**Candy and the Wasp**

by Little Joe

**The wasp**
Candy and Tammy were jogging to college. It was a hot summer’s day, the last day of August and they were dressed appropriately. Candy was dressed in her shorty shorts and her white cotton tee shirt. They carried no books – not on the last day of their introductory course, for they were to have their first visit to the hospital to see real patients. They had started the nursing course that summer, and Candy, with what the boys (and indeed some of the girls) had already seen of her long blonde hair, her big blue eyes and her even bigger bouncy bosoms was already becoming the most popular girl on the course.

It must be admitted the wasps were bad that year, but why they were so attracted to Candy was a bit of a mystery. She kept batting them away with her hand but it didn’t seem to do any good.

“Don’t keep batting them, Candy,” admonished Tammy, “you’ll just anger them.”

So Candy stopped. But that didn’t do any good either.

“Tammy! Tammy!” she shrieked, “it’s crawled down my front!”

And indeed it had! A large wasp had landed on Candy’s neck and crawled down under her tee shirt.

“Tammy! Tammy! Help! Get it out!” yelled Candy, lifting up her tee shirt to reveal her blue cotton bra underneath.

“Candy!” yelled Tammy, “you can’t do that! Not in the middle of the street!”

“Just get it can’t you,” screamed Candy, “I think it’s gone down my bra.”

And indeed Tammy had just seen it disappear straight between Candy’s ample cleavage.

“I’ll have to pull your bra to get at it!” said Tammy

“Well do it. Just do it,” Candy was still screaming, terrified of being stung in such a tender spot.

Tammy pulled, but there was no sign of the wasp. She pulled harder, there was still no sign of the wasp, then all of a sudden the back of Candy’s strapless sports bra tore free and it was in Tammy’s hands. The wasp flew free and Candy was left standing there in the middle of the street, her tee shirt pulled up and her bare bosoms, her pride and joy, exposed to public view.

“Candy!” yelled Tammy, “pull your tee shirt back down, your showing everyone your boobs.”

Candy looked down, too relieved to act quickly, then she seemed to suddenly realise what was on display and pulled her tee shirt back.

“Well we’d better go back home and get you another bra,” said Tammy, “this one's useless,” throwing it in a nearby bin.

“What! I’m not trailing all the way home. Nobody will no the difference under the tee shirt.

Tammy looked at Candy. The outline of her large firm bosoms, with their plainly erect nipples were clearly visible under the tight thin tee shirt. She was quite sure that absolutely everybody would know the difference.

They jogged on a bit further, Candy’s bouncies, bouncing in rhythm with her jogging even more. Then the wasp came back…

“Tammy! Tammy!” she shrieked, “it’s crawled up my shorts!”

Candy stood still shrieking in fear of a sting in an even more tender spot. Tammy peered up her shorts.

“I can see it, it’s crawled right up” she said

“Get my shorts down, get my shorts down!” shrieked Candy

“I can’t pull your shorts down in the street!”

“Just do it for goodness sake,” shrieked Candy even louder.

But as soon as Tammy tried the zip on Candy’s shorts it jammed.

“I can’t get them unfastened,” she wailed, “the zip’s stuck”

“Anything, anything, just cut ‘em off if you have to!”, Candy was becoming hysterical as she felt the wasp crawling nearer and nearer her sensitive parts.

Tammy pulled out her little penknife and hacked at Candy’s shorts until first one side and then the other side were free. The shorts fell down and the wasp flew off.

“Well that’s done it!” said Tammy, “you’ll have to go back home now. You can’t go in to college in your knickers.”

“I don’t see why not,” said Candy, “my tee shirt’s long enough. I’m not trailing all the way home. Nobody will no the difference under the tee shirt.”, and she pulled it down, hopefully far enough that nobody would notice she had no shorts on. But of course they did.

They jogged on. Candy’s tee shirt riding up far enough to give the occasional flash of light blue cotton knickers then the wasp came back...

“Tammy! Tammy! It’s flown up my tee shirt!” Candy screamed as she felt the wasp flying up under her front. First she tried batting the tee shirt to chase the wasp out, then when the buzzing stopped she slowly lifted it up.

“Tammy! Tammy!” she shrieked, “it’s crawled in my knickers!”, and sure enough the outline of the wasp cold be seen where it had crawled up candy’s knicker leg.

“Keep still,” yelled Tammy as she pulled the waistband of Candy’s knickers out so she could get at the wasp. There was an interesting view down there; the wasp was crawling over an area which Candy would most certainly not want to be stung. She pulled the waistband even harder and tried blowing down the front of Candy’s knickers to frighten the wasp off. Candy leapt in the air.

“Ooooh! That tickles!” she yelled, and as she jumped her knickers came down and the wasp flew off.

“Tammy! Tammy!” yelled Candy, “pull my knickers up.”

And Tammy pulled them back up, and they fell down again.

“Tammy! You idiot!” shrieked Candy, “you’ve snapped the elastic. They won’t stay up any more!”, and try as she would to keep them up, as she jogged down they came round her knees again, until exasperate she pulled them off and threw them in a waste bin.

“Well that’s done it!” said Tammy, “you’ll have to go back home now. You can’t go in to college with no knickers.”

“I don’t see why not,” said Candy, “my tee shirt’s long enough. I’m not trailing all the way home. Nobody will no the difference under the tee shirt,” and she pulled it down, hopefully far enough that nobody would notice she had no knickers on. But of course they did.

They jogged on some more, Candy demurely holding down her tee shirt to keep herself decent.

Then the wasp came back…

“Tammy! Tammy!” cried Candy, “it’s flown up my tee shirt!”

And indeed Tammy could hear the wasp buzzing under Candy’s tee shirt.

“Quick, lift your tee shirt up!” cried Tammy, then, “Oh My God! No don’t!” as she remembered that Candy wasn’t wearing any knickers underneath. Too late – Candy had already lifted up her tee shirt providing the passers-by with their treat of the day.

“Tammy! Tammy!” shrieked Candy, “it’s crawling over my boobs!”

“Quick, pull your tee shirt over your head”, yelled Tammy, then, “Oh My God! No don’t!” as she remembered that Candy wasn’t wearing a bra either.

The passers-by looked on in amazement as Candy, stark naked with her arms and head trapped in a tee shirt pulled up over her head ran round and round unable to see anything shouting at the top of her voice, “Tammy! Tammy! It’s crawling down my tummy.”

An indeed it was. Tammy could see the little creature slowly working its way down past Candy’s belly button towards those regions, unfortunately now on public view, where Candy would very, very much not like to be stung. Drastic action was called for. She swatted at it with her hand. Perhaps she ought not to have swatted at it with her hand. Perhaps it angered the wasp. Perhaps the wasp would have stung her anyway. The unfortunate thing was that the wasp headed for the nearest cover it could find - and stung Candy there.

“Tammy! Tammy! Help!” shrieked Candy, desperately struggling to get her arms out of the tee shirt so that she could rub the affected part. Eventually she succeeded and the passers-by were treated to the extra bonus spectacle of the now completely nude Candy rubbing vigorously between her legs.

“Tammy! Tammy!” screamed Candy, “it’s stung me up my naughty, what am I going to do”

“Get your tee shirt on, we’re just about at the hospital, we’ll go into casualty and see if they can help” said Tammy, at last taking charge of the situation. After all it wasn’t a nice place to be stung, and they must be able to do something for it.

Candy and Tammy arrived in the Accident and Emergency Department. Candy trying to keep her tee shirt pulled down and shrieking hysterically. They thought she had better be seen straight away, much to the dismay of the other patients who would have liked to see how successful she was in keeping her tee shirt down.

They were shown into a cubicle where a very young junior doctor was sitting.

“I’ve been stung by a wasp in a naughty place,” sobbed Candy

“Where?” asked the doctor

“Round the back, near the rear exit,” said Candy

“Oh!” said the doctor in a rather embarrassed fashion, “well perhaps you’d better take off your panties and I’ll have a look.”

“She’s not wearing any,” said Tammy

“Oh!” said the doctor in an even more embarrassed fashion, “then you’d better pull up your tee-shirt, bend over, and I’ll have a look.”

Candy did as she was told.

“I can’t see any sign of a sting,” said the doctor looking closely at Candy’s rear exit.

“Well I didn’t get stung there,” sobbed Candy

“But you said…”

“Yes, round the back of the hospital, near the rear exit where the ambulances come out”

“Oh!” said the doctor, “even more embarrassed. I thought it was a euphemism”

“I was stung up the tunnel next to the waterworks,” said Candy

“I didn’t think there was a waterworks, or a tunnel for that matter, near the hospital,” said the doctor.

“I think that was a euphemism,” interjected Tammy, “she was stung up the…”

“Oh!” said the doctor, butting in before Tammy could be more explicit, “I see. Well in that case you’d better lie on your back and put your feet in the stirrups so I can examine you.”

Candy did as she was told. She lay on her back. Her legs were separated. Her feet were hoisted up, her bottom was moved forwards and she was put in the position for an examination of her… well where the wasp had stung.

The doctor looked closely even more embarrassed than ever, “I’ll just need to go and, er… get some er…,” and disappeared out through the door.

Tammy and Candy were left alone. After ten minutes Candy was feeling uncomfortable strung up like that.

“Tammy,” she said, “can you go and find the doctor, I want to get down.”

“Right, er… Yes,” said Tammy and disappeared.

Candy was left alone. The pain from the sting was starting to subside. She wanted to get out.

She heard voices from outside. Great! They were coming to let her out. But then she realised something with horror. She recognised the voice. It was the voice of their tutor Sheila Golightly.

“Now,” the voice was saying in the pedagogical fashion of all tutors, “this is an Accident and Emergency examination room, shall we see what is happening inside?”

Then Candy remembered. This was the day for their first visit to the hospital. It was the girls, and indeed boys – for nursing is no longer an exclusively female preserve - from their introductory course, and they were coming into her room!

She couldn’t move, strung up like that naked from the waist down, with her naughties exposed. She acted quickly. With her legs up in the air there was no way she could pull down her tee shirt to cover her embarrassment, there was only one thing for it. She had to pull up the tee shirt over her head to hide her identity. After all, she reasoned, the people on her course recognised her by her face not by her… Oh My God! She pulled up the tee shirt over her head. What did it matter if it exposed her big and bouncies – it covered her face.

She heard the door open. She heard the gasp of surprise from the students at what was revealed.

Sheila Golightly was not quite expecting the sight that she saw. But it was a good pedagogical opportunity to describe how such an examination was conducted.

“Now young lady,” she said, “no need to be shy. We’re all professional people here,” and she pulled down the tee shirt to reveal the face underneath.

“Candy!” came a startled gasp form among the throng. Candy opened her mouth wide in surprise, and opened her big blue eyes even wider. She raised her hand and waved to her friends.

“Hi Guys,” she said.

The girls and boys stared back. From what they’d just seen Candy was very definitely going to be the most popular girl in the class.