**Rosie's swimsuit**

by Little Joe

Sylvie had been very pleased with Rosie's performance at her little party. She did so like showing her off to her friends, and she was sure that people would want to see as much of Rosie as they could.   
  
"Why don't you ask your father if you can have a new swimsuit", she suggested.   
  
"Oh, he'll never agree", said Rosie, nevertheless she put the question to him.   
  
"Well you're only sixteen, young lady", said her father, "too young to be prancing about in a skimpy bikini"  
  
"But I'm very nearly seventeen", said Rosie.   
  
"I’ll choose something nice for her", interjected Sylvie.   
  
"Well, Rosie", said her father, "you are to buy exactly what Sylvie tells you to. I know I can trust Sylvie". The implication being that he couldn't trust Rosie.   
  
Mme Mignon gave them some money from Rosie's allowance, with imprecations to Rosie to be guided by Sylvie. She was going to have a difficult day; she was going to have to speak to the van Hennings about the previous night, about Rosie wearing, or rather not wearing, a pair of sexy red knickers.   
  
Sylvie told Rosie she knew just the place to buy a really sophisticated bikini. Rosie was delighted to take her advice as she always knew exactly what Rosie should wear.   
  
They entered the shop.   
  
"You get undressed in the fitting room", said Sylvie, "and I'll speak to the salesman and find something just right for you".  
  
Rosie was delighted, stepped into the fitting room and took all her clothes off. She could hear voices outside in French, but of course could not understand a word. Sylvie seemed to take some time in persuading the salesman that she was getting the right costume. But Sylvie knew exactly what she wanted for Rosie. Then Sylvie slipped into the fitting room with it. There didn't seem much to it.   
  
"It looks a bit revealing", said Rosie doubtfully.   
  
"Well if you want to cover up like a little English girl, you can", said Sylvie, "I suppose this is only really suitable for sophisticated French girls"  
  
Rosie longed to be sophisticated.   
  
"I'll try it on", she said.   
  
She put it on. A micro string bikini bottom barely covered her naughty bits, while the top was only just broad enough to hide her nipples. It might technically have been a swimsuit but it was a costume which covered virtually nothing. There was almost no covering at the side, so that from the side she seemed to be in the nude. From the back it covered nothing of any importance, so that she might as well have been in the nude. From the front it just about managed to hide her girly bits and her nipples. It was a pity about the nipples, thought Sylvie, but she didn't doubt she'd be able to remedy that.   
  
"I couldn't wear this", said Rosie, "I'm almost naked"  
  
"Oh, I forgot you were the silly shy English girl, and couldn't wear anything fashionable", said Sylvie.   
  
"But, but...", said Rosie, she couldn't be thought to be shy, "my father, your mother, they wouldn't approve".   
  
"I think they said to take my advice", said Sylvie.   
  
Rosie had been concerned, but of course Sylvie was right. They had said to take her advice.  
  
“I’ll take it”, she said.   
  
"Shall I parcel it up for you Madame", asked the salesman.   
  
"Absolutely not", said Sylvie, "Rosie's going to wear it"  
  
"Come out into the shop, Rosie", she shouted.  
  
Rosie, now that she had to step out of the fitting room, felt a little embarrassed at the thought of walking round the streets practically naked, and hesitated.   
  
"Oh, you are silly and shy aren’t you", commented Sylvie. Rosie could not bear the thought of seeming silly and shy and stepped boldly out.   
  
"This way, Rosie", said Sylvie, and led her out into the street, "it's only a mile to the beach".  
  
Rosie had been brought up a modest girl and it was rather embarrassing to her to be parading nearly nude in front of the townsfolk. But she was eternally grateful to Sylvie for getting her to do it so as to show she wasn't the silly reserved English girl!  
  
Sylvie thought it was just right for Rosie to parade round the town. It was a pity she couldn't be topless yet, but she, make sure she soon got her tittles out! She wanted everyone to see her. She went the longest and busiest way possible ensuring that Rosie was seen by everyone before they got to the beach.  
  
Rosie felt very proud walking along the beach. There were other girls in. skimpy costumes, but none were, in Rosie's opinion as sophisticated as she’s was!  
  
Sylvie also felt proud. Although there were other girls in skimpy costumes none were as nearly naked as Rosie was. But still Rosie wasn't quite naked enough.   
  
"Doesn’t that top chafe on your nipples", asked Sylvie bluntly.   
  
"Well a bit", admitted Rosie.   
  
"In that case", said Sylvie, "I suggest it's time for boobies out", and in so saying she took hold of the costume top and pulled it down so that it went under rather than over Rosie's ample bosoms exposing her firm, and substantial young breasts to public view. Sylvie was pleased. Rosie now really did look naked from the side.   
  
"Now stick your chest out Rosie, make the most of your boobies. Sophisticated girls with big titties always show them off".   
  
Rosie proudly stuck her chest out. How sophisticated to show off her big bosoms, she just loved people to admire her big bosoms.   
  
And indeed she was still sticking them out when she spotted Mme Mignon twenty yards away. Somehow she just knew that Mme Mignon wouldn't approve.   
  
"Rosie!, what is that you're wearing", she expostulated.   
  
"It's my new swimsuit", said Rosie proudly.   
  
"But it makes you look as if you have nothing on at all child!"  
  
"She said she wanted to look as if she was naked", said Sylvie.   
  
"Did you honestly think I would approve?"  
  
"She said she didn't care what you thought", said Sylvie  
  
"And why have you got your top uncovered"  
  
"She said she wanted to show off her big titties", said Sylvie  
  
"Good heavens girl, you're a disgrace", Mme Mignon was becoming exasperated. This girl was surely a bad influence on Sylvie. "People will be laughing at you" she went on, "get home at once and remember sixteen is not too old to have your bottom smacked if you can't behave respectably”.  
  
"Now I have to go and see the van Hennings to explain about last night. Sylvie see that Rosie gets home without disgracing herself even more!"   
  
Rosie had been a bit worried about what Mme Mignon had said.   
  
"This costume is all right?", she asked.   
  
"Well if you don’t want it I'm just dying to wear it myself", said Sylvie.   
  
"Oh no!", said Rosie quickly, terrified that Sylvie might appear more sophisticated than she was, "can I wear it to go home in please, please?"  
  
"Absolutely", said Sylvie   
  
"And I'd better cover up my titties I suppose?"  
  
"Absolutely not", said Sylvie, "Titties out all the way home Rosie! Titties out all the way home!"  
  
"And do I really look as if I'm in the nude""  
  
"Rosie, you look really sophisticated"  
  
So Rosie proudly paraded all the way back through the town, boobies out, chest out, nearly nude and loving being absolutely the centre of attention .   
  
"Do you know what stops you bring really sophisticated", said Sylvie.   
  
"No!", Rosie looking alarmed.   
  
"No tan. You're too pale. Like a white unsophisticated English girl", said Sylvie, "but never mind I have some spray on tan at home"  
  
Rosie was enchanted. All she had to do was let Sylvie spray the tan on and she would look just as sophisticated as all the other girls.   
  
"Mind you'll have to take all your clothes off so I can spray you", said Sylvie," here in the garden so nothing gets sprayed accidentally".   
  
"But what about your mother, if she brings the van Hennings back they'll see me in the nude!"  
  
"Oh she won't be back for ages yet"  
  
Rosie was so keen she threw her costume off and stood arms out naked waiting to be sprayed.   
  
Sylvie went into the kitchen and filled the garden sprayer with water. As an afterthought she added some ice from the freezer. She stuck her finger in. Gosh! Freezing cold. That would do nicely. She pumped up the sprayer and went back out into the garden where Rosie was still patiently standing in the nude with her arms out waiting to be sprayed. Sylvie turned on the jet and Rosie shrieked as the cold water hit her.   
  
"Stand still Rosie ", shouted Sylvie, "it has to be cold!", and she played the cold water all over Rosie's bare skin, particularly on her lovely big boobies to make her nipples stand right out.   
  
Rosie shrieked and shrieked the water was so cold as it bounced off her nipples, but she knew she had to put up with it for the sake of sophistication.   
  
"Right, last bit", said Sylvie, "legs apart Rosie. You'll have to be sprayed between the legs for a proper all over tan!"  
  
“Oh no! Do I have to?”, said Rosie, not relishing the idea of the cold spray up there! But what could she do? She stood with her legs wide apart and Sylvie directed the spray up between them for what seemed to Rosie to be an awfully long time!   
  
"Ooh! That feels funny", said Rosie, "do I really need to be tanned there!  
  
"Absolutely", said Sylvie, "and it takes a lot of spray to do there. Well, now you've dried off everywhere except that last bit. Lie down on your back with your legs wide apart to let the sun dry you off!"  
  
"But that's exposing my private parts!"  
  
"Exactly, that’s the whole point"' said Sylvie watching as Rosie did exactly as she said.   
  
And she left her there while she went to meet her mother who was coming down the street with the van Hennings.   
  
Mme Mignon had had an acceptable discussion with the van Hennings. Their sons had not told them the whole story about Rosie and the red knickers and they had indeed apologised for providing wine for the boys and girls to drink.   
  
Mme Mignon had brought the van Hennings to see Rosie, but the little group came in through the garden gate, to be greeted by a view of Rosie they had not expected.   
  
"Is this Rosie then?", said Mrs van Henning, "perhaps we come back later", and the van Hennings suddenly discovered they had an urgent appointment elsewhere.   
  
"Rosie", shouted Mme Mignon shocked at the site of Rosie lying stark naked on the lawn with her legs spread open for all the world to see, "what are you doing exposing yourself like that when I told Sylvie I was bringing the van Hennings to see you!"  
  
"She said she wanted them to see her in the nude", said Sylvie.   
  
"And with your legs wide apart girl!"  
  
"She said she wanted to show them her private parts", said Sylvie.   
  
Mme Mignon felt drastic action was required if Sylvie was to be protected. A girl who wanted to show her private parts to strangers had to be punished! She had Rosie's father's permission to chastise Rosie as necessary and Rosie was certainly not too old to have her bottom smacked!   
  
"Rosie! Come here at once!", she said.  
  
That evening Rosie squirmed uncomfortably as she lowered herself gently down onto the chair at dinner. No matter how hard she tried to be sophisticated she just seemed to end up in trouble, but at least her father didn't know she'd been naughty again! She wriggled her bottom. Why did these chairs have to be so hard!