

Author's Note: The following is a sort of "alternate reality" story involving two characters from my previous stories: Cindy Richards from "A Visit to Aunt Millie's" and Betsy Miller from "The Substitute Teacher."

## **Beach Blanket Beauties**

by DreamTales

"You want to know what time it is?" huffed Cindy in exasperation. "It's exactly 1:35 PM, Tuesday afternoon, July 18<sup>th</sup>. We've been here at the beach, sitting in this same spot, for three and a half days. And for your information, that's the fourth time you've asked me about it today!"

"OK, sorry. Jeez!" retorted Betsy, flipping her sunglasses on top of her head as she looked up from her book. "It's just I'm getting a little frustrated, that's all. I mean, this is supposed to be a fun vacation and here all we've been doing is sitting out here in the hot sun looking for boys."

Cindy sat up on her beach towel, wrapping her arms around her skinny legs. "Well, lets face it Betsy. There's plenty of boys around: the problem we've got is getting any of them to notice us."

Betsy nodded, a sardonic smile on her face. There was no use arguing the fact - the pair had sat out on the beach all week without a single pass from any of the guys they had their eyes on. And it wasn't like there was any shortage of good looking hunks. It was the same old problem: Although both girls were very pretty, with cute skinny figures, and pretty faces, they were each much younger looking than their years. Betsy, her long curly brown hair reaching almost to her waist, stood at only 4 foot 11, while pony tailed Cindy was an inch shorter. Both were 21 years old, juniors in college, but still often mistaken for adolescent girls. Of course, it wasn't quite fair to say that no boys had shown interest: just none their own age! They could always have their pick of the little adolescent boys that kept hitting on them, like irritating gnats buzzing around.

Cindy had really been looking forward to this vacation - a week with her family's beach cottage all to herself - and really wanted it to be a fun trip. She had invited Betsy to come with her and felt a hostess' obligation to help her best friend enjoy herself. Cindy sat up and scanned the horizon for more boys - she knew how shy Betsy was, and was used to taking the lead role whenever the two were together.

"Oooohh! Betsy! 12 o'clock!"

“What do you mean? I thought you just said it was after one o’clock...” mumbled Betsy, her nose back in her book.

“No, silly. I mean look! Straight ahead - 12 o’clock high.” The two looked up at the well muscled figure standing about 20 feet in front of them and reacted in perfect unison:

“Mmmmmmm.... (sigh)”

“Oh, God. He’s such a hunk! I mean, what is it about lifeguards that they’re all so perfect? Is it, like, a job requirement or something?” asked Cindy, drinking in the beautiful vision with her big light brown eyes. “God, what I wouldn’t do for just one date with that guy.”

“Dream on, girl!” replied Betsy, settling back down on her beach towel. “Like he’s really gonna notice a couple of little chippies like us. Every day he’s had a steady parade of the sexiest girls on the beach beating a path to his door. I don’t think he even knows we exist!”

“Yeah, well... If you’re gonna dream you might as well dream big.” Sighed Cindy, sitting up on her knees. She sat transfixed by the lifeguard, then suddenly noticed something out of the corner of her eye. “Oooohhh! Oooh! Betsy! Three o’clock!”

“Mmmfff. Wha?” grunted Betsy as she squinted to her right. There was nothing there but a couple of young teenage boys, probably around 15 years old, giving them the eye. “Hey, let’s not get desperate there, Cinders!”

“Oh come on, Bets. It’s not like we’ve got anything to lose. Why not try lowering our sights a little? After all, there’s nothing wrong with being a little young. And I’d like to get at least ONE date this week.” Cindy quickly went into action, sitting up and going into her favorite pose: kneeling on all fours, back arched, head up. She’d found from scientific research (long hours of practice in front of her mirror) that this position best showed off her minuscule attributes: thin, lithe figure; pert rear; and the additional forces of gravity helped to give a well needed boost to her small but well formed breasts.

“Oh, God.” Cringed Betsy. “I can’t BELIEVE you’re coming on to them like this. Frigging TEENAGERS! Count me out!”

“Too late, Bets. There’s two of ‘em. And they’re coming right this way!” Cindy had her best ‘come hither’ smile on, grinning like crazy as the two boys approached, striding across the sand straight towards them. They definitely were very young, but kind of cute, one a tall lanky blonde and the other a shorter, darker surfer type with a hard muscled body. “I’ve got dibs on the blonde!” whispered Cindy.

“Well, OK. But just remember, this was all YOUR idea.” Hissed Betsy out of the corner of her mouth, now sitting up and going into her own favorite boy catching position: legs crossed, back arched, big bright smile, her flat little chest thrust out as far as it would go.

The petite pair of coeds sat motionless, waiting for the boys to approach, neither one daring to relax their lazer beam smiles or contorted body language. As the tall boys came closer and closer to their towels, the girls had to crane their heads to smile up into their eyes, looking up, up and...

Suddenly their smiles froze as the two boys walked right past them. The little pair spun around to see, sitting right behind them, two very cute and very young teenage girls, obviously the object of the boys' attention all along. They turned and watched in horror as the boys walked right up to the pair of brightly smiling young beauties and struck up a conversation. Betsy and Cindy, mouths open in shock, each jealously noted the girls' precocious figures, and how mortifyingly well they filled out their bright neon bikinis. From their faces, the girls seemed not much more than adolescents, but their bodies would fit right in at college!

"Oh, God! That's SO unfair. They must be, like, about 14 years old or something." pouted Betsy, frowning at the foursome. "I mean, just LOOK at the tits on that girl. She has a face like a school girl and..."

"She IS a schoolgirl, Bets." Sighed Cindy. "That's the problem. If we can't even compete with girls in... (gulp) EIGHTH GRADE... then we might as well just hang it up!"

The two slumped in defeat, and were just turning to lie back down on their towels when a skinny young adolescent girl approached, her bare feet skipping over the hot sand. Cindy looked up and grimaced as she recognized the little figure with the long black hair. "Oh no. Just what we need. As if things weren't awful enough already!"

"Who is it, Cin?"

"Remember Mandy, that girl I told you about? You know, the little brat I used to baby sit years ago? Well now she's a big brat, about 12 years old. She's probly been watching our little failures and come over to rub our noses in it."

"Hi Cindy! Hey, nice to see you back again this summer!" Chirped Mandy, arriving next to the pair, her wide grin, lightly freckled face and ski nose giving her the look of a mischievous imp. Rather than politely stand, Cindy decided to stay on the ground. She could see that Mandy had gone into puberty since last year and was now very possibly taller than her own little four foot ten inch frame. The last thing she needed now was to see this little brat grinning down at her and teasing her about her height!

"Ummm... yeah, you too, Mandy." mumbled Cindy, trying to be as unenthusiastic as possible.

"Hey, Cindy. Seen any cute boys lately?" asked Mandy teasingly.

Cindy resisted an urge to wring Mandy's neck, shrugging her skinny shoulders instead.

“Nah. Not many around.”

“Well, I know somebody who thinks you’re REALLY cute!” chirped Mandy. “And he’s got a dreamy guy friend, too. I can introduce you two. Whattya think?”

“Oh really?” asked Cindy, feigning boredom. “And just who would that be?”

“My brother, Billy!” Mandy poked a thumb over her shoulder, indicating a pair of very young skinny adolescent boys sitting across the beach. “See. He’s the one with the long dark hair. The other guy’s his friend, Tommy.” Mandy leaned down and burst into a big grin. “They told me they think you two are really hot!”

Cindy huffed in anger. “Look, Mandy. In case you forgot, I used to BABY SIT you and Billy. What on earth makes you think I would have even the slightest interest in going out with him? He’s WAY too young for me! He must be... what, fourteen years old? How can a 21 year old girl like me be seen with a boy his age?”

“Well, I know something that just might fix that for you...”

Cindy turned away, obviously disgusted by the conversation, but Betsy took the bait. “Er, what’s that Mandy?”

Taking the reply as her invitation to join the group, Mandy plopped down between the two girls. “Well, my dad works for this company called YouthGene. He’s got a machine back at our cottage that can make people temporarily younger. I figure you guys could take just a little bit of the youth rays, just enough to get to be teenagers again. That way you’d be just the right age to go out with my brother!”

Cindy squinted over her shoulder. “Mandy? Are you, like, COMPLETELY insane? Or do you just enjoy torturing us?”

Mandy spun around. “Oh, come on Cindy. You know it’s true, it’s been in all the papers. Plenty of people have gotten younger using it. And it’s completely reversible. It just takes a few minutes: the machine zaps you down and all you gotta do is get zapped back again. It automatically stores your original age, so you can return to just the way you were. You could do it today and grow back next weekend. It’s easy. We’ve done it a million times!” Mandy grinned at Cindy, then hopped to her feet. “Well, think about it anyway. You know where I live if you’re interested. And hey, remember - I’m just trying to be helpful!”

As Mandy ran off, Betsy sat up. “Y’know, that really COULD be interesting - seriously! I mean, why not? We’re definitely too old for most of the guys that are interested in us. And if we already look young why not be just a little younger for a few days? It sure beats just sitting here getting ignored all day.”

“Betsy, you’re nuts! It’ll be a cold day in hell before you get me even NEAR that thing!”

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“I REALLY don’t know how I got talked into this!” huffed Cindy as Mandy directed her into the chair in front of the youth ray. “Bets, this was all your idea. If this goes wrong I’m holding you responsible.”

“Hey, nobody’s pushing you.” replied Betsy. “I’m ready to walk any time.”

“Don’t worry, girls.” Called Mandy happily, turning the dials on the machine. “Like I said, it’s real simple. Here, lemme explain it to you.” She pointed to the side of the machine where there were two counters, each set to zero. “Now Cindy, you said you’re 21 years old, right?” As Cindy nodded Mandy set the first counter to 21.

“Now we’ll be changing you into a 16 year old, so that means we need to knock off 5 years. Ready?” Cindy nodded nervously as Mandy hit a button. There was a brief humming noise, then the counter started clicking back: 20, 19, 18... until it finally stopped at 16. Meanwhile the other counter had gone up with each drop in years, and now stood at 5.

“Here, look. The second counter shows you have 5 years stored in the machine. When you come back next weekend, we’ll just transfer the years back to you.”

Cindy looked down at herself. “Er, Mandy. Nothing seems different - I’m still the same size. What gives?”

“Oh, it takes a few hours for the effects to kick in. Trust me, by this evening you’ll be a teenager. Just in time for you to have a nice date with Billy. OK Betsy, your turn!”

When the girls left a few minutes later, the machine’s storage counter read 10, 5 years for each girl. As they said their goodbyes to Mandy, Betsy was excitedly looking forward to the effects of the youth ray - she had really enjoyed being a teen and was really looking forward to being younger. She could hardly wait to get up to the beach to meet up with Billy and his friend. But Cindy was more subdued. She still didn’t really trust Mandy and, even though her explanation seemed straightforward enough, she kept thinking that there was something she was missing. She couldn’t quite put her finger on it, but something just didn’t feel right.

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“Well, whattya think?” asked Betsy, giggling as the two girls stood in front of the full length mirror in their beach house.

Cindy had to admit the ray gun had worked wonders. Standing before them was the reflection of two cute young teenage girls, ever so slightly changed from a few hours before: a bit shorter and skinnier; their grins wider and more childish; and their voices a

bit higher. But all in all they were still very close in size and shape to their “adult” selves. Perfect - they could go after the younger boys and nobody would be the wiser! The two made just a few adjustments - including tightening their string bikinis - and they were ready to roll.

“OK, boys. Here we come!” laughed Cindy as the two scampered out the door and headed towards the beach.

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Up on the beach, Cindy was surprised to see how good looking Billy was up close. He was tall, thin and dark, with a cute face and sweet smile. And Betsy commented on how cute his friend Tommy was: a well freckled redhead with a tight long body. They each whispered their choices, then approached the two boys.

“Hi Billy!” called Cindy teasingly. “You guys wanna go for a dip?”

As Billy and his friend started to get up, Betsy took off running and squealed. “Last one in’s a rotten egg!” The little pair of giggly teens sprinted for the water, followed closely by the two boys. The girls each took a running leap into the waves, diving under the surface then bouncing back up to see the boys in hot pursuit. The girls squealed and dove under again, each popping up on either side of a big wave.

Giggling, Cindy could see that Billy was closing in on her, while his friend Tommy went after Betsy. Shrieking in delight as the waves crashed about them, the girls dove and swam about as they played hard to get. Finally the boys corralled them and the foursome found themselves swimming together, treading water in the choppy surf.

As the girls doggy paddled to stay afloat, Betsy was surprised to see that the two boys were easily standing on the ocean floor. They must be pretty tall she thought to herself. And up close the boys really looked dreamy, too. Boy, this youth ray idea was looking better all the time!

“Hey, look. Here come some waves! Let’s do some body surfing!” called Tommy, as the four teens turned and quickly positioned themselves in front of the incoming swell. They caught it just right, their bodies knifing through the water, and rode the white foam almost the whole way to the beach.

Betsy hopped up, gasping for air as Tommy arrived next to her. She could feel that the force of the water had pulled her bikini top down and, giggling merrily, quickly turned away from the redheaded boy to hide herself. “Hey, don’t peek, Tommy! No free show for you today!” Betsy winked at him as she reached behind her back to retie her top.

As Tommy stood, Betsy grinned up at him. She was really surprised at how tall he was - her head was well below his shoulders! Great! she thought. She loved tall boys, especially ones that had a crush on her, too!

“That was fun! C’mon, let’s go do it again!” squealed Betsy, grabbing Tommy by his hand and pulling him out towards the waves.

“Er, no thanks, Betsy. I think I’ve had enough.” said Tommy, turning abruptly on his heel and striding towards the beach.

Surprised, Betsy turned to watch him go. “But Tommy, wait! Don’cha wanna play some more?”

“That’s OK, maybe you two can play together.” Called Tommy, joining Billy on the beach and waving dismissively to the two girls.

Betsy hopped out of the water and ran towards Tommy, catching up to him as he was about to reach his towel. She ran ahead and planted her little frame in front of him, craning her neck up to give him her best “encouraging smile.” Wow! Betsy thought He sure was tall! She was only about chest high to him! She paused for a moment, then decided to take the lead. “Well, if ya don’t wanna play with us now I was thinkin’ maybe...”

“Yes?” asked Tommy, an impatient tone to his voice as he and Billy looked down from on high.

“Well, I was kinda thinkin’ maybe you guys might wanna do somethin’ with me an’ Cindy tonight?”

Tommy shot Billy a look and the two started laughing out loud. “Oh yeah? Like what? Baby sitting, maybe?”

Betsy stood, a confused pout on her face. “W-whattya mean...?”

Suddenly Betsy heard Cindy run up behind her. Cindy grabbed her by her arm and practically dragged her back to their towels, with Betsy protesting loudly.

“Cindy! What’s the big deal? I was just talkin’ to Tommy and you came an’...” But suddenly Betsy stopped short as she looked closely at Cindy. Standing in front of her was what looked like a young child, maybe 9 years old, tops! Betsy gasped as she saw how Cindy’s bikini top was hanging on her, much too big for her perfectly flat, skinny childish frame. And Cindy was holding up her bikini bottom with two hands to keep it from falling off!

“Cindy! Look at you! You’re all little now!” squealed Betsy.

“Oh yeah? Well so’re you!” retorted Cindy, pointing to Betsy’s little bare chest. Betsy gasped in shock as she saw that her innocent little flat nipples, now just light pink dots inside her white tan lines, were completely revealed. Obviously she’d retied her bathing

suit wrong, leaving Tommy in no doubt whatsoever about her lack of development!

“But... how? Who?” stammered Betsy, quickly pulling her towel over her and looking around in confusion. Then the two seemed to shout at once.

“Mandy!!”

End Part One

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Beach Blanket Beauties

Part Two

by DreamTales

“Let me get this straight. You two actually let Mandy talk you into using the youth ray on you? (giggle) Hey, you guys DESERVE to get turned into little kids!”

Cindy and Betsy, each huddled in their towels, pouted angrily as Sally, Mandy’s sixteen year old sister laughed out loud at their predicament. “Hey! You quit laughin’! It’s not funny!” shouted Cindy, glaring up at the mature looking teen. It was especially mortifying for Cindy to have Sally see her as a shrunken child: Cindy used to baby sit Sally, too, and it was clear Sally was thoroughly enjoying Cindy’s sudden change in circumstances.

“Yeah, she tricked us!” whined Betsy. “You gotta help us get big again!”

Still giggling, Sally led the girls to the youth ray, where she asked the angry little pair to tell her what happened. After they finished, she flashed a knowing smile at the forlorn little duo.

“Well, it’s pretty obvious what went wrong. The youth ray is supposed to be set to your PHYSICAL age, not your chronological age. And as each person’s development is different, the physical age can vary widely, particularly if you’re small or young looking for your age. From what you’ve told me about the size you were before, I’d say you were...” she picked up a small chart and made a quick estimate. “... about 13 years old in standardized physical age. That would make you two about 8 years old now.”

“Well, OK. Anyhow you can make us bigger, right? So come on an’ DO it!” squealed Cindy.

Sally agreed to help, but noted that she should make some measurements beforehand just to be sure. The last thing they needed was more mistakes. To the two coeds' dismay, they had to drop their towels and, stark naked, subject themselves to an inspection. Sally noted their height, weight, and measurements, then finally finished by punching some numbers into a calculator. She turned to smile down at the little naked pair, hiding a giggle as she noted the confused pouts on their little faces. "Yep. It checks. You guys are 8 years old, all right!"

"OK. Let's go! Me first!" called Betsy, the little naked child scampering over in front of the ray gun.

Sally turned on the machine, fiddling with the dials, then stopped, a confused look on her face. "Hey, didn't you two say you had 10 years stored in this thing?"

"Y-yeah." Stammered Cindy.

"Well according to this, the counter is at zero. It looks like somebody messed up your age retention files."

"W-what's THAT mean?" asked Betsy.

"What it means is, you guys can't grow back until we find out what happened to the years you two stored in the machine. And the only one that knows that is..."

This time the two shouted in perfect unison.

"Mandy!!"

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Their towels wrapped around their little naked bodies, the tiny pair ran off to look for Mandy on the beach. They searched high and low, checking the adjacent beaches, but no luck. Frowning in disappointment, the two finally went back to their old spot and flopped down on the sand.

"Oh goll. This really stinks!" pouted Cindy.

"Yeah, an' it's all that stupid dummy's fault!" huffed Betsy. "Boy, that Mandy is really gonna get it!"

As they fell into a sullen silence, their attention drifted to the lifeguard, who was just getting out of the water, the sunlight glinting off of his wet bronzed skin. They watched wordlessly as he strode towards his chair, then detoured to talk to a beautiful brunette, a very sexy young woman that neither had seen before. The two girls' mouths dropped open as they looked up at the sultry vixen, staring openly at her large well formed breasts, flat stomach, and long legs perfectly complimented by a tiny one piece bathing suit. The

two little girls felt so far removed from the adult world, and their chances of ever attracting a hunk like him were now so remote, it was almost as if they were watching the interaction of two giant gods up in the clouds.

Staring dumbly, Cindy and Betsy could see the lifeguard talking up the voluptuous siren, and caught snatches of phrases between the crashing of the waves. It was obvious that he had asked her out and she had coyly accepted. Finally the tableau ended with her flashing a breezy smile and striding off across the sand. "See you tonight, then!" she called happily.

The girls were slumped in a sulk, wrapped in their towels, oblivious to the world, when suddenly a shadow loomed over them. The two looked up in surprise to see the sexy brunette smiling down at them.

"Hi girls! My, my look at those sad little faces. Now what could be so bad that it makes two little cuties like you so unhappy?"

"Nothin'!" huffed Cindy, trying to ignore the irritatingly sexy woman.

"Yeah. It's none a' yer business, lady!" yelled Betsy.

"Now come, girls. It's such a nice, beautiful day. I hate to see you not having fun. Is there anything I can do to help?" The lady was leaning over, her deep cleavage revealed, smiling encouragingly.

"Well..." started Betsy tentatively. "Ummm... we're lookin' for somebody. But we can't FIND her!"

"Does the somebody have a name?" asked the lady in a patient tone.

"Her name's Mandy. An' she's gonna be REAL sorry when we catch her!" growled Cindy.

The lady sat down next to the two girls, smiling maternally. "Hmmm... Mandy. That's a nice name. What does she look like?"

Cindy shot a suspicious glance at the lady. Even sitting, she was still a head taller than the two seated children, and up close she looked sexier than ever. "Well... she's about 12 years old, kinda skinny and with long black hair."

"You mean like this?" asked the lady teasingly, tossing her long black hair over her shoulder.

"Yeah, sorta..." said Cindy, her brow furrowing in thought. The lady had a funny smile, and a freckled ski nose that looked kind of familiar...

“HEY!!” squealed the two girls, hopping to their feet in anger and pointing at the young woman. “You’re Mandy!!”

As the sexy woman sat smiling, the two children danced around her pointing and shouting. “You stole our bodies!” “You lied to us and made us little!” “You gimme back my years!”

Mandy just grinned and stood, her voluptuous body towering over the angry little pair. “Now, girls. It was all an honest mistake. I really didn’t think you’d get THAT little. And anyway, since you two weren’t using the years, I just borrowed them.”

“So you give ‘em back, Mandy!” squealed Cindy, glaring up at the sultry brunette.

“Yeah, we wanna get big again!” chimed in Betsy.

“So you two want your years back? Hmmmm... well, I don’t know about that. We had a deal, remember?”

“W-what deal?” stammered Cindy.

Mandy leaned over and tweaked Cindy’s cute little nose. “You know! You guys have to wait until Sunday before you grow back - you’ve got another five days ahead of you! So I hope you like being little girls! (giggle) Hey, you can just look at this as a... a second childhood!”

Mandy had to laugh as the two little girls exploded in anger, squealing and yelling as they hopped up and down around her. After a minute, she held out her arms, signalling the angry children to stop.

“Look girls, here’s the story: I’ve got a date with the lifeguard tonight and every night this week, including the big dance Saturday, so I have no intention of giving you your years back before then.” Then Mandy swaggered over to Cindy, wiggling her sexy hips suggestively. She bent over, giving the her shrunken erstwhile baby sitter a spectacular view of her large breasts straining at her one piece suit, and brought her adult face up close to Cindy’s shocked little child’s face. “And remember. The only way you guys can get back to normal is if I LET you do it. So you’d better be REAL nice to me! Now if you want to try to go back on our deal, hey...” she laughed in Cindy’s face. “... maybe I’ll just stay this way! I really LOVE being a sexy 22 year old! Sure beats being a little kid, don’t you think?”

A final laugh and Mandy was off, her sexy hips bouncing as she strode across the sand. The girls exploded in rage, yelling and pointing. Cindy ran after her, but got so upset that she dropped her towel by mistake. Mandy looked back and laughed her head off as she watched the little naked child hurriedly pick up the towel to cover her undeveloped little frame.

“D-darn you, Mandy! I’m gonna get you for this!” squealed Cindy, holding the towel in front of her.

“Careful, little Cindy.” teased Mandy. “I think you’re showing a little backside there!” Mandy burst out laughing as the little girl spun around to look behind her, revealing her innocent little white ass cheeks peeking out from under her towel. “...and in your case, it really IS a little backside!”

“Ta ta, girls!” called Mandy. “And remember, I expect you to be on your best behavior! You’d better be perfect little angels the rest of the week if you want me to help you grow back next Sunday!”

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The two angry girls were practically steaming in humiliation as, still wrapped in their wet sandy beach towels, they trooped in defeat back to their beach cottage. After a quick shower, the shrunken coeds came upon the first of their many new challenges - what to wear? Their adult clothes now much too big for them, the little pair had to make do with oversized t-shirts, discovering that their previously form fitting tops now hung to their knees. Their shoes, pants and undies were now hopelessly large on them, so Betsy and Cindy were left with only the t-shirts to cover themselves, hoping a stray breeze wouldn’t reveal their lack of undergarments - and their mortifying lack of development.

Desperately in need of something to wear, they went out shopping for children’s clothes. But even accomplishing this was now a challenge to the little pair. Cindy got her keys and started for her car, only to realize they she was now much too young to drive! Even if she could somehow convince a traffic cop that she was really a shrunken college age girl, her skinny little eight year old legs were just too short to reach the pedals!

Unable to use their car, the little pair went padding barefoot out the door, resigned to the long trek to the nearest shops. The only places in walking distance were some beach wear shops in the center of town, all staffed by bored teenage girls who kept ignoring the shrunken pair. Betsy and Cindy had to keep trailing around after the tall sexy girls (all actually much younger than they), clamoring for their attention. When they finally succeeded in getting the shop girls to notice them, they spent most of their time explaining to the skeptical staff in their high children’s voices how their mom and dad sent them to buy clothes, and apologizing for being barefoot and tracking in sand.

After an hour of running back and forth from shop to shop, they each had put together two brightly colored outfits, plus a few days supply of children’s undies. Each bought a little one piece bathing suit and a pair of jellies before they went up to the boardwalk and headed back to their cottage.

The little pair were walking along, clutching their purchases, when they spied Mandy and the lifeguard walking towards them, arm in arm. Mandy was decked out in a sexy white evening dress, cut low at the top and hugging her curvy hips, while her date was in a

black polo shirt that highlighted his well muscled arms. The two girls frantically looked around for a place to hide, but it was already too late.

“Well look who’s here! It’s my little friends from the beach!” called Mandy gaily, swaggering over to Cindy and Betsy, her luscious date in tow. “Mike, I’d like you to meet two of the cutest little girls in town. Here’s little Cindy and little Betsy - aren’t they just adorable?”

“Er... hi M-Mike.” Stammered the two girls, craning their necks up at the tall pair of adults.

“Hi girls.” Replied Mike, smiling paternally. “You two out by yourselves tonight?”

“Ummm... yeah.”

He leaned over and gave them a friendly but serious look. “Well, it’s getting dark soon. Kids your age shouldn’t be out at night. And you know there’s a curfew on the boardwalk: no children under 12 after 9 o’clock! I’m sure your Mommy and Daddy want to see you two home soon. If I were you I get a move on.”

The two girls stood, shocked speechless. Then Mandy chimed in. “You heard Uncle Mike, girls. (giggle) Better run along home to Mommy and Daddy!”

Cindy was red with rage, but had to keep up appearances. She meekly nodded and, hand in hand with little Betsy, turned for home. She looked over her shoulder at the two sexy adults, glaring angrily, quickly turning away as Mandy turned and merrily called out. “G’night little girls! Sweet dreams!”

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“Darn her!” huffed Cindy, sitting on the beach, glaring at the sight of the sultry brunette sprawled on her beach towel. She was lying face down, her bikini top untied, the pale sides of her large breasts exposed. Her lovely rear was upended, barely covered by her little thong suit bottom, the twin mounds glistening with sweat under the hot sun. Cindy was sure Mandy was showing off on purpose, just to tease them.

“Quiet!” hissed Betsy. “You don’t want her to hear us! She’ll ...”

“Oh girls!” called Mandy teasingly, looking up from her nap, crooking a finger to beckon them. “C’mere a second.”

The two girls obediently scampered over to Mandy, standing at attention before her as the sexy adult rolled over on her back and languorously stretched her well developed body. “Ohhhhhmmmm... (sigh) The sun is SO hot today! Would you two be little darlings and run back to get me a nice, cold soda?”

Cindy bit her lip and mumbled something under her breath.

“What was that, honey? I couldn’t quite hear you.”

“Nothin’.” replied Cindy, pouting angrily.

“I hope so, Cindy.” Admonished Mandy, sitting up and pulling her bra straps behind her, giving the girls a reproachful look. Then she stood, her sexy body towering over the two little children, her pointed nipples hovering ominously above their heads as her adult voice sternly lectured down from above. “Now didn’t you two promise to be good little girls all week long for Auntie Mandy?”

“Y-yes.” Stammered the two girls.

Mandy grinned smugly. “That’s right. You two need to be on your best behavior. That means I expect you...” she leaned over and tapped Cindy on her flat little chest, “and you...” giving Betsy a nudge, “to be bright, happy, obedient little children. No unhappy faces and no talking back. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, M-Mandy.” Came the sullen reply, followed by wan smiles.

“Good! I’m SO glad we understand each other!” laughed Mandy. “Now Cindy, even though you were so rude just now, Auntie Mandy might still be real nice today and forgive you IF you do your very best to be a good little girl from now on. Do you think you can do that, Cindy?”

“I’ll try, Mandy.” Choked Cindy, her little innocent face beet red with embarrassment and rage.

“Then you better get a move on!” Mandy looked at her watch. “I expect you back here with my soda, in a glass, with ice, in TEN MINUTES - or else! Now Cindy, this is your big chance to redeem yourself and be a good girl today. And Betsy, don’t think I haven’t been keeping an eye on you, too. Now run along, girls! I’m timing you both - and the first one back gets extra brownie points!”

The brunette grinned as she watched the little pair take off running across the hot sand, each little figure jostling for position. She shook her head, chuckling as the children scrambled up the dune and scampered across the top, their feet flying and innocent little bottoms wiggling. This was almost too easy! She thought, The two little fools were practically wrapped around her little finger! And how extra nice it was to see Cindy, her old baby sitter, get a taste of her own medicine!

“Hi Mandy! Spending some time with the kids?” Mandy felt a pair of hands on her shoulders and turned to see Mike standing behind her, looking like a bronze Adonis in his tight regulation orange swim trunks.

Mandy grinned and gestured towards the little figures as they disappeared over the dunes. “Yeah. They’re such little darlings. I just can’t resist ‘em.”

“I don’t know how you get them to behave like that.” Gushed Mike, shaking his head in admiration. “Those two practically worship the ground you walk on!”

“Well... (giggle) I guess I’m just good with children! Hey...” Mandy intoned breathlessly, turning and wrapping her arms around Mike, running her hands through his wet hair. “...you think Mr Lifeguard can take a minute away from his big, important job to sneak in a kiss for little old Mandy?” She pursed her full lips in a sultry pout, pressing her sexy body hard against Mike and looking up expectantly into his eyes.

“Well, as long as nobody’s looking...” grinned Mike, pretending to look around furtively, then leaning in to embrace the sultry brunette. “Normally I shouldn’t. But for you? Definitely!”

Yes sir, thought Mandy as she wrapped her arms around her hard muscled lover and opened her lips to his. I could definitely get used to this. This is REALLY going to be hard to give up!

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