**The humiliating training of Emma**  
by Emma No knickers  
  
**Part 1**

My boyfriend (James) has always said I was a spoilt brat and always got my own  
way and to be honest I had him wrapped around my little finger. My parent's were  
quite well off and I usually got what I wanted, I still manage to get what I  
want now but unfortunately my bum has to pay for it. My downfall to a "naughty  
little schoolgirl" began in the most unbelievable of circumstances and it was  
far from a private affair. During the summer we went to stay with my best friend  
(Sharon) in Cornwall who had got herself a holiday job down there. After a long  
drive we arrived at her small rented cottage and I was surprised to find she had  
a found herself a boyfriend who was staying with her. I was even more surprised  
to find out he was only eighteen years old (Sharon is Twenty-three and I am  
twenty-five) and he was the typical beech bum type. He seemed to undress me with  
his eyes as he was introduced as Greg and he said leeringly how he was pleased  
to meet a "posh bird like me and was looking forward to seeing me on the beech.  
I blushed in embarrassment and I was thankful when he invited James to go to the  
pub with him and Sharon and I were left to catch up on old times together.  
Sharon was always a bit more adventurous than me and had her fair share of  
boyfriend's but Greg was not the usual type, she normally went for older guys  
with money. She shocked me by saying how she was just using his body for a while  
and actually made me blush with some of the things she said they got up to. The  
cottage was quite small and for some reason we were given the bedroom that had a  
walk-in wardrobe with all Sharon and Greg's clothes in. That night just as we  
were getting ready for bed the bedroom door opened and in walked Greg, I was sat  
on the bed stark naked and he never even blinked. "Don't mind me" he smiled and  
proceeded to get something to wear for tomorrow. James just laughed at me sat  
with my mouth open in shock and told me to relax we were on holiday. The next  
day Sharon had to work and me and James spent the day on the beech. I had bought  
a new swimsuit and James took great pleasure in embarrassing me by telling me  
that he could see quite a lot of my pubes where it was ridding up between my  
legs as I moved. I spent most of the day adjusting the material both back and  
front as it pulled between my bum-cheeks. In the evening we all went out for a  
drink and after a few pint's James laughingly told Greg about my costume. They  
all thought it was very amusing and Greg humiliated me more by offering to give  
my bush a little trim when we got back. When we did get back to the cottage we  
had few more drinks and Greg picked up a pair of scissors and announced "it is  
time for the lady's hair cut". Sharon and James grabbed me and laid me on the  
floor and although I was a little drunk I didn't seem able to protest as my  
skirt was pulled around my waist. All I could feel was the cool air between my  
legs as he knelt on the floor. Sharon and my so-called boyfriend were in  
hysterics as he moved my panties to one side and began to clip away. I was  
powerless to resist and I even stayed there when Sharon and James let me go.   
After a couple of minutes he proclaimed me "all done" and then I was told to go  
and put on my swimsuit for them all to see. Meekly I walked upstairs and put it  
on, I seemed to be hypnotised to behave in this absurd fashion. Back downstairs  
I had to stand in front of each of them to see if they could see any stray pubic  
hair sticking out of my costume. Greg then walked up to me and took hold the  
sides of my swimsuit, with both hands he almost lifted my feet of the ground as  
he pulled it up hard between my legs. "That's better" he confirmed and then once  
more got the scissors to finish of properly he said. After being told to remain  
like that for the rest of the night and being made to fetch the drinks for  
everyone at last it was time for bed. Despite the ridiculous ordeal I had just  
undergone I was incredibly randy. The fact was not unnoticed by my boyfriend and  
he took me on my knees across the bed much more forcefully than usual. A short  
while later he was screwing me again and he talked to me about what had just  
happened. Sex was usually quite boring and with slow gentle thrusts he had me  
really worked up, "you enjoyed that didn't you" he teased "Greg knows how to put  
you in your place" he carried on. With a feeling of excitement like I had never  
known before I agreed and as I screamed to the best orgasm of my life James told  
me that things were going to be different from now on. At breakfast they had me  
blushing again when Sharon said it was obvious that I had enjoyed myself last  
night. My whole personality seemed to have changed and I was no longer the aloof  
snob who was above everyone but a meek mannered little girl under the control of  
my so-called friends. Unfortunately for me things were going to get a lot worse  
and decidedly more painful. In the pub that night Greg started a conversation  
about the role of a girlfriend and it was full of arrogant sexist rubbish like  
all men dream of. He went on to suggest that men should put the girl over their  
knee for a spanking once in a while to keep her in her place. Then looking at me  
he said that he had read about some women who actually liked the sensation of a  
"smacked bum. Before I could speak they had decided to test Greg's theory out  
and I was promised a spanking instead of a haircut when we got back to the  
cottage. He carried on the conversation by saying how his uncle has a large  
collection of "spanking magazines" in his shed and Greg had been reading them  
for a good few years. James shocked me by saying how he would love to see some  
of them and perhaps Greg should get some so they could get some idea's on what  
to do with me later. They both went off like over excited schoolboys to get  
some and I was left alone with Sharon. She commented on how I had changed and  
she couldn't believe the way I was allowing all this to happen to me. For some  
unknown reason I found myself justifying my acceptance by saying you only live  
once and you should try everything at least once. I don't know if I convinced  
myself let alone her as my mind raced with the thought of what I had let myself  
in for. They arrived home with a huge box and proceeded to sit for about half an  
hour reading through them, making lewd comment's to each other about a  
particular model's various attributes. I sat numb listening to "look at the  
state of her arse", "she's gorgeous", "a lovely pair of tits" and such like as  
Sharon went in the shower. When she came downstairs she sat expectantly on the  
sofa and announced "come on then Give Emma a smacked bum I've got work in the  
morning", so much for best friends. Greg then asked James what he thought I  
should wear and suggested that I put my swimsuit on, Sharon then piped up "I've  
got a really brief bikini she can wear" and they all agreed. The bitch was  
looking forward to this as much as the boys, she led me upstairs to change and  
she was right the bikini was minuscule. At the back there was just a strip of  
materiel between my bum-cheeks and the top only just covered my nipples. The  
first thing Greg said when I got downstairs was how he should get the scissors  
as some of pubes were showing again. Thankfully Sharon said we didn't have time  
and actually led me over her boyfriend's knee. I felt absolutely ridiculous laid  
over an eighteen year olds knee waiting to be spanked like a four year old and  
in front of other people as well. The first smack seemed to bring me back to  
stark reality, what the hell was I doing here. As the slaps continued I felt I  
would die of the utter humiliation I was going through and how had I got myself  
in to this. Greg gloated triumphantly that this was fantastic putting a posh  
snobby bitch over his knees and showing who was boss. James joined in saying how  
it was about time I was brought down a peg or two and I could feel a tear of  
absolute shame role down my cheek. I started to wriggle and squirm across his  
knee and he took hold of my arm behind my back to hold me still. The smacks  
echoed through the room and the pain was soon building up, "come on put some  
effort in" Sharon egged her boyfriend on. He gave me a few much harder slaps and  
the exclaimed that he thought I needed something more than his hand to see if I  
really liked it. I was told to stand against the wall and even had to put my  
hands behind my neck while they decided what was next for my bum. Sharon and  
Greg went on a "hunt" for things to use and James came to stand besides me.  
"This is a turn up for the books" he whispered "we have found a way to treat  
you haven't we, this will keep you in line from now on" and with that he gave me  
a hard smack himself. The whole situation was diabolical as they sat and  
discussed the merits of each item they had come across. The first one was a  
slipper and with me bent over with my hands on knees and my bum stuck out Greg  
gave me ten whacks with it. Before the last one I could feel my the bikini top  
fall away from my boobs and to be honest I am not very big up there and the top  
was a little loose on me. Without thinking to adjust it as soon as Greg said  
stand up I was reaching to rub my bottom. I could feel my breast's give a little  
jiggle as I rubbed my bum and realised they were all grinning at me. Sharon came  
and unfastened the top and took it off me, "Looks like you don't need this bit"  
she laughed and then as she sat back down Greg said he wondered how long the  
bottoms would last. He then really made me gasp with humiliation as he said to  
the other two that they should have some fun with me and see if they could smack  
my bum until I begged them to take off my bikini bottoms. James thought it was a  
brilliant idea and before I could contemplate the embarrassing implications of  
such a demeaning proposition I was again bent over waiting for more torment.  
This time I was touching my toes and a plastic cooking spatula had been chosen,  
the first smack took me by surprise, as it was much more painful than the  
slipper. Over the next few the mortifying choice I had went through my mind,  
suffer the pain or the shame. At the end of my ten my bum was really beginning  
to hurt and once again I gave them a good view of my jiggling boobs as I  
vigorously rubbed my behind. Now I had to kneel on the floor on my hands and  
knees for the next implement, Greg mockingly grabbed hold of my bikini "still  
want to retain your modesty" he taunted. At this particular moment I could not  
think of a more immodest ordeal. I was shown a leather belt by Greg who dangled  
it in front of my face, "let's see if I can persuade you to show us your pussy"  
he laughed openly. His crude reference to my body made me shudder with shame and  
the first stroke lashed across my bum cheeks. It was not as bad as the spatula  
but it did have a cruel sting when the tip wrapped around my right bum cheek.  
Greg noticed this fact and without a pause he gave me ten more "back-hand"  
strokes to even it up as he put it. I still had to remain knelt on the floor  
and Sharon came to kneel besides me. I moaned as she reached out and ran her  
hands over my bum, she gently soothed the pain and told me how red my bum was.  
James gave Greg a can of beer and told him how he had got me in my rightful  
place and told him to continue until I was howling like a baby. Greg laughed and  
joked how he was trying to make it last as long as possible and he was trying to  
remember all his favourite positions out of the magazines to put me in. He went  
on to say how he was really looking forward to stripping me stark naked and  
seeing everything I had got between my legs and how when I finally begged to be  
stripped he was going to give me ten more with his favourite instrument. He  
exclaimed how he thought of having a twenty five-year-old women like me under  
his control was his dream come through especially as I was a "rich bitch" as he  
put it. My ordeal was becoming more shameful by the minute but I could not  
protest and couldn't believe I was so willing to go along with their obscene  
game. Even Sharon gave me a smack as she stopped rubbing my bum and as I stood  
up I saw Greg bringing a chair in to the room. He looked me straight in the eye  
and made me blush with pure shame as he laughed "I think you're starting to  
enjoy this aren't you Emma". Then he cupped my breast and teased my erect nipple  
between his fingers, "quite a dark horse aren't you" he carried on playing with  
my boobs as I sobbed "please no". A plastic ruler was my next item and I was  
made to stand at the back of the chair and bend over with my hands on the seat.  
The back-rest pressed in to my tummy and Greg eased my legs apart. Then he  
announced he was tired of standing up and he sat on the sofa, I had to shuffle  
across with chair to where he was sat. When he was satisfied I was close enough  
he stroked the back of his hand up my legs and told me how he thought my bum  
could do with a rest and he thought my legs needed smacking. He sounded such a  
conceited bastard but I could not help feel a strange kind thrill how he had  
brought me under his total control and me a twenty-five year old woman. He used  
the ruler to flick the backs of my legs and the sharp sting had me pushing my  
legs further apart. When he had given me ten on each leg he gave me a mocking  
pat between my legs with the ruler, "Still not ready to show us this" he asked.  
I couldn't answer him and the silence was broken by a giggling Sharon, "what do  
you think of this" and I could see her give something to Greg. "Fantastic" he  
enthused and showed it to James, it turned my wonderful best friend had made me  
my very own whip!  
  
She had used a torch as the handle and at the end was a loop to which she had  
fastened four lengths of nylon rope about two feet long. "Now for a proper  
flogging" pronounced Greg and I was led up to the wall and told to stand with my  
legs apart and my arms touching the wall level with my shoulders. He traced the  
home made whip down my back and as he teased me with it he told me I deserved  
this for being a stuck up bitch. To compound my shame I replied with a quiet  
"yes" and laughter greeted the first stroke. He brought it down across my back  
although fairly gently at first the next few became harder and I think he was  
testing my reaction to it. I must admit it felt very symbolic to be "whipped"  
and against all my sensibilities and pride I was beginning to get a sexual  
satisfaction to my treatment. I had a frightening thought come in to my head and  
I imagined him turning me around and "whipping" my breasts. I could hear  
muttering conversation as I was left against the wall and I actually shuddered  
with excitement at the thought of my tits being punished. A voice in my head  
told me it was absurd to actually enjoy this but I was more than enjoying it I  
was craving it. I felt like screaming how I wanted my tits thrashing and to be  
made to crawl naked around the room begging for more. I took a deep breath and  
without being told I turned round and knelt in the middle of the room. I was  
facing them all and with my arms behind me I grasped my ankles and thrust my  
tits out as much as I could. I could see all their faces stare at me and Greg  
came up to me, he trailed the whip over my heaving chest. "So my pretty little  
Emma thinks I should whip her tits" he smiled and as I closed my eyes every inch  
of my body burned with humiliation as I said, "Please, I am a stuck up bitch who  
deserves it". Sharon gasped "Emma" and I could hear my boyfriend almost choke on  
his beer and tell Greg to go ahead and give me what I wanted. My nipples were as  
hard as could be and I was literally shaking with suspense as he continued to  
run the whip over my boobs, "you're getting randy" he laughed and again he  
waited for a response. "Yes, yes" I said pleadingly wanting something to happen  
but he was in no hurry. "I bet you never dreamed you would see your best friend  
waiting to have her tits whipped" he laughed to Sharon, I could not be more  
humiliated as they all waited expectantly. As before the first stroke was pretty  
tame but my aching tits welcomed it. He increased the force and my nipples felt  
like they would explode as they felt the impact of the whip. He changed his  
position and brought the whip up from below my tits and caught the underside of  
my boobs and by now I was yelping like a puppy. He showed no signs of stopping  
and he even walked behind me to fetch the whip over my shoulders and on to one  
breast at a time. With tears running down my face at last he stopped, I couldn't  
move and my whole body seemed fixed in position. Gradually I looked down at my  
boobs and they were covered in bright red blotches, and even this sight gave me  
a thrill as I realised I had been thrashed for my own pleasure and my tormentors  
amusement. Sharon gave me a drink and the atmosphere was a little tense as I  
think Greg may have thought he had gone too far especially as my boobs began to  
get even redder. I had an urge to go and kiss him and tell him how fantastic it  
had been but I still wanted more and I was determined not to break the spell of  
being under his control. I winced as Sharon brushed her hands over my boobs and  
she said how she couldn't believe the whip marks on me. I stood up and with my  
hands behind my back I walked up to where Greg and James were sitting. I stood  
straight with my legs apart and looked at Greg, "Well if you want to see what's  
between my legs you'll have to do better than that" and for the first time it  
was Greg's turn to look surprised. He soon regained his authority and once again  
I was over the chair this time kneeling on the seat and reaching right down the  
back with my arms. He held my bikini again and taunted me saying was I looking  
forward to him taking them off me and I even sounded cheeky as I replied "we'll  
have to see". I could see Sharon's face and she looked completely "gobsmacked"  
and I couldn't blame her. Greg was now holding a table tennis bat and without  
pause he gave me the full ten in quick succession. I gave out a series of gasps  
and moans as the bat brought my attention away from my boobs and back to my bum.  
"I quite like this" he exclaimed and I was given another ten this time a bit  
harder. I was taking quick breaths and shuffling on the chair. Greg took the  
liberty of giving my bum a good feel and the tormenting swine even gave me a few  
pinches. These really made me squeal and with a final smack to my bum I was  
allowed up. He asked Sharon to clear the things of the table now, as he wanted  
his "pretty bitch" as he called me on my back over it. The considerate soul gave  
me a cushion for my head as I lay on the table, I was embarrassed to have to  
pull my legs up to my chest and hold them with my hands behind my knees. He then  
pushed my knees apart and calmly looked down at me, "I'm going to have you like  
this when these come off " he grinned and again snapped the waistband of my  
bikini. I gave a little tremble of shame as I realised how exposed I knew I  
would end up. He offered Sharon and James a seat at the table and they eagerly  
sat at each side of me. I couldn't believe how close they all were to me as I  
saw Greg pick up a wooden spoon from the kitchen. He took a seat himself and  
began to stroke my bum with the spoon. Then he gave me a sharp smack with it,  
it was quite a nasty sting and much worse than I was anticipating. "So you're a  
stuck up bitch are you" he taunted and with a few more slaps with the spoon I  
was made to answer him. "Have we brought you down a peg or two now" he asked and  
again I was made to say "yes". Then the arrogant bastard actually made me thank  
him for showing them all what an obedient little girl he had made me. He made me  
say that I was not a grown woman but a naughty little girl who deserved to be  
thrashed as hard as they liked. Then he tapped my pussy with the damn spoon and  
slowly made me say how I was going to let him take my bikini bottoms off and  
show them all I had between my legs. He continued to give me some really hard  
slaps with the spoon all the time talking to me and making me repeat more  
humiliating things. I had to admit that my pussy was getting wet and how I was  
desperate to reach an orgasm, all the time Sharon and James looked on in  
amazement. I knew the time had come and I took a deep breath to summon up the  
courage and said to Greg "please will you strip me naked". A shiver ran through  
me as I spoke and Greg stood up only to put his arm behind my knees and pin me  
to the table. He delivered five smacks to each bum cheek in exactly the same  
spot and I yelled for him to please stop and strip me instead. He let me stand  
and then with every one back on the sofa he told me it was not as easy as that  
and he was really going to make be beg properly. He picked up the ruler and bent  
it almost in two, "when I have stripped you, I am going to have you back over  
the table and smack you're pussy with this" he said menacingly. A stab of  
absolute humiliation shook my body as I pictured the scene. "Please you can't" I  
sobbed and he just laughed that he could whatever he liked and he was going to  
prove it. I began to really beg him now just to strip me and look at whatever he  
wanted, I even began to cry that this was not fair as I had done everything and  
more that he had asked. "That's quite a tantrum Emma", he mocked and I realised  
what a spectacle I was making of myself, he really had me behaving like a  
naughty little girl. I was left to sob and snivel as I was told to stop crying  
and to ask to be stripped when I was ready. Greg went to sit next to Sharon and  
I was dismayed to actually hear her congratulate him, "I can't believe what  
you've reduced her to, anyone would think she was five not twenty-five" she  
laughed. James continued and said how I would be a different person from now on  
and he would be using a similar approach to ensure I behaved myself. I was told  
to go and wash my face just like a five year-old and despite my acute  
humiliation I still needed to finish my ordeal. Greg asked me if I had anything  
to say and I repeated that I wanted him to strip me. He then asked me what he  
was going to do to me when I was naked and after hesitating I replied "your  
going to smack me with the ruler". "Where" he asked and I looked at the floor  
and mumbled "between my legs", "you mean your pussy" he mocked me even more and  
I was made to say "Yes, my pussy". He was sitting like the cat that got the  
cream and he wasn't ready to let me go yet. "Do you deserve it" he asked again I  
had to say yes and a little giggle from Sharon greeted my answer. "Do you want  
it" he continued to mock me and I knew I had to carry on this cruel charade. I  
was beginning to get angry at the way he was extracting every possible ounce of  
humiliation from me and pleaded with him to get it over with. "On your knees" he  
barked and the sudden change in the tone of his voice made me shiver, I was made  
to shuffle towards him. He told me to ask him very politely to strip me and  
smack my pussy. I couldn't believe how much Sharon was enjoying my shame as she  
had a look of intense satisfaction on her face. "Please will you strip me and  
smack my pussy" I said in my most pleading voice possible. "I think after I have  
took the trouble to teach you some manners you should at least call me sir" he  
said amusingly. With another giggle from Sharon I put the word sir in my  
request. The bastard was still determined to make me grovel beyond belief as I  
was told to see if my boyfriend had any objection to me having my pussy smacked.  
I had to crawl over to him and even he didn't seem to have any sympathy for my  
never-ending torment. "Please will you let Greg strip me and smack my pussy" I  
said not recognising the words that came out of my mouth. "Well he has certainly  
brought you to your knees, he may as well finish the job" and he was joined by  
Sharon and Greg in laughter. I was made to crawl back to the middle of the room  
and this time he told me to ask Sharon for her permission. "Please can your  
boyfriend strip me and smack my pussy" I was on automatic pilot as I spoke the  
most embarrassing words of my life. She clapped her hands in amazement and said  
how she couldn't believe what she was seeing she even asked if Greg if he had  
put something in my drinks. Greg told her that he had read in one of those  
magazines how the humiliation of a grown woman receiving a spanking or such like  
could be a powerful emotion and some women find it a huge turn on. She asked me  
incredulously if I was enjoying all this and I could only stammer that I didn't  
know. James said it was blatantly obvious that I was relishing this kind of  
treatment and Greg had certainly found which of my buttons needed pressing so to  
speak. Greg reached down and squeezed my nipple "James is right you love it  
don't you" again I could only reply that I didn't know. I was grateful when  
Greg told me to stand up and since I had asked like a good little girl he would  
take my bikini bottoms off for me. I don't know how my legs held me up as he  
slowly pulled them all the way down to my ankles. I was then led to the table  
and knew what position I had to adopt, in slow motion I lay across the table and  
bring my legs up to my chest, With a deep breath I open my knees as far as I  
can. I was shaking with shame as Greg sat in front of my splayed open legs,  
"well that's quite a view Rachel" as if he was congratulating me. Sharon and  
James came to have a close look and then they even moved the chairs so that they  
were all sat gazing right inside me. He began to give me some very light smacks  
with the ruler on the insides of my legs and still he was determined to make me  
ask him to continue his actions. All I could say was "please" as the ruler got  
nearer and nearer my sex. A few light smacks sent shock waves through me and I  
groaned in abandoned lust. I was entering a world of my own when the giggling  
voice of Sharon chimed out "My god Emma even your bum hole is open" and I shock  
with unbelievable arousal at my complete humiliation. I did not care if I could  
look them in the face in the morning all I cared about was having the most  
fantastic orgasm in my life for the second day in a row. Soon I was moaning and  
gasping for Greg to do it harder and faster and for once he did as I wanted and  
skilfully brought me to a shattering orgasm. My whole body shook on the table  
and I clenched my hands between my legs tight against my pussy. "You cruel  
bastards" I sobbed and to their delight I used my own fingers to continue my  
climax. I didn't notice Greg and Sharon disappear but I saw James undressing  
and could only lay limply as he used my open sex to satisfy himself. I stayed in  
bed the following day and couldn't bear to face them but around lunchtime Sharon  
came in to the room. She had a large jar of "after Sun" cream and proceeded to  
pull the sheets of me. She grinned that she knew it was not sunburn but thought  
this would help. I could only remain still as she soothed the beautiful cream in  
to every nook and cranny of my body. Soon Greg and James walked in and it seemed  
irrelevant that I was completely naked with my best friend rubbing cream around  
my pussy. Greg asked how I was and leaned over and kissed me and then in front  
of their eyes again I was brought to orgasm promising to let them do it all over  
again.

**PART TWO**  
Latter that day Sharon again had to work and Greg and my boyfriend went to the  
beech by themselves. I felt a little stiff and enjoyed the day on my own  
wondering round in just a loose T-shirt with nothing else. I noticed the box  
with Greg's uncle's magazines inside and feeling quite daring I took a few out.  
This was the first time I had really seen them properly and I was fascinated at  
their content. I was even shocked to see actual ordinary people writing about  
themselves and I was relieved to find out I was not the only girl who enjoyed a  
"smacked bum".  
  
I noticed that my introduction had seemed a little harsh and elaborate compared  
to the straightforward spankings and such like that seemed common. I recognised  
many of the positions that Greg had made adopt for my thrashing and found the  
whole think very exciting. I even stroked my bum and wondered if I should ask  
for some more tonight from my new found "disciplinarian". I went to sit on the  
garden to read some more and didn't notice Sharon return, "picking up some tips"  
she laughed as she caught me engrossed in a story. I blushed as she smiled at me  
and told me Greg was planning my next ordeal for Saturday night, which was three  
days away. When the boys arrived home Sharon couldn't wait to tell them how I  
had been reading the magazines all day and she said she thought I had looked  
disappointed to have to wait until Saturday for some more. By now I had put my  
jeans on and Greg told me to stand in front of him and he unfastened them for  
me. Along with my panties he pulled them down to my knees spun me around and  
felt my bottom. In front of the grinning Sharon and James he pronounced that I  
might be able to have a few light spankings before Saturday but he didn't want  
my bum marked for my big night. He turned me to face him and even pulled up my  
panties and jeans for me, as he pulled the zipper up he smiled "you must be one  
in a million Emma". That night before we went to bed I went over his knee and he  
gave me a gentle teasing spanking which really put me in the mood for a night of  
wonderful sex with James. The following day we spent most of it on the beech and  
although most of my marks had gone I felt very self-conscious especially as I  
was made to wear Sharon's bikini. In the afternoon Greg took my top off me and  
then I was made to go and fetch them all an Ice cream. Although a few women were  
topless, something I had never even done, none were brazenly walking about. In  
the queue for the Ice cream there were several grinning teenagers openly staring  
at me, I knew even my pubes could be seen at the sides of the pathetic strip of  
material that passed for a bikini. As the salesman handed me three Ice creams he  
smiled leeringly and asked if I needed a hand. On the way back I almost walked  
in to a small boy and his mother spat "disgusting" as she pulled him away. To my  
horror I saw several youths sat talking to Greg and with my face as red as a  
post box I handed him his Ice cream. Their eyes were glued to me as I sat down  
and brought my knees up to my chest to try and cover myself up. I was introduced  
as Sharon's friend Emma to the youths and to my dismay Greg went on to tell them  
he was having a little game with me because I been a naughty girl. He told them  
it was he who had ordered me to take off my top and walk to the Ice cream van  
and how actually I liked being told what to do. They shook their head's in  
disbelieve and one goaded Greg to "prove it". He calmly told me not to be a shy  
young lady and show his friends my tits and again the strange thrill ran through  
me as I moved my legs and put my arms to my sides. "Wow" exclaimed one and  
"cool" mocked another, Greg went to on enforce his control of me and made me put  
my hands on my head. The grinning boys sat open-mouthed as Greg pinched my  
nipples and they burst out laughing when he told them he had to spank my naughty  
bare bum to get me to behave myself. Sharon joined in my humiliation and  
confirmed it was all true and then to add to my distress she asked them all to  
come round to the cottage to see for themselves tonight. They walked down the  
beech laughing loudly and I was made to stay with my hands on my head for ten  
minutes, the looks I received were indescribable. Before we went home Greg said  
we were going to do a little shopping and we stopped outside a small novelty  
come joke shop. We all went inside and Greg led me to a corner, which to my  
amazement contained an assortment of real spanking implements. I stared in awe  
at the items and a voice rang through the shop, "do you need any help" a middle  
aged woman was looking at us. As is if he was talking about a loaf of bread he  
nonchalantly replied "we're looking for something for this naughty girls  
bottom". I couldn't believe what was happening as Sharon and James began to  
pick up some things and look at them. They decided to each pick an instrument  
and Sharon chose a shinny wooden paddle with the picture of a red bum on it.  
Next James picked up a black leather strap about eighteen inches long while Greg  
practised a stroke with real a crook handled cane. I was desperate to leave but  
then Greg announced it was my turn to chose, I didn't think for a second I was  
going to have to pick something for my own torment. I looked at the rows of  
different shaped paddles made of leather and wood and a rack full of mean  
looking straps, on the floor was a container with more canes inside. Then I saw  
it, it was a genuine whip. It had a black handle and about twenty pieces of  
rubber about twelve inches long, I trembled as I picked it up and knew he would  
use it on my bare boobs again. The final humiliation was that I had to pay for  
them all myself and I was surprised to find out how much they actually cost. The  
women put them all in a bag and smiled at me to "have a nice time with them, I  
am sure you deserve it". Outside the shop Greg laughed in amazement "My god Emma  
your something else" and Sharon added "all we need now is to make look like a  
five year-old". It was like being in a daze as we went round the shops looking  
for something for me to wear, They took great delight in trying to imagine the  
most childish way to get me to dress. It was agreed that I needed to have some  
white knee length socks and then Sharon shouted she had the perfect answer She  
knew a shop that sold school uniforms. Once inside they told the assistant it  
was for a practical joke and persuaded her to let me buy a complete uniform.  
Sharon went in to the changing room with me and as I am quite slim but tall the  
skirt was ridiculously short and she made me buy a blouse that was too tight.  
The curtain was left open and the assistant saw me naked trying on the clothes  
and looked at me like I was a cheap tart or something. Just as I was paying for  
everything Sharon burst out laughing and put a pair of dark green P.E knickers  
on the counter. I was so far under their control I think I would have walked out  
of shop stark naked if they had told me too. Later on Sharon helped me get ready  
and Greg had told me that he was not going to give me much of a thrashing  
tonight but he was going to enjoy shaming me as much as possible in front of his  
friends. When they arrived I was standing with my back to the door and my hands  
on my head, the whole room just filled with the sound of laughter. I had been  
told what I had to do and as I turned round my legs nearly fell from beneath me  
as I saw about six or seven teenage boys and two girls. I could hardly breathe  
and slowly as they were all found somewhere to sit I walked up to the first one.  
"Can I get you a drink, Sir" I spoke in a shaky voice. Each one gave me such a  
look of contempt as I continued with my task and as I was not expecting any  
girls I did not know what to call them. With my face as red as it had ever been  
I approached the two young girls, my god they only looked about fifteen. I  
looked at their amused expression and nervously said "please my I get you a  
drink, Miss" they could barely keep a straight face as I gave them their drinks.  
Greg stood up and joined me in the middle of the room, it was only a small room  
and faces were everywhere. This is Emma he spoke and told them all how I was a  
stuck up bitch who needed bringing down a peg or two and by sheer coincidence  
they had found out I got some kind of thrill from it all. He went on to say that  
for the next hour before they all went to the pub he was going to show them just  
what he could get me to do and that he might need to smack my bum a little if I  
didn't behave. My new toys were passed round for them all to look at but Greg  
said for tonight he thought a spanking would be all I needed as he was planning  
to give me a really hard thrashing on Saturday. Some of them smacked their hands  
with the implements and laughed how they would mark my arse if used properly and  
just the thought of a severe thrashing was getting me worked up. To begin with  
Greg made me hold my skirt up and tell everyone what a stuck up bitch I was and  
that my colleagues at work should see me like this, as it was "just what I  
deserved". He then turned me round and with my skirt still held up gave me a few  
hard smacks to my bum. I could her stifled laughter and muted giggles from my  
audience when he pulled the ridiculous knickers to my knees. A few more good  
smacks to my bare bum had me hopping around trying avoid his hand. He then took  
the knickers off me completely and threw them to one of his friends, "our little  
bitch won't need these for a while" he smiled. The skirt fell back in to place  
as once again I had to face them and Greg proceeded to undo my tie. "I am going  
to strip you stark bollock naked, are you looking forward to it" and as I could  
only admit the truth and say "yes please Sir" as he grinned triumphantly. My  
hands were held tightly behind my head as he unbuttoned the blouse and as I had  
not been allowed a bra my boobs came in view. I lowered my arms for him to  
remove the blouse and as I put them back he took hold of one of my nipples.  
"Look at the state of these lads" he grinned "we don't need coat hangers here"  
he mocked at my rigid nipples stuck out to the gaze of his grinning friends. Now  
he unzipped my skirt and let it fall to the floor, naked apart from my shoes and  
socks I gasped with shame. He led me to a chair and took me over his knee "this  
is where the toffee nosed bitch belongs" he mocked and gave me another brisk  
spanking. He then took hold of my sock and told me I was still over dressed for  
the occasion only this time I was to go and ask someone else to take them off  
for me. As I looked around the room I caught the mocking smile of my boyfriend  
and for a moment I wondered what he really thought of my outrages public  
display. I lifted my leg on to the lap of the nearest boy "please, Sir will you  
take my shoe off for me" I said in an almost a little girl voice. He seemed very  
unsure and nervous but the next one was the total opposite, I had my arms by my  
side and he confidently told me to get them back on my head. Next he pushed my  
knee to one side almost making me lose my balance and looked right at my pubic  
hair. "I'm not sure little girls have all this" he laughed and cruelly tugged at  
my pubes. I couldn't believe the contempt he was showing me and when he had  
removed my shoe he ran his finger along my wet slit. He still kept hold of my  
foot and lifted his finger to his nose, "Smells like the fish yard" he laughed  
and everyone joined him. The next boy took off my sock and just as I lifted my  
leg up to have the last one removed Sharon interrupted "perhaps one of the girls  
would like the pleasure of stripping you completely naked for us". I still could  
not believe how keen she was to increase my humiliation at every opportunity. I  
cringed with shame as I asked a girl to take off my sock and she obliged with a  
curt "all right you kinky bitch" which brought more laughter to the room. Greg  
made me stand in the middle of the room once more but this time I was made to  
open my legs as wide as I could and do a series of "twirls" for my audience.  
Then final embarrassment was for me to bend over with my legs as far apart as I  
could get them and reach behind me to pull open my own bum cheeks to expose my  
anus to their gaze. Greg then told me he had one last task for me and I was  
stunned to the spot when he told me that I was not yet "stark bollock naked" as  
he had promised me and I had no idea what he meant. The cruel bastard told me  
that naughty little girls don't have the privilege of wearing jewellery and  
began to unfasten the gold chain around my neck. With a grin as big as a  
Cheshire cat he took two rings off my fingers and then stood like the lord and  
master as I took my earrings out. He put them in a bag and gave them to James to  
look after and then I was finally made to thank him for stripping me and showing  
all his friends how to make me behave. But it was not over yet as Sharon said  
how she thought the boy's suggestion that a "school girl" shouldn't have pubic  
hair should be carried out. Hoots of delight erupted from everyone and Greg went  
eagerly to get his razor. I was put on the table on my back and two volunteers  
were asked to hold my legs as wide apart as possible. Mocking faces surrounded  
me as first of all he used a pair of scissors to clip away at my pubes and then  
the cold steel of the razor went to work on my mound. There were gasps of  
amazement as slowly he removed every last hair from my sex and even got two boys  
to pull apart my bum cheeks so her could shave around my bum hole. It was now  
blatantly obvious to everyone how aroused I was and he gave his grinning  
audience a treat by opening my wet pussy lips with his hand to let them all see  
right inside me. His fingers were wet with my juices and he put them to my mouth  
"lick them clean bitch" he taunted. The taste of my own sex gave me an even  
bigger thrill and I reached down to feel my bare pussy. "The dirty cow wants to  
play with herself" I heard a girl say in disgust and my masturbation was  
encouraged. It did not take me long to explode to an orgasm and still laid over  
the table everyone came to feel my wet sex on there way out. Each one put their  
fingers in my mouth as they left and called all kind of names but I didn't care  
anymore.  
  
I was relieved that at least I did not have to go to the pub with them and once  
again James led me upstairs. The following day everyone was at home and it was  
raining heavy outside. We all seemed bored and I couldn't get Greg out of my  
mind, all the time I thought about the thrill of doing anything he told me. We  
were watching the television and Sharon suggested that we should keep our  
"naughty little girl amused" with something. I was sent upstairs and told to put  
on my school uniform and when I returned Greg was ready for me. He told me that  
they had just had a quick chat about me and they had come up with something  
really humiliating for me to do. Sharon went to turn on the video recorder and a  
"keep fit" tape was playing and while they sat and watched I had to exercise to  
the programme. Gradually each item of clothing came off and at the end of an  
hour I was exhausted and covered in sweat. Now for real fun exclaimed Greg and  
he made me do a shoulder stand on the floor with my feet high in the air. He  
made me do some upside down bicycle exercises, after ten solid minutes of  
imaginary peddling I was allowed a rest. Now Greg came up to me and with me  
still on my shoulders he manoeuvred my legs so that they hung limp at the side  
of my head and my bum was the highest part of my body. In this position my bum  
cheeks were wide apart and I could here Greg in the kitchen. He knelt besides me  
and then to my acute embarrassment began to rub something along the crease of my  
bum. His fingers almost penetrated my anus and I realised that he must be  
planning to insert something inside me. "Please Greg no" I whimpered as he  
liberally coated my bum hole with margarine. Then I saw Sharon kneel next to my  
face and she showed me a large candle. It was about ten inches long and at least  
two inches across "we were wondering if you might like this up your arse" she  
said with such a sweet smile across her gloating face. Then as Greg took the  
candle he told me it had actually been Sharon's idea and she had dared him to  
see if he could get it up my bum. He gently teased the candle around my gapping  
bum hole and soon I could feel him start to push it inside me. Never in all my  
life had I had anything inside my bottom and it felt enormous as he eased it  
further inside me. I looked between my legs and I could see about half the  
candle stuck obscenely out of my backside. Then Sharon came to have a closer  
look and sounded excited as she told Greg to finish it of properly. I thought he  
was going to push it deeper in me but a real jolt of fear shot through me, he  
had a box of matches in his hand. "Please, please you can't" I implored them but  
I heard the match strike and the smell of sulphur as my grinning tormentor lit  
the candle. Sharon gave Greg a hug and enthusiastically congratulated him on his  
success and James came to take a closer look. "This is more entertaining than  
watching the TV" he laughed. I could see the flame flickering and wondered if  
there was no end to their wicked imagination and total disregard for my modesty.  
Greg told me that by the time the wax reached the bottom of the candle it would  
be cool and wouldn't burn my bum hole and then he told me to be a good girl and  
see how long I could maintain my position. I was uncomfortable but imagined I  
could last about ten minutes or so and then to my surprise they went to sit at  
the table and left me at the other side of the room. I could hear muttered  
conversation and I saw them writing something down, Every few minutes one of  
them would walk over to me and remind me to stay still and praise me for being a  
"good girl". Despite Greg's assurance I could feel the wax run down the candle  
and although not unbearable it was still hot. Now they were cutting up the  
pieces of paper and putting them in envelopes amid a show of secrecy. Gradually  
I could remain in position no longer and begged someone to come and remove the  
candle. They all gathered round me and then Greg told me I had to blow out the  
candle myself before he would remove it. From my ludicrous position it was  
almost impossible and after enduring their mocking laughter for a few attempts  
Greg wet his fingers and snubbed the flame. I gave a moan of relief as he slowly  
took the candle from my anus and I could feel my bum hole remain open even after  
it was completely out, a fact that delighted Sharon. I rolled on to my side and  
gratefully stretched my legs it was such a wired sensation looking at the candle  
and knowing where it had just been and without thinking I began to slide in and  
out of my mouth. "You dirty cow" shrieked Sharon but I could stop humiliating  
myself more and I played with myself with the candle in my mouth and savouring  
the taste of my bum. That night in the pub constant references were made to beer  
bottles and where they should be put and I was itching to get to bed to let  
James take care of me. At last it was Saturday and after a pretty uneventful day  
it was time for me to sample the delights of my "toys". I was informed that all  
three of them were going to help in my thrashing tonight and to make sure I had  
plenty to drink because I would be doing plenty of crying. Just the thought sent  
my head in a daze I really wanted them to be cruel with me, as if they weren't  
already. Each of my toys had been given a number from one to four and then they  
had allocated a particular part of my body a number as well. They had written  
down three numbers on pieces of paper and put them in a bowl for me to pick out,  
I was told that luck would determine how much I would be given tonight. The  
first number would indicate the person who would be required to thrash me, the  
second number was the implement and the final number was the part of my body to  
be dealt with. Despite knowing how much it was going to hurt I couldn't wait.

**Part 3**  
  
The memory of Saturday night was a blur as we drove home on Sunday morning.  
James gave me a wry smile as we went over a bump and I winced in pain, my bottom  
and legs still very sore from my ordeal. Sharon had put a mirror behind me  
before we left and I could not believe the horrible marks on my backside and all  
the way down my thighs. It was the cane, which had been the worst, I was almost  
hoarse with screaming and yelling in pain as they used it on me. Even my poor  
pussy had not escaped its cruel cut as Greg had me lay on my back and lift my  
legs in the air for him to bring it down along the length of my slit.  
  
The whole journey home was agonising and I was desperate just to lay on my front  
and give my bum some much-needed comfort. James meanwhile did not help as he  
told me how he was going to take a leaf out of Greg's book and keep me in line  
with regular thrashings. Although I knew I would accept them from him it just  
didn't seem the same and I felt something was missing. I was proved right a few  
days later when he tried to be strict with me. I had come home from work to find  
him waiting with the leather strap in his hand and no sooner had I come through  
the door I was over the kitchen table. He made hold the opposite end with my  
hands while he lifted my skirt and pulled down my knickers. He gave me about  
forty hard smacks with the strap, all the time telling me I deserved it for  
being such a slut with Greg and Sharon. I could feel the excitement build but it  
was more to do with the memory than with what James was doing. I did squeal with  
delight as he thrust his hard cock in to me still over the table but after a few  
minutes he shot his cum inside me and with a smack to my bum told me he loved  
me.  
  
I looked up at the clock and the whole thing had took just fifteen minutes and  
James seemed satisfied he had put me in my place but I was desperate for more.  
The same kind of thing happened almost once a week and my frustration was  
beginning to become unbearable. I wanted my torment to last hours not minutes  
and I wanted to be really shamed as well as punished. Greg had lit a spark  
inside me and now I wanted it to burn so much that James was no where near  
enough for me.  
  
It was a few days later when I got what I really wanted, I had talked to James  
about me needing more and on Saturday morning we went round to his Mums house.  
We were having a cup of tea when James bumped in to me and made me spill my tea  
all over the carpet. His Mum was furious and James immediately told me I would  
be spanked for being clumsy when we got home. I looked at him in amazement that  
he would say such a thing in front of his own Mother but then stared in  
disbelief as he said 'in fact if mum doesn't mind I might spank you now".  
  
She was all for it and before I knew what was happening I was over his knee with  
my skirt round my waist. As he delivered a torrent of slaps he told his mum that  
he usually has my bum bare and he had to spank me all the time for not doing as  
I was told. Of course his Mum was delighted she never really liked me anyway,  
she thought I was a bit stuck up and looked down on her. I gasped in shame as I  
heard his Mum tell him to never mind her and punish me properly.  
  
He told me to get up off his lap and remove my skirt and my underwear  
completely; I could see the look of triumph in his Mum's eyes.  
  
I knew I could not refuse but this was a thousand times worse than doing it  
front of Sharon and Greg and the other people I might never see again. I  
unfastened my skirt and walked over to a chair to lay it across and then looked  
at my boyfriend's mum gloating at me. I turned my back to her and removed my  
panties and instinctively put them on my skirt neatly. Oh god what did she think  
of her son's twenty-five year old girlfriend doing this in front of her. With my  
hands clasped between my legs I walked back towards them, James stood up and  
walked behind me. A hard slap on my bum accompanied the command to put my hands  
on my head and with his Mum a few feet away I exposed my shaven mound to her.  
She gave a stifled giggled as she saw my sex and then laughed out loud as her  
son told her how I have to keep it hairless down there because I behave like a  
ten-year old.  
  
I was almost shaking with humiliation but I knew this is what I wanted and more  
of it. He began to spank me hard now and made me tell his Mum how I deserve to  
be punished and I needed keeping in line. He also told her how I had been  
spanked on holiday by Greg and shown myself off to other people. She called me a  
shameless tart and said I should be thrashed properly until I was crying like a  
baby. The next thing I knew I was standing in the corner and my boyfriend gave  
my bum a little tap and told me he was going out to cut the grass for an hour  
and his Mum would keep an eye on me. I felt ridiculous standing with my bum on  
show to his Mum like a naughty little girl but my ordeal was far from over. I  
could hear her on the telephone and then with a laugh she came back in the room  
"you better get used to this my girl".  
  
I froze when I heard a knock on the door and she went to answer it, surely she  
would not let some one see me like this.  
  
"So you've been a naughty girl then" came the voice, it was Mrs. Woods her next  
door neighbour. I could feel my face as red as my backside as the two women  
looked at me with amusement.  
  
A dinning chair was brought in to the room and I was made to bend over it with  
my palms flat on the seat. "Come on stick your bum up" laughed Mrs. Woods then I  
shrieked as I felt a hard smack across my cheeks. She walked up to my face and  
showed me a wooded paddle "what do you think of this" she mocked. I listened as  
she told me how she had bought it as a joke when she went to America and was  
glad she had a chance to use it on such a spoilt little brat as myself. She  
continued to give me some more hard smacks and then gave it to my boyfriends Mum  
to have a go.  
  
"You deserve this don't you Emma" she teased before giving me he share of  
smacks. I was really crying now but she wasn't satisfied until I was blubbering  
uncontrollably like a baby and then she gave me one last hard one before looking  
in my face. "Well, well" she smiled " we have brought you down a peg or two  
haven't we", without thinking I replied "thank you".  
  
James came back in as I was again standing in the corner and congratulated the  
two women for teaching me a lesson, he ran his hands across my bottom and  
commented how sore it felt. He then told them that he knew where to send me when  
I needed some more which would probably be next week. I was only allowed to put  
my skirt back on and we went home to an amazing afternoon of sex.  
  
James asked me what I though of his Mum knowing all about me and of course  
spanking me herself and I could only admit the truth that it was so humiliating  
but thrilling at the same time.  
  
The following week I had to go by myself as James was working and I had been  
told to ask his mum to smack my bum, as I deserved it for being a spoilt brat  
all week. Of course Mrs. Wood was there but what shocked me was that my  
boyfriend's brother Carl was also there, surly they would not let him see me  
spanked he was only fifteen for god's sake.  
  
I went to sit down but my boyfriend's Mum told me quite abruptly to stand in  
front of them and tell them what I had to say for myself. I could barely speak  
with Carl sitting there and in barely a whisper I stuttered out my shameful  
words. My eyes were drawn to his and he had such a look amusement on his face  
but to my relief he was told that perhaps he should go to his room and let me be  
dealt with in private so to speak. As he walked past me he just looked right at  
me and smiled "see you later Emma" and grinned.  
  
I was soon in the same position as last week and the paddle began its work on my  
bum. Before long I was pleading and begging them to let me off and promising to  
do anything at all to stop the paddle. "Well if you will be really good maybe we  
might stop," said Mrs. Wood. I listened in horror at their suggestion for what  
was about to happen next, they wanted to take me swimming at the local baths to  
show my well punished backside off to as many people as possible. After refusing  
point blank at first they continued with the paddle until I promised that I  
would do it.  
  
I was stood against the wall once more while they went to get ready and after a  
few minutes my sobbing had died down and my whole body felt like it was on fire  
with the impending humiliation I was going to suffer.  
  
"Oh dear that looks sore" spoke a gloating Carl, oh my god I couldn't believe  
they had let him see me like this. "You must have been really naughty" he  
laughed and calmly sat down to look at me. "You shouldn't be here" I begged but  
he just laughed and told me how he could not help but hear me yelping and wanted  
see what all the fuss was about. "Turn round then and show me the front" he  
asked as if he was asking for the most normal thing in the world.  
  
Despite my obvious shame and utter humiliation I wanted to turn round, "Please I  
will get another spanking" I whispered, "Mums gone next door to get ready" he  
grinned so show me or I will paddle you. After making him promise to not to tell  
I turned round, "wow, no hair, cool" he completed my humiliation by laughing  
loudly.  
  
I had never blushed as much in my life as he made open my legs as wide as could  
by threatening to tell his Mum how I deliberate showed him between my legs. I  
thought it could not get any worse when he told me to pull myself open so he  
could see inside me. I wanted to do it, I wanted to look like a cheap whore for  
him I would have done anything he said but then we heard voices.  
  
His Mum chided him for looking at me when she walked back in but Mrs. Wood said  
it was good he had seen how a stuck up tart gets treated.  
  
I was given some clothes and told to go and put them on before we went to the  
baths. I looked absolute ridiculous in what they wanted me to wear it turned out  
they were Mrs. Woods daughter's netball outfit. I had also been told to remove  
all my make-up, which was a good job really with all the crying I had done.  
  
Carl openly laughed when he saw me and his Mum joined in saying I hardly looked  
like the snobby stuck up bitch I normally tried to be. I was a nervous as kitten  
walking outside dressed like this and prayed no one from work saw me.  
  
As we got in the car I heard a couple of wolf whistles from some guys walking  
past as I tried to hold down the stupid short pleated skirt. After being told in  
no uncertain terms that I better be on my best behavior we set off.

**Part 4**  
  
I felt so foolish to be dressed like this in public not knowing who might see me  
and the walk from the car park was horrendous trying to keep the skirt down in  
the breeze. When we got the kiosk I couldn't believe my ears as my boyfriend's  
mum asked for a child ticket for me. The women behind the counter looked at me  
and then to add to my shame Mrs. Wood's voice boomed "you better behave Emma if  
you don't want another spanking when we get home".  
  
When we got to the changing rooms they both wore their costume under their  
clothes but I was told to undress completely as my boyfriend's mum reached in to  
her bag. She seemed to take forever to find my costume and all the time I was  
naked feeling totally embarrassed as people looked at me wondering what I was  
doing. I dare not make any attempt to cover myself up, as I knew I would be in  
trouble if I did. At last she produced the costume and I looked in horror as I  
saw a white one-piece bathing suit that looked about the right size for a  
ten-year old. Both women gave a smirk as she held it out for me "please no" was  
all I could mutter as I pulled it up my legs. It got worse when I realized it  
had no straps and was like a boob tube at the top.  
  
God it was so tight and cut so high around my hips I dare not think  
what I looked like form the back with my freshly spanked bum let alone the  
front. My boyfriend's mum gave my bum a little smack and told me to walk up and  
down so they could have a good look at me. About a dozen people in the changing  
room stared in disbelief as I walked in front of them, my nipples were clearly  
visible and it wasn't even wet yet. Then to shame me even further the Mrs. Woods  
shouted that did I think it was a bit too revealing for the pool and my  
boyfriend's mum replied so everyone could hear "you know she loves to show what  
she's got".  
  
Once again I was made to stand in front of them and my boyfriend's mum reached  
out to the gusset of my suit, she roughly pulled it up between my legs almost  
rubbing it up and down my slit a few times. "Your loving this aren't you" she  
hissed and told me that I better do exactly what they said or I would be  
severely punished later.  
  
Thy made me walk out first and as I walked I could her them say my arse was  
practically bare already and the suit rubbed tight between my legs as I walked.  
I could see a mirror just before the door to the pool and I was made to stop and  
look at myself. I could have stood and wept at what I saw the material was  
pulled so tight between my pussy lips that you could see every outline of my sex  
and it was obvious I was also hairless down there. I was spun round and looked  
over my shoulder at my bum, I wanted to run as the bright red of my bum cheeks  
was like a beacon. I was desperate to get in the water as quickly as I could to  
hide my shameful display but just as I was about to climb in they told me to  
walk all the way to the other side to show every one what a well smacked bum  
looks like.  
  
I knew I was blushing all the way down to my boobs and without fail everyone  
turned to look at me. People were nudging each other and whispering as I walked  
past. In the water I could still feel everyone looking at me as I swam to where  
my two tormentors were stood. They were standing near the side opposite the  
slide and when I got there they told me to turn and look what happened to the  
girls when they hit the water. I knew instantly what they meant as I could see  
girls holding on to their tops when they surfaced out of the water.  
  
I was told to get out of the water here and walk to the slide then when I hit  
the water at the bottom I was not to touch my bathing suit until I got back to  
them. Just I was about to climb out my boyfriend's mum pulled the back of my  
suit tight in to my bum cheeks and laughed. Up the steps to the slide I could  
her a few people laughing who were behind me and I imagined what I must look  
like with almost all my red bum on show. At the top of the slide a female  
attendant gave me a disgusted look as I caught her eye. All the way down the  
slide I knew the suit would slip off my boobs when I hit the water and sure  
enough after trying to stand back up I could feel my breasts come out of the top  
of the suit. The water was about level with my tummy and as I rubbed my eyes I  
was topless for all to see. Despite the desperate urge to cover myself up I  
lunged back into the water and began to swim to the two grinning women. "Did you  
enjoy that you slut" snapped my boyfriend's mum and after admitting yes I pulled  
the costume back up. I was made to keep doing the same thing and soon a group of  
boys about 13 or 14 were stood near the bottom of the slide. After a few more  
times one of the boys egged by his friend's said "nice tits" as I stood pulling  
my hair behind my ears before starting to swim away.  
  
All of a sudden I heard the siren to tell everyone that the wave machine was  
starting up and during this the slide was closed. I thought my ordeal was over  
but then I was told to go and stand where the water was about waist high and  
when the waves began I was to make sure my top again came down. It was a popular  
game for people to try and stand as deep as they could and then jump with the  
wave and without needing any help my suit once again slipped from my breasts.  
Between the waves I tried to make it look like I was trying to pull my suit back  
up but then without my arms for balance I kept falling and I spent almost the  
entire time topless.  
  
Most of the people around me were laughing and one guy laughed I should wear a  
proper costume the next time. When it was over I made my way back to my  
boyfriend's mum who casually told me that perhaps it was time to show a little  
more of myself off. I pleaded with her when I heard what I was expected to do  
next buy it was no use I carried out her order. I pulled myself up out of the  
water and sat on the side of the pool with feet dangling in. Now I had to pull  
the bathing suit away from my pussy and open my legs of course from most angles  
no one could see what I was showing but if anyone swam in front of me then all  
was on display.  
  
It did not take long for the boys to swim by and they could not take their eyes  
off me. Some of the more adventurous ones came within inches of my legs and  
almost stopped to stare at me giving me leering smiles as they did. Despite the  
obvious shame and humiliation my nipples were hard and I felt really aroused at  
my blatant display. I remained like that for about ten minutes when I heard a  
voice behind me "hi Emma" came a laugh.  
  
Oh god no I thought as I saw my boyfriend's younger brother and his friend walk  
past and dive in the pool. Please, please I begged his mum to let me cover  
myself up but she just laughed "Carl is here to help" she smiled. Before they  
swam across to me I could not help myself and I pulled the suit back in to  
position and jumped in the water.  
  
I listened as his mum told him about the trouble I had keeping my suit on  
properly and shamefaced I had to show him what happened when I went on the  
slide. This time two men were behind me up the steps and with out worrying if I  
heard them one said 'looks like some one has given her arse a good seeing to"  
and they both laughed. The boys thought it was great to see my tits and when I  
got back to them and the two boys came with me to go on the slide again. Of  
course they made me walk up the steps first all the time Carl laughed what a  
slut I was telling his friend how he had seen me open my legs for him after  
getting spanked by his mum. I was made to keep going on the slide time after  
time and soon Carl and his friend began to talk to the other boys about me. They  
we all stood at the bottom of the slide now and laughed and giggled each time I  
came down and stood in front of them with my boobs jiggling for their amusement.  
It was obvious they had been told all about me when one of the other boys asked  
if I would get my bum smacked for doing this at which they all laughed.  
  
The siren for the wave machine sounded again and they all crowded round me, as  
the waves began to build up the mouthy boy nudged me, "so why do you have a bald  
cunt" he sniggered. I felt a stab of pure humiliation at his crude reference to  
my body but could not answer him. As I jumped with the first big wave my top  
slipped down and as I made a futile attempt to pull it back up Carl grabbed me.  
  
He held my arms and helped me jump with the next wave before I knew what was  
happening I felt more hands on me below the water. I realized what they were  
trying to do and begged Carl to stop them, he just laughed in my ear that I  
deserved it and not to struggle.  
  
I could not even stop them if I wanted and in a few seconds one of the boys  
surfaced with my costume in his hands and a huge smile across his face. "Want it  
back he teased" and threw it to his friend, all the time I had to try and  
balance in the waves. All the time boys were under water near me and then I felt  
hands between my legs as they tried to feel me. Two of them came to stand  
besides me and they pulled my arms around their shoulders leaving me defenceless  
to their wandering hands. Just as we jumped with a wave I felt a finger actually  
go inside my pussy. I gave a squeal and he pronounced to his friends what he had  
done and for the next five minutes or so every one had at least one finger  
inside me at least once. Some even tried to get at my bum hole but never  
actually penetrated me but it was close. My nipples were pulled and pinched and  
altogether I was totally helpless and as the waves died down I realized I was  
naked and had nowhere to hide.  
  
The boys seemed to disappear and instinctively I went to deeper water near the  
side of the pool. I could see the boys laughing and joking obviously bragging to  
each other what they had done to me I could even see them hold their hands up to  
say what they got inside me. I was beginning to sob now and the attendant from  
the slide earlier came across to me. "That's what happens to prick teasers" she  
said in contempt and told me look in the grill of the wave machine for my suit.  
  
It was about six feet beneath the water and I could see the white material  
clearly.  
  
My relief was short lived after a few dives to get it I realised my suit was  
firmly stuck in the grill and I called the attendant back to tell her. She gave  
me a sarcastic smile and told me that I was due for leaving anyway so I better  
get out and get dressed. I was really sobbing now and then I saw my boyfriend's  
mum walk towards me.  
  
She was dressed and looking really mad, "get out now you little tart" she spat  
at me. I was saying it was not my fault as she almost dragged me out of the  
water and then she grabbed my arm and literally marched me towards the changing  
rooms. She apologised to the attendant who was now joined by two male lifeguards  
as well all with big smiles on their faces. I was desperately trying to shield  
my pussy with my hands but as she marched me she kept pulling at my arm all the  
time telling what a disgusting girl I was and how she was going to make sure I  
did not sit down for a week much to the amusement of everyone we passed.  
  
The boys were all gathered near the changing room door and as we reached it my  
boyfriend's mum gave me the hardest smack to my bum I had ever had. The sound  
echoed round the pool and the boys hooted with delight as I squealed.  
  
Once inside the changing room my shame was far from over I was still being  
lectured on what a disgraceful display I had put on. But at the same time my  
boyfriend's mum had me standing with my hands on my head and my feet apart wile  
she herself dried me. All the time the Mrs. Woods was apologising to the other  
people in there who were openly staring at me even a couple of young girls about  
14 who were ready to leave had sat back down just to watch.  
  
I would have done anything she told me by now in spite of who was here and when  
she told me to turn round and bend over I obeyed instantly. As she rubbed the  
towel between my sore bum cheeks she again told me that my backside would burn  
even more as she was going to thrash me again when we got home. With a crisp  
smack to my bum she told me to face her again and kneel down, at this time the  
attendant came in and I was made to apologise to her. She just smiled as I said  
how sorry I was and at the same time my boyfriend's mum was fastening my bra for  
me as I still had my hands on my head.  
  
The attendant openly laughed at me and said that she was surprised but no one  
had actually complained. My arms were grabbed and my T-shirt pulled roughly over  
my neck. Next I had to lift my foot up to Mrs. Woods knee for her to put my  
socks and shoes on, "we should take you home like this shouldn't we Emma" she  
laughed. I was unable to speak as I saw my boyfriend's mum hold my knickers in  
her hand and motioned me to lift my leg up. Like a two-year-old I let her slide  
them up my legs but when she reached my knees she stopped. "Do you need to go to  
the toilet" she asked sarcastically and I heard the two young girls stifle a  
giggle. I realised I did and waited while she removed my knickers completely and  
told me to hurry up. I had to walk past a few people and even though it was a  
public changing room and many people were getting undressed I felt totally  
humiliated to have to walk around like this displaying my pussy and scarlet  
bottom.   
  
When I returned my boyfriend's mum was deep in conversation with the attendant  
and I had to stand naked below the waist for a further five minutes. At last my  
underwear was pulled up my legs and then my skirt fastened around my waist. As  
we walked to the car my boyfriend's mum asked if I had enjoyed myself because  
now I was going to be very soundly punished. I begged with her that bum was  
already sore and it couldn't take any more today and to let me off until next  
week. She looked at me in disgust and spat "who said anything about your arse  
getting it".