Ali's Babysitting Job

Cheryl

Ali was a little nervous, but trying to display an air of confidence as she

rang the doorbell of Mr. and Dr. Smith. She had met Dr. Smith, Alexandra, at

the emergency room. She had sprained her ankle at a track meet last year, and

because it was a school event, they had to send her to the hospital to avoid a

potential lawsuit. Dr. Smith had gotten her chart and walked in to the exam

room.

“You live on Maple? You’re only a block away from my house! Do I know your

parents?”

It turned out that Mr. Smith, Robert, did know her parents. They were

friendly, but not friends. Ali’s mom, Susan, would often bump into Robert

Smith on morning jogs. It seems that they both preferred jogging in the early

morning hours, before the sun could heat up the day.

Two weeks later, on just such a run, Robert asked Susan if Ali ever did any

babysitting. Ali was excited to earn some extra spending money. The houses

over on Elm Street were bigger, and most had in ground swimming pools and

really nice cars out front.

Not that her parents were poor. They lived in a nice neighborhood with old

trees and sizeable homes, but the difference that only a quarter mile made in

the property values was noticeable. The Smiths paid Ali well for her

babysitting services, and she enjoyed having the extra money.

It was the kids that she had problems with. Matthew and Michael were twins,

twelve years old, and didn’t think they needed a babysitter. They were too old

for that. Especially since Ali was only seventeen. Only five years older.

Five years makes a pretty big difference at that age, though. But it was still

only five years. Ali had trouble herself with the idea. She could remember

being twelve herself, and remembered the feeling of frustration she’d felt at

being that age. Of being old enough to feel like she was growing up, but to be

treated like a child.

So the boys were not nice to Ali. Alberta. She hated that name. The boys had

gone through her purse and found her drivers license on her first time

babysitting. They insisted on calling her “Alberta”. She always thought of

someone’s grandma. A fat, old lady who smelled like ointment and cat pee.

Alberta was not the name of a perky, in-shape seventeen year old girl who

could run a 6:27 mile. Ali was a fun name, fitting of her five foot three

inch, 102 pound frame. Alberta was an unfortunate moniker that her parents had

saddled her with, and it was the weapon that the boys used to torture her.

And how could she complain? “The boys keep calling me Alberta! Make them

stop!”

What kind of respect would she command with the Smiths then? She’d never be

trusted to babysit again. The one in charge, the “adult”, entrusted to provide

for the safety and care of their children, whining about being called

“Alberta”.

It was almost laughable.

The boys knew that it got to her, though.

She tried to be a cool babysitter. She didn’t call it that. She would say “I’m

just here to watch the house, make sure nothing happens. You boys are old

enough that you don’t need a babysitter.”

“So go home. You can watch the house from a distance.”

She wasn’t a dumb girl. She got B’s, a few A’s on her report card. But these

boys, five years her junior, seemed to be smarter. They could twist her words.

They would insult her without seeming to. They would find her weaknesses and

attack. But it was never anything she could bust them on. Like the name. How

could she complain? Like watching the house. It was her own words. How could

she tell on them?

And so she was nervous as she arrived. The Smiths were trusting her to watch

the house and the kids over night. They were going to a fundraising event for

the hospital that was being held downtown, in the City, and were staying in a

hotel overnight. She’d been there past midnight before, but never overnight.

She was responsible for dinner, getting them to bed, and for breakfast. It was

a big step, and showed a lot of trust on the part of the Smith’s. She didn’t

want to let them down.

Dr. Smith looked stunning in a black cocktail dress and heels. Her jewelry was

elegant and understated; a string of pearls, pearl earrings, a diamond tennis

bracelet, and her wedding ring. Mr. Smith looked very attractive in his

tuxedo. Ali blushed slightly as he greeted her at the door, smiling his

dimpled, boyish smile at her. He was the first older man she’d ever found

attractive. It was weird. He was her dad’s age, and he was… old. This guy was

so young, so handsome. And he treated Ali like an equal, not like a kid.

In no time, the Smith’s were gone, and Ali was in the family room, watching

the boys playing their PS3. Some war game with really loud explosions blaring

through the surround sound stereo system. She wanted them to turn it down, but

said nothing. She wanted to be cool. A cool chick wouldn’t make them turn it

down.

At about 6:30 she asked them if they were ready for dinner. Mr. Smith had left

$20 on the kitchen counter for pizza, so she ordered from a local delivery

place, and then set the table.

After she had finished cleaning up the dinner dishes, the boys wanted to go

swimming.

“You should wait another half hour.” She replied. She’d been told as a kid not

to go swimming for an hour after you eat. She didn’t know why, but she didn’t

want the kids to suddenly cramp up or something, so she imposed the same rule.

They complained, and pressed her for a reason. She made up something that

sounded plausible to her. “If you go swimming too soon after you eat, you’ll

get stomach cramps. I don’t want to have to hear you whining all night.” She

said it with a smile, and she made it clear that she was joking about that

last part.

But once again, the boys were smarter. “That’s an old story to scare kids.

When you eat, the heart pumps a lot of blood to the stomach muscles to help

digestion. If you start to exercise too much, blood is rerouted to the other

muscles, and slight cramps can be felt in the stomach. If we’re just swimming

around, it’s not enough physical exercise to cause that. We’d have to be doing

laps or something.”

She didn’t know enough about the digestive process or exercise physiology to

counter that argument. Because she was using logic with them, and their logic

was more sound, she had lost. She tried to argue further, but to no avail.

So the boys quickly changed into their trunks and hit the pool as Ali set

herself in a lounge chair, catching some evening sun.

“Why don’t you swim with us?” called Matthew. Maybe it was Michael.

“I didn’t bring a bathing suit.” She replied.

“You can wear one of mom’s.” The other one answered this time.

“I don’t think I should.”

“Bullshit. I’ll grab you one!” Michael – she was almost sure it was Michael –

was out of the pool and off like a shot, dripping water through the house as

he ran to his parents’ bedroom.

“Don’t use language like that!” she admonished. It was all she could think to

say.

That was her mistake of the moment. She wasn’t forceful. She didn’t just say

“no”. She left the door open. She never said she didn’t want to swim. She

never said that she wouldn’t swim. Only that she didn’t have a suit. And when

he offered to get her one, when he actually went to get her one, she didn’t

stop him.

He was back in less than a minute, a white bikini in hand. It looked to be

about her size. Dr. Smith was easily a size 6, while Ali was a size 3, but the

suit looked like it would fit. She scanned the inside for a label. None to be

found.

“I don’t know, boys.” She said tentatively. It was a warm day, and the pool

did look inviting. She was starting to cave.

“Come on, Alberta!” They said in unison.

Resigned, unable to argue otherwise, she stood and went into the house. She

wiped up the floor where Michael had dripped water, and then went into the

bathroom to change. She peeled off her t-shirt and bra, folding them neatly

and placing them on the counter. She put the bikini top on. It was a little

large, her B cups not quite filling out what was likely a C cup top, but it

wasn’t too bad. The bikini tied in the back and around the neck, so she was

able to pull it tight and adjust it to preserve her modesty.

Next she peeled down her shorts and panties together, pulling them off of her

bare feet. She looked at herself briefly in the mirror. She had recently

shaved her bikini area, thankfully, and her light colored pubic hair was

trimmed into a neat, small triangle just above her vagina. She pulled the

bikini bottoms on, and they fit well. Looking at herself again in the mirror,

she decided that she didn’t look too bad at all. Her tanned skin contrasted

nicely against the white bikini, and her blonde hair, pulled back in a pony

tail, fell just below her shoulders, creating a cute look. Her stomach was

flat and toned, and her legs weren’t bad at all, especially tan. Thankfully,

her own bikini was smaller, so only on her shoulders did she have visible tan

lines, where the cuts of the two suits were different.

She smiled, picked up her shorts and folded them just as neatly as she had

done with her t-shirt, and carried her clothes into the kitchen.

She opened the French doors into the back yard and stepped outside. She turned

toward the pool and it hit her quickly – the boys were nowhere to be seen.

“Michael! Matthew! Where are you boys?” she called.

No reply. Their towels were there on the lounge chairs. Fearing the worst, she

ran to the edge of the pool. They weren’t drown, laying lifeless on the

bottom. Where were they?

A noise behind her. She turned to see them inside. They were dressed now, back

in their shorts and t-shirts, giggling madly. She ran to the door, but it was

locked. Michael stood by the door, taunting her.

“Let me in, you little brat!” she said, laughing along with their joke in

hopes of keeping this from turning ugly. She could imagine herself being

locked out all night long.

He danced around in front of the door, playfully going for the lock, then

backing away. Ali kept laughing and smiling, threatening empty threats. “I’m

going to get you when I get inside! Ohhh… I’m so going to get you!”

After a minute, Matthew appeared and they unlocked the door, as if nothing had

happened. Tentatively, nervously, she stepped inside.

She quickly scanned the kitchen. Nothing was out of place. No mess. No fire.

The family room, which she could see from the door. Nothing wrong there. TV

still turned off. Cushions on the floor, just where they had left them after

playing video games.

Ali's Babysitting job 2

“What are you little stinkers up to?” She asked, still laughing.

They took off running. Giggling, they ran down the hall, up the stairs, and

into their room. She chased after them. They didn’t try to close the door.

They let her chase them into their room. She skidded to a halt just inside the

door, still laughing. Still trying to figure out what they were up to. This

was not like them, to be playful. Where were they?

Four hands grabbed at the ties of her bikini top, and she screamed, dropping

to the ground, her hands and knees covering her chest as her top was pulled

from her.

“What are you doing?!” She yelled as the boys retreated, waiving the bikini

top like a victory flag.

They stood, waiting for her to calm down. When she finally stopped yelling,

Michael spoke. “We’re too old to have a baby sitter. And we’re smarter than

you are. You get paid to come over here and do nothing, so we’re going to have

some fun with you.”

She yelled some more. They stood silently, watching her. Finally, she calmed

down again, seething with anger.

“Your clothes are gone from the kitchen. You can’t have them back unless you

do what we tell you to do.”

Indignantly, Ali rose, keeping her hands and arms plastered firmly to her

chest, and stormed from the room. They didn’t follow. That was good, anyway.

Back in the kitchen she found that her clothes were indeed gone. A brief

search of the kitchen and family room proved that they were well hidden. She

was a little surprised that the boys weren’t following her, and quite thankful

for it. She picked up a cushion from the floor, using it to cover her upper

body, and ran back up the stairs, this time heading for Dr. and Mr. Smith’s

bedroom.

Locked.

Hallway bathroom. Locked. Guest bedroom. Locked. Laundry room. Locked.

She stood in the hallway flooded with indecision. Downstairs was only the

formal living room, dining room, kitchen and family room. She couldn’t go

outside. The basement was a large rec room with pinball machines, dart boards,

a bar, and a play room for the boys toys, but there would be no clothes to be

found there.

“Give me back my clothes!” She shouted in the direction of the boys’ room.

Silence. Slowly, clutching the cushion in front of her, she meekly stepped

back into their room. They were both sitting on the bottom bunk, smiling. Her

bikini top was nowhere in sight.

“I’m going to tell your parents about this, and you’ll be in big trouble!” She

threatened.

“Our parents won’t believe you.” Responded Michael. “We’ve set it up

perfectly. That’s your bikini, not my moms. Hers wouldn’t fit you. We didn’t

give it to you, you brought it yourself. And you didn’t bring the top. If you

did, where is it?”

“It’s somewhere! It has to be!” She shouted, panic evident in her voice.

“No one will ever find it, and your clothes are all nice and neatly folded…

somewhere. When our parents see where they are, they will know that you did

this on purpose. That you wanted to.” Matthew was taunting her now. Both of

them were speaking in irritatingly calm voices.

“What do you want? Why are you doing this to me?” More panic in her voice now,

almost pleading.

Matthew answered. “We just want you to do whatever we tell you to do for half

an hour. Then we’ll give you your clothes back and we’ll behave.”

“But why are you doing this to me?” She begged.

They looked at each other, slight grins across their adolescent faces. “You’re

really cute.” Michael replied simply, shrugging and blushing slightly.

She felt her anger ebb, but only slightly. It was kind of cute. But still

outrageous. She decided to stall.

“What do you want me to do?”

Matthew answered this time. “Are you going to do it? Listen to us for half an

hour?”

She felt her face flush. There had to be a way out of this. “What kind of

things do you want me to do? Half an hour is a long time.”

Michael and Matthew looked at each other, unsure of how much to tell her.

“Nothing bad.” Matthew finally answered. “We just want to look.”

“Look at what?!” A little more nervousness evident in her voice now.

Michael reached under his bed and pulled out a magazine. An old issue of

Penthouse. She blushed fiercely, realizing what they wanted. She had known,

but was in denial. Now she could no longer lie to herself.

“Your parents will believe me.” She said, pleading. “You can’t make me do

this.”

“Our parents will be home tomorrow morning. You can try to explain it to them

when the get here. Maybe we’ll be in trouble, and maybe they’ll believe us.

Maybe we’ve set it up perfectly so it’ll look like you just brought your

bikini bottoms with no top, and like you were running around the house half

naked all night. Because if you don’t do what we say, for half an hour, then

you’ll be holding a couch cushion all night until our parents get home.”

Matthew’s voice was maddeningly calm. She wanted to scream. She wanted him to

be irrational. To be emotional. To be nervous. But he was calm, confident, and

definitely in charge. So was Michael. What little air of self assuredness she

may have had was being sucked away.

“They’ll have to believe me!” she said. It was more a question than a statement.

“Maybe they will. Of course, you could have gotten to your clothes. You could

have put on a towel. You could have taken something of our mom’s to put on.”

“The doors are locked! I can’t get anything!”

“The doors lock from the inside. You’ll find that when my parents try the

doors, they’ll be open. Never locked.” It was like talking to HAL from 2001: A

Space Odyssey. Both of their voices were just so calm; so self-assured. It was

shaking her confidence.

Once again, she turned and ran from the room, still clutching the couch

cushion to her chest. She tried all the doors again. They were still locked.

She searched the first floor. Nothing to wear. Not even a table cloth to make

into a toga. The cushion still her best option. Only a small hand towel in the

first floor powder room. Nothing in the basement rec room, as she feared.

Another hand towel behind the bar. A smaller hand cloth in the powder room

down there. No sign of her clothes.

The phone! She would call one of her friends! Sara would bring her something

to wear!

She dashed back to the kitchen. Her purse was gone, too! Where was it! Her

cell phone is in her purse!

The kitchen phone. She picked up the handset. Pressed “Talk”.

“Hello, Alberta. Are you ready to play with us?” It was the speaker phone in

the boys’ bedroom.

She threw the phone down on the counter. The little brats. The little

bastards. It was fear now. Fear and frustration. She couldn’t even get angry

any more.

She sat on the couch, expecting to cry, but the tears wouldn’t come. The house

was silent. She felt alone. After a few moments, she forced herself to stop

feeling sorry for herself. What could she do? She had tried everything she

could think of. She couldn’t force her way into any of the rooms. There were

no clothes to be found. She couldn’t leave. She couldn’t call anyone for help.

And she couldn’t sit here on the couch, clutching a cushion to her chest all night.

She stood, steeled her resolve, and slowly walked to the kitchen. She picked

up the phone. Pressed Talk. No sound. No dial tone.

“What do you want me to do?” She said meekly into the phone.

“Put the cushion back on the couch. Stand in the middle of the family room

with your hands at your sides, facing the kitchen. We’ll come down. If you’re

covering yourself, the deal is off. If we tell you to do something, you do it.

No hesitation, no question. If you don’t, the deal is off. Do you agree?”

“No touching me!” she pleaded into the phone.

“No touching.” He agreed. She couldn’t tell who was speaking.

Silence.

“Do you agree?” he asked again.

She swallowed hard. She couldn’t find her voice. Finally, weakly, she croaked

the answer. “Yes.”

Ali's Babysitting job 3

Mike and Matt couldn’t believe it was actually working! It was going better

than they had planned. Their parents had hosted a party for some of the people

at the hospital, and one of the nurses left her bikini behind. Mike had hidden

it in his bedroom and the brothers had hatched a plan to hopefully see their

hot babysitter’s boobs. They had set up the elaborate plan, nervous and scared

that it would not work. Terrified that they would get busted. But they had

mapped it carefully, and felt reasonably safe that they could avoid trouble.

And it would be worth it if it worked.

And it was working better than they had planned! They never guessed that their

babysitter would be this gullible. She had fallen for everything! They never

expected her to actually put on the bikini. But she fell for it! It was too

easy! While she was changing, they had run inside and quickly put their

clothes back on. They didn’t want to be in their wet bathing suits for the

hard part. The waiting game. They locked all of the doors on the second floor.

They had the key hidden in their room. They could unlock them all later.

She deposited her clothes on the kitchen counter, right next to her purse. She

was so hot in that little white bikini. This was going to be awesome. It was

already worth the risk, just seeing her wearing that! She walked outside, and

Mike locked the door while Matt took her clothes and her purse. He ran out the

front door, and placed them on the passenger seat of her car. He left the car

unlocked, her keys in her purse, right there.

He snuck back inside. Mike was taunting her playfully, keeping her thinking it

was just a game. Just like the plan. They unlocked the door and darted up to

their room. She followed, just like they figured she would. She had no reason

not to believe that they were just playing. People don’t notice things unless

they’re looking for them. She wouldn’t notice that her clothes were gone yet.

She followed. They were faster. They couldn’t believe their luck. Their hot

babysitter was running around the house in a little white bikini. They

couldn’t believe they were actually going to do it. She walked into their

room. They were hiding behind the door. She passed them. They snuck out. Mike

grabbed the strings in the center of her back, and Matt grabbed the ones by

her neck. One quick tug and the top was off. Completely off.

She freaked out. She was mad. They thought it was over for sure… she was going

to kick their ass. She yelled at them for a while, but they could tell she was

scared, unsure. Mike had summoned up the courage to actually talk to her. To

tell her they wanted to have fun with her. That was ballsy. Matt couldn’t

believe his brother for a minute.

She left. They figured she’s leave. She was going to try all of the doors. Did

they lock them all? They were nervous for a minute. But she didn’t. She went

downstairs. They were nervous. Mike picked up the phone. What if she called

for help? He listened to the dial tone for almost a minute. Then the

irritating beeps. Then silence. He put it on speaker phone and cradled the

handset.

Matt had gone to the top of the stairs to listen. She was wandering around the

house. She was coming! He quietly but quickly ran back to the bedroom. He sat

next to his brother. She didn’t come into the bedroom. She tried all of the

doors. Then nothing, for almost a minute.

“Give me back my clothes!” She shouted. She sounded scared. Not mad. That was

good, right?

“Should we say anything?” whispered Matt.

“Shhh!” admonished Mike. “She’ll come in here.”

And she did. She had a couch cushion clutched to her chest. They hadn’t

thought of that. But it would have been a give away if they’d stripped all of

the cushions off of the furniture. This was going to work. She wasn’t as mad

any more. She was listening to them. They were in charge. It was working!

She left again. She went back downstairs. What was she doing? Matt was at the

top of the stairs again, listening. She wandered from room to room. She went

down to the basement. She came back up. Is she in the kitchen? Click – a noise

on the phone.

Mike was almost laughing. “Hello, Alberta. Are you ready to play with us?” She

really hated it when they called her Alberta. She hung up on them.

More waiting. What was she doing? Crap. Was this really going to work? They

were in too deep, now. If this didn’t work…

Click. The phone again.

They stared at each other. What was she going to say… silence. And then…

“What do you want me to do?”

They almost cheered out loud. Her voice was completely defeated. She was going

to do it! It was going to work!

“Put the cushion back on the couch. Stand in the middle of the family room

with your hands at your sides, facing the kitchen. We’ll come down. If you’re

covering yourself, the deal is off. If we tell you to do something, you do it.

No hesitation, no question. If you don’t, the deal is off. Do you agree?” Mike

could barely get the words out. He was trying to speak evenly, calmly, but he

was positively bursting. This was better than they had dreamed!

“No touching me!” she sounded scared.

Mike agreed. “No touching.” They didn’t want to hurt her. They just wanted to

see a naked girl. She was afraid they were going to rape her. They hadn’t

thought of that. Mike almost felt bad. Almost.

She didn’t reply. She didn’t say anything. Matt was staring at Mike as if to

say “What now?”

Mike broke the silence first. “Do you agree?”

More silence. Then she answered, barely above a whisper. “Yes.”

Click. She hung up the phone.

Now what? Mike picked up the handset again. He could hang up once they were

downstairs and could make sure she couldn’t call anyone. That way, if their

parents called, the phone wouldn’t be busy.

“Holy shit, dude! I can’t believe this is working!”

“I know!”

The brothers stood and almost skipped downstairs.

Ali's Babysitting job 4

Ali hung up the phone and abandoned it on the counter. She walked to the

family room and stood in the middle, facing the kitchen. How could she throw

away the cushion? How could she keep her hands at her sides, exposing herself

like that? She’d only had one boyfriend, and even he’d never seen her boobs.

He touched them once, over her bra. She got scared and stopped it. Now these

boys wanted to see… Oh, God. How could she go through with this?

She heard them coming. They were bounding down the stairs. What does “the deal

is off” mean? Would they leave her in the bikini bottoms all night? Would they

make up some lie to their parents about her? They were smarter than her. They

could probably do it. They could frame her. Their parents would think she was

some little slut who pranced around the house half naked all night in front of

their two twelve year old sons.

They were coming. They were at the bottom of the stairs now.

She closed her eyes. She tossed the cushion away just as they rounded the

corner. She heard them stop. She heard them gasp. She couldn’t force her eyes

open. The hard part was over. They’d seen her now.

“Open your eyes.”

His voice was close. A lot closer than she expected. She’d heard them stop

when they entered the kitchen from the front hallway. They had walked right up

to her and she hadn’t heard them. She opened her eyes. They were both standing

right there, two feet from her, staring at her body with silly grins on their

faces. Michael had the magazine in his hand.

“So now what?” she asked, blushing furiously.

Michael handed her the magazine. “You have to do ever pose that the centerfold

does. There are 27 pictures.”

She blushed. Was she really doing this? Was this really happening? She glanced

at the magazine. The centerfold was naked. Completely naked. In some of the

other pictures she was wearing, or kind of wearing, a dress. And high-heeled

platform shoes. And a silky scarf. What did they expect from her?

“What do you mean? I can’t do this!”

“Just stand like her, and lay on the floor like her.” Said Michael. He was

still calm, still in control, still confident, but his voice was anxious;

excited.

She was getting more nervous. She wanted desperately to cover her chest. She

was fighting herself every moment not to run away. She flipped the pages until

she got to the first picture. The girl was wearing the dress, shoes and scarf.

She was showing nothing. She stood in a sexy pose, looking slightly over her

shoulder to the camera just off to the side, and slightly behind her.

Ali adopted that pose as closely as she could mimic it. The boys didn’t

correct her. Matthew picked up the magazine and compared. “You’re cuter, and

it’s nicer when you’re topless.” He said, laughing a bit. Michael agreed.

Ali blushed furiously. The boys directed her through the next few poses, going

in order with the magazine. Small, inset pictures all on the same two facing

pages. The girl in the magazine, Amber, was now topless, the dress bunched

around her waist. Then they turned the page. She was lifting the dress,

showing her pussy. Michael held the magazine out to her, to show her the

picture.

Ali put her hands in the position that Amber was in, leaning back on the

couch, and looked pleadingly at the boys. They wouldn’t really expect her to

take the bikini bottoms off, would they?

“She’s not wearing anything under the dress, and we can see her… you know.”

Michael said, a little nervously.

They would. She figured, she knew that it would come to this. She hadn’t been

too successful in fooling herself that it wouldn’t happen. She was already

resigned to it. That didn’t make it easier. She needed a minute. She took the

magazine. The rest of the pictures from here forward showed Amber naked. She

had a scarf and those shoes, but no dress. And the way she was spreading her

legs! She had her fingers in there! How could Ali have missed that earlier?

How could she do that in front of the boys?

“Can’t we just stop now? Please?” she begged.

They weren’t letting her off the hook.

Ali's Babysitting job 5

They didn’t know what to expect, but when they rounded the corner into the

kitchen, it was better than either had imagined. She was perfect. The whiter

skin of her breasts contrasted against the darker tan, with faint, thin lines

showing where her bikini straps had covered her, going to the shoulders and

disappearing around her neck. Her nipples were small in circumference, and

darker than the rest of her skin. They looked like they were erect. Her

stomach was flat and tan, but looked so much more sexy now, with her breasts

bared above it. Everything about her looked sexier. Her face was blushing, but

it was a sexy blush. Even her hair looked cuter. And she didn’t try to cover

up. She just stood there. They walked slowly up to her. Her eyes were closed

tightly, scrunching her face.

“Open your eyes.” Said Mike.

She looked surprised to see them that close. They explained it to her. She

didn’t fight. She didn’t argue. Not much, anyway. Then she did it. She posed

just like the girl in the magazine. She was doing it!

Matt actually told her that she was cute. After the first few poses came the

moment of truth. The first pose that showed pussy. Would she take her bottoms

off? They never really expected it to go this far. Never really expected that

she’d just stand there with her top off. They didn’t know what to expect, but

they knew that being calm, confident and acting like they were in charge had

worked so far.

“She’s not wearing anything under the dress, and we can see her… you know.”

Said Mike, trying to sound confident but not quite pulling it off.

“Can’t we just stop now? Please?”

Matt stepped in. “You said you’d play fair. The rules were that if we told you

to do something, you’d do it. You said you wouldn’t hesitate or question us.”

He tried his best to sound angry.

It worked. Neither of the boys could believe it was this easy! She was

blushing, and she looked absolutely mortified, but she slowly bent down and

slid her bikini bottoms down. She kept herself covered with her hands, and

kicked them off her feet. She was completely, totally naked!

Matt held out the picture again. She closed her eyes briefly, then moved her

hands. She was posing naked! They could just see a little bit of the slit of

her pussy, but her legs were pressed firmly together. The hair above it was

light brown, the same color as her eyebrows, and just a shade darker than the

hair on her head. It was saved into a V shape, not even a triangle like the

girl in the magazine. The hair started just above the slit, and went up and

out. Each “leg” of the V was about 1/8 inch wide, and about an inch and a half

long, so at the top there was a good inch of skin between the two angled

strips of hair.

The next picture showed Amber from behind, standing, her legs spread. They

silently showed Ali the picture, and without words she turned around and bent

over, mimicking the pose. They could see everything. Her butt was even cuter

than in her shorts or bikini bottoms. And they could see her pussy. Oh, my

God. It was incredible.

In near silence they continued. Matt and Mike unbelieving of their good

fortune, showing pictures that were more and more degrading, providing more

and more exposure, and Ali, blushing and unbelieving, adopting them, one after

the other, trying not to think of how much of herself she was showing these

boys.

Finally they got to the centerfold picture. Amber is laying on her back, her

left hand caressing her left breast, her right hand lewdly spreading her pussy

open. Her legs are bent at the knees, and falling outward, away from each

other, opening her crotch to the camera even more.

Ali, taking a deep breath and reminding herself that it was almost over,

copied the pose. She felt her whole body heat up with a flush of

embarrassment. The boys were spellbound. She felt moisture on her fingers.

Moisture from inside of her. Her body was reacting, against her will. Could

the boys tell? Did they know? It seemed to intensify as she thought about it.

After almost a minute, she broke the pose, standing.

“I’m done. I did all of the poses. Now where are my clothes?” She demanded.

“We agreed on half an hour. We expected it to take longer. It’s only been…”

Mike turned to look at the kitchen clock. “… twenty-four minutes. You still

have six minutes to go.”

She looked pleadingly back and forth between their faces. Neither appeared

willing to budge.

“What else do you want from me?” She begged.

Mike took the magazine from Matt and flipped to another pictorial. This one

was much more raunchy. There were two girls, and they were both masturbating

with a dildo.

“No way!” shouted Ali.

“I didn’t say anything yet!” Replied Mike, laughing.

He flipped around the magazine some more. There was a good one. He showed her

the page.

Blushing, Ali adopted the pose. Kneeling on the floor, legs spread wide,

laying back so that her butt was over her feet, and her shoulders were on the

floor. Hands in her hair.

Another minute.

They had her repeat a couple of their favorite poses. She was watching the

clock.

“Okay. It’s been half an hour. We’re done. Now give me my clothes back.” She

demanded.

“Go up to our room and wait for us. We’ll bring them up in a minute.”

What choice did she have? She felt their eyes on her butt as she walked away,

ducking down when she passed the front window, and running up the stairs two

at a time.

Mike stood guard at the bottom of the stairs while Matt silently went out to

her car and retrieved her purse and her clothes. For the first time, they

inspected them. “Too bad it’s not a thong!” said Matt, holding her panties up

to show Mike.

“Do you think we could get her to not wear her bra or underwear?” asked Mike,

smiling.

+++++

Ali, meanwhile, was confused by her feelings. Why was she getting turned on?

Did she really like this? The more she thought about those boys looking at

her, the more aroused she became. She couldn’t explain these feelings to

herself. It didn’t make sense. But sometimes, things don’t always make sense.

She made a decision.

Ali's Babysitting job 6

Up in their room they found Ali sitting demurely on the edge of the bottom

bunk. Her legs were closed, hiding her charms from their view, but she made no

effort to cover her chest. Her body was slightly flushed.

“I didn’t think you’d give me my clothes back.” She said as they walked in,

Michael carrying the stack of clothes and her purse, Matt holding the

magazine. He dropped to his knees and slid the magazine under the bed, then

addressed her.

“You held up your end of the bargain. Why wouldn’t we?”

“I didn’t mean…” she said, slightly abashed. “I just assumed…”

“You are really hot.” Confessed Mike, still standing in the doorway holding

her clothes. “I’m not really happy about giving these back to you.”

She didn’t respond, but her blush grew a bit darker. She made no movement.

“You know,” started Matthew, “we told her she could get dressed when she was

done, but we never did say HOW dressed.”

“You’re right.” Said Michael, smiling at his brother.

Ali interrupted them. “What if we just play some games in your room until

bedtime. THEN can I have my clothes back when you go to bed?”

The boys looked at each other, stunned.

“Okay…” Replied Matthew finally.

Ali sighed deeply. “I guessed you were up to something like this. Oh, well. I

know when I’m beaten!”

She stood, unashamed and making no attempt to cover herself, and walked to

their game closet. “So what do you want to play?”

+++++

She let the boys stay up an hour past their normal bedtime that night. She

allowed them to watch her dress from their beds, their teeth already brushed

and pajamas on. The next morning, over breakfast, while waiting for their

parents to come home, she said “Next time I come over, maybe I can actually

get in the pool, huh?” Then, winking at them she added in a whisper “but I’m

such a scatterbrain, I’ll probably forget to bring a suit.”