Mandy in the Guides 1

Little Joe

Sun May 3, 2009 13:36

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Mandy in the Guides - 1  
  
Will Mandy ever get out of debt  
Will Mandy ever get to keep her frilly knickers  
Will Mandy ever get to keep her clothes on  
  
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Mandy looked at the letter in front of her. It had come from her tutor at Uni. Despite the glowing report she had received from her teaching placement (except that her tutor had wondered why the headmistress continually referred to her as Monica) she had succeeded in failing her final exam. It was a disaster. She would have to go back and retake the exam in the autumn. She was stuck penniless in Luncarty for the summer.  
  
Daddy was not happy. He told her she was a disgrace and she would have to find something useful to occupy herself if she were to continue to receive her allowance.  
  
"You should do as Daddy says," said her mother, "you know that Daddy knows best. Morag is taking the Girl Guides up on the braes this Saturday on a sort of orienteering treasure hunt; you could help her. She's always looking for responsible adults to lend a hand, but she might let you go along as well."  
  
The thought filled Mandy with horror. Up on the braes! It was bound to be cold, wet and dreich. She could think of nothing worse.  
  
"I've nothing to wear!” she said. It seemed a good excuse. Mandy's taste ran more to frilly French knickers than thermal drawers.  
  
"You can wear your old Guide uniform," said Daddy, "that would seem to be the thing."  
  
Mandy flushed. It would never do. She'd look totally silly in the old blue uniform which had been out of date even when Daddy had bought it all those years ago.   
  
"And I’ll give you an extra twenty pounds allowance," said Daddy, “you can use it to buy more books for college.”  
  
Mandy had been trying to extract more money from Daddy using the excuse that she needed to buy some more books. Of course she had no intention of spending it on books.  
  
"Daddy knows best," said her mother. "I'll let Morag know you'll help."  
  
Mandy nodded dumbly. She remembered how much her old headmaster used to like her to wear that uniform. And after all an extra twenty pounds would go some way to replacing the French knickers she’d had to sell, and her old headmaster had liked to see her in those as well...  
  
"Surely you won’t still have my old Guide uniform," said Mandy, "I don't think I've worn it since I was sixteen." She was desperately hoping that she wouldn’t have to wear it.  
  
"Oh yes. Daddy kept it. He always liked to see you in it," said her mother as she went off to fetch it.  
  
Mandy tried it on. It was a blue one piece uniform dress and the fashion had been for short hems in those days. Mandy's legs had grown a couple of inches since then so that now it came down to mid thigh. She looked at herself in it and groaned - stupid blue uniform, neckerchief, woggle and brown leather lace up brogues. But she knew she had to do what Daddy said, and he had promised her the twenty pounds in advance.  
  
On Saturday morning Mandy stood in front of the mirror admiring herself in her new sexy bra and knickers. They were brief, they were sheer, they were skimpy and they were frilly - and Mandy loved them. She'd been into Edinburgh (renowned the world over for sexy knickers) on the Friday especially to buy them (special reduction in the sale) and now she just had to wear them. They weren't perhaps entirely appropriate for hiking across the moors - but who was going to see. She pranced around her bedroom in her frilly knickers. Oh! How she loved her frilly knickers!  
  
She'd told Daddy she’d spent the money on books for Uni; goodness knows what he'd say if he found out what she'd really bought. She'd already suffered endless tirades about her liking for 'unsuitable' undergarments and he’d threatened to stop her allowance if she bought any more.  
  
She had been told to help Morag to set up the orienteering course first thing, so she put on her old uniform over her frilly knickers and walked over to the Farquharson's in her old Guides lace up brogues. Morag Farquharson, dressed resplendently in Harris tweed skirt and Fair Isle gansey, was just loading up the Range Rover with those little cache things you put the orienteering tokens into.  
  
She looked Mandy up and down.  
  
"Good Heavens girl, are you auditioning for Carry on Guiding?"  
  
Mandy groaned. She was going to suffer endless humiliation and teasing wearing the ridiculous uniform. She was starting to regret what she’d done. If only she hadn't spent all the money on frilly knickers, she could have given the twenty pounds back and had a nice day.  
  
Still, the feel of her lovely new frilly knickers on her girly bum comforted her as she climbed into the Range Rover and they set off up the road to the hills and on to the track to the braes.  
  
"The girls are arriving in the minibuses at eleven," said Morag, "so we have to be finished by then."  
  
They set off across the open expanse of heather moorland hiding the orienteering caches in gullies and coppices until they came to a small wooded dene with a swirling burn rushing along the bottom. The only way across the burn over the narrow gorge was by an improvised rope bridge. Morag explained that each of the caches already hidden was marked on the orienteering map and that each contained one part of the coordinates of this final cache. The one they were about to hide now. Whichever team found this final cache first would win a first prize of thirty pounds worth of shopping vouchers.  
  
"Go over the bridge and hang the cache on that tree," said Morag, "that'll be a real test for the girls."  
  
"I can't go over that," said Mandy, "I'll fall off."  
  
"Nonsense girl. Get going!"  
  
Mandy looked at the rope bridge in trepidation. There was one lower rope for standing on, and one upper rope for holding on to. She looked at Mrs Farquharson in dismay. She didn't dare disobey. Morag would tell Daddy and she just knew what he'd say.  
  
"Unreliable. I always knew it. Can't be trusted. You'd better come back to live with us permanently."  
  
Feelings of guilt about the frilly knickers overwhelmed her. She started off across the rope bridge.  
  
The Reverend Cuthbert MacInlay was minister of St Cuthbert's church. He was inordinately proud of the fact that he was called Cuthbert and he was minister of St Cuthbert's church, although why this should have made him inordinately proud was a bit of a mystery  
  
He was not quite so proud of his hobby - knickers-spotting. It was he felt not quite the done thing for a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, although he tried to tell himself it was an innocent enough hobby. If girls didn't want to have their knickers spotted they shouldn't - what was that word they used on his ''Knickers and Panties' group on the interweb - oh yes - flash them.  
  
He was proud however of his monthly rambling group. This month he was taking them on a walk through the Fairy Glen where the old rope bridge went over the gorge. It was a particularly favourite spot of his.  
  
It wasn't very often you saw somebody actually trying to cross the bridge, and the girl swaying to and fro on it as they approached looked none too stable.  
  
Mandy looked round at the sound of voices. Oh no! There were people coming - more people to make fun of her in her ridiculous uniform. She tried to get over the bridge as quickly as possible and as she did so it started swaying violently in the air. There was no way she was going to be able to hold on. Her foot slipped and she felt herself falling head first into the burn. She put out her hands to protect her head and...  
  
Cuthbert looked on aghast as the girl went down head first. He prayed for a miracle and his prayer was granted. Somehow the girl's foot was entangled in the rope. Her fall was broken and she was left suspended upside down over the burn.  
  
Morag Farquharson stared incredulously. In her inverted position Mandy's dress had fallen over her head exposing her... My God! What was the girl wearing!  
  
Exposed for all the world to see was Mandy's lower half covered only by the scantiest pair of frilly sheer knickers imaginable. As she slowly swung backwards and forwards Cuthbert looked at her agog. His reverie was broken by a loud exclamation from Morag.  
  
"Amanda Brown! What sort of underdrawers do you think you are wearing?"  
  
Cuthbert found himself inadvertently coming to her aid.  
  
"I think they're from the 'Knaughty Knickers' 'Brief and Sexy' range," he said. He then stuck his hand across his mouth realising that he had displayed a more detailed knowledge of ladies' undergarments than was quite seemly!  
  
He tried to tear his eyes away, but the scanty knickers hid next to nothing of Mandy's pert little round pink bottom.  
  
"Cuthbert MacInlay! What are you staring at!!"  
  
The words of his wife brought him to his senses. He was the group leader. It was his responsibility to do something. Regardless of his own safety he plunged into the burn and grabbed hold of Mandy who was thrashing about with her dress over her head unable to see what was happening. Feeling the arms grab hold of her she thrashed even more. Cuthbert held on more tightly. Unfortunately his nose was exactly at the same height as the point where Mandy's legs joined. She suddenly felt a large object (Cuthbert being blessed with a particularly protuberant proboscis) pressed up against her...  
  
"You've got your nose up my..." She screamed (fortunately for the ladies of the kirk, the rest of the sentence was muffled by Mandy's dress over her head). Taken by surprise Cuthbert lost his footing and before he knew it he was tumbling into the burn. Instinctively he grasped the only thing at hand for support - Mandy's dress. As he fell backwards into the water he pulled Mandy's dress right off.  
  
Mandy was treated to an upside down view of the ramblers on the bank staring open mouthed. The ramblers on the bank were treated to an upside down view of Mandy staring back open mouthed as the clip on her flimsy bra snapped open and it fell off onto the face of Cuthbert lying supine in the water.  
  
Cuthbert had only one idea in mind - to keep Mandy's clothes dry. He was holding Mandy's dress above his head as he clambered back to his feet. He threw it and the bra to the (for the one and only time in her life speechless) figure of Morag on the bank.  
  
Poor Mandy continued to thrash about, her ample bare breasts with their now firmly erect nipples on display inverted and bouncing with every kick.  
  
Soaked but undaunted Cuthbert went frenetically back to his task he grabbed the near naked Mandy round the waist and tried lifting her to release her foot. The plan was (in theory) good. Mandy's foot came free, but Cuthbert now had her full weight to support in his wet arms. Sad to relate he was not up to the task and Mandy slipped headfirst into the water. As she did so her legs slipped through Cuthbert’s grasping arms pulling her 'Brief and Sexy's' right off. Mandy ended up in the nude, the water and full view of everybody, while Cuthbert ended up with her knickers and a silly grin on his face.  
  
He clambered back up the bank and handed the knickers sheepishly to Morag, who seemed to have been designated as keeper of Mandy's clothes  
  
Mandy rose Venus like from the water one hand covering her breasts and the other trying to hide the area where Monica had recently shaved her smooth. She stood there open mouthed and red faced not knowing what to do.  
  
"Amanda Brown! Come here at once," pronounced Morag.   
  
'Irresponsible' that was the only word she could think of to describe Mandy as she started towelling her down. Morag, being one of those hyper-efficient women who are always prepared for any emergency, had brought a towel with her.  
  
Cuthbert took one last lingering look at Mandy as she was being towelled down naked and Mrs MacInlay pulled him hurriedly away. At last he'd have something interesting to post on the 'Knickers and Panties' group on the interweb!  
  
Morag was wondering what on earth to do with the wretched girl. She should never have allowed herself to be persuaded by Edna into getting her to help with the competition. Now she'd have to keep her out of trouble for the rest of the day.   
  
'Irresponsible' that's what she was. She should have known when Mandy had persuaded the twins to play that stupid card game – the twins! Of course! Amanda might be irresponsible, but the twins could be relied on to keep an eye on her. She’d have to tell Amanda that she was looking after the twins but that would be no problem.  
  
“Amanda,” she said, “you’ll be on the team with the twins this afternoon. No helping them mind! They have to find the way to the prize themselves.”  
  
Mandy was horrified. Not the twins. She just couldn’t look after the twins in that stupid uniform. By now she had been dried off and she went to pick up her knickers to put them on while she thought of an excuse to get her out of the task.  
  
“Not those!” pronounced Morag, picking them up and putting them in her rucksack. Those are not suitable for guides!  
  
“But I’m not actually a guide!” protested Mandy  
  
“You’re dressed as a guide, so as far as I am concerned you are representing the guides and these,” she picked up the knickers as if they were poisonous, “are not suitable.”  
  
She put the ‘Brief and Sexy’ underwear in her rucksack and took out a voluminous pair of ladies blue serge drawers with matching brassiere. Morag always came prepared for any emergency. She handed them to Mandy to put on.   
  
“I’m not putting these on!” said Mandy, “they’re horrible, and I’m not looking after the twins!”  
  
“Would you rather I explained to your father that you had spent your allowance at ‘Knaughty Knickers’ when it had been expressly given to you to buy college books.”  
  
‘What!’ thought Mandy, had Daddy told Morag everything; but she knew she was beaten. If Daddy found out where she had spent her allowance she’d never get out of Luncarty. She picked up the ridiculous underwear and put it on under her ridiculous uniform. A day of ridicule and torment lay ahead of her. She sat down weeping silently.  
  
Why had she been so stupid? Why had she wasted her money on frilly underwear? Why had she spent her allowance at ‘Knaughty Knickers’? She would be trapped forever in this Caledonian backwater. But the thought of her sexy knickers cheered her up a bit. Frilly knickers were her only joy in life. She thought that if only she could put them back on again, her frilly knickers and her sheer sexy bra, then she might just get through the day.  
  
The Minibuses carrying the girls were just arriving and Morag had gone off to the take charge. She had left her rucksack behind. Mandy sneaked over and slipping off the serge bloomers and Size 42, Z cup bra; she stuffed them back in the rucksack and put her own underwear back on. That was better! She could almost face the world again now.

Mandy in the Guides 2

Sun May 3, 2009 13:39

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Mandy in the Guides – 2  
  
Is Mandy in charge of the twins or are they in charge of her?  
  
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Mandy wiped her eyes when she saw Morag bringing the dreadful twins over. She dried them feeling slightly more confident now she was back in her sexy underwear.  
  
The twins had already been told to look after Mandy, and they could see why when she hove into view. What was she wearing! She looked like something out of the days when television didn’t start till seven o’clock in the evening. They collapsed in fits of laughter.  
  
Mandy’s new found confidence evaporated in a trice. The afternoon was going to be awful.  
  
“Mind you,” said Morag, “you’re not to ask Mandy where the prize cache is. You have to find it on your own. And you Mandy, you’re not to tell them, or you know what will happen.”  
  
Poor Mandy knew all too well – an everlasting future in Luncarty.  
  
All the girls were divided into teams of three, and set off into the woods and over the moors in search of the caches. Sammi and Jakki, otherwise known as the Terrible Twins set off as well. They were of course dressed in the appropriate gear: tee shirts, running shorts and running shoes. Poor Mandy in her ridiculous blue uniform and brown leather brogues stumbled along behind as best she could. It must be said in defence of the twins that their initial intention was to win the competition fairly. They wanted the prize – but they were sure they could outrun the opposition – but not with Mandy puffing along in her stupid shoes behind they couldn’t.  
  
They squelched over an area of boggy mire next to the loch; Mandy was struggling to keep as her shoes stuck in the mud.  
  
“Girls,” she panted, already completely out of breath, “wait a minute. I need to get my puff back.”  
  
Sammi and Jakki looked round at the forlorn figure of Mandy, just in time to see her flying face down through the air into the mud as she tripped over her flailing shoelaces. She stood up covered from head to foot in sticky black mud. Her appearance was so comical that the girls burst out laughing.  
  
“What am I going to do now?” wailed Mandy. And suddenly she had an idea – take of the uniform and wash it in the loch, and at the same time wipe the mud off her face. She pulled the uniform over her head.  
  
“What are you doing?” yelled Jakki.  
  
“I’m going to wash this stupid uniform. I can’t go round like this.”  
  
“Come on! We haven’t got time for that!” chorused the girls, but to no avail. Mandy was already kneeling beside the loch splashing the uniform in the water and splashing water over her face.  
  
Sammi and Jakki were in despair. Hopes of the thirty pounds were fast disappearing. They were never going to win the competition. It was going to be impossible now. And it was all Mandy’s fault. They had been told by their mother under pain of a fate worse than death, not to leave Mandy alone but she was such a liability that she spoiled all chances of winning.  
  
But if they couldn’t win fairly, thought Jakki, they could always cheat.  
  
“Come on Mandy,” she said, “tell us where the final cache is. Then we won’t have to run round like mad linties looking for it.”  
  
“I can’t,” said Mandy. Not that she cared about the cheating, but Morag had warned her of the consequences if she let on.  
  
Jakki thought for a second trying to think of a way in which she could pressurise Mandy into telling them. Then it hit her! It was so obvious. Their mother had told them that she had confiscated Mandy’s inappropriate underwear, and here she was, as large as life, wearing it again. Mandy’s passion for frilly knickers had got about; it was clear to Jakki that if they could get hold of Mandy’s knickers they could hold them to ransom in exchange for the whereabouts of the prize.  
  
“Get her knickers!” she shouted at Sammi.  
  
Mandy stood up and backed away.  
  
“No, no! Please girls! Not my knickers. Please let me keep my knickers.” But her pleas were to no avail. It was two against one. Within a few minutes she was flat on her back, her legs were in the air and her knickers were being pulled off.  
  
“And her bra!” said Sammi. In for a penny, in for a pound as the old saying goes.  
  
Soon Mandy was standing stark naked except for her brown leather brogues as the girls tossed her knickers back and forth and Mandy jumped up and down trying to catch them. The girls soon wearied of the game and the sight of Mandy’s bouncing boobs as she jumped about trying to catch her knickers. Jakki thought the time had come to extract the necessary information from Mandy. She made as if to throw the knickers out into the loch where Mandy would never see them again.  
  
Mandy looked on in despair. Her situation was desperate: either she told the girls where the cache was and risked Morag telling her parents about the knickers, or she lost the knickers all together. She couldn’t bear the thought of either. The situation was intolerable. She could think of only one thing to do. Escape! She turned and ran. It was of course a stupid thing to do – totally irrational. It wouldn’t get her knickers back. It would leave her stranded stark naked twenty-five miles from home. But she wasn’t thinking rationally. She just had to get away from those wretched girls, from the wretched ridiculous uniform, from the horrible Morag. So she ran, naked through the woods.  
  
Sammi and Jakki looked at each other in horror for ten seconds. They’d let Mandy run off stark naked into the woods. After their mother had made them swear to look after her. Told them she was tuppence short of an oatcake and needed keeping a careful eye on. Their mother would kill them if she found Mandy running naked over the moors. They ran after her in hot pursuit.  
  
It didn’t take long for Mandy to realise the stupidity of what she’d done. She was completely lost, stark naked and she’d doubtless seen the last of her lovely knickers. She was stumbling along the side of a fast running burn. She looked around. The area looked strangely familiar, but she didn’t actually realise where she was until the old rope bridge came into view. The wretched rope bridge. The site of her humiliation of the morning. It was all too much for her. She sat down on an old tree trunk and started to weep. (Ah! Poor old Mandy I hear you saying. Why is everybody always so nasty to her? Not content with being made to wear the silly old girl guide uniform, she’s now been laughed at by sixteen year old girls, stripped naked and lost her lovely new knickers that she paid her last thirty pounds for. Life can be so cruel).  
  
It didn’t take long for the twins to appear, “Who’s greetin for their wee bawbee then,” said Jakki holding up Mandy’s knickers. Mandy snivelled and dried her eyes. There was Jakki with her knickers and bra, and Sammi with the uniform  
  
“Don’t care,” she said.  
  
“Oh, I think you do,” said Jakki holding the knickers out in front of Mandy’s eyes and snatching them away when she made a lunge for them.  
  
“Come on, tell us where the prize is and you can have them back.  
  
Mandy was in a hopeless dilemma. Lose her knickers and try to get home naked or lose the chance of escaping from Luncarty, the choice was impossible. In despair she knelt on the ground, put her arms on the tree trunk, her head on her arms and burst into tears.  
  
Jakki looked at her bare bottom sticking up as she knelt on the ground. It was another of Mandy’s misfortunes that her bare bottom was just so smackable. Round, smooth and chubby, presented like that just nobody would have been able to resist spanking it. Jakki was no exception. She started just by gently patting it in encouragement, and then as her exasperation at getting no answer from Mandy she gave it a nice big slap. One big spank on the left cheek, then one big spank on the right cheek.  
  
Mandy felt the spanks and knew it was a just punishment. She deserved a good spanking. Her old headmaster had always told her that she deserved a good spanking when she’d been naughty and she’d been very naughty. She’d disobeyed Daddy, she’d wasted her money on frilly knickers when she should have bought books for college, and she’d brought shame on the Girl Guide movement. It was right she should be spanked.  
  
“Thank you Miss,” she said, “harder please Miss, “and Jakki obliged. after all she thought Mandy deserved it as well.  
  
Morag was pleased with how the event had gone. The girls were all doing so well. Apart from the twins and Mandy of course. Well she couldn’t expect much there. Not with that irresponsible girl in tow. Still the first team were nearing the goal. They had all the co-ordinates for the last cache. They had found out that it was located at the Fairy Glen. Morag was with them as they raced along the path to claim the prize.  
  
A sudden noise made Mandy look up. Her bottom was stinging, but she hadn’t been punished enough yet. But what she saw filled her with horror. Three girls, total strangers, followed by a panting Morag burst into the clearing.  
  
They looked down at the strange sight. Mandy, her faced smeared with a mixture of mud and tears was bending stark naked over an old tree trunk, while Jakki landed successive spanks on either cheek of her already bright pink bottom.  
  
Mandy looked back up at them. Mandy’s face was beetroot, her eyes were wide open, and her mouth was open even wider still. She could see herself stuck in Luncarty for ever.  
  
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Poor old Mandy. I really feel quite sorry for her. The only pleasure she has in life now is her frilly knickers and she can’t even get to keep them!