**A Small Price To Pay**

by Fred Key

**Chapter 11 - Five is not three**

“Before we go any further,” Ryan said, hairbrush still in hand, “Sarah has a choice to make.”

Sarah looked at Ryan, clearly confused, as did the rest of the group.

“The rules,” Ryan explained. “Remember the rules? The loser of the game gets punished, and Liz was the loser, but the winning girl gets to select another person to receive the same punishment. Since Sarah was the one who delivered the sock, she’s the winner, and gets to choose. So-”

He pointed the hairbrush at Liz. “She’s off limits, since she already got punished.” Liz sighed with relief. Another set of swats with that brush would be more than she could bear!

“That leaves you with three choices. Do you want to pick Cassie?” He gestured to the naked girl, whose eyes were locked on the hairbrush and who grabbed her own bottom instinctively.

“Or Annie?” The tall redhead took an involuntary step backward, and bit her lip. “Maybe she’s your choice?”

He turned to Jessica, who was standing with her arms folded. “Or do you want to choose Jessica? She already knows what I can do with just a hand spanking–I bet she isn’t eager to find out what this brush feels like.” Jessica looked at Sarah coolly, but she began fidgeting with a foot, betraying her worry.

“Who will it be, Sarah? The choice is yours,” Ryan finished.

Sarah looked at each of the three girls. She was still angry about her own nudity and how Jessica had gleefully picked her to join Cassie naked after the last game. It would be very gratifying, she thought, to watch Ryan light up her backside and make her pay for that humiliation. At the same time, she really owed Cassie from last week as well, even if Liz was out of reach for now. The original humiliation was a strong motivator for her, and she knew Cassie would break down completely if she was given another spanking like the one she got earlier.

Then there was Annie, who had never really been on Sarah’s radar before. She was just a girl in their class, someone to ignore or not depending on how she was feeling. However, it was Annie who had had the gall to call Sarah out over the way she was treating Liz, and Sarah wasn’t the type to let insults lie. Annie was also still fully dressed, unlike Sarah.

Her eyes moved back and forth from girl to girl. Who should she choose? It’s too bad she couldn’t make ALL of them suffer…

The idea came to her suddenly. “Ryan, could I ask a favor before I choose?”

Ryan, surprised, replied, “You can ask…I’m not promising anything.”

“Could you have all the girls bare their asses for us? I want to see who is the reddest right now before I make a decision.”

Ryan grinned. “You want me to have three hot girls drop their pants for you? Not a problem!” He gestured to the girls. “You heard her. Line up, and if you are wearing them, pull down your shorts and underwear so we can see your butt’s condition.” Reluctantly, the three lined up and turned away, cheeks out.

Cassie was already naked, so she didn’t have anything to take off. Her butt, while having been blistered by the brush earlier that night, was only moderately marked, with only a bruise or two from her first big spanking.

Jessica had already been naked as well, and when she slid her shorts and underwear down, it was Ryan’s second good look at her tight backside. She wasn’t as concerned about the bare butt as she was about Sarah wanting payback, and she knew she must be pretty red after her previous spanking. She was right about that - the spot Ryan had hammered at the base of her left cheek was a blotchy red that made it clear she wasn’t going to sit comfortably for a day or two. Not that that would stop Sarah from choosing me anyway - if anything, she’s going to pick me just because I’ll get it worse. Maybe I can convince Ryan to stay off that one cheek–but then, if he uses that brush and only goes after the other side…fuck. Either way, I’m gonna be on my stomach for the weekend for sure. I’ll be lucky if I’m not crying like a five year old, too, and you can bet Sarah will make sure everyone hears about THAT.

“Annie, we’re waiting…” Sarah said impatiently, cutting through Jessica’s thoughts.

The tall girl was standing in line with the other two, but she had yet to raise her nightshirt. Ryan had already seen her underwear, and while she wasn’t keen on showing it to him again, it was actually dropping the panties that was freaking her out. The thought of a boy seeing her naked, even if it was just her butt, was horrifying, and she stood there trying to convince herself it was a bad dream.

Sarah, however, was having none of it. “Fine,” she said. “I think I’ll choose Annie, since she clearly doesn’t think that she has to play by the same rules the rest of us do. Now you can drop your pants for a good reason. You think I’m being a bitch about this? Easy for you to say when you aren’t naked. Let’s see how you like being on display!”

Inside his head, Ryan was swearing up a blue streak. None of this should have happened! Damn it, Liz, you were supposed to win this game, and now I’m going to have to give Annie a hairbrush spanking, and she was NEVER supposed to be here! If there was any chance she’d be interested in me, it’s going right out the door with that hairbrush. He scowled at Sarah. I’m going to make sure you get a little extra before this is over, too.

Annie had turned around, a look of dismay on her face. Liz looked stricken by the turn of events. The freckled girl tried to reassure her friend, putting on a weak smile. “It’s ok, Liz,” she said. “I’ve gotten way lucky compared to the rest of the group, and it was bound to be my turn sooner or later, right? Besides, I’ve got a volleyball butt, right? The brush will probably break on it.”

“Atta girl!” Jessica cheered. “You’ve got this!”

“Superbutt!” Cassie laughed. “Impervious to mere spankings!”

Annie looked at Ryan. “Where do you want me?”

Oh, so many ways I could answer that…. Ryan took her hand and guided her over to the sofa, picking up the hairbrush again on the way. He sat down, then gave a gentle tug on her arm to indicate she should go over his lap.

“Watch out for sharp objects, Annie!” Cassie said with a grin. Liz burst into a fit of coughing, and even Sarah couldn’t help cracking a smile.

Annie turned bright red as she lay herself over Ryan’s legs. The joke was embarrassing enough, but she quickly discovered that Cassie wasn’t kidding! That HAD to be Ryan poking into her…she let out a gasp as he put a hand firmly on her backside and pushed her forward to get her bottom right where he wanted it. Omigod! she thought, letting out a squeak! Omigod!

What she had assumed was Ryan’s erection was no longer poking her at the waist. Rather, in her new position, it was squarely between the top of her thighs, and she could feel the tip pressing dangerously close to her own slit. Her nightshirt had ridden up when he slid her forward, and only her underwear and his were separating them at that most intimate junction! Annie had no time to do anything, even protest, however, because she felt Ryan’s fingers slip into the waist of the red and white panties. This time the “OMIGOD!” was out loud, and Annie tried desperately to reach back and stop the descent of her final line of modesty, but Ryan already had her undies halfway down her butt cheeks, and he was easily able to pull her hand out of his way with his own at the awkward angle she was fighting. Her face turned even redder as she felt her cheeks exposed, and she was certain she could feel his eyes on her–the first boy to see her bare since she was a toddler. Her freckled skin rippled as she clenched her bottom in embarrassment, well-defined glutes and thighs on display.

Ryan could barely believe his luck. He already had thought Annie was a beautiful girl, but the bare butt in front of him was so well-toned and sculpted that she could have sworn it was a statue come to life. He couldn’t help himself. He put his hand on that magnificent backside and gently rubbed from the top down to the thigh and back up again, careful to keep fingers away from the dark reaches between her legs. It was the most unbelievable combination of warm and soft and firm and taut that he had ever experienced, and he kept rubbing for a moment or two, oblivious to Annie’s whimpers of embarrassment at being openly fondled by her friend’s brother.

“Earth to Ryan!” Liz whacked him on the head again, getting his attention. “Groping is NOT part of the deal! Get on with the brush or let the girl up!”

Annie, at that moment, would have been happy to tell Liz keep her mouth shut. She didn’t like the groping–the soft, warm caress, the firm but gentle hand that was coming oh-so-close to touching her where she desperately didn’t want to be touched, she didn’t, didn’t want his hand to slide between her legs, didn’t want his hand to find her there, to stroke her there, didn’t want that at all, no–but it was absolutely preferable to the hairbrush that would surely follow!

Both Ryan and Annie sighed as Ryan took his hand away from her backside. The teen was too distracted to see his other hand rising with the hairbrush, but her attention was directed quickly to where it landed with a loud “SMACK!”

Annie gasped at the sting. Ten of these? she thought. I’ll never…

CRACK!

“OWWW!” Annie yelped, the second blow landing in a starburst of stinging pain. “Ryaaaaaan!”

WHAP!

“AHHH!” Another one, and Annie could feel her skin burning. She wanted to reach back and rub the stinging skin, but she told herself to keep her hands on the floor. Don’t be a baby! she thought angrily. It’s a few swats! You could be standing there naked like Cassie or Liz!

WHACK!

“AIEEEEE!” This time, Annie’s squeal rose in pitch as the fir in her bottom grew hotter. This couldn’t keep going, could it? Surely at some point her bottom would just stop feeling any more, the nerve endings giving up entirely.

SMACK!

“PLEASE!!! OH!!!” Annie felt tears forming at the corners of her eyes. She kicked frantically, heedless of the impact on her modesty or on her underwear, which began an intermittent descent down her legs as she thrashed.

“Fuck, that’s red! Does my ass look like that?” Liz whispered to Jessica.

“Worse!” her friend replied.

After two more swats, tears were flowing freely, and Annie’s panties were hanging from one kicking leg by the ankle. Ryan delivered the final three swats as a quick burst, and with a howl, Annie’s feet kicked wildly, sending the panties across the room.

Ryan began once again gently rubbing Annie’s bottom, letting the girl catch her breath as her tears became sobs. Jessica brought her a washcloth, and Ryan let the redhead up so she could take the cloth and wipe her face. “Oh, that HURT!” she said mournfully as she dried her tears. “I can’t believe how much it hurt!”

“Um, Annie, you may want these,” Cassie said awkwardly. She held out Annie’s underwear.

Annie looked at the cloth, then looked down, realization dawning that she was not wearing anything below the waist. She let out another “OH!” and spun away from Ryan, pulling on the underwear as quickly as she could, then letting out another squeal of pain as her hands grazed the fiery nethers of her hiney.

Ryan sadly watched those perfect cheeks disappear, the horizon of her underwear rising to meet the two burning globes like the world’s oddest sunset. Annie quickly tugged her nightshirt down again, doing her best to look away from everyone in the room at once. He sighed. Well, that’s that, I guess. He clapped his hands twice. “OK, ladies, punishments have been given. We’re now down to two people clothed.”

“So once the final loser is determined,” Sarah asked, “that’s the end of this?”

“Sort of,” Ryan confirmed.

“What do you mean, ‘sort of’?” Jessica said, confused.

“I mean that once we have a final loser, we’re done, but we aren’t ready to do that yet,’ Ryan replied.

“But there’s only two of us left with clothing!” Jessica said.

“I told you up front that we were going to play five games. We’ve played two. Two is not five. Three is not five. We have three more games to play before you guys are free,” Ryan explained, a smile on his face. “I guess since nudity is already the state for most of you, we’re going to need some other possible punishments for the losers.”

The girls moaned. The night, they realized, was far from over.