Sibling Rivalry (Series 2): Some Things Never Change

Jessica was very bored. Her parents had forced her to endure the dull

conversation of their friends for over an hour already. James and Jill were

two of the most boring people she had ever encountered. And their twin sons,

Craig and Simon were very odd. She had never known two fourteen-year-olds to

be so quiet. They just sat there, staring at various objects in the room.

James was rattling on to her father about some kind of insurance. But she knew

her mother would never let her leave.

It had been a year since the series of events that had left most of her

friends and enemies completely and utterly humiliated. Her sister Amy had

given up trying to expose her older sister to the world, conceding defeat.

Jess is still thankful for Charlies actions in the theatre. Just as Amy was

about to strip Jess naked, Charlie had turned on her friend, after discovering

that Amy had in fact humiliated her at the mall, rather than Jess, as Amy had

led her to believe. It all ended in tears for Amy, as Charlie left her with a

black eye, and has never forgiven her. Jess on the other hand, escaped with

her dignity in tact, which is more than could be said for anyone else.

Jess wondered where her sister had disappeared to all evening. She had told

her parents that she was going over to Stephs house, but she had been gone

for four hours, and had been told to be back an hour ago. Jess could see her

mother glancing at the door every minute or so, waiting for her tardy daughter

to burst through. She could not tell whether it was through concern, or anger.

There was no doubt in Jess mind that her Mum cared for her daughters, but she

always remained stony-faced and impenetrable. She had always put it down to

her grandmother, who in the eyes of Jess and Amy, was Satan herself.

Her mother had gone into the kitchen with Jill to do the washing up, leaving

Jess to just sit there, trying to avoid eye contact with the twins. In the

meantime, the men carried on with their boring conversation, which had now

moved onto football. The twins were just sat there, staring. Jess longed to be

somewhere else, like her sister was.

Almost as if she had summoned her, Amy was heard fumbling with the lock, and

then the door burst open. Amy was in full make-up, with a blue tube top and

black mini skirt on. She paused, surprised to be greeted with company.

Amy, where have you been? asked her father, who got up and walked towards

her.

Nowhere! she replied, with a giggle.

Go upstairs and sort yourself out, will you her father said with a sigh.

Amy left the room and turned towards the stairs but found her path blocked by

her mother. She looked at her feet as she realised she was busted.

Amy-Louise Robertson, where on Earth have you been? Her mother barked.

Nowhere, Mum. she cowered.

Answer me!

I went to Stephs house like I said!

Naturally! I can smell it on you!

Smell what?

Dont play the fool with me, Amy. Youve been out drinking!

Im 18, Mum.

Yet you act like a twelve year old, still.

An audience had gathered. James, Jill, the twins and Jess were all sat on the

couch in the living room, trying to peer into the hall where they stood. Even

from there, though they couldnt quite see her, they could sense the anger

building up within Amys irate mother. It went oddly quiet for a few seconds,

whilst Amy stepped back into the middle of the room, naturally heading towards

her father for fear of her mothers wrath. Her mother followed into the room,

where the argument was now in full view of the living room.

What have I told you about dressing that way?

Amy didnt like the tone of her mothers voice. Jess could sense that

something was about to happen to her sister.

Look, Mum, Im ...ing 18! Amy snapped.

The room fell silent. No one knew where to look.

You think youre an adult? Tonight, young lady, you have proven yourself to

be nothing more than a loudmouth, drunken whore!

Amy shuddered whenever her mother used that word.

Jenny, calm down her father pleaded.

Nonsense, Mark. This girl has disrespected me in front of our guests! her

mother replied. Now, young lady, I want you to give me that belt of a skirt,

right now! If you cant act like an adult, you cannot expect to dress like

one. Especially one who looks like a hooker.

Amy nodded, and turned to leave the room.

Where are you going?

To my room to get changed, like you said!

I never said you were going anywhere

Im not taking my skirt off in front of everyone! Amy shrieked.

If you want to humiliate me in front of our guests, you will be treated in

the same way!

Amys face was burning up. She turned to see everyone was looking at her, and

choked on her words. She unzipped the denim miniskirt, and unfastened the

button. She went to pull it down, but could not bring herself to do it. No way

would she expose herself to those nerdy twins.

No.

Jenny looked at her daughter furiously. Amy turned to look at her father, but

he just looked at her blankly. That was when Jenny took the opportunity to

pull Amys loose skirt to her ankles.

Amys hands shot to shield the view of her peach knickers from her audience, as

her mother forced her to step out of her skirt. She looked in horror at her

mothers stern face, and then at the skirt in her hands. She pulled at the

tube top to try to cover her underwear.

Hands at your sides! Jenny instructed her.

Amy stood there facing her audience and her mother, in just a tube top, a tiny

pair of peach coloured briefs, and some knee high leather boots. She clenched

her fists as she could feel the bespectacled eyes of the twins staring at her

newly displayed underpants. They were not the only eyes she could feel staring

either.

You listen to me, young lady!

Amy found it hard to listen when she was so barely dressed in front of the

family friends.

For the next two weeks, you are grounded! But this is not your average

grounding, missy. If you want to act like a baby, I will treat you like one,

so from now on, you do what I want, and wear what I want, whenever I want you

to. I will speak to you in the morning! Now tell the Rickmans that you are

sorry that they had to see you in your knickers.

Im sorry.

Say it properly.

Im sorry that you had to see my knickers, Mr and Mrs Rickman. Amy managed

to say, on the verge of tears.

And the twins.

Im sorry I had to show you my knickers, boys. She added, with a face as red

as Mars, still unable to cover her knickers from their view.

Now get out of here!

Amy turned and left the room hurriedly, showing everyone her barely covered

butt. She threw a hand over each cheek as she left.

There is no point in being shy. Weve all seen that fat bottom of yours now,

Amy. It is your own fault for wearing that ridiculous underwear. her mother

called out, as Amy disappeared up the stairs, her naked bottom jiggling as she

moved.

Amys troubles had only just begun, and she knew it.