**Jasmine's Inhibitions**
By Anonymous Egg.

Staring at herself in her full-length mirror, Jasmine (called by friends as Jazz) examined her rather flimsy jogging garments. A one-piece swimsuit, white, so as to contrast nicely with her milky white, unblemished skin and aubern hair, was the majority of her outfit. It was a saucy little number: backless, it tied around the neck to form an X of material on her chest to cover her nipples and such, extending downwards and melting into the panty-like area covering the naughty bits, as swimsuits tend to do. The rest of her outfit consisted of a pair of socks and some sneakers.

Hold on! I hear you cry. Didn't you say this was her jogging outfit? Bit flimsy, innit? Well now, that would be the back story...

Two months ago, Jazz's eccentric behaviour had been rewarded with a forced trip to the office psychiatrist at work. Dr. Herring Von Muddleshmidt, as he was called, sat with Jasmine for a lengthy evaluation, until the cause of her problems was discovered.
"You need to get naked, honey." Stated Dr. Herring's sock puppet Harold, rather unprofessionally I might add.
"Ignore him, dear," Soothed the doctor "What he meant to say was that your problems lie in your sexual inhibitions."
"What inhibitions?" Demanded Jazz. The doctor didn't respond, but instead looked pointedly at her outfit.
Jazz lay on the couch in 4 pairs of pants (2 pairs of panties, just in case), a skirt to cover the many pants, 1 bra (but only because any more was uncomfortable), 2 sweaters, a t-shirt and a thick Winter coat.
"But it's only 84 degrees outside!" Protested Jasmine, although I'm not sure if that's degrees celsius or centigrade. I missed that lesson in school, but either way it was HOT.
"Jazz, I feel that you need to start being more sexually assertive, otherwise your problems will only increase. I want you to be a bit more open, more flamboyant, with your outfits."
"Start by getting your kit off!" Suggested Harold the sock puppet eagerly.
"Quiet Harold, damn you!"
"But Doc, you take your clothes off when you haven't got any patients!"
SMASH! The sock puppet flew through the closed window to fall 18 stories to the ground below. Sheepishly, Dr. Herring turned to his patient.
"Um... you can go now. Best not mention that, eh?"

And so, since the first two months comprised of Jasmine getting used to a mere 2 layers of clothing (3 on a weekday), today she finally decided to take the plunge and do something daring. Her boyfriend, Chad, ever conscious of his girlfriend's shyness, had long ago bought her this sexy little swimsuit, although much to his chargrin she had never worn it. Now she was intending to go for her Saturday afternoon jog in it. It was very daring, even for a regularly modest woman. With a sigh of acceptance, Jazz went downstairs to get ready for the jog.

As she entered the living room, Chad was lying on the couch, butt naked, while he watched his rare imported Scandanavian porno. This brought a smile to Jasmine's face: it was so sweet of him to do all this to help her with her inhibitions.
"..., hi honey!" Chad exclaimed in suprise "Uh... this isn't what it looks like."
"It's sweet of you, Chad, really it is, to go through all this trouble for me. Do you like my outfit?"
As he turned his gaze downwards, his eyes widened like saucers.
"Holy shit!" He exclaimed "Here, come take that off and we'll get down to business."
Again, Jasmine could not help but smile. "It's alright Chad, I know you don't really want to have sex with me, and that you're just pretending to help me over my problems. But really, I need to do this myself. I'm going for a jog. I'll see you later honey. Maybe when I come back we can play Scrabble or something?"
Before he could reply, she headed for the door and left.
"...but I do want to have sex with you, you daft cow." He muttered after she had gone. He returned to his Swedish porn.

Somewhat of a concern to Jazz when she had chosen this outfit was that her breasts were exposed somewhat from the sides, since the X of material only covered the front. But this was soon forgotten as the part of the human brain designed to deal with regular schedules took over and started her on her usual jogging route. It must be a tedious job, that. A lot of paperwork I can imagine. Still, I'm sure unlimited access to the memory part of the brain, in particular the bits with the showers, makes up for it. But anyway, I digress. A mild breeze was blowing, causing goosebumps to appear upon that perfect skin, skin like monumental alabaster. The lack of support bounced her breasts around a bit, threatening to pop lose from their constraints entirely, but somehow they didn't. They never do.

She entered the park as she usually would, but then she stopped. There were two paths for her to take: her usual route was preferred to all joggers, since it was clear and open. But wearing so little, she doubted she could endure the gazes she would most likely get on such a populated path, so instead she opted for the "Thorny Snaggy Path" as it was fondly referred to, since it was overgrown with thorny plants that tugged at your outfit.
"Yes, this would be a lot safer." She told herself, and began jogging.

A few feet later and she stopped. Somehow, against all the laws of physics determining otherwise, she had made it this far without a single scratch, snag, tear or prick. Just to the side of the overgrown pathway a woman was "Psst!"ing Jasmine over. The woman, blonde, tall and shapely, was completely naked. Her shapely bosom was bleeding ever so slightly from thorn cuts, and she was bare down there.
"Oh wow" Was all Jazz could manage.
"Yeah, wow. You have to help me," Pleaded the blonde woman "Through a series of unlikely unfortunate accidents, I've lost all my clothing. Please, have you something spare to wear?"
"Umm... not spare, no. But you can have this if you want."
The blonde woman stared in awe as Jasmine removed her swimsuit and handed it over. Curiously, the blonde peered down towards Jazz's crotch, and stared at her beautiful bare... hey wait!
"You're wearing a micro-bikini?"
"Hmm?" Jazz looked down "Oh yeah! Shucks, I forgot I had that on. Curses, I thought I'd end up naked to solve my sexual inhibitions "
"You wear underwear with your swimsuits?" ASked the blonde, astonished. She quickly put the swimsuit on: it was a tight fit, her being somewhat taller and all, but it sufficed.
"I'm very shy" Admitted Jasmine, wearing only a navy blue micro-bikini and a pair of sneakers in a public park.
"Yeah. Sure. Whatever." (And they call us blondes dumb, she thought). Relieved to finally be covered, the blonde waved goodbye and took off back down the path from where Jazz had come from...
RIIIIP!!
"Oh shi-"
"Woah dude, check out that blonde! She's naked!"
"Oh for God's sake, not again..."

Relieved to be rid of her embarrassingly revealing swimsuit, and the thought of her wearing even less not entering her pretty little head, Jasmine resumed her jog. At a mere 24, Jazz still worked out daily to keep her trim figure, although admittedly the multiple layers of clothing she usually wore made people think she was fat. As she exited the thorny path without a scratch, she found herself in an open cobbled area in the middle of the park. A vandalized fountain dominated most of the area's attention although, had there been more people around, this scantily-clad beauty would have absorbed all of the attention. Thankfully for her, only a lone old man was there, hurling abuse at pigeons. He seemed vaguely familiar...

"Mr. Lassinger!" She squealed in delight. It was her old headmaster, Mr. Lassinger, from the all-girl school she used to attend.
The man turned around, pigeon-fury in his eyes, but they relaxed into his usual cool, calm manner when he saw her.
"Ah, Miss Jazz Moosick, how are you?"
"I'm fine thanks sir. How are you?"
"I'm good too, although these pigeons refuse to remove their..." His gaze moved downwards, and the fury returned. "Miss Moosick! You're not wearing your standard uniform!"
She looked down sheepishly "Uh well, you see..."
"This will not do at all! Miss Moosick, I demand that you remove those offending items of clothing at once!"
With an instinct born of years of soul-destroying education, Jasmine had her micro-panties (or whatever you call them) around her ankles before she realized what she was doing. She stood up straight and put her hands on her hips, exposing her elegantly trimmed pussy and shapely buttocks. Her lack of tanning gave her an all-over milky quality, which only made the pubic hair more pronounced.
"But sir, I haven't been a student at your school for years. I'm 24!"
"I... oh yes. Sorry, sorry, the mind wanders. It's been so many years since I've forced a girl to strip naked in public, why, I can't even remember when the court hearing was, or my dishonourable release."
Broken, Mr. Lassinger collapsed onto a park bench and began crying. Now Jasime felt bad. Her panties, now loose of her left leg, clung to her right ankle as she sat down besides her old mentor.
"Ow! Splinter!"
Mr. Lassinger mumbled incoherantly. Having seen too many soap operas than was healthy, Jazz gently took his head and rested it on her breasts, and she had seen mothers do during emotional moments to give comfort. She turned to talk to him, inadvertantly forcing his face inbetween her breasts.
"What happened sir?" She asked.
"Mpph mpph hmmm!" He replied. She moved his head. "They fired me because of my forced-nudist punishment scheme. I thought it was brilliant, but the directors... pah! Now I can't even get those pigeons to take their feathers off."
"That's awful sir. But, I mean... you did get me to take off my bottoms, y'know?"
"There... there is that, yes. I suppose."
"There we go..." She scratched absently at her bare bottom. Damned splinter.
"Thank you Jasmine. You've... you've given me a lot to think about." Although he was sitting and you couldn't tell, he was quite erect: a LOT to think about on lonely nights, I can imagine.
"I'd better go sir. Got a game of Scrabble to play with my boyfriend. S'later!"
Seeing the old man happy again, she resumed her jog through the park.
"Uh, Jasmine?" He shouted after her. She turned around. "Your ankle?"
She looked down and began blushing. Almost forgot! She scooped up her panties from around her ankle, and since it was tangled up, she could only hold it crumpled-up in front of her pubic mound. Another set of bushes were coming up soon: she'd put them back on there.

**Jasmine's Inhibitions: Part 2**

When last we left our heroine, she was bottomless in the park and rather embarrassed about it. The bottoms of her micro-bikini, some extremely small patches of fabric that covered the bare essentials and little else, where crumpled up in her hand, and somehow her modesty wouldn't permit her to put the bottoms back on in public. Getting dressed in public would be like indecency, something the sexually inhibited Jasmine (or Jazz) would never do. Better to stay bottomless until she reaches a bush or something to hide behind.

Meanwhile, back at home.
"Oh Ingrid, a moment please." Said the Swedish busty blonde politely.
"Yja Yvonne?"
"Now that I'm kneeling naked on dja floor, I can see dja penny down here. Since you're naked too, could yjou bend down in front of me unt pick it up?"
"Of course Yvonne!"
Chad, naked as the day he was born, lay upon his couch astonished.
"This is the best porn ever!" He proclaimed to nobody in particular. Then he sat up abruptly. "Pervert... sense... tingling. Must go to the park for some reason. To the Chadmobile!"
With nary a thought, he leapt from the couch and flew out of the door, stopping to grab his car keys. After a few moments, he returned to the living room.
"Outstanding Arrest Warrant for Public Indecency sense tingling too. Gotta find some pants..."

Standing behind a chest-high hedge so as to cover her nudity, Jasmine had already gotten her knickers untwisted and would gladly have put them back on were it not for the splinter in her butt. With one hand covering her neatly trimmed pubic hair and another scratching away, she was getting nowhere. Reluctantly she wrapped the bottoms around her wrist like a bracelet, and used one hand to pinch the skin of her buttocks and another to pull the splinter out. It's a tried and true method, by the way. That's the sort of pain-staking research I put into these stories. She was jolted from her picking (and, coincidentally, pulled the splinter out) when she heard a child's voice asking "Why are you in your underwear?"
Looking up, Jazz saw that the voice came from a small boy on the other side of the hedge looking on curiously. Thankfully the bush covered her... well... bush.
"I, uh, had a splinter," She said, holding it up for him to see.
"Eww, are you bleeding? Lemme see!"
Before she could respond, he ran around to the other side and looked at her in shocked amazement.
"Where's your pee pee?" He asked "Is that mouse covering it?"
Seeing little opportunity to escape, she found no choice but to agree. "Yeah, it's the latest fashion. It's a highly-trained mouse."
"Well, in that case, can you play frisbee with me? I just found this one in the grass, and I have nobody to play it with. You know, since you're fully clothed and all."
Reluctantly she agreed. I mean, what could she do? Well actually, she could have just put her micro-panties back on and walked away, but then the logic hit her: she wasn't naked if she was wearing shoes and her bra. So with a spring in her step and a smile upon her face, she stepped from behind the cover of the bush and into the wide open field. A cool breeze gently caressed her legs and crotch, and soon she found herself running after a plastic red frisbee as it gracefully careened through the air. When the boy threw it back this time, he threw it short by mistake, meaning Jazz had to bend over to pick it up. As she straighened, another boy came running over to join the other.
"Woah Mikey, is that girl naked?"
"Yeah dude, I'm dominating her."
Jasmine cautiously moved the frisbee to cover her private parts.
"What's dominating mean?"
"I don't know" Admitted Mikey "I think I heard it somewhere."
"Hey wait, where'd she go?"
Both the frisbee and the semi-naked lady were gone.

On a park bench a couple of feet away, hidden by a small crop of trees, sat Jasmine. The little boys were nice and everything, but she wouldn't overcome her shyness by standing bottomless in a field all day. It just seemed too decent, perhaps. Although it shocked her to be thinking this way: she who wore three dresses to the prom, each secured tightly in place via welding techniques. Still, to get dressed. The micro-panties wouldn't fit over her shoes, so she sat spread-legged on the park bench with the frisbee leaning in place over her crotch while she untied her shoelaces. In this manner she was able to slip the bottoms back in place while not exposing TOO much... although the frisbee did fall away once or twice. Regardless, she was wearing all the clothes in the right place yet again, and she resumed the final leg of her jog: past the abandoned swimming pool.

The pool had long since been abandoned after management tried rather foolishly to implement a no-clothing policy for the lifeguards under the pretense that the additional weight would slow them down. The lifeguards quit, every one of them, and since then it had been abandoned to the rats. As Jazz neared the area, however, it was largely fenced off, with large "Demolition!" signs surrounding it.
"About time." Muttered Jasmine, who was upset with such an eye-sore in her local park. One of the demolition workers turned around at the comment, and Jasmine was struck with a familiar face: Ruth.

During her time at High School, Ruth had been the school bitch. She would come late to lessons, punch the teacher if they objected, and write "Jasmine is a slut" on the whiteboard in permanent marker. She also used to steal Jasmine's underwear in gym and pinch her nipples, thus giving her her sexual complex. She even wore a t-shirt that said "B!tch" on it, as if that wasn't obvious enough. And there she was, in a hard hat and smiling.
"Wow, hey Jasmine, long time no see. Nice outfit."
"You're not stealing it!" Blurted Jasmine "You can't take it, I'll stop you!"
"Oh yeah, about that. Look, I've always wanted to apologize for the way I acted in school. I had a lot of problems at home an-"
"You can't take my clothes, I'm an adult now and won't stand for it!"
"Jazz, I'm not after your cloth-"
It was more than Jasmine could stand. After she had left high school, she had swore a vow never to go without 6 pairs of underwear and that she'd NEVER submit to this bitch ever again. She tore her bikini off, much to the suprise of Ruth, and threw it at her. Both pieces landed on the floor harmlessly.
"There, you're not taking it from me now! I've given them to you!"
"I... Jazz, what are you doing? Get dressed!"
Her hands on her hips, her naked breasts thrust outwards, Jasmine struck a defiant pose as yet another breeze reminded her of her state of undress. Unseen to the two ladies, however, the very same breeze blew the bikini into the swimming pool building.
"No! It's your fault that I'm too shy to wear anything seductive. I'm always wearing far too many clothes because of you, you bitch!"
"Oh yeah" Replied Ruth sarcastically "You've got way too many clothes on now... except you're not wearing anything!"
Abashed, Jasmine looked down at herself. Where did her bikini go? Looking around desperately, she saw it snagged on an open window of the pool.
"5"
"4"
"3"
"2"
"1"
SHAKABOOM!!!

**Jasmine's Inhibitions: Part 3**

When last we saw Jazz Moosick, she had inadvertantly purposefully stripped herself naked in defiance of an old school bully, Ruth. Then her bikini got caught up in an explosion. I know, s'crazy. But let us leave our heroine for just a moment to travel but 20ft away, on the opposite side of the demolished building, where a national conference of amatuer photographers is being held. Yes, that's right, only 20ft away from the naked Jasmine was a huge collection of men with cameras, desperate for a good photograph of just about anything interesting.
"Good lord!" Swore Jonathan, one such photographer "Check out those natural tits and pussy!"
His fellows aimed their cameras at where he was pointing, and hit the zoom button.
"Why yes Jonathan!" Proclaimed Brian "They are indeed a pair of Blue Tits, and that pussy cat seems to be stalking them!"
"Let us hope that one of those Blue Tits isn't a pecker, eh? My mother always warned me to keep my pecker away from pussy's, when I owned a canary."
"Sound advice Jon. Sound advice."

Now, you may well be wondering how a man observant enough to spot a pair of birds and a cat from a rather large distance managed to miss a completely naked woman 20ft away from him. Well thankfully the demolition experts were highly trained, and the explosion occured in such a manner that the resultant dust cloud caused by the blast blew towards the demolitionists, of which Ruth was one (she was wearing a hard-hat, if you'll recall). Now while the intricacies of demolition work may not seem all that interesting to you, what matters is that the dust cloud was still settling over Ruth and Jasmine, both of whom were coughing spasmically trying to grasp air.
"Are \*cough\* you al-\*cough\* okay Jazz?" Asked Ruth. Jasmine could only cough back. As the dust settled, Ruth removed her hat and wiped the soot from her eyes to be greeted by an incredibly sexy sight. Slightly sweaty from her jogging, the dust covered Jazz from head to toe in dull greyness, effectively making her seem decently dressed, albeit in a very tight grey catsuit.
"I'm fine, you goddamn evil bitch." Jasmine managed. Clumsily she began brushing some of the soot off her belly, but stopped when she remembered what she was wearing.
"Here, you can borrow my jacket" Offered Ruth, ignoring the insult and began removing her bright orange construction jacket. In a flash... pardon the pun... Jasmine threw a punch at the roof of Ruth's nose, knocking her senseless.
"You're not going to wipe the soot off me with your jacket, you little bitch!" She snarled "I'm too smart for you. And I... oh gosh, I need to find some clothes."
She darted off.

The cluttered, thorny path opened into a wide space as Chad burst through the clearing. Something deep, deep inside his pants was telling him to come this way, and he was very glad he did. Already he had bumped into a smoking hot naked blonde, and after lingering with her for some time, he found something just as good. A decrepit old man sat hunched over a bench while in front of him an attractive, curvy schoolgirl of roughly 18, a conveniently legal age, covered her chest with two hands. She was wearing only shoes, a straw hat and knee-high stockings, giving Chad a full view of everything else. Bizarrely, a pigeon sat crested atop her hat, completely naked of all feathers.
"I still got it, lad." Confessed the old man to Chad as the young man took a seat besides him. "I still got it..."