**The Fixers - Slutwear**

by Daring Diane

A young looking girl slammed into the restroom.  She was wearing a tissue thin camisole top with no bra and a micro mini-skirt along with 2 inch heeled sandals decorated with little fake jewels.  Her top stopped mid-belly and she had on way to much make-up.  Her hair was held back in a bandana kerchief.

Chris Kelly was a mother of five with her youngest in high school.  Chris had a bad morning and she and her friends had gone to the mall to blow off some steam.  They were just finishing up in the restroom before the arrival of the young lady in their midst.

The new arrival dashed over to the sink and elbowed her way in front of Chris.  As she turned on the water, she mumbled, "Hey, try not to hog the sink. I need to wash my face."

Chris was taken aback by the rude behavior and responded firmly, "Excuse me little girl, but why don't you wait your turn?  Or at least have the manners to ask before barging in front of us."

Chris grabbed the girl's shoulder and pulled her away from the sink.

"Hey bitch, take your hands off me."

As they say "timing is everything."  Chris's youngest son, Jack, was in high school and he recently fell hard for a girl not unlike the one in front of her.  Of course, that girl was in high school.  This young lady was probably in Junior high.  It looked like the only development she had was in the padding of her top.  The girl tried to dress older and in the latest stripper gear.  Jack's girl friend had dropped him saying she thought she should go for a more mature man.  Chris had spent the morning consoling her son.

Chris and her friends were constantly talking about the devolving standards in girls clothing.  Stores were now selling padded bikinis for 5 and 6 year old girls. Revealing camisoles and skirts were common in the little kids section of the store. And it was obvious that the mothers approved since children of that age did not have money and needed someone to actually purchase this trash.  Chris and her friends constantly bemoaned this behavior.  But today it was personal.

Chris responded, "No one talks to me that way.  You need to apologize.  NOW!"

The girl shoved Chris away and turned for the door trying to get away.

Under normal circumstances, Chris would have let her go.  But she became the focus of all her rage at the declining moral behavior and its impact on her son.  She reached out and grabbed the girl by the wrist.  At which point the girl tried to either escape or take a swing at Chris, depending on your point of view.

Chris dragged her over to the bench ans she said, "Young lady, I am a  teacher and a mother.  And, I know how to deal with your kind."

Suddenly, the girl found herself pulled over Chris's lap and just as suddenly she felt a hard slap on her bottom.  Chris was confronted with the pink thong and it just seemed to empower her.

As Chris began to spank the girl she demanded an apology.  The girl was yelling and saying she could not do this to her.  Chris and her friends felt that was ignoring the truth.  The girl was trying to yell.  Betsy, one of Chris's friends grabbed a bar of soap off the sink and shoved it in the girl's mouth.  There were more attempts to yell and lots of gurgling and spitting.  Chris removed the thong and told her there was no need for any protection even the little provided by her thong.

After about 15 hard spanks, Chris nodded to Betsy and Betsy eased the soap out of the girl's mouth.  As she did this, Chris said, "I think it is time to apologize or should we continue?"

The girl immediately shouted and screamed and the soap was jammed back in her mouth, raking it across her teeth.  Chris kept up the spanking until the girl was crying and heaving.  She was trying to tell her that she would apologize.  Chris and the others realized that she was almost broken, like a horse.

Betsy removed the soap and the girl mumbled an apology.

"No, you yelled and stated your position clearly and articulately before.  I expect a clear apology." Chris said as she laid another strike.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you."

"and the sink", Chris directed as she delivered another spank to her inner thigh.

"I'm sorry I butted in."

"Not clear enough", another spank.

"I'm sorry I pushed in front of you."

"And the language and name calling?" another spank.

"I'm sorry for my language and for calling you a bitch"

"Now I think you should try to put it altogether at once." She delivered two more quick spanks to the upturned red bottom.

While heaving, sobbing and breathing n short gasps, the girl said, "I am sorry I barged in front of you, and I am sorry I yelled and I am sorry for  my language and name calling."

Feeling she was broken, Chris decided to push her advantage.  She surprised the girl when she spanked her again and asked, "Are you going to be a good girl?"

"Yes, yes"  She responded quickly.

"Are you going to do what we your elders tell you to do?". swat.

"Yes, I guess so." Swat.

"You guess so?" Swat

"Yes, I'll do what you tell me?"

"Don't you think this stripper wear is a little ridiculous for a cute girl like you?" Swat

"Yes?" she responded as she thought she should.  Though, she did not quite understanding the implication.

"Are you answering YES or are you trying to guess the correct answer?" Swat, Swat.  "If I let you up are you going to behave?" a hard swat.

"Yes, yes.  Please, I'll do whatever you say."

Chris helped her stand up.  Betsy approached with a couple of towels and they helped dab her tears.  The spanking and her crying had caused her make-up to run. The ladies quickly helped clean her up and removed most of the make-up in the process.

Chris held the girl in front of her. She turned to her friends and said, "I think we should help our little friend here clean up her image.  Honey, what is your name?"

The girl was trying to figure out what was going on but replied, "Michelle"

Chris looked Michelle directly in the eye.  "Young lady, we are going to go for a walk right now.  If you give us any trouble, we will be happy to repeat this little discipline session out in the middle of the mall.  And, believe you me, all the mothers will be cheering us on.  Do you understand me?"

"Yes," Michelle answered tentatively, trying to understand where this was all going.

"Good," Chris said, "Now hold my hand and come with us."

Chris's friends Betsy and Mary along with Michelle left the restroom and headed for the main department store.  Unknown to the others, Mary had recorded the discipline session on here cell phone.

Chris turned to Mary as they entered the store and said, "While we go to the dressing room, grab a tape measure from one of the clerks."

Chris moved the group towards a central dressing room area on the floor where both young women's and girls clothes were sold.  Once in the dressing room, Chris told Michelle to take off her top so they could measure her.

As Michelle began to balk, Chris said, "Look I am a teacher and a mother of five. Let's not start this off on the wrong foot.  You agreed to allow us to help you out.  Off with the top."

Michelle pulled the top off and quickly put an arm across her chest.  Other than some enlarged areola and nipples she had virtually no breasts.

Betsy jumped in consoling Michelle, "Hey lots of people are late bloomers and some people don't finish developing till they get pregnant.  It may not feel like it but 'You're with friends'.  No one here will make fun of you."

Mary arrived with the tape measure and Chris proceeded to measure her and take quick notes.

She whispered to Mary and Betsy and they left with a purpose.

Chris opened her purse and took out a small pack of make-up remover clothes. She told Michelle to hold still while she cleaned up the runs of her make-up.  As she did, she began to pepper Michelle with questions.

"Who did you come to the mall with today?

"I came alone," Michelle responded.

"What were you looking for?"

"Just shopping.  I came over from the strip mall across the street.  The one with the Arcade and Laundromat."

"Well, we are going to treat you to a new outfit.  And if you don't like it, you can return it later or have your mother return it."

"I can return it." Michelle responded a little defiantly.

"Calm down.  We are still dealing with your unladylike performance a little while ago."

Chris realized that they still needed to let this little girl know her place.

Mary and Betsy arrived with a few things in their hands.

"First off, we need some underwear.", Chris said as she handed Michelle a pair of full cut cotton briefs with Barbie all over them. Michelle began to complain but saw the look in the women's eyes.  She turned and pulled the panties up under her skirt. As she stood up to cover her chest again, Chris grabbed her arms and pulled a new camisole over her head and arms.  It was thick cotton and matched the panties.

Michelle turned and said, "These are little girl clothes.  I'm not wearing..."

A quick swat to her backside stunned her into silence.  You actually ARE wearing this underwear.  And I stress the Under part.  These are clothes to be worn under other clothing.  So no one is supposed to see them.  As she said this, Betsy tugged Michelle's skimpy skirt down her legs.  As Michelle began to struggle, the skirt slipped off her legs.

Michelle was now standing in front of the ladies wearing the little girl underwear and her heels.

Betsy was unbuckling her heels and pulled them free of her legs.  All of her clothes were dropped in a bag.

At this point, Chris wanted to clarify everyone's position.  She whisked the dressing room curtain open and pulled Michelle out in to a central area between the women's dressing rooms where she was surrounded by mirrors.  Without the heels, Michelle was less than five feet tall and in the underwear there was no doubt that she was a little girl ready to get dressed.

"This is the way a young lady looks when she is ready to get dressed."

At this moment, Michelle unexpectedly revolted.  "I am not a little kid.  I can dress myself.  And I don't need a bunch of mom rejects to try to..."

Several other women in the dressing room had looked out.  Chris reacted swiftly. She grabbed Michelle by the arm and sat on one of the benches in the common area.  Michelle was pulled yelling and screaming over her lap.  After two quick swats caused Michelle to pause, Chris whisked the panties down to her knees and began the spanking in earnest.

Michelle was yelling that she was not a little girl and that they could not do this to her. She said she bought her own clothes and her screams were interrupted by screams at the swats and crying.  Eventually, she just cried and sobbed.

Chris asked her if she was going to be a good girl.

"Yes.  I'll be a good girl."

"And are you going to behave?" Swat

"Yes"

"Say it." Swat.

"I will behave."

"And are you going to do exactly as we say?" Swat Swat.

"I'll do what you say."

"Because you should obey adults, right." Swat

"I should obey adults."

"Now for one final time, can you try to put it all together like a big girl, Shelley?  Swat

"I should obey adults and do what you say.  I'll behave and be a good little girl."  She was heaving and had trouble finishing.

"These final swats are for us having to repeat this lesson in a public place."  Swat, Swat, Swat, SWAT SWAT.

The last five swats were spread out on her buttocks and tender thighs.

"Now, Shelley, you are going to stand here for a few minutes while you pull yourself together and think about your behavior."  Chris stood her up, walked Shelley over to a corner between two mirrors.  She then pulled Shelley's panties up and let the waistband go a little low where it struck a clearly red area on her upper buttocks.

Michelle cried out and reached back to sooth her bottom.  Chris grabbed her hands and put them on her head.  "Keep them there until I tell you to let them down."

Several other women congratulated Chris on dealing with the situation immediately and decisively.  Not one person questioned the situation.  While Chris and the other women discussed Michelle and her behavior, Chris sent Mary and Betsy to get a couple of other items.

Upon their return, Chris called Michelle over.  She was now going to dress Michelle in the common area of the dressing rooms.

Michelle asked, "I need a bra."

Chris and the other women all began to laugh.  At least seven women were all laughing at Michelle's stated desire for a bra. Several of them chided her on wanting to grow up so soon.  They all pointed out that it would just be a decoration since there was nothing to hold.  The camisole top would protect her little nipples until she needed a bra.  Some of the women asked if the camisole was even needed.  Chris pointed out that it went with the panties.  So saying, Chris leaned down and tucked the camisole into the waistband of the panties.

Betsy pulled out a thin yellow t-shirt with a large picture of Barbie on the front.  Mary helped her into some small anklet socks with lace and yellow ribbon around the ankle.  Chris then helped her into a pair of white shorts.  The shorts and the shirt were so thin that the Barbie adorned underwear was clearly visible through the outfit.    Yellow canvas tennis shoes completed her outfit.

Mary and Betsy removed the bandana kerchief and started brushing her hair.  They sectioned it off into two pony tails on each side.  Mary opened her purse and with a snip snip, Michelle had bangs.

Michelle started to say something and Betsy slapped her butt.

Michelle stood in the middle of the dressing area and surveyed herself.  The women were all saying how cute she looked.  Mary had put small yellow plastic ball earrings in Michelle's ears to replace the large hoops she was wearing.  Chris and the others thought Michelle looked like she was now dressed appropriately for an eleven or twelve year old girl.  The clothes were probably more appropriate for a nine or ten year old, but they felt it was appropriate to dress her down a little.

Michelle was crying as she saw how she looked.  Betsy handed her a yellow hankie to wipe her tears.

Chris and the ladies escorted their young charge out into the store and purchased the clothing.  They gave her a bag which had several items in it.  Michelle assumed it had her old clothes.

Chris and Betsy had a conversation and they all walked into the center of the mall holding Michelle's hand.

They turned to talk to Michelle.

"Who did you come here with?" Betsy asked.

Michelle mumbled, "I came here alone."

Chris and Mary commented about how irresponsible it was to let a young girl like this come to the mall alone.

Chris then stated firmly.  "In that case, we will have to give you a ride home. However, you have distracted and almost ruined our trip to the mall.   Therefore, we will take you home when we are done here at the mall."

Michelle finally seemed to show relief on her face.  She obviously thought this was her chance to get away from these women.  But, then Chris pulled her to the right and into the first storefront.  They approached the counter and Michelle tried to look around.

Chris spoke to the person at the counter. "I'd like to drop Michelle here off while we complete our shopping.  You can handle her right?"

The young girl looked at Michelle and said, "Absolutely.  That's why we're here. She'll be no problem.  We handle kids all the way up to thirteen."

Michelle realized this was some kind of a daycare center in the mall and she was being dropped off to be watched over.

"Wait, you can't leave me here.  I'm not thirteen.  I'm..."

Chris spun her around.  "Young lady I've had about enough from you.  Behave yourself or I'll have this girl put you back in diapers.  So unless you want to return home dressed like an infant, behave.  Haven't we had enough confrontations for one day?

The high school girl from behind the counter was ushering Michelle through a fence which required a fob that was worn by the attendants to open.

"Please don't leave me here.  I have to be somewhere.  I am not a kid."

"Shelley, we've been all through this.  So let me ask you what you promised me and I want it all or we can relearn the lesson."

"I said I would do what adults said and I would behave and I would be a good little girl."  Michelle repeated sullenly.

Chris responded, "Good.  Be a good LITTLE girl and try to do what you are told. Maybe you can have some fun here and we'll see you in a little while."  Chris handed the attendant the shopping bag with Michelle's other items in it.

With that Michelle stood with her hands on the bars looking through them at the three women as they walked away.

A look over her shoulder, Mary commented that their charge looked like she was locked in a playpen.  And that was what the designers had fashioned the store to look like before they named the company "The Playpen".  It was a big playroom built in the safety of a playpen with 6 foot netting all around.  The walls were high enough to keep all of the kids safe and trapped inside.

The women all laughed.  Michelle began to cry again.

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Michelle Martin got home from work and decided she needed a little shopping therapy.  Michelle carefully hung up the coat and skirt from her power suit.  She slipped off her padded bra, which she hated and donned a padded lacy camisole top.  She hated it, but it gave her the chest she wanted and needed while she put her bras in the wash.

Michelle was not well endowed and being on the short side, she always wore a padded bra or camisole and some kind of heel.  Her job at the accounting firm was demanding and they forced all the employees, men and women, to wear expensive suits.  They often joked that without the heads, no one could ever tell one person from another.

Michelle graduated from college with an accounting degree and sat for the CPA. She felt she needed credentials to bolster her image, since she was short and skinny.  She was good looking and kept her hair a little longer than her shoulders.

She stayed home on Friday and planned to do the wash and run to the mall while her clothes were at the Laundromat.  They had a lady that put everything in the dryer and Michelle had used the facility regularly.  She could grab a couple of hours shopping.

On Saturday, Michelle put the light camisole top back on and grabbed a wispy skirt. She put on a thong and thought maybe she would do a little flirting at the mall. Slingbacks to give her some height, a little more make-up than usual to enhance her natural beauty and she was off.  She carried her money and id in a small hand size zip wallet that was barely bigger than the credit cards.

After dropping off the wash at the Laundromat, she put her phone and keys in the car.  She had one of those cars with a key pad on the outside and felt it was safer to just leave the items in the car.

Michelle strolled through the mall.  As she approached one of the department stores, a girl approached her with a sample tray of perfumes.  Suddenly before Michelle could respond the lady started talking about perfume and poof, she had been sprayed with the nasty perfume and it got in her eye.

Michelle started cussing and remembered there was a restroom nearby.  She was so mad and her eyes were burning.  She burst into the bathroom and dove for the sink.  She pushed some older woman out of the way so she could get to the sink and rinse her eyes.

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Mary looked in her purse and unzipped the little pouch wallet she had found on the floor outside the bathroom.  The Id said Michelle Martin, 24 years old. Either that is a great fake id or... She smiled to herself.  Either way, they had shown that young lady how to dress properly and let her know that the way she arrived was unacceptable to them.  Mary wondered what happens to kids left in the playpen when the mall closes.  She dropped the wallet and the bag of Michelle's old clothes and shoes in a trash container as they walked into another store.

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