

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

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# In for a Penny

Penny Birch

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## About the Book

Penny Birch is back, as naughty as ever.

*In for a Penny* continues the story of her outrageous sex life and also the equally rude behaviour of her friends. From stories of old-fashioned spankings, through strip-wrestling in baked beans, to a girl with unusual breasts, it's all there.

Each scene is described in loving detail, with no holding back and a level of realism that comes from a great deal of practical experience.

## About the Author

Since putting finger to keyboard back in 1995, Penny Birch has been delighting readers of erotic fiction with her tales of naughty girls and masterful men. Always cheeky, sometimes very rude indeed, Penny Birch stories are not for the faint hearted and definitely not for the prudish.

Penny is the author of the following short-story collections: *Bad Penny*, *In for a Penny*, *Tight White Cotton* and *Penny Pieces*. She is also the author of the following full length novels featuring Penny as the main heroine: *Penny in Harness*, *Plaything*, *Tie and Tease*, *Regime*, *Bare Behind*, *Fit to be Tied*, *Nights in White Cotton* and *American Blue*.

*Also by Penny Birch*

A TASTE OF AMBER  
BAD PENNY  
BARE BEHIND  
BRAT  
DIRTY LAUNDRY  
FIT TO BE TIED  
IN DISGRACE  
JODHPURS AND JEANS  
NAUGHTY NAUGHTY  
NURSE'S ORDERS  
KNICKERS AND BOOTS  
PEACH  
PENNY IN HARNESS  
PENNY PIECES  
PETTING GIRLS  
PLAYTHING  
REGIME  
TEMPER TANTRUMS  
TICKLE TORTURE  
TIGHT WHITE COTTON  
UNIFORM DOLLS  
WHEN SHE WAS BAD  
TIE AND TEASE  
WHAT HAPPENS TO BAD GIRLS  
BRUSH STROKES

THE INDIGNITIES OF ISABELLE  
THE INDISCRETIONS OF ISABELLE  
THE INDECENCIES OF ISABELLE  
(Writing as Cruella)

Why not visit Penny's website at  
[www.pennybirch.com](http://www.pennybirch.com)

# In for a Penny

A Nexus Classic

Penny Birch



*In for a Penny is a collection of thirteen short stories, the first from me, the rest told by characters from my books, Penny in Harness, A Taste of Amber, Bad Penny and Brat. Anybody who has read my stories before will know that these are going to be pretty naughty; anybody who hasn't either has a treat in store or a big shock coming . . .*

## A Perfect Example – Penny Birch

WHEN I WAS at school, I had been nicknamed Little Miss Smarty Pants, and that was by the teachers. I was the girl who always had her head in a book, the one who was no good at games and never went out with boys. The teachers always complimented me, but with some I had a definite feeling of resentment. Looking back, I suppose they were simply uncomfortable with a pupil more intelligent than themselves. Only one was actually spiteful, and that was Miss Gower. She taught English Literature and always liked to have a little coterie of worshipful girls around her. When I joined the sixth form, she had done her best to persuade me to join her A level group, and had taken it as a personal insult when I chose to study sciences.

Given our past relationship, I was more than a little surprised to receive a letter from her inviting me to speak to the sixth form on careers in academia. Of course, to her, I was no longer Little Miss Smarty Pants: I was Dr Penny Birch BSc MSc PhD and the ideal old girl to inspire the current crop of senior girls to success in their careers. She was now Headmistress, and the tone of her letter was unctuous, to say the least. I was, she wrote, ‘a perfect example of what a pupil might seek to achieve’.

I chose to accept, mainly because I hoped I might actually inspire some of the girls – even the boys – but also because it amused me to think of what the extraordinarily prim and proper Miss Gower would have thought if she had known what I was really like. At school, she’d been known to go into fits of moral indignation at girls and boys having a quick cuddle. If she’d known about my penchant for being

spanked – let alone the pony-girl play, the watersports and the lesbian sex – she would have been nailing crosses to the front gates to keep me out, not inviting me in.

An even more obsequious letter of thanks arrived in response to my acceptance. I drove down the day before and stayed with my mother, intent on arriving early so that I could have a look round the school first. Lessons were in progress when I arrived and, rather than announce myself and be shown around formally, I decided to indulge in a bit of nostalgia and visit the places that had been special to me.

There were one or two new buildings and other smaller alterations, but essentially nothing had changed in the thirteen years since I'd left. The main building of red Victorian brick seemed identical, the playing fields had not changed one bit and the grounds were exactly as I remembered. I even managed to find the clump of rhododendrons beneath which my cousin Kate had lost her virginity. I smiled at the memory of how excited she'd been when she told me, and of her pride because she'd managed to seduce the junior groundsman. Not that it had been hard. Kate was gorgeous and he must have thought all his Christmases had come at once.

Gary Pugh had been his name, although we used to call him Ug. He was a big, swarthy lad who always went around with his shirt off. I'd thought he looked like an ape, with his hairy arms and his bulging muscles, but I find there's something sexy about the Neanderthal look. I had fancied him, if only from afar. Kate had been more practical, as always. At the time the head groundsman had been on the verge of retirement and did no work at all. Ug had ruled the place, buying cigarettes and beer for pupils – pornographic magazines for the boys, too, according to rumour. Possibly even cannabis, although I'd been far too good and shy to get involved with such things. I remembered that his centre of operations had been a red-brick hut. It was shaded by big

old yew trees and well away from other buildings, and so had been ideal for his dubious behaviour.

That was where I turned my footsteps, feeling more nostalgic than ever. Gary himself would have been sacked years ago – nobody gets away with the sort of thing he'd done for too long. Still, I wanted to see, and there would be nobody about for a good hour and a half. I remembered the hut as a gloomy, rather sinister place where things happened that I dared not have anything to do with. It hadn't changed. In fact, if anything, the atmosphere was more intense than I remembered. The yews seemed to hang further down, the windows were more algae-encrusted and the huge heap of old leaves by the door smelt mustier than ever.

I stood there for a long moment with all the old memories flooding back. It had been a place of mystery to me, a place where daring things happened, where forbidden pleasures were indulged. I tried to tell myself not to be ridiculous and that some of the things I'd been up to since leaving would have shocked Ug himself. It didn't work, and I found myself taking a step towards the door with my stomach trembling as if I was once more an innocent school-girl.

All I wanted to do was look inside. Nobody appeared to be about and, even if the current groundsman appeared, I could easily explain who I was and make a joke of my interest in the hut. Telling myself to grow up, I stepped boldly forward and rapped on the door. Nothing happened – to my vast relief – but when I turned the handle it gave and the door came open with a low creak.

I had always pictured the inside as a sort of den of iniquity, with stacks of beer and cigarette cartons waiting to be sold on to the girls and boys, Ug sitting there counting his ill-gotten gains and perhaps a dirty magazine open on a table. Of course, it wasn't like that at all, but just a dusty old hut with pale sunlight slanting in through green and heavily cobwebbed windows, tools, flowerpots and other gardening

paraphernalia and – of course – no Ug. My initial flush of disappointment was replaced by wry cynicism for my own over-active imagination and then by a mischievous feeling. Of course nothing was visible; staff might have looked into the hut at any time. Ug had been careful. He'd have had hiding places, maybe hiding places that still existed . . .

I began to look around, feeling wonderfully naughty and occasionally glancing out of the window to make sure nobody was approaching. Not that I expected to find anything, but it was such fun to search. Logically, any hiding place had to be sufficiently accessible for goods to be hidden and retrieved fast, yet obscure enough to avoid casual detection.

Being careful not to soil my dress, I started my search. Standing on the table allowed me to see in under the eaves but revealed nothing. The highest shelves had nothing interesting on them, either, while the chimney angle held only a pair of yellowing cigarette packets. It was as I climbed down that I spotted another possibility. In one corner, a huge earthenware flowerpot had been turned upside down on an old plastic sack. There was also a sack on top of it, and on that a small motor – filthy with oil and rotting grass.

It was probably innocent, but there was no harm in checking. I felt both excited and rather childish as I carefully lifted the sack with the motor on it, and then tilted back the flowerpot. I knew what I'd found the instant I saw the slim sheaves of paper and a flash of skintone. Nobody keeps their collection of motorsports magazines so carefully hidden.

Porn magazines aren't really my thing. Not because I object to seeing girls posing nude, but because they all seem to be aimed at half-witted Jack-the-lad types. This was different, and I recognised the style immediately. These were no ordinary dirty magazines, full of coarse

observations on smiling girls in cheap lingerie. They were spanking magazines.

My hands were trembling as I took the top one. The cover showed a girl – a ripe, young girl with full thighs and a plump peach of a bottom. You could tell that because all she had on was a pair of tight navy-blue knickers – knickers that were both far too small for her and half down over the crease of her bottom. She had her back to the camera but was peeping over her shoulder, as if at the reader. Her eyes showed alarm and trepidation, as well they might – on the table at her side lay a long, wicked school cane.

The other magazines were similar, each cover featuring a girl or girls in embarrassing postures and various states of exposure. Some were in knickers or shorts, some had their bottoms bare, a few had little skirts on, but every single one of them was quite clearly going to be getting her bottom whacked. Reasoning that it would be easiest to conceal if I heard anyone coming, I took the top one and carefully replaced the flowerpot.

Opening my selection I found more pictures of the girl from the cover – standing with her panties down at the front and her head hung in shame, kneeling in an armchair with her lovely plump bottom bare, ruefully clutching a bum-cheek across which a fat, grey-haired old man had just planted a long, red cane welt. There were others, too: a slim blonde on an exercise bike, a lovely full-bottomed woman in a traffic warden's outfit and a pretty dark-haired girl in her gymslip. In each case, the sequence of photos followed a predictable – but delightful – order. The first few would show the girl fully dressed, in attitudes of contrition or defiance. Then would come her exposure, sometimes of just her bottom, sometimes of her whole body, but always concentrating on her bottom. Next would be her punishment, with her bent into various rude and humiliating positions while she was beaten. Finally there were the

corner shots, with the girls still bare-bottomed, but well-whacked and looking thoroughly sorry for themselves.

The pictures had their effect on me, but what I really wanted was a story. With trembling fingers, I flicked quickly through, hoping to find something that combined discipline with rudeness. The first was the gym discipline one, with a hard-faced young man making a girl strip to do exercises in the nude and then caning her. The second was about a girl shop assistant getting caught with her fingers in the till and being offered the choice of the sack or a spanking. It's the oldest plot of all, but I like it, and after another quick check out of the hut window I began to read.

It was presented as a reader's letter. That seemed unlikely, but I didn't care. First there was the description of the girl, Julie, a naïve young woman described as 'embarrassed over the size of her ample breasts and chubby buttocks'. That got to me. I may be petite, and my breasts are far from ample, but I've always felt my bottom to be disproportionately plump. Next came the description of the man, Mr Hodge. He was supposed to be the owner of a jewellers and 'short and squat, with a roll of fat above his tight collar and only a ruff of greying hair remaining on his head'. It was typical – the foul old man giving an intimate punishment to a pretty young girl – but I confess it brought home my sense of erotic humiliation. The story then went on to the theft and the actual spanking. I found myself speed-reading, eager to get to the place where the poor girl had her knickers pulled down before my nerve failed me.

For me, that is always the highlight of a spanking story, the moment when the girl has to endure the lowering of her panties in preparation for her punishment. This was a good one –

'Nonsense, Julie, of course your pants must come down. Do you really think a man of my age cares to see the bare bottom of a little snip of a girl like you? Good heavens, don't you think I've seen girls' bottoms bare before?'

‘Yes, Mr Hodge, but not mine!’

‘I’m sure you’re no different from any other. Come on now, if you’re going to be missish, I shall have to give you double, and it will be on the bare, believe me.’

‘Mr Hodge! Please!’

‘Come now, Julie, pop them down.’

‘No! I won’t! Not on the skin! It’s . . . it’s indecent!’

‘Indecent? For a girl like you to have her pants taken down when she needs a spanking? By a man of my seniority? Nonsense: it’s right and proper!’

‘I shan’t!’

‘Oh, yes, you shall. Now, down they come!’

- and down they came, but only after Mr Hodge had pulled the frantically kicking Julie down over his knee. It described how she felt while her knickers were peeled down and how the filthy old bastard had a good feel and then told her that her pussy showed from the rear. Then she got her spanking.

I had just got to the point where he had decided that his hand wasn’t having the proper effect and that he ought to be using a shoe, when I thought I heard a noise outside and quickly put the magazine under a flowerpot. I glanced out of the window and there was nothing, but it really brought home to me the appalling risk I was taking.

Yet I was shaking hard, and badly needed to masturbate. It was a hot day and I’d chosen a loose but smart dress, stay-up stockings and lightweight cotton undies. All I needed to do was slip a hand up my dress and down my knickers . . .

I didn’t dare, not there, not in a hut where a groundsman read spanking magazines! God, he probably masturbated over them himself, sitting in the very chair I’d been in, his cock hard in his hand over the thought of Julie getting her spanking or the picture of the traffic warden having her panties pulled down. No, he was a man: he’d want to do it over the rudest picture, the big colour centre spread of the cover girl with her knickers around one ankle, her bottom lifted and her pussy and bumhole showing . . .

God, I needed it badly, but it was just too risky. Yet there was no sign of anybody, only birdsong and the distant sound of a mower. A mower meant a groundsman, and while he was using the mower, he couldn't be in his hut. What if there were two of them? No, there was only one chair, only one mug in the ancient china sink. As long as I could hear the mower, I was safe. Unless . . .

Unless a hundred things, but maybe if I was quick, maybe if I just rubbed myself through my panties. I didn't dare. I should wait until I got back to my mother's. No, I'd never be able to concentrate properly. I needed it now, anyway, and I needed to think about being spanked. To be spanked, just like Julie in the story. To be put over the dirty old bastard's knee and spanked and spanked and spanked; spanked until the tears ran down my face, spanked until I howled.

I was going to do it. My hand was up my dress. My finger was burrowing into the damp cotton of my knickers over my pussy, then going under the gusset. I found the wet, sensitive flesh between my lips, began to rub . . .

It was no good. I had to have my story. Quickly, I lifted the big flowerpot and pulled the magazine out from beneath it. Turning the pages with frantic haste, I found my place, the argument where Mr Hodge was trying to persuade the unfortunate Julie to pull down her own knickers in front of him.

I started a little earlier, at the interview where she chose to accept a spanking as punishment. The mower was still going in the distance, so I spread the magazine out on the table. I pulled my dress up and sat myself down back to front on the chair and slid a hand down the front of my panties. My bum was sticking out over the edge of the chair, which felt nice. It was the same position that the cover girl ended up sitting in, with her whipped bottom stuck out bare while her uncle and aunt took tea.

With my middle finger moving over my cit in my favourite little circular motions, I began to masturbate. My pussy was

really soaking, and I soon began to feel the first stirrings of an orgasm. With my pelvic muscles clenching gently and my breathing rate growing, I let it build, twice going back to the story so that I could climax at the point I found rudest of all, when he told her that her bottom and pussy looked overweight.

As my climax approached, I focused hard on the story, forming the words of shame and ecstasy on my lips as I read

-

'You see, Julie, one way or the other, they come down, and now you'll be getting double for your mulish behaviour.'

Julie gave a broken sob and then she felt Mr Hodge's hand in the waistband of her precious panties. Down they came, unhurriedly and without ceremony, as if the exposure of her bottom was really quite unimportant. Then they were around her thighs and she discovered the true meaning of shame.

'There we are,' Mr Hodge chortled, 'all bare. That really wasn't so bad, was it? Really, the fuss you girls make over your bodies, as if it could possibly matter that you're seen out of your pants!'

He had begun to feel her bottom, stroking and squeezing the cheeks as if testing the quality of a pair of ripe pumpkins.

'Please, Mr Hodge, if I must be punished, get it over with!' Julie pleaded.

'All in good time,' he replied. 'You really should lose a little weight, you know. It's just puppy-fat, I suppose, but your bottom is simply enormous and even your cunt mound looks fat. Oh, yes, I can see that, don't think I can't.'

That was too much. I was going to come. I shut my eyes, thinking of the unspeakable humiliation of being held over a short, squat old man's lap and told that my bottom and pussy were too fat. Then, having been so thoroughly humiliated, I'd be spanked . . . spanked . . . spanked . . .

I was saying it out loud as my orgasm built like a bubble in my head, then suddenly somebody spoke from directly behind me.

'You'd like that, wouldn't you?'

I jumped so hard that I bit my tongue. If it hadn't been for that, I think I'd have just run. As it was, I instinctively

clutched at my mouth and found myself looking at a bulky man of about forty, now heavily bearded, but still with his hirsute chest and arms quite bare. It was Ug.

‘Like a spanking, do you?’ he asked, leering meaningfully at me.

Well, I could hardly deny it. He’d caught me masturbating over a spanking magazine and I’d been mumbling the word ‘spanked’ over and over when he’d come in. I could feel my face flushing as my embarrassment set in, but he took no notice.

‘How about it, then?’ he continued. ‘I’ll do it better than that old git, I can promise you.’

It took a moment to register what he was saying. He was offering me a spanking and the ‘old git’ was the supposed uncle in the photo on the page opposite my story. It showed him ordering the girl to take off her blouse, and she had two large, round breasts already on display.

I could have got up and walked away. I could have screamed the place down and accused him of assault. I could have kicked him in the balls. I didn’t. If there’s one thing I’ve learnt about sexual encounters, it’s that when a chance comes, don’t pass it by. This was Ug, the man who’d taken Kate’s virginity. I hadn’t lost mine for a further five years, and all because I’d been so timid.

‘Yes, I would,’ I answered, my jaw trembling hard, ‘but you stop when I say.’

‘Suits me,’ he said and sat down on a pile of manure sacks.

He was grinning from ear to ear and eyeing me up and down, clearly impressed, which increased my confidence. Then he patted his lap in a gesture whose meaning was heart-stoppingly familiar to me. I went forward, bending my body over his legs until my fingers were touching the ground and my bottom was the highest part of my body.

‘You’re Katie James’ little sister, aren’t you?’ he asked as he began to fondle my bottom through my dress.

‘Cousin,’ I answered.

‘Wendy, isn’t it, or Jenny?’ he said, tracing a line up the crease of my bottom with one thick finger.

‘Penny,’ I corrected him, and swallowed the lump of tension in my throat.

‘Oh, yes, that’s right,’ he went on. ‘Who’d have thought it, Little Miss Smarty Pants a spanky girl?’

I was past replying, because he had started to pull up my dress and I could feel the material gliding slowly up the backs of my thighs, over the tops of my stay-ups and on to my bottom. Then it was tucked up under my belt and I was showing my panties, a little green pair in light cotton.

He kept talking and began to stroke my bottom through my knickers, asking what I was doing at the school and even what Kate was up to. He didn’t seem too worried about having me bent over and willing for a spanking. Perhaps he just wanted to take his time, but it really added to my excitement as I waited for the supreme moment of indignity.

It came soon enough. He had a good feel of my bum, stroking my panty seat, weighing my cheeks in his hand, tickling the crease and even going down between my legs to feel over my pussy. I was soaking, and he gave a knowing chuckle when he found out, then prodded me as if to imply that my vagina would be easy to penetrate.

‘Hot little bitch, aren’t you?’ he said. ‘Well, I suppose we’d better have these down, then.’

He just reached up and jerked them down, but I almost came. One moment, I was covered, if only by my panties; the next, my bum was bare. I gasped at the sensation of exposure and he chuckled, a really dirty sound. With a couple of quick tugs, he pulled my knickers down around my knees and then laid a big, rough hand on the softness of my bottom.

I was whimpering and really shaking. I like being spanked, I really do, but that doesn’t mean it’s not humiliating and it

certainly doesn't mean it doesn't hurt! Ug had been a strapping lad in his twenties; now he was a great brute.

Doubtless sensing my fear, he laughed and then caught me by the arm, twisting it up into the small of my back and locking my wrist in one massive hand. Now I was helpless, bare-bottomed over his knee and about to be spanked . . .

The first smack caught me hard across the crest of my bum and I yelped. It was really hard, not like the skilful stinging slaps that girlfriends give me, but a solid wallop that sent a shock right up my spine to my jaw. It left my bottom smarting terribly, but at my protest he just laughed and gave me another, even harder. As the pain hit me, I wondered how I could ever have been so stupid as to volunteer for a spanking from such a gross beast. I've been spanked by big men before. I've even been beaten with an oar, but this was worse!

After about five swats, I just lost control completely, kicking and squealing and wiggling my bottom about in a desperate response to my self-imposed punishment. Ug just laughed and carried on with my spanking, occasionally commenting on what a lewd display I was making of myself.

That was what turned it around for me. He used such crude words to describe my body as he beat me - 'cunt', 'fuck-hole', 'arse-slit' and even 'chocolate starfish' for my bum-hole. Certainly my endorphins were beginning to run, but on a conscious level it was his filthy language that got to me. Suddenly, I was once more desperately in need of my interrupted orgasm. I threw my knees across his nearer leg, stretching my panties taut against his shin and bringing my pussy into rude and intimate contact with the rough tweed of his trousers.

'Here, you'll get cunt-slime all over my trousers, you little bitch,' he protested as I started to rub myself on his leg.

He gave me a really hard swat, making my bum-cheeks bounce and slamming my pussy against his leg. His trousers were covered in oil and grass clippings anyway, so I didn't

see it mattered to him if I rubbed myself off on them. It mattered more to me, but I was too far gone to care.

‘Keep talking; tell me what you see,’ I begged, ‘and spank faster.’

‘Dirty bitch,’ he answered, but made no move to stop me rubbing.

He cocked his knee up suddenly, jamming his thigh hard into my pussy. Then the tempo of the slaps on my bottom changed, coming faster and lower, slapping the sweet spot where my bum-cheeks join my thighs. My clit was touching the coarse tweed of his trousers and rubbing with each smack on my bum. It was ecstasy and I knew I’d soon be coming. Then he started to talk.

‘You love this, don’t you? You love a good spanking. You love to have your pants down and your slit open. You love to show it all off, your little hairy cunt and your juicy fuck-hole. I can see it all, Penny, when my hand isn’t in the way, ’cause I’m spanking your bare arse, that is. You’ve got a wet cunt, really sopping. Get your arse up higher, you little tart. Make the cheeks spread. Show us your dirty little ring. Yeah, that’s right, you squeak like you hate it, but you keep rubbing your cunt on me, don’t you? Yeah, up and down, up and down, smack, smack, smack. Oh, you want to see yourself, girl; every time your arse-slit opens, I can see your starfish . . .’

That was too much for me. On the word ‘starfish’, I started to come. I’d been holding back, but I could hold no more. Bucking my pelvis frantically, I got the full friction of his trousers on my clit. Every muscle in my body seemed to lock at once; my back arched and I screamed aloud. A smack caught me, squashing my bottom and giving me a new apex of pleasure. I kicked my legs and my downed panties strained between my knees as another smack and a third peak caught me, then a fourth and last and it was all dying quickly away.

'Stop! Ow! I've come,' I yelped as another smack landed on my cheeks.

He stopped and I slumped down. I felt limp, exhausted, thoroughly chastened, and happy in the way that only a really good spanking can make me. I was bare-bottomed over his lap with my reddened buttocks thrust high, my knees cocked wide, my panties stretched taut between them, my pussy and bumhole on plain show – a ridiculous, utterly shameful posture for me to be in and oh, so nice.

He tightened his grip on my arm and once more began to explore my bottom. Maybe he expected me to try and get up because I'd come, but I'm not that selfish. Even without my arm twisted up, I'd have been totally compliant. I knew he'd want something out of me anyway, and I was happy to let it happen.

My bottom was burning: a hot, throbbing pain. He was soothing me by hand, stroking my sore cheeks and kneading gently, surprisingly gently, considering what a brute he'd been during my spanking. I lifted my bottom and gave a soft purr, pleased by the way he was handling me. He responded by sliding his hand between my thighs and cupping my pussy.

I had expected him to want his own pleasure and was surprised when he started to masturbate me. Not that I was going to stop him, and I relaxed as he put a big, callused finger along the length of my pussy-groove and began to rub at me. Before long, I felt a thumb inserted into my vagina and he began to fuck me with it and rub my clit at the same time. Soon, I was breathing hard and lifting my bum to his touch, then grunting and rubbing myself on him to get the contact with my clit just right. I came again, a long, drawn-out orgasm: not as intense as the first, but still lovely. He kept rubbing until I'd completely finished and then pulled his thumb out of my pussy with a sticky pop. I slumped down again, smiling happily to myself and quite off my guard.

‘I do like a souvenir,’ he said cheerfully and, with a sudden motion, he had whipped my panties down from knee-level and off.

‘Hey, come on,’ I protested, as I climbed off his lap. I’ve got to give a talk to the sixth form in half an hour.’

‘Then you can do it knickerless.’ He laughed and stuffed the little scrap of green cotton into his trouser pocket. ‘It’ll do you good; keep you in mind of Gary.’

‘My bum will do that,’ I answered. ‘That was hard. It really smarts.’

‘Liked it, though, didn’t you?’ he laughed. ‘Now, how about a nice suck of my cock before you hurry off?’

‘I . . . Only if you give me my panties back,’ I answered.

I’d been spanked, well spanked, and I always like to give sex to someone who has spanked me, often oral sex. Sucking him was no problem, but I did want my panties back.

‘Fair enough,’ he answered. ‘Go down between my legs, then. You can swallow and all. I don’t like mess in my hut.’

He drew down his zip and flopped his penis into his hand. It was fat, a dull brownish pink, and already half turgid with blood. I knelt obediently – using a plastic sack to keep my knees clean – and took it into my mouth. It tasted intensely male and slightly of oil, as if he’d been using household lubricant to masturbate with. He probably had, but I was too turned on to make an issue of it and began to suck. His cock swelled quickly and, when it was fully hard, I put my fingers around the base of the shaft and began to masturbate him into my mouth. He was soon grunting with pleasure and calling me dirty names, which I knew meant he wouldn’t take long to come. Sure enough, barely before I’d got into the rhythm of things, his erection jerked and my mouth was filled with slimy, salty male come. I gulped it down, no more wanting mess on my dress than he did on the floor.

Time was pressing and Miss Gower would be wondering what had happened to me, so I adjusted myself as best I

could and asked Gary if there was anything about me that looked unusual.

‘Only your red backside,’ he laughed.

‘Thanks,’ I answered, ignoring his remark. ‘Look, I’ve got to go, so can I have my knickers, please?’

‘Fraid not,’ he answered.

‘You promised!’ I retorted. ‘I gave you your suck, didn’t I?’

‘And very nice it was, too,’ he said. ‘But I want a souvenir of this afternoon, and your panties are what I’ll have.’

‘Please!’ I said. ‘I can’t go knickerless!’

‘Don’t see why not,’ he stated flatly. ‘I don’t suppose you were exactly planning on showing the sixth formers your panties anyway, were you?’

‘No, of course not, but . . .’

‘Come on, Penny. I know you girls. You’ll have three dozen pairs at home, all just as pretty. These are mine, now, so you’d best put up with it.’

‘You’re a bastard!’ I snapped, but it was pointless. I couldn’t get my knickers off him by force, so that was that. I’d be spending the rest of the day bare under my skirt.

I left, feeling thoroughly humiliated and intensely self-conscious. The worst of it was that being forced to go knickerless under a dress is just the sort of fantasy I like, and I knew that, by the time I got back to my mother’s house and fresh clothes, I would be thoroughly turned on. That night, I’d masturbate over what Ug had done to me. I knew I’d do it, and that was the most humiliating thing of all.

Miss Gower greeted me in her study and I made some feeble excuse for being late. She suggested going straight to the hall, and chattered merrily all the way, talking about the school and asking politely ignorant questions about my work. I answered evasively, all the while thinking of my poor bare bottom and the way that bastard Pugh had pinched my panties.

I felt more self-conscious than ever as I walked down the length of the school hall. Externally I was immaculate, the very image of a successful young professional woman. Underneath, I had no knickers and a red bum.

I would have been nervous anyway, but having no panties on made it so much worse. Some three hundred sixth formers were looking at me: some intense, some rebellious, some just bored. I have lectured to larger audiences, I've delivered papers to hostile symposia, but nothing had prepared me for this. I'd expected it to be easy, a simple speech to an audience of sixth formers. It was anything but and, as the last of my confidence ebbed away, I found myself once more Little Miss Smarty Pants, going up to collect my Scholar's Ribbon with every single person in the audience hoping I'd fall flat on my face.

I wish I had. Instead I put my heel in one of the ventilator grates, just as Miss Gower ushered me towards the stage steps. I went over, hard: not on my face, but on to my knees. I tried to save myself, but it was a mistake. My bag caught my dress, pulling it up and leaving me kneeling on the steps with my bottom high and my dress over my back.

There were no knickers to cover my modesty, no tights, nothing. I was showing the full, naked moon of my bottom to all three hundred of them. Moreover, it was thrust more or less directly at Miss Gower's face. I didn't need a mirror to know what it looked like. My pussy would be well juiced and open from the spanking and his intrusive digit, all pink and wet and wide in her nest of black hair. My bumhole would be showing, a wrinkled knot of pinkish-brown flesh in the depths of a rather hairy crease. Worst of all, my bottom cheeks would not be their normal pale flesh tone, but a deep flushed pink, the colour of spanked bottom flesh, freshly spanked.

*. . . oh, well, it could have been worse. No, on second thoughts, it probably couldn't have been.*