**Megan and Mallory's BDay Spankings**

by[Totzman](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=705030&page=submissions)©

"Look what I brought home!"  
  
Megan Pierce ran to the doorway as soon as she heard her father's voice. He stood in the doorway holding a large white box in his arms, which he struggled to keep upright.  
  
"Dad, let me help you with that!" Megan said, as she rushed to help hold the other end of the box. The two of them carried the box into the kitchen and rested it upon the counter.  
  
"Let me see, let me see!" Megan said excitedly.  
  
Bill Pierce gave his daughter a knowing smile, and ceremoniously opened the box so she could to peek inside.  
  
The box contained two large birthday cakes, side by side. One read "Happy Birthday Megan," while the other read "Happy Birthday Mallory."  
  
A grin formed across Megan's face, and she looked up at her father with joy.  
  
"You got me vanilla, right?" Megan asked.  
  
"Vanilla for you, chocolate for Mallory," Bill said.  
  
"I love you, Daddy!" Megan said, and she wrapped her arms around her father and squeezed him tightly.  
  
"Happy Birthday, baby!" Bill said. He rocked her gently, cherishing the embrace. As he released his hold, he looked lovingly into her eyes.  
  
"Wow," Bill said. "Seems like it was just yesterday I just brought you two home from the hospital."  
  
Megan nodded proudly.  
  
"I can't believe today I'll be giving my little angels nineteen spankings!" Bill said.  
  
Megan paused and bit her lip.  
  
"Yeah, Dad, about that," Megan said.  
  
"What dear?" Bill asked.  
  
Megan looked to the floor. She'd been meaning to mention this to her father sooner, but she had a difficult time broaching the topic.  
  
"Well, I was hoping, maybe this year, we could do away with the birthday spankings," Megan said.  
  
Bill's face dropped. Megan felt a knot form in the pit of her stomach. This was the reaction she had feared.  
  
"Oh honey, you know how much I love giving you girls your birthday spankings each year," Bill said. "It would break my heart to stop to stop this tradition now."  
  
Megan dug the tip of her foot into the floor. She hated disappointing her father more than anything else, but she did not make this suggestion lightly.  
  
"Yeah, but we're nineteen now. We're not kids anymore," Megan said. "And I really don't like having my bare bottom spanked in front of my friends anyway. It's sort of- embarrassing."  
  
Bill looked shocked.  
  
"Embarrassing?" Bill asked. "Why would you be embarrassed? Do you want to have your spankings done with your panties on like you did last year?"  
  
Megan shook her head.  
  
"I'd rather not have them at all. Or at least, over my jeans," Megan said. Bill tisked.  
  
"You can't have your spankings over your jeans," Bill said. "You need to be able to feel the spankings against your skin, with no interference from clothing. Look, why don't you talk it over with your sister? Maybe see what she wants to do?"  
  
Megan shook her head in frustration. She knew that would get her nowhere. No sooner did Bill mention her that Mallory Pierce came scampering into the room to give her father an equally as loving a hug as Megan gave him.  
  
"Hi Daddy!" Mallory said, squeezing her father tightly. She turned her head to look at the two birthday cakes, and promptly stuck her finger into the one with her name.  
  
"Chocolate? Yes!" Mallory exclaimed. She licked the frosting from her finger and smiled.  
  
Megan and Mallory were fraternal twins. While they did not look exactly alike, many people did confuse the two. This bothered Megan somewhat, being as their personalities were quite different.   
  
Although they were both average height, with shoulder length brown hair and brown eyes, Mallory was slightly taller and slimmer. They had attractive breasts, though Megan's were noticeably bigger and fuller. Both girls had very cute, round bottoms that looked great in panties, spandex pants, or jeans, which they were wearing now.   
  
"Hey Daddy?" Mallory asked.  
  
"What, Baby?" Bill said.  
  
"Can me and Megan pleeeeease have bare bottom birthday spankings this year?" Mallory asked. "I hated how you told us to leave our panties on last year!"  
  
Bill folded his arms and looked at Megan.  
  
"Well, that was because of your sister," Bill said. "She asked me to leave them on last year."  
  
Mallory turned to Megan indignantly.   
  
"Whyyyyyyyyy?" Mallory asked. "It's soooo much better to get a spanking on the bare bottom, Megan! Come on!"  
  
Megan turned away. Every year, when it came time for the birthday spankings, Mallory would be the first to drop her drawers, eager to get her bare bottom spanked. In recent years, Megan became the reluctant one, much to Mallory's dismay.   
  
"You can do whatever you want," Megan said. "I'd rather not be spanked at all."  
  
Bill shook his head.  
  
"No, what I do for one, I do for both," Bill said. "You two are going to have to come to an agreement."  
  
Bill wasn't trying to be unfair. He knew that Mallory loved being spanked but not by herself. Spanking both girls was a wonderful way to bond the two of them. Mallory worried that one day her father would give in and agree to not spank Megan, and possibly, not spank her either. Mallory decided to do whatever she could to keep Megan on board with her favorite birthday tradition as long as possible.  
  
Mallory put her arm around her sister and pulled her close.  
  
"How about it, Meg?" Mallory asked. "Bottoms up! Are you with me?"  
  
Meg pulled Mallory's arm off her shoulder.  
  
"I'm going to help Mom finish decorating," Megan said, and walked away. Mallory looked at her father.  
  
"She'll come around," Mallory said. Mallory hoped she was right.  
  
When the guests arrived, Mallory cranked up the music and handed out party hats and leis. Megan greeted each guest at the door and took their coats.  
  
"Hi, thanks, for coming," Megan said as each person entered. Megan took the coats to her parents' bedroom and placed them upon the bed. When she emerged from the bedroom, Mallory waited for her just outside the bedroom door.  
  
"Eric Rosenthal is here," Mallory said with a smile. "Isn't he that boy you like?"  
  
"Shh!" Megan said. "Don't mess this up for me!"  
  
"Ooooh, I guess so!" Mallory said, hopping up and down excitedly.  
  
Megan checked her reflection the hallway mirror and adjusted her hair. Many people told Megan she was pretty. Megan liked to think so. Satisfied with her appearance, Megan turned confidently down the hallway and out into the living room.  
  
She found Eric standing in the center of the room with a cup of soda in his hand.  
  
"Hi Eric!" Megan said.  
  
"Hi Megan," Eric said. "Great party."  
  
"Thanks," Megan said. "Want me to take your coat?"  
  
"Take my coat?" Eric asked. "Why?"  
  
"I'm just gonna put it in the other room," Megan said.  
  
"Oh, right," Eric said, feeling flustered. He removed his jacket and handed it to Megan.  
  
"Are you gonna give me a ticket so I can get it back?" Eric asked.  
  
Megan laughed.  
  
"You're funny, Eric," Megan said. Eric smiled and took a sip of his soda.  
  
Megan carried Eric's coat up to her parents' bedroom. As she placed it upon the bed, she smelled Eric's cologne emanating from the material. She held it to her nose to smell it closer. It was an intoxicating aroma. Megan found herself feeling slightly aroused.  
  
Megan returned to the living room to find Mallory inviting the guests into the basement.  
  
"We have a karaoke machine in the basement for anyone who wants to try!" Mallory said.  
  
Megan casually walked up to Eric.  
  
"Are you going to try the karaoke?" Megan asked.  
  
Eric shook his head.  
  
"No way," Eric said. "Not my thing."  
  
Megan shrugged.   
  
"That's cool," Megan said. "It's still fun to watch."  
  
"I know," Eric smiled. Megan felt her face flush red when she realized her unintentional innuendo.  
  
The partygoers packed themselves into the basement, which left very little room to sit or move around. As Megan wormed her way through the crowd she found to her dismay she'd been separated from Eric. Megan made her way to the edge of the crowd and stood near the wall, where she would have a good view of the singers.  
  
Mallory took to the karaoke machine first. She and her friend Heather decided to sing "I Kissed a Girl," much to the crowd's amusement, namely because Mallory and Heather themselves had kissed at a party a year earlier and had become gossip topic number one at their high school.  
  
Once the giggling had died down, Mallory stepped aside and let a few other guests have a turn. Mallory's friend Tyler took the mike and sang a melodious rendition of "Piano Man," which impressed many of the girls, especially Mallory. Megan stood quietly while she watched several others perform, until Mallory took her by the arm and led her up to the machine.  
  
"Your turn, sis," Mallory said. Megan's face flushed red again.   
  
Megan sheepishly took the mike and sang her best rendition of "Standing Still" that she could, before passing the mike back to her sister. The crowd gave her an encouraging applause as she attempted to disappear within it.  
  
Over the next few songs, the crowd gradually migrated back upstairs for dinner. Mallory and Megan's mother Deborah had ordered several platters of sandwiches to which the hungry party guests happily consumed. Megan decided to sit with a small group of her friends back down in the basement to talk. Meanwhile, Mallory sat with a much larger group of her friends in the living room upstairs, laughing and joking at much higher volumes than Megan's friends. As the platters of sandwiches dwindled into mere platters of crumbs, the general consensus among the party guests was that cake was in order.  
  
Megan's friend Tara happened to enter the kitchen as Deborah laid out the twin birthday pastries.  
  
"Hey, where's the garbage can?" Tara asked, holding an empty paper plate.  
  
"Oh, it's right there," Deborah said, pointing towards the trash can in the corner.  
  
"Thanks, Tara said, and dropped her plate and plastic silverware inside.   
  
"I'll move this out to the living room so people can find it easier," Bill said.   
  
Bill picked up the trash can as Tara took a hungry look at the towering birthday cakes on the kitchen table.  
  
"Mmm, do we get to have cake now?" Tara asked.  
  
"Almost," Bill said with a smile. "Just one important thing we have to do first."  
  
Bill turned to his wife.  
  
"Honey, can you get the chair from my study?" Bill asked.  
  
Deborah nodded. She placed a knife upon the table and stepped out of the room.  
  
"I'll get the girls," Bill said.  
  
Bill carried the trash can out into the living room and set it against the wall. Mallory and her friends dropped their plates and trash into the can. As they did, Bill whispered into Mallory's ear.  
  
"Can you tell Megan to come upstairs?" Bill asked. "It's time for you girls to have your birthday spankings."  
  
Mallory nodded.  
  
"I'll go find her," Mallory said, and she hurried down the stairs.  
  
In the basement, Megan and three of her friends sat eating their sandwiches in a circle on the floor while watching some boys play video games. Mallory came down the stairway.  
  
"Megan? Upstairs. Dad wants to start the birthday spankings," Mallory said.  
  
Megan looked coyly at her three friends, and nodded at Mallory.  
  
"Okay, I'll be right up," Megan said.   
  
Eric turned away from the video game he was playing.  
  
"Did she say birthday spanking?" Eric asked.  
  
"Yeah," Megan blushed. She couldn't believe she was going to be spanked in front of Eric. She hoped Eric would stay downstairs until the spankings were over.  
  
Megan made her way up the stairs and saw her mother placing her father's chair at the center of the living room. The chair without armrests.   
  
Megan knew this chair meant only one thing, and so did many of the party guests. Megan could hear them talking quietly among themselves giggling. Mallory ascended the stairway behind her and her eyes lit up the moment she saw her father's chair.  
  
"Girls?" Bill said, walking towards them. "Can I talk to you in the kitchen, please?"  
  
Megan and Mallory followed their father into the kitchen, while the other party guests gathered around the empty chair.   
  
"So," Bill asked. "What did you girls decide?"  
  
"Bare bottom!" Mallory said with a grin. Megan frowned.  
  
"Mallory! Come on!" Megan said.   
  
"You just don't want to pull your panties down in front of Eric, don't you?" Mallory said teasingly.  
  
Megan crossed her arms.  
  
"That's NOT it!" Megan said. "I don't want to pull my panties down in front of anyone!"  
  
"Well, you need to decide, it's almost time," Bill said.  
  
"Puh-LEASE spank us on the bare bottom, Daddy?" Mallory said. "Pretty pretty pretty please?"  
  
"No!" Megan said in a heightened whisper.  
  
"Maybe a compromise?" Bill said. "How about nine spankings with your panties on, and ten spankings with them off?"  
  
"No, none with them on!" Mallory pleaded.  
  
Bill shook his head and sighed.  
  
"Alright since you can't seem to agree, I'll make the decision," Bill said.  
  
"Okay, fine," Mallory said. Mallory closed her eyes, crossed her fingers on both hands, and whispered to herself "barebottombarebottombarebottomba-"  
  
"We'll do bare bottom this year," Bill said.  
  
"YESSSSSS!" Mallory clenched her fists and held them up in a victory cheer. Megan sneered.  
  
"Daaaad!" Megan said.  
  
"I'm sorry Megan, my decision is made," Bill said. "Come on girls, the guests are waiting."  
  
Megan bit her lip. It never seemed to end. She'd been spanked on her birthday every single year since she could walk; and on the bare bottom every year but once! Megan truly thought this might be the year she might finally be over what she considered to be a silly and tired tradition. Clearly, she couldn't have been more wrong.  
  
Bill put his arms around Megan and Mallory's shoulders and proudly walked them out into the living room.  
  
"May I have everyone's attention?" Bill said.   
  
The crowd quieted and turned their attention to Bill and the two birthday girls. Megan cringed as she looked at the crowd of spectators, who looked back at her. Megan could sense their quiet confidence; of knowing that soon they would see Megan's naked bottom and there was nothing she could do about it.   
  
"Today is a very special day!" Bill said. "These two beautiful girls have reached their nineteenth birthdays! And for that I have something very special planned for them!"  
  
Many of the guests had attended Megan and Mallory's birthdays in the past and knew what Bill had in mind, and gave a teasing "ooh!"  
  
"Let's sing these girls a Happy Birthday!" Bill said.  
  
With Bill leading, the crowd broke out into a melodious rendition of "Happy Birthday." Mallory smiled, pleased to be the center of attention. Megan squirmed in place knowing what awaited her at the song's conclusion.  
  
As the song ended , the guests broke into applause. Mallory giggled in response while Megan gave a forced smile.  
  
"Now, it's time for the very special event," Bill said. "And that is of course, the birthday spankings!"  
  
The guests cheered. Megan's face went beet red.   
  
"All right girls, drop your drawers!" Bill said. "Both of you!"  
  
Holding them by their shoulders, Bill pulled both of the girls close.  
  
"Now which of these lucky girls should get her little bottom spanked first?" Bill asked.  
  
There was disagreement in the crowd, with most of Mallory's friends crying her name, while Megan's said hers.  
  
Mallory eagerly unzipped her jeans and pulled them to her ankles. The guys whistled upon seeing her bare legs and lacy purple panties, while the girls squealed.  
  
"Well, looks like Mallory is ready to go, so let's get started!" Bill said. He took a seat upon his chair and beckoned Mallory over his lap.  
  
"Lose those panties so we can get started!" Bill said, slapping his knee invitingly. Mallory shot a flirty glance at the guys and pulled her panties down to her ankles. The guys howled loudly as Mallory eagerly bent over and perched her abdomen upon her father's knee.   
  
Bill took a glance at Megan, and saw her pants remained on her body.  
  
"Megan, pull down your pants," Bills said. "Your spanking is next."  
  
Just as he said that, Megan noticed Eric ascending the stairs. He was going to see everything! Megan gulped, realizing she did not have a choice.  
  
Megan reluctantly unzipped her jeans and slid them to the floor. She once again went red with embarrassment upon hearing the guys cheer and howl upon seeing her lacy black panties. Megan set her jeans aside and saw Eric had worked his way to the front of the crowd, and was looking at her bare legs. In spite of all the spankings she'd gotten in the past, Megan had never felt as exposed as she did now. Needless to say, Megan elected to keep her panties on until it was time for her spanking.  
  
"All right, nineteen years!" Bill announced, raising his palm in the air. "Everybody count!"  
  
Bill brought down his palm and smacked Mallory on her bare bottom.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"One!" the guests cheered. Mallory giggled. She was genuinely enjoying this. Bill raised his hand again and continued.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Two!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Three!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Four!"  
  
Due to the round shape of Mallory's bottom, her cheeks had a very pleasant bounce every time they were struck. Megan wondered if her own cheeks jiggled as much as Mallory's when she got spanked. Being as the two sisters had very similarly shaped bottoms, Megan suspected they did.  
  
SMACK!   
  
"Five!"  
  
SMACK!   
  
"Six!"  
  
SMACK!   
  
"Seven!"  
  
Megan turned away at this point. She couldn't stand watching her sister's round globes shake and wiggle about, knowing that her own bottom likely would do the same. Megan decided she didn't need anything else to make her self-conscious about this experience.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Eight!"  
  
SMACK!   
  
"Nine!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Ten!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Eleven!"  
  
The guests were loving it! Mallory was too, by the smile on her face. She kicked her bare legs up and down, which gave the guests behind her a clear view of her lady parts. Megan made a mental note to keep her thighs together to limit her exposure once she was in this position. Mallory didn't seem to care and let her legs naturally spread apart.  
  
Bill however, kept his focus solely on spanking his daughter. He used his left hand to hold Mallory's waist and keep her abdomen still so he could administer the remainder of her spankings. He raised his hand again.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Twelve!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Thirteen!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Fourteen!"  
  
Megan could see some of the guys were trying to conceal their erections.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Fifteen!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Sweet Sixteen!" The crowd cheered extra loud for this one.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Seventeen!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Eighteen!"  
  
"Last one!" Bill said. He raised his hand again, for the final spank for Mallory's nineteenth birthday.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Nineteen!"  
  
The guests erupted in applause, and Megan felt her heart take a dive into he stomach. With Mallory's spanking finished, Megan knew she was next.  
  
"And a pinch to grow an inch!" Bill said. He gave Mallory a light pinch on her rosy left cheek, and then gave her a soft pat on her butt to let her know she could rise.  
  
Mallory rose to her feet.  
  
"Thank you Daddy!" Mallory said, and she planted a kiss on his temple.  
  
"You're welcome, baby!" Bill said. Mallory bent over to pick up her panties. As she did, Bill took a peek at her rosy cheeks.  
  
"Look at that heinie!" Bill said. "Let's see if we can get Miss Megan's behind as red as that!"  
  
The crowd giggled. Mallory placed her feet into her panties and slid them back on.  
  
Bill turned to look at Megan.  
  
"Your turn, Megan," Bill said. "Come on, drop those panties, you know what we agreed."  
  
Megan turned to look at the guests that had gathered around. Eric stood in the very center, watching her as she prepared to strip from the waist down. Why was this happening? Why did her father push this upon her every year? Megan swallowed and prepared for the worst.   
  
Megan stepped forward and reluctantly took hold of the waistband of her panties. She slipped her panties to the floor as she kept her side to most of the crowd. A few guests towards the front side of the house could still see her private area, which she had shaved in preparation for this moment.

Megan did not waste any time bending over her father's knee to help preserve her modesty. She placed her fingertips upon the carpet and stared directly at the floor below her. She did not want to make eye contact with anyone as long as she was in this humiliating position. Megan took a deep breath. In a few seconds time, she was going to be spanked.  
  
"All right, Megan's turn!" Bill said. "Everybody ready?"  
  
The crowd cheered in unison. Megan closed her eyes. It was time.  
  
Bill smiled and raised his open palm in the air. He brought it down with a thunderous SMACK upon Megan's bare bottom.  
  
"One!"  
  
Megan jumped at the impact of her father's palm against her bottom. Only eighteen to go. This shouldn't be so bad.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Two!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Three!"  
  
Megan started to squirm, but Bill kept a hold on her hip with his left hand for just this reason. He held Megan's bottom firmly in place and continued spanking her.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Four!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Five!"  
  
Mallory stood nearby, with a clear view of Megan's bottom. She thought it was very cute how Megan's cheeks jiggled about with each smack. She hoped her bottom looked this cute when she was being spanked.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Six!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Seven!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Eight!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Nine!"  
  
It was at this point that Megan detected something in the air. A smell. It was Eric's cologne, which she's smelt on his jacket when she'd put it away earlier. Somehow the aroma had emanated so she could smell it at this very moment. It turned her on. It turned her on a lot, actually. Megan realized she was actually becoming aroused as her father's hand smacked her naked bottom.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Ten!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Eleven!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Twelve!"  
  
There was no mistaking the smell of Eric's cologne. Megan could smell it and she was extremely turned on. She shifted uncomfortably. Bill, thinking Megan was squirming, held his grip on her even tighter. He lifted the base of her shirt up and tucked it into her bra strap to keep it from falling, so he could keep a grip upon the side of Megan's bare torso.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Thirteen!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Fourteen!"  
  
Although Megan didn't realize it, with each smack, her thighs drifted further and further apart, in spite of her mental note to keep them together. She was unaware of just how exposed she was at this point, for if she had known that most of the party guests had a very clear view of her lady parts, she would most certainly have made a greater effort to maintain her modesty.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Fifteen!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Sweet Sixteen!" Once again the crowd cheered extra loud for this one.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Seventeen!"  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Eighteen!"  
  
"Last one!" Bill said, holding his arm high in the air. He brought his palm down extra hard for the final smack.  
  
SMACK!  
  
"Nineteen!" The crowd applauded once again.   
  
Megan sighed in relief. The spanking was finally over. Now she only needed to endure the pinch, which Bill always did to conclude a birthday spanking. The pinch didn't hurt, but Megan did feel it was awfully belittling being pinched on her bottom after being spanked. But as with the spankings, Bill insisted on them, so Megan knew she wasn't getting out of it. Megan closed her eyes and braced herself.  
  
"A pinch to grow an inch!" Bill said, and gave Megan a light pinch on her cheek. He then gave Megan a soft pat on her butt, and Megan pulled herself to her feet.  
  
"Well, let's see who's redder, Megan or Mallory?" Bill asked. "Girls, can we get a side-by-side comparison?"  
  
Megan turned her back to the crowd, while Mallory hurried over to her side. Mallory slipped her panties down to her thighs so the crowd could see both girls' recently spanked bottoms.  
  
"Not bad, plenty of color on both of those!" Bill said. "Every year they get just a little rosier with age, don't you think?"  
  
Many of the guys whistled in agreement.  
  
"Now that's settled, you girls can get dressed," Bill said. "It's time for birthday cake!"  
  
Megan pulled up her panties and pulled her shirt out from under her bra strap. She turned around, afraid to see Eric. Megan hated that he had seen her go through that, and yet, she felt somehow disappointed that when she checked the crowd of spectators Eric was nowhere to be found.  
  
After putting on her pants Megan made her way to the kitchen. Deborah was slicing the cake and distributing it among the party guests. Megan grabbed a plate with her preferred flavor of cake and weaved her way through the crowd back to the living room.  
  
"Happy Birthday, Megan!" Megan's friend Ashley said to her.  
  
"Thanks," Megan said.  
  
Ashley held a plate of chocolate cake in her hands and smiled at her.  
  
"Does your Dad spank you every year for your birthday?" Ashley asked.  
  
Megan nodded.  
  
"Yeah, he loves it," Megan said, wearily,  
  
"You are SO lucky!" Ashley said. "I wish my Dad would spank me on my birthday."  
  
"Why?" Megan asked, dumbfounded.  
  
"It looks like fun," Ashley said.  
  
"Well, try asking him," Megan said, taking a bite of her cake.   
  
"I think I will," Ashley said.  
  
"Hey, have you seen Eric?" Megan asked.  
  
Ashley looked around the room.  
  
"No, not in a while," Ashley said.  
  
"Hmm, I wonder where he went," Megan said.  
  
Megan made her way down the stairs where she saw Mallory feeding a piece of cake to Tyler. The chocolate cake slipped and dribbled down his chin. Mallory and Tyler laughed, while several girls watching giggled.  
  
"Hey Mal, have you seen Eric?" Megan asked.  
  
Mallory shook her head.  
  
"He left right after your Dad finished spanking you," Heather said. "He went to the bedroom."  
  
Megan's face dropped.  
  
"Why did he leave?" Megan asked, disappointed.  
  
"He probably just needed to whack off," Mallory said.   
  
Megan sneered.  
  
"Why would he do that?" Megan asked, folding her arms indignantly.  
  
Tyler rolled his eyes, amused.  
  
"Umm, maybe seeing your cute little ass get smacked?" Mallory asked. "You should ask if he needs an extra hand. I'm going to give Tyler a blowjob soon."  
  
"Mallory!" Megan exclaimed. Megan couldn't believe anyone ever confused the two of them. She and Mallory were absolutely nothing alike.  
  
Megan trudged up the stairs. Megan wondered if what Mallory said about Eric was true. She wasn't sure whether to be flattered or humiliated that Eric might be masturbating in response to seeing her be spanked. Megan couldn't see him in the living room or the kitchen, so she decided to test Mallory's theory and check the bedroom next.  
  
Megan made her way down the hallway, and checked her reflection in the hallway mirror again. Her hair had gotten a little disheveled and misplaced during her spanking, so Megan adjusted it again. With her hair looking nice and pretty again, Megan knocked quietly on the bedroom door.  
  
"Yeah?" she heard a voice say. It sounded like Eric.  
  
Megan opened the bedroom door. She saw Eric quickly rise to his feet from behind the bed.  
  
"Hey Megan," Eric said, looking flushed.  
  
"Hey," Megan smiled. "I was wondering where you went."  
  
"Oh, I was just checking my phone," Eric said. "I left it in my jacket."  
  
Megan smiled. Mallory was right. Megan could tell Eric was lying. Yet she realized she was not mad. Megan actually felt touched that Eric seemed to enjoy watching her get spanked enough that he got aroused.  
  
"Do you want any birthday cake?" Megan asked. "My Mom's cutting it up right now."  
  
"Sure," Eric smiled.  
  
"Okay, I'll get some for you," Megan said. "Do you want chocolate or vanilla?"  
  
"Vanilla," Eric said.  
  
Megan smiled. They shared the same taste.  
  
"Wait right here," Megan said.  
  
Megan hurried off and retrieved a plate of vanilla cake and quickly returned to the bedroom. She and Eric sat down on the bedroom floor to enjoy their cake.  
  
"Ow, my butt's kind of sore," Megan said, rubbing her bottom as she sat down.  
  
"Did it hurt?" Eric asked, taking a bite of cake.  
  
"No, it's just kind of embarrassing," Megan said. "Getting my bare bottom spanked in front of everyone. At least last year my Dad let us keep our panties on. No one wants to see my butt."  
  
Eric grinned.  
  
"I do," Eric said.  
  
Megan playfully hit Eric.  
  
"Thanks," Megan said.  
  
Megan and Eric ate their cake in silence for a moment before Megan spoke.  
  
"Hey Eric?" Megan asked.  
  
"Yeah?" Eric said.  
  
"Did you get turned on watching me get spanked?" Megan asked.  
  
Eric blushed.  
  
"Yeah," Eric said.  
  
Megan smiled.  
  
"So how long does your butt stay sore for?" Eric asked. "You know, after you get spanked?"  
  
"Just a couple days," Megan said. "I usually put some lotion on it and it feels okay enough to sit."  
  
"Maybe I could put some on for you," Eric teased.  
  
"Okay," Megan said cheerfully.  
  
Eric looked up in surprise.  
  
"Really?" Eric asked.  
  
"Sure," Megan nodded. "I'd love to have a cute guy massage my butt."  
  
Eric felt his pulse race. He would get to feel Megan's firm bottom. The idea felt unreal.  
  
Megan led Eric to her bedroom and shut the door behind them. Grabbing a bottle of lotion from her dresser drawer, she set it upon the nightstand.  
  
"I'm gonna just lay on the bed, okay?" Megan said nervously.  
  
"Sure, go ahead," Eric said.  
  
Eric felt as though he should turn away as Megan unzipped her jeans and pulled them off, even though he knew Megan probably wouldn't mind if he looked. Megan slid off her panties and climbed onto the bed.  
  
Both of her cheeks were still pleasantly rosy. Megan folded her arms under her pillow and rested her head atop it while she waited for Eric to do his work.  
  
Eric stared down upon Megan's reddened behind; feeling somewhat intimidated by the task before him. He grabbed the lotion bottle, and holding it over Megan's posterior, he gave the nozzle a firm pump. The white lotion oozed from the nozzle and dribbled into a pool upon Megan's left butt cheek. Megan winced as the cool liquid touched her sore behind. It was a shock of a temperature difference, but a soothing feel. Eric pumped a second squirt onto Megan's right cheek and set the bottle aside.  
  
Tentatively, Eric held his palms closely over Megan's cheeks. He could feel the heat emanating from them. Clearly the spanking had made them quite warm. He was about to lower his hands, to make contact with Megan's bottom, but his nervousness was starting to get the better of him. Eric could not believe what a beautiful sight was before him. He found himself struck by the beauty of her soft skin and the delicate curves of her behind. Such lovely contours of her round cheeks, pressed tightly together like two expanding balloons each trying to make room for the other, but in perfect harmony.  
  
Taking a deep breath, Eric bravely set his palms down and pressed them against Megan's buttocks. So soft and firm! It felt as though the warming life from Megan's bottom was being absorbed into his hands. Her bottom truly felt magical. After taking a moment to enjoy the feel of Megan's buttocks. Eric rubbed Megan's cheeks softly and spread the lotion all around.   
  
Megan sighed. His touch felt wonderful. Eric slowly and methodically rubbed the cool lotion around so it could be absorbed into Megan's skin.  
  
Eric rubbed her cheeks up and down, and side to side; rolling her mounds between his fingers. He ran his fingertips around her hips and across her upper thighs. Her skin was so smooth and delicate. Megan's body was even more fun to touch than it was to see. He put two more squirts of lotion on her buttocks and continued to rub both of her lovely cheeks in circular motions.  
  
Although she was bare bottomed, Megan's position of lying flat on her stomach prevented Eric from being able to see her anus. While he didn't find the anus especially erotic, Eric did find himself wondering whether he would be able to see it. Feeling curious, and hoping Megan would not mind, Eric rubbed his left and right hands to the left and right respectively, and spread apart Megan's mounds. All he could see was the fold where her cheeks met, like a soft and delicate valley between two beautiful rolling hills. Although Eric enjoyed this, he realized would need to look lower if he was to see her anus. Eric tried again, smoothly pushing her lower glutes apart until he could steal a glimpse of her little butthole.  
  
He followed the fold between her cheeks to a small area where several little creases converged onto a single spot.- and there it was.   
  
Just a small dark opening peeking out from between her cheeks, but Eric thought it was pretty. Eric knew it wasn't a big deal, but Eric liked Megan, and he was glad he'd gotten to see this private part of her body.  
  
Eric continued massaging Megan's bottom, trying not to seem as though he was intending to look at her anus, but the truth was, he thought it was beautiful. After a few more minutes of rubbing her firm derriere, he decided enough time had passed that he could sneak another peek. Eric spread apart her cheeks once again, and took another peek at the tiny little hole in the very bottom of her butt. He spread her cheeks wide enough that the hole opened a bit, giving Eric an even better view of her anus than the first time he looked. It was very small and tight. Eric was pleased to see it was also very clean and fresh, even as he spread her cheeks far enough that he could see a bit inside of it. Eric found it incredible, realizing that every part of this girl's body was simply beautiful.  
  
Eric smiled to himself. Even though it was just a hole, to him it was like a hidden treasure waiting to be found. He was glad he'd found it.  
  
Eric decided not to look at her anus a third time and seem too obvious, so he took one final admiring peek at it and let her cheeks close once again.  
  
Megan sighed softly, unaware of how much Eric had just seen. Had she known just how good of a look he'd gotten of her anus she would likely feel even more self-conscious than she did during her spanking. Eric massaged her for a few more minutes and then rested his hands.  
  
"Better?" Eric asked.  
  
"Yes," Megan said softly. Her bottom, while still red, felt significantly less sore. Megan turned over and grabbed her panties from the floor.  
  
"Thank you," Megan said sweetly.  
  
"Pleasure's all mine," Eric said with a smile.  
  
Megan slid her legs into her panties and pulled them up over her buttocks.  
  
"Need me to return the favor?" Megan asked, batting her eyes.  
  
Eric shrugged.  
  
"Nah, I didn't just get spanked," Eric said.  
  
Megan sat down by this side.  
  
"But you got turned on. You said so yourself," Megan said. "My sister said I should ask you if you needed a hand with anything."  
  
"Well, maybe," Eric laughed nervously. He could feel his penis expanding inside his pants.  
  
Megan leaned against Eric and looked longingly at his lap.  
  
"Well, bring him out," Megan said teasingly.  
  
Eric unzipped his pants and took out his penis, which was now fully erect.  
  
"Very handsome," Megan said, admiringly.  
  
"Thanks," Eric said.  
  
"I'll get some more lotion," Megan said.  
  
Megan grabbed the lotion bottle and shot a squirt into her palm. She rubbed the lotion onto the shaft of Eric's penis until it was nice and slippery.  
  
"Watching me get spanked got you real hot and bothered, huh?" Megan asked.   
  
Eric nodded.  
  
"Let's see if I can take the edge off," Megan said.  
  
Megan wrapped her fingers around the shaft of Eric's penis and stroked him up and down. She clutched the base of his penis with her left hand and continued to stroke him with her right.   
  
Eric closed his eyes. Megan's hands felt like heaven. Her grip was soft but tight. She rubbed her palm up and down the length of his penis, lavishing extra attention on the head where he was the most sensitive.  
  
Eric felt a bit guilty, having been so aroused by the thoughts of Megan's bare-bottomed spanking. He knew it was a bit unfair that Megan's pain was indirectly causing him so much pleasure, but he couldn't help his feelings. The same thought occurred to Megan, but she did not feel resentful.  
  
"You know, I didn't even want to be spanked for my birthday," Megan said, as she continued stroking. "But it was worth it. I'm glad you enjoyed it so much."  
  
"Harder," Eric whispered.  
  
Megan stroked Eric's penis faster, and softly breathed into his ear.  
  
The vision of Bill's hand smacking Megan's bottom played in Eric's mind over and over. A father spanking his daughter on her birthday- what a wonderful tradition. Eric simply marveled at what a beautiful sight that was.  
  
"You know, next year I'll be getting twenty spankings," Megan whispered. "On my bare bottom."  
  
Eric took a deep breath. Megan leaned closer and let her lips lightly touch Eric's ear. The soft touch of her lips sent a tingle from Eric's ear throughout his body.  
  
"Twenty spankings," Megan repeated, seductively. "On my bare...naked...bottom!"  
  
Megan's teasing whispers were increasingly arousing Eric. He grabbed onto her hip and squeezed.  
  
"Did I turn you on..." Megan whispered softly.  
  
"Me...bent over..." Megan said these words slowly and Eric's breathing quickened.  
  
"...panties down..." Megan stroked Eric even faster as she said these words.  
  
"...getting my pretty naked bottom..."   
  
Eric moaned and clenched his eyes closed.  
  
"...ssssspanked?"   
  
At the mention of this word Eric erupted. He shot a glob of semen from the tip of his penis which landed on Megan's thigh. She was glad she hadn't yet put on her jeans, so it didn't stain the fabric. A second glob shot out just a bit and poured down the back of Megan's hand.   
  
"I'll take that as a yes," Megan giggled.  
  
She kept her fingers wrapped firmly around his penis and kept the pressure on for the duration of Eric's orgasm. The last drops of semen dribbled down her knuckles and gathered into a pool at the base of Eric's penis.  
  
As Eric's breathing slowed to normal, Megan released her grasp on his penis. She grabbed a tissue from her nightstand and handed one to Eric.  
  
"That was pretty intense," Eric said.  
  
"Glad you liked it," Megan said, wiping his semen from her hand. Megan grabbed another tissue and cleaned her thigh, even though she liked the way the cool liquid felt against her skin. Megan put her jeans back on and Eric zipped up his pants.  
  
"We should get back to the party," Megan said.   
  
Eric smiled. He leaned forward and kissed Megan softly on the lips. Megan smiled and kissed him again. They held eye contact for several seconds before Megan moved to the doorway.  
  
Megan opened her bedroom door and she and Eric returned to the party. She hoped no one would ask where she'd been. In the living room Megan's mother was placing presents out on a table.  
  
"There you are!" Deborah said. "Where's your sister? It's time for presents!"  
  
"I'll go find her," Megan said.   
  
Eric walked with Megan down the stairs. In the basement she found Heather talking with a few other girls but Mallory was nowhere in sight.  
  
"Hey Heather, have you seen Mallory?" Megan asked.  
  
"She went to her bedroom. With Tyler," Heather said with a wink.  
  
"Oh," Megan said. She knew she should have known.  
  
Megan and Eric walked back upstairs and into the kitchen, where she saw her father cleaning.  
  
"Your mother wants to open presents now," Bill said. "Go find your sister."  
  
"Oh, she'll be ready in a couple minutes," Megan said.  
  
Bill handed Eric a large back of trash.  
  
"Son, would you mind taking this out to the curb?" Bill asked.  
  
"Sure," Eric said, taking the trash bag.  
  
As Eric stepped out of the house with the trash, Megan took a step closer to her father.  
  
"Hey Dad?" Megan said,  
  
"Yes, sweetie?" Bill asked.  
  
"I'm, sorry for putting up such a fuss about the spankings," Megan said.  
  
Bill nodded as he continued cleaning.  
  
"It's alright," Bill said. "I understand you're getting older. Maybe you feel like you're too old to be spanked anymore."  
  
"No, I don't," Megan said.  
  
Bill looked up in surprise.  
  
"I'm okay with doing birthday spankings next year and every year after that," Megan said.

Bill smiled.  
  
"Glad to hear it," Bill said. He grabbed another trash bag from under the sink and began filling it with more refuse.  
  
"Oh, and Dad?" Megan asked.   
  
"Yes, dear?" Bill asked.  
  
Megan folded her arms and shifted her weight from one foot to the other.  
  
"I'm fine with bare-bottom spankings too," Megan said. "And actually, I was wondering if it would be okay if Mallory and I could be totally naked for our spankings next year."  
  
Bill blinked. This was the last thing he expected to hear from Megan.  
  
"Well, of course honey!" Bill said. "We'll talk to Mallory but I'm sure she'd be happy to do that."  
  
"Okay," Megan said sheepishly. She unfolded her arms and stuck her hands in her pockets. She hoped Eric would appreciate next year's spankings even more than this year's.  
  
Eric stepped back into the kitchen and smiled when he saw Megan.  
  
"I just saw your sister, I think she's ready," Eric said.  
  
Megan walked out to the living room to see Tyler strutting into the living room with a giant smile on his face. Mallory wiped her lips with the back of her hand and took a seat on the living room floor.  
  
"Okay, let's open presents!" Deborah said, placing a brightly colored package in Mallory's lap. Megan leaned towards Eric.  
  
"I think I already got my favorite present this year," Megan said.