**Jenna Goes Jogging**

by helmhood

**Jenna Goes Jogging - Part 1**

It was Sunday morning, and I had just finished a light breakfast and was preparing to run some errands. I put my hair up in a ponytail and grabbed my keys, then marched toward the front door of the house. To my surprise, I opened it only to find my neighbor, Timmy, waiting outside.

"Oh, um, hello…" I managed to greet the sixteen or seventeen-year-old boy, even though I was startled. "Just on my way, um, out…"

Timmy looked me up and down with kind of his usual leer and half-smirk, as I stood in the doorway. "Really, Jenna? I think that sounds like a good idea."

It was beautiful this morning, nice and sunny. I figured that was what he meant. Of course, I could think of some other things I would rather be doing than running errands. I grinned weakly at the boy and started to close the door behind me.

"Don't you normally go jogging at this time?" Timmy asked.

A little flustered, because I had not been keeping up as much as I should, I answered, "Well, yes, sometimes. How do you even know that?"

The teenager only smiled, and I imagined the most reasonable explanation was that he had watched me go jogging on previous Sunday mornings throughout the summer. The thought of him spying on me in my running shorts and tight top was kind of voyeuristic, and it made my cheeks blush.

"You're not properly dressed for a morning jog, Jenna," he informed me.

I looked down at the denim jeans I was wearing and a white tank top. Throwing on some worn leather shoes, I had just planned to hit the convenience store and the supermarket. Squeezing the car keys in my hand, I thought I should probably schedule a carwash as well.

Timmy started walking up to the front door, almost forcing me to back up into the house. "So let's get you changed!"

"Oh, but I really did have things I needed to do today, Timmy!" I protested, even as I turned around.

Unfortunately, this allowed the obnoxious teenager to place a bold hand on my rear end, pushing me further down the hallway. I scampered a little further ahead, while looking over my shoulder with a murderous glance. Somehow, we arrived in the living room.

"I'm shocked to hear you would skip running this morning," Timmy said as he reclined on a couch and stared up at me. "Your waistline is looking quite trim and narrow."

I self-consciously rubbed a hand over my stomach and replied, "Um, thank you. Oh, all right! I guess a half-hour jog won't mess up my day too bad."

"It will be at least an hour," Timmy corrected me. "Maybe longer."

"Whatever," I said and folded my arms across my chest.

The teenager continued to stare at me, now letting his gaze fall upon my legs. "How about some suitable running shoes? You know, sneakers. And no socks!"

"Fine!" I replied in a huff. "Wait here wile I go get changed."

Hurriedly, I moved down the hallway heading for my bedroom. It was a little embarrassing for Timmy to tell me how to dress, but I guess that was just part of our relationship. He could do much worse, I supposed.

Once inside my room, I closed the door, pausing to peek out and make sure the boy was not following. Then I kicked of the leather shoes I had been wearing. Reaching down, I peeled off one ankle sock, and then the other. Barefoot, I decided I would want a pair of sneakers that had a comfortable liner inside. At the bottom of my closet I found just the right fit, and they were cute too!

But first I had to remove these tight-fitting jeans. I bit my lip as I popped open the button. Like Timmy said, I had a small waist, but then my hips got very curvy. And my very round bottom, I thought, wiggling the denim material down to my thighs. They slipped the rest of the way off, and I picked the jeans up and tossed them on my bed.

I walked across my room to look through the dresser for a pair of shorts. Nothing too tight, I thought, which might give Timmy ideas. There was a red pair with double white stripes down the sides, and they were pretty comfortable. Normally I used them for working out or doing other exercises. I easily slid them on, pulling the drawstring in front tight and in place. Then I put the matching red sneakers on my feet.

The tank top, I figured, was good enough for jogging. I checked myself in the mirror, making sure I looked decent. Feeling confident, I walked out of my room to return to Timmy in the living room.

"OK, I'm ready to go," I announced with hands on my hips.

Timmy, still seated on the couch, viewed me up and down. "Don't you have a T-shirt, Jenna? One that comes down to about your bellybutton."

"Yes, I do, Timmy," I said, starting to feel a little warm.

"Go put it on," the teenager instructed me. "I want to see you jogging in that T-shirt."

Lowering my head, I could already feel my face blushing. Speechless, I don't know how to respond when he talks to me this way. I shuffled back down the hallway and entered my bedroom.

The shirt I had in mind was one with a cartoon print, from when I was younger. In the dresser drawer, I found a gray athletic shirt with a "Hello Kitty" face on the front. Putting this aside, I then gripped the bottom of my tank top so I could pull it off. The T-shirt, I knew, would be tighter so I would have to go without a bra. Reaching behind my back, I undid this and let the item fall to the floor.

For a moment, I stood in my bedroom bare-breasted. Shyly, I looked over my shoulder, making sure Timmy was not spying on me again. Before I could get myself worked up, I took the Hello Kitty shirt and pulled my head and arms through it. The fit was snug, as I expected, but the hem only came down to just above my bellybutton. I paused, looking at my reflection in the mirror. Now I was looking a little more sexy. Deciding to make the best of it, I stepped out into the hallway.

When I returned in front of my neighbor, I placed my hands behind my back, sticking out my chest. "How does this look?"

"Jenna Burlinski," the teenager addressed me like I was a little girl, even though I was ten years older than him. "I don't think you understand. I said I wanted to see you go jogging in that T-shirt."

Confused, I shrugged my shoulders. "Well, it is a little risky, but here I am wearing that T-shirt.

Timmy shook his head. "No, Jenna. I want you wearing that T-shirt, and nothing else."

I froze for a second. Then I brought my hands to my mouth in shock. What was he thinking!

"Take off the rest of your clothes," he told me, making himself very clear.

I didn't know how to respond. Bending one knee slightly forward, I just stood there in front of the teenage boy. Finally, I decided maybe he was kidding.

"Um, I guess I better get going," I said, hoping Timmy would take the hint and leave.

"You can keep your sneakers on, of course," my neighbor continued to explain. "But I want you to remove your shorts and underwear."

Growing more flustered, I asked, "But why?"

"It will be more fun to watch you jogging," Timmy answered, "if your bare bottom is bouncing around."

"That's not all that will be showing," I felt the need to point out.

My face blushing, I shyly folded my hands in front of my shorts, over my crotch. This was so embarrassing! The teenager seemed to enjoy teasing me, as he grinned and chuckled.

"You should be grateful that I am not making you go running stark naked," he remarked, acting as if he was doing me a favor!

"That's true…" I nodded my head nonetheless.

Timmy abruptly got up from the couch. His swift movement was meant to indicate he was finished playing around, and caught me a little off guard. I took a small step backward.

"Now go to your bedroom, Jenna, and come out when you are prepared for your morning run," he ordered with his arm stretched out, pointing down the hallway.

"Um… OK!" I mumbled, and then turned to hurry toward my room.

There were already numerous and conflicting thoughts going through my head. I knew I should not let him treat me this way, or encourage him to humiliate me further. But he was aware I that I have engaged in some daring adventures, and had evidence that could embarrass me even more. At the same time, once he had suggested the idea to me, I started to feel a little naughty as well. I desperately wanted to tell him no, yet could not believe how much control my neighbor had over me.

I sat down on the edge of my bed and took a deep breath. My hand reached inside the front of my shorts, untying the drawstring. This allowed me pull them completely down my legs where I kicked them off my feet.

Then I stood up in the center of my room and proceeded to peel my panties all the way down to my ankles. More bashfully, even though I was alone, I stepped one foot and then the other out of my underwear. Standing up straight again, I gasped at the sudden feeling of how exposed I was!

I crept across the floor and opened the door enough to peek back down the hallway. Timmy would be pacing back and forth, waiting for us to get started. Each step would lead me closer to humiliation, and I savored the moment. Slowly, I returned to the living room.

When I stood before the teenage boy, I was naked from the waist down, and had to cup my hands over my pussy. "Timmy, you're not really serious, are you?"

He made a motion with his finger, urging me to turn around. I took a deep breath, and then let it out in a huff. Moving to face the opposite direction, I presented my rear, keeping my legs very close together. However I was aware that the little shirt I was wearing came only halfway down my back. That left a lot of my body exposed.

"What do they call it, Jenna, the state of undress you are in?" Timmy suddenly asked.

I looked down at my folded hands, and then shyly looked over my shoulder. "Um, I guess I would be considered bottomless, Timmy."

My neighbor chuckled and responded, "That's a funny term, as if you didn't have, or were without much bottom. Well from my viewpoint, I would say you have quite a lot of bottom going on!"

I blushed furiously, my face turning scarlet. After all, I knew my butt was very round and curvy, even as my waist was narrow. My bottom on display like this was just out there, a juicy inviting target. Self-consciously, I bent down a little at the knees, but that only made my bottom stick out more.

Timmy walked up behind me and slapped my ass, causing me to jump.

"Oooh!" I squealed, now reaching around to rub my cheeks.

"Come on, Jenna! We've wasted enough time, and it's getting late."

"All right, all right… let me just grab my keys!" I said, still unable to believe I was going through with this.

But Timmy shook his head. "That won't be necessary."

"Shouldn't we drive somewhere safe… and private?" I asked, tugging on my T-shirt, which did not provide any covering at all.

The teenager answered, "We don't need to take your car. You are going jogging!"

My eyes went wide at the realization of what he had in mind. "Timmy, I can't be seen running around the neighborhood like this."

"Take off your shoes," he then said to me.

"What?" I protested, while a shiver ran up my spine.

Timmy folded his arms and explained, "If you keep stalling, I am going to have you remove the few items you are still wearing."

"OK, OK! Let's just go!" I replied.

**Jenna Goes Jogging - Part 2**

To my surprise, I found myself hurrying past the boy, on my way to the front door. Timmy caught up with me, as I turned the doorknob. Before I could put up much fuss, I walked outside and closed the door behind me. The two of us started to move toward the sidewalk.

My head swiveled in each direction as I looked to my left and right. All I could think was… ohmygosh! Of course I kept my hands clasped over my crotch. But I was very aware of my exposure, and it felt like a breeze tickled my bottom. Luckily, there was no one immediately around. It was still Sunday morning, after all.

When we reached the edge of my property, Timmy paused then suggested, "Let's go to the elementary school."

I bounced on the toes of my sneakers as I thought about this. True, the school would be empty and I doubt there were any activities scheduled for today. But it was at least three blocks away, which seemed like a long way to be running without shorts or underwear!

"Start jogging," my neighbor demanded. "Or are you stalling for time, Jenna?"

I shook my head, causing my ponytail to whip back and forth. "No! It's just that, well, will you be jogging with me?"

Now Timmy shook his head. "Here is how we will do it. You jog to the end of the block, and wait there, while I follow behind. Then turn onto the next road and jog to the next block. Stopping at each corner until we get to the school, do you understand?"

Nodding my chin, I felt even more embarrassed the way he spoke to me like a little girl. I quickly turned around, which meant giving him a full view of my ass. But at least he would not see my pussy once I started pumping my arms. I hit the quiet sidewalk and started toward the end of my street and the next.

To my great shame, the sensation of jogging bottomless was delightful. I could feel my curvy rear end bouncing playfully, and I thought I was opening up, down there. But I dare not look. Instead, I glanced over my shoulder to see Timmy calmly strolling behind, his eyes roaming up and down.

All to soon, I reached the corner and had to wait for my neighbor. Again, I cupped my hands in front of my pubic mound. The trees overhead were lovely, but I had to keep an eye out for any cars or people. After a minute, Timmy reached me wearing a grin on his face.

"I told you it was a nice day for a jog," he laughed.

Hearing his voice made me feel nervous. The next drive would be the longest run until we reached the elementary school. There were sidewalks on either side of the street, and only two lanes between the houses on the block. A quiet residential area, but I was not sure how long my luck could hold out. I looked up at the bright blue sky, squinting in the early sunlight. And then I started jogging past the first house.

I was very aware of my surroundings. There was a car in one driveway. People were home. They could be watching me! These were my thoughts as I jogged past another house. Here, there were cardboard boxes laid out on the grass, waiting to be picked up by the local sanitation department.

Oh no! Did they make a run on Sundays? I froze in my tracks, and turned around, certain a truck and their crew would be rumbling down the road any second. But there was only Timmy, coolly following my footsteps, perhaps fifteen feet behind. My heart racing, I decided to keep jogging. I was afraid of making my neighbor unhappy, and he might confiscate more of my clothing.

As I continued down the sidewalk, my ears burning bright red did pick up the sound of a vehicle. It was coming from behind me! Slowing my pace a little, I remembered that the teenage boy was right in back of me. That meant the approaching car, if the driver looked in this direction, would see Timmy first.

I was surprised how much I had slowed down, even to a more moderate walking rate, when Timmy caught up and put his fingers on my butt.

"Keep jogging," he said, and teased the top of my bare ass.

That got me to jump! And I started to increase my speed. At that moment, a black sedan passed me on the other side of the road. There was a playful beep of the horn, but the car did not slow down. I figured it was just some guy who saw a curvy brunette jogging. But could he tell I was bottomless? As the car put more distance between us, I wondered if the driver looked in his mirror, would he see me in my short T-shirt showing my bellybutton… and my pussy?

I wanted to cover up so badly, and not being able to do so added to my embarrassment. But also, part of me wanted to touch myself. For the first time this morning, I realized this was turning me on.

Still, I continued to jog, my ponytail lifting up and down as my sneakers bounced in rhythm on the pavement. My round cheeks, too, jiggled and I could still feel Timmy's lingering touch. Across the street, I saw out of the corner of my eye, a woman leave her house to pick up the paper. Remember the teenage boy's advice to just act natural, I kept pumping my arms and stared straight ahead.

"Morning!" the woman called out to me from her house.

I did not respond, for fear of giving myself away. Maybe I could have been wearing an i-pod with an earpiece that she did not notice. From her point of view, she could only see my profile. I could have been wearing a thong, for all she knew. Hopefully, the woman would be more interested in collecting her paper and going back to her morning coffee!

Timmy followed behind, keeping an eye on me, I'm sure. He must have been very satisfied exposing me like this. I don’t know why he seemed to get so much fun at my expense. I don't know why I let him. As I continued to jog, I hoped he would be proud that I did not stop this time.

Finally, I reached the end of the block, and the corner where there was a stop sign. I put my hand on the metal post, cautiously peering in all four directions. When I slowly turned around, I found Timmy standing in front of me.

Catching my breath, I said to him, "This is really getting to be too much!"

"Really?" the teenager inquired, and then casually reach down to touch my pubic hair!

Ohmygosh… when I had spun around, I left my arms at my sides. This gave Timmy full access to my exposed area. My bush was trim, more like a patch, but he still wrapped a strand around his finger. It was a silent demonstration that he was in control. I was ashamed that my neighbor might find out how wet he was making me.

"Hmmm," Timmy continued. "I guess we can start by taking off your shirt, Jenna."

"Oh, no!" I managed to squeak between gasps.

The truth was, I was afraid to remove my top and show him how erect my nipples had become. Although I think he knew, as he stared at my chest, while gently teasing me just below my bellybutton. He gave a playful tug, and then released his hand, allowing me to turn around again.

"I'll be good," I called out over my shoulder, and began to jog down the road.

Concentrating on my surroundings again, I tried to keep an eye out for any cars heading in my direction. Occasionally I glanced behind me, my ponytail swishing over my shoulders, but there was nothing I could do about my bare backside. I think even more embarrassing would be if I crossed another pedestrian. How would I explain my condition?

Somehow, without incident, I reached the next intersection. I stopped there as instructed, and tugged on my T-shirt self-consciously. But it was too short. So this time, I lowered a hand discreetly over my pussy while I waited for Timmy to reach me. It seem like he was taking forever.

My nude hips still on display, I blushed, and said, "Well, we're at the corner of the school property… right across the street, there."

Timmy turned his head to acknowledge the black chain-link fence and the sidewalk that ran along it.

"So go ahead and cross the road," he told me.

Looking both ways, I then kept both hands between my legs, and hurried over the pavement. This was less jogging, and more of a hasty shuffle to get to the other side. Thankfully, it was still so quiet. I hugged the stop sign on the opposite corner, waiting for Timmy to join me.

I moved around, hoping to keep the post between us. "Is this as far as I have to go?"

"No, Jenna," my neighbor shook his head. "You’re going to keep jogging, onto the school grounds."

Bouncing nervously on the toes of my sneakers, I said, "Um… OK. Just a little further, then."

Carefully inching myself away from the stop sign, I had intended to continue along the north side of the elementary school. The fence overlooked an expansive field, and it seemed there was less chance of being seen along this road. But the teenage boy had other plans.

"I want you to continue your jog, going south." he instructed. "Further away from your home."

Nodding my head, I started in this direction down the sidewalk. I passed Timmy still standing on the corner, and tried not to think of him looking at me below the waist. But a breeze tickled my bottom, making me very aware of the bouncing of my bare globes. I pressed on, hoping this would all be over soon.

Looking to my right, I passed several houses across the street. One had a manicured lawn. Another had a flag in the front yard. They all seemed to have cars parked in the driveway. Sure enough, as I jogged opposite the third house on the block, the front door opened and a mother and her kids piled outside. I just kept running, hoping the family would not focus their attention in my direction.

I neared another home across the way, and this one had a high wooden fence around the property. My ears picked up a buzzing motor, and I realized that someone was mowing their lawn! To think, this fence was all that kept them from seeing me run past, half naked.

But with the distraction of the lawn mower, I almost did not hear the sound of a vehicle approaching from around the upcoming corner. There was not much room between me on the sidewalk, and the schoolyard fence. Instinctively, I crouched down as if I was taking a breather. Just in time, the car turned and rolled past me. I kept my head down, not able to spare a glance at the driver.

A minute later, I was back on my feet. Watching the distance I had already run down this block, the car was gone, but Timmy was still following. In fact, he was very near. I sprang forward, jogging the rest of the way to the corner.

"Why did you stop?" he asked once he caught up with me. "Did you have to squat to take a pee?"

"No, Timmy!" I answered truthfully, although completely humiliated.

Realizing then that I had disobeyed his instructions, I thought he was going to make me strip nude right here. Fearfully, I looked around, while gripping tight the hem of my T-shirt. Timmy grinned, staring at my uncovered front.

There was a section of the chain-link fence here that was open. It was a space that would allow us to enter onto the school property. An opening that we could penetrate. I caught Timmy's gaze, and quickly slapped my hands over my crotch.

"Let's go over to the playground," the boy suggested.

I looked across the field, toward the lot that was near the building. "Do you want me to jog over there?"

"I think you can take it slow now," Timmy said, and then motioned to the break in the fence. "After you."

Actually, my legs felt great from running, and I enjoyed the exercise. But if I did not keep jogging, then I would have stretch out somewhere. The thought of doing it bottomless, had my heart racing!

Still, I walked quickly over the grass. It was Sunday, so there was no sign of students or teachers. And the closer we moved toward the school, the further we were away from the roads and cross streets. I swung my arms easily at my sides. But it was nevertheless embarrassing to have Timmy along next to me. I felt like I was being led on a leash.

"Well, here we are!" I said a bit breathlessly, once we arrived at the playground equipment.

On the sandy lot, there was a swing set and some monkey bars. I shyly covered myself again while facing Timmy, waiting to see what he would do. To my surprise, he went over and had a seat on one of the swings.

**Jenna Goes Jogging - Part 3**

Cautiously, I followed and stood in front of him. After a few minutes passed between us, I shifted my legs so that my feet were about shoulder-width apart. I slowly reached down, bending at the waist but not my knees, and touched my sneaker with both hands.

"Timmy," I said as I raised my eyes to look up at him. "Timmy, I need to stretch my muscles, to keep from getting a cramp."

The boy leered at me. "So do some stretching exercises."

I blushed, thinking about the positions that would put me in, and without wearing shorts or panties! Already, in this pose, my butt was sticking out behind me and kind of lifted in the air. If anybody had walked in back of me, they would certainly have an interesting view.

"Are you going to watch?" I asked timidly.

It felt so good, holding my hands clutched around my ankle. I didn't want to move. I could feel the tension easing from my body. But there was also another kind of tension, which was growing between my legs.

The teenager pushed himself back on the swing, and then came forward. The metal links squeaked as if protesting a boy of his age playing on the elementary school equipment. He dropped his feet to the ground and abruptly brought himself to a stop.

"I have a better idea," Timmy said.

Slowly, I straightened, remembering to hide my crotch as the teenager jumped off the swing and walked toward me. I trembled a little, being so very exposed in broad daylight, and wondering what he meant. He moved past me, but since I stayed facing forward, I imagined he would be looking at my rear. Again I separated my legs and placed my hands on my hips, preparing to bend at the waist.

"Come over here to the monkey bars," my neighbor called out from behind me.

Glad to be spared some more embarrassing exposure, I quickly turned and scampered across the lot. There I stood in front of Timmy once more. Keeping one hand lowered, I used the other hand to tug my brunette ponytail over my shoulder.

With a gesture toward the metal bars, he said, "Jenna… you can loosen up by climbing on these bars."

I let out a small gasp. It was true, however, I would have a chance to stretch my arms and legs. Hesitantly, I reached out to curl my fingers around the pole that was driven into the ground.

"I think it would be easier, if you take off your shoes first," Timmy continued.

"My shoes, huh?" I lowered my head to look at my feet.

The sneakers were snug and comfortable, and great to run in. But now that I was about to climb these monkey bars, I supposed it would be all right. With a little effort, I was able to pop my heel out of one shoe and then kicked it off. Then I did the same with the other sneaker. This left me standing before Timmy, completely barefoot.

There was a rung on the side, which I swiftly stepped over to and got a foothold. My toes curled around the cold steel. It was a delightful and unexpected sensation. I hoisted myself up, grabbing the first of the bars that were placed overhead. Reaching out an arm, I let my fingers wrap around the next bar and swung out. Quickly taking the same bar with my other hand, I dangled with my feet off the ground.

Stretching out my hand, I continued to kick and swing to each rung until I was in the middle of the set of monkey bars. I was fully stretched out from head to toe, and could feel the muscles in my legs soothing, as well as my butt and lower back. Suddenly aware of the extent of my nudity, I dropped my chin to see the athletic T-shirt had ridden up to just beneath my breasts. I was totally vulnerable!

"Oh, Timmy!" I moaned, knowing he was getting the best view of my pussy he had all morning.

I grunted, kicking my bare legs, and slapped a hand on the next rung. In this fashion, I continued to swing across the bars in my bottomless state. I was so humiliated, but at least when I got to the other side, I could get down and try to regain some modesty.

Timmy had already moved to the opposite end, placing his foot on the lower rung and crossing his arms over his chest. Even as he shook his head, I stopped and dangled in front of him.

"Jenna, I would like you to now hang upside down from the bars," he instructed.

"Hang upside down?" I asked in disbelief. I raised my head to where my arms were stretched above. "Oh my! O don't know if I can…"

It did sound like fun, though challenging. I managed to switch the positioning of my hands, thus turning myself around. Timmy was now seeing my naked bottom. But now that I thought about it, my arms were getting tired. This would be a chance to give them a rest. I was afraid what would happen if I simply dropped to the ground.

I began to swing back and forth, building up some momentum. Then I kicked out a leg and reached for a bar with my toes. Now I was glad Timmy made me take off my sneakers! When I was able to hold myself in this position, I kicked out my other leg. It took some wiggling around, but I was able to push forward and hook the back of my knees over the steel bar. I felt like a gymnast, and let go of the other bar my hands were holding.

"Wheee!" I giggled, in spite of myself, as I hung there.

My whole world had turned upside down. I was vaguely aware of Timmy approaching underneath the monkey bars. I let my arms dangle; my fingers did not even reach the ground. Behind my head, my ponytail fell straight down. It must have looked very odd.

Timmy walked up to me, his eye about level with my crotch. My heart started beating faster. Not only vulnerable, I realized I was completely helpless!

The teenager, tall and lanky, crouched down until his face was in front of my face. "Hello, Jenna."

"Um, hi Timmy," I answered. "What… what are you going to do?"

My arms stretched out beneath my head, I wiggled my fingers in apprehension. I was nervous. And I was excited.

Timmy softly poked my stomach, causing me to let out a swift intake of air. I had been holding my breath. He traced his finger around my bellybutton, and far above me, my bare toes curled. The boy's hand moved lower, which now meant closer to me breasts. And then he plucked my grey T-shirt between his thumb and forefinger.

"Oh! What are you doing?" I squeaked.

He now grabbed my top with both hands, and started pulling it toward the ground. Gravity had already lowered it quite a bit, and soon my bare breasts were exposed. But Timmy did not stop. With my arms conveniently dangling below my head, he was able to slip the shirt inside out, rolling it over my face.

"Mmmph" I gave a muffled cry.

But Timmy continued to work the fabric, first off my head and then down my arms. It took very little effort from him to drop the T-shirt past my hands. It fell to the ground, where the boy quickly snatched it up.

I was suspended upside down on the monkey bars, fully naked!

"Timmy, my clothes!" I was finally able to gasp. "I'm… I'm not wearing anything!"

The words sent a shiver through my entire body. All I could do was hang there, leaving everything out in the open. My nipples were already quite erect.

As he stood up, all I could see was my neighbors pant legs. He was standing right in front of me, so close. Then I felt his hands on my curvy hips, running up and down the sides of my body.

"Mmhmmm," I closed my eyes and moaned.

At the same time, I was very ashamed. I knew the young man would take this opportunity to explore every inch of me. And what a position I was in! My fists clenched and unclenched, as he started to touch my pussy.

"Jenna, have you started to cum?" he asked, as if startled.

"No… not yet," I replied in a tone of voice, pleading with him not to embarrass me further.

Again he teased my patch of pubic hair. Perhaps I should have shaved today, but that would have only made me feel more nude. Then he used two fingers to gently spread apart my lips. Upside down, my hips bucked a little as he pinched the sensitive folds of skin. He was looking right down, into my most intimate area!

"Aaaah!" I gasped feeling very close to orgasm.

Timmy cupped his hand over my wet pussy and began gently massaging. He moved his hand around so that his thumb rested on my clitoris. He pressed down and rubbed it in a circle.

"Ooooooh…. Yesssss!" I nearly screamed in pleasure.

I had never had an upside down orgasm before. And this was only the first wave. Or so I thought.

Suddenly, Timmy took away his hand and stepped back to watch me. I was twisting on the monkey bars, my body flushed with shame and arousal. Straining, I tried to lift my head to see myself better. I tried to lift my arms to keep playing, but I could only lift them high enough to squeeze my breasts. I felt so weak.

"I think it's time for you to climb down, Jenna," the teenager said.

After a moment to catch my breath, I whispered, "I don't think I can…"

As if annoyed that he would have to help me, Timmy walked up to me again. His face was almost practically in my crotch. This time, he wrapped his arms around my waist. First, however, he took a handful of my bottom and squeezed.

"Oh!" I squealed in reaction.

"Now here," the teenage boy explained. "Release your legs, and I will hold you so you don't fall."

"But, Timmy," I protested. "Your hands will be all over me!"

My neighbor looked up at the monkey bars and said, "I can go around and tickle your feet until you drop to the ground… or I could just leave you hanging here."

"You wouldn't!" I gasped, hiding my nipples with my hands.

He waited a moment, perhaps thinking about heading home. I watched him upside down as he considered the possibilities. Then Timmy stepped forward again putting a hand on my hip. He casually walked around to stand behind me.

"Where… where are you going?" I tried to turn my head around.

The teenager slapped my bare bottom!

"Ouch!" I cried in disbelief, being spanked naked on the school playground.

He would spank my cheeks a few more times. It would sting, but part of me found it pleasurable. Then he slid his arm between my legs so he could briefly stroke my pussy. Timmy was alternating between punishing me and exciting me!

"Oooh," I responded to his touch, much to my humiliation.

"All right, Jenna, time to go," He said as he wrapped his arms around me from behind. "And this time, I mean it."

By now I was almost in a daze, and I answered, "OK."

While he held me in place, I slowly lifted one of my lower legs to the sky, off the steel rung. I started to bend my leg forward, and raised the other one as well. Gently, Timmy maneuvered me, able to twist and put my feet on the ground. I was impressed with how strong he was, and secretly more than a little turned on.

"Wow…" I giggled, taking a few off-balance steps.

I was dizzy, and it took a moment to orientate myself standing up once more. Then I saw Timmy staring at me, and I held an arm across my breasts while lowering the other hand to cover my crotch. Bashfully, I rubbed the toes of one foot behind my other leg.

"Soooo, I guess I can get dressed now?" I asked in a southern drawl.

**Jenna Goes Jogging - Part 4**

In reply, the teenager turned and walked back over the lot. First he collected my sneakers, and then picked up my Hello Kitty T-shirt. He strolled around me again, I guess so he could look at my butt. I stayed facing forward, but peeked over my shoulder.

"Not a chance!" Timmy finally answered.

He made me walk around to the front of the school, naked. Fully naked, as I was reminded when my bare feet moved silently over the grass and as I hugged my body, rubbing my bare shoulders. A few cars passed down the road, but we stayed close to the building.

"Timmy, I don't understand," I said after we proceeded up the concrete path to the main doors. "It's Sunday. The school will be locked."

I stood there in the nude, Timmy with what little items I had been wearing, now tucked under his arm. With his free hand, he put a finger under my chin and lifted up my head. As I reflexively dropped my arms to my sides, my nipples pointed right at him.

"Maybe," he grinned mischievously, and then shoved the entrance door open. "Maybe not!"

"Oh!" I nearly jumped, startled by the sound of the swinging door. "I wonder why that would be… Timmy! Someone must be here! The janitor or the principal, or some teacher!"

"Well you see, Jenna, I don't care." my neighbor replied coldly.

He then explained that we wanted me to run through the hallway, to the other side of the building. The boy would meet me outside on the north end of the school property. Then, he said, I could go home.

"Can I at least put my sneakers and shirt back on?" I asked submissively. "It's bad enough my bottom will be jiggling like crazy, and my bare…"

That earned me a tickle of my pussy. I closed my eyes as Timmy brought me close to the edge. He then said no, that I had to run through the school as I was, stark naked.

Now, on top of being embarrassed, I was very horny. The door had closed again, so I had to shyly push it open and peek down the corridor. It did seem very quiet, but I know someone had to be here in order to unlock the school. Still, there were no classes in session, so if I was careful, it should be safe. I glanced over my shoulder in time to see Timmy watching my backside, and then he started to walk around the building. I was on my own.

Fully bare, I entered the school. I was immediately treated to a new sensation as the bottom of my feet found the cool waxed tiles of the floor. I don't think I had ever been barefoot in this elementary school before. And now here I was, with every bit on display.

Thinking of that, I used my arms and hands to cover my breasts and pussy, even though no one seemed to be around. Very quietly, I tiptoed a few feet forward. When I reached an intersection, I turned my head left and right, my ponytail swishing across my neck. I concentrated very hard to listen for any voices.

The place seemed very still. Self-consciously, I reached a hand around to rub my bottom where Timmy had slapped me. Perhaps the custodian was busy in the boys or girls restrooms, getting them clean for Monday morning. This would be my chance to act.

I ran down the rest of the hallway, my breasts flopping up and down in front of me. The way my body was reacting, part of me felt deliciously naughty. I was almost glad Timmy had taken all my clothes. But part of me was embarrassed. And if anybody saw me, I would be so humiliated!

As I approached the opposite exit of the elementary school, I walked backward the last several feet. I guess I was so concerned with someone sneaking up behind me, catching me by surprise. Maybe I was ashamed of my bare bottom, as round as the full moon. I was straining so hard to hear other voices or footsteps, I jumped a little when my butt touched the door.

"Ooooh!" I let out a small gasp.

Timmy would be waiting for me outside. He would get to see my nude body again. I had already gotten used to not having him leer at me these past few minutes, that I suddenly felt butterflies in my tummy. Clutching my hands to my breasts, I used my bottom to ease open the door, which swung outward.

"All right, Timmy, I'm ready to go home!" I called out as I emerged from the school building.

There was something strange as I stepped out into the fresh air. I had not turned around yet, but my ears were burning red, a shiver went down to my toes, and my skin was all tingly. A sound of group chatter hit me like a buzz, and then only hushed whispers.

I turned my face to look over my shoulder, to see dozens and dozens of people on the school property!

Parents and little kids, teachers, too… probably everyone who would be involved in a school orientation or some kind of activity was gathered in the parking lot. I spun around on my heel, keeping my knees together, and cupping my hands between my legs.

"She's naked!" a little voice called out.

"Ohmygosh!" I squealed.

Instead of running back inside the school, all I could think of was, where was my neighbor who had set me up and tricked me! When I could not find Timmy, I ran forward, keeping my hands strategically placed to avoid showing too much. However, as I started to move through the crowd, they all got a look at my ass! Most people were just as shocked, some trying to shield their children's eyes. But a couple of younger women, new teachers I guessed, winked as I passed. One even reached out and pinched me!

Greatly outnumbered, I also happened to run near the only guy who was on the teaching staff. He looked like he was in his early twenties, probably just out of college. The young man seemed pleased watching me bouncing around trying to escape.

Finally, I made it out of the crowded parking lot, and crossed the fence onto the wide grass field. The further I put the school behind me, the better, I reasoned. Although, I would still have to figure out a way to get home.

Timmy was waiting for me at the edge of the chain-link fencing, right on the edge of the road. He grinned and seemed quite satisfied. I paused to catch my breath, my heart still beating fast, while looking around nervously.

"We timed that perfectly," the teenager said. "You walked out of the school just after the parent teacher association showed up for their class function."

"I had no idea…" I admitted, embarrassed that I had been tricked this way. "So can I have my stuff back now?"

Timmy held my shirt in one hand, the sneakers clutched together in his other, and asked, "Why, Jenna? I thought you enjoyed streaking the neighborhood in your birthday suit!"

"No…" I tried to remain modest, but only lifted my hands to squeeze my breasts. "All those people saw me! If I don't cover up soon, I think I'm going to… I'm going to cum!"

The teenager just smiled, and slung my little shirt over his shoulder. He then started to walk away, leaving me totally naked on the side of the road. A car drove by and honked its horn. Timmy turned around just as I was about to stroke myself down there.

"Well, you should have an interesting jog home, Jenna!"

THE END