**Beachside Resort**

by splotch

**Part 01**

Susan was going insane. She should have been enjoying herself. After all, her and her sister had been sent to a beach-side resort for a full month while their parents were on vacation. Their room overlooked the ocean, everything was free. But, instead of relaxing by the beach all Susan was doing was trying to not murder her sister.  
  
Tara had been a pain every step of the way. She had just turned eighteen, a difficult time for a young woman. Susan remembered the confusion she had felt when leaving high school. But still it was no excuse. Susan had gotten into a good college, and was now a junior with a 4.0. Tara hadn't even taken her SAT's or applied anywhere. It annoyed Sarah to watch her sister aimlessly loaf about their parents house, refusing to acknowledge the fact that she was done with high school when she should be going out making her mark on the world.  
  
Susan had hoped to try to motivate her sister. Part of why she had agreed to go on this trip was to try to talk to Tara about potential carrers or schools she was interested in. It was hopeless though. Tara, ever the spoiled younger sister, rolled her eyes and sighed anytime her future was brought up.   
  
"It's my life Sue, don't tell me what to do!" had become the younger sisters catch phrase.   
  
Susan figured that if she couldn't motivate her sister she they could at least have fun together. The resort offered tons of free activities, from spas to surfing lessons. Susan kept trying to get her sister to go out with her, but it was hopeless. Her sister would sigh and scoff and continue lounging on the couch watching television. She seemed to have slipped into a funk she was unwilling to get herself out of.  
  
"let's go to the beach" Susan said. She figured there was no way Tara could refuse. It was a beautiful day, the weather was perfect. But Tara just shook her head.  
"come on, you could use the exercise."   
  
"What?!" Tara yelled angrily. Susan instantly knew she had said the wrong thing. It was true however. Tara's lazy nature had begun to catch up with her. She wasn't fat by any means, but the months of inactivity showed. Her thighs had thickened, her small belly showing. Most of all her butt had almost doubled in size over the last year. Tara of course, was well aware of this. She was always insecure, now more then ever.   
  
"uh... I just meant you could use the sun." She tried to cover for herself. This was also true: Tara had always been pale and with her current indoor lifestyle. she was so fair skinned she almost glowed.  
  
Tara glared at her sister angrily. Then she stormed away, slamming the door to her room. Susan sighed. Well, looked like she had blown any shot of getting Tara out of the house today. She thumbed through the resort's pamphelet, looking for something to suggest try to drag Tara to tomorrow. She had suggested just about everything in the book though. She saw a page for a free Day Care service offered by the resort.   
  
"wouldn't it be great if I could ditch her there?" Susan thought to herself. She could finally get out and enjoy her vacation, not having to watch her sister mope around. There was no way though. It was for children 12 and under. She looked at the photo in the booklet. It was a group of boys and girls, all in uniforms. The girl's wore blue pleated skirts and white short sleeved blouses. She chuckled to herself as she imagined Tara in one of those outfits. In her head the visual almost made sense. After all, Tara was barely five foot. She had doe eyes and freckles, and a short, girly bob haircut. Even her figure was immature. She barely had any breasts under her padded bra (which of course she assumed Susan knew nothing about). Also, her slight weight gain made it look like she had still had baby fat.  
  
Susan rolled the idea around in her head. Hell, what was the harm? If it didn't work out she'd just play it off as a prank, no damage done. If it did she'd finally have the weekend to herself. She picked up the nearby phone and dialed the extension listed for the daycare.  
  
"Sunside resort Daycare Center." a woman's voice said after a few rings.  
  
"Hi, my name's Susan. I'm in room 302 and I need supervision for my sister today."  
  
"You're sister's name and Age?"  
  
"Tara, she's.... 12"  
  
"would you like us to send someone to escort her down?"   
  
"Uh, i guess...."  
  
"Someone will be to your room shortly." The phone went dead.  
  
Susan hung the receiver up. Well, there was no backing out now. She considered her plan. Tara would freak out, of course. Susan couldn't give her any chance to prove her age. She walked to Tara's door and listened. Perfect, her sister was taking a shower. Susan went into the room and grabbed Tara's purse off the nightstand. Now her sister had no I.D. to show her real age. Susan almost left the room, then thought of something. walking as quietly as she could she snuck into the bathroom. She could see her sister's silhouette through the shower curtain. Her clothes lay in a crumpled pile on the ground. Susan scooped them out and rushed away. She threw the clothes and purse into Tara's suitcase, then dragged it into her room.  
A knock sounded from the door. Susan opened it and ushered in the pleasant seeming middle aged woman.  
  
"Hi, I'm Carol. I assume you're Susan?"  
  
"that's right."  
  
"I'll need you to sign these forms." She handed Susan a stack of papers she began browsing through.  
  
"what's this one?"   
  
"Oh, the Disciplinary release. That's to give the attendants at the daycare the right to discipline the children. It normally isn't necessary except with the most unruly children."  
  
Susan grinned broadly as she wrote her name.  
  
"Well, Tara's quite a handful." She said. As if on que Tara emerged from her room wrapped in a towel.  
  
"Sue, where's all my stuff?" She asked. She noticed the other woman and stopped in confusion. Recalling she was wrapped in nothing but a towel she flushed slightly, tightening her grip.  
  
"Hi Tara, my name's Carol" She extended her hand. Tara shook it, her look of confusion growing.  
  
"Tara, Carol's taking you down to the daycare center." Susan said, unable to help but smile.  
  
"Daycare center? What are you talking about?" Tara backed away a step.  
  
"Sorry Carol," Tara turned to the woman, ignoring her sister. "all her clothes are in the wash."  
  
"oh, that's fine. She'll have to change into a uniform anyways."  
  
"what the fuck is going on?!" Tara shouted. Carol looked at Susan and smiled.  
  
"Yes, a handful, i see what you meant." She moved forward and grasped Tara's unsuspecting hand. She yanked the girl forward.  
  
"Let go of me you bitch!" Tara yelled as she was forcefully pulled towards the open door.  
  
"watch the language Missy, and say goodbye to your sister." Carol said in a friendly but forceful tone.  
  
"Sue, what the fuck is going on?!" Tara said. Susan just waved and watched as her sister was dragged away, wearing nothing but a towel. When they were gone Susan grabbed her gear and, whistling a tune, headed towards the beach.