I was powerless to stop myself from rubbing my crotch side to side on Lumpy's lap and I felt my butt clench and unclench as if the pain could be squeezed away. I knew I was giving him and the surrounding doms a lewd show, but I could not stop: I lay there wiggling helplessly for several seconds while they hooted and cheered.   
  
Finally, I got enough control of my body to slide off Lumpy's lap down to my hands and knees again. I thanked him for paddling me and then took the paddle in my mouth again and dropped it on the pile. Gingerly, I crawled out of the group and they turned their attention to another submissive that had arrived.  
  
Humility Training  
  
As soon as I had crawled a few feet away from the extra punishment area, I stopped to rub my bottom with both hands, remembering to lay the side of my face on the floor and keep my bottom up, as Alito had instructed me earlier.   
  
I was hurting, but I was also more aroused than I had ever been, by a factor of 100. I could bite my arm off to climax. I needed an orgasm more than anything I had ever needed, more than food, more than water, more than I needed my pride. And I knew just where to get one. I didn't even consider heading to the fire escape and going home. Still on my hands and knees, I made a beeline for the humility training.   
  
When I got there, the small crowd of men parted to let me in. I crawled forward and saw Jane and Pam in the centre of the circle illuminated by the torches. Between them was a small box of dildos and vibrators. Beside the box, was an odd looking cone pointed upward. It was about two feet in diameter at the bottom and tapered to a rounded point at the top which was about a foot and a half high. It was covered with black leather or maybe it was that awful fake American leather, naugahyde.   
  
Jane was kneeling with her hands at her side. She was looking down. I could see that her hair, in *both* places, was a dishevelled mess.   
  
But it soon became obvious that Jane was currently the side show, for the crowd's attention was focused on Pam. She was also kneeling before them with her head bowed humbly and her knees widely spread. A dildo protruded prominently from her love tunnel. When I arrived, she was engaged in a dialog with a man in a policeman's uniform.  
  
"And what happened next?" he asked her in a stern voice.  
  
"They made me climb down the fire escape bare-naked," Pam replied.  
  
"And how did that make you feel?"  
  
"Embarrassed, but also it turned me on."  
  
"Were you wet, Pam?"  
  
"Yes, I covered my pussy with my hand so no one would see."  
  
"So what did you do when you got to the bottom of the fire escape?"  
  
"They wouldn't let me put any clothes on. I had to run home naked through the streets."  
  
*Wait,* I thought to myself. *This sounds familiar. This is what happened to the original girl who forgot to order meat for the picnic 12 years ago.*   
  
The voice of the minister interrupted my thoughts, "And did this embarrass you, also?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"But it turned you on, too, didn't it, Pam?"  
  
"Yes. Very much."  
  
"What did you do when you got home, Pam?"  
  
"I played with myself over and over all night long."  
  
"What were you thinking about when you diddled yourself, Pam?"  
  
"I was remembering how they punished me publicly for forgetting to get the meat."  
  
*Forgetting to bring the meat!* I thought, *Bloody hell! This* is *the story of the original spanked girl. Pam was that girl! When Pam was telling me about those events, she was ... talking about herself!* I realized too at that moment why the Rodriguezes laughed when I assumed that the original punished girl had left town. Pam hadn't gone anywhere. She stayed and became a thoroughgoing masochist — an enthusiastic participant in The Tradition.  
  
"Alright, Pam," the minister resumed. "It's been pretty clear over the last 12 years that you are a shameless nympho-masochist. Would you like to have an orgasm, now?"  
  
"Yes, yes. Please. May I?"  
  
"You may. Go ahead and play with yourself, now."  
  
Pam needed no further prompting; she immediately grabbed the dildo and began to slide it in and out. She must have already been pretty close to orgasm because she climaxed in no more than 30 seconds, giving out a series of high pitched cries as she did. After a short rest, she began pumping the dildo again.  
  
"No, no, Pam" the policeman commanded. "You've had your climax for now."  
  
"But, Jane had two," Pam whined; and Jane, already looking down as she knelt there, shamefully lowered her head even more.  
  
The news that Jane had brought herself to orgasm in front of these people did not come as a surprise, but I was shocked nevertheless at the thought of my host mother wantonly wanking while a crowd of people watched.  
  
"I know," the policeman's voice interrupted my thoughts, "but this is your second trip to humility training tonight, so I think we are being more than fair. If you are good, then perhaps you can have more later, but now I think it is only fair that we give our attention to this young lady who has just joined us."  
  
Pam acquiesced and bowed her head. All eyes turned toward me.  
  
"Now," the policeman continued, "who will guide this young girl's confession?"  
  
There was a chorus of volunteers from the surrounding dominants. Quarrels immediately broke out.   
  
"Hey, it's my turn," I heard one voice say.  
  
"No, it isn't, I was next," another replied.  
  
"You both already had a turn," said a third voice, "no one's confessed to me yet."   
  
"Alright, settle down all of you," the policeman said. "I think I know of a way to make this extra special for the young lady." Then, pointing to someone behind me, he asked "aren't you her ... what-do-you-call-it? ... foster dad?"  
  
"*Host father,*" a voice from behind corrected him. It was Brian! He had been here watching his wife wanking in full view of these people!  
  
"Right, that's what I meant — 'host father'," the policeman said. "Why don't you guide her confession? It's always best when the guide knows the secrets of the humility trainee, or is in a position to make educated guesses about them."  
  
"Very well," Brian said, and he stepped from behind me to trade places with the policeman.   
  
For a second time that night, my instincts to cover up took over and I clapped an arm over my breasts and a hand over my mound. I thought I had been embarrassed during the first Humility Corner when I had to drape myself over Brian's lap and ask for a swat, but at least I was fully dressed at the time. This was infinitely worse. Now my host father was seeing me naked!  
  
A dozen voices called out at once, all saying nearly the same thing.  
  
"Covering up!"  
  
"She's covering!"  
  
"... using her hands to cover ..."  
  
I quickly dropped my hands back to my sides. By squeezing my legs together I could hide all but the top of my furry triangle, but my breasts were visible and I became acutely and shamefully aware that my nipples were erect and that Brian could not possibly miss this. All I could do was bow my head in mortification.  
  
"Well, Marian," Brian began, "a lot of people were surprised to see you here tonight and they've taken be aside to tell me some things about you that I hadn't known. Is it true, Marian, that you have been rude and arrogant to the other students at the high school?"  
  
"What? ... no ... I mean ... well ... some of them are so ... they are just so childish—"  
  
"Enough!" Brian interrupted my rambling, "I gather from the way that you are beating around the bush that the answer is 'yes'."  
  
"Um ... I- I guess so ... sometimes."   
  
"Hmm, Jane and I have been treating you like an adult — like an equal. Maybe that was a mistake. It appears that there are some ways in which you are not so mature after all. I'm beginning to think that you needed more discipline from us. I have to think about that. But for now let's move on to other matters. Jane and I have found the bathroom floor sticky with soap twice this month right after you have finished a bath."  
  
"Oh? Well, yes, I guess I was careless. Sorry about that."  
  
"Careless?" Brian asked. "I don't think it was carelessness. On both occasions you were splashing furiously in the tub. Jane heard you the first time and I heard you the second. What were you doing?"  
  
I heard murmurs of puzzlement from the surrounding doms. They were wondering what Brian was getting at.  
  
"Um ... I was ... uh ... just washing, that's all," I lied.  
  
"Oh, *really*? Just washing?" he asked with exaggerated incredulity. "Jane heard you moaning while you were splashing and you told her you'd twisted your ankle in school, but you weren't limping that evening and you'd walked all the way back from Pam's house. On the second occasion I heard you moaning and it did not sound like a moan of pain. I ask you, again, what were you doing?"  
  
I only shrugged, hoping he would be satisfied with that. But the crowd now understood what he was implying and I heard many chuckles.  
  
"Marian," he resumed, "do I need to remind you that on the first occasion you had just heard a salacious story from Pam and that on the second occasion you'd just heard an equally titillating story from the Rodriguezes?"   
  
"Ok, ok," I said, and then my voice dropped to a whisper, "I was wanking."  
  
"What's that, Marian?" Brian asked. "Say that louder so we can all hear. What were you doing in the tub?"  
  
This time I spoke louder, "Maybe I was wanking a little."   
  
There were murmurs of puzzlement about the word 'wanking' and Brian ordered me to explain, "Tell the people what 'wanking' means, Marian."  
  
"It means ... uh ... masturbate," I answered. "I was masturbating."  
  
"Indeed, and pretty vigorously from the sound of all the splashing," Brian confirmed. This brought titters of laughter from the crowd and I hung my head in shame.   
  
"Now," he continued the cross-examination, "who is Bobby?"  
  
*What!?!* I thought. *How does he know about Bobby?* I decided to play dumb.  
  
"Who?"   
  
"Don't try our patience, Marian," Brian said firmly, but with enough kindness in his voice to suggest that he understood how difficult this was for me. "You called out his name on the last occasion you masturbated in the tub."  
  
"Um ... he's ... um," I stalled trying to think of a movie star named 'Bobby'. It would be infinitely less embarrassing to pretend I wanked off to thoughts of some far off celebrity, but I couldn't think of any celebrities named 'Bobby'.  
  
"We're *waiting,* Marian," said Brian insistently.  
  
"Uh ... it- it's just some boy at school," I stammered.   
  
"So," Brian summed up, "you are thinking of this Bobby while you play with yourself. And what sort of fantasy do you have about Bobby?"  
  
"We're only snogging and stuff," I lied, and I heard some sceptical chortles from the onlookers.  
  
"'Snogging'? You mean kissing? That's all? Just kissing?" Brian asked, and I realized how unbelievable this was as a *sexual* fantasy.  
  
"Well, then we make love, too." I added, hoping that would be all the detail required.  
  
"And does Bobby dominate you in these fantasies?"  
  
"Um ... well ... yes, a little, I guess."  
  
"Spank you?"  
  
"Yuh- yuh- yes," I nearly whispered.   
  
"Speak up, Marian!" Brian commanded. "What does Bobby do to you in your fantasies?"  
  
"He- He spanks me," I said louder, my voice choking a little with embarrassment. But I realized that in the course of this humiliating interrogation, my arousal had grown again. The hardness of my nipples must have been obvious to everyone.   
  
"That's better," Brian concluded.  
  
"Now," he said to one of the men standing there, "bring the cone over here."

The mysterious cone that I'd seen earlier was brought over. As I said, it was about one-and-a-half feet high and about two feet in diameter at the base, and it was covered in black leather.   
  
"Now, then, Marian," Brian instructed, "You must rub yourself to a climax on this cone. No using your hands."   
  
Then, scanning the faces of the small crowd around us, he added, "Don't give her any hints. Remember, half the fun is watching them figure out how to use the cone."   
  
To this, there were chuckles of approval from the crowd.  
  
I crawled over to the cone, wondering why they all thought it would be hard to figure out. Surely it was obvious how to use it: I would just straddle the thing and then squat down until I could rub my love button on the rounded point of the thing.   
  
Well, I tried doing that and I quickly discovered how hard it is. When I squatted low enough to touch the top of the cone with my crotch, it was hard to keep my balance. I alternated between nearly falling forward and nearly falling backward. But even worse than that, it hurt my knees like hell to squat like that. I couldn't hold that position for more than a minute before I had to straighten up again. This was obviously not how it worked, so I dropped back to my hands and knees and reconsidered.   
  
For my second attempt I got into what was called crab leg position in gym class: I was on my elbows and feet, but I was facing up toward the sky. I crabbed over to the cone and spread my feet wide enough so that I could "walk" on either side of it until my crotch made contact with the cone just a little below the top. I could kind of rub myself on the slope of the cone, but it was the crack of my arse that was rubbing it, not my clitty. Also, this position also made my arms and legs hurt too much. Once, again, I got back on my hands and knees to re-evaluate.   
  
For plan C, I crawled backward, that is butt-first, toward the cone on my hands and knees. Again, I spread my knees wide enough that I could "step" with my knees on either side of the cone until my crotch made contact with the sloping side. Then I rested my weight on my forearms. Perfect! My pubis was flat against the side of the cone.  
  
"That's it, now, you've got it," I heard Brian say, and there were murmurs of approval from the onlookers.   
  
It took me a few seconds of trial and error, but I soon found that I could rub my privates on the cone by alternately arching and curving my back. When I arched, my hips rolled up until the peak of my well-spanked bum was a bit higher than the point of the cone. Since my legs were spread wide, my arse was wide open, too, revealing my puckered rear door and the swollen lips of my cunt to everyone watching. When I curved my back, my hips rolled down the opposite way, temporarily hiding my treasures.   
  
New tears of humiliation ran down my cheeks as I rolled my butt up and down in a lewd show. It was as if I were some nympho trying to entice someone into taking me in the arse. But this, in turn, made me more aroused and I gradually picked up speed and my cunt left a slick damp streak on the slope of the cone.  
  
Before long I was involuntarily moaning with pleasure as I rubbed myself up and down on the cone faster and faster.   
  
"*Mmmmm ... ohhh ... unnn,*" I breathed.  
  
"Hey," a voice suddenly called out, "we're forgetting something. She must be punished for covering up."  
  
"Yes, that's right," another agreed.  
  
"Good point," I heard Brian say, "someone bring me a switch."  
  
*Oh, God.* I thought as I heard someone's footsteps running off to the Extra Discipline side of the tower. *The one lick from a switch that I got earlier from Mr Ventor was exquisitely painful. Now I shall have to endure more.* I was frightened, but another part of me — the submissive slut — was excited by the situation.   
  
The footsteps returned and a second later, Brian pronounced my sentence.   
  
"Three good swipes of the switch, Marion, and you must ask for each, explain why you want one, and thank me for each, understood?"  
  
I gulped and nodded in the affirmative.   
  
"Very good, then. Now arch your back and request the first."  
  
Still in position against the cone, I rolled my hips up against it, conscious once again that my splayed bum, anus, and cunt were pointed up and open to all.   
  
"Please ... huh ... switch me ... um ... for covering up, Brian," I said in a breathy tremulous voice.  
  
Swwiittt! There was a half a second pause after the sound before I felt anything. Then I felt a sharp burning stripe across both cheeks. Reflexively, my bum jerked down and my thighs gripped the sides of the cone. At the same time, my head jerked up and I let out a howl through gritted teeth.  
  
"Arrrgggghhhhhhh!"  
  
I stayed in that position panting and felt my bottom clenching and unclenching of its own accord. After several seconds, I gasped out my thanks.  
  
"Th- ... oh! ... Th-thank you."   
  
When I was in control of my body again, I dropped my head and rolled my butt back up into its lewd 'swat me, switch me, fuck me, do what you want with me' position and choked out the required request.  
  
"Puh- please ... give me ... um ... give me another."  
  
Swwiittt!   
  
Oh God, how it stung! Once again my lower half slammed down and my upper half jerked up. Tears flowed freely from my eyes as I howled again.   
  
"Oooouuuggghhh!"   
  
It took all my will power to fulfil my post switch duties, but after several seconds I rolled my bum back up into position and I gasped with a weepy voice that was now more air than sound.  
  
"[gasp] ... thank ... [huh] ... for ... ohh ... switch ... [gasp] ... 'nother ... um ... please."  
  
"Very good," said Brian, "this is the last one and you may rub your butt afterward if you like."  
  
SSSWWIIITTT!   
  
It was harder that the others and this time I jerked all the way up to a kneeling position. My tearful face turned up to the sky with my eyes squeezed shut. My hands flew to my bum and began to rub furiously but futilely as my hips jerked from side to side.   
  
"EERRGGgggwwwhhh! ... oh, oh, God, ... owww .... hurts ... errh."   
  
When the pain subsided enough to let other thoughts into my brain, I realized what I the onlookers were seeing. There I was, a naughty high school girl, brunette hair dishevelled, kneeling stark naked, knees spread wide, hips jerking, as I rubbed my bottom. They also saw, I realized, that my pubis was soaking wet with swollen lips protruding through the tangle, and that my breasts were swollen and my nipples hard and erect. The thought of this brought a new wave of embarrassment to me, but this was accompanied by another rush of arousal, too.   
  
I gasped out my thanks to Brian and he ordered me to resume my love-making with the cone. I was actually grateful for the chance.  
  
I resumed my bum rolling with new energy, up and down, up and down, up and down ...  
  
Soon I was again moaning with pleasure again.   
  
*mmmmmmmmmum, yes!* [gasp] *nuh, nuh, ummm, o yes, yes* [gasp]*hmmmmmmm* [gasp] *unnnuh, unnnuh, unnnuh* [gasp] *ooooooooo* [gasp]*aaahhhhhh*  
  
I could hear the gathered onlookers tittering which gave renewed power to both my mortification and my arousal.   
  
As I neared climax, I became louder.  
  
*UMMUH, HOHOM, Yes, Yes, UMMUH* [gasp] *HNNN, MMM* [gasp] *MUH, NUH, UNGGG, Yes!* [gasp] *GGGUUN, UR- UR- UR*  
  
Finally, my orgasm, the most powerful of my life surged through me. I stopped rubbing and gripped the cone tightly between my thighs. Embarrassment and arousal, pleasure and pain, were all one thing to me as I collapsed, exhausted and rested my head and shoulders on the floor. My hind quarters still rested on the cone, pointing up.   
  
Slave Training  
  
When I regained my senses a few seconds later, I found that the cone had been removed. I raised up enough to kneel and saw that Pam and Jane were kneeling on either side of me with their heads down. I did the same. I looked around and saw that all other spankees had left. There were fewer than a dozen spankers left and the Extra Discipline and Humility Training groups had merged.   
  
"Now, Marian," a man I didn't know said, "Jane and Pam know this, but since you're a first-timer, I need to tell you what happens now. Any spankee who stays past this point will get a session of sex slave training from the doms who remain. Jane and Pam stay every year."  
  
*So,* I thought, *Pam and Jane are the two that Alito was talking about. The two who stay every year.*  
  
"If you want to go home," the man continued, "you can do so now. If you stay, then you must sign another waiver. It says that once things start, you cannot refuse any demand or quit early. Anything at all can be demanded of you and we do not usually allow any exceptions. However, your host father, Brian, has insisted that we not take your virginity. And he has a point. Someday, you'll probably want to remember losing it to someone special in private. However, if you stay, your mouth and asshole are available."  
  
"Before you decide," Brian interrupted, "I think you should look at this album of photos from past years."  
  
With this, he laid a photo album on the carpet before me. Still on my knees, I began to page through it. Pam or Jane are in most of them. A few depicted other women that I did not recognize. In one Pam is standing, but she is bent over holding her ankles with legs spread as she is switched. In another, Pam, Jane and a third woman are shown, with cum dripping from their mouths. Another has caught the exact moment that paddle flattens Jane's arse. Another shows Jane with her face buried in the crack of some man's arse. A slight blur in her neck muscles indicates that her tongue was working.  
  
The pictures are a little bit frightening, but also arousing especially as I think of myself in these positions.  
  
"I shall stay," I announce in a breathy voice, and the small gathering murmurs approval.  
  
Three waivers are produced and Jane, Pam, and I each signed one.   
  
Then we were promptly ordered to the middle of the shot tower roof. We crawled over there in single file. After we were made to kneel a few feet apart, but facing the centre so we could see each other, it was announced that the slave training would begin with a butt-fucking.   
  
Hearing this, Pam and Jane both immediately bent forward and rested their forearms on the carpet. Then they each spread their knees wide and arched their backs. Obviously, they had been through this before.   
  
Brian stripped off his pants and skivvies and, knob and bollocks out, took a kneeling position behind Pam and gripped the sides of her hips. Apparently, Jane did not mind him having sex with another woman, at least if Jane was present. Another man similarly took a position behind Jane; so Brian obviously granted the same privilege to Jane.   
  
"Now," said a voice, "who should take the English girl's ass virginity?"  
  
Several men volunteered all at once, which brought laughter from the group. Somebody proposed that the men draw straws, but then a familiar voice spoke up.  
  
"Wait, I've got an idea."   
  
I looked up to see who it was and was mortified all over again to see that it was Mr Ventor. So he, too, had heard me confess my fantasies about Bobby and had watched me rub myself to climax against the cone. I dropped my head in shame at the realization that now he would join the others in enslaving me.   
  
"Let's have," he continued, "this classmate of hers, Lumpy, do the honors."   
  
*What?,* I thought, *Lumpy is still here? Oh, God, no!*   
  
Being taken anally while others watched was mortifying enough; but to have it done by someone I saw in school every day was infinitely worse; especially when that someone was my social inferior — someone I wouldn't so much as hold hands with otherwise. I began to tear up again as I heard Lumpy let out a whoop and begin rustling off his pants.   
  
"Time's a wasting, Marian," I heard Mr Ventor say, "Hurry up and position yourself like Pam and Jane."  
  
Slowly, sniffling, I lowered my upper body so that I was resting on my forearms. Then I spread my legs and winced as I heard Lumpy whoop in joy again. Finally, I arched my back, giving him full view and full access to all my jewels.   
  
And now we have arrived back at the beginning. Now you know how I happened to be in this position: on my knees and forearms ... naked ... my bottom up, my head down. A pimply nerd from my high school is about to enjoy what will surely be the happiest moment of his life as he vigorously reams me while people from my town watch.   
  
Someday, perhaps, I'll tell you what happened next and what I did in my remaining weeks in the USA before returning home to England.