**A Grand Adventure**

by Story Guy

*Jess is going with her uncle to Africa on an archaeological expidetion. Lots can happen deep in the jungle.*

**Chapter 1**

Jess was excited. The last few years had been rough. Her father had left for parts unknown almost three years ago. At first it had been financially hard, but her mother's brother, Jess's uncle Ron had helped them out. Her mother had also finally landed a pretty well paying job. While Jess was in school it wasn't a problem, but summer was coming and her mother didn't like the idea of Jess being alone all day every day while her mother was at work.

Jess argued that she'd be fine. She was 15 and would turn 16 in just over a month, certainly old enough to take care of herself, but her mother had doubts. Ron had come up with a solution though. He was some big wig at some university. Every summer he would go on some sort of exploring trip. Jess wasn't exactly sure what he did, but this year he had offered her a job being his assistant! She was going to accompany him on his trip for three months.

Her job was to organize and keep all the records. They would be collecting artifacts and cataloging them. Jess wouldn't be doing the collecting, other team members would be doing that and they would be filling out the appropriate forms. Those forms would be given to Jess. They would also be filling out expense reports, trip itineraries, and other such trip related reports, which would also be given to her. It didn't sound too hard to her and she was going to be paid well for it.

The best part was she was going to receive a complete wardrobe. As Ron had told her, all she needed to pack was her toothbrush and the clothes on her back, which she could throw out when the new things arrived. Everything would be supplied and most of the clothing she received was hers to keep. She was to get formal wear for meetings in Europe right down to clothing to wear in the jungle.

Because of her age and the extensive travel involved, Ron was made her legal guardian for the trip. That proved a bit complicated. Her mother wasn't too sure, but the legal team in charge of the expedition explained the reasons for it. Ron needed complete control in case of anything that might come up. Trying to get word to her mother and then have her supply the appropriate documents could be disastrous and could even cost Jess her life in an emergency. Once Jess's mother understood, she signed all the documents willingly.

The plane Ron and Jess were on landed in Paris. Since they had virtually no luggage getting through customs was easy and, as they exited, they immediately spotted a man holding a sign with their names on it. The man and Ron immediately started talking and largely ignored Jess, which didn't really bother her at all. She was busy taking in all the sights. They went to the man's car and Ron and he got into the front seat and Jess climbed into the back. Jess would have not even answered if something was said to her. Her eyes were glued on her surroundings.

The car pulled into a parking lot and stopped, making Jess look up. Ron chuckled, "I asked if you wanted to get something to eat, but you didn't answer. Are you hungry?"

"Yes!" Jess blurted. "Sorry, I was just busy looking around. I didn't realize you ask me."

The three went into the restaurant and ate a nice meal. Jess wished she had studied French better in school. She was able to pick out some words, but Ron impressed her as he carried on a conversation with the waiter. She was even more impressed when the waiter brought a bottle of wine to the table and set out three goblets, one for her, and poured out the wine.

They ate a leisurely meal, Ron made a phone call, then they headed out on the road again driving about a half hour before pulling up to a small, but elegant villa. Ron took Jess on a short tour of the house, then brought her back into the main room. "Take your dress off," he ordered.

"Here?" she questioned.

"Yes, here," he snapped, obviously irritated.

"I will not! I..." Jess started to yell. Before she could finish, Ron lunged at her, pushing her to the floor. Before she could react he flipped up her dress, tore her panties off, and started spanking her hard. She tried to fight him off struggling and screaming as she did, but she was no match for him. She was tiny, but he was larger than normal and he easily overpowered her.

Jess continued to struggle and Ron continued to slap her bare ass. Finally she broke and, although still crying, stopped struggling. Ron stopped spanking her and lifted up the sobbing girl. He sat down on the couch and just held her until she quieted. Her sobbing stopped, but she was still crying some. "Do you know why you were spanked?" he asked.

Between whimpers, she managed to say, "Because I wouldn't take my dress off."

"No, you were not spanked because you wouldn't take your dress off. I did tell you to take it off, but you were spanked because you didn't do what you were told to do. I've told you many times, you are to do what you are told when you are told to do it. Especially over the next couple of months, your life could depend on it," he explained. "Shall we try again? Take off your dress."

Jess began crying again, but stood up and started undressing. "Are you going to rape me?" she asked.

"No! Of course not! Why would you ask that?" he snapped. He calmed and continued is a softer voice. "Over the next couple of months, there will be times when I see you naked and times when you see me naked. That can't be helped. You don't need a thin piece of cloth to protect you, I'll protect you. I could care less about your privacy or your modesty. I care about you. You have the body of a girl. So what? You need to learn to trust me regardless of what you're wearing or not wearing."

Jess calmed some after hearing his words. Maybe she was overreacting? She dropped her dress on the floor and stood before him naked, save her bra, making her blush. She folded her hands in front of her pussy instinctively. A knock on the door made her jump. "Stay here and don't move," he ordered as he walked to the door.

"Hello. Come in," she heard him say and then he walked back into the room followed by a man and a woman. "This is the girl," he said. Jess dropped into a crouch trying to cover her naked body. "Jess, stop being dramatic. This is Jacques and he is here to measure you for your clothes. You do want them to fit, don't you? Now stand up so he can get your measurements. Nothing bad will happen to you. I told you I'd protect you, right? Now cooperate."

Jess slowly stood up and her face turned red with embarrassment. The woman pulled out a laptop computer and set it up as the man pulled out a measuring tape, making Jess turn even redder. Why couldn't the woman measure her? The man and woman began talking in French to each other. Jess understood when Ron told the man she didn't speak French, in French.

He smiled at her, then started measuring her, moving her as he did, like spreading her arms, parting her legs, and such, and seemed to touch every part of her body multiple times as he took measurements and relayed the information to the woman on the computer. Jess's face stayed red the entire time and she somehow managed to control her instinctual movements to cover herself. It took about 10 minutes, but it seemed like 10 hours to Jess, before he finished. As the woman packed up her computer, the man said a few words to Ron, and then they left.

Ron turned his attention back to Jess, who was still standing naked in the room. "Pick up your dress and put it in your room. Put on some panties and there's a robe hanging in the bathroom you can put on if you wish. You'll have to take the robe off when they return so you can be fitted though. They will be back in an hour or so with some clothes for you. There won't be much, but tomorrow there will be more."

Jess picked up her dress. She dumped the torn panties in a wastebasket on the way to her room. There was a full length mirror in her room and she looked at her body in it. She was embarrassed. Her ass was still quite pink showing she had been spanked. The people from the clothing supplier had to have noticed and must have known she had been spanked.

Not wanting to irritate her uncle again Jess dumped her dress on her bed, put on a new pair of panties, and walked into the bathroom to get the robe. She walked back into the main room as she put it on. "Come sit with me," he told her as she entered.

She sat down on the couch next to him and his arm went around her shoulder. Almost instinctively she nuzzled up to him. This was the man who had just spanked her, made her get almost naked, not only in front of him, but two other people she didn't even know, one of which was another man. She had been fondled by a strange man as Ron just watched. Strangely, even after all that he made her feel protected and comforted.

Jess must have dozed off as she was awaken by Ron. "They're here. Stand up and take your robe off and I'll let them in," he calmly ordered as he stood and walked to the door. Jess slowly stood up as Ron and the man returned, but this time the woman wasn't there. "Robe?" Ron reminded as the man dropped several boxes on the table.

Her face turned red as she undid the tie on the robe letting it drop to the floor. The man picked it up and draped it over the back of a chair. He then took a small box and opened it, pulling out a pair of panties and handed then to Jess indicating she should put them on.

Jess took the panties and paused. She would have to take the ones she was wearing off. Rod looked at her and seemed a little irritated so she slowly took hers off and quickly stepped into the ones Jacques had given her. She could tell these weren't the typical discount store panties. They seemed high quality and the material felt expensive. He then proceeded to seemingly check the fit putting his fingers into the waistband and leg holes checking them and even had her bend over. "Good, no?" he asked with a heavy accent. Jess couldn't help but smile as she nodded.

The man then said something to Ron and Ron translated for Jess. "He has asked me to translate for you," Ron said. The man then started talking to Jess, but in French. "He says he tried to pick out some nice styles, materials, and colors for you. If there are some you don't like he will be glad to exchange them for you," Ron translated. Again he talked to Ron and Ron translated. "He said to take those off. He has included something special for you as a good customer."

Jess shyly took the panties off. She was surprised she was becoming more excited. The man took them, putting them back into the box, then pulled out what looked like a string of pearls connected to a waistband. He held them up to himself showing her how to put them on, then handed them to Jess.

She guessed it must be some kind of body jewelry. Jess stepped into them and pulled them up so the waistband was at her hips and the pearls hung down between her legs. She had never seen anything like it before and guessed maybe it was something to wear over a swim suit or pants.

The man smiled at her as he reached out and pulled the waistband up so the pearls disappeared between her pussy lips and making her blush. He said something and Ron repeated, "Walk." Jess took a few steps. Her eyes widened and her face flushed. The pearls moved slightly as she walked not only rubbing her pussy, but also sliding slightly on her clit.

"Off," the man smiled. Jess slipped off her new toy. The man pulled out a different pair of panties for her to put on as he opened another box and pulled out a matching bra. Jess hesitated again. She was about to expose her breasts to not only Ron, but also Jacques. She finally rationalized they had already seen her most private area, her pussy, so she may as well let them see the rest. Jess took her bra off and put the new bra on and, as he had with the panties, the man checked the fit. She had been fitted for a bra before, but it had been a matronly woman. This man seemed to know what he was doing though.

They continued going through the clothes piece by piece with the man checking each article. A few he made marks on some and placed then in a separate box. It took a while and when they were finally finished Jess was tired. The man picked up the box of marked clothing and left saying he would be back the next day.

"I'm tired. Is it OK if I go to bed?" Jess asked and Ron nodded. "I didn't see any nightgowns. What do I sleep in?" wondered Jess.

"They will be coming tomorrow. You can sleep in anything you wish to," he answered. "I think I'll go into the hot tub for a bit. If you like, join me," he stated as he stood and walked to the door going out to a patio.

Jess watched as he flipped a couple of switches on the wall, grabbed a towel off the rack next to the door, and walked out. He then pulled the cover off the tub and, much to her surprise, he began to undress like she wasn't even there. He was facing away from her, but she saw his naked ass as his underwear dropped and he climbed the steps to the hot tub. He stepped in and sat down in the bubbling water.

She really didn't know why, but she walked to the door and looked at the hot tub, then looked at her uncle. "You coming in? If you are grab a towel," he said to her without looking at her. Jess reached up, grabbed a towel and walked out, dropping her towel on a chair. "I got no swimsuit," she admitted shyly and blushed a little. "It's custom to go in nude," he replied "But I guess you could just wear your undies." Jess thought about it, but didn't want to look like a scaredy cat. Anyway, he's her uncle, so there's no harm in him seeing her naked. With new grown resolve she undid her bra and dropped it, than stepped out of her panties. Now totally nude, she became nervous after all and slipped into the hot tub as fast as possible. She lowered herself into the water and although still a bit embarrassed she felt a little proud for being so brave.

They didn't talk at all. Jess laid back and evidently fell asleep as she was awoken by Ron nudging her. "You're dozing off. Maybe we should go to bed?" he suggested. Jess nodded, stood up, and stepped out of the tub grabbing her towel. She heard Ron stand up and turned around. Jess watched as he climbed out of the tub completely naked. He wasn't the first nude male she had seen, but it was the first time she had seen him.

Her eyes were drawn to his manhood. It surprised her that he wasn't hard. Every other guy she had seen had been hard unless she had made them cum first. Strangely, even with him flaccid, he was the most erotic man she had ever seen. He wasn't ready to fuck her, he was just being a man.

**Chapter 2**

Ron awoke Jess that morning, She rolled over and looked at the clock, It was almost 10! "I'm sorry! I don't know why I slept so late! I..." she apologized, jumping up to a sitting position forgetting she was only wearing panties.

"It's OK," he interrupted. "I let you sleep. Sleep well?" he smiled.

"Oops!" she blushed, pulling up the sheet to cover herself.

"Don't fret like that. I've told you we will be seeing a lot of each other. Want some coffee?" he consoled and she nodded, still holding the sheet in front of her. "I made some. Here, put this on. The tailor will be here in a half hour with more things for you plus the altered items he took back with him," he said as he stood, completely dressed, and held out a robe for her.

At first Jess just looked. Did he expect her to get out of bed like this? "Um... I slept in just panties last night," she hinted as she blushed.

"I know, remember? You went to bed right from the hot tub," he stated, but made no movement except for holding out her robe. Jess paused, but then remembered him spanking her for not doing what he said. He had also had seen her naked and saw everything. She slightly blushed as she dropped the sheet and stood up, taking the robe and quickly putting it on.

He turned and walked into the kitchen area with her following. There was already a cup of coffee poured for her, so she sat down in the chair opposite the one he sat in, picking up the mug and taking a sip. "You make good coffee," she smiled.

"Thanks! I'm glad you approve," he smiled back. "Today is Wednesday. On Friday we go into Paris for the weekend. I have some meetings there; a conference. You will be going with me. I have meetings all day Saturday. I'm sure they'll have something planned for the 'partners' of the attendees. On Saturday night there will be a formal dinner and dance. Would you like to attend?"

"Formal? ...like dress up and all kinds of fancy stuff?" she gasped. "Yes!"

"I'll have them fit you for a gown for Saturday night then and also something casual for you to wear during the day. I have put in a request for two beds in the hotel, but it looks like there's only single, double beds, available at the moment, unless there's a cancellation. You going to be able to deal with that? I hope so because in the jungle we'll be living like that a lot," he explained.

Jess had forgotten about him saying that before and was a little unsettled at the prospect, but a knock on the door came before she could answer. It was the clothier and Ron let him in, then called Jess into the living room. The man carried several boxes in with him and put them on the floor. He rummaged through the boxes and then held out a bra and panty set for her. She really liked the set, but knew what was expected of her.

She stared at the man for a moment before Ron told her to put them on. Reluctantly she dropped her robe, dropped her panties, and put the bra and panties on with the man watching her. He had seen her before, but she couldn't help but blush. "Pretty?" he grinned once she had them on and she nodded.

He took out the garments one at a time for her to try on. She would put on pants, a top, shorts, or whatever, he would check it, then have her take it off. She would have been happier if he gave her a top and bottom at the same time, but he didn't. At least she was wearing panties and a bra this time.

Ron talked to him in French a bit, then turned to Jess. "He says you are petite and would look nice in a mini skirt. He wants to know how short you like them," he translated, then added, "You'll need something for Saturday day." The man opened his laptop and showed her a page with skirts.

Jess looked at the page of skirts. "I love this one, but my mother would never let me wear something that short," she commented.

"Your mother is 4000 miles away and, for the summer, I'm in charge of you. The question is not what your mother will let you wear, it's what you want to wear," he commented, then spoke to the clothier in French. The man pulled out another pair of panties and handed then to Jess. They were white cotton, but not "little girl" panties. The cotton was obviously a high grade as they almost felt like satin. They were bikini style, but had a full seat and looked like they fit low on her legs, not high cut at all.

He started talking in French, then Ron translated. "He said they were Japanese style. Minis are popular among teens in Japan and they like short ones, short enough so, if they bend over, panties show slightly. He said to put the panties on."

Jess sighed. She liked having something on. Even if it was just panties it covered her. She looked over at Ron and could tell by the look on his face she had no choice. She hooked her thumbs into her panties and pushed them down, baring her pussy to both Ron and Jacques. She then took the new panties and pulled them on. As she did Jacques put the panties she had been wearing into a box, then turned to her adjusting the ones she just put on.

"Nice?" he smiled once he had them adjusted to his satisfaction. Jess nodded. They didn't feel like the cotton panties she once wore. They were elastic, but didn't have the thin bands at her waist and legs. They just sort of hugged her body lightly, but firmly at the same time. The clothier then pulled a length of elastic from his case, tied it, and handed it to her. "Waist," he said as he indicated she should put it at her waist.

Jess pulled the elastic on and set it at her waist having no idea what he was doing. He then pulled some material out of his case, turned her so her back was to him, and tucked the material into the band at her waist. He manipulated the material by gathering it at the waist and Jess noticed it was like a half skirt covering her ass.

The clothier pushed on her back and said, "Bend." She bent over, but he said, "No," then indicated for her to watch him. He bent over, but kept his back straight, and pointed that out to her. "Bend," he repeated and she bent over as he did. He seemed to adjust the material a little, then said, "Up." She stood up and he again adjusted the material more. "Bend," he told her.

He said something to Rod in French. Rod moved behind her, the clothier told Jess to bend again, then said more to Ron. "Up," he said again and she stood up. He seemed to take some measurements, then pulled the material away. Ron once more had a brief conversation with him and he pulled up a page on his laptop.

Ron translated what the clothier had said. "He says to pick out a gown. Go through the page. If you see something you like, click on the picture and it will show more pictures of the gown from different angles."

Jess scrolled through the pictures, clicking on some to see the other angles, but none really struck her although all were elegant. Near the bottom was one she did like. It looked like a satin material. It was floor length, flowing, with almost a halter top and a very low back. "You like this one?" she asked Ron and he nodded. "Tell him this one then," she smiled. He took control of the laptop and brought up a new page showing the gown, but at the bottom was different colored boxes. He looked at her, clicked a box making the dress change to that color, and showed it to Jess. She realized he was showing her the colors the dress came in and studied each one.

She narrowed the colors down to two, a light blue and a dark green. "Which do you like better?" Jess asked Ron.

"With your dark hair I think the light blue might look better, but get what you want," he answered.

Jess thought for a moment, then pointed out the light blue to Jacques. He smiled and nodded, making a few notes in his notepad. He then proceeded to unpack the boxes having Jess try on each item and, as before, one at a time so she was wearing the item and either panties or her bra exposed with each item.

The last items he pulled out was a pair of shorts, which were a drab tan color and baggy. Jess looked in the mirror and stated, "They are ugly! I'm not wearing them!"

"They are for the jungle. Fashion isn't important there, functionality is. They have many pockets and clips. Those, and the matching shirt, are perfect for you in the field. You can dress up everywhere but in the jungle," he explained. Jess pouted, but nodded in agreement, although she still thought they were ugly.

**Chapter 3**

Jess woke up on her own the next morning. She dressed in one of her new short sets and walked into the kitchen to find Ron making coffee. "Morning," she grinned. "We're going to Paris tomorrow?"

Yes. This afternoon the rest of your clothes will arrive. We go to Paris in the morning tomorrow. We have the rest of the day free. Saturday morning and afternoon I have meetings. You will go and partake in the planned activities for guests. Saturday night is a formal dinner and dance. Sunday we head out," he explained as he poured the coffee.

"We go to Africa directly from Paris? I need to pack and stuff. There's so much to do!" Jess gasped. They chatted as they ate breakfast. Jess still felt she was almost overwhelmed with all the preparation.

"I have a lot to do, but you don't really. You do need to pack, but that isn't a big deal. I told you before, all your needs will be taken care of," he smiled. "Pack your Paris things separate from the Africa things. Our clothes that we don't need will be brought back here. We'll be in Africa for a month, come back here for a week, then back to Africa for another month. I think there will be another conference, this time in Rome, in about 6 weeks, but our things will be brought there for us. We will only be in Rome for about 2 days. We'll go to Rome, the conference will be the next day, then we will be back in Africa the following day."

"I better get started packing!" she shouted as she jumped up and ran to her room. She looked at the still packed boxes and decided she needed to get organized first. Methodically she unpacked each box and placed the contents of each into her drawers. After an hour she had all the boxes unpacked. She then began the monumental task of picking out what would be brought where.

Jess started with what she would need in Paris. She remembered her gown and the outfit she would wear Saturday during the day would be coming that afternoon. She chose what she would wear on the trip to Paris and set it aside. She then chose an outfit to wear on the trip to Africa. Jess had 12 pairs of panties. She chose a pair to wear to Paris, the ones she had been told were for her Saturday outfit, chose a pair for Saturday night, and a pair to wear to Africa. The rest she put in her â€œAfricaâ€ pile.

Ron opened her door. "The clothier is here to fit you," Jess had completely lost track of time. She rushed out, anxious to see her new outfits. The clothier had a new girl with him. She looked maybe 20 or so and had a sewing machine set up. There was also a three way mirror, like the ones in clothing shops set up.

"You are Miss Jessica?" the girl asked. Jess nodded and smiled. "I am Monica. I am a seamstress for Mr. Jacques. I also speak English, so he has asked me to translate for him. It that OK?" she asked and Jess nodded. The clothier spoke in French and Monica translated. "He said to change into the special panties he brought for you yesterday and to also put on the plain white brazier. Do you know what he is talking about?"

"Yes. I'll be right back," Jess answered and walked into her room. She had set aside the panties, but had to look through the Africa things to find the bra. Once finding them, she stripped down, put on the requested bra and panties, threw on her robe, and went back into the living room. "All set," she grinned.

Jacques opened the box he had brought and pulled out a white blouse with dark blue trim and cap sleeves and offered it to Jess. She took it and, knowing what was expected, took off her robe and put the blouse on. It came down to her waist. The clothier adjusted it, pulling and tugging a bit, leaned back looking at it, then asked, "Good?" as he pointed to the mirror he had set up.

Jess walked to the mirror and looked at herself. The blouse was perfectly fitted, but looked a little like something a girl much younger would wear, but answered, "Yes, good," as she walked back to her position in front of the clothier.

He reached into the box and pulled out a skirt that matched the trim on the blouse. "Pins" he said, pointing out the pins holding the hem of the skirt. "Wait," he then said and reached into the box and pulled out a pair of white ankle socks and a pair of white sneakers trimmed in the same blue as the skirt. He held them out to Jess indicating she should put them on.

She looked at the socks and almost laughed. She hadn't worn ankle socks in years and looked over at Ron, who had been sitting in a chair watching. He motioned with his hand telling her he wanted her to put them on. Reluctantly Jess squatted down and put the socks and sneakers on. The clothier held the skirt out for her to step into it.

The skirt was solid blue and very ruffled. Jess stepped into the skirt and the clothier pulled it up for her, then fastened the waistband. "Pins," he repeated, warning her again, then pointed to the mirror. As she walked to the mirror, he spoke in French to Monica.

She translated for him. "He said Japanese girls love wearing mini skirts. This outfit would be very common in Japan. The skirt is very short and sometimes your panties might show. In Japan, it is considered sexy, of course, but also cute, as long as the panties are conservative, like these are. You shouldn't try to show your panties, but if they accidentally show it is fine." The clothier said more and she again translated. "He wasn't sure how short to make the skirt, so he just pinned it. If you want it shorter on longer he will adjust it." He said something else and Monica translated. "He said to look in the mirror at it. Try bending over. Your panties will show. If too much shows for you he will make the skirt longer."

Jess looked in the mirror and was surprised at how cute the whole outfit looked. She was also surprised at how short the skirt was. She had shorts that weren't much shorted. As instructed, she turned around and bent over. The skirt rose up so that the bottom of her panties showed all the way to the top of her legs. The clothier said something in French to Ron and he answered in French. Jess liked the short skirt, but it was a bit too short. She held up her thumb and finger indicating about an inch.

The clothier said something in French and Monica translated. "He agrees. Do you like it though?"

"Yes! I love it!" Jess gushed. It also was something of a rebellion to her. Her mother would never let her wear something as short. The clothier helped her out of the skirt, then spent a few minutes repining it before helping her put it back on. Jess looked in the mirror again. It didn't look much longer at all, but when she bent over, only a bit of her panties showed at the crotch and even then she didn't think it was that noticeable. She smiled, then looked over at Ron for his approval. He nodded.

She watched as the clothier took the gown out of the box. The material was exquisite! He checked the top seam of the skirt part, pointing out that it too was only pinned. He then pulled out two pictures of the dress and pointed at the top part. In one picture the top was all the way across the bottom part. On the other picture there was a space between the two pieces and skin showed between them. She looked at the two pictures, then he took them and handed them to Ron, evidently explaining the difference to him.

"Done," Monica announced and handed the skirt to the clothier. He checked the hem, then handed the skirt to Jess, saying something to Monica in French. "He wants you to try it on again, then look at it in the mirror and test it," she translated. Jess walked to the mirror and looked at her reflection. She had wanted it longer, but he made it shorter. Jess didn't want to admit to her mistake, so said nothing.

The clothier turned her around, then had her bend over again. He was kneeling down and Jess knew his eyes were staring at her panties. He adjusted the skirt some, then turned her, still bent over, so her back was toward Ron. He said something in French to Ron and he nodded. "Good?" he asked Jess and, still bent over, she nodded. "Off," he told her. She stood, the skirt dropped, and she stepped out of it. He then spoke to Monica and she reached out for the skirt.

"He wanted me to point out to you there are two zippers, one on each side. This one is to put the skirt on or off. This one (turning the skirt) is actually a pocket for you to carry a few things," Monica explained. She handed the skirt to Jacques, he put it in the box, then handed her the two pictures as he spoke in French. "He wants to know what style you like best," Monica said to Jess as she handed her the pictures.

Jess looked at the pictures. She really didn't like the one with the belly covered as the top crossed as it went to the neck. She liked the simpler look of the one that came straight up from the waist of the skirt, but it made it look like two pieces of material coming off the bottom like an afterthought. Jess held up the picture of the fuller top. "Monica, can you ask him if he can change the top so it kinda looks like a deep V-neck, but the sides are like this one?"

"Oh yes, I know what you mean," Monica smiled, then turned to Jacques and started talking in French.

The clothier had the top of the gown removed and took the bottom and held it open in front of Jess while he spoke in French. "He wants you to put the gown on, then show him how low you want the V," she translated. He pulled it up and Monica explained that it would look strange with no top, but not to worry, he just needed to know where the bottom of the V would be.

The gown bottom snugged her hips. He then hooked his finger into the front center and pulled down to her slit, then moved his finger to different levels between her belly button and slit. He then pointed to her placing her finger at the top center. "How low should I have it?" Jess asked Ron and he shrugged. Jess turned to the mirror and tried different places. Too low looked too slutty, but she also wanted it to be daring. She pulled it down just below her bellybutton. "Is this OK?" she asked Ron and he nodded. She turned toward the clothier, still holding the front down. He put his finger where hers was and she pulled her hand away. He took a couple of pins and marked the spot, then helped her take the gown off again.

It wasn't long before the clothier pulled out a pair of heels, handing them to her. She put them on and when she stood up he was kneeling, holding the dress open for her. Jess stepped into it and he pulled it up, then took the top and tied it behind her neck. He adjusted the gown, even putting his fingers into the top touching her bra as he adjusted the top. That served to make her nips even harder.

He pointed to the mirror and she turned, walked over to it, and admired the dress. It was exquisite! ...more than she imagined. Not only was it beautiful, it looked and made her feel sexy. She turned to Ron and he was smiling in approval.

The clothier helped her take off the dress, then he handed her the robe she had been wearing. She put it on as they packed their things, leaving the box with the outfits in it. Ron picked up the box and handed it to Jess. "Put this in your room," he told her. As she left he spoke to Jacques in French. Jess heard the door close, then Ron called out, "I'm going in the hot tub. Want to join me?"

**Chapter 4**

Jess dropped the box off in her room, then walked through the kitchen to the deck grabbing a towel as she did. Ron was just dropping his underwear and she watched his nude body as he climbed into the tub. She dropped her towel and robe. "Would you be upset if I went in the hot tub naked?" Ron just shook his head.

Jess reached around to the catch of her bra and undid it, letting it fall. She paused, not sure if she wanted to take her panties off or not. The agony of the decision was killing her. In one swift motion she pushed her panties down and stepped out of them, ending her decision making. Quickly she stepped into the hot tub keeping her back to Ron and only spun around as she was sitting down.

"You just about all packed? ...except for your new outfits, of course," he asked and she nodded. He watched her turn and sit down. Her breasts were still above water, but the water splashed onto them. She noticed him looking, but only smiled. By this point she was still embarrassed with him seeing her naked, but he had already seen her before, so it wasn't the first time. Jess would never admit it, but she liked him seeing her.

They sat and relaxed for a while, neither saying anything. "Why don't you dry off, go to your room and get dressed, then finish packing. I'll start dinner. When you're packed, let me know and I'll check it over," he suggested.

Jess climbed out of the tub. She picked up her towel and began drying off as he watched her. "It's embarrassing to have you look at me naked," she said, even though it excited her.

"Get used to it. I've told you it will happen a lot over the next two months," he explained. "Besides, you have nothing to be embarrassed about. You're quite pretty," he added. His compliment made her smile. She finished drying off, then picked up her robe and underwear, not bothering to put it on, and headed for her bedroom.

Jess walked into her room and opened her underwear drawer. She forgot she had already pulled everything out of it to pack except for the "special panty" the clothier had brought her. Seeing it brought a smile to her face and she pulled it out. Feeling daring she put it on, then grabbed the shorts she was wearing earlier. This time she didn't bother with her bra. He'd seen her bare breasts many times already so if her nips poked out from her tee it wasn't a big deal.

She began sorting and packing again. Every time she moved, the special panties moved as well, distracting her, and she had to stop to regain her concentration on packing. It wasn't a bad thing at all though. The sensations were wonderful. Jess hadn't finished packing when Ron called out telling her dinner was ready. As she walked to the kitchen the pearls rode back and forth in her slit making her smile.

As they ate Ron noticed Jess fidgeting more than usual. They chatted a bit while eating and occasionally she would pause. He also noticed her face would slightly flush occasionally. While she was clearing the table she also seemed to adjust her shorts two or three times.

"Come here," he told her and she walked over and stood in front of him. He reached out and grabbed the front of her shorts. As he did, she bent and jumped away from him. Unfortunately that resulted in her shorts being pulled down to her thighs, revealing what she was wearing under them. She reached down to pull her shorts back up, but he held them down. "Now I see why you were fidgeting so much. Like it?" he chuckled.

Jess's face turned bright red, but she nodded. "Can I pull my shorts up now?" she begged, but he shook his head. "I'm almost naked though!" she gasped, both excited and horrified.

"You're not naked," he smiled. "You still have a top on and something on the bottom too. I keep telling you to get used to me seeing you. It's going to be happening a lot. There's nothing to worry about or be embarrassed about. You're fine even if you are completely naked. In fact, why don't you just take your shorts off?" he explained.

"Do I have to?" Jess sighed and he nodded. "OK," she muttered as she let her shorts drop. She blushed even though her pussy was wet because of it.

"Let's go finish packing, shall we?" he suggested and the two walked into her bedroom. She had two suitcases out. One was packed neatly and the other mounded up. "What's this?" he questioned.

"This one is for Paris and that one is for Africa," she replied.

He looked through the Paris suitcase quickly. "This one is fine. You should have a backpack. Where is it?" he asked. She rummaged through the Africa pile and found the backpack, holding it up. "Good. Put one of your jungle shorts and a matching top into it," he ordered and she did. "Set the other short set aside and put a pair of panties with them â€“ whatever pair you want to bring to Africa, and a pair of those white socks," he then ordered. She looked through her panties and held up a pair and he nodded. "Now put the other pair of white socks and another pair of panties in the backpack," he continued. She again held up panties for his approval before adding them and the socks to the backpack.

"Now all you need to add is your toiletries and two nightgowns and your packed. The shorts, shirt, and panties are to wear going to Africa."

"What if I want to wear something else? Am I supposed to wear the same thing every day? What about bras?" she gasped.

"Remember what I told you? While we are in Africa, fashion doesn't matter, functionality does. You won't need any bras. You'll probably be more comfortable without one anyway," he explained. Jess started to open her mouth to say something, but he interrupted. "Functionality."

"OK," she sighed.

"We will have a week off back here in the middle. You can change clothes five or six times a day if you like. Don't stress over Africa. You'll be fine. There are no fashion police there," he grinned, making her smile. "Feel like watching something? ...a movie perhaps?" he suggested. She smiled and nodded, so he took her hand and led her into the living room. He opened a drawer showing her several DVDs and let her pick out one.

Jess watched him set up the DVD and then sit down on the couch. She walked over and sat down next to him. The material of the couch reminded her she was almost naked. "I forgot I wasn't wearing anything except a top," she giggled. He made no comment and they began watching the movie.

As they watched Jess's hips started moving slightly, just enough to move the pearls slightly in her slit. "I wish this place had air conditioning," she commented. The night was warm with not much of a breeze.

"Take your top off," Ron suggested.

"I can't! I'll be naked!" Jess gasped.

Ron looked at her. "So? What haven't I already seen?"

"Really?" she replied looking up at him. "I can't..." she repeated, but did pull her tee up to just below her breasts. The pearls in her slit were clouding her brain. She knew her nips were stiff and no doubt poking out her tee. Jess's hips continued to rock, dragging the pearls over her clit. "You really don't mind if I do?" she asked, looking for a little encouragement. He shook his head, but said nothing. Her mind began imagining him looking at her bare breasts. She liked the thought. Jess tried to think of all the reasons she shouldn't take her top off, but it wasn't working.

"Go ahead if you want to," he muttered, not looking at her. As if she was in a trance, Jess reached for the bottom of her tee and lifted it over her head, tossing it beside her. She settled back down now completely naked, save the string around her hips and the pearls going between her legs and hidden in the folds of her pussy lips. It was somehow invigorating to be naked next to him; free.

Jess rested her hand on Ron's far leg. She became aware he had an erection as she could feel it under her arm. As much as she wanted to touch it, she just couldn't find the courage. It did add to her excitement though â€“ lots. Her hips began to move more, sliding the pearls across her now engorged and protruding clit.