**Jenna in the Rain**
by Daring Burlinski

 was sitting at home, just relaxing one afternoon, when the phone rang. Still seated on the couch with my legs curled up under me, I lazily reached for the receiver.

“Hello, Jenna…” answered a young male voice on the other end.

It was Timmy! After a brief pause I replied, “Hi Timmy… what a surprise. Is there something you need?”

I guess the teenager didn’t like my tone of voice as he said, “As a matter of fact, my friends and I want you to come over to my apartment right now!”

“Oh dear, what’s the matter?” I asked, suddenly jumping to my feet.

The boy only responded with words that sent a chill through my body: “Nothing’s wrong, Jenna. We were just bored.”

And of course, Timmy and his friends being bored more often than not led to my humiliation and getting into all sorts of embarrassing situations. I still had the receiver cradled between my ear and shoulder as I strolled around the living room and nervously fidgeted with a button on my shirt.

“Look, Timmy, I’m kind of busy later on so I really don’t have much time for your games,” I tried to sound in command and put off the inevitable request.

He wasn’t very impressed. “Well I’m afraid you’re just going to have to come over anyway. The longer you make us wait, the more time we will have to plan something fun for you…”

“All right, all right,” I found myself giving in as I edged closer to the window and pulled back the curtains. “But it’s raining outside!”

There was a moment of silence, before Timmy said, “Yeah, it’s raining here, too. You better get here soon. And don’t bring an umbrella!”

With that, the horrible little monster hung up the phone. I bit my lip in frustration. While I had no idea what he and his friends had in store for me and I really didn’t want to find out, the possibility of what they were plotting already had me very anxious. The longer I delayed, the worse it could be for me. And if I didn’t show up at all… well, Timmy had photos and videos of me, which I knew he would be very happy to share with the rest of the world. In the end, I pretty much had to do whatever he asked.

Placing the telephone down, I walked back to the window once more and confirmed it was still raining. Oh it was warm outside, here in the middle of summer, and this was more like a gentle shower. But I did not relish the thought of my clothing getting soaked. I was dressed in a white blouse and a cute green plaid skirt that came down to just above my knees. Since I was asked not to use an umbrella, I figured any kind of rain gear was not allowed. They wanted me to arrive, just as I was dressed.

I looked around the room and spotted my black heels on the floor. Boots might have been more practical, but I didn’t want to go back to my closet and pull out a pair. I didn’t want to waste any more time. Slipping my feet into the shoes, I immediately felt more sexy. Although I didn’t know why I wanted to look sexy for these twerps. Maybe I thought making me look taller, I would present myself as an adult young woman, and not be dominated by these teenagers.

When I opened the door, I could hear the pitter-patter of the rain falling upon the sidewalk that passed in front of my house. Timmy lived at the other end of the street. So it would be a brisk walk down the block and then I would find out what this was all about. Of course, if the steady downpour persisted, I would be drenched from head to toe. I waited another minute, and then walked outside.

As I mentioned, the temperature was pretty warm. The rain was probably more cool and refreshing, rather than a nuisance. Still, as the drops struck my skin and caused the fabric of my shirt to cling to my body, I couldn’t help but tremble. A strong breeze teased at lifting my skirt, reminding me what a short choice it was! I kept the pleated material pressed down with my hands and lowered my head, marching forward and determinedly to Timmy’s house.

Wiping water from my eyes, I couldn’t reach his front porch fast enough. I jogged across the lawn in my now transparent blouse and short skirt, knocking hard on the door. My knees were locked together and I clutched my elbows in opposite hands.

“Why, Jenna, you’re soaked!” the boy observed with an evil grin.

Looking past the opened doorway I could just make out several of his friends goofing around. “So, are you going to let me in or what?”

Timmy continued to block my way and said, “And now you are inviting yourself into my house? Hmmm… well, if I let you come inside as my guest, you have to agree to do whatever we say. Deal?”

“Um…” I started and looked fretfully over my shoulder. He had trapped me! Made me run all the way over here in the rain, and now I wanted nothing more than to get inside and dry off! “All right, Timmy. Just for a little while… I’ll do what you say.”

The boy took a step back and allowed me into the entry hallway. I was making little puddles on the floor, and I knew my hair must be a mess. What I really needed was a good towel, and hoped I could head straight for the bathroom.

“No, no, Jenna,” Timmy spoke to me like a child. “I can’t have you tracking water through the house.”

My eyes went wide as I clutched my hands in front of my chest. I could see Tommy and his friend, and a couple of more teenage boys staring down the hall to get a look at me. In an effort improve the situation, I un-tucked my blouse from my skirt and started ringing out the ends.

Timmy shook his head as I squeezed more water onto the floor. “You’ll have to take off your clothes…”

“What? No!” I cried. “Please don’t make me strip in front of your friends!”

At this point, Tommy walked over with a shopping bag in his hands. He looked over my wet twenty-four year old body and addressed me, “Well, I’ll tell you what, Jenna. The main reason we asked you to come over here today is because we wanted you to try on this bikini we picked out for you.”

I looked from Timmy to Tommy, and saw that the other boys were crowding in the hallway.

“Yeah, I think it would appropriate for you to slip out of those wet things and put on your new bathing suit,” Timmy continued.

Doubtful, I shifted my gaze to the bag. “Oh, but I don’t know. I mean…”

My teenage neighbor remained firm in his wishes saying, “You can either put on the bikini, Jenna, or you can strip down to your skin right here!”

“Oh my… well, can I at least have some privacy and change in the bathroom?”

Timmy pondered this for a moment before agreeing. But he said that I had to hand out each article of clothing as I disrobed. I blushed when he talked about me taking off my clothes, and some of the boys whistled. At least I would be wearing a bikini so I guess it wouldn’t be that bad.

They led me carefully down the hall, Timmy and Tommy each taking a hand. Thus, I could do nothing to prevent their friends from lifting up my skirt to sneak a peek at my panties! Someone even pinched my butt… I was so embarrassed!

I was allowed to take the shopping bag with me as I walked into the bathroom and shut the door behind me. Finally I had a chance to catch my breath, away from all those leering eyes! Hand on my chest, I could feel my heart beating faster. There was really nothing left to do now but start unbuttoning my shirt.

Once I peeled it off, I shyly opened the bathroom door to find five teenage boys waiting with eager smiles. As promised, I held out the blouse that was still quite moist, and it speedily slipped from my fingers. Standing in my lacy bra, I felt really nervous, but a little excited too. Without a word, I closed the door again and leaned my back against it.

The bra I was wearing had a button clasp that opened in the front. Another deep breath, my flat tummy sucked in, and I popped open the clasp with my thumb. The cups separated and fell to either side, leaving my bare breasts to bounce free. I was surprised to look down and see my nipples were already hardening.

“Oh no!” I gasped even as I reached around to pull the straps off my shoulders.

Now completely topless, I was really excited. Running a finger around the areola, I watched the stiff pink buds point toward the ceiling. Then I realized that I still had to face the boys! All I could do was wrap an arm across my body, hugging my boobs tight and shielding the signs of my arousal. With my free hand, the one clutching my bra, I opened the door again.

“Thanks, I’ll take that!” Timmy said as he snatched the flimsy material from my grasp.

The sudden snake-like movement took me by surprise and my reflex was to bring up my now empty hand to cup my jiggling breasts. I shifted my other hand as well so that both hands effectively hid my tits. But I’m pretty sure they caught a glimpse of a flash in the transition.

“You must have gotten chilly on your walk over here,” one of the boys laughed.

A rosy pink blush spread across my stomach. I quickly turned around and ducked back into the bathroom, kicking the door shut with the back of my heel. It then occurred to me that I didn’t have to get completely nude before I put on the bikini. Timmy only said that I must hand out each article of clothing as I disrobe. He said nothing about not getting dressed in the process. I wasn’t sure if this would displease him, but I didn’t give it any more thought. Dropping my hands to my sides, I walked over and picked up the shopping bag. I reached inside and fished around until I pulled out the bikini top.

Wow… this was some tiny top! I had to look back inside the bag to make sure I had the whole thing. Twisting it in my hands, looking at it in the light, I tried to figure out how it would go on. Or how it would possibly keep me covered. Boy, this was some bathing suit they had picked out! It was pale gold, and looked like it consisted of two diamond shaped scraps of material that could conceal my breasts, connected by some string. Using the mirror as a reference guide, I found that I could catch my boobs in the top, and then tie it off behind my neck. I did just that and saw that in fact, the diamond patches of material really only covered my nipples. All the flesh of my swelling breasts was exposed. And it didn’t help that I was making two very pointy indentations in the fabric!

Still, it was better than nothing.

I took a moment to walk a few paces in the bathroom, to make sure it stayed on, and that my pink bits didn’t slip out. Finally, I was convinced that in spite of how skimpy it was, the bikini top was secure. So I stood in front of the mirror again and began to lower the zipper on my skirt. My body shuddered as the material slid down my legs, and then I carefully lifted my feet out of the plaid piece of clothing. I picked it up and held it in front of my crotch, hesitating before opening the door.

There came a knock, and then a boy’s voice, “Are you almost done in there?”

This caused me to obediently turn and pull the knob toward me, just enough to stick my face out. I pushed my arm through, dangling the skirt invitingly, which Timmy grabbed. Instinctively, I dropped my hand over the crotch of my panties.

“Just… just a moment, boys. I’m almost dressed…”

That was laugh! Dressed in so little, it seemed. As the teenagers grumbled, anxious to see me displayed in the bathing suit picked out for me, I shut myself in the bathroom once more. I was down to the last item for removal. Pausing by the mirror, I combed my hair out, straightening the ends that had become frazzled by the rain. Then in one swift motion, I hooked my thumbs in my underwear and tugged them off my legs. I placed the panties on the counter and reached into the shopping bag.

Holding the strings of the tiny bottoms between my hands, I could only shake my head. There was hardly anything here at all! Embarrassingly, I had to grip the very light material between my legs as I tied first one side at my hip, and then the other. I discovered that the diamond shaped front snugly cupped my vulva, but then the material thinned considerably as it ran like thong up my ass crack, narrowly covering my pussy lips from behind! What was worse, I was certainly not, um, prepared for a skimpy bikini like this, and wisps of my black pubic hair peeked out of the top. I tried to pull the front higher, but only achieved giving myself a frontal wedgie… pulling the fabric deeper into my slit!

I took a few gingerly steps forward, wondering what kind of person this suit was made for. As the silky material sawed easily over my sensitive folds of skin, I found it was not uncomfortable, but more like being caressed down there. When I tried to adjust the strings, I realized there was not a thing covering my butt cheeks. It might have been better if I was bottomless! At any rate, I would have to be careful how I moved.

So I calmed myself as best I could, and then slowly opened the bathroom door. The boys allowed me to walk out into the hallway. Almost immediately there were whistles and comments as there was nothing about my curvy body left to the imagination. Shyly, I kind of placed one hand on my bare stomach, while playing with a wet strand of hair hooked behind my ear.

Timmy eyed me up and down, but had a frown on his face. “When was the last time you wore heels to the pool or the beach, Jenna?”

“I wasn’t going to the pool or the beach,” I replied.

“Well, they don’t go with that bathing suit,” Timmy informed me. “Take off your shoes.”

Here I was, standing in the hallway of my neighbor’s house, surrounded by five teenage boys, and desperately trying to maintain some dignity in this minimal bikini. The last thing I wanted to do was show more skin. And I also felt that giving up my heels would represent yielding even more of my adult status. But I already said I would do whatever they asked, and I guess there was no real harm in going barefoot. So I very carefully squatted down, undoing the straps at each of my ankles.

When I stood up again, I was able to slip my toes from the shoes and Tommy reached down to pick them up. I hoped he would be careful with them! Conscious now of everyone staring at my legs, I kind of clasped my hands behind my back, blushing from the attention. We started moving toward the living room, and with two boys behind me, I really had no choice but to shuffle along.

Timmy and his friends piled onto one of the couches, but I was told to stand in the middle of the room. They wanted me to model the bathing suit for them! First they had me reach my arms to the sky, then stand on the tips of my toes. Place my hands on my head… then turn around so they could get a good look at me from behind. It was all very embarrassing, although I had to admit that part of me was turned on as well. They asked me to face forward again, and I saw that one of the boys had a camera and had been snapping pictures. More images to add to Timmy’s collection, I guess.

With my hands back at my sides, my teenage neighbor approached me. Since I was standing flat-footed, he was a little taller than me. I watched as Timmy slowly reached out his arm, his fingers coming teasingly close to my crotch. And then he took a few strands of my pubes peeking out of the bikini bottoms between his thumb and forefinger.

“Oh!” I gasped.

“What’s this?” Timmy asked mischievously.

After a gentle tug, I answered, “Mmmm… my pubic hair!”

“Your what?” he asked again so that his friends could hear.

“My bush, OK! Please don’t… this bathing suit is too small, and it doesn’t cover my bush!” I felt my face turn bright red talking about such a thing.

“Maybe Jenna doesn’t like the bikini,” Tommy called out from the couch.

One of the other boys suggested I take it off! Well, as soon as Timmy let go of me, both my hands shot to cover my crotch. I rubbed the front of one foot behind my other leg, wondering what they would make me do next.

Timmy proceeded to walk around me, coming to regard me from behind. I closed my eyes, afraid that he was going to untie the knot at the back of my neck, essentially letting the bikini top fall free. In fact, he even ran his hand down my slick brown hair. But then he let his fingers wander down to rest at the sides of my hips. Now I wondered if he was going to untie the bikini bottoms in front of his friends! Instead, he gave the strings a yank up, causing the fabric to dig deeper into my pussy.

“Ooooh!” I squealed, rising to my toes, my arms springing out like airplane wings.

“I think I like this bathing suit on Jenna,” Timmy announced. “One thing is, it makes it very easy to give her a spanking!”

And then the teenager started to slap my bare ass, his hand making a playful smacking sound as it came into contact with my skin. My boobs bounced around from the paddling, threatening to pop free. This, and the fact that the narrow strip of material was rubbing against my clitoris, caused me to moan with pleasure.

Just as I was about to start building toward an orgasm, Timmy ended his spanking, which left me both relieved and frustrated. I know my skin was flushed, and beads of perspiration trickled down my tummy. As the boy rejoined his friends on the couch, I couldn’t help but rub my tender rear.

“I think Jenna has had enough punishment,” he said. “I think it’s time for her to cool off a little, and test out that new bikini.”

The boys jumped off the couch, laughing and cheering. I was a little unsure what this meant, and I brought by hands to my mouth. They left me standing in the living room, barefoot and bikini-clad, while Timmy and his friends ran through the house. Cautiously, I started to move forward as well, suddenly wondering where my clothes were, and if I had any means of getting them back.

Timmy greeted my again by the hall that led to the front door. “All right, Jenna, are you ready to get wet?”

“What exactly do you mean?” I asked a little breathless.

The teenager only shook his head, clearly frustrated that I answered his question with a question. “Just go outside…”

“What!” I exclaimed. “But I don’t want people to see me in this skimpy outfit… And it’s still raining!”

“That’s the point. And what better to wear when it's raining than a bathing suit!” Timmy looked at me shrewdly. “Or would you rather be wearing your Birthday Suit? Because if you don’t go outside right now, I’m going to ask you to give me back the bikini.”

Well, I definitely did not want to strip naked. I turned my head to look at the door, then back at Timmy waiting for my decision. With a sigh, I told him I would walk outside. Although I asked if we could do this in the back yard, but he insisted I stay on the front lawn! So I padded down the hall in my bare feet, absently trying to pick the thong out of my ass. I opened the front door and saw that there was no one else around. Timmy had already left to join his friends.

It was a soft drizzle by now, and the sky seemed to be brightening, if just a little. The first drops actually felt nice as they hit my arms. I walked down the steps into the rain, looking left and right to make sure no one was coming down the street. It was so embarrassing to be out here, wearing so little and I had a lot on display! My breasts heaved and my butt jiggled as I moved onto the grass. Of course the wet blades tickled the bottoms of my feet and made me shiver. In a way, I was feeling kind of excited to be dressed in such a daring bikini in the middle of the neighborhood.

Then I noticed the large picture window, which apparently looked out from the den. As I suspected, five teenage faces were pressed against the glass. I could also see Timmy gesturing for me to move closer.

I looked over my shoulder apprehensively, and then walked across the lawn until I was square in front of the window. It was then that something strange started to happen. As the gentle rain continued to beat down on me, my body started to tingle. Well, not my entire body… just those parts that were actually covered by the bikini. I really didn’t know what was going on, as I placed my hands on my head and spun around in confusion.

Now the fabric, the diamond shape patches of material that concealed my nipples and crotch were positively itching! It felt like there were bees buzzing all over my skin, and I pinched at the delicate bathing suit.

“Ooooh, aaahhh! Mmmmph…” I squirmed and danced on the front lawn a few moments more before I could no longer stand it.

Reaching behind my neck, my fingers found the knot and began untying it. Not that I had any control at this point, just a burning need to get this bikini top off me! It felt like it was sizzling! When the strings were undone, not caring who might be watching, I tore the top loose and threw it on the ground. My nipples were rock hard and sticking straight out, but other than the evidence of my arousal, there was no sign of a rash or irritation. Suddenly looking at the boys in the window, I covered up my boobs and hunched over.

Timmy must have found the latch, because he was able to slide the wide pane outward. Enough that he could call out, “What’s the matter, Jenna?”

Now I kept my legs together, with my feet at odd angles so that my toes faced each other. I was still having a problem below where my crotch was itching. And it felt like someone had poured hot sauce down my butt crack. I actually had to use both hands to scratch my cheeks and futilely pick at the thong. My bare breasts bounced wildly in front of the boys.

“Nice tits!” Tommy laughed.

“What… What’s happening?” I asked in extreme discomfort, trying not to rub my privates.

Timmy leaned out the window and motioned me to come closer. “It’s the rain, you see. That is a special material you are wearing, chemically altered to cause a reaction when exposed to water. Pretty ironic for a bikini, don’t you think?”

The summer drizzle persisted, falling on my bare back, raindrops glistening on my uncovered boobs and stomach. “You mean this was like a novelty gag gift? A joke?”

“We’re still waiting for the punch-line,” one of the boys said eagerly.

I bounced up and down on my toes, not wanting to go through with this. I couldn’t believe they had tricked me into putting on a defective bathing suit, and had even gotten me to activate the allergic reaction by walking out into the rain! But it was too late, and the material making contact with my skin was driving me crazy…

“Oh, this is so humiliating!” I cried as my fingers worked on the first knot at my hip.

In mere seconds, I had untied my bikini bottoms completely and whisked them off. There was a moment of relief as the itching had stopped. I placed my hand on my stomach as my breathing eased, and wiped rainwater out of my eyes with other hand. And then I realized I was standing totally naked in Timmy’s front yard!

I spun around and faced the street, covering my breasts and bush. Of course this gave the teenage boys an ample view of my bare butt! Unsure of what to do, I started heading for the door. I wanted to run and get inside, but I had to be careful so I wouldn’t slip and fall on my ass. So it was more like me stepping daintily over the grass on my bare toes while I shielded my nipples with one arm, and held a hand between my legs. But when I arrived on the stoop and tried the doorknob, I found it was locked!

Frustrated I turned around again and marched back onto the lawn, my boobs bouncing slick and wet. I walked right up to the window and tried to plead my case.

“Please let me back in, Timmy! Look… I have no clothes on out here, and…”

Suddenly a car blared its horn as it passed by the house. Startled, I spun around showing the teens my rear end once more, which made them cheer. A little shaken, I clasped a hand over my mouth while hooking strands of hair behind my ear. Slowly I turned around again, giving my tormentors a full frontal display of my body.

Timmy leered at me for a minute, and then said, “Well you know, Jenna, I’d like to let you back inside, but there’s a couple of things I’d like you to do for us first.”

“What… what do you mean?” I asked, nervous as well as embarrassed.

In reply, the front door suddenly opened and I turned my head to see one of the boys walking toward me. He was dressed in a bright yellow overcoat and big boots. With his umbrella in one hand, he was completely unaffected by the rain. Yet here I stood dripping wet and naked. Self-consciously, I lowered my hands to place them both over my pussy. I also noticed that the young man was carrying a bucket.

This, he dropped on the ground at my feet, and then took a stroll around me to gaze at my bare bottom. I just closed my eyes and thought I would die of shame. At least he didn’t touch. Soon, I came to my senses and looked back at the faces smiling at me from the window.

“What is this all about?” I asked, pointing at the bucket, but still keeping one hand in front of my crotch.

The teenager had returned to join his friends in the den, and Tommy answered, “You will see that we provided a wash cloth, sponge, and a nice bar of soap. And since you already took off all your clothes…”

“Wait a minute!” I cried, pausing to peer over me shoulder. “You guys tricked me! And now you want me to take a shower outside in the rain?”

“Yeah, this should be pretty entertaining,” Timmy said. “Now start lathering up, or we just might leave you outside in the nude!”

Oh! This was really bad… I was outside my neighbor’s house in the middle of the day, totally exposed. And the rain continued to fall gently on my body until I was slick and shiny. I bit my lip and regarded the pail that was left for me. What choice did I have? I guess the sooner I washed myself, the sooner I could get back inside and dressed again. Aware of the eyes of five teenagers on me, I kind of side stepped and bent down at my knees, while cradling my tits in one arm.

Crouched down, I didn’t even look inside the bucket, but felt around with my fingers until I found the soap. Then I stood up again, holding the white bar in front of my bush. Modesty was no use… they were going to see everything. So I took a deep breath, and lifted my face to the overcast sky. I started making soft soapy circles around my stomach. It wasn’t long before I started gyrating my hips in sensual motions as I scrubbed down my legs all the way to my toes.

Then I turned around so I was facing the street, which was thankfully quiet for the moment. I proceeded to rub the soap along my arms and my hips, finally squeezing my curvy ass cheeks. And then I thought of a great idea. When I had lathered up my chest real good, I took a handful of suds and placed it on my crotch. Working fast, I continued to foam up the soap and spread it across my breasts. I had effectively covered my frontal nudity!

Now I spun around to show the teenagers how I outsmarted them. I even spread my legs shoulder-width apart and stuck my arms out at either side of me. I was totally naked, yet it was like I was wearing a bikini made of soapsuds! Unfortunately, even as I smiled in self-satisfaction, the rain fell steadily and I was starting to loose my covering.

“Ooooh,” I moaned as I tried to lather up my boobs again with the ever-shrinking bar of soap.

Soon I was down to just using my hands, and found that I was openly playing with my tits in Timmy’s front yard. I cupped the swelling mounds and bounced them up and down, teasing and flicking my nipples. This felt so good! I even wiggled my ass as I bent my knees, my hands roaming all over my body. But when I lowered my eyes, I saw that the last of the suds had been washed away and my crotch was on display. Even more embarrassing, beneath my black bush, the excitement had caused my pussy lips to part. Trying to regain some measure of decency, I placed a palm over my vulva.

“That was a nice show,” Timmy informed me. “But there’s one more thing we’d like you to do before we let you back inside.”

Self-consciously looking over my shoulder, I shook my head to clear my eyes of rainwater. What else could they want me to do, wash my hair? Timmy told me to search the bucket once more, and I found it was more like the exact opposite. The boys didn’t want me to shampoo my hair, but take it off… only, not the hair on my head. Inside the bucket there was a ladies razor and some shaving cream.

I asked Timmy if I did this act, would he promise to let me in the house. He said he promised, but I remained unconvinced. What was it with wanting to shave my pubic hair? I guess it was a control thing, just another way for the boys to dominate me. Or maybe it was the ultimate finish to stripping me naked, so that not even my womanly fleece could cover my pink bits. Stalling for time, I asked if I could do it inside. But no, after making me stand out here for another minute while they discussed that option, Tommy came back and said I had to shave my pussy outdoors.

Well this was certainly something I had never done before! I nervously glanced over my bare shoulder again, and then took a couple of steps toward the bucket. I was completely nude out here, and I knew cars could come racing down the street at any moment. That probably made me decide to just get this over with. I grabbed the can and squirted a healthy dose of the foamy gel into my hand.

This, I then applied to my lower stomach below my belly button, and smeared the cream further down and between my thighs. I had to hurry before the falling rain washed it off my body, but I also didn’t want to rush and cut myself. So taking a deep breath, I found the razor and started to scrape away my bush. My labia were already pretty clean, I just had a triangle of pubic hair that sprouted above the lips. I kept my head down, eyes on my work, but I knew the boys were enjoying the view of me touching those intimate places as I dragged the blade up and across in repeated strokes. I was kind of positioned in a semi-squat, with feet planted in the grass and legs bent and tummy sucked in. It must have been quite a sight from behind, my butt clenching with the motions!

After rinsing off the razor blade a couple of times in the bucket that had collected the rainwater, I pretty much finished the job. I used the sponge to pat down my now hairless pubic mound, blushing the whole time. The one thing I kept telling myself was that it would be over soon, I could get back inside and finally get dressed.

Then the blaring honk of a car horn nearly made me jump! I turned around just in time to see the red taillights speeding down the street. I also noticed that the rain had pretty much let up, and there was even a break in the clouds. It was just me, standing totally naked on my neighbor’s front lawn…

Quickly, I threw everything back into the pail the boys had provided for me, and grabbed the handle. With my other hand, I shyly cupped my pussy, then dashed across the wet grass until I reached Timmy’s front door. Since I was no longer in front of the window, I figure the boys would hurry over to let me inside. In the meantime, another car drove down the road and there was nothing I could do about my bare ass on display. Now I was really embarrassed so I knocked loudly on the door, calling for Timmy to open up. Of course this meant, I was no longer using that hand to cover myself!

“Calm down, Jenna!” the teenager said as he finally pulled the door open, eyeing my nude body.

Scolded, I kind of hung my head a little, and also let my arms dangle at my sides. I was afraid that my clitoris was fairly erect, but hopefully the boys wouldn’t notice. Timmy asked me if I was nice and clean.

“Yes, Timmy…” I answered meekly. “Can I get dressed now, before anyone else sees me?”

The boy continued to stand in the doorway, preventing me from entering the house. “You know, it looks like the sun is starting to come out. Besides, you’re much too wet to let inside right now.”

Even as he spoke the words, I felt my nipples hardening, at the thought of my nudity being prolonged. I also knew that I would soon be wet in other places. As I brought my hands up slowly to cover my breasts, I asked Timmy what he had in mind.

“Just go around and meet us in the backyard.”

With that, Timmy slammed the door in my face. I was left to shiver for a moment, hugging my dripping naked body. Then I realized that I had no choice, since all my clothes were locked inside the house. Lifting my face to the sky, I saw that the clouds were indeed breaking up, and rays of sunlight tingled warm on my bare skin. I slicked my hair back with a hand and then bounced down the steps.

I stayed close to the house as I made my way around the side. In a way, I would be glad to be out of view from the traffic on the street. The ground was still wet, so I was cautious as I stepped over the blades of grass tickling my bare toes. The sensations I was feeling due to being naked outside was pretty incredible, in spite of the embarrassing circumstances. By the time I actually reached the backyard, I was getting kind of horny.

This meant that I walked out into the open without bothering to cover up. The boys were all watching me as I approached, my full breasts bouncing and my pink pussy totally exposed. I guess I may have let down my guard. When I stopped into the middle of the yard, Tommy and Timmy and their friends slowly circled around me.

With the boys taking in every inch, every curve of my body, Timmy faced me and said, "Hold your arms out, straight in front of you…"

I did as instructed, and stood with my hands held out palms up, almost as if I was about to receive a gift. In spite of myself, I giggled, which caused my bare tits and butt to bounce. Suddenly, in a flash, Timmy whipped out a pair of handcuffs… seemingly from out of nowhere… and expertly slapped them on my wrists.

"Oh my!" I gasped in shock, as these were no kiddie cuffs, but cold steel around my skin.

Unable to break fee, I let my hands fall in front of my body, coming to rest on my smooth shaved pubic mound. One of the boys behind me placed a hand on my lower back, just above the crack of my ass, and pressed me forward.

As I took a few steps over the grass, Tommy was at my side and explained, "We're bringing you over to that tree."

I saw the large maple in the backyard that he was talking about. It had a canopy of broad of leaves, which provided some nice shade beneath the branches. More interestingly, I noticed that there were blocks of wood nailed into one side of the trunk, as if they were making a tree fort. There was also a three-foot long shaft of metal embedded in the bark, and sticking out like a flagpole.

It was beneath this protrusion that the teenagers led me. Looking up, I saw that the metal spike was about a foot over my head. Timmy then told me to raise my arms and hook the links of the cuffs over it. A little embarrassed, I stretched my arms skyward, giving the boys a full frontal display. Even standing on my tiptoes, I came up just a little short. However, my neighbor and his friend Tommy were clearly out of patience, and proceeded to give me a boost by squeezing my round butt cheeks and lifting.

"Oooh!" I squealed, even bending my knees up and out.

Sure enough, they were able to get my wrists hooked over the metal pole. I was suspended totally naked, my toes only just touching the ground. As I twisted from side to side, trying to gain a more secure foothold, I stretched my legs forward a little, which only resulted in parting them. This left my pink folds of skin below on display, and I know my clitoris was poking out of its hood. Finally, I decided to stop putting up a fight, and just hung there blushing.

Satisfied that I wasn't going anywhere, the boys then departed and head back toward the house. They disappeared through the back door, leaving me nude and vulnerable. At least they hadn't gagged me. But completely stretched out like this, my humiliation was in my body's excited state, with nipples hard and quivering. Even worse, I could feel my pussy pulsing as if the slightest touch would set me off. Unfortunately, my hands were bound above my head, so I had no way of manipulating my pink parts.

Moments later, Timmy and his friends emerged from the house. One of them looked like he was carrying a tripod and a video camera! The other four boys were toting those super-soaker water cannons!! I squirmed a little beneath the tree, but kept my legs closed and ankles locked together. Helplessly I watched as the equipment was set up, and the teenagers took their positions… lined up like a firing squad about ten feet in front of me.

"Jenna, this is going to be your final punishment of the day," Timmy announced. "Do you have any last words?"

I looked at the teenagers staring at my naked body, and then said to Timmy, "Alright, boys, I think this has gone far enough… how about you take me down and let me get dressed?"

That was when the first blast of water hit me! It was icy cold as the stream struck my bare stomach, causing me to yelp and kick my legs out. So much for modesty and trying to hide my bald pussy from the camera! And then another blast hit my body from another direction. This stream was more concentrated, and it traced a line like a laser up my chest and around my nipples. The water stopped for a second, allowing me to catch my breath and look down to see my crotch glistening.

And then someone let loose a spray directly in my face causing me to close my eyes and sputter. Two more streams had me wiggling and dancing on my toes. My wet boobs bounced around wildly. Slowly, the concentration of the water converged, and the boys started directing their aim lower and lower. I curled my toes and clenched my fists, trying to prepare myself for the inevitable blast.

They teased around my bellybutton and watched my tits jiggle, and then their line of fire dropped. A jet stream hit my exposed pussy, and my whole body shook!

"Aaaahhh!!!" I cried as the water struck the sensitive folds of skin.

The boys were able to adjust the canon nozzles and fine-tune the steady flow. Soon it was like having my bare slit right in front of those jets in a pool or a hot tub. Furthermore, they were able to maneuver and direct the arc of water so that it was massaging my labia, and tickling my clitoris. Whether they knew it or not, one of the boys hit my special spot!

"Oh yes, yes!" I screamed with pleasure, and now I wished they had gagged my mouth. "Oh, oh… Don't stop!"

Now I eagerly spread my legs and presented an inviting target. I wasn't sure if Timmy and his friends were still aiming for my pussy as they continued to soak my entire body. But every now and then the stream of water would hit me down there, bringing me closer to the edge of an outdoor orgasm!

Finally, I couldn't hold out any more, and I began bucking my hips while suspended by handcuffs. With a loud moan of desire, I started to cum. Luckily I had been squealing and squirming the whole time, so I don't know if the boys could tell what was happening. Also, as they continued the watery assault, they effectively rinsed off my body and cleaned away any juices running down my leg. At last, I shuddered and let my limbs go slack, and lowered my head.

Almost like it was a signal that they had finished me off, they boys turned down their water rifles. For a moment they let me hang there in silence as a wide puddle collected at my feet. I was a mix of emotions, and still a little light-headed. I mean I was pretty embarrassed, but at the same time I kind of enjoyed it.

And then Timmy and Tommy were on either side of me, each taking a hold of my wrists, gradually sliding me toward the end of the metal shaft in the tree. Of course, they also assisted by planting their palms on my butt cheeks and pushing me off the spike. I landed with my bare feet flat on the ground.

"Um… thank you," I said awkwardly.

The teenage boys watched as I tried to use my hands cuffed together to wring out the ends of my hair. Blushing under their scrutiny, I finally lowered my arms, fists in front of my dripping crotch. I turned to Timmy, and asked if he had the key to unlock these handcuffs.

"Hmmm… I seem to have misplaced them, Jenna!" the boy answered deviously.

I was shocked and spun around so they all had a look at my naked backside. "Timmy, how could you?"

"Oh wait," my neighbor suddenly said, tapping his chin. "I just remembered that yesterday morning, I snuck over to your house and left the handcuff keys under your front door mat."

"Well what good does that do me here?" I asked exasperated.

Tommy shrugged his shoulders and answered, "I guess you'll just have to go home now to get those cuffs off you."

My eyes went wide, as I realized what they were suggesting, or were about to suggest. This whole thing had been a set-up… getting me stripped, shaved, and having an orgasm on videotape! And now they were going to send me back home!

"But… but, my clothes!" I pleaded. "Can't I get dressed first?"

"Now how are you going to dress yourself, with your hands locked up?" Timmy teased. "Besides, you're still much too wet to come inside my house. It seems you haven't been able to stay dry all day!"

"But…"

"That's right, get your butt back home!" one of the boys laughed. "We have some interesting videos to review."

And with that, the five teenagers trudged back to the house with all their toys. I was left standing alone in the back yard. When I heard the door close behind them and lock, I took a deep breath, and started moving around the side of Timmy's house. With not even a scrap of clothing, I delicately lifted my legs and stepped through the grass, I was going to have to jog home in the nude.

At least my wrists weren't cuffed with my arms behind my back. In this way, I was somewhat able to hide my tits and fold my hands over my bald pussy. Nonetheless, my bare butt jiggled and bounced like crazy as I hurried down the street.

Cars blared their horns as I streaked the distance between Timmy's house and mine. Sometimes people would roll down their windows and yell stuff at me, or whistle. I mean, it wasn't that bad since it was still a lazy Saturday afternoon. But still, a lot of people saw me, and I was totally naked!

Well, when I reached my house, I discover the small key for the handcuffs underneath the mat… just like Timmy said. I wasted not time, and unlocked the binding cuffs, throwing the cold metal to the ground. Standing with my ass facing the street, I gingerly rubbed my wrists, which were a little sore. And then I reached to open my front door.

My keys! Suddenly I realized that I had left my keys with all my clothes back at Timmy's house! Putting my hands to my head in despair, I spun around just as a couple of kids were riding their bikes down the block. Their eyes went wide at my display of full frontal nudity. I blushed, and put a palm over my crotch while trying to hide my erect nipples.

I guess there was nothing much I could do. I would have to walk all the way back to Timmy's house, and hope he would let me have my things. At least my body was dry now. Well, except for one spot…

THE END