**Jenna the Babysitter**

by Helmhood

Over the summer I needed to earn some extra money. So I looked through the classifieds and found an ad that was seeking a caregiver, someone to babysit their children. I noticed from the phone number that the location was in a very wealthy part of town. That made sense, because the compensation they were offering was outstanding. For just a Saturday afternoon, how hard could it be?

I picked up the phone, and the father answered, introducing himself. Actually, I half expected that I would get a voicemail and need to leave a message. Instead, I was nervous replying to the man.

“Hello, sir, my name is Jenna Burlinski and I am calling about the ad in the paper,” my voice trembled a little, but I tried to remain confident.

The man explained the position, went over some of the details, and what was expected of me. He asked a few questions, and then wanted to know if I was available for this weekend. I told him I was up for it. Thinking I would probably have to be interviewed along with other candidates, I was surprised to hear him offer me the job right there.

Giddy, I hung up the phone after accepting. My mind was a whirlwind as I started to plan activities his son and daughter. I could hardly wait to get through the rest of the week.

Saturday morning, I woke up early and took a long shower. For some reason, perhaps feeling a bit frisky, I shaved off all my pubic hair. Combing out the brown hair on my head, I decided to tie it back in a ponytail because I thought that would be fun and playful for the children. Then I stepped into my room to pick out what I would wear. After pulling on a pair of bra and panties, I found a dark skirt that was not too tight. I thought this was a good choice, just in case I had any accidents. If they spilled any food or drinks, it would not be noticeable.

Once I buttoned and zipped up the shirt hugging my figure, I checked my backside in the mirror. At thirty-four years old, my bottom was well-rounded, no question about it. I bounced up and down on my toes a little, watching my butt jiggle under the skirt. Secretly, I hoped the father, who I learned was single and raising his son and daughter by himself, would think I was sexy.

Blushing, I quickly reached for a sleeveless white blouse that was hanging over the back of a chair. I buttoned this up, but left the top two open, since it was warm outside after all. Hopping onto my bed, I slid on a pair of burgundy sandals that had ankle straps. I thought about putting on some jewelry, but I was afraid I might lose small items while running after children. So I would be bare except for the clothes I was wearing, I giggled to myself.

As I grabbed my purse and hurried out the door, the ponytail was flopping on the back of my neck. I didn’t want to be late. Moving to the car, I started out for the drive that would take me into an affluent neighborhood, one I’ve never been around much before. The directions the father gave me were accurate, and within an hour, I arrived at the place.

Nervous, I waited a few minutes to calm myself. I checked my face in the rearview mirror again. Light brown eyebrows were raised, my lips were full. I hoped I looked pleasing enough so that the children would not tease me. Shaking my head, I reminded myself that I had to take control if I was going to be a successful babysitter.

Slowly, I stepped out of the car and made my way up to the large house. From the expanse of the front lawn, I could tell that the backyard would also be rather large. And this is where I would be spending all day with them. I took a deep breath, and rang the doorbell. A tall, distinguished, but not quite middle-aged man opened the door.

“Hello, sir,” I said, looking up. “I’m Jenna…”

The man greeted me after a brief pause to look me over, and asked, “Would you like a tour of the house? Please, come inside.”

I followed him as we started to pass through the various rooms of the home. He gave me some background about the neighborhood and also talked about his daughter, Brianna, and his son, Michael. I tried to listen very carefully as we reached a wide, sweeping staircase that led upstairs. Of course, I was very impressed with the layout of the house and how clean it was and nicely furnished.

We concluded the tour of the upstairs rooms, and then he brought me down to the main level again. It was when we walked into the kitchen, I discovered Brianna waiting for us.

“Who’s this?” the fourteen-year-old girl asked, almost sneered at me.

Her father answered, “Honey, this is Jenna Burlinski. She is going to be babysitting you and your brother.”

I tried to smile and wave at the young lady, but she only folded her arms. Given her age, I had the impression she thought she was too old to have a babysitter. Definitely, I sensed some resentment from her. I would try to be especially nice, but retain a firm hold on my authority.

Just as Brianna’s father was asking where Michael was, the boy entered the kitchen behind me.

“Who’s this?” he inquired, just like his sister.

His voice nearly startled me, and I turned around to face the twelve-year-old. Michael was at that stage, just on the cusp of puberty. He was shorter than me and a little chunky, but would probably start filling out more as he grew older. I could tell that he also thought he was a big boy and did not need the supervision of a stranger. But clearly, their father had his hands full.

“My name is Jenna,” I smiled and extended my hand to the little gentleman, this time introducing myself.

Michael did not return the gesture. A glance from his father, and the man offered me a sort of apologetic expression. He then went on to tell his children to behave today and not give me any trouble. I sensed the rolling of the eyes immediately, but daughter and son both agreed. With that, he gave me some final instructions before leaving the house.

I followed him to the front door, and said goodbye again, assuring that all would be well. Maybe I was more trying to convince myself. Inwardly, I kept telling myself that I had to stay in command and earn the children’s respect. From there, I watch their father pull away in his car. The next moment, I was alone with Brianna and Michael. When I turned around, they were standing right in back of me.

“Well, then,” I started, clasping my hands together, “what shall we do today?”

Brianna shrugged her shoulders, but her brother answered, “I’m going to my room.”

“That doesn’t sound like much fun,” I said with a shake of my head. “It’s a beautiful day outside. Why don’t we go in the backyard?”

The daughter was wearing jeans and cute red sneakers, with no socks. She had on a t-shirt, which was appropriate for this time of year. Her light brown hair made me think she would enjoy getting some sun. But the girl only reacted with disinterest. Finally, I decided I needed to take charge.

“All right, come with me,” I announced, then gave Michael a shrewd look, “… both of you.”

I swiftly turned on my heel and proceeded down the hallway. Not even waiting for the twelve and fourteen-year-old, I expected them to follow. In this way, I was asserting myself and making it clear that I would be a strict but fair babysitter. To my pleasant surprise, I heard the sound of their shuffling footsteps behind me.

And then Brianna said, “She’s got a big butt.”

Well, I nearly stopped in my tracks. It’s not that I was under any illusion she was sweet and innocent. But I did not expect such a bold and rude remark! I was certainly caught off guard. So I kept moving, flustered, and finding my way into the dining room without scolding the child. That was probably a big mistake. However, I did not know how to respond to being suddenly disrespected.

Lost in the in the splendor of the formal chamber, I spun around. There was a media room and a game room connecting on either side. Michael still had this silly grin on his face, like he was amused by his sister’s comment. A slender girl herself, Brianna just looked up at me.

“So how much is my dad paying you?” the girl asked.

I could feel my power slipping away, already unnerved by the way she addressed me. “We have a business arrangement, Brianna. I don’t think you need to know that information.”

The fourteen-year-old smirked. “But you are being paid well?”

“Yes,” I admitted. “Your father was very generous.”

“Dad spoils us,” Michael then inserted himself into the discussion. “But you haven’t earned your money yet, Jenna.”

His sister was quick to pick up on the implication. “That’s right. And the thing you have to remember as our babysitter… is that you work for us!”

Her tone took me back, and I replied defensively, “No, I work for your father…”

“Well he is not around,” Michael pointed out, “so you take orders from us, otherwise we will tell him you did not do a good job.”

Brianna nodded, “You have to do whatever we say.”

“That’s not the way it is supposed to work…” I started to mumble.

But the girl was already looking past me. I followed her eyes, drawn to a beautiful light fixture hanging above the polished dining room table. It was one of those elaborate pieces, almost a chandelier, with the glass bulbs shaped like tongues of flame. Michael had already turned on the switch after talking to his sister.

“I think one of the bulbs is out,” Brianna pointed. “Get up there and change it.”

“I’m not the housekeeper,” I laughed, unsure what she had in mind.

That seemed to annoy the young teenager. “It doesn’t matter, Jenna, you have to do what we say. Now climb up on the table, or else I will tell Dad that you were not a good babysitter.”

I looked up at the lights, and then back at Brianna. This was ridiculous. The next thing I know, she would tell me to sweep the kitchen floor, or make her bed! Well, I decided to let it go. After all, how hard could it be to change a light bulb? I started to pull one of the elegant chairs away from the table and prepared to lift myself higher.

“Wait!” Michael stopped me. “You can’t climb the furniture with your shoes on.”

The lighter-haired young lady agreed. “Take off your sandals before you get up there.”

“Fine,” I grumbled and plopped my bottom on the cushion of the seat.

Although, I had to admit, the children did have a point. While not heels, the bottom of my shoes would very likely scuff the finish of the dining table. Not to mention it would probably be easier to balance without them on. So I rested one ankle across my knee and undid the straps. My burgundy sandal dropped to the floor and then I took off the other one. Now I stood up, wiggling my toes.

Brianna and Michael seemed satisfied, as if they had won a small victory against their babysitter, and they allowed me to climb up the chair. Giving them a glare to let them know there would be no more fooling around, I braced my hands on the high back, then stepped onto the seat. From there, it was another step onto the long table. I walked very carefully until I was directly under the light fixture. It was higher above my head than I thought, which meant I had to stand up on my bare toes. I was felt self-conscious about my legs on display beneath the hem of my skirt as I reached up with my arms.

Michael was in one of the other chairs pulled close to the table, leaning forward on his elbows. I could see the two of them when I glanced down out of the corner of my eye.

“Stop peeking up her skirt!” Brianna scolded her brother mildly.

I immediately blushed bright red. Yet I remained standing, arms stretched high as I fiddled with one of the light bulbs. Then I heard her continue chatting and tease.

“Is she wearing panties?” she asked.

The twelve-year-old told her that I was, and described my underwear truthfully. Black and lacy, I was completely embarrassed at how much he was seeing. I could tell that he was straining to look up, encouraged by his sister. He was obviously amused by other thoughts.

“I wonder how much she weighs?” the boy said. “And if the table will hold her for long.”

Another reference to my big bottom, but Brianna quickly answered, “Oh, this table is sturdy enough. Solid oak, or something.”

Barefoot and giving an unintentional up-skirt, I finally twisted the fancy bulb. To my surprise, it lit up, matching the rest of the fixture.

“Oh!” I gasped. “The bulb was only loose…”

Then I let go, and relaxed my stance. Dropping back on my heels, I lowered my arms in relief. Again, ever mindful not to slip or damage the table, I slowly moved my body down and actually swung my legs over the side.

Michael saw them dangling bare and shapely, and asked, “Are you ticklish, Jenna?”

“What?” I was shocked and realizing these two were going to be more than a handful. “No! I mean… I don’t know… that’s none of your business.”

The teenage girl giggled. “I bet she is.”

Well, before this went any further, I slid to the floor. At once, I prepared to retrieve my sandals and get them on again. For some reason, I could feel more of my authority slipping away by the second. And then Brianna went all serious.

“I don’t like your babysitter outfit,” she informed me, “dull clothes and boring colors. Not fashionable or trendy. I would be ashamed to be seen with you at the mall.”

The young lady continued to insult me, as I just stood there, frozen on the spot. Maybe without a mother around, she felt somehow threatened by me? I was trying to analyze and figure the reason behind her attitude, not sure how to correct her behavior. Then she was telling Michael to wait here while she went with me to find something to wear.

I was speechless as Brianna took my hand, or how willingly I slipped my fingers into hers. She was twenty years younger than me, yet she was suddenly leading me out of the dining room and through the house! The whole time, she talked to me like I was the little girl.

Finally we reached the end of the hallway, and I was pushed into what turned out to be a rather magnificent bathroom. It was certainly spacious and nicely tiled. The tub looked like a Jacuzzi. I just had a moment to see my reflection in the mirror over the vanity, when Brianna closed the door, standing outside herself.

“I’m going to find you something better to wear,” she called back to me. “Start getting undressed.”

And then I heard her footsteps scurrying away. Well, at least the girl was allowing me the decency of some privacy. I didn’t have the chance to question her, nor did I really know what to say. So I began unbuttoning my sleeveless blouse. How bad could it be? The teenager probably just had some more casual outfits that she would prefer. Maybe all they wanted was me to be more like a playmate than a babysitter. I shrugged my shoulders, and placed the shirt on the counter.

Then I unbuttoned my skirt, letting it drop down my bare legs. I hoped this was not some sort of trick. As if the brother and sister were off doing their own thing and would leave me to come look for them. Although, I had my clothes right here, I thought reassuringly. Everything was well in hand. Still, I blushed standing there in my black panties and matching bra. Again, I watched myself in the high mirror, my bellybutton on display.

Suddenly I heard a knock at the bathroom door. I crept over, and opened it just a bit, holding onto the knob. It was Michael and he put his face in the space between the door and the opening.

“Hey!” I squealed, ducking back fully behind the door. “I thought you were waiting in the dining room?”

The boy did not try to force his way in, but answered back, “I have to use the bathroom. Are you done yet?”

“No!” I replied, annoyed and embarrassed, hiding in my underwear. “Isn’t there another one you can use?”

Michael grumbled and said fine, before stomping back down the hallway. With a sigh of relief, I shut the door closed. But in a few moments, there came another knock. I couldn’t believe he would be so persistent. Having already looked up my skirt, I began to worry that he might grow curious and want to see more. And then I heard it was Brianna, calling for me to open up.

“Hand me your stuff,” the fourteen-year-old demanded. “I have something for you to change into.”

Grabbing my skirt and blouse, I paused. “But, why, Brianna? Why must I give you the clothes I was wearing?”

Michael’s sister rolled her eyes and sighed in frustration. “I’m letting you borrow one of my things, so you should let me hold onto yours in exchange. That’s only fair.”

I shook my head silently, not quite agreeing, but not willing to argue the point. The sooner we finished this charade, the sooner I would hopefully have a nice playful sundress to throw over me, I imagined. So shoving my arms through the opened door again, I let Brianna take the articles of clothing. I waited for her to pass through her selection in return.

After a half a minute, she replied, “Underwear, too, Jenna.”

“Oh, please not that!” I protested any further stripping.

The teenager remained defiant. I then realized with a chilling understanding the position she had put me in. Unless I agreed to her terms, which would allow me to cover up again, I would be forced to confront the children in my bra and panties. In addition, Brianna had an understated way of reminding me that a bad word from her or her brother could make their father displeased. This did give them a measure of control over me.

At the same time, I had made a promise to myself that I would not get naked. I was determined to hold onto my dignity. So looking around the well-furnished bathroom, I found a nice white towel to wrap around my body. Once it was snugly in place, I reached a hand under so I could tug and wiggle and draw my black panties down my legs. Then I did the same, slipping fingers beneath the soft cloth to get at my bra. I still couldn’t believe I was doing this. But with a bit of effort and a shrug, the garment came off.

Now I was wearing only the towel. It held just above my smaller breasts, keeping my shoulders bare, and fell to the tops of my thighs. It was wide enough to cover the curves of my bottom sticking out behind me. I made sure nothing was showing, checking myself in the mirror. Satisfied, I picked up my last two items from the floor.

It seemed Brianna’s patience was growing thin, as I opened the door to find her expressing annoyance for taking so long. I said nothing at first, dropping the delicate material in her hands. Looking around nervously, I was conscious of my toes on the tiles. Finally I asked the girl to give me something to put on.

Michael’s sister grinned and handed me something small. “Here you go!”

“What’s this?” I asked staring in horror at the brief fabric I clutched in my hands.

“I wore those when I was twelve,” Brianna laughed, “but not since then. Let’s see how they fit on you.”

A pair of little girl panties, they were fresh and clean, and appeared very tiny. Turning over and over again, I saw a red heart on the white crotch area, and in back there was a cartoon unicorn. The elastic waistband was red as well.

“These will never fit me!” I gasped.

At that moment, I felt very vulnerable. She had taken all my clothes. Despite how I tried to be a good babysitter, I had lost everything and felt helpless to resist her. At least I still kept the towel. Slowly I lifted a foot and prepared to pull on the embarrassing underwear.

Thankfully, just two years ago, Brianna must have been a chubby girl. She clearly started developing and losing her baby fat, to where she was now a slender and attractive young teenager. In a couple of more years, she would be breaking the hearts of plenty of high school boys. What this meant for me is that I was able to slide a leg into her panties without ripping them, and then managed the other side. They would be tight, no doubt, and I struggled as I wiggled them up my thighs. Standing on my toes, I twisted and pulled the panties over my jiggling butt, hands under the hem of the towel the whole time. I felt the cotton snap into place, as best as I could, then let out a deep breath.

So now I was wearing a towel, with a pair of childish panties underneath. “OK, where is the rest?”

Brianna looked at me through the open doorway. “Give me the towel.”

“Come on, this has gone far enough,” I complained to the girl. “Let me have a dress or anything to put over these silly things.”

The fourteen-year-old nearly whirled on me. “That is no way to speak to you betters, young lady! Those panties, which I was generous enough to let you borrow, are the only clothes you are allowed. And a towel isn’t clothes! So give it over, before we march back down the hallway.”

I was stunned by her words. She had effectively reduced me to a little girl, to the point I almost wanted to cry. My fingers grasped the front of the white towel desperately, while I tugged on my ponytail with my other hand.

“But… but… I’ll be topless!” I stammered.

“I don’t care,” Brianna snapped her fingers and held out her hand. “Towel, or else I take everything.”

I immediately unfurled the cloth, and whipped it around so it could be presented to the young lady. In the same motion, I hugged both arms over my breasts. I could feel my back so bare and exposed. Then I glanced over at the mirror, and for the first time, saw the extent of the embarrassing panties Brianna was making me wear.

They were small. The cotton stretched and strained across my hips. Almost all of my thighs were on display. And it was only because I had a bald pussy that no pubic hair peeked out of the front. In fact, the triangle of material with a bubbly red heart just barely covered my vulva. From behind, it was not quite a thong. But it was close. The fabric rode up between my cheeks, the waistband starting below by lower back. There was little left to the imagination about how curvy my bottom was. Twisting to see the reflection, I blushed uncontrollably at the sight of the unicorn’s face on my butt.

“All right, I’m bringing your things upstairs to my bedroom,” Michael’s sister informed me. “Wait for me back in the dining room.”

I followed her steps obediently. In this way, I found myself walking through house only now wearing little girl panties. I still kept my arms crossed at the wrists in front of me, shielding my chest. This helped prevent my breasts from jiggling and showing my nipples. If their father saw me now, I think I would die of shame!

The two of us came to a staircase, and here Brianna left me standing. I watched as her hand glided up the bannister, my clothes and the towel bundled in her other arm, as she continued to the second floor balcony. My eyes were transfixed for a moment wondering what if would be like to be somehow suspended over the railing in just these silly panties. A cord perhaps attached to the back as if I were dangling helplessly in front of all their friends. But after a minute of daydreaming, I realized that I was alone, feeling humiliated once I started to make my way down the hall again so scantily dressed.

As soon as I passed the kitchen, Michael spotted me while he was getting a snack for himself. I could already hear him chuckling and making some sort of comment as I hurried to get to the dining room. Curious, the boy continued after me.

He confronted me after I backed against the long table. I kept both hands up, cupping my breasts, while conscious of how much I was showing. His eyes were drawn to the heart on the front of Brianna’s panties, and then he looked up at me.

“Boobies!” her brother laughed.

“No!” I tried to correct him, as I rubbed the toes of one foot behind my other leg. “You will not be seeing my boobies!”

The boy was smug, instinctively understanding that he had me in a precarious position. “Oh yeah? Then you will have to keep holding your hands up there.”

Michael approached me with fingers wiggling and a big grin on his face. I tried to move back further, but there was nowhere for me to go, with the table against my butt. And then suddenly, he had his hands on my hips and spun me around. So shocked by his actions, I was almost leaning forward, still clutching my breasts, but bottom now sticking out. He brought his hand across the back of Brianna’s girly underwear, on that silly cartoon unicorn face. The twelve-year-old started to spank me.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“Ow! Ow! Ow!” I squealed, kicking out my bare foot a little.

It was not terribly forceful, but it was absolutely humiliating! Michael’s hand didn’t make contact with skin, although I could feel the sting through cotton panties. Most troubling of all, a part of me loved it.

Then Brianna walked into the dining room. Rather than scold her brother, she directed her disapproval at me.

“All right, Jenna, that’s enough playing around,” the teenage daughter said. “Climb up on the table again.”

As Michael took a step away from me, I lifted a leg, bringing my knee to the tabletop. Somewhat grateful that she had intervened, because I truly did not know what was going to happen with her brother. So I did not question why Brianna was making me do this. Standing up fully, I crossed my arms and hugged my chest, facing directly the children below.

“May I put some clothes on?” I ask submissively.

“No,” Brianna replied firmly. “You are just a baby.”

That made her brother laugh. “Ha ha, everyone look at Baby Jenna!”

“Please stop,” I could feel my words choking up. “I’m not… I’m not Baby Jenna…”

The fully dressed fourteen-year-old folded her arms. “Then who are you?”

“I’m your babysitter… Jenna Burlinski,“ my voice quivered.

Now the two of them smiled and looked at one another. What happened next, I couldn’t believe. First Brianna, and then Michael, they started to mock my name in a sing-song style. Over and over, and over again…

“Jen-na Bur-lin-ski… Jen-na Bur-lin-ski…” they teased. “ Jen-na Bur-lin-ski… Jen-na Bur-lin-ski…”

This continued, as the boy and girl even started to dance around the dining room table. And all I could do was stand there in the small panties, listening. The little girl underwear that hugged my bottom so tight and barely covered my slit, leaving all of my thighs exposed. I was tempted to lift both hands to cover my ears, but that would mean revealing my breasts and nipples, which at that moment were very hard. A blush spread over my body.

“Jen-na Bur-lin-ski…” one final refrain from Brianna and Michael, then they were back looking up at me.

The girl held up her hand. “Wait… do you hear that?”

All three of us were quiet then, because even I strained to listen to whatever Brianna had heard. My eyes were wide, tits covered, and toes curled nervously on the polished table. Very faint, I did think I picked up the sound of some chimes, or bells, that I could not place. Then brother and sister regarded each other, faces lit with excitement.

“Ice-cream Man!” Michael shouted.

His older sister turned to me and held out her hand, as if to help me down. “Come along, Baby Jenna, we are going to get some ice cream.”

“I can’t go outside like this!” I said filled with dread and desperation.

Brianna responded, cool and threatening, “If you stay here, I’m taking back my panties.”

I gave her my hand and immediately hopped off the table. Naturally, I kept my other arm tightly across my breasts. I know how ridiculous I looked, and she was sure to remind me. When I hit the floor, I just wiggled so much. Then she let go of my fingers and turned as if searching for something. This left me facing her brother, as I shifted my hands again, to cup both breasts.

His eyes were drawn to my bellybutton at first, before raising his head to tell me, “You look funny.”

And so my embarrassment continued as Michael laughed at me, a grown woman dressed only in his sister’s underwear. Then I watched Brianna return with my own purse! These were kids from a wealthy family, and yet she was going to use my money. But I realized as she slung the strap over her arm and grinned at me, this was more about showing that she was now the adult.

“Come on,” Michael said, turning away to follow his sister. “We’re going to get ice-cream.”

“Yes sir,” I replied softly.

Oh god, I had just called a twelve-year-old boy “sir”. And I shyly walked behind him as the three of us headed for the front door. In fact, I was walking half-nude through his father’s house. It’s true I had found the single dad attractive, and I think I might want to sleep with Michael’s father. My thoughts were so confused… Brianna had manipulated my mind to the point I could not stop from being led outside.

It was sunny and warm, immediately feeling the fresh air on my back and bare shoulders. I trotted after the boy and the girl while wearing only the small cotton panties with a unicorn on my butt. Clutching my breasts with both hands, I looked around worried that any neighbors could see me and tell that I was dressed so indecently. But it was a fairly wide property, I saw as the ice-cream truck came rolling up to the curb near the front lawn.

We changed directions, moving from the driveway to cut across the grass, with Brianna and Michael running ahead of me. I felt my toes on the green manicured blades, reminding me again how little I had on. Two cars passed down the road, and I could not begin to imagine if they noticed me as we drew near the truck. Maybe form a distance it might appear I was wearing a bathing suit.

I figured I had better catch up so I started to jog a little. Brianna was already standing at the side, talking to the man and ordering. The teenager looked like a responsible young lady with my purse over her arm. In stark contrast, I was hurrying forward in silly underwear, my modest tits in my hands.

By the time I joined everyone, I was blushing, making quite a sight for the ice-cream man. It turned out to be a guy who was probably college-aged, working his way through school. As he looked me up and down, he could not help but smile.

“What’s going on here?” the ice-cream man asked, handing Michael his cone.

The boy gleefully answered, “This is Jenna, our babysitter. But she is more like a baby…”

“We call her Baby Jenna,” his sister confirmed, acting very serious.

As I stood between them, I crossed my arms tightly across my chest, because I found the name-calling getting to be quite a turn-on. My ears were burning bright red, and these were visible since my hair was tied back in a ponytail.

Then the ice-cream man asked, “Will she be allowed to have anything?”

The implication again that I was not in charge, but these younger children had the power to make decisions, was both infuriating and degrading.

Brianna looked over at me, and then pinched my bare tummy. “No… I think we have to be careful that Baby Jenna does not get too chubby.”

In the meantime, Michael licked his delicious ice-cream cone. His sister, satisfied that I had been put in my place, enjoyed her own treat. They were both paid from out of my purse, and all I could do is watch as the young man took the money. He then started up the truck and proceeded to roll slowly down the street, definitely checking the mirror to look back at me. The music rang throughout the neighborhood, no doubt soon to draw more children and their parents outside.

Totally exposed except for little girl panties, I was left on display in front of the property. Michael and Brianna sat down on the curb, enjoying their ice-cream without a care in the world. Not knowing what to do, I spun around, facing my bare back and scantily covered bottom to the road. I glanced down over my shoulder.

“We can’t stay out here!” I whined. “Let’s go back in the house…”

Brianna teased me, “Hush, Baby Jenna, or else I will pull your pants down!”

I blushed, thinking about all sorts of humiliations and wondering if she was mean enough to do them. It was enough to nearly send me over the edge when I heard a bicycle coast past us, then the sound of laughter, as several people saw me in the embarrassing panties. I knew the cartoon unicorn was smiling over the stretched fabric that barely contained my round cheeks.

Finally the fourteen-year-old stood up, having finishing her cone. Michael it seemed was savoring the last of his, I couldn’t help but watch his tongue dig and slurp the bit that remained. Again, I moaned, thinking of his rich handsome father. Brianna regained my attention by shaking my arm, although I still kept my beasts covered.

“I’ve got your keys,” she said, jingling my purse up and down. “Let’s go for a drive!”

“Oh no, a drive?” I felt both frightened and excited. “But where?”

The girl answered proudly, “You should know, I am an expert at horse riding, and there are stables not far from here.”

“Boring,” Michael complained.

I was inclined to agree with the twelve-year-old. Not that I thought his sister’s suggestion was boring, but still, I did not think it was a good idea to leave the house and go any amount of distance in public. Especially while I was nearly naked.

Brianna looked at her brother, knowing just how to win his support. “Don’t you want to see Baby Jenna go for a pony ride?”

Well it didn’t take long for Michael to glance at me and picture that in his mind. His face broke out in this big silly grin, obviously finding the idea very funny. The young lady with my purse started walking back up the driveway.

“Wait!” I cried out, keeping one arm across my chest, but reflexively throwing out my other hand as if I could catch her. “What if you father calls home, and no one is here to answer?”

My bottom wiggled and bounced as I scurried up the path after her. Michael must have been leisurely strolling behind, because he would usually run ahead.

The teenager was fishing around in my bag, and then replied, “No probs… I will just call Dad and tell him you are taking us to the park.”

She did just that, using my own cell phone to place the call. This seemed to give her a certain amount of delight in addition to all the strings she was pulling, controlling me. After she had updated their father about our plans, Brianna dropped my phone back in the purse. Then she moved near me in confidence, like we were a couple of schoolgirls gossiping.

“By the way,” she winked, “now he has your number saved on his phone.”

I could say nothing. With both hands held in front of me, I was aware of my nipples growing very stiff and they tickled my palms. Brianna watched curiously as my whole face and body blushed.

And then Michael bounded up to the car. His sister already had my keys in her hand and the doors unlocked. He crawled into the backseat and made himself comfortable. So I guess we were going to the horse riding stables. I really didn’t have a choice. As Brianna walked around to let herself in on the passenger side, I was resigned to my circumstances, and slowly slid behind the wheel.

It was suddenly a strange sensation once all three of us were in the vehicle. While the car provided a measure of privacy from outside, I now felt the interior upholstery making contact with my bare skin. I touched the brake pedal lightly with my toes. And between my legs, the small panties were snug, even digging into my crotch a little. I realized that this was the first time I was seated since putting them on. I hoped they would hold out!

And then it hit me, that I would need to lower my arms in order to drive. Bashfully, I looked over my shoulder and saw Michael sitting in the back seat. Brianna would be the one next to me, fortunately. She was mature for her age, or at least acted that way, so I was sure the teenager would be unfazed by another woman’s chest area. I took a deep breath, and then dropped my fingers to the steering wheel.

My tender breasts stuck out in front of me, topped by erect nipples. I heard the girl giggle, but she made no further comment. Greatly embarrassed, I turned on the ignition and prepared to pull out of the long driveway completely topless.

As I turned onto the road, I was self-conscious of them swaying or bouncing side to side. Still, I kept both hands on the wheel. My tummy fluttered nervously, especially thinking about Brianna’s remark when she pinched me, and my eyes were wide. We passed other cars along the way, and I was certain they could see my shoulders were bare. If the drivers only knew how truly little I was wearing. Without my sandals, this was going to be an ordeal, pedal pumping with my feet.

Amazingly we made it to the stables while avoiding getting pulled over. The more I thought about how crazy this was, I could really get in trouble. But fourteen-year-old Brianna was so dominating, I knew I would do whatever she said. I believe she wished I had been stopped by a policeman, and forced out of the car to be frisked in the little girl panties. She had this mischievous grin during the whole ride, sneaking peeks at my boobs now and then.

I was lucky enough to arrive at the place with no one else around apparently. The drive through town had me visibly shaken, and Michael’s sister told me to relax. I had to admit, it was much more of a secluded rural setting once we got off the main road. There were trees everywhere and a nice fenced property. I could just make out the barn in the distance. Finding a place to park, I turned to the girl.

“So… this is where you go horseback riding?” I tried to sound pleasant.

“Yes! And you’re coming with us,” Brianna replied, laughing.

Now I looked around, worrying all over again as I would have to leave the car. “Couldn’t I just stay here, and let you and Michael run along and play?”

“Nope!” she took the key out of the ignition, my purse, and then opened the passenger door wide.

As she stepped out, her brother came around and opened my door for me. I quickly shifted my arms so that I was once more cradling my bare breasts. Stretching one shapely leg out of the car, I pulled myself the rest of the way. And then I was standing outside in the unicorn panties with a heart on the front. I had never felt so scared and humiliated when the door closed behind me and I heard the locks click. We were miles from their father’s house, where all my clothes were up in Brianna’s room. I was supposed to be their babysitter, but now I was nothing more than a helpless child.

The boy and the girl walked past me, traipsing across land that was like a cross between a park and a farm. I listened to the birdsongs, the smell of fresh grass and hay in the air. It would be a lovely setting I could appreciate, if it weren’t for my ridiculous condition. My head swiveled left and right as I folded arms across the top of my chest and then scampered behind Brianna and Michael.

I followed them up to a building with the stables and the fourteen-year-old was met by a young woman who might have been in her later twenties. She had long blonde hair braided in a single ponytail, dressed in jeans and white blouse. From the way she recognized Michael’s sister, I figured she must be her riding instructor.

“Hello, Sara,” the girl exchanged greetings.

And then the young woman swept her gaze around to where I was standing near Michael. I tried to shuffle closer to the boy as if I could hide behind him. If the ground could have just opened at that moment and swallow me, that would be fine. Sara’s face lit up and her mouth turned in a big smile.

“Who is this?” she asked through her laughter.

Brianna was quick to reply, pulling me forward, which only left me one arm to cover my naked breasts. “This is Jenna. She is supposed to be our babysitter, but we call her Baby Jenna.”

“I can see why,” the attractive blonde answered.

She put one finger to her mouth in thought, as if evaluating me, looking me up and down. Staring back, I envied her jeans and blouse and riding boots. I imagined that she must be somewhat familiar with how spoiled and mischievous Brianna could be. Yet I was sure, Sara had never been stripped down to just tiny cartoon panties. This was so humiliating.

The teenager then asked, “Do you have a pony available that Baby Jenna could ride?”

Sara laughed again. I couldn’t tell if it was at the name-calling or the very suggestion, or if she was joining in to make fun of me. The riding instructor didn’t seem mean, but obviously found this situation funny. At least it appeared I would not get in any trouble.

“There is a birthday party going on today,” the young woman said after a minute, “So one of my ponies is already out in the field. But I think you remember Nugget, Brianna, he is still in his stall.”

Michael’s sister giggled, “Oh, Nugget! He would be perfect.”

Before I could object or even say anything, I was led along with the others into the dusky stable. Here, I had to really watch my step since I was completely barefoot, but the ground was mostly clean. Occasionally Michael would tease me saying I had a big butt, and he hoped the pony could support my weight! I figured he was just being an obnoxious twelve-year-old. Brianna continued to chat away with Sara as they brushed Nugget and prepared him with a saddle.

By the time we were all back out in the sunlight, I saw that this was a very cute pony. He was not big at all, and seemed quite gentle. As the boy and the girl nudged me closer, the animal nuzzled my arm. Everyone laughed, and soon I was blushing from head to toe.

“Too bad Jenna wasn’t dressed in My Little Pony panties,” unbelievably, Sara teased. “That would have been appropriate.”

“I guess that unicorn is close enough,” Michael remarked, and I knew he was pointing at my ass.

Then I felt Sara’s hand on my bare back as I stood on the side of the pony. She offered to help me up. Of course, up to this point, I had my hands full holding my breasts. There wasn’t even any question that we were doing this, that I was going to be taken on an embarrassing pony ride.

“Thank you,” I whispered as her hands dropped to my waist and bottom.

In the next moment, I was given a lift, bracing one arm on the small horse’s flank while I managed to swing a leg over the saddle. Thankfully this was not a large animal by any means, so I was able to quickly find my seat. In this position, bare legs dangled on either side, although my toes did not touch the ground at all. I sat on the pony with elbows crossed over my chest, letting the three of them look at me. I tried not to think what their father would say if he knew what I was doing right now.

Brianna disappeared briefly into the stables, and then came back with a bag of carrot treats for Nugget.

“I think I can handle him well enough from here,” the fourteen-year-old said, taking the reins.

Sara agreed, but then turned toward me. “Now, Jenna, you will have to hold on to the saddle horn so you don’t fall off.”

Suddenly, I was reminded of the drive in the car. I would no longer have the luxury of covering with my hands and arms. Once the pony started moving, I would need to hold on tight. While not high off the ground, I still glanced down at the others nervously. To my shame, the small panties and leather saddle between my legs felt nice. I lowered my fingers to the horn in front of me.

With a deep breath, my breasts lifted up and down. I was showing my nipples. The two girls giggled, and I closed my eyes, very embarrassed. Most of all, I knew Michael was looking at me, seeing my boobies as he would call them for the first time today. And I knew if the boy had his way, I would be totally bare. Even with Brianna’s underwear on, I shivered feeling deliciously exposed.

Then I heard the girl make a clicking sound, talking to the pony. My hands instinctively gripped the horn tighter, the metal protruding from the leather saddle. I tried to keep my arms together, at least to prevent my breasts from bouncing side to side, and partially blocking the view. As we started to trot forward, I looked behind me to see Sara grinning and waving at us. My brown ponytail swayed, as she watched my completely bare back moving further away.

Now this was hardly a gallop, just a nice easy gait that let me bounce gently in the saddle. Brianna led Nugget in front, and her brother walked along at the side sneaking peeks at me. Soon we were heading down a trail with overhanging leaves and branches, the sun filtering through. With the warm weather, this could have been most pleasant. But for the fact I was being led down the trail on a pony, wearing only little girl panties. This feeling of helplessness and dependency was magnifying the true humiliation.

“How are you doing up there, Baby Jenna?” Brianna would tease and call back at me.

And I would wiggle a little, trying to adjust my position or pick out a wedgie, and reply, “I’m… I’m good…”

After a while, I heard the sound of other voices. The path was starting to branch, and I could just make out some fences ahead, then more of a clearing opening up. Michael’s sister slowed the pony to a stop. Nugget bowed his head to nibble at a clump of grass on the ground, and she scratched behind his ears. Then she pulled out one of the carrot sticks, tempting the little horse with a treat.

I sat there the whole time, barefoot and toes curling, while the pony munched. A warm feeling was starting to build below my bellybutton. Not now! I thought to myself. The girl was up to something, and I was getting turned-on. I watched Brianna give the bag to Michael with an explanation.

“Go around to the other side of the birthday party,” she told him. “Nugget will move in that direction, he knows to follow the food.”

Then she was unhooking the lead rein attached to the pony’s muzzle and bit.

“What are you doing?” I asked, looking down past my bare breasts sticking out in front of me.

Brianna smiled. “You appear more comfortable up there, Baby Jenna. So I am going to send you on a little ride, through the party in the next field, before reaching the other trail. Don’t worry, it will be slow and revealing…”

“Oh no,” I whimpered.

Staring ahead, Michael was already out of sight. What his sister meant was that she was sending me off alone on the pony. Nugget pawed at the ground with a hoof, eager to be moving again. There would be no one else near me. I would be sitting on the saddle not only half-nude, but even worse, wearing a pair of childish panties! Brianna clicked her tongue to signal the pony, and gave him a pat on the rump. Out of reflex, I bounced on my own bottom as we started off.

The little horse began plodding forward, and I held onto the saddle horn for dear life. I felt terribly exposed out here once I left the trail and shade of trees. My poor nipples were standing out erect in the sunlight. I looked around desperately, but there was nothing I could do. I had no control of the pony. My bare legs dangled and rocked back and forth, I bounced in rhythm against the supple leather. I hated to think about it, but the only thing between my pussy and the saddle was a piece of cotton fabric stretched over my mound.

It was just the little pony and myself in tiny underwear.

As we started to approach the scene, I could see a large picnic table set up and about two dozen boys and girls. In addition, there were young ladies, I guess close to Sara’s age supervising. The way these women groomed the pony or attended the party, they had to work for the stables handling events like this. I did not find any older ladies or men who could have been parents, it was probably a drop off and pick up the children later sort of affair.

The pony I was riding, Nugget, moved ever closer. This was no streak or run through the crowd. It was more of a slow shuffling forward, with enough motion for my bottom to raise and fall softly. Slow and revealing, just like Brianna had said. I was already practically naked! The first eyes looked in our direction, the little horse simply following where he thought Michael had gone with the bag of carrots. I can’t imagine my appearance from their point of view. Bare shoulders and arms, bare legs on either side, and I was unable to cover my chest.

I did make direct eye contact with the boys and girls at the birthday party, enough to see these were probably 6th graders, like Brianna’s brother. Shifting my face to watch the other women’s shocked expressions, I felt so ashamed. As we trotted near the crowd, with every step, they were going to see almost every inch. Soon there was much laughter and pointing of fingers as my breasts bounced up and down.

“What the hell is this?” one young woman declared.

But her stable co-workers only seemed amused. The boys and girls at the gathering were delighted to see another pony. Nugget led me right up to everyone and I was quickly surrounded, although no one stopped us. My curvy shape could be easily seen now, as well as my smooth skin. I managed to bounce slowly and deliberately on the saddle, so that the style of cartoon little girl panties were displayed. This brought on more teasing and laughter. In truth, I was grinding a bit every time I made contact with the leather between my legs.

Nugget did not seem to mind the attention, but my nipples were super hard and I was blushing like crazy. It was too much for me, the humiliation, overwhelming. I tried to hold back an orgasm. Why couldn’t this pony move faster! I was completely at the animal’s mercy and plodding pace.

Finally, we moved just beyond the edge of the festivities, heading for another private trail. The large group was still watching me from behind, laughing. I leaned forward and lifted my ass to show my round bottom. Dressed only in Brianna’s panties with the cartoon print on the back. That’s when I heard the boys and girls call me “The Unicorn Lady”. Those comments pushed me over the edge.

Bouncing up and down faster in the saddle all the way to the trail, I was so horny. With one hand holding tight, I started to rub the front of the panties. Hearing the fading voices still behind me, the giggles and mocking names, ultimately made me cum. I closed my eyes, thinking about how all those people saw me and was totally embarrassed.

When I looked up again, I found Brianna and Micheal standing in front of the pony. I guess they had made their way around the back path, or perhaps they mingled among the birthday party and I had not noticed. A new wave of shame washed over me. I quickly crossed my arms over my breasts. I sighed in relief, then, watching the fourteen-year-old attaching the reins again to lead Nugget.

“Brianna, we need to go back home, OK?” I quivered.

She just smiled and proceeded to follow the path, which turned out to bring us back to the stables. Michael walked along happily at the pony’s side. Close enough he could have stroked my leg or tickled my feet, but the boy kept his hands to himself.

The rest of the time was like a blur, and I was still in a haze remembering what I had been through. Somehow we got the pony safely back to Sara. Then the three of us were in my car making the return drive to their father’s house. Throughout the short trip, Brianna and Michael continued to call me Baby Jenna. The girl even mentioned she thought my panties looked wet. This made her brother laugh very hard, but I think she was a smart developing teenager and had an idea what happened.

After pulling into the driveway, we hurried back into the house where I followed Brianna upstairs. There was a sense of urgency when their father had in fact called my cell phone to let us know he would be home in a few minutes. We had timed our adventure near perfectly. So I was buttoning on my blouse without a bra, and just about to cover with my skirt when Brianna demanded her panties back.

“Did you mess my underwear, Baby Jenna?” she scolded me.

“Yes,” I confessed to her, “but not that way.”

I was referring to orgasm I had in her little girl panties, while going for a pony ride. The fourteen-year-old winked but said I needed to be punished.

Soon I was laying bottomless, face down, across the sheets of her bed. Brianna came over and squeezed my chubby cheeks. Then she started to spank me.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

“OwOwOwOwOw!” I cried until I was nice and red.

Michael called from downstairs, “Dad’s home!”

In a flash, I jumped up, rubbing my sore bottom. The sister handed me my black skirt, which I fastened without anything else underneath. There was so much frantic bustling and commotion, I did not bother to ask about my burgundy sandals but ran to the front door with my purse.

So this is how I greeted their father. In such a degrading state, I was barefoot, bra-less and a bald pussy under my clothes. My face and cheeks (both kinds!) were red, and I knew I appeared disheveled. Nevertheless, the man thanked me for watching his son and daughter. He paid me in cash, the generous amount I had accepted for the position.

“I guess they were a bit of trouble by the end of the day,” he chuckled appreciatively.

Shaking my head, I replied, “No, um, they just have a lot of… energy.”

I wasn’t sure what Michael or Brianna would say, if they would tell their father about everything that had happened. Turning to look over my shoulder, I saw the two of them standing, grinning and waved goodbye. Everyone seemed pleased.

I know I just wanted to get home, and strip down to put on my own pair of little girl Care Bear panties.

And I stayed that way for the rest of the weekend.

THE END