**Sandra’s Story**

by [Mercie](https://nficstoryboard.com/profile/mercie/)

**Sandra (Chapter 1.0)**

Hi, I’m Sandra. I’m 18 and entered my senior year of high school this past fall. My step brother Ted is a year behind me. It turned out that my parents adopted me just before my mother got pregnant, so we’re quite close in age and have our usual sibling rivalries. In the past couple years when I developed and he discovered girls, he developed a little thing for my body, particularly my legs. I used it to my advantage, making sure to show them off when I wanted a favor from him. I also enjoyed teasing him a little, knowing I could get him riled up and unable to do anything about it. Our dad does a lot of traveling as a translator for his company and last June he was about to leave us for the summer. His plane left on a Sunday, so we all got dressed up to go to church and drive him to the airport. I chose a dress that was barely long enough to be passable in church, knowing that it would drive my brother mad to see my hosed legs in the back seat for so long. Just before we got to church, I texted him “I’m not wearing panties” and giggled when he read it. As he looked at me I pulled up my hem for a few minutes just short of where he could see that I was lying and really had panties on. He was just so fun to tease. After we dropped dad off, I got to sit in the front and told my mom how comfy the dress was and that I wasn’t going to change the rest of the day. I looked back at Ted and gave him a knowing smile. That boy was going to be in for a good teasing.

After dinner my mom and I were putting dishes away when she told me “You really shouldn’t tease Ted so much, you know.”

“What? I just happened to wear a dress today.”

“And you just happened to text him that you aren’t wearing panties?”

“Ha ha. Oh that. I was just trying to get him all hot and bothered. Besides, it isn’t even true.”

“Then you just go make it true. Get those panties off and put your pantyhose back on. If you’re going to tease the poor boy, be honest about it.”

“Oh jeez, mom”

“Oh jeez my butt. Off you go.” So I had to do as she said, now having no panties under this short dress. So I was going to have to be a bit more careful the rest of the evening, which I was and his attempts at upskirting me were failures. As I was about to go upstairs for the night, I got my basket of laundry. I pretended to drop a sheer babydoll nightie as I walked by him and bent over carefully to pick it up, then pretended to brush off any dog fur that it might have picked up while holding it up to the light so he could see just how sheer it was. He’ll go nuts thinking about how that would look on me. Finally up to bed.

The next day was Monday, the first day off of summer! I slept in only to be awakened by Ted and his buddies Mark and Nigel playing basketball in the driveway. Nigel was kind of cute, and he was an English exchange student. I liked his accent. Mark, on the other hand, was your typical jerk. He thought he was God’s gift to women. I hoped God had a generous return policy, since whoever wound up with him would be sorry. I got dressed and ate a little and the three of them came back in. Ted grunted, Nigel said good morning, and Mark just ogled my legs as I was wearing shorts and a t shirt. So, I decided to tease Ted, flirt with Nigel, and taunt Mark with the forbidden fruit that he would never get close to. I went upstairs and changed into my bikini from two years ago, a little too small for me but still no risk of falling out. I grabbed a t shirt, some lotion, a towel, and a radio and made sure the boys saw how I was dressed as I went out to the back yard to tan. I started out on my back, facing away from the window so they could stare at me with no risk of me catching them. I couldn’t see them, but I could feel their eyes lusting over me. After a half hour on my back, I turned over on my front with my head farthest from the window. Then I looked back and saw their heads. Having my audience, I cooly undid my top and set it by the radio next to my t shirt. Then I put the top and t shirt under my belly for safekeeping. No sense to take a chance on any funny business. After I had enough sun, I carefully pulled my t shirt on without lifting off the towel, but not bothering to put my bikini top back on. Then I picked up towel, radio, lotion, and top and headed back inside. The boys had rushed back to a couch and turned the tv on, I walked in for a moment to feign interest in the television. Mark invited me to go out and play basketball with them. I pretended to be intrigued by it, but said “no, not dressed like this. Sorry guys.”

Ted said “We could play shirts vs. skins, you could be skins.”

“No, don’t even think I’d consider that, you little pervert.”

“Just kidding. How about you just shoot around with us a bit? What could it hurt?”

“Fine” I said, heading out the door. The boys put their sneakers on but I stayed barefoot. We shot around for about 15 minutes and I was starting to sweat a little. I wasn’t about to put on a wet tshirt show so I excused myself and went back inside.

“DON’T CHANGE” Ted called out. Ha. The boys were enjoying the show. Fine, a tshirt and bikini bottoms it would be for the rest of the day. So we spent the afternoon chilling out and watching television. When it was getting close to having mom come home from work, I went up to put on some shorts and a bra under my t shirt and by the time I got back down the others were gone. So day 1 of summer I got a lot of teasing in.

The next day, we slipped into our summer routines. He did his thing, playing video games in one room and I’d binge watch television in the other. He was usually up a couple hours before me since I’m a late sleeper. Nobody came over and we had a quiet day. But I still wore short shorts to let him gawk at my legs.

The next day was the first Wednesday of summer, I was peacefully sleeping when Ted burst in my room. “GET UP QUICK!” he shouted.

I rolled away from him and mumbled “Is the meadow on fire? Go away.”

“No, it’s Charlie (our dog)! He threw up and now he doesn’t seem to be breathing right.”

So I stumbled out of bed in my babydoll nightie. I hadn’t bothered to wear the matching bottoms, I just wore whatever panties were handy. I got downstairs and ran thru the living room to kneel down by Charlie, who was sleeping in his doggy bed. He was breathing fine. “Wait a minute, what is this?” Then I heard the catcalls…

“WOOOHOOOO!” I was set up! Ted, Mark, and Nigel were there staring at me!. I fell to my knees and covered up.

“You little rat! Charlie isn’t even sick, is he?” The guys were laughing and Charlie woke up and licked my hand. “Ha ha, very funny. I’m going back to bed.”

Nigel stopped me. “Wait up. Come on, we’ve all seen your knickers. Come sit and chat.” I should have kept going back to my room. But I hesitated. Finally I sat in a recliner, covering my panties as best I could. They wanted to know all about the teachers in 11th grade and I filled them in as best I could. Before I knew it, nearly an hour had passed and I was in my underwear casually talking about school with 3 boys. I hadn’t yet paid much attention to what I was wearing. The top was a white babydoll but while it wasn’t sheer, I wondered if I gave a silhouette of my nude form when I was well lit from behind. The panties were peach bikinis, not at all sheer and the kind that kind of look loose even though the elastic waist and legs are tight.

I noticed Mark kept changing his position slightly to get a better look. Ted tried not to get caught staring at my legs, which as I said he was obsessed with. But Nigel seemed curiously uninterested. I found myself subconsciously trying to give him a better look and faced him directly with knees slightly parted. We talked for maybe half an hour with all eyes on me. Finally I had to say something “Look guys, I should get dressed. I shouldn’t be in front of you in my underwear like this.”

Nigel spoke up “forgive us, we were just having a lark. Let me fix you some breakfast. Omlet, French toast? Waffles?” Well, I was hungry. And if he could cook, great.

“Let’s see if you can make an omelet, there’s a pepper and some sliced ham in the frig” Nigel got to work cooking and Ted and Mark started unloading the dishwasher. So the boys were all busy for several minutes and Nigel cooked up a wonderful batch of omelets with toast and juice. When we finished, they sent me back to the living room as they cleaned the table and loaded the dishwasher.

When they rejoined me I said “Thanks for all your help, guys. I really appreciate it. Okay, you earned a little more panty time.”

Mark said “Hey, any time. I don’t suppose you’d be up for a little posing for us?” I might have had a different reaction if Nigel or even Ted had asked but I just shook my head.

Nigel tried to save the idea. “How about three poses?” I didn’t respond and shrugged my shoulders.

Ted said “Three poses each!”

“For each one of you? Forget it. You’ll make me strip.”

“No, no honest. How about this, we won’t let you touch your clothes and we won’t touch you or try to pull anything off.”

“I don’t know”

“Please, love” said Nigel.

“Okay, fine. Three poses each. Then I change.”

Ted spoke up. “The rules are first. Each pose is to be held as long as we want. We can’t touch you, you can’t touch your nightie. If you back out, you’ll do a forfeit. Deal?”

“Forfeit? What kind of forfeit?”

“Simple. You’ll change into an outfit of my choosing and spend the rest of the day with us dressed in it.”

Again, I should have simply gone to my room and changed but I knew I could do poses and never have to pay the forfeit. So I said “Fine”. The guys sat on the couch and motioned for me to stand in front of them. Who to go first? I thought Ted might be the easiest so I pointed at him and said “I think you’ll go easy on me.”

“Hmmm…. let’s see. Let’s see more of those pretty panties. Stand real close to us and face us. Legs further apart- that’s it. Now reach your arms up as far as they will go…. hold it.” God- with my arms up they surely had a clear view of my entire panty from leg to waistband. I looked at them as they gawked at me, spellbound. Mark leaned forward and his face was inches from my pussy. Eight more of these, how could I be so dumb? Yet I had to go through with it. After what seemed like several minutes, I was allowed to put my hands down. I pointed at Nigel. “I know you’ll be nice to me, I always thought you were nice.”

“It may not be nice, but I want a better look at your lovely bum. Stand in front of me, face away from me…. that’s it, now spread your legs…. farther… that’s it. Now bend forward at the waist…. farther… farther…..HOLD IT!” I was bent way over and I could feel my nightie slide ever so slowly up my back. If Nigel wanted a good butt show, he was getting it. From my position I couldn’t tell how far my nightie had slipped up and I couldn’t see what the boys were doing. I just knew that I was showing three boys my underwear and completely helpless to stop them from staring as much as they wanted. I just wondered, could they look up my top? I could hear motion behind me and imagined they were off the couch and angling for a good look up my top. If so, they’d see my breasts no problem. Humiliation was setting in, but so was arousal…. Finally I was allowed to stand.

After regaining my composure, I pointed at Mark. “Please try to be a gentleman” I begged.

He gave a derisive snort and told me “Do a headstand with your front side facing us”.

“WHAT? I can’t do a headstand”

“I don’t believe you, you’re a gymnast! You agreed to ANY pose and that’s my first one!”

“Fine!” I muttered as I knelt on the floor facing away from the boys. I put my head on the floor, assumed the three point headstand stance, and kicked myself up to a headstand. The nightie was now in my face. Surely my breasts were exposed. “It’s obvious you boys are no gentlemen” I shouted.

Ted was quick with a reply “It’s obvious you aren’t a gentleman, either!” The boys laughed while my face got red, partly out of anger and partly out of shame for being so exposed. Surely this was the worst pose they could think of. Minutes went on. Still they leered over my body.

Finally I said “Come on guys, haven’t you had enough?”

Mark responded, “We’re just waiting for Ted to get back!”

“What? Where did he go?”

“To pick out your next outfit!”

“To what? Screw him. This is the only outfit you’re getting.” After what seemed like forever but probably only five minutes, Ted came back and I was allowed to get back on my feet. “Okay, two more poses each and I’m putting sweats on.”

Ted said “It’s my turn. Let’s go out on the deck.”

“What? I never said I’d pose outside.”

“We get to pose you any way we want and you either get outside right now or you get spanked.” I stomped toward the deck and felt a SMACK on my butt. I said nothing and we all went outside. “OK, you’re going to spread your legs about shoulder width, put your hands behind your neck, arch your back a little, and slowly turn for us. Keep going till I tell you to stop.” The sun was out and surely they were seeing my form under my top and maybe slightly seeing through my panties as well. I was starting to feel more humilated and more than a little aroused. Nigel started fussing about wanting his turn and I was allowed to stop.

Nigel at least let my pose inside. He put three kitchen chairs in a row next to a wall and sat in the middle one. He directed me to stand with a foot on each chair on either side of him and put my hands against the wall. Talk about humiliation! His face was right at my crotch! He kept muttering “how lovely” as he gently blew on my upper thighs and pussy. I was going mad.

“Please stop this, I don’t like it.”

“Somehow I’m not quite believing you, love.” I wasn’t quite believing me, either. My nipples had stiffened and I could feel the moisture between my legs start to build. Part of me wanted him to take his focus off my pussy and look up under my nightie and see my breasts, the other part of me just wanted to get down. After several moments of this erotic torture, I was allowed to get down. I was more than halfway done. Now it was creepy Mark’s turn.

Seated at the middle of the couch, he told me “Face me and put your right foot on the top of the couch next to my left shoulder… now turn so that your toes are facing me… good. Now put your right hand on top of the couch on the other side of me… that’s it. Now hold it.” That was even worse! My pussy was right in his face. And if he turned his head, he could look up at my breasts. I could feel his breath on my pussy, he must have been less than an inch away. Maybe millimeters. Every pose was slowly ratcheting up the sexual tension. I was posing for these guys in all these obscene positions in my underwear and letting them look me over. Sure, teasing was fun when I was in control. But I wasn’t in control. I had no control and that was turning me on. I needed to end this.

“OK guys, you had your fun. Can we be done now?”

“NOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“Come on, please? This is torture.”

Mark stopped breathing on my pussy long enough to mutter “I’m enjoying this, and by the looks of things, so are you.” I was sure my nipples were going to cut right through my top and I was beginning to smell my arousal and I’m sure Mark could too. Not only that, his smart remark let on that he could see my breasts fully. FINALLY, after many minutes of agony, they let me up. I walked up to Ted and asked how he wanted me. He led me to the recliner and instructed me to slouch in the seat so that my butt was at the edge and to drape my knees over the armrests, and keep my hands clasped behind my back.

“There. This is your official position to sit in whenever you wear a dress or nightie.”

“Up yours. I don’t have to agree to that.”

“We’ll just see about that. Remember, you can stop this at any time by agreeing to the forfeit.” He obviously had prepared for this. He showed me the high-intensity desk light that he had in place. He turned it on high and held it just over my pussy. It was bright, and it was warm. Sitting there in such an obscene position on top of all the other lewd poses was getting me turned on, and the heat from the lamp was making my pussy feel like it was in a sauna. I started to wriggle a bit in the chair subconsciously trying to get my panties to move across my pussy as the heat became more and more unbearable. Everybody in the room wanted me to show them every intimite detail of my anatomy. And I was beginning to want it too. Finally I had enough.

“FORFEIT! Shut that off!” The lamp was turned off. Relief. I remained in the position. “Fine. I’ll sit like this whenever you want.”

“Good girl. Now go upstairs and change. First shower, shave your legs, put on some makeup, put your hair up, and put on what’s on your bed. I left you instructions. Defeated, I trudged upstairs. I got into the bathroom and found my panties were wringing wet. Showering felt glorious and as instructed I shaved my legs. I thought, while I’m in the shower I might as well take care of my horniness. No sooner had that thought entered my mind than Ted shouted “HURRY UP SIS!” God, he was in the bathroom and I was just about to masturbate with him in there! I turned the water off and told him to leave while I dried off and put a robe on. I went to my vanity and dried my hair and put it up like he wanted then did up my makeup. “Lots of makeup” he instructed and I complied. Finally I went to the bed and told him to leave as I got dressed. My mouth dropped as I realized that this was a brand new nightie- very sheer red tied at the shoulders and a single tie in front. He must have bought it just in case he got me in this situation! After a few minutes I had the top on and I read the note telling me to wear the pantyhose under the panties. Oh fine, at least one more layer of clothes. The panties were side tied sheer bikinis. Finally I put on the strappy sandal heels that he laid out for me. Looking at the mirror, I looked amazingly hot. I’m sure his wildest fantasies were about to come true. I walked downstairs and found three sets of wide eyes on the couch.

“Enjoy the show while you can, this is a very limited offer. ONE TIME only, got it?” My arms were folded over my breasts.

“Yeah, sure” Ted said, pointing to the recliner. “Sit.” Oh yeah, I said I’d sit in the lewd position, so I went to the recliner, butt at the front. I pulled my knees over the arms of the chair and leaned back.

“Happy?”

“Oh God yes. You look incredible. I bet you’d rather go up and put some sweats on, wouldn’t you?” I nodded. “Well, tell you what. How about we make a bet and if you win, you get to get dressed now- no more exposure.”

“And if I lose?”

“Well, there’d be even more exposure. We bet that we can get that nightie off of you in fifteen minutes without touching it or touching you.”

“And how would you do that?”

“Can’t tell you. We’re not even sure it would work. But if it does, you’d be topless for the rest of the day. Maybe bottomless too, except for your pantyhose.” He again focused the high intensity lamp on my crotch. God they could see everything for as long as they wanted. What did I have to lose, really?

“Okay, fine. Turn that stupid light off. No more lights on my pussy, okay?”

They brought out two kitchen chairs and instructed me to stand with a foot on each chair, not at all easy in the heels. Then I had to raise my hands like I was calling a touchdown. They brought out a kitchen timer and set it to fifteen minutes and let me see the clock ticking down. So there I was standing on these chairs in a sheer top and only 2 layers of sheer fabric on the bottom. At first they all got magazines and fanned them back and forth trying to get my nightie to lift. I laughed as my top barely budged. Then Ted got a box fan, set it on high and aimed it up at me. The nightie only fluttered a little bit. This was not going to work. They were so stupid. They announced there were 10 minutes to go and I openly mocked them. “You guys are SO stupid. You could have had me like this all day and now it’s only going to be for another 8 or 9 minutes.” Then I heard the door open. I probably turned white. “MOM!”

om walked in. “I get off early and this is what I come home to? What the H-E-Double toothpicks is going on here!”

“Stop the clock!” said Ted. “We’re having a bet that we can get that nightie off her without touching it.”

“Can I get down to explain?”

“NO” was the unanimous answer. Ted explained the bet and that if I lost I had to stay undressed the rest of the day and if I won I would change into sweats and the show would be over.

“I’m disappointed in both of you” she said. “Now you have been teasing these boys and now you’re in this position where they can see everything. I can’t say I feel sorry for you. And to make things worse you agree to this bet which you’re going to lose…”

“I’m not going to lose. That fan barely lifts my top.”

“Okay, you’re so sure. And YOU” she said, looking at Ted. “You succeed in getting her in this outfit and the most you ask for in the bet is to get her in pantyhose for the rest of the day? Why did you get it for her if you just want to get it off?”

“Look mom I…”

“Maybe you have a way to win that bet. You probably do. But you didn’t ask for enough. You should have asked for her to be in nothing but lingerie at home for the rest of the summer….”

“MOM! Are you out of your mind?”

“You’re so sure they can’t what difference does it make?”

“Fine!”

“Just a second, young man. And do you want to see her in granny panties and a sports bra?”

“No, not really.”

“Then YOU will decide which lingerie she wears. All I ask is that something be on her bottom. Panties, pantyhose or both I don’t care.”

“So she can be topless?”

“If that’s what you want.” And with that, she sat down and motioned for the boys to continue. It was bad enough to be in this ridiculously sheer outfit. Then to have to stand unable to stop them from staring at my most intimate parts. But now to do it all with my mother watching! They set the fan to work again and it was having little effect. I saw the timer get down to 6 minutes and I was feeling really confident. In six minutes I could dress and be back in control.

Then Ted said “OK, it’s time to get serious.” Mark and Nigel had left the room and now tromped back in, but behind me so I couldn’t see. I could hear some sounds of extension cords being pulled about the room. I closed my eyes and waited for what was to come…. “In five, four, three, two, one…… GO!”. With that, I heard a roar of three leafblowers, slowly finding their positions under me. Suddenly they caught my top just right and the next thing I knew, it was flying past my hands and hitting the ceiling. As it hit the floor and I stood topless, one of the leaf blowers sent the top across the floor far out of my reach. Now they turned their attention to my panties. Two were in the back and one in the front, coordinating their blows toward my left. Then they alternated left to right, right to left and so on. Each time they were pulled just a little further from my body, the wind slowly catching a little more panty with every passing moment. Back and forth, back and forth they went. Finally, the tie on my left hip gave up its fight and the panties slid down to my right ankle. They let out a victory whoop, but then quickly turned the fury of the wind on the panties as they clung to my right ankle. This fight was over nearly before it started, the ties quickly gave way and the panties blown across the room to join my top. I was led off the chairs and took my place on the couch. Defeated. Totally.

The boys high fived each other and whooped it up. “YES! We got her naked!” Mark cried.

“I am NOT naked! I have pantyhose on!”

“Oh, big difference!” said Ted. “Oh, and you know your pink bra and panty set?”

“Yeah, what about it? Do you want me in it?”

“No, of course not. You’re staying as you are the rest of the day. You’ll wear the pink underwear tomorrow- to the beach!”

“What? No way! You only get to tell me how to dress in the house. I don’t have to put on a show in public.”

“We could always invite a bunch of guys over here. So you can have twenty guys see you like you are or wear your underwear to the beach.”

“What time are we leaving?” But that was another story…..

I went to bed early that night, but sleep didn’t come easy. I kept thinking of how those guys all got to see me, at first little glimpses under my nightie and then later stripped down to my pantyhose. I was now naked in bed, nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs. I woke again at 4 am, wondering how much of me they could see. So I turned my light on and put the pantyhose back on, and stood in front of my full length mirror. Pretty hot, I thought to myself. Of course they can see my breasts, but standing they really couldn’t see that much down below. I sat on the end of my bed and opened my legs. Still, they couldn’t REALLY see it all now, could they? I eased myself on my back and opened my legs wide. Yes, that’s what would need to be done, but of course I could chicken out and close my legs. But suppose I couldn’t? I put my feet on the footposts of my bed and thought OMG it’s really out there now. Before I knew it, my sleepy mind was telling me to get some dance tights and tie them to each of my 4 bed posts. Just an experiment, I told myself. Anyway, I could hardly tie both hands so I could always get out. I made loose knot loops in the tights at my headboard and tied my ankles to the posts in my footboard. I got them nice and tight. I leaned back to have a look, then thought if I put a pillow under my butt it would give a better look so I tried it and sure enough, I could see everything in the mirror. But I can still cover my breasts. So I slipped my left hand in the loop I made in the headboard tights and pulled it tight and gave it another knot with my right. One hand would be all I need to free myself. But I could still cover up. So I reached and after several tries got my right wrist into its loop. Of course I could just pull it free at any time. Satisfied that I was as fully and helplessly exposed as I could get, I fell asleep.

At 5:30 I heard a noise. Damn, it was mom getting up! Why so early, she doesn’t work for another hour? I tried to pull my right hand free to untie myself but I must have pulled the slipknot tight while I was sleeping. I was really tied up! I heard her footsteps approach my door. “What are you doing up?”

“Uh….nothing mom. Just reading!”

“Since we’re both up we might as well talk…” she started to open the door!

:”NOOOOOOO! DON’T!” Too late. She saw me!

“What in the heck are you doing? Who did this to you?”

“I did it myself. I just wanted to see what it would feel like… I’m sorry mom. Please untie me.”

“Not until we talk this out. I thought maybe you had enough exposure yesterday and I was going to see if your brother would let you out of the bet. But it seems that you enjoyed it and want some more. Do you like humiliation?”

“Mom no. Look, I admit that I do tease the boys a little and I did subconsciously want to lose that bet. But I know better now. Can you please untie me and we can forget this ever happened? Just tell Ted he can’t be seeing me like this all the time.”

“No, when you make a bet you have to honor it. I’d like to help you but I can’t. I know you may think I was a little hard on you yesterday, but there are some things you have to learn for yourself. Number one is that a LADY always makes sure that she doesn’t reveal more than what she should. Do you think you were ladylike by posing for those boys in your nightie?” I groaned and shook my head. “And then you agreed to a stupid bet that you knew you might lose? Been there, done that.”

“When?”

“When I was about your age, your uncle Roger spotted me 15 points in ping pong. Loser had to spend a week in their underwear. Let me tell you, he was a lot better than I thought he was. But really, I wanted to lose just as much as you did. Like mother, like daughter I guess. You want to be exposed but you want to do so unwillingly, and I’m going to help you.”

“Roger made you run around in your underwear? What did grandma say?”

“She said I made my own bed and I could lie in it.”

“What about uncle Frank?’

“Of course he enjoyed it. What healthy young man wouldn’t….. WE’RE IN HERE, COME ON IN!”

“MOM!” Can you please untie me? I can’t let Ted see me like this.” Too late. Ted came into my room, instantly waking up and at full attention, judging by his sweats pointing out at me.

“Mom, why did you tie her up?”

“I didn’t. She did this herself. Wanted to see how she looked fully exposed. Sit down, look all you want.”

“MOM! PLEASE!”

“A LADY wouldn’t put herself in such a situation. Not to mention, what would you do if a fire started? So you plan to go to the beach in your underwear today? Let’s see what you’ve got.” She went to my underwear drawer and threw them on my bed. Say, this white pair is kind of sheer. Oh, it’s really sheer.”

“MOM! He already decided on the pink.”

“He can change his mind if he wants. These lilac panties are nice. Ties at the side, that could be fun. What do you think, Ted? Too sheer for public wear?” He shook his head, grinning like a cat that ate the canary. Now here’s the matching bra. A little flimsy don’t you think? Do you hope for it to come apart when you wear it?”

“Look, I said I’d wear the pink one.”

“It’s Ted’s choice. Pick out the panties and bra you want and hide the rest of them somewhere. She won’t be needing them.” God. What a fool I was. I just had to see what it was like to be helpless but I didn’t think it would be in front of anybody. They left the room and mom got ready for work and Ted went back to bed. I was left as they found me, and the knots were just as impossible as they were earlier. I’d have to get help. He chose the lilac panties and the matching bra. It would be obvious to people on the beach that I wasn’t wearing swimwear. Now I was getting hotter than ever thinking about it, but unable to reach myself and relieve the tension. I ground myself into my pillow but it just wasn’t going to be enough. Frustrated, I fell back asleep.

When I woke up, it was light out. I raised up my head to see Nigel and Mark looking directly at my crotch. They called Ted in the room and he came in and stroked my thighs. “Hey, hands off!”

“Do you want to get untied or not?” I realized I had no leverage and the three of them caressed my legs. Finally, Ted broke it up. “OK guys, time to let her out. No getting dressed now, understand?” I nodded. He untied me but left that tights tied to the posts. I got up to pee and went down for breakfast. We hung out and did the dishes and soon it was time to go to the beach. “Here, change now” he said, tossing the underwear to me. I quickly put the bra on and pulled my pantyhose off. What difference did it make now, they’ve already seen it all. I tied the panties to my hips and was more covered than I have been in a day. We packed the car with drinks and snacks and headed down to the beach.

I carried a beach blanket in front of me, giving me temporary cover. We went to one end of the beach, with only a volleyball game in progress to our left. I recognized a few players from my high school and exchanged waves with them. One was my bestie, Wendy. All of them had bikinis on. Nigel and Ted went to the water to splash around and Mark went to chat up the volleyballers. That figures, I thought. They spend the morning staring at my pussy and then leave me alone to make time with other girls. I lay on my stomach and watched the volleyballers, Mark motioned for Nigel and Ted to come over and talk to the girls. The three of them talked to the whole group, then Mark returned to me and the other two watched the girls play some more. “Looks like you need some sunblock. Allow me.” He knelt beside me and plopped a big gob on my back, then spread it into my skin. Next he worked the back of my legs over and over again, working his way up. Then he put more goo on my panties and smeared it in, saturating the fabric and working some under the panties and feeling my bare butt freely. I offered a meek protest but was ignored. Then on to my neck, shoulders, and arms. He then undid my bra clasp and worked the area under where the straps go. I made an effort to redo the strap but he stopped me and said he’d take care of it, which he did. He went to the water and I saw Wendy walking toward me.

“Hey girl, is that a swimsuit or underwear?”

“It’s underwear, just don’t tell anyone. Look, I’m glad you came. I need your help. You know how to sew, right?” She nodded. “You’ve got a machine, right?” She nodded again. I really NEED you to help. I want you to bring a dress over for me in one of those bags that zip. Then when you take the bag back the one I want you to alter will be in it.”

“What dress do you want?”

“It doesn’t matter. I can’t wear the…. well, never mind.”

“Will I have to run around your house in nothing but pantyhose?”

“THEY TOLD YOU? Those creeps. Yes I got suckered into a stupid bet. If you stick around, they might make you. But I’ll pay you for the thread and for the time. Just help me out, will you? It’s super important.”

“I don’t know. It does sound kinda kinky to run around the boys nearly naked. Maybe not. Maybe I can just pop in and leave without stripping. How does next Tuesday sound?”

“Perfect.”

“You owe me for this. And you’re going to make it good right now. It’s time for the hazing of the incoming freshmen girls on the volleyball team. But there’s only three of them. You and I will join the freshman against the upper classmen.”

“But we’re seniors.”

“But we’re not on the team, are we? Melissa will explain the rules, let’s go!” Again, if I had any sense, I’d have stayed there and let Mark put the lotion on my front. But no, I’m an idiot.

We got to the game and the Melissa, the captain of the volleyball team called us all together. “OK girls, Wendy and Sandra and the freshemen, over there.” We went to the side of the net that she pointed to. Wendy and I were on a team with Candy, Brittany, and Beth. “Alright ladies, let’s see if you have what it takes to make the team this fall. You get one last chance now to fix your suits as best you can. When the first ball is served, nobody gets to fix their suit. If a boob pops out, it pops out. If your bottoms fall off, they fall off. The losers will perform jumping jacks, 2 jumps for every point you lose by. Winners will fix their suits, losers stay as you wind up. My team serves first, get ready!” Holy cow. Me in my sunblock-weighted panties and a flimsy bra. OMG.

The first couple points were just aces for the server on the other side. We couldn’t get to the ball in time. We spread out, and the ball cam to Candy, who set it up for Beth. But when she set it up for the smash, her left boob popped out. I just looked at her instead of doing my spike. Down 0-3. Poor Beth, who resisted the urge to pull it back in. “Suck it up, girls” called Melissa from the other side. The next ball again came to Candy and I did my best to set it up for Beth who spiked it into the other side for a point. Still only one boob out for her. I rotated to the serve. Sure enough, as I served I could feel the bra strap popping. That ratfink Mark only did one of the hooks and not two! My bra was just hanging there in front, sometimes covering me and sometimes not. Even worse, the return came to me and I hit it badly, losing the point and my boobs were hanging freely, though the straps were still on my shoulders. The game continued and before long we were down 10-4, both of Beth’s boobs, both of mine, and one of Wendy’s was out. Candy was somehow unscathed. I was getting quite annoyed. On the other side, the girls were all fully decent.

The next serve went behind me but wasn’t going to be long. I dove for it and managed to get it toward Candy, who couldn’t be bothered to take two steps for it. I was livid. My panties took on some sand and were hanging low. My bra slipped off on one shoulder and I couldn’t pull it back up. Again it was served in my direction, it seemed all the serves were going to as long as I wasn’t naked. I did my best to set it up but the other strap fell to my elbows. The bra was now useless and I let it fall. No sense to worry about it if it didn’t cover anything. We managed to get a couple points but wimpy ass Candy was more worried about keeping her top on than getting a good serve. Wendy and Beth both had both boobs out but their tops seemed secure. If only we could win, I could fix myself. But then trying to spike on a setup, I got my feet tangled up in my bra lying on the sand. Bra ripped in two, I fell down, and one of my panty ties undid itself. As I walked back to my position, gravity did its part and my panties fell to the ground. I lost everything. Now naked, I wanted Candy naked too. As we were losing by then 18-5, I got my chance. A ball was falling behind Candy and I dove for it, but instead of diving for the ball I grabbed her bikini bottom and yanked hard. As we both hit the ground, her bottom was well below her crotch. She started to pull it up, but Melissa said “Oh no you don’t” and pulled it back down where it was. Ha ha. Just walking to position was enough to get her bottom off entirely. We lost 21-5 and had to do 16 jumping jacks. I had nothing to lose, Wendy and Beth put on a nice display of bouncing unconstrained breasts and Candy’s bush and pussy were on display for all. When we got done, Melissa said “Losers, walk to you cars as you are.” Lucky for us there weren’t a lot of people to watch the walk of shame. For me, the naked ride home was just the beginning of my torture.

My mother was already in the kitchen as I walked in the house naked, followed by the three boys. “What the heck happened to YOU?” she hollered at me.

“Mom, please. Let me shower and put some clothes on”

“Shower, yes. Clothes, no. You know what to wear.” Geez, maybe if I hadn’t been so stupid and not tied myself up, I’d be in shorts and a t shirt now. Maybe if I didn’t talk to Wendy I could have kept my underwear on. Or not broken my bra and left my panties behind. So it was up to shower and put on some fresh pantyhose. Gee. At least the two boys were gone when I got back. I spent the rest of the evening covering myself with my arms. They had seen quite enough for one day. But the revenge would be sweet, and Tuesday I would start the wheels in motion. I tried to be as helpful around the house as I could those next few days. I needed mom to start to think I was on her side. But she would soon enough feel my wrath. First step was to get her to believe I was on her side. I’d put myself in a position to beg her for mercy, and promise to do whatever she wanted. She wouldn’t know that I would be playing her….

Tuesday morning I woke up early and peed to make sure my bladder was empty for what might be a long ordeal. I put the pantyhose on and arranged the slipknots on the headboard, testing them to make sure they would lock in on my wrists as I pulled. Finally I tied my ankles securely, put a pillow under my butt and slipped my wrists in the loops at my headboard. I pulled as tight as I could to make sure I could not undo them. Then I waited for mom to get up. When I heard her open her door, I called out “Mom! Please help!”

She opened my door and looked at me disgustedly “What, this nonsense again?”

“I know mom, I’m an idiot. I don’t know why but I had to do this. Now I know better. Please untie me before Ted gets up and the boys come over. I’ll help you, I’ll do all the cleaning and cooking. I’ll help you load the van for the flower show. I’ll go with you, I’ll wear a dress if you want. I’ll have Wendy take your lucky flower show dress to the dry cleaners. I’ll pay for it. I’ll shine your shoes. I’ll do anything…”

“Let’s talk first. Why did you have to do this?”

“I woke up all excited about being seen and…”

“So you want to be seen?” I shook my head no. “Look, you’re going to help more around the house. Dishes are now yours, so is the laundry. I’ll still cook. And Wendy can take my dress to the cleaners, I’ll call them and arrange for payment , you don’t have to pay, she can pick it up. As long as it’s back here in a week, it’s good. I’m getting new shoes, no need to shine them.”

“Do you want to try it on first? I think you lost some weight. Wendy can tuck it in a bit if you need.”

“If I lost weight it would be a help. It was a little too tight last time I wore it.”

“Can you untie me?” She shook her head. “Can you at least throw your dress over me to give me some cover?”

She went to my vanity and got a tissue and placed it over my ankle. What a b-word! My revenge was going to be SO sweet! Defiantly I shook my ankle and dislodged her insulting offering. I drowsed off for a while and woke up to find Ted kneeling at the foot of my bed. “So let me guess, you ACCIDENTALLY got yourself tied up again?”

“No, it isn’t like that. It’s complicated. Be a dear and untie me, will you?”

“No, I can’t disappoint the others. Mark was a little bummed that he didn’t get to put sunblock on your front at the beach. Maybe he can go through the motions today.”

“NO! I don’t want that pig touching me! PLEASE. Look, Wendy’s coming over. If you’re nice and untie me I’ll try to keep her here for you.”

“Will she be undressed?”

“I can try, can’t I? That’s all I can promise is to try. But I won’t try at all if you won’t untie me.”

He shrugged his shoulders and undid my left wrist. He then grabbed it and said “You can undo the rest yourself. Or I can tie this back up. When you untie yourself, leave the pantyhose tied to the bed posts. I’m sure you’ll be doing this again. Remember, when you’re tied up you’re going to get touched.”

“Fine you win, whatever you want. By the way, they’re tights, not pantyhose” I finished untying myself and went downstairs.

“Put some heels on!” he ordered and I went back up to comply with his demand. Just wait until fall I muttered under my breath.

Nigel and Mark arrived mid morning and voiced their approval of my outfit. Mark gave me a quick butt feel as he walked by me. I glared at him and said “hands to yourself!”

Just before noon Wendy rang the bell. I dreaded opening the door but I had to in order to exact my revenge. Her jaw dropped as she took in the sight of me in pantyhose and heels with three guys gawking at her. She had a short white buttoned sundress on, with her pink bikini panties showing plainly through the dress. She was also evidently braless and most importantly, carrying the dress bag.

“Hi Wendy! Take your dress off!” said Mark.

“You’re such a pig” I answered. “Give us ten minutes alone upstairs.” We went up to my room and switched her dress for my mom’s. She brought me a black strapless dress, impossible to wear a bra with and probably too short for anyone. “Come on, you don’t think I’m going to wear this, do you?”

“Says the topless shy girl in pantyhose and NO dress” she laughed.

“Touche. Look, can you tuck in her butt just a little? If you take it to the dry cleaners today and pick it up tomorrow, that gives you more than four days to do the work. Can you do it?”

“No sweat. I’ve got my machine loaded with that special thread, all set to go. Do you really have to be like this all summer?” I nodded. She laughed. “You’re so lucky you’re my best friend. Your secret is safe.”

“If you want to join me for a little while, I’m sure they wouldn’t mind. Maybe you could lose a bet too.” She smiled and we went back downstairs.

The boys were a little disappointed to see her still in her dress. “Hey Wendy, love, fancy a game of Twister with me?”

“It wouldn’t be because I’m wearing a dress, would it? Sure, why not?” They all wooted and cheered and quickly got the game out.

“Two games with each of us” Mark said. Wendy just shrugged. Nigel was the first to go. Ted was in charge of the spinner, out of sight of Wendy, and clearly just spun the spinner and called out colors that would force Wendy to bend over and let her dress ride up. Then he called an impossible move for her and she lost. “Too bad” said Mark, “now you have to do a forfeit.”

“A forfeit? Nobody said anything about a forfeit.”

“Two buttons for each loss. Come along, you still have six buttons left” offered Nigel. Instead of refusing like any sensible girl would do, she undid the bottom two buttons of her dress. Ted rotated to the mat and gave the spinner to Mark. It was much the same, Mark called out colors that would expose Wendy to the greatest extent possible and then guaranteed her loss. Now four buttons were gone, four to go. Mark finally got his turn on the mat, but Nigel played the spinner honestly. Despite having half her buttons undone, Wendy played to win and Mark wound up losing and tossed his shirt to the ground. Second round for Nigel with Ted working the spinner. Now that her dress was half undone, every move Wendy made showed her panties off. At one point she was bent forward and everyone could see her breasts, especially Nigel who happened to have his head very strategically placed. I had to admit, these boys were clever. Of course Wendy lost and undid two more buttons, leaving only two to protect her fastly fading modesty. Ted took the mat with Mark spinning. Mark was losing patience and in short order gave Wendy an impossible move, costing her the last buttons. Mark’s turn again, and I wasn’t going to let Nigel ruin it with his honesty.

“I’ll do the spinner” I offered. And Mark and Wendy took to the mat. I managed to call the colors in such a way to force Wendy to do a back bridge and her dress opened perfectly, making her virtually topless. Then I made her fall with the next call and helped her up. “Sorry, Wendy” I said as I pulled her dress off of her. She stepped out of it and the both of us were topless, her in panties and me in pantyhose. “OK guys, you had your thrill. Give us five minutes alone in my room and we’ll come back and neither of us will dress.”

With that we went back in my room and closed the door and spoke in whispers in case the boys were trying to listen. “Don’t you know that they were cheating to get your dress off? They really weren’t using the spinner, they just gave you impossible colors to land on.”

“I knew that. I can’t blame them for trying, can you?” I shook my head. “I just thought it would be fun to give them their jollies and I wanted to show I was just as brave as you.”

“You mean two thirds as brave as me” I said, pointing to my crotch.

“Ha. I guess. Still, I don’t really want to show them my girly bits. At least not yet.”

“BAWWWWWK bawwwk bawwwk bawwwk” I said, forming my arms into flapping wings, then tossed her a pair of pantyhose. She tossed them right back to me.

“Next time. Anyway, let’s zip up your mom’s dress and I’ll stay a bit put my dress on and leave.” We joined the boys and they were watching soccer on television.

I scolded them: “What the hay, you have two topless girls here and you’re watching freaking SOCCER? Why not paint something and watch it dry?”

Nigel said, “we call it football, love. You said you’d join us, now come have a seat. We can even turn on a movie if you want.”

“BRIDESMAIDS!” we said in unison. So we watched a chick flick topless with the boys. The two of us sat on a love seat so that there wouldn’t be guys next to us and deny them any temptation for groping. When it was over, they let her put her dress back on. I gave her a pair of pantyhose and told her “Next time same dress but these instead of panties.” She just shrugged and said “Whatever” and took my mom’s dress back with her.

For the rest of the week I managed to avoid tying myself up. Well, mostly. I did tie my ankles to the bedposts completely naked but lost my nerve when it came time to do up my wrists and get where I couldn’t back out. No, I wasn’t going to offer up a bare pussy for busy fingers to explore. The pantyhose may not hide one square millimeter, but at least they kept fingers from me.

On Friday the boys left me alone for a few hours, I made good use of my time and hid some shorts and t shirts under my bed. I couldn’t be too sure that my things wouldn’t wind up being confiscated so maybe hiding a few things would be necessary. I slipped on a t shirt and started cleaning the house. After a bit, I got a call from Ted saying they’d be gone for two more hours. Hooray! I put on a pair of shorts and danced around the house, decent at last! I cranked up the music and was really getting my moves in and didn’t hear the door open. I turned around in horror to see the boys watching me. Busted. “I thought you would be gone for two more hours!”

“We were just seeing what you would do and look at you, going back on your word. Is that lingerie?” he asked, pointing at my outfit.

“Please, you weren’t even here. Who cares what I wear?”

“Rules is rules. You need to be punished. Mark, get her shorts off.” Mark knelt in front of me and reached under my shorts, feeling my butt as he made his way to the waistband and slowly pulled them down. Once past my crotch, he pulled his hands out and then rubbed my crotch with the back of his hand a bit before pulling them down and off me. What a jerk. “OK now, leave your shirt on for a minute. Put some heels on and go get the mail.”

“In pantyhose and a t shirt?”

“Exactly. Or I could tell mom about how you disobeyed the rules. I’m sure she’ll think my forfeit is more than reasonable.”

“Geez. OK, fine.” I put my strappy sandal heels on and walked out to the mailbox.

“SAAAAAAAN-DRA!” Oh God, my neighbor from across the street and one house down was calling out to me. I waved at her.

“Hi, Mrs. Kravitz.”

“Sandra, we haven’t seen you in ages! Come on over you can look at my vacation pictures.”

“Look Mrs. K, I’d love to but I’m not really dress….”

“You’re fine, come on over. I just made some cookies.” OMG. I would have to walk across the street bottomless and look at her pictures. The woman could talk the legs off a chair, this might take hours. We walked into the house and she sat me in the kitchen and I saw Mr. Kravitz’s legs hanging out from under the kitchen sink. “AAAAAB-ner! Look who’s here, it’s Sandra from down the street!”

“That’s nice Gladys but I’m a little busy down here.”

“We have a clog. He’s been at it for half an hour but can this guy call a plumber? Sit down and look at these. Here we are on the plane to Memphis. And here’s Abner in front of Graceland. And here’s me next to Elvis’ bed. Can you imagine? Now look at his outfits, can you imagine wearing those sequins?” I was praying for deliverance, but not for the way that it came.

“Gladys, give me a hand will ya? I need you to run some water down the sink and I’ll see if it comes out.”

“Sandra, dear, would you mind? I have a hard time standing over him and turning the water on. I can’t stand with my feet apart like that.”

“You want me to straddle him and bend over the sink?”

“Oh come on, it won’t take but a minute. My sciatica is killing me. The doctor tells me he can’t do anything about it, but what do doctors know? My sister’s husband had this giant hemorrhoid and…”

“TMI! OK, OK” I walked over to the sink. Mr. Kravitz’s head, arms, and shoulders were inside the cabinet but his wide torso and legs were sticking out. I straddled his body with my feet and supported myself on my elbows as I bent over the sink. If he was to pull out of the cabinet, he’d have a clear view of my pussy. “What do I do?”

“OK, turn the cold water just a trickle into the left sink.” I did as he said. “Did you do it?” he asked.

“Yes, isn’t it coming out?”

“No, not much. Hmmm… the trap was clean, it must be in this vertical pipe. Hold still.” I heard him stirring a bit down below me and he said “Here it comes” followed by a loud FOOOOOOOM! All of a sudden I was hit in the chest with this disgusting pieces of sludge. I jumped back, looked down and shrieked. Mrs. Kravitz moved a lot quicker than I thought she could and quickly pulled the shirt over my head and off. Mr. Kravitz shouted from below “I did it! Quick, turn the water off!” I ran over and resumed my position, now topless, and turned off the water and suddlenly remembered my modesty.

“Mrs. Kravitz! Do you have something I can put on?”

“You’re fine, dearie. You don’t have nothing that I don’t have more of. Abner’s seen girls before. You’re fine. I’ll have this washed and dried in less than 90 minutes. You can stay for dinner, I’ve got a brisket in the oven. You know if you go to Louie’s meet market on a Tuesday afternoon they cut their prices by a dollar a pound. Their truck comes in Wednesday and they have to….”

“Enough, fine.” Goodness, could this woman talk! I sat in the kitchen with an arm in front of my breasts. It seems the universe wants me to be topless in pantyhose. I sat in the kitchen and looked her Graceland photos and listened to her talk and talk and talk. Mr. Kravitz finished his work and went to clean up.

“Sandra, dear- could you help me peel the carrots?” If it wasn’t listening to her talk I was all for it. It was surreal, standing there in nothing but pantyhose and heels peeling carrots while she cut potatoes as if it was the most natural thing in the world. She got them in the oven and we went to the living room. I took a seat on the recliner while they sat on the couch opposite it and they turned on a game show. Mr. Kravitz was directly across from me and tried not to be obvious as he checked me out. My arms were crossed in front of my breasts and my legs were tightly closed. I was wondering if he managed to sneak a peak up at me from under the sink.

“Mrs. Kravitz, are you sure there’s nothing I can put on? A towel even?”

“Oh dear, I’d love to help but my towel load is next. Everything is dirty. Now don’t worry about it, relax. We’ve seen each other for 40 years. If I looked like you I wouldn’t be sitting there hiding myself.”

“I’m lucky you came. It gave her something to do besides look out the window at the Stevens’ house”

“Abner, there’s something not right over there. People come and go and we don’t see them drive up. Things fly in the air.”

“Sorry, Sandra. Gladys has quite an imagination” he said as he made the sign for craziness by drawing circles around his ear with his finger. They got back into their game show. I decided she was right and dropped my arms. Mr. Kravitz was a little more open about his ogling now and I was finding it strangely erotic. He’s old enough to be my father but I wanted to give him a show. I raised the footrest of the recliner and scooched my butt to the edge of the seat and lay back with my hands gripping the armrest and my calves on the footrest. Then I closed my eyes and pretended to doze off. After several minutes I heard them start to whisper.

“Turn the TV down Abner, she’s asleep. Think we should cover her up?”

“Don’t you dare, Gladys!”

“I can’t blame you. She’s got such a lovely figure.” I heard her go back to the laundry room and start up the dryer. I was hoping the dryer would catch on fire and leave me topless for good. What was wrong with me? I moved my left leg a few inches to my left, slowly until it reached the edge of the footrest then I allowed it to fall off. Surely my pussy could be seen, but I wanted it to be blatantly out there. After a few minutes I could hear Mrs. Kravitz come back in. “Oh my God Abner!” she whispered. I continued my feigned sleep and her house phone rang. “Hi Jenny…… yes, she’s here….well she had a t shirt on…well it got dirty thanks to my genius husband. You know how sometimes the kitchen sink doesn’t drain. Well I was trying to wash the potatoes for dinner and …. oh she’s supposed to dress like that?…..oh those kids and their silly bets… the whole summer?,,,,, oh she wasn’t supposed to wear it?,,, so you don’t want her to get dressed?….can she stay for supper? I’ve made this brisket and it’s more than enough. Do you shop at Louie’s?… Well if you go there on Tuesday afternoons it’s the best….oh, you can’t talk right now? Okay we’ll send her over after dinner but can she come again?….. Thanks dear, good luck at the flower show next week…… AAAAB-ner!” I let my right foot drop off the footrest. I let myself start to stir as if still asleep but starting to come to.

I felt a hand on my left inner thigh. “Sandra….. wake up…..we’re going to eat now.” I opened my eyes halfway up to see Mr. Kravitz’s face.

“Oh…. sorry….I must have dropped off.” His hand remained on my thigh. I looked him in the eyes, then looked down at his hand, then looked him in the eyes again. I didn’t say a word. He looked at me and rubbed his hands up and down my thigh as if to dare me to stop him. I pulled my right knee up over the armrest to expose myself more blatantly and asked “can I just lay here a few minutes more?”

“We’ll hear her when she’s ready.” With that he pulled my left knee over the armrest and made circles on my inner thighs with his fingertips. Our eyes locked. Would he have the audacity to rub my pussy? We never found out as his wife called us into the kitchen.

We got up and sat down to eat. Mrs. Kravitz gave us both about twice as much food as we should eat, but it was absolutely amazing. The table was fairly small with a bench seat against the wall and one chair opposite. I slid in on the bench and Mr. Kravitz sat next to me as Mrs. Kravitz wanted to be free to bring us things. Before we ate, I told the story of how the bet went down and how I have to wear nothing but the hose and heels around the house and how I have to sit in that ridiculous position on the recliner. Then we started eating and Mr. Kravitz grabbed my left knee and pulled it over his right leg and then trapped my leg between his. His right hand stroked my inner thigh as we ate, slowly inching up and up until his pinky was rubbing against my pussy. All of this unseen because of the tablecloth covering up the action from Mrs. Kravitz’s eyes. And since I hadn’t raised any objection so far I didn’t see how I could shoo his hand away now.

Mrs. Kravitz cut a carrot cake and served it to us. “I’ve got an idea! Since you can’t hardly get a summer job if you’re not allowed to wear clothes, how about you come over here and help us say once or twice a week? You can reach things that we can’t and we’re getting old and can’t lift some things. We’ll pay you $50 a day twice a week and it won’t be hard work, mostly keep us company. Of course you’ll be dressed like you are and you’ll have to sit all splayed out when we’re not doing things but it would mean so much to us.”

“Look are you sure you want me running around like this in front of your husband? I mean it would be nice to not have all those boys looking at me all day but you might not…”

“No, it’s fine” Mr Kravitz interrupeted. “I’ve seen girls before and I’m fine with it” his hand was right at the top of my thigh with his pinky rubbing against my pussy. He started to flick his pinky on my pussy. “Come on, we love having you over. We’ll have fun.”

“But….” the rubbing was starting to get to me….”can you come pick me up? It’s just next door and across the street but I’ll be wearing just this.”

“Of course dear. Now your shirt is ready but your mom said you can’t have it. I’ll just hold it for you till the summer is over.”

“Fine. It’s dark so maybe I can walk home now. Say we do it Tuesday and Thursday but we have to wait till her flower show is over.” With that I went back home to find Ted and mom watching television. I went upstairs to check my hiding place and luckily enough my other things were still hidden. I hid my things just in time, while I was gone all of my clothes except for pantyhose and a couple of dresses were gone. Where they were, I had no idea.

Monday before the flower show. We had spent the weekend cleaning the pots and transplanting the best violets into fancy ceramic pots. I don’t know much about flowers but apparently these were as good as she’s had. Her mood was upbeat and she was glad to hear the dress would be here today. It had been a daily battle to resist tying myself up. I wasn’t allowed to remove the temptation of the tights tied to my bed posts. Wendy called and said she was done and she’d be right over. The boys were already in the middle of playing hoops in the driveway when she pulled up. When they saw her emerge in her short dress and pantyhose, they decided it was time to come inside. Big surprise. She gave me the dress bag and said “It’s ready. Everything is ready.” I gave her a hug. The guys were asking her to take off her dress but we went to my room for a quick huddle.

“Thank you so much, I owe you big time.” I lifted her dress. “What the hey? You’re wearing panties over your pantyhose?”

“I got dressed without the panties but I just couldn’t do it. I’m not as bold as you.”

“Look, you’re NOT getting out of here with those panties on. You KNOW that.”

“What do you propose?”

“Here, let’s get your dress off.” I undid her buttons as we talked. “Maybe the boys will like to see us wrestle. As we do I’ll get your panties off you. So you gotta let me win for a while and when your panties are off we’ll see who’s the queen of the mat.”

“Loser does a forfeit”. Now I was getting nervous. She was a little more muscular than I. But it was my idea so we shook on it. After I pulled her dress off we went downstairs. She didn’t notice that I had carried her dress and tossed it to Ted and the boys were having a little fun tossing it amongst themselves. “Don’t you dare tear my dress” she cautioned. Of course the boys were all for watching us wrestle. We locked arms and tussled for a bit, then I went down to my knees and tried to grab her panties. That move failed as she stepped behind me, dropped to her knees, and pushed me forward on my belly and jumped to lay on top of me. I frantically tried to find her panty line but couldn’t. She sat on my back and gave me some playful spanks on the butt. “What say you guys? What should her forfeit be?”

“Tie her up!” yelled Mark. Ewww. I was NOT going to allow that. I quicky twisted and spilled her off of me and lunged for her panties. This time I was able to grab the waist of the panties and gave a giant tug. RIPPPP!

“Damn you! I liked those panties!” she growled and we both returned to a standing position.

“I see you shaved your pussy” I taunted her. She got me in a bear hug and dropped us to our knees, then put me on my back. She pushed one shoulder to the carpet, then paused to savor the moment.

“Let’s see… you’re about to lose. Surrender?”

“Never!” I squirmed as best I could but could not free myself. She pressed down and pinned my shoulders to the carpet. I had lost.

“Ready for your forfeit?” she asked. I nodded. “Good. Your forfeit is you’re going to make out with me.”

You could almost hear jaws hit the floor as she stopped sitting on me, then lay next to me and cradled the back of my head in her hand and pressed her lips against mine. Our mouths opened and tongues met as our hands explore each others bodies and the shocked boys watched in silence. After several minutes she said “we need to go to your room for a while” and led me by the hand up the stairs. Luckily, my room has a lock on the door and after we closed it behind us I whispered to her “I’m really not gay.”

“Don’t be silly” she whispered back, “I’m not either. I just want to tease the crap out of those idiots. Here, be quiet and lay on your back and do as I do. With that we both lay on our backs on the bed and she raised her legs and started doing bicycles in the air.

“Why are we doing this?”

“Shhh….they’re going to want to see us all sweaty and flushed when we come out. They’re probably at the door listening. Let’s give them a good show.”

We bicycled for several minutes then went into our act. “There….there……that’s it….. harder….oh yes…..yes…. YES……oooh baby YES….” we got louder into our fake orgasmic cries and as we bicycled we shifted our weight up and down to rock the mattress as loud as we could. We stopped suddenly and she cooed “Oh that was SO good”. We got out of bed as quietly as we could and tiptoed to the door. With one quick motion I unlocked the knob and opened the door, and Mark and Nigel tumbled into the room as Ted stood behind them.

Wendy chastised them. “You little finks! It wasn’t enough to get us to wear nearly nothing around you,,, you have to SPY on us? You oughta be ashamed of yourselves. And what are those wet spots in front of your pants you little perverts.They slinked off in shame as we taunted their little boners. We followed them downstairs and I turned on a fan and we stood in front of it and cooled the sweat off of our bodies and red faces. Her plan had worked to perfection. We put our arms around each others’ waists and walked triumphantly to the love seat where we sat and looked them in the eye. Wendy looked at the clock. “Okay guys, you had your little thrills for the day. I’m going to put my dress back on and get going.” She scanned the room looking for her dress. “What did you do with it?” The boys started laughing.

“Not so fast, little Wendy” Mark said. “You can go home as you are….. or you can agree to certain…. conditions.” The color drained from Wendy’s face. “Now stand up.” She stood up. “Hands behind your back”. You could feel the shame suddenly well up within her. “You have to promise that you’re going to come around a few times a week and put on a show for us.”

“Are you going to give me my dress back or aren’t you?”

“All in good time. Three days a week you come over and you take your dress off the instant you walk in the door. NO panties, NO bra. Just the pantyhose and you’re lucky to have those. Got it.”

“Up yours. I’ll just grab one of Ted’s shirts and wear it home.”

“Yeah, and explain to your mom how come you’re wearing a…. MOM!”

“What is going on here? Wendy, why are you running around like Sandra?”

“It’s hard to explain. I brought your dress back from the cleaners and we thought it would be fun to wrestle for the boys so I took my dress off but Sandra ripped my panties off and….”

“Wait a minute. She ripped them out from under your pantyhose?”

“No, I wore them over. I was going to skip them but chickened out and…”

“So you wanted to lose your clothes, is that what I’m hearing?”

“You’re making me confused. She wasn’t supposed to rip my panties but I wouldn’t let her pull them off and…,”

“So you agreed to be de-pantied?” Wendy nodded. “And you didn’t put your dress back on because….?”

“Because the boys stole it! Now I can’t get it back unless I come back here three times a week dressed like this.”

“Okay, so you worked it out. Do you have a deal?” The boys were high fiving each other and finally Wendy shrugged and nodded. “Ted, give her the dress back and Wendy, you put yourself in this situation. A lady doesn’t let herself be caught in her underwear. Or in your case even less. I appreciate your getting my dress cleaned so we’ll give you a few pair of pantyhose to take with you. I’m in such a good mood about my flowers that I won’t even charge you for them. We’ll keep you supplied.” Wendy was about to slip the dress back in when mom stopped her “Not until you’re about to eat. I brought home food from work, we had a potluck and there was a ton left over. Stay and help us eat.” She sent Ted out to bring in the containers and Wendy and I set the table.

“Geez, your mom can be a real meanie, huh?”

“I guess, but admit it. You wanted the guys to see you as much as I did when I started. You’ll get used to it. And least you won’t get felt up like I did at the Kravitz’ house.”

“That old guy groped you? Eww, disgusting.”

“I should have pushed his hands away the first time he put them on my legs. But I didn’t. Then it started turning me on. And he was doing it under the table right in front of his wife! That was a rush.”

“Better you than me. These guys better keep their yaps shut though. I won’t talk, you won’t talk. But will we be known as sluts?”

“The last thing they want to do is kill the show, believe me. And after this weekend….” I started whispering “mom will be so humiliated that she’ll insist we both stop all of this.”

After dinner, Wendy was allowed to put her dress on and leave. As my mom said her goodbyes, Wendy said “I’ll SEE you both on Saturday.”

**Part 7 The Show\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

Finally the day of the show came. I was allowed to wear Wendy’s too short black dress and Wendy had on her white buttoned sundress as we loaded the van. After an hour of getting down to the limit of five potted plants, she made her choices. She went to put on her dress and came back down to show us. “Do you think it’s too tight to be decent?” she asked. Wendy had tucked in the butt a little.

“For one thing mom, you’ve got serious VPL going on. I can’t let you go like that. Lose the panties and the dress won’t be quite as tight, believe me. I know about not wearing panties now. Oh, you’re not wearing a bra, are you?” She shook her head.

“I don’t know, are the panties that visible?” We both nodded convincingly. “But we don’t have time to take them off.”

“Sure you do.” I went to grab the scissors and lifted her dress. Wendy reached inside and pulled the hips her panties out of her pantyhose and sliced them on each side, then pulled them out and off. “There, mom. Really, no offense mom, but you’ll be with us and our dresses are much much shorter than yours. And oh, Sasquatch, you want me to get the hedge clippers to trim that bush?”

“Very funny. Look, when we get there we sign in and they give us these stickers to put on the pots. You put the stickers on the pots and I’ll take them to the tables where they go. You don’t touch a leaf- got it.” We drove to the little hall where the show was being held. There must have been a couple hundred people there.

We had a seat at our table while mom took her flowers to the judging stations. “So how does this work?” Wendy asked.

“Remember the stickers we put on the pots? That’s so the judges don’t know who brought what. They judge all the plants for a group, say the African violets. And she better win that one or else she’ll be a bitch for a month. When they count the votes they award the ribbons. First is blue, second is red, third is white, fourth is yellow.”

“That’s all?”

“It’s a big deal for mom. She hates Mrs. Williams and all she cares about is getting more than she does. So we don’t start the spritzing of her stitches till the ribbons are given out.”

“Got it. Now look, all we have to do is spray most of the shoulder seams. The thread dissolves quite nicely and it won’t take long. Get her back zipper too but the shoulders are most important.”

“I’m still mad at you for giving me this dress. I don’t have hardly and dress under me when I sit.”

“I can fix that.” With that she reached at my back and pulled what little dress there was out from under me, leaving me with only pantyhose between my butt and the seat. “Isn’t that better?” I shook my head and refixed my dress. “Oh you’re such a wimp” she said and gave be a squirt of water at the top of the back of my dress. “Come on, tease those boys across over there. Open those legs a little.”

“Are you crazy? YOU open your legs if you want to give them a show.”

Finally the awards were annouced. Mom got a blue ribbon for her violets, two yellows, and a white. Mrs. Williams got two reds, two whites, and one yellow. Mom was pleased, but not overly so. Her hated rival didn’t get any blue ribbons, but she got five total to mom’s four. We convinced her that she was the winner and she hugged me. As she did, Wendy soaked her shoulders soon and then sprayed me all over the back. Oh my God, she didn’t. I sprayed Wendy back but she stuck out her tongue at me. “Won’t hurt MY dress, she laughed.”

“Pick up your ribbons and your purse, mom. We have to get to the car, NOW.” I could feel my back seam coming undone. With no sleeves, only one seam held the dress together.

“We need to pick up our flowers”

“No you DON’T. Your dress is coming undone and so is mine. In a few minutes we’re going to lose them. HURRY.” She looked at me puzzled. “MOM. Feel the seam on your shoulder. We need to GO”. She looked down at her shoulder seam and felt it, then looked up at me.

“How?”

“LATER, we need to GO.” We got up and started walking toward the exit, but there were people seemingly everywhere. We must have been about 100 feet from the exit, gently pushing people out of the way as we went. I went first trying to clear a path for her. I could feel the back seem coming further and further apart and I had to clutch the top of the dress to my breasts else it would fall off. Looking back at mom, I could see her doing the same as her shoulder seams had dissolved to nothing. We were still about 20 feet from the door when I felt the back of my dress flying open for good. I basically had a piece of fabric held in front of me and my bare backside except for the pantyhose completely exposed. People started gasping as we made it to the door. Mom’s dress had fallen off and she picked it up and we ran to the car. She put her dress on the hood and frantically searched for her keys as I stood by the passenger door waiting for her to open it. Suddenly, Wendy started running toward the car with her dress in her hands. What the heck? Finally mom found the keys and the three of us were safely inside the car wearing nothing but our pantyhose. We headed home at last.

Just as we got out of the parking lot, mom started laughing. “Ha ha ha, I haven’t had that much fun in AGES!” She laughed and giggled like a school girl.

“Mom, a LADY doesn’t put herself in that situation.”

“Funny funny. How did you do it?”

“Dissolving thread”, said Wendy. “I couldn’t resist doing Sandra’s too.”

“Ha ha very funny. Look, you’re going to take my dress home and fix it with regular thread. And I won’t tell your mom about this, as long as you keep coming over dressed as you are.” We pulled into the driveway. “I have to give you credit for sabotaging your own dress.”

Wendy looked puzzled as she got out of the car. “Wait a minute. I didn’t do anything to my dress. How the heck….”

Across the street we heard “ABBBBB-Ner! There are three naked girls in the driveway across the street!”

**Epilogue**

Five years later—

“Time to get dressed, honey” Mark said as he straighted his tie. I slipped my dress on and brushed my hair as I stepped into my heels.

“I can’t believe Ted is getting married. I still can’t believe WE got married. I can’t believe I haven’t worn panties or a bra in five years.” He hugged me from behind and kissed the top of my head and we headed for church.

Mom and dad were waiting for us. Mom was wearing a miniskirt that would look too young for anyone her age who didn’t exude self confidence. After the flower show incident she quit the job she hated and opened a bikini flower shop and called it Hanging Baskets. That made her ineligible for the shows and she even became fast friends with Mrs. Williams. Dad took a desk job with the company after his identity became compromised. Funny how trying to get back at someone can make them be what they wanted to be. Wendy came out from the church and greeted us all. “Wendy! I can’t BELIEVE you’re going to marry my brother!”

“All in a day’s work. I’d have married you two if you could have waited for me to get ordained.” We all took our seats and the ceremony began shortly. Finally they got to the vows and Wendy said “Now repeat after me- I Ted….Take thee Nigel…..”