**Debbi's sunbathing mishap**

by Debbifan

**Part One**

Debbi was delighted that the company had introduced flexitime. The English summer weather could never be relied upon from one day to the next and so it was excellent that when there was a hot day, she could take advantage of a half day off and go to laze in her back yard. She was 26 years old and had progressed to be a team leader for an IT company but her duties were not so onerous that she was prohibited from taking advantage of the same perks as her staff. She had been able to afford her own little semi detached house and her garden was fully secluded on one side and at the back. The other side could be viewed from her neighbours, which was why she liked the freedom of this flexitime, enabling her to sunbathe unobserved while the neighbours were at work. It was a freedom she could not exercise at the weekend when the couple and their twin teenage sons were home.

But that was not the case on this Thursday afternoon. She was on her lounger, stretched out on her stomach, soaking up the rays. Debbi was half Italian and had those sultry Mediterranean looks which tanned easily. Her love of the sun must have been in her genes. She had a trim, petite frame with perky tits. She did not venture to go fully nude just in case of anything unexpected but she was topless. And the bikini bottoms she wore, while not a thong, did not leave much to the imagination. They were in that style where the sky blue material at front and back could slide along the waist band to bare as much as you dare and Debbi dared a lot! She was dozing happily to the music in her head phones when suddenly she was disturbed by the heavy thud of something landing just by her right ear. She raised her head and turned it slightly to see a football rolling away from her. She heard a voice.

"Can we have our ball back Debbi?" She turned her head in the other direction, trying to keep her tits shielded. It was the twins from next door, peering over the garden fence with big grins on their faces. "Oh, er, hello boys, sure thing" said the flustered Debbi, twisting to turn her naked back to them and pulling one arm across her chest. "Aren't you supposed to be at school?" she asked. "The summer holidays have started" replied Darren, one of the twins. The other one was called Michael but Debbi struggled to tell them apart. "Oh, I didn't realise, I thought I had the place to myself" said Debbi, standing awkwardly and heading off to collect the football."Evidently" laughed Michael. God, how long had they been there? How much had they seen, thought Debbi? She was intent on covering her nipples but was acutely aware of how much else was on display. Facing away from them as she bent to pick up the ball, she knew that the covering on her ass was minimal.

Debbi managed to negotiate the tricky manoeuvre of turning to lob the ball back with one hand while still covering her tits with the other arm. "I guess I'd better go back inside" she said. "What? No, not on our account" replied Darren. "Who knows how long the good weather will last? We're just having a kickabout here, we won't bother you." The weather was beautiful and Debbi didn't want to waste the time she had taken off from work and would have to pay back. And they'd seen a lot already anyway. No harm done really. "OK then, enjoy your game" she called as she stood facing them, wishing she had not pushed the material at the front of the bikini bottoms into such a narrow covering but thankful that she had shaved down there.

The boys had seemed in no hurry to go back to their game but appeared to take the hint when Debbi tried to settle back down on her front. Should she go inside to get the bikini top she wondered? She decided to wait until she wanted to turn over and tan her front. She couldn't be that brazen in front of the two young teens unfortunately. Their mother was chair of the local resident's association and Debbi was already in her bad books for 'having men stay overnight' and taking up a parking space. Not that this was in any way an everyday occurrence but Debbi wasn't a nun!

Debbi was just settling down again after this unexpected and unwelcome interruption when she felt the football thud close by again. "Sorry Debbi, Mike's not on good form today" called Darren apologetically. "Yeah, OK. But be careful" Debbi replied a little irritably, as she once more performed the 'showing as little as possible while still showing a lot' dance to retrieve the ball. When it happened a third time, Debbi refused to move. "No, I'm not getting it. It can bloody stay there until later. You're doing it on purpose." She sensed that the two teens were not best pleased but tough! They were taking the piss.

After another twenty minutes or so, Debbi decided that it was time to turn over and that she would have to go back inside to get her bikini top. She was startled to look up and see that Darren was leaning over the fence opposite her kitchen door with a broom handle and about to push the door shut. "Noooo" yelled Debbi. The security feature of the door meant that it would lock automatically if closed and she had no other means of access back into the house! Darren of course knew this full well, since the neighbouring houses were of a similar design. Before Debbi could do anything, she watched forlornly as the door slammed shut!

"What the hell did you do that for?" Debbi yelled at Darren. "You know I'm locked out now!" she raged. "You wouldn't give us our ball back" explained Darren. "You wouldn't give is our ball back" mimicked Debbi. "Grow up, how old are you? Like twelve?" she continued. "Fourteen" confirmed Michael. "And we're not the ones locked out in only a pair of itty bitty panties" he laughed. Debbi was sitting up now, still clamping her arms across her chest. She surveyed the back of the house but the only open window was upstairs in her bedroom and of no use at all. The boys had disappeared but Darren then reappeared jangling a familiar looking key. "Good job I know where mum keeps the spare key you left her for emergencies" he smirked. Debbi stood and held out a free hand, still carefully covering with the other arm. "Give it to me and I'll say no more about it" she tried to sound authoritative, which wasn't easy in the circumstances. "Nah, you'll have to come round and get it" Darren replied and he disappeared inside the house again!

"Darren? Come back here" Debbi called angrily but in reply, she was only greeted by silence. She looked around again for any alternative plan of action but she came up empty. It was humiliating for a 26 year old woman to be stuck in such a ridiculous dilemma. She realised that she would have to bite the bullet and play their silly game. Cautiously opening the back gate, she peered out into the street to make sure that all was quiet. Fortunately, everyone was still at work. She took advantage of the apparent lack of traffic to hurry down her path and around to the neighbouring house which had a much more exposed porch than her own. She was acutely aware of her thighs and buttocks bouncing with every stride, emphasising her almost total nudity.

Debbi rang the bell but the boys took their own sweet time in answering. Frantically looking over her shoulder to make sure the street was still empty, she rang again. Finally, Darren let her in. "Right, I'm here, where's my spare key you little bugger" she challenged him. The twins just smirked at her. "All in good time" said Michael. Debbi's confidence was rapidly evaporating, standing as she was in a strange house with two teenage boys and dressed in only the tiniest pair of bikini bottoms. "You were already out there sunbathing on your front when we came home from the park" he continued. "So?" said Debbi. "So" said Michael, "we never got to see your tits!" Debbi blushed. "And you've done much too good a job of keeping them covered with those arms of yours" Darren took up the argument. "So before we give you the key" he held it up again, "we want you to show us your tits!"

"No way" Debbi yelled at them. But her threats to tell their mother were met with counter threats about how would she explain being in their house alone with them and virtually naked. And before she could ask how would anyone know that, Darren stood beside her while Michael took a quick photo on his phone, albeit that Debbi still had her arms resolutely folded. "OK, sod it! " She caved in to their demand and stood there defiantly, hands on hips with her tits finally on full display. "Satisfied?" she cried angrily.

Truth be told, the twins were now a bit overawed to be in close proximity to such an older attractive woman who was virtually naked! But Debbi's confidence began to evaporate when Michael snapped another photo, this time with her fully topless. "No, stop that. What are you doing?"she cried. "Just for more insurance in case you tried to tell mum" reasoned Darren. "As if I'm going to tell anybody I've been tricked by a couple of kids" Debbi hissed at them. "You look beautiful when you're angry" said Michael. "Yeah, whatever" said Debbi, who was no longer making any attempt to cover her tits. "Just give me the key. I'll go and get dressed and then bring it back so your mother won't know it's gone and will still have a spare for me." Darren dangled the key tantalisingly. "Alright, soon enough. But a couple more photos first!" Debbi tried to resist but they had her over a barrel. Michael and Darren both posed with her with an arm around her waist and looking down straight at her tits, with their perky nipples that were now fully erect. They also got her to turn around and look over her shoulder for another photo that would give a good view of her inadequately covered bum.

Having got what they wanted, Darren finally handed over the key. "And you're going to bring it back?" he confirmed. "Once I've got dressed" said Debbi. "Do you have to bother to get dressed?" Michael asked hopefully. "Yes I do" replied Debbi grinning sheepishly and looking around the door to make sure the street was still clear!

**Part Two**

Darren closed the door behind Debbi and then he and Michael leaned back on it with smug grins on their faces. "How long before she's back do you reckon?" asked Michael. "Depends how long she keeps trying to open her door with the wrong key" Darren laughed. "I'd give it two or three minutes." They suddenly heard the sound of car horns blaring and raucous shouts from outside. "Sounds like she might be on her way back!" Darren chuckled. Sure enough, the door bell rang. The twins stood and waited. The bell rang again much more frantically. Darren finally opened and Debbi pushed past him into the hall. She was back in cover up mode with her arms across her chest. "I thought you were going to get dressed before you brought the key back?" Michael asked innocently." I couldn't get in. It's the wrong bloody key" Debbi yelled angrily. "What was all that noise about?" enquired Darren. "An Amazon delivery truck. He kept honking and shouting for me to show him my tits" Debbi was still angry!

"But you say it's the wrong key?" Darren changed the subject. "Yes" confirmed Debbi, handing it back to him. "It doesn't work at all." Darren scratched his head in mock contemplation. "It must be old Mrs Newman's then" he decided, referring to the elderly neighbour on the other side and knowing full well that it was indeed hers. "But it was the only one there" he continued. "Mine must be here somewhere" Debbi claimed desperately. "Come on through to the kitchen and sit down while we think this through" suggested Michael. Debbi reluctantly followed the two boys, apprehensive about passing even further into the neighbour's house, dressed as she was in only a pair of tiny bikini bottoms.

"Take a seat" said Darren hospitably. "Would you like a cold drink?" Debbi hesitated and then sat at the kitchen table. "I just want my key so I can get inside and get dressed!" she exclaimed. "Well, perhaps I'd better phone mum" Michael decided. "She should be able to tell us where it is." Darren handed Debbi a glass of fresh orange juice. "Thanks" she said, absent mindedly letting her arm drop from her tits. She sat nervously listening to the one sided conversation she could hear that Michael was having with his mother. "She's locked out....she was sunbathing in the back garden and the wind blew the kitchen door closed....I know you don't want us to know where the neighbour's keys are....she wants to talk to you" Debbi anxiously took the phone, she was always intimidated by the twins' mother. By now, she had once again given up any pretence at covering her tits.

It was now the turn of the twins to listen to a one sided conversation. "Yes, I know, it was very silly of me....yes, I know the boys are at an impressionable age.... I did not know the school holidays had begun, I thought they'd be at school....it's OK, I'm wearing a very conservative swimsuit!" Debbi blushed at the little white lie, hoping their mother failed to hear the laughter of the twins. "She wants to talk to you again" Debbi said finally, handing the phone back to Michael. What their mother actually told Michael next was the exact location of Debbi's key which the twins knew anyway, though their mother thought she had kept it hidden. But what Michael decided to tell Debbi was that it would involve an elaborate procedure, because it was inside their mother's locked bedroom and they would have to get stepladders to climb in via the bedroom window. Anything to keep Debbi there a little longer! "Finish your orange juice first" said Darren.

Debbi wasn't interested in her orange juice but realised the kids were playing around with her and that she wouldn't get anywhere by trying to order them to just hurry up and get the bloody key. But then the sound of the doorbell ringing made her jump out of her skin! "Who's that?" she asked urgently. "No idea" replied Darren genuinely. "You can't let anyone in" Debbi cried desperately. "Depends who it is and what they want" Darren answered over his shoulder matter of factly. Debbi listened anxiously. She heard voices, one sounded female. She knew it wasn't the mother which was some relief but whoever it was, was coming in! "It's only Jess" announced Darren as he followed a young teen girl into the room.

Debbi's heart sank. She had involuntarily jumped to her feet in surprise. She knew the girl. She was a 13 year old from across the road that Debbi had babysat on a couple of occasions and it hadn't gone well. After the last occasion when Debbi gave a less than glowing report to the parents, Jess had been grounded for two weeks! "Oh my god! What on earth's going on here? Where are your clothes Debbi?" the teen squealed delightedly. "Hello Jessica" said Debbi miserably. The twins saved her the trouble of explaining what was happening by filling Jess in on the saga, though they played down their own part in the prank and put it down to Debbi's stupidity. "That sounds like her" Jess snorted." I know it's sooooo long since you were in school but even you must know that children have a summer holiday?" she taunted. Debbi bit her tongue. She was only eight years out of school after all but she wasn't going to give the girl the satisfaction of stooping to her level if she could help it.

The boys decided they would embark on the charade of getting the steps in order to retrieve the elusive key, thus leaving Debbi alone with Jessica momentarily at the kitchen table. "I do like those bikini bottoms" Jessica complimented Debbi. "Thanks" the older woman replied. "Pity it's not a set" Jessica laughed. "But there is a top, I just left it indoors" Debbi protested, not knowing quite why she was bothering to argue with the girl. "Oh yes, of course. You didn't know it was the school holidays" Jessica said scornfully. "No" answered Debbi lamely. "Where did you get them?" Jessica persisted. "I can't remember" replied a disinterested Debbi. "Well, they must have a label?" continued Jessica. "Dunno" said Debbi, feeling around in the back of the garment. "Take them off and let me have a look" Jessica demanded!

"I can't do that" objected Debbi. "Nonsense" Jessica brushed off the objection. "It's only us girls here, you can see the boys outside" she reasoned. "Or would you rather I told my mum and dad that you were in here alone with the boys with virtually no clothes on?" Debbi knew that Jessica was capable of doing just that. Still seated at the kitchen table, she reached around and peeled the bikini bottoms down and off. "Give them here" Jessica demanded. Debbi was now stranded in an unfamiliar house totally naked, with two mischievous teenage boys just outside and a girl with a grudge opposite her and handling her only skimpy article of clothing! Jessica got up from the table, still holding the bikini bottoms. "Where are you going?" Debbi cried. "Just going to see if I can find some scissors to cut out the label then I can order a set just like it" the girl said gaily as she went out the door!

**Part Three**

Debbi sat apprehensively waiting for Jessica to return. She had pulled the chair close to the kitchen table and was sitting with her legs resolutely crossed but she knew that anyone walking around the side and back of the chair would see that she was now completely naked! She hoped that Jessica would come back with her bikini bottoms before the twins returned. She could not believe how her lazy afternoon in the sun had imploded in such a disastrous fashion. What could she have done differently to have avoided it? She was still replaying this embarrassing movie in her head when she was jolted back to the present by the twins noisily re-entering the kitchen from the garden.

"We've got your key this time Debbi" said Darren, dangling the key tantalisingly in front of her. Debbi stayed seated. "Aren't you going to come and get it?" asked Darren. For the umpteenth time that afternoon, Debbi blushed. "I can't" she stammered hopelessly. Michael meanwhile had walked around the table. "You're naked" he cried, unable to take his eyes off of the seductive sight of the top of Debbi's bum crack through the slats at the back of the chair. "Where are your bottoms?" laughed Darren. "Jessica took them" replied Debbi pitifully. She explained what had happened, aware of how pathetic it all sounded.

The boys joined her sitting at the table. "I guess we wait then?" said Michael. "What's the time?" Debbi asked nervously. "Don't worry. Mum and dad won't be back yet" Darren reassured her. Debbi jumped again as the doorbell rang and Darren went to answer. It was only Jessica. "I couldn't find any scissors here so I went home" she explained to Debbi. "They were Sarah's Swimwear brand, look" she continued, waving the label at Debbi. "Great, but where are my bottoms?" Debbi asked. Jessica slapped her forehead theatrically. "Doh, silly me" she cried. "I got so excited about the label that I forgot about the rest. I must have left them at home!"

"Jessica!" yelled Debbi in admonishment. "No need to get your knickers in a twist " responded the girl. "Oh, you haven't got any knickers anyway have you?" she taunted Debbi. The three teens were enjoying this situation greatly. "Do you want coffee?" Darren asked Jessica. "Um, that'd be lovely. But make her get it for us" said the spiteful girl, pointing at Debbi. "All the things are there on the counter Debbi" Michael gestured. "I can't" said Debbi. "That's not very sociable of you is it?" countered Jessica. "But I'm naked!"

"You were virtually naked before when I first came in" Jessica reasoned. "But not completely naked" wailed Debbi. "As the day you were born" said Darren. The teens began a round of teasing between them. 'In her birthday suit', 'The altogether', 'No clothes whatsoever', 'Bare ass naked!'

"Oh alright" Debbi snapped. Clamping a hand over her pussy she quickly stood, twisted away from them and scuttled over to the kitchen counter. "Nice bum" smirked Jessica. "Beautiful bum" said Darren, reaching for his phone. They're only getting instant, I'm not buggering about with a percolator, Debbi thought. Then came the problem of how to get the coffee mugs back to the table. Debbi put them on a tray, which she carefully held just below waist level, thus shielding her pussy. There was nothing to be done about her tits but she realised they had been on display several times already by now. She managed somehow to perform a deft manoeuvre of depositing the tray on the table and in the same instant, clamping her hand back over her pussy!

"Doesn't look as if you've got much hair down there Debbi" remarked Jessica, before Debbi had a chance to sit back down. "I've got hair now" the girl continued proudly. "Too much information Jess" laughed Darren. "Debbi shaves it, don't you Debbi?" asserted Michael knowledgeably. Debbi had no intention of discussing her personal grooming habits with the trio but they kept on at her. "Yes, I bloody shave it!" she finally exploded. "Why do you do that?" asked Jessica innocently. "Er, it's the fashion. And it looks better" Debbi mumbled. "Why don't you show us then?" suggested Jessica!

**Part Four**

It was a stand off. Debbi resolutely refused to take her hand away from covering her pussy, though in her increasingly befuddled state she remained standing and did not think to sit down again at the table, where she would have been shielded to a much greater extent. Equally, the kids had no intention of giving her the spare key now until they had got what they wanted. "Oh well, we've got all day" said the scheming Jessica, leaning back in her chair. "Er, actually we haven't" disagreed Darren. "Mum'll be home in 45 minutes!" In truth, it'd probably be more like another couple of hours but the boy thought there was no harm in upping the ante. "God, she'll go ballistic when she comes home and sees nudie girl here" laughed a delighted Jessica. "I've seen your mum's temper" she added.

"It's you three who'll be in trouble when I tell her what's really happened" Debbi countered but she was unconvinced and even that would be embarrassing enough to endure. The trio only laughed anyway and insisted they would all keep to their story, that Debbi had displayed herself of her own volition and had instigated the whole thing! Five minutes ticked by. The kids pretended to ignore her and drank their coffee while maintaining inconsequential small talk. "And if I show you, you'll give me my key straight away?" Debbi broke her silence. "Sorry, did you say something?" said Jessica cruelly. "I said, if I show you will you give me my key?"

"Show us your what?" Jessica tormented. "My pussy" said Debbi through gritted teeth. They all laughed. "Of course" promised Michael. Still Debbi hesitated. The kids resumed their conversation. Another couple of minutes passed. "Alright, alright. Take a good look!" Debbi finally shouted, dropping her hands to her sides. She had meant it to sound defiant but it came across as despairing. The three pairs of eyes gazed on her shaven pussy, Jessica with amusement and the twins with awe!

"Strike a little pose for us so the boys'll get a nice photo" Jessica ordered. "No, no more photos. You said you'd give me the key if I showed you" complained Debbi. "Ah, but we still have the key don't we?" laughed Jessica, who was now in charge of proceedings rather than the boys. "Just smile sweetly and put one hand up on the side of your head and the other on your hip" Jessica directed. Debbi looked up at the clock on the wall, edging ever closer to the bogus deadline. She did as Jessica had instructed. Michael took the photo and Jessica jumped up to inspect the result. Brilliant, she decided. The background clearly showed where they were in the twins' kitchen and Debbi looked as if she were posing happily and willingly.

Jessica turned her attention back to Debbi. "Do you remember the last time you babysat me? You called me a silly little girl? Well, who's the silly little girl now, standing there all bare and with no hair?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't know your parents would ground you" replied Debbi contritely. "Well they did. I reckon you should be spanked as recompense"

"No" cried a horrified Debbi. There now followed a couple more minutes of alternate no-ing and yes-ing between the pair before Debbi found herself bending over the kitchen table. "One for each day I was grounded I think" adjudged Jessica. The twins couldn't believe their luck at how things had escalated. Two hours ago, they had been delighted enough to simply stumble across their sexy and sophisticated 26 year old neighbour sunbathing in her garden. Now here she was, stark naked in their kitchen and being spanked! Plus, they had several priceless photos!

By the time Jessica had finished administering the fourteen spanks for the two weeks she had been grounded, Debbi's bottom had taken on a pink hue and was surprisingly sore. But it was the humiliation and embarrassment that was the worst thing. "OK, give her the key now" Jessica conceded. Debbi hurriedly grabbed the spare key before they changed their mind. She realised that she was going to have to run home down the street totally naked, without even the bikini bottoms she had been wearing last time. But she couldn't afford to wait to negotiate for their return with Jessica. The three teens watched in amusement from the door as Debbi ran, trying to cover both her tits and pussy with her arms. "We'll be in touch" Jessica called after her.

It is hard to describe the relief Debbi felt on discovering that this time it was the correct key. She closed her front door behind her, grateful that only one car has passed and hoping that no other neighbours were home yet and looking out of their window.

"What did you mean, we'll be in touch?" Michael asked Jessica. "Well think about it. You've got your own sexy pinup now living next door. I know you'll be enjoying those photos of her in bed later tonight!" The twins blushed. Jessica was quite a worldly young lady! "It'd be a pity not to make more use of her!"

**Part Five**

If it wasn't for Jessica, nothing further would have happened. The twins had their vivid memories, plus the photos they had taken ( Michael forwarded copies to Darren from his phone ) They enjoyed making full use of those photos overnight in their room but had formulated no plans to take things any further. Debbi had returned the spare key to the twins' mother later that evening, since it would have seemed strange not to and it remained useful to know that a neighbour had a spare available in case of any emergency. She had to put up with another lecture from the woman about sunbathing in front of her young sons but otherwise she put the events out of her mind for the most part. It did occur to her that the boys had those photos and she avoided thinking about what use they might be putting them to but for the most part, her focus returned to her work. Maybe a suitably abbreviated version of what had happened could even be shared among friends as an amusing anecdote at some point in future!

But Jessica. Ah, Jessica! The 13 year old girl was exasperated by the twins. Didn't they realise the opportunity that they had, all the possibilities that lay open to them? She remained herself a seething ball of resentment. The grudge against Debbi initiated by the grounding incident continued to build up in her mind. She recalled Debbi calling her stupid and immature. Well, she would teach the arrogant older woman who was the more mature. She would prove herself to be by far the cleverer of the two. She had been reading a lot of young adult fiction with scenes of bullying and hazing and had plenty of ideas for how to proceed. It was time to confront the twins and spur them into action!

"Well what do you want?" asked Darren when Jessica upbraided them for their inertia. "For a start, you can send me those nudie photos you've got of her" answered Jessica. "What do you want those for?" wondered Michael. "Not for the same reason you want them that's for sure" she laughed. "For blackmail of course, you idiots" she continued. "Also, I presume you know where your mum's hiding that spare key this time?" The twins confirmed that they did. "Good, then go and get it for me" Jessica demanded. "Why? What are you going to do?" worried Darren. "I'm going to take it to town and get another copy cut at the locksmiths" Jessica replied!

Debbi was weary when she returned from work that Friday evening. She had had to put in extra hours to make up for the flexitime she had taken off on the ill fated sunbathing afternoon and all that she wanted to do now was to soak in a long relaxing bath. She threw her bag casually onto the bed and it was soon followed by her discarded work clothes. She strode naked to the bathroom to run her bath, making sure to pour in lots of bubble foam. She lit a couple of scented candles, inserted her wireless ear pieces to listen to some Chopin and laid back to close her eyes and luxuriate in the foam!

Whether it was a sixth sense or something, Debbi did not know. But she suddenly felt as if she were not alone in the bathroom. She opened her eyes and sat up with a jolt, before quickly sinking down under the foam again to keep covered. "What are you doing here?" she cried. Jessica was seated on the closed toilet lid while Darren and Michael hovered by the door. "Oh, hi. I just needed your phone for a second so I could copy over your contact list" said Jessica casually. Debbi noticed that the girl was manipulating two phones, one of which she recognised as her own. "But how did you get in?" asked Debbi, voicing the next of the many questions crowding her mind. "Oh, I've got my own key now. I had one cut from that spare." Jessica remained calm, idly displaying her key ring. Debbi was dumbfounded.

"Anyway time for you to get out of that bath and get dry, we've a lot to discuss" continued Jessica briskly. "I'm not getting out with you all here" exclaimed Debbi, dealing with the immediate problem while she tried to think about how to deal with the rest of the situation. "Suit yourself" said Jessica, getting up from the toilet seat, reaching into the bath and pulling out the plug!

**Part Six**

The twins watched in fascination as the water level in Debbi's bath receded rapidly. Debbi was sitting with her knees drawn up, clasping them to her chest. Soon, she was left sitting in only a diminishing pool of scummy suds. "I don't know why you're going all coy on us" laughed Jessica. "We've seen it all before and we're going to be seeing it again plenty more times in the future, along with a whole bunch of our friends. You are ours now for the summer! But first, a few ground rules" the evil girl continued. "First of all, you're to show complete and utter obedience to us at all times" Jessica began. "Why on earth would I do that?" Debbi objected. "Oh come on, even you can't be that stupid?" Jessica countered. She held up the two phones, one now displaying a compromising photograph of a nude Debbi and the other the older woman's contact list.

"I must admit, you're very methodical. Company, clients, family, friends, tennis club, all neatly differentiated. Surely you don't want this" she held up the nude photo "to merge with this" she held up the contact list "do you? Because that's what'll happen as quick as a flash if you ever hesitate to do what we want for as much as a second!" Debbi cast her eyes down. The twins were in awe of Jessica's command of the situation. "Good. So, where were we? I realise that you have to work, so we're not going to interfere with that as long as you're well behaved. But when you're here, you're ours whenever we have any requirements of you. It won't be every day, we'll keep you on your toes. Oh, and don't even think about changing the locks!" Debbi blushed, since she had been thinking just that.

"OK, a couple more ground rules. Whenever you speak to me, you must refer to me as mistress" demanded Jessica. "What?" cried Debbi. "You heard. Any failure to do so will incur a penalty of six spanks for each and every infraction. The only exception is if you happen to bump into me when I'm with my mum and dad " Jessica conceded, briefly betraying her age. "What about us?" the twins asked. "Oh yeah, and you have to call them sir. And curtsy whenever you meet them, even in the street!" The boys giggled. "That's ridiculous" Debbi protested. "That's ridiculous mistress" Jessica corrected her. "I'll let you off as it's the first evening but that would ordinarily have been six spanks. And it's not ridiculous, it's the rules, so suck it up!" Debbi pouted petulantly as she sat hunched up in the bath.

"The final ground rule is that whenever you're with any of us and there are no adults present, you have to immediately take off all your clothes" Jessica concluded. "I can't do that" Debbi protested again. Jessica brandished the two phones. "OK" said Debbi. She was starting to get cold. Jessica was guarding the bath towels. "Can I have a towel?" Debbi asked. "Can I have a towel mistress. No more chances tonight. Next time you'll be spanked. And no, you can't. You haven't earned one. Come on through to your bedroom. You won't drip much. You'll just have to air dry" decided Jessica. Debbi reluctantly stood up, still instinctively trying to cover with her arms as much as she could.

"She could do jumping jacks, that'd dry her off" suggested Michael. "About time one of you came up with a good idea" agreed Jessica. " A dozen jumping jacks before we leave the bathroom!" There was a little flurry of back and forth with 'I can't, 'you can and you will' type remarks, before Debbi began leaping with the boys counting out, entranced by the way her perky tits bounced and her thighs jiggled. Debbi's nipples were now pinched and sticking out on stalks. Well, it was cold! Breathing heavily after all that jumping around, she led the way as they progressed to her bedroom, giving the twins an enticing view of her ass for the first time today.

"What do you want in here?" Debbi asked. "What do you want in here mistress, last warning" said Jessica. "What do you want in here mistress?" repeated Debbi. Jessica felt a warm frisson of satisfaction at another bridge that had been crossed on the path to breaking down Debbi's resistance. "I just want to inspect your knicker drawer" she explained. "More knickers than bras" the girl observed. In truth Debbi did not need a bra and never felt comfortable wearing one, so she only had what was essential for work. "What do you think of these boys?" Jessica held up assorted knickers for the twins' approval. "Lots of thongs, quite the little slut aren't you Debbi?" Debbi didn't know what that was supposed to mean but at the stage of school that Jessica was at, thongs were associated with sluts among her peers.

Delving deeper into the drawer, Jessica extracted a shiny silver cylinder. Debbi blushed. "What on earth is this I wonder?" the girl teased. Maybe she doesn't know what it is, Debbi hoped. Jessica flicked a switch. "Ooh, it vibrates" she giggled. The twins were blushing too. "Don't worry, I'm not going to ask you to demonstrate" Jessica laughed, showing that she knew full well what it was. "Not today anyway" she threatened.

"Right, that's it for now" the girl abruptly decided, somewhat to the surprise of Debbi and the twins. "We'll leave you to ponder on those ground rules. And we'll be in touch" she waved, as they headed down the stairs leaving Debbi standing naked in her own bedroom.

**Part Seven**

Debbi was on tenterhooks all weekend but to her surprise, her privacy was not invaded further by Jessica or the twins. To their disappointment, the twins were hauled away on a weekend visit to relatives. As for Jessica, she figured that she still had six weeks of the summer holiday during which she could toy with Debbi and so she would keep the older woman in suspense for a couple of days. What she did do was to send Debbi an email, containing what the 13 year old girl considered to be a contract. Debbi's stomach lurched when she saw the email arrive but despite herself, she almost laughed at the way the adolescent had tried to use a form of legal wording.

Debbi read; 'I, Debbi, agree to the following ground rules laid down by Jessica, Darren and Michael. I agree to be totally subservient to them at all times and to unfailingly obey all their commands. I am to always curtsy on meeting them. Jessica is to always be addressed as mistress and Darren and Michael are to be called sir. Any failure to comply will incur a punishment of six spanks for each transgression, to be administered when next convenient. Furthermore I, Debbi, agree that in future, the only knickers that I am allowed to wear shall be thongs. Jessica, Darren and Michael have the right to knicker inspection at any time via the raising of a skirt or lowering of trousers, whichever is applicable. Any failure to comply will incur a punishment of six spanks and the offending knickers will be removed and confiscated immediately. I, Debbi, agree that whenever alone indoors with Jessica, Darren, or Michael, I shall take off all of my clothes immediately and without fail. Any failure to comply will incur a punishment of six spanks. I, Debbi, agree to all of the above conditions and to any others that Jessica, Darren and Michael may see fit to impose at any time.'

The email ended with an instruction to reply immediately, acknowledging receipt and acceptance of the terms and to print out and sign the document. Debbi decided to ignore it. An hour later, a second message arrived from Jessica. Debbi saw that this one contained an attachment. The message demanded to know why Debbi had not replied and added 'you wouldn't want Mr. Yamamoto to see this would you?' Mr. Yamamoto was an important Japanese client of Debbi's company. She quickly opened the attachment and was horrified to see a photo of herself full frontally naked in the twins kitchen, smiling and flashing peace signs! She hurriedly replied with her consent to the 'contract', even going so far as to print it out and sign at the bottom.

Debbi had slept fitfully on both Friday and Saturday nights but her body needed to compensate, with the result that on Sunday night she slept like a log. So much so that she slept through the first alarm and was running late by the time the snooze alert cut in. She rushed to shower, gulp down a cup of coffee, grab some clean underwear from her drawer and dress in her smart business suit. As she hurried to her car, she was surprised to see the twins waiting for her. She knew she was running late but teenage boys didn't normally get up this early during school holidays! "Good morning Debbi" Michael greeted her. "Oh, er, good morning boys" she replied. "Now that's not how you're supposed to greet us is it?" Darren reminded her. Debbi looked around anxiously to see if there was anyone else around before performing an embarrassed curtsy! "Good morning sir" she said to each in turn as she bent her knee and stooped. The twins smirked as she blushed awkwardly. "And of course, knicker inspection" continued Michael!

Debbi was shocked. "What? Here?" she gasped. "No time like the present" Michael laughed. "There's nobody around and your car'll shield you from the street." Debbi looked around again. The street did appear to be deserted but who might be looking out of a window? "Come on, most people have left for work already" Darren pointed out. Debbi had to admit that she was later than usual and that he was probably right. She tried to hurriedly lift her skirt, cursing at her choice today of a tight knee length business skirt. Frantically, she tugged and tugged and finally managed to get it hoisted around her waist.

Seeing Debbi exposed never got old for the twins and they were captivated by the length of her legs encased in sheer navy blue tights atop a pair of smart heels. The knickers visible beneath the tights were a plain yellow cotton but pleasingly brief. "Very nice. Give us a twirl" instructed Darren. Debbi obediently turned her back to the boys but much as they enjoyed the view of her buttocks firmly gripped by the abbreviated rear of the panties, there was a problem. "But they're not a thong are they?" asserted Michael. Debbi realised her mistake. In her rush, she had simply grabbed the first pair that came to hand. She was still standing there out in the open with her skirt bunched around her waist. "I can go and change?" she offered. "Too late" replied Michael. "You signed up for the rules. We'll tell Jess so that she can arrange your spanking for later but in the meantime, I'm afraid we'll have to confiscate those." He pointed to Debbi's yellow knickers!

Debbi panicked. She didn't have time to argue. Opening the car door, she slid onto the back seat, leaving her heels on the pavement. Her tight skirt remained bunched around her waist. She reached up for the waistband of her tights. It seemed a case of more haste, less speed. She was in a hurry because she was late, because she was worried that someone might pass by and perhaps most of all because of what the twins might see during this process! Finally, the tights were somehow pulled inside out and off of her feet. "Don't look" she cried at the twins, knowing full well that they had licence to look as much as they wanted. Red faced, she removed the yellow knickers affording enticing glimpses between her legs, much as she tried to keep them together!

Debbi tried to pull down her tight skirt but it remained uncooperative, bunched as it was around her waist. In the end, she was forced to clamber out of the car and stand before she could successfully pull the skirt down and cover herself. "Here" she angrily handed the knickers to Darren. "Now I really have to go" she asserted, sliding into the driving seat and uncomfortably conscious of the fact that she was now going commando. She would have to pop into the toilets at work to put her tights back on, they would at least provide some reassurance. "See you later" she heard the twins call as she drove off and saw in her rear view mirror that Darren was waving her knickers at her!

**Part Eight**

Debbi managed to put the events of the morning out of her mind as she concentrated on her work. She had a couple of important meetings to attend. It was only when she went for a pee at lunchtime and she was reminded that she was going commando underneath her navy blue tights, that the mental images from the morning's earlier indignities intruded on her thoughts once more. It was with some trepidation that she returned home in the evening but all remained quiet. She made sure that she was bright and early the following morning, taking care to select a thong from her underwear drawer! But when Debbi got to her car, there was no sign of the twins. It seemed that even the attractions of knicker inspection could not rouse them from their pit for two days in a row.

So it was that Debbi had been lulled into a false sense of security. As she put her key in the lock that evening and opened the door, she was perturbed to hear voices and laughter. She entered the living room to find Jessica and the twins but they were not alone. Jessica was with an Asian girl of the same age that Debbi had seen around, while the twins were accompanied by an overweight youth from their class at school. "Oh, there you are at last Debbi" Jessica greeted her. "What are you doing here?" replied Debbi. Jessica waved the 'contract' that Debbi had signed and that she had just found lying on Debbi's desk. The group had been laughing over the clauses Debbi had agreed to.

"What are you doing here mistress, you should have said" Jessica reminded her. "I'm here to give you your spanking for wearing the wrong knickers yesterday" Jessica explained. The two newcomers sniggered. "That would have been six spanks but now you forgot to call me mistress and so it's twelve" the girl decided. "Nooo" cried Debbi. "No, mistress" Jessica laughed. "That's eighteen now!" The gang were delighted. "No mistress, that's not fair" Debbi protested. "It's perfectly fair and all in accordance with the contract" Jessica insisted. "And why are you still wearing clothes?" she demanded. "You know you're supposed to strip naked when alone with any of us!"

"But they're here" argued Debbi. "But they're here mistress. Now it's twenty four spanks, plus six for not stripping, so now we're up to thirty spanks!" The others were all laughing openly at Debbi now. "Aditty and Nigel are not adults and so the stripping clause still stands" Jessica continued. "Get used to it, most of our friends are going to see you naked eventually" the thirteen year old warned. "Is she really going to strip for us?" asked Nigel, the fat classmate of the twins. "Of course" Jessica assured him. She glanced at Debbi and noted the older woman's inner battle to resist. "Otherwise people she would rather didn't, get to see this!" She held up her phone displaying one of the compromising photos from the other day.

Something snapped inside Debbi. "Thirty spanks is not fair mistress, you haven't given me a chance. I'll take my clothes off but you're not spanking me." She stared at Jessica defiantly. The atmosphere was electric. Everyone felt different levels of embarrassment. Both Debbi and Jessica were red in the face. Who was going to win this standoff? "I thought you said she'd do whatever you told her?" said the Asian girl, Aditty. Jessica ignored her. She was seething inside at this potential loss of face but was already beginning to calm down. There she is, agreeing to strip naked for us all and yet she thinks she's won some kind of victory, the girl smiled to herself. She had all summer and had already decided on her next course of action. "Go on then" she said, breaking the silence.

"Go on what mistress?" asked Debbi, bemused. "Take your clothes off" ordered Jessica. Debbi was cornered. At least there was to be no spanking, she thought. She wasn't going to perform a strip tease, however. As matter of factly as she could, she began to undress. "No photos mistress" she cried as Aditty held up her phone. "Anyone's free at any time to take whatever photos they want. Anyway, Aditty's not taking photos, she's filming" Jessica corrected her. "Keep going!" The twins had seen Debbi naked before of course but it was still a thrill to see her stripping out of the smart business suit they were used to seeing her in, down to her lingerie. As in the car the previous day, it was an ungainly procedure to divest herself of her tights. Her breasts dangled seductively in the lightweight lacy bra, as she bent to push the pantyhose below her knees and off of her feet, revealing the matching lace thong.

Nigel was drooling. "Turn around, show your bum. We need to make sure they are the right knickers this time" demanded Jessica before Debbi took off her final two pieces of underwear. "Ew, a thong. What a slut!" observed Aditty. "Oh, our Debbi's quite the slut. You wouldn't believe what else I found in her underwear drawer" laughed Jessica. "OK, you can carry on" she informed the now blushing Debbi. The 26 year old I.T. manager couldn't believe that she was now unclasping her bra to display her tits to five grinning kids, not to mention Aditty's phone! Her sense of having won something over Jessica was rapidly diminishing. She didn't see any point in prolonging the agony and so she completed the procedure by sliding down her knickers. "She hasn't got any hair!" squealed Aditty. "No. She claims she shaves there for fashion but I think it just shows how immature she is at heart" observed Jessica, who was still smarting from Debbi's babysitting report on her.

Debbi was made to twirl for the group before being dispatched to the kitchen to make them all coffee. "That was great but aren't we going to get to see her spanked?" enquired Aditty. "All in good time" replied Jessica. "Let her think she's off the hook for now but keep tomorrow afternoon free!" she told the other four teens.

**Part Nine**

It was over an hour before Debbi could get rid of the five kids. When she returned with coffee for them all, she found Nigel sitting with the knickers that she had recently taken off draped over his head like a hat. The overweight youth then insisted on inspecting the rest of the knickers in her underwear drawer. It seemed to be a budding fetish with the boy, who was told by Jessica that he also now had the right of knicker inspection if he met Debbi outside! Nevertheless, as she finally closed the door behind them, Debbi felt that she had achieved something. She tried not to think about how long she had been naked in front of them all but rather preferred to dwell on how she had asserted herself and avoided being spanked.

There seemed to be a strangely animated atmosphere when Debbi arrived at work the following morning. She had hardly had time to put down her bag before her assistant Carol followed her into her office. "Have you seen this weird email we've all been sent?" Carol asked. "Give me a chance. I haven't sat down yet" Debbi replied. She set up her laptop and pulled down her emails. There was one from an anonymous generic account entitled 'I bet you'd all love to know who this is' and including an attachment. Debbi clicked on the attachment to reveal a full frontal photo of a naked torso, that had been cropped from neck to knee. The text did not reveal who it was that the photo portrayed but Debbi knew well enough! And the implication was that it was somebody well known to all of the recipients of the email.

Debbi realised that Carol was still standing there expecting a reaction and so she tried to pull herself together. "Some juvenile prank or other" she blustered, which at least contained an element of truth. "Make sure everyone deletes it Carol, we don't want that kind of thing on the company server." Why is she blushing Carol thought, as she went to do her boss's bidding? Debbi looked again at the photo. Hands were visible flashing inane peace signs. Hands that included a distinctive opal ring visible on one pinkie. Debbi surreptitiously removed the ring and slipped it into her handbag!

Another email popped up in Debbi's in box, his time addressed only to herself. It was from the same anonymous account and also included an attachment. The message read; 'That was a warning. If you do not present yourself for punishment at three this afternoon, everyone gets this.' Debbi opened the attachment to see the uncensored version of the earlier photo that clearly identified her! Hurriedly deleting it, she called "Carol, something's just come up and I'm going to have to leave early this afternoon. Log it on flexitime for me." Later that morning, she found a group at the drinks machine still discussing the mystery email. "Nice shaven fanny" one of the guys was commenting. "And perky tits" another added. "Yeah, but how did they get our mailing list? It's got to be someone we know" one of the women asserted. "It's just a random photo some idiot's pulled off the internet" Debbi contributed. But why was she blushing?

Debbi was flushed again that afternoon but this time it was in panic. She had got caught up in traffic and it was four minutes past three when she put the key in the lock of her front door. The same five kids were sitting there grinning and Jessica was holding up her phone, finger poised. "I'm so sorry mistress. There was so much traffic. Please, you haven't sent it have you?" Debbi pleaded. Jessica grinned. "Lucky for you, no. I decided to give you five minutes leeway. Aren't you going to thank me?" the 13 year old devil asked. "Thank you mistress" Debbi blurted out mechanically. "Right" continued Jessica. "Well as you know, you had accumulated a total of thirty spanks yesterday for various misdemeanours. But that show of defiance has earned you another six. And why are you still dressed? That's six more, so now it's forty-two" the teen laughed.

"No mistress, please" wailed Debbi as she began to pull at her clothes in her hurry to take them off. "Why don't we just make it a round fifty?" the Asian girl Aditty suggested. "Good thinking Ditty" agreed Jessica. "There are five of us, so we can all give her ten spanks each!" Debbi was shocked. "Please, no mistress. I can't take fifty" she cried as she once again stood before them all totally naked. "You can and you will" replied Jessica brusquely. "You've forfeited any right to negotiation. And anyway, we're only children as you love to point out, so what damage can we do? Now put that chair in the middle of the room!"

**Part Ten**

Lying in bed later that night, Debbi was determined that she wasn't ever going to have to endure a spanking again, however much it might entail acceding to the kids' other demands. Despite the number of spanks, it hadn't been especially painful. As she had bent over the chair, the twins Darren and Michael had been quite tentative in their approach and while Jessica had laid into her more firmly, Debbi had gritted her teeth. It was the ignominious nature of the whole thing that had really got to her and the unexpected problems in that respect had been Aditty and Nigel. The Asian girl had found a plastic ruler from somewhere which she used to belabor the back of Debbi's sensitive thighs, causing the legs which the older woman had tried to keep resolutely closed, to open somewhat. Nigel noticed this and borrowed the ruler to carry on in the same vein with even more revealing results!

Jessica continued to assume the role of leader of the little gang and Debbi was grateful for small mercies when the spiteful teen informed her that she wouldn't be needed for a couple of days. Ominously, she was instructed to keep the weekend free! So it was sheer bad luck that caused Debbi to bump into the fat youth Nigel as she was strolling about the mall in her lunchbreak on Friday. He was with two friends, a ginger haired lad and a black boy.

"We were just talking about you" Nigel greeted her. "Oh, hello sir" answered the blushing Debbi. It grated on her to say it, especially in front of these two newcomers. But she wasn't going to take the risk of incurring another penalty. "See, I told you she has to be respectful to us" Nigel boasted. "Yeah, cool. But what about this knicker inspection you were going on about?" Ginger wanted to know. "Er, yes, um, show us what knickers you're wearing today Debbi" Nigel demanded, not sure of what response he would get and worried about losing face. "But I can't be showing you my knickers in the middle of the mall" Debbi replied, not unreasonably.

Nigel was mature enough to concede that this would indeed be pushing things too far but, seeing the disbelieving and skeptical expressions on the faces of his two friends, he had a brainwave. "Look, we're just by Fenwick's" he said, indicating the department store and guiding Debbi towards it. "You can go in one of the changing rooms there and show us!" As with many of the events of the last few days, Debbi found herself swept along and struggling to find rational arguments to stop things, given the hold these kids were developing over her.

"I'd better get a dress to take to the changing room, make it look like I'm going to try something on" she reasoned to Nigel. The three boys hung around expectantly by the changing cubicles. Fortunately, it did not seem to be that busy in the store. Debbi quickly grabbed any old dress off of the racks, having no intention of actually buying anything. As she turned to head back to the changing area, she saw a sales assistant challenging the boys and telling them to move away from the ladies department. "It's OK, they're with me" Debbi called. The sales woman looked at her quizzically, thinking Debbi was too young to be the mother of any of the motley crew. Sensing her puzzlement, Debbi added "I'm their teacher."

The woman was still dubious. "But it's the school holidays" she asserted. "They're paying for extra tuition to cram for their exams" Debbi improvised. "Er, we're taking a lunch break and I just wanted some masculine input on how this dress will look." The woman rolled her eyes. "From kids?" she wondered out loud. But since no other customers were in the vicinity, she decided that it was really none of her business and left them to it.

"I wish you were our teacher" remarked the ginger haired kid. "Yeah, whatever" said Debbi. "Let's get this over with." She stepped into a cubicle, only pulling the curtain part way across so that the three boys could see. "Stand there and shield me from the shop" she told them, ignoring how she was now colluding in her own exposure! She was unable to hoist the tight skirt, cursing that she had chosen the same one as on Monday and was having the same difficulty in lifting it to her waist. "Take it off, it'll be easier" suggested Nigel. Debbi reluctantly agreed, unzipping and stepping out of the skirt.

"There" hissed Debbi, quickly turning round to confirm that she was wearing a thong as specified. "It's not quite clear, better take off those tights so we can be certain" said Nigel, mischievously pushing his luck. He opened the curtain a little more so that the view of the other two boys was not obscured. "Dammit" cried Debbi, nevertheless hurriedly trying to divest herself of her tights. Quite apart from exposing herself to these three boys, she was now starting to panic that their activities might be observed by other customers or staff.

"Satisfied?" Debbi asked exasperated, as she finally dragged the tights off of her feet. "Better lift the blouse and jacket so we can inspect them properly" Nigel instructed. Debbi did as she was told, pirouetting once more. "Excellent" confirmed Nigel. "Can we see her bra too?" Ginger wondered. "That's not part of the inspection" Debbi protested. "No" agreed Nigel. "But since you've got that dress in there with you, why don't you try it on?"

Debbi's frustration grew, which was not doing anything for her ability to think straight. Sighing, she shrugged off her jacket and began unbuttoning her blouse. Somehow, the three boys had succeeded in stripping her to her bra and panties, a black lace set with red trim! Debbi took the dress she had randomly selected off of the hook and tried to get into it. Unfortunately, since she had not had any intention of making a purchase, she had simply grabbed the first thing that came to hand and this bright yellow dress was at least two sizes too small!

Wondering why she was even bothering, she tugged and wrestled to get the straps up over her chest. "Can you zip me up?" she asked Nigel, turning her back to him. With much effort, the boy managed to get the zip fully up while Debbi breathed in. She felt like a trussed up chicken! Turning to face the boys, her bra was peaking out of the top of the dress and forcing her perky tits up into an unnatural cleavage like some 18th century tart. It was also ridiculously short, barely skimming the bottom of her knickers.

Debbi walked self consciously out of the cubicle. "Is everything alright?" a voice called. The sales woman had returned. Debbi blushed. "Um, do you have this in a larger size?" she mumbled. "Um, yes, that might not be a bad idea" agreed the woman. "I imagine the boys are not used to seeing quite so much of their teacher" she added tartly.

The sales assistant's reappearance put an end to the boys' fun and Debbi ended up having to buy the dress to avoid further embarrassment. The boys weren't in any way disappointed, however. "That was awesome" said the black boy, as Debbi rushed off back to work. Nigel basked in the glory. "Can we come and play with her again?" Ginger wanted to know. "I'll have to clear it with Jess but I expect so" Nigel replied. "Who's Jess?" the black boy asked. "This girl who lives opposite the twins. She's in charge of her" Nigel explained.

Debbi had enjoyed her September. It had been a welcome break after the traumas of the summer holiday. Jessica had been packed off back to boarding school by her parents and the twins, Michael and Darren, were always less assertive in her absence.

Debbi still cringed at the memories of the summer, however. The first few days had been bad enough but it continued off and on throughout the six weeks. The twins had insisted that she sunbathe totally naked in their garden when the weather and parental absence allowed. Michael in particular had revelled in applying sun screen to her back and buttocks. Jessica's interest was always one of humiliation and control and Debbi retained graphic memories of the day she had invited a bunch of her girl friends to play 'dress up doll', with Debbi forced into a series of ridiculous and degrading outfits and then spanked by Jessica for no reason other than that 'she could' !

But the worst by far had been that fat kid Nigel and his friends Ginger and Clyde. This trio had turned up at her house with an ancient copy of Men Only that Ginger had found in his father's den. They made Debbi replicate the naked poses from the magazine while they photographed her in high definition. She shuddered to remember posing with her legs spread, with her ankles up around her ears and on all fours, looking over her shoulder at the camera with her bum up in the air and knees parted !

So September had been a great relief with Jessica safely out of the way and the others back at school and occupied with studying and homework. The only indignities that she had suffered recently had been from what seemed to be a growing army of teenage and barely teenage boys who had assumed the right of knicker inspection. Word had got round and she had lost count of the number of times she had found herself skulking in some doorway and hoisting her skirt above her waist or lowering her trousers to her knees !

But now it was October and half term loomed. Jessica would be back for the week and as was often the case, half term this year coincided with Halloween and Halloween fell on a Saturday. So the phone call from Jessica's mother was not a complete surprise but was nevertheless unwelcome. "You are such a life saver" Jessica's mother informed her when Debbi agreed to 'babysit' the 13 year old brat over Halloween. "We have had these opera tickets booked for months and it never occurred to us that it clashed with Halloween. Of course, we could have insisted that she come to the hotel with us but you know what a terror she can be when she doesn't get her own way !" Don't I just, thought Debbi, but instead she simply replied "Oh, she's not a bad kid."

Jessica's mother continued to gush. "Gerald and I think it's amazing how she has suddenly bonded with you and we both agree that you make such an admirable role model for her. I've told her that she and her little friends have to be on their best behaviour for their party." What could Debbi say ? "Oh, I'm sure we'll get along just fine !"

**Part 11**

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