**Emily Abroad**

by imanewb

**Emily Abroad - On the Road to Nowhere**

It was the end of a very long week and James was pissed off. Three days, he mused, three days and the threat of a spanking to 'give her something else to worry about' was what it'd taken to stop his daughter from avoiding them, well him. OK, maybe he shouldn't have tried to laugh off her embarrassment like that, or tell her she'd see the funny side one day, all that did was make things worse! Hell she'd barely spoken to him all week, not even when he showed her the newly printed upgraded tickets for her flights, fresh off the printer yesterday evening.

Perhaps his wife was right, maybe he'd been too easy on her this last week, spoilt her even. But she was his baby, spreading her wings and leaving the nest for the first time. This semester abroad, he knew, would be good for her in so many ways, but he was going to worry about her every damned day, already feeling his heart wrenching and she hadn't even left yet.

In fact, they should have left twenty minutes ago, but here they were, stood on the front porch in the pre-dawn light staring forlornly at his car. Waiting for a bloody cab because the worthless POS refused to start.

There wasn't much room to pace, but he guessed Emily had covered every square inch of their little porch. Three steps to the door, three paces back to the steps, stop and look anxiously down the road for any sign of a car. Petulantly stomping her feet and glowering at him like it was his fault the car wasn't working. She was driving him nuts.

"Keep your knickers on kiddo," James grumbled wearily, "you've got plenty of time, I'm sure it'll be here soon..."

Sure enough, headlights soon brushed over them as a car turned into their street. It was the first vehicle they'd seen all morning, so she just knew this had to be the cab. It was crawling along the street with all the alacrity of a geriatric tortoise, looking for them she guessed. With the prospect of an imminent escape, Emily was unable to contain her enthusiasm any longer, she leapt off the steps and ran for the gate, wanting to flag the driver down.

No sooner had James spoken than his cellphone rang. Emily could only hear her father's side of the conversation, but it was easy enough to figure out what was going on when he started giving someone, their driver presumably, their address. The cab had been lost, just frickin' awesome!. Well at least it was nearly here now but how else, Emily wondered, could this day go wrong?

Emily didn't have to wonder for long. She didn't manage more than a couple of steps onto the grass before disaster struck. The lawn, damp with dew, was slick as ice. She tumbled ass over appetite, skidding through the gate and on to the sidewalk. Her light summer dress rucked up under her armpits, a loud tearing sound echoing in her ears as she jerked to a stop.

The car, that clearly wasn't a cab, reversed in to Mr. Simeon's driveway, its headlights highlighting her now exposed body, pinning her in place. A pitiful whine escaped her lips as the widower stepped out of his car and rushed in her direction. She wanted desperately to curl up in to a ball and hide as he got closer, wanted to tell the old man off as his eyes wandered over her.

But time seemed to be standing still for her as she watched his eyes lighting up mischievously. A small smile tugged at his lips as he shook his head, "You look alright to me there young Emily," He stated, satisfied the girl wasn't actually hurt, before continuing with a chuckle, "but my old eyes must be playing tricks on me, I didn't 'spect to see me no full moon until next week!"

"No, no, nooo," Emily moaned, as his words slowly registered. She followed the path his eyes had taken, down past her breasts, still covered thank goodness - she wasn't ready for yet another man to see those just yet!, and on past her navel, and lower, dreading what she suspected she was about to see.

Her breath hitched and the world started spinning as her eyes jumped ahead, drawn by the tattered remains of her panties fluttering across her thighs in the gentle breeze. Her hands flew to cover her kitty without conscious thought as she looked back up to see Mr. Simeon still staring at her, concern and something else she couldn't decipher etched in his wrinkles.

"Come on dearie," Mr. Simeon said gently, holding out a hand, "let's get you inside."

She was numb with shock as the older man carefully helped her up, not even noticing as her dress dropped back in to place hiding her charms from prying eyes once more. James looked up from his phone in time to see their neighbour from across the street leading his pale-faced daughter unsteadily towards him.

"Ah," Mr. Simeon said in response to the unasked question, "mornin' James. Your youngun here had herself a bit of a mishap, she looked fine, but might," he continued quietly, laughing as he dropped some scraps of fabric into James's outstretched hand, "need herself some new panties."

James looked over at his daughter, head down & sniffling as she fought back tears. At least she didn't run this time, he thought, that could've been a real problem with the cab due any minute and no other way to get to the airport on time.

"OK kiddo," he said, sparing an appreciative smile for his neighbour, "the cab driver got mixed up and went to Sycamore Street instead of coming here, you should have a couple of minutes to pop inside and... or not," he trailed off as an old yellow cab pulled up with a squeal of tires.

"Thanks again Mr. Simeon," James called over his shoulder as he grabbed his daughter's luggage, "but we've got to get a move on. And you, young lady," he said nudging Emily in to action, "need to give me a hand... you can change at the airport, I'm sure you've got plenty of spares in here!"

She dropped one bag by the trunk for her father to cram in with all the others before rushing round to the far side, intending to get in there, wanting to be alone even if only for a little while. She gnawed on her fist to stifle a scream as she slid in to the car, the cold plastic material rubbed up against her naked butt and frayed material tickled her kitty. What the heck, she wondered in a mad panic, had happened to her dress?

"Don't worry," James said as he slid in beside her, mistaking her reaction for embarrassment over flashing Mr. Simeon, "we've still got plenty of time, breathe, calm yourself down and think where you'll be this time tomorrow, you can put all this behind you!"

Carefully, ever so carefully, she pressed the folds of fabric between her thighs and clenched her legs tight together. They had time, she could find somewhere quiet and change at the airport she reminded herself desperately praying that things would start going right for once.

**Emily Abroad - Hell is Other People**

James tried talking to Emily, there was so much he wanted and needed to say to her, and so little time left to fit it all in. Emily, however, was apparently so distracted she didn't even notice his voice. James, lapsing into an awkward silence, had to be content stealing the occasional glance at his daughter, wondering what she was thinking about as she sat fidgeting uncomfortably.

As he'd expected, the ride didn't take long - the cab soon pulled up smoothly outside the international departures terminal where the driver popped the trunk and waved a porter over to grab Emily's luggage, the lazy bastard. James watched as the bags were piled haphazardly on a decrepit trolley wondering how she'd manage getting that round the terminal.

The sound of the trunk slamming shut finally did the trick, Emily looked round startled by the sudden noise, noticing for the first time where they were.

"We're here already?" Emily asked uncertainly, watching the crowds mill around. She squirmed in her seat, it was a lot busier than she'd anticipated.

"Well," she continued, voice trailing away as she reached for her door handle, "Thanks for bringing me, I guess I should get going..."

"Sure thing Pumpkin," James replied, trying not to let his worry show in his voice, "you sure about this?"

Emily paused, her hand on the door handle. She'd been going to just run off and try to find somewhere quiet to change but, catching his worry despite his efforts, she looked back at her dad, "Love you," she said, leaning in for a hug, "I'll call when I land, OK?"

"Love you too," James breathed in the scent of her hair, squeezing her gently, "be good, OK? And have fun!"

Emily nodded, gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and climbed out gingerly, pulling at the back of her dress. She didn't know how big the tear was, only that it gaped open enough for her to have felt the seat when she was sat in the cab.

James watched as she walked stiffly to her luggage, wondering why she was holding herself so tightly.

"You want I should wait?" the driver asked, pausing only for the shake of James's head before moving away from the curb.

Emily turned in time to see the cab driving away, the enormity of the situation crashing down on her - truly alone for the first time in her young life, she was really doing this, she was going to get away from those bitches! Unwilling to let go of her dress, she tried pushing her cart one handed, only to realise that she wouldn't be going anywhere like that. OK, she reminded herself as she fought to prevent panic from rising, it was still dark out, and if she were careful... Taking a deep breath to steel her resolve, she released her dress, clenched her thighs together and, taking the smallest steps possible, set off towards the terminal entrance with both hands locked in a death grip on her cart.

Not that two hands were much better, she realised, as the trolley lurched to the side every few steps. It felt like a walk of a thousand miles, but she finally managed to wrangle the darned thing to the revolving doors, doing her best to ignore the odd sniggers that followed in her wake, hoping people were simply amused by her antics with the cart but wary of the show she might be putting on every time her hem fluttered in the breeze.

She smiled to herself as she followed the doors round in to the terminal proper. In just a few minutes she'd be able to sneak off, make herself presentable and pretend this morning had never happened.

As she emerged from the doors she froze, staring straight ahead. The biggest screen she'd ever seen hung from the ceiling, a young looking girl staring back at her with a deer-in-the headlights look, mud and grass stains spread all over her pretty blue dress.

No wonder people were giggling, she thought, flushing. Her doppelganger soon disappeared, the image rotating to one of the other cameras showing guests arriving at a different door.

Her plans may have had suffered more wobbles than the blasted cart but she was here now and, she realised, blocking the entrance. Letting out an irritated huff at her own stupidity, Emily gave the cart a good shove to get it moving again. The sooner she could make herself decent again, she thought, the better!

The wheel's didn't wobble this time, no... this time they came off completely, literally. The front corner of the cart dropped, crashing into the bare concrete floor, spilling her luggage over the concourse floor. Her luggage wasn't the only thing to spill. Emily's momentum carried her forward into the cart's frame, knocking her backwards when it didn't move. Off balance, she stumbled a few paces before landing, hard.

Her hem had wafted out with the unexpected movement so, for the second time that morning, she found her bare backside pressed to a dirty concrete floor. She sat there, sprawled out in an undignified heap, emotions boiling over. It was simply too much. Tears of pain and embarrassment ran down her face as she struggled to protect what was left of her modesty.

"Go Away! Don't look!" She screamed at the crowd forming around her, attracted as much by the noise as the unexpected spectacle.

"Stop it, just go away," she begged, eyes flitting from one person to the next until a cell phone appeared. A boy, a couple of years younger than her, stood openly capturing her humiliation, a dumb grin plastered across his face, "What's wrong with you?" she screamed, "you can't... n-n-nooo..."

Emily backed up against the door frame, cringing like she'd been struck with every comment as she desperately tried to get her dress back in place. In her panic, the hand that wasn't pressed over her crotch just couldn't get the material to cooperate. Her helpless twisting revealing more of her body until, utterly defeated and feeling completely humiliated, she realised she had no option but use both hands to quickly pull the dress back in place, hiding everything from the camera and wandering eyes.

"Knock that off right now," a male voice bellowed angrily, "you wanna go to jail dumbass?"

The laughter stopped dead. Emily looked towards the voice, struggling to see through her tears, and found an older man in uniform glaring at her tormentor, and a uniformed woman walking towards her.

"What?" the kid snapped back, "it's only a dumb video... Why you picking on me," he demanded nodding towards the ceiling, "when you're showing that!"

Everyone looked up in time to see the dishevelled girl on the big screen scream silently and faint as the door finally completed its sweep behind her, taking its dirty blue trophy with it.