

# Gorgeous Chloe's First Spanking - Part III



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*My beautiful neighbor, Chloe, walked in on my bare bottom spanking session over my dad's knees...*

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Chloe cries, "Oh my god, Beth!" She raises her voice. "What are you doing to her, you pervert!"

I am silent, my blistering red bottom stares right back at her. I don't dare to move as my father's hand is still on the small of my back.

He says, "Ah, so you're the neighbor girl, huh?"

"Get your hands off of her, or I'll call the police right away." Chloe ignores the rhetorical question.

"Ha! You're gonna call the sheriff on a father disciplining his daughter? You try it, missy!"

I have to rescue her before she does anything foolish. "Chloe, just go, please just go."

SLAP! I squeal in pain.

"Did I ask you to speak? I'm not done with you yet." My dad orders, "Go stand in the corner and leave your shorts down."

Oh god, no. Do I have to stand in the corner bare bottom in front of Chloe? But what other choice do I have?

I clumsily get up from his laps, turn around walking toward the corner, not an easy task with my shorts and underwear around my knees, my hands discretely trying to cover my private part to preserve some modesty. I see that Chloe is holding my sunglasses and cap in her hand. Ah, that's why she returned. How stupid of me to leave my stuff in her car, especially today?

Chloe looks at me in disbelief, her dark long brows knot in a frown, with her almond shaped eyes framed by two rows of long lashes, casting shades on her pale cheeks. She is obviously too stunned to say or do anything. I hope she doesn't call the cops like she claimed she'd do. I don't want to be taken away to foster homes. I love my dad despite the occasional spanking. I walk past her, and stand facing the corner, hands down on my side, with my shorts and undies still around my knees, red cheeks shining like Rudolph's nose.

"Now, what do you want from us?" My father asks.

"I was just coming here to return her things left in my car. I can't believe you humiliate your own daughter like this. She's a high school girl, not a 5 year old for crying out loud!"

I can hear my dad snatching my things from her hand and toss them on the floor. "I don't give it a rat's ass what you believe or like. She's my daughter and I do whatever I want. As a matter of fact, I do whatever I want to any young girl with a bad attitude. Do you know she got spanked because of you?"

"What did I do now, you old pervert." Chloe just doesn't know when to stop.

"You took her shopping. Open your eyes, you brat! You think everyone is like your family? You can just go to the mall whenever you wish and buy these... slutty outfits?"

"What are you talking about? You have no right to judge me. You don't even know me. The hell with you--I'm done here." She walks behind me, my eyes squeezed close in embarrassment. "Beth, come with me. You can stay at my place tonight."

Before I can turn around, I hear my father stepping quickly toward her. Oh no! What is he going to do? I quickly turn back and see that Chloe elegantly leaps back, escaping his grab. I forgot how swift she is. Her escape angers my father even further. He groans and jumps at her. She swiftly ducks and shifts to the side, but trips on the bags I dropped on the porch. "Ouch!" She cries.

My dad drags her up by her arm, obviously not trying to help her. He forces her to the chair he was sitting on a moment ago.

"Let go of me! What are you doing? I will call the cop! Beth, help!" Chloe struggles while screaming.

My feet are nailed to the floor, my body unable to move. It doesn't matter how much I admire her, I am not stopping what my father wants to do, especially when he's furious, drunk, and with my underwear around my knees.

"Looks like you can use some bare bottom spanking, young lady." He sits back down, pulling Chloe over his laps. Her luxuriously shiny black hair spills over her bare shoulders and upper back, where her white halter top fails to cover. Today has been hot, so both of us were dressed more revealing as we normally would.

Am I really going to witness this? Is he going to... spank Chloe? On her bare bottom? The Chloe that looks like an angel from heaven, a painted beauty from the renaissance? My breath quickens.

He easily peels back her short white skirt, revealing her white cotton panties. I'm a bit surprised that she wears such ordinary panties. I would be less surprised if I see sexy lace panties or even a thong. She's really down to earth from inside out.

She instinctively moves her arms over her butt to cover her self, and my father has to pin back both of her arms on the small of her back, and uses his right leg to secure her kicking legs. With his right hand he pulls down her panties until they're stopped by his leg. Her naked bottom now arcs over his left knee, smooth and delicate like porcelain.

He's liking the award. "Wow, who knew that a skinny girl like you has such meaty, bouncy cheeks?" He comments while giving her a few contemptuous slaps on her butt. She lets out a disgusted squeal. "Let me tell you, your ass is designed to be spanked! Hahahaha!" He laughs like a crazy man now, rubbing his hand about her exposed rear end in a circular motion, feeling her shape, enjoying the sight. His stroke is a sexual display, as he's never done that to me. He never lingers his hand on my butt longer than necessary to complete a strike.

"Let go of me right this minute. Or I'm going to sue your ass off!" Chloe continues to struggle, legs kicking vigorously, and her tone is not softened a bit.

SLAP! The first blow sends her into another violent wave of struggling, her bare cheeks jiggle as she squirms. I'm blushing for her. How humiliating that must be for Chloe's first spanking by a man she just met, in front of a witness.

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! Her struggle is even more violent now, which I didn't think was possible against my father's iron hold. I see that her lean muscles on her calves contracting with force, that her long hair dances with every struggle, and that it's getting difficult for my dad to hold her down with one hand and one leg. "You know the more you struggle, the more your ass cheeks bounce, right?" My dad laughs. He's such an A-hole. Somehow it works on her. She quiets down immediately, and starts sobbing out of shame--I'm sure it's not out of pain since he just started, and her beautiful round bottom is only of a light pink color. Although I can't see her face, I bet her face is much redder than the other end.

"I'll make sure you stay in jail for the rest of your life!" Chloe threatens, but her position makes the threat only comical.

Now my father seems to be fully enjoying his power. He has picked up his spanking rhythm, not so slow that the victim has time to recover from the previous blow, but not too fast that she is numb from the pain and embarrassment. Chloe starts to sob louder and moan with each strike. She doesn't call out my name anymore, realizing that I would not say or do anything to rescue from this horror.

I'm supposed to be facing the wall, but I can't turn my head back. My dad is either too focused on her blushing, jigging cheeks to mind my position, or he enjoys a witness to his power and Chloe's humiliation. Seeing her butt stuck up in the air gives me guilty satisfaction. My shame, when I first heard her cry my name, has vanished with the sounds of the spanking, evaporated as the late afternoon golden sun rays shine on her exposed, tender cheeks. I feel unworthy superiority, as if I was directing this scene. I am ashamed by my feelings, but my body betrays my morals. My throat is dry, stomach tight, and I feel warmth in my lower abdominal.

After about 15 more strikes, Chloe is ready to raise the white flag. "Stop it! What do you want from me?" Her voice is austere despite her position.

"Apologize for your attitude, and promise you'll never hang out with Beth." My father stops spanking her, leaving his hand over her hot butt.

"Fine. I'm sorry and I'll never talk or hang out with Beth ever again." She vows while sobbing.

"You're sorry for what?" A slap follows. Chloe's right foot kicks the floor in shock of the unexpected pain.

"I don't know! You a..." She's helplessly angry.

Smack! Smack! "Stop it!" Chloe cries.

"Apologize for your attitude!" He demands with a vicious grin that only I can see.

"Okay, I'm sorry for my..." Before she could finish, my father bursts out laughing like a mad drunkard. Chloe is quiet, not sure what triggered the laughter and if she should continue.

He turns to me. "Beth, put your shorts back on, and go get the camera."

I stare at him blankly, not really believing what I am hearing.

"NOW!" He barks.

I quickly draw up my shorts and run into the house to fetch my camera. I can hear Chloe angrily shouting at him. "No! No you wouldn't dare! I will destroy you!"

I return with the camera within a minute. Standing next to my dad, I've got a clear view of her now reddened buttocks. My stomach tightens again.

"Look at this bitch. She's fucking wet." My dad points to the area between her slightly opened legs. She can't close her legs as my dad's right leg is pressing hard against them, forcing them open.

I lower my head to get a better look at where my dad is pointing. I see clear egg-white like juice on the inside of her thighs close to her private part, and visible deposits on my father's pants. I blush at the sight of that, my heart races with excitement. I am thankful that I got the permission to pull up my shorts, or else my dad would be looking at two, instead of one wet pussies.

"She fights, kicks and screams, but she loves it, doesn't she?" He says as he rubs his hand on her ass, lightly patting it. Chloe groans angrily, but too embarrassed to say anything.

"Take a close up." He commands.

I'm too stunned by what's happening to guess what plan he has. I obediently turn on the camera, aim at the evidence, and take a few shots. She was struggling again while I was pressing the shutter, so I have to play back to make sure I've got some good shots. I did. I got a couple of clear shots of her most private part, pink, shy and glistening in front of the lens, coated with her unwanted excitement.

"Come to this side. Get one with her face and her stuck up ass above it."

My heart is racing even more rapidly now. I'm apprehensive at the thought of coming face to face with Chloe.

"Go on! Do I have to do everything myself?" His bloodshot eyes bulge with impatience.

I walk to the other side, heavy as if walking in water, knees shaking with nervousness and anticipation.

Ever since I first met her that one afternoon, I have not stopped fantasizing about becoming her friend, getting invited to her mysterious, beautiful house that's so close yet so far from us, chatting with her about her dreams, desires and secrets. Today my wish is granted by a devil's prank. I am peeking, against her will, her uttermost humiliation and darkest desire that she would never share with any soul. I am let in on her secrets, but I'll never be close to her ever again, like she vowed.

I kneel down on one knee, while my father forces her face up by pulling her hair. Chloe's face is scarlet red as I have imagined, her eyes shut, jaws clenched, lips pressed together tightly. Her face cheeks wet with tears, which reminds me how similar her 'cheeks' are--all thoroughly red and wet. I put the camera against my right eye, not using the viewfinder, needing the imagined veil to separate myself from my father's crime, as if I were not a part of it.

I got the angle that my father wanted, her two butt cheeks framing the top of the picture like two mild hills, red, although they could appear more vibrant if weren't contrasted by her face.

"Let me see," my father asks.

I show him the last few shots on the camera, and he nods happily, like a proud father admiring his daughter's artistic paintings.

"Take the camera back inside, and hide it."

He returns his attention to Chloe, the still butt lying on his lap, as I open the back door again. I can still hear him through the flimsy wall. "Now that we've got a few portraits of yours, bitch, you listen to me carefully. I'm going to ask you to stand up..." I lose his voice as I turn the corner.

When I return downstairs to the porch, I see Chloe is now in the "proper" spanking position that my dad prefers. Her red, naked butt is over both his knees, with her hands and feet firmly grounded. They must have reached an agreement that she would not struggle throughout the rest of the spanking session. She's much taller than me, her hands and feet easily reach the floor to support her body.

Without my dad's right leg securing her, her lower body is now completely exposed except for her panties around her calves. Her long, shapely legs are so lean, a stark contrast to her round, meaty buttocks. She doesn't have a visible tan line like mine, her butt and legs are of a uniform, porcelain light cream color, at least on the areas that haven't been spanked yet. With her long hair reaching her waist, she's like a black red and white flag draped over my father's laps.

Jealousy rose up in me. How can one be so elegantly beautiful and sexy in this humiliating position? I want so badly to spank her myself, to punish her arrogant beauty. I want my short stubby fingers on her cheeks, watching her glowing red under my hand, squirming with shame and pain.