**The Stripping of Tiny Annie**

by [**SwimKid**](https://www.girlspns.com/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=107)

Anne felt awkward.  
  
Well, more than usual. Being regarded as a bit of a nerd —even when she knew she was, in fact, a bit of a geek, big difference!— she was used not to fully enjoy massive gatherings and huge social situations. For her, there were just too many people, too many eyes running her up and down and making her uncomfortable and, by far the worst of all, too many wanna-be-DJs who would blast anything that vaguely resembled music as long as they could have the spotlight and proudly say: “Yeah, I like this song.”  
  
Nevertheless, her friends had convinced her to join them at the Spring Break Beach party. It was a local tradition: Every teen from her tiny town would drive to an even tinier beach town on Spring Break, and on the 21rst, they’d throw a massive party on the beach. It was pure chaos, drunkenness and decontrol. The adults knew of it, of course, but still allowed it to go mostly unsupervised, as it reminded them of their youth and of the memories they themselves had made during one of those wild parties.  
  
“There’s gonna be too many people there.” Anne had complained.  
  
“Don’t worry, the beach is huge, and we always find a chill spot!” One of her friends had reassured her.  
  
“Well, you know I don’t like how boys stare at me…” She’d said a touch quieter.  
  
“Don’t worry, we’ll be there to shoo any boy that gets too annoying.” Another one countered.  
  
“I know you’d do it” Anne said thankful, “But still, I’m just not a party girl, I hate that music they play.” she added.  
  
“Oh c’mon Anne!” One of her friends said, acting overly annoyed at the teen. “You need to relax a bit. We’ll be there and we’ll have fun!”  
  
After many such discussions, they’d finally managed to convince the shy teen to go to the Spring break beach party. “After all, they’ll be there, and we’ll have fun” she thought again and again every time she started to get cold feet.  
  
It turned out, three shots of vodka and a beer can later, her friends weren’t as supportive as they’d claimed they’d be. One left immediately, as she’d found a cute boy and they had rushed behind some dune to make out. Anne was a bit annoyed at first, but let go of it pretty quickly as the very little alcohol she’d drunk hit her bloodstream. However, as the night went on, one by one, her friends disappeared to make out with strangers. God, ‘Tina had even taken the apartment key with her, and Anne didn’t even want to think how she’d react if she found a boy at their apartment when she went back.  
  
After about a half an hour searching for even one of them —Jesus, Anne knew she wasn’t the most experienced with boys, but for how long could they make out before it got boring?— she gave up and decided to enjoy the night her own way.  
After walking for about ten minutes, she found herself a rather discreet spot in between two dunes and decided to watch the sunrise because, dammit, she’d be getting something good out of that terrible, terrible night. She flattened out a bit of land, sat and let out a sigh. She sat cross-legged, placed her arms behind her and let her weight fall on them, as she stared contemplative at the barely blue, almost black starry sky.  
The beach was surprisingly peaceful away from the drunken DJs. And equally as boring, too. Instinctively she reached for her phone and unlocked it. On the screen was a selfie of the four friends just before heading to the beach. She looked at herself, still proud of her outfit. She managed to look pretty —and even if she wouldn’t admit it out loud in a million years, she also managed to look hot!— whilst avoiding rubber skirts and boring, black tube-tops.  
  
The sixteen year old wore a maroon, sleeveless top, which cut off revealing a bit of her flat tummy, but was rather modest in the sense that it revealed no cleavage —not that there was much to reveal, anyway!—. She particularly liked how the top accentuated what little curves she had —She’d always silently envied how her friends’ bodies had filled out nicely during the years they’d known, Anne’s figure was as petite as they got, and that, paired with her fragile looking face, led to her being thought as younger more times than she would’ve liked—. Below the top, she wore a pair of black, ripped jeans, which she’d ridden up at the ankle. They were by far her tightest pair, and she wasn’t entirely comfortable in them, but dammit, if she was there to party, she had to look the part too. They hugged what little bubble butt she had and she knew that, if they hadn’t been camouflaged by the dark of the night, they would’ve left at the very least a few boys open-mouthed.  
  
Or at least that’s what her friends had said, Anne didn’t really think of herself as a sexy, femme fatale. She was just a shy, petite girl. She was maybe cute, but she rarely thought of herself as hot. And when she did, whatever confidence she’d gain, would break as soon as she felt boys staring. She’d become panicked, embarrassed and self-conscious.  
  
Anne was happy with how she looked on the picture, and that was no small feat, as she didn’t consider herself particularly photogenic. Her short, straight golden blonde hair fell to her shoulders, encompassing her young-ish looking face. Her somewhat naughty smile —and the fact that she was holding a red-solo cup filled to the brim with a cocktail she didn’t know the name of— revealed she wasn’t actually 12. Nevertheless, her big blue eyes, tiny nose and the general fragile beauty her features left her with lead to her looking quite a bit younger than sixteen. The fact that she’d chosen a pair of circularly-framed glasses because they reminded her of Harry Potter hadn’t been the smartest choice, either.  
  
As the young teen reflected on her personality and confidence, she must’ve dozed off for a few minutes. The sand was soft and she was tired and sad and just had had a sucky night!  
  
However, nothing could’ve prepared Anne for what she saw when she woke up. She let out a yelp as she regarded a tall, imposing figure that stood in between her and the sea. As she blinked her eyes awake and sat in a straighter position, she deduced that her accidental nap had only been a few minutes long by the fact that the sky practically hadn’t changed in color.  
  
“Oh, good, you’re awake.” The person in front of Anne said. Judging by her voice, she was a girl. As the teen’s eyes adjusted to the lack of light again, she saw that it was another partying teen and let out a sigh of relief. “Had a boring night?”  
  
“You could say so…” Anne said quietly. Even without rude awakenings, she wasn’t much for speaking with strangers, much less the drunk party people she’d ran away from.  
  
“That sucks. I’m Mica, by the way.”  
  
“Anne.” The teen said, hoping the tone and curtness would be hint enough for the girl to take off.  
  
“I had a crappy night too, you know. But judging by this pic of you and your friends, one would think you had a great time. I guess that was before you guys went out onto the beach, huh.” The girl said.  
  
The mention of a photograph jolted a wave of wakefulness back into Anne’s brain. She opened her eyes wide and looked at the girl, Mica, once again. The teen was wearing a short black, leather skirt and a top that left little to the imagination regarding her cleavage, and was cut right under her breasts, too. She was flashing a ton of skin, but if Anne had had her figure she would’ve done so too. The perfect hourglass would be cutting it short. The curves of her body would leave many a boy enthralled. To compliment her skimpy attire, the teen wore along an unbuttoned tight jean jacket and, by the looks of the straps on it, a little leather bag.  
  
Anne noted, not without a great deal of annoyance and a small deal of jealousy how Mica’s brunette hair looked effortlessly styled and that her face denoted a cocky smirk that showed that she knew she was just that hot. Her naturally tan skin and her mysterious hazel eyes didn’t hurt her looks either. If only she’d been a tad taller, Anne was sure the beauty would’ve been casted as a model somewhere —not that Anne was anyone to judge height, spurting a mere 161 centimetres herself!—.  
  
However, what caught the eye of the petite, blonde teen on the floor was the fact that her awakener was theatrically swiping at the screen of Anne’s own phone. She must’ve dropped it whilst she was sleeping and Mica must’ve grabbed it.  
  
Mica simply could not believe her luck. After having drunkenly lost her friends, and a steaming make out session with a boy from her class who she had been not-so-subtly building up sexual tension with, she found herself a shy, awkward little nerd to torment. The fourteen year old had looked at her sleeping prey with great hunger in her eyes, as the endless possibilities of finally messing with someone other than the nerds in her class ran wildly in her mind.  
  
“Hey, give me back my phone!” Anne demanded with as much authority as she could conjure. The fact that Mica giggled at her request —no, at her order!— gave away that Anne hadn’t been as imposing as she would’ve wanted.  
  
“All at it’s due time, impatient young girl.” Mica said mockingly. “I tried to get it on with three boys tonight, you know. And not one of them spared me a single glance. They are all just fixated on the senior’s tight little asses. Can you believe it?”  
  
Anne didn’t answer. She didn’t have much interest in making out with strangers at a beach, but to each their own, she guessed. She expected the teen to keep on ranting, but suddenly, her voice turned frigid.  
  
“Now, I’m determined to make this night memorable, and you, Annie, are gonna help me make it so. Can I call you Annie? Bah, who am I kidding, I’m going to anyway.”  
  
“What… What do you mean?” The sixteen year old was unexpectedly greatly intimidated by her peer.  
  
“Well, Annie, I need at the very least one good story of tonight, and you’ll give me that. Now, Annie, do you really, really want your cutesy phone back?” She said the last part in a mockingly babyish tone.  
  
“Yes…” Anne said tentatively. She’d stood up, and realized that short though Mica had looked originally, she seemed to tower over her with her personality alone. The way she inspected Anne, all the while standing, hands on hips as if considering a purchase was striking to say the least. And Anne really did want her phone back!  
  
“That’s great Annie, then you understand you’ll have to do what I say in order to get it back, right? You look like a smart girl in those circular glasses of yours, you must understand that.” Mica said. Her tone had been nonstop teasing, and already had Anne squirming about in her place. How did she manage that?  
  
“I… I understand, Mica.” Anne said. Holding eye contact had become a feat of strength and will for the young teen.  
“Well, that’s good. I guess you can start to buy it back by giving me a look of the very cute pair of panties you must be wearing.” Mica said nonchalantly.

“What?” Anne let out before she could even control her mouth. Did she really expect her to flash her? At a very public beach, no less!  
  
“You heard me, Annie, and I don’t like repeating myself. If you don’t do it, I can always go home and tell my friends about the awesome new phone I found… along with the keys to some mysterious apartment…” She threatened as she waved a keychain and held a single key and a decorative coconut. When had Anne gotten the other key to the apartment?  
  
“P-please, no.” Anne said, her voice softer than before. “Please, just give me my things back, Mica.”  
  
“Hmmm… I don’t think so, Anne. Cruel world out there, nothing’s free. You’ll just have to lower those pants a bit and let me see. Maybe I’ll be happy after you do… Who knows?” Mica said while she theatrically pondered the question. God, Mica did not stop teasing Anne!  
  
Anne went dead silent as she realized she didn’t have much choice. She couldn’t leave her phone and the key to the apartment in the hands of a complete stranger, it’d be a disaster! But to flash her panties, to a stranger, where any bystander could see? She shivered at the though. No one save for her immediate family and doctors had seen her panties since she could remember!  
  
“Well, I guess I better go, then.” Mica said, as she turned around.  
  
“No!” Anne pleaded. “No, please, don’t go, I’m doing it, see?”  
  
The petite teen’s hands fumbled the button of her jeans. She fought with it for a while, her hands shaking as a light red hue took over her face. Eventually, though, she managed to undo it, and she quickly zipped them down too. With great care as to expose only what was necessary, Anne enlarged the triangular opening formed by newly split parts of her pants. She even went the extra mile in hopes that Mica would leave her alone quickly and slightly lowered her jeans, showing even more of her panties and the very beginning of her inner thighs.  
  
Mica smiled meanly as she took in the sight of the embarrassed girl. Annie’s face shone bright red as she stiffly held the jeans opened for her tormentor’s delight. The victim wore a pair of tiny (by necessity), lacy white panties. They were quite cute, and they covered about as much as a bikini, but nevertheless she seemed mortified as she showed them, even partially. Mica couldn’t help but giggle at the sight. Her victim looked ridiculous!  
  
After what felt like an eternity to Anne, she dared zip up her jeans and button them. She pleadingly looked at Mica with big, hopeful eyes and said:  
  
“M… May I have my thing back?”  
  
“Oh Annie, you are wearing such cute panties!” Mica said. “They look good on your little hips, they really fit your little-girl look. But you misunderstood me, Annie.”  
  
“Wh… What do you mean?” As the heat on Anne’s face rose, her gaze dropped. She simply could not look at Mica in the eye after having flashed her panties.  
  
“Well, I didn’t mean to just get a quick looksee, Annie, I meant for you to lower your jeans all the way down?”  
  
“A-All the way down?” Anne asked scared.  
  
“Indeed. All the way down. And now, I’ve decided I’m going to make you step out of them too. I don’t want you to be getting too smart on me, Annie!”  
  
Anne could not believe it. She’d have to take her pants all the way off to get her things back? Oh she was embarrassed simply at the thought of it. But Mica seemed not a patient girl, and she quickly gestured for her victim to hurry, flaunting her belongings in front of the poor teen. Anne managed to get ahold of herself and sighed deeply in defeat. She squeezed her eyes shut as she felt her face regaining the light red tone and she crouched to take off her white sneaker shoes.  
  
For the second time that morning, Anne found herself undoing her jeans for the pleasure of someone else. Her hands were equally as shaking as the first time, nevertheless, she managed to do quick work of the button that time. She practically felt Mica’s preying eyes affixed on her as she dug her thumbs by her hips, forcing them between the black denim and the white lace. With great care as to not drag her undergarments down with them, Anne started to push downwards, sliding her jeans off. She realized that the best option was to go quickly, but her body would simply not allow her of rid herself of an item of clothing in public with no fight!  
  
After a few moments —too quickly for Anne’s mind, and too long for Mica’s— the blonde teen was stepping out of her pair of jeans. She lazily kicked them toward her tormentor and fought off her tears. Both hands rushed to her crotch, to protect whatever dignity she could gather after having been made to strip.  
  
Unlike what Anne had expected, Mica patiently lifted her eyes off of her victim, and instead went on to take her jeans. Before Anne could protest, the brunette teen had them neatly folded and well out of the blonde one’s range. When she was done, she made it known to Anne and said:  
“Alright, Annie, now that that is out of the way, let me get a good look at you.”  
  
Anne’s hands remained where they were as the teen awkwardly shifted her weight from feet to feet, squirming about seemed the only response her body would allow her to give. Her face had stopped feeling warm minutes ago, and was not straight up hot. She couldn’t see herself, but she was sure she looked like a matchstick, shining bright and red in the dead of night. She let out a yelp as she felt the early morning chilly breeze —and a few grains of coarse sand— caress her inner thighs. She felt so exposed!  
  
Mica took great pleasure in scanning her victim’s humiliated face. Annie had her gaze down, too ashamed to even look at her, delightful. Oh and those little cries and moans as she felt the wind? Music to Mica’s ears. Nevertheless, the teen in charge soon felt her own eyes turn downwards to inspect the newly exposed skin. Anne’s pale white legs were showing, and they were a treat! Short and petite though the girl was, her figure —or rather lack thereof— was really built around her slender legs.  
  
“C’mon, Annie, be a good little girl and let me see your panties.” Mica demanded.  
  
“Please… please, Mica, let me be covered, please.” Anne begged. Her voice was high pitched and so soft it could barely be heard over the roar of the sea.  
  
“Nu-uh, Annie. You’ll do as I said, remember? Now, as I said, let me see your little wittle undies.” Once again, that babyish tone! Anne wanted nothing more than to disobey, much more after having been degraded once again by that squeaky, exaggeratedly infant voice, but she knew that it was not an option.  
  
Mica licked her lips in anticipation as she heard and saw how, while letting out a soft, high-pitched cry of defeat, Anne forced herself to lift her arms from her crotch and let them drop by her sides. The fourteen year-old knew Anne felt a screaming desire to put them back over her panties, so that they would offer as much modesty as she could get, but that she managed to control herself simply to obey her tormentor. It was intoxicating, so much so that Mica was grinning even before taking a new look at her victim’s underwear.  
  
It was with great delight that Mica realized that Anne had closed her eyes shut and clenched her fists after having seen her smirk. She leaned closer to the petite teen —seriously, she was tiny! Mica managed to reach and pass her height even when she was two years younger— and waited a few seconds.  
  
“You know, I haven’t actually seen your undies, Annie. I was just thinking about how cute you look all red and embarrassed, with your arms by your sides showing me and the whoooole beach your undies.” Mica whispered in her senior’s ear.  
  
The only reply she got from the blonde teen was a barely audible mixture of a cry and a moan of embarrassment.  
  
“But now, though, I’m going to be taking a looooong, detailed look at your white panties, Annie. Oh yes, and I’ll be staring at those pretty pale legs of yours too. Does that make you feel even more embarrassed? Your face certainly is getting redder as we speak, hehe.”  
  
And look Mica did. She resisted the urge to crouch and closely inspect her victim’s shame-inducing undergarments —her own attire was not up to the task, and she definitely did not want to flash the beach like little Annie was doing—. Standing as she was, she stared at her victim’s panties. She was grinning happily as she noticed how they were completely uncovered, as Anne’s top was cropped over her belly button, offering absolutely no cover for her underwear. As she’d seen before, they were white and lacy, however, she now spotted an intricate floral pattern in the lace, as well as a few details of see-through cloth near the sides of the waistband.  
  
Much like the rest of her body, Anne’s panties were tiny and they stuck tightly to her skin, a fact which Mica was sure made the ordeal much worse for the prudish teen. Mica particularly liked how the waistline traced whatever hip curvature Anne had in that petite frame of her. She looked so much younger than what she probably was!  
  
“Tell me, Annie, how old are you?” Mica demanded softly.  
  
“S… Sixteen.” Anne said quickly, in between heavy breaths.  
  
“Sixteen? Oh, I’m sorry, Annie, but I’m having a hard time believing you, I mean, just look at you… You’re shorter even than I am, and I’m fourteen. And those hips don’t lie, though I guess they can’t really lie if they aren’t there at all, huh.” She giggled. “But I guess it must be true, you wouldn’t dare lie to me... So tell me, Annie, how does it feel to be at the mercy of a girl two years younger?”  
  
The red-faced teen remained silent; not even a cry escaped from her mouth this time.  
  
“Awww, my little girl is a bit too embarrassed to say anything? That’s okay, Annie, I can tell you are shy.” Mica said. She waited a few moments and started to run her fingers across the inner thighs of her victim. Anne immediately let out a quick yelp of surprise and embarrassment. “But I knew that would get you to talk a little bit.” Mica giggled.  
  
Mica walked around her victims a few time, making sure she felt her passing by, taking in every inch of exposed skin, and finally came to a stop directly behind Anne. She snuck a glance at her backside before realizing she could stare for as long as she pleased. She carefully regarded how the little curvature of Anne’s tight little behind was met by the white material of her panties; and how this dug into her skin, helping highlight her lack of curves.  
  
“Look at the sky, Annie, it’s getting as red as you face.” Anne heard Mica say. Slowly, she forced herself to open her eyes without shedding a single tear of shame. Her tormentor was right, the sun had begun to rise, tinting the sky a shade of dark red and orange. The view would’ve been beautiful, had she not been forced to stand in her underwear, completely exposed.  
  
Anne had never, not once in her life, felt so exposed. The fact that Mica had had the audacity to carelessly move her fingers over her inner thighs and that Anne hadn’t been able to do anything about it had been a fatal blow to her self-esteem. She felt her face burn a bright shameful red. Her heart was heavier each second she was made to stand in just her panties, hands by her sides, being looked at by the younger teen.  
  
“Now, tell me, Annie, are you wearing a matching bra?”

“Y… yes I-Iam.” Annie said.  
  
“And is it as white and lacy as your cutesy panties, Annie?”  
  
“Y-yes…” Anne’s heart skipped a beat as she realized where Mica was going. Yet she didn’t found it in her to lie.  
  
“And is it as tiny?”  
  
“Yes.” Anne sniffed back the tears. The questionnaire was torture.  
  
“Good, good. I can picture you in it already.” Mica licked her lips. She walked back in front of her victim and gazed at her nearly-naked crotch before continuing. “Why don’t you describe your bra for me, Annie? To really help me get the picture, you know…”  
  
“Well, it’s white and… and it has…” Anne broke. That was as far as she could muster before her embarrassment took over. She was in her panties for God’s sake! “Please, Mica… can I have my things now? Please.”  
  
“Oh, how I love to hear you beg, Annie.” Mica said with a smirk Anne could only describe as terrifying. “But no, you can’t have your stuff back yet. I just don’t think your jeans really pay for what you want. Maybe if you added that top of yours…”  
  
There it was. Mica watched with delight as her blonde victim closed her eyes shut, a few tears unwillingly escaping. Even though she’d been awkwardly squirming until then, Anne stood dramatically still as she gained the strength to take off her last garment. The younger teen was particularly happy that her victim hadn’t even had her in her to beg or fight. She’d just acquiesced to obey. She was drunk with power; drunker than she’d been all night.  
  
Anne’s early morning got worse and worse by the second, she thought as she reached for the hem of her dark red top. With shaky hands she grabbed it and protectively clutched it against her skin one last time. She let out a sigh of defeat and, still with her eyes closed shut, started to tortuously pull upwards. Every bone in her body screamed for her to stop, but, slow though she went, she kept on pulling.  
  
When the cloth was over her flat tummy, she found physically it hard to continue. If she kept on pulling, she’d be exposing her bra to this stranger as well; but what else could she do? With teary eyes, she lifted her top and tossed it on the sand, she aimed roughly where she suspected her younger master to be. By instinct her hands clasped her chest protectively. She was mortified, she dared not open her eyes. She cringed as she started to feel the breeze on her exposed midriff. She was pretty sure that Mica hadn’t gotten a glance at her chest yet, as she’d be busy picking up the clothing she’d been made to shed.  
  
“Lookin’ cute” Mica said as she finished folding Anne’s top and neatly depositing it next to her black jeans. “Really like how the white of your panties goes with the red of your face, Annie…”  
  
Mica took a long look at her victim. Her eyes were still closed, as she faced the sea in nothing more than her underwear. The brunette had been too busy folding the blonde’s top to catch even a glimpse of her bra, but before she ordered Anne to uncover, she took in the sight of the teen with both her arms frantically grasping at her chest, shielding as much skin as she could from Mica’s preying eyes. The fourteen year old smiled as she regarded how pathetic her victim looked right then and there.  
  
“…but you know I can’t let really let you cover yourself. Put those hands by your sides or over your head” Mica finished when she couldn’t contain herself any longer. Sure, the view of Annie in such a typical “undressed-but-don’t-want-to-be” pose was a sight to be seen; but she was really interested in seeing what the girl hid under her top.  
  
“Do… do I have to?” Anne managed to cry before shame took over once again and silenced her.  
  
“Yes, of course you have to, my little Annie. Now, be a good little girl and do as I told you before I walk out of here with all your clothing as well as your cell and your keys.” Mica said. She enjoyed every second of the threat, particularly when she saw Anne’s eyes finally open wide as she realized just how much power Mica now had over her.  
  
Mica watched how, with a slow and careful motion, though a swift one, Anne reached forward with her right arm, before forcing herself to drop it by her side. She licked her lips in anticipation. That arm hadn’t been hiding but a bit of the white material; it mostly shielded her victim’s pale upper midriff. With her slim tummy fully exposed now, Mica beamed as she saw the slightest twitch in Anne’s arm before she finally found it in her to move it. Even slower this time, she removed her bra and exposed her chest to the teen’s gaze.  
  
Anne’s breathing was heavy. When her left arm finally dropped to her side, she let out a barely audible high-pitched yelp as she practically felt Mica’s eyes fixated on her chest. She was so embarrassed. She must’ve been even redder than the sky, her shameful color covering not only her face, but extending down her neck and her collarbone as well, tinting her pale complexion. She felt like if she didn’t pass out from the humiliation alone, she’d do it from the heat emanating from her face.  
  
Mica was grinning jovially as she run her eyes up and down Annie’s chest again and again. She cheerily noted how the petite teen had barely any breasts, and how embarrassing that must’ve been for her. Anne’s chest was clad by a matching white, lacy bra. The piece had similar floral designs and, though it boasted even more partly see-through material than her panties, none of it allowed her victim’s nipples to be seen. The cups of it clung tightly to what little curves there were, giving Mica a rather close approximation of how her victim would look in her birthday suit. She was already savoring the idea of her naked in her mind.  
  
“My, my, I guess I really was right to call you little girl earlier, huh?” Mica teased. “Your little titties are tiny, Annie. Oh, that’s a good one! I’ll call you Tiny Annie from now on. Where was I? Oh yes, your itty bitty boobies. How does it feel to know that I’m two years younger and I’ve already filled out, Tiny Annie?”  
  
There was silence.  
  
“I mean, think about it.” Mica went on when it became apparent Anne would not reply. “If you were wearing one of my bras, I’d be able to see your little nipps, wouldn’t I? I’d just have to take one quick peak over the cups and there I’d see your little, little chest. Oh that’d be so much fun, wouldn’t it be fun, Tiny Annie?”  
  
Anne let out another cry, and that was the only answer Mica would get.  
  
The sixteen year old was beyond mortified. Not only was she to stand in just her lacy underwear in a very public place —because even though the spot she’d chosen had been secluded, she was sure people could run into her and Mica— she was made to listen to Mica’s relentless teasing about her petite body. As if she didn’t feel self-conscious about it already, the teen was shaming her beyond what she thought was possible. Her vision was clouded by unshed tears and her features were beet red. Her head must’ve looked like a flame with her red face and her yellow-blonde hair. She wanted nothing more than to just curl into a ball and wait for all of it to be over, but she knew that Mica would not have any of that, and simply walk away with her clothing and her belongings.  
  
“You’re not being very talkative, Tiny Annie.” Mica said. “Is it because you’re at my whim, just here, in your undies, Tiny? Are you embarrassed?”  
  
“I… I’m very em-embarrassed.”  
  
“That’s good, that’s very good.” Mica said. “I meant for you to be embarrassed, you know. Tell me, are you more embarrassed of showing your panties or of your bra, Tiny Annie?”  
  
“I… I don’t know…”  
  
“Well, you’ve gotta pick one, Tiny.” Mica demanded. Anne was too humiliated to think straight; let alone make choices. But as Mica realized that the teen would defy her once again and keep quiet, she leaned forward and whispered. “You’ve. Got. To. Pick. One.”  
  
“My bra.” Whispered Anne, with no particular reason in mind. She’d simply obeyed lest Mica walk away from her without giving her back her clothes.  
  
“What’s that, Tiny Annie, I can barely hear you. Speak up, please.” Mica said.  
  
After speaking, she lifted her thumb and forefinger to Anne’s chin and guided her victim’s face to match hers. Mica grinned as she took notice of how the teen had to look up slightly. For a few moments, Anne tried to escape her gaze, but Mica’s pupils chased hers relentlessly, till the two pairs found each other and were locked. Anne was beyond intimidated the intense eye contact, and knew the teasing would be leagues worse staring at her tormentor’s eyes, but was too afraid to break it.  
  
“I… I’m more em- embarrassed of my bra.” Anne said a bit louder, hoping to satisfy Mica.  
  
“That’s more like it. But I want you to be detailed, Tiny Annie, so I’ll ask you once again, what are you more embarrassed of: your bra, or your panties?” Mica said. She was beaming.  
  
“I… I am by far… by far more embarrassed of my bra.” Anne said. The fact that she had to look straight into Mica’s hazel eyes made the experience all the more torturous for the teen. “It- It’s white, and lacy… and it’s… and I…” she hesitated. “And I’m very em- embarrassed to be seen in it… was… was that good enough, Mica?”  
  
As soon as the last words escaped from Anne’s mouth, it was Mica who broke eye contact as she burst in a fit of laughter. Anne stood awkwardly, her arms urging her to cover herself now that her tormentor was distracted, but she resisted the urge.  
  
“Oh, it was perfect, Tiny Annie.” Mica said, shrugging off the last giggles. “And I totally believe you don’t like that bra.” The fourteen year old authoritatively pushed her right forefinger on Anne’s bra’s right cup and slowly slid it toward its left cup. The gesture of complete control got a cry as a response from the red-faced teen, who dared not further complain verbally. “You can take it off now. Not even I would be so cruel as to make you wear something that embarrasses you that much, Tiny.”  
  
Anne’s heart skipped a beat. Her face blanched. Had she heard right? Oh yes she had, the smirk in Mica’s commissure assured her of it. Mica meant her to take off her bra! Anne was mortified to be in her underwear, but to actually show what was underneath? Oh, how would she live that down?  
  
“P…please, Mica, I’m fine, I can wear it.” She tried to bargain, her voice a mere whisper.  
  
“Oh Annie, it’s almost cute you think I’d let you get away with that. Now, c’mon, get to stripping.”  
  
Anne reluctantly reached behind her. As her arms moved, her face regained whatever color she’d lost and then some. She was sure she was blushing as maroon as the top she’d been made to shed. When she took a hold of the metal clasps of her undergarment, her knees started to feel weak and she felt like she could pass out any second. She held her hands there, unable to bring herself to move her fingers.  
  
“Go on, Tiny. Now I’m really curious about how those little nipps of yours will look.” Mica hurried her in the worst way possible.  
  
Mica licked her lips a she gawked at her victim. After a few heavy breaths, Anne finally let out a sigh of defeat, followed by one of her characteristic high-pitched moans of humiliation —music to Mica’s ears!— and moved her fingers. The white piece, was now held by nothing more than Anne’s tiny breasts, so it effortlessly slid down. Anne let out a whispered scream as she felt her bra slid off her. Mica giggled as the material seemed to hang from Anne’s nipples for a few moments before finally freefalling to the sandy ground. Expectedly, Anne’s arms reached to cover herself —that girl, when would she learn?— but Mica simply shook her head no and said “Nu-uh.” Loud and clear. It was enough for her victim to submit and drop her arms to her sides.  
  
Mica carefully regarded Anne’s exposed chest. With the shedding of her bra, two milky-white breasts had been exposed. Much as she’d expected, they were tiny; barely mounds in Anne’s plain chest. The looked adorable, especially crowned by her soft, pinkish nipples. The whole image, Anne’s itty breasts, paired with her soft expression and her red face was a sight to be seen. The girl definitely looked younger than sixteen, that, Mica was sure of.  
  
It was also with great pleasure that Mica noticed —after she’d managed to stop staring at Anne’s cute nipples— how Anne’s fingers were tightly clutched, and how her forearms twitched, wanting to cover up, but being forced to remain down. The added cry of embarrassment that Anne let out every once in a while was a great bonus as well.  
  
“My, oh, my Tiny Annie, I guess that nickname really is true! I mean, just look at those tiny little titties of yours. You look like the cutest twelve year old, let me tell you.” Mica mocked. “Oh my, I just can’t stress the fact that they are little enough! It’s gotta be extra-embarrassing for you, right? I mean, look at my cleavage, it’s waaaay bigger, and I’m younger. Oh, poor you, Tiny Annie.”  
  
Anne could not think of a word suitable to convey her humiliation. As if the fact that she was just one item of clothing away from being naked out on a beach wasn’t enough, Mica had to reel in the fact that her breasts were little and out in the open. The words stung and increased the shame exponentially. Every time a cool morning breeze caressed her exposed nipples, she let out a yelp. Her morning was beyond nightmarish, and she could do nothing but hope it’d be over soon.  
  
“Awww Annie, I just love your little boobies.” Mica teased even further. “I mean, just look at them, they are so cute and so little! Shake them for me.”  
  
“W- what?” Anne said, her voice broken.  
  
“You know, shake your boobies. From side to side.”  
  
Mica drank the sight of the awfully shy girl forcing herself to shake her naked chest. At first, she went overly slowly, her tiny tits showing no motion. However, one stern look from Mica later, she picked up the pace and really shook them. Mica couldn’t help but giggle at the sight of the two adorable little breasts not being able to collide with each other due to their size, even when Anne was vigorously shaking from side to side.  
The sun shone brightly over the beach then, sunrise having passed a few minutes ago. Anne felt like she could barely stand, humiliation making her knees weak. She’d tried to be strong and not cry in front of Mica, but being made to shake her chest simply for her amusement —and to hear her giggles as a response— had simply been too much, and she’d shed more than a few tears of shame.  
  
“Please, Mica, I’m begging you, let me go.” Anne pleaded after the silence between the two of them had become unbearable.  
  
“Oh, my Tiny Annie. I will let you go now. As much as I like looking at your tiny titties, I feel like there’s simply not enough to see.” She sneaked one last snarky remark about her victim’s nearly-flat chest. “I should head back to my apartment too, now. Thank you for giving me a great story to tell!” Mica said.  
  
Unceremoniously, she left Anne’s belongings neatly in a pile and took off, taking a few furtive glances at her dressing victim.  
What a morning it’d been.