**Story of B – Continuation**

by Phillip

**Story of B – Continuation – Chapter 19**

I said, “Whatever … let's go home … it's too hot today anyway."

Scott said, "Yeah, so why you are not wearing shorts B?

"Hmm, because I like my jeans?" rolling my eyes.

It was a necessary lie. What would I give for owning a pair of shorts, a skirt or a dress…or even more pants at all.

Mike said, "B has only two pair of jeans" While Jeff, Bill and Scott looked at me with a combination of surprise and a smile, I felt my face getting red. "Oh no, why Mike had to make it obvious?" I thought to myself.

Scott laughs, "Oh really, that’s explains why they are so flimsy and looking old. How long do you think they survive? Betting now guys."

This makes me really angry and embarrassed, I didn't want to believe it but he was right. My jeans were old and flimsy, it make it worst that this was my better pair of jeans but although he can see, that they are not in a good state. The other pair was even more flimsy and had already some small holes. I don't even want to think what to do if these holes will grow. I really need some new pants, but I have no money and I doubt that Mike and Jake want to buy me some.
So I said, "Shut up Scott and eat your ice cream. You don't have to worry about my pants-status. By the way these jeans are very comfortable and they will hold long time."

Scott came near to me, "Oh really, I'm sure that I can modify them to shorts, then its not so hot for you, haha" He pulled and pinched at some parts of my jeans but not very hard, I saw that he just wanted to annoy me again. "Like I said before, beware of these devil fingers"

Although he didn't mean it for real I was very angry. I knew that it was what he wanted but he found one of my weak points.

I yelled, "Stop it or I will clap your face"

Scott: "try it"

I tried to clap him when he pinched my thigh but every time he was too fast and jumped back or to the side.
Then he was not concentrated in one situation. To his own surprise my hand arrived his face and hit him. While falling to the ground he tried to hold at something. So he instinctively grabbed at my jeans at the upper thigh.

"RRRRTTTTTSCHHH", we all heard.

"OH NO!!!", I thought to myself. This noise put my theeth on edge. I didn’t want to look at my pants, but then I opened my eyes slowly and looked at the faces of the others. They were looking at my pants, mouths open. Jake, Mike, Jeff and Bill look were a mixture between surprise and shock. Scott had his mouth open, too. He also looked mostly surprised but he can't hide a little smile.

"Sorry B, that was I mistake but it just happened cause you hit me.", he said.

I didn't really hear him and my view was wandering down to my left leg. From the downer part of my butt, 2-3 inches over my knee was a big rip. It was just not showing my leg from the left hand behind side, it also showed parts of my panties because the rip was so high.

I turned red, I felt a mixture between anger, embarrassment and fear.
"... YOU SCOTT, you ripped my Jeans, you destroyed them….", I yelled at him while I tried to punch him, but Jake stopped me.

Scott said, "Well I'm sorry, but like I said, it would not happened if you not slapped me. By the way, you said few minutes ago that you feel the wheather too hot, see, now you have shorts." and he smiled.

"Oh ... off Scott, are you killing me, these are no shorts, the rip is to my ass!!!" I shouted at him.

"But it's a nice view.", Jeff said and the other guys laughed.

It shocked me, it seemed that they were not so angry about the acting of Scott. Maybe they even liked what they saw. They never had act directly but that this happened by a mistake seemed okay for them (or even more).

Mike said, "Well, lets go home and then you can change your clothes."

"Yeah, please fast, I don't want that all the people can see parts of my ass.", I said.

Scott said, "Don't worry, maybe they still look at your boobs."

I kicked him, but he just laughed.

On the way back I felt very embarrassed. Holding with my left hand the demolished fabric over the rip. With fear I felt that the rip was growing while we walked. The threadbare fabric around was not a big resistance. My stomach cramped. "What can I do, I cannot sew and even if I could, everyone would see that the jeans was ripped.", I thought to myself.

It was not nice to go with so few variability of clothes to go school every day so my classmates knew that I had just so few items – some of them even makes fun of me because of that. I didn’t care much about them but with a broken jeans even I would not like to go to school, this would be embarrassing. "Oh no, how it comes so far?", I thought.

In my room I changed from the demolished Jeans in to my boxers. In this situation I didn't care that Bill can see my legs, I had to save my other, my last pair of jeans for school.
Holding my ripped jeans in my hand I was going done in the kitchen.

"Do we have any sewing things?" I asked.

"Since when we know such things?" Jake asked me back.

He was right, I did all the house work, if someone would know it than it was me.

"Shit I need something to repair."

Scott shouted, "Hey B, we are hungry, can you make something to eat."

"Scott, again, I have to repair my jeans first! Go make something yourself or how do you survived till now?" I yelled.

Mike said, "Hey relax, we play something on the PS3 and then we can eat, okay? And B, maybe look in the old chest of mom."

Hope was coming back to me, he was right, when my mother left us my dad could not through away many things which my mom owned, maybe there was a possibility to repair my pants. I ran to the chest and searched it. I saw old photos and things which remembered me to our mother. Nice and for the same time hurtful memories. But at this moment I had no time for daydreaming. And there it was, a needle and a thread.

A big joy flew through my body but then I saw that the thread was not very long. "Oh that will be difficult" I thought to myself, "I think not that it will be enough for the hole rip but maybe for the worst parts".
But the biggest problem wasn't the thread but that I couldn't sew. I tried it as good as I could but the luck stood not beside me that day. I saw fast that my first preparations not coming to a good end and while pulling back the thread the ripped growed more and more. I cursed loudly.

"Quite B, we have to concentrate us" Jake yelled from upstairs where they playing PS3.

Bill came to me. They could only play maximal 4 person at the same time at the PS3. Of course it was Bill who had to watch, even it was his PS3.

"Can I help you", he asked.

I closed my eyes, I was depressed "Can you sew?" I asked him.

"No, I'm afraid, I can't … but maybe I can help you anyway."

"Well, maybe he was better than me", I thought. "Okay Bill, thanks".

To my frustration Bill was even more inapt than I was.

"No Bill, look that can't work" I told him when I saw what he was doing. "Come on, pull the thread back and we try again."

When he pulled the thread back the sound of the day which I heard a hour ago was back
"RRRRTTTTTSCHHH"

The thread ripped in to two pieces and and also the rip of my jeans grew massivly - now it was all over my butt area.

"Oh no, Bill" I screamed. "You should done it slowly. Look at that, the thread is ripped in two and the jeans is so demolished that it's not possible to repair it with our sew-items"

"Sor…sorry, Amy…I didn't want that, really… I was nervous to do it right and I … I don't know, sorry", he stammered.

Tears came into my eyes. "What can I do now?", I thought.

I took some deep breaths and went upstairs to the other guys.

"And…did it work?" Jake asked without looking away from the TV.

"No, it did not.", I responded. "Scott you own me a new jeans!"

Scott paused the game and looked at me, "What? Why the hell I have to do that?"

I was getting angry, "Why? Why? You really asked why? You destroyed it, idiot!"

"Wait, this was accidentally, remember." Scott said.

Jake said, "Mistakes happens B"

Now I was really angry. How could Jake said something, he saw what happened. With the contact to the other guys, especially Scott, my brothers was getting much harsher than before.
"Scott, you risked it while pinching me again and again."

Scott said, "Yeah, but it still would not happened if you didn't slap me. Just because of that I fell."

"And then you had to grab my pants?" I yelled.

"You know how it is when you fell, it's a reflex…your boobs were too far away.", he laughed.

I ignored his comment, all what mattered was my pants now.
I screamed, "Save your excuse, YOU DESTROYED MY PANTS AND YOU HAVE TO BUY NEW ONES TO…"

"STOP IT B" Mike yelled "Are you not recognizing that we are playing PS3 right know?"

I yelled, "That is just a stupid game, we discuss my pants right now"

Jake said, "You want to discuss it, we not!"

I said, "But Jake, then I have just one jeans left, I need more to go outside, to go to school."

Jeff started to get into the conversation, "But B, you told Scott before that he don't have to worry about your status of pants."

"Why I said that?" I thought to myself. I answered, "But that was before he destroyed it and now I have just one left."

Jeff countered, "So now you have just one pants less than before and its dramatic for you but one hour ago we didn't have to worry about? Was that a lie B?"

"Hey B, you don't lie to us!" Mike said.

I said, "I didn't lie, but …" I lost my argues "… Scott, please buy me new jeans"

Scott laughed, "Sure, and maybe also a house, a yacht or a jet? If you aren't able to repair your pants it's your fault."

The discussion was going to a dead end, I was not get any pants from Scott, so I looked to my brothers. "Jake, Mike, I need some money to buy new pants for me."

Jake answered, "Forget it, B. We have nothing to do with it and we give you no money for your private things, that how you wanted it!"

"But….Oh ... you all!" I screamed and ran into my room.
With tears in my ears I lay on my bed, I felt embarrassed, humiliated and helpless, but also a little bit aroused by the fact that I lost my pants. Just know I realized really how I needed them. My pants were my safety that I was able to go outside, to go to school. Now just one jeans is left and it's in a worse condition then the other one, flimsy and some holes. "Oh no, how can I get go on with that?".