

# Teen Granny

By

Gary Whitmore

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to events or places or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Copyright 2012 by Gary Whitmore

Granny Image:

Courtesy of Ambro at FreeDigitalPhotos.net

Teenage girl image: Copyright:

[http://www.123rf.com/profile\\_arnoaltix](http://www.123rf.com/profile_arnoaltix) / 123RF Stock  
Photo

# *Chapter 1*

It was just another Friday morning in March in Phoenix, Arizona in two thousand and five.

At the Desert High School, it was business as usual while students started their day of learning. But the kids were excited today since Spring Break was going start at the end of the day. They loved having the week off from studying to have fun-filled days with their friends.

The hallways inside the Desert High School were packed with fifteen minutes left until the first class started.

Some students chatted by their lockers to talk about their upcoming week of freedom.

Some of the other students were getting their books out of their lockers for their next class.

Some of the other students headed down the hallway to arrive at their classes a little early.

Amy Bradley was a beautiful seventeen-year-old teenager with long silky blonde hair, sparkling blue eyes, and pearly white teeth.

She was always dressed in tight designer jeans, designer blouses and loved showing off some cleavage.

Amy was one of the popular girls in school.

By Amy's side was her best friend Laurie McBride, also a beautiful seventeen-year-old teenager with shoulder-length brunette hair. She also dressed in tight designer jeans, designer blouses, and she also loved showing off some cleavage. Like Amy, she was also one of the popular girls in school.

Amy and Laurie held their books for their next class while they strutted down the hallway. Numerous male students had their eyes lusting after Amy and Laurie with dirty thoughts of being alone with these two hotties.

Ernie, a skinny fair-skinned red-headed ninth-grader geek, had his eyes glued at Amy's tush while he walked behind her in the hallway.

In front of Amy and Laurie, Henry, another skinny ninth grader geek, walked while his eyes were glued on Amy's revealing cleavage.

Amy and Laurie made a sudden turn down another hallway.

Ernie and Henry smacked into each other, and they tumbled to the floor amidst a roar of laughter and finger-pointing.

Henry landed on top of Ernie, and they were face to face on the floor like two lovers.

A bunch of students gathered around and stared at the two geeks.

Amy and Laurie turned around and saw the two geeks on the floor. The two girls looked proud with the fact they were able to cause two geeks to bump into each other.

"Get off me before they think we're queer," Ernie whispered to Henry then pushed him off his body.

Ernie jumped up to his feet and rushed down the hallway beet red with embarrassment.

Henry jumped up to his feet and rushed down the other way down the hallway in the other direction beet red with embarrassment.

Amy and Laurie continued their strut their stuff down the hallway.

Kurt was at his locker with his girlfriend, Cindy. Kurt's eyes drifted away from Cindy's eyes while he checked out Amy while she strutted down the hallway.

Cindy saw Kurt's eyes lusting after Amy's backside.

She grabbed his chin and forced her face back at her face. She glared into his eyes, indicating she was upset.

"Sorry baby," he replied in the sweetest tone.

"Better not let it happen again," Cindy replied in a threatening tone.

"I won't," Kurt responded, but he knew he couldn't resist Amy.

Cindy walked Kurt away, and they headed down the hallway in the opposite direction of Amy and Laurie.

Willy, a skinny African-American ninth grader geek, checked out Amy and Laurie's backsides while he walked down the hallway on his way to class.

He didn't see Kate at her locker and smacked into her.

Kate and Willy tumbled to the floor, and he landed on top of her.

Kate pushed Willy off her body. "Jerk!"

She jumped up to her feet and rushed down the hallway.

Willy got up and was embarrassed while everybody stared at him. He rushed off down the hallway.

"You're the hottest and coolest girl in school. Your chances of being prom queen are excellent," Laurie told Amy while they turned down another hallway and got closer to their classroom.

"And I'll be her prom king!" a male voice called out from behind Amy.

Amy and Laurie turned around and saw Paul Ramsey, a seventeen-year-old hunk who was the star quarterback, star basketball player, and the star pitcher for the school's teams. Paul was a super athlete, and his ego didn't let anybody forget that fact.

Paul rushed over to Amy and planted a kiss on her lips.

"Of course you'll always be my king," Amy replied with love in her eyes while Paul placed an arm around her shoulder.

"I have baseball practice after school. Then later tonight, we can hang out at the mall with Jake," Paul replied.

"I'll be there also," Laurie replied.

"That sounds like a great way to start spring break," Amy replied, as she didn't care where Paul took her as

long as she was by his side.

"I almost forgot. There's a party at Jake's house tomorrow afternoon at his place since his folks are going to Florida tonight. I'll pick you up at two," Paul said then gave Amy another quick kiss on her lips.

Amy and Laurie looked excited about partying tomorrow with the baseball team and the other cool kids.

"I gotta head to shop class," Paul said then he gave Amy a quick kiss on her cheek.

Amy and Laurie watched while Paul strutted off down the hallway.

"Misses Paul Ramsey," Amy muttered under breath while she knew Paul would marry her after he became a famous football, basketball and baseball star.

Amy and Laurie walked down the hallway and headed to class.

Ten minutes later, Amy and Laurie sat at their desks in their American history classroom.

The students in the classroom laughed and chatted amongst themselves since the teacher had not arrived.

Amy sat in deep thought while she stared at a blank piece of paper from her notebook with a pencil in hand. Her dreams were to become a famous dress designer. She tapped the eraser of the pencil against her teeth while she thought of a new idea.

After a few seconds, Amy's eyes lit up, and she started sketching with her pencil.

The classroom door opened. Howard Worsley, a sixty-eight-year-old American history teacher, entered the classroom. Howard had been a teacher at Desert High School for the past forty-five years. He loved teaching so much and never plan to retire. Howard wore his standard light blue short sleeve shirt with a dark blue tie and dark blue slacks. He had his forty-year-old worn out leather attaché in his hand. It looked like it would fall apart any second.

"Okay, class. Let's quiet down so we can get started, as we have a lot to cover this morning," Howard said

while he walked over to his desk at the left front corner of the room.

The students already looked bored while they opened up their American history books.

"Okay, let's get back to our discussion on the civil war," Howard said while he plopped his attaché case on his desk then turned around and faced the class.

Amy continued to sketch on the piece of paper in her notebook and let Howard's lecture go in one ear and out her other ear.

"Let's pick up where we left off yesterday. Following his victory in Chancellorsville in May eighteen sixty-three, General Lee received approval from the Confederate government to invade the north," Howard lectured the class while he strolled with his hands behind his back down the aisle between two desks.

Amy worked on the finishing touches of her pencil sketch of a woman in a prom dress. She was clueless of Howard's whereabouts in the room while she looked proud of her new dress design.

Amy folded up the sketch and turned it around to Laurie, who sat behind her.

"The Confederate government was hoping that such an invasion would stir up the peace movement in the north, thus disrupting the Union's war effort," Howard told the class while he strolled down the aisle by Amy's right. He glanced over at Amy just in time to see her discreetly pass the folded paper over to Laurie.

Laurie unfolded the paper and looked at Amy's new design. She folded the paper back up, reached out, and tapped Amy on her shoulder.

Amy turned around, and discreetly grabbed the paper from Laurie. Then Amy's eyes widened in fear when she saw Howard standing to her right side of her desk, and he looked pissed.

The whole class watched while Howard extended out his hand. "The paper, Miss Bradley," he said in a raised tone.

Amy hesitated for a few seconds then she handed him the paper.

Howard unfolded the paper and glanced at the sketch of a woman in a prom dress. He was furious that Amy would ignore his valuable lecture on the Civil War.

He ripped up the sketch into tiny pieces and let them rain to the floor. "I expect you to pay attention during my lectures. Now, pick up your trash," Howard yelled out then he walked down the aisle.

"We have a pop quiz based on today's lecture," Howard told the class while he strolled back to his desk.

"Ah, man!" one male student quietly moaned.

Some of the students looked a little pissed with Amy for causing this pop quiz.

Amy looked pissed with losing her new design while she picked up the pieces of her design off the floor.

It was later that afternoon, and Amy and Laurie walked amongst the other students down the hallway to their next class.

"I can't believe that creepy old man did that. Now I have to start all over again with my new design. I wanted to try making that dress for the prom," Amy said, still pissed with the morning's episode in American history class.

"I can't believe he's so into the Civil War. Do you think he was a soldier back then?" Laurie replied.

They both chuckled over her comment.

Randall McBride, the seventeen-year-old skinny nerdy twin brother of Laurie, ran up behind Amy with some flyers in his hand. "Amy," he called out.

The girls turned around and saw Randall while he rushed over to them.

"Hey Randall," Amy said with a warm smile for her friend.

"I'm trying to get a teen group to help out at my grandmother's nursing home during spring break," he said while he handed her one of his flyers.

Amy looked disinterested while she glanced at the



flyer. "How many volunteers do you have so far?"

"Well, if you include me, I only have one," her replied and looked disappointed.

"Are you going to volunteer?" Amy asked Laurie.

"Probably not since we'll be too busy partying next week," Laurie replied while she glared at Randall for asking Amy.

"I'll get back with you," Amy said while she folded up the flyer and shoved it in one of the rear pockets of her jeans.

Randall looked at Amy and wanted to say something else, but he hesitated and looked nervous. He suddenly got brave. "Ah, Amy."

"Yes," she said while she looked at him.

Randall got even more nervous when Amy looked at him but decided to be brave. "Ah, do you have a date, I mean, I know it's a couple of months away, ah, but can I take you to the prom?" he asked while he shook in his shoes.

"Randall, I'm sorry, you know we're just good friends. I can't go to the prom with you since I'm going with Paul," Amy politely replied.

"Oh, okay. Well, guess I'll see you later," Randall replied then he moped away feeling rejected.

"My brother sure is persistent," Laurie said while she watched him mope away.

"He's been persistent since the sixth grade," Amy replied, but she liked Randall and tolerated with his occasional polite offers for a date. "But if he was a hottie, I might consider him, since he does have a kind heart," Amy added.

"I need to head off to Algebra class," Laurie said and the thought of an hour of math already bored her.

"I'm off to English. I'll see you after class," Amy replied then they both walked their separate ways down the hallway.

## *Chapter 2*

It was later that Friday afternoon, and there was a loud rumble in the main hallway signaling that the end of the school day finally arrived.

Amy and Laurie rushed out of school with the other kids excited that spring break finally started.

Amy and Laurie walked through the school parking lot where the seniors parked their cars. They heard some footsteps coming up behind them but didn't think anything of it.

Wally Sobers, a seventeen-year-old short and skinny jerk with long stringy dishwater colored hair and his partner in crime, Juan Vargas, a seventeen-year-old short and chubby Mexican-American with a shaved head were those footsteps behind Amy and Laurie. The two jerks had their eyes glued on the backsides of the two girls.

"Give me some loving," Wally called out the second he groped Amy's right butt cheek.

"Yeah," Juan added while he groped Laurie's left butt cheek.

Wally and Juan ran away with creepy laughs.

"Perverts!" Amy yelled out the second she noticed it was Wally that groped her.

Wally and Juan continued to laugh their creepy laughs while they ran to Wally's black with black interior nineteen seventeen-eight Ford Mustang parked in the lot.

"I'll have to burn these jeans now that that jerk left his creepy germs on my backside," Laurie said while she looked sick at the thought of Juan's hands touching her butt.

"I know what you mean. What a bunch of scumbags," Amy added while they headed to Laurie's nineteen ninety-two white Toyota Corolla with light blue interior.

“I love you, Amy!” Wally yelled out his driver’s door window while he screeched his Mustang out of the parking lot.

“Why do all the disgusting guys also want me? Makes me sick thinking of Wally’s body touching me,” Amy said while she and Laurie got inside Laurie’s car.

Laurie started up her car then drove out of the lot.

A little while later, Laurie drove her Corolla a few streets away from the high school.

The song “She’s A Brick House” by the Commodores started playing on the radio.

Amy’s eyes sparkled when she heard the disco song. “I love that song!” she cried out and cranked up the volume on the radio.

Amy and Laurie danced in their seats while they sang along with the Commodores. They changed the lyrics a little and sang out they were a brick house.

While they sang, Laurie’s Corolla approached the backend of a slow-moving two thousand blue with white interior Ford Crown Victoria with two old ladies inside.

The girls didn’t notice the Crown Victoria while they sang and boogied in their seats to the song.

Laurie’s Corolla got four feet from the backend of the Crown Victoria.

Amy glanced at the windshield while she sang and boogied along with the song. Her eyes widened in fear. “Watch out!” Amy screamed out and pointed at the windshield.

Laurie looked and saw her Corolla was one foot from the rear end of the Crown Victoria.

They both screamed while Laurie slammed on the brakes.

The tires of Laurie’s Corolla screeched and smoked while it laid rubber on the street and stopped. A car behind Laurie’s car screeched on its brakes and missed Laurie’s car by inches.

The Crown Victoria slowly drove away with the two

old ladies clueless of their near-miss collision.

Inside Laurie's Corolla, she and Amy sat stunned with their near-miss collision.

"Why was that car going so slow?" Laurie asked.

They saw the two old ladies inside the Crown Victoria while it slowly drove down the street.

"No wonder, a couple of blue-hairs are inside. They probably think they're going a hundred miles an hour," Amy replied.

Laurie chuckled over Amy's smart-ass comment.

The car behind Laurie's car blew its horn.

Laurie looked her rearview mirror and saw the driver behind her pissed. "I hate going slow," Laurie said while she drove away.

Amy thought for a few seconds, and then her eyes lit up with an idea. "Pull in the other lane and get alongside those old ladies," she told Laurie.

"What do you have in mind?" Laurie asked and knew Amy was scheming some joke.

Amy got an evil smirk on her face while she unzipped her jeans and started to slide them down her legs.

Laurie chuckled knowing what Amy had in mind while she pulled her Corolla into the left-hand lane and sped up to get even with the Crown Victoria.

Inside the Ford Crown Victoria, the driver was Edith Shelby, who was seventy-five years old. In the passenger seat was Dorothy Acklin also seventy-five years old. The ladies had been close friends since the nineteen forties.

"You know Dorothy, we should try that new Italian restaurant that opened a couple of weeks ago," Edith said then got quiet with a blank stare while her memory failed her. "Oh, I forgot the name of the place."

Dorothy looked over at Edith, and her mouth and eyes widened with shock! "Oh my God, bare butt cheeks!"

Edith rubbed her chin while she thought for a few

seconds. "Oh no, Bare Butt Cheeks isn't the name of that restaurant," she replied while she strained to recall the name.

"Look, Edith," Dorothy cried out and pointed at Edith's door window. "Bare butt cheeks!"

Edith thought for a few seconds then she nodded in disagreement. "No, Dorothy, I still don't think they would call a restaurant Bare Butt Cheeks," she said while she strained to remember the name of that restaurant.

"No Edith, look out your window!" Dorothy yelled out while she pointed at Edith's door window.

Edith looked out her window, and her eyes widened with shock! "Oh, dear! We're being mooned."

Edith and Dorothy giggled like young school girls at the sight of Amy's bare butt cheeks smeared up against the Corolla door window.

Edith and Dorothy watched Laurie's Corolla while Amy sat down and pulled up her jeans.

Inside Laurie's Corolla, Amy zipped up her jeans. "I bet it's been a long, long time since the butt cheeks on those old freaks were smooth and tight," said Amy while she glanced back at the Crown Victoria.

Amy and Laurie chuckled then they high-fived each other at the sight of the stunned faces of Edith and Dorothy.

Laurie raced her Corolla down the street with the girls still chuckling over the stunned looks on the faces of the two old ladies.

A little while later, Laurie whipped her Corolla into Amy's driveway of her two-story home.

"I'll see you later tonight," Laurie said while she put her car in park.

"Okay," Amy replied the got out of the Corolla.

Laurie backed her car down the driveway while Amy rushed to her front door.

Laurie drove her car away to her home, which was a couple of houses down the same street.

Amy went inside her home and rushed up into her

bedroom.

It was later that night inside the Bradley home.

Amy sat at the dining room table with her mother, Kate Bradley, forty-four years old, father Rick Bradley, forty-five years old, and her annoying little brother Tim Bradley ten years old.

The Bradley family ate pot-roast for dinner.

“How was school today?” Rick asked Amy and Tim.

“Cool! Billy Thompson barfed in class, and they were the big chunks!” Tim replied, all excited.

Thought of Tim’s comment made Amy sick. She picked at the rest of her pot-roast, mashed potatoes, and cream corn. She set her fork down and pushed her plate away.

Tim got sad eyes. “Then I stunk at soccer practice, and everybody made fun of me.”

“Why don't you help Tim with some tips on playing soccer?” Kate said while she looked over at Amy.

“I'm a grown woman now. I don't have the time for soccer anymore since I have a boyfriend and a fashion career to prepare for,” Amy said while she still lost her appetite.

Tim looked rejected.

“Why is it so terrible for you to help your brother?” Rick scolded Amy.

Amy looked like she could care less about her little brother.

Kate's eye widened. “Oh, I almost forgot. We're going to Aunt Wilma's house tomorrow afternoon in Sun City. It's her birthday, and she's having a little party with her friends,” she told Amy and Tim.

It took a few seconds for Kate's news to sink in Amy's head. “No! I have big plans tomorrow with Paul, Laurie, and some friends!” Amy said, being defiant.

“You'll have to cancel those plans,” Kate snapped back at Amy.

Tim smiled at Amy happy that her plans for

Saturday were ruined.

“I can't stand old people!” Amy cried out and looked like she was ready for the tears to flow. “Besides. I don't know her. I've only seen her a couple of times in my life,” she added.

“You need to show a little respect for the elderly!” Rick told Amy with a raised tone.

“I'm not going since I have plans with Paul tomorrow. Sorry!” Amy cried out, being serious, and crossed her arms to make a stand.

The sound of a car racing into the driveway was heard followed by a car horn.

Amy's eyes sparkled, overhearing the sound of the car. She jumped up and rushed away from the table.

“Excuse me, where do you think you're going?” Rick called out.

Amy turned around in the archway of the dining room.

“Out to the mall with Paul.”

“You'll have to sacrifice Saturday's party or be grounded all next week during your precious spring break,” Rick replied and looked serious.

Amy looked upset but knew she didn't have a choice. “Okay. I'll go to the old lady's birthday party. Can I go now?” she said in a smart-ass tone.

“You didn't finish your meal, Amy,” Kate said.

“Tim's barf story in school made me sick. I can't eat anymore,” Amy replied and looked anxious to get out of the house.

“Go. Be home by ten, or you'll be grounded next week,” Rick said.

“Okay,” Amy replied while she turned around and ran to the front door.

“Don't we get a good-bye kiss anymore?” Rick yelled out while Amy ran to the front door.

“I'm too old for that!” Amy yelled back while she opened the front door and slammed it shut.

“Is that girl ever going to grow up?” Rick asked

Kate

“In due time. In due time,” Kate replied.

Rick looked unsure Amy would ever grow up but couldn't wait for that day to come.

Outside the Bradley house, Paul waited in his red with black interior nineteen eighty-five Z-28 Camaro in the driveway.

Amy opened up the passenger door, sat down and slammed the door shut.

“I hate my family!” she cried out and was pissed.

“What's wrong?” Paul asked while he backed the Z-28 down the driveway.

“I can't believe it. My parents are forcing me to go to a stupid birthday for some super old lady tomorrow afternoon,” she said, crossed her arms and pouted.

Paul looked upset while he threw the Z-28 into first gear and zoomed away with the back tires screeching. “But Jake's big party is tomorrow afternoon,” he said while he shifted gears and looked upset.

“These old people are ruining my life,” Amy cried out hating life.

It was a quiet ride to the Paradise Valley shopping mall while Amy stayed pouted in the passenger seat.

Fifteen minutes later, Paul and Amy walked around the Paradise Valley mall holding hands. She started to put missing tomorrow's party out of her mind and started to feel better.

“There are Jake and Laurie,” Paul said when he spotted the two sitting by a bench.

Jake Morrison was a seventeen-year-old short blonde haired jock and has been Paul's best friend since the first grade.

Paul and Amy tried to speed up to get to the bench but Ernst and Wendy, an old couple around eighty-three years old were inching ever so slow in front of them.

Paul and Amy tried to go around Ernst and Wendy, but this part of the mall got crowded, and they were blocked.



Amy got frustrated with walking slow behind the old couple. "See what I mean about old people ruining my life," she said and wanted to scream. After a few seconds with inching closer to Laurie and Jake, she couldn't take it any longer. "Move it!" she yelled at Ernst and Wendy.

The old couple jumped startled, and they moved to the side and looked scared while Amy and Paul rushed at them.

"Boo!" Paul yelled at Ernst and Wendy, who jumped startled again.

Paul and Amy laughed while they rushed over to Jake and Laurie.

"Jake was telling me he got James Dennison's band to play at his party tomorrow," Laurie told Amy.

"I can't go tomorrow," Amy said while she looked like she wanted to cry.

"What do you mean you can't go?" Laurie asked and looked concerned.

"I have to go to some birthday party for some old aunt of my father," Amy replied and pouted.

"Can't you get out of going?" Laurie asked.

"It was either go to Jake's party tomorrow and be grounded for the rest of spring break, or go to the old lady's birthday party and have the rest of Spring Break to party," Amy replied and looked like she wanted to scream. "Of all the days, she would have to have a birthday tomorrow," Amy said and still pouted.

"We celebrated my father's fiftieth birthday last week," Laurie said.

"Wow! That's half a century. That's old," Amy replied.

Jake, Paul, and Laurie nodded in agreement.

"Don't worry, Amy. We'll have a blast all next week," Paul said while he placed an arm around Amy's shoulder to comfort her.

Amy felt better when she thought about her spring break starting on Sunday.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

