Table of Contents

SCI-FI JENNY

The General In Jenny's World by The General

Jenny Lost in Space by ?

Jenny in Star Trek by Magus

Jenny in Space by ?

JENNY STRIPS THROUGH TIME

Jenny's Strips Through Time: Apollo by ?

Jenny's Strips Through Time... 2050 by Leviticus

Jenny's Strips Through Tine: The Halloween Episode by ?

JENNY POETRY

Ode To A Blonde by Magus

Jenny's Day Before Christmas by ?

ADVENTURE JENNY

Bond...Jenny Bond by LOTFW

Jenny Does What She's Gotta Do by ?

Jenny in Camelot by ?

Jenny of the High Seas by ?

JENNY'S HUSBAND

Busy Beaver by Pink

Jenny's Day Off by The Great One

FRAGMENTS

Jenny & the TV Show by ?

Jenny and Another DUI by ?

Jenny At The Testimonial Dinner by ?

Jenny's Wedding Day by ?

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SCI-FI JENNY

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The General In Jenny's World by The General

You can call me General. Everyone else does. I'm not actually in the army; I'm an inventor. Recently I have created a device that can change the world. It could give world peace or (if I wanted) allow me to rule the world as dictator. But I have a different idea...

I have named my device the remote. It looks like a remote for one, and also, like a remote, every man should have one! My remote started out as dimensional transport device. At first I thought that It led to parallel dimensions. But I soon came to realize that it instead gave me the power to ENTER STORIES. I could step into the world of any story, movie, pictorial, etc. quickly I got on the Internet and began to look up movies.

I rushed to blockbuster and took out movies that included time travel, shrink rays, time manipulation (stopping and slowing time), hypnosis, shape shifting, invisibility and molecular bonding (think clothing. Now think about clothing that mysteriously becomes very weak. I see possibilities). As you would expect, molecular bonding wasn't easy to find, but eventually I found even that, in an old star trek episode.

With the help of the inventors from each movie, I created duplicates of each of these inventions, and triplicates of the shrink ray. Then using the one of the shrink rays I shrunk each invention down to about 1 cm by 1 cm, and added them to my remote. As a finishing touch I added a multi tool that included a knife and scissors.

But what to do with my new invention? The it hit me; It was Biker's masterpieces that first introduced me to the glorious world of stripping and humiliation (GO BIKER!) and it was his stories that would allow me to use my remote to raise the art of stripping and humiliating to its fullest potential!

I sat back down at my computer and entered bikersplacetoo, the files then, finally, I entered a Jenny story!

I stepped out of my computer screen and onto a busy street. There, not far down the street I saw a woman dressed in a short miniskirt and a tight halter top who I instantly recognized as Ashley. Deciding to follow her to Jenny I started briskly walking towards her. To my surprise she walked into a medium sized office building.

"Hmmm.. this must be where Jenny works", I think to myself. Now to get Ashley out of the way. We all know that Ashley loves to humiliate Jenny by stripping her naked. But Ashley doesn't quite get it. Ashley believes that the nudity is the most embarrassing part, and therefore disregards everything else in an attempt to strip Jenny as quickly as possible.

But she is wrong. While she is on the right track, Ashley has yet to realize that the stripping is just as embarrassing, if not more so, than the end result of nudity. As Ashley herself would soon find out.

Using my remote I changed my appearance then stopped time. As the world around me froze I headed towards the nearest best buy and bought myself a digital camcorder, leaving the $300 and change on the counter for the clerk to find.

Then returning to the office building I studied Ashley more closely.

Hmmm... not bad; about 5'4", with a thin waist, a nice ass, and 35C breasts (I checked =)). Her miniskirt reached only to mid-thigh, and her halter top barely covered her nipples, leaving the tops of her breasts and her areoles exposed.

I reached behind her back and unclasped her flimsy push up bra, then reached down into her top and pulled it out. Then I reached under her skirt and pulled down her panties. A flash of inspiration hit me ans I began to massage both her nipples through her top. Evidently some things are timeless because both nipples became quite erect despite time being stopped. Then I activated the shrink ray, playing it over sher skirt and top. I had set it on "constant shrink" meaning that her clothes would begin shrinking as soon as time started again, and wouldn't stop unless I used the remote (not likely!). Then I sat down in one of the chairs scattered around the lobby and turned on my new camcorder, then time itself.

Walking briskly towards the elevator, Ashley suddenly felt odd, as if time hands were playing over her body. Then she stopped, astonished to find that her bra and panties had disappeared and her nipples now rock hard and almost 3/4 inches long were poking through her tiny top. And the top was tiny. Even smaller than it had been a few seconds ago. So was her skirt.

"Id better get Jenny and get out to the car FAST", Ashley thought to herself. "Maybe I can get Jenny to give me some of her clothes", she muttered.

Now this was unacceptable! I was going to strip Jenny, not her! Turning of time again, I got up and played my molecular unbonder up and down the front of Ashley's halter top and her skirt.

Time restarted. Ashley started to walk a little faster, but not fast enough. Her clothes continued to shrink, and a riiippppp resounded across the lobby. suddenly every male head on the floor was staring at Ashley, who's top had developed a small rip at the neck. Continuing to shrink, the rip became bigger

and bigger. The her left strap broke and her breast was completely exposed. Ashley quickly covered it up, but seconds later her other strap broke, causing the entire top of her halter top to fall down. In shock, Ashley just stared at her breasts for three or four seconds before trying to cover up again. But she was too late. The top had shrunk so much that it couldn't reach even the bottom of her breasts. Astonished, she let go and the top fell down again, just as the rip reached the bottom. The top continued to fall this time, until it became caught in the current of the vent near the floor and was

whisked away under a nearby desk.

Trembling, Ashley turned and ran desperately for the door, hoping to reach her car. But her skirt had also shrunk, and the short dash to the door was too much for it. Bursting out the door, Ashley started running down the street for her car and was horrified as her miniskirt ripped from top to bottom, fell of,

and floated down a sewer. Finally reaching her car, Ashley reached into her purse and panicked. Why? Her keys weren't there! Screaming, Ashley raced away and around a corner out of sight as I turned off the camcorder and took Ashley's keys out of my pocket.

Stopping time again, I walked out to Ashley's car got in, restarted time then parked it in front of a fire-hydrant in a different part of the city. Stopping time again I walked back to the office building to see Jenny just stepping out of the elevator.

Ashley was good, but nothing compared to Jenny. Time still stopped I walked up to her and examined her. Jenny was wearing a navy blue business suit, with a conservative skirt that ended just below her knees, a loose fitting jacket that at the moment was buttoned all the way up, and 3 inch heels. I unbuttoned jacket, noting while I did that the strings holding the buttons on had been cut almost all the way through, probably the work of Ashley. Pulling the unbuttoned blazer off, I then went to work on the similarly arranged buttons of the crisp white silk blouse Jenny was wearing. opening the blouse I stared in wonder at the glorious treasures within. There, right in front of me, barely held in by a white bra clasped in the back, were twin mountains of flesh, two beautiful size 40DD breasts, hanging in the air as if held up by invisible hands.

I opened her bra, then buttoned her blouse and jacket back up, but leaving all the buttons just barely in their holes. Then I changed my appearance, added about 3 inches of muscle at the necessary places, added about 1/2 a foot to my 6 foot height, sat back down in my chair, turned on the camera, and then turned on time.

Jenny took another step forward and as one her jacket and blouse opened to their fullest extent, revealing her glorious breasts, with here bra dangling, open, from them. Taking a breath to scream, her bra fell of her breasts and floated across the room to slip under the door of the meeting room, which was locked and wouldn't be unlocked until her boss came by the next day.

Though astonished, Jenny was quite familiar with this situation and quickly buttoned up her clothes, though her breasts, uncontained, pushed forward noticeably now.

Taking a deep breath, which only caused her breasts to become more prominent, Jenny strode towards the door of the building, ignoring the glances of her co-workers. But with every step Jenny took, her breasts bounced up and down, rubbing themselves against her silk blouse. Slowly but surely Jenny's nipples became hard and pointy, while at the same time her breasts swelled to an incredible 44EE size.

Uncomfortable and still a bit unsettled, Jenny was the perfect target as I stood up, slinging the still recording camcorder over my shoulder, and asked her if she want to go out for lunch with me.

"But I am going with my friend Ashley," Jenny replied as we walked through the doors.

"Well she isn't here is she?" I replied.

Jenny agreed and I suggested a nice restaurant just three blocks away. We started walking down the crowded sidewalk and were about halfway to the restaurant when I stopped time. Looking at her again, I saw that though her skirt was loose enough to conceal any panty-lines normally, she had obviously

checked for them BEFORE putting on her heels, because with the heels her bubble butt stuck out enough to see traces of panty here and there. So, using the remote I weakened the bonds in her panties while at the same time using the instantaneous shrink function to reduce the panties to half their original size.

When I restarted time Jenny stopped immediately. Reaching back, she attempted to readjust her panties through her skirt, but the slight adjustment was more than her weakened panties could take, and with a loud snap!. When the panties didn't appear below her skirt after a few moments, Jenny started walking

again. Then suddenly the panties appeared, slipping down her long legs. Reaching her ankles they caused the blond to trip while at the same time ripping apart, then floating a few feet to become caught on the seat on a cyclist, who continued riding on oblivious while I grabbed the back of Jenny's jacket in an attempt to keep her from falling. This worked, but also succeeded in pooping every single button on the jacket, once again revealing the silk blouse, which, though once even a little loose, now strained against Jenny's swollen breasts. Already the top two buttons on the blouse had fallen off, victims of the struggle.

With the jacket open and unable to be closed again, Jenny was forced to keep walking as she was. Standing up with my help, nearby pedestrians were awarded with the sight of the enormous breasts, the blouse revealing cleavage down to below her nipples, though not much of the breasts themselves, her blouse still staying mostly closed.

Jenny had started sweating a little, and I innocently suggested that I take her jacket for her, and did so over her weak protests. Now with every step she took her swollen breasts bounced up and down, straining the buttons, though they seemed to be holding for the moment. Which wasn't good. I had planned to have her stripped by the time we got to the restaurant, and we were only a block away!

So, I stopped time again, and switched to the shrink ray once again. I put it on continuous shrink, then played it over her blouse and skirt.

After turning time back on, the results were immediate. I had played the ray over her skirt longest, so the effects were seen first there. Jenny stopped dead in the middle of the sidewalk. I trained my camera on her as she whispered to me, "my skirt is shrinking! What do I do?"

I told her I didn't look any smaller to me, though the skirt was already past Jenny's knees and part-way up her thighs. In addition, it had now become much tighter, showing everyone who walked past (and not many people did, they all stop and stared!) her gorgeous ass, which obviously had no panties on. Jenny started walking faster, but soon she was forced to stop as her skirt began to tighten so much that she had trouble moving the legs any longer.

That was when her blouse finally began to shrink. Though a bit late, with Jenny's still swollen breasts straining the limits of the blouse already, not much was needed. The blouse began to shrink, and as it did it continuously rubbed against Jenny's sensitive nipples and breasts, causing her nippers to harden even more and for her breasts to swell EVEN BIGGER! With in seconds her highest button had popped off, with each button beneath popping off at regular intervals of about half a second each. Soon, her blouse was entirely unbuttoned, and held closed only by the fact that it was tucked into her skirt.

But her skirt had continued to get smaller, and soon the slit in the back had begun to rip open. As Jenny was attempting to walk past a store the skirt finally gave up, and with a loud riiipppp it and a softer twaanngg it flew off her hips to be blown through the store's entry-way, revealing Jenny's beautiful ass and her pussy to everyone who had gathered to watch her procession. At this her blouse had nothing left to keep it closed, and the sides flapped open, revealing her gigantic breasts, which had by now swollen to nearly 46EE. With a piercing scream that drew the attention of anyone who wasn't already watching her, Jenny grabbed the sides of her blouse and pulled in closed and down, attempting to cover herself with only it. Turning off time, I weakened the molecular bonds of the shoulders and sleeves of the blouse, then turned time back on to watch the fun.

Jenny had just managed to almost cover herself with the shrinking blouse, when yet another riiippppp was heard and onlookers gasped as the blouse tore all along her shoulders and arms, leaving Jenny with front and back halves of her blouse, both of which fell down and blew away as Jenny's hands went slack in her shock.

Then with another scream, Jenny jumped towards me, pulled open my jacket, pressed herself as tightly as she could against my chest and pulled the jacket closed in back of her in an attempt to cover herself while sobbing, "Help me! Take me home!"

Which, though I loved the feel of her naked body against me, I did. When we got to her house, I gave Jenny my jacket to cover herself with and said goodbye. Jenny thanked me, and, as I had expected when I gave it to her, offered to return my jacket to me sometime.

She is playing right into my hand I thought as I responded, "Ok, how about I meet you tomorrow in the lobby again? Ill take you out to lunch. Hopefully tomorrow will go better!" Not that Today could have possibly gone better, but Jenny probably didn't think so.

As I knew Jenny would, she agreed. I turned on the remote and came back to our dimension, and on the screen of my computer was this story, which meant I could re-enter Jenny's world at the exact time I left. Which meant tomorrow would be just as fun as today. I got ready for tomorrow, then for bed, locked the remote in my safe, then posted this summary of the days events.

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Jenny Lost in Space by ?

Jenny of Earth surveyed the bridge of the first manned inter-galactic mission. She stood behind the central control pedestal in her purple commander's uniform with gold bars on the shoulders and gold fasteners down the front, scanning to verify that her crew members were alert and at their stations.

"Let's DO it, gentlemen!" she barked. "Initiate computer trajectory control. Look sharp!" The big ship swung round from her docking port at Deimos Station, gliding slowly against the star field. The orange glow of the sands of Mars gently lighted her underside.

Even after years of interstellar travel, the human race had made a significant technological advance with development of the "Galileo". The technology for space jumps, while effective for distances of a few hundred light years, was ludicrously inadequate for the immense distances between galaxies.

To defeat Einstein's laws, it had been necessary to pursue research into the ultimate constituents of matter and energy. After discovery of the Unified Relationships, a huge research investment had made possible design and construction of Jenny's ship, the Galileo.

First Officer Michael Straight glanced back at Jenny. He was concerned that she had been working too hard, that her responsibilities as commander weighed too heavily. She noticed and returned a warm smile. They had known each other since Academy days, and she had personally requested him for this mission.

After Galileo reached a sufficient minimum distance from Mars, the crew strapped in. Jenny snapped the black nylon belts in place around her curvaceous form. They connected above and below her size 38CC breasts. Her long blond hair spread out over the black cloth headrest of her command chair.

Jenny impatiently listened to a final minute of chatter from Mission Control on Earth, then closed her eyes as the vibrating base hum of the massive gravitational engines penetrated every muscle of her impressive figure like an invisible, overpowering masseur. The ship's technology bent space and time

itself, reducing the ship's mass to zero and transporting them to the Andromeda Galaxy. The gold buttons on the front of Jenny's uniform popped off, and the human crew unexpectedly blacked out, so no one saw the display out the view panels of lensed starlight, of expansion eons ago of exploding gas from the Big Bang itself, of visions of stars and nebulae long gone, of cataclysmic events from the distant past...........

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 The technology, though hard on its human passengers, did its job. Galileo exited its manufactured time-lens and reentered space.

The crew awakened slowly. Jenny self-consciously pulled the sides of her vest together. She looked over the floordeck for the popped buttons, a blush spreading over her beautiful face as she attempted

to contain her bare, ample breasts within the popped uniform. Lieutenant James Andrews, pretending out of courtesy not to notice her exposed charms, reported to her command station with a hand-held navigational display sheet. The black plastic sheet, thin as a rose petal, shimmered with a holographic display of their position within the star field. With a last deft bending of her fingers, she shoved the nipple of her left breast just under the uniform.

"I'm no navigator, Jim, but our coordinates don't look at all correct," she said, leaning close to peer at the luminous sheet.

 Andrews responded in a concerned tone. "Definitely NOT lobe 15 of the Andromeda Galaxy, Commander".

"Sensors detecting approaching vessel, Commander!" First Officer Straight yelled excitedly from the helm position.

 They all looked up at the viewports to see a huge, organic-looking spacecraft approaching. It was brown and streaked like wood, and great ion sails extended from its stern. They shielded their eyes in pain as a brilliant tractor beam erupted from its belly, pulling Galileo into the vessel's hold.

The crew stepped from the open hatch to find, to their surprise, a group of humanoids. They were dressed oddly for space travel, in dirty wrap-around fabric, heavy particle weapons on their belts, one wearing an eye patch. Their hands were quickly tied behind their backs by grinning crewmen. Jenny and

the three other female crew members were brought forward.

The largest, fattest of the group spoke first. "Welcome to the Termuda Sector, travelers! We'll be checking over your ship to collect tribute. So whose navy do you belong to? You're not displaying signals."

"I'm Commander Jenny Wilson, this is the Galileo Explorer, and we come from the Milky Way Galaxy on a mission of peace and exploration", Jenny tentatively offered.

"Really?" His eyebrows raised. "If that's true, we'd love to look at your propulsion technology. And, by the way, I'd also like to take a look at you, Lassy." With that, the pirate used a laser knife to cut away Jenny's uniform, leaving her golden- sheened breasts, flat belly, blond bush, pert buttocks, and shapely feet exposed to everyone. Jenny turned red, and lowered her eyelashes to focus in embarrassment at the deck.

He stepped back to survey her better, when the deck rocked and the muffle of a massive explosion shook them. "Attack!" yelled the pirate captain, quickly running to a transport tube, swaying crazily as additional blasts hit the hull. Naked Jenny and her crew looked around in confusion, realizing they were being abandoned by the panicking pirates.

"Back into the ship!" Jenny yelled above the noise, working her hands out of the weak ropes.

Galileo's thrusters savagely blasted a hole in the larger ship's hull, and they emerged into the vacuum to find a fleet of gleaming white starships attacking the pirate ship with particle weapons, and a bright silver- sheened planet below........

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Jenny in Star Trek by Magus

"Captain's Log, Stardate 18943.2. The Enterprise has been called to Narendra IV to investigate the sudden loss of contact with a colony on this planet. While this may simply be attributable to a failing

transmitter, I have my apprehensions that this may portend to something far more ominous. It always does."

Captain Kirk finished his log recording and sat back in his chair, enjoying the silence of the ready room. In just a moment, however, the tone of the communicator indicated that his moment of quiet was up. He whipped out his portable communicator. "Kirk here." he acknowledged.

Uhura's voice came in from the bridge. "Sir, I thought you might like to know that we are within sensor range of the colony. Scans are unable to locate any life signs. We'll be entering orbit within ten minutes so we can investigate."

"Very good, Lieutenant. Tell Mr. Spock to assemble an away team in transporter room IV. I'll be there shortly with Dr. McCoy. Maybe we can get some answers then."

"Ah, excuse me, sir," said Uhura, "But are you sure it's a good idea to beam down three members of the senior staff to a potentially dangerous planet before we've even determined what happened to all those

colonists?"

"Of course it is, Lieutenant. Don't worry, we'll take lots of ensigns.

Kirk out." Kirk hesitated for a moment then opened his communicator to contact Dr. McCoy. "Kirk to McCoy, come in."

There was an annoyed grunt on the other end of the line as Dr. McCoy opened his communicator. "What do you want, Jim, I'm a very busy man!" he said impatiently.

"Hello to you too, Bones. I just wanted to ask you to meet us for an away mission in transporter room IV in ten minutes." Kirk replied, somewhat amused.

"Ten minutes?!?" the Doctor replied, more flustered than ever, "Dammit Jim, I'm a doctor, not a pizza delivery boy! You expect me to come running at your beck and call every time there's some kind of

emergency? I've got important work to do here and if you expect me to…"

"Just be there." Interrupted Kirk and quickly closed his communicator before the doctor could finish his sentence. He shrugged his shoulders. "That went well." Kirk said after some consideration, and got up to head towards the transporter room.

Jenny sat in her quarters brushing her hair in the mirror and humming softly to herself. Ever since she came on board the Enterprise the people had been very nice to her, and these quarters were certainly

very nice and spacious. The "temporal anomaly" or whatever it was that Mr. Spock called it, that brought her here a few weeks ago was still a mystery to the crew, who were still working on a way to get her home. But in the meantime they had done their best to make her feel at home right here.

Jenny was about to get up to try and get something from the replicator when she heard the low whistling noise which she remembered meant there was someone trying to contact her. She took out her communicator and opened it, marveling that even centuries in the future they still used cell phones. "Umm, yes, who is it?" she inquired.

"This is the Captain. Your name is next on the duty roster; please report to transporter room IV in ten minutes for an away mission."

"Away mission?" she asked, worried, "But, sir, I'm not really trained to…"

"You've received field training as an acting Ensign, and regardless your name is next, and regulations are regulations. Now get into uniform and join us at transporter room IV."

"Uniform?" she asked, "I don't think I was ever even fitted for a uniform. Where could I get one?"

"Just ask the replicator to make one. Don't be late Ensign. Kirk out."

Jenny walked over to the replicator, a little uneasy about getting things wrong. "Computer?" she inquired as she had been told to, "Computer, I'd like a uniform."

"Specify rank."

"Let's see…I'm an Ensign." She remembered.

"Specify male or female."

"Female, please."

There was a noise from inside the replicator and the hatch opened, revealing a carefully folded uniform, what seemed to be a dress. Jenny picked it up and smiled, proud to have made the replicator work. She

unfolded it and her smile quickly vanished. This dress had to be at least a foot above her knees! She held it in front of her; it barely covered her when she was standing up. "Computer, I'd like a longer

uniform." She ordered immediately.

"Specified uniform design not on record." Came the response.

"Isn't there anything I can do?" she pleaded.

"Please rephrase question."

Jenny sighed as she removed her blouse. It might not be so bad, after all, everyone was wearing this. She took off her shoes and then her pants revealing her white bikini panties underneath. Putting on the

pantyhose that was part of the uniform, Jenny then put on the dress to see how it looked. As soon as she did, she discovered there was more than one problem with it. She hadn't noticed how low-cut the top was; her lacy white bra was now clearly visible as well as an incredible amount of cleavage! Jenny couldn't go out like this. She tried to cover up her bra but there was too much of it showing. Reluctantly, Jenny lowered her dress and reached up to unclasp her bra. She removed it and her luscious 36CC breasts spilled out. She replaced the dress and looked at it now, it didn't look too bad, even if it was incredibly tight around her breasts. "Besides," she weakly rationalized, "Everybody must wear it like this, it's expected."

Jenny reached down to pick up her hairbrush and happened to catch a glance of herself in the mirror behind her. She started and almost dropped the brush when she saw that even after bending over just a

little almost half her ass was visible! She could see almost to the waistband of her skimpy panties, nestled snugly between her firm round cheeks underneath the sheer transparent hose. She gasped and

instinctively tried to pull her dress down in back to cover her butt, but then looked down; most of what she was accomplishing was to cause her dress to ride up in front. A peek of white at her crotch could be seen, and her dress was just barely covering her underwear behind her! Jenny let go and straightened herself up as much as she could, hoping that her dress would cover her then. It did, just barely. It looked like she didn't have a choice. Resolutely Jenny took her tricorder and walked out the door towards transporter room IV to meet the away team, thoroughly aware that the whole way there each step caused her dress to expose the edge of her panties.

When Jenny reached the transporter room she found the team waiting for her. "Glad you could make it, Ensign," said the Captain, "Now let's find out what happened to those colonists. Mr. Scott, prepare to beam us down."

The away team got on the transported pad and Jenny followed. "What exactly is going to happen?" she asked, curious but afraid of embarrassing herself.

"We are preparing to beam down." Said Mr. Spock without looking up, checking several of his instruments to verify their working condition.

"Ah, well, yes," she replied in a shy, self-conscious voice, "But what does that mean?"

Mr. Spock looked at her and raised an eyebrow in an incredulous manner that made Jenny feel even more embarrassed. "The transporter is a device used to convert matter into energy," he explained with the slightest tinge of condescension in his voice. "Once a transporter lock on our biopatterns has been attained our molecular structures will be fed into the transporter buffer and relocated to a calculated point on the planet below where replication technology will be used to recreate our molecular structure back into matter. I believe that answers your question, Ensign." And with that he continued examining

his instruments. Jenny thought it would be better not to ask again. She stepped up onto the pad and tried to prepare herself for whatever would happen. Just then she saw a shimmer of light before her eyes, and before she could move her surroundings suddenly changed.

Jenny suddenly found herself outside somewhere, and she had no idea how she got there. She leaned down on a rock as she tried to get reoriented and figure out where she was. She saw the other members of the away team, none of them seemed bothered in the slightest. Two male ensigns in particular were standing behind her and grinning, and Jenny quickly realized that her dress was exposing a generous portion of her buttocks. She hurriedly put a hand over her butt stood up as straight as she could, avoiding eye contact with the ensigns who were still smiling.

Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock were busy investigating their surroundings, which bore an uncanny resemblance to Earth in just about every aspect. Dr. McCoy was standing with his arms folded and a humorless expression on his face. "Where are we?" she asked.

"In the center of what should be a thriving colony." Said Mr. Spock, taking readings from his tricorder. "I detect the residual effect of tetryon particles in this area as well as several forms of omicron

radiation which would suggest that that high levels of technology were present here until fairly recently."

"So where are all the people?" McCoy demanded.

"That is still unknown, Doctor." The Vulcan answered.

"You damn green-blooded Vulcan!" Dr. McCoy suddenly exploded, "How can you be so cavalier about this? We've got thousands of people dead and all you can do is take readings from that son-of-a-bitch tricorder and give goddamn computerized responses? You make me sick!"

"I am merely stating the facts, Doctor, and may I point out that such a flagrant show of emotion will in no way expedite our investigation." Spock returned calmly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said Kirk, stepping between them, "Come on now.

We don't even know if the colonists are dead. Now let's start looking for some answers. The senior staff will come with me. The rest of you go off and look for clues somewhere."

The senior staff walked off, leaving Jenny and five male ensigns standing in the clearing where they beamed down. Jenny hoped they'd get this over with, as she felt a gust of wind lift up the hem of her dress ever so slightly. "All right," said one of them, 'You heard the Captain. Let's head east. There seems to be a large structure of some kind over there, maybe a meeting hall or something."

The group began walking, and Jenny was admiring the scenery. Suddenly she felt something tug at her leg; she looked down to see a thorn from a vine embedded in her stocking. She tried to pull free inconspicuously but the thorn held fast. Seeing her drop behind, the other ensigns stopped. "Need some help?" one volunteered, observing her predicament.

"No, no, that's OK." She said , trying to get loose. It had already torn her hose but the thorn was still stuck. She could only see one thing to do. Blushing, Jenny knelt down to undo the thorn, while

doing so flashing her white panties to five appreciative onlookers, none of whom offered to help any more but stood smiling. Jenny turned even redder, realizing that the low bustline of the uniform was barely covering the nipples of her large breasts, which were shaking and almost ready to burst out of the dress without a bra. Jenny prayed they wouldn't, reaching down to unhook the thorn while giving everyone a full view of her panties covering her tight ass. Finally she stood up and, still red in the face, brushed her dress down. There was an awkward moment of silence before the group continued, and even then Jenny saw them exchange glances which made her wish she were just back on the ship.

As they continued to walk the hole in Jenny's stocking began to get extremely uncomfortable. If she were at home she would change but that wasn't an option here. She hoped they would leave her alone so she could take them off. Finally they reached the large building they had spotted. "Hey, look!" she cried, pointing inside. There seemed to be what looked like a shadowy figure running past the doorway! The other ensigns, who had been standing behind her staring at her legs, looked up just in time to see it.

"Let's follow him! Maybe he has some answers!" one of them said, and they all began running after it. High-heeled shoes were very difficult to run in, and Jenny forgot about her uniform for the moment, her naked breasts and ass bouncing gently as she ran. Most of the other ensigns were running behind her, for some reason. Finally, they turned a corner to see the figure crouching in a dead-end, holding a phaser rifle with shaking hands.

"Don't…don't come and closer! I'll shoot, I swear I will!" he said, obviously very frightened.

"Don't worry, we won't hurt you. We're Starfleet. What happened here?" Said one of Jenny's companions.

"Once we were a thriving society," the man began, "But then our world was taken over by a sophisticated computer system with an artificial intelligence. It was programmed to serve humanity but it turned on us and enslaved my people. Only a few of us managed to escape."

"When will people learn that all computers do that?" one of them said. "We'd better tell the Captain." He opened his communicator. "Captain Kirk?" he asked several times, but there was no response. He closed it and then pointed at Jenny. "Go tell the Captain. We'll stay here and try to find more survivors."

Jenny ran out the door towards where she had seen the Captain go. Her nylons were getting very uncomfortable. Just outside, she stopped for a moment to remove her shoes and take off her pantyhose and drop them off behind a bush. When she began running again she realized she hadn't considered how exposed she felt without them. With her skirt flying up to reveal her panties as her legs flew forward, it seemed things might get worse for Jenny soon…

II

Captain's Log, Stardate 14866.2. The Enterprise is entering the Ichara system to conduct scientific research on a star in its final stages of collapse. While this provides our science division with an excellent opportunity to study a rare phenomenon, the solar radiation has been wreaking havoc on our ship's systems. We are getting reports of malfunctions from throughout the ship.

Dr. McCoy pounded his fist on the table as the lights failed in Sickbay for the fourth time today. Leaving his patient in the dark he went over to the communicator on the wall. "McCoy to Captain. Come in, Jim."

"I'm here, Bones, what is it?" the Captain replied.

"Jim, I've had it up to here with these goddamn power failures! How do you expect me to run this Sickbay when the lights keep going off on me? Send an engineering team down here right now!"

"Now, Bones, I understand how you feel," the Captain told him, "In fact I'm conducting my end of this conversation in the dark too. But Scotty's engineering teams are being stretched thin as it is just trying to keep life support up. They're all working double shifts trying to keep the ship together. I'm afraid we can't spare any men for nonessential systems. Can't you make do for now?"

"Dammit Jim, I'm a doctor, not an electrician!" he fumed, "I'm telling you I need some help down here right now!"

"I'll see what I can do," said the Captain, knowing full well this would be impossible, "Kirk out."

The Doctor grunted as he turned away from the communicator. Luckily the lights came on just then. "Well, let's make the most of this." He said, returning to the biobed where his patient lay, arranging a few cheap-looking medical instruments. He picked up something that looked like a salt shaker and held it over her for a few seconds. "Now, Ensign, let's take a look at your results."

Jenny lifted her head from the biobed to look at the screen where the results were displayed. It didn't make any sense to her but it apparently did to the doctor. "Well, Ensign, it looks like you're in perfect health. Sorry to drag you in here but ship's regulations require all crew members to come in for a physical every three months."

"That's OK, Doctor, it was really no trouble at all." Jenny told him, eager to please. Doctor McCoy was one of the only men on the ship who didn't stare at her in her revealing uniform. She didn't exactly feel comfortable around him, seeing as how he was subject to fits of temper and didn't seem to enjoy anyone's company, but she didn't feel self-conscious. Around anyone else she would have objected to having a male doctor inspect her so closely, especially dressed as she was. After thanking the doctor she got up and left Sickbay, heading for her quarters.

Jenny walked down the corridor past various crew members, most of whom were busy in some way or another helping with the malfunctions. The halls were strewn with engineers crouching by open panels rerouting various circuitry to minimize the power failures. Jenny tried to walk around them, stepping over equipment here and there. No one seemed to notice her. She heard some technical discussion between the engineers but aside from that she heard very little of the casual conversation usually present around the ship. Suddenly a new voice was heard; that of the computer. "Warning, environmental control compromised on decks 10 through 12."

Before Jenny had time to wonder whether she was on decks 10 through 12, she turned the corner and her surroundings suddenly changed. It was raining! The surprise held her in place for a moment but then she quickly ran to escape the deluge. "Why on earth would they make it so it could rain inside a starship?" she asked herself, sprinting for the end of the hall where it looked like the rain ended. Jenny was getting soaked; her long blonde hair was drenched with water, but not so much as her clothing. Her red dress was nearly saturated, becoming heavier by the minute and clinging to the curves of her body. She was vaguely conscious of the fact that it was dragging down exposing more of her breasts than it should. Her boots were filled with water, which was uncomfortable, but even more so was the fact that her white bikini panties were soaked through, water streaming down her thighs. Jenny ran faster, splashing through puddles on the deck as she streaked through the downpour, very nearly slipping and falling several times in her haste.

Finally she reached the end. Stopping to catch her breath Jenny looked back at what now looked kind of comical in a way; a full-blown rainstorm that stopped immediately in the space of an inch when you reached the end. Then she remembered her uniform. There was no way she could continue wearing it; it was almost as heavy as she was now. Water was still streaming from her hair and dress. Her panties, clinging tight, were wedged uncomfortably between her cheeks leaving her damp around her private parts. There were too many people in the corridor now to fix it; she would have to wait until she was back at her quarters. "At least I can skip the shower now," she thought with a smile. It would feel nice to get these nasty wet clothes off and change into something dry, she thought walking while towards the turbolift. She stopped several times to check her dress which was doing an even worse job of riding up under these conditions. Just then she reached the turbolift. There was only one man, who Jenny recognized as Chief Engineer Scott. He was quite dry and had apparently not come the way she had. He seemed to recognize the problem, however, as he acknowledged her with a nod and a remark of, "Aye, lassie, we'll have that fixed soon enough."

"Thanks." Jenny told him. "I don't mean to complain but this is getting to be a bit much."

"Well," he replied with a smile, "A starship's like a woman. She'll have her way sure enough unless ye know how to handle her. The Enterprise, now she's a temperamental one."

"Why are the environmental controls programmed to rain anyways?" she asked, wringing water out of her dress while still trying to remain covered, two difficult things to juggle."

"Who knows what those cockamamie designers were thinkin'?" he laughed, "I just know how to keep her runnin'." The turbolift opened at main engineering and Mr. Scott stepped out. "Goin' to deck 4, are ye?" he asked as he stepped out.

"Why, yes, my quarters are there."

"Well, just you keep a lookout. I've heard reports of failing gravity nets up there."

Jenny continued up to deck 4 and stepped out, wondering how she would recognize a failed gravity net if she came to one. It was probably nothing to worry about anyway. Off to the side Jenny noticed a large gathering of engineers. They must be working on one of the essential systems, she thought, walking ahead as she turned her neck to make out what they were doing. Just then, Jenny realized that she had stopped moving. "What's going on?" she wondered, turning her head forwards again. There was a strange sensation in her right leg, as if she couldn't feel its weight anymore. She tried to move it, but it was as if she couldn't control it. It moved very slowly, suspended in the air and refusing to go down to the ground. Jenny became apprehensive, trying to put more weight on her right leg to force it down to the ground. Without thinking she lifted her left leg n an attempt to walk normally. Just as her foot pushed off the ground, Jenny found herself floating in the air! "Help!" she cried, gyrating around trying to right herself. But the momentum from her left foot was causing her to spin. Literally turning head over heels, Jenny hovered helpless several feet above the deck until she felt her feet hit against something hard. Looking down at her feet she saw they had hit against the ceiling! She had stopped spinning now and floated still with her legs sticking up in the air. The skirt of her dress, however, was just as uncooperative as the rest of her body; it hung down above her waist and Jenny was too disoriented to know what to do.

There she floated, her firm ass and her pussy covered only by her see-through pantyhose and now-transparent soaking wet panties.

"What is it?" asked a voice around the corner.

"Oh no!" Jenny thought, mortified at the thought of being seen like this. Why couldn't she just learn to keep her mouth shut…

One of the engineers from around the corner stepped into the hall, not looking at her at first. "Sorry about the mess, but…" Then he looked up at Jenny, and his sentence was cut short at the sight of this beautiful woman, drifting helplessly in the air with her sex completely exposed. Jenny's face turned even redder as she saw him call to his friends. Why did these things always have to happen to her? In no time the hallway was filled with twenty wide-eyed engineers, staring at Jenny without a word. After what seemed like minutes one voice said, "Ah, somebody had better go tell Mr. Scott we've got another power failure." Nobody moved.

 Jenny walked into her quarters, her cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. It had taken the engineers twenty minutes to get her down. She knew had to have been dragging it out. But it was finally over. Thankfully she took off her boots and stripped out of her drenched uniform, removing her stockings and sliding off her panties. Now she began to feel relaxed again, standing fort a moment completely naked as she felt the coo air on her skin. It felt better than she had imagined to have her damp clothes off. She put them in the replicator as she had been told to do with dirty clothes; one up side to this was that she never had to do laundry! Jenny walked over to her bed and picked up a bath towel, drying off her body and wrapping the towel around her when she was done. Her huge breasts provided more than enough support. The towel came down to her mid-thigh, which she reflected was just about as long as her uniform anyway!

Jenny lay down on her bed like this for a while, until she heard a tone from the door. "Ensign? Are you there?" asked a voice.

"Ah, I'm not quite ready yet…" Jenny said, getting up and going to the replicator for some clothing.

"I only need a moment of your time." Said the voice, and with that the doors opened and Mr. Spock came into the room. He stopped for a moment and looked at Jenny, clad only in a towel. "I apologize, Ensign, but this will only take a minute." He said, looking directly at her.

"Um…ah, yes, what is it, sir?" she asked, feeling even more self-conscious as the Vulcan seemed to stare at her.

"I wish you to know that I will be unable to be on bridge duty for several days. I request that you fill in for me." Spock told her.

"Me?" she asked, "Why me?"

"Nearly all other crew members are busy controlling the malfunctions. It should also not interfere with your regular duties. If you require any other information I cannot be disturbed. Good day, Ensign." And with that he left.

Jenny wondered what was so important it would keep Mr. Spock away as she walked back over to the replicator. "Computer, one ensign's uniform, female." She ordered. There was a pause and the doors opened. With some puzzlement Jenny drew out a bowl filled with wire cable and meat sauce on top.

"Uh, computer, I asked for a uniform. Can I please have a uniform?" She asked patiently. Opening the doors for a second time she found a book on quantum physics covered in what looked like spaghetti. Jenny closed her eyes and sighed. How much longer were these malfunctions going to go on?

 Just then she heard the sound of the communicator. "Ensign? This is Captain Kirk." He said.

"Yes, Captain, what is it?" she asked, putting both items back in the replicator.

"Mr. Spock has informed me you'll be filling in for him. Please report to the bridge at once."

"But, sir, I…can't really…well, I'm kind of in a bind…" she said nervously.

"Ensign, we need you here now." The Captain insisted.

“Sir, the replicators aren't working. I can't get a uniform!" she finally said.

"Just come in your civilian clothes then, I'll understand. Kirk out."

Jenny tried to reactivate the communicator to call the Captain. How did these things work? Finally with a sigh she realized she had no choice. Covering herself up with her towel as best she could, Jenny headed for the turbolift.

After walking through the corridors with dozens of prying male eyes following her every step, Jenny finally made it to the bridge. She noticed a lot of other people didn't have their uniforms either, maybe the Captain would understand…

 The doors opened and Jenny stepped out onto the bridge. 'The Captain's in his ready room." Said Uhura as she passed. There was a tone of disapproval in her voice. Surely she realized…?

Jenny walked in the door; luckily there were few people on the bridge and no one noticed her. In the room Captain Kirk was waiting for her. His eyebrows raised as he saw her come into the room. "When you said you didn't have a uniform, I thought you at least had clothes." He remarked.

"I'm very sorry sir, it's just that…"

"No need to explain, Ensign. He said, still looking at her. "I thought you might like to know exactly why Mr. Spock won't be here for a while, and why you'll have to be performing his duties."

"Why is that, sir?" she asked.

"Well," he explained, "Once every seven years, Vulcans go through something called the Ponn Farr. It's a time when all repressed emotion comes to the surface and the Vulcan either has to take a mate or he becomes dangerously unstable mentally. The only real cure is to return to Vulcan, but we're too far away at the time. Mr. Spock is meditating to repress these urges, but it is imperative that you do not interrupt him, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." She said, rather surprised to hear this.

"Well, Ensign, your next shift starts in an hour. See if you can't find a uniform at some other replicator." Said the Captain, looking her over, and after thanking him Jenny walked out. She had just stepped into the turbolift when she heard the Captain's voice. "Ensign!" he called.

"What is it, sir?" she asked, running back towards the room. Jenny felt a tug and she looked back. Her towel had gotten caught inside the turbolift doors! "What am I going to do now?" she thought desperately, not daring to pull at it. From behind she heard a sound which could only be the turbolift opening. "Finally!" she thought, and took a step forward. To her horror she felt her towel stay firmly stuck behind her, unwrapping from around her breasts and falling to the floor. Jenny whipped around to see the door still closed, and someone coming out of the other turbolift on the opposite side of the bridge.

"Ensign, I was just about to say that the replicators on deck eleven are supposed to…" said the Captain coming out of the ready room. His sentence was never completed. All the eyes on the bridge were suddenly on her as she stood naked with her 36CC breasts and her round ass exposed to the entire bridge. Jenny shrieked and covered her blonde bush with her hands. For long seconds no one said anything.

"Ah, sir, maybe she can use the replicator in your ready room?" suggested Mr. Sulu after a long, long pause.

"Why thank you, Sulu," said the Captain with a broad grin, "I don't know why I didn't think of that."

Jenny in Space by ?

Jenny had been enjoying high school...her selection as the head cheerleader this year was great, only topped by her being elected President of the Science & Space Technology club. But it was her senior year now, and she was feeling some uneasiness about her future. The Class of 2050 would soon be graduating, and with that event, Jenny was unsure of what she'd be doing with her life. Because of her excellent grades in math and science, she'd applied to most of the better technical and engineering schools and had even been interviewed already for the Space Cadet Academy in Colorado. (Jenny recalled with amusement how her grandfather had referred to it as the Air Force Academy from way back in his time. How quaint, she thought to herself...) But nothing was certain yet for her after graduation.

And then...there was that OTHER thing that caused her uneasiness. That feeling she kept having...of being constantly watched. Observed...like someone or something was always following her actions and decisions. At times, she dismissed it as just the typical mild paranoia a senior nearing graduation might experience. And yet...there were those odd and unexplained occurrences in her life the past 2 years or so, like the total disappearance of her high school transcripts and records from the school's locked offices one night...and her medical records stolen from the family doctor's clinic just 6 months ago...and then... Oh well, she thought to herself...everyone must have SOME strange stuff happen to them, right?

High school had produced good memories for her; there were the quarkball games, followed by groping, panting sessions afterwards in the rear compartments of various boys' magna-transporters. She remembered the post-graduation party last year held by the Senior guys that she'd been invited to as a Junior, where she learned upon arrival that only she and one other girl had been invited to the party along with about 30 of the older senior boys. In addition, some of the males present were actually Gaphorians. After the Gaphorians had first made contact with Earth, an exchange student program had been started, and both Jenny and Cindy KNEW that several of the boys at that party were actually Gaphorians in their human configuration. She remembered how the boys had given her and Cindy drinks secretly spiked with Floraxote whiskey, renowned throughout the galaxy as being one of the most potent and intoxicating beverages ever discovered since space trade had begun back in 2018. She'd heard that it was actually a type of hypnotic drug, but she had NO idea of its effects until after the boys spiked her drinks with it that night. And then she flushed red as she remembered how the boys had ordered her and Cindy to strip for them, as they all gathered around and watched the girls' drunken but cooperative humiliation. Although she and Cindy both cooperated to the best of their ability and began removing their clothing when told, they were apparently moving too slowly as they undressed for the boys, so some of the guys began tearing the girls' clothes off them. She remembered how it felt to stand there naked in front of that cheering, drunken group of boys along with the other girl...both of them wearing nothing but their high heels. She realized later that the guys had selected Jenny and Cindy specifically because they were so contrasting; Jenny blonde, tall for a girl at 5'8", with "perky" uplifted breasts...while Cindy was a dark brunette, very petite at 5'2", with large breasts that appeared swollen compared to Jenny's smaller tits. She remembered thinking as they stood there naked that at that particular time & place, she was jealous of Cindy's bigger breasts.

"Maybe mine will grow bigger one day," she thought to herself...little suspecting how true that wish would become in her future.

Jenny WAS glad that Cindy proved to be a total slut that night at the party...Cindy's "performance" that night spared Jenny her virginity which she'd protected so carefully throughout high school. Oh, there'd been some pretty hot petting sessions with a number of boys, and she'd been undressed several times by various boys while playing around...but she'd not given up her "cherry" yet. The night of that party, she knew the boys wanted sex from her and Cindy, so she gave them everything short of her actual "cherry." Her lips and mouth were NOT virgins by the next morning...but it turned out that although Cindy appeared demure when sober, she proved to be a total slut after the guys got her high at the party. So Cindy took the boys inside her, one after another, sparing Jenny's precious hymen that night. Jenny remembered Cindy's subsequent horror about 2 months later upon discovering she was pregnant, and had NO idea which...or how many...of the boys might be the male parental unit to the embryo growing inside her. And even worse, since the girls were certain that some of the males present that night were actually Gaphorians, Cindy not only didn't know WHO gave her the embryo, but she wasn't even certain WHAT the embryo growing inside her belly was. A quick trip to the InterStellar Pregnancy Control clinic had quickly taken care of THAT problem, though.

Jenny's mind was brought back to the present. There was an e-note on her watch-link display from the school office telling her doctor had telepraxed a message for her to contact him immediately after school. He said it was VERY important. She wondered what that was all about...Dr. Zxilpher had been her family's doctor all her life, and he wasn't one to get excited; he was very typical of the ultra-logical and always-calm Gaphorians who now lived and worked on Earth. She figured that she was probably overdue for another routine check-up with him. Just one more class today, and then she'd head for his clinic...

 School was out, and Jenny was glad. She'd been thinking more during her last class about Dr. Zxilpher's wanting to see her so badly, and it was worrying her mildly. During the past 2 years he HAD increased the frequency of her regular check-ups to every 3 months, and she'd found that unusual since she knew other girls who were also patients of his and they only saw him annually, if that often. She'd asked him about the frequency of her visits and he'd mumbled something cryptic about "...making sure future potential is realized..." that Jenny had found a bit puzzling. But when she discussed it with her parents, both of them had assured her that they were in frequent contact with Dr. Zxilpher and he knew exactly what he was doing.

She left school and walked toward his clinic, since it was just half a kilometer from her school. Maybe he'd received something from the Space Cadet Academy, she wondered? She'd had an interview with one of their pre-screeners months earlier, and she knew she'd done well. She'd learned in advance that the interviewing screener was going to be a male, and Jenny knew how to play THAT game well. She'd dressed as provocatively as a girl who'd recently turned 18 years old could get away with, and it worked. When she met with Commander Xerxes, she noticed right away during the interview that his gaze was drawn to her legs...nicely displayed by the shortest black mini-mini-skirt she could find in her closet...and to her small but "well-managed" cleavage. (Thank God for push-up bras, she thought to herself.) When she intentionally exaggerated the crossing of her legs to "accidentally" let him see she was wearing a garter belt and stockings underneath her mini-skirt...and nothing else...she knew she had the interview "aced" by the way he'd openly stared up her skirt. "Not bad for a virgin" she remembered thinking to herself. Jenny enjoyed teasing men...something she'd later pay dearly for.

About a week after that interview, Jenny had been notified she'd passed the initial screening (what a surprise!) and she was provided a tele-porter pass to go to the Academy for a physical examination. She recalled that it was very professional...but it was THE most humiliating experience of her life. (Editor's note: If only she knew what the future holds for her.....) She was ushered into a large, sterile-looking waiting room full of young women like herself. She was struck by the fact that there were only women in the room, but she figured the men must be examined elsewhere. Little did she know....

After a brief wait during which other girls' names were called and they were escorted through a door into the facility, her name was called by a woman wearing "hospital whites." She was escorted down a long hallway with numerous examination rooms on both sides. None of the rooms had a door, just open doorways, and as she passed them she couldn't resist glancing into some of the rooms. They were all alike...just a sterile, tile-floored, brightly-lit room with only one distinguishing feature. An examination table sat in the center of each room, with all lights in the room focused on the table. (The tables appeared to almost be floodlit, like a photographer's studio or a movie set might be.) On each table, there was a young woman like herself...but they were all lying on their backs completely naked and spread wide open with their legs lifted up into the table's stirrups, while a team of 5 or 6 people dressed in medical gowns were gathered at the foot of the table. Jenny wondered briefly why ALL of the girls she saw in the exam rooms seemed to be at the exact same point in their exams...but she didn't have time to think about that for long, as her female escort motioned for her to enter a doorway. She walked in...and it was an examination room like all the others. It was eerily sterile...NOTHING in the room except the examination table in the center of the room. Several banks of very bright lights were focused directly on the table...and Jenny remembered getting a brief chill as she looked at the table with its stirrups and realized that she'd soon be on that table. Her female escort then asked Jenny to remove her watch...an odd request, Jenny thought. As she removed her watch, she glanced at it and noted that it was 0900 hours. The woman took it from her and left the room; only after she'd left did Jenny look around and realize there was no other clock in the room.

Just then, she'd heard a shuffling sound behind her, and she half-turned to see what seemed like a HUGE group of people entering the room, all masked and otherwise dressed in medical garb. There were probably 50 people or more, and as they entered the doorway, they split in either direction and walked around the outer walls of the room until everyone was in the room. One of them stepped forward and said simply, "Undress, Jenny. Slowly." That was all. No welcome. No "We want you to be comfortable" speech or anything like that. Just a dehumanized and very clinical order to undress. And slowly. Jenny did what she was told; with her interest in science and space technology, she wanted to attend the Space Academy badly! As she stripped slowly, she was very aware that ALL of the people were staring intently at her, and several of them had hand-held computers into which they were narrating muffled comments. As she removed her bra and panties, she clearly heard some approving but crude comments and she was struck that it seemed like very unprofessional behavior in that environment. When she was totally naked, she received her next order from the same person. "Get on the table now, Jenny, and lay down." She did...and instantly the room seemed to become a beehive of activity. Several of the people standing around the room moved to her legs, lifted them into the exam table's stirrups, and placed metallic restraining straps around her ankles...while others also strapped her wrists to the table at her sides. As they did, she was startled at something...from several of the people working closely on her, she got the distinct odor of Gaphorian breath. Not unpleasant...a sweet, clove-like smell...but one of the few giveaways of a Gaphorian when in human configuration. She knew that scent well from being around Dr. Zxilpher and some of the Gaphorian exchange students at her school. What are Gaphorians doing HERE, Jenny wondered? They would have no business giving pre-entrance physicals to earthling females who are potential Space Cadets. But she had little time to wonder about that. She felt a needle inserted into her upper thigh...and minutes later, she was conscious but clearly in some type of pharmo-hypnotic state. She could see & hear what was going on around her, but it was all jumbled and blurry. She remembered hearing a soft whirring sound start...like a computerized video-disk camera running...and it continued for the entire time she could later recall. And after a quick examination of her entire body, it was clear there was a focus by the entire team on her genital area. She was eventually given another injection that knocked her completely out, but later she could remember the people gathered at the foot of the exam table, staring intently and probing at her genitals as they mumbled softly but animatedly among themselves. She did recall hearing one discernible comment

about her still being a virgin, and how that "...made her more valuable..." What did they mean???

Jenny awoke on the Space Academy's exam table, still naked but no longer restrained. Her clothes had been neatly folded and a tele-porter pass to get Jenny back home was with them, along with her watch. That was it...no goodbyes, nothing. She dressed and left...noticing that exams like hers were continuing with other young women in all the rooms she passed. As she left the front door of the building and stepped outside, Jenny was startled. She's arrived at 0830 hours in the morning, but it was almost dark outside now! She looked at her watch and realized that she'd been in that examining room for almost 10 hours. TEN HOURS!!! What COULD they have examined that would have taken 10 hours, she wondered? But after returning home, she found that she could remember very little detail at all of the experience when her mother questioned her a bit...and except for some general soreness that lingered in her lower abdomen for several days, everything seemed fine.

 Ooooops! Jenny's thoughts are pulled back to the present by her arrival at Dr. Zxilpher's clinic portal. Upon entry, she's surprised to find both her parents sitting in the waiting room. Neither of them seems upset as Jenny greets them, but they both seem evasive about exactly why they're there, simply telling Jenny that the doctor will explain everything. Jenny's mind races as she waits in near-silence with her parents.....

In minutes, Dr. Zxilpher appears and warmly welcomes Jenny and her parents. He tells Jenny to spend several minutes with her parents, and then she should join him in the exam room at the back of his clinic. His comment and her parents' presence now seem very odd to Jenny, and she turns to them for explanation. But instead of explanation, they simply give her warm hugs and kisses as they tell her that she's about to embark on "...an incredible odyssey for the good of the entire Earth..." as her father puts it. Jenny's heart leaps in joy...she HAS been accepted to the Space Academy, she's sure of it now!!! Apparently her parents know, but they're leaving the official notification for Dr. Zxilpher to deliver. She tells them she'll go see Dr. Zxilpher and be back in a moment...to which her father says "OK" rather vacantly, and she notices her mother has the start of tears in her eyes. Parents...silly and always overly emotional, Jenny thinks as she heads back to see the doctor.

When she reaches the examination room, Dr. Zxilpher is waiting for her. He seems very happy, and much more animated than his usual Gaphorian self. "Did you say goodbye to your parents, Jenny? It may be a while before you see them again." Now I KNOW I've been accepted to the Academy, Jenny's mind tells her...

"Yes, we said good bye for the moment," Jenny says. "Now tell me what 'cha got to tell me, Doc...and hurry!! I need to start making plans!"

"Calm down now, Jenny," he says, chuckling. "We have LOTS to talk about. But first, sit down on the edge of the examination table. We have some things to take care of first." Jenny willingly sits on the edge of the by-now familiar table. "I want you to take these two tablets, Jenny...they'll help calm you down some." Jenny's anxious to hear the good news, so she grabs the two bright-orange pills the doctor offers her with one hand, and quickly washes them down with a glass he gives her from his other hand containing what initially appears to be orange juice. But as she drinks the "orange juice" while taking the two tablets, she recognizes a familiar taste...something she's tasted once before. It's Floraxote...the psycho-hypnotic liquor the older boys had given her at the party last year! The drug favored by Gaphorians to render humans fully conscious, but helpless and totally obedient. But...why would Doctor Zxilpher want to drug her, she wondered?...as she felt the almost-immediate effects of the drug starting to work on her.

"There now, Jenny...isn't that feeling better?" Doctor Zxilpher asks. "Isn't that mellow feeling coming over you better than all that excitement you were feeling moments ago? Just relax now...you're beginning a long, LONG journey, and we need to keep you very safe and healthy until you're delivered."

Through her fogging brain, Jenny hears "...until you're delivered..." VERY clearly. What's he mean, she wonders as she struggles against the drug's growing power over her mind?

Seconds later, Jenny slumps to the table...still conscious, but unable to control a single muscle in her legs. "There, now, Jenny...you're coming along very nicely. Nothing to be afraid of. Now, I want you to blink your eyes twice if you can hear and understand me clearly. The Floraxote will allow you to do that much." Jenny blinked her eyes twice, as the doctor began laying her down on her back on the examination table.

"You're VERY special, Jenny...and you've been chosen for a VERY special mission to help preserve your people...Earth people. You've been selected for a lifelong mission that's MUCH more important than going through that silly Space Academy. In a way, Jenny, you're becoming a rescuer of sorts; you're going to join some other very special young women like yourself to save millions of people on the Earth. Doesn't that sound interesting to you, my dear?"

What IS he prattling on about, Jenny wonders? Joining other young women to rescue millions of Earth people??????

"You see, Jenny...there are some very bad forces at work in the galaxy right now. Very, VERY bad forces. And they want to destroy both your planet and mine, Gaphoria. But between the leadership of your planet and mine, we've found a way to avoid that. And it's called barter. We barter tribute to them...gifts, if you will...to buy off those bad forces. In a galaxian sense, we're paying for protection. Are you with me so far? Blink twice if you're with me, Jenny."

Jenny blinks twice...it's all she CAN do as she listens to his explanation and tries to comprehend what any of this has to do with HER."

"Jenny...have you ever heard of the Crnithmas? Blink twice if you have."

Jenny's mind races. She's heard of the Crnithmas only a few times in her life...but the word was always spoken in hushed tones, like people were afraid of being overheard. All she knows is that they are the terror of the galaxy...interstellar pirates of the lowest type who produce nothing and live only by terrifying other planets and beings. She decides to NOT blink so perhaps she can learn more from the doctor.

"Well, Jenny...your planet and mine still exist only through the graces of the Crnithmas. They've developed a weapon that could destroy either of our planets in an instant, as they have others. But we continue to exist for only two reasons: the Crnithmas' greed...and their horniness. About 20 years ago, the leaders of Earth and Gaphoria developed a program to keep the Crnithmas happy and get them to leave us alone. You see, we learned that they have one terrible vulnerability and need. Through weapons experiments that went badly, they managed to kill off all of their female population. This leaves them with a problem...their planet is now all-male, and their race will die out unless they find women to breed elsewhere in the galaxy. And...guess what? Earth women...human women...are the only beings they've found that they can cross-breed with. Are you still with me, Jenny?"

I blink twice again, so he'll know my blinks are intentional.

"So...for about 20 years now, our two planets have worked together and we've developed and managed a program to...oh, how can I say this?...'harvest' young women to trade to the Crnithmas in return for them sparing our planets. The Crnithmas have very specific tastes and interests, Jenny, and they are VERY selective about the Earth women they find acceptable for breeding. So we 'groom' certain young women...like yourself, my dear...for eventual trade to the Crnithmas. Hundreds of them; you'll be part of a large group we send all together to them, so you'll have plenty of company. Do you remember when you went to the Space Academy for what YOU thought was your physical exam, and you were on the exam table for many Earth-hours...along with a number of other young women? At about their 16th birthday, we start tracking possible human female candidates for eventual trade to the Crnithmas. That's when YOU were chosen, and we've been monitoring your progress ever since then."

So THAT explains my feelings of constantly being observed, Jenny thinks silently...and the missing school & medical records...and the frequent visits with the doctor every 3 months for the last 2 years! She realizes that what's been happening to her is part of a VERY grand plan...

"Many of the girls who took their exams at the Space Academy with you have been or will eventually be rejected for trade. They get knocked-up by other Earthlings, or catch sexually transmitted disease from their boyfriends, or etc, that reduces their value for trade to the Crnithmas. But YOU! You've been SUCH a good girl that you're still a virgin! While the Crnithmas don't require ONLY virgins and most of the girls we send them are NOT, the fact that you're still a virgin will definitely heighten your value in trade to them. If there's any good news for you, it's that you'll probably go to one of their leaders...if even THAT's good news."

Jenny is numb as she hears her fate being spelled out for her. She's to be traded to space barbarians for breeding purposes!!!

"Your parents are fully aware of what you're doing for your planet, as are the many other parents of the young women we barter to the Crnithmas. Just as ancient peoples on Earth once sacrificed young women to various deities, you and the other young women who will go with you in your group are 21st century human sacrifices. But YOU, young lady, have been especially good in saving your virginity, and by doing so you've enhanced your value for trade to the Crnithmas. You'll soon be auctioned off to them at a mass auction; all the girls are, but it's a very well-kept secret, of course...mostly because none of the girls sold to the Crnithmas have ever escaped or returned to Earth."

Jenny starts to cry...one of the few things she can do in her drugged state. The doctor sees a tear forming at the corner of her eyes, and he kisses her on her forehead. Sweetly...amost fatherly...as he tries to soften the impact of what Jenny's learning.

"Cheer up now, Jenny. As I said, your virginity will probably result in your being purchased by one of the Crnithmas' more powerful leaders. The bidding should be very hot for you and the few other virgins in your group, and you'll surely be sold to one of the upper-class Crnithmas males...if there IS such a thing. Do you know that there were several procedures done to you when you had your bogus "Space Academy exam"...during that long period while you were unconscious? Procedures that even then began your preparation for eventual delivery to the Crnithmas even then. I don't want to fully reveal to you what was done to you at that time...not yet, anyway. But let's just say that you've been progressing nicely toward these revelations today."

Jenny tries to grasp the fact that for about 2 years she's been tracked and intentionally prepared for eventual sale to aliens pirates for breeding purposes!

"And a video disk was made the entire time you were on that exam table...bet you weren't aware of THAT, were you?" So THAT'S what the soft whirring sound was that she heard at the start of her bogus exam at the Space Academy! They were making a film of her!!!

"Do you know WHY they made a video of you, Jenny? For advance advertising, Jenny...more or less. That video has already been copied and sent to thousands of potential auction bidders from Crnithmas. We've learned that an advance look at the girls is good for the bidding. And of course, the film clearly showed that you're still a virgin, as were a small number of the other girls...and we've already gotten advance word that the interest in you is already stoking up even though your auction is scheduled weeks from now."

The auction is weeks from now! That's the first thing resembling a timeframe that Jenny had heard.

"As pretty and as shapely as you are, Jenny, before you can be auctioned to the Crnithmas we have to do certain modifications to you that will increase the bidding for you even further. So let me take a look at you again now, since it's been several months since I've last seen you." He started to unbutton Jenny's blouse as she lay there helplessly immobilized, and in seconds he had her blouse lying wide open on the table and her lace bra fully exposed. "Very pretty bra..." he said almost to himself, "...and one with a front closure too, I see. Very nice...I like those, and I suppose your various boyfriends used to like them also. But those days are done for you now, so let's see what you have inside that lace. Your tits are rather smallish as I recall...but that's just one of the things we can modify before auction day." He unhooks Jenny's bra, fully exposing her small but perky breasts. He places both of his hands directly on her breasts and gently but very purposefully caresses both of her nipples. Her humiliation and embarrassment are only heightened when her nipples instantly become erect at his touch.

 "Oooooh...excellent nipple response, Jenny." he says, smiling directly at her. "They'll like that. And although your tits are pretty enough...about 34-B's I'm guessing...we'll fix you up with bigger tits than that before auction time."

Jenny's shocked to hear the doctor refer to her breasts as "tits," he'd never been anything but professional with her during prior visits...and she's even more shocked to learn that he...or the mysterious "THEY" he keeps referring to...intend to enlarge her breasts involuntarily.

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JENNY STRIPS THROUGH TIME

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Jenny's Strips Through Time: Apollo by ?

Jenny woke on a steel floor. She heard the words over a PA system: "... Shutdown LM operational instrumentation."

She stood up, grasped a handrail. She seemed to be in a hallway. There was no need for electric light in this hallway, since most of it was open to the air and wind, and the sun was lighting it quite well. At her end of the 30' hallway were doors with small windows in them.

She looked out at the scenery. From almost 400 feet up in the air she had quite a view. It seemed odd to her that someone would be building a skyscraper here, where there were no other buildings for what seemed like miles.

"It looks like Florida," she thought. "Nice day."

Clearly she was on some sort of large crane. The crane tower itself was wide and made of huge steel trusses. But the hallway jutting out from it that she was on was made of five inch and three inch pipe, welded together to make lots of triangles the way they make bridges, with a rigid steel mesh floor and half walls coming up to just above waist height to keep people from falling.

She looked down the hallway. Then what caught her eye wasn’t actually in the hallway, but about six feet from where it stopped.

She saw a smaller white building, not as tall as the crane, but taller than her height above the ground. It was an odd building, with a cone shaped top, with what she presumed was a cell phone radio station antenna tower on top. It looked strangely familiar, but she couldn’t place it.

The wind was blowing up her summer dress. She held it down with her hands. She noticed that the dress was the only thing she had with her. No purse, no shoes.

The PA system spoke again "T minus 15 minutes. Spacecraft to internal power."

She spun and faced the ‘white building’ sudden terror stricken recognition on her face.

"That’s an Apollo Saturn V !!!"

She searched for a telephone, but didn’t see one. The far end of the hallway, next to the rocket, had a light blue telephone handset symbol on it. She ran out, opened the door and went into the white room.

The white room, at that moment was at the end of the Launch Umbilical Tower’s (LUT) service arm 9, also known as the Crew Access Arm. At this point in the countdown it had been swung twelve degrees away from the spacecraft, or a distance of about six feet.

Here it would stay until a few minutes before the launch, when it would be retracted a full 180 degrees, ready to be moved back against the spacecraft in the event of an emergency egress.

She tried the phone.

It didn’t work.

She leaned out the large hole in the wall/floor that faced the spacecraft and yelled “HELP ME! STOP THE COUNTDOWN.”

But no one heard. The spacecraft provides sound insulation so that the roar of the launch is no louder to the crew than the takeoff of a commercial jetliner to the passengers. Unlike the spectators a few miles away who get to hear the bone chilling roar in all it’s clarity.

She opened a toolbox and started throwing hammers and screwdrivers at the command module hatch.

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[Inside the command module]

Neil A. Armstrong, left seat, "Did you hear that?"

Michael Collins, center seat, "Yea, there it is again. It’s coming from above me. I’ll try to have a look."

Michael "Jesus, are we on VOX?"

Neil "No."

Michael "Secure channel?"

Edwin Buzz Aldrin, right seat, "Schedule says it will be for another 60 seconds, then it's newscast broadcast feed. Why?"

Michael "Flight, 11. We may have a security problem. There's a woman in the white room, and I don't think she's wearing panties."

Flight "11, Flight. We're rotating a camera right now to have a look."

Buzz "I can't even see the white room from here. Are you sure?"

Neil "How can you tell she isn't wearing panties?"

Michael, who with his head twisted as far as he could get it in his helmet, could just barely see the white room through the hatch window. "I can see her from here. Her dress has blown up to her armpits and she isn't wearing any panties.”

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[KSC Launch Control. Nearby there’s a sign that reads "To always be aware that suddenly and unexpectedly we may find ourselves in a role where our performance has ultimate consequences."]

Flight, quietly "Who the hell is she?"

Launch Pad Officer "No idea. She’s not one of ours."

Flight, "Can we go get her out of there without a hold?"

LPO "Not a chance. The arm rotates in five minutes, and it takes almost that to drive there. Besides the elevator is locked at the bottom of the pad."

Flight "What about the egress tube."

LPO "Maybe. If she answers the phone. We can watch her on this monitor. It's going to be close."

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[LUT, service arm 9, white room]

The phone rings. Jenny answers it. "Hello? ... Yes! I’m on the drawbridge! You’ve got to help me get out of here! ... OK... OK... OK... "

She drops the phone and runs to the other end of service arm 9, and goes through the doors, and around to the other side of the Launch Tower. There’s a large tube.

The Launch Operations Manager, the Launch Director and the Mission Director, are all ready to give a HOLD if she doesn’t make it, and with one eye on each watch the clock and Jenny as she takes a deep breath and jumps into the tube.

When the LUT was first constructed the plan was that should a hazardous condition arise that allowed safe egress from the spacecraft, the astronauts could cross over to the mobile launcher on a swing arm and then ride one of the high-speed elevators from the 104- meter level to level A, thirty stories down at 183 meters per minute. From there they would slide down an escape tube to a thickly padded rubber deceleration ramp. Steel doors, much like those of a bank vault, allowed access to a blast room, which could withstand an on-the-pad explosion of the entire space vehicle. After the January 1967 Apollo 1 fire, the tube was extended the entire length up the side of the tower, and that’s what Jenny was falling down now, feet first, with her dress once again up near her armpits.

The descent from the Level A tube is designed to be used by any NASA employee who’s on the launch pad during a test, even when The descent from this tube however, is designed to be quick, and assumes that the men in it are wearing space suits to pad the impacts as they bounce around during the almost free fall. The walls of the tube are lined with rubber friction decelerators, which took a solid grab on Jenny’s dress and tore it from her. She descended the remaining 50 meters completely in the nude, and came to a complete, if painful, stop on the curved deceleration ramp on the bottom. She got up in the large dark concrete hallway and ran the remaining distance to the round blast room and closed the door to await eventual rescue.

The PA system announces ""This is Kennedy Launch Control; T minus 5 minutes, 15 seconds and counting. We're still Go. We're standing by for swing arm 9 to retract to its full fallback position. It's moving now as we approach the 5 minute mark in the count. Coming up on the 5 minute mark. Mark: T minus 5 minutes and counting. We're Go on Apollo 11. This is Kennedy Launch Control"

[television]

Walter "This is Walter Cronkite with continuing CBS News coverage of the Apollo 11 lift of. We go now to launch center control live for the last few seconds of the countdown."

NASA spokesman, "eight, ignition sequence has started, six, five, four, three, all engines running, two, one, Lift off, we have lift off"

Walter, "Go baby Go!"

The steam blast wave from the launch traverses up and down the emergency egress tube, freeing her dress and blowing it up the LUT where it floats out. But by this time the Saturn is past the top of the tower.

Nevertheless her dress goes by a camera.

Walter, "I’ve just been informed by NASA that bight cloth we saw was a piece of tear away protective launch pad insulation."

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T plus eight minutes Jenny was in handcuffs, and the Saturn V was just passing an altitude of one hundred nautical miles, five-hundred downrange. The security officer and launch pad officer were mighty annoyed that they were perhaps the only two people at the KSC who were not right-this-second watching the next stage separation. And their shoes were wet. But they took advantage of the multi-billion-dollar distraction that everyone else was facing to whisk their naked charge back to the operations building. There they tucked her in a dark, out of the way, basement office while they waited for the higher-ups to figure out what to do with her. They dare not arrest her. The arrest of a naked woman atop the launch tower would be bigger news than the flight itself, at least for another four days. They just wanted her to go home and keep her mouth shut. The only important part of that prior sentence being to keep her mouth shut. They locked the door and returned upstairs to watch the show.

Jenny sat, still nude, waiting. The door unlocked and in walked a surprised woman.

Marta "Hello dear. My name is Marta Kranz. What are you doing here, and like that?"

Jenny said, "Do you have something I could wear?"

Marta said, "Just this white vest, but you can’t really have this one. I came here to pick up the Apollo 13 mission patch, and of course to watch the launch with some of my family. My husband is in Huston."

Marta picked up a small box that was labeled "Apollo 13 Mission Patches". And Jenny, now in a much deserved moment of post traumatic panic, grabbed the vest from the large box in Marta’s other hand, ran out of the room at top speed and donned it. Marta gave chase, but in moments knew it was a lost cause.

Marta "Damn. Now I’ll have to make another one. I hope the next bolt of material arrives before the launch"

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[Back at the Time Machine]

"We got her!" exclaimed one of the techs, in what was becoming his typical discovery yell. "July 16, 1969, morning. USA, Florida, Kennedy Space Center."

Doctor Elizabeth Coyle said, "That's the first Apollo moon walk mission. We have to get her out of there before she screws something up. We could be wiped out of existence."

"Bring up the visual!" ordered Doctor Francis.

An image suddenly appeared inside the Time Machine of Jenny running down hallways past people watching television. Jenny's 'normally' free and bouncing breasts were well hidden within a vest that was to large for her, but otherwise nude, covering her crotch with both hands.

"Loose the vest now Jenny," Francis urged. "Take it off and so can get you out of there!"

Ashley looked on at the events as they unwrapped. She'd designed some flexibility into her software, but her programmed safeguards were supposed to keep Jenny away from doing any significant timeline damage. She wondered if a heavenly higher power was interfering with events like what happened on the latter episodes of Quantum Leap.

Jenny, scrambled around the corner and was caught by astronaut Ken Mattingly. Or, more accurately the vest was caught, tore, and Ken was left with a torn vest, as Jenny continued her run moving one arm up to cover her now also bare breasts.

"Full power!" yelled a tech.

"GO!" yelled Francis.

The Machine hummed, the image vanished, and sparks began to fly.

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Days later, Ken Mattingly said, "... and she just disappeared in a puff of smoke."

Lovell asked "You said she was naked?"

Ken "She was covered in scratches. At first I thought she might have had the measles."

[Thus Jenny had done her bit to ensure that that the time continuum was preserved. Marta almost didn't get the vest to her husband Apollo Flight Director Gene Kranz, and Ken Mattingly didn't get the measles but people but they checked.]

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[almost three decades later, Washington, D.C., Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum, gallery 210 on the second floor]

Mike Neufeld, curator: "Students, the Saturn V is the colossal rocket that took astronauts to the Moon. This is an accurate 1/34th scale model of the Saturn V vehicle and its Launch Umbilical Tower, also known as the LUT. On the back here of the LUT here is the emergency egress tube. It was actually used once in an emergency, but NASA doesn’t like us to talk about it."

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Jenny's Strips Through Time... 2050 by Leviticus

Recap:

For those of you who have forgotten, or are new, here are a few essential details. While working in a scientific laboratory, Ashley discovered this huge time machine that some scientists had built and were using for experiments. Seeing it as an opportunity for some fun, Ashley reprogrammed it and tricked Jenny into taking a ride, sending her tumbling uncontrolled through the timestreams. The scientists came back, horrified, and tried to get Jenny back, but Ashley rigged the machine so they couldn't aim Jenny at any particular time, including her own. All they could do was yank Jenny out of whatever time she was in, in the hope that her next jump would bring her home. But to add one more twist Ashley also programmed the time machine so that it wouldn't work unless Jenny was completely naked!

So now we rejoin one of the many of Jenny's strips through time.

There was a flash, and a bump and Jenny found herself sitting on the sidewalk of a residential area. Still dizzy after spending days, or minutes or months tumbling naked through the timestreams, all she could do was put a hand to her chest to check to see if she was finally dressed. With a sigh she discovered thick material, and she was finally able to focus and look around.

She was a bit confused because it looked so normal: houses, yards, sidewalks, a road; although she wondered how the cars floated in the air like that. She decided to get up and take stock and when she looked to see what she was wearing she almost sneered. Used to dressing in feminine things to please her husband, the one-piece bright red jumpsuit she was wearing was hardly her style, but at least it was clothing. As a bonus, it even looked too thick to be accidentally ripped off, something that happened to her far too often in her opinion.

Feeling a little better, she decided to find out where she was, and began walking down the street. A block away on the corner she saw what looked like a phone both with a couple of people waiting outside. As Jenny drew closer she saw one of the people go in, put some money in the slot, dial, and... vanish.

"My word!" said Jenny, not believing what had just seen, and she rushed to see if there was something wrong.

The second person, a very old woman by the look of her in a baggy red jumpsuit, was struggling with the door of the phone booth before whirling round, cane at the ready.

"Stay back!" yelled the old woman, glaring at Jenny.

"I'm sorry," said Jenny, skidding to a halt to avoid the waving cane, "but that man disappeared!"

"Stay back I said, don't come near me," said the old woman again. She stopped waving her cane and took a closer look at Jenny.

"You haven't got any hooks on you have you?" she asked.

"What?" said Jenny, confused as usual.

"Hooks, any hooks? Or knives or claws or fabric-eating acid or anything of that nature?"

"No, I don't," Jenny replied.

The old woman nodded and turned to open the door of the booth. "Good. But you stay back anyway."

"Don't go in there," exclaimed Jenny, "a man vanished!"

"Of course a man vanished, this is a teleport booth! And I'm going to vanish too in a minute so I can go downtown to collect my social security check!"

"Teleport?" questioned Jenny. She knew what that was having dreamed that she had spent some time on the Starship Enterprise a couple of times... if those were dreams... sometimes she couldn't be sure.

The old woman closed the door behind her, fed some money into the slot, dialed a number and... didn't vanish. Her clothes did however, leaving her standing in the booth completely naked. The old woman didn't panic, she simply hung her head and pounded softly on the window.

"Why does this always happen to me?" she said sadly. But then she turned to look at a rather embarrassed Jenny.

"I want your jump suit!" the old woman exclaimed.

"You can't!" said Jenny, clutching it too herself.

"Yes I can, we're the same size and you wouldn't leave a poor old lady here with nothing to wear, would you?"

"But then I'll have nothing to wear!"

"You have your underwear! And unless they've changed the laws again in the last twenty years, you are perfectly fine walking around in your underwear. So hurry, I'm getting cold!"

Jenny couldn't believe this, but her heart went out to the old woman, so she reluctantly pulled down the zipper and started to undress.

Back in the present, the scientists running the time machine worked to fix the programming that Ashley had so completely redone, but they had been working on it for a long time and the end was not in sight. Some of them just sat and watched the holographic image of Jenny hanging in the entrance of the tunnel-like time machine, while others tried to narrow down just where she had landed this time.

"I think it's the future," one of them said.

"Duh... I thought it was Roman times," said another.

The head scientist shushed the both of them and wondered just what trouble Jenny was going to get into this time. It was bad enough that she was an unauthorized time traveler, but she also had a knack for getting into real trouble. Then there was the other one, and he turned to glare at Ashley who watched from the back of the room, giggling to herself.

Back in the future, Jenny had pulled her jumpsuit off and had handed it to the old woman. She stood huddled in her underwear, which honestly covered more of her than most of the swimsuits her husband kept buying for her, but still... it was underwear, and she felt very underdressed. To make matters worse, another old woman had just rounded the corner and stopped to stare at her.

"Oh Ashley," said the old woman in the teleport booth, "help me with this zipper will you?"

"What happened to you now, Jenny?" said old Ashley, trying to hide a grin.

What old Jenny didn't know was that old Ashley knew one of the men that serviced the teleport booths, and had him program Jenny's DNA into all the local ones. Most of the time, old Jenny could use them normally, but at random times only her clothes would get sent someplace. Even after all these years, Ashley still liked to make Jenny suffer from time to time.

Young Jenny watched this exchange and immediately caught on to where she was and who she was with, which was quite a leap for her blonde head. What she saw scared her to death and she took off running.

Old Ashley watched her go and said, "You know, Jenny, that young lady reminded me of you at her age."

"It couldn't be, Ashley, I was never that brainless," replied old Jenny as she tried the teleport once again.

"Oh why does this always happen to me?" she said a moment later.

Young Jenny however kept running, going around a couple of turns until she came face to face with her worst enemies: Scouts... Astro Scouts to be more accurate, playing with their hoverboards and bragging about their Astro Badges.

They spotted Jenny at the same time she spotted them, and generations of Scout evolution let them recognize Jenny for who she was... prey.

"Can we help you, Miss?" one of them said, advancing on Jenny with a grin, and she screamed and turned right around.

Back down the streets she ran, holding her large breasts in her sensible underwear with both hands as the Astro Scouts pursued her, asking if she needed their assistance and bragging about their handiness with knots. She ran right back the way she had come, arriving back at the teleport booth that was now empty and alone, and seeing it as a haven she ran inside and closed the door. She was immediately surrounded by the Astro Scouts who asked her if she needed help crossing the street and if they could show her their skills at building a fire. If this wasn't enough, an electronic voice behind her started asking her to deposit money for the teleport.

"I don't have any money!" Jenny exclaimed, trying to keep the door closed with her feet while her hands tried to keep her modesty intact.

"Then please exit the booth" said the voice.

"Isn't there anyplace I can go for free? This is an emergency!" Jenny yelled.

"All transits to municipal police stations are free of charge," replied the voice.

"OKAY, I'll go there!"

"Please press the go/start button."

Jenny reached out for the big green button and pressed it, and in a flash... she was still in the booth, only now her underwear was missing.

"Why does this always happen to me!" she exclaimed, hitting the side of the booth.

"SHE'S NAKED!" yelled one of the scientists, and everyone paused for a moment to admire the being the universe regarded as naked Jenny, before they got back to work.

Now that Jenny was nude, the mighty time machine could be started up; and just as the Astro Scouts figured out how to take off the door with their handy pocket knives, Jenny was snatched away from them and once again deposited naked in the timestreams, tumbling helplessly and giving all the scientists a complete view of her every detail... not to mention a few bulges in their pants.

And the journey continued.

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Jenny's Strips Through Tine: The Halloween Episode by ?

Poor Jenny was tumbling helplessly through time. Tricked into stepping into a time machine by her so called friend, Ashley, Jenny was now lost, unable to get back. All attempts by the scientists who ran the Time Machine to bring her back to the present were thwarted by some simple programming that Ashley had inserted into the Time Tunnel's computer. But that wasn't the end of Jenny's troubles. The Time machine couldn't even be activated until certain..parameters...were met. Hence a series of humiliating experiences for our blonde heroine.

Such as...

Jenny came to earth in what looked like a kitchen. The first thing she did was check that she was dressed. She was, in a black dress and pointy hat, and she sighed with relief. Floating naked in the time stream was terribly embarrassing, but at least she got clothes when she landed. If only...

Her attention was caught by a newspaper lying on the kitchen table, the head line "Reagan Wins Second Term!" plastered across the top.

"Oh no!" Jenny said out loud, looking at a picture in a side column, "The Madonna look is still in! I must still be in the past!"

Her fears were confirmed when a car drove by outside with a Duran Duran tune playing loudly from it.

A door opened behind her and an older woman bustled into the kitchen. She too wore a black dress and a pointy hat. Jenny didn't think that was a part of the fashion of that time, at least she didn't remember it.

"Are you ready, Jennine Dear?" said the woman kindly.

"Ready for what?" Jenny asked, wondering what she was supposed to do here.

Jenny had slowly come to realize through all her jumps that she sometimes took the place of someone else. It didn't happen all the time, but she found it easier to just go along until she got bared...er... got her bearings.

"To take your kids trick or treating!" said the woman, frowning in confusion.

"My kids!" Jenny exclaimed, wondering if here she was a mother.

"Yes, your scout troop. What kids did you think I meant?"

Jenny froze in terror. Nothing scared her lately like the thought of being near scouts, she was convinced they had it in for her.

"I can't take boy scouts trick or treating!" Jenny wailed.

"Of course not!" agreed the woman. "You have the girl scout group tonight."

Jenny almost feinted in relief. Girl scouts were okay, she'd been one herself once. Just then there was a racket from outside, and eight girls in girl scout uniform showed up. All carried pumpkin shaped buckets and all had masks on, each one a different animal. They appeared to be about twelve years old.

"There they are, right on time!" said the woman. "Off you go!"

Nervous, Jenny went outside and introduced herself to the girls, who just stood and stared at her.

"Are you a witch?" one of them, a fox, asked.

Jenny looked at her clothes again. "Er...no. This is just a Halloween costume."

"My mom says you're a real witch," said the fox.

"Well I'm not," replied Jenny, "what put that idea into your head?"

"That!" said the fox, along with several of the other girls.

Jenny looked where they were pointed and saw a huge pentagram painted on the side of the house. Looking about, the yard did seem to have a sort of witchy theme, but again Jenny put it down to Halloween decorations.

"Well I'm not a witch, that's silly," she said. "Come on, or you'll miss all the candy."

Jenny led the way and after a moment the girls followed. They were quiet for a few minutes, wondering to themselves if indeed Jenny was a witch. But girls don't stay silent for long, and soon they were jabbering away, the conflict apparently resolved.

Jenny was nervous though. These jumps through time had always been hazardous to her health and rarely were things this calm. But it was a balmy night and the holiday decorations served to bring up her spirits. Even the girls got her smiling as they went from house to house, collecting candy from the kind neighbors.

One thing kept Jenny from relaxing completely though, the little girl with the fox mask. Every time Jenny looked at her, the girl would be staring back. It made her uneasy. But everything else was fine until they turned into a yard that looked somewhat unkempt. There was a fence around it, but Jenny thought nothing of opening the gate and walking through. The other girls all gasped and stayed on the sidewalk.

"You cant go in there!" they exclaimed.

"Why not? Jenny asked puzzled.

Her answer came running toward her on four stubby legs. Jenny turned to see a rather ugly dog advancing on her, barking its head off, teeth glistening in the moonlight. Jenny thought she should have been scared, but she felt strangely calm as the animal came running toward her, murder on its tiny mind.

"Go away!" she told it.

The dog stopped running. It practically skidded to a stop, turned tail, and ran off whimpering in fear.

The girls looked on in amazement. "You ARE a witch," said the fox.

"No I am not. That poor dog just needed...well...something," mumbled Jenny.

The girls started backing away, so Jenny followed them.

"Come on, let's go to the next house."

She started down the sidewalk again, but the girls didn't follow her. Instead they huddled together before the fox broke away stepped up to her.

"We know you're a witch," said the girl, "and we know what we're supposed to do with witches."

"And what is that?" Jenny asked, thinking the girls were playing a Halloween prank on her.

"Witches are supposed to be burned at the steak."

"What?" asked Jenny. But the fox yelled and all the other girls descended upon Jenny.

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"I've got her, Dr Francis," said a tech back at the Time Machine. "Mid 1980's, USA. Cant detail any closer than that."

"Get her image on the screen, man!" shouted Francis, the leader of the project.

An image appeared inside the time tunnel of Jenny struggling with a bunch of twelve year old girls. All the scientists looked on with puzzlement at this latest development, although Ashley, who watched from the back, thought something was familiar. She couldn't put her finger on it though.

Everyone watched as Jenny was half carried across a residential street into a vacant lot.

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"Let's tie her to a post, girls!" yelled the girl in the fox mask. There were cheers as Jenny was led to where a rotten looking wooden post was stuck in the ground. Rope was found someplace and Jenny wriggled and protested while the girls tied her to the post.

"Firewood!" ordered the fox and the girls spread out, looking for stuff to burn.

"You're not really going to burn her are you, Ashley?" whispered a little blonde haired girl in a kitten mask.

"Don't be dumb, Jenny. We're just going to scare her a bit," the fox whispered back.

Wood was beginning to pile up at Jenny's feet and she was beginning to panic. She began to yell at the girls to stop, that the joke had gone far enough. She even promised to complain to their parents. But the girls didn't stop, they were having too much fun.

The fun stopped when the fox produced a lighter and lit it. Everyone stared at the flame.

"Witches are evil, they should be burned," said the fox, pretending to light the wood at Jenny's feet.

Jenny however didn't know the girl was pretending. With a desperate heave she pulled the post she was tied to right out of the ground and she began to run. Running while tied to a post is not the easiest thing to do though, and she had to lean forward to compensate for the weight. In consequence she stepped on the front of her black dress and ripped it.

Now what Jenny wasn't aware of was that, not being a witch of course, she wasn't wearing anything under the dress, witches not having much to do with nudity at all. The dress, a simple home made thing, tore at the seams across her shoulders and threatened to rip completely off if it wasn't for the ropes binding the blonde to the post she carried.

She did stumble on the bits under her feet, but they quickly ripped off and Jenny was finally able to run. The girls however, looked at each other in amazement, before the fox yelled, "AFTER HER!"

All the girls took off after the so called witch, cheering and whooping...except for the kitten who strangely felt a kinship to their victim. She followed on slowly afterward. Jenny left the lot and tried to find a place to hide, but the girls were too close, so she kept on running. Each step jostled the post on her back and loosened the ropes about her body, until Jenny could feel the post start to slide. It wasn't the only thing, Jenny could also feel her dress sliding too, and it was then that Jenny realized that under it was only herself.

The ropes, inexpertly tied by the girls, began to come undone and the post started dragging on the ground, slowing Jenny down. So she wriggled out of the ropes, clutching her dress to herself. Unfortunately the dress caught on a nail and it wouldn't come free.

Almost naked, except for her hat, Jenny tried to tug her dress free, but it wasn't going anywhere. She saw the girls running after her and decided that running was better than staying, so she ran. Besides. She knew that now she was naked the Time Machine could pick her up and send her away again.

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"It's warming up," said Francis, looking at all his controls, "but why isn't it activating?"

"It's her hat," said a tech. "She still has her hat on!"

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Jenny was getting pretty good at running fast naked. She knew just how to support her generous breasts so she didn't give herself a black eye. But after several minutes of streaking down residential streets, she wondered why she was still in that time. Lots of people had gotten a look at her fantastic figure and other bits as she ran, and Jenny was red with embarrassment. Yet what else could she do but run. But when she saw a group of kids ahead of her, Jenny knew she couldn't expose herself to them. She turned and ran up the next path to a house.

She banged on the door and after a moment it was opened by a tall man. His eyes opened wide at the sight of the naked blonde on his doorstep, and he was bowled over, literally, when Jenny rushed inside.

The front hall was narrow, and Jenny and the man jostled together in the small space, knocking her hat off.

"What are you doing out there without any clothes on?" asked the man, enjoying the contact.

"They were chasing me, they thought...well it doesn't matter. Can you hide me?"

"Hide you? Er...let me ask my wife," he said. "BARB!" he yelled.

"What?" said a female voice from the next room.

"Come here, Barb. You'll never believe this!"

"I'm watching Cosby, can't it wait?"

"No Barb, come here!" he finally separated himself from the naked girl and looked her over. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Jenny...!" And then she was gone, vanished.

The man blinked and a second later his wife appeared in the doorway.

"What is it, Jim?" she asked.

"There was a girl!"

"What girl?"

"Right here, a girl! She was naked!"

Barb frowned. "A naked girl, right here. Right when Cosby is on. Do you really expect me to believe that, Jim?"

"It's true, Barb!" Jim said, nodding like a nut.

"I'll bet. Get in here!"

"Why?"

"If you want nudity so bad you can get naked yourself. No more clothes for you for the rest of the night!"

"You're kidding!" Jim said.

"No way. I think this will be a good punishment for you. Now get in here!" said Barb, firmly.

Jim smiled and did as his wife ordered. The rest of the evening, while doing his chores naked, Jim thought about the nude girl called Jenny and thought he might write a story about her sometime. He liked stories.

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"She's in the time stream at last," said Francis.

"I wonder where she'll end up next!" said the tech.

Where will Jenny end up next?

Stay tuned!

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JENNY POETRY

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Ode To A Blonde by Magus

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary

Over many charts and spreadsheets that I thought a dreadful bore,

My coffee gone, I went to find some, quite afraid and always mindsome

Of the promise of my boss when an extension I implored.

“We’ve no more time to give you the extension you implore,

This must be finished lest you work here nevermore.”

I came back with my mug quite filled and brought a coaster lest it spilled

And opened up my laptop and prepared to work some more,

When suddenly there came a ringing, as of someone desperately flinging,

Flinging their hand upon the bell beside my chamber door.

“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “Here to distract me from my work some more,

I truly wish that they’d fall dead upon the floor.”

Fiercely was the rain descending, and each flash of lightning lending

To the bleak and ghastly atmosphere there must have been outdoors.

Once again the doorbell sounded, without patience I left and bounded

Down the stairs with hopes unfounded that they’d leave me as before.

Perhaps I’d send them to the Starbuck’s or that old convenience store.

As I reached my destination, door ajar my expectations

Gave all way to fascination as I observed a woman at the door.

There she stood with face divine, double D’s and five foot nine,

Low-cut dress and long blonde hair dripping water on the floor.

“Madam,” said I quickly, “Truly your forgiveness I implore,

Come herein to warm yourself and step in from the door.”

She came inside, quite long explaining how naught she knew it would be raining

Her tender heart was greatly paining as some shelter she implored.

My eyes fell down to meet her bust, the buttons where quite surely must

Explode from pressure from within quite soon, it seemed most sure.

“Good woman,” said I to her, “Let this trouble you no more.”

The lamplight from her skin reflected but as I watched I ne’er expected

That her eyes had then neglected observation of the coat rack by the door.

In her haste to dry her raiment the coat rack dealt out fitting payment

For her lack of observation, and as I watched her moistened garment tore.

At the open door she stood, disrobed with garment on the floor.

Engaged was I in titillation; I can but offer speculation

As to the reasons of this woman beneath whose dress no underwear she wore.

Her bosoms heaving as she gasped, she moved her arms with which she clasped

The parts of her which no desire had she that I explore.

There she stood, this naked woman which some might have called a whore.

As her reason re-engaged I thought she might be well enraged,

But no anger she imparted, only darted for the door.

For in the autumn winds was caught the stolen dress which she now sought

And so pursued while wearing naught, for high-heeled shoes now lay upon the floor.

A pair of high-heeled shoes from this woman I adored.

From my door she did regress, in a state of clear undress

Running through the downpour as down the sidewalk she did soar

As I stood there in the night, I watched spellbound her flustered flight

‘Till gone full was she from my sight as down the torrent poured.

In my hand I held the shoe she’d left there by the door.

To this day yet those shoes remain , reminder of that day arcane

When that woman most mysterious came unto my chamber door.

Whether we may meet tomorrow, or fated only, to my sorrow,

To meet a hundred years from now on some dark Plutonian shore,

I cannot say for I have seen her not since anymore,

But only know that in my mind that day shall be forgotten, nevermore.

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Jenny's Day Before Christmas by ?

'Twas the day before Christmas, and all through the mall,

The crowds were all gathered and packed wall to wall;

The last-minute shoppers were thick on the ground,

In hopes there were still a few gifts to be found.

The children were swarming ’round Santa’s display,

And cheap Christmas muzak blared from the PA,

While I stood, all alone, there in my bookstore,

Guarding the register, and starting to snore.

When out in the front there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my place to see what was the matter,

Away to the window I flew for a look,

Peered past the displays and over a book.

It was there that I saw a young lady I knew,

Jenny her name was, hair blonde, eyes blue,

With a body to die for, but alas, covered well,

She was painfully modest as many could tell.

A pile of packages lay there on the floor,

Where she’d dropped them in haste since she couldn’t ignore,

A problem more urgent, for somehow it seems,

Her blouse had been torn, just split down the seams!

With her arms crossed in front to hide her black bra,

She raced through my door, while the crowd cried ‘Hurrah!’

"OHMYGOSH! OHMYGOSH! OHMYGOSH! Not again!"

She muttered and mumbled that constant refrain.

The blouse had come off in her rush to win free,

So a long skirt and bra made her some sight to see,

She saw me and started, fled away in a rush,

Ashamed to be seen, to judge from her blush.

But haste was her downfall, her skirt she had hooked,

On a nail near the base of a bin full of books,

And it tore from her waist as she ran for the back,

Revealing her panties, which also were black.

Poor Jenny sought freedom in the back of the store,

But sadly the lock was secure on that door,

So she stopped, all confused, to consider her plight,

Huddled back to the wall as she shivered in fright.

Her eyes - how they darted! Her skin was so fair!

Her blushing so red, all the way down to there!

She bit at her lip, as she sank down the wall,

Behind a bookshelf, tucked in a tight ball.

But alas for poor Jenny, she just hadn’t seen,

That the wall was uneven where an old shelf had been,

It hurt her soft skin, she jumped up with a cry,

But her bra strap was caught, and came all awry.

She tugged at the strap but it wouldn’t come free,

Then she strained at it harder, until I could see,

A tear start to open, right down the side,

And the bra just came off her, before she could hide.

Her breasts, they were awesome, a real sight to see,

Exposed to the world, thirty-eight double-C,

Now blushing again, Jenny ran with a cry,

But tripped and went sprawling, right under my eye.

She sprang to her feet, and she raced from the store,

But her undies were caught on a shelf by the door,

And I thought to myself, as those panties did rip,

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD STRIP."

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ADVENTURE JENNY

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Bond...Jenny Bond by LOTFW

Jenny strode across the casino floor ,her silver gown sparkled as her hips swayed from side to side. She approached the table and sat across from the man wearing the Fez. The fact that he wore a fez and was surrounded by three attractive females made him easily identifiable....Mako Sharck. Jenny's trained eye easily picked out the rest of the entourage. A seedy man with close cropped hair stood eyeing her over his shoulder while he rocked back on his heals. Apparently weapons can easily be smuggled into the casino floor as evidence by a shoulder holster. The other man Derby had trouble blending anywhere. A large man who stood silently almost between his women and Sharck. One woman stood out as a regular. Ashley Lebeau was a bit more rounded then the rest of the women. Her large breasts balanced an overly muscular body. She apparently was also trying to blend as one of the female companions.

Jenny sat across from Sharck. He immediately noticed her obvious feminine attributes. He was intrigued.

 "Baccarat? Ms....????"

"Bond....Jenny Bond, of course, that is why I sat down"

"Of course, stakes are 1,000,000"

Jenny handed a large wad of cash over to the dealer. The dealer was somewhat shocked since he didn't quite know where she was keeping it but he placed some odd looking chips on the table. The dealer began speaking in French while dealing the cards. Apparently cards were not played for these high stakes too often because a crowd had gathered. Jenny quickly lost her first few hands. She was concerned, her luck usually runs better with these type of games. Out of money she had to entice Sharck into some other type of game in order to complete her mission.

"Out of money Ms......"

"Bond ...Jenny Bond, yes I am but I would like to continue playing..."

"Ok Ms Bond but you must place your shoe on the table....that will be for your next bet"

Jenny had to comply or the mission would be ruined. She took her shoe and placed it on the table. The crowd gave a collective murmur. The timing of the mission was critical. She had to keep Sharck and his entourage in the casino.

The dealer gave out the cards. Jenny's hand conceded to Sharck's hand. She anticipated his next move. He was obviously interested in continuing the game.

"Would you like to continue Ms...."

"Bond, Jenny Bond....yes I will offer you my other shoe to continue"

"Well Ms Bond Jenny Bond it is after 10PM the stakes have doubled. It is time for two items of clothing...your choice"

Jenny sensing and opportunity to delay made a bold suggestion.

"I will continue but I would prefer your entourage's clothing in payment if I win."

Sharck considered for a moment. As if his entourage had a choice. A tall dark exotic woman slipped away casually upon hearing the request.

"Ok Ms Bond Jenny Bond two of my companions clothing for one of yours."

Jenny placed her other shoe on the table. She opened the slit of her dress to reveal a lovely leg, reached under and rolled her stocking off and placed it on the table.

The deal began and Jenny's luck turned, winning the next hand. The crowd noise rose upon turning over the winning hand. Sharck turned to his "friends". He was enjoying this. Claudia was tall in a long emerald green dress. He motioned to her and she unclipped the neckline. It slid down to reveal her lovely breasts. Her nipples were hard from the dress friction. He then motioned to Nadia. Nadia chose her shoe, Sharck frowned. She quickly replaced the shoe and undid her skirt and slid it off.

Nadia was standing in stockings with frilly tops, silky white panties and a jacket and blouse. Claudia was topless wearing white thong and stockings. Jenny's hand won again. Now Sharck had a choice to pick a new stripper or continue with his originals but at his point it wasn't in question. Claudia got the nod. She knew what Sharck wanted and as the crowd noise increased she turned toward Derby to shield her somewhat and pushed her thong over her buttocks. The thong material hung in her cheeks briefly before following the rest to her ankles. She stayed next to Derby only briefly turning to Sharck to reveal her trimmed pubic hair.

Sharck turned to Nadia. Nadia face was white from shock. She quickly unbuttoned her jacket waiting for Sharck's disapproval. He continued to gaze at her after her jacket was off. She lifted her silk blouse above her head. She now stood in a strapless bra, panties and stockings. Sharck returned to the table.

Jenny was pleased. The cards were dealt. Jenny lost the next hand. She knew the ante. Her stocking was next and then she asked an excited looking gentleman to unzip her dress. She recognized him as her French counterpart and assumed the mission was progressing. Then she realized there was no way out of this game with causing major suspicion. She move the shoulder straps off and the dress began to fall forward. A lacy white bra was exposed along with white silky panties.

The deal began. Jenny won again. Sharck looked at Nadia. Staring at the floor she undid her bra and slowly dropped it. Beautiful sloped breasts spilled out. Her nipples pointed outward slightly. Sharck looked at his group. Ashley was on guard not expecting anything. Sharck had to make his first audible to his group.

"Ashley.."

Ashley looked ashen.

"But......"

He nodded at her. She thought how unfair this was. Just because she was the only woman guard she had to participate. Secretly she wanted to be one of Sharck's "women". That was why she worked so hard at being fit but feminine but never expected this. She also determined how much she hated this Jenny Bond person. Outside of this forum she would have used her skills to devour this person called Bond. Ashley's dress was tight fitting leather. She pulled the zipper the length down the front. Her dress peeled opened revealing a leather bra. Jenny caught a glimpse of her tools of trade when she dropped her dress. Her cleavage spilled out gratuitously. She adjusted the patches over the nipples. The rest of her outfit consisted of stockings and black leopard print panties.

Jenny breathed a bit easier knowing she was a bit separated from her weapons.

The deal began. Jenny noticed "seedy" had disappeared. She was concerned he might surprise her counterparts but was incapable of doing anything to stop it. Frenchy was nearby and assumed he would have intercepted him. Jenny won again. Sharck looked at Ashley. She was now frozen. Jenny interrupted.

"This isn't much fun for me being a female. Can I suggest your large companion"

Sharck thought that would be humorous and Derby gave his first expression of the evening. Claudia enjoyed the first moment since being naked. He undid Derby's belt and pressed his pants to his ankles. Derby shot a glance from his pants to Sharck and back to his pants again.

 "satisfied Ms Bond Jenny Bond"

Jenny smirked. She now had her opportunity. Just then the casino lights dimmed. Jenny turned from the table and sprinted across the floor. Her dress and other garments of course remained at the table. Her enemies recovered in time to see her lovely panty covered ass blend into the crowd. Sensing either a welsher or a spy. Derby tried to step forward and tangled in his pants. Falling forward he clutched for support grabbing Nadia's waistband. The panties were no match for Derby's size and slid quickly to the ground. Nadia flinched the quickly covered her lovely pubic area. Ashley sprinted through the crowd after Jenny. She wasn't going to let her welsh after having her strip. Claudia quietly slipped through the crowd after gathering her dress up. The commotion would hide her escape. She thought she served the mission well by infiltrating Sharck's groupies enduring his whims and finally playing along with the stripping. Undoing Derby's pants helped also. Jenny made it through the crowd and exited the casino. Onlookers spying a lovely woman in bra and panties suspected a Cannes publicity stunt. She headed for the elevator expecting her rooftop ride. Ashley caught her in the elevator. Still unaware of Jenny's occupation she threatened Jenny menacingly.

"Ok bitch back to the casino to finish the game"

Jenny thought this girl is taking this stripping game way to seriously. Just then Ashley noticed the receiver in Jenny's ear. She grabbed for Jenny but Jenny ducked. Ashley knocked her head on the doors of the elevator. The doors opened Jenny exited onto the roof. Her ride was nowhere to be seen. She ran to the edge of the roof and looked down. She saw her vehicle on the ground a Z3 BMW convertible (top down of course). Someone messed with the reservations. There was her Q emergency pack she had left a previous night just in case. Ashley quickly recovered and sprinted towards Jenny. Jenny grabbed for the first thing in the case and pressed the button. A laser shot at Ashley and caught her in the center of the chest. Her bra tore open. Jenny thought "this must have been one of those low energy get out of rope lasers Q mentioned"

Briefly startled Ashley renewed her attack. Jenny fired again this time catching Ashley's panty leg. Her panties snapped open revealing a closely shaved patch of hair. Ashley stopped to remove the rest of her panties. Ashley felt Jenny wasn't going anywhere and as embarrassed as she would be to be found like this she would have reinforcements soon enough.

Jenny sensing no alternative stepped onto the ledge. She unhooked her bra and attached it to a small clip on her panties. She pulled and a length of string came out. She wrapped her bra to an exhaust vent and repelled over the side. Jenny suspected Q was a pervert but damn if she knew how he could anticipate these situations. She tried to move quickly down the building exterior.

As she suspected her panties were unraveling as she moved. Slowly they unwound from the waist. Jenny knew they turned into a sturdy thong harness. Pubic hair peeked out of the top of the thong as her exterior panty unraveled. Eight feet above her car her string stopped. She was now suspended topless in a revealing thong. French bystanders thought it was another Cannes prank. She had no choice but to release the string. Unfortunately she released the harness instead. She spilled out of her thong and landed in the front seat with a thud. Thankfully the keys were there.

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Jenny Does What She's Gotta Do by ?

Twenty-millimeter lead slammed into the belly of the flat-black UH-60 Blackhawk. The helicopter banked wildly to the right, and Jenny slammed hard against the olive-green metal of the left hull. Her legs flew up, and five Special Forces Commandos, harnessed to the opposite wall, got an eyeful of her bushy blonde pubic thatch. The six copters sped straight ahead, ignoring the flack which soon was far behind.

At 4 am that morning in her ratty Bubrovnik apartment, a shrill ring from the ancient telephone had shook her out of bed and onto the cold wood floor.

"Jenny, we've got an emergency assignment for you! Might have a chance for a settlement, and you're the closest State Department negotiator!" The call from Washington had forced her to rush, skipping underwear and throwing on a light cotton spring dress totally inappropriate for the season and the weather.

The choppers were now settling down in a large field near the no-mans land of the Serb/Bosnian border. A crosswind buffeted the vehicles, making them sway and making Jenny's stomach queasy. Hard rain drove against the windows. A soldier cocked his M-16, leveling it towards the door. Another soldier released the lock and slid the panel open. Several Serb soldiers knelt about 20 feet away, protecting their heads from the rotating blades.

She was hustled inside a single-story wooden building, then down a hallway to a dimly-lighted room. A long table had been set with pitchers of water, tablets and pencils. Jenny sat down, and felt her soaking-wet dress make a squeegie-like sound. Four Serb soldiers walked in. Their combat boots tracked mud, and their uniforms were dripping. They each dropped an automatic rifle on the tabletop, then stared at Jenny's chest. Looking down, she realized that the cold, wet dress and lack of underwear clearly delineated her breasts and nipples for everyone. She hastily crossed one arm over her breasts, and began reminding the commanding Serb colonel of the latest NATO surrender conditions.

An hour later, no agreement had been reached. "American bastards!" the Serb colonel yelled, pounding his fist on the table and storming out into the hallway. Jenny, used only to a desk job, became flustered. A soldier called her aside. "Call for you from Munich, maam." He handed her the headset of a satellite telephone. She explained what had transpired so far to a NATO official in Germany.

"Damn it, Jenny, this may be our last chance before we send in ground troops! If we can't come up with something, thousands of American boys and who knows how many Albanians and Serbs will die!" The NATO official paused for effect, lowering his voice. "And your career will be over. Come through for us, Jenny. You're all we've got!" Her face pale, she handed the wire back to the commando. She walked back to the table, drank a swig of water, watching her hand shaking.

The door banged open as the Serb colonel stormed back in. Jenny spun around involuntarily. Her wet dress didn't cooperate, and split down one side. Her left size 36C breast spilled out, stopping the Serb colonel in his tracks. His stare and those of the other soldiers in the room woke her up. In desperation, she allowed the torn dress to fall away altogether from her chest.

Jenny walked boldly up to the colonel, grabbed the soiled olive collar of his fatigues, and brought his unshaven face within six inches of her wet, jiggling breasts. The white sheen of their soft curves reflected the stark bulbs in the ceiling, and the freckles sprinkled across their surface lent them a living, swelling animation.

"Let's go to the map, sir, and mark up a cease-fire line, shall we?" she purred. The colonel stammered. "Bu, bu, but the President has ordered us to accept nothing but the present lines of advance!"

"Oh, really?" she asked, grabbing his hand and placing it over her stiff red right nipple. She then moved it quickly down to the map, over central Kosovo. "This area must be emptied of your troops. Do we have a deal, or shall I button this back up?" she slowly gathered up the material of her dress, drawing it upwards.

"NO, NO! Perhaps we can find a compromise, American Jenny." His eyes and those of the other American and Serb soldiers in the humid, cold room watched her hand stop, then release the material.

Jenny didn't stop. She gave the material a light push, and her dress dropped with a wet PLOP to the dirty wood floor. The colonel's eyes were big as half dollars now. Jenny grabbed a pencil, and outlined the Kosovo/Serb border. "ALL your troops back behind this line within two days, and you may have this dress." She picked up the wet cotton, held it out to the colonel.

After just a moment's hesitation, he grabbed it. During the next half-hour, a detailed plan was outlined. The soldiers gathered around her, staring and smiling as she shook her hair out and scratched her full rear nether-globes, setting them in motion. She pressed her hairy pubic mound up against the edge of the table and ground it in as she drew lines on the map. Calls to Munich, Washington, and Belgrade on the satellite telephone brought affirmations from the highest levels of government. A makeshift agreement was signed by her and the colonel with verbal approval from the leaders.

When she ran outside through the rain again, she was dressed only in a camouflage soldier's rain poncho. The helicopter pilots gaped and asked what was wrong, grabbing their M-5 submachineguns. "No, no, it's okay. Let's get out of here. We've got our agreement," she replied. She strapped herself into a seat next to the commandos, crossing her long legs. "Nope, the only problem is what they didn't teach me in Poli Sci 200!"

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Jenny in Camelot by ?

The flickering torchlight cast eerie shadows about the naked woman who stood shivering in the chill of an English autumn. Her long blonde hair hung freely about her shoulders, her pert breasts stood out proudly but the woman kept her eyes down unable to face the men holding her or the men in front of her. Even if one of them was her husband.

"Gueneverre, for your shameful crime of adultery I must find you guilty and as you are queen such a crime constitutes treason for which I must execute you.", the crowned man orated.

"Arthur, slay me if you must, but spare me the indignity of dying naked!", Gueneverre pleaded.

"Your treachery humiliated me and will lead to the downfall of Camelot. And your fate will entail more than just dying naked.", Arthur said angrily. To the robed man next to him, Arthur ordered, "Tell her, Merlin!"

Waving a strange looking wand inscribed with the name, "Noryb", Merlin chanted and an eerie yellow glow lit the entire dungeon. The light emphasized the former queen's nakedness and she tried to cover herself but the guards prevented that.

"LOTWF, Epizoodie, kcaj, IO, by all the deacons of blue, I curse thee Gueneverre! You will be re-born many times, in many lands. Every time you are born you will grow up to be a beautiful blonde woman of extreme modesty. And each life will find that modesty violated time and time again! Until the new Camelot you will find no peace, no security, and no modesty!", Merlin intoned lustfully. Then stood back to observe the queen in all her glory.

Arthur nodded to the guards who took Gueneverre out to be beheaded. (And unlike the prudish tales, Lancelot was too late to save her.)

Gueneverre's next life found her in Coventry, wife of the Earl of Coventry. Everyone has heard of Godiva's famous ride, but what is less well known is the many other wagers she made with her husband. (Whose first name was Byrone, by the way)

There was the infamous strip darts game with the Earl and Lady of Nottingham, lost by the ladies. A walk in the woods turned into a nude hike on the whim of his lordship, and Godiva never knew what else he might come up with. The naked ride to lower taxes fit right in with the Earl's bent. Alas poor Godiva passed away after a bout of pneumonia, caught while running naked through the courtyard after a bad guess in twenty questions.

Many lives came and went; a nun whose mother superior had some strange ideas of penance, a gambler's wife who found her modesty at stake many times, even a stripper, but one whose heart wasn't in it.

Jenny woke with a start, what a strange dream she thought. Though she had to laugh, it could explain her problems with clothes. She hoped she hadn't slept too long, she might get sunburnt. Especially as she was trying out her new string bikini which her friend Ashley had loaned her.

Jenny got up, dove into the water and the bikini simply fell off of her. Something she didn't notice until she heard the comments of several teens down the beach. Looking down, she cried, "Aw shit, not again!", and ran for the car.

Ashley drove off calmly, ignoring the frantic screams behind her. She figured Jenny needed an allover tan and she knew she'd only be gone an hour or so.

As Ashley drove she couldn't help but wonder a little about the dream she had had. She didn't even believe in reincarnation, but if she did, being Morgan LeFay in another life would have been neat.

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Jenny of the High Seas by ?

15 June 1620. London, England. Jennifer Allen peered out the window at a black night, punctuated by the beating sound of heavy rain driving against the glass. In the distance, waves, barely visible in the darkness, crashed in white foamy spray against the Chamberlain Pier and tossed a moored carrack.

Life was hard for Jenny. She washed floors and dishes, cooked food, counted receipts, ordered supplies, chopped wood fuel, and waited on customers in the Burghley Inn. The Inn was extremely busy and profitable, and welcomed all classes of life in London.

Her reverie was broken by the voice of the owner, Christopher Burghley.

"Jenny, pray tell why in hell you're not bringing out another pot of coffee!!" he yelled from the doorway.

"Yessir, Mr. Burghley," she rapidly replied, grabbing the handle of one of six pots she had been brewing in the smoky kitchen. With the other hand, she threw two more steaks onto the grill as she hurried past.

 Jenny wore a standard wench's outfit, complete with neck ribbon, petticoat, ruffled black dress, and a white corset that pushed her size 36c breasts out and up, preferably into the faces of paying customers. She was 6 foot-6, with fiery, curly red hair and a temper to match. Her face was freckled and her figure magnificent.

 The door banged open ahead of her. She ran over to one of the massive oak tables in the noisy dining room, which was filled with smoke. A dozen huge, ragged seamen sat around it, ravenously devouring their food and guzzling ale like they had drains in their behinds. She found them ignorant, uncouth, and disgusting. But their likes were the reason for the inn's success.

One of them yelled,"To the crew of the mighty Henry!", and they all raised their glasses with hoarse grunts.

As she leaned between two of them to fill their cups, the massive, bearded man on her right grabbed her tall frame, and swung her easily up onto the table. She felt his dirty plate under her bottom, but worse, she felt his hands and the hands of three others firmly unbuttoning her dress. She squealed and struggled, but there were too many. Amid their throaty laughter, she strained her muscles and blushed a deep shade of red. Not waiting for gentleness, they ripped away her petticoat. Her shoes fell away, and she felt her frilly drawers slipping down her long, shapely, white-stockinged legs. Her stockings and corset were similarly torn by their strong, soiled hands, and she was left, panting heavily, stark naked except for the shiny black ribbon around her lovely white throat, in front of the sailor-packed dining room. The first drunk then pinned her hands behind her, leaped onto the tabletop, and dragged her upwards. He walked her, naked, around the table. She felt her soles and toes squish through potatoes and soup, and shrank under the hoots and admiring stares of the diners. A few tears stained her red cheeks.

After what seemed like hours of humiliation, Jenny was released to run, holding her bouncing, full breasts, back into the kitchen. Christopher Burghley stepped in after her, staring at her naked form with a vacant expression.

"Jenny, get some clothes on and serve that other table!" he barked, then walked back out to look after the richer clientelle.

Softly sobbing, she found a soiled old maid's uniform in the closet, and pulled it on in misery. The next hour went slowly, and the steamy kitchen seemed truly a hell on earth.

Jenny had spent years purchasing and boiling coffee, toiling in service of others, being swept along by the turbulent events around her. Never in control, never seeming to make a difference in the affairs of people, always a footnote at most.

She heard a door bang open behind the inn. Glancing wearily out the window, she spotted a large, dark, hulking figure stagger to the outhouse. It was the tall, bearded sailor from the Henry!

It only took a split second to change her life. With a certainty bred of anger, she grabbed the largest kitchen cleaver off the chopping table, opened the back door, and stepped into the rain. Slipping slightly in the mud, she walked carefully up behind him. She could smell his stench, and noticed his drunken stupor. As he stopped at the outhouse door, she buried the cleaver in his back. A very brief but horrifying cry went out from him, and he toppled with a great splash into the mud. Paralyzed, she gazed for a moment at the bright red blood pumping from his side, mingling with the muddy water and streaming away.

Looking around quickly, she stared at the distant pier, then bounded away, running headlong for the moored carrack. It was a small, fast merchant ship of the British East India line. In the dim light, she could make out the name: "Tobermory" on her wet black forecastle. Running up, she surveyed the scene, then quietly hurried up the gangplank. In the miserable weather, no one was on deck. She searched and found a hiding spot in an arms closet on the port side of the pine-floored poop deck. Dirty, exhausted, and dispirited, her breathing slowing, she fell asleep, awaiting what the fates might bring.......

Movement awakened Jenny. The ship was leaving Sheerness harbor at the mouth of the Thames well before dawn. The rains had subsided a bit, but seas were still over 3 feet. She knew nothing of sailing, but when she cautiously peered through a crack in the weathered door, she recognized the dark silhouette against approaching dawn of a totally unfurled mainsail majestically bowed with a strong northwest wind.

Within an hour, the Tobermory had moved past North Foreland Point and into the Straight of Dover and the Channel. The English Channel was treacherous at night, but the captain was hoping to avoid attacks by pirates on his rich cargo by slipping into the Atlantic under cover of darkness.

Jenny wedged herself behind some boxes of shells, trying to figure out what to do next, becoming hungry. Then shouting attracted her attention. This time, the door banged open, and several men began hauling out blunderbusses and ammunition, not noticing the huddled woman in the shadows. They were being chased by pirates!

Loud crashes towards the forecastle, followed in turn by distant booms over the water ushered in a ten-minute cannon battering from the attacking vessel. The Tobermory shook, and finally the mainmast toppled with an enormous splintering sound. The pirate captain ordered one volley too many, for the next one put a hole in the starboard hull that flooded the hold of the Tobermory and doomed the huge merchant ship.

Jenny emerged from the arms closet. Frantic crewmen, concerned for their own lives, saw but ignored her. The ship was sinking quickly, and Jenny made a graceful dive off the top of the railing. She swam a few yards away, and watched as another cannonball found the arms closet, resulting in a deafening explosion that lit up the ocean for miles and displayed a beautiful pirate galleon 50 yards away. Pieces of shattered wooden deck and torn brown sail canvas rained down on the water around her, some pieces on fire.

The pirate vessel slowly edged into the floating wreckage. Men clambered all over the rigging, furling the square mainsails, and swinging the triangular yard sails fore and aft to catch the wind. Jenny hung onto the side of a huge floating cargo crate. Smoke still wafted from the muzzles of large black iron cannons that poked menacingly from dark holes in the brown side of the ship. It soon became clear that the pirates were looking for survivors that might have valuables on their person, abandoning or killing those who didn't.

Finally they spotted her. A short, swarthy man, well-dressed, called down to her.

"You, have any jewelry on you?" he yelled.

"Yes, yes!" she yelled upwards at him. A rope hit her in the face, and she wrapped it around her waist. Her bare feet could not gain a foothold on the slimy outer hull, so she allowed them to unceremoniously haul her up.

There were half a dozen men gathered round, and additional small groups elsewhere on the deck. The men held guns, knives, and swords. One grabbed her arm as she clambered over the ornate wooden railing, and heavily fell to the wet deck.

She had visions of the previous day as two men held her while another proceeded to undress her under the appreciative eyes of the rest. As they took each piece of clothing, it was thoroughly searched, ripped, discarded. At last she stood, naked again. Her wet breasts, lit by lanterns and brightening sky, heaved in agitation, the nipples stiff from the cool air. Transfixed for a moment, the group stared at her. She crossed her legs slightly, trying in vain to cover her enormous thatch of fuzzy red pubic hair.

"Not even a bloody necklace!" cursed a tall, thin man in pantaloons, spitting over the railing. He stepped forward, and reaching out with his left hand, squeezed her right breast. Her eyes bugged out, and with great force she brought her right knee up and into his groin. With a great scream, he doubled up and fell to the deck.

The other men hesitated for a second, then laughed with great roars. The tall man stood up with difficulty, muttering "Bitch!" under his breath. He had taken one step towards her when the ship's captain yelled from the forecastle.

"Underway NOW! We must clear the channel quickly!" Men scrambled wildly around the deck, jumping up onto the rigging. The two men holding her looked at each other, shrugged, and moved her back to the railing.

"We'll just let the sharks decide on yer punishment, wench!" They lifted her up, and carelessly threw her out and away. She fell with a great, awkward splash. The tall man she had kneed glanced down after her, spit again, and walked out of sight.

The pirate galleon moved off, its magnificent mainsails unfurled and catching the wind. Jenny paddled over to one of the numerous floating crates, and again grabbed hold. The ship soon was no longer visible, and Jenny called a few times, concluding that she was the only survivor of the attack.

The morning was cool, breezy, and bright. The naked Jenny could not get the word "sharks" out of her mind, and had clambered onto one of the huge packing crates.

Several dozen Wandering Albatrosses soared high overhead, occasionally diving, hitting the sea, emerging with small fish in their beaks, then taking off again with a great flapping commotion.

Then she noticed fins in the water. She self-consciously moved her bare feet and naked legs back from the edge of the crate, and peered carefully downward over into the turbulent green depths. Without warning, a shiny, tan-gray nose broke the surface, splashing salt water in her face. With a clicking racket, the White- Sided Dolphin rose out of the water, looking at her with one eye. Another dolphin joined it, then another. There was a school of them, frolicking about. Jenny, again tiring, lay down on her naked belly, her beautifully rounded naked rump in the air, rested her chin on her hands, and fell asleep while watching them.

 She awoke to the sounds of waves crashing on a beach. Excitedly, she scanned the horizon, seeing a coastline. The strong currents of the Channel had brought her to land. Within another hour, she was washed onto an isolated, deserted beach near Plymouth.

Jenny realized that dozens of the large crates from the destroyed carrack had washed up onto the beach with her. Using a piece of driftwood, she began to pry them open. Her eyes soon widened and a long-unused smile developed on her beautiful, full lips as hundreds of pounds of cargo were exposed. Rich coffee from Indonesia, exquisite jewelry, pearls from Japan, Italian wine and clothing, intricately worked gold chains, porcelain and spices from China, wine, dried meats......

Over the next few days Jenny shepherded the floating cargo onto the beach, removed and stored it in low bushes, and regained her strength.

Janice Lord was amazed at the surprise visitor in her sail repair shop in Plymouth Harbor. The young lady named Jenny Allen wore fine leather clothing, a bright scarf around her neck, and tall boots. Her red hair hung in great, curly tresses over her shoulders. She brought great wealth with her, proposed what amounted to a buy-out of the operation, produced a large leather pouch from her purse, and emptied a huge mound of rubies onto the mahogany table in Janice's office.

"I want to buy out your operation, I want your people, and I want you too."

The tall, statuesque woman exuded confidence and paced back and forth, glancing out the supervisor's window at rows and rows of low-class young women toiling at sewing benches, piecing together great canvas sails, some with beautiful designs of crosses or English Coats-of-Arms.

Janice carefully picked up a huge handful of the jewels, feeling their heavy weight and smooth, polished luster. "What do you want us for, Miss Allen?" she asked, eyes wide with the mystery of it.

"For adventure, for travel, for power, for independence," Jenny softly replied, displaying a confident smile. Janice looked up from the rubies in her hands, and Jenny saw her smile was infectious.

Martin Winthrop sat hunched in a quiet bar a block from the Plymouth waterfront. He wore dirty black jacket and trousers, and well-worn leather boots. He morosely contemplated the jigger of scotch, tilted the small glass to roll the liquid. He took a quick swig of the burning fluid, grimaced, and set the glass down with an audible tap. It was followed by a heavy, metallic thump as a white canvas bag dropped to the scratched, stained tabletop in front of him.

Startled, he looked up. Jenny Allen stood beside him, wearing a long, heavy brown cloak with a monk-like hood which hid her red hair. Her face was expressionless. She gave a quick nod towards the bag.

Keeping an eye on her, Winthrop slowly extended one hand and lifted the lip of the canvas. There were four bars of gleaming silver inside, each about a foot long and three inches thick. Winthrop raised an eyebrow, and suddenly straightened up. He pushed a shock of black hair away from one eye, and rose to face her. She was about a foot taller than him.

"Mr. Winthrop, I need your help. I've searched Plymouth carefully, and think you're my man."

"What for?"

"For your ship, the "Dauntless. I want to buy it and your services as First Mate to sail her and train my crew. Interested?"

Winthrop raised his eyebrows again, pursed his lips to one side, and furrowed his brow.

"Well, you've probably heard business has been slow for me." He solemnly patted the bag. "This should pay my debts, but it could probably buy a new ship. Why me?"

"I'd rather start out quietly. And I'm looking for a small caravel like yours. Something that's well-armed, but can move quickly compared to the big galleons. We may be engaging in some unorthodox enterprises." She folded her arms across her chest, and Winthrop slowly smiled, moving his mouth into a silent "Oh". He said, "It's a deal, miss...."

"Just call me Jenny," she smiled, reaching out with her right hand.

A month later, the Dauntless was running with the wind off Cape Cornwall, Her small mainsail magnificently full. To improve her maneuverability, the seamstresses had fitted her with larger-than-normal yard sails, which could be adjusted to tack more effectively than the larger warships of the day.

The crew was 148 women, ten men: Winthrop and his navigator William Yardley, and seven of his former male crew members. The women were all seamstresses from Janice Lord's shop, masters at manufacturing and fitting sails. Janice herself was now a "Second Mate" of sorts, organizing her former employees.

The sun was brilliant today, 22 July 1620, and the seas full of whitecaps. Jenny stood on the forecastle, talking with Winthrop.

"How close are we to being ready for a crossing of the Atlantic, Martin?" she asked.

"I think we could do it now, captain," he smiled, holding onto the railing as the ship bucked a wave and they were showered with salt spray.

Then they heard the characteristic deep booming in the distance of large cannon. A woman in the crow's nest called down that a running chase was in progress, a league a port.

Jenny brought the Dauntless about, and they raced towards the scene. A Spanish galleon - probably 400 tons - was chasing a small English snow which was clearly unarmed. The larger Spanish ship was firing over her bow, so far unable to stop her flight.

The sleek Dauntless easily came up behind. Jenny ordered the crew to load all cannons, and be ready to unfurl and then quickly furl the sails again. They surprised the other captain, and put several balls at the galleon's waterline before opening sails and running off. The Spanish ship began to take on water, and immediately broke off its chase.

Half an hour later, the Dauntless came up beside the small English ship. Its deck was filled with smiling passengers, all curiously staring at the Dauntless. Jenny and her captain yelled over the 50-ft distance between them.

"Where are you headed?" yelled Jenny.

"Across the Atlantic," he replied. "We much appreciate your God-sent assistance, maam!"

"Why are you all leaving?"

"We are looking for a place where we can make our own decisions. The Crown of James I doesn't speak to our needs, our traditions." He spread his arms, gesturing. "We're tired of the government telling us what to believe, harassing us with over-zealous prosecutors. Their hypocrisy has made us weary!"

"Well, good luck, then!" she waved, and the two ships began to part, rocking in the swells.

Jenny turned to Winthrop, and wondered, "Martin, do you think we'll ever be able to influence our history like people such as these? They have such strong wills!"

Winthrop laughed. "Nay, captain, I think we're just a blink in history's eye, not to be remembered, having no impact." He smiled again, then turned and walked down to the main deck.

Jenny looked wistfully after the departing ship, its name clearly showing on the gunwale: "Mayflower".

Six months later, A group of sailors from the Henry sat around a table in the Burghley Inn. They made much noise, and dropped much food on the table and floor. They also harassed the new cook-and-waitress, who hurried, overheated, between their needs and the needs of cleaning the inn and kitchen. Occasionally, they would squeeze her butt, her breasts, or call obscenely to her in the kitchen. Finally, one of them grabbed her, and began to rip off her wench's uniform.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, mate!" came a woman's voice behind him. They hadn't, in all the excitement, noticed her entrance. She was a tall redhead wearing a long brown hooded robe. She had a cutlass strapped to her right hip, and a knife in her belt.

The sailor dropped the waitress to the wooden floor, and stood, a little weak from his inebriation.

"Damn wench!" he growled. The other sailors laughed.

He stepped forward, but immediately met her cutlass at his throat. It then, with dizzying speed, slashed back and forth down his clothing till he stood only in his boots. His erection, born of his wrestle with the waitress, sprang up rudely to salute her. She then pointed the glinting tip of the sword directly at his hanging balls, touching them ever-so-slightly.

"Laddy, I want you to walk out that door, and never come back! And, definitely, NEVER treat a woman like that again! Got it?" She prodded him towards the door with the sword.

"Bu-bu-but my clothes!" he complained.

"OUT!" she yelled. He went, and she gave him a stinging swat with the cutlass on his naked departing ass before he fell through the door.

She quickly whirled, and stared at the other sailors from the Henry, tapping one booted foot on the floor. They all immediately jumped to their feet and followed their companion.

Jenny of the High Seas walked over to the cowering waitress, flipped her a small bag of coins. "I think you can do better than this, sweety!" Jenny then hurried through the kitchen and disappeared out the back door and into the night.......

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JENNY'S HUSBAND

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Busy Beaver by Pink

Myra, Fariba, Alex, and Julie squinted at the Toshiba 2500 color monitor. The web site that appeared was titled: "Byron's Stripping Page". It was an idle exercise to pass the last half-hour of a Friday. They would then go home, vacating the office of their small accounting firm.

They had each typed their first names into the "Yahoo" search engine, to see what web sites emerged. Kind of a game. A throw of the dice.

Myra had branched further into the site that was first in line for Jenny's name, finding a long list of postings. Jenny's name appeared numerous times on the web site.

"What the hell?" exclaimed Alex, moving closer. "Jenny, look at this!" One of the most recent messages contained a short story describing a humiliating sexual experience involving Jenny losing her clothes. And Jenny's husband had apparently posted a response, describing accurately her appearance, personality, and politics.

After a few minutes of reading in silence, Jenny stood straight, her pretty face red. She flipped her long blond hair back over her shoulders, and put her hands on her hips, an uncharacteristic posture.

"Looks like Phil has been a busy little beaver", Jenny quietly announced. "It may be time for some beaver stew". She glanced at her fellow employees, a glint below her beautiful eyelashes.

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Jenny's Husband Phil was irritated by her insistence that they stop by her office on a Saturday.

"But I have to mail those tax packages, Phil! I forgot about them in all the excitement on Friday," she explained with a pleading smile. He turned their beige Honda Prelude off of Eastern highway and into the small parking lot next to the professional building. She used her key to let them in past the silver metallic sign that read: "Acme Accounting".

Phil casually followed her into the dark office, toying with the odd office decor - a stuffed animal, a large coffee mug, as they walked back to her cubicle.

"Let's go into the copying room", she said brightly, giving him a huge stack of papers to carry. She loaded them into the Xerox 3500, pressed "START", and they stood watching the machine as it rhythmically shuffled paper.

To his surprise, she moved close and began caressing him.

"Mmmmm, it's sexy being in an empty office", she murmured. "And I love the sound of the machine". A few minutes later, she was unbuttoning his shirt, then unbuckling his belt. He was surprised, but delirious that she was so aggressive. She continued moving her hands over him, stretching out one high-heeled, stockinged foot to kick his clothes along the tile floor towards a corner.

"Oh, I've got to get more paper before the machine stops! I can't leave the machine. Can you get some, quick?"

"But..." he looked down at his naked body and swollen, bobbing, penis.

"Oh, don't worry - we can continue in a minute", she said, winking with a smile.

He opened the door, and was immediately grabbed by Myra, Fariba, Alex, and Julie. His struggles got him nowhere as a scarf was tied around his mouth, and his wrists were tied around his back.

Jenny joined them and they all had a laugh at his expense, Jenny giving his bouncing cock a few quick flicks with her index finger to keep it stiff. Fariba produced a knapsack, and lined up shave cream, razor, scissors, and towel on the nearest desktop. Alex, holding onto his left arm, gave his left buttock cheek a stinging swat, and then probed his anus with her middle finger, making him obscenely push out his erection at the ring of females.

"We all saw "Byron's Stripping Page" this morning, Phil", she said in his ear. "Jenny wants some equal time". Fariba was now setting up a digital camera, plugging it into the nearest PC. Alex continued, "A nude picture of your shaved body, and maybe a spanking photo or two should liven up Byron's web page, don't you think, Phil?"

Phil's eyes were like saucers above the gag as they stretched him out on the conference table, and Jenny shook the can of shave cream........

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Jenny's Day Off by The Great One

Jenny couldn't sleep. She heard her husband in his study down the hall, clacking away on his keyboard. Lord, he worked so hard.

She decided to surprise him. She got out of bed, put her robe on and padded down the hall. Everything was very quiet. He had stopped typing.

The door to the study was ajar. Jenny peeked in. Her husband wasn't there. She looked down the hall and saw the light on in the kitchen. Must've gone for a snack, Jenny thought.

She turned and looked back into the study. Looked at her husband's computer screen.

STRIPPED NAKED: BYRON'S FORUM????? What on earth was he doing?

She heard him moving out of the kitchen. She suddenly felt like she was doing something wrong. She quickly scampered back to the bedroom before he noticed her.

The next day, Jenny shared this with her friend Ashley while they were having lunch at the mall. She explained to Ashley exactly what she had read on the computer screen.

Ashley laughed. Jenny was scared and confused. What was so funny? Wasn't this something weird?

"It's probably just something he gets off on. Everyone has their fantasies. Don't you have yours?"

Jenny just blushed.

"Well, I think you should be happy that he's got his fantasies. Every man needs them." Ashley thought for a moment. "Hey, isn't his birthday coming up soon? I've got an idea…" She leaned in closer to Jenny and began to explain her idea.

Jenny looked at her in horror. "No way Ashley, I couldn't. Not in a million years!"

 "Don't worry dear. I'll do it for you. Just make sure you bring him here tomorrow, right to the food court."

 The next day was Saturday and Jenny convinced her husband to take her to the mall. They shopped around for a while, and then Jenny said she was hungry.

"Let's go to the food court," Jenny said.

"OK," her husband said.

He walked slightly behind his wife as they got on the escalator. Jenny was wearing a long, teal sundress, cut low in the front. The dress was tight against her enormous breasts. Jenny's husband noticed that his wife's nipples were showing through the fabric. What a rare treat, cleavage and nipples. How could she not notice? It's liken early birthday present, he thought.

They got to the food court.

"Where do you want to eat," Jenny's husband asked her.

Suddenly, Jenny felt scores of eyes staring at them. She began to blush deeply. Ah, her husband thought, there's my Jenny. She's finally realized just how much she's showing.

"NOW!!!!!" Jenny heard Ashley scream out, from some hidden place among the crowd of hungry shoppers in the food court.

"Oh my God," Jenny said, her voice shaking.

 "What?," her husband grinned at her.

There was a sudden, thunderous noise as if an entire herd of cattle had just started a stampede. Jenny shut her eyes, bit her lower lip, and prayed for it to be over quickly.

"Honey," she heard her husband say, "what the hell is going on…

"AAARRRRGH," he shouted. "GET OFF OF ME!!!!!!"

Jenny opened her eyes. Marge from the bake shop was ripping her husband's pinstripe shirt off. Buttons flew everywhere. Mary Jane and Peter (yes Peter was there too) from the Beauty Parlor each had a leg. Sue Ellen and Becky from the Post Office were twisting his shoes off.

"JENNY!!!!! HELP ME!!!!!!!"

I can't believe he's into this, Jenny thought.

Ashley popped up out of nowhere. She pantsed Jenny's husband in a flash. He stood there struggling, held in place by a dozen hysterical women, in his undershirt and boxer shorts. The tip of his penis peeked out from the slip in his shorts.

"EEEEEK, THERE IT IS," Marge from the bake shop shouted.

Ashley grabbed the shoulder straps on his T-shirt. With a Herculean grunt, she ripped his T-shirt down the middle. Several women tore at sections of it until he stood there in his T-shirt's tattered remains.

Funny, Jenny thought, only Jenny's Little Husband is peeking out of the shorts. Where's Jenny's Big Husband? Why hasn't he shown up yet?

"NOW THE BOXERS," Sue Ellen from the Post Office shouted.

The women tore his boxers off. His cock popped out from the top of the waist band. It seemed to Jenny that he was half-erect.

"Okay," she said, "you gals can stop it now."

But they all ignored her. They were in a frenzy, shouting hysterically. Someone had called mall security, but the guard wouldn't dare intervene. He'd wait for back up on this one. And plenty of it.

Ashley, Marge and the others held Jenny's husband down on the floor. Ashley squatted over him and took his soft cock in her hands. Jenny couldn't believe it! That's my husband's willie you've got there, she almost shouted.

Ashley began to jerk Jenny's husband off right there in the middle of the food court. He became erect almost instantly, his swollen member throbbing in Ashley's big hands. Ashley pumped him hard. He screamed and squirmed but his protests were futile. "MILK HIM, MILK HIM" the women shouted.

Jenny's husband screamed out one final time, the veins in his neck and on his cock bulging simultaneously. A thick, hot geyser of cum spurted from the top of his cock, drenching Ashley, Marge, Sue Ellen, and Peter with his seed.

Jenny couldn't believe it. A round of raucous applause began. Her husband had just been pantsed and milked in front of all of their neighbors and friends in the middle of a crowded mall on the busiest shopping day of the week.

Jenny walked over to her husband. He was staring up into the ceiling, his chest heaving. His flaccid member leaned wearily against his thigh, the last of his fluid seeping into his leg hair.

Jenny leaned over him. "Happy birthday," she said.

 He looked up at her, mortified and confused.

 "What????" he said.

Jenny bit her lip. "I saw your computer screen the other night. You know, Stripped Naked: Byron's Forum?"

"Oh God, no. Jenny, I can explain. I didn't mean to hurt you. It's just a fant-"

"I only had a moment to read it. I didn't want you to catch me," Jenny said. "It said something about '…mobbed by women.' I never knew you were into that. Ashley helped me set it all up, you see, and…"

"Oh God, Jenny," her husband said. "Oh God!!!!!!!!!!!!"

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FRAGMENTS

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Jenny & the TV Show by ?

"Honey look!!! I have been asked to be on this new game show!" Jenny told her husband. "This show called TRUTH OR HUMILIATION".

"That is great dear!! Lets go shopping and buy you a new dress for the show".

They went to Anne Taylor and bought a nice looking flarey dress, and the following day went to the studio. And before Jenny knew it, she was already in the final round.

"Okay, Jenny. Here is how the final round works', said the host. "I will read you a question. There is an answer on each of these 2 tables. Your job is to stand on the floor grating next to what you think is the right answer. Make sure you think it is the right answer, because after you choose, we buckle your feet on the grating, so you can't jump off quickly. If you are right, you win the jackpot. If you are wrong, well...for your sake, I hope you aren't wrong. Okay, the question--- WHAT IS THE CAPITAL OF VIRGINIA? “

Jenny looked at the 2 answers, Arlington and Richmond. She thought about it, and choose the grating next to Arlington.

"Okay, Tom, I am sure." The hose buckled her feet in to the grating.

"Jenny says Arlington. Is she right?" BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!! "Wrong. Okay, start the blast"

Jenny, not knowing what was going on, yelled, "What do you mean?"

Then suddenly, she felt something tickling the bottom of her leg. As she started to look down, she knew what was gonna happen. Then, "WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!" A fan was turned on, and the wind started blowing Jenny's dress high up in the air. She tried to step away, but the buckles were too tight. She tried to hold her skirt down, and yelled to the host, STOP IT!.

Tom said, "More? Okay. TURN IT UP HIGHER!!!

The wind was turned up full blast, and Jenny had no chance to hold her skirt down, as the wind kept her skirt up in the air, and she heard a lot of fox whistles and cat calls, and realized that she forgot to wear her panties.

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Jenny and Another DUI by ?

It was a typical summer Friday, and Jenny made plans to go out with her friends after work. It was casual Friday, and she was wearing a light sun-dress with buttons down the front and spaghetti straps that showed off her lovely shoulders, a tattered old cotton strapless bra and un-matching black lace panties, and high heels which accented her lovely legs. She had to be careful, because occasionally one strap of her dress would slip off her shoulder, and even though it would stay above her ample breasts, she did not want to show that much of her chest.

After her friends picked her up from work, they went bar-hopping for the majority of the night. They ended the night by going to a dance club that stayed open after hours. While there, she met a handsome guy, and danced with him for most of the night. She was drinking moderately, about a beer an hour, but the guy was drinking rather much. Because she was dancing so much, she had to constantly keep pulling her dress straps back on her shoulders. She was getting all sweaty from the constant movement, and the front of her dress started getting wet in the front due to her soaked bra.

Suddenly a fight broke out on the dance floor. Two guys were shoving each other around, and one of them fell face first into Jenny! He instinctively grabbed out and accidentally hooked the front of Jenny's dress and her bra. With a quick SNAP, the bra strap between her breasts broke and two buttons on the front of her dress popped off and fell to the floor. One of her dress straps slipped off her shoulder, and her dress began to slip off her chest. "Oh SHIT!" She quickly clasped the front of her dress to hold it together and ran to the bathroom, blushing furiously. She went into one of the stalls to survey the damage. Her dress was missing the top two buttons, and her bra was useless. She slid her bra out from under her dress and tossed it into the trash can on her way out.

"We need to leave!" exclaimed Jenny to the guy she had met. The reason was obvious as she had to use one hand to keep the front of her dress closed. "Could you please take me home?" she begged. He nodded, and they said their goodbye's to everyone and went out to his car.

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Jenny At The Testimonial Dinner by ?

The door burst open, flying open and slamming into the protective guard designed specifically for over anxious patrons. SLAM! it swung back as a very busty young lady scooted in. Frantically she entered the ladies rooms moving with short steps, the only steps her strapless, form fitting evening gown would allow. Those DD breasts just about to burst free. That however was not the only thing about to burst.

Jenny was attending her husbands testimonial dinner for his boss. The boss had her cornered while he regaled her with his fishing and hunting adventures. All the time, starring down her dress at her massive cleavage. All the while Jenny's bladder was expanding. Big breasts, little bladder. Finally she could wait no longer. She ran to the ladies room and began searching for a free stall.

Bending down looking for a clear stall, her dress seams began to stress. Double stitching saved her life for now. But her breasts faired not as well. At the first stoop over, both breast sprang free. But she didn't care, she had to pee.

Fifth stall was clear, she opened it, entered and turned. Now she realized this was the first time she had to use the bathroom while wearing the dress. Try as she might it would now lift high enough. Damn this form fitting design. She had little choice. She reached around and unzipped it. It was easy to do as her 36DDs were already free, suspended firmly somehow defying gravity.

ZIPPPPPP! It slid down her midriff, over her hips and down her subtle tan legs. It now lay at her feet. Jenny did not allow for it to make it all the way before she yanked her g-string panties down as well. Her completely naked body began to settle when she panicked once again. Before resting she put her hand in the sanitary dispenser and pulled out the toilet seat cover (aka an ass-cot). Now she rested her firm butt on the protected seat and let out a large sigh as she relieved herself.

Taking the moment to relax form the hectic scene outside, Jenny paused a moment, not caring about her naked body reacting to the cold. Small goose bumps appeared all over her skin. Her ever growing nipples enlarged with the coolness the restroom atmosphere evoked. The she heard a noise. It was kids!

From outside her stall she heard what sounded like two young boys laughing. It couldn't be. She thought. Then they began to speak. A woman screamed as Jenny saw what looked like the wash of a flash camera from another stall. Oh, god their taking pictures! Jenny just froze as she heard some woman scream, apparently running from the restroom. Now it was her turn, She saw the camera raised over her stall. Placing one arm over her massive boobs, and one hand to cover her pussy the camera flashed. With her head down they would have appeared to have gotten nothing. But with her head down she saw the unthinkable. A pair of hands reached in and grabbed her dress and panties from around her ankles.

Yank They were slipped off before she could react.

Jenny stood up and opened the door. There were two young boys HOLDING HER DRESS AND PANTIES! Laughing and pointing, taunting her with her panties and dress,

Jenny jumped out forgetting her nudity. Her golden blonde hair flying about. Big mistake. She had forgotten her nudity. Click, Flash! They got their picture. Her standing , firm boobs, erect nipples well tan lined body and black 4 high heels, arms on her curvy hips. Shit she said inside. They now ran from the bathroom carrying her dress. Now what would she do?

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Jenny's Wedding Day by ?

"Are you still in there?"

Silence.

"Jenny? Are you all right?"

Faint noises of effort came through the changing-room curtain.

"She hasn't gone anywhere," said the shop-assistant's voice. "We're just having a bit of trouble with the zip."

"Jenny? Have you gone too tight again?"

"Mum," said an exasperated girl's voice from behind the curtain, "this dress is supposed to be tight! You don't know anything about it!"

"Please don't shout," the assistant interrupted, "or I'll never get this zip up!"

"Sorry."

In the silence that followed Jenny's mother listened hard, and realised she could hear something of what was going on in the changing-room: the sounds of a feminine struggle, subdued gasps and grunts, a terse order to "Breathe in!" and once a yelp of pain: "Ow! That's me!"

Jenny's mother cleared her throat nervously. She didn't want to interfere, but…

"Look, if she's trying to get into a dress that's too tight, you'd better stop. She's always doing that. She's got this fixed idea that a good figure has to be on show in every detail all the time…"

"It's all right," the assistant said, sounding somewhat out of breath.

"Your daughter's right—this dress is meant to be worn very tight. It's made with an extra-strong zip specially. Anyway I'm nearly done…just give me a minute." Silence again for a little while then, "Done it!"

"It's up, is it?" said Jenny.

"It's up, and I've done the hook at the top. Come out and show your Mum how beautiful you are."

"Love to!"

There was a sound of high heels on carpet and then the assistant swept back the curtain for Jenny to make her Grand Entrance. The changing room had a door something like seven feet wide to make room for the widest skirts a bride might want to wear, and though Jenny's dress was slim it was ideal for creating an impression on your audience. Her mother hadn't liked this dress when Jenny picked it off the rack, and seeing it stretched round her daughter's curves she still thought it was a mistake, but she had to admit it was quite something.

At a time when most brides still imitated Lady Diana Spencer as fairy princesses with a high neckline, a tiny bodice and a great big skirt, Jenny had struck out on her own. Her dress was strapless and blush-makingly low-cut, but she had the confidence in herself to wear it with pride. Her ample bosom was pushed up as if by a wired bra, and heaving sumptuously as if she had just run a race: the neckline of the gown was so low that she looked as if she was about to pop out of it every second.

The plain white satin bodice curved smoothly in to hug a tiny waist, then out to embrace luscious hips and a splendid bottom; and everywhere it was so tight it looked ready to explode. The skirt was floor-length and very narrow, but slit up the front to above the knee so that Jenny's excellent legs peeked out with each small step she took; behind, the hem of the skirt stretched out into a small but ornate train edged with marabou stork feathers. She looked not so much like a bride as like a competitor in Miss World.

Jenny put her hands on her hips and posed with a cheesecake smile, then said "You don't like it, do you? You never do when I want to look sexy."

"Oh, it suits you, but it's a silly dress. Look at all that feather trim on the train—it's going to drag around on the ground all day, it'll soon get dirty. It's not practical."

"So what? I'm only going to wear this dress once. It'll last. A wedding's the one day in your life when you don't have to worry about practicalities. You just have to look your best."

"Anyway, it's far too tight. You can hardly breathe—don't deny it, I know what that heaving bosom means. Any tighter and they'd have to put it under your skin…What are you wearing underneath it, by the way?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Not even a basque? Not even a bra and panties? Really!"

"No. I've thought about this. I don't need any 'support'—I'm quite good enough on my own, thank you. The less there is under a dress as tight as this, the better it looks. Anyway, I've got a plan."

She smiled devilishly. "I'm going to whisper to Matthew that I'm naked under here—nothing under my dress but me—and then all through the reception he's going to be thinking about it. It'll drive him mad."

"Well…" her mother said doubtfully, "I can see your point, but I still think it's too tight!"

"And I still think this is a special case. Until it's too tight, it's not tight enough."

"But Jenny, you're practically gasping for breath in there! Look at the way your boobs are going up and down!"

She pointed to the dramatic activity within the top of the dress. "It's obvious you can hardly breathe!"

"Mum, a heaving cleavage is sexy and romantic. Everyone's going to love it."

"What if you pop out of it?"

Jenny laughed, put her thumbs inside the neckline of her dress, and heaved it up with a sensuous wriggle. "Well," she panted, "I'll just have to be sure I don't bend forward or anything!"

Her mother walked round the dress, surveying the straining seams and zip from every angle.

"What if one of the seams splits, or the zip bursts? You'll be in trouble then, all right!"

"It won't happen," the assistant said quickly. "No, really. I don't think you read the Guifei Bridalwear catalogue. This is the 'Gaynor' style gown, specially designed for brides who want to wear things tight—it's got a heavy lining, double-reinforced seams, and an extra-strong zip, like I said. It'll hold."

Miranda Myerscough sat in her office going through an interminable stack of papers, thinking bitter thoughts about the frumpy teacher at school who had told her that office work could be so rewarding. She had been at it twenty-three years and had progressed from secretary to senior executive of a fair-sized bridalwear company, but still a lot of what she had to do was deadly boring.

The best that could be said for it was that it gave her enough money to live fairly well: she had a well-curved figure kept under tight control by strict diets, exercise, and well-chosen undies, and she enjoyed showing them off with business suits tailored as close as one of the company's wedding gowns. She would have liked to do a job that involved showing herself off to the public, but apart from the odd presentation or bridal show she spent most of her time shut up in a badly lit room studying endless documents.

Sometimes it got interesting, though; and sometimes for the wrong reason. Miranda noticed something that didn't fit with her memory of what ought to be there, and sat bolt upright. She studied the entry again. It still didn't match up. She pushed her chair back and clip-clopped across the room on her high heels to fetch some documents out of the filing cabinet: in the school across the street a daydreaming pupil found himself appreciating the view of her tight office skirt straining over her bottom as she bent to hunt down the right papers.

She found what she wanted, straightened up, tugged her skirt and jacket back down and compared the document to the one she had been studying on her desk. It still didn't work; and she had a nasty feeling this was an emergency. She picked them up and hurried out, shouting to her secretary to hold all calls, she would be with Barry.

Barry was the company's managing director, and his office was just down the hall. Miranda easily evaded his pretty secretary and burst in looking dramatic. Barry sat back and looked at her. He was always pleased to see Miranda, who had managed to remain blonde, curvy and decorative into early middle age; they'd even enjoyed sex a few times, though both were married to other people. Miranda anxious, though an exciting sight, was also a warning there was trouble on the way.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

Miranda came over to his desk and put the papers she was carrying down on it.

"You remember the 'Gaynor' wedding dress?"

Barry looked thoughtful.

"Not off-hand."

"I don't have a picture…You must remember it, we don't do any others like it! It's a sheath dress, strapless, floor-length skirt slit up the front with a marabou-trimmed train, boned, worn very tight—"

"Oh yes, I remember now! Very sexy dress that, but it does tend to sit on the racks. Brides are scared of it because it's so, well, untraditional."

"That's probably a good thing now," Miranda said seriously. "There's a problem."

"What?"

"Look here." She waved the document she had been studying in her office at him, then let him take it from her. "Do you see?"

"No."

"There."

She bent over the desk, giving him a fine view down her neckline of full breasts cosily nestling within a lacy bra as her jacket was too tight to wear a blouse under, and pointed with a long, well-varnished and carefully filed fingernail.

"See that? For forty 'Gaynor' style wedding gowns, they've ordered forty of the Long Fine Zip, code GT503."

"What's wrong with that? I know with a dress like that you need a long zip down the back of it or the bride can't get into it."

"What's wrong, Barry, is that it's the wrong long zip. That is a very tight dress, and it's supposed to be made with the Extra-Strong Long Fine Zip, code GT339. They've mixed them up, and now there are forty dresses out there that are death-traps."

"You're joking, surely!"

"Well, death-traps is putting it a bit strong, but they're definitely accidents waiting to happen. The standard long zip just isn't strong enough to stand up to the tension in one of those gowns. We have to get them recalled as fast as we can before some bride's zip goes at a crucial moment and we get sued."

"Hmm." Barry thought. "Do you think you could do it? I suppose it'd mean chasing around all over the country trying to get those dresses out of the shops again."

"Not only do I think I can do it, I think I should," Miranda said proudly. "I know what I'm doing and I can get the dresses off the retailers without alarming them. I can't go up to them and say 'Please hand over these dresses because the zips are liable to give out'—they'd never buy from us again. I've got to use a good lie—I'm going to tell them there's a fault in the trim—and I've got to keep the truth of it quiet. Don't tell anyone. We want people to stay confident in our clothes."

"That's a good point," Barry said. "Well then, you'd better be our agent at large, and you'd better start at once. Tell any lies you can think of, but just get those dresses back!"

This time Jenny was changing in her mother's bedroom, as she would on the morning of the wedding, and her mother got a chance to watch the whole process as her friend and bridesmaid-to-be Gwen battled with the recalcitrant zip.

"I think that dress gets tighter every time you try it on!" her mother said. "Are you putting on weight?"

"No," Jenny said. "I'm dieting—hadn't you noticed? I've been taking it in."

Her mother looked at the straining zip down the back of her daughter's gown, which looked ready to let go any second. "I think you've gone far enough," she said. "Gwen could hardly get the zip up this time."

Jenny looked at her reflection smugly, smoothing the dress down over her curvaceous figure.

"I haven't gone nearly far enough," she said. "I've seen stars at the Oscars in dresses much tighter than this one. Anyway, there'll be Gwen as a bridesmaid and you to help with the zip. I'll get into it somehow on the big day."

"If that dress gets just a quarter of an inch tighter," her mother declared, "nothing on earth is going to get that zip up!"

"A pair of pliers might," Jenny said. "Use that to hold onto the zip and you could do it as long as you've got a couple of people pushing it shut at the same time."

"But you must be so uncomfortable!"

"In a way, but I get a real buzz out of it too. The tighter my dress is, the better it shows me off. This dress is so tight it's squeezing me into its shape and making me even more curvy than I was before. See the way it pushes my bust up? That's all the stuff there's no room for round my middle, forced up onto my chest and pushing my tits out. I look two sizes bigger round the bust and two sizes smaller round the waist. That's worth having. So what if it's a bit hard to breathe? I told you, it looks sexy, and anyway you know what people used to do when they heard Marilyn Monroe doing her breathy voice!"

"You aren't Marilyn, and I still think the dress is too tight. That zip's going to blow if you aren't careful."

"No it isn't, Mum!" Jenny said firmly. "I looked at the catalogue and you didn't. This dress is meant to be worn very tight—it's made with an extra-strong zip specially. They designed it to stand this kind of strain. It's not going to give way."

Driving along Marketgate Miranda kept a look-out for The Robing of the Bride, the biggest wedding shop in Bassaguard and the only one which had ordered any of the Gaynor dresses. She had managed to track down all the others and remove them: the boot and the cramped back seats of her Mazda were now bulging with so many dresses she could hardly see out of the back window. It was a good thing it was a slim gown that had been recalled instead of one of those styles with the huge skirt most brides wanted; she'd never have done it otherwise.

None had been sold, and though normally that would have bothered her in the circumstances it was a relief. This was the last shop that had had any stocks, and surely in an old-fashioned town like this no bride would want to wear a gown like that! In a few minutes she'd be done, then she could heave a big sigh of relief—the biggest one that would fit inside her straitjacket of a suit, anyway—and go back to the reassuring dullness of ordinary work.

There was the shop, passing on the right. No parking places, damn it. Miranda drove on until she saw someone getting into a car, then stopped and lurked blocking traffic until the car had gone and she was able to nip into the space it left. Then she got out, set the alarm—she didn't want any of those dresses stolen, they were still savable if the factory put new zips in them—and set off for the shop, which was now annoyingly far away.

The tight suit skirt and high heels combined to give her a walk which attracted a lot of attention, and the short jacket which left her firm bottom mostly exposed helped to show it off; but at the moment she wasn't interested in impressing people. She was rehearsing her lies to get the dresses out of the shop without causing alarm and despondency.

She arrived at the shop and peered past the sumptuous dummies in the window. There seemed to be only one member of staff, and she was occupied with a pretty little Japanese girl who had gone for the full Fairy Princess style: that was good, Miranda could get in and make a start without being disturbed. She ducked quietly in through the door—she was noticed, but no more than that—and started making her way round the racks. The shop had put up signs with the logos of the bridalwear companies on them: that was helpful, it made it easier for her to find what she was looking for.

A few minutes later she had been through all the Guifei gowns, twice, and didn't feel so confident as she had. They had according to her records bought eight of the "Gaynor" gowns, but she could only find seven on the rack. Her stomach turned over. She hunted again, but it was no help: the dress hadn't been misfiled under another design. She began searching at random, and uncovered dresses of all kind, a sea of white satin, silk and tulle; but the slim and curvy lines of the "Gaynor" gown were nowhere to be found.

"Can I help you?"

Miranda jumped.

"Oh! Sorry. I'm from Guifei Bridalwear and we're organising a product recall. The 'Gaynor' style gown has a slight flaw and I was just looking to see whether you'd sold any."

"That's the strapless sheath dress one, isn't it? It's not a popular style," the assistant said. "It's too demanding—only a bride with an absolutely perfect figure and a hell of a lot of confidence can wear it."

"Ahem! Well, whether it sells well or not, the thing is I've got you down as having bought eight, but I can only find seven. Have any been sold?"

"Yes, one's been sold. What's the matter?"

"Oh, it's nothing important, there's just a flaw in the marabou trim round the hem of the train…Could you possibly give me the name and address of the bride who bought it? I'll get in touch with her at once and we'll get the dress replaced."

"That's going to be a bit difficult," the assistant said. "She's getting married at two."

"Shit!" Miranda exclaimed. "Er…well, about her name and address, could you tell me?"

"I don't see what good it's going to do," the assistant said. "You can't take the dress and replace it in the time she's got left. I want to protect my customers' privacy."

"No, this really is important, Mrs, er…I have to protect my company's reputation, and if a bride appears on her photographs with a dress that has visible imperfections then it reflects badly on us. It really is very important that you—"

"I don't think it matters," the assistant said loudly. "If there was anything wrong with it that was going to bother her she'd have noticed it by now and come back here to complain. Whatever it is can't be very serious. I think you'd better just take the other seven dresses and leave."

Miranda sighed and went over to the rack to lift the dresses off in a great crackling of plastic bags and tulle flounces. "Of course you'll get replacements in a few days, we're just setting up the factory for a new batch…Listen, you're sure you can't give me the name and address of the bride? At the least we could send her our apology."

"There's no need for you to have her name and address for that," the assistant said. "I can pass on your apology myself. Why is it so important to you?"

Miranda hung her head.

"Oh, all right," she said wearily. "I admit it, I've been lying to you. It's not a small problem with the trim, it's a very big problem. Very big." She paused, reluctant to continue.

"Well?" the assistant demanded. "What?"

"It's not the trim, it's the zip. They put the wrong zip in a batch of these dresses at the factory. It's not strong enough—you know, it's a very tight dress—and it might give way…we don't want that to happen in public."

"I see! Well, come with me." The assistant led her back to the cash desk and began looking through a file. As she searched she said "You never know, it might be all right…"

"I have to do my best, though. I suppose….maybe she didn't wear it as tight as it's meant to be, maybe she thought that was uncomfortable. Did you notice the fit when she tried it on, do you remember?"

"I do indeed—it's not often we shift one of those gowns. And I do remember the fit. She sent me back for another gown because she wasn't satisfied with it."

She began writing a name and address on a slip of paper.

"Bigger size?" Miranda asked hopefully.

"No," the assistant said, handing the paper over.

"Smaller." Miranda sighed and looked worried.

"Still, no need to panic yet," the assistant added, hoping to comfort her. "She did say she was going on a diet—maybe by now she's lost enough wait that the dress isn't tight at all."

In Jenny's mother's bedroom there was a tense silence, broken only by the tiny prickling sound of a zip strained to the limit of its strength being forced upwards, millimetre by millimetre. Her mother, in all her wedding finery, turquoise suit and matching stilettos, was kneeling behind her gripping a pair of pliers with all her strength and jamming them upwards. The jaws of the pliers were clenched about the slider of Jenny's zip, which was most reluctant to move. To left and right the two sides gaped desperately as if they hated each other and nothing could ever persuade them to hold hands.

Jenny's friend and bridesmaid Gwen was doing her best to help: wearing a sea-green satin dress which was tight by any ordinary standards but looked like a tent next to Jenny's gown, she was holding one side of the zip in each hand and struggling to force them together. She wasn't having much success.

"Gwen," Jenny's mother said crossly, "can't you squeeze any harder than that? We're not getting anywhere!"

"Yes," Jenny interrupted, "if you don't get a move on—"

"Jenny, I've told you, hold your breath and don't talk! You're not making this any easier by yacking. What were you going to say, Gwen?"

"It's this dress," Gwen said. "It's too tight. I'm afraid if I brace myself to pull really hard the bodice is going to pop open."

"You should talk!" Jenny said bitterly.

"Jenny, I won't tell you again! Come here, Gwen, and I'll unzip you."

With a slight struggle the fine zip down Gwen's shiny satin back was coaxed down to the bottom again, revealing a black lacy bra, panties, and suspender belt. Jenny's mother looked at them and then went back to her daughter, comparing the strip of bare flesh revealed by the gaping zip.

"Jenny, is it too late to persuade you to wear something under that gown?"

"It is," Jenny said. "Now come on, you've got no excuses left. Mum, get the pliers, Gwen, start squeezing me. Ooh! Not that hard!"

"If I don't," Gwen said, "we'll never get this zip done up. Now you heard what your Mum said—shut up and let us get on with it."

Jenny managed to keep quite for nearly a minute, then gasped "Aren't you finished yet? We're going to be late!"

"Whose fault is that?" her mother grunted, struggling with the zip.

"It's yours for not getting me into my gown fast—OW!"

"Sorry, Jenny love," her mother said. "I told you to wear something under it!"

"And I told you, Mum, I'm not going to. No way."

Her mother moved back and stood at a respectful distance as if she were a bomb that might explode at any second.

"Have you done with the zip?" Jenny asked. "Up?"

"Uh-huh."

"Good. Now, that's all…my hair's fine, I got my gloves on, you did my shoes before the dress because it's hard to bend in it, I just need my hat…"

Her mother passed her a wide-brimmed, deep-crowned straw hat with a long ribbon that looked like a surplus from the Titanic costume department, and helped Jenny pin it to her tied-up hair.

"Now, will you people help me downstairs? I don't want to fall in this gown!"

"If you do fall," Gwen said, eyeing her nervously, "you will burst your dress. Just wait a minute. Would you do my zip for me?"

"I'm the bride, I don't do things for other people, not today. Let Mum do it."

"All right."

Jenny's mother went back to work and again with a bit of trouble in places got Gwen's zip back up to the top.

"There we are, then. Look at her, Jenny. Why couldn't you have got a dress that fits like this?"

"I'm not going to argue with you any more," Jenny said. "You've heard it all a thousand times. This dress is not too tight!"

"She's got a point," Gwen said. "If I had a figure like hers I'd want to show it off."

"You'd think after all the dieting she's done it would be looser by now…"

"Dieting and tight dresses," said Jenny authoritatively and breathlessly, "are two different things. I diet to get an even better figure—if that's possible. I want to wear a tight dress to show myself off, so every time I lose weight I take the dress in a bit more. I might have been a bit overenthusiastic—I think it's tighter now than it was when I bought it—but it looks great and it shows off my figure, and that's all that matters today!"

"Well, Jenny, don't take any deep breaths or you'll pop out of that low neckline and show more than you intended!"

"Are you two going to help me down the stairs or aren't you? Thanks. I can't take deep breaths," Jenny continued as Gwen and her mother began carefully ushering her down the stairs, taking care not to let her trip over her skirt or stumble in her impossibly high heels, "because this dress is too tight for that. Shallow breaths are all I can manage."

"And what if you sneeze and something bursts?"

"For heaven's sake, Mum! I have told you—they expect the dress to be tight, it's made strong, it won't burst. I'm not just going to the ceremony in it, I'm going to dance in it, and all the time Matthew's dancing with me he's going to know I'm naked underneath…he's going to be so hot by the end of the evening, you won't believe it!"

"I've seen what you can do to him," her mother said, as they neared the bottom of the stairs, "and I'll believe anything. Oh, well. I suppose I ought to be proud of you. Not many girls could bring off that dress but you do look pretty fabulous."

Jenny smiled brilliantly. "Thanks. Am I down?"

"You are."

Her feet had reached the hall floor. Her mother opened the front door and Gwen dodged out of it, holding her skirts up, and ran to the waiting taxi. It wasn't good manners for the bridesmaid to get there at the same time as the bride. Jenny's mother called for her husband, then followed. She jumped in, and the taxi roared away to keep up the proprieties of a traditional wedding even if the bride was very untraditionally dressed.

Jenny stood there for a moment feeling very lonely before her father arrived.

"Now, love, you look stunning!" he said. "Real film-star glamour, like Jane Russell or something like that."

"Who's Jane Russell?"

"Before your time, love. Well, come on, let's get you down to the limo."

He offered his arm: hanging onto it with one hand and onto her enormous hat with the other Jenny teetered down the path. The long, tight skirt allowed her only small steps, and her heels were so high that the light wind blowing made even walking down a concrete garden path a tricky job.

Brides are usually told to wear flat, comfortable shoes, as they'll be standing up for hours and under long full skirts nobody will see what they have on their feet; but Jenny couldn't bear not to show her legs, and with her feet on show she was pretty well obliged to go for five-inch heels. She was sure she could stand it for the course of the day—she'd worn very high heels for long periods before—but out in the weather she was glad of an arm to hold onto.

The driver of the limousine was holding the door open, and she really did feel like a film star as she came up to him. Just as she was about to get in, though, something happened to distract her. A Mazda MX5 suddenly hurtled round the corner from the main road, fishtailed onto the wrong side, got its skid back under control and pounded up to the limousine flashing its lights and sounding its horn. Jenny watched amazed.

"Take no notice, love," her father said. "Just sit yourself down. You're late enough already—don't want to turn up at the church to find they've all gone home."

Jenny could see the sense in that. She turned her back to the car door, ignoring the noise of the Mazda screeching to a halt down the road, and slowly lowered herself to the seat. She was afraid the dress would give way with the strain of sitting, but there were no suspicious ripping noises: everything held. With great relief she swung her feet into the limousine. Her father quickly tossed her train in beside her, closed the door, then hurried round to the other side.

As the driver was starting the engine Jenny heard someone shouting outside: "Stop! Stop!"

She looked round, awkward in the tight boned bodice. A handsome fortyish blonde woman had jumped out of the Mazda and was doing her best to run after them, rather hampered by an elegant business suit with a tight pencil skirt and a pair of beautiful four-inch stiletto courts almost as sexy as Jenny's wedding shoes.

"Shall I stop, sir?" the driver asked.

"She's probably just some loony," Jenny's father replied. "Drive on."

The limousine glided off, and as it turned the corner into the main road the last Jenny saw of the strange woman was a despairing figure standing in the middle of her street. Well, she'd probably never know who she was or what she was after. The wedding was what mattered now; and stunning all the guests with this impossibly sexy gown.

Miranda drove as fast as she dared. She didn't know the town, and there were too many police about for her to do much creative speeding, but she cut every corner and overtook every vehicle she could. She was aware it was after two o'clock: late, but if the dress was as tight as the shop assistant had said it would probably take Jenny a good long time to cram herself into it. Maybe, just maybe…

That was it—that was the road, and she'd seen from the map that Jenny's house was almost at the end of it. Not waiting to see if there was anything coming to the junction she screamed round the corner right in front of an oncoming brewer's lorry, and—yes, there it was, that was the house, and there was a girl in a long white dress going up to the limousine parked outside! She was in time!

She began flashing her lights and sounding her horn, but they took no notice: an older man who must be Jenny's father was easing her in through the door. Miranda's mouth went dry: so near, yet so far. She jammed on the brakes and began struggling out of the car. That was the trouble with opting for a low, sporty model: it looked great, but Miranda enjoyed wearing tight pencil skirts and high heels and that made getting in and out tricky.

By the time she was up and out in the road the door of the limousine was closed and it was obviously ready to start. Forgetting all her diplomacy and cover stories Miranda broke into the nearest thing to a run her skirt and heels would allow her, waving her arms and yelling "Stop! Stop!" It was hopeless: they hadn't heard, or they weren't taking any notice. The limousine pulled away from the kerb, smoothly turned the corner into the main road, and vanished into the traffic.

For a moment Miranda just stood there in misery, flushed and breathing hard, each breath straining the buttons on her close-tailored suit jacket—the designers hadn't intended it to be worn while running, obviously. Then she realised she had to try—however hopeless, she had to try. She turned round and hurried back to her double-parked MX5, swearing in passing at a man who was trying to drive down the road and objected to finding a woman walking in it.

Then of course she had to turn round, and the road was packed with cars as far as the eye could see…in the end she had to resort to reversing back to the junction and then round the corner onto the main road. It was hideously dangerous, but she was hardly aware of that. Now her one hope was to get to the bride before the bride got to the church, and stop her. How, she didn't know, but it was an emergency. She stood on the accelerator and roared off.

It didn't go well. After half a mile of darting in and out of traffic she caught sight of the white bridemobile sailing up a hill some way further on; but between them was a long roadworks, and of course the red light was against her. Desperate as she was, Miranda wasn't quite ready to drive on the pavement to get past it. By the time she was through the bridemobile had vanished again. She put the pedal back to the metal and concentrated. She had never driven so brilliantly in her life, dodging past the other vehicles as if they were stationary, waiting for nobody and nothing, and she had just got the bridemobile in sight when she saw a flashing blue light in her rear view mirror.

"Oh, God!" she said, and pulled over.

"Well," the policeman said when he reached her, "and how fast were you going, eh?"

"I don't know," said Miranda, who had been looking at Jenny's limousine and not at the speedometer.

"Sixty-four miles an hour in a built-up area. And what's the speed limit here?"

"Thirty miles an hour. Look, you know, I have to—"

"Thirty miles an hour, that's right. Now, you were doing twice the limit. Why was that?"

Miranda sighed and slapped the sweaty steering wheel. "I was trying to get to a wedding."

"A wedding?"

"Yes. You can just see the bride's limousine up there…look, she's going over the top of the hill. I've got to get there before she does."

"This time," the policeman observed with satisfaction, "you're going to be late."

Miranda sighed again. "Look, OK, I admit it, I was driving like a maniac, speeding, whatever. I'll pay the fine, do community service, you name it. Just write the ticket and it'll get seen to. But please, you have to let me go on!"

"Why? You'll only be a few minutes behind the bride. I've got to talk to you first…"

"It's important. Look, see all these dresses in the back of my car? They're all faulty—the wrong zips were put in them at the factory. If the bride wears the dress too tight the zip could burst at the wrong moment and then she'll be in a hell of a mess. I'm afraid that's what's going to happen to the bride I've been chasing if I don't catch her." She looked the policeman straight in the eye and tried to be serious and beautiful and sincere. "Now, you write me my ticket, look, here's my driving license, and send me a summons when I get home. But please just let me go on!"

The second policeman had joined the first.

"Let her go, Bob," he said. "My Allie wore a very tight gown to our wedding. She looked fabulous, but if her zip had burst at the ceremony she'd never have got over it. It's important."

"Oh…all right." Miranda fidgeted while the policeman filled in the ticket and took his notes, painfully slowly; then he said "Don't do this again or you'll be in danger of losing your license," and handed her the speeding ticket. "Now you can go—but stick to thirty!" he yelled as Miranda stood on the accelerator and roared off again.

She never heard him. The moment the police let her go they were forgotten. She was dimly aware of the road ahead, but her mind's eye was filled with that glimpse she had of Jenny in her 'Gaynor' wedding gown about to get into the car. Working for a wedding dress company she had plenty of experience of tight dresses, but Jenny definitely took the prize and then some. If any dress was going to suffer from the defective zip, it was that one—and it hadn't gone yet. Jenny was in terrible danger and she didn't even know it.

The church where Jenny had chosen to marry was a picturesque rural kirk alone on a hilltop out in the country—probably a nuisance for the guests, but a potential life-saver for Miranda as it gave her a nice long drive to catch them up. She had just spotted the chapel on its green knoll when she noticed a large white roof winding its way through the hedges a quarter of a mile or so further on. She still had a chance!

The road was narrow and full of bends and there was a "no overtaking" strip firmly painted down the middle of it. Miranda took as much notice of that as she had of the speed limit in town, and in a couple of minutes she was tailgating the bridemobile. She sounded her horn and flashed her lights again, but again they stonily ignored her. She felt almost ready to cry with frustration, but she knew that wouldn't do any good. Flooring the accelerator again she twisted the wheel to the right and pulled out alongside the limousine. Taking up station parallel with the back seat, where she could see Jenny with her big hat and bare shoulders pretty and ladylike on the white leather seats, she wound down the passenger's side window—damn good thing this car had electric windows!—and leant over as far as she dared. She yelled "STOP! STOP!"

Again they took no notice. She took the deepest breath her suit allowed—had she but known it, she came within a hair of popping a button—and bellowed "YOU'RE IN DANGER! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP! YOUR ZIP MIGHT BLOW ANY MINUTE!"

She could see Jenny's father had noticed, but all he gave her was a dirty look and a rude gesture; Jenny preserved dignified indifference. Then a loud horn brought her back to her senses: she looked to the front and saw a tractor bearing down on her. She stamped on the brake and quickly pulled back in behind the limousine. The Mazda came to a complete stop, and she stood there by the roadside while the bridemobile pulled away, feeling very shaken. The tractor-driver stopped too and gave him a piece of his mind, in some very colourful language, but she didn't hear a word he said. She was all too well aware that she was the only thing between Jenny and disaster, and if the disaster was to be prevented she had to do something damn quick.

She rammed the car back into gear and raced after the rapidly dwindling limousine. This time she made no attempt to stop them: when she caught them up she just swung out to the right and dashed past. She had one chance left: an ambush. She swerved and skidded down the untidy country road, then nearly missed the turning for the minor road that led to the church and had to go back to get into it. The bridemobile had appeared in her mirror by the time she did it. She belted off down the little side-road: now she could see the hill with the church on top of it rising not far ahead, and even the drive that wound its way down the hillside. She could see where it met the road she was on; only a few hundred yards away…

But there were two burly men in suits standing in the road. She skidded to a halt and stuck her head out of the window.

"Get out of the way!"

"Are you invited?" one of the men asked.

"Course I'm invited, and I'm late, now get out of the way!"

"I don't know you. Who are you? Have you got an invitation?"

"My name's Miranda Myerscough and no, I haven't got an invitation, but—"

"Then you can't come up here."

"What?"

"This is a private road, missis, and parking at the church is strictly limited. Guests and family only. Now, I can see the bride's coming, so if you'd like to make way, please…."

"But—" Miranda could see it was hopeless. She reversed back out of the entrance to the church drive and set off down the side-road again, making room for Jenny to go through, giving up.

Then she decided she'd be damned if she'd give up. She mightn't be able to drive, but they couldn't stop her walking, could they? She followed the road until it had gone round the back of the little hill and the church drive was out of sight. Then she stopped and got out, so hurried that for once she forgot to set the car alarm. She paused briefly, surveying the course ahead of her: a wire fence, a couple of hundred yards of rather steep slope with sheep grazing here and there, and then the church. The drive wound back and forth as it climbed the hill, and the open space at the top by the door was clearly visible: Jenny hadn't got there yet. Perhaps she still had a chance.

She ran into difficulties almost at once. She had thought that her task would mean just talking persuasively to wedding shop staff, and perhaps arguing with a bride who was planning to wear one of the dangerous dresses to a ceremony; she hadn't imagined she would have to climb over a fence into a field. Her skirt was knee-length and too tight for her to raise a leg far; nor could she pull it up, because it tapered. After a bit of experimentation she discovered that she could just about scramble up the fence wire by wire, slotting the strands in the sharp notches between the soles and heels of her stilettos. It was awkward, but it worked, at least as far as the last strand but one; then she began wobbling to and fro violently, and ended by falling head first into the field.

More by luck than anything else she managed to get her hands out and saved her make-up fro contact with the grass, but a good deal of her suit couldn't escape and got visibly dirty. On any ordinary day this would have counted as a disaster, but by now she was hardly concerned about what she looked like. She had a much more serious problem on her hand than a dry-cleaning bill. She scrambled up the hill as fast as she could in her tight skirt and high heels, going on all fours and using her long fingernails like running spikes, a gazelle in stilettos. Raising her head she realised that she was going to end up at the back of the church and started working her way to the right: if she was going to do anything she would have to get into the road and stop Jenny, somehow, before she could get out of the limousine. How, she didn't know, but she was prepared to lie down in front of the bridemobile and pray it didn't run her over if it was the price of saving her company's reputation from a zip giving way at the wrong moment.

The slope got steeper in the middle of the hill, so that she nearly fell over backwards more than once; then it evened out, and pretty soon Miranda found she could just about stand upright safely. She was aware that with the effort of climbing she had ripped the slit of her elegantly slender skirt right up to the waistband and if there was anyone behind her they would be getting a splendid view of her suspenders and stocking tops; but again she was barely concerned with that. It could wait: Jenny couldn't. Finally, muddy and panting, she reached the hilltop only to find she was too late.

Telling the story later, Jenny's parents always began with "And it all seemed to be going so well!"

 The huge limousine had managed the steep and winding church drive without getting stuck, and there Jenny was, all in white, romantic and sexy at the same time, sitting in the car waiting for the attention of the people who had come to watch her play a starring role in her own wedding. While her mother and Gwen stood by smiling and looking excited the photographer and the video camera man were ready: as the chauffeur opened the door they took up their positions, filming Jenny as she sat in the back seat waiting to get out.

She was smiling and trying to look sweet and innocent and pure, in which she wasn't entirely successful; but she did look remarkably pretty, the huge straw hat framing her lovely face, and the tight, low-cut dress sticking like a coat of varnish to her impressive curves. Her father watched proudly, knowing that these were wedding pictures plenty of people would enjoy looking at again and again.

A movement caught his eye. He looked up: there coming over the edge of the hilltop was the strange woman who had been pursuing them ever since they left the house. Her once immaculate suit was now untidy and dirty, the skirt flapped around her legs like an apron, and a button seemed to have popped off the tight little jacket: she was glazed with fatigue and her hair was coming down. Even so, when she saw them with the limousine, her eyes widened and she could be heard faintly gasping "Stop! Stop! Wait!"

"Oh, God, Jenny, here's that crazy woman again!" her father said. "Come on, let's get you out of the car."

"Right, Dad," Jenny said, with a smile. "That's enough photographs anyway. Come on, give me your hand."

She hung onto her enormous hat with one gloved hand and gave the other to her father. He steadied her as she edged along the seat until she could get her feet to the ground, and then as soon as she was ready he gave her a good pull. The photographer and the video cameraman stood by waiting to capture the historic moment that the bride left the car and began her last journey as a single woman, down the aisle to the altar.

She might have got away with it if she hadn't insisted on wearing five-inch heels with her wedding gown. Unfortunately Jenny could never resist high heels if people were going to be looking at her, and especially not on a special occasion like this. When her feet hit the ground she couldn't get them quite steady; then her father pulled her upright and the sudden jerk disorientated her. Her ankle turned, she fell forward, there was a horrendous splitting sound, and the long zip down the back of her dress gave way in a moment, flying open as the dreadful tension in it was released.

Jenny gasped and reached for it, but it was too late. The dress was strapless, and when the zip had gone there was nothing to keep it up at all: it fell down round her ankles and she was left in front of the church in her hat and gloves and nothing else but a blush you could have used as a sunlamp. On the far side of the limousine the strange woman in the tattered suit gave a great groan and sank to her knees.

Jenny's mother rushed to help, but her father was already attending her.

"Don't! I can manage!" he shouted. "Just get rid of her!"—and he pointed to the kneeling woman, who now appeared to be weeping. His wife nodded, gave the now bright red Jenny a concerned look, and hurried off across the gravel.

"Look here," she said, "who are you?"

Miranda looked up. It was a handsome middle-aged woman in a turquoise suit with a big hat and matching high heels. The family resemblance was immediately obvious. "You're the bride's mother, aren't you? I'm from the company that made her dress. I was sent to try and get it off her. There was a fault in manufacturing and they put the wrong zip in—it was liable to burst if the dress was worn too tight…"

"Well," said Jenny's mother, "I did tell her the dress was far too tight, but she wouldn't listen."

Watching Jenny trying unsuccessfully to hide herself behind her straw hat, she added philosophically "But it's a bit late to do anything about it now…"