**Jill's Choice**  
I honestly think that when my mom got remarried, it was partly so my new stepdads kids could boss me around. David, my new stepbrother, was 13, my age, and wasn't so bad, but his sister, Charlotte, who was a year older, was just awful to me. Even when she slapped me hard across the face at the dinner table, mom said I probably deserved it.   
  
Mom never liked me much, honestly. She always wanted a daughter like Charlotte - pretty, ambitious, and kind of a snob (like her). Instead, she got me: at 13, I was plain, not that developed, and shy. Easy prey for Charlotte.  
  
The first couple of months, I thought Charlotte was just hazing me by forcing me to do her chores (with threats of sneaking into my room at night and chopping off my hair if I didn't). But then it got a bit worse - one day, when she had some friends over, she ordered me into her room and made me kneel and kiss her shoes in front of them. I tried to refuse, but she slapped me, renewed a few of her threats, and said that if I didn't, she'd tell mom I was disobeying her, which could lead to all SORTS of trouble. Mom had said that she was considering giving Charlotte broad authority over me - like, dictating what I wore, when I ate…everything.  
  
So I bent down and kissed charlotte's nasty shoe.  
  
"That's a good girl," Charlotte sneered, as her friends laughed. "She's like my own little servant."  
  
"I wish I had one," said Amy, one of her friends.  
  
"Maybe I can rent her out," said Charlotte with a laugh.  
  
I went to my room and cried. And, of course, things got worse.  
  
I week later, I was walking from my room to the bathroom when Charlotte pounced and tackled me from behind. I tried to squirm and shake her off, but it was no use - she had me pinned!  
  
"Get off me!" I shouted. "I have to go!"  
  
"Shut up, Jill," said Charlotte. And she pinned my shoulders with her feet. NExt thing I knew, I felt her wrappign something - a jump rope, from the feel of it - being wrapped around my wrists, and a minute later, I was tied tight.  
  
Charlotte jumped off me, and I squired, trying to get loose, but it was no good.  
  
"Come on, Charlotte!" I said. "Let me go!"  
  
"Nuh uh," she laughed. She grabbed a loose end of the jump rope and tugged, yanking me to my feet. I looked at her helplessly.  
  
"What's the matter?" she asked.  
  
"I…i have to go!" I said.  
  
"Go where?" she asked.  
  
I blushed. "The bathroom," I said.  
  
She laughed again. "Does little Jilly have to tinkle?"  
  
I blushed again and nodded. She giggled, tugged on the rope, and started walking towards her room, pulling me along. I REALLY had to go, but I sure couldn't with my hands tied behind my back!  
  
She dragged me into her room, where David was sitting on her bed. "What have we here?" he asked.  
  
"It's a little girl who has to go potty," said Charlotte, triumphantly. "Only she can't."  
  
"Why not?" asked David.  
  
"Tell him," said Charlotte. "Tell him, or I won't untie you."  
  
I blushed, then gulped. "Because she tied me up," I said.  
  
"So?" asked Charlotte. "Why is that stopping you?"  
  
I gulped again. "Be….because with my hands tied, I can't… you know!"  
  
"No I don't," said Charlotte. "Say it."  
  
I blushed. "I can't pull my pants down," I said. I wanted to die as David starting laughing. I HATED the thought of him thinking about my pulling my pants down. I was a shy girl - I didn't like to have people even THINK about me naked. Just saying the word "bathroom" out loud was enough to make me blush.  
  
"Is that all you have to do before you go pee?" asked Charlotte. "You just pull down your pants and go?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Ew!" said Charlotte. "You mean little Jill doesn't even know enough to pull down her panties first?"  
  
David and Charlotte exploding laughing while I turned another shade of red.  
  
"Come on!" I shouted. "Untie me, or I'll wet my pants!"  
  
Charlotte glared at me. "I wouldn't recommend that you do that," said Charlotte. "Or I'll have to punish you. And you won't like the punishment one bit."  
  
"Please!" I said.  
  
"Poor little Jilly," said Charlotte. "Can't pull down her pants and panties, but doesn't want to wet herself."  
  
"Whatever shall she do?" asked David, through giggles.  
  
"I know!" said Charlotte, clapping her hands. "Why doesn't she just ask YOU to take her to the potty? Then you can pull her pants and panties down FOR her!"  
  
"NO!" I shouted.  
  
Charlotte looked at me. "Why not?" she asked.  
  
"Cause…it's embarrassing!" I said.  
  
"Why?" said charlotte. "What's embarrassing about having your helpful stepbrother pull down your pants and panties for you?"  
  
"You know!" I said.  
  
"I don't," she said. "Tell me."  
  
I blushed again. "He'd….see me."  
  
"See what?" said Charlotte. "You'd better say it if you want to be untied."  
  
"My….my butt," I said.  
  
She grinned. "What else?" she asked.  
  
"You know!" I said.  
  
"You're going to tell me," she said. "And use proper names, or you'll have to be punished for having a dirty mouth."  
  
I was about as red as I thought I could get, and starting to sob. BUt I also REALLY had to go, and I sure didn't want a punishment.  
  
"My…vagina." I said, blushing even harder while Charlotte and david laughed.  
  
"Like there's much to see," said Charlotte. "I'l bet you don't even have hair down there yet. Do you?"  
  
I blushed. "A…a little," I said, through sobs.  
  
"Tell me what you want me to do and why," said Charlotte. "In a complete sentence. AND why you don't want to ask David for help."  
  
I took a deep breath, looked at my feet, and said "I want you to untie me so I can pull down my p…pants and p..panties and go to the bathroom….I…don't want David to do it, because I don't want him to see my…my butt….and….v….(sniff)…vagina."  
  
They both laughed hysterically.  
  
"What do you say, David?" asked Charlotte. "Should I let little Jilly go?"  
  
"I don't know," said David. "What would the punishment be?"  
  
"Well, we'd have to change her, first of all," said Charlotte. "And probably spank her naked butt while we're at it. And then I'd have to tell her mom what happened. I think I'd suggest that from now on, she has to report to both of us every day so we can check and make sure she's dry."  
  
"Her mom would go for that," he said with a nod. "That sounds fun. Let her stay tied up."  
  
"NOOO!!!!" I shouted.  
  
"Hmm…" said Charlotte. "Would you take her to the potty if she asked?"  
  
"Probably," he said. "If she asked REALLY nicely."  
  
Charlotte glared at me. "Look at me, Jill," she said. "Look me in the eye."  
  
I did. I felt like she could see right through me.  
  
"These are your options," she said. "You can pee your pants, and then I'll change you and spank you myself. He won't have to see. But you'll be reporting to one of us every single day so we can check you. OR you can just ask him to take you to the potty. He'll see you for sure, but it'll be over with. Which is it gonna be?"  
  
I tried to stall, but I really, really had to go. There wasn't much time left....

**Jill's Choice, Part 2**

"If I ...go... will you make David leave?" I asked. "And he won't see?"  
  
Charlotte smiled and nodded.  
  
"Promise?" I asked.  
  
Charlotte leaned right into my face. "I pwomise," she said, mocking me.  
  
Then she grabbed me and shoved me onto my back.  
  
"Go ahead, then," she said. "Either pee yourself or crawl over to David and ask him to help you."  
  
She glared down at me, and I burned with shame as I relaxed my muscles and peed me pants for the first time since I was three years old. They both laughed triumphantly, and Charlotte escorted David out of the room and shut the door.  
  
"Well, well," said Charlotte. "Baby Jill peed her pants. I guess I shouldn't be surprised. Come on now, let's get these nasty things off you."  
  
She bent down, and, tied up and ashamed as I was, I couldn't do much to stop her as she undid my wet jeans and peeled them off, then pulled down my panties, leaving me naked below the waist. She stared right at my "you know what" and grinned. I was totally under her control.  
  
"You weren't kidding," she said. "Just a tiny bit of a hair. Let's see what else you have."  
  
Without pausing for a second, she grabbed the front of my shirt and lifted it up.  
  
"not much here, either," she said. "I don't think you should be wearing a bra yet. I'll talk to your mom when we go over the new rules."  
  
She wiped off my privates with the dry leg of pants, then hauled me up and shoved me face down on her bed.  
  
"You have a cute butt, Baby Jill," she said, loudly enough that I was sure David was listening at the door. "But since you wet yourself, I'll have to spank it!"  
  
She immediately made good on the threat, smacking my butt five times - HARD. Like, so hard I couldn't believe it. Then she pinched my ear and tilted my head, leaning right down to whisper at me. "That wasn't really a punishment," she said. "That's just to show you what I can do if you REALLY upset me. What happened today was just a preview of what will happen if you EVER forget your place around here. Understand?"  
  
I was crying hard by then, but I nodded. She untied the jump rope that had bound my hands, gave me a towel to wrap around myself, and shoved me out of the room. David was standing in the hall, leering at me, knowing that I was naked under that towel. I wasn't any less covered that I normally was - more, if anything - but it was still totally humiliating.  
  
And, of course, it got worse that night, when Mom got hom and joined us for dinner, and Charlotte merrily told the whole story to my mom, who actually seemed to get a real kick out of it.  
  
"Sounds like you really have a handle on how to keep your bratty stepis under control," said Mom.  
  
"Sure," Charlotte said. "In fact, I have a few suggestions."  
  
"Okay," said Mom.  
  
"First of all, I don't think Baby Jill here is ready to wear bras yet. I don't think she should."  
  
"Good idea," said Mom.   
  
"And just to reinfoce her place, I think that whenever someone asks who she is around here, she should have to say 'i am baby jill,'" said Charlotte.  
  
"A fine idea,' said Mom.  
  
"AND," said Charlotte, "I think she should have to pull down her pants and prove she hasn't wet herself again whenever we ask."  
  
I was mortified, of course, but I was greatly relieved when Mom said it was okay, but that I wouldn't have to pull my pants down for David. "I don't think she needs to have a boy have that sort of power over her," she said. I was so relieved that I barely noticed when she added "at least, not yet."  
  
"Do you understand all of this?" Charlotte asked me.  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Who are you?" she asked.  
  
I sighed and stared at my plate. "I am Baby Jill," I muttered.  
  
I was just beginning to find out just how much control Charlotte could have over me. And I had barely scratched the surface of what she could do with that damned jump rope.

**Jill's Choice, Part 3**

That night, after dinner, Charlotte followed me to my room and made me give her all of my training bras - including the one I had one on - for her to lock up in one of her drawers. I was SO embarrassed...I was so proud to be wearing bras, and now they'd been quite literally stripped away from me. As she held them there, she glared at me.  
  
"Listen, squirt," she said. "This is how things are around here from now on. WHen I tell you to jump, you ask how high. And if you disobey me, even a little, I WILL spank you a LOT harder than I did earlier today. And if David or anyone else happens to see you, that's not my problem."  
  
I made up my mind to be good, even though I really, really hated Charlotte's guts. Just nodding when she asked me a question made me feel sick to my stomach. But I was a shy, modest girl. It embarrassed me terribly when she saw me topless that night - and even worse earlier that day when she'd stripped off my pants and panties. The very thought of a BOY seeing me like that was almost too much to imagine for me.  
  
For the next few weeks, things were fairly quiet. Every now and then Charlotte would come into my room and say "who are you?" I'd have to say "I am Baby Jill." Occasionally, she'd make things worse for me, like making me take things a bit further and say "I am Baby Jill, and if I don't behave, Charlotte will spank my naked butt." Then she'd usually ask if I was dry. Most of them time, I could just say "yes," and she'd nod and leave me alone. Other times, though, she'd make me pull down my pants and show her my panties. I hated that, but not a much as when she checked to make sure I wasn't wearing a bra.  
  
Every few nights, she'd get out that jump rope of hers. One night she made into, like, a leash and dragged me around, making me say "I am Baby Jill" in front of David, who grinned, and then my mom, who LOVED it. She complimented Charlotte on how well she was keeping me in line. A couple of nights, she came into my room and tied the rope around my ankles, with a stern warning not to untie it. I'd sleep all night with my ankles tied, then have to waddle around in the morning until she untied me.  
  
It was awful, of course, but I told myself it could have been worse. She hadn't spanked me again, she hadn't seen my privates again, and David hadn't even seen my panties.  
  
But one day, after school, Charlotte came into my room with the jump rope and tied it into a leash again. "Come along, baby jill," she said. She tugged hard, almost choking me, and I had no real choice but to follow her through the house, into David's room, where David was hanging out with one of his friends. I nearly started hyperventilating when I saw them.  
  
"Hi, guys," she said. "Look who I have!"  
  
They both grinned as Charlotte explained that I was the baby in the family.  
  
"Who are you?" she asked me.  
  
I sighed, avoiding their gaze, and said "I am baby jill."  
  
"Look at them when you talk to them, baby," she said. "And say it again."  
  
I looked at the grinning boys said "I am baby jill" again.  
  
"One day, Baby Jill peed her pants," said Charlotte, causing me to blush beet red. "I had to strip off her pants and panties and clean off her vagina, didn't I?"  
  
I started to sob with shame as I nodded. I could see that each boy had a noticable bulge in his pants already. The fact that she was talking about THAT part of me, right out loud, in front of boys...ugh!  
  
"And now I have to check to make sure she's dry," said Charlotte. "Are you dry, Baby Jill?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Prove it, please," she said.  
  
THis was too much. "No way!" I said. "I'm not letting them see!"  
  
"Very well," said Charlotte. "But if you don't, I'll have to check your diapers myself. I'll pull down your pants AND your panties right here, and then they can watch your spanking."  
  
"B...but..." I said.  
  
"But nothing!" she said. "You're just a baby. They wouldn't mind seeing you down there, would you, boys?"  
  
The boys clearly wouldn't have minded one little bit.  
  
"Go ahead, baby Jill," said Charlotte. "Make your choice. Are you going to show them, or will I have to check you myself?"  
  
I was sobbing hard now, but I undid my jeans and lowered them down just enough that they could all see all of my plain, blue panties. They boys were in hysterics, and Charlotte grinned down proudly at me.  
  
"Good girl, Baby Jill," she said. "You're all dry. But are you following my other rule?"  
  
I gasped, and she turned to the boys. "Baby Jill was wearing training bras, but she didn't need them, so I took them away," she said. "BUt now and then I have to check to make sure that she didn't go buy a new one."  
  
"I didn't!" I said. "I'm not wearing one."  
  
She grinned at me. "PRove it," she said.

**Jill's Choice Part 4**

"No way," I said. And I started to run. But Charlotte grabbed hold of her and of the jump rope, and I nearly choked myself. I DID choked as she pulled on it, pulling me back.  
  
"Not smart, Baby Jill!" she growled, as she pulled me closer. When I got close enough, she grabbed my long red hair and pulled that - hard - until she had forced me into a chair.  
  
"HOld her, David!" he commanded. "Hold her arms behind her back!"  
  
He did just that, and before I could really even fight back, she had used that rope to securely tie my hands to the chair, rendering me pretty well immobile.  
  
Charlotte grabbed ahold of my hair again. "Now," she said, "because Baby Jill was bad, she is going to get a haircut. And whether I cut the hair on her HEAD or the hair down below is ENTIRELY dependent on how good she is. GOt it?"  
  
I was sobbing already, and praying she was bluffing - my red hair was about the only part of my body I REALLY liked. I nodded.  
  
"Now, where were we?" asked Charlotte.  
  
"You were gonna make her show her boobs!" said David's friend.  
  
"That sounds right," said Charlotte. "Now, I do need to check to make sure she's not wearing a bra. I can just feel for myself, OR I can lift her shirt and let us all get a look. Which do you think we should do?"  
  
"LIft her shirt!" they yelled.  
  
"I don't know," said Charlotte. "What'll you do for ME?"  
  
"I'll do your chores for a WEEK" said David.  
  
"That's good," siad Charlotte. "BUt what about YOU?" She glared at David's friend. He thought for a minute, then whispered in his ear. She smirked, then said "Okay. PUll it out."  
  
He turned his back on me, facing Charlotte, and undid his pants. A second later, Charlotte was still smirking. "Glad to see you're enjoying yourself," she said. "But there's not much to see, is there? NOt that Jill would know. I'll bet she's never even seen a boy's penis before. Have you, Jill?"  
  
I shook my head no, looking away as David's friend put his away. I kind of DID want to see, just out of curiosity, but was glad they didn't force me to look.  
  
"Anyway," said Charlotte. "A deal's a deal. Let's see if Baby Jill is following the rules!"  
  
And she stood behind me, reached up, and lifted my shirt, exposing my nipples to the two boys. I'd never been so horrified or ashamed in my life. I was bawling so hard that I forgot everything CHarlotte said about the haircut, until she let my shirt down and I heard her brandishing the scissors.  
  
A minute later, to my horror, my long hair was gone, leaving me with short-cropped, messy hair. Charlotte held my cut hair in front of my face, then put it in her pocket. "I'm sure I'll find something to do with this," she said. "And remember - next time, it won't be the hair on your HEAD that I cut!"