**Ann the Hapless Babysitter Goes on a Picnic**

by Jailbait

Even as she was getting ready, Ann couldn’t believe that she had agreed to do this after what happened before. The humiliation that Amy aged 10, Chucky aged 8, and even Chad at just 5 had subjected her to the last time, had kept her awake most of the night. Yet here she was, getting ready to take all three of them on a picnic.

She already had on her matching white bra & panties, and her flesh tone pantyhose would

be going on next. Also on her bed ready to be put on was one of her long summer dresses. It had a blue floral pattern on white, with a row of 8 large white buttons. Ann carefully fastened all the buttons and looked at herself in the mirror. She thought she looked smart, and well covered as the dress was high necked, long sleeved, and reached to just below her knees -- for her, a short length. "Nothing too flowing after last time," she thought with a shudder.

She slipped on a pair of flat white shoes and reluctantly went to the house next door. She could hear the children while still on the road and wondered if she could tell them she wasn’t feeling well and the picnic is canceled. Chad, dressed in just a red T shirt, came scampering down the path to meet her.

"Not wearing trousers today," he said proudly, then dashed back indoors where his mother was waiting with his shorts.

Amy waited at the open doorway for Ann.

"You like the way I’m dressed, don’t you?" insisted Amy.

For some reason, even though Amy was 7 years younger than she, Ann found Amy to be very intimidating. "Very nice," said Ann positively, as she looked at Amy, who was dressed in a white blouse that was tied up under her virtually non-existent breasts. Her uneven length cut of jeans, held up with a bright red belt, had both rear pockets torn off so that they hung down like flaps. A pair of white trainers with short white socks completed her outfit.

"Ann likes the way I’m dressed!" Amy shouted through to her mother.

"It wasn’t just that," came the harassed voice from the kitchen, "it’s just that I wished you’d have said something before cutting the legs off your new jeans."

"If you’d bought cut-offs I wouldn’t have needed to," countered Amy.

"No dear," said her mother, who had been through this argument at least four times already today.

Amy tied her shoulder length hair back into a pony tail and urged the two boys to get a move on. Chad, closely followed by Chucky, who was carrying a softball and a bat, burst out the door, almost knocking Ann over.

"Come on Mom," whined Amy. "We’re ready to go."

Her mother eventually appeared and, after exchanging pleasantries with Ann, handed her a full picnic basket, wished her good luck, and went back inside and shut the door.

The spot where they had decided to picnic was only a leisurely walk directly opposite Amy’s house. It started as a small track amongst some overgrown bushes and brambles that eventually opened up to a large grassy area with a small river.

They all set off along the track with the boys slightly in front.

"You seem very overdressed for such a lovely hot day," said Amy. "Wouldn’t you have been more comfortable in a nice short skirt and loose top?"

"No, not at all," said Ann, her cheeks immediately taking on a red hue. "I much prefer long skirts."

"Long skirts get torn very easily," said Amy, "as you found out the other day."

"That was so humiliating, when you all ganged up on me," said Ann softly.

"But you enjoyed it, I could tell, and don’t forget the little game with you as baby," grinned Amy, "that was really funny. I hope we get to play a game like that today."

I hope we don’t, thought Ann miserably.

When they got to the clearing, Ann felt quite cheery as the children went to play with the bat and ball, while she lay back on the grass. Ann was so tired that she dozed for a moment, until Chad suddenly bounced astride her stomach, startling her wide awake.

"Ball in the nasty bushes," he announced, with his face inches from her.

"What do you mean?" asked Ann.

"Ball in nasty bushes," he repeated, only louder this time.

Amy by now had wandered over with a face like thunder.

"Chucky threw the ball into the brambles when I told him it was about time someone else had the chance to bat," said Amy.

"Can’t you get it back," Ann suggested helpfully.

"We can’t," said Amy, "but you shouldn’t have too much trouble."

"Why won’t I have too much trouble?" asked Ann with surprise.

"Because we’ll get scratched to hell, we haven’t got tons of clothes on like you."

"Can’t we just leave it," suggested Ann. "I can get you a new one tomorrow."

Chad, who was still sitting astride Ann, grabbed her breasts as convenient hand holds and started to bounce up and down.

"Get ball back! Get ball back! Get ball back!" he chanted while continuing to squeeze her breasts to keep his balance.

"I’ll try," surrendered Ann, "but you’ll have to let go of -- of..."

"Chad!" said Amy sharply. "Let go of Ann’s tits, or we’ll never get our ball back."

Chucky had made a half-hearted stab at getting the ball back by reaching with the bat, but he wasn’t that bothered about playing any more if he wouldn’t be batting.

Ann could see the ball straight away. She could also see the vicious thorns that were poised to attack her as she tried to get it.

"I’m sure I can’t get it," said Ann, as she looked again at the wild thorny barbs.

"I suggest you try," said Amy darkly, "unless you want Chad swinging on your tits all afternoon."

With that sobering thought in mind, Ann started carefully to tread the brambles down to reach the ball. Her pantyhose started to snag with the first step, slashing the fragile material near her ankles into holes and drawing spots of blood. The nearer she got to the ball the higher the brambles were, so by the next step the holes in her pantyhose were above the knees. Ann grimaced in pain from the painful scratches being inflicted on her soft white skin. She eventually was near enough to reach the ball but the reaching down cost her a three inch tear in the sleeve of her dress, and a one inch cut in her skin beneath. As she slowly and carefully rose up with the ball, her hair became entangled, making her look even more disheveled.

On turning around to toss the ball back towards the children, Ann could feel her dress was hooked. As she took a step forward there was the ominous sound of the fabric ripping behind her. Her white panties now peeked out through a small gash in the seat of her dress. Slowly she took another step towards the children, the tear across her rear end getting longer as she eased herself clear of the bushes.

When Ann finally got free of the bushes she could hardly believe the amount of cuts and rips she had in her pantyhose and dress. "It seems to cost me a set of clothes every time I baby-sit these children," she thought, shaking her head.

When they got back to where they had left the picnic basket, Amy decided they should play a different game.

"We’re going to play doctors and patients," said Amy, "and being as Ann is genuinely injured, she should be the patient."

"What does the person playing the patient have to do?" Ann asked cautiously.

"Nothing. Just lie back quietly on the grass, while Doctor Amy carries out her examination of the patient," answered Amy.

"That will suit me fine," said Ann, as she stifled another yawn.

"For the examination, removal of all the patient’s clothing will of course be compulsory," added Amy, grinning broadly. "That’s rule number one."

"Who decided on that as a rule?" protested Ann.

"The doctor with photos of the patient at seventeen years old and still wearing diapers did, she makes all the rules, and they are followed, or else," said Amy menacingly.

"Where do you want me to begin?" asked Ann, resigning herself to her fate.

Deep down she felt the excitement starting to gently stir.

"We do the undressing," replied Amy. "Unbutton the patient’s dress please, Chucky."

Chucky nervously reached for the top button, his hands visibly shaking so much he couldn’t get the first button to release. Ann reached up with both hands as if to prevent him from undoing the front of her dress, but she merely gently clasped his wrists to steady his hands as he pried the first button apart. By the time he had confidently opened the third one, Ann had released her grip on him and even gave what seemed to be a fleeting nod of approval. The rest of the buttons were quickly undone by the now confident Chucky.

Amy knelt down and flicked both sides of the dress open to reveal Ann’s bra, pantyhose, and panties.

"Chad, you can remove the patient’s shoes and pantyhose."

Ann, now resigned to her humiliation, kicked her shoes off herself. Chad grasped the waistband of the pantyhose and tugged with all his might but they wouldn’t budge.

"Chucky, give Chad some help," said Amy, "and if you could lift your bottom a bit higher, miss."

Ann thought that the miss on the end made her feel like a young child.

With both boys pulling, Ann felt her pantyhose start to slide rapidly down her thighs.

"They’re pulling my panties down as well," said Ann with alarm as she felt the grass on her bare bottom.

"How else are we to get them off, miss?" queried Amy.

"When you said I would be having all my clothes removed," Ann said weakly as she sat up and looked down at her open dress, with just her bra underneath, "I just didn’t think you really meant it."

"We did mean it miss," said Amy, "the rules are very clear on patient’s clothing, every item must be removed."

"I’m sorry if you thought I was trying to cheat," said Ann with a hint of sarcasm, which went over the children’s heads.

"Now if you could just stand up, miss, so we can remove your dress and bra."

"Someone might see," said Ann looking fearfully around.

Amy shrugged her shoulders and started to pull at Ann’s arms. She stood up in a semi-crouch with her dress flapping open. Chucky stood behind her and pulled her dress down her arms and slid it completely off. Amy unclipped Ann’s bra and, after removing it, dismissively tossed it some distance away.

"You may lie down," said Amy, "on your front please, miss."

These children have stripped you once again, thought Ann, as she lowered herself onto the grass face down, as instructed. She put her hands behind her back, palms up to hide some of her bottom.

"Hands by your sides if you please miss," ordered Amy.

"Is that in the rules?" joked Ann.

It is now!" countered Amy.

Ann waited in anticipation to see what they would do next. Amy sat astride Ann’s back and put her hand in various random places, tapping with two fingers held together. She had seen doctors on TV do this and was merely mimicking them, for she didn’t have a clue why they did it.

"Turn over please miss," said Amy, standing up, "arms by your sides, please."

Ann waited patiently to see what they would do next.

"We ought to take the patient’s temperature," said Amy.

"We could pretend by using a straw from the hamper," suggested Chucky.

"That will have to do, I suppose," agreed Amy.

If she tells me to go back to lying on my front, thought Ann, and asks the boys to pull the cheeks of my butt apart, I am going to curl up and die with shame.

Fortunately for Ann, Doctor Amy’s TV medical training did not extend to rectal temperature taking. Amy merely pushed the curly fluorescent green straw into Ann’s mouth, and told her not to remove it until the doctor said so.

Ann lay in the grass with her eyes closed, hardly believing the humiliation she was allowing herself to be subjected to. Even more worrying was deep down she knew why, as the more undressed she became, and the more Amy dominated her, the more wet her pussy became.

"Go down to the river," Amy ordered Chucky, "and fill one of the cups form the picnic basket with water so that I can wash the scratches."

Unseen by Ann, Chad picked up her shoes and went with Chucky. "My boats," he said proudly as he trotted to keep up with his elder brother.

At the river bank Chucky filled the cup with water and peered into the murky water he had gathered. He tried again, this time stretching farther out into the river. Observing no visible improvement in the quality of the water, he decided that he had done his best.

"Come on Chad, I’m going back now."

They both started to make their way back towards the visible Amy.

"You’ve forgotten Ann’s shoes," said Chucky when they were halfway.

"Sunk," said Chad, clapping his hands together and laughing.

Amy came running to meet them.

"I can’t believe it, she’s fallen asleep," said Amy with surprise.

The group of three children walked carefully towards Ann. They all gathered around her and watched her chest rising slowly and evenly as she slept soundly, the make-shift thermometer still in the corner of her mouth.

"She’s playing at being asleep," concluded Chucky.

"She’s not playing," asserted Amy. "Watch and I’ll prove it."

Amy knelt down and gripped one of Ann’s nipples in her thumb and forefinger, pulled the breast up by it, and wobbled it from side to side. Ann let out a small grunt, but that was all.

"I’m sure her eyes flicked," said Chucky, still doubtful.

"Try my tit test for yourself if you don’t believe me," challenged Amy.

"I’m not doing it, I’m sure she’s awake."

"Chicken!" said Amy as she got hold of both of Ann’s nipples and wobbled both breasts from side to side.

Ann continued to breathe contentedly. Amy turned to Chucky and stuck out her tongue before releasing the nipples to let the breasts flop back into place.

Amy dipped Ann’s panties into the cup and washed the scratches on Ann’s legs and arm.

"In cowboy films they put whisky on the wounds to clean them," said Amy.

"We’ve got some cola in the hamper," said Chucky helpfully.

Amy was pretty sure that wasn’t the same, but she popped the ring pull on the can and poured some onto Ann’s panties and used it anyway.

Amy, after drinking the rest of the cola, told Chucky to dispose of the empty can in the waste bin, which was some distance away.

"Her bra, panties, and pantyhose need putting in there as well," said Amy, as she rolled them into a ball and handed them to Chucky. ‘We don’t want her over dressed for the journey back. We’ll tell her they were stolen when she was asleep."

"What about her dress?" asked Chucky, bending down to pick it up.

"I need that," replied Amy, "to tear into strips to use as bandages."

While the boys went to the bin, Amy moved a short distance away to rip the dress into strips.

Be a shame to wake her before I’m finished, thought Amy, as she tore he seam apart that ran from the hem to the armpit on the dress.

When the boys returned, Amy instructed them to lift Ann’s legs, one at a time while the strips were tied around as bandages. Amy bound the arm on her own while the boys, who had grown bored with doctors and patients, played softball.

Amy joined them a few minutes later, leaving Ann still slumbering with her dress strips adorning her arm and legs.

Word quickly spread amongst the ant population that a sweet sticky liquid was freely available, either dripped onto the grass, or -- with a bit of climbing -- it could be found on much smoother surfaces. Ann was still sleeping serenely despite the furious activity of the ants that ran hither and thither across her cola soaked arm and legs. As the supplies of cola became depleted a couple of the ants picked their way through a dark haired forest and discovered at the lower edge a damp slit.

Not quite as sweet, the ants decided, but worth organizing a group to consume what there was.

Ann started to wake to a strange licking feeling inside her vagina. It wasn’t unpleasant so she continued to drift in a dreamy half awareness. Eventually a bite deep inside woke her completely and she sat up with a start and screamed in horror at the sight of her pubic hairs alive with busy ants. She got unsteadily to her feet, the tied strips of material having affected the circulation to her legs. She clawed frantically at her pubic hair, flicking the ants down onto the grass. She then pushed one finger deep inside herself and crooked her finger before pulling it out, to extract the ants that had crawled inside.

"You should be ashamed of yourself, young lady!" said the male half of an elderly couple standing 10 feet away.

"Ants! I’ve been attacked by ants!" shouted Ann looking towards them.

"And you deserved it," said the elderly female, "walking about dressed like that, have you no shame?"

Ann, having cleared the ants, as far as she could tell, felt ashamed by her enforced nakedness, but it was tempered by the excitement of the shocked reaction she had elicited from these strangers.

"The children and I were playing a game," Ann said feebly.

"A game!" snorted the man, "what sort of kid’s game could possibly require you to take all your clothes off?"

"Doctors and patients," said Ann weakly, "the children are the doctors, and I’m the patient. The doctors have to strip me naked, it’s the first rule of the game."

"And the pieces of cloth?"

"That used to be my dress by the looks of them," replied Ann. "I assume they couldn’t find any bandages."

"I’ll give you bandages, you brazen little slut, you come here amongst decent people, showing off your tits and cunt like some two bit whore. Then you give me some cock and bull story about it being a game."

"Don’t forget the tart’s bare ass," added the elderly lady.

"I’m none of those things," protested Ann, who was feeling so hurt by the nastiness of these total strangers that tears welled up, making her eyes shine with the moisture.

"That’s it," snarled the elderly lady hatefully, "turn on the water works, if you was my daughter you’d be in tears when I thrashed that bare bott -- OWWW!"

The elderly woman staggered back clutching her nose, as a small trickle of blood seeped through her fingers.

"Sorry," said Amy, "did my ball hit you? I hope your nose isn’t damaged, too badly."

"Thanks," said Ann, as the elderly couple moved quickly away, muttering about the declining standards of today’s children and how in their day etc.

"We did a good job with the bandages, didn’t we?" said Amy proudly.

"I suppose," replied Ann as she started to look for her other clothes, thinking that she could at least wear her underwear as a bikini. "Do any of you know what happened to the rest of my clothes?" she asked, with a puzzled look on her face.

"Aren’t they here," said Amy innocently, "we put them in a neat pile before we went over there to play, except for your dress, but that was ruined anyway, so I thought it would be okay to use it for bandages."

"They might have been stolen while you were asleep," suggested Chucky.

"Yes, that’s probably what happened," agreed Amy, nodding her head. "We should have stayed to look after you."

"I’m supposed to be looking after you," said Ann with a twinge of guilt. "If my clothes have been stolen, then it’s my fault for falling asleep and leaving them unguarded. My main problem then becomes my walk home. I’m practically naked."

"I guess I can’t say you’re over dressed now," said Amy brightly.

"You could go to my house and get me some more clothes," Ann said, feeling proud of her feasible suggestion.

"And why do I say you need them?" challenged Amy.

"Tell my parents I fell in the river, and my clothes got wet."

"And what if my mom sees me?"

"What difference will that make?"

"You’re supposed to be looking after me, and you’re going to let me go back on my own, along the track, across the busy road, anything could happen."

"What am I to do then?" Ann said glumly, in the face of Amy’s logic.

"I’ve a brilliant idea," said Amy proudly, "we’ll use the remaining strips of your dress to make you a bikini."

Ann knelt in the grass as Amy pulled one of the remaining strips of dress tight across Ann’s breasts. Chucky put his finger in the knot as Amy tied a neat bow in Ann’s cleavage. Amy then tied another piece of material tightly around Ann’s waist, before passing another piece between her legs.

Ann was getting more and more excited as Amy pulled the band of cloth tight. Ann felt the cloth buried deep into her crotch, with the lips of her sex bulging obscenely around the cloth. At the rear her bottom still looked bare as the material hid between her cheeks. Amy released the pressure, only to pull it tight again a few seconds later. Amy did this again and again as she tried to get the material to sit how she wanted it. As Amy pulled the material up yet again, Ann started to thrust down, forcing the strip of material so deep into her slit that it disappeared completely.

Finally as her passion took over, Ann grabbed the material for herself and wound it tight around her hand and pulled it harder than Amy ever could. Ann fell back onto the grass thrusting, thrusting, harder and harder against the taut band between her legs until her whole body seemed to burst with the release of her shuddering climax. She lay back on the grass, her trembling body soaked with perspiration.

"You aren’t helping, you know," scolded Amy, "messing about like that when we’re trying to get you dressed to go home."

The End