**Contest Story Entries.**   
 

Hi all.   In May I entered four stories in a "Jenny" themed story contest run by Biker whose work you have seen already on this site.   
The contest was a lot of fun to do, Jenny stories are naturally known for their humor, which made for easy writing.   
Biker set up a few rules for the contest though which I have to explain for you all to get the full enjoyment out of them.  First, the story had to begin with his pre written text. So when you read them that is why they all begin the same way.  Second, the story had to contain three balloons, a mascot of some kind, and a cameo appearance by a well known author of Jenny type stories.  Third, the entire story had to be less than 16k in size.   
In the end, I came out with third place for the story "Jenny Afloat", and considering my competition I feel I got lucky.  A lot of great authors wrote a lot of great stories and I know the judging must have been pretty hard.  Congratulations to all of them!

Now here are the stories, in order of entry.   
 

**On the way to BAREASS...as if Jenny isn't usually.**

**By Leviticus**

"You're cutting it a bit fine," commented Jenny, as she sat down in the passenger seat of Ashley's car.

"We've plenty of time," assured Ashley, as she put the gear lever into drive.

"I still think it's a silly name for a training program," said Jenny as she buckled her seat belt.

"BAREASS!" shouted Ashley, as she exploded into laughter.  "Bonding And Rapport Ensures A Superior Service!"

"I still think it sounds silly," mumbled Jenny, as she flicked imaginary specks from her smart new blue business suit.

Ashley was wearing a showier suit in sandy gold; with a skirt far shorter than any Jenny would wear.

"I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow," commented Ashley, as she switched on the windshield wipers.  "I don't care today, when we are indoors for the conference."

"Bonding with our fellow workers by completing a military assault course is silly."

"Everything seems to be silly to you today!"

The two girls continued their journey in silence, Ashley out of respect for the wet and treacherous road conditions.  Jenny sat quietly worrying about tomorrow and the disasters that were bound to happen to her on the assault course.  The sudden tune from the mobile phone in Jenny's purse made both girls jump.

"John's got a small problem," said Jenny, relaying the start of her phone message to Ashley.  Other than a quiet bye as she switched off the phone, Jenny said nothing to her husband.

"Well," said Ashley, "what was his problem?"

"The problem is all ours now," said Jenny, shaking her head.  "He forgot to give me a phone message from the other day."

"And!"

"They changed the dates!  We're on the assault course today!"

"What!?  We can't!  Dressed like this!"

"Sorry," said Jenny, sadly.

"We'll buy something more suitable to wear enroute!"

"We haven't enough time," said Jenny, miserably.

"We'll make time," countered Ashley, through gritted teeth.

"I've only got about 10 dollars in my purse!"

"I haven't even got that much!" cried Ashley, as she pounded the steering wheel in frustration.   
 

---\*\*\*---   
 

She shouldn't have done that; the steering column started shuddering under her hands.

"What's going on?" Jenny asked, wide eyed.

"Damn it!" swore Ashley, hanging on for dear life.  She had meant to take the car in to have it checked before the conference, but in the rush, it had been put aside.  Now it seemed she should have done so.

The shaking got worse and worse until Ashley HAD to pull over.  They stopped on a lonely stretch of highway bordering the estate where the conference was going to be held, but they didn't know that.

"Now we're going to be late!" wailed Jenny, and Ashley gave her a dirty look.  Ashley knew they were lucky she had been able to wrestle the car to a stop before the steering wheel came off, but she didn't expect the dumb blond sitting next to her to notice stuff like that.

"Come on, we'll have to walk," she said, climbing out of the car.

"Walk?" Jenny said.  "Shouldn't we wait here for help to come?"

"That could be hours, and I think we're pretty close to the BAREASS conference center.  We're going to walk."

Jenny grumbled, but got out.  She usually followed Ashley's lead, although sometimes that had led to some very embarrassing moments.  Still, Jenny felt lucky to have a best friend like Ashley to watch out for her.

The two smartly dressed women began their walk, but it wasn't long before Jenny began to complain again.  "I can't go much farther," she said, "My feet hurt!"

Ashley looked down.  Jenny had on, as usual, a pair of high heels, totally unsuitable for walking any distance.  "Well, take your shoes off!" Ashley said.

Jenny almost feinted.  "I couldn't do THAT!" she said, horrified at the thought of exposing her feet, even in this private place.

"Suit yourself," Ashley replied, wondering why she had to come on this stupid trip.  Then she spotted a stile.  "There's a path over there, I think we can save a lot of time using it."

"If you say so," Jenny said dubiously.

Ashley climbed over first, her short skirt riding up and flashing the world, had anyone been around to notice, but no one was except Jenny, who politely averted her eyes.  Then it was Jenny's turn, but she had a little trouble.  Climbing over, one of her high heels couldn't take the strain, and it snapped in two, leaving Jenny straddling the fence.  In horror, Jenny waved her hands about, trying to keep her balance yet not impale herself, and she made contact with Ashley, who had moved in to help before she could think not to.

A grip, a pull, a rip, in fact several rips, and a lot of swearing from Ashley, and Jenny made it over.  The bad part was that most of her skirt hadn't.

"Eeek!" cried out Jenny, getting to her feet, or at least she tried to.  Her broken shoe made her stumble, and she lurched forward to grab something to stop her falling.  Unfortunately...again...the only thing in range was Ashley.

It was doubly unfortunate because Jenny's first grab for her friend had pulled so hard on the designer suit jacket that she wore that it had pulled apart at the seams, coming to pieces in a very suspicious way.  Jenny's second grab captured Ashley's blouse, and it too was quickly ripped from her, leaving Ashley topless except for her white lacy bra.  (What Ashley didn't know was that her boyfriend, inspired by Ashley's own attempts to embarrass Jenny, had been busy with a razor blade and Ashley's wardrobe.  Nothing she had could really be considered safe to wear.)

Lying on the grass, Jenny looked up in fear at her very angry friend.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she kept saying.

"I want your jacket, NOW!" Ashley said, holding one arm across her tits.

"What?" Jenny said.

"Your jacket, and your blouse!"

"But...but..." Jenny stammered.

"You ruined my outfit, I can't go meeting people like this!" Ashley said, almost smiling at Jenny's discomfort.

"But that will leave me in just my...things," Jenny replied, not even able to say underwear.

"That's your problem," Ashley said.  So, trembling, Jenny removed her jacket and blouse and was just about to hand them over, when they were torn out of her hands by a fast moving object.

Both women looked on in horror as a mangy little dog with huge teeth began shaking and ripping up the clothes Jenny had just removed.  The dog was wearing what looked to Jenny like a little scout uniform, with merit patches and a regimental patch that were quite realistic.

Jenny knew what scout uniforms looked like all too well.  "Oh no," she said.

Ashley was pissed.  "What do you mean, oh no?  Go get my clothes from that dog!"

Jenny looked hopelessly at what was left of her expensive jacket and blouse, and wondered what she was supposed to do.  Then she heard a voice that chilled her to the bone.

"Hey, what are you doing to our dog!" yelled a young voice.

Both women turned to see a boy in a scout uniform standing in the tree line.  He was quickly joined by another and another until the trees looked thick with them.  Ashley and Jenny both tried to cover up, but the boys got an eyeful anyway.

"We're not doing anything to your stupid dog!" Ashley yelled back.

"Ashley," whispered Jenny, "don't annoy them."

"What, these kids?  What can THEY do?"

Jenny winced, knowing well what they could do.

"He's not stupid, he's brilliant!" said one of the scouts, "He's our mascot!"

"Well, you picked a pretty stupid mascot then," taunted Ashley.

"Smarter than you, at least he can keep his clothes on!"

The boys laughed and Ashley turned red.  "Why you little..."

The dog chose that moment to change its target.  It made straight for Ashley's skirt, just like the scouts had trained it to do (that's why they called it brilliant), and ripped it from her in a flash.

Ashley, like Jenny, was now down to bra and panties, and the two women watched the little dog rip the skirt to shreds, but not for long.  The scouts decided to get in on the act.

"Let's hit them, lads!" shouted their leader.  And as one, the troop launched the first barrage of water balloons that they had loving filled just a little bit ago for a fight among themselves later on.  Now they had a much better use for them.

Screaming as the cold water hit them, Ashley and Jenny ran down the path in an attempt to get away.  The scouts followed gleefully, throwing a seemingly never-ending supply of water balloons, certainly more than three!

The boys were laughing, the girls were crying, and the merry parade made its way through the woods at a hurried pace.

Both women quickly lost their shoes so they could run better.  Ashley soon after lost her panties due to her boyfriend's patient work and her hectic pace.  Her bra also came undone, but she held that to her chest like a drowning victim clutching a life preserver.  Jenny, due to a certain top heaviness, didn't exactly lose her bra, but it had never been intended to take the moving load she was subjecting it to, and certain vital parts failed.  It now rested around her waist whilst Jenny attempted to hold her assets in both hands as she ran.  Of course, this left her unprotected down below, and her sheer panties were soon turned completely transparent by the deluge.

It was in this state that they emerged from the other end of the path onto the well-kept lawn of a country house.  On the lawn at the time was a group of people having a party, a large group of people.

The two practically naked women and the group noticed each other at the same time, and everyone came to a stop.  The scouts, by the way, had pulled up short, knowing the women had no place else to run to.  The boys just hid in the trees to watch the fun.

Silently, Jenny and Ashley stared at the well-dressed group of people, and at the banner someone had put up over the buffet table.

"A.S.N.  1ST ANNUAL PICNIC!  WELCOME!"

Everyone wore nametags, with names like...Indian Outlaw, Biker, Ma Biker, TrackJim, Donnylaja, Dah, Nemo, TrackBarb, Leviticus, Gail, BeardFL...etc.  It was a strange-looking bunch, but then that was to be expected.  Still, they knew a good thing when they saw it, and they were seeing it now.

One of them, the one labeled "Biker," approached the voluptuous and very wet blonde and gave her a close look.  "Your name wouldn't happen to be Jenny, would it?" he asked.

"Er...yes," she said.

Biker smiled, as did the rest of the group as they moved in for a closer grope...I mean look.  "Funny, we were just talking about you."

Jenny opened her eyes wide.  "Oh no!"

End.   
 

**Jenny at BAREASS**

**By Leviticus**

"You're cutting it a bit fine," commented Jenny, as she sat down in the passenger seat of Ashley's car.

"We've plenty of time," assured Ashley, as she put the gear lever into drive.

"I still think it's a silly name for a training program," said Jenny as she buckled her seat belt.

"BAREASS!" shouted Ashley, as she exploded into laughter.  "Bonding And Rapport Ensures A Superior Service!"

"I still think it sounds silly," mumbled Jenny, as she flicked imaginary specks from her smart new blue business suit.

Ashley was wearing a showier suit in sandy gold; with a skirt far shorter than any Jenny would wear.

"I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow," commented Ashley, as she switched on the windshield wipers.  "I don't care today, when we are indoors for the conference."

"Bonding with our fellow workers by completing a military assault course is silly."

"Everything seems to be silly to you today!"

The two girls continued their journey in silence, Ashley out of respect for the wet and treacherous road conditions.  Jenny sat quietly worrying about tomorrow and the disasters that were bound to happen to her on the assault course.  The sudden tune from the mobile phone in Jenny's purse made both girls jump.

"John's got a small problem," said Jenny, relaying the start of her phone message to Ashley.  Other than a quiet bye as she switched off the phone, Jenny said nothing to her husband.

"Well," said Ashley, "what was his problem?"

"The problem is all ours now," said Jenny, shaking her head.  "He forgot to give me a phone message from the other day."

"And!"

"They changed the dates!  We're on the assault course today!"

"What!?  We can't!  Dressed like this!"

"Sorry," said Jenny, sadly.

"We'll buy something more suitable to wear enroute!"

"We haven't enough time," said Jenny, miserably.

"We'll make time," countered Ashley, through gritted teeth.

"I've only got about 10 dollars in my purse!"

"I haven't even got that much!" cried Ashley, as she pounded the steering wheel in frustration.   
 

---\*\*\*---   
 

"No time anyway," Jenny said sadly, "we're here."

They pulled up to a large gate and passed under a sign that assured the two women they were in fact at the right place.

"A.S.N. Military Academy"  Under which was another sign.  "Welcome all BAREASS participants!  BAREASS for Corporate advancement!"

Jenny looked at the sign curiously as they drove through.

They pulled up to a parking spot and got out, both women looking beautiful in their suits.

"Look at all the people," Jenny said, "I didn't know so many would be here!"

There were hundreds of people wandering around, in either military uniform, or shorts and T-shirts.  Only Ashley and Jenny were formally dressed.

"Shit!" Ashley said, in a foul mood.

A woman with a clipboard ran up to them.  "Ashley, Jenny!"

"Yes, Roxanne," said the two of them, recognizing their boss's secretary.

"You're late, they've already started.  Head over to the confidence course, you can still catch up!" she said, pointing in the right direction.

"Why are there so many people here?" Jenny asked.

"BAREASS isn't just for us, Jenny," Roxanne said, "Lots of companies send their employees to BAREASS.  It's a status thing.  Everyone wants their employees to be the best at BAREASS.  Now run or you'll be late!"

Jenny and Ashley looked at each other and turned to make their way to their assigned duty.  Neither of them had wanted to come here, but when your boss says that BAREASS is good for you, it's best to take the hint.

Hurrying down the path Jenny broke a heel.  "Dammit!" she said, in an uncharacteristic manner.

"You'll have to go without," Ashley said.  So Jenny took off her other shoe, wondering how she was to do anything physical in her nice new suit.

Following some other women, they arrived at the beginning of the confidence course and were surprised to see that no men were present.  They recognized one or two of their fellow workmates but the others were a mystery.

Sitting on a horse all decked out in its regimental uniform was a woman shouting out instructions.  It seemed that for this course they would be paring up with a buddy.

Jenny assumed that she and Ashley would be going together, but when the woman read out the list of names, Ashley was partnered with someone else.  Disappointed, Jenny didn't notice whom her new buddy was until she heard her speak.

"Oh no!  Not YOU again!"

Jenny turned to see a familiar face, and she immediately blushed as she remembered where she had seen it.  Memories of typewriters flitted through her blonde head.  "Oh...Hi!"

"I didn't expect to see you again," said Nina West.  "I'm sorry, it was just a surprise."

"That's okay," Jenny said nervously.  Jenny observed that Nina was all ready to go in shorts and a sports bra.  Jenny was very conscious of what she was wearing.

"Why are you in that suit?" Nina asked.

"I got the days mixed up," was Jenny's reply.

The organizer rode up to them and handed them a balloon each.  She had already given one to Ashley, and one to most of the other women.  The balloons were all red, and there was nothing remarkable about them.  The organizer stared at Jenny though.

"You can't do this dressed like that, your suit will get ruined!  What were you thinking?"

"It was a mistake!" Jenny said.

"I'll say.  You'll have to take it off."

"What?" said Jenny.

"Take off your suit.  You can do the course in your underwear."

"But...everyone will see!" stammered the blonde.

"So what?  There are no men on this course right now, and from the looks of some people's outfits you will STILL be more modestly dressed!"

She stared at Nina for a moment, who blushed.  Nina's outfit, although suitable, was rather small.  Nina's boss had sent her on this sudden trip to BAREASS, and had thoughtfully provided the proper clothing.  Having been nude to begin with, Nina had no choice but to wear what she had been given.

Jenny paused and blushed.  "I couldn't."

"Okay then, they're YOUR clothes.  If you want to mess them up, it's fine with me!" and she rode away.

Jenny hadn't been paying attention to the instructions, so she wondered what the balloon was for.

"We're supposed to carry it with us," Nina said with a sigh, "If it pops, we have to go back for another one."

"Oh!" Jenny said, nodding as if she understood.

Nina and Jenny found a place to wait as the women took the course two at a time.  They watched as several couples had to come back for more balloons, but from what they could see, it was obvious that the couples that worked together managed to get through without losing their balloons.  Whatever else was going on, it seemed that cooperation was the way to go.

Jenny thought that BAREASS just might be the way to get things done.

As things worked out, Jenny and Nina were the last couple to hit the course, and it was a disaster.  Jenny's unwillingness to part with any of her restrictive clothing meant that she had problems with every obstacle.  Her skirt prevented her from climbing over a ten-foot wall.  Her jacket got soaked and weighed her down in the mud pit.  Her blouse (once Nina had ripped off Jenny's jacket out of frustration) got caught in the barbed wire crawl.  Adding to that the fact that the buxom blonde wasn't exactly athletic in the first place, it wasn't surprising that Nina and Jenny had to go back five times for balloons.

When they reached the end of the course, both women were covered in mud and hardly recognizable.

"That was a lousy time, ladies," said the organizer on top of her horse (which incidentally was the regimental mascot), "Dobbin here could have run it faster, and he can't hold a balloon!"

Nina and Jenny didn't care, they were too tired.

The organizer marked their score and pointed them at a tent set up by itself a little ways away.  "There's a shower in there, you can clean yourselves up.  I'll see you after chow for the next event."

Jenny and Nina headed for the shower, barely noticing that most of the other women had already left and were on their way out.  Jenny did look around for Ashley, but didn't see her.

Inside, there was a common area where the women could change, and four private showers.  Nina got undressed where she was and took an empty stall, while Jenny went into a stall to get out of her clothes, not willing to strip in the public area.

Soon the women were under the warm water, allowing it to flow down their naked bodies, soapy hands softly caressing bare skin, moving up and down...around and around...sliding slowly into those private places where...

Ahem...excuse me.

Where was I?  Oh yes, the women were showering and therefore unaware of what was happening outside their stalls.

First, there was the jeep.

"You can't park that here!" said the organizer.

"I have to, Ma'am.  The brake line went out.  I'm lucky to have gotten it to stop where it is.  I just have to run to the motor pool to get a tow truck," said the soldier.

"Very well, go on."

Second, there was Ashley.  Poor Ashley had been saddled with a dope for a partner and her score had almost been as bad as Jenny's.  In a foul mood, she decided to have some fun at her friend's expense and hung around out of sight until she saw Jenny go in to shower.  She crept into the tent and saw that Jenny and the other girl were showering out of sight of the common area, and that no one else was left to see her.  Smiling, Ashley gathered Jenny's clothes, and after reflecting on it for a moment, took Nina's as well.  She thought it would be amusing to see Jenny running around in just a towel.  Ashley snuck off to find a place to hide the clothing.

Jenny was the first one out of the shower, and she was so tired that she didn't notice the absence of her clothes for at least a few seconds.  She of course screamed, and grabbed for a towel.

Startled, Nina jumped out of her stall and grabbed for a towel of her own, wondering what was wrong.  Only after Jenny blabbed about her missing clothes did Nina see that her clothes were missing as well.

"It's okay, it's okay," Nina said, tucking her towel around herself, "at least we have towels.  All we have to do is get to the Admin building and we'll be fine!"

"What, like this?"  Jenny said, aghast.  Jenny wasn't having quite as easy a time tucking in her towel.  The towels were smaller than her towels at home, and frankly Jenny was bigger chested than the average recruit.

"Would you rather we go naked?"  Nina said.  "We probably won't even have to go that far, there's bound to be someone outside who can help us."

Jenny thought about that and nodded.  "Okay, lets go."

The two women gingerly left the safety of the tent in search of help and some clothing, but upon emerging found that even the organizer had ridden off.  What they did see was a parked jeep.

"Let's take that," Jenny said, pointing at it.

"Why?"  Nina said.

Jenny worked to tuck in her towel again, a large gap on one side showing that she didn't have anything on under it.  "It will be easier than walking, and we will get some cover from it."

Nina couldn't argue with that, so they climbed in.  Jenny took the driver's seat, and soon they were rolling.  It didn't take long before they found out about the jeep's bad brakes.

"I can't stop!" yelled Jenny.

"What?" Nina yelled back.

"The brakes don't work!"

They were following a road and Jenny did her best to steer the runaway jeep around the many curves.  At one point they almost ran over a company of soldiers out for a march, and the men watched as the jeep containing two beautiful women dressed only in flapping towels raced past them.

"HELP!" both women yelled, but they were going too fast.

There was a gate up ahead that Jenny couldn't stop for, and in seconds they were off the base and on a country road, narrowly missing a man on a motorcycle in the process.

The biker might have been angry at the near collision if it hadn't had been for the towels.  One flew up in the air and landed on his handlebars, and the biker suddenly saw a lot of tanned flesh.

"HELP!" yelled the women again.

He gunned his engine.

In seconds, he drew even with the jeep and was surprised to see its occupants.  The passenger had already lost her towel, and sat with arms wide apart, bracing herself against the sudden turns the jeep was forced to make.  The driver looked like she was about to lose hers as it flapped in the wind.

"STOP!" he yelled.

"CAN'T...NO BRAKES!" Jenny yelled back.

The biker didn't hesitate.  They were on a straight bit of road, and he pulled up as close to them as he dared.  "COME ON, JUMP!  GET ON MY BIKE!"

"ARE YOU CRAZY?" yelled Nina.

"IT'S YOUR ONLY HOPE!" the biker yelled back.

Nina, looking very scared, agreed, and she clambered over the back of the jeep.  The biker got a wonderful view of her naked athletic body as she paused before the jump.  She took a deep breath and hopped over, sliding onto the bike behind him.

"YOUR TURN!" the biker yelled at Jenny.

"I CAN'T, I HAVE TO STEER!" Jenny yelled.

"TIE THE WHEEL OFF!"

"WITH WHAT?"

"YOUR TOWEL!"

Jenny looked horrified but she didn't see any other way.  She tied off the wheel with her only covering and prepared to jump.

The biker's eyes almost popped out of his head when he saw her getting ready to jump, and was distracted enough not to watch his speed.  He slowed just as Jenny leapt for it, so she ended up coming over in front of him instead of behind.  Not only that, she was facing the wrong way and he suddenly had a face full of boobs!

Unable to see, they didn't make the turn at the end of the road, and hit a bush.  Fortunately, it was one of those Hollywood bushes, the kind that grows in just the right way so that two-ton cars can hit them and flip over.  The bike didn't flip, but it did get airborne, flying into a field and right into a large oak tree.

The tree caught them, and when all the shaking was done, Jenny, Nina and the biker found themselves thirty feet up in the air with no way of climbing down.

"Nobody move!" said Nina, clinging to the biker with all her might.

"Not planning on it!" replied the biker, slightly muffled due to Jenny's assets.

Jenny didn't say a word; she was too scared to move a muscle.

It took an hour for them to be rescued, and it might not have taken that long if the biker hadn't kept refusing help.

Stuck between two beautiful naked women who had to cling to you for life, would YOU want to leave?

End.

**Jenny Afloat**

**By Leviticus**

"You're cutting it a bit fine," commented Jenny, as she sat down in the passenger seat of Ashley's car.

"We've plenty of time," assured Ashley, as she put the gear lever into drive.

"I still think it's a silly name for a training program," said Jenny as she buckled her seat belt.

"BAREASS!" shouted Ashley, as she exploded into laughter.  "Bonding And Rapport Ensures A Superior Service!"

"I still think it sounds silly," mumbled Jenny, as she flicked imaginary specks from her smart new blue business suit.

Ashley was wearing a showier suit in sandy gold; with a skirt far shorter than any Jenny would wear.

"I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow," commented Ashley, as she switched on the windshield wipers.  "I don't care today when we are indoors for the conference."

"Bonding with our fellow workers by completing a military assault course is silly."

"Everything seems to be silly to you today!"

The two girls continued their journey in silence, Ashley out of respect for the wet and treacherous road conditions.  Jenny sat quietly worrying about tomorrow and the disasters that were bound to happen to her on the assault course.  The sudden tune from the mobile phone in Jenny's purse made both girls jump.

"John's got a small problem," said Jenny, relaying start of her phone message to Ashley.  Other than a quiet bye as she switched off the phone, Jenny said nothing to her husband.

"Well," said Ashley, "what was his problem?"

"The problem is all ours now," said Jenny, shaking her head.  "He forgot to give me a phone message from the other day."

"And!"

"They changed the dates!  We're on the assault course today!"

"What!?  We can't!  Dressed like this!"

"Sorry," said Jenny, sadly.

"We'll buy something more suitable to wear enroute!"

"We haven't enough time," said Jenny, miserably.

"We'll make time," countered Ashley, through gritted teeth.

"I've only got about 10 dollars in my purse!"

"I haven't even got that much!" cried Ashley, as she pounded the steering wheel in frustration.   
 

---\*\*\*---   
 

Jenny frowned, a feeling of deja vu coming over her, as if she had had this conversation several times before.  She shook her head and sat back, wondering what she was going to do.  She wasn't dressed for the assault course, and from experience knew that when she wasn't properly dressed for something, disaster always followed.  But then, being properly dressed didn't always help either.

But the farther they drove, the better the weather got, and by the time they reached the coast where the conference was, the sun had broken through the clouds and all seemed a lot brighter.

They drove through a gate over which was a sign that also gave Jenny a sense of deja vu, but again she shook it off as she read "A.S.N. Military Naval Academy," under which another sign had been mounted  "Welcome all BAREASS participants!  Don't go with those other corporate improvement companies, go BAREASS!"

Jenny winced at the wording, and sat silently while Ashley dealt with the gate guard.  He directed them to a road that would take them to the beach, where their group would be training that day.  As Ashley and Jenny drove off, the guard smiled.  From his perch up in the gatehouse, he had had a perfect view down the blonde's blouse.

Ashley parked where she was supposed to, and the couple made their way along a path to where a group was waiting for them.  The beach was lovely, Jenny thought, but she could see it wasn't for sunbathers.  Scattered about were various pieces of military equipment which Jenny had no idea did what.  Even the water wasn't left alone, with various platforms anchored away from the shoreline.

As they approached the group, Jenny began to feel self conscious about what she was wearing, because aside from Ashley and herself, everyone else was in swimsuits.

A handsome man in camouflage swim trunks walked up to them.  He had an ID on a chain hanging around his neck and Jenny read the name on it.  "Sgt. D. Laja".

"Excuse me, are you supposed to be here?" he asked them.

Ashley told him who they were and how Jenny had gotten the dates wrong.  Jenny thought it unfair that Ashley blamed her, but didn't say anything about it.  She didn't want to embarrass herself in front of the sergeant.  Blushing, she looked away from him and thought of her husband.

"Well," said Sergeant Laja, "we'll have to issue you some swimwear.  This morning your first course is in the water, unless you want to do it in your underwear!" he said with a smile.

"Oh no!" said Jenny, mortified.

"We'll take whatever swimsuits you have," Ashley added.

"Okay," said Laja.  "CORPORAL!"

A young woman in a green, one-piece swimsuit ran up.  The suit looked a little small on her, but she didn't seem disturbed by it.  She also wore a nametag on a chain.  "Corp. T. Barb".

"Yes, Sergeant!" she said.

"Take these two to find some appropriate clothing!" Laja ordered.

"Sure thing, Sergeant.  This way, ladies!"

As the two fully clothed women turned in the direction the corporal indicated, Sergeant Laja grabbed Corporal Barb's bare shoulder for a moment.  All he did was wink at her and Barb knew her duty.  She smiled, and escorted the unsuspecting women.   
 

---\*\*\*---   
 

"This is too small!" complained Jenny as they made their way back to the beach.  Jenny was not happy, and had almost refused to leave the changing room where they had been issued with their swimsuits.  Like the corporal, Jenny and Ashley now wore green, one-piece, strapless suits that hugged their bodies like a second skin.  The suits looked a little small on Barb and Ashley, but on Jenny, it looked positively tiny.  Her generous breasts threatened to spill out of the top of it with every stride, and the front where it passed between her legs was so narrow she was afraid her bikini shave was still visible to those who might look.  As for the back...well, the way it rode up meant that BAREASS was closer to the truth than she liked.  Only because Ashley had egged her on did Jenny come out, and she was blushing from head to toe.

"Okay!" said Sergeant Laja as he tried to take his eyes off Jenny, "you're here today to learn that cooperation is the key to success.  That learning to trust your co-workers will get both you and your company farther than working alone.  So to start us off, we're going to have you cooperate in the water.  Look out to sea, you will see out there three large gray balloons anchored 50 feet apart.  In teams of three, you will swim out to the first balloon, and on to the next, touching each in turn, before swimming back to shore, but that is not all.  Each of you in turn, will spend one leg not swimming, but floating on your back being towed by your teammates.  You will depend on them to keep you afloat, as you will be depended upon when it is your turn.  On the last leg, all three members will swim by themselves.  Understood!"

There was a general agreement, and Laja looked at his clipboard.

Jenny wasn't too sure about this.  She was not a strong swimmer.  For her, going to the beach or to a pool meant sitting or lying around it in the too small bikinis her husband usually bought for her.  She rarely ever actually got wet, unless you counted the times she usually fell in.  And it was amazing how all those suits usually either fell apart or turned invisible when wet.  Jenny had written to many swimsuit manufacturers complaining about that.

To her surprise, Sergeant Laja called her name first, and she stepped forward onto a floating platform, along with Ashley and Fred Beard from accounting.  Beard licked his lips as he stared at Jenny and Ashley, making Jenny blush.  She hitched up her swimsuit once more, feeling her breasts almost pop out.

A spray of water and high-pitched laughter made her jump.  She was startled to see a dolphin in the water next to the platform, mouth wide open as if sporting a huge smile.  It chattered in a dolphin way, and seemed to grin directly at Jenny!

Ashley leaned over close to Jenny.  "I think it likes you," she chortled.

"Don't be afraid," said Corporal Barb from behind them.  "That's just Nemo, our base mascot.  He's a trained dolphin that formerly belonged to the Navy.  He's retired now, and lives here with us!"

"Oh, okay," Jenny said, eyeing the mammal.

"You will be timed!" yelled Sergeant Laja from the shoreline.  "Are you ready?  Go!"

Beard and Ashley jumped into the water, but Jenny hesitated.  She didn't want to do this, but she knew she had to.  But the water looked so deep.

"Come on, Jenny!" Ashley yelled, "Don't be a chicken!"

Jenny would have stood there all day if she hadn't had heard someone behind her whisper a comment about her ass.  It reminded her of her very brief swimsuit, and she suddenly realized that in the water she would be better covered up.  So she gritted her teeth, held her nose, and jumped in.

Beard and Ashley immediately grabbed her and began to tow her to the first floating balloon.  Ashley held Jenny by the chin as recommended by several life saving procedures, but Beard didn't know where to hold her, it seemed.  His hands seemed to constantly be on the move, holding her here...there...and almost there, only Jenny slapped his hand away.  She also had to tug twice more on her swimsuit to stop her breasts from spilling out.

They reached the first balloon and Ashley volunteered to be towed next, so she and Jenny traded places.  This time Beard held Ashley by the chin, while poor Jenny tried to keep up.  Swimming just wasn't her thing though, and it was all she could do to support herself.  At one point, she started to flounder and she grabbed for the nearest support, which just happened to be Ashley.  Ashley felt her suit slide down, and only just prevented it from coming off her boobs.

"Be careful you twit!" Ashley yelled at Jenny.

"Sorry, Ashley," Jenny said, trying to keep her own suit up.

At the second balloon, it was Beard's turn to float, and Ashley once more took over the towing duties, knowing full well that Jenny couldn't have managed.  In fact, Jenny was starting to tire and fall behind, and by the time Ashley and Beard reached the third and last balloon, Jenny still had ten feet or so to swim.

Beard and Ashley struck out for shore without looking back, and Jenny watched them go with a tired look in her eyes.  She didn't want to swim any more, and was getting very frustrated with her swimsuit.  But she had to keep going, so out she went.

She had gotten only a little ways she thought, when she had to stop and rest, and that was her big mistake.  Looking up, she saw that instead of being closer to the beach, she was now a little further away.  She had been caught in a rip tide and was being taken out to sea.

"Help!" she cried.  "HELP!"

Jenny treaded water, hoping for the strength to swim back, but knew she couldn't do it.  She could see several of the people on the beach jumping up and down in response to her cry for help, but no one entered the water.

Then Jenny heard a high-pitched whistle coming from the beach, and Nemo the dolphin emerged from the water nearby and screeched in reply.  It disappeared for a moment, and Jenny felt movement in the water around her before feeling the smooth skin of the dolphin brush her leg.

Jenny almost cried out in relief.  She had heard about dolphins trained to act as lifeguards, and this was obviously one of them.  So she reached out and gripped its dorsal fin the next time it came by.

Nemo immediately began to swim fast, dragging Jenny with him, and she could barely hold her head above the rush of water.  She didn't dare let go, as she knew she didn't have the strength to make it back to shore on her own, so she had to stop doing something she had been doing ever since she got changed, adjust her suit.

Her suit started to slide again, and helped on by the swift rush of water over her nubile body, it dropped from her breasts almost immediately.  Jenny however was unaware; she didn't notice anything was wrong until she felt resistance around her thighs.

She looked back and gasped in horror.  Her suit had slid completely down and off her hips, baring her butt and getting trapped just above her knees.  Jenny tried to clamp her legs together, but the rush of water flowing past her and the dolphin was too strong.  Her suit was washed completely from her, leaving her naked on the back of the speeding dolphin.

Jenny cried out in her embarrassment but didn't let go.  She saw that they were closer to the shore now, but for some reason the dolphin didn't get any closer.  It just kept swimming back and forth while Jenny pleaded with it to stop.

Back on the shoreline, everyone stood and watched in amazement as the beautiful, NAKED, blonde was towed past them again and again.  The dolphin was riding high in the shallower water, so Jenny was practically lifted out of the water for all to see.

On one side, Ashley was laughing her head off, while on the platform Corporal Barb had a whispered conference with Sergeant Laja.  "Aren't you going to sound the recall signal, Sarge?" she asked him.

Sergeant D. Laja smiled.  "No, not quite yet."

Everybody grinned.   
 

---\*\*\*---   
 

Jenny stumbled out of the surf, still nude and trying to cover herself.  Corporal Barb came for her with a towel, that of course was just a little too small for her to completely cover up in, apologizing to Jenny all the while.  "I'm sorry, Ma'am, but you can see why the Navy retired Nemo; he doesn't know when to stop!"

"I don't care, just get me something to wear!"

"Sorry Ma'am, can't do that."

"What?" said Jenny.

"You were issued one swimsuit, Ma'am, and it had to last you the day.  I can't issue you another one, you will have to find the one we gave you, or do without!"

Jenny almost died, and she looked forlornly out at the ocean.  Out in the water Nemo swam, and on his fin was the unmistakable green of Jenny's suit.

With a sigh, Jenny began to wade back out, still nude.

"That was cruel," Sergeant Laja said to Corporal Barb.

"I know, but I've always wanted to try that one, and this girl seemed just the gullible type to believe it!"

Nearby, Ashley almost laughed to death.

End.   
 