Megan and Ryan

Part 1 Planning Pays Off

Thu Aug 16,

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Friday. Ryan pedaled home furiously. He wanted to be home when Megan arrived

since she’d be wearing her cheerleader uniform. Those hours between coming

home and leaving for the basketball game went by so quickly and he loved to

check out his sister’s legs as she usually didn’t bother changing out of and

back into her outfit. She was a senior and he was a sophomore, and every day

his friends let him know just how hot his sister was. The lucky few got to

spend the night at their house once in a while, and Megan always

seemed to be wearing her baby doll nighties when Ryan had guests over. She was

a tease and he was a voyeur. Today he had a plan to see perhaps a bit more.

He ran into the kitchen- “good,” he thought, “mom’s not here yet.”. He got the baby powder from the bathroom and sprinkled it on the kitchen chair where Megan usually sat when she got home. He just barely had time to put the powder away when he heard the door open. In walked Megan in her insanely short pleated white skirt and sweater, and the big red panties that they had to wear over the nude pantyhose that completed the outfit. Knowing full well she was being watched, she took her sweet time reaching ever so slowly for a glass on the top shelf of the cupboard. She poured herself some orange juice and sat down right on the powder.

“Going to the game tonight or have you already seen what you wanted for the

day?” she smiled coyly at him. She loved to embarrass him when she caught him

looking at her.

“I don’t know. Maybe I’ll go. Maybe I’ll sit in front of Cindy.”

“Eeeww. I don’t know why some guys think she’s pretty. I think she’s got fat

legs and a big ass.” She stood up and turned her butt to Ryan- “I’m so much

firmer than she is…..what are you laughing at?”

“Sis, you’ve got white stuff all over your panties.” Meg stretched for a good look- he was right. Damn! She tried to brush the powder off but it was no use. And she didn’t have a spare pair.

“Damn, I’ve got to wash these.” She ran to her room and closed the door. She

peeled off the uniform panties and looked through her underwear drawer. She’d

need to put something on. But what? She held up her pink bikini panties. Perfect- they hide what they need to but it will drive Ryan crazy.

She pulled them on over her pantyhose and walked past Ryan on the way to the

laundry room. She felt his eyes feasting on her as she went by. She threw her

red panties in the washer and pulled the knob. Nothing. She pulled and pushed again…. Nothing. “Ryan! Help!” she hollered.

He came in quickly and could hardly take his eyes off her butt as she spoke.

“Come on you’ve got to help me. What’s wrong with this washer?”

Ryan smiled. His plan was working to perfection. “I could probably fix it. But

what’s in it for me?”

She grabbed his shirt “What do you want you little creep?”

He pushed her away. “hmmm…. Let’s see. Let’s see…. I know.” He walked out of

the room.

She followed him, “What? What?” He was going to her bedroom! She watched in

horror as he pawed through her underwear drawer, finally pulling a pair of sheer red panties out.

“Put these on, Megan” he commanded.

“Are you crazy, these are see thru.”

“Do you want the washer fixed or not?” She studied his face. There would be no

backing down. Time to give in, or not? Not, she decided.

“No, I’ll just use the bathroom sink.” She marched by him in a huff, pulling her skirt down behind her to conceal as much as she could. Teasing him was fun, but only when she was in control, not him. She locked the bathroom door and put the uniform panties in the sink, turned on the water and……nothing. “Ryan, what happened to the water?”

“It’ll cost you. You know you need to wash them before the game. So what’s it going to be?”

“Okay, okay. Hand me the panties.”

“Hand me your skirt”

“WHAT???”

“You heard me. You chose to not take the deal the first time around, so now

you’re going to pay for it.” Hand me the skirt. She slammed the door in his

face. What could she do? She reached behind her and unzipped and let the skirt

fall to the floor. She peeled off the panties she had chosen and slipped on

the ones that he had picked, then picked up the skirt and opened the door.

“Here. Satisfied?” she said as she shoved the skirt into his hands.

“Very nice” he studied her carefully. NEVER had he had such a view and he was

going to take full advantage of it. He took the skirt up to her room and tossed it on the bed and returned to enjoy the sights.

“NOW can you fix the….” She froze in terror. “MOM!”

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Megan and Ryan- Part 2 Lies Believed

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Mrs. Miller stared in disbelief. Megan was standing right in front of her son with no skirt and only a sheer pair of panties over her pantyhose.

“Megan…Elizabeth…Miller…..what do you think you’re doing?”

“Mom I can explain… Ryan broke the washer and…

“He BROKE the washer? Ryan is this true?”

“Mom, I SWEAR she’s lying. Go try it yourself. The three of them walked to the

laundry room. Mrs. Miller pulled the knob and the washer started to fill with water.

“Megan?”

“Mom, please you’ve got to believe me. He broke it and somehow fixed it after

you got here. And he turned the water off in the bathroom.

“How could I fix the washer? I was right here. Go ahead and try the water.”

They made their way to the bathroom where moments ago the water was off. Mrs.

Miller opened the faucet and after a spurt of air, the waterflowed as normal.

“Mom, it was off a minute ago. I swear.”

“Sure it was Megan. And why is your skirt off?”

“Mom it was him. He made me do it or else I couldn’t wash the panties I wear

with the uniform.”

“No it wasn’t. She took off her own skirt and left it in her bed. I saw her go in there nd leave it.” Meg stared in disbelief. He was lying but all the facts appeared to bear him out. What would mom do?

“I see….Megan Elizabeth, I’m surprised at you. If you want to run around the house without a skirt, that’s exactly what you’re going to do. You’re going to remain as you are until it’s time to go to the game. When you get back, you’re going to go back to the outfit you have on….understand?

“Mom NO! PLEASE! You’ve GOT to believe me.”

“AND for lying to me, you’re going to be bottomless for the rest of the weekend. No skirts, no pants, no shorts. just panties.”

“This isn’t FAIR. PLEASE don’t do this.”

“I’m sorry, honey, but you gave me no choice.”

“But he tricked me.”

“The washer works, the water works, why did you take your skirt off?”

“He told me I had to” They looked over to Ryan, who only shrugged. Mom wasn't

buying it. “Fine. Can I at least wear pantyhose please?”

“OK, since you have them on now. Now let’s get dinner on.”

This couldn’t be happening. First Ryan gets the better of her and gets her out

of her skirt and into these skimpy panties. Then mom takes his side. Now she

can’t wear bottoms all weekend. How did he do it? And how could she pay him back? As she helped in the kitchen, she felt Ryan’s eyes all over her. And there was nothing she could do to hide.

Finally she got to dress for the basketball game. She’d be decent, if only for a little while. All through the game she thought about her predicament. There had to be a way out. There had to be a way for revenge. She ignored the guys in the front row looking up her skirt. She barely noticed the game. All she could think of was spending the entire weekend so indecently. When the game ended she sat on the bleachers, bent over with her head down between her knees. As she looked up, she couldn’t believe her eyes. A wet spot. This couldn’t be turning her on, could it?

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