**Trisha the Terrible - The Sleepover weekend**  
by SDS

**Chapter 1 – Teaser Preparing for the weekend**  
  
I thought my luck was in when my mum told me I couldn't stay over that weekend Trisha had first revealed her blackmail to me. Relief had flooded through me as I watched Trisha’s face twist in annoyance as her plaything slipped away from her meaty grasp.  
  
However three weeks later my Mother announced that Trisha had invited me to come over for the whole weekend! My mum was thrilled that we were finally getting on and had already agreed on my behalf. Fear and anticipation made me feel sick as the school week dragged on oh so quickly. Every night I lay awake reliving my public humiliation at her heavy hands. Every time I stripped down for a shower, I shivered thinking about been stood naked again with my hands reaching up to the sky, totally exposed for the two boys from my school.  
  
They hadn’t told anyone as far as I could tell, Trisha must have sworn them to secrecy to make sure she didn’t get into trouble. I had caught them grinning at me numerous times since that awful event nearly two months before now. Just knowing they had seen me butt naked was awful, I couldn't face them and blushed every time I passed them in the hallway.  
  
Two days before it was time for the sleepover Trisha surprised me outside my house after school. We go to different schools, thank god, so this was my first contact with her since she had shown me the blackmail. I almost broken down right then, My legs shook, my knees went weak, I was so scared and unable to speak to her as she aproahced me grinning. She just laughed at me and handed me a note of paper. “Come prepared for the weekend, or else” She added giving me playful spank on the bottom staggering me a few steps forward. She left me staring at the folded piece of paper in my hands in shock.  
  
  
Weekend prep list  
  
  
You won’t need all of this but you WIll need some of it.  
  
Bring everything or face punishment.  
  
You must bring these clothes with you:  
  
\* At least 5 sets of underwear. They must be even more embarrassing and childish then last time. If I don’t think they are embarrassing enough, you won’t wear anything. Your bras must equally childish. No padding or shaping for your baby ickle tities is allowed.  
  
\* A short summer dress, short enough so if you bend over we’ll see your baby knicks.  
  
\* Your full school uniform with your shortest skirt  
  
\*A white vest top that is at least two sizes too big for you.  
  
\*Your ballet leotard  
  
\*A tutu  
  
\*A couple of change of clothes of your choice  
  
You must also bring with you:  
  
\*A wooden ruler  
\*ping-pong paddles  
\*ping-pong balls  
\*A cucumber  
\*A carrot  
\*Some ginger  
\*A quiz game  
\*A hot chilli  
\*A lighter  
\*Sand paper  
\*A camera  
\*A printed out naked selfie  
\*Whipped cream  
\*Some clothes pegs  
\*Cable ties  
  
You must turn up:  
  
\*In your summer dress  
\*With your hair in silly pigtails  
\*Bauld as a little baby down there  
\*With junk food for me  
\*On time  
\*Ready for the fun weekend ahead  
  
  
So I had a very embarrassing shopping trip the next day after school. I burned through my allowance for the month getting the stupid supplies for my own nightmare of a weekend ahead. My mind raced about what she wanted everything for. I knew some of it was just to wind me up and scare me but I couldn't tell which! After looking through my underwear pile I ended up buying myself some new hugely embarrassing sets. Luckily the biggest kids size just about fit me as they didn't make them that embarrassing in teen sizes for obvious reasons. I had no choice however most of my other pairs were the normal conservative type that I’m sure Trisha wouldn't have approved of.  
  
I blushed just thinking about been seen in them but what choice did I have. Friday rolled around oh so quickly, I drifted through the classes distracted and fearful. I felt sick, I thought about trying to pull a sicky but knew she would have none of it. My last dilemma was deciding which was worse a weakened as Trisha plaything or everyone seeing the video of me waving naked. I would be branded a flasher, my life would be over. Reluctantly I called home changed into the summer dress, picked up the bag full of supplies and headed to Trisha’s house.  
  
Tears threatened to pour out of my eyes as I walked down the street, the white summer dress barely covered my knickers as the wind teased the bottom of it. I held the dress down the best I could hiding the embarrassing underwear from the world. The dress was tight, a size too small for me and it hugged my chest showing off my lack of cleavage. Scenarios flashed through my mind of what was to come. I was tied up spread eagle to a bed, I was bent over Trisha knee as she paddled my bottom raw with the ping pong paddle, Trisha inviting the boys over again making me flash them my full nudity again...  
  
Oh god if only I knew what was really to come!  
  
  
**Chapter 2 - Inspection**  
  
When I arrived at Trisha’s house, much to my growing dismay I discovered that her mother wouldn't be home for a couple of hours still. So it was just me and my tormentor. I kept my eyes downcast unable to meet the dominant girl’s gaze. How she had looked me up and down as I arrived in the tiny dress with my backpack full of torture was unmistakeable. Her eyes were like a cats that had just cornered it’s poor prey: hungry, predatory, gleeful and for me just terrifying.  
  
“Time for an inspection” Trisha had laughed leading me into her front room. The room’s big windows were fully uncovered and although it wasn’t the most visible place in the world, anyone might look in from the other side of her small front garden. She had positioned me near there, I’m sure on purpose but I didn't dare complain.  
  
“Ok my itckle titty flasher. I’m going to have a look at my list I gave you and see if you’ve done a good job. If you be a good girl tonight and play along this might not be as bad for you as you might think.” She laughed her awful snorting chuckle as he pulled out a copy of the list she had given me. “ However you’ve 3 strike and then you’re going to be sorry. If you’ve failed I’ll make sure every boy in your year see you butt naked just like them two little pervs did last time”  
  
I paled trying not to shake as she looked down at me again with that mad hunger in her eyes. Oh how she loved humiliating me, there was nothing I could do as she started looking through my pack and ticking things off the list. I was sure she meant it, she really would arrange for me to be butt naked in front of everyone.  
  
Each item she pulled out I saw her eyes light up. She constantly made comments like “Oh this will come in handy” or “What ever could this be for” as she pulled out vegetables, paddles and the awful other things she had made me bring. All the while I just stood there with my arms crossed protectively in front of me trying not to imagine what she had planned for the next two days.  
  
Finally she pulled out the packs of underwear I bought. “Oooh la la look at these” She burst into a bit of mocking laughter holding up the still unopened pack of disney knickers I had bought. “Perfect for the little flat boobied baby you are” She taunted me some more. She opened the pack and inspected the mortifying pairs of knickers I had bought. As well as these she found the set of Pokémon ones and the final set with little cartoon animals on them.  
  
“Ok time to have a look at your lovely dress” She announced causing me to blush deeper as the attention turned away from my new underwear and back to me. I moved my hands to my sides letting her get a proper look at the tight garment. She motioned for me to spin around and I did letting her drink in the full sight of me, her little play thing again. “Ohhh it is short you naughty little slut” She licked her lips starting at the bottom of the dress. “Hands up again like before, remember? When you were nekid” I complied feeling the already short dress creep further up my legs. “Stretch as far as you can” she laughed watching the fabric creep a couple of inch up my legs.  
  
“I can almost see the bottom of your little baby knickers” She laughed with glee. “You’ve done well, little girl. Now turn around and touch your toes” Swallowing down my shame I turned my back on the big bully and bent forwards reaching towards my feet. The dress inched up the top of my legs and my knickers came clearly into view for her from behind. Trisha wolf-whistled as my pantyclad bottom came into view for her. She left me bent over for a few seconds as I feared a sharp whack to my very exposed bottom in this position.  
  
Luckily it never came and she made me stand back up and face her. “Show me your knickers now” she ordered pointing at my skirt. “Go on you lickle slut lift your dress up for me like you do for the boys” I didn't respond my mouth was too dry. She knew full well exposing myself was the last thing I ever wanted to do again. Her new game of making me look like a flasher and slut was totally against anything I’d ever want if I had a choice.  
  
I grabbed the front of the dress and lifted it up glancing out of the window to make sure no was was looking in. Trisha’s grin grew as she watched the dress go all the way up so I was exposed to my my belly button. The knickers I was wearing were a pair of Pokémon ones. They were in a kiddy style, they were white with a blue trim around the waist and leg holes and they were covered in Pikachu’s face in different expressions with colorful cartoon lightning all around them.  
  
My hands were shaking as I stood exposing the hugely embarrassing garments in front of Trisha. I could see her smile grow at my embarrassment. I couldn't imagine how I would feel if other people saw me in them especially boys. Just having Trisha’s ridicule made me want the ground to open up and swallow me whole. She left me there for nearly ten minutes with my skirt lifted flashing my undies in full view of the window. She looked through the rest of the supplies ticking them all off the list as I stood there feeling very silly exposing my knickers.  
  
  
“Right! Time for our first game” Trisha announced “Follow me” she snorted heading out of the room.