**Jenna Walks the Dog**  
by Daring Burlinski  
  
“Sure, Mr. Wilton, I’d be happy to walk your dog.”  
  
I was talking to my neighbor, an older gentlemen who was recently involved in a car accident. He was pretty much OK, but still recovering from a sore hip. The doctors had told him that he should not engage in any strenuous walking activity. Unfortunately, that meant he couldn’t take his dog, Rufus, out for his morning exercise.  
  
“That’s awfully kind of you, Miss Jenna,” he said to me with a grateful smile. “Now I don’t want Rufus to be any trouble…”  
  
Rufus was a chubby little pug, but seemed harmless enough. I figured a walk around the block and through the park would be easy enough. I had nothing better to do on this lazy weekend morning. Well, I did have some computer work I needed to catch up on. But walking the dog would give me an excuse to get out of the house and enjoy the sunshine.  
  
I laughed and said to Mr. Wilton, “Oh, I’m sure he will be a charming companion. It will be no problem!”  
  
“All right then, here is his leash, and here is a bag with some treats as well as what you need to clean up after him.”  
  
I took the leather strap in one hand, and slung the tote bag over my other shoulder. It wasn’t very heavy at all, containing a few biscuits, a plastic scooper, and some baggies. Giving the leash a little tug, I brought Rufus to my attention.  
  
Mr. Wilton waved me away with some parting instructions, “Make sure you keep to the route that we already discussed. Rufus doesn’t usually like new adventures, and might be a bit nervous with your unfamiliar hand. I don’t want him to act up on you…”  
  
“We’ll be fine,” I assured the concerned dog owner, “And we’ll be back in just a little while.”  
  
With that, I turned around to start walking down the driveway. The little dog obediently trotted after, and was soon at my side. A warm, pleasant day, I wore a yellow summer dress that came to my knees. Perhaps it was not the most practical wardrobe for walking a dog, but I didn’t expect any trouble. Anxious to get out of the house, I had just slipped on a pair of flip-flops. Now I stepped on to the quiet street, the rays of the sun feeling good on my bare arms, lower legs and toes.  
  
We made our way across to the other side of the road, following Mr. Wilton’s explicit directions to walk around the block. This would lead us a mile and a half until we reached a park near some wooded trails. Hopefully, we would make our rounds, Rufus would do his business, and then we would head back home. It was good exercise for the little mutt, and by the way his tummy jiggled, I could tell he needed it! I don’t think he would be getting any extra treats from me…  
  
  
Entering the park, I saw a couple of small children with their mothers. They smiled and waved, I was almost tempted to go over and let them pet the dog. But I knew I was not to deviate from the path Rufus was used to following. So I just smiled back, then started moving toward the trails that I guess were used for hiking or bike riding.  
  
It was pretty quiet beneath the trees, with no one else around, but then it was pretty early on a Saturday morning. Occasionally, Rufus would yap at me or at some animal in the distance. But mostly he was well-behaved, his little paws briskly keeping up with my light steps. Actually, now that we were out of the sun and under the shade of leaves, it was a bit cooler. I paused to rub my arms.  
  
Then, just as I was about to walk forward again, I noticed there was a large patch of mud blocking the way.  
  
“Oh dear,” I said aloud. “It rained the other night… looks like the ground here is still pretty wet.”  
  
I really didn’t want to walk through the mud, especially wearing my flip-flops. My poor feet would get all dirty, and I shuddered at the thought of that stuff squishing between my toes. Looking down at Rufus, I saw that he was eager to get going, as he had not done his business yet. Too soon to return home, I was fortunate to see a side trail branching off to my right. It certainly appeared a lot dryer.  
  
I tugged gently on the leash and said, “OK, Rufus. We’re going to take a different path today after all. It shouldn’t be too bad. Come on…”  
  
Surprisingly, the pug gave me some resistance. I guess he really didn’t like any break in routine. Well, he was walking with me now and not his owner, so that was different enough. What was wrong with a little slight detour? I applied some more pressure and pulled the leash again.  
  
“Come on, Rufus! It’s just a different path. Who knows, maybe it’s a short cut… it could be fun! Please? I don’t want to walk through the mud…”  
  
It was a little embarrassing to be pleading with the chubby mutt, but it seemed he wasn’t going to let me have my way. I mean, what did the dog expect… I should take off my dress right here and lay it over the mud patch so we could continue?  
  
Oooh… that gave me a sudden exciting idea. I mean it would be pretty daring. But then, it was pretty secluded on this part of the trail. No one would ever see, and it would solve the problem of getting past this minor obstacle. I looked around, to make sure we were absolutely alone.  
  
The dog wagged his tail impatiently.  
  
  
Already I had butterflies in my tummy, and I knew I just had to do it! Lowering the leash and the bag to the ground, I told Rufus to stay. Then I gripped the light fabric of my dress in my hands, and gently pulled it over my head, off my body. For a moment, I stood and clutched the material to my chest, fearful that I could be caught disrobing. There was nothing but the rustle of leaves and the sound of some critter scampering among the branches above. I took a deep breath, and walked closer to the mud patch.  
  
Now I didn’t really want to get my dress dirty, but it was a lot better than getting mud over my feet and legs. Besides, I could always get it dry-cleaned this week. So I flipped the fabric up and away from me, like I was setting a cloth on a table, and watched it float slowly to the ground… just lying atop the puddle. Then I glanced over my shoulder, then down at my body, as the realization sunk in, that I was standing in the middle of the trail in just my bra and panties!  
  
Well, for the next part of my plan, I wanted to walk across the dress as lightly as possible. This meant I was going to have to remove my footwear. I lifted one leg, reaching down to take the flip-flop, then did the same with the other. Once I placed the pair inside the tote-bag, I think I started blushing to be outside wearing so little! But I continued along as I slid the straps of the bag over my bare shoulder, and picked the leash up again.  
  
“OK, Rufus, let’s hurry up and go, before I get caught like this…”  
  
We moved forward, with the little dog leading the way, grateful that his paws did not have to touch the sticky mud. My own bare feet followed and I felt the material of the dress beneath my toes. A couple of more steps, and we were beyond the puddle, once more on dry ground. I lowered the leash and turned around so I could examine the state of my dress. Well, I knew it would be dirty, but I was careful as possible when I crossed to the other side of the trail. Just needed to brush if off, then slip it back over my head.  
  
Behind me, I suddenly heard Rufus start growling at something. Fearful that maybe we had been spotted, I spun around while covering my bra with my arms. Luckily, there was nothing there. But the pug still bared his teeth and dug his paws into the ground, clearly agitated by something in the woods.  
  
“What is it, boy…” I started to ask, then watched him leap and bolt into the trees!  
  
Oh no! Why did he run off the trail like that? Instinctively, I jumped after him, rushing right up to the edge where my toes brushed against dead leaves and twigs on the ground. Still holding the bag over my arm, I peered through the branches and thought I could just make out the sight of him. I really had no choice but to follow. So I pushed my way deeper into the bramble, ignoring the gentle scratch of wood on my bare skin.  
  
A little annoyed at this odd behavior, I called out, “Rufus! I hope you haven’t gotten your leash tangled in here! You are in so much trouble…”  
  
  
Sure enough, that is exactly what had happened. I found the poor thing looking up at me with big brown eyes, the length of the red leash snagged and tied up in some roots. He looked so pathetic and helpless just then, I felt my anger disappear and had to laugh. I moved in close and crouched down to scratch behind his ears. I told him it would be all right, and then got to work at untying the knots, pulling free the leash.  
  
No sooner had I got the dog all untangled, then he barked his appreciation, and bolted back through the woods!  
  
“Oh, Rufus! Is this your idea of a game? Mr. Wilton said you would be a good boy for me…”  
  
With a huff, I placed my hands on my knees and started to rise to my feet. Something pulled at me from behind, causing me to loose my balance and slip to the grass. How embarrassing, I thought to myself! Well, I began standing again, only to notice that some branches close to the ground had caught on my panties! They were a sheer blue pair, and actually kind of flimsy. I blushed now to think I had been running around the woods in these! Figuring I could easily pull them free, I quickly crawled forward.  
  
Much to my surprise, the panties tore right off my body! There was a soft ripping sound as I stood up straight, then the feel of air on my hips and bare rear-end. Looking back, I saw the shredded material hanging from some thorny roots next to where I had been crouching. I looked down at myself and saw that I was naked from the waist down!  
  
Oh my gosh, I was completely bottomless! Turning my head around swiftly, I placed my hand in front of my crotch. Of course, there was no one else in the area, especially as I was standing among the trees off the main trail. Moving closer to the tangle of branches, I bent down to see if the panties were at all salvageable. What a sight that would have been, if there was anybody creeping up behind me! Well, I took the tattered material in my fingers, and saw that there was no way I would be wearing these again.  
  
The barking of Rufus, made me straighten myself, and I realized that I still had to go after the little dog. I would just have to be careful, then retrieve my muddy dress and we could go back home. So there I was, almost totally nude, as I started walking toward the edge of the thicker brush, and soon looked out on the wide dirt path. The coast was clear, it seemed, and the pug was wagging his tail at me. Mocking me, as now I was the one who was stranded helpless! How humiliating, stripped in front of my neighbor’s pet!  
  
I took the bag off my shoulder and discreetly held it over my pubic mound. Then, taking a deep breath, I stepped shyly onto the trail.  
  
“Rufus… you are in so much trouble, little dog!” I tried to sound commanding, but I was also nervous, to be back out in the open like this. I looked over my shoulder, wondering what would happen should a jogger or a biker approach and see my bare ass!  
  
  
I was very close to the pug on the opposite side of the trail, when he started yelping at me.  
  
“Now what?” I said in frustration, bending lower to pick up the leash.  
  
And then he leaped up on his hind legs… his front paws on my knees… and he took the bottom of the tote-bag in his mouth! The dog started tugging, while I gripped the handle straps. We struggled for a moment, as I guessed he wanted one of his biscuit treats. Well, I made the mistake of telling Rufus there was no way a naughty, chubby little dog would be getting any snacks now. That seemed to get a rise out of him, his little tail wagging furiously, and the bag locked tight between his teeth. A final growl, then the beast ripped what I had been using to cover my front, right out of my hands…  
  
The dog backed a few feet away, spun on its heels, and plunged back into the park woods. I looked down, completely shocked, then clasped my hands over my pussy. Thankfully, no one was around to witness my state of undress. I thought about what I should do next… and decided I had better go after the pug. I mean, if I went to get my dress first, I might only ruin that as well. And I needed that to wear, once this adventure was over!  
  
So I pushed my completely bare leg and foot through the thicket of branches, and then the rest of my near-naked form followed. As I slowly walked forward, I called for Rufus, and was aware of leaves brushing over my stomach and thighs. I had to use my hands at times to lift branches out of the way, and this left me totally exposed. At one point, some needles tickled the sparse hair of my trimmed bush, causing a delightful sensation between my legs. But I had to concentrate on moving forward and finding that damn dog!  
  
It seemed the foliage was a lot denser on this side of the trail, as I probed deeper and deeper through the bramble. I no longer thought to cover myself, but held my arms straight out to push twigs and stuff out of my face. I could feel nature’s touch all over my body. Suddenly, then, I felt something snag. Frozen in place, I turned my head to see that two thorny branches had caught in the material of my bra. Remembering what happened last time, I carefully backed up, the soft heels of my feet crushing leaves on the ground. But this only caused another dangling tree limb to snap back, and hook right between the cleavage of my breasts.  
  
“Oh my,” I gasped.  
  
Feeling trapped, I started to panic as I plucked at the annoyingly clinging branches. Finally, I decided to just make a break for it… throwing myself forward, I pushed ahead and ended up running a few strides. But my bra could not withstand the strain. The delicate fabric was ripped from my chest, as I brought my hands up just in time to feel my hardening nipples. I turned around, and saw that the material had been torn in two, hanging from separate branches. And I was left completely in the nude!  
  
  
Oh no, what an embarrassing experience this was! I struck a pose of desperate modesty, holding one arm across my bare breasts, and placing my other palm directly in front of my crotch. I shivered a little, my toes curling in the leaves and grass. But then I heard the sound of Rufus barking again, and that snapped me out of my shock. I cautiously began moving in that direction.  
  
I was now walking stark naked through the woods… after getting turned around a few times, soon I approached the edge of the tree line. Looking out onto the open path that wound its way through the park, I hid myself from view, wondering if I would dare step out there without wearing any clothes. My neighbor’s dog suddenly appeared, our brown eyes meeting, his tongue wagging and yapping away at me. I figured I had to do something before he drew more attention over here!  
  
Well, I paused once more to make sure no one was about, and then I emerged from the shelter of the trees. This was so crazy, I kept telling myself, trying to keep all my important parts covered. Of course, there was nothing I could do about my bare butt totally exposed. I looked down at Rufus and saw there was no sign of the tote bag. Out in the middle of the trail, I had to lower one arm so that I could pick up the leash. This left my front momentarily on display, but there was no way I was going to let the dog run off on me again!  
  
I wasn’t really certain how to proceed. It was pretty awkward, I can tell you. Finally, letting the fingers that gripped the leash rest at my side, I lowered my other arm and used that hand to shield my pubic mound. Now I gingerly took a few steps down the path, and my breasts bounced and jiggled with my movements. It didn’t help that the cooler temperature kept my nipples fairly erect…  
  
And then I realized that I must have come around in a circle, that I was back on the trail where I started, before I took off my dress to cover the mud puddle! I saw the patch of wet ground just ahead, and now my bare feet raced toward where I had left my only piece of clothing. But when I got there, I just stopped and looked in disbelief. The dress was gone! In fact, there was a tire track that must have come from a bicycle cut through the mud, but no sign of what had happened to my clothes! Now I was stuck, bare-ass naked with my neighbor’s dog…  
  
Caught completely unawares, another bike rider suddenly sped past me. And I was just standing there, I don’t know if I even thought to cover my nude body! The person turned and whistled.  
  
Well, that certainly got me moving! I tugged firmly on the dog’s leash and we both ran for the side trail the branched off from the main one. Oh my gosh, Oh my gosh, I kept saying as I realized someone had seen me naked. I hoped they didn’t try to follow me! We kept jogging a good distance, before I had to pause to catch my breath. Rufus was panting, but then barked his annoyance at my unexpected run on this unfamiliar path.  
  
“Shhh,” I scolded the pug. “We don’t want to let anyone know we’re out here!”  
  
I looked over my shoulder, and it was very still and quiet. No indication that the bike rider was coming this way. This time, I used my free arm to hold tight my breasts, as I discovered that it was no fun running with them bouncing free. Also, it was much easier to move without a hand stuck between my legs. And so in this fashion, I proceeded to walk forward, as a breeze blew over my bush and bare lower lips.  
  
Suddenly, a pair of joggers… two middle-aged women appeared around a bend in the path, and stared at my twenty-four-year-old body!  
  
“Forget something, honey?” one of them laughed as they continued to sprint by at a leisurely pace.  
  
Oh, this was so embarrassing! I picked up my own pace, and started moving forward again with Rufus trying to keep up. My one arm, holding the leash, was flailing behind me as we ran, trying to put as much distance between the joggers and us. Soon, the trail wound around some more, then came back to the entrance of the park. It appeared to be quiet, still early in the morning. But now it was decision time. I supposed I had to return Rufus to Mr. Wilton, although I didn’t know how I was going to explain what happened to my clothes. Crouching down in the grass, the little dog moved close to me and started lapping the back of my hand.  
  
“So now you’re sorry, are you?” I said to my troublesome companion. “Well now look at the state I’m in… naked as the day I was born, and I still have to find a way home! I hope you’re up for some more exercise…”  
  
I stood up from my crouched position, counted to ten, then bolted from the cover of the wooded trail. With Rufus scampering behind me, I ran out into the bright sunshine of the park, totally nude. There were voices as I dashed for the exit, my bare feet flying over the grass.  
  
“A streaker!” someone shouted.  
  
“Nice ass!” came from somewhere behind me.  
  
“How shameful,” said one of the mothers from earlier in the day, as I passed them in all my glory.  
  
I must have been blushing from head to toe, thinking about all the people who had seen me. Reaching the street, I turned on to the block where I hoped there would not be a lot of traffic. Fortunately there were things like garbage pails or mailboxes to hide behind. And I crept along this way drawing closer and closer to my neighborhood. At times, if I had to cross the street, I just had to cover my crotch to keep people from getting a view of my most intimate charms. Sometimes I clutched my breasts, just to hide my extended nipples. And then, as I reached the last stretch of houses, I just pumped my arms and legs leaving everything out in the open. To be sure, there were lots more whistles and comments, and a few trucks had honked their horns at the sight of my curvaceous body.  
  
At last, I arrived at the home of my neighbor. Thankfully, Mr. Wilton wasn’t waiting for me on his front porch. I thought maybe I could just drop off Rufus, then quickly make it back to the privacy of my own home. We were very quiet as the two of us walked across the front lawn, and up the concrete steps that led to the door. I bent down and was about to tie the leash to a nearby post, when that incorrigible pug started barking!  
  
“No, Rufus, not now!” I tried to silence him. But it was too late. The front door opened, and Mr. Wilton hobbled out to stand surprised before us.  
  
Immediately I straightened myself, while at the same time draping arms over my breasts and crotch. I closed my eyes in humiliation, and a moment of uncomfortable silence passed.  
  
“Um… back already, Jenna?” my neighbor started, trying to sound pleasant.  
  
I rubbed one bare foot behind my other leg and answered, “Uh… yes, we um…that is to say…”  
  
A decent man, Mr. Wilton tried not to look directly at me. “Jenna, haven’t you forgotten something?”  
  
“I know… I’m not wearing any clothes,” I said, blushing furiously at the obvious admission.  
  
“No, no, I mean the bag… with all of Rufus’ supplies?”  
  
I didn’t know what to say, and I was feeling really embarrassed and kind of excited to be standing on my neighbor’s porch fully nude.  
  
Finally, Mr. Wilton gave a good-natured laugh and said, “It’s all right, Jenna. I understand if you misplaced it while you were, um, sunbathing. It is a nice day outside and all. Thank you for taking the time to walk Rufus for me.”  
  
“Sure thing,” I managed a weak smile. “No problem… I, uh, guess I’ll be going now!”  
  
And as my neighbor waved goodbye, I turned around without thinking, giving the dog and his owner a parting view of my bare ass. I carefully walked away, keeping my frontal nudity hidden, then made it safely back to my home. Once inside, I had a lot of computer work to catch up on. I didn’t bother to get dressed.  
  
THE END