**In Front of Everybody**

by Boris666

**In Front of Everybody part 1**

All the family were there. Her cousins, Aunts and Uncles from both sides, as well as some of her little brothers’ friends, some of which she had regularly baby-sat. Emma hated these family get togethers, because it always seemed like everybody conspired to make her life a misery. For a start her parents were very strict and weren’t shy in warning her of possible consequences of her behaviour, if they disapproved, in front of whoever happened to be there. This was always the threat of a smacked bottom, which was devastatingly embarrassing at her age and she’d do anything just to avoid the mention of it. Because of this, Emma was a very good girl, but that didn’t stop her falling short of her parents’ impossibly high expectations once in a while. The embarrassment of a warning however, was usually enough to make sure that Emma didn’t do anything to earn herself a smacked bottom, as she knew from experience that her parents wouldn’t hesitate to give her a bare bottom spanking as punishment, no matter who was present, or where they were. Secondly, she had always felt inferior to her cousins, who were allowed to behave and dress in a more grown up manner than her. Particularly Anna, who was some three years younger and was always dressed in the latest fashion. At seventeen, Emma was still expected to wear childish dresses that her overbearing mother had chosen. Today, her mother had forced her to wear a particularly stupid dress, which did right up to her neck and finished at mid-thigh, leaving her legs bare down to the silly short, frilly socks her mum had insisted on. They had argued about the clothes her mum had selected for her, which led to a very firm warning that she’d better do as she’s told, or else. Emma got dressed and felt ridiculous. She kept quiet after the cross words, knowing that her mum was already irritated with her and guests would be arriving soon.

Worse than all that, was the terrible secret Emma hid beneath her dress. She was a late developer. She’d gone right through school teased and bullied for her flat chest and lack of hair down there. She’d been sixteen, when she’d started to change. This was another reason she dreaded these events. A year ago, her younger cousin had visited. Anna was thirteen at the time. Emma had been looking forward to having somebody looking up to her for a change. She remembered how ashamed she felt, as she noticed how much more grown-up her younger cousin looked. She had breasts and hips and was even wearing make-up. It had been a horrible day, with Anna acting all mature and all the adults commenting on how grown-up she looked. To make matters worse, Anna had been very smug and seemed to look down on her older cousin, giving her condescending looks and comments at any opportunity. Since then, she had felt even more self-conscious at family events. As her body had finally begun to develop, it seemed it was going to be a slow process, or maybe this was all she would get. Her periods had started very late, and her breasts, if you could call them that, were only just budding. Like little bee stings on an otherwise flat chest, her nipples were bigger than they had been. Together with the very hairless, smooth mound between her legs, she still looked like a thirteen-year-old. Her mum wouldn’t even let her wear a bra, saying that she didn’t need one and would be wearing a vest under her clothes until she did. She wondered if she ever would, or if she’d be flat chested her whole life. She was seventeen, but had changed very little since she was twelve.

Today, it got even worse. When Anna arrived, Emma felt her insides implode. At fourteen, Anna had grown even more since they’d last seen each other. She stood a few inches taller than Emma, which meant Emma had to look up to her. It also meant that Anna’s impressive boobs were nearer to her eyeline, and she couldn’t help looking down in awe. Anna noticed and when Emma’s eyes returned to meet hers, she had a condescending, amused look on her face and looked down imperiously at Emma’s still very flat chest with a raised eyebrow and a smirk. Emma blushed and looked down, which again brought her eyes to her cousins’ big tits. After an awkward silence, Anna smiled and said, “So how’s my little cousin?” at which everybody laughed. Emma cringed inside, but forced a smile, “I’m ok, big cousin,” she said, trying to play along and not lose face. Her family found all this very funny. It seemed so unfair. Couldn’t they see how terrible this was for her?

As the day wore on, everyone else were having a great time. Anna seemed to have clever, witty things to say at all the right moments and had the whole family eating from the palm of her hand. Every time Emma looked up, there she was, proudly standing tall, shoulders back, her breasts jutting out, showing off. And every time Emma looked at them, she got caught staring. She didn’t want to look, but she just couldn’t help it. Her eyes were drawn helplessly back to the cleavage revealed by Anna’s low-cut top like a magnet. No matter how discreet she tried to be, Anna saw her peeping. She started to feel like she was leering and wondered what Anna thought. After getting caught gawking again, Anna smirked and strode confidently toward her. Emma didn’t know where to look, as Anna asked, “So, Emmy, have you got a boyfriend yet?”

Emma blushed. She hated being called that. She knew the word ‘yet’ implied that Anna thought she’d never had one. How dare she think that, she hardly knows me. But it was true and Emma knew of course, that it must be obvious, due to her unconfident nature and childish looks, “No, but I’ve had one before,” she lied.

“Really?” Anna asked, raising her eyebrows, then narrowing her eyes at a blushing Emma, “Tell me all about him.”

“Well,” Emma said, looking around, “he had brown hair… and…”

“You’re such a rubbish liar Emmy! You’ve never even kissed a boy, have you?”

“I have…”

“Yeah, all right. In your dreams, maybe. Anyway,” Anna said dismissively, “My boyfriend is well fit. He’s seventeen and I told him I was sixteen, so he’s got no idea I’m under age,” Anna paused to watch Emma’s reaction, as her cousin turned red. She grinned, pleased with the effect she was having on the poor girl, “Sometimes, I go and see him with no knickers on, because I know they’ll come straight off anyway,” she said proudly. Emma was shocked. Looking around to see if anyone had heard, she realised her mouth was agape and felt herself get all hot and bothered. She wouldn’t dare do anything like that and the thought of it made her want to go to her room and diddle herself for the rest of the day. Diddling was the one naughty thing Emma did do. As frequently as possible. She would do it at any given opportunity, which was never often enough, given the lack of privacy she was allowed. She regularly felt like doing it when she couldn’t, like now, which was very frustrating. Especially as she had very little privacy, which had resulted in her being unable carry out her dirty, secret habit for some days now. She could feel her knickers getting all wet and sticky. In fact, they had been quite damp since Anna had arrived, much to her consternation. This usually happened when she was embarrassed, she just couldn’t help it.

Things went from bad to worse when Emma caught one of her younger brothers’ friends trying to look up her dress while she was helping her mum set up the buffet. Little did she know that Anna had whispered to the boys that, if they crouched down a bit, when Emma bent over, they could see her knickers. Her mum had just left the room when Emma noticed and she reacted instinctively from the embarrassment of somebody seeing her childish pants. Big knickers with flowers on. Yuck! Her mother insisted on buying her such babyish underwear as well. Emma shoved the boy away and he fell to the floor just as her mum walked back in, “Emma, how dare you push Jimmy over!”

“Mum, he… I… he was looking up my dress,” Emma stuttered and whined in indignation. Emma’s mother didn’t look at all impressed with her excuse, “Well he’ll be seeing a lot more than your knickers if I have to put you over my knee young lady. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes mum,” Emma reddened, looking at her shoes, mortified at the insinuation. Some of the boys were giggling and whispering to each other.

“That’s your final warning. I’ve had enough of your fuss today.”

“Yes mum, sorry mum,” Emma said hurriedly, hoping to end the confrontation as quickly as possible. Everybody had stopped what they were doing at her mother’s raised voice and Emma stood with her head lowered until the chatter started again. Her mother left the room. Anna was there by her side again, “Doe’s your mummy still spank you?” she said, with a wicked grin.

“No, she just threatens it to show me up,” Emma replied, blushing hotly, not knowing that her mother was just outside the door and could still hear.

“I remember the last time I saw you get it, at the beach, remember?” Anna laughed, the boys all laughed too. Emma cringed as she pictured the horrible memory of that day’s humiliation. It had been one of the most embarrassing day of her life.

Her family and Anna’s family, had gone to the beach. It was nearly two years before and Emma was not quite sixteen. Unfortunately, because she was still very small and underdeveloped for her age, her mum had insisted she wear a stupid one-piece swimming costume she’d bought her, with a frill round the hips, like a toddler would wear. She tried to reason with her mother, saying she was too old for it and how she just knew Anna would be wearing a two piece, but Emma’s mother would hear none of it. She told Emma she still looked like a little girl and until that changed, she would wear that one. Emma whined and pleaded and begged until her mum gave her a very stern warning. At the beach, sure enough, Anna looked all grown up in her two piece. Emma was incensed with indignation. It was so unfair, Anna was much younger, but she definitely had something to conceal under that bikini top. Emma sulked and pouted until her mother gave her another stern warning. Her aunty Susan said she liked her swimming costume and how sensible Emma looked and how Anna wouldn’t wear one like those anymore. Emma had replied in a shrill voice saying, well I don’t like it, it's babyish and I hate it! And her downfall had been swift after that. Her mother said loudly, so everybody nearby could hear, that if Emma was going to so ungrateful and hated her swimming costume that much, she would go without. She stood up and approached Emma, who backed away, arguing that she was too old to be running around with nothing on. Her mother gestured to a little boy with no trunks on and said, see, there are other little children with no costumes and it was true, but only that little boy and one other toddler, a girl and they weren’t even four years old. Emma had panickily pointed this out, but her mother just said, as she caught up with her, well you haven’t got anything they haven’t got, and I’ve had enough of your ungrateful whining, then took the one-piece costume at the shoulder straps in both hands and yanked it down to Emma’s ankles. Emma shrieked and tried to shield herself with her hands, but her mother was having none of that and quickly overpowered her daughter, holding her arms behind her and spanked her naked on the beach in front of everybody. Emma had struggled twisting and turning away from the slaps, accidently stepping out of the costume, giving everyone a real show, as the slaps rained down on her unprotected bottom. Anyone close enough to the commotion had come to see, including a group of teens who were laughing at her. The spanking stopped abruptly, leaving Emma crouching and stooping in an attempt to hide her nudity. Her mother had picked up the discarded costume, then loudly announced that she would remain like that for the rest of the day. She spent the whole day on the beach nude, her bald mound and flat chest on show, with her face as red as her bottom.

Emma shuddered and tried to erase the memory from her mind, “No, that doesn’t happen anymore. I don’t…”

“She’s lying,” her brother said, “She doe’s still get spankings.”

“Shut up Jack!”

“And she gets it on her bare bottom,” Jack excitedly told his friends.

“Shut your mouth!” Emma squeaked, as she reached out to cover her brothers’ lips. Unfortunately, in her nervous hast, she hit him in the face by accident.

“Mum. Emma hit me!” Jack called out, but their mother was already there in the room. Emma panickily tried to explain, “I… I didn’t mean to. I was trying to…”

“I saw exactly what you did, and I heard you telling fibs again!”

“No, I…”

“Be quiet! I don’t want to hear more of your lies,” her mother said sternly, hands on hips. Anna stood behind her, trying not to laugh. This had all gone exactly as she’d hoped. She knew Emma was tense and telling the boys to look up her dress was an excellent way of priming her downfall.

“Mum I…”

“Emma, enough! You just listen to me young lady. I’m going to give you what you’ve been asking for all day,” her mum said in a menacing tone, “You know full well your brother is telling the truth, and now everybody here is going to know too, after they watch you get your bottom smacked.”

“No, mum please,” Emma whined.

“Oh, yes my girl. And what’s more they’re going see you get it bare!”

“Oh no, please. Please, mum I… I don’t want… No!” Emma squealed, as she watched in horror, her mother pulling a dining chair to the middle of the room. By now, everyone had gathered to see what all the fuss was about. Emma stood rooted to the spot, frozen with fear ‘til her mother took hold of her wrist and marched her toward the chair, “I’m going to give you such a spanking, you’ll not forget it for a long time.”

“Mum please… I don’t want a spanking,” Emma whimpered, sounding like a little girl. She looked around to see everyone watching and dug in her heels, pulling back on her mother’s arm, “No, I won’t let you. I’m too old for this!”

“We’ll see about that young lady,” her mother said, as she spun her daughter round, delivering several fast and heavy slaps to the back of Emma’s thighs.

“Ow… ouch!” Emma squeaked, as she lifted her legs one at a time in an erratic jig, trying to avoid the slaps, “Please… ow… no, mum… ouch,”, she heard the giggles of her brother’s friends and all her younger cousins. Anna was grinning ear to ear, an evil glint in her eye. As she struggled, her mother easily swung back the wrist she was tightly gripping and pulled it up into the small of her daughters back. Even amongst the adults, some were smirking, some were nodding their approval, but none of them looked sympathetic. They all seemed to be enjoying the shameful display she was making of herself. As she stepped this way and that, lifting her knees high, trying to evade the stinging slaps, Emma became aware that her short, flary dress was flipping up and giving them all quite a show. The slapping paused briefly as she felt her mother tug the hem of her dress high above her waist, holding it with her pinioned wrist and then resumed with even more ferocity, “Oh no, ow… no please, ow,” she pranced, shuffled, shimmied and swayed with her childish underwear on show, much to everybody’s obvious amusement. The poor girl was on the edge of tears when the smacking stopped. Her mother let go of her arm and her dress fell back into place. For a brief moment, the red-faced girl felt relief, somehow believing her mother had let her off with an embarrassing, but far lesser punishment. She was snapped out from her wishful thinking by her mother unbuttoning her dress. She panicked and tried to stop the progress of her mum’s fingers, only to receive an even harder slap on her thigh, “Stop it, you bad girl. Hands out of the way!” Emma let go of her hands, fighting the urge to hold on, “Oh no, please don’t. Not in front of everybody, Mum pleeease,” the embarrassed teen begged, as her mother finished with the buttons, “You know exactly how naughty little girls are punished in this house, now lift your arms,” her mum said sternly, as her dress was once again, lifted above her waist. Emma was unable to comply with the demand, her arms had gone limp in

**In Front of Everybody part 2**

She was snapped out from her wishful thinking by her mother unbuttoning her dress. She panicked and tried to stop the progress of her mum’s fingers, only to receive an even harder slap on her thigh, “Stop it, you bad girl. Hands out of the way!” Emma let go of her hands, fighting the urge to hold on, “Oh no, please don’t. Not in front of everybody, Mum pleeease,” the embarrassed teen begged, as her mother finished with the buttons, “You know exactly how naughty little girls are punished in this house, now lift your arms,” her mum said sternly, as her dress was once again, lifted above her waist. Emma was unable to comply with the demand, her arms had gone limp in defeat, but she couldn’t resist either as they were raised above her head with the dress as her mother pulled it slowly up and off and her arms dropped back to her sides. The embarrassment of standing there in her vest and knickers made her quickly draw them across her chest, trying to hide how flat she was, only to discover her nipples were like bullets. “You won’t be putting this back on today,” her mother said, with cold cruelty, as she tossed the dress on the floor.

“Oh, please mum. I’m sorry, please. I didn’t mean it. I won’t do it again, please,” whimpered Emma, backing away slightly, as her mother looked her up and down like prey, with a mocking smirk, “You didn’t want to wear it anyway, so now you won’t. So, do you still think you’re too old for a smacked bottom?”

“Yes. Mum please… you can’t do this, I’m older now. Not with everyone here. It’s not right,” Emma pleaded, trying desperately to hold back her tears and sound more assertive, somehow still hopeful of a last-minute reprieve. She heard the giggles behind her, looked into her mother’s gleaming eyes and knew her fate was sealed.

“You don’t look very grown-up to me young lady. You look like a naughty little girl in your vest and knickers. You look like a naughty little girl waiting for your mummy to take your knickers off and smack your bare bottom in front of everybody!” the severe woman teased.

“Mum please… please can I leave my knickers on? Pleeease,” Emma sobbed. But her mother was already reaching for the waistband, “No, of course not. I seem to remember you being ungrateful for these too. You know I won’t let you keep them on for your punishment anyway,” she said, trying hard not to smile at her squirming daughter’s humiliation, as she tugged on Emma’s girlish pants. Emma’s hands instinctively grabbed for her waistband at the hips and held on for all she was worth, “No, mum pleeeease. I won’t let you!” she suddenly screeched, but the reply came as another hard slap across the thigh, followed by more on the seat of her pants.

“Let go of those at once, you naughty girl! You know how you’re to be spanked and I don’t care who’s here to see it! Your shame will make this spanking far more memorable for you and perhaps you’ll behave better in future. Now take your hands away, or I’ll make this even worse for you!”

Emma wondered how this could get any worse, but was sure her mother would find a way. Her hands fell to her sides, “Oooooh,” she whimpered and squatted involuntarily, as the knickers were whisked quickly down her smooth legs. Emma stood blushing all over, one hand in front of her, one behind, a failing attempt to cover herself, as her mother crouched down, pulling her knickers over her left sock, “Lift,” her mother commanded, as she guided the shoe through the girl’s pants, “Come on, lift!” she demanded impatiently, slapping again at the right leg, before slipping them over that shoe and off. The knickers were lost and Emma stood, cringing in shame. How could she have let this happen? Why could she not stand up to her mother? She felt pathetic, like the naughty little girl her mum said she was. Standing in front of her mother in just a vest, socks and shoes, with her bare bottom showing behind. She tried to pull the front of her vest down, but it was too short and just raised even higher at the back. Her mother stood up, “You won’t be needing these for the rest of the day either,” she said as she discarded the Knickers with her crumpled dress on the floor.

“Oh, no please,” Emma begged and pleaded with her mother who just frowned, looking down on her sobbing daughter who shrank with shame, “Stop touching!” she barked and grabbed the wrist of the hand Emma held in front, trying to shield herself from view, “I wasn’t… Ow,” she cried, as her mother planted a hefty smack on her bare bottom. She was spun around with her arm pinioned, shocked to find herself facing her audience. She went to shield her bare slit with the hand covering her bottom, but her mother had anticipated the move and quickly caught her wrist, placing it with the other in the small of her back and held them both in one hand. There she stood squirming, bare from the waist down in front all her assembled family and her little brother’s friends. She wished the ground would open up and swallow her, as she heard the sniggers and comments. Everybody could see her and she had no way of covering, “Ow… ow…ow…” she cried as the heavy slapping began again, prancing, squatting, parting her legs, lifting them one at a time and thrusting her bare crotch forward, to escape the stinging smacks her mother laid on with gusto. She danced her erratic jig, as the blows rained down in no particular pattern, falling on her bottom and the backs of either thighs, with no way to shield them. Her cousins and brother’s friends, were openly laughing, as were some of the adults at her embarrassing display. They could all see her bare mound and her flat chest, with very stiff nipples through the thin vest.

Through her pain and embarrassment, she felt, to her horror, the girly juice leaking out over her inner thighs and hoped nobody would notice her shameful excitement. Why did this happen when she felt so humiliated? She also hoped nobody would notice the state of her knickers too.

Her mother jerked Emma from her worries, as she was un-ceremonially yanked round, the severe woman sat down on the chair and Emma fell sprawling across her lap. Unfortunately for the embarrassed girl, she landed awkwardly, with her legs splayed either side of her mother’s leg. Her Mum’s dress had ridden up as she sat and the poor girls naughty button was pressed against her mother’s tights. She panicked, as the realisation hit her, that she was straddling her mother’s thigh and felt the alarming sensation of the nylon rubbing between her legs, as she struggled to adjust herself to a less degrading position. Emma reached back to try and shield her bare, spread bottom from everyone’s view, but it was too late, as her mother easily caught her arm and pushed down on her wrist gripping it at the small of her back, held her in place and began to smack her bottom with the other hand. The spanking seemed to go on and on, as her bare cheeks bounced and wobbled all over the place. Her bottom felt huge and hot and she couldn’t keep still either. She bucked and thrusted and swayed and jiggled, all to the delight of her audience. Even worse was the rubbing this caused as her bare, spread lips were mashed against the nylon covered thigh. She was lost in her shame and the exciting feelings welling up from her core. Suddenly the slaps had stopped and Emma heard herself moaning as she thrusted her bare bottom and slit out at her shocked family, back and forth wriggling her cheeks, as she ground her naughty button against the nylon mesh. She was humping her mother’s leg in front of her cousins, aunts and uncles and the boys she had babysat, like she was on heat.

“Just what do you think you are doing, you dirty girl?” her mother said, raising her voice. Emma slowed her hips to a halt and let out an anguished whimper, as she heard a nervous giggle behind her. Her shame was complete, when her mother pushed her off her knee and pointed to the creamy stain on her thigh, “Look at the mess you’ve made, you dirty, naughty girl! Hands on head!” Faced with the shameful evidence of her unwanted arousal, Emma quickly complied, fighting the humiliation of her exposure. Even though they’d all seen everything by now she was mortified by the embarrassment of standing with it all on show and her audience looking at her with shocked disapproval. She fearfully watched her mother stride across the room to pull a pouf over to centre stage. It was one of those big square poufs and Emma worried how it would be used to punish her. Before she could figure out what her mother had planned, Emma was guided to stand with her back to the pouf and didn’t resist her formidable mother, who said bitterly, “If you can’t be trusted to take your punishment over my lap, without being a dirty girl and rubbing yourself on my leg, then I’ll have to smack your bottom in a position where you can’t be so naughty!” she looked down at Emma, who shrivelled with shame at the words, as everybody muttered with agreement about her outrageous behaviour. As she nervously tried to work out what position her mother had in mind, she was pushed down with her back on the pouf and before she could react, her mother hauled her legs up in the air, once more exposing her sopping wet quim, and winking bum hole to the rest of her family.

“Nooo!” she fought the embarrassing position of her legs somewhat uselessly, before her mother landed a hefty slap on one thigh, “Emma! Stop your struggling, you bad girl. You only have yourself to blame!” Her mother pushed down on her legs, folding them back so her knees were touching her shoulders, holding her feet with one hand, leaving poor Emma spread wide down there. Emma let out an anguished low moan as she felt her obscene exposure.

“Hold the back of your knees and don’t let go, or you’ll be sorry!” her mother hissed, icily. Emma wondered how she could be any sorrier, but didn’t want to find out. She held on for dear life, as her mother slapped away at her vulnerable bottom. The naked cheeks swayed this way and that and lifted up from the pouf, but the hand never once missed its bright red target, causing the smarting cheeks to wobble and part, as she squealed and yelped and oohed and aahed, promising to be a good girl and saying sorry over and over through tears. Her bare slit was blatantly dribbling, the slick lips open, as her bum hole winked rapidly in between smacks.

When it was finished, she was broken in her submission, feeling like nothing more than a naughty little girl, punished with no dignity, or privacy, or modesty. She watched in horror, as her mum stooped to pick up her discarded dress and knickers, “You won’t be needing these for the rest of the day,” she said again sinisterly through a wicked grin.

“Oh please, no. Mum please let me get dressed. I’ve been punished enough,” Emma whined, like a little girl.

Her mother’s face changed to a very stern expression, “I decide when your punishment is over, young lady. You will stay dressed as you are, in just your vest, shoes and socks, to remind you not to be naughty after your bum stops smarting. Perhaps you will be a little better behaved with no knickers on. And woe betide you, if I catch you playing with yourself young lady. You’ll keep those naughty hands away from between your legs. Yes, I know you do it whenever you think I’m not looking, after you’re punished. And no going off to hide in your room. It’s out of bounds until bed time. Go and play with the children. I don’t want any reports of you being naughty.”

Emma couldn’t believe what was happening. She had to spend the whole day naked from the waist down and she wasn’t even allowed to cover her front, in case her mum thought she was diddling. Even worse, she had been told to play with the children. The same children that had looked up her dress and got her in this mess in the first place. In the play room, Emma crouched down to minimise her exposure. Her brother’s friends had followed her in with a few of her younger cousins, all giggling and pointing at her shameful predicament. They started to argue amongst themselves, over what they could play with her. Anna strode in and looked down on her older cousin imperiously, “I hope you’re being good now Emmy,” she said, trying to hold in her smirk. She went over to the cringing girl and squatted, reaching out to stroke Emma’s fringe away from her eyes, “Oh my God Emmy, that was the most exciting thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Leave me alone,” Emma sobbed, burying her face in her hands. Anna put an arm around her cousin and whispered in her ear, “Oh, come on Em. I saw how excited you were, we all did,” she giggled. Emma was so ashamed, she couldn’t respond. She crouched there, wallowing in self-pity. She didn’t notice Anna’s other hand snaking through between her legs, toward her naked sex, “ah!” she cried in shock, as she felt Anna’s fingers touch her sopping quim. As she tried to back away, her younger cousin easily held her in place with her other arm around her waist, “Oh my God Em, you are so wet down there,” Anna cooed into Emma’s ear, as she teased the sopping puss. They both stayed like that for a moment, listening to the squelching noise. Emma shifted to escape, but was exhausted from all the struggling with her mum and as her wicked cousin tickled her fingers over her sensitive button she swooned and her legs fell open. Anna pulled her hand away and held it up to show Emma the evidence of her unwanted arousal, slick and creamy all over her fingers, “Dirty girl Emmy. I never knew my cousin was such a dirty girl,” she said as she stood smirking down at the embarrassed, but very excited Emma, who’s hips were moving as if they had a mind of their own. The sound of the children’s voices arguing trailed off and jack announced, “We’ve decided to play tickle chase. You have to run away and we all chase you and when we catch, you get tickled!” he said beaming with glee. Emma looked up at Anna, horrified , as she said, “That’s a great idea. Don’t forget, if Emmy doesn’t play nice, go and tell her mummy.”