**Gretchen the Babysitter** – Part 1
By Little Joe

Why Gretchen had agreed to fly out to Nice with the two girls, she didn’t know they were sixteen, after all. They should’ve been old enough to look after themselves. But apparently their father thought ‘they couldn’t be trusted’ on their own. And Gretchen was getting her airfare paid, at least.

Their father sighed with relief. Not for nothing were his daughters known as the terrible twins. Goodness knows what on earth they’d get up to without somebody responsible with them. And Gretchen was responsible, wasn’t she?

“They’re a bit of a handful, mind,” he’d warned. After all, she’d better know what she was letting herself in for.

But Gretchen was enthusiastic about it. She could handle those girls. Once she put her hands on her hips and spoke with her authoritative voice, people did as they were told. She might only be five feet two inches in her stocking feet, but Gretchen with her hands on her hips was a force to be reckoned with.

“I’d love to,” she’d said when asked, thinking about the free trip. The girls would be no trouble. They’d a have a real fun time, all girls together.

Gretchen was petite, and blessed with abundant golden brown hair and a figure of perfect proportions. And she looked so young. When she was beside the girls who were bustier and taller than she was, and who wore lots of make-up, one would’ve thought they were keeping an eye on her!

Jacantha and Tamarind, the terrible twins, at five feet eight inches tall, were six inches taller than Gretchen and blessed with that confidence and ease of manner which comes of always having someone to back you up. Blessed also with that mischievous nature which comes from always having someone to plot with.

Gretchen ordered them to carry the bags. May as well start as she meant to carry on. She saw them glance at each other and reluctantly pick them up. She smiled to herself. She was already exerting her authority. The girls didn’t like being bossed about. Good.

They checked the bags in and waited for the flight, and waited, and waited.

First it was one problem, then another, and then the flight was cancelled. They would be put up overnight in a hotel.

As they queued to get their hotel voucher, Gretchen ordered the girls to go and pick up the checked in bags that they’d need for the overnight flight.

“Come on, jump to it girls,” she said, thinking she may as well start as she meant to go on.

They slouched off ungraciously. Gretchen smiled. They definitely didn’t like being bossed about. Ten minutes later they came back, shaking their heads and looking serious. Their luggage wouldn’t be offloaded. They’d have to make do with their carry-on bags.

Gretchen groaned. Her carry-on bags contained nothing but a book, a special toy and a box of paper tissues. Poor Gretchen wasn’t the most organized.

As they were a ‘family group,’ they were given a ‘family’ room with one double queen bed and one single bed.

“What are we going to wear for sleeping?” complained Gretchen.

“Come on, jump to it. You’ll have to rub through your underwear,” she instructed the girls. “We’ll need to wear them tomorrow.”

“We’ve got pajamas,” said the twins almost in unison.

‘God,’ thought Gretchen, ‘they’re so efficient.’ She was going to have to sleep naked. And how embarrassing that was going to be.

Gretchen ordered pizzas for the room, and a bottle of red wine. She needed something to relax. She wasn’t sure if the girls should drink. They were, after all, only sixteen. But then she thought one glass wouldn’t hurt.

Maybe it wouldn’t have. Gretchen never knew because Jacantha’s first glass ended up right down Gretchen’s front.

Had she done it on purpose? Poor Gretchen didn’t know. Her one and only traveling dress was ruined. She pulled it off and threw it at the girls.

“Stupid girl. Get everything cleaned,” she shouted, “I don’t care how. I can’t travel in that. I’m having a shower. Come on, jump to it!” And with that she stormed into the bathroom.

The girls watched her flounce off, and it’s difficult to flounce in nothing but your rather sexy undies. They looked at each other.

“Ooh!” said Jacantha.

“Ooh, oh!” said Tamarind.

This could be fun.

Gretchen stood in the shower letting the hot water bounce off her naked body. She’d given the girls the dress to wash in the sink, but red wine? What chance was there of getting that out?

She soaped herself down fuming. She needed something to calm her down, relax her. Thank God she’d put one of her toys in her bag. It was her favorite, Big Willy! Big Willy always relaxed her, and my God, she did need relaxing.

She dried herself off and, sitting on the toilet seat, she opened her legs wide and stroked her beautiful smooth pussy cat. It was so nice and soothing just to stroke it, moving her fingers up the opening between her private lips and playing a bit with her pleasure spot.

She took out Big Willy and switched him on. He was her favorite; just the right size, he fitted perfectly as she slipped him in, buzzing gently and nicely stimulating the parts that needed stimulating. She closed her eyes. It was so relaxing. Big Willy did his job, and she enjoyed the moment. God, she needed that!

“We’ve sent the dress off to be cleaned.” Gretchen was startled out of her reverie by the sound of a voice.

“What?” She opened her eyes wide. Oh my God. She’d been caught naked with her toy up pleasuring herself. How long had they been there? Exactly how much had they seen?

“Sorry to interrupt when you’re… em… enjoying yourself,” said Tamarind.

“Please don’t stop on our account,” said Jacantha, “we just thought we’d let you know the housekeeper’s just taken your dress to be cleaned.”

“What?” shrieked Gretchen, forgetting for the moment even to extract her plaything, “you’ve sent off my dress? When does it come back? It’s a twenty four hour service. I’ll be traveling in my panties if I don’t get it back.”

“Oh dear,” said Jacantha, “we sent your bra and panties off as well. You did say to get everything cleaned!”

Gretchen shrieked. The plane left at seven in the morning. No time to buy anything. She had to get her clothes back. Whipping out her little comforter and not even stopping to pick out a towel, she rushed out of the bathroom, out of the room and into the corridor. She could just see the housekeeper with the clothes disappearing towards the elevator, and she ran off after her, oblivious to the fact that she was stark naked.

Only when she reached the elevator and it had long gone did she stop to think. She’d been a fool. She’d panicked. What with being caught in delicio delicto with Big Willy up her and everything. The thought of being watched playing with Big Willy sent her into spasms of embarrassment. She looked down at her bosoms. Her blush had spread all the way down and covered her bare boobies. Bare boobies! It suddenly struck home to her. She had rushed into the corridor totally starkers. Panic set in again and she rushed back to the room and banged on the door.

“Girls! Girls!” she shrieked. “Let me in. I’ve got nothing on.”

Giggles from inside the door. “Girls! Stop laughing and let me in. Jump to it!” More giggles.

Gretchen raised her hand to hammer again, but then decided that was not quite the best idea. It would attract attention, and for the next five minutes she alternately threatened and cajoled, but all to no avail. It slowly dawned on her. They weren’t going to let her back in!

She was alerted to the sound of voices coming along the corridor. She had to hide. Quickly she scampered off to the fire escape stairs. She could hide there and decide what to do.

Back in the room the girls had collapsed in laughter. Jacantha picked up her phone and picked up Big Willy. They collapsed in laughter again. Should they play with Big Willy? No, they had Gretchen to play with now. And, she didn’t know it yet, but she was going to provide them with endless amusement.

Gretchen stood on the fire escape stairs with her hands on her hips. That usually gave her confidence, but she was far from confident now. It was clear the girls weren’t going to let her back in. The little tykes! She’d give them what for when she got in. And Gretchen knew how to give people what for. She’d make them jump to it and no mistake. Their father would get to hear of this, and they’d be in real trouble. Then she thought perhaps not. Unfortunate details about how she came to be locked out in the altogether might emerge. Details including a description of Big Willy and what she’d been doing with him. Better just stick to delivering what for. They’d be jumping to it with a vengeance from now on!

What was she to do now? There seemed only one option. She would have to go down to the front desk and get another key. Should she go now and get it over with, or wait until later when it would be quiet? She knew there was only one answer to that. She had to get it over with. She crept down the fire escape stairs to the door that led into the lobby. She stood in front of the door, hands on hips, breathing deeply. She was going to have to open that door, march across to the front desk, explain that she’d been locked out, and ask for a key. She had to give herself confidence. She was going to need it. She counted up to ten. On the count of ten she would do it.

“Eight, nine… ten!”

She pushed open the door and strode out. Immediately a hush fell on the place. Poor Gretchen felt every eye on her. Her hard fought for confidence melted away like snow off a dyke. She felt her face burning, she felt the blush spread down her front, and she felt her mouth go as dry as if it were filled with blotting paper. Her heart pounded, her face burned scarlet and her nerve broke. She had been determined not to do it. She had been determined to march nonchalantly to the desk, as if nothing were the matter, brimming with confidence. Instead she found herself vainly trying to hide her vagina with one hand and her nipples with the other as she scampered across the lobby to the desk.

“Quick, quick,” she shrieked. “I’ve got nothing on.”

Anybody who hadn’t so far noticed that there was a completely nude girl in the lobby certainly did now. The naked figure crouched beside the front desk, her little bare bottom quivering in rather a fetching fashion, until the front desk clerk emerged from the back office and she was able to ask for a key.

If Gretchen hadn’t known the meaning of the term naked humiliation before. She certainly knew it now.

It took five minutes to get a new key card made, and all the time she could only stand there cringing in that ridiculous knock-kneed hand over kitty stance. Finally she grabbed the key and scampered off to the loud amusement of all present.

She trudged back up the fire stairs, thinking out in full detail the tirade of what for she was going to give the twins.

She burst in through the door in order to surprise them and stood with her hands on her hips ready to launch forth. Her words died on her lips. In front of her the twins had hooked up a camera phone to the television and were showing a video on the screen.

The girl on the screen was naked, facing the camera with her legs wide apart. She was working herself with some enthusiasm, using what looked like a very nice pleasure toy. Her eyes were closed and her face grew ever more excited as she worked herself up into an ecstatic climax. Loud grunts and groans came from her mouth as she bucked and her pelvic muscles contracted. Gretchen stared in disbelief. The girl in the picture was her!

“Nice vid,” said Jacantha. “It’s amazing what a good quality you get with these phones. Daddy will love it.”

“No, no!” shrieked Gretchen. “You can’t!”

“Can’t we though?” said Tamarind.

“You wouldn’t.”

“Of course not,” said Jacantha. Gretchen heaved a sigh of relief. “Provided you stop bossing us about”

“Of course,” said Gretchen staring at the screen where the looping video showed a close up of Gretchen’s smoothly shaved vagina, where the beneficial effects of Big Willy were being supplemented by the manual stimulation of an engorged clitoris. “Of course,” she said again, terrified of what the girls would do with the video. “Of course I won’t boss you about.”

“Indeed you won’t. We’ll boss you about instead.”

“What?”

“You can start by washing our undies through for tomorrow.”

“Of course,” said Gretchen. All she could think of was getting the wretched video off the screen. She knew she should exert her authority. She had plenty of authority normally, but her total nudity and her recent humiliating experience had deflated her completely.

“Of course, ma’am,” corrected Jacantha.

“What?”

“Of course, ma’am! Come on, jump to it!”

Gretchen looked at the video and all resistance crumbled.” “Yes ma’am,” she mumbled.

“Louder!” said Tamarind, “we can’t hear you!”

“Yes ma’am,” said Gretchen.

“Louder, and jump to it,” said Jacantha.

“Yes ma’am,” Gretchen responded quickly, naked and humiliated.

The girls’ undies had been thrown on the floor and they had changed into their pajamas. Gretchen bent down to pick them up, and as she did so one of the girls gave her a sharp slap on the bare backside.

“Come on little girl, jump to it.” They were six inches taller than Gretchen, after all. “Or you’ll feel a hand on your bottom.”

Gretchen jumped to it.

“Can I put something on?” she wailed. “Er… ma’am.”

“You know, I don’t think you have anything to put on, girl.”

“What am I going to do, ma’am?”

“Oh, we have something very special for you for tomorrow.”

“What?”

“What, ma’am!”

“Ma’am, ma’am. You stupid girls. What am I going to wear?” Gretchen’s exasperation broke through her fragile control. Too late, she looked up again at the video where her face was once more contorting in ecstasy. She stopped and stared at the screen.

“Oh dear,” said Jacantha,

“Oh dear,” said Tamarind.

“I don’t think she jumped to it.”

“She did not!”

“Somebody’s going to get a rather pink bottom.”

“Somebody certainly is.”

“You wouldn’t,” wailed Gretchen, and suddenly recollecting herself, “you wouldn’t ma’am.”

”Oh yes we would!”

Climactic grunts came from the screen as Tamarind turned the sound up, and Gretchen knew she was beaten.

“Kneel on the bed,”

“Yes ma’am.” Gretchen hesitatingly complied, looking round anxiously as each girl armed herself with a slipper.

“Left cheek,” said Tamarind.

“Right cheek,” said Jacantha.

“You know why you’re being punished?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“You’ve been a naughty girl.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Say it.”

“I’ve been a naughty girl and I deserve to be spanked, ma’am.”

“In that case we’d better spank you then.”

“Ow! Ow!”

Gretchen felt the cheeks of her bottom burning as she was spanked and spanked. But what could she do? They had the video and she had no clothes on.

“Ow! Ow!”

And as the bright red cheeks of her bare bottom stung more and more with each successive spank, she realized with a horrible certainty that from now on she was going to have to jump to it.

**Gretchen the Babysitter - Part 2**
Gretchen lay on the bed and rubbed her bottom. It was a bit tender, but she hadn’t been spanked too hard. The girls had just done it to humiliate her; to show her who was boss. Gretchen knew that, and there was nothing she could do about it. She shivered slightly. The girls had made her sleep in the nude on top of the bed. She wasn’t even allowed to get cover from the bedclothes.

A spirit of rebellion surged in her. Sleep on top of the bedclothes indeed! They were only girls. She could stand up to them. She snuggled down under the bedclothes. That was better. It was nice and warm.

Eventually she dropped off to sleep.

\*SMACK\*

She was woken up by a loud slap on her bare backside. The covers had been whipped off her and she was once more naked on the bed.

“Jump to it, girl!” Jacantha was out of bed and standing there in her pajamas. “Get our breakfasts ordered!”

Gretchen was on her feet, hands on her hips ready to launch into a tirade, when suddenly she realized where she was, realized she was still naked, and realized she had a tender bottom. Her face crumpled into resignation. She rubbed her sore bottom again. She didn’t want another spanking.

“Yes ma’am,” she said.

“Well jump to it, then.”

“Yes ma’am,” and Gretchen ran off to phone room service while Tamarind started running the bath.

“Come on get breakfast ordered,” instructed Jacantha, “Eggs over easy, bacon, waffles and maple syrup. And some cornflakes for yourself while you’re at it. Come on girl. Jump to it.”

Gretchen jumped to it, as more and more orders were given to her. Her little pink bottom wobbled, and her bare boobies bounced, while she ran round the room, ironing the underwear, folding the girls’ things, and getting them ready for packing. She was their girl, their naked girl, and it was her role to jump to it.

A knock at the door and a call of “Room Service” announced to them that breakfast had arrived.

“Well, go and answer the door, girl!” ordered Jacantha.

“Please ma’am. I’ve got nothing on, ma’am.” Gretchen cringed at the thought of having to answer the door in the nude.

“So?”

“Nothing, ma’am.” Memories of a spanked bottom quelled further complaint.

Creeping to the door, Gretchen opened it slightly and peered nervously round. The waiter stood there with the tray.

“Er… I’ve got nothing on,” whimpered Gretchen.

“Do you want me to bring the tray in or not, lady?” said the waiter.

“Oh, don’t mind her,” a voice called from the back, “she’s just a little girl.”

The waiter shook his head in an exasperated manner, pushing his way into the room. Gretchen adopted her little naked girl pose, knees together, hands covering her vagina. The waiter looked at her and shook his head.

“Kids!” he said, and disappeared.

“Get the breakfast set girl,” pronounced Tamarind. “We’ve run a bath for you.” She winked conspiratorially at Jacantha.

Gretchen laid out the little table and crept into the bathroom.

“In you go,” said Jacantha, pushing her backwards over the edge of the bath.

Gretchen fell back into the bath and screeched aloud. The water was icy cold.

“That’s your punishment for disobedience and sleeping under the bedclothes. A nice cold bath.” The girls made her lie under the freezing water so that her nipples went rock hard.

“You stay there till we’ve finished our breakfast, girl,” ordered Jacantha. “That will teach you to show a little respect for you betters.”

“Yes ma’am.”

Gretchen could only lie there getting colder and colder until the girls had finished their breakfast. There was nothing she could do about it. They had the whip hand, and they were clearly going to use it. Any further attempt by her at rebellion would be met with a further punishment.

By the time she was let out, she was covered in goose bumps and shivering.

“Jump to it girl, get our bags packed or we’ll miss our flight.”

“Yes ma’am,” said Gretchen, and she ran into the room and hastily finished the packing.

“This is what you’re to wear,” said Tamarind. She was holding up a small cotton t-shirt with a little fluffy bunny on it and a leather belt with a big buckle.

“Belt round your waist first, then the t-shirt,” said Tamarind.

Gretchen looked at the proffered garment in horror. It was a little girl’s t-shirt. It would hardly be long enough to cover her bare pink bottom.

She opened her mouth to protest, but what could she do? She was cold and she was naked, and she could be sure of a further punishment if she objected. She put the t-shirt on… at least she had some cover at last… and picked up the bags.

They set off for the airport departure lounge. Gretchen had to try and hold down the t-shirt while carrying the bags. It wasn’t easy.

“Jump to it, girl,” ordered Jacantha. “We haven’t got all day.”

Gretchen had to let go of her hem and run to catch up. They queued up to go through security, and Gretchen crept nervously through the metal detection arch. The alarm bell went off, and Gretchen realized finally why the girls had made her wear the belt. They must have known that that belt always set the alarm off.

The security woman motioned her to stop and be patted down. “Arms in the air, young lady,” she instructed.

Gretchen went bright red and her mouth opened in horror. If she put her arms above her head it would pull the t-shirt up and expose… well, she wasn’t quite sure what would be exposed.

“Hurry up,” said the guard. “You’re holding everybody up.”

“Jump to it, girl,” said Tamarind.

Gretchen put her hands up. Her face went bright red; she could feel cold air on the cheeks of her still slightly pink bottom, and worse, she could feel cold air on her smoothly shaved vagina. That couldn’t be exposed! Surely people couldn’t see her little slit. Not in the middle of a crowded airport! She looked round. The whole airport seemed to be staring at her.

“What’s that you’re wearing?” the guard had felt the belt.

“A belt, ma’am.” It was becoming second nature to say “ma’am.”

“Belts have to be removed. Go back, take the belt off, put in through the machine and come back through.”

Poor Gretchen. How on earth was she going to remove the belt without showing everything again? She crept back through, trying to tell from the faces of the now rather long queue waiting to come through how much they’d seen. From their grins it seemed as if it might have been quite a lot.

“Jump to it, girl!” Tamarind’s voice called out to her. “We haven’t got long.”

“Oh my God,” thought Gretchen. There was nothing for it. She hitched up her t-shirt, took the belt off as fast as she could and scampered back through. Whatever else did the girls have in store for her?

When they got on the plane they were at the back of the economy cabin occupying the three seats on the right hand side.

“Put the bags up in the overhead locker, girl. Jump to it!” Jacantha had settled into the window seat.

“Yes ma’am.” Too late, Gretchen realized that this meant lifting her arms above her head again. She felt the familiar cold breeze on her bottom, and looked round alarmed at the passengers in the center row. They were looking at her open mouthed. Red faced, she sat down in the middle seat, hemmed in between the twins. It was going to be a long journey.

“Put your tray down,” said Jacantha, once they were airborne.

Gretchen did as she was told. She felt two hands grab the hem of her tee shirt and pull it up so that she was naked below the waist.

“Legs apart,” whispered Tamarind.

Gretchen knew what was coming. Hidden by the tray she felt a hand gently flutter down her tummy and come to rest between her legs. It was a naughty little hand. It tickled a little bit, then it gently worked its way between Gretchen’s smooth bare vaginal lips until it found her little clitoris. Well, not so little now. With her vagina bared, Gretchen’s little clitoris had become nicely engorged and very sensitive to the touch. She squirmed with pleasure as the little fingers played with it. Oh no! The girls were going to give her an orgasm on the plane. Gretchen looked round alarmed, unable to stop herself squirming and letting out little grunts. People were looking at her. She tried to control herself but it was so hard. The little fingers probed and toyed with her clitoris and she squirmed and squirmed.

Then it stopped.

“Enough fun for now,” said Jacantha. “We have to save some for later.”

After the meal, when much to her mortification Gretchen had not been allowed to pull her tee shirt down and had had to try and hide her semi-nakedness with her hands, the girls turned their attention back to her. The little hand explored, and Gretchen started to squirm again.

Tamarind leant over to her and whispered in her ear.

“Take it off.”

“What?”

“Have you forgotten how to address us, girl?”

“Sorry ma’am. Take what off, ma’am?”

“Your t-shirt of course, girl!”

“But I can’t take it off, ma’am.”

“Jump to it, girl, take it off.”

“But I can’t, ma’am, I’ll be naked.”

“That, girl, is the point!”

Gretchen looked round. She opened her mouth to protest again, but saw that that would only result in another punishment. She looked nervously across the isle. The man across the aisle was fast asleep, his head lolling on his chest. His wife was deeply immersed in the movie. She made up her mind and in one swift movement, the t-shirt was off.

She couldn’t believe it. There she was in the back row of an airplane, exposed stark naked for all to see. Only partly hidden by her tray, her legs were open, her vagina was bare and a little hand was playing with her clitoris. It was terrifying and at the same time so exciting. Her nipples were rock hard, her clit was engorged and her vagina was soaking.

She was naked in an airplane and she was being brought off. She tried desperately to stifle the noise. Fortunately everybody about was either asleep or had their headphones on.

“Oh, oh, ooooh!” she felt her orgasm coming. A naked orgasm. A naked orgasm in public. She couldn’t help bucking and squirming in her seat as she came. Then it was on her. She gave into it completely as the waves passed over her and her orifices contracted rhythmically in pleasure.

Terrified, she opened her eyes. Surely the whole plane must be looking at her, but no, as she sat there damp with sweat and soaking between the legs, her little clit still swollen and tender from the treatment it had received, she looked round. It might have been a good movie, but the passengers had missed the best show on the plane.

**Gretchen the Babysitter - Part 3**

Only when she was halfway through the front lobby did Gretchen stop to consider that by putting the towel to cover her head rather than her rude bits meant that said rude bits were on display to what appeared to be half the guests in the hotel. In addition, seeing that she could only peek through a narrow gap in the towel, she was navigating with great difficulty. She considered the possibilities. If she moved the towel to conceal the rude bits then everybody would recognize her. If on the other head she left the towel where it was, there was at least a sporting chance that her breasts, bottom and vagina were not instantly recognizable. Indeed, provided that she kept her legs reasonably together, her vagina would be relatively inconspicuous, and since she kept her vaginal lips shaved smooth, her hair color would not be immediately apparent.

So it was that she arrived back at the room, having provided a good deal of entertainment but unhindered by recognition. The twins opened the door in response to her incessant hammering.

“Jump to it girl,” said Jacantha, “You’re supposed to be serving us, not out enjoying yourself.” The infamous picture was up on the laptop screen as a constant reminder.

“Yes ma’am,” said Gretchen, immediately cowed by sight of the picture.

“Hands and knees, girl,” said Tamarind.

Gretchen just stared. What did they want now?

“Now, girl.”

“Yes ma’am,” said Gretchen, adopting the subservient position without question.

Tamarind removed her slipper and gave her a hard smack on the left cheek of her bare bottom.

“Ow!” Gretchen yelped instinctively.

“What do you get if you’re disobedient, girl?”

“Punished, ma’am.”

Gretchen felt the other cheek of her bottom stinging as the second swat landed.

“What do you say girl?”

“Thank you, ma’am!”

Spank!

“Thank you, ma’am!”

Spank!

“Thank you, ma’am!”

And as the spanks continued, the cheeks of Gretchen’s face glowed as pink as the cheeks of her smacked bottom. But what could she do?

The evening passed slowly as Gretchen waited on the girls in their room. Only when she had tidied up and put all their clothes away was she allowed to sleep, in the nude, on the bed. She didn’t dare do otherwise. Her bottom was bright pink and stinging, and she didn’t want to be spanked any more.

She was awakened once more by a slap on the bottom. “Jump to it girl! Order breakfast. Oats, pancakes, maple syrup. Jump to it!”

“Yes ma’am,” Gretchen was up in a flash and phoning room service, while the girls lounged in their pajamas. Again she had to suffer the indignity of answering the door naked. She stood beside the table as the girls looked at the porridge oats.

“I don’t want these oats,” said Jacantha.

“Nor do I,” said Tamarind.

“What shall we do with them?”

“Better pour them over something,” said Tamarind, looking at Gretchen.

“Good idea,” said Jacantha, “You pull her hair.”

And Gretchen found her hair pulled so that her face went back and Jacantha’s oats were poured all over her hair and down her face, dripping in a horrible sticky mess over her shoulders, and running down her boobs.

“On the floor with her,” said Tamarind, and Gretchen was pushed back and held by her shoulders as Tamarind’s oats were poured unceremoniously between her legs, worked between her labia and up into her vagina.

She shrieked and struggled, but it was no good. The more she struggled, the more the girls laughed. They were bigger than she was, and they were too strong to resist. The oats were followed by the maple syrup and marmalade and butter until Gretchen was covered from head to foot in a sticky gooey mess. She stood up, naked and grungy, porridge dripping off her nose, maple syrup running down between her legs.

“Just look at you, girl,” said Jacantha. “You’re a disgrace. Jump to it! Get yourself cleaned up at once. Then clean the floor!”

Gretchen went into the bathroom and cleaned herself up as best she could, then came back into the bedroom and tried to mop up the goo on the floor. The girls were still in their pajamas.

“Jump to it, girl, “said Jacantha. “Run our bath and put our clothes away.” The girls started to undress as Gretchen went to run the bath first and then scampered around the room, tidying up after them.

Then she went into the bathroom to make sure the bath was run, the temperature was right, and it was scented with bath oil, as instructed. When she came out the girls were in their bathrobes.

“Your bath is ready, ma’am,” announced Gretchen. “Who is going first, ma’am?”

“Oh we both go in together,” announced the twins in unison, simultaneously dropping their bathrobes and standing there naked, as if posing for Gretchen.

Gretchen stood there open mouthed. She was an aficionado of the nude female form, and she had to admit that these two were drop dead gorgeous.

Each had perfect D sized breasts, round, plump and capped with perfect pink nipples. Their curves were voluptuous, their bottoms pert and perfectly rounded, each bearing a small and precisely rendered tattoo of the flower after which she was named. Finally, try as she might not to peek, Gretchen’s eyes were ineluctably drawn to their vaginas, each pink and each trimmed so that a small patch of pubic hair, trimmed to a heart shape and dyed jet black, drew the eye straight to the clitoris.

“Stop gawking, girl!” said Jacantha. “Have you never seen a cunt before?”

“No, ma’am… I mean, yes, ma’am… I mean… oh dear!” Gretchen was lost for words! That was a word she would never use! And somehow it was oh so sexy when Jacantha said it!

The two girls marched past and the question of who got in first was quickly settled. They both got in together.

“Come on, girl!” ordered Tamarind. “Jump to it! Scrub our backs!”

Gretchen gulped. “Yes, ma’am.”

“Come on, girl! Soap our titties.”

Gretchen gulped twice. “Yes ma’am.”

She rubbed each perfect tittie in turn, massaging, squeezing and fondling each perfect little pink nipple until she was quite wet between the legs.

“Tums and bums, girl!” Said Jacantha.

Gretchen gulped even harder than before. She was going to get a feel of those gorgeous bottoms. As she soaped and patted each one, her clit, swollen and engorged, started to throb with pleasure, while moisture crept down her leg.

“And our legs,” said Tamarind. “And our cunts.”

“That’s right, girl. Jump to it, girl,” said Jacantha. “Soap our cunts!” They had seen the effect of the word on poor Gretchen, and were determined to embarrass her further.

At the mention of the word again, poor Gretchen thought she would have an orgasm on the spot. Her little clit had become so sensitive that one touch would have sent her into ecstasies.

She soaped the parts in question, rubbing each one gently with her fingers. She could feel her vaginal muscles starting to twitch with excitement.

The girls stepped out the bath. “Jump to it, girl. Towel us down.”

Gretchen needed no second bidding. The twins were dried and powdered, from head to ‘c’ word, and retired giggling to the bedroom while ‘the girl’ cleaned out the bathtub.

Gretchen crept naked back into the bedroom. The giggling had been ominous. What did they have in mind for her? It wasn’t long before she found out.

Jacantha had Big Willy strapped on! And Big Willy looked ready for action.

“Over the bed, girl,” said Tamarind in a voice of authority.

Gretchen bent over the bed, while Tamarind tied her in place, one wrist to the right hand bedpost, and one to the left. The cords were pulled tight.

“Open your legs, girl. Show us your cunt!”

Gretchen did as she was told. She was held immobile, naked, bottom in the air, legs wide apart, vagina exposed. The girls had prepared her for sex, and she knew it!

“Don’t you want to be fucked, girl?”

Now she knew now what the bath had been about. The girls wanted her pliant, moist, and ready to be fucked.

She knew it, and she wanted it. She wanted to be fucked. She wanted to be fucked by these girls so much!

“Yes ma’am. Please, ma’am. Fuck me, ma’am. Please. I want to be fucked, ma’am.” It was another word Gretchen never used, but she wanted it so much, she did now.

“Where do you want to be fucked?”

“Up my cunt, ma’am.” Poor Gretchen was getting desperate, “Please fuck me up the cunt, ma’am. Please?”

She felt a warm naked body grab hold of her, and two hands take hold of her titties and squeeze them. She felt the tip of Big Willy press up against her private opening, parted as it was to allow for easy entry. Tied down and helpless, she gasped as the vibrating member moved into her vagina, then pushed right up, all the way up, slowly and rhythmically starting to do her. Her engorged and palpitating clit rubbed tantalizingly against the bedclothes. She was being done by an eighteen year old girl who had spent the past two days stripping, spanking and humiliating her. She was being done as she’d never been done before, and she was loving it.

And as Big Willy went in and out, hitting G’s spot every time, Gretchen started to orgasm. Her back arching, her body becoming bathed in perspiration, great shouts of ecstasy coming from her mouth as her vagina and her orifice contracting rhythmically. Jacantha withdrew Big Willy to watch. She loved to watch the contractions. Loved to see Gretchen’s rear orifice as it spasmed with each contraction.

Tamarind took over and Big Willy was back in, and Gretchen was shouting and groaning again as another huge orgasm hit her. Her vagina was sore. Her clit was exquisitely tender, and still the orgasms came, one after the other until she lay at last exhausted on the bed.

“Well done, girl!” said Jacantha. “You can get dressed now. We’ve got a plane to catch.”