**Fun with The Babysitter**

by dazed

“Hello Holly. Barbara here. I know it is short notice, but could you possibly sit with Megan tonight. Something has come up and I have been unable to find anyone else on such short notice.”  
  
Barbara had used Holly repeatedly and never had an issue with her, and as far as she knew, her and Megan, her sixteen year old daughter, got along favorably. Besides, Holly was eighteen and mature enough to know how to handle most things.  
  
“Well, its Saturday night and I usually don’t babysit. How long are we talking about?” Holly inquired.  
  
“Two hours. I promise if it is anymore you can leave her by herself until I get there. I know Megan is sixteen but with so much crime and drugs going on, I just can’t take a chance on leaving her by herself for too long.”  
  
“What time are you leaving?” Holly again asked.  
  
“I will leave at six and should be back by eight.”  
  
“Oh that’s fine. I am not going anywhere till around 10 or so, “Holly remarked. “Sure, I will be there.”  
  
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Megan watched her mother pull out of the drive and pounced on the living room couch as Holly took her seat beside her.   
  
“I got something I want you to watch. It’s a cool home movie!” Megan spoke excitedly as she picked up the remote to begin.  
  
Holly shifted back to a comfortable position to view what would most likely be a movie of Megan doing her tumbling routines or something like that.  
  
The movie was grainy at first but then cleared up. Holly sat up straight, her face went ashen and her mouth agape as she watched her own self on the screen.  
  
“This is the good part,” Megan cooed as she zoomed in. Holly could hardly bear to watch herself rummage through Barbara’s jewelry and put the necklace in her pocket.  
  
“I don’t understand. Why are showing me this?” Holly remarked as her mind raced to formulate some formidable excuse.  
  
“I think the official word is theft,” Megan replied as she shot Holly a beady look. “You’re eighteen, that means you are going to jail.”  
  
The word jail hit Holly like a ton of bricks. She stood to her feet, her entire body shaking as she began sobbing.  
  
“Megan, you have to believe me I meant to ask your mother if I could borrow it to wear and simply forgot about it.”  
  
“You might convince her with that act, but not me. I am looking at you stealing my mother’s jewelry. I just wanted you to see it before I called the police.”  
  
Holly sunk to her knees, her arms in a praying position at her chin. “Megan, I beg you, please don’t call the police. My life will be ruined. I swear to you, I will bring it back the next time I come and sneak it back in her box.”  
  
“Well, on one condition,” Megan remarked as she turned off the TV.  
  
“Yes, of course, what is it?” Holly pleaded.  
  
“You know mother and father are divorced. Mommy don’t know this, but I found some magazines in daddy’s room just before he left. I want to play like the girls in the pictures,” Megan replied.   
  
Holly was dumbfounded. “What kind of magazines? Megan, I am sure you probably should not be looking at them if they were in his room,” Holly spoke.  
  
“Stay here, don’t move,” Megan replied as she scurried from the couch to her bedroom. When she returned she was carrying a few magazines under her arm. She laid them on the couch between her and Holly and began turning the pages of the glossy pics.  
  
“Oh my god Megan! You can’t see this stuff,” Holly blushed as the images of naked women tied in strict bondage filled the pages.  
  
“I think its neat. I have some rope and been practicing tying on things. I want to tie you up just like the girls in these pics. If you let me, I promise I will not call the police or tell mom.”  
  
Holly shot to her feet, her face flushed. “No, absolutely not. Megan, you need to get rid of these horrible books now before your mother finds you with them,” Holly preached.  
  
Just then Holly watched Megan pick up the phone and she could tell the numbers she was punching was for 911.  
  
“Noooo!” Holly shouted as she dived for the phone and stopped Megan from dialing. “Just tied up? that’s it? Holly asked nervously.  
  
“Tied up, yes. You let me tie you up for a couple of hours and I will delete the tape, and never tell mom.”  
  
“Oh Megan, this is so wrong, but you can have your fun. You have to promise to untie me when I tell you to though,” Holly spoke as she wagged her finger in front of Megan’s face.   
  
Megan nodded and bolted from the couch, the magazines tucked under her arm, locking the front door, and running into her closet to get the ropes.  
  
“In my room!” Megan yelled.  
  
Holly came walking sheepishly into the bedroom, dreading the tie up game, but also wanting it over with.  
  
“Shut the door,” Megan ordered as she unraveled the ropes.  
  
Holly nervously shut the door behind her and turned back to Megan.  
  
“Now take off all your clothes!” Megan demeaned.  
  
“Oh no you don’t. No way am I doing that,” Holly argued.  
  
“Suit yourself. I got a phone in here,” and she reached over to pick it up and began dialing the numbers again.  
  
“Please..no..I don’t want to be naked. Isn’t there some other way I can make it up to you?” Holly pleaded as she reached out and stopped Megan from dialing momentarily.  
  
“Naked or the cops? Which will it be?” Megan spoke with a sly grin.  
  
Holly’s lips were quivering. She was about to manipulated by a sixteen year old into taking off all her clothes and letting her tie her up. The thought was horrifying, obscene even, yet the thought of confronting Barbara and maybe even going to jail was even worse.  
  
“Megan...please don’t make me take my clothes off,” Holly tried once more, her voice desperate and shaky.  
  
“Strip! Now!” Megan thundered back.  
  
Holly sobbed softly, her face blushing shame as she began undressing. Too soon for her comfort, she was standing bare ass naked in front of the grinning girl.   
  
Megan soaked up the sight of Holly’s naked body. Holly had a nearly flawless hour glass figure with ample, ripe breasts, a taunt and flat tummy, and shapely, round hips.  
  
“Lay on the bed. I want you to spread your arms out to each side and spread your legs too,” Megan spoke as she guided Holly to her bed.  
  
“That will let you see too much. Megan, this is not right,” Holly pleaded as she laid down on Megan’s bed.   
  
Until it is time for mom to get home, I am in charge. You are my prisoner and will do as I say. Now spread your arms and legs wide apart,” Megan barked.  
  
Holly closed her eyes, her lips again quivering as she reached her arms out away from her head, and then slowly spread her legs.  
  
Megan beamed at Holly’s bald sex that was now on vivid display. She then worked eagerly to effectively bind Megan’s arms and legs in a spread eagle position.  
  
“Megan..where did you learn to tie rope like this? This is not a healthy interest you have,” Holly remarked as she felt the tightness of the ropes that made her immobile.  
  
“I think it’s fun, but then I am not the one tied up butt naked on someone’s bed am I?” Megan quipped as she stood back and admired the naked beauty bound helplessly on her bed.  
  
Megan then pulled a chair by her bed and smiled at Holly as she sat down in it. “You really should be more careful with your social media posts. People can learn lots of things about you. I went back through some of them and you know what I found?” Megan asked. When Holly slowly shook her head, no, Megan reached behind her and pulled out a huge feather.  
  
“I found your post about how ticklish you are,” Megan laughed as she waved the feather in front of Holly’s face.  
  
“Ohhhh, nooooo! Don’t you dare Megan!” Holly spoke as she began straining at the bonds Megan had put her in.  
  
“Oh yes,” Megan beamed as she climbed up on the bed and straddled Holly’s chest. “But first, we have to muffle your screams, so open up while I stuff your panties in your mouth!” Megan beamed.  
  
“NOOOOOO!” Holly tried to scream, before Megan forced the panties inside her mouth and bunched them up to form a good gag. She then cut a strip of duct tape and secured it in place.  
  
“Party time,” Megan smiled as she slid back off the bed and took her position to begin the tickle torture of Holly’s body.  
  
Holly watched Megan approach her with the demented smile on her face and the feather leaning ominously towards her.  
  
“MMMMMMPHHHHH!” Holly screamed through her gag.

**Part Two**

“MMMMMMPHHHHH!” Holly screamed through her gag. The look of wide eyed fear was in her eye and she shook her head violently watching Megan approach with the huge feather.  
  
“Oh silly me,” Megan spoke as she stopped her approach. “I almost forgot. We just got a new video camera. It records in high definition and you can put the video on your favorite websites,” Megan gleefully announced as she sat up the tripod and placed the camera on it, ensuring to aim the lens right at Holly’s very exposed crotch.  
  
“Now, where was I?” Megan grinned sadistically as she laid the feather on Holly’s stomach and dug into Holly’s sides with a few fingers from each hand, wriggling them manically.   
  
Megan grinned triumphantly as she listened to the helpless shrieks coming from Holly, and watched Holly’s vain attempts to free herself by straining the ropes that bound her.  
  
“My my, you were not kidding. You really are ticklish,” Megan beamed as she continued her assault by moving to the ribs and then to Holly’s stomach. “In fact, you are more ticklish than I thought. That only means I will have to torment you longer than I had planned.”  
  
As Megan mercilessly kept up the assault, Holly thrashed and convulsed on the bed as if she was being shocked. Tears formed in her eyes as Megan refused to relent. Thirty minutes of hellish tickling had Holly in tears and her body covered in a sheen of sweat. Her panicked gasps was heard through the gag, which was soaked with her saliva.  
  
Finally Megan stopped, or so Holly thought as she leaned over and pulled the gag from Holly’s mouth.   
  
“I think the video would be much more effective to watch if they can hear you pathetic screams for mercy, don’t you?” Megan teased.  
  
“Oh god, Megan stop! I...I can’t take any more. Please, stop,” Holly pleaded.  
  
“Yes, that is exactly what I want to hear,” Megan snickered as she walked to Holly’s feet and began removing the ropes from both legs. Afterwards, Megan pulled her legs together and coiled the rope around her ankles.  
  
“What are you doing? Please, I beg you let me go,” Holly sobbed as she saw the ominous light on the camera and knew it was capturing her humiliation for others to see.  
  
Megan worked enthusiastically as she used the rope to lift Holly’s legs up in the air. The action made Holly’s gaping sex and tight anus fill the screen of the camera. She pulled the rope back by Holly’s head and tied it off on the bedposts and returned to the foot of the bed where she gazed at Holly’s exposed pussy and anus with delighted amusement.  
  
“You naughty girl. Screaming and thrashing like this is hurting you when everyone can see how wet you are down here,” Megan teased. “Well, we are going to make you much wetter.”  
  
Megan leaned in and parted Holly’s labia with her thumb and index finger, revealing her clit, the next target of Holly’s torment.  
  
“Oh god! no. Not there, please I will do anything, just not there, I beg you,” Holly pleaded, nearly in tears.   
  
“NOOOOOO!! oh god, oh oh, nooooo!” Holly wailed as Megan flicked the feather over her clit with demented glee.  
  
The horrifying idea that she would cum in front of Megan, and worse on camera, had her blushing in shame.  
  
To her horror, Megan sped up the assault with quick, electrifying movements. The tidal wave was rushing to shore.  
  
“I’M GONNA..OH NO. OH NO I’M GONNA CUM!” Holly squealed, nearly out of her head with sensation. Screams of ecstasy, followed by moans of shame poured from Holly’s lips.  
  
Watching Holly helplessly orgasm in front of her filled Megan with a twisted sense of pride and accomplishment. The smile on her lips grew wider when her eyes traced downward to Holly’s tight butthole winking at her and the camera.  
  
“Oh, I have neglected your butt hole,” Megan snickered as she guided the feather to Holly’s nether region.  
  
“No….Megan...please don’t,” Holly protested, nearly out of breath from the powerful orgasm earlier.  
  
“Oh yes. I am going to tickle your butthole and there is nothing you can do to stop me,” Megan relied gleefully as she glided the feather over the target area.  
  
She watched Holly tense, moan, and groan to the point of hyperventilating before trailing off to let her catch her breath.  
  
“I want to make you cum for me again. That was fun!” Megan cooed as she returned to torturing Holly’s asshole.  
  
“No Megan….please...no more. I can’t take it. Let me go please!” Holly whined as Megan reached behind her and picked up a second feather.  
  
The demented Megan began double teaming Holly. Flicking the feathers over her clit and butthole at the same time, driving Holly insane until she exploded in a second, drenching orgasm.  
  
Holly was a whimpering, weakened mess as Megan proudly stood and shut off the camera and slowly began removing the ropes.  
  
“Where are my clothes Megan?” Holly spoke breathlessly.  
  
“Clothes? We have a whole hour before mom gets back. I want to have some more fun, or shall I show mom the video?”  
  
Holly’s heart sank as she tried to imagine what other torment Megan had up her sleeve.