**Nobody's Fault**

by Little Joe  
  
"Now you behave yourself young lady when you're staying there. You’re not with your own family so you have to be on your best behaviour"  
  
Rosie's father spoke to her sternly as he was leaving her with his friends the Mignons.  
  
She was to stay with the Mignon family in Nice who had a daughter, Sylvie, who was just the same age as Rosie. The visit had been arranged by Rosie's father so that she could improve her French and she was to be staying with one of her father's best friends as well as most important customers. If her father had told her once, he had told her a thousand times - he'd better not hear any stories of bad behaviour when she was over there or she’d be in real trouble when she got back. Rosie knew why he said these things. She'd always been a naughty girl getting up to mischief. But as her father said, she was sixteen now and old enough to behave herself. (Very, very nearly seventeen said Rosie to herself)  
  
Rosie's father had another motive for arranging the visit. The Mignon's had a daughter, called Sylvie, who unlike Rosie was a model of good behaviour. Rosie's father hoped that the good influence would make Rosie better behaved.  
  
Sylvie's father Monsieur Mignon (call me Jean-Claude) was a charming man, but her mother looked like the sort to keep a close eye on the behaviour of young girls.  
  
The stay didn't look as if it would do much good for Rosie’s French as all the family spoke perfect English having lived in England many years. Indeed Sylvie, sounded more like a Cockney than a French girl.  
  
Sylvie seemed very friendly for a girl who was so exceedingly good.  
  
Today we’re going to get you some clothes”, said Sylvie.  
  
Rosie had been given some money by her father (in the safe keeping of Mme. Mignon) to buy some suitable clothes, and Sylvie was dispatched with Rosie to help her. Sylvie’s mother issued a stern warning as they left. "Suitable clothes mind! And behave yourselves girls. You're not too old to have your bottoms smacked if you're naughty". (This was a favourite phrase of Mme. Mignon, picked up at her English boarding school).  
  
Sylvie stuck her tongue out at the retreating form of her mother. "Who’d have a French mother", she confided to Rosie, "so old fashioned!” It seemed that perhaps she wasn't quite the well behaved girl that everyone thought!  
  
They went first to the dress shop to buy Rosie a skirt.  
  
"That one", said Sylvie, "that would be just perfect on you"  
  
"It's awfully short", said Rosie, "much shorter than yours."  
  
"Well you've got the legs for it", Rosie still looked doubtful, "and you've got the bum for it. You couldn't wear that skirt if you didn’t have the bum for it."  
  
Rosie looked at it longingly. Short pleated and loose, it seemed just right for the hot weather, and, well, if she had the legs for it, and the bum for it and Sylvie didn’t, she’d just have to have it.  
"Right, I'll take it!", and she had to put it on straight away. They got out into the bright sunlight. It felt awfully short to Rosie, but then she didn’t know sophisticated French fashions the way Sylvie did. She decided that she’d let Sylvie be her guide on what to wear.  
  
"Oh dear!” said Sylvie looking horrified, "Rosie, you're wearing black panties, I can see your panties through the skirt"  
  
Rosie looked down horrified, "They're navy blue", she said.  
  
Sylvie burst into laughter.  
”You’re not really wearing navy blue knickers. You can't be! Get them off immediately!"  
  
"What!” said Rosie.  
  
"Get them off!” said Sylvie, "you can't let people see your knickers through your skirt. Anyway nobody wears panties under their skirt nowadays."  
  
“Don’t they?” said Rosie  
  
"No way! Come on get them off”, she looked at Rosie quizzically, “oh, you haven’t… I mean you do… I mean nobody will see any… I mean you are smooth down there..”, she glanced down to where she meant.  
  
Rosie blushed, she always kept herself smooth, not that her parents would ever know.  
  
“Of course”, said Rosie, trying to sound sophisticated, “but don’t let my parents know”  
  
“Well there you are then”, said Sylvie, “no problem.  
Get your knickers off”  
  
Rosie didn’t want to be unfashionable, and she had decided to rely on Sylvie’s guidance as to what to wear, so if Sylvie said to take off her panties, off her panties had better come. Rather self-consciously when no-one was looking she pulled her down her knickers and took them off.  
  
“Give them here”, said Sylvie, taking hold of them and putting them in her bag.  
  
Rosie suddenly felt that her skirt was very, very short indeed, now that she had no panties on! They walked along the sea front, and the sea breeze came in from the sea, and poor Rosie had ever such a job stopping her skirt from blowing up and revealing what wasn’t underneath. She wished she hadn’t been so fashion conscious. She would have put her knickers back on, but Sylvie had taken them and she didn’t like to ask for them back.  
  
Then she saw to her horror Mme. Mignon standing two hundred yards away waving to them. The girls walked towards her, and the breeze blew, and Rosie did her best to keep her skirt down. But she was getting more and more nervous, and twenty yards away a sharp gust caught her by surprise; she tried to hold on to her skirt, but only succeeded in dropping the little purse she was carrying. Instinctively she bent down to pick it up, and as she did so, as rotten luck wouldn’t have it, the strongest gust of the day chose that moment to blow and lift her skirt up above her waist. The surrounding crowd, among whom was numbered Mme. Mignon, were treated to a view of Rosie’s ample, round, pink posterior, and absolutely no panties.  
  
“Rosie!” exclaimed Mme. Mignon, “aren’t you wearing any panties!”  
  
“She gave them to me to carry”, said Sylvie, “because she said they could be seen through her skirt”  
  
“Rosie! I think it’s better that people see your panties through your skirt than that they see your bare bottom”  
  
“She said nobody wore panties nowadays and that it wasn’t fashionable”, said Sylvie.  
  
Sylvie’s mother looked sternly at Rosie,” I do hope I will not have to write to your father and tell him you are being a bad influence on Sylvie".  
  
“No, Mme Mignon”, said Rosie contritely. She would have to do as Mme. Mignon said. She couldn’t have her complaining to her father.  
  
“Well, put your panties back on”, said Mme. Mignon, “and behave yourself in future. You’re only sixteen. You’re not too old to have your bottom smacked either! Now Sylvie, I told you I would meet you here and take you for coffee, so come along girls”  
  
Rosie sheepishly went with Sylvie to the rest room to put her panties back on.  
  
“Well, that was unfortunate”, said Sylvie, “but it was nobody’s fault really!”  
  
Sylvie’s parents lived in a large house near the coast with big grounds and a lovely swimming pool. Her father went out to work every day, and her mother went into the town to do the shopping, drink coffee, have lunch with friends and generally gossip.  
  
The girls were alone in the house.  
  
“Let’s have a swim in the pool”, said Sylvie  
  
Rosie loved swimming; she was in heaven with the warm weather and the pool in the garden. So unlike the cool summers of Chipping Sodbury.  
  
“I’ll fetch my costume”, she said  
  
“No need to bother”, said Sylvie, “nobody ever wears costumes nowadays”  
  
“But what about your mother”, asked Rosie remembering her telling off about taking off her panties, “wouldn’t she mind”  
  
“Why should she mind”, replied Sylvie, “anyway she’s not here is she. She’ll be away for ages yet”  
  
“But what if somebody comes. A visitor or delivery boy or something”  
  
“No problem”, said Sylvie, “there’s a lockable gate into the grounds and I’ve locked it. Nobody can get in without ringing first”  
  
Rosie started to undress while Sylvie watched. Sylvie looked enviously at Rosie’s ample bosom. Why couldn’t she have titties like that!  
  
“Blimey Rosie!. Look at your boobies!”  
  
“Why? What’s the matter with them”  
  
“They’re so, well, well developed”  
  
Rosie blushed. She wasn’t used to having girls admire her breasts, admirable thought they were.  
  
“You’ll need plenty sun tan oil on you”, said Sylvie, “just lie there. I’ll rub it in”  
  
  
Rosie lay in the sun wondering why Sylvie wasn’t undressing and feeling the oil being rubbed into her skin. It was very pleasant really.  
  
Her reverie was interrupted by a loud ringing at the gate.  
  
“Oh go away”, exclaimed Sylvie, but the ringing persisted. “I’ll have to go and see who it is“, said Sylvie  
  
I’d better slip something on”, said Rosie  
  
“Oh don’t bother”, said Sylvie, “I’ll see to them and you don’t want to get oil all over your things  
  
”So Rosie lay there in the sun, happily letting it warm her naked flesh until she suddenly heard voices. She sat up quickly to grab her towel, only to find that it had disappeared. Sylvie appeared round the corner carrying the towels and accompanied by a tousle haired youth in shorts and a tee-shirt  
  
.“This is Henri, he does the pool”, said Sylvie, “no need to get dressed, he won’t mind  
  
”Rosie wouldn’t have minded covering up, but Sylvie had got the only towels and her clothes were in the house. The bell on the gate rang again and Sylvie went off to answer it. A minute later who should return but Sylvie and her mother. Her mother was remonstrating.  
  
“Sylvie, why did you lock the gate, you know I always come back at this time!”, then she saw Henri, and then she saw Rosie, lying on the lounger bed in front of him stark naked.  
  
“Henri”, she shrieked, “Go! At once!”, then, “Rosie, what are you doing lying stark naked in front of Henri.”  
  
“She said she couldn’t be bothered with a costume”, said Sylvie, “she said nobody wears one nowadays”  
  
“But did you think I’d let you sunbathe in the nude!”  
  
“She said it didn’t matter what you thought because you wouldn’t be back for ages”, said Sylvie  
  
“But didn’t you think about Henri seeing you”  
  
“She said she didn’t care if he did”, said Sylvie  
  
Sylvie’s mother was getting more and more distraught. Here was a girl who was obviously a bad influence on Sylvie, a girl who should have had a stricter upbringing. Here was a girl, if ever there was one, who deserved to have her bottom smacked.  
  
“Stand up Rosie”, she said, “I told you what would happen if you were naughty again, and a bad influence on Sylvie”  
  
“Yes Mme Mignon”  
  
“Well it’s going to happen!”  
  
Rosie blushed bright red.  
  
“Now go and get dressed”, said Sylvie’s mother firmly.  
  
Sylvie watched Rosie’s bare behind and she hurried back to the house, running quickly over the grass. There was a large, very satisfactory red imprint of a hand on the right cheek of her bottom. Sylvie smiled to herself. Well it was nobody’s fault really and she did like playing with Rosie.