Rosie's Red Knickers

by Little Joe

“Now listen to me young lady”, Rosie listened to her father calling her from England with the bored expression of the teenager who feels she has better things to do, “you’re staying with another family now. It’s not like being at home. You have to behave yourself”.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever”, said Rosie, but not loud enough to be heard. Mme Mignon had not told her father about Rosie’s unfortunate scrape when sunbathing naked in the garden at the villa, so she wasn’t really worried now.

“Do you understand me young lady?”

Rosie thought she’d better agree

“Yes father, certainly father. I’ll be as good as gold”

“Excellent. Now Mme Mignon has a small allowance for you for clothes and things so make sure you buy something sensible. Mme Mignon tells me her daughter Sylvie is extremely well behaved, so you need to follow her example and take her advice”

“Yes, father. Certainly father”, she was so not going to buy anything sensible. She would certainly take Sylvie’s advice; Sylvie knew everything about what was fashionable on the Cote d’Azure, but sensible – no way!

Rosie put the telephone down.

“We’re going to do some shopping to get Rosie clothes for the party tonight”, said Sylvie.

“I’ve told you. It’s not a party”, said Mme Mignon, “your father and I are going out to dinner with friends and I’ve said you can invite a couple of friends round for the evening. Watch a video. Play a few games or something”.

Sylvie smiled. She knew some jolly good games they could play.

Rosie and Sylvie set off for the shops.

“There’s a great lingerie shop down here”, said Sylvie, pointing the way to a small boutique with provocative satin underwear in the window. Rosie was enchanted.

“You need some fashionable lingerie”, said Sylvie

Rosie looked at the shop. It was entirely unsuitable. Just the sort that she knew Sylvie would find. But she did have one worry.

“What will your mother say”, she asked.

“Who cares!” said Sylvie, and Rosie didn’t need any further prompting. The girls looked around for a while then:

“Knickers!” shouted Sylvie, holding up a pair of rather brief red satin panties.

Rosie looked at them. She wasn’t sure that she’d dare wear them.

“Oh! I don’t know”, she said

“You must! You must!” shouted Sylvie, everybody is wearing this type of underwear nowadays, “you’ll want something really provocative for tonight”

Well, thought Rosie, her father had told her to take Sylvie’s advice so she’d better do so. The red knickers were purchased.

“Now, the rest of your outfit for tonight”

“What about a bra!” said Rosie.

“Rosie! You must be joking”, said Sylvie, “nobody wears a bra nowadays. Unless like me they need a little help with filling out. With boobies like yours you just have to show them off!”

Rosie was flattered by the compliment to her ample bosom, of which she inordinately proud. Yes! Sylvie was right. Sylvie needed help, but she certainly didn’t. She wasn’t going to wear a bra.

They bought a light cotton blouse, cut short and gathered below the bust that would leave a bit of bare midriff and help accentuate Rosie’s bosoms. Rosie was so glad to have Sylvie’s advice on the best fashions to wear for the party she didn’t want to be unfashionable. Then they bought a skirt – low on the hips and short in length.

“It’s a bit short”, said Rosie doubtfully.

“It’s supposed to be short”, said Sylvie, “the whole point is to flash your red knickers at the boys”.

Rosie was thrilled at the idea of flashing her red knickers and the skirt was duly bought.

“Go and put them on”, said Sylvie, and Rosie went and put on the blouse, the skirt and the knickers for the journey home”.

Mme Mignon was not impressed.

“Rosie”, she said, “is that what you call suitable clothing for a sixteen year old girl”

“She said she wanted some entirely unsuitable clothing”, said Sylvie.

“And those knickers. What were you thinking of?”

“She said she wanted some that were really provocative”, said Sylvie.

“And that skirt. Don’t you think it’s far too short?”

“She said she wanted to flash her red knickers”, said Sylvie

Really, thought Mme Mignon, this girl had not been brought up strictly enough, she could be a bad influence on Sylvie if not kept in hand. She did not have time now though. She knew she could rely on Sylvie to do the right thing.

“Now Rosie!”, she said, “I do not approve of that skirt. You are to wear at the party what Sylvie tells you to. Do you understand. I won’t have you make a spectacle of yourself. You’re not too old to have your bottom smacked if you don’t behave yourself. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mme Mignon”, said Rosie.

“Result!”, shouted Sylvie when they were left alone, “she said to wear what I told you to and I’m telling you to wear that outfit. You’ll be a knockout!”

Rosie was delighted. She was going to be a knockout!

It was early evening and the girls were preparing for the party. Sylvie got out Rosie’s new red knickers and started ironing them.

“What are you doing?”, asked Rosie.

“Making them smooth and sheer, so they’ll look really good”, said Sylvie, “no good flashing your knickers if they don’t look good”

“Be careful”, said Rosie, “you’ll stretch the elastic ironing them like that”

“No problem”, said Sylvie, “I know what I’m doing”, and she continued ironing away at the stretched elastic waistband. It appeared however that Sylvie did not know what she was doing because when Rosie tried them on again the waistband had stretched so much they wouldn’t stay up.

“Now what am I going to do?”, wailed Rosie, her vision of an evening flashing red knickers quickly vanishing into the distance.

“No problem”, said Sylvie, “the skirt is low on the waist and the waistband of the skirt will keep the knickers up. Rosie wasn’t so sure, but she just couldn’t bear not to wear her new red knickers.

“Who’s coming tonight?”, asked Rosie.

“Well mother thinks it’s just girl friends, but that would be no fun, so I’ve invited two boys. They’re twins, though they don’t look a bit alike, and they’re the sons of the Dutch consul who live down the road”

“How old are they?”

“Sixteen perhaps”

“I’m very nearly seventeen”, said Rosie proudly

“Well maybe seventeen. They’re pretty hunky anyway!”

Sylvie’s parents left at seven thirty sharp, her mother calling over her shoulder as they left, “Mind you behave yourselves girls”

Although the comment was ostensibly made to both of them Rosie understood quite clearly that it was directed at her. Well, she would do exactly as Sylvie told her, then she couldn’t go wrong.

Dirk and Joris turned up ten minutes later bearing gifts of wine and flowers. They looked very reserved and proper and had definitely been told to be on their best behaviour. They spoke in polite and perfect French to Sylvie and in polite and perfect English to Rosie. Rosie could never understand why, although she had her GCSE (that is her school certificate examination) to grade A in French, she could never understand a word anybody said to her or get anybody to understand a word she said to them. On the other hand foreign children of the same age could always speak perfect English. It remained one of the great unsolved mysteries of life.

The evening passed in the consumption of food, drinking of wine, listening to music and lots of exciting glimpses of Rosie’s red knickers. She was very pleased to be wearing them, they were certainly creating an effect, especially as Sylvie kept pointing them out.

“Gosh Rosie, you’re showing us all your red knickers again!”

About half past nine Sylvie suddenly announced it was time for a game, “I know, we’ll play Twister”, she said.

The boys had not heard of the game. Rosie had not heard of the game, but when Sylvie got out the mat and spread it on the ground, and explained the rules, it seemed like real fun. You had to twist yourselves into al sorts of contorted shapes to keep you hands and feet on the coloured circles on the mat.

“There’s just one thing about Twister”, said Sylvie mischievously, “you have to do it in your underwear”.

The boys looked a little taken aback, but it sounded like fun, and their parents (having been told how well behaved Sylvie was) had told them to do whatever their hostess asked, and (probably most importantly of all) they would get a good look at Rosie’s red knickers!

The boys went first wearing their boxers. It was great fun and ended in total hilarity with both of them faling over at the same time. So everyone was in a heightened state of excitement, and it must be said given the amount of wine drunk, some intoxication, when Sylvie turned to Rosie and said.

“Your turn now Rosie”

Rosie stepped onto the mat.

“I think you’ve forgotten something”, said Sylvie

“What”, said Rosie bemused.

“In your underwear Rosie!”

Rosie blushed, “but you know I’m not wearing…I don’t want to flash my boobies...”, she whispered to Sylvie, but her entreaties were in vain.

“…don’t be so naïve Rosie, nobody minds about that here!”, she whispered back and then in a loud voice, “Blouse off Rosie”.

Well Rosie had been told to do exactly what Sylvie said and rather self-consciously removed her blouse; anything was better than being thought naïve.

The boys goggled at the sight in front of them. They had been told how well behaved Sylvie was so it must be acceptable in this part of France but…they certainly weren’t going to complain.

“And your skirt Rosie”, said Sylvie

“But it’s keeping my knickers up… I don’t want my panties to come down in the middle of the game!”, whispered Rosie.

“Oh never mind about that”, whispered Sylvie back, “I’ll take care of your knickers”, and then out loud again.

“Skirt off Rosie”

And Rosie’s skirt came off, leaving her dressed in only a pair of brief, and not very secure, silky smooth red satin knickers.

“Right Rosie, feet on the blue circles”, said Sylvie, “and we start with right hand here”, she pointed to a circle a couple of feet in front on Rosie, “and left hand here”, she pointed to a circle just to the left of the first one.

Rosie bent over, putting her hands where indicated and was left bottom in the air waiting for the next instruction. She was glad that Sylvie was taking care of her knickers as they were so smooth that she couldn’t tell if she was wearing them or not.

The sound of a car could be heard stopping outside.

“Is that your parents?”, asked Rosie, somewhat alarmed.

“No, they said they wouldn’t be back till eleven”, said Sylvie taking special care of Rosie’s knickers, “you stay just as you are and I’ll go and see what’s happening”.

She glanced back as she left the room. Rosie’s knickers were now down to mid-thigh level. It was amazing that she hadn’t noticed.

She arrived at the front door just as her mother came in.

“Here we are. Ten o’clock sharp”, said her mother, “just as I said we would be. I hope Rosie has been behaving herself”.

At that moment she opened the door into the room.

“She said we should play Twister in our underwear”, said Sylvie

Mme Mignon stood dumbstruck. The two boys, looking rather flushed and tousled, as if they had just pulled on their tops, smiled as politely as they could.

“Thank you for a lovely evening Sylvie”, they said politely and bolted for the door.

“Rosie!!!!!!” screamed Mme Mignon, “what are you doing”

Rosie shot up alarmed and her panties fell down round her ankles.

“She said we had to do everything she told us to”, said Sylvie

“Where is your bra girl?”

“She said she wanted to flash her boobies”, said Sylvie

“And where is your skirt?”

“She said we had to play in our underwear”, said Sylvie

“And what has happened to your panties?”

“She said she didn’t mind if they came down”, said Sylvie

Mme Mignon was enraged. This girl was obviously a bad influence on Sylvie. Thank goodness Sylvie was so well behaved. Rosie had to be shown what happened to naughty girls. She had been told by her father to take her in hand, and take her in hand she would.

“Come here girl”, she said

Rosie stepped out of her useless panties and walked over.

“What did I say would happen to you if you were naughty?”

“You said I wasn’t too old to have my bottom smacked”, said Rosie

“And were your naughty?”

“Yes, Mme Mignon”

“So what will happen”

“I’m going to get my bottom smacked”

Sylvie looked at the figure of Rosie scurrying out the door, the red imprint of a hand on each cheek of her bottom, and smiled. She did so enjoy having another girl of her own age to play with.