**Jenny 1998**

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**Jenny and the Bee by Ranko**

Jenny feels a slight tickle on the back of her leg, and to her utter horror she sees a yellow jacket crawl slowly under her white sundress. In a panic she SCREAMS and twirls around, dropping her drink and desperately hitting her hands on her thighs where she saw the bee. She's always been deathly afraid of bees, and now one is UNDER her dress!

With a quick nervous look around, she notices everybody at the party staring! Oh god, why did she scream so loud. In her panic, she thinks she can actually feel that disgusting little insect crawling around. She really needed to lift her dress up a little, but with the whole party looking on, she would be totally humiliated.

The house was too far to run too, she was stuck. And with a gulp, she slowly lifted the hem of her dress up above her knees. Please let the bee fly out, but it was no where to be seen. Reluctantly, she slid her dress up higher, and she could just feel the blush start on her face. Soon the dress was just below her thong panties, and her face was BEET RED.

She asked the couple standing behind her, if they saw the bee, and at that moment they did crawling up higher into her dress. Oh god, now she'd have to expose her panties to the ENTIRE party. And to make matters worse, some asshole with a camera was snapping picture after picture. She had never been that embarrassed. Well maybe that time she played strip poker, and was the only one losing and wound up BUCK NAKED...but this was a close second.

She took a deep breath and lifted her dress up to her stomach, and the partygoers let out a cheer. She was holding her dress up, just begging folks to stare at her thong panties, her face red, her thong tucked up deep into her ass crack, and the top half inch of pubic hair peeking out over the top.

And still the bee crept higher. She tried shaking the dress but that just caused the zipper on the back to pull open. Jenny felt the dress give way and realized it had opened up completely in the back! The dress style didn't allow for her to wear a bra and her 36CC breasts winked into view. She was left holding the dress across her front, in a losing effort to keep her panties and nipples covered.

And to make matters worse, the bee had walked around her stomach, and was sitting right on the crack of her shapely ass, right at the top of the thong. A fact the couple standing next to her pointed out. She begged them to shoo it away, but they were laughing too hard, as was most of the party.

She didn't want to let go of the dress, clutched across her naked breasts, and covering her front, and she didn't want to let the bee stay where it was. She felt trapped and humiliated! She stood frozen with shock, and couldn't believe what she was about to do. She begged the couple again to shoo it away, but the still laughingly refused. So she bundled the dress in her hands, crossed her one arm to shield her naked nipples, and used the sundress to swat at the bee on her thong..

The crowd cheered more, cause the panties exposed the top of her pubes...a fact they yelled to her. Forgetting her topless condition, she dropped her hand to lift up on her thong, and that exposed her chest. She heard the camera snapping away, and desperately tugged on her thong. A loud tearing sound followed. In her haste to lift it, she tore it completely off.

Now nude, standing in broad daylight in the middle of a party, with only her sundress to cover her, she fell to the ground for cover. The bee was long gone, but somebody ran up and grabbed her dress and yanked it from her grip. Her naked butt was on display. She was mortified and started to crawl towards her car. Slowly, so her legs wouldn't flash her pussy. As she walked past each person, they started to swat her butt, until that got as red as her face.

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**Jenny, Nymph For A Day by Pink**

It was a golden summer day. Late July, the farmland of northern Illinois. A thick white haze brought humidity to the fields of ripening corn. A warm breeze stirred the air, but provided no relief. Jenny shaded her eyes, straining to make out any vehicles on county road 25N in the distance.

Cicadas were abundant this year, and their continuous mating hiss was almost deafening. Butterflies and sparrows flitted through the lilac bushes that marked the edge of the yard.

Jenny was very impatient. Her husband had brought her to this rented farmhouse for the summer, to make their stay more relaxing during his temporary assignment in Milwaukee. But during the last two days had been working with designers at the contractor's office in Chicago, and she was alone.

The heat, humidity, and boredom finally got to her. She walked barefoot back to the house, filled a large thermos with ice lemonade, grabbed a magnetic compass, a large white towel, donned sunglasses, then walked to the edge of the cornfield. Her yellow flowered sundress rippled lightly in the breeze, and allowed air to move next to her skin, removing some of the ever- present perspiration. The noon sun glinted off her shoulder-length blonde hair.

Her recollection of the maps they unrolled at the real estate office, was that a creek and lake lay to the north, beyond the field. The image drew her boldly through the chest-high corn, checking the compass, stepping lightly across the deep furrows in the rich black soil. The soles of her bare feet were soon black, but she didn't care- there was no-one to see.

This was a bit out of character for her. At their permanent home in the suburbs of Atlanta, Jenny never took long walks. Their conservative community was white-collar, their home was filled with antique cherry, and she was used to air conditioning. Today, she felt far away from all that, anxious to let go, surrounded by unheard-of privacy.

Her passage surpised an occasional large crow, and she stepped across what looked like deer tracks. She was perspiring heavily, and felt dirty from all the dust.

Suddenly, with a splash of blue, the corn opened out to a sloping shoreline of neck- high reeds, ending in an idyllic farm pond.

Feeling like a girl again, she ran down to the water, crashing through the reeds, flushing out three large quail, which soared away with an incredible, beating racket. With great relief, Jenny unzipped the side of her sundress, dropping it to the dried grass at the water's edge next to the compass, thermos and towel.

Reaching behind, she unclasped her bright white, lacy brassiere, and let it fall off her shoulders, releasing her large breasts, which jiggled a bit. The sun reflected off their golden upper surfaces, and shadow distinctly outlined their curved undersides.

Hooking her thumbs in her white cotton panties, she slipped them down, lifting each foot in turn to drop them in the grass. The curled hairs of her blond bush vibrated a bit in the wind. Her round, naked ass cheeks, though well-muscled, jiggled as she stretched.

A large smile spread over her freckled cheeks as Jenny drank in the sun, the breeze, the erotic feel of air moving over her golden, naked torso. Grabbing a small bar of soap, she carefully picked her way down to the water's edge.

Her pretty little foot reached out, the big toe lightly touching the surface. It was just right! Eagerly, she stepped out, moving across the mucky bottom, the water slowly inching up past her ankles, knees, hips, chest. Finally, she splashed forward, beating the water with her long, shapely legs, turning over and lazily treading on her back, gazing up at the cloudless hazy sky. Her rouge-colored nipples, now hard, poked up through the water surface.

Jenny went back to shallow water, stood up, and worked up a luxurious white lather over her whole body, moving her hands all over her-self, cleaning away a day of grime and sweat. Then, she tossed the soap to the shore, and submerged, rinsing. Again floating, treading, her thick black eyelashes shut, Zen-like meditation calmed her.....

Suddenly, her eyes opened with a start!

"You can't swim here, lady!!" - the voice of a boy. A small splash as she swirled around. Two youngsters stood on the shoreline, where she had entered. Each boy - perhaps 14 years old, held a shotgun, wore a large straw hat, messy t-shirt, cut-off shorts.

"Paw says people like you mess up our quail huntin' with all your racket. This here's a private pond!"

"I, I, I'm very sorry, young man. Please forgive me. I, I had no idea. I'll leave immediately!"

"Not until you show us your birthday suit - stand up, lady!" one of them yelled, waving his shotgun.

"Yeah, do it!" the other agreed, motioning with his hand.

Desperate and extremely red faced, Jenny slowly rose, keeping hands over strategic spots....

The two boys laughed loudly, pointing at her.

Jenny then submerged again, lowering her chin down to the water surface. "Could you PLEASE throw me my clothes now?" she pleaded.

She heard giggling from the two, who were now kneeling, picking up her compass, thermos, towel, white undergarments and yellow sundress. With relief, she saw them roll up the clothes. Then, with horror, she saw them turn away and begin to walk up the hill.

"Hey, come back - MY CLOTHES!" she screamed, frantic.

"They'll just be your fee for using our pond, lady!" one of them chided, the other laughing boisterously. They hurried up through the grass, and disappeared. All that was left was the hissing of the cicada...

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Half an hour later, Jenny was creeping down the side of the county road. Her knees and waist were bent, and the soles of her feet were once again dirty. She kept one arm over her ample breasts, and one crossing her crotch, except when clearing away the tall weeds through which she was moving. Occasionally, a pickup roared by, the driver oblivious to her partially-hidden, naked spectacle, trailing a cloud of dust which then blew across the adjacent field.

Jenny felt vulnerable, angry, frightened, yet very aroused in spite of herself.

She thought of waiting until dusk, but knew she couldn't find her way back at night. It was difficult enough to do it in daylight without the compass, having to follow the road.

Finally, she reached the long gravel driveway which connected the road to their farmhouse. Jenny broke into a run, her 38CC breasts bouncing wildly as she pounded down the road. As she rounded the last turn, passed the outer rim of lilac bushes, she broke into a yard full of her husband's new business associates, splayed out on deck chairs, swigging cool drinks.

Jenny's face was red as a beet, and the blond hairs on her naked back stood on end. Feeling every eye on her birthday suit, she rushed through them to the door, eliciting hoots and laughs. She zipped past her husband, slammed the bedroom door closed, and stood, shaking, realizing that she had never been so embarrassed, - or aroused!

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**Jenny's Ripped Dress by Jenny's Husband**

I came home from work one day eager to see my wife Jenny's new formal gown that she would wear to our company's dance the following night. With much fanfare, she modeled the breathtaking dress for me. It was a strapless, long evening gown, white that accentuated her curves. Her huge breasts looked inviting and the dress displayed a bit of her cleavage. She saw my eyes focus on her breasts and immediately turned red and said, "Do you think this shows too much?" I assured her that it didn't and ranted and raved about the dress. Already, I was hatching a plan in my mind on how she would DEFINITELY show too much the next evening.

That night, after she went to bed, I took a pair of scissors and her dress and made some important modifications. I weakened the seams along the sides and at the shoulders as much as I could without breaking them. I also applied a thin, transparent adhesive to the outside of the white panties she had

picked out to wear with it. Finally, I weakened the seams of the panties like I had the dress.

The next evening, we went to the dance and she was simply stunning. Her hourglass figure turned the head of many of my coworkers. Bill, my closest work friend, also gave her a look, followed by a smile and a wink at me, for he was my accomplice this evening. I had played sort of a game with her while getting ready, dressing her while allowing her to dress me. She thought I was just being playful, but it really allowed me to be the only one that touched her panties. She, therefore, had not discovered the adhesive and I had firmly ensured that her panties stuck to her dress. Of course, the dress didn't allow her to wear a bra.

We danced and had dinner and listened to the boss give a boring speech. Finally, we began dancing again and I nodded to Bill, indicating it was time to put our plan into action. He struck up a conversation with Jenny near the edge of the dance floor. As they talked, he got closer to her, pretending to have a hard time hearing her because of the loud music. As he got closer, he firmly planted his foot on the hem of her dress. She did not notice. I made my way to the other side of the dance floor and waited for the song to end. I had already told the band to take a break after this song

and told the cameraman to stand by. When the song ended, I called out "Jenny". She looked over at me and I motioned wildly for her to hurry over to me like I had something exciting to tell her. She immediately started to walk over. Of course, her dress pulled tight as she moved, and suddenly RRIIIPPP! The shoulder seams tore and because she was moving quickly, the dress pulled down and her luscious 38CC's came into view. Everyone stared at her, the camera flashed, and she was so surprised, she just stood there a couple of seconds...

She stood there, paralyzed, with her beautiful boobs slightly bouncing for everyone's enjoyment. Suddenly she turned crimson red with embarrassment, put her arms in front of her boobs, and looked at her new dress. I hurried over, acting all concerned. Bill acted stunned and confused and took his time removing his foot after she pleaded with him twice. Everyone else in the room broke into cheers and laughter and a crowd quickly gathered around. I said "Honey, hurry and run to the restroom!"

She began to run, but little did she know that I had firmly planted my foot on the hem of her already ripped dress. As she ran out of the crowd, there was another loud RRIIIPPP, and she came completely out of her dress. The panties, of course accompanied her dress and the crowd cheered and laughed even louder at the sight of her bare ass and pussy. I pretended to be knocked down by the sliding dress under my foot, and then acted like I was having a hard time getting through the crowd to help her. She was on her own for at least three minutes. During this time, her hands went to her blonde pussy and huge, bouncing boobs, and she sort of leaned over and tried to walk out of the room. Laughing people blocked the door, though and everyone got a great look at her creamy white ass. Someone turned on a stage spotlight and her ass shined in it's glow as the photographer and by now a few others snapped away with their camera's.

My darling Jenny was so embarrassed because she had never been seen naked in front of anyone but me (and her parents when she was younger). Someone hollered out that he loved her beautiful ass, so she moved the hand that was covering her boobs down to cover her ass. What she didn't realize, though, was that her hand was not enough to cover all of her ass, and it still wiggled around, mostly on display. Now her luscious boobs were exposed for all to see. The whole time she was running around the middle of the dance floor, trying to find a way out, and all her charming parts wiggled to the intense pleasure of the hysterical crowd. I finally got loose and moved to help her, but was very slow about it. As I helped her out, I made sure that her flailing arms exposed her pussy a couple of times. Several guys got good shots of her beautiful, blonde bush as we left the room. I finally found something for her to wear and we left the dance. For days, she did not want to leave the house, she was so embarrassed. I bought her an incredibly expensive formal dress to make up for the one ruined that fateful and erotic night.

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**Jenny and the Uncooperative Bushes by Jenny's Husband**

The park was crowded that Saturday as Jenny, her husband, and his work friends had a party at the main picnic area. The smell of grilled hamburgers and hotdogs filled the air and the noises of volleyball, frisbee, and a softball game contributed to the overall Saturday-in-the-spring atmosphere of the park.

Jenny's husband was playing volleyball with a loud group of his male friends. They had all had quite a few beers and were feeling quite happy. Jenny quietly watched on the sideline, occasionally exchanging smiles or words with some of the other ladies.

She wore a light blue dress whose hem modestly came up to just below the knee. Only a slight bit of cleavage from her ample breasts showed up top. She felt the coolness of a slight breeze as it blew up her dress to her white panties. Her bra was just one of her typical white ones, not too many lacy frills or anything. Just something to contain the fleshy mounds of her boobs. It was fairly old, however, and she was conscious of the fact that it did not completely fulfill it's support role as they bounced when she walked.

After awhile, she got bored of the game and decided to walk around a bit. As she walked around the sand volleyball court to the other side near some bushes and trees, she thought about her husbands co-workers. She had never been completely at ease around them, and their wives were very cliquish. They were friendly enough, but never really included her in their activities.

She felt like her shyness prevented her from getting involved in the group. She had not really prepared anything, and felt a little guilty about not being helpful. She wasn't sure, but she thought that some of the wives had talked about her not helping behind her back. Jenny resolved that if there were anything she could do to contribute to the rest of the party, she would.

As she was thinking of these things, she heard shouts from the volleyball game and looked over at the group, which now included many of the wives. They were pointing behind her and yelling something. She turned around and saw the volleyball bounce into the bushes about 6 feet. It seems that one of the men had gotten angry and punted the ball in frustration.

"Hey Jenny, " her husband shouted,"How about getting the ball out of there."

Now this was the last thing she wanted to do. Climbing into those thorny bushes to get the ball for their drunken game was not the kind of helping that she had in mind. Oh well, it seemed minor enough. That is, until she got to the edge of the bushes and realized they were thicker than she realized. She looked back and her face flushed red as she realized that all eyes were on her, waiting for her to get the blasted ball. She couldn't wimp out now, so she turned and plunged into the bushes.

Thorns dug into her legs and tugged at her dress as she made her way through the bushes. She could feel the strain of her dress pulling against her shoulders as the merciless thorns grabbed it in a dozen places.

"Great, I'm going to ruin this old dress" she thought as she tried to unhook several of the thorns.

And an old dress it was, despite its prettiness. The old stitches were of questionable strength and Jenny thought she could hear some slight ripping. She was on the verge of giving up when she looked back and saw her husband and 30 or so others staring at her, impatiently waiting for her to finish the seemingly simple task of returning the ball.

Unbeknownst to her as she turned back and continued through the bushes, the left shoulder seam had come completely apart through the combination of strain to her dress and sharp thorn that had ripped at it.

She still had about three feet to go when she heard the group start shouting at her to hurry. Their voices got louder and her face got redder as she pushed harder through the thorns, forgetting to carefully remove each thorn before moving.

RRRIIIIIIIPPPPPPP!!!

The old blue dress came apart under the strain first at the left shoulder, then at the right, and Jenny felt her bra covered upper body exposed to the breeze. The sudden jolt caused her to stumble and fall forward, completely ripping the ruined dress from her body.

Clad only in her bra and panties, she scrambled to her feet and tried to remove her dress from the thorns. A gasp came from the group of onlookers, and it turned to laughter when they realized she was not hurt, only humiliated. About 30-40 people walked over to see this unfortunate woman up close.

Jenny was horrified as she realized that her dress was firmly stuck in the thorns. She began to push through the bushes to the other side, hoping that there would be fewer people over there. The bushes, however, were not that big, and people surrounded them in moments, watching the struggling girl from all sides and laughing loudly. To make matters worse, these bushes had not quite leafed out this spring and she was plainly visible through the thin branches of the shrub.

Jenny struggled through the thorns in a near state of panic now. All thoughts of winning her husband's coworkers respect now had vanished, and she merely sought to preserve some dignity by getting out of the bush and running to their car.

She did not notice that a particularly nasty thorn had snagged itself to the back strap of her bra. It sliced through the strap easily and her bra hung loosely to her 38CC boobs. It wasn't allowed to hang loosely for long, however, and with her next step, it fell completely off, baring her luscious tits to the world.

A cheer went up from the crowd, cameras flashed, and Jenny turned crimson in humiliation as her large breasts, always the cause of self consciousness, were on display for everyone. The pink nipples soon hardened from a combination of the cool breeze and her embarrassment. This increased her panic and she struggled even harder to get out of the bushes.

Thorns dug into her soft flesh and tugged at her panties, the last shred of clothing she had on. She was determined to get out, and it seemed she had just about done it. However as she gave the last push that expelled her from these uncooperative bushes, she heard RRIIIPPP.

Her panties, now shredded, hung on the evil thorns and Jenny was left standing completely naked. The crowd, now increased to about 50, let out one more loud cheer as they gawked at her blonde little bush and creamy, white, shapely ass. She broke into a desperate run, but had to pass through a number of people in the crowd.

Cameras clicked, hands fondled her boobs and ass, and people laughed hysterically as the red-faced Jenny ran for her car, bouncing and jiggling the whole way.

"Oh no!" she thought, as she realized that her husband had moved the car earlier to a different parking lot on the other side of the park.

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**Jenny and the Elevator by Jenny's Husband**

Jenny and her husband were having a great vacation. At least all one day of it had been great so far. She had been excited at the thought of visiting New York City, having never been there, and the hotel they were staying in was very nice. Her husband had gone all out to ensure that they were treated like the rich. This included buying her a beautiful blue dress.

Although it revealed a little too much cleavage for her shy taste, her friend Ashley had assured her that it was stylish enough for those New Yorkers. Jenny had tried the dress on to show her when she was still at home. Ashley had laughed at Jenny when she had tried to wear a bra underneath it.

"You don't wear a bra under a dress like that," she said, with a mischievous glint in her eye.

Not wanting to appear too ignorant or uncultured, Jenny went along with the idea. Today, as she was preparing to go out with her husband, she wore no bra, and the material felt strange against her nipples. It just didn't feel right, but oh well, she thought. Her husband had insisted that she wear a lacy blue pair of panties under the dress. She felt really pretty as she looked at herself in the mirror. Tonight was going to be great.

Her husband, dressed in a dinner jacket, soon joined her and they left their room on the 14th floor and walked down the hall to the elevator. As they descended to the lobby, she smiled sweetly at her husband and thanked him for the wonderful time in New York so far. He replied that he was having a good time too, but had the feeling that he was forgetting something.

They reached the lobby and stepped out of the elevator. It was crammed with people. The hotel was hosting a large contingent of Japanese businessmen, and they had just arrived. There must have been about 60 or 70 of them milling about in the spacious lobby.

As Jenny stepped into the middle of the throng, she felt very self-conscious. She could feel the stares of several pairs of eyes and suddenly wished the dress didn't show quite so much cleavage. She saw one smiling man nudge his companion, say something to him, and then laugh.

In just a few moments, most of the businessmen in the lobby were staring at her and she suddenly realized that she was just about the only woman around. Her face slowly began to turn red. Then she looked around and started to say something to her husband, but didn't see him.

She looked back at the elevator, whose door was still open, and he was in there, putting his hands in all his pockets.

"Honey, I must have forgotten my wallet in the room, I'll have to go back up and get it."

"Shouldn't I go with you?" she asked, not wanting to remain here, subjected to all these stares.

"No, that's okay, I'll be right back. Just stay here."

With that, he pressed the button to close the door.

She was standing very near the doors as they began to close. She turned around, just as they slammed shut, and did not notice that the back of the hem of her dress was caught in the doors. The first hint that she had that something was wrong came from the widening eyes of her male admirers as the elevator began to rise.

She felt the hem of her dress start to travel up her legs to the knee and she looked down in horror as she realized what was causing it. Her dress was at mid thigh as she tried to tug it loose, but it must have been stuck on something.

She was facing the elevator now, and her dress was slowly rising, now just below her ass. The Japanese men broke into loud laughter and cheers as her blue dress rose above her shapely, blue panty covered ass.

She could hear the flashes from several cameras as the dress approached her waist. Not thinking clearly, she spun around, facing them and called desperately for help. But that was a mistake, as now the dress rose higher.

Soon, her beautiful boobs, bounced into view, and the dress rose higher, pinning her arms above her head. More cheers and laughter, and Jenny felt her face turn a bright shade of red.

The dress suddenly stopped rising. It must have finally come out of her husband's rising elevator, but it was still stuck. It had snagged on something in the elevator shaft and left poor Jenny with her arms pinned high above her head, her tits exposed to the sea of Japanese eyes. She heard foreign voices getting closer and realized that they must be crowding close around her.

"Oh no, please don't!" she cried as she felt two hands on either side of her blue lacy panties. The hands quickly whisked the panties down to her ankles, and her blonde pubic mound suddenly came into view.

She felt like she was going to faint as she heard more cheers, laughter, and camera flashes. Her beautiful body was now too much to resist, and she felt hands began to touch her boobs, her legs, her bouncy butt, her tummy, and her.....

Her husband would not return for another 10 minutes.

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**Jenny's Kite Adventure by Jenny's Husband**

The days were getting longer and hotter as summer drew near. Jenny and her husband were finally getting to spend some time together and they had decided to go to a local park for a picnic and relaxation. The park also had a swimming pool and her husband had convinced her to wear her new bikini. Jenny usually wore one piece swim suits, but her husband had given her this one as a gift and she couldn't very well refuse to wear it. The top more than adequately covered her boobs. The bottom was modest as well, but it did fasten by tying at each hips. Her husband let out a long whistle as she stepped out of the bathroom wearing it.

"Honey, you sure do fill that suit out nicely," he remarked, " I'm sure that you will turn quite a few heads today."

"Oh stop it dear," she said, looking down at her body, and she quickly put on a long t-shirt and shorts over the suit.

Her husband picked up the picnic basket and a duffel bag and they got into the car. As they drove to the park, Jenny said she hoped that it wasn't too crowded, as she wanted to do some tanning. Since this was the first time this year that she had been able to sunbathe, her skin was creamy white, and she felt self-conscious about it.

However, the parking lot was crammed when they got to the park, so they decided to eat lunch first. They found an empty table, as most of the park visitor's were throwing frisbee's and balls, jogging, laying out at the pool, or with their kids at the playground. After eating and taking a short walk, they finally headed for the pool. It was a very large pool, and Jenny was able to find a semi-private corner and spread out her towel.

"What a patriotic girl!" her husband exclaimed as he saw that she had brought her favorite towel. It was a big American flag towel, and she did feel proud and patriotic as she laid down on it.

After rubbing lotion on her, her husband went for a swim while Jenny just basked in the sun. After about half an hour, she heard the noise of young voices and looked over at the parking lot.

As she lay soaking up the sun, Jenny looked at the two buses in the parking lot, and saw at least a hundred boy scouts pile out, laughing and running around. They looked to all be between the ages of 10 to 14, and most of them were carrying kites of various sizes, shapes, and color. The adults with them rounded them up and herded them over to one side of the park. It looked as if they were having some sort of kite flying contest.

She turned back toward the pool and saw her husband get out and walk toward her.

"Had enough today, honey?" he asked. "Not really," she replied,"I could stay a while longer, I haven't been in the pool yet."

"Okay, but I'll tell you what, let me take some of the stuff to the car and drive around a bit. I want to find a convenience store and buy some beer. I'll be back after awhile and we can take another walk. Sound good?"

Jenny nodded her head as her husband dried off. She then went to the edge of the pool and prepared to dive in as he gathered up some stuff and put it in the bag. The water was cold as she dived in, but her body got used to it after swimming a lap. She was enjoying her swim as she went back and forth two more times.

"I'm out of shape," she thought as she held onto the side, gasping for breath.

Deciding that she had had enough, she swam over to a ladder and climbed out. Her nipples poked through the fabric of her bikini as they felt the wind, but she didn't notice, although several guys did. The bottom rode up her crack a little and she very quickly pulled it out and looked around to see if anyone was watching. This time Jenny noticed some men turning their heads away quickly after staring at her.

Suddenly, she felt very self-conscious and quickly grabbed her towel to dry off. She decided that she would put on her shorts and shirt and wait for her husband at a table near the parking lot. To her horror, she realized that her clothes were not there. Her husband must have packed them in the duffel bag and taken them with her. All she had, besides the bikini she wore, was her American flag towel. She didn't even have anything for her feet.

Jenny held up the towel and saw that it appeared to be big enough to wrap around her entire body. She wrapped it around her and tied it shut, then walked out to find a secluded table or bench somewhere.

As she left the pool area, Jenny noticed that the boy scout group had dispersed somewhat. Most of them were flying their kites at various places around the park. Some were running around chasing each other, expending their young male energy. The most secluded part of the park was across from the pool, near the end of the parking lot where the buses were parked. She started walking towards a table near a big tree in that area, hoping that no one would notice her obvious lack of clothes.

Although the towel wrapped around her covered her quite well, she still felt too exposed. She was about ten feet from the table when she heard a voice behind her.

"Hey lady!" She turned around and saw two boy scouts. They appeared to be about 12 years old.

"We just noticed that towel and Jimmy and I were wondering something," one of the scouts said.

"What is it?" Jenny asked. She had always had a fondness for children.

"Well, we're having a creative kite contest in a little bit, and me and Jimmy were supposed to enter this."

He held up the tattered remnants of what used to be a very pretty kite.

"Oh, what happened to your beautiful little kite?" Jenny asked.

"Some of the bigger boys were jealous and they ripped it apart," the other boy said,"And now me and Tommy don't got no kite to enter in the contest." He sniffed a little as he said this.

"Oh, poor dears," Jenny said,"What do you want me to do, tell their mommies?" she asked.

"Well," answered Tommy," We actually hoped that maybe you could let us borrow that towel. Jimmy and me are real good at making kites, and we could make an American flag kite out of that. I know it would win, because everyone loves the flag, and nobody has ever made one before. We would give it right back, honest."

Jenny did not want to give up the only cover she had against staring eyes. She looked around for her husband, but he was nowhere in sight. Then she looked back at the boys. She had always been a sucker for kids, and she saw that it meant so much to them.

"Okay, boys,"she said,"but let me see you make it and give it right back when your done."

"Oh boy!" they shouted as she unwrapped the towel from her body and handed it to them."We'll make it right at this here table," said Tommy.

Jenny sat down and watched as the eager boys stretched her towel over a hastily constructed frame. She admired their skill as they fashioned a beautiful, patriotic flag out of the material.

"Are you sure it isn't too heavy?" she asked.

"Nah," Jimmy said,"We stretched real tight so its nice and thin and besides, the winds picked up some."

She noticed that the wind had picked up. But she didn't notice that the coolness was causing her nipples to protrude through the fabric of her swimsuit again. Quite a few others noticed it, however. A group was starting to form around she and the boys as more and more boy scouts gathered to supposedly comment on the creative kite they were making.

Most of them, however, were more impressed with the charms of this older woman with the huge boobs. They were whispering and laughing to each other and some were going around the park, saying "Hey, guys, you gotta come see this babe!"

All this remained completely unnoticed by Jenny, as she watched the boys finish their kite.

"It's really great,"she said as she stood up and walked around the table toward them.

This gave the growing group of boys, plus a few men who had come over, a great view of her shapely ass. The material had crawled up her crack, and the boys tittered and giggled as they stared at it wiggle under her bikini bottom.

Tommy and Jimmy, bursting with pride, brought their creation over to the troop leader for inspection.

"Come with us ma'am,"Tommy urged, and so Jenny walked over with them.

The throng of boys and men followed, dozens of eyes focusing on her swaying ass. The naive girl was so proud of the little scouts, that she did not realize that she was the object of their lust, on display for all to see.

"It looks very good, boys," the troop leader said,"We just have to make sure that it flies and then you have a great chance of winning first prize."

Jenny clapped her hands and told the boys "Good luck!" as they prepared to fly the kite.

Tommy held the kite at the end of about twenty thirty feet of string while Jimmy stood next to Jenny and held the end of the string. He waited for a big gust of wind and then let the kite go. It sailed straight up about 40 feet, as Jimmy let slack out. The crowd cheered, and Jenny patted the boys on the head and excitedly said, "I knew you could do it."

Tommy had come back over and was standing near her. He was excited, too, but for a different reason. Ever since he had stood near the pool and watched this gorgeous babe laying on her towel, he had been developing this scheme, and the first part of it was accomplished. He whispered something in Jimmy's ear and then picked up a lot of slack in the string. Jenny was looking skyward, at the beautiful kite climbing ever higher and was completely oblivious to the crowd around her.

Jimmy asked her, "Do you like it lady?"

"Yes, its a wonderful kite. You and Tommy are very special boys."

"I hope you stay and watch a while longer, until we see if we win the contest," Jimmy said.

"O.K." she replied.

Jimmy kept talking to her, distracting her attention away from Tommy, who at that moment was practicing his knot tying skills. He had taken the loose end of the kite string and had looped it through the drawstring at the back of her bikini top. Then he took the rest of the slack and, very skillfully and without her noticing, looped it through first one tie and then the other of both hips of her bottom.

A huge crowd of scouts and scout leaders had gathered and watched him do this. Many of them were snickering and pointing, anticipating the supreme moment they were about to witness. Tommy glared at a few that he thought were becoming too loud, and checked each knot. He then got Jimmy's attention and nodded.

Jimmy said,"Here lady, hold this and feel how strong the wind is."

He gave her the string and she remarked,"My, it is strong!"

The kite was very high now, and Jenny handed the string back to Jimmy. He reached for it and seemed to have a good hold on it, so she let go. He let it slip through his fingers, however, and a very strong wind carried the kite even higher. It all happened very fast.

Jenny felt a tug at the string of her top, then a split second later, she felt it rip from her body and saw it take off as the kite string pulled it up high out of reach. She instinctively lunged forward and as she did, her huge luscious, breasts jiggled and bounced for about a hundred boy scouts and men. Her ears were instantly filled with cheers, hoots, and howls from the crowd. She barely had time to move her arms to cover her boobs when she felt a tug at her bikini bottoms.

"Oh no!" she thought and let out a shriek as the strings at both hips suddenly untied. The merciless

wind pulled on the kite and the string literally ripped the material away from her lower body and carried her bottoms way up in the air.

Jenny was totally naked now, surrounded by a huge troop of the Boy Scouts of America, who loudly sent up another cheer as her creamy white ass and blonde bush were suddenly exposed to them. Two hundred eyes focused on her most intimate parts. She blushed furiously, and began to scramble for a way out. As she plowed through the crowd, she felt hands of all sizes feeling all over her boobs, flicking her nipples, slapping her ass, and one or two even probing at her bush.

Completely embarrassed and humiliated, she finally broke through the crowd and ran across the park, boobs bouncing and ass jiggling.

A boy near one of the buses shouted, "Hey lady, you'll be safe in here!"

He pointed to the open door of the bus. A completely trusting person, Jenny bounced into the bus as the crowd outside pushed and shoved to try and overtake her. She bounced up the steps and pulled the lever, locking the door shut.

As she turned around to run up the aisle, her eyes filled with fear and another shriek escaped her lips. The bus was packed with another full troop of scouts who had just arrived! A gasp arose from the group, and 50 more pairs of eyes scanned every detail of her body, 38CC boobs, trim little blonde bush, and beautiful quivering ass. She saw smiles and several hands reaching out towards her........

What was she going to do?

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**Jenny's Mistake by Jenny's Husband**

The sun shone bright at 8 o'clock that morning as Jenny's husband kissed her goodbye and left for work. As he left he told her to make sure and do something but in her absentminded state she didn't remember what.

She was sitting at the breakfast table, looking out the window at what would otherwise have been a beautiful yard. However, they had been adding on to their garage and the yard was littered with lumber scraps, trash, sawhorses, and other carpentry related items. Six workmen had been building on the garage all week long and they had not impressed Jenny. They were loud, rude, lazy, and were

always looking her up and down when she went outside.

In spite of the fact that she had a gorgeous body, she was very shy and self-conscious about it. The workmen usually came to work around nine, and since they left their tools locked up in the garage, they had to get the key from Jenny every morning.

As Jenny finished her coffee, she decided that she would take a shower, open the garage for the workmen, lock the house, and then go shopping. She had the strange feeling that she was forgetting to do something, but she could not remember what it was. As she stripped off her nightgown and panties and stepped into the shower, she began to reflect on younger days.

In school, everyone had called her "Airhead". She resented the name, because she felt it was unfair. She was one of the smartest girls in school, but she sometimes daydreamed and forgot things. Because she was shy, she was not assertive enough to defend herself and lose the nickname. To think about it now still made her feel a little mad. But she decided to just relax and enjoy the warm water of the shower as it cascaded over her well-endowed body.

If only that nagging feeling that she had forgotten something would go away....

"Oh my God!" she yelled as her memory suddenly returned.

She and her husband had planted a rose bush in front of the house. For three years, they had cared for it, but it did not bloom. This spring it had finally sprouted a little bud and they were overjoyed. They gave it extra special attention then and watered it every morning.

This morning, her husband had said that he would turn on the water at 8 o clock when he left and for her to be sure and turn it off in 15 minutes or she would risk drowning it. She looked at her watch. 8:40. "Oh no!", she thought as she turned the knob to stop the shower, "I've got to hurry."

She stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel. Since they lived in the country, no one would see her if she went outside in only her towel, and the workmen wouldn't be here for twenty minutes. She wrapped the towel around her wet, luscious body. It did not cover much, coming up to just a couple of inches below the crease of her well-formed ass. Her boobs filled the top part of the towel, jutting out in front and showing lots of cleavage. Because of the sudden change in temperature, her pink nipples poked through the fabric of the towel.

As she hastily ran outside, she shut the door behind her. She ran to the faucet and turned off the water, but she had a feeling that something was not right. She inspected the rosebush and, to her relief, decided that it would live. As she walked back toward the door, she realized what was not right. To her horror, she remembered that the door was still locked. Jenny's face turned red as she faced the reality that she was locked outside in only her towel.

To make matters worse, four trucks pulled up in the driveway behind her, and workmen began piling out. She quickly though about running, but there was really no place to go. If she ran around back, she would still be locked out, and anyway the workmen had seen her by now.

It was certainly her unlucky day. Because the work crew had fallen behind, they brought four extra guys to help. Jenny was immediately surrounded by ten men, who were smiling at each other and looking her up and down in her thin little towel.

As she stood there, clad only in a thin little towel and surrounded by 10 big workmen, Jenny felt her face flush red with embarrassment. She had never shown this much flesh to any man but her husband. She was paralyzed with embarrassment, and her arms were crossed over her chest in an attempt to hide her protruding nipples.

"Need some help, ma'am?" one of the men asked with a smile on his face. Other men were already starting to laugh at her predicament.

"I locked myself out," she said weakly.

"Well, since we can't get to work until you give us the key to the garage, Joe here will try to pick the lock. He served some time for getting caught at it a few years ago."

The men laughed as Joe took his time fishing a small knife out of his pocket.

"This may take a while, ma'am, so just relax."

"He's got to be crazy," Jenny thought. How could she relax in her near state of nudity in front of all these men. She noticed that not one of them attempted to help her. They were getting a big kick out of the situation. Jenny moved as best she could out of the crowd of men and over to one of the sawhorses. She rested her barely covered ass against it and looked at the ground. The men gathered around her, making slightly suggestive comments, while Joe continued picking the lock.

It was taking a long time, and Jenny felt tears began to well up in her eyes. "You forgetful airhead!" she kept telling herself. The men continued to ogle her, never once offering to help and snickering and whispering to each other. She didn't want to imagine what they were saying and didn't want to think about all those boners growing because of her. How unlucky she was!

But her bad luck was not over. Little did she know, but the bottom of the towel had hooked on a nail that stuck out of the sawhorse. Just then she felt a sting on her bottom. "Ouch!" she cried as she realized that an ant had bit her. As she jerked away from the sawhorse, her towel slid off, still hooked on the nail. Her beautiful body shined in the sun and she froze.

The men roared with laughter as she stumbled backward, 38CC boobs bouncing, pink nipples sticking straight out, ass wiggling, and blonde pubes completely exposed. Jenny was horrified. She lunged for the towel. But it had fallen on the other side of the sawhorse. She instinctively bent over the sawhorse to reach for the towel. As she did, her ass stuck straight up in the air. When she grabbed the towel on the other side however, one man grabbed her wrists. Another grabbed her ankles. Jenny almost fainted as she felt ten pairs of eyes staring at her naked body in this position.

Her legs were slightly spread, and the men were treated to the sight of her bush between them. As she struggled to get free, her ass wiggled more. Her pretty little butthole was on display for these men to see, and to make matters worse, two of them went to their trucks and got their cameras. They snapped picture after picture and several hands slapped her creamy white ass, turning a slight shade of red.

Nothing like this had ever happened to Jenny before. She just sobbed in utter embarrassment as the men laughed, poked, spanked, and took pictures. Finally, Joe picked the front door lock and they released her arms and legs.

Jenny ran into the house, forgetting her towel. Her beautiful tits bounced and her ass jiggled all the way to the door, which she closed behind her.

For days, she could barely look her husband in the eye.

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**Jenny's “Bad Hare” Day by Warthog**

It was the day before Easter and the weather could not have been better for the annual holiday gathering at Uncle Bill's farm. Jenny squatted in the small rabbit pen alongside the barn, playing with the critters that scampered at her feet. These little bunnies are sooo cute, she mused. Jenny was wearing a lightweight cotton sundress with the pale blue flower print she just adored. Underneath was her favorite bra, a frilly white job with a front clasp that nestled just below the cleavage of her ample,shapely breasts. Below the bra, simple white cotton panties. South of the panties, Jenny had opted for short yellow socks that looked great with her new white Reeboks.

She picked up a flop-eared brown and white rabbit, and said to it: "Flopsy, you'll be my little friend for today... C'mon!". Jenny carried the critter a few dozen yards towards the tables that had been set up for the outdoor banquet. About a hundred friends and relatives were expected; most had already arrived when Jenny saw her husband.

He was entertaining the little ones in a rabbit costume, worn unwillingly as the loser of that year's So-who's-gonna-wear-the-suit contest. "So are you having fun yet?" Jenny taunted. "Yeah, baby, acting is my life!" Then he playfully goosed her with a white-gloved hand. "OOOH! Heyyy-stop that!" she giggled, then continued "I'll be playing with Flopsy in the barn; see you later!" "Okay, Jenny- not too long though, dinner's in a half-hour.".

The barn was really more of a storage shed, with tractors, reapers, and other farm equipment filling the interior. Jenny happily played with the rabbit at the base of Uncle Bill's large, modern tractor, which had huge tires five foot in diameter and a big, fully enclosed cab. As she cooed over the bunny, a few of the family children peeked in, and her young nephew said: " Hi, Aunt Jenny, can we play with Flopsy?" "Sure, but be really nice to him", she replied, as they took the rabbit and began to climb to the top of the

tractor. Jenny smiled as the jeans-clad kids carefully passed the animal to each other as they made their way to the top of the grungy machine: first the cab-step, then the fender, onto the hood, then a long pull over a greasy windshield to the roof of the cab.

They gently played with the critter as Jenny looked on joyfully. Then all of them heard a magical word: "Dinnertime!",shouted from the farmhouse. The children quickly scampered down and off the tractor, in their haste leaving the rabbit atop the cab. All of them, Jenny included, rushed out the barn and towards the food.

After a few steps, she stopped in her tracks with the realization that a certain bunny was missing. "Wait... kids...Flopsy!!", Jenny cried, but the laughing children were by then too far away to hear. I can't just leave him there, she thought, as she made her way back to the barn. But I'll ruin my dress on that dirty old tractor! Jenny looked up the cab and made a fateful decision: Well, nobody's around.. I'll just take off the dress, climb up, bring down Flopsy, and clean myself off with the towel inside the cab.... That's a great plan Jenny smiled to herself.

She undid the white buttons at her neck, and pulled the dress over her head, revealing her soft, voluptuous body. Jenny laid the dress on a reasonably clean bale of hay, and then moved over to the

tractor, giggling at the sight of herself: big boobs in a little bra, little white panties, yellow socks! She was hopping onto the fender when there was a voice from outside the barn: "Dinnertime! Any stragglers? Jenny, are you in there?" Oh no,it was Reverend Phillips! He stepped inside, right next to the tall fender where Jenny perched. Startled, she turned toward the minister, lost her footing, and began to fall. He raised his arms to catch her, but succeeded only in hooking a thumb at the side of her panties; his hand closed on reflex. As she dropped, the panties quickly rode up between her tender, fleshy cheeks.

Reverend Phillips other hand grazed her bottom, and the stunned minister realized that Jenny was getting a massive wedgie, on his account! Paralyzed, he could not unlock his steady grip, and the panties stretched and strained. Then RRR-III-PPP!! as they finally gave way.

Jenny landed on her feet, almost embracing Reverend Phillips, who was now holding the tattered remains just below her splendid God-given endowments. For a long moment, Jenny just stared at him with huge horror eyes. She turned and fled- but only got about two feet before being halted by the elastic band around her chest. "OHHWWW", she yowled, and grabbed at he band, her fingers also around the bra clasp that nestled between her plush orbs. She yanked hard, popped the clasp, then pulled the band roughly over her breasts, causing them to flip up and flop out of the bra cups. Finally freeing herself with an overhead tug, she ran towards the farmhouse, leaving the bemused minister holding a shredded loop of fabric that moments before had been the underwear of the girl he had baptized twenty-five years earlier.

Suffice to say there were a lot of surprised and amused guests as Jenny ran past the banquet tables clad only in yellow socks and white shoes. Her husband, still in the bunny suit, shouted "Jenny! Wait!" and began to chase after his wife. A strange sight it was: An overgrown white rabbit pursuing a very lovely and naked blond woman. Some of the guests were red-faced and silent, but the majority were roaring hysterically; Jenny's grandfather laughed so hard he fell out of his wheelchair. The wild pair had made it back into the farmhouse when Jenny's little nephew blurted "Hey Ma- she got the rabbit back- I see her PUBIC HARE! hahahahahaha" WHAAACK!! "Oww, Ma, that really hurt..."

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**Jenny's Feline Problems by Jason**

Jenny stood by the mirror, holding up her yellow sundress in front of her to see how it would look. She hadn't worn this dress in a while but it seemed appropriate for today. It was a hot day and this dress was thin and would be cool to wear outside in the heat. Besides, she thought it looked cute, with a floral print on bright yellow, it seemed to belong with nature.

Jenny put the dress back on the bed, wearing only a bra. This dress was much too short to wear without panties, so walking over to her drawer she opened it only to remember that forgetting to do the laundry could have its price. There were only two pairs of panties left. She picked one of them up, a blue bikini, which looked like it wouldn't show underneath the thin fabric of the dress. Slipping her legs into them, she pulled them up to her waist but they were much too small to make it all the way up easily. By her thighs she had to pull them up harder, wondering why she kept underwear that didn't fit. By the time her panties were at her waist she had trouble moving around. "I can't even sit down in these," she thought, pulling them down again and placing them back in the drawer. For a day outside she would need something less constraining. Lifting the other pair out of the drawer she was happy to see that they looked like they would fit. They were white cotton hi-cut panties, and Jenny had no trouble slipping them on over her shapely round ass. Unlike the others they were loose and felt soft and comfortable.

Jenny looked at herself in the mirror and was surprised to see how thin they were; she hadn't even noticed that you could see right through them! She considered this for a while, even striking a few poses in front of the mirror in her bra and panties, smiling at herself. It was lucky no one else was here to see her. "They are better than the other ones," she decided after a while, and walked over to the bed to put on her dress. As she crossed the room, a breeze from the fan blew on her, rustling her loose panties so they tickled her tender skin. Jenny giggled; she was very ticklish. Her panties were loose around the legs and waist but they would stay up. Jenny remembered a time when she had had this problem at the office and turned red at the thought. But this wouldn't be a problem, she thought as she put her sundress on. She put on a pair on open-toe sandals that she particularly liked and walked out the bedroom door to have some breakfast before she left.

Jenny and her husband reached their friends' house in just a few minutes; traffic was light as it was around 11:00 on a Saturday. One of her husband's friends was having a barbecue, something which she wasn't particularly looking forward to but thought it might be nice to come anyway. Several of her husband's friends were coming so she knew she would have to look for someone else to mingle with.

As they stepped out of the driveway into the front lawn, her husband almost immediately spotted someone he knew, and with a quick remark of "Have fun," he disappeared into the crowd without further acknowledgment. Jenny looked around for someone she knew but there were mostly male friends of her husband. Not surprising since it had been his idea to come. Jenny decided to walk around for a while; she saw that they had quite a large yard and felt like walking around. She stopped to admire the garden past one corner of the house.

As she bent down to look at some of the flowers, a gust of wind blew by, lifting up her sundress from behind up past her waist! Jenny gasped as she realized her panties were not only exposed but had quietly slipped down and were showing the very top of crack of her ass! She felt the wind brush against the tops of her bare cheeks, hurriedly straightening herself and putting a hand on the wispy fabric of the dress to cover up her panties. She looked around, very afraid that somebody had seen this. She let out a sigh of relief when she saw everyone was clustered around the front lawn. No one spared a glance in her direction.

Thankful, Jenny sat down on a low rock wall encasing the garden, promising herself not to bend over again. As she was admiring their neighbors' gardening skills, she heard a soft meow behind her and turned to see a small white house cat walking softly across the grassy lawn. Jenny smiled.

"Come here, you," she said, reaching out one hand to stroke the cat.

The cat, after a period of hesitation, decided to let her and jumped up on her lap. She admired the cat for a while, petting it and talking gently to it; she loved cats, and had always thought they were cute. After a while an amusing idea came to her. She undid a tennis bracelet she was wearing around her wrist and fastened it around the cat's neck. It wasn't tight enough to hurt the animal but tight enough to stay on. She held the cat in front of her and smiled at the way it looked.

"I think you may look even better in this than I do," she said jokingly. She had always liked that bracelet; she had gotten it as a present and wore it regularly.

Just as she was about to take it off the cat, she saw something fly past them; it missed them but spooked the cat, who immediately took off for the other side of the yard. Jenny got up to run after her bracelet, stopping to see what it was that scared the kitty. It was a baseball; apparently some of the neighbors' kids had been throwing it around. Some of them were coming after it right now. But Jenny didn't stop to throw it to them; she had to get her bracelet back!

She ran to where the cat was but when she got to it, it was to edgy to recognize even her. The cat ran away, frightened as ever, and much to Jenny's dismay scurried up a nearby tree with her bracelet around his neck.

Jenny's spirits sank with frustration. Was she ever going to get her bracelet back? There were now several people, adults included, in this section of the yard and she considered asking one of them to get it back but then wondered how she would explain how this cat was wearing her bracelet. That would make her seem silly. No, it was better to get it herself. She used to climb trees when she was a kid anyway, and this one seemed easy enough. There were branches every step of the way. Jenny cautiously put one foot on a branch just a few feet above the ground.

She looked around, embarrassed because she knew this dress would rise up past her panties if she lifted her foot that high. Several men were already standing by the house, pretending to be talking but actually watching Jenny as her white cotton panties came into view. Jenny's face turned red; she got her other foot up and quickly covered up her underwear, very self-conscious by this time. And as if things weren't bad enough, more and more people seemed to be migrating over here. Was it to watch her? Jenny seriously hoped it wasn't, especially since the next branch was even higher.

Summoning all her courage Jenny lifted her arms to the branch above her and struggled to pull herself up. She had her back to the house, too, so everyone could see her firm ass from top to bottom, covered in her loose panties that were already beginning to scrunch down past her crack again from the movement. She couldn't go back now. She was just about to grab another branch when to her horror she felt a gust of wind!

Her sundress was blowing up higher than ever before, exposing her underwear to a small crowd gathered below! Her dress was blowing so high everyone could see the waistband of her panties, and some could even see a thin layer of skin past that! Jenny shrieked, accidentally attracting the attention of anyone who wasn't watching her intently by that time.

She was flushed by this time, her only thought being to make this as fast as possible so she could get down out of here. Jenny climbed faster, hoping if she could get higher people would stop watching her. She watched her footholds but in her haste Jenny failed to see a small branch just to her left as she pulled herself up.

Just as she reached the next limb Jenny panicked as she felt a tugging on her left dress strap! There was a snap as the dress strap severed, hanging to one side and exposing her bra, barely containing her ample breasts through this trial. She prayed her breasts would stay inside their cups, especially since more men were gathered around the base of the tree. Any hope of them forgetting about her was lost, but if she hurried she could still go inside the house and…

Jenny thought she would die of embarrassment she felt the familiar sensation again. The tugging was on her right strap, the only thing that was holding her sundress on over her body.

"No, please no…" she whispered, but it was too late.

Her strap broke at the shoulder and Jenny desperately clutched at her dress to keep it up but she wasn't fast enough. The dress fell down past her sandals, floating gently to the ground and leaving Jenny holding a branch in her thin white panties and her bra, barely big enough to hold her shaking 36CC breasts. What was more, the branch had cut right through her right bra strap!

Jenny was in a panic as she heard laughter and whistling coming from the men underneath. She could get the bracelet later!

"Just get down and get into the house!" she thought, but it was too far to jump.

Jenny's feet searched frantically for a foothold, but she couldn't find the branch she used to get here. Even more men had gathered to watch this gorgeous woman hanging onto a branch while her legs wiggled all over searching for a way down, more people than Jenny thought were at this party in the first place.

Just when she thought things couldn't get worse, Jenny felt a tickling sensation at her waist. Her panties! Moving her feet around had been too much for the loose waistband which began to slowly creep farther and farther down, exposing the top of her bush until they hung dangerously at her hips. Jenny froze with terror, afraid to move but also afraid to stay put. Just then she saw the branch.

Slowly and carefully Jenny reached with her legs towards it, letting her sandals fall off and being very careful to keep her panties in place. She felt the bark with her toes and stepped onto it with relief, grabbing her panties with one hand to draw them back up. Unfortunately, Jenny had forgotten about the small branch!

While Jenny was concentrating on her panties, the branch quickly finished what it had started, hooking underneath the back of Jenny's bra as she stepped down. Too late she heard the snap as her bra tore loose, hanging on a branch just a few inches out of her reach!

Standing on her toes Jenny tried to reach it, almost ready to cry from embarrassment. She still couldn't get to it, and as she stretched herself out her panties were beginning to slip again! She tried to cover her breasts with one arm while the other held her panties, but everyone below could see her open breasts jiggling as she tried to climb down.

"Just one more branch," she thought, quickly letting herself down.

Just as she was hanging there, she saw the cat she had been chasing come down from the tree and stopped in front of her. Jenny weakly reached over to take her bracelet back, trying very hard to keep her panties in place as they already hung several inches below her waist. Just as she reached the bracelet and took it, Jenny's smooth underarm brushed over a leaf sprouting from the tree. It tickled!

Jenny giggled and squirmed, forgetting her position and wiggling her dangling legs as she tried to escape from the tickling. But in a moment Jenny was horrified to feel her panties slipping down even further! They were just barely clinging to her ass now, ready to fall off completely.

"Please, please not the panties!"she prayed.

She only had one chance; with her left hand she reached down quickly to grab her panties before they were lost.

No! That movement was just enough. Jenny thought she would die as the soft white panties gently slid off her round ass, down past her thighs and legs until they reached the tips of her toes and fell off. The men cheered as her pussy came into view and she was left completely naked dangling from a branch.

One of the men could not hold back, and he reached up and with one finger tickled the sole of Jenny's bare foot. Jenny shrieked with laughter and she felt her grip on the branch weakening. She knew she couldn't hold on any longer. With a scream she lost her hold completely and came tumbling to the ground, lying completely naked with an enormous crowd gathered around her. Jenny looked around for her dress and her panties, but they were no longer there.

All the had was her tennis bracelet as Jenny ran for the front door, her breasts and her ass bouncing as she ran across the lawn with her hair streaming through the air until finally she reached the front door. Jenny twisted the doorknob and could have cried when she realized it was locked…

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**Jenny Helping Out by LOTFW**

It was a warm spring day and Jenny's Husband wanted to take advantage of it to do some projects in the yard. He decided it was a good time to fell the old tree where he wanted to put the fence. Jenny wouldn't have liked him to cut it down if it started to bloom so better to do it now.

The tree was fairly tall and close to the house. Close enough to cause some damage. Jenny's husband removed most of the smaller limbs. He then decided he would need Jenny's help for the main trunk and large branches.

Jenny did not plan on yard work today and wasn't dressed appropriately. All that she was wearing was a light summer dress. She thought she would be working around the house so she wore no bra. Her dress was a light fabric with thin shoulder straps her breasts were held in by a number of buttons on the front.

Jenny's husband had called to her to come out quickly to help him out. She went out to see he was at the base of one of the larger branches. It came close to where the house was. He tells her to grab the rope that he had attached and keep tension on it. Jenny's husband had rigged a pulley system to help her with the effort. The pulley was anchored into the ground and Jenny had to hold on with both hands and lean back.

She grabbed the rope completely unprepared for the effort she would have to expend. She cautiously looked at the tree branch as it swayed towards the house. Jenny's husband began to cut into the branch. A miscalculation of the wind and the odd curve of the limb edged it closer to the house. Jenny noticed this and felt and increasing tension on the rope. She held on for her life.

Her little white shoes dug into the grass as she tried to maintain her foothold. The noise of the chainsaw and his close proximity to the limb prevented Jenny's husband from knowing what was happening.

As Jenny pulled on the rope the dipping of her shoulders caused her shoulder strap to fall off. She barely noticed as she felt secure with her other one still in place. She then shifted her grip to relieve her muscles. She had essentially dipped the other shoulder now. This strap now slid down her shoulder.

At this point she realized what was happening and pressed her elbows away from her body. The tension increased on the straps and held the dress in place. She shifted a few more times and each time she attempted to keep her elbows apart from her body.

Each shift she lost a little more. Her cleavage became more apparent as the dress slipped down. She was also straining the buttons and the straps themselves. In her next shift the top button popped off. She was becoming increasingly aware of the situation with her dress.

As the dressed inched down Jenny tried a new approach, she pressed her arms against her body trying to hold the dress in place. This had the effect of loosening her grip on the rope and letting the straps fall completely to her elbows.

A gust of wind catches her off guard and she immediately reacts and moves her arms away from her body to counter the force. The position of the straps and her outward force on them cause them to give.

First the left strap breaks and then the right. Without anything to support it the dress falls to the ground. Her breasts slide free, her nipples erect from the gradual stimulation of the sliding dress.

Jenny is about to scream when another gust pulls on the rope. Jenny steps forward in an attempt not to slip on the grass. Her feet unfortunately are wrapped in her dress which is now lying on the ground.

She falls forward as the tree limb begins to fall. She is dragged along the ground her panties now are a victim of friction and slide over her lovely ass and down her thighs.

She stands startled, the tree limb had missed the house. Jenny's husband looks back to see Jenny with panties around her thighs and grass stains on her breasts.

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**Jenny Goes to the Bank by ?**

It was a warm spring day, promising the El Nino summer to come. Jenny was off work and had dressed casually in a sundress. Her large breasts still required a bra, and she could never go with out panties, especially since Aunt Rose was visiting that week, but the sunny print of the dress appealed to her on such a fine day.

She had errands to run, to the store for a few things, pick up some dry cleaning, this and that. She stopped at McWillies and had a coke and some fries. It was a warm day and a bit later she bought another coke and held the iced cup to her forehead. It felt good, and for just a moment she wondered how it would feel presses against her breast.

There was a long line at the bank. She joined the queue and patiently waited as, one after another, the people in front of her did their banking. Just as she reached the teller three men wearing masks and carrying shotguns ran into the bank.

"Everyone on the floor!" Jenny, slow to realize what was happening, turned and looked at the men. While the people in line behind her were falling to the floor, she was frozen in fear and could not move. One of the men jumped over the counter and began emptying the teller stations of their cash. Another found the Bank Manager and, at gun point, forced him toward the vault. The last one, taller and angrier than the others, steeped forward, rested the muzzle of his shotgun on Jenny's chin, and said, "Get on the God Damn floor."

Jenny's legs collapsed and she fell, landing on the man who had been in line behind her. He was laying on his back and her left breast ended up practically in the man's face. She hoped he didn't smother.

The Robbers were efficient. The Angry one pulled a stop watch from his pocket and began counting out the time to the other two ... 40 seconds, then 50, then 1 minute ...

At 2 minutes the masked man who was cleaning out the teller windows jumped back over the counter, his gunny sack filled with notes. At 3 minutes the other man emerged from the vault, carrying a sea bag that seemed very heavy. Jenny watched, very carefully lest she be seen to be watching, everything that happened. She was a good witness to a crime, she thought, carefully judging the height and weight of each man.

At 3 minutes, 15 seconds, the angry man garbed her by the hair, rudely jerked her to her feet and pushed her toward a corner of the room where no one was laying on the floor. The other two men rudely ordered all the young female tellers to the same corner, and few of the women who had been made to lay on the floor only 3 minutes before.

The angry man, standing a few feet away from the dozen women who had been selected said, "We need a hostage. One of you is coming with us. If the cops don't catch us then you'll be left naked in a public place, a diversion. If one of you has any guts, now is the time to show it."

None of the women moved; all were shaking with fear and most were crying. The Angry man said, "No volunteers? Then I will take one of you." He garbed the young teller next to Jenny, a woman of 25 wearing a silk dress, stuck the muzzle of this shotgun under her chin and said, "Strip."

The woman tried to comply, pulling the dress off her shoulders and allowing it to fall to the floor. Her bra was lacy and new, she wore no panties only panty hose; her pubic hair clearly visible compressed against her body under the sheer nylon. She pushed the hose down to her knees, showing her untrimmed bush to the mad men with guns ... her face became red ... and she fainted ... falling to the floor with her panty hose around her knees.

The angry man again garbed Jenny by the hair and pulled her away from the others. "You're coming with us." Jenny's eye went wide with horror ... her heart began to churn ... but the gunman just stood there, shotgun not wavering an inch. Then he said, "strip".

She was so terrified she could not move. "I said strip, bitch." Still she could not move. The muzzle briefly drifted to a spot over her head, she hear a loud noise as the angry man fired a shell into the ceiling, and then the muzzle was placed against her nose. She could feel the heat from the muzzle, and smell the aroma of burning gun powder. This time, with more violence in his voice the man said ... "Do it." An order from someone in absolute control. An order she could not avoid, not ignore, but must comply.

She reached around her back, found the zipper at the top of her dress and quickly pulled it down. She slipped the dress off, tears now rolling down her cheeks, her eye makeup leaving black streaks, and stood in the bank in just her underwear. The angry man said nothing, but used the muzzle of his shotgun and tapped her none too gently under her jaw. The message was clear.

Jenny, now resigned to her fate, still crying, but without alternative, slid the straps from her bra down, over her shoulders, and then pulled her arms out of the straps. She quickly rotated the bra around her body, exposing her large breasts, so the clasp was in front, and undid the bra, allowing it to fall to the floor. The muzzle remained jammed into her neck ... she had no choice ... she pushed her panties down, past her knees, and let them fall to the floor. Then she steeped out of them, naked. One of the robbers produced a roll of duct tape and quickly taped her hands together, behind her.

The angry one garbed her hair and pulled her toward the door, then outside into the warm day. A dozen people saw this parade and saw Jenny ... her breasts, her pubic hair; they pulled her toward a white mini-van, one with no windows in the back, and then roughly threw her in the back, along with the sacks of money.

She heard the engine start and the van moved away very quickly. One of the men put a strip of duct tape over her eyes. Now sightless and helpless, she could only wait.

Far away she heard a police siren but it faded into the distance.. She heard several clicking sounds.

It seemed like an hour until the van stopped. She heard the back door of the van open and could feel the warm sun light on her body. One of the men garbed her feet and pulled her from the van; her cheeks burned from the friction of being pulled out feet first.

They placed her on her feet. She fell once, managed to right herself, regain her feet, and as the engine noise from the van faded away she tried to get some understand of her surroundings. There was traffic noise but is seemed to be blocks away. She began to walk, bumped into something, changed direction and walked a little further.

She heard a new sound, she heard a giggle, then another ... the tape was ripped from her eyes and she saw a troop of Boy Scouts in their uniforms at the side of an urban lake, fishing. Two dozen eyes were on her ...

She regained consciousnesses in the emergency room.

The police woman was consoling, hugged her twice and held her hand. No, the men had not been caught but their get away van had been found. It was only a matter of time until they were apprehended. There was just one more thing ... they found several empty 35mm film boxes ... did she remember anyone taking any pictures?

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**Jenny's Softball (Mis)Adventure by Gao**

If Jenny could have kicked herself, she would've.

"What was I thinking?" she mumbled to herself, deep in left field. A week ago, joining the company softball seemed like a good idea. Fresh air, exercise, warm weather. Who cares if she barely knew the game and couldn't play worth a damn.

Well, apparently, several angry lesbians cared quite a lot. They were the meanest, ugliest, most unsympathetic bunch Jenny had ever met. They only took her on to meet the league minimum, and banished her to deep, deep left field, and gave her an old uniform.

"Whoever owned this uniform before must've been a midget!"

Jenny's round ass was truly testing the seems; she could barely button it up that morning. And the jersey was containing her full tits only by the grace of God. If the button between her breasts were under any more pressure, it would be a diamond by the end of season.

This wasn't so bad, though, she though. She had right field all to herself. She could barely see the rest of the team, let alone hear them, and since today was just a practice scrimmage, no one would really care if she messed up. If her tight pants would have allowed it, she would have sat down and picked some daisies.

The afternoon rolled on. She came in the dugout when they told her to, and walked out with them.

After what seemed an eternity of boredom, she heard quite a bit of shouting coming from the infield. Everyone was looking her way, and pointing to the sky.

"Oh my God!" she cried.

She could barely make out the ball flying through the sky towards her. Over her, in fact. She turned, and started running to keep her eye on the ball.

"Gottabyasportsbra!Gottabyasportsbra!Gottabyasportsbra!" she chanted.

Another of softballs unexpected surprises was that her ordinary work bras just weren't going to cut it. Her breasts were boucing up and down wildly. More than once she felt her nipples pop in and out of the cup. She just prayed that center button would hold.

The ball just kept going, right over the fence. Jenny looked back and shrugged. Not her fault right? Still, a lot of her team was yelling at her.

"Get the ball!" she finally made out.

"You've got to be kidding!"

The fence was 12 feet tall and chain link. Jenny threw down her glove and slowly tried to scale it. She though the seam on the back of her pants would split for sure, and she even heard a few threads snap, but it held together.

She got to the top, and began the tricky maneuver of swinging over. One leg over, but just as she swung her other leg over, she felt something tug at her waist, and she lost her balance. She turned head over heels, and felt the tight pants being shucked from her ass and thighs.

She was left dangling upside-down, one foot still caught in the cuff of her pants. The waistband of her pants firmly caught around a metal point at the top of the fence, and most of the rest the pants reduced to taters.

Most of the team was making their way over to her, and she tried in vain to cover her white panties with her shirt-tails.

Thank God I still got my panties, she thought, as both of her generous boobs slid out off the bra cups. Finally the slacks gave way, and she fell-half naked in a pile of leaves.

"At least get the ball!" centerfield yelled.

Several of her team mates had gather by the fence. Jenny began searching for the ball, under the leering gaze of the other players. She suspected some were actually enjoying the show, and tried to cover herself with her hands.

After literally 15 minutes of searching, she found the ball and tossed it back.

"How do I get out of here?" she begged.

"Same way you got in!" they laughed.

She started her climb back to the top. She was so concerned with the show she was putting on she found it hard to concentrate on climbing. She got to the other side without incident, and let out a sigh of relief, but as she began to descend, she felt a metal barb snag the waistband of her panties. Her toe slipped from the links, and the panties tore off without a fight.

Jenny caught herself. Her bare ass was now exposed at eye level, and one of her teammates even took the liberty of giving her round ass a loud slap.

"Hey!" she cried, and began climbing back up to retrieve her panties.

Her face was flushed red, and her hand were shaking terribly. When she got to the top, she saw her underwear was a shredded piece of cotton. Again she felt another sharp slap against her ass, and again, her footing gave.

This time, the fence caught one of the lower button holes on her jersey. The extra-snug shirt exploded, and she felt it rip apart.

After landing on her ass, she strode up and looked at her body dumbfounded. The only thing she was wearing below her waist was her socks and sneaker. Her bra cups had long since slid underneath her quivering tits, leaving her tighten nipples exposed, and with the exception of her sleeves, she had completely lost the jersey.

Jenny's teammates began to howl with laughter. She felt several more spanks to her ass, and even some pinches. Tears filled her eyes, and she ran through the crowd.

Several more women grabbed handfuls of her fleshy ass, and a few even managed to grope her breasts, despite her best defenses.

She ran all the way across the field to her car, and drove home slumped down in the seat. When she finally pulled into her driveway, she pulled out the floor mats, and covered herself with them until she made it inside.

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**Jenny Visits The City by Mike**

It was a beautiful spring day and Jenny had some time off the day and decided to co into the city for a day of shopping. She wore a beautiful white, front buttoned, flowing skirt that came well beyond her knees. She also wore a white cotton blouse over a knit thin white tube top. The blouse was opened down the front but tied at the waist. She finished the look off white a pair of white high heeled pumps and white sun hat.

Jenny had a wonderful time visiting the many department store and made several purchases. So many in fact that by noon she had to carry a full shopping bag in each hand. It was such a nice day that she thought that she would walk back to where she had parked her car. She decided to cut through the financial district. She was amazed at the giant and granite marble skyscrapers. It was close to noon and many of the local businessmen were out on their way to lunch.

Jenny couldn’t help but attract their attention as she walked down the sidewalk. Jenny wasn’t used to the city especially the way the wind would whip around by the tall structures. As she reached a street corner a sudden gust of wind blew her skirt up from behind exposing her long bare legs and white silk bikini panties. She twisted around and the wind blew the front up. Her silk panties were just about see through except for an extra piece of lining at the front. Jenny tried to hold the skirt down but it was impossible because of the fierce updrafts and her hands were full from carrying the shopping bags. She would have to wait till she was across the street before she could put the bags down and fix her skirt. She quickly ran to the other side of the street.

Unfortunately the running caused her large 36D breasts to bounce relatively unrestricted under the little tube top attracting even more attention. The action of her heavy breasts bouncing up and down caused the tube top slid down exposing a good portion of her cleavage. All of the men on the sidewalk stopped to admire her as she struggled with her skirt. As she managed to push it down in front than it flew up in back giving the other half of the street a clear view of her beautiful firm round butt.

She finally reached the sidewalk where she adjusted her top and fixed her skirt. The parking lot was right ahead. It was getting hot. She was looking forward to getting home. When she reached her car she put her packages in the back seat. She was going right home and the ride would be fairly long so she thought that it would be OK to remove her blouse and wear just the tube top. She also unbuttoned a few buttons of her skirt to be more comfortable during the drive. Just as she was about to get in the car a huge gust of wind came up and blew her hat off her head.

The hat sailed over her car, bounced across the busy street and settled in a small empty lot. Jenny was in a hurry to get it before it blew away further so she quickly shut the door and headed for the lot. She didn’t think it would take long to retrieve the hat so she didn’t bother to put her blouse back on. She walked briskly to the edge of the sidewalk. Her large nipples clearly visible as the heavy breasts moved freely under the thin tube top. She saw an opening in the traffic and darted across the street her breasts nearly spilling out of her top. The hat lay just on the other side of a 4 foot high chain link fence. There was no close entrance that she could see and it was too high to step over. She had learned the hard way once before about stepping over fences in a skirt. She thought that if she acted fast that she could bend down and reach over and grab it.

She went up as close to the fence as she could and bent down at the waist and reached for it. She could almost touch it. She stretched further. Her fingers were on it… just a little more… Just as she reached it another gust of wind came up and sent the back of her skirt up again. Bending over like she was gave everyone a perfect view of her thin panties tightly stretched over her bottom. She grabbed the hat and quickly started to stand up. As she did her tube top got snagged in the fence.

She was stuck! The little top stretched down and out from her body as she tried to straighten up. It pulled down from her breasts and they fell free and swung out in the warm air. The skirt was still billowing up exposing her bikini encased butt. She had to decide fast which way to go. She pulled up with all her might ripping the small tube top from her body.

At least she had the hat to cover her chest with. She held the hat tightly to her bosom. The only problem was not a small group of men had gathered to watch her. She turned around and covering her breasts with the hat made a bee line across the street.

As she ran by a city trash can her skirt caught on one of the jagged edges. She was unaware of it mainly because of her haste to get to her car. The skirt started to pull out from her body as she entered the street. Suddenly she felt a tug and heard a loud Pop, Pop…Pop, Pop, Pop as the buttons broke away and the skirt tore off her. She stopped in the middle of the road and looked back in horror as her skirt hung on the can. There was now too much traffic for her to go back to get it. A car’s horn suddenly honked.

Jenny shrieked and dropped her hat. The breeze from the passing cars took it away. She was now standing in the middle of traffic in only her panties. Jenny desperately tried to cover herself. She finally managed to get to the side of the street. There was a small opening between a delivery truck and a van that she thought that she could squeeze through. As she eased herself through she slipped on her high heels and fell against the back of the truck. The truck’s motor started up and began to slowly ease out into traffic flow.

She felt a slight pulling. Jenny looked down in horror as she saw her panties had caught on the tuck and were being pulled away. She tried to move forward with the truck and free them but she was not quick enough. Wait!, Stop! She screamed. The driver did not hear her. He gave it the gas and sped away. RRIIP!.

She watched the truck pull away with her panties hanging from the back. Jenny was now naked running after it. She gave up the chase and decided to head for her car.

Finally she made it. She reached for the door. It was locked…

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**Jenny's Bicycle Ride by Biker**

Jenny was really annoyed with her husband as she pedaled along the country road on her bicycle, how dare he suggest she could do with the some exercise, she'd show him! so Jenny had stormed out all hurt at what he'd said, does he think I'm fat or what?.

Sadly Jenny was feeling sensitive at the moment because that morning she'd dressed in one of her favourite summer dresses only to find it just a leeetle too tight in certain places since last year, must have been all that good food at Christmas she told herself, as she'd breathed in and did the last button up. Then to top it off as she walked into the kitchen her husband just HAD to say "Wow Jenny you're almost in that dress!" as he'd said it he saw the anger and hurt show in her beautiful blue eyes, he'd only meant that she filled the dress almost to over flowing and look fantastic but she misunderstood and had took an off hand compliment as sarcasm.

Jenny had left the house and stalked off to the shed and wheeled out the bicycle and sped off before he could stop her.

Her legs flashed as she pumped the pedals and the light summer dress was rather too light for this physical movement and the dress flapped up several times to her hips, still shy Jenny blushed though no one was able to see her.

Soon she was tired and stopped for a rest and flopped down on the grass verge. The sun shone down and the air was gently stirred by a cool breeze, today was going to be wonderful she thought, spring is such a pleasant time of year she laid back onto the grass and chewed on a blade of grass.

Now, usually, Jenny would have paid more attention to those little details like posture and modesty but this was an exception as she laid down and the skirt rose up her legs, anyone lucky enough to be standing at her feet would have been treated to a spectacular pair of legs a pair of very tender thighs, and up higher a pale blue pair of panties stretched over pussy mound to die for, the back of the panties were tucked between Jenny's soft buttocks.

Jenny began to ponder what her husband had said and thought about taking a long ride to burn off some calories and knew just the route she ought to go.

A mile or so from their home was a steep hill which emptied onto a main road at its bottom Jenny decided to ride there, roll down the hill and ride back up it and then home again.

Jenny nodded her head in resolve as she stood up and began to walk to the bike, now if she'd noticed she would have felt something a little odd as she smoothed the dress down over her long legs, but a tiny red Ant, well, several actually. Were making themselves very content amongst the lace trimming of Jenny's panties, one in particular was curious enough to want to explore further and crept past the lace over the silky flesh and into the dark shadowy recesses of the panties.

Jenny once more began riding along humming to herself, wind blowing her hair behind her and feeling the warm air wash down the neckline and caress her creamy flesh with it's passing, ahead she saw the brow of the hill approaching and looked forward to a long roll down the hill free wheeling all the way to the bottom, she reached the crest, over it, and down the other side.

It was at this point that our friend the red Ant nestled into the dark and warm depths of Jenny's underwear decided it'd had enough and wanted out (dumb or what!!) and began searching for an exit, now Ant's aren't particularly bright, and this one was no exception as the other thought of it as the 'Forrest Gump' of the nest so without further ado it gave up looking for an exit and chose at that moment to bite some warm soft and very pink skin it was pressed against not once, but three times!

Jenny began the descent, then without any warning screeched out in pain again and again as an Ant nipped her right on her most sensitive spot.

She almost lost control of the bike in her shock and pain, again she screeched out and knew something was in her panties! holding on with one hand she attempted to remove whatever it was that was causing her such pain.

Now some would question the motives of our Jenny at this time, why didn't she just stop? I hear you say, well I'm writing this and she didn't, plus she was now accelerating rapidly down the hill and couldn't at least not safely.

Jenny got her dress up and out of the way the wind helped it and she dug her hand between her legs and grabbed the gusset of her panties and pulled it aside exposing herself to the cool wind now blowing over her, she twisted about as best she could on the narrow saddle trying to dislodge the offending insect from biting her further, it was no good, whatever it was wasn't going to move by this method and by now the speed was up in the 20's mph too fast to stop AND get this insect out!

Jenny in desperation hooked her thumb over the gusset and pulled down hard and with her fingers rubbed her pussy, at that moment our not so friendly Ant after all decided to bail out of that warm Golden thatch, only Jenny didn't know this and pulled down her panties down further and ruffled her pubic hair.

Now unknown to her she managed to hook the gusset over the horn of the saddle her soft pussy was wrapped around and this effectively jammed her to the seat.

Her speed now was over 30 mph and any control she had before was lost as she sped down the hill her feet off the pedals as they spun round like propellers, her dress was forgotten and was up around her waist as she plummeted down, somehow she turned the curves, even passing a slow moving car on the way down! but her luck began to run out as the bottom of the hill approached with its busy main road beyond.

Zigging and zagging she turned the bike and saw that it was no good she was going to crash into the grass bank! the front wheel dug into the soft earth and she was flung up and over the handle bars, her legs spread wide arms flung out to stop the fall, in all the confusion she didn't hear the ripping noise as she left her panties wrapped around the saddle.

She flew for about 15 feet, arms flapping and legs pumping when she landed with a thump on the ground, the bike spinning over her head to land some yards from her.

Face down Jenny lay stunned from the impact, her forehead rested in the cool grass as she lifted her pale bottom up and brought her knees up too, the dress fell over her shoulders as she rested there her naked ass poking up in the air and her knees spread far apart beside her, the delicate blonde pussy hair did little to cover the pink of the lips at the entrance of her moist C\*\*\*.

Positioned as she was and in her confusion she didn't hear the screech of tyres skidding over tarmac, nor the crunch of metal as cars rammed each other.

Still stunned she rolled onto her back and her legs fell back more opening her wider still if it were possible, holding her head Jenny shook herself trying to clear the fog dazing her, but decided to lay still instead, the dress meanwhile was little more than a collar around her shoulders and her magnificent breasts were scarcely retained by her bra, they lay on her chest like two cushions, but oh so soft.

Jenny laid like this for several minutes listening to the blaring of horns and whistling and the occasional crunch of metal........

Horns? whistling? what is going on?

Jenny raised her head off the ground and looked down between her breasts over her flat stomach between her parted thighs, straight into a pile of wrecked cars. Almost 10 mangled wrecks were there with more thumping into the pile as she looked, but strangely all the drivers weren't concerned with the damage to the vehicles but all were hanging out of their ruined cars whistling and cat calling Jenny as she lay there, her legs spread wide and her soft wet pussy opened like a flower for all to see and enjoy.

With horror she came to her senses enough to quickly close her legs, she stood and searched about for her bike, rushed to it and got up that hill so fast it was only a blurred memory, sadly her humiliation wasn't to end there as she now had a convoy of cars that followed her up the hill all tooting their horns as her naked bottom flashed to them as she stood on the pedals for more speed.

A detour through some woods soon got shot of them but the rough ground played havoc with her as sat in the hot saddle with her sore pussy from the bite the Ant had given her down there, she'd have to make sure when she got home her husband applied some cold cream to her throbbing pussy.

She saw her house in the distance and almost sobbed in relief at getting home safely, she parked the bike beside the house and ran into the kitchen, twigs in her hair and grass stained knees and all.

Her husband was sitting at the table, she swept the table of the coffee cups and plate of toast as she threw herself onto where they were in front of him hiked up her skirts and spread her legs as wide as she could and hissed through tight lips;

"I need you to cream me right here, right now!"

Then blushed bright crimson as she realised it could be taken in another context too.

With her knees touching his elbows Jenny's husband simply looked up at her face and said;

"Anything you say Dear."

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**Jenny's Bad Day by Gao**

It was raining in sheets that day. Jenny stood at the bus stop, longing for her car to be back from the mechanics. She was on her way home from work, and was caught completely off guard by the rain.

Her white blouse soaked to transparency, and was shrinking in tight to her round breasts. Even her industrial-strength bra couldn't hide the dark shapes of her rock hard nipples. She kept her arms

folded tightly against her chest to hide her breasts. Her heavy, calf-length skirt had soaked up an incredible amount of water. It felt like weighed 50 pounds!

She could fell it slowly slide down to her hips, and strain the buttons down the back. She had to routinely yank the skirt back up to her waist, but the water was beginning to stretch the material. Even her white cotton panties were soaked.

Finally, after seemed like hours, her bus came. She quickly jumped on and payed her fair. The driver made some clever quip about the weather, but she couldn't care less. As she moved into the bus, Jenny couldn't believe how crowded it was. Students, businessmen. The place was packed.

She found herself an open spot and a strap to hang on. She grumbled to herself about the lack of gentlemen willing to give up their seat for a lady in distress. Now that she was finally someplace dry, she became very aware of all the water she was dripping. From her hair, her skirt, even her panties. The bus was quite enough to make it embarrassingly loud, and she felt like everyone was staring at her.

And then it dawned on her- quite a few people were staring at her! With one hand occupied holding the strap, she could no longer cross her arms, and covering her breasts was definitely a two-handed job. Several men were admiring her bouncing breasts and pert nipples, and here in the fluorescent light, they were even more visible!

She stretched her free arm across her chest and put on her best "Shame on you" expression. A few men averted their eyes but not many.

Now she had a new problem developing, though. The movement of the bus was shaking not only shaking her damp breasts, but also causing her skirt to drop even faster than before. She quickly yanked it back to her waist. Her round hips and ass had stretched out an incredible amount of slack!

And on top of that, her panties felt strange, and she realized that as the skirt slid down, it had also rolled her panties down as well! They were currently bunched up just beneath her ass cheeks. She could even feel the material of her skirt against her pubic hairs!

Unfortunately, all of this work on her skirt had left her breasts exposed, and her fan club was back in full swing. Several weren't even being subtle about it. She again attempted to stretch her free arm across her breasts, and felt the skirt return to its downward journey.

Several men on the bus had moved closer to her, and she was starting to attract quite a crowd. With a bit of acrobatics, she could just about keep both nipples covered, but the movement of the bus insured that one or the other would pop out from time to time.

She was fighting a losing battle and beginning to feel quite frustrated with it, when she suddenly felt the skirt slide over the curve of her ass! With reflexes she didn't even know she had, Jenny caught the skirt, but not before her blouse had come untucked. She heard several gasps behind her, and her face was flushing to a bright crimson.

Then she looked out the window. The driver had just passed her stop! She quickly charged through the bus to the driver, one hand desperately clutching her skirt. He pulled the bus over, and she thanked him, glad her ordeal was almost over.

As she took that first step, her heal caught on the edge, and she began to fall forward. Her arms flailed out wildly. She felt the driver catch her right arm, along with a healthy fistful of soggy blouse. It was enough to stop her from falling, but she was hanging dangerously far over the steps.

The buttons of her blouse were straining against her breasts, but they were managing to hold. Just then, she heard a "shluup!" noise. Her skirt lay around her ankles, her panties bunched up at mid thigh. Her pale round ass and soft blonde pussy were visible to all. A wave of hoots and cheers filled the bus.

Jenny spasmed, and tried desperately to reach her skirt, but all of her struggling caused her blouse to literally explode! Her breasts burst out. She could hear buttons bouncing all over the bus. She began to fall again, and the driver jumped up and grabbed her by the only the only thing he could; her bra.

He clutched at the heavy piece of material right between her breasts, and slowly pulled hr back. Just as she got her hand to the metal pole, she felt the hooks in back uncurl. The bra sprung off her wildly, her breasts bouncing madly. The driver flew backwards onto his seat.

Jenny screamed, her face a deep red. She quickly yanked her skirt back up. Laughter and cheers filled the bus. Her panties had slid down to her knees, and as she tried to run from the bus, she could barely move her legs. She stopped, yanked down her drenched panties, and clutched them to her naked breasts while she ran for her door. The bus waited the whole while, until she finally made it inside.

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**Prescription Jenny by The Great One**

Jenny was enjoying her job with the pharmaceutical company. She was working as a laboratory assistant for a major manufacturer, in their corporate headquarters in the Midwest.

Jenny spent most of her day running errands for the doctors and technicians who worked in the research wing of the company. She helped maintain their computer records in the office, made copies for them, and shuttled samples and paperwork between the labs and the administrative offices.

One day, Jenny was walking down the corridor in the research wing when she heard a familiar voice call out to her from one of the lab rooms. She poked her head timidly into the lab.

“Yes, Dr. Edwards?" she said.

Dr. Edwards was a senior researcher with the company. He was in his mid-fifties. He had silver hair and wore thick glasses with square frames. He was constantly squinting through the glasses.

He looked up at Jenny. "Come over here a moment, dear girl," he said. "I want to show you something."

Jenny walked over to Dr. Edwards. He was sitting in front of a microscope at one of the long research tables that lined two sides of the room. Across the room, a junior researcher was busy tabulating the results of some arcane experiment.

"Look here, and tell me what you see," Dr. Edwards said, indicating his microscope. Jenny looked at him a moment, bit her lower lip, and then bent her face toward the microscope.

She peered into the eyepieces. All she saw was a watery blur.

"I can't see anything," she said.

"Here, let me try to adjust the focus," Dr. Edwards said.

"That better?" he asked.

"No," Jenny said. "It got worse."

She could feel him fiddling with the knobs some more. She felt a sneeze coming on. Abruptly, she stood up straight, backing away from the microscope.

Before she got her "hachoo!" off, she noticed Dr. Edwards squinting intently at her chest through his thick lenses. Jenny had worn a sheer white blouse beneath her lab coat. The temperature in the building was very warm. She kept the top two buttons of her blouse undone, confident that the coat would cover her up. She at least felt that her skin could breathe a little that way.

Dr. Edwards, she realized, had been staring down her blouse at her pale and ample cleavage, while pretending to adjust the eyepiece for her. She noticed that he had one hand on the knob and the other on his crotch.

She sneezed right into his microscope.

“Now you've done it," Edwards said, disgusted. "You've killed my specimen with your germs. Here, take this down to the administration wing!"

He handed her a sealed sample vial and some paperwork.

She turned quickly to leave, blushing in spite of herself. She was furious at him for sneaking a peek at her breasts, but ashamed at herself at the same time for ruining his experiment. She was flush with anger and embarrassment.

She left and made her way to admin. There were three small, pink pills in the sample vial. Jenny knew that these were part of some top-secret research project aimed at inventing a pill that would make millions for the company. What those pills would do was anyone's guess; Jenny certainly didn't know.

Everyone referred to them as the magic beans.

On her way to admin, she ran into Ronnie, another lab assistant.

"Ahh, the secret beans," Ronnie said to her. "You better hope they get rid of rashes, 'cause you got yourself a wicked one."

Jenny's blush deepened. She looked over at her co-worker. Ronnie was short, with long black hair that she wore up in a pony tail. She had a small, thin body with perky little breasts that were well-hidden beneath her lab coat. No lab coat could ever hide the swell of Jenny's chest.

"Whyn't you try one," Ronnie said. "C'mon, I dare you."

Jenny grinned at Ronnie. "Geez Ronnie, that's playing with fire. Who knows what the beans really do?"

"Shit," Ronnie said, "those you're carrying don't do nothing. Ten-to-one says they're placebos is all. Go ahead Jen, try one. Old Edwards doesn't realize he's only supposed to send two to admin anyway."

"The vial is sealed."

"Unseal it. Nobody checks that anyway. Here, give it to me."

Ronnie grabbed the vial. Jenny tried to hold on to it but couldn't. Ronnie was breaking the seal and unscrewing the cap.

"Ronnie don't!" Jenny said, in her harshest whisper. She looked around to see if anyone had seen. The corridor was empty.

"Trust me, they're harmless." Ronnie took one pill out. She replaced the seal on the container and handed it back to Jenny.

The two women had reached a water cooler. Ronnie stopped and poured herself a cup. "Gotta wash this down with something. You want a cup?"

Jenny nodded. She was sure she would get fired because of Ronnie.

Ronnie poured two cups of water. She slapped her mouth with her cupped hand and tossed back half the water. She handed the other cup to Jenny.

"Thanks," Jenny said. She stared at Ronnie, certain that her friend would drop dead from the pill. Jenny took a large sip of the water.

She felt something hard go down her throat.

She stared at Ronnie in horror. "Ronnie...the pill...did I just.....?"

"It's just a placebo sweetheart, like I said."

Ronnie was grinning from ear to ear.

Jenny was horrified. She felt like she had just been poisoned.

"Ronnieeee! I can't believe you did that. Do you know what these pills do? You could kill me!"

"Give me a break, girl. What do you think this frigging company makes anyway, cyanide? They make aspirin, birth control products, nothing lethal. You'll be fine. Besides, there ain't no way they'd let dumb old Edwards play with the real stuff. I just wanted to scare you is all."

Jenny leaned against the wall. She put a hand to her chest and sighed heavily.

"Take me to the infirmary, Ronnie."

"Better deliver those pills first," Ronnie said, smiling. She looked at Jenny. "C'mon Jen, it's all in your head, you feel fine, I know you do. I'll walk you over to admin. If you feel weird then, tell someone and they'll know what to do."

So Jenny and Ronnie walked together to the administrative wing. Jenny began to feel a little bit lightheaded. But she couldn't tell if it was from the pill, or from a combination of the heat, her fear, her anger at Ronnie, and her residual fury at Dr. Edwards.

When they got to admin, Jenny handed the samples and paperwork over to Gretchen, an executive secretary. Jenny and Gretchen got along well.

"Gretch," Jenny said, "do you know what those pills do?"

"Be real," Gretchen said. "No one but the techies and top brass know what these babies do. But I do know this," Gretchen leaned closer to Jenny and Ronnie for dramatic effect. "Whatever they do, it's highly controversial. I've heard rumors that the PR Department is working overtime to figure out how they're gonna announce these to the press. And FDA approval? May not ever happen. The top dogs are betting that once the public gets wind of what these suckers do, demand will be so great that the FDA will HAVE to approve them. Otherwise there'll be riots."

Ronnie was smiling lasciviously. "Wow, what could it be?"

Jenny felt her knees go weak. "Can you tell if those pills were placebos or not?"

Gretchen glanced at Jenny. "Definitely not. Not if they came from Edwards, he's the resident genius. Fools everyone with that dirty old man routine."

Jenny turned as white as the ice on a hockey rink.

"Why," Gretchen asked slowly. "Did you happen to take one?"

"I need to go to the infirmary," Jenny said.

Ronnie started to laugh.

Gretchen directed Ronnie and Jenny to the infirmary, which was on the other side of the research wing, back the way they had come. Gretchen coaxed the truth out of Jenny. She wrote the poor girl a referral slip and told Ronnie to take her to the infirmary right away.

"But don't get too worked up about it," Gretchen said. "The dosage in these sample pills is supposed to be very weak. You'll be fine, I'm sure." Gretchen smiled weakly at Jenny.

On their way to the infirmary, Jenny and Ronnie saw a very strange thing. Three male researchers were standing in the corridor. They were staring at a small, round metal container on the floor across from them. The container was about the size of a small bucket. It was sealed on top and had a biohazard sticker on its side.

Ronnie stopped as soon as she saw the container. Jenny, in her frightened daze, continued to walk forward.

There was a group of people coming down the hall from the opposite side, about six of them. They too stopped in the hallway, well away from the container.

Jenny had almost reached the container. She heard a strange rattling noise. She looked down and saw the container bouncing around on the floor, by itself.

"It's done it again," one of the researchers said.

"Call security," the second man said.

"Must've had some residue in the container when we put the fluid in," the third man said, "the combination is volatile, causing a reaction."

The container came to a rest. Jenny stared at it, mesmerized.

"Miss," the first man said. "Miss, get away from that thing!"

Suddenly, the container rattled again. The rattle quickly built in intensity and the container began to dance.

Jenny was tickled by this. She laughed incongruously. "It's so cute!" she squealed.

"MISS…"

And in that instant, the container erupted. It's top rocketed straight up into the air, bouncing off the ceiling. A hot, clear fluid burst out from the open container. It drenched Jenny's lab coat.

Jenny frowned. She smelled something burning but could see no fire, no smoke.

"Oh my God," someone shouted, "that girl got doused."

The crowd, which had instinctively drawn back when the container exploded, moved forward a little. Four of the men rushed out and seized Jenny. She felt rough hands grab her lab coat.

They ripped her lab coat off. All she could think of was that now they could see her lacy bra through the cream-colored blouse she had worn.

She felt hands all over her. A sound like pipes squeaking, then the rush of high-pressure water.

Her blouse blew open, buttons flying everywhere, bouncing of the walls. The wall in front of Jenny was made of glass. On the other side of it she could see that it was raining. But the glass did not face outside.

My God, Jenny thought, they're stripping me!

There were voices shouting everywhere. The emergency alarm was going off. "Dousing in Research West. Repeat, dousing in Research West. Med team to Research West. Immediate wet-down. Immediate wet-down requires. All associates in area assist victim. Repeat, all associates in area assist victim."

Rough hands ripped Jenny's blouse from her back. She was wearing a tan-colored skirt and sheer nylon stockings underneath. She had no underwear on beneath her panty hose.

"Christ, she's stacked!" she heard someone shout from the crowd.

It was all happening so fast. Jenny had no idea what was going on. She felt her skirt pulled violently down. It took her pantyhose with it. Someone yanked on the front of her bra and she was pulled forward into the chest of a young researcher. From behind, several people had gotten her skirt and pantyhose bunched up down around her ankles. She tripped, bounced off the researcher, and fell on the floor. Looking up, she saw that all the people who were stripping her were wearing rubber gloves.

The researcher had a look of grave concern on his face. He also had a growing hard-on in his pants.

He reached down to her. He seized a cup in each hand and violently tore her bra in two. Her huge, pale tits bounced out wildly. She hastily covered them with her arms and screamed.

She heard a sound like garden shears. Someone was between her thighs, cutting her skirt and panty hose off.

She was lifted up. Stark naked, screaming in horror, confusion and embarrassment. The pill she'd taken had long been forgotten. Who were these strange men in white coats who were carrying her naked through the corridor? Where were they taking her?

A door opened in the glass wall. The sound of rushing water was cacophonous in her ears. Suddenly, Jenny was airborne, her long, thin blonde hair flying out behind her. She landed on a rough, slick tile floor and skidded into a jet stream of hot water. Her legs splayed wide open as she fell. She could feel her tits bouncing all over the place. God, they were so huge when set free! So impossible to control!

She looked out between her legs. Hot water was scalding her. She saw four men shutting a glass door in front of her. Behind them, a crowd of people had gathered.

Jenny slowly stood up and realized: I'm stark naked in a shower in a hallway filled with my coworkers.

My God! She started to scream wildly and covered her breasts with one arm. She clamped her other hand over her soaked blonde bush. There was water everywhere. She stepped to her right and felt the outside of her naked tit slapped by the rushing water. Like a protester blasted by a fire hose, she was forced to the floor again by the water pressure. Naked, spread-eagle, on display.

And her ordeal was only just beginning

Jenny finally gained control of her footing in the hot shower. She stood there, assaulted by torrents of water, and covered herself up. She stared out through the glass with frightened eyes.

"Turn around," a tinny voice commanded from some unseen loudspeaker. "We don't know how much of the chemical soaked through to your skin, or where. You better make sure you rinse every inch of yourself."

Jenny turned around slowly in a semi-circle. She stood facing a tiled wall. She could feel dozens of eyes staring at her wet, naked ass. She'd meant to start working out a few weeks ago, but hadn't gotten around to it. As if it weren't bad enough that they could see her bare ass, she felt that it was getting a bit on the flabby side.

"Miss, I know you're scared, but try to listen to me. You need to rinse yourself all over. Please, uncover yourself. Follow my directions. There is a corporate med team on the way, but it's critical that you rinse thoroughly right away. That's a highly volatile, corrosive substance that came out of that container. It could burn through your skin."

Jenny turned her head around and shouted through the water and glass: "YOU COULD GET RID OF SOME OF THOSE PEOPLE. THEY'RE ALL STARING AT ME!!!!"

She heard some murmuring in the background. She turned around and faced the wall again. She squeezed her eyes shut tightly. Was that the hot water burning the inside of her thigh, or had the chemical splashed her there?

"Miss, security has arrived and they are moving people away. Now please, do yourself a favor and uncover yourself."

Jenny did, very slowly and very reluctantly. She dropped her arms to her sides.

"Good," the man said gently. "Now, lift your left arm up and slide under the water. Make sure the water gets your whole left side."

Jenny lifted her arm up. A soft, pale crescent of breast was visible in profile. The muscles in her back flexed as she lifted her arm up. She sidestepped into the shower.

After a few moments the voice said, "Now the other side, dear."

Jenny was mortified. To do the other side, she had to turn around and face the glass.

She slowly turned, raising her right arm as she did so. The man speaking to her had been true to his word. He was alone on the other side of the glass, holding a black plastic telephone. The others had moved away and could no longer see her.

Jenny felt him looking at her. Her right breast was stretched taut by her arm. Her left tit hung naturally, even sagged a little, under its own enormous weight. She could feel droplets of hot water dripping off of her nipples. In another moment of precise self-consciousness, she found herself worrying that the kind man on the other side of the glass could see the marks left on her body by the bra she had been wearing just moments before.

She stepped into the water again. The spray pounded her shoulder and breast. Rivulets of water rushed down her torso, over the slight swell of her belly and into her downy muff. She felt a light rain between her legs.

She stared the man straight in the eye. He held her gaze, but she could tell he was taking in more with his peripheral vision. Still, she loved him for maintaining that eye contact.

"Very good," he said. "Now honey, I have to ask you to do something you're not going to want to do."

Jenny continued to stare at him.

"You have to sit on the floor and face the shower head on. Open your legs and let the water rinse you out. The chemical may have splashed up your skirt."

Jenny felt a slight shiver start to go through her, but she held it. She trusted and liked this man. Humiliated as she was, she knew he was trying to help her.

She slowly turned to face the shower head. She sank down to the floor with her back to the wall. She looked up at the torrential downpour blasting into her face. She closed her eyes tightly and slowly spread her legs open as wide as they could go.

Her blonde muff was soaked. She felt her labia lips spread open to meet the water. She thought of lips stuck together after a kiss. The man on the other side of the glass could see the wet pink inside her cunt. The water licked her spreading lips.

She raised her ass up off the floor and moved forward a little. Torrents of water entered her vagina. She was being reamed, cleaned, cleansed. She turned and looked over toward the man. He was clearly staring at her parting gates. She blushed, from the hot water, the embarrassment and -- yes, she could admit it -- from the excitement.

And then, much to her surprise, Jenny felt a heavy rain begin deep inside her. Her belly quivered, she let out a soft groan. Her eyes rolled up in their sockets. She thought of the water fucking her, of the kind young man staring her. She began to come, right there, in the shower.

And it was not a gentle come. Not at all...

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**Jenny's Night Out by LOTFW**

Jenny and her husband decided to go out for the evening. It had been a while since they had visited "The Hangar" and hoped they were still serving that delicious food they had eaten there before. Since it was warm Jenny had dressed in a long light summer dress.

When they arrived they found that the restaurant had been replaced by a dance club. They were disappointed but decided to stay since they hadn't danced in a long while. Jenny was reluctant to dance but Jenny husband convinced her. He wanted to see Jenny moving about in that dress hopefully revealing something to the crowd.

When they got inside, the club opened into a large warehouse. The ceiling went up extremely high and the lights hid the details of what was up there. The walls were essentially sheet metal.

They moved to the dance floor as the music started to play to watch the crowd. The banner that hung on the back wall exclaimed "El Nino Party" every Thursday at happy hour. Jenny's husband realized this was the reason for the crowd but wondered what is an "El Nino Party".

They moved to the bar to buy some drinks. Jenny Husband hoped the alcohol would allow Jenny to dance easier and with less concern for her body. After an hour she was ready to dance.

They proceeded to the dance floor. The dance floor was a raised area near one of the metal walls of the club. A stairway lead up to the the close grated floor. The floor was surrounded on most sides by metal fencing and platforms for people to watch the dancers.

Jenny always felt self conscious when people watched her dance so she moved closer to the back metal wall. Jenny's husband danced a while with her and then explained he needed to use the bathroom. Jenny decided to stay on the floor instead of pushing through the thick crowd again.

A few seconds later the DJ announced the "Here comes El Nino!". The crowd let out a cheer. Jenny felt something strange. The normal circulation of air had changed. Her dress suddenly billowed out and lifted. Giant fans below the grated floor roared. Most of the women in minis were unaffected. A few revealed there panties but the dresses flapped quickly in the wind.

Jenny's dress caught the full force. It rose around her chest and caught the fencing she was standing near. Her white panties and bra exposed for the crowd she twisted towards the fence in a panic to try and free herself. The brief burst of air ceased and allowed her dress to settle onto the sharp edges of the fence. The crowd was quick to notice and moved towards her. Her feet slipped on a wet patch on the dance floor. In her panic she never considered why the floor was wet.

The fall essentially ripped her dress above her head and off. As she stood El Nino was again kicked on this time with water jets from above. Seems the regular crowd new this and moved away from the jets. Jenny strapless bra took the full force of a stiff stream of water. It abruptly slid below her breasts exposing her large beautiful nipples. The water in her eyes prevented her from seeing much as she moved towards the fencing.

Her panties now soaked through slid southward. She clung to the fence as her eyes cleared. The crowd cheered loudly as Jenny twisted away from the fence and her panties clung tightly to it. Once again she slipped and landed on her behind. The fence greedily held onto her last garment.

The DJ made his way to the floor. Jenny covered up as best she could. She was relieved to see him bringing something that looked like clothing.

He put a cape on her shoulders and a crown on her head and crowned her Miss El Nino. She really couldn't appreciate the cheering but Jenny's husband did!

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**Jenny At The Mall by A Fan**

One hot muggy Saturday in July, Jenny decided to go to the new mall and do some shopping. Since the heat and Responses) humidity were so brutal this day, she decided to dress very light and comfortable.

After a refreshingly cool morning shower Jenny slipped on a pair of white cotton string bikini panties. She pulled them on and made sure they were nice and snug, carefully adjusting the thin side strings and running her fingers along the insides of the leg openings for her final adjustments.

Since she made up her mind to wear her new peach colored sundress, the one with the razor thin shoulder straps, she was going to need her only strapless bra. As fate would have it it was probably in the laundry. There was no way she was going to do laundry on a day like this. So she put on the wispy little dress and buttoned all four of those little tiny buttons down the front.

The hem of the dress came up to about mid-thigh and was low enough to reveal some cleavage, but not too much. It didn't fit too loose, but loose enough so that she had to remember not too bend over too far or her beautiful bra less breasts might spill free from her thin dress. Maybe didn't notice or maybe she didn't care that in the bright light you could, without too much strain, make out the pinkness of her nipples. Finally she left the house and walked out to her car.

What little breeze there was she could lightly feel swirl inside her dress. The back and forth movement of the soft fabric was enough too lightly harden her perfect nipples.

Jenny arrived at the mall and proceeded to shop to hearts content. She got many looks and stares as she lightly glided from store to store. She did not feel as uncomfortable about her lack of clothing as she normally would. It seemed like there were many attractive ladies underdressed today. She even noticed some wearing something as tiny as hot pants and string bikini tops. She felt that would be fine for the beach, but she would never expose herself that much at a shopping mall.

After two full hours and three full bags later, she felt very thirsty and started to make her way to the food court. Jenny looked over the railing from the third level down into the food court on the first level. Then quickly she spotted the escalators that would eventually take her down two levels for a ice cold soft drink. It was very crowded with hundreds of hot sweaty shoppers. The sounds of people talking and babies crying was very loud.

Her arms were full as she carefully started her descent. Nearly stumbling on that first step she quickly regained her balance. The escalator was descending fast enough so that the breeze lightly lifted the frail fabric of her dress. She had no free hand to hold her dress down, so anyone looking up would get an eyeful of her beautiful long legs and her skimpy cotton panties.

She made it down one level alright, and now turned to proceed down the next level which would take her right into the middle of the over crowded eating area below. Slightly more than half way down she heard a baby scream, and she quickly turned her head in the direction of the offending noise. In doing just that she lost her grip on one of the large bags she was carrying. Attempting to latch on to the falling bag was hopeless.

Now her sudden struggle to recompose herself caused her to drop the remaining bags and at the same time her balance. Jenny tumbled over the bags and landed on her back at the base of the escalator.

The entire food court with it's mob of hundreds had their wide eyes on the helpless young lady laying flat on the floor with her pretty sundress all bunched up as high as her breasts. Jenny was stunned and then she realized that with her dress up to her ample breasts, she felt so naked in front of all these leering people.

All she had to cover herself from her shoes up to just where the base of her firm breast begin to rise, was a little white triangle of cotton fabric. As people stared, she tried and tried to get up. Not one person came to her aid as she lay there helplessly trying to pull herself up.

She hadn't yet even begun to try covering her near nakedness. Then to her horror she now quickly discovered why she couldn't get up. Her dress was caught in the escalator and it was now beginning to pull her backwards!

She felt each light snap as one by one all four of those tiny little buttons popped right off. She was so helpless with her arms high over her head and entangled in her dress which was pulled completely off her body by now. With her arms up so high, her firm breasts and rose colored nipples sat up nicely.

Now a new crisis was developing, as she was being pulled backwards by the hungry escalator, her firm ass was sliding on the sticky linoleum floor causing her tiny cotton panties too slide further down her thighs. The crowd continued to watch in stunned silence at this now very naked and trapped helpless beauty.

Then, out of the gathering crowd that was circling around her, out stepped a security guard who quickly hit the emergency stop button. The dress was pulled most of the way down and her wrists were tightly bound up over her head and her panties were now rolled down below her knees.

She felt so humiliated laying there with all of those hundreds of probing eyes examining her soft blonde bush and her jiggling breasts as she struggled to get free. In the midst of all this terror, not one person offered to cover her glorious body.

And for a moment this suddenly felt extremely erotic to her when the security guard told her that she would have to lay here like this for a while longer until maintenance showed up to free her.

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**Jenny's Flat Tyre by Biker**

The Bright May Sun shone down on the blue Ford parked at the side of the empty road miles from anywhere and 10 miles from the city Jenny had be heading to to meet her Husband...........................

Jenny sat in the car wondering what to do now, she'd managed to pull over just in time as the steering went all mushy with that unmistakable feel of a flat tyre.

"what to do?" she thought.

Her husband had thought fully prepared her for such an eventuality by spending several minutes explaining the mechanics of a jack and proper jacking up points on the car etc, all terribly interesting she was sure, but now as she sat with her head resting on the steering wheel she wished she paid more attention.

"Oh Well I can't sit here all day." Jenny said to herself and got out of the car, as she did so her legs were exposed by the full skirt of the dress as it fell away revealing her black stockinged clad legs.

her high heels clicked on the road as she walked to the boot in search of tools.

Occasionally a car roared by and its wind blew her hair across her face

"So much for Knights in shining Armour helping Damsels in distress." she muttered and did her best to look pathetic and helpless, but cars still whizzed by.

She really didn't have a clue about how to change a tyre and she knew it, but with stubborness and determination she chose to not let that little detail bother her. Leaning into the dark cavity of the boot, her mind occupied by her the search for the tool pouch and also the jack thingymajig, she didn't notice the beep of horns from passing cars as the drivers were treated to the rare sight of a shapely pair of stockinged legs barely covered by her fluttering skirt.

"Ah! there's the tool pouch!, OK where is the wheel? it's supposed to be here in the boot."

After five minutes of searching behind all sorts on corners she knew couldn't hide the wheel, she gave up and concentrated on figuring out how to use the jack. After spending most of her life in school and higher education she ought to be able to understand such a simple tool, after several minutes she got it sorted and prepared to jack up the car.

Soon the wheel was off the ground and wiping her brow and feeling decidedly pleased with herself she looked for the wheel nut spanner, finding it she began the awkward task of loosening the nuts of a free spinning wheel. How can men make this look so easy? she thought for the fifth time. Each time she placed her foot on the wheel brace the spanner would spin the wheel and doing this in high heels was no easy job and removing them was out, as the graveled road would tear her tender feet to pieces.

Somehow she got the nuts loose and placed them on the ground. The wheel hung on the hub but she didn't know if she'd have the strength to lift it down safely. She tried many positions but the only one which would work was by squatting down and having her knees wide open and to lift the wheel off the hub. She did this and felt the cool air swish around the hot gusset of her panties and upper thighs where the stockings didn't cover her, Even with no one about she blushed furiously at her undignified position.

She stood quickly as a car drove by and watched it as it sped away to the horizon. Brushing the hair from her eyes blown there by its passing, she again squatted down and braced herself to lift the heavy wheel off.

The betraying skirt slid up her legs as she crouched there exposing her stocking tops and a good few inches of creamy upper thigh above them. She took the weight and lifted the wheel off but in the stiletto heels she was thrown off balance and fell back, her knees braced themselves on the tyres outer edge as she fell back to stop it landing on her, rolling on her back with its weight wasn't easy but she managed to get it off of herself and laid there in the road breathing heavily.

With the tyre beside her and lifting her shoulders off the ground she looked down herself and blushed again as her skirt had flopped down about her hips showing herself off to anyone who happened to look.

She noticed something odd too something black was there. Resting herself onto her elbows she could see what it was, a blob of sticky black grease had landed smack dead centre of the mound of her panty covered pussy!!

Wrinkling her nose at the yukkyness of it she considered wiping it off but to touch it made her lips turn down in disgust she'd be filthy!!.

So with great care and slowness she managed to regain her feet and holding the dress away from herself walked to the bushes several yards away from the road, and with the same carefulness shucked off her white cotton panties without getting any of the grease on her clothes or feet, her dress fell down as she let it go covering her wonderfully long legs, and now pantyless condition.

She turned her attention to the panties and thought the only thing to do was dispose of them they were ruined now anyway, so scraping away some dirt she buried them behind a bush.

Walking back to the car now was an experience in itself her unfettered bottom wiggled and jiggled so differently somehow from it's usual feeling of the confines of tight panties this made her feel even more naked having to take them off was bad enough, but to feel this unusual movement too!!

Out of nowhere another car roared by and she unconsciously clutched her skirt down to cover herself just in case. The Pale blue light summer dress was a present from her husband and though she liked it she knew he liked her in it more, with it's tight bodice section pushed her breasts up and caused them to form an interesting cleavage that was admired by all, more than she realised.

The dress's 'Sweetheart' neckline was the perfect frame for her soft but wonderful large breasts. The myriad of tiny buttons which held the dress closed took an age to do up but was worth the time as she looked positively gorgeous dressed in it, all this was something she was not aware of, especially its effect on her husband and the others who fantasised about her.

The cotton of the dress as it brushed over the upper edges of her buttocks was tickling her as she walked the final few steps to the car.

Where in the hell was that spare wheel kept? Time was flying by but she knew she would be missed soon and her husband would worry and come looking for her, but when?

She walked to the front of the car and retrieving one of the mats from inside placed it on the ground and knelt down on it and bent to examine the hub, now that the wheel was off it was all black and covered in dirt except that shiny disc thing there. She was paying so much attention to the inner workings of the brake hub that she didn't feel the minute movements of that car as she rested her hands on the upper wing.

With an ominous creaking noise and a sudden crash the car rolled off of the jack and crashed to the ground, Taken by surprise Jenny did the only thing she could.

She closed her eyes.

When the dust had settled Jenny blinked her eyes open, and stared at the cars wing not two inches from her face! she tried to move back but something held her fast and looking down she could see the hub buried into the tarmac of the road, the cars hub had landed about where her lap would be had she had her legs together luckily for her she had her legs spread wide, she let out a whimper of relief that she'd gotten away uninjured from a potentially serious accident.

She tried to move again but on checking her situation she saw a good portion of her dress trapped under the hub.

Oh dear, She was pinned there stuck fast

Jenny had a good imagination and knew that to free herself would require the jack to raise the car but her mind kept shying away from the fact that she would only do this if she GOT OUT OF THE DRESS!!!!!!

"Nope, no way, I NOT going to do that! no way, not this girl, uh UH!" she said shaking her head her blonde hair cascading around her face.

Maybe she could tear the dress? that would work surely, but several minutes of tugging this way and that wouldn't do it, and anyway if she succeeded it would open a huge hole about level with her waist! not a good idea in her present condition!.

She placed her head against the cold metal of the wing and applied some serious thought to her dilemma.

What to do? what to do?!

Jenny was so caught up in her thoughts that she didn't hear the crunch of gravel as a footstep landed beside her and a shadow fell over her.

"Need a hand?" the shadow said as she squinted up trying to make out the features against the Sun

"Wha, What?"

"I said, do you need a hand?"

As the shadow moved she got a good look at the unknown person from nowhere and her heart skipped a beat as she looked at a leather clad Biker,

"OH Shit" she thought, please don't let him hurt me!.

All the films she'd seen coming to her mind of gang rapes etc all portraying roving gangs of Bikers pillaging villages like marauding Vikings.

"Lady you look as though you really need a hand."

Jenny was too scared to talk but just nodded dumbly, her mind flashing images of her being raped or murdered here on this quiet road.

"Look I know you're stuck there but I would like an answer, I won't hurt you, and I'll have you free in no time OK?"

Jenny couldn't move, "How many of them are going to rape me? oh God please don't let this happen to me.!"

Everything was quiet for a awhile and she looked around for the Biker and saw him sitting beside her smiling at her, nicely not at all menacingly.

"Calmed down have you? You know something, all bikers aren't like you see in the films we're not all bad guys. I'm here to help you I promise."

She tried to smile but felt too guilty at being read so easily by what he'd said, the worst thing was he was right too.

He got up and crouched behind her and said

"Now hold still alright?"

And he placed his hands under her armpits and gently pulled her back until she was resting on her heels her dress now very tight down the front, looking down she saw the neckline stretched over her breasts flattening them, the biker had a good look at how trapped she was and she saw too how his eyes looked at her breasts too, their contours plain to see under the thin material, she felt her nipples harden at his gaze and began to blush too.

The arms suddenly were off of her arm pits and he said

"I think the only way out for you is to unbutton the dress and get you out of it."

His hands then began to move around her to begin the slow and laborious task of undoing 75 buttons, she couldn't move but just sat resting on her heels as his hands fumbled with the tiny buttons.

Soon cramps began to settle in from sitting as she was and she said, "Would you please hurry my legs are aching so much."

"Lady I going as fast as I can,.....listen the dress in ruined, yes?. I'm going to cut it off of you. Lean forward."

And with that he pushed her forward and bent her head downward her hair brushed out of the way, then she felt the cold touch of a knife at the base of her neck!.

Because of the position and the tightness of the bodice the knife ran smoothly down her spine cutting the cloth, some resistance was met and a little sawing then it continued on, only something didn't feel right now, but what?

Suddenly she knew, as her ample breasts dropped a little as her bra was cut through! Oh Please no, she thought, not this, not now, first I lose my panties and now..........................MY PANTIES!!!

"STOP! STOP right there" she cried out as the knife reached her lower back.

"What? what's the problem, did I cut you?"

How could she explain this to a stranger?

"Look I can't explain this but I don't have any......(mumble)... on."

"Sorry I didn't hear you, you don't have any what on?"

"PANTIES! I don't have any panties on. OK?" Jenny was aglow with embarrassment now

"OH!......Well what do you want to do then?"

Jenny thought for a minute or two and said "I need to cover myself with something please continue cutting and when you've finished turn around please but leave your knife."

The sawing continued down as she felt his wrist brush over her buttocks and then between her legs, soon she was free, shrugging her shoulders forward the dress fell into her lap, followed by her bra. she just sighed in resignation. Oh god this isn't happening, she thought as she looked at the tatters in her lap.

The loud engine noise startled her back to reality as a huge Juggernaut crashed past causing a mighty draught as it went by tugging at the rags in her lap, from the corner of her eye she saw the white of her bra go flying off up in the air and fall somewhere off in the distance. Turning to look over her shoulder at her benefactor she saw him stealing a glance her way, he said;

"You might want to hurry it up there's a lot of traffic coming this way. I don't think you want to be seen like that too long, do you?"

No sooner had he said this then Jenny began cutting and sawing the remains of her dress free and once done ran off, her ample breasts bouncing as well as her lovely bottom jiggling as she scuttled into the undergrowth beside her car.

Hiding there amongst the bushes she looked at the pitiful amount of cloth she had to work with, she began to cut and fashion the best covering she could from the small amount she'd retrieved.

After ten minutes she came out blushing furiously at what she now wore, Jenny's eyes were as round as saucers from her embarrassment and humiliation, she'd never felt so ashamed.

The main rag was around her waist but tied at her hip in a knot, this scarcely cover her thighs and with the hold up stockings she still wore, over 2 inches of bare thigh showed above them before disappearing under the rag.

The top however was a master-piece of engineering she'd managed to create a kind of halter top that almost covered both her large breasts yet still it strained against the inner pressure of confining them but not for too long as one nipple or the other showed, it was the focus of the Bikers attention, as she adjusted herself back into the top but her titties seem determined to escape.

Jenny's face couldn't have been redder from embarrassment than if she'd run a 100 metres in 5 seconds as she tottered in her high heels up the bank onto the road, but she consoled herself in the knowledge that she would soon be in the car and away as soon as this Biker fixed the wheel.

The Biker was having trouble concentrating on the problem at hand as the image of her blonde pussy had flashed into view as she raised her leg to step over the barrier at the roadside, the image was burned into the cortex of his brain. He then delivered the crushing news for Jenny.

"Er Lady, you have a big problem, your car has fallen on the jack and there's no way we can get it out. I'm going to have to take you into town to get it fixed."

Jenny all the while was adjusting the rags to cover the maximum of soft milky flesh and didn't quite catch what he said, he tried to repeat his statement but was hypnotised by the winking out of one nipple then the other as she adjusted the top as best she could, finally she gave up and stood cupping herself in her hands.

Finally it dawned on her what he said "You mean on your motorbike?."

Exasperated the Biker said "No, in my lear jet, of course my bike. What else?"

Oh, this was just terrible she'd never been on a motorcycle before, but how else was she going to get into town? Jenny was continually adjusting the tiny amount of cloth she wore and this Biker wasn't making it any easier by staring at her the way he was, finally she agreed to his idea.

He turned and walked to the black bike parked a few yards down the road he started it up and drove back to her. It was low and shiny black, all covered in plastic and racy looking but was almost silent, no wonder she hadn't heard him arrive.

He said; "You sit on the back and hold on to this bar it's called a grab rail, your hands will be behind you but you'll be fine, trust me."

She placed her foot on the rear peg and raised her other leg to lift it over the bike and watched the bikers eye flash to look at her pussy as the 'skirt' rode up to allow him the visual feast, somehow she managed to blush deeper.

Her nylon covered leg hissed over the vinyl seat as she searched for the other footrest hooking her high heel over it, she positioned herself on the seat. The cool black vinyl teased her pussy lips as it brushed over her tenderness as she got herself comfortable.

From the position she was now in her knees were far apart and she looked down to see the 'skirt' stretched over her upper thighs and effectively covered nothing at all, the knot too had moved around to just below her navel.

"Reach behind you for the grab rail." he said

She did as instructed and found the bar just behind her tightly clenched buttocks, looping her fingers underneath it she said; "I'm on."

With no warning he dropped the clutch and was off down the road, Jenny holding on for dear life, everything seemed to flash past her as she seemed to be flying down the road super fast, Jenny managed to lean around the Biker to see the speedo and was shocked to see they were only doing 40mph, still at that speed on the open bike it seemed twice that!

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The wind whipped her blonde tresses into her eyes and she shook her head to clear them, but it seemed the only way to not get hair in her eyes was to look down, she did this and was horrified to see that the wind had lifted the flap of her 'skirt' up onto her belly she could plainly see her blonde pussy against the black saddle and her pink lips poking through the hair, as she watched her lap she could see how violently the wind shook the rag, slowly but surely she watched in mounting anxiety as the knot began to loosen!.

She couldn't do anything except watch as millimetre after millimetre of cloth unwound itself, she tried desperately to let go of the grab rail but her hands were frozen to it, it seemed.

She watched the tail of the knot slide under a fold and felt the cloth over her hips and around her buttocks get slacker and slacker. Suddenly gave way the skirt opened and the flaps went snaking around her waist, fortunately her hands holding the grab rail stopped it and she felt the cloth whip around her wrists the wind buffeting the loose ends and winding them around the grab rail and her wrists she grabbed hold of the cloth in a desperate attempt to keep it to her and realising she wouldn't be able to hold it indefinitely decided to tie it to her wrist so that when they stopped she could retie it around herself, she was so pleased at this quick thinking that she wasn't too worried because on this relatively deserted road she probably wouldn't be seen by anyone in her present state.

The Biker called over his shoulder "You alright back there?"

Against the wind she managed to call back

"Yes I'm fine, When you find a good place would you pull over I need to do something, and I'd rather you didn't turn around OK?"

She got a thumbs up for an answer and felt another burst of acceleration, and on checking saw the speedo approach 50 mph.

This was rather nice considering her situation, and with her head tucked down and her back arched and hips tipped forward as she was, the vibration of the seat pressed up against her was getting to be distracting to say the least!!

She opened her legs wider and the air directed by them sent cold air rushing over her pussy, ruffling the hair and sending a pleasant wave of pleasure through her "Oh this is nice." she thought and felt acutely embarrassed at feeling this way.

After about ten minutes and various back stretches later she checked her breasts and was dismayed to see both her nipples out in the open and as hard and crinkled as can be, from the cold she told herself, the Biker slowed the bike down as he approached a hill and she risked freeing a hand to readjust her top, she let go of the bar and began to move her hand when it abruptly stopped only inches from the rail.

Oh dear, she held on again and tried the other, same result maybe 3 inches of travel then stopped,

Oh dear again, this didn't look good!

with rising fear she tugged her hands away from the rail and still they didn't come loose, getting into a mild panic now she exerted all her meager strength could muster, but still she was tied fast!!

"OH God NOOOOOOOO!" she screamed inside "Not this as well!!"

with her fidgeting and moving about the simple knot holding the halter top behind her back gave way, causing the top to flap up and cover her face, all that held it was the knot behind her neck.

She shook her head violently but nothing could free the cloth pressed to her face by the wind.

She tried to call to her benefactor but with the wind and the cloth muffling her he didn't hear her.

She tipped her head as far down as she could and somehow managed to uncover her face as she looked up, and just before the cloth flipped back up over her face again she had a split second glimpse of the main road to the city only a few hundred yards in the distance!!!

Jenny let herself go into full panic as she knew she had to free herself before they got onto that motorway!!

She tugged and pulled furiously but only managed to tighten any knots there, her tiny fists flexed and pulled at the rags! anything to get herself free no matter what.

She dipped her head again and in the brief second she had to see she saw the black slip road as they entered onto the main link road in and out of the big city. A few cars were glimpsed before her vision was obscured again.

The rapid pace the Biker had set before was upped again on the smooth tarmac and she could only guess at what speed they were doing, she was almost in tears with humiliation, but was able to think about the situation enough to give thanks that at this speed she wouldn't be seen, well not too much anyway, she hoped.

Minutes passed and cars began hooted their horns as her Biker weaved the powerful machine around the road, all she could do was hang on as her legs clamped on the hips of the Biker between them, her knuckles whitened on the grab rail.

Slowly she noticed a lessening of the speed and felt the bike slow down.

"No NO" she wanted to cry out "Go faster!" but the cloth cut her voice to a muffled squeal,

The cool wind over her naked body died down and the hotness between her legs felt very intense, but nothing to the hot flush she felt rising on her cheeks.

Her teeth ground down on the cloth jammed into her mouth as the forward speed dropped off. And finally stopped.

the tatters of her dress stayed over her face somehow as she felt the bike lurch as the side stand was put down and the Biker climb off

"I'll be back in a minute or two I need the 'loo OK?"

Was all she heard as he ran off his voice getting farther away as he spoke.

Still she didn't let the cloth drop down, she was frozen in time, her mind numbed at what she might find if she moved to let it fall.

She heard muttered voices and some giggling, then laughter, she could take it no more and moved her head forward. the cloth fell away. revealing her Sitting naked on a Motorcycle dressed only in a pair of stockings and black high heels, the rag of her halter top nestled between her wonderfully firm breasts, hands securely tied behind her back to the grab rail by her own doing.

Right in the middle of the town centre on a Saturday afternoon with a crowd of over 200 people all stopped to look at her, a crowd of Japanese tourists fought each other for the best photograph, she then noticed some men moving towards her with hungry eyes, some were even flexing their hands in anticipation of touching her delightfully soft and helpless flesh.

The crowd gathered around the bike, cameras flashed, laughter rang in her ears from all around.

Jenny was now totally shamed. Her face was bright red in humiliation and her eyes welled with tears of embarrassment.

Jenny bowed her head down then watched in detached fascination as a trickle of moisture, a result of her sexual excitement earlier trickled down the seat between her legs.

As a hand reached out from the crowd and cupped her left breast, and another slid along the inside of her right thigh, higher, higher.......

And Jenny could do nothing to stop it, but simply sit there.

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**Jenny's Charity Work by LOTFW**

The local fire company had a charity event. In this little town far from the big city political correctness still is new to the local vocabulary. Needless to say the Charity organizers chose an event the men of the town would enjoy and being for charity the women would come as well.

A local talent company was contacted and arranged a Foxy Boxing/Oil wrestling event to be held at the local hall. All the preparations were made and the big night arrived.

Jenny was reluctant to go considering the nature of the event and the questionable character of the women in the event. Jenny's husband insisted because it was ... for charity.. ;}

Jenny wore business casual clothing, she figured she might be called to help out so she dressed functionally. She wore a white button down shirt, white dress pants, hose and a shoe with a good size heel.

Jenny's Husband went on ahead to help with preparations. So Jenny arrived later when the event was about to happen. She was a bit scared having to walk in alone to such an event. She was comforted when she saw her husband motion her to the front near the Ring. The ring was little more than a kiddie pool with some padding on the sides.

The first event was an oil match. Both women were tall blondes with large breasts. Wearing only bikinis they fought to the crowds cheers and a number of times a breast would be briefly exposed by all of the grabbing. The crowd wanted more. Since it was for charity the women were not paid to be naked so nothing exciting happened until, one of the wrestlers was pushed out of the ring and landed squarely on Jenny's lap. Her oiled body hit flush against Jenny's. Jenny's white shirt turned transparent revealing a lacy bra. Her white pants also revealed a glimpse of underthings.

When the wrestler landed Jenny's hands were placed on her lap. The force of the wrestlers body had snagged Jenny's ring on the wrestlers bikini bottoms. As she stood it had the effect of Jenny snapping the wrestlers bottoms. The wrestler turned and looked puzzled for a brief moment. The crowd cheered at this thinking Jenny had knowingly did this in the spirit of the event. The wrestler now grabbed Jenny by the shirt and lifted her off the chair. Leaned her forward, grabbed her waistband and propelled her towards the ring the other wrestler caught her and spun her around. In that instance the stress of the throw strained the buttons and the force of the spin and Jenny's breast snapped her four buttons.

Now with her shirt opened and her lacy bra revealed, the the wrestler again looked puzzled but charged at her. Jenny screamed and slid to the mat to avoid the rush. In her panic she squirmed an slipped out of her shirt that the other wrestler was holding. She landed and rolled on her stomach.

The first wrestler grabbed her waistband trying to stand her up but once again the stress had caused her buttons to give, the zipper soon followed. Now the hidden underthings were revealed. Her pants now were pulled below her ass cheeks, her pantyhose had soaked through. Now the wrestler had her revenge pulling back on the hose revealing Jenny's white skin and letting go. Jenny scream not from the pain but from the panic.

The first wrestler raised her hand in triumph and looked over towards Jenny's Husband. Jenny's Husband smiled and raised his hand. Apparently his "preparations" involved arranging with the wrestlers to involve Jenny. Jenny was supposedly a plant for the purpose of making the event more exciting. The women did not know that she was not a professional and were surprised by her uncharacteristic dress. They figured she was getting paid more than them.

Jenny in a daze moved unsteadily from the ring. Her nipples were clearly visible through her bra, her pants had slipped below her knees revealing her pubic hair through her hose.

As she stepped out of the ring her pants stayed in the ring. As she turned to retrieve them a spray of water from behind her hit the first wrestler on her bottom. Jenny unaware tried to move quickly away towards her husband (why was he holding a spray bottle)

The wrestler spun and took her cue and grabbed Jenny by the bra strap. The wrestler thinking it was a professional equipment was surprised when her hand came up empty and Jenny fell forward clutching her chest. Putting her arms out in front of her the bra slid down to the ground.

The wrestler now figured Jenny is in this for a good buck so to complete the show with the crowd going wild she grabs the waistband of the pantyhose. Jenny is face forward on the ground and still in disbelief. As she pulls once again the equipment fails the waistband breaks and Jenny struggles up from the ground.

The wrestler staggers back and falls into the ring. Jenny stands and turns to run only to be caught in her descending pantyhose. She soon is free of her pantyhose and runs towards the bathrooms. Husband soon follows with a T shirt the charity had provided as he thinks "Charity work is so rewarding"

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**Jenny In The Lab by Indra**

The foyer of the PolyDesign Building was impressive. Jenny could tell the moment she arrived that the place was either making beaucoup bucks or that it was so likely to that investors were pumping in money with the reckless abandon of a suburbanite emptying the town water tower on his lawn to get it just a tot greener than his neighbors'. There was marble inlay on the floor and large windows overlooked a fountain in the center of the reception area. Steps lead up from the fountain to the receptionist's desk.. The place smacked of class.

Jenny approached a very capable looking Asian woman of indeterminate age sitting at the reception desk. How old was she - 25? 30? She could have passed for 23, but the way she deftly shuttled her attention back and forth between the invisible persons speaking through the phone headset resting on her pretty head and the stream of people who were moving in and out of her domain suggested a measure of experience rarely seen in college kids at their first jobs. The man in front of her flashed an I.D. badge at the receptionist, passed in, and the receptionist turned a warm smile on Jenny.

"Good afternoon. May I help you?"

Jenny swallowed and put a smile on her face that she hoped did not look as nervous as it felt. If she was going to pull this off, she would have to be one cool customer. "Yes, I am here to see Dr. Richardson?"

“Did you have an appointment?" The receptionist waved another I.D. tagged woman past her and began flipping through a large, highlighted date book.

"Yes, my name is Jenny and I am with CandR Industries?" She heard her voice lilting up as if to ask permission to be there. Damn it - 007 she was not. She brought a measure of authority into her voice. "He's expecting me." But he's not expecting this, she thought to herself.

The receptionist looked closely at her for the first time, regarding her for a moment. "Please have a seat. I'll let Dr. Richardson know you are here."

Jenny seated herself on a large leather sectional. "Ow!" Black leather heated by a ray of afternoon sunshine burned the inside of her knee through the poor insulation of her dark nylons. She shifted out of the hot spot, pulled her skirt hem down over her knee where it had ridden up a bit, and reached absently for a magazine.

She could see the receptionist continuing to regard her as she spoke to someone on her phone set, watching her curiously as though she had seen something odd or barely remembered that she couldn't quite put her finger on. Jenny consciously took a long breath and made her muscles relax. She hadn't been there 5 minutes yet and she had already succeeded in being conspicuous. Why in the hell had Brad picked her to play the role of corporate spy?

She knew. Precisely because of her discomfiture in this situation. If Brad had sent over some slick, smooth, shifty player to this building that was as full of proprietary information as Fort Knox was of gold, the whole place would have instantly shifted into Defcon 4. But Jenny was the last person anyone would expect of corporate espionage. She was the girl next door, soft and sweet, shy even.

At least Jenny knew that was Brad's take on her and that was why he had asked her to do this even though this sort of thing appeared no where in her marketing assistant job description. She had agreed to do it in the end. It would, after all, be a priceless opportunity for advancement in the company. Her boss was the kind of man who rewarded success. But it still rankled, knowing that Brad picked her not because he thought her powerful and capable but simply inconspicuous.

Which was undoubtedly why she had gone out last night and blown $1200 on the immaculate business suit she picked up at Saks. That sort of power clothing was not required for her everyday toil of writing drab business plans or product impact surveys, and truth be told she did not have a real business outfit in her wardrobe. But once she had decided to do this, she couldn't help but indulge the fantasies that bloomed in her mind like wild sunflowers of herself as a killer corporate Mata Hari. Well, maybe not quite Mata Hari. Her style was not so wanton as that.

The suit she opted for was conservative, the skirt covering her legs to below the knee. She would let her shapely calves, of which she was justifiably proud, hint at what they rose sleekly up to. Her suit was not provocative in the Melrose Place office fashion manner, but she was aware enough to know that the way it draped her form flattered her, that it took to full advantage the soft curves that hid in the darkness underneath. But only hinted. A hint was enough, and all anybody but her husband was entitled to.

Nevertheless, putting the suit on that morning made her feel sexy. It was a good feeling. That feeling of soft, hidden power. She had gotten a bit carried away that morning as she dressed, completing her ensemble with a pair of small gold earrings, heels, and a tiny, almost unnoticeable gold anklet. She had felt herself growing unexpectedly moist as she clipped the flimsy band of gold around her ankle, feeling the soft silky caress of the lingerie set she had decided was a must with such an outfit. It didn't matter that nobody would know about the pretty things she had on underneath. Nobody else was supposed to know. She would know, and there was something deliciously thrilling about that.

But now those delicious, private feelings had vanished. Now that she was here, the corporate power girl fantasy evaporated like an ant in the mouth of a furnace, and she was just nervous Jenny wondering why the hell she had volunteered for this.

"Jenny?"

She was startled out of her reverie by a tall, middle-aged man smiling at her. "Jenny? I'm Pete Richardson. It's nice to finally put a face together with the phone voice."

"Oh, um, Dr. Richardson! Hi! Its nice to finally meet you as well." She got up and shook the hand he offered her in greeting. He was not what she had expected. All she had known of him was that he was considered a brilliant chemist and that their few phone conversations were characterized by his quickly losing her in enthusiastic technical discourse that he seemed to assume she would understand.

The image in her mind's eye had been of a mole- man, pale from being locked away in a laboratory basement his entire life, shabbily dressed and unkempt and socially inept. She had expected to meet an egg-head. What she found was a clean shaven man in his late forties, maybe just a shade too lean (what she would have called a "runner's body"), wearing neatly pressed khaki's, a blue cotton shirt, and a glow of unmistakable good humor shining from his eyes.

She felt a flush rise in her cheeks as she realized she was staring at him. She shook her head, tried to regain her composure.

"I apologize, Dr. Richardson. You just took me by surprise. I was. . . I just didn't expect. . .oh, forget it."

She tried to match his disarming smile with one of her own.

Richardson laughed out loud. "'Nuff said and don't worry about it. Once a nerd always a nerd I guess."

"No," Jenny protested, "no, that's not what I meant at all. Not at all!"

Richardson interrupted her, his mind seeming to have already jumped ahead to the next order of business.

"Come on. If you'll follow me we'll head over to my office and we can talk about the confidentiality agreement we need to clear up before we move ahead any further.”

They stopped by the receptionist's desk again, and Jenny signed herself in and clipped a visitors pass on the lapel of her jacket. Richardson's tacit approval of Jenny seemed to have allayed the receptionist's suspicions, and she had shifted back into her rapid efficient processing of all the people moving back and forth through the gates she guarded.

Jenny and Richardson passed into the building and started winding through the maze of halls leading to the Fundamental Polymer Research Wing, where Richardson was officed. And where Jenny needed to attempt her mission.

They arrived at Richardson's office. It was just where it was supposed to be, right next door to a large laboratory with an immense window that showed everything inside and a door with a sign that Jenny found somehow menacing but which read simply, "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY."

"Please, have a seat."

Richardson waved her to a chair in the clutter of his office while he plunked himself down in a large leather easy chair situated behind an immense wood desk strewn with papers, books, manila folders, bottles of chemicals, a Far Side calendar, and photos of what Jenny assumed to be his wife and kids.

"Forgive the mess," he said. "I don't know how I got this way. It doesn't run in the family, I can assure you. So, no reason to not add one more piece of paper to the pile. Lets see what you've got."

Jenny felt a pang of guilt. The confidentiality agreement she had for him was a farce, a piece of trumped up paperwork to buy her an in to the building and a little time. And now that it came to the point and she had to work even this small deception on him, she felt her conscience revolt. She felt herself liking this gently brilliant man with the smiling eyes. And what she was planning on doing was at the end of the day nothing other than stealing from him.

Jenny leaned over in her chair, glanced out the office door at the large glass window looking in to the lab while she opened a brief case and searched for a document with her fingers.

"That's quite an impressive looking lab, Dr. Richardson. Any chance I can get a tour when we're done?"

Richardson leaned back in his chair, grinning sheepishly.

"Oh, I am sorry. You have no idea how much I wish I could show you around. Lots of fun stuff in there. But the nice people who pay me to goof around here would pay me no longer if I did that. There's too much proprietary stuff in there." He sighed. "How I hate confidentiality. Nothing slows down good basic research more. But I guess you know that drill as well as I do. And, please. "Dr. Richardson" isn't necessary. Pete will do nicely. Dr. Richardson always makes me feel like somebody's ear, nose, throat man."

Crap, she thought to herself. This won't be a total piece of cake.

Richardson peered at her expectantly, waiting for her to produce the document she came to bring him. She opened her brief case, pulled out a stack of papers and tried to think of what she could do. She had her ace in the hole, but needed an opportunity to use it. She felt hot and could feel her palms growing slick. She passed the bundle over to the Richardson.

"Ummm, Pete-" she began, feeling lousier by the moment, calling him like a friend by his first name though she was ready to betray him. "If that lab is so top secret, why the huge window? Anybody can see anything in there."

Richardson took the papers from Jenny and began to peer intently at them. He spoke while he read.

"Oh. Well, sure you can see everything, but on the other hand you cant really see anything can you? I mean anything useful. The window is simply a safety precaution so that if there is ever an accident it can be seen right away. Nobody can get hurt and collapse behind something and not be seen. But anything you can see from this distance is all labeled cryptically so it wouldn't be of any use to anyone."

Richardson was silent for a moment as he studied the papers. Then he rose abruptly.

"Will you excuse me for a few minutes, Jenny? I need to run these over to Law and talk over them a bit before we can finish this up. It shouldn't take me more than10 or 15 minutes tops. Can I get you anything? Coffee, a coke?"

Jenny's felt her heart begin to race as a new shot of adrenaline entered her bloodstream The chance she needed was going to materialize. She sat back and unbuttoned her jacket.

"Oh, thanks Pete. A coke would be great. I'll, um, just wait here for you OK?"

Richardson was already on his way out the door.

"Sounds good. I wont be too long, I promise."

Jenny sat and counted slowly to ten while her heart continued to pound. OK, he should be long gone by now. She got up. Her palms were still sweating like crazy and she felt uncomfortable. Without thinking, she unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it off, leaving it on the back of her chair. Much better, now to business.

She peered cautiously down the hall. Nobody. She crept out into the hall and looked through the great window into the lab. What luck - absolutely empty! She glanced nervously back and forth down the hall and then she reached for the keypad on the imposing laboratory door. She began to punch in the seven digit code Brad gave her. Where he got it, how he got it, she didn't want to know. As she reached the last digit, she held her breath, waiting for an alarm to sound, and pushed. She heard a metallic click as the bolt on the door slide open. She turned the doorknob, and it turned easily in her hand, opening into the huge laboratory.

She entered quickly, feeling dizzy with excitement and fear. Christ, what was she doing? She could go to jail for this! But it was too late now. She was committed. She began to quickly pace through the lab, eyes darting everywhere, searching for particular coded folder Brad had said would be in there. There!

She saw it over in a corner on a bench by a fire-extinguisher. A manila folder labeled simply "PSX364," but which meant that it contained the key codes that were necessary for day to day work in the lab and for understanding what everything in the lab was. She touched it, opened it. And it hit her again. The wave of wrongness of it all, the feeling of being a criminal and a thief. She felt vaguely sickened. And in that moment, she realized she couldn't do it. It was a crappy way to rise in the company, the crappiest way of all. This was not the kind of woman she was, not the kind of woman she would become. Brad would have to find somebody else to do his dirty work. She was out of here.

She turned to make a hasty escape and squealed out loud. A young man, no, a boy - no more than 16 or 17, was watching her. Jenny gasped in a breath and held her hand to her breast.

"Oh, God, you scared me! What are you doing here?"

"I might ask you the same question," the boy responded. "You don't work here. Are you supposed to be here?"

Jenny felt panic seize her, but she put it down. She was busted and would have to keep her wits about her now if she was to get out of this unscathed. She walked casually back through the lab, stopped at an instrument and peered at a computer screen.

"Oh, yes. I'm with Dr. Richardson. We are discussing some collaborative research and he just ran out for a moment." She began to move in the direction of the door. "Do you work for Dr. Richardson?"

The boy watched Jenny attentively. There was something unsettling about him that put her off, something impish. He looked like a high school kid, dressed in jeans, a white tee-shirt and a white lab coat. His face had a few blemishes yet and still carried the awkwardness that all adolescents had to pass through, had not yet matured into the set of manhood. But his face had softened, and the accusation she first read there was reduced, if not completely gone.

"Yeah, I'm one of his lab assistants." She saw him straighten, caught the slight unconscious out thrust of his chest, an awkward attempt at bravado. "My name is Rick, and you are. . .?"

"Jenny," she replied and gave his hand a quick shake. She felt him hang on a fraction of a second longer than decorum permitted.

He grinned at her. "Jenny. Great to meet'cha! Yeah, so, um are you from around here?"

Jenny caught the vibe. No question about it - he was actually flirting with her. And if she had any doubts on that score, they vanished when she saw his eyes trail away from her own, taking in her form over and over again.

For the first time she noticed that in the bright fluorescent lighting of the lab that the faint lace of her camisole was visible beneath her white blouse. Heat rose in her face again, and she instinctively crossed her arms over her breasts.

She took a step back. "Oh, yes. I work right here in the city. You seem quite, ah, young to be working here. Is that unusual?" Make conversation, make conversation she thought to herself. And nonchalantly move toward the door.

Rick beamed at her question. It obviously opened a door he wanted open.

"Yeah, I am young. I'm the youngest person here. I'm only 15 but I graduated from Cal Tech last spring and this fall I start graduate work. Theoretical polymer physics! You know, I already have six publications. That's very rare for any undergraduate. Do you know anybody who has written that many papers?"

Jenny couldn't help the slow smile spreading on her face. My God, he's such a boy! But the clock was ticking and she knew she had to make a break for it.

"No, I don't think I do know anybody who has written that many papers, Rick. You must be very bright!"

She could almost see Rick's head swelling with pride. "First in my class!" he crowed.

Jenny was almost to the door now.

"Well, I certainly have enjoyed meeting you, Rick. Hopefully we'll get to do some work together some time."

Rick watched her move to leave and the bravado in his voice changed to stuttering agitation.

"Wait, Jenny. Um, wait, don't go, I was wondering. . . um, maybe we could get a cup of coffee together?"

Jenny turned and stared at him. And then she started to giggle. And she couldn't stop. Whether because of the tension or the absurdity of the whole situation, of going to all this risk and trouble for nothing, it gushed out of her in the giggles.

After a moment she paused and got the better of her mirth. But when she looked back at Rick, she saw she had made a mistake. If his face had fallen any lower it would have been in the basement.

"Oh! Rick! I'm sorry! I didn't mean that! I wasn't laughing at you. It's just that, well its just that its been a very crazy day and I don't know sometimes I just get the giggles for no reason. Doesn't that ever happen to you?"

Rick glared his hurt back at her, his face crimson with embarrassment, but didn't say anything. Jenny's heart went out to him. She hadn't wanted to hurt him.

"Look, seriously Rick. I'm flattered that you asked me, but you should know I'm married." She glanced down at her hand. Shit! She had left her ring off that morning, it being part of the fantasy of pretending for a few hours to be someone different. Rick's gaze was growing less friendly by the moment. Jenny stuttered to get around what must have looked like an obvious, and insulting to a kid as bright as that, lie. "I, um, must have forgotten to put. . .Um, look Rick, you are a really sweet kid, but."

She saw Rick wince and then his face relaxed, relaxed back into the look of impishness she had seen at the very first.

"Don't worry about it," Rick said. "We'll just forget it ever happened. By the way, did you find that folder you looking through interesting?"

Jenny felt panic begin to rise again and could hear the ridiculous sound of her own lie which was the only thing she could think to say. "Folder? What folder is that?"

Rick grinned in a sly why that gave her goosebumps.

"Oh, I must have been mistaken. Thought I saw you looking though a folder. Say, Jenny, I need to get back to an experiment, but I actually need another pair of hands for a minute. Could you give me a hand here for just a second before you go?"

Jenny eyed the door nervously. If anybody else should see her in there. . . "Rick, I really need to go."

Rick responded while adjusting some formidable looking glassware.

"Please, Jenny. It'll only take a second." He looked her in the face. "C'mon, as one friend to another?"

Jenny sighed. "OK, what do you need me to do?"

"See that valve on that big tank there. Just throw the lever on that while I hook this other stuff up."

Jenny walked over to a long green tank that stood just slightly shorter than she did. A valve with a meter rested on top, to which was attached a lever that was painted bright red. The tank had a cryptic label that meant nothing to her. It looked as inscrutable to her as the inside of a jet cockpit, and she had no idea what any other this stuff did, but there was something about that bright red lever that looked like it should not be pulled.

"Jenny. Please. Do it quick or my experiment will be ruined."

She hesitated again, glanced nervously out the window. She put her hand on the lever and pulled. Nothing happened.

"It's stuck," she said, her voice betraying her uneasiness.

"No, it's not, it just sticks a bit. Pull it hard, quick!"

Jenny felt perspiration break out on her head. She grabbed the lever with both hands and pulled. It gave all of a sudden and Jenny screamed. There was a deafening roar of noise and she staggered back as a powerful blast of air blew out of the tank at her. She recoiled, screaming her surprise and fright, her hair, her skirt, her blouse rippling in the gust of wind blowing out of the tank. It stopped as soon as it started and the room was quiet again, but she was still trying to over come her fright.

"Rick! Jesus! Rick! What the hell happened!!?? What WAS that??"

She looked frantically for Rick, and then she saw him, leaning nonchalantly against a bench, watching her as if nothing at all unusual had just happened.

Fear rapidly transmogrified into anger.

"Rick! Goddamnit, what just happened? If this is your idea of a practical joke-"

A piecing alarm sounded, ripping the brief quiet left after the tank finished emptying, and Jenny screamed again in mixed shock and anger and confusion. She had had enough and bolted for the door. She reached the knob and pulled, but it didn't give. The door was sealed tight against her. She pounded on it in furious frustration.

"Goddamnit! Help! Rick, get us out of here!"

Several people appeared at the window, looking anxiously in, their faces full of concern and confusion.

"Relax," she heard Rick's voice say. "We're OK, and we're not going anywhere, at least not for awhile."

His voice was infuriatingly calm, and he was just standing there watching her with that look of amused impishness on his face. Jenny's emotions were all in a turmoil and she didn't know whether to scream or cry.

She walked over to him, her voice shaking with rage.

"Listen, I have had all I'm going to take from you, you. . .you are going to let me out of here this instant or I am going to have your job!"

Rick sat down casually on a stool and continued to watch her, no longer making even a token effort to conceal the path his eyes were taking as they roamed over her slender form, drinking her in.

"Why don't you go read some more in that folder. Maybe that will tell you how to get out."

Jenny stormed back to the window and started to pound on it. "Help! Help!" she cried. "We're locked in here! We need help!"

The crowd milling outside the window was growing, but to her frustration no one seemed to be lifting a finger to help her. Suddenly she saw a face she recognized - Dr. Richardson. She saw him run down the hall to the window where he looked in, first glancing around anxiously, scanning for signs of injury, then scanning around equally anxiously looking for any other signs of destruction. Finally he walked over to an intercom and pushed a switch. His voice, with an electronic, tinny tone, came into the lab.

"Jenny, what are you doing in there? Are you OK?"

Jenny started to respond to the window until she saw Richardson shaking his head vigorously and pointing his finger. She turned and looked in the direction he was pointing and she saw a wall mounted intercom. She went toward it, feeling a small relief. At least she'd be able to get out of here now. She would worry about talking her way out of trouble later.

She felt a slight discomfort as she walked across the room - her damn panty hose were creeping up her ass. She stared to reach up to her skirt to pull them back and suddenly remembered she was not alone. She whipped her head around and saw the nemesis kid, just sitting there like he had been, patient and smiling enigmatically like the Buddha, just watching her. She turned away from him, her anger flaring again. She pressed the intercom button.

"Dr. Richardson - Pete, I'm fine. We had some kind of accident I think. I don't know what happened. I think some gas escaped out of a tank."

She noticed his eyes widen as she said this and she felt a flutter of fear in her stomach.

"Pete, Dr. Richardson, are we going to be OK? Cant you get us out of here."

She turned her back away from the window and from the pimple faced boy watching her, tried to adjust her pantyhose through her skirt, which were feeling increasingly uncomfortable and constricting for some reason. In the very back of her mind she wondered idly if she had put on support hose that morning. She didn't think so, and besides they had worn fine all day long, but there were more immediate concerns commanding the bulk of her attention at the moment.

She saw Richardson conferring with several people in the growing crowd outside the window. It looked as though everybody on the floor was gathering around to see what had happened and why the alarm sounded. Richardson went back to the intercom.

"Look, Jenny, I don't know why you are in there, and we are going to have to have a long talk about that when you come out. But don't panic. If all that happened was that a gas was released, there shouldn't be anything in that lab that can hurt you." She watched his face as he talked. It betrayed agitation and she didn't feel comforted.

"Then you can let us out, right?," she spoke into the wall microphone.

Richardson looked uneasy, as though he were afraid of being the bearer of bad tidings.

"No," he replied, "not right away. That particular lab is rigged with an anti-contamination device. In the event of a leak the room is automatically sealed by computer until complete diagnostics can be run to verify that there is no danger of building contamination. Its all automated. But we should be able to get you out in, oh, 15 minutes?"

"Shit!" Jenny cursed.

As a general rule she did not like using such language, but if this wasn't a day that called for it, then there never was one. "SHIT!" Jenny exclaimed again.

She looked down and saw long runs in her dark panty hose. This was just adding insult to injury. She must have run them in the commotion when that little punk did - whatever it was he did. But, that didn't make sense. It had all happened in an instant, and she hadn't really been banged around at all.

She looked down at her legs uneasily. She could see the long runs growing in small spurts, feel the nylon running farther up her legs under her skirt. She looked daggers over at the kid seated on the lab stool, watching her like a fan in a baseball stadium.

"What the hell is going on here," she whispered at him.

In reply, he just grinned.

She glared her exasperation at him but he had apparently said all he had to say. There was nothing to do now but wait so she walked over to a stool and pulled it up, peering out the window at the growing crowd of people looking in at them like visitors to a zoo.

She went to sit and stopped short. God, her skirt felt tight! Like she had just indulged in way too big of a lunch, as she bent to sit she could feel the waistband of her skirt crimping around her waist uncomfortably tightly. She squirmed and seated herself on the stool and then made a little gasp as she saw the hem of her skirt ride well up above her knee. She did not like to show this much leg, and she reflexively tugged down on the hem, but it wouldn't budge - it was as far down as it was going to go.

"What the. . " she said out loud.

She knew this skirt was more modestly cut than this. She shook her head, was she losing her mind? Had that gas affected her perceptions? Maybe she was having some kind of weird mild hallucination. She got up quickly, to re-check her skirt, let the hem fall back down to its normal length. No, she was sure of it - it was shorter! The hem rested slightly above the knee, and it had been below the knee before!

She walked around nervously, glancing occasionally at Rick. He was where he had been, swiveling in his chair as she walked around the lab so she was never out of his sight, just watching and looking as those he were enjoying himself immensely. She walked disgustedly back to the intercom.

"Dr. Richardson? Something weird is going on here, I think."

She eyed the crowd watching her, their faces no longer concerned as the danger seemed to have passed, but still full of curiosity. She paused. What was she going to say, was she going to announce over the intercom to a group of 20 strangers, "excuse me, I think my skirt has shrunk?" She hesitated, then continued.

"Dr. Richardson, do you have any idea what that gas was?"

Richardson had been talking animatedly with several of his colleagues but he returned to the intercom when he heard Jenny's voice.

"I'm still not sure, Jenny. It could be any of a variety of experimental gases. Have you noticed anything unusual?"

Jesus, Jenny thought. This whole day has been unusual.

She glanced around the room, looking for any other signs of strange things happening that she could report other than comments on her apparel. And something odd did catch her eye. There was a styrofoam coffee cup full of, not coffee, but water. And it was cracking all down the sides, water spilling out of it.

She reached for the intercom button and noticed that the sleeves of her blouse pulled tight on her arms, the cuffs suddenly being a full two inches short. She gazed uneasily at her arms and pushed the intercom button.

"Dr. Richardson. Yes, one thing kind of odd - there is a styrofoam cup in here that looks like it is disintegrating. Any idea what that means?"

She shifted uncomfortably.

She was beginning to catch glances of heightened interest coming from her audience and she thought she saw a hand pointing out something in her direction. She glanced down and saw a line of light ivory lace from her slip peeking out past the hem of her skirt, which seemed to have crept further up her thigh.

Goddamnit! She pulled nervously at the hem, glancing uneasily at the faces watching her.

Richardson's voice sounded in the lab.

"I see. I think I know what it is."

His face betrayed a curious mixture of amusement and unease.

"There is a gas we have been studying that . . . ah, "rolls up" polymers"

Jenny stared her incomprehension at him and he tried again.

"That styrofoam cup is a made of a polymer - very, very long chain molecules. What this gas does is cause these chains to wind up into a tiny ball, essentially causing the polymer to shrink."

He paused and she saw his eyes widen involuntarily as he suddenly seemed to notice what Jenny had become aware of several minutes earlier.

She was now wearing something approaching a mini-skirt, her long legs showing up to mid thigh, he slip sticking out boldly now beneath the hem. Jenny gasped in surprise and embarrassment. She saw large expanses of creamy white thigh visible through large tears in her dark hose. Jenny heard a slight tinkle, then another, and she saw the buttons from her sleeves on the floor beneath her.

"Yes!" she heard a voice call out.

She turned to Rick, feeling her fury mounting again.

"Damn you!" she shouted. “Do you mean this gas stuff is going to shrink my suit like I put it in the washing machine? Do you have any remote idea how much this suit cost me?? And now it's ruined!!"

Hot tears of anger and frustration sprang into her eyes.

"Yeah," Rick murmured, seemingly in a happy trance watching her. "It'll shrink like you washed it - for openers. It's synthetic, isn't it?"

More tinkles. Buttons were popping off the front of her blouse now, and the pretty lace of a silky ivory colored bra appeared at the top of her blouse. She gasped and hugged her arms around her breasts. She felt a sudden pang of fear. And she slowly turned her head and looked out the window, her situation finally becoming clear in her head.

The faces behind the window had apparently also figured out what was going on. Some of them were trying to look away, but were sneaking surreptitious glances, lacking the strength of will to not watch the show that was starting. Others gave up any pretense of looking away and were watching and pointing with rapt attention.

Jenny suddenly felt an unmistakable and utterly unwelcome sensation. There was a sudden decrease in the pressure of her new mini skirt around her waist and she heard the sound of the zipper being savagely forced down by the pressure.

"Shit!" she cried out as she whirled to cover the gaping skirt on her behind, revealing the pretty shimmering slip covering her tight behind.

She whirled first in one direction, trying to conceal her show from the crowd and then the next moment trying to avoid the gaze of the little monster in the room with her. New sounds began reaching her ears. The soft tearing sounds of fabric giving way. Things were getting gout of hand fast. Long tears opened down the sides of her skirt at the stitching and in a moment it fell to her feet in a small puddle of black.

Jenny was mortified. She had never been so humiliated in her entire life. She reached down to grab the remains of her skirt, and as she bent she heard a less soft sound. With a loud RRrrrrrip the blouse that was now too many sizes small for her nice bosom tore all the way down the back.

She looked up to see the crowd, and if she didn't know better (which she didn't) it was getting bigger by the minute, as though the news of her predicament was spreading through building like wildfire. She pulled the tatters of her skirt up and tried rather absurdly to cover herself, now standing before a crowd of 25 people or so in a lacy half-slip and bra.

She looked around desperately for some place to hide, to regain some bit of modesty. But there was nothing. She heard what was now a hated voice.

"Nice lingerie. You have good taste. I like lacy little underthings like that. Hmmmm, I wonder what they're made of. . . ."

A new fear entered her mind at this suggestion. Standing in front of all these people in her slinkiest lingerie was altogether bad enough, and she had one clasped over her bra and the other placed ineffectually over her slip between her legs.

"It's. . .silk" she murmured, her voice trembling on the verge of tears.

"Hmmm. Maybe," the boy replied, "I don't know that much about ladies' underthings, but my guess is that a lot of them are made from synthetics. . . ."

She glared at him. Little bastard was wearing jeans and a tee-shirt. All cotton, all natural. This was as deliberate as deliberate could be. What was she wearing for lingerie? Damn it to hell, why had she had to insist on being so sexy this morning! Why couldn't this have been a run of the mill all- cotton undies day??

She ran back to the intercom.

"Richardson, you've GOT to get me out of here, NOW!"

She looked down; the lacy hem of her slip was resting at mid thigh; it had been an inch lower not two minutes before.

"Please!" she added, her voice taking on a tone of pleading.

Richardson looked back at her, his face alternating between pity and frustration at not being able to stop this. But she noticed other involuntary flashes in his face that he couldn't conceal. The look that men have when they look at women. She saw the involuntary fire kindle in his eyes.

SNAP!

"Christ!" she screamed out.

The metal clasp of her lacy, ivory bra snapped loudly, the straps falling down uselessly along her back. Jenny wheeled around, clasped the straps at her back, but as she did the cups began to slide forward, revealing the creamy mounds of her breasts and the perimeter of her pink aureole.

She pulled her hands back in front and clasped them over her breasts, holding the cups in place over them. Soft popping sounds reached her ears - the sounds of the elastic in the waistband of her slip popping under the strain. She brought one hand down to try to stabilize the slip that was creeping higher up her thigh by the second.

The popping was replaced by the thin cry of the synthetic blend tearing in a long strip down the side. Before she could do anything, the slip slid down her legs with a whisper, forming a puddle of ivory fabric at her feet.

Jenny screamed and instinctively moved her hands down to her crotch. Though not before she saw the crowd outside the window almost appear to cheer as they were greeted by the sight of a pair of black bikini nylon panties with red roses on them. The moment her hands reached to cover her most private area, the rags of the bra floated gently down to the floor, her breasts came out in their full glory for all to see, the nipples hardening involuntarily, pointing out at the crowd like accusing fingers.

"Please, please," she murmured desperately to the boy who was now gazing at her naked loveliness with undisguised wonder on his face, "please make this stop."

The boy just continued to gaze at her. "My God," he said at last, "you are beautiful."

Jenny felt the hot tears beginning down her cheek. She could feel her panties begin to creep up her ass, could feel the inevitable effect of the gas working its last humiliation on her. Suddenly there was a click and a whooshing sound, and the door to the lab swung open.

She didn't think. She ran. She ran like a deer. The crowd was too enraptured by the sight to react quickly enough to stop her, and in the end they didn't want to stop her.

She dashed into an elevator and pushed the button. The door closed and she descended down towards the parking garage. God, what was she going to do?? She was practically naked, and she felt her panties continue to constrict her. Please God, please, she heard her mind praying, let the gas stop now. Let this be enough.

The door of the elevator swished open. She stood face to face with a mechanic in greasy overalls, surprised beyond words at the sudden appearance of a gloriously naked goddess in front of him.

There was a sudden ripping noise and Jenny felt the tiny slip of nylon that was all that was left of her panties slide down her legs, revealing the luscious bush between her legs. She screamed once and grabbed the greasy towel the mechanic held. Pulling it around herself, she fled like the wind.

The mechanic got into the elevator and pushed the up button. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the four leaf clover he had just found growing in the lawn of the building. Her gazed at it. And he smiled.

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**Jenny on Stage by Ranko**

The charity event was attended by almost everybody in town. And of course Jenny and her husband went too. It was at the town hall and for $10 per person, you got a ziti dinner and entertainment. The profits went to some worthy charity.

The entertainment turned out to be The Great Santini, master hypnotist! He went after dinner, and amazed the crowd, as he humiliated various town's folks (all in good fun, and in the name of charity!)

For the final show stopper, he needed a pretty lady, and spied Jenny sitting in the front row. For this to work, she had to be shy...and Jenny appeared (to his trained eye) to be just that. And her cute face, 38CC tits and shapely figure were perfect for what he had in mind! He asked for a volunteer for the last part of the show...and of course Jenny didn't offer her hand. But he picked her anyway...YES can we have this little lady up front here on stage. Of course she protested...but Santini used the crowd...it IS for charity...please..and soon, she made her way up on stage...in front of all those people. Red faced and totally embarrassed.

Santini asked for quiet...and started to put Jenny deeper and deeper under his hypnotic powers. Soon she was completely under his control...standing on stage, her head slumped to one side. She looked VERY sexy in her white cotton blouse, navy blue skirt, and high heels.

Santini said to her, Jenny can you hear me? Yes, she said quietly. Jenny, every time you hear your name you feet will be frozen to the stage. And your hands and fingers will have the uncontrollable urge to undress. Each time you hear JENNY, you will strip a little farther. Do you understand?

yes...

On the count of 3 you will awaken and not remember what I told you...but will comply non the less with my instructions. Do you hear me? yes...

1...you are getting LESS sleepy, 2 you are waking up, 3!

Jenny blinked her eyes open and she was back on stage. But something was wrong...Santini must have done something funny, cause the crowd buzzed with nervous energy.

Santini said...do you feel ok? yes... Would you like to re-take your seat...Jenny? yes...but she couldn't move. The more she tried the harder it got. Her feet were frozen to the stage. Great... And then she noticed her top button was undone. Funny, she didn't remember that.

What's the matter Jenny? She felt her hands reach up and undo another button. Ohmygod...she was undoing her shirt. Her face was already flushed with embarrassment, and now turned BEET RED. That bastard must have given her some suggestion. JENNY, are you ok? Another button...now you could see the middle part of Jenny's white lacy bra.

Well folks, Santini said, that's as far as I dare take it! The crowd booed loudly, but he just smiled. Then from the back of the room, someone yelled BULLSHIT...She wouldn't go any farther anyway you FAKER...Admit it...she was done right there! The funny thing was that voice sounded a lot like Jenny's husband.

Well Santini had never been challenged like this and started to get angry. He yelled back...she;d strip NAKED if I so commanded it. Well the crowd picked up the chant of NAKED NAKED NAKED... Jenny looked on in horror. naked?? Nooooooo

But Santini wouldn't be shown up...his rather large ego was at stake. With a self satisfied smile he said..I think it's show time JENNY. Do you hear me JENNY? Let's give them what they REALLY want JENNY. With a series of quick commands he had her completely open and remove her shirt. In a bra now, and shaking with embarrassment, her feet frozen in place...she could only watch in horror as her hands sought to comply with the post hypnotic suggestions... GULP!

By then the hornier members of the crowd chimed in. TAKE IT OFF JENNY! Let's see your tits JENNY. Her fingers found the hook on her skirt and then down her zipper went. She was helpless to fight it off. Her skirt slid down over her hips and revealed her sheer lazy white panties under her pantyhose.

Next her bra joined her shirt on the stage floor. For the first time since she was a child, strangers saw her twin 38CCs...the whole town saw them. Santini almost stopped it there...clearly he had showed these hicks who was the man. But the crowd was yelling things too fast.

Her pantyhose was yanked down so quickly that the top part of her blond bush winked into view. She was frozen with shock now...her worst nightmare coming true. With a final JENNY (from her husband), her panties were pulled down and she stood nude on stage.

Santini was pleased with himself but concerned. This had gone way to far, and he gave her a quick command to go back to sleep. That actually made it worse, cause her hands no longer tried to cover her assets, but merely hung limply at her sides, giving the town a clear view of her ample assets! Santini told Jenny she would have no recollection of tonights events. The crowd groaned when he had her re- dress. And then he woke her...she was a little dazed, and surprised by the thunderous applause she received as she made her way back to her seat.

And the rest of the week...she kept getting the strangest stares and smiles from folks...hmmmmm??

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**Jenny at the Pool by LOTFW**

Jenny was very nervous as she walked from the relative safety of her towel to the deep end of the pool. Against her better judgement, she agreed to wear that too small white string bikini. The men's heads turned like radar dishes and she wiggled by, her 38CC breasts BARELY contained by the thin material.

And her general sense of unease was heightened by the way her husband had tied her straps. She always doubled knotted them, and he had tied some type of slip knot. My GOD, one gentle tug and her body could be totally exposed. He had argued that it will make th suit easier to take off later. But right now, she just wanted to get to the safety of the water, where people couldn't stare so openly.

She dipped her foot in the deep end, and was surprised how cold the water felt. That kept her from jumping right in, even though she wanted to hide her body under the water. She stood there for a few minutes, trying to get the nerve to jump right in. As she waited, she struck up a conversation with to young girls, Beth and Donna. They were 17 and wore even smaller suits than Jenny. The actually seemed to enjoy the men's stares. Jenny was WAY to self conscious for that.

As she talked with them, she admitted she was shy and didn't want to stand out in the open too long. Both 17 year olds exchanged a secret smile, and decided right there to give Jenny something to blush about. Jenny faced the water, not suspecting the danger she was in. She heard Donna say, so you're really shy huh? Well then I guess you don't want anybody doing this...and moved her hand to the back of Jenny's bikini top and tugged the string at her back WIDE open.

Jenny couldn't believe it...and Beth quickly followed suit by grabbing the string at the back of her neck and teasingly pulling on it. Both teenagers didn't think things would go further...but Jenny jerked around to face them and the top came off in Beth's hand. Jenny's 38CC tits were on full display!! Her face turned beet red as she brought her hands up to cover her exposed flesh.

It should have stopped...but Beth and Donna did something that would totally humiliate Jenny. They each grabbed the bikini tie on the sides of her bottoms. Beth said, we're thinking of a number from 1 to 5. And you better not guess wrong...

By now people started to notice the large breasted woman not wearing a top and so a small crowd had gathered. Jenny couldn't believe her predicament. Topless and small bathing suit bottom, with ties that would be undone if she guessed wrong, and rendered totally nude in public. She pleaded with the girls to give her back her top. But they just laughed..

Finally, in a small voice, humiliated..she said 3. They didn't answer, but she felt her left tie being tugged open. Oh god...she almost dropped her hand from her left breast, but caught it just in time.. Donna said, try again honey! She just wanted to get this over with, and said 2?

Her right tie quickly opened. and this time she did drop her hand to keep the bottom from dropping. Her other arm was across her chest to maintain some vestige of modesty. 15 to 20 people were crowded around, and she just wanted to jump into the pool. But Donna blocked her way...they had one more trick up their sleeves.

Donna said, her honey, let me re-tie that bikini. and she slid her hand over Jenny stomach, but instead of to the side, she slid it right down the front over her pubic bone and onto her clit. Jenny's knees got weak, as it occurred to her that this girl was touching her sex. And touch it she did, running her finger slowly, deliberately over her lips and clit. She was rewarded with a wet pussy that was getting wetter by the minute.

Jenny was totally mortified now. Her hands slid down to try and stop Donna, but that only succeeded in exposing her form 38CC chest. And Donna slid her other hand down the crack of her ass right onto her sensitive asshole. Nobody had ever touched her there, and now a whole group of people were watching, and laughing. Jenny's bikini bottom all but forgotten dropped to the ground by her ankles. Noe completely nude, she felt trapped, her own body betraying her by responding to this 17 year old lesbian. Her friend Beth, not to be outdone, dropped to her knees behind Jenny and spread the cheeks of her asshole wide open and started to lick her deeply.

Jenny moaned in spite of the fact that she was totally on display...and Donna followed suit by getting in front and sucking on her clit... Jenny's hands went to her breasts and it completely embarrassed her beyond anything she'd felt. Especially when it occurred to her that the only thing she was wearing were two 17 year olds..and they were sucking her off.

She closed her eyes, as the crowd had swelled to a sea of smiling faces. He hips cooperated fully and the first orgasm ripped thru her. She had trouble staying on her feet and would have fallen over if not for her kinky friends. When she opened her eyes she almost jumped out of her skin! Here came two police officers running up to where they were. Oh god, nude, with two minors...

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**Jenny at the Pool Part 2 by Canio 1900**

Both the girls saw the policemen approaching, and had the same thought as Jenny. Acting quickly, and as one, Donna bent down and scooped up Jenny's fallen bikini, as Beth grabbed her towel and wrapped it around the still-dazed girl's naked body.

Leaning in close, Beth whispered in her ear, "Play along and do as you're told, unless you want these cops to know you've been stripping and fooling around with a couple of minors." Giving Jenny's ear a playful fluttering lick, she added, "We're just getting started playing with you."

Jenny's knees weakened again at the thought of what she'd stumbled into, and at what these two little lesbians might have in store for her.

Keeping an arm firmly around Jenny, Beth turned to face the policemen, joining Donna in explaining that they had simply been playing with their "Aunt Jenny", and that "things had just gotten a little out of hand."

"Isn't that right, Aunt Jenny?" asked Donna innocently.

Still dazed from the thunderous orgasm a few moments before, and with Beth's ominous words echoing in her ear, Jenny was only able to nod and gulp.

"We're really, sorry, officers. We'll go back to our room and get her clothes put back on. Won't we, Aunt Jenny?" said Beth.

"Y-yes, please," answered Jenny.

"Very well," said one of the cops. "Just be more careful."

With both girls holding tightly to Jenny, the trio turned and started back to the hotel building...the towel barely covering all of Jenny's parts. As they walked, both the girls took every opportunty to slide a hand under the towel, running fingers along her still-wet pussy, squeezing an asscheek, or pinching a nipple, and keeping her in a state of constant arousal and embarassment. When they got into the elevator, and pushed the button for the girls' floor, they immediately yanked the towel away. Before Jenny could cover herself, Beth grabbed her wrists from behind and held her arms apart.

"Hold her tight, Beth," said Donna. "I want more to eat."

As Beth's hands kept a firm grip on her wrists, Donna fell to her knees and latched her mouth onto Jenny's soaking puss...sliding her tongue deep inside.

Struggling vainly against the the girls' strong hands....Beth holding her wrists, and Donna forcing her thighs wide apart, Jenny groaned in arousal and humiliation, "Ohhhh.....oh God...nooooo....."

"Hush, girl" said Beth, planting her lips firmly on one of Jenny's nipples, adding yet another sensation to those running through her body. Raising her face from Jenny's crotch and taking one long lap at her slit, Donna added,"I told you - we're just getting started."

At that moment, the elevator bell rang, and the doors slid open to the girls' floor. Quickly wrapping the towel around the now feverishly aroused Jenny, both girls led her from the elevator down the hall, drawing curious glances from several people walking toward the elevator. Blushing furiously, she could only murmur,"nooo....please....."

Opening the door, Donna said wickedly,"After you, my dear," as Beth gave her a firm shove, holding the towel, and sending Jenny stumbling, naked, into the suite. After hanging the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the doorknob, and closing the door behind her, Donna turned to face the other two. Beth was in the process of regaining her grip on Jenny's wrists and pulling her backward onto the bed.

Summoning the last of her strength, Jenny shouted, "Let me GO!" and wrenched her hands free from Beth's grasp, running for the door.

Thinking quickly, Donna stepped lightly to the side....and stuck out her foot, tripping Jenny and sending her sprawling to the floor. As both girls lifted her to her feet by the arms, Beth reached down and slid her hand between Jenny's thighs...stroking her pussy with a smooth motion...and Donna gave her ass a firm smack.

"OWWWW!!!" cried Jenny, more from shock than from pain.

"That's about enough of that. No more running, 'Aunt Jenny', or everyone working at this hotel will know about you and the two 17-year-olds," said Donna wickedly.

Meanwhile, Beth had been tugging lightly at Jenny's blonde pubic curls. "We need to do something about this, first, I think," she said.

"Absolutely," agreed Donna. "I'll hold her - you get the bag."

As Donna kept a firm grip on the young woman's arms, Beth went into the other room, and soon returned with a sizable black leather weekend bag. Reaching in, she pulled out a pair of sturdy steel

handcuffs.

"Oh my God, no...please, not that," begged Jenny.

But the girls merely laughed, and in seconds, Jenny's wrists were securely cuffed behind her back.

"Let me explain what's going on here," said Donna. "Beth and I have known each other for a few years, and have been lovers since we were fifteen. Our parents think we're just best friends, and don't mind if we take a little trip like this from time to time."

Beth added, "What they don't know is exactly what we do here. We're almost constantly in bed whenever we do this. Today, you came to the pool just when we were taking a break."

Donna continued,"Now, there's this game the two of us play, using all the toys we carry in this bag. We'll toss a coin, or cut a deck of cards, or roll dice. The winner gets to be the Mistress, and the loser has to be the slave."

Beth then said,"But when we saw you at the pool, we decided that this time, we're BOTH going to be in charge.....and guess who gets to be the slave?" she added wickedly, giving Jenny's nipples a tug.

Jenny's stomach started to flutter at the thought of what these two underaged lesbians were going to do with her. "Please, girls....let me go....I promise I won't say a word to anyone...."

Donna gave her a shove backward onto the bed, and as Jenny toppled back, her legs splaying lewdly open, said,"You're ours for the afternoon...and we don't care who you tell....no one will believe youover a pair of innocent teenagers. Now, Beth, love? Get my kit, will you?"

Beth went into the bathroom, and returned with a small shaving kit, a bowl of water, and a towel. Handing these to Donna, she slid behind Jenny on the bed, holding her in a half-sitting position.Jenny tried to close her legs, seeing what was about to happen, but Donna was able to easily get her legs apart and situate herself between them. Taking out a ladies' safety razor and a can of shave cream, she said,"The more you struggle, the greater the chance you'll get cut."

This made Jenny instantly go still....and her face burned crimson as the young girl rubbed the cream into her entire pubic area. She held her breath as Donna carefully shaved off every last trace of her pubic hair...and was horribly embarassed at how wet her pussy got as the young girl shaved her. Wiping the traces of the cream away with the damp towel, Donna said, "Much better. Now we're ready."

Giving Jenny's puss playful lick, she got up and looked around the room. On the other side of the room was a narrow console table, about eighteen inches wide and four feet long, with a marble top and wrought-iron fretwork legs. "Help me with this, Beth," she said.

With another pinch at Jenny's nipple, Beth got up and helped Donna move the heavy table out into the room. Going back to the bed, the girls took Jenny by the arms and stood her up, walking her to the table, stopping so that the top was firmly against her waist. Standing behind her, Donna pushed the bound girl's upper body as Beth, on the other side of the table, pulled her forward, bending her over it. Then, bringing the bag over, Donna reached in and took out a length of sturdy nylon rope.

"NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!!!!" Jenny cried out, as Donna pulled one of her legs outward to the iron leg of the table.

"No? Watch me," answered Donna, tying Jenny's ankle to the table, threading the rope through the intricate fretwork. Jenny tried to struggle, but with Beth holding her down to the top of the table, she

couldn't get any purchase. In another moment, Donna had both her ankles tied to the legs at the ends of the table. With one more length of rope, Beth secured Jenny into her bent-over posture. Thetwo girls took a moment to admire their handiwork.

Here was Jenny, legs spread wide, ass and pussy fully exposed as she bent over the narrow table, wrists cuffed behind her, and her round, full 38CC breasts hanging freely over the other side. A rope running from one end of the front of the table to the other held her upper body down. She was, in a word, helpless.

Without a word, the two teenage lesbians stepped in front of Jenny. Taking her chin in one hand and lifting her face, Donna then said, "Now we're ready. Beth? The bag."

As Beth went over to the bed to get the black leather bag, Donna slid her hand down along Jenny's

widely spread ass, her fingers moving over the crease, fluttering over the hole...and finding Jenny's now smooth-shaved slit. Her fingers slid expertly along the lips, stroking and probing, eventually finding the young woman's clit and rubbing it....hard.

"OHHHHH....." Jenny moaned as she felt her pussy starting to get wet under the teenager's stroking.

Donna said, "I think she actually likes this, Beth....she's soooo wet...." causing Jenny to blush crimson...and to moan even more deeply as she felt two of Donna's fingers slide deep inside her dripping cunt.

"unhhh....unhhh..." Jenny moaned as the girl's fingers slid in and out of her....."ohhhh goddd...."

Meanwhile, Beth had brought the leather bag around in front of Jenny, placing it, open, on the floor in front of her. Stripping in front of the helplessly writhing girl, she reached out and cradled Jenny's large hanging breasts.....squeezing and kneading them....fingers sinking into the flesh.....tugging the nipples....she said huskily...."Wait until you see what I've got for you."

With that, she reached into the black bag and pulled from it a very large black strap-on dildo.

"Ohhh noo.....you can't UNHHHH......" said Jenny as Donna added a third finger to the two that were already inside her.

"Come on back here and give it to her, Beth," said Donna,"she's nice and wet now."

Striding back to Jenny's ass, the huge toy projecting lewdly from her crotch, Beth took her place behind the feebly struggling girl. Placing one hand on Jenny's hip, and holding the toy with her other, she slowly slid the tip up and down Jenny's slit, making it wet and shiny with the girl's juice. As she slowly began to slide it forward and into the depths of the young woman's cunt, Donna slid her still wet finger's into Jenny's open mouth, stifling her protesting cries.

"Nhhhh....NHHHH," was all that Jenny could get out as the long thick toy was slowly buried into her grasping pussy.

Holding her hips with both hands now, Beth started to fuck her in earnest....long slow strokes that sent lightning bolts of pleasure through her body. She didn't notice that Donna had now stripped....and was positioning herself in front of her. Thrusting her hips forward, pulling Jenny's head up by her ponytail, she placed her own shaved pussy up to Jenny's mouth.

"Open wide, slave," she said.

Jenny tried to keep her mouth clamped shut, but Beth was having none of it. Sliding one thumb into Jenny's asshole, and thrusting the huge toy forward, she growled,"You heard her, slave...open!"

Gasping at this sudden shock, Jenny's mouth popped open, and Donna shoved her cunt up against it. Breath hissing through her nose, lips latched to Donna's pussy, and with Beth fucking her ever faster from behind, Jenny couldn't help herself....her tongue probed into Donna's wet snatch. Slowly at first....then more eagerly as her own arousal drove her. With Donna holding her head tightly, she licked and sucked at the teenager's slick cunt until....as Beth's thusts got even deeper and harder....she came.

The orgasm ripped through her like an earthquake...shaking her from her cunt, down her widespread legs....up through her breasts....all through her tautly drawn body...."OHHHHHH GODDDDD....NHHHHHH....UNHHHHH...." she moaned into Donna's cunt....feeling the young girl's own orgasm joining with hers....hearing Donna's own cries with her own.......

The rest of that afternoon sank into a blur of sadistic lesbian lust. Jenny never even tried to count how many orgasms she had. She was eaten, fucked in the pussy and the ass.....her large round breasts were played with in ways she could never imagined. At one point, the girls took turns fucking and spanking her while tight little clamps hung from her nipples. Several times she was force-fed one or the other of the teenager's cunts.

Finally, as the day drew to a close, Donna announced that the game was over.

"You're letting me go?" Jenny asked weakly.

"That's right, sweetcheeks," said Beth, giving Jenny's clit a pinch and biting her nipple ( by this time, Jenny was tied on her back, spreadeagle, to the bed, her erect swollen nipples pointing to the ceiling, her slick cunt open for any use the girls wished to put it to). "But I want you to make me cum one more time, while Donna fixes up your bikini," she said, straddling Jenny's face, settling her cunt onto the bound girl's mouth. "Do me right."

As Jenny once more started lapping at Beth's shaved slit, Donna found the white bikini that Jenny had be wearing hours before. As Beth slid her crotch along Jenny's lips, she worked on the suit with a pair of scissors she kept in her kit. Just as Beth reached a last howling orgasm, she said, "Ta-da! All finished."

"Okay, slave - this has been fun. Now you get to go," said Donna, as Beth shakily moved off Jenny's wet face.

The two lesbians then untied Jenny from the bed, and got her to her feet. She was wobbly and weak from all that had happened, but was grateful when Donna handed her the bikini. As she started to put it on, she didn't see the wink that Donna gave Beth. But then she noticed that something was wrong with the suit.

"Oh my god...." she moaned.

Donna had cut the lining from the two pieces, rendering them virtually transparent. Not only that, but she had also cut away some of the bottom, turning it into what was essentially a thong.....one that slid up the slit of her shaved puss as well as the crack of her ass. Before she could protest, the girls had grabbed the bottom and slid it high up her hips, pulling the crotch deep into her slit. They then tied it tightly into two hard knots at her sides...tight enough that nothing short of a pair of scissors would take it off. The top had also been cut away a bit. The two triangles that formed the cups were now barely big enough to cover her hard swollen nipples - the aureola were clearly visible.

"You can't send me out there like this," she said weakly....knowing full well that was exactly what they were going to do.

Opening the door, the girls pulled and pushed until they had shoved her into the hall. Then, as she tried one last time to run back into the room, Donna threw a glass of water on her breasts....cold water that not only made her nipples even harder, but rendered the now unlined suit virtually invisible.

"So long, slave....enjoy the walk home," Beth giggled as the door slammed shut.

So here she was....nipples showing clearly through the thin material of her bikini top...the bottom pulled up tightly into her....her shaved, slick, and puffy cuntlips exposed in the front, and her round asscheeks, red from numerous spankings, fully exposed from the rear.

How was she to get back to her room like this?

The only option was to try as best she could to avoid being seen. Maybe if she took the stairs......She'd almost made it to her room, mercifully avoiding anyone....when she realized....she'd left her key at the pool....across the lobby....which was rapidly filling with people for the dinner rush.

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**Jenny's Bar Fight by U.P.**

On early Friday evening, Jenny and her husband were cooling off at the local bar. They were sitting on the long row of stools in front of the counter. Bars are not one of Jenny's favorite places but since she was with her husband, she felt secure.

The beers started doing its magic on her husband so he told her that he was going to the restroom and will be back shortly. She turned to watch her husband walk away leaving her alone in that place of questionable reputation.

Jenny tried to assume her position in front of the counter when, with her elbow, knocked down her drink and landed on the man's lap sat beside her. Without thinking, she grab a napkin and started to clean the guy's pants. Suddenly she heard a woman's voice screaming at her:

"Get your hands off my man, stupid slut."

Jenny was stunned by the offensive language but tried to apologize:"I'm sorry. That was not my intention..."

But her apology was cut short when the woman jumped at Jenny grabbing her by the hair. Jenny screamed at this and managed to grab the woman hair too. They struggled back and forward while a crowd of guys gathered around them cheering for more action.

Maybe the two beers that Jenny drank made her more brave because she let go off the woman's hair and grab the neckline of her t-shirt and yanked it down until it ripped, revealing that she was bra less. This accomplished Jenny's hand went back to the woman's hair.

This made the woman mad and grabbing Jenny's white shirt, she retaliated by ripping it open, showing her lacy white bra that barely contained her ample breast. That was not enough for the woman so she grab the bra cups and pulled them down, letting Jenny's big breast bounce free. Jenny blushed, the crowd cheered harder, even her husband.

Jenny let go off the woman's hair and her hands went directly to cover her nipples. The woman seems to not care about been topless and punched Jenny right on the stomach. Jenny's hands went to her abdomen leaving her breast uncovered again and crouching slowly until she felt on the floor assuming a fetal position and gasping for air.

Then the woman asked the crowd: "How about stripping the bitch?".

The crowd answer: "YEAH!!!!!",including her husband.

Then they started chanting:"Tiffany,Tiffany,Tiffany!!".

That motivated her to grab Jenny's shirt, pulled it off her body, followed by her bra. Jenny was defenseless against this attack since she was out of breath but felt secure since she was face down.

To her horror, Tiffany turned her face up. She forgot about the pain on the stomach and covered her breast. Tiffany undid Jenny's skirt and took it off and threw it to the crowd. Now there she was just in her skimpy white panties, blushing furiously and helpless. Seconds later her panties too made the same trip to the crowd.

At this, the completely naked Jenny started to struggled harder to cover herself and escaped this place of Hell. But Tiffany overpowered her and turned her face down again, showing her beautiful creamy white ass to everyone.

Then she said to Jenny:"You want sex, I will give you sex".

With that said, Tiffany sit on Jenny's back facing her ass and reach between Jenny's legs, and started stroking her pussy.

Jenny's mind was going crazy: "Oh God!!,she is masturbating me in front of everyone.","Please God don't let me orgasm, I'm not a lesbian.", "Please God don't let me orgasm, I'm not a lesbian."

But after a few minutes of Tiffany's skillful hand, body betrayed her and she let out a loud orgasm to the delight of Tiffany and the crowd. The humiliation was beyond Jenny's wildest dreams. But if Jenny thought this was the end, she was wrong, very very wrong.

Tiffany took the belt out of her jeans, folded it and before Jenny could recover from the heart-shattering orgasm....

\*SMACK\*..........Ooooooooowwwwwww!! Noooooooo!!

\*SMACK\*..........Owwwwww!!! Please, I'm sorry!!!!

\*SMACK\*..........Nooooo!!!!!!! Someone, Help me!!!!!

\*SMACK\*..........OOOWWWW!!! Oh GOD!!! She is killing me!!!!!!

Jenny was kicking wildly giving delightful glimpses of her charms between her legs. Her butt went from white to pink to angry red to deep crimson. Then Tiffany stopped, Jenny laid limply on the floor, out of breath, and her butt glowing like stop lights. She was almost unconscious.

Tiffany stood up, holding the belt high in the air while the crowd chanted: "Tiffany, Tiffany, Tiffany..."

Then Tiffany grabbed a big mug of ice cold beer from the counter and poured it right on Jenny's blazing ass. When the cold liquid made contact with her skin, she let out a scream and her legs spread wide giving the crowd a clear view of her moist, swollen pussy lips.

Then she taunted Jenny: "I hope you learned your lesson"

Then to her boyfriend: "I see that you and your little friend enjoyed the show. Let go,I have something for you too."

They left leaving Jenny humiliated to the extreme, naked, motionless and in complete shock.

Suddenly her husband emerged from the crowd, help her to her feet and help her put on her shirt that he managed to recover. He drove her home, laid her face down on the bed and put a cold wet towel over her red-hot ass.

This made Jenny came back to reality and start crying, remembering the shameful show she was forced to perform. She pleaded to her husband to move far away from there where no one knows her, that she will die if she has to face someone who saw the incident. Her husband comforted her, promising her that no one will remember anything because the people were too drunk.

Jenny resolve to never return to that bar or any bar for that matter. This will prove to be a good idea since she will not see the the two pictures on display in the bar: one of Tiffany spanking her, the other of Tiffany masturbating her, or her panties that now are hanging on the horns of the moose head behind the counter.

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**Jenny's Interrogation by Showman**

Jenny got up in the morning, took a shower and ate her breakfast. She had planned on a relaxing day of summer vacation before she left for college. She needed to do some shopping for clothes to wear at college. It was a hot day outside, and her little brother and his friends were having a watergun fight outside.

She dressed in a white dress shirt tucked into a short wrap-around miniskirt. She also wore a sheer white bra, and in combination with the thin white material of the dress shirt, she could almost make out her nipples beneath the fabric. She decided for modesty's sake to wear a vest over the ensemble.

She walked down the steps off the porch and out to the car and barely missed being shot by one of her 14 year-old brother's friends. She dashed and jumped in the car and locked the door. She took off her vest because it was so hot. She would put it back on when she got to the mall.

At this point she realized that she forgot her purse in the house. The little brat had gone away, so she got out of the car and looked around. No one in sight. She walked back up the stairs onto the porch and was reaching for the door when she heard "Hold it!" behind her.

She turned around, and it was her brother with one of those big waterguns, the ones that used batteries to squirt gallons of water at you. She playfully raised her hands above her head and said "Don't shoot! Please don't shoot".

The boy looked at her for a minute and said "Back away from the door!"

Not wanting to get wet, she did as she was told. Just then her brother's friends came barreling around the corner and saw her with her arms raised and pointed their guns at her!

"Back up against the railing! Now!"

She would really get wet now if she didn't comply.

"You are our prisoner!"

She saw one of the boys produce a pair of toy handcuffs, and as she backed against the railing, her brother told her to put her hands behind her back. She complied, and felt the boy putting the handcuffs on her wrists. She wasn't worried, she could snap these in a second, she thought. He ran the handcuffs behind the railing, effectively holding her in place.

"Now!" said her brother, as all three of the boys backed away facing her, "where is my video game?"

Oh my god, she thought, I had forgotten all about that! The punk had been playing video games during her favorite show yesterday, so she complained to her mother. When he took a bathroom break, her mother hid the game from him.

"Tell me where it is, or we will shoot you!"

Oh, shit. What do I do? she thought. "Mom hid the game, not me!" she yelled back.

"Bull shit! I know your the culprit!" he yelled back, and then squeezing briefly on the trigger, sent a stream of water that splatted right between her breasts, stunning her.

She jerked hard on the cuffs to make a run for it, but they held her firmly in place! "What the...!"

One of the boys laughed out loud "You won't be able to break those! They are real cuffs!"

"Shoot her!" exclaimed her brother, and they all opened up on her.

Streams of freezing cold water dowsed her, and her shirt and bra became transparent as they stuck to her chest. She could see as she frantically struggled that the boys were purposely aiming at her chest, and streams were dancing off her now-hard nipples.

Suddenly, they stopped. She was a mess of wet clothing clinging to her lithe body, her nipples as hard as rocks pointing out from under her drenched shirt. She was so embarrassed!

"Why did you do that!?!?" she screamed.

The boys, however, were transfixed on the sight of her almost-naked breasts jutting out towards them.

"Please let me go!" she begged.

"Not until you tell us where the game is!" her brother said with a wicked grin on his face. "As a matter of fact, I am going to ask you again, and each time you don't answer, I will unbutton a button on your shirt!"

"What? DON"T YOU DARE! You little brat!" She struggled again against the handcuffs that held her mercilessly.

"Where is the game?" her brother asked again.

"Please, don't do this to me!"

He slowly reached out and deftly undid the top button of her blouse! "Don't! Stop..."

"Where is the game?"

"I told you, mom hid it!"

He reached out and undid another button, exposing the clasp on the front of her bra between her breasts.

"Arghhhh!" She couldn't bring her hands up to top him. She kicked out in vain, and one of the boys left the porch, only to return a moment later with some rope.

A minute later, with her ankles securely bound to the bottom of the railing, her brother asked again, "Where is the game?"

"I will get you for this, you little bastard!" she hissed back at him.

He merely smiled.

"Wrong answer!" and he unbuttoned another button.

This was getting really embarrassing for her, as her struggles caused her shirt to open wider in the front, exposing the sides of her bra-clad breasts.

"Please..." she begged.

"Are you going to tell me where it is?" her brother asked, "or are you going to let us see everything?"

Jenny began to cry, tears of frustration and embarrassment.

"This would all be over if you would just tell us."

"But I don't know!" she cried.

He reached out and unbuttoned the last two buttons on her blouse. Her blouse gaping in the front, exposed a hint of a lean, hard belly and the wonderful swell of her breasts tucked under each side.

"Last chance to avoid losing your shirt!"

Still no answer. One last struggle, and he reached out and untucked her blouse from her skirt and pulled it wide open and off her shoulders! All the boys now feasted their eyes on her breasts under the shear bra.

She gasped with astonishment that her brother would do this to her! She couldn't hide anything!

"What will it be, sis? Your skirt is next!" he said with a malicious little grin, "where is it?"

"Please, I don't know, really. Mom hid it, not me! Please..." she begged as he reached out and untied the tie of her skirt.

"Oh, OHHHHHH!!!!" she cried as the unencumbered skirt slid down her legs almost in slow-motion to her ankles.

Her white panties, exposed to the boys, had become wet and hinted at what lay underneath. Blushing furiously, her body writhing against her bonds, she begged and pleaded for him to release her. Standing there in just a soaked bra and panties with her hands fastened behind her back, she was a sight to behold. The boys all had hard-ons as her brother continued with the interrogation.

"I'm glad you aren't talking! This way we get to see all of you! I don't suppose you want to tell us now?"

"YOU BASTARD! I WILL GET YOU FOR THIS!!! YOU LET ME GO RIGHT NOW! YOU..."

"I didn't think so..." her brother said quietly and slowly reached up and began fumbling with the clasp of her bra.

"NO! PLEASE! NO! I DON"T KNOW WHERE IT IS!" she cried, but he was having none of that.

She gasped as the clasp came loose and her breasts sagged slightly.

"Last chance..." her brother asked calmly, but she was too busy struggling.

With two quick motions, her brother pulled both sides of her bra back and down her arms, leaving her breasts completely exposed to the cheers of the other boys. Not even bothering to ask her again, her brother reached down and placed a thumb under each side of her panties, then whisked them down to her ankles.

He stepped back and looked at his sister, completely naked, and unable to hide her pert breasts and the nipples that were unbelievably hard and poking out, or her pubic mound which crowned the tops of her slender thighs. The boys just sat there and took in every detail of her naked body as she struggled in vain to hide. They let her struggle for another ten minutes, then released her and went back to their waterfight.

Her brother had completely forgotten about his game...

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**Jenny visits St. Louis by Deacon Blues**

Jenny awoke just as the plane was descending over the Gateway Arch. She nervously looked around as she adjusted her skirt, hoping that no one had noticed that while sleeping she had slipped down in her seat, while her skirt had stuck to the fabric, revealing the tops of her stockings. A man across the aisle quickly raised his newspaper in front of his face. Jenny didn’t have time to wonder if he had seen her before she heard the attendant announce "Welcome to St. Louis. We will be landing in 10 minutes.

Jenny was glad to be back in St. Louie. Every time she came to see her old friend Mike, she had a great time. She loved the Italian Market and the riverboats. Jenny thought it was really a hoot to take the brewery tour, though last time she was there she snagged her dress on a bottle conveyor. It had ripped off her dress, and she had to watch helpless in her bra and panties and watch while her dress traveled down the conveyor, up around the filling machines and across the ceiling into the warehouse, while the floor crew cheered and hollered. It was so embarrassing.

That unpleasant memory was fortunately disturbed by the bump of the landing gear contacting the tarmac. Rushing into the gate, Jenny quickly found Mike and gave him a big hug.

"What are we going to do first, Mike?", she asked breathlessly. "Take a casino cruise down the river?"

"Jenny", Mike said, "the only game in town this weekend is the Cardinals. Everyone’s going to be at the stadium, and I’ve got tickets, for the left field bleachers, no less".

Though Jenny had been at a few games, she didn’t know much about baseball.

"What’s all the excitement?", she asked Mike. "Are the Cardinals going to win the World Series?"

"Jenny!", Mike said, exasperated. "Don’t you know that Mark McGwire’s about to break Roger Maris’s home run record? That’s all anyone is talking about."

Jenny still wasn’t sure what it was all about, but she always wanted to be where the excitement was. She was looking forward to going to the ballpark the next day as she dressed. She knew that it was traditional in St. Louis for ladies to dress up for the ballgames, and though she was modest about her body, she knew she was attractive and liked to look her best. But she knew that the heat and humidity could be unbearable in the bleachers. She rummaged through her suitcases looking for just the right thing to wear. Fortunately she had brought a pretty, brightly patterned though conservative sundress. It was almost floor length, and though it had little spaghetti straps, it only showed a bit of shoulder.

"This will protect me from the Sun", she thought, "but it will be hot under all this material".

But since it was such a modest dress, she thought to stay cool she’d wear just a pair of thong-style panties under it.

As she looked around the stadium parking lot while walking to the gate with Mike, she knew she made the right choice. She was cool and comfortable, but she knew she looked good, not cheap like those immodest girls in their halter tops and cut-offs.

"Why are we sitting in left field", she asked Mike. "Couldn’t you get better tickets?"

"Jenny, left field is THE place to sit" replied Mike. We might be able to catch a home run ball".

When they got to their seats, the section was completely filled, and most people had fielder’s gloves.

"Why is everyone so excited about catching a little ball?" she asked.

"Jenny, the ball McGwire hits for his 62nd home run could be worth $20,000!" Mike told her.

Now Jenny was starting to get excited, and began to tune in to the emotion of the crowd.

"Ooohh," she said, "I hope he hits one our way".

McGwire had tied Maris’s mark of 61 two days ago. Chicago had thrown their ace against him last night, but he was up against a rookie this afternoon, and the St. Louis crowd was sure the record would fall today. McGwire got on base with a grounder in the first, and struck out in his second at-bat. Jenny was starting to get bored. But when McGwire came up in the 6th with a man on second, the crowd started to get on edge.

The Chicago pitcher took him to 2-2. McGwire fouled off a couple of pitches around the corners. Finally he connected on a low fastball. As it soared toward the left field fence, the crowd rose to its feet as one. In the excitement Jenny jumped up, too, not noticing the hem of her sundress had caught on a screw head protruding from her seat base. As she stretched to see over the crowd, the screw pulled her dress tight, stretching her spaghetti straps to almost the breaking point.

"Jenny, it’s coming right too you!" yelled Mike. "Catch it! Jump!"

All around her men and boys had their arms outstretched. Jenny could see the ball dropping right over her head. She jumped up on her seat, unable to hear the "rrrippp!" of her spaghetti straps breaking loose over the roar of the crowd. Jenny stood on her toes and raised her arm toward the ball, which allowed her dress to slip over her bust and fall to the deck. With a mighty stretch of her whole body she reached up and grabbed the ball!

"I got it, I got" she yelled, jumping up and down on her seat, holding the ball aloft.

In her excitement she kept jumping up and down, until she realized something was different. She could feel her boobs bouncing up and down freely in the air. She looked down in shock. There was her sundress laying on the deck, gathered around the offending screw head.

Meanwhile Mike had gone nuts, yelling "She got it! She got it!", oblivious to the fact that Jenny was standing on her seat naked except for her tiny thong.

Jenny tried to cover up, but Mike was holding up her right hand. partly to show off the ball, partly to keep it away from the kids mobbing them. With her left hand she was swatting at the kids trying climb up to get at the ball. Giving up on getting down to get her dress, she looked out in to the stadium, where, to her horror, the two huge video monitors were showing replay after replay of her celebrating her catch, her bare boobs bouncing up and down as she jumped.

The huge roar in the stadium had subsided just slightly when Jenny noticed another commotion. Hordes of reporters were charging for their seats. The cameras of every major new organization, CNN, CBS, FOX, all had their cameras on Jenny. She still couldn’t move, Mike was still going crazy showing off the ball, and with it, Jenny’s luscious, nearly nude body. She kept swatting at the kids with her free hand, who in their scramble to get to the ball, would sometimes grab hold of Jenny’s thong, and it was all she could do keep on the last tiny piece of covering she had.

Flashbulbs were popping all over, and, blinded, she could only swat aimlessly, while one ambitious kid, trying to pull himself up using Jenny’s panties, pulled down one side of her thong, temporarily exposing her curly blonde bush, just as the cameramen arrived at the rail.

Finally Mike came to his senses, and realized Jenny’s dress was laying on the deck. He picked it up and helped her slip into it, and hustled her out to the aisle and up to the concourse, Jenny holding her arm across her breasts to keep her dress up.

They stopped at a stairway, unsure which way to go, when a man ran up yelling "here they are!" Mike and Jenny started up the stairway, but just then a dozen people started down toward them. In the lead was a dapper looking businessman and a stoop shouldered but very distinguished looking elderly man. The man who yelled ran up behind them, grabbed Jenny and said to her "I’d like you to meet the owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, Mr. August Busch III, and one of the greatest ballplayers of all time, Mr. Stan Musial.

Auggie Busch smiled at Jenny and said "I’m pleased to meet the fan who caught the record breaking ball, and delighted that it was such a beautiful lady.”

He extended his arm to shake Jenny’s hand, Jenny, temporarily forgetting her predicament, reached for his hand, allowing her dress to fall around her waist. Again, flashbulbs popped all around them. Stan Musial, always the gentleman, helped her pull the dress up around her shoulders.

"And now", Busch said, "It’s time to meet the man himself, Mark McGwire. Shall we go down to the clubhouse to see him?".

"You mean the man with those magnificent arms who hit that ball? Ooohhh!!!" said Jenny.

The meeting was private, so I’m unable to report what transpired there, but it’s said that McGwire has never had to take a supplement to increase his testosterone level since.

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**Jenny's Bad Pool Day by Showman**

Jenny had just moved into a new neighborhood that had a nice spa and pool complex. She decided to go down to the pool and catch some rays one hot summer day.

She dressed in a string bikini that had ties on the sides of the bikini and the front of the top. She normally didn’t wear revealing clothes, but she needed the sun.

She walked to the pool, which was relatively uncrowded for this time of year. She looked around and didn’t see anyone she knew. She lay down in one of the chairs and relaxed on her stomach. She was faintly aware of the kids playing around the pool, and noticed that a number of young fathers were there watching them. Too bad they were all married!

She heard the gate open and looked up to see four young high school guys walk up to the pool and begin to horse around. They were in there mid-teens, and punks by the look of them.

She lay on her stomach for a while then flipped over to her back, putting her arms above her head to tan underneath them. She vaguely noticed the stares the young boys and some of the fathers were giving her, after all, she had a voluptuous body and wasn’t wearing very much. Despite this, she relaxed and relaxed, and slowly fell asleep…

She woke up to the sound of one of the boys yelling "BIKINI AUCTION!", and realized that all four boys were around her. She tried to get up, but two of them restrained her ankles while another held her arms over her head. "We are going to auction off this woman’s bikini, how much will you give?" She struggled to get up, but the boys held her firmly. She noticed some of the fathers crowding around and watching the happenings.

"First the top! Bidding starts at $5.00!" exclaimed the boy.

"What are you doing? Help me! Please!" Jenny yelled to the fathers, who all were watching the proceedings with interested detachment. Not one of them moved to stop the boys. Two of them actually got out their wallets, and one of them said "$5.00, right here!"

"We have $5.00, will anyone give $6.00? $6.00?" the boy said in an auctioneer-like voice.

"What are you doing?!?! STOP!" exclaimed Jenny.

"$6.00 right here!" another father blurted out.

"We have $6.00, $6.00… any more bids? Going once! Going twice! Sold to the man for $6.00!"

Jenny watched in horror and embarrassment as the boy reached down and began pulling on the tie between her breasts. "NO! Please… Stop this!" The knot gave and her breasts spilled out of her top as the bikini flew open. Everyone there was treated to the sight of her large nipples crowning her large breasts, naked to all. She struggled, but that only made her breasts jiggle around, giving everyone a show.

"Next the bikini bottoms! Bidding starts at $10.00" the boy yelled as he pulled her top from under her and handed it to the man who bought it. She begged and pleaded with the boy that held her arms above her head to let her cover herself, but he only grinned and tightened his grip on her wrists. He was enjoying the sight of her exposed nipples becoming hard and sticking way out.

"I’ve got $10.00" proudly exclaimed one man.

"I’ll give you $12.00" countered another.

"$15.00! I’ll give you fifteen dollars!" and the bidding war continued for Jenny’s bikini bottoms. When at last the bidding was over and the winner forked over the money, the boy reached down and began pulling on the tie on her hip. She renewed her struggles, but to no avail. As the one side became untied, he began pulling on the other tie, and soon that one was undone as well.

"Well, here’s the moment we’ve been waiting for" and with a quick jerk, snatched her bottoms clean away, exposing her soft blond pubic mound for all the men to stare at. All of them were sporting tremendous hard-ons at the sight of this beautiful naked woman. As the boy gave her bottoms to the man, she continued to beg and plead for them to let her go, but the boys just held her there exposed for all to see. They spread her legs and gave everyone an unbelievable view of her pussy. They held her like that for what seemed an eternity for all, especially Jenny. She constantly pleaded for her release.

Finally, the boys let her go, jumped up, and ran. She frantically tried to cover herself, but the boys ran off with her towel! She quickly ran out of the gate and towards her apartment, only to realize she left her keys at the pool! She would have to go back and get them!

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**Jenny’s Washington Adventure by Jack**

"And this painting, of Abraham Lincoln . . ."

Jenny’s mind drifted while the tour guide droned on about yet another painting. Somehow, this wasn’t what she had expected when she’d impulsively decided to take the White House tour. She might have been in any of the capital’s swarms of museums, instead of inside the Executive Mansion. There was no feeling of standing in the very center of American government.

Still . . . she might as well enjoy the last day of her Washington trip. It wasn’t often that she had the chance to spend a few days on sightseeing and shopping, not since she’d started working for the ad agency. But she’d wrapped up work on her latest project a few days early and had decided to reward herself by doing some things she had always wanted to do, like seeing the Botanical Gardens and taking the White House tour.

The guide was already urging the knot of tourists on toward the next room. It seemed like they were never given enough time to really look at anything before they were herded someplace else. Hurrying to keep up, Jenny bumped into a table and winced as a finely made statuette rocked unsteadily before toppling to the floor. Luckily it didn’t break, and Jenny hastily stooped to retrieve it.

As she straightened up and put the figurine back in its place, glancing furtively about to see if anyone had seen her, Jenny felt a silky, slithering movement down her inner thighs, and an unexpected draft of cool air that came up her skirt and tickled her pussy. She glanced down and blushed. Her panties . . . . The elastic had snapped, and the lacy underwear had fallen to the floor around her feet.

"Oh, great," she muttered, crouching down to gather the offending garment up. "You’d just know something like this would happen here."

Jenny looked around again, in a quandary. The tour group had already gone on, leaving her alone in the room, but Jenny didn’t fancy trying to improvise repairs to her panties and then put them back on in a place where she might have company at any moment. Hadn’t she seen a sign pointing to a public restroom in the hall a few minutes ago? She’d try to find that, and then figure out how to catch up with the tour once she had the panties back where they belonged.

She stuffed them into her purse for the moment and started to backtrack. Jenny was feeling nervous and exposed without her underwear, even though her light summer dress came down to her knees and she was in no real danger of showing anything off. It just felt wrong, somehow, to be walking around the White House without her panties on, and the sooner she fixed the problem, the better.

Jenny came around a corner and stopped in her tracks as she confronted a small group of people walking toward her. She couldn’t believe who was in the lead . . . had to look twice, in fact, to be sure she was really seeing a face she had seen so often on TV and in the newspapers. It was one of her heroes, someone Jenny had looked up to for years . . . .

Hillary Rodham Clinton.

"Oh, wow," Jenny said. "Hillary . . . er, ah, Mrs. President . . . I mean . . ."

The First Lady had stopped and was looking at Jenny with an expression that was somewhere between curious and imperious. One of the aides behind her started toward Jenny, frowning.

As Jenny took a step back, still trying to get command of her reeling mind and wayward tongue, the strap of her purse slipped from her hand. The bag fell to the floor and popped open, and Jenny’s bright red panties spilled out onto the carpet. She blushed almost the same shade as her underwear. Of all the ways to meet a woman she admired . . . .

Hillary looked down at the panties, a look of utter distaste spreading over her features. She held up a hand to call off the aide and took a step toward Jenny herself.

"So, another one," she said. "I suppose you’re the latest intern to grace my husband’s offices?" The First Lady’s voice dripped with contempt.

"No, please, let me explain . . ." Jenny retreated, but found herself backed against a wall.

"You’d think he’d learn to keep his zipper closed," Hillary went on. "You’d think he’d figure out that he can’t bring one bimbo after another in here without people finding out. But, no, even after that little bitch Monica he STILL has to screw around. Well I’ve HAD IT!"

In one sudden, unexpected motion the First Lady reached out and grabbed the front of Jenny’s dress. The spaghetti straps were no match for the violence of her grip, and tore away. The dress slid down Jenny’s torso and legs, leaving her standing in the hall wearing nothing but her stay-up stockings, shoes, and a red bandeau that matched the underpants on the floor. Jenny squealed and jumped back, her hands trying to cover her lightly fuzzed mound.

"There!" the First Lady said. "If you’re going to work here as the President’s bimbo, at least now you look the part!"

Sensing more than seeing the rest of the entourage moving up, Jenny gave in to blind panic. She turned and ran, ran from the fury of the outraged woman and her supporters. Her shapely white ass was the last sight she gave them as she fled up the corridor, hardly knowing what was happening.

Turning a corner, she nearly ran right over a uniformed Secret Service agent.

"What the –?" The man was taken totally by surprise at the sight of the nearly-nude woman, and all his training and preparation deserted him for a moment. By the time he forced himself to act Jenny was already past him, and all he was able to do was grab her bandeau from behind. He tried to haul her back, but the hooks popped loose and Jenny squirmed free, leaving the guard to look down at the long strip of fabric in his hand, shaking his head.

"Damn," he said softly. He’d heard stories, of course, of some of the rumored escapades at the White House, but he was new and hadn’t really believed much of what he’d heard. Now he wasn’t so sure.

Jenny, naked to her stocking tops, yanked open a door and charged through, slamming it closed behind her. She stood there, breathing hard, looking wildly around her like an animal looking for a way to escape the baying hounds.

It was a small conference room, dominated by an oblong table and several large, high-backed chairs. She was alone, and there were a set of French doors on the other side of the room that offered a chance of getting away, though she didn’t see how she could avoid White House Security for long. Maybe it would be better, Jenny thought, biting her lip, if I just turned myself in to one of the guards and tried to explain what happened . . . .

The mental picture made her shudder. Still not thinking clearly, Jenny started for the glass doors. All she wanted right now was to get out of this place before the First Lady caught up with her and tried to humiliate her further!

She stopped as she detected movement out of the corner of her eye.

One of the chairs had been turned with its back to the door, facing toward the French doors. Now it swung toward her, and she realized someone had been sitting there all along. Someone wearing a suit, with graying hair but rather boyish features . . .

Another familiar face from the evening news.

"Well, hey," the President of the United States said, a broad grin springing to his lips. "You must be the new intern." His eyes roamed over Jenny’s naked body, taking in her blonde hair, her pretty but blushing face, her 38CC breasts . . . . "Now, look, they all say I have to be more careful, but if you REALLY want a taste of Presidential power, I guess I could oblige."

His hands were starting to move toward his zipper as he spoke. Jenny opened her mouth to scream, but couldn’t force out a sound.

At that moment, the door burst open and people poured in. Some were uniformed Secret Service, others well-dressed men who must have been aides, advisers, staffers. A babble of voices filled the conference room.

"Mr. President! No! It’s probably some kind of trap set by Starr!"

"Remember what we talked about, Bill! Another incident could destroy everything!"

"Hot damn, that babe’s got great tits!"

"If Hillary sees you with that bimbo, you’ll be pushing up daisies at Arlington by the end of the week!"

Panic welled up in Jenny once again, and she ran past the President, pushing open one of the glass doors to race outside.

On the White House lawn, CNN cameraman Max Sheffield was feeling bored. With his camera trained on Wolf Blitzer, he half-listened to the reporter’s live commentary on the latest developments in the Starr investigation and White House reactions to them. Sheffield had given up a shot at working with Christianne Ammanpour over in Bosnia for this gig, and he was starting to regret his choice. Nothing really exciting ever happened in Washington.

"Although privately many acknowledge that Bill Clinton’s future is hanging perilously in the balance," Blitzer was saying, "and any further revelations could ruin his hopes for holding on to his office, word from sources close to the President is that the watchword is ‘business as usual,’ all but ignoring the latest reports that Ken Starr is closing in . . ."

A naked woman ran behind Blitzer, straight through the camera shot. Sheffield hastily swung the lens to follow her, zooming in on a shapely ass and a great pair of long white legs pumping hard as she fled.

Sheffield grinned and kept on shooting. You didn’t see things like this in Bosnia, he told himself happily.

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**Jenny's Literary Difficulties by Magus**

Jenny stepped into the automatic revolving doors to the library, glad to be out of the heat. It had been over a hundred degrees this last week, and the air conditioning felt like a godsend. She was dressed light in a skirt and a thin white blouse, but it was still sweltering. There were a fair amount of people here today, most of them engrossed in whatever they happened to be reading or searching for on the computers.

Ducking behind a corner so no one would see her, Jenny lifted up her skirt a few inches to get the cool air circulating all throughout her body. Her skirt was a loose flowing style and was a little shorter than she was used to but was appropriate for this heat; a long dress would be unthinkable. Jenny let out a sigh of relief as she felt the coolness on her thighs and around her soft pink panties. Right now she felt like she could stay in here forever.

Walking over to the computer terminal Jenny entered a search for books by Jacopo da Lentino. She hadn't even heard of him until she found one of his love sonnets in a book of poetry last week, which had made her want to find more. After a search she found one call number for a book of Italian poetry that she wanted to read. Taking a piece of paper on the desk, she fumbled around in her purse for a pencil, which she knew she had. She finally got a grip of it between two fingers, but pulling it out it flipped from her grasp and rolled beneath the table. Without thinking Jenny bent down to pick it up.

What Jenny did not realize until she had her pencil was that her skirt did not provide the protection she was used to. Bent over, the hem of her skirt was no longer covering her firm ass, wiggling in the air as she searched for her writing instrument. Her pink cotton panties were on display, stretched thin over her bubble butt and molded to the curves of her cheeks.

It was when Jenny felt a gust of wind from the air vent blow above her thighs that she let out a silent gasp and quickly straightened herself, dropping the pencil again in her haste. As she looked around several shifty pairs of eyes quickly went back to their periodicals. But she still needed her pencil. Holding her skirt down with both hands, she slowly bent both her knees until she was crouched down far enough to pick it up. Then she hurriedly jotted down the call number and went to the elevator.

The book of poetry was apparently in one of the upper levels of the library, from what she had seen it was a fairly old copy. Jenny hoped it wasn't in Italian; that would be a shame. She consulted the chart on the wall, from the prefix of the number the book was on the sixth floor, in the section near the back wall. She hopped on the elevator as it came down to the ground floor and pressed six. No one else was on.

Quickly Jenny reached up her skirt and tried to re-adjust her panties, which had been uncomfortably wedged in her crack since the incident on the ground floor. Jenny was just running her fingers under the waistband to straighten it out when the door opened, and someone from the fourth floor got in. He looked like a grad student; Jenny turned red when she realized she had been flashing her underthings and tried to avoid eye contact by looking straight ahead. It seemed like the elevator was purposely taking its time with these last two floors as the two of them stood in awkward silence, the student occasionally casting a glance her way.

Finally the elevator doors opened and to Jenny's surprise the grad student got off at that floor as well. However, she was relieved to see him walk in the opposite direction; at least she wouldn't have to pretend nothing had happened for that long. Consulting the number she had Jenny followed a few signs until she reached the row of bookshelves where the poetry book was shelved.

There was not even anyone around in this wing; what few people were on this floor were on the other side in the reading area and were very quiet. It was very peaceful and comforting; Jenny began to feel at ease again as she skimmed the names of the books. There were a few names she recognized from college: Petrarch, Dickinson, and of course Shakespeare. She picked a book of sonnets off the shelf and soon began to lose herself. Sitting on the floor reading through the pages, she began to lose track of her surroundings. It was so relaxing to be here alone.

She noticed it was a little hotter down here. Only half-thinking she reached up with her hand not holding the book and undid the top buttons on her blouse, immediately feeling the cool air flowing down her chest. The lacy edges of her bra above her nipples peeked into view, but Jenny didn't notice.

She had also neglected to cross her legs, stretching them out in front of her for comfort, so anyone standing in the aisle opposite would see a soft inviting layer of pink between her legs. Leaning against the bookshelf behind her Jenny continued to read, oblivious to a few men walking by and giving lingering looks downwards in her direction.

Then she happened to glance at her watch. Half an hour had passed already! She didn't realize it was so long; she told her husband she would be back soon. She quickly got up with a mind to look for her book and leave.

As she got up, Jenny felt a tug at the loose fabric of her skirt. It looked as if her skirt had gotten caught on some projection from the metal bookshelf. She moved to the side to try and dislodge it and quickly stood up to return the book she was reading. As she did, Jenny almost shrieked as she heard the awful sound of ripping fabric!

As she got to her feet she looked back to see her torn skirt lying on the ground! Jenny stood in the aisle wearing only her blouse and her delicate pink panties, desperately trying to unhook her skirt before anyone saw her. But in her panic she only made it worse, tugging at it in her hurry and causing the fabric to tear even more.

By the time she got it free it was torn in several pieces, none of which were remotely big enough to cover her underwear. Jenny swallowed hard as she decided to make a run for the ladies' restroom. At least there she could think more clearly.

When she thought she saw no one, Jenny made a dash for the restroom door around the corner. Just as she turned it, the elevator doors open and out stepped two college students, who did a double take as they saw this beautiful woman streaking down the corridor in her panties. Jenny almost thought of turning back and instinctively tried to pull down her shirttails to cover her underpants. A few tugs on the run did nothing but to strain what buttons were still hooked on her blouse.

The blouse would barely move past her waistband, and without thinking she pulled even harder. Already at their limit containing Jenny's ample 36CC breasts, the buttons exploded, exposing her lacy white bra underneath. Even more humiliated than ever, Jenny ran inside and closed the door behind her.

She was happy to see the restroom was deserted. She tried to re-button her blouse but only the top buttons were intact and her huge breasts made themselves seen despite them. Jenny thought quickly of what she could do. Then she remembered her car. It was parked around back; if she could get to the door it was only a short run. Jenny peered out the restroom door. No one was around. She was just about to run for the elevator when she heard voices. She slammed the door and ran back in, not noticing her blouse had caught inside the door!

As she ran the last two buttons popped, leaving her with only her bra to cover her quivering breasts. When she realized what had happened she ran back to get it, but too late. It was being pulled out of the door from the outside; by the time Jenny reached it she made a desperate grab but missed it. Standing in the restroom in nothing but high-heeled shoes to compliment her lacy bra and her cotton panties, Jenny wondered how she would even survive the trip home. But then she remembered: there should still be her workout clothes in the back seat! There was hope after all!

Jenny re-opened the door and made a run for the elevator. "Come on…come on…" she whispered as it took its time in reaching her floor. Jenny tried her best to cover herself up with her arms, standing by the wall and looking in both directions. No one came. Finally the doors opened and Jenny gratefully stepped inside. The doors were closing and she was almost ready to go when to her horror the doors opened again! Someone else was getting on!

Jenny recognized the same grad student from her trip up. He didn't even notice her until the doors were closed. Jenny sat in a corner with a cornered look trying to hide her body but her bra and panties could be seen between her shaking fingers. The student finally looked her way, and looked away quickly. In humiliation Jenny tried to cover her face, exposing the full of her luscious body. She saw him look at her several more times, trying to look like he was minding his own business. It seemed like an eternity they were stuck there together with Jenny in a state of undress. She prayed it would end soon.

After what seemed like hours the doors opened and the student walked out quickly, taking one last eyeful out of the corner of his eye. As the doors opened Jenny stepped out, hiding behind a corner and looking. She had forgotten about the lobby!

There were dozens of people here, and there was no other way out. She would have to do this. Jenny prepared for the worst embarrassment she could think of. She waited until it looked like no one was looking, and kicked off her high-heeled shoes so she could run. Jenny ran for the door as fast as she could, covering her face as she ran. Everyone immediately looked up as Jenny ran by in plain sight, and she tried to avoid their gazes. But she also neglected to look where she was going. As she ran by a wall she felt something tug on her bra strap.

The end of a flagpole had hooked underneath it, and Jenny did not have enough time to think before it tore it completely off! Her gorgeous breasts spilled out of their cups, jiggling as she ran crying for the door. Clad only in her pink cotton panties Jenny ran faster, jumping in between the doors as they rotated. Only a few more inches until she was outside, Jenny thought.

Finally the rotating door reached the other side! Jenny jumped out, but was stopped in her tracks. Her panties were caught on the end of the revolving door! Jenny lunged back to unhook them but the door they were attached to continued moving past the wall and back inside again! She felt a horrible pulling at her waist as her panties were stretched farther and farther. She tried to move with them but to no avail. The same terrible ripping sound she had heard so often sounded again, tearing her panties from off her bare ass and dragging them away as the doors continued to rotate.

Everyone on the crowded street gathered around the doors and Jenny pushed her way through the crowd, crying and still covering her face as hands covered her naked body and squeezed her tight ass.

She ran across the pavement with every inch of flesh exposed to where her car was and pulled the handle. It was locked.

She had left her purse in the restroom.

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**Jenny Saves A Life by Jack**

Jenny leaned back in her tower chair and closed her eyes for just a moment, savoring the feeling of the sun and the cool afternoon breeze on her skin. She was glad she’d taken this part-time job over the summer, she decided. Lifeguard at the local country club wasn’t as prestigious as a high-powered office job, but it had some advantages. She could spend her days in the open air . . . and she knew that because she was on the job, she might be able to make the difference between life and death some day.

And, too, her last couple of office jobs hadn’t gone so well. That horrible incident where her boss had sent her to spy on the chemical company . . . and of course the job before that, which she had left after word got around of her little accident with the skirt and the automatic door. Jenny needed some time to think before she committed herself to another full-time job. She needed to figure out what she really wanted to do with her life . . . and maybe find a way to change her luck somehow. Doing duty by the pool was perfect for that kind of quiet introspection . . .

Shouts and screeches made her open her eyes and lean forward suddenly. A couple of teenagers with a video camera were tormenting a girl a few years older than them. One had swiped her bikini top after she had opened it while sunbathing on her stomach, while the one with the camera was trying to get a shot of the girl’s bare breasts when she tried to get it back.

"Hey, you two!" Jenny shouted. She started down the ladder in a hurry. "Stop that!"

The two teens looked at her as she stormed along the edge of the pool, furious. These kids had no business disrupting things around the pool . . .

Besides, if there was anyone on the planet able to sympathize with a girl having trouble with her clothes, it was Jenny.

She held out her hand to the kid with the bikini top. "All right, hand it over."

"Aw, we didn’t mean nuthin’ by it," the kid whined, reluctantly passing the offending article to Jenny.

"Yeah. Right." She turned to the blossoming Steven Spielberg. "And you – give me the videotape."

"Hey, no fair, I paid for it. It’s mine."

"That’s okay, you’ll get it back. Tonight, when the pool closes. See me at the office." After I’ve erased his footage, she added to herself. "Now you two go find something better to do. No more stealing swimsuits. And no more videotaping in the pool area. Okay?"

"Okay," the first boy said.

The other kid remained silent, his eyes not meeting Jenny’s at all. She was used to that. Like most males from fifteen to fifty, he was busy studying her chest. Jenny figured him for no more than sixteen, and plainly a slave to hormones. She felt herself blushing under his wide-eyed scrutiny, but she wasn’t going to let her shyness take away from her authority as a lifeguard today.

"What about you? You promise to behave?"

Young Spielberg nodded slowly. "Uh, yeah, sure, lady. Sure. Scout’s Honor."

Jenny took a step back, suddenly eager to be done with the conversation. She didn’t like to think about the Boy Scouts if she could help it.

To cover her embarrassment she turned to the girl, who by now was sitting up with a towel wrapped around her. "Here’s the rest of your suit," Jenny told her, handing the bikini top to her. The girl took it with a grateful look.

"Thanks, uh . . ."

"Jenny." She smiled at the girl, who seemed almost as shy as Jenny herself. Looking to be in her early twenties, with blonde hair that was longer than Jenny’s and a figure that nearly matched the lifeguard’s, the girl seemed to be suffering an intense reaction to what she’d just gone through. Jenny could sympathize. She recognized all the signs of someone mortified by an accidental public exposure.

"I’m Heather. Thanks for helping."

"Part of my job. But look, you should be more careful."

She held up the 38C bikini top.

"These things can be awful flimsy. If you don’t want to get into trouble, skip the skimpy bikinis and get something like this."

She touched the front of her red one-piece suit. It was cut a little high around the hips for Jenny’s modest taste, but it had been the only one-piece in stock at the swimwear shop when she’d gone looking for something to wear on this new job. And it did have the decided advantage of security, and a reasonably conservative cut across her chest.

Heather nodded. "I think I will," she said. "I’d almost forgot what it felt like, being caught like that."

Recognizing a fellow hard-luck case, Jenny gave her another smile and returned to her tower. Maybe she wasn’t so alone after all . . .

The afternoon passed with little incident. She had to warn some grade-schoolers to stop running on the concrete once, and later she warned an overweight country club member off from the pool when he started toward it right after downing four hot dogs and a plate of nachos from the snack bar, but other than that it was a quiet day. She was starting to feel a little drowsy when a loud splash brought her instantly alert.

Someone was thrashing around in the deep end, close to the diving board, every move uncontrolled, wild with panic. Jenny recognized the figure when he surfaced and gulped air before losing control and going under again – one of the two teens from the incident with Heather. It was the one with the video camera.

His friend was nowhere in sight, and there were no other swimmers close by to help him out. Jenny was down the ladder in a flash, diving into the pool with perfect form just as she’d been taught in the lifesaving class she’d taken to qualify for the job. She cut through the water and came up only a few feet from the boy, who seemed to be thrashing and flailing even harder now.

She swam to him, diving down as he sunk toward the bottom and trying to get a firm hold around his chest to haul him to the surface. But he was still going wild, and kept slipping from her grasp. Jenny reached out for him again, and this time he seemed to realize that she was there to help him. He reached out for her . . .

His hands caught at the straps of her one-piece suit, holding on for dear life, and Jenny made the split-second decision not to try to shift him and possibly set off another round of panic. So she used one arm to support him, and started for the surface, kicking powerfully. About halfway to the surface she realized that he was losing control again.

He was tugging madly at her swimsuit, the wild thrashing motions made more powerful by his panic. As her head broke water and her ears cleared, the first sound Jenny heard was one she really hadn’t wanted to hear ever again.

Rrrrrriiiiiiiippppppppp!

She didn’t need to look down to know that the top of her suit was ruined. She felt it slide down her chest and back, leaving her breasts exposed. But there was no time to be concerned with modesty or shame now. The boy seemed to have used up his last strength in that last outburst, and now floated limp in her grasp. She had to get him to safety, suit or no suit.

Jenny towed the teenager alongside her as she headed for the shallow end. When she could get her feet under her she stood up, lifting the boy, and carried him up the steps. Her water-soaked, tattered swimsuit was heavy around her hips, slipping down, down with each step she took. By the time she was completely out of the water it had fallen around her feet, and Jenny almost fell. But she stepped free of the encumbering cloth and then lowered the boy in her arms down to the hot concrete, oblivious to everything except her duty.

He had a strong pulse in his throat, but he didn’t seem to be breathing, so Jenny quickly began to administer mouth to mouth resuscitation, just as she had been taught. It wasn’t until she had given the boy his first life-giving breath and pulled back to study her patient that she realized that his eyes were open now, and he was grinning up at her. For a long moment Jenny just knelt there beside him, stunned, gradually realizing that the boy had been shamming. That she’d been had.

He reached up suddenly and squeezed both her bare breasts, then rolled away, scrambled to his feet, and started to run.

"You little monster!: Jenny shouted, springing to her feet and running after him, furious and determined to catch him. "Stop! Don’t you realize you can’t just fake an accident like that . . . !"

Suddenly Jenny stopped. She was at the edge of the country club pool, in front of a crowd of the community’s elite.

And, of course, she was completely naked.

Her cheeks going red, she turned and fled for the safety of the office. Waves of applause rose from satisfied male club members . . . all except for old Jim Vickers, who was wheezing and grasping his chest. Luckily his son was there, and knew CPR, since the lifeguard was no longer on duty and probably wouldn’t have been good for Mr. Vickers anyway.

Outside the chain-link fence that surrounded the pool area, the teen who had proved that he was as good at acting as he was behind the camera met his friend, who was crouched in the bushes with the video camera cradled in his hands like a hold icon.

"Did you get it?"

"Oh, man, did I ever. His partner wore a grin from ear to ear. "Now we can get back at all the rest of those guys in ‘C’ Troop. They won’t be telling us about the show we missed at the kite-flying competition after they see this tape."

As for Jenny, she quit the next day. She had decided that it might be safer, after all, back in an office job somewhere.

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**Jenny Should Have Been More Tactful by Jigsaw**

Jenny had been to an auction and just bought several old antique mirrors and was happily tooling along on her way home when she realised she was on the wrong road. The road had taken her back up in the high plains desert area between the mountains when sure enough the car died.

She called her hubby on the car and from her description of the mountain peaks he knew just where she was. He wanted to have a tow truck go out to pick her up because it would over four hours before he could get there and nobody ever traveled that abandoned road. She quickly refused because she didn't want anyone to know she was lost, again for Christ's sake. She finally persuaded him to let her stay there saying it was a good place for tanning so secluded and all. She loved getting a good tan but it was hard to do because of her modesty.

She didn't like having anyone see her in her somewhat modest bikini. She loved the dark crisp tan lines next to the blue-white skin that she had never dared let the sun see. The contrast set off her breasts and proud blond furry patch so well. No longer than she had just settled down on the blanket secure in her bikini and feeling quite alone when she heard and old rattling truck approaching. Good God she hoped it wasn't some guy coming by to leer at her, she hated that.

When she looked up she was relieved to see it was just some scrawny little teenage girl driving. The girl stopped, hopped out of the truck and asked if she need any help. Jenny was a little taken back at the garb of the girl for the only thing she had on was an old thin muscle man type shirt.

During her rather unladylike like exit from the truck it was clearly evident she didn't wear underwear from the flash of bald pussy. She was nearly flat chested with large long puffy nipples of which the thin straps of the shirt managed to cover about fifty percent of the time. Good God the boobs the girl had were nothing but nipple!

Jenny's embarrassment was evident by her blushing face which prompted the girl to comment

"What's the matter hadn't she ever seen a naked girl before?" in a rather snide manor.

Little did Jenny know that the girl was the proverbial younger step-sister constantly abused by the older step-sisters. She had been constantly teased about her titless chest and was always made to remain stark naked and outside except for her rare trips to town to get food. Only then would they allow her the shirt. They had forcefully used electrolysis to permanently remove all of her hair except for what was on top of her head. Both her step-sisters had huge firm boobs that didn't have any sag. needless to say the girl was real hateful of women with big tits.

Never the less, envious of Jenny's big tits, she knew the car was broken down and she knew a lot about cars, she offered to look at it. Jenny questioned her competence which only further pissed the girl off. Still she proceeded to try the car unsuccessfully. With that Jenny approached the car from the passenger's side and leaned over looking in the open sunroof to see that the girl was getting the white seats dirty. Jenny screamed

"Your ruining my upholstery!!"

That did it! The girl reached quickly out the open window and grabbed Jenny's bikini top right between the boobs and pulled flat up against the car. With Jenny's tits sticking in the window the girl pushed the power window button up and watched as the window scraped up Jenny's flat belly and up under the gigantic tits.

When the motor finally came grinding to a halt from not being able to raise any higher the girl let her finger off the button. The skin on Jenny's breasts was stretched to its limit from the window forcing the sum total of her endowments bulging into the car while keeping Jenny secured on the outside. The pressure in her boobs was causing her nipples to extend longer than she had ever seen them.

Jenny was screaming at the top of her lungs even though it didn't hurt that much. Tried as she did, she couldn't free herself from the window. The girl knowing Jenny was trapped pulled the ignition key out and inserted the trunk key, tested it and found it wouldn't turn. Then she snapped the key off so it would take at least a locksmith to get her out. Now your going to pay your dues for being so rude!

She got out of the car and came around and opened the car door wedging it open with a log. This way she could have easy access to Jenny's front and back. First to go was the top followed quickly by the bottoms leaving Jenny stark naked in plane view should anybody come this way.

The girl marveled at the bluish white color now exposed to the sun for the first time. This will be the key to your undoing she said and started rummaging through the car finding the mirrors. She laid some of them on the pavement and propped them in a way so that the sun was reflecting on her breasts. Her whole breasts, tops, bottoms and sides were totally bathed in the sunlight.

With the careful arrangement of the mirrors the intensity was twice as strong. She then moved around to Jenny's backside and eyed the thick furry patch. Remembering Jenny's stare and her own bald pussy she said this will have to go as she gave a hard yank on the hair. More rummaging found the Nair Jenny used. Sure enough in a short time the dense pelt was completely gone.

Noting how high her nose use to be she decided to lower it. Since she couldn't lower her nose she raised her ass. She got an old wooded box out of the truck and shoved it at Jenny's feet. Eventually Jenny was forced to stand on the box. At that she tied Jenny's legs as far apart as they would go.

This position not only stretched her ass cheeks wide open exposing every wrinkle in her anus but also actually opened her pussy up so the girl could see up inside. It was ideal, Jenny's bare gaping pussy and asshole were at eye level pointing in just the direction her hubby would be coming from. Wouldn't he be surprised? You know he wouldn't come alone.

Anyway the girl was almost done. The rest of the mirrors would have to be placed just right. While the deep tan area would be okay from the sun's hot rays, the virgin skin would be almost blistered by the time her hubby would show. This not only meant being sore for weeks and definitely no clothes could be worn for some time.

With this the girl was happy she could return some of the abuse she had seen during her time and bounded off to the truck to leave Jenny for her hubby. There was one last thing she did notice with snicker. Jenny had used mosquito repellent when she started tanning. Not wanting to stain the suit material she neglected to protect the "covered" areas. The abundant crop this year were already zeroing in.

Every square inch that had been covered in cloth was now being covered with the hungry fellas. Since Jenny's hands had been secured there was no swishing them away.

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**Jenny and the Fire by Jack**

Jenny was exhausted. After nearly twenty-four hours on the road, she simply couldn’t keep going, no matter how eager she was to join her husband at the end of his sales convention in Houston. The idea of driving down to join him, then taking some vacation time for a leisurely drive home together, had sounded good when they planned it. But too much time behind the wheel was making Jenny start to wish they’d found a different way to spend some time together. After she changed lanes without really looking and nearly ran a large blue van off the road on the outskirts of Dallas, Jenny decided she needed a rest. She left the interstate at the next exit and picked the first hotel she spotted, a rather run-down brownstone building with a sign proclaiming it as The Lone Star Tower Hotel and Restaurant and advertising "The Best Chicken-Fried Steak in the State of Texas!"

Jenny wasn’t interested in something to eat. She wanted a few hours of sleep in a nice, soft bed. Yawning mightily, she stumbled into the lobby, checked in, and let the bellboy take her bag and lead her to room 404. Inside she tipped the young man, stifling another yawn, and waited for him to leave before looking around at her refuge.

Like the rest of the building, the room was shabby and faded, but the decor didn’t matter to Jenny in the least. The bed looked inviting, and that was all that mattered to her. Jenny found the Do Not Disturb sign and hung it outside, then paused in the middle of the room trying to decide what to do next. In her foggy state, it took an effort to make the simplest decision. She considered taking a bath, or perhaps just a shower, but decided to postpone that until she had caught up on her sleep. It would feel good, she thought vaguely, to hit the road again fresh and clean, but right now she was afraid she’d doze off in the tub.

Instead she started getting undressed. She kicked off her shoes and dropped her socks on top of them, then undid her jeans and pulled them down. The room’s air conditioning felt good on her bare legs, and Jenny sat on the edge of the bed in her tank top and white panties for a few minutes just enjoying the feeling of freedom from tight pants, a cramped car, and the hot Texas sun beating down through the windshield all morning. Finally she roused herself enough to stand up and pull the light blue top over her head and toss it in a pile with the jeans.

Jenny looked at the bed again and thought about crawling into it as she was, in her bra and panties, but shook her head firmly. No, she had been wearing these things far too long, and she would sleep far better in something fresh and clean. She walked over to the dresser where the bellboy had left her suitcase and opened it up. Right on top was a lightweight robe, and just below that was one of the two nightgowns she had packed for the trip.

When Jenny had been packing, she had tried to be practical and bring only what she would need, but she’d made a small exception in the matter of sleepwear. She’d brought her favorite nightie for ordinary use, a long football sweatshirt that had belonged to her husband back in college, bearing his name and number from the year he’d been on the team. But there was also that negligee from Victoria’s Secret he’d given Jenny on her last birthday, a risqué little number cut to show off legs and chest, and made of a sheer white fabric that left hardly anything to the imagination. It had been a gag gift, the kind of thing Jenny was just too embarrassed to think about wearing normally. But it had been a couple of weeks since their busy schedules had left them with any time for romance, and Jenny had thought it would give their first night together on their little vacation that little extra sexy edge that would make things memorable.

It was the sexy nightgown with its matching g-string she pulled out of the suitcase first, and Jenny automatically started to set it down and root around in the bag some more when she yawned again and thought how tired she was. She didn’t want to keep searching through a stack of clothes, maybe make a big mess as she searched for her old reliable football shirt. She just wanted to get some rest. And, scandalous as it looked, the nightgown in her hand looked loose, cool, and comfortable. Who would know, or care, what Jenny wore for her nap?

With that thought she put the nightie down just long enough to undo her bra and slide her panties down her legs. Then she donned the g-string and pulled the top over her head. A glance in the mirror made Jenny blush; she looked like a hooker getting ready to party. She was glad no one could see her like this.

With that thought she started for the bed, stumbling once from sheer exhaustion. She dropped the robe across the foot of the mattress, where she could grab it if someone ignored the sign on the door and knocked. Then Jenny crawled under the covers, turned out the light, and laid her head on the pillow. She was sound asleep in seconds.

Jenny came awake with a start, groggy from sleep and feeling as if she was still trapped in a dream she couldn’t quite recall. A strange noise she couldn’t place made an insistent bid for her attention, but Jenny was too groggy to place it right away. After a few long moments with the shrilling sound hammering at her eardrums she sat up in the bed, looked around blearily, and said, "Would somebody turn off that damned beeper?" Then she laid down again and tried using her pillow to smother out the ululating screech. Another few moments passed before she woke up all the way. Beeper? That was no beeper. That was some kind of siren . . . . Smoke alarm? Fire siren?

Jenny was out of bed and across the room to the window in a flash. Peering outside, she blinked at the glare of the late afternoon sun pouring in. She must have slept three or four hours at least. She gradually made out milling figures down on the ground, four stories below. A crowd of people were in the parking lot, many of them pointing up at the building. There were some large red fire trucks down there, two, and a couple of helicopters circling the building like vultures.

Fire! That was a fire alarm that she was hearing, and if the building was already evacuated and the Dallas Fire Department was already on the scene it must have been on for quite a while. Jenny had managed to sleep right through it. She fought back a wave of fear. Surely there was still time for her to get out of here and down to terra firma. All she had to do was move quickly but calmly, not give in to panic. Jenny had dealt with plenty of difficult situations before – maybe nothing quite so dangerous as a fire, but tight spots nonetheless.

Control . . . that was all she needed. Control.

Jenny started for the door. Her eyes lit for a moment on the clothes piled by the dresser, but she knew it would be foolish to stop and dress. Every second counted. Instead she scooped up her robe and slid it on over her shoulders, covering up the flimsy see-through nightie. Thank heavens she’d had the foresight to lay it on the foot of the bed! Otherwise this could end up being one of THOSE situations . . . She felt the door handle, just the way she’d been taught to check when there was a danger of fire, and when it seemed cool to the touch she opened the room door and peered cautiously out into the hall. Looking both ways, she couldn’t see anyone. With a firm step that made her robe billow out behind her, Jenny moved out into the hall, then paused as she tried to remember which way she had come from when she’d first arrived. She’d been so tired she had barely noticed her surroundings. Did she want to go left? Right? No, the elevators and the stairs were to the left . ... The door behind her clicked firmly shut.

And when Jenny started to the left she found she couldn’t take more than a single step. Her robe was caught in the door. She tugged at it, but it was made of sturdy material, and it was certainly stuck. Jenny muttered a curse and fought to maintain the calm and control she was trying so hard to cultivate. Her mind flashed back to a humiliating day at one of her old jobs and a skirt trapped by a security door, but she pushed that thought from her mind. Then she tried the door knob. Locked, of course. And the magnetic card key that unlocked it was . . . On the dresser. In the room.

With a resigned sigh Jenny tugged at the robe one more time and then gave in to the inevitable. She squirmed and shifted until she could slip her arms out of the robe and left it dangling there. Feeling a chill that was only partly caused by the hotel’s air conditioning, Jenny padded down the hall in bare feet, arms crossed over her breasts. The nightie and matching panties had seemed revealing before. Now Jenny felt almost worse than she would have naked – a condition she was all too familiar with, which gave her a fine point for comparison – with the see-through material serving to enhance rather than cover her body underneath.

It was an emergency. She couldn’t worry about it now. Jenny hastened into the waiting area by the elevator bank and looked around. She knew better than to call an elevator when there was a fire somewhere about. That left stairs . . . if she could find them. The first door she started for turned out to conceal a little laundry area, but in an alcove close by she finally spotted the arrow and sign that she was looking for. Jenny hurried to the door . . . It was hot. She snatched her hand back and realized that she could actually see smoke billowing behind the window set high in the door, and more smoke seeping through the bottom of the door itself. The fire was here!

Jenny took a few quick steps back, once more trying to hold back the panic that threatened to grip her. What to do? Was there another way out? She should have taken the time to read the little set of emergency instructions posted in her room, but she’d been so tired . . . As she stood and dithered, a new and louder siren went off just over her head. That must be the smoke alarm for this floor, reacting to the wisps of smoke rising from the stairway door. Jenny had almost gotten used to the other alarm, but this new noise was louder and even more shrill, and it made clear thinking even harder than before. She pressed her fists to her ears and tried to focus.

That was when the sprinkler system cut in. Water cascaded from the ceiling-mounted sprinklers, like a waterfall pouring down on Jenny. In seconds the flimsy nightgown was soaked and plastered to her body, and her hair was a dripping blonde disaster area. Still, the shock of the water did help her concentrate, once she was over the initial surprise, and Jenny found herself remembering that the halls running in each direction ended with windows where she thought she had glimpsed some kind of fire escape.

She ran down the hall, with water still pouring on her as one set of sprinklers after another cut in. About halfway to her goal she felt an all-too-familiar tugging sensation around her hips, which made her reach for the waistband of her panties. The gesture came too late. Soaked with water and weighing about ten times what they were supposed to, they just weren’t up to the demands being placed on them. Before Jenny could grab them, the underpants were sliding down her legs. She barely stopped running in time to keep from tripping and falling, and she only caught herself by leaning heavily against the wall. Jenny yanked the water-logged panties all the way off and let them fall. She couldn’t trust them to stay on and she didn’t plan on being tripped up by her own lingerie.

Then she started running again, feeling considerably more agile now that she was free of the wet undies. Jenny reached the window and looked out. There was a small balcony fitted out as a fire escape there, just as she had thought. Jenny strained to open the window, finally getting it to raise high enough that she could squeeze through. Standing on the uncomfortable criss-crossing metal in her bare feet, she leaned on the rail to catch her breath and get her bearings.

Wind whipped at her hair, and Jenny looked up to see a helicopter emblazoned with the letters KDLS-NEWS dropping down even with her balcony. A bearded young man with a bulky video camera was leaning out the side door of the chopper, his lens trained right on Jenny. She had a momentary mind’s-eye view of what his camera would be picking up. Jenny was standing there in the bright Dallas sunlight, wearing a nightgown that barely came down over her upper thighs, with no panties underneath. The nightie, none too modest to begin with, was now virtually transparent after having been soaked by the sprinklers, and was clinging wetly to her nude body.

Jenny blushed crimson. She considered taking her chances with the fire. Then reason prevailed and she cast around for the way down from the balcony and the prying eyes of the Fourth Estate. It was one of those old-fashioned fire escapes, with heavy metal ladders that were normally retracted but could be swung into place by pulling on them. Jenny used her bare foot to try to push the ladder from her level down, but it wouldn’t budge. She bent over to grab it, uncomfortably aware of the exposure that gave to her bare ass as the wet nightgown rode up, but determined to get through this and escape. The ladder still wouldn’t move. The ancient thing was rusted, and nothing Jenny could do was likely to make it come free.

The helo had thankfully moved off while she was wrestling with the fire escape, but now the steady beat of the rotors was replaced by another mechanical sound. Straightening up, Jenny realized that it was the extension ladder from one of the fire trucks, slowly maneuvering toward her balcony. A large fireman in a yellow slicker stood in the basket, operating the controls. The ladder wobbled for a moment when the fireman first looked up and got a good view of the damsel in distress. Then he managed to wrench his mind – and his eyes – back on the job and bring the ladder right up against the metal rail.

"Come on, Miss!" he shouted. "Get aboard!"

Jenny hesitated. Climbing up over that rail and into the basket didn’t look very safe . . . and she was sure it would rob her of any last vestiges of modesty. As she wavered, the fireman shook his head.

"Now’s not the time to panic," he said harshly. "Don’t worry. I’ll watch out for you!"

That, of course, was a large part of Jenny’s problem, the fireman watching. But she gathered her wits and her courage together and started to swing one leg over the rail and into the basket. The fireman encouraged her, but thankfully kept his hands to himself. She could still remember a policeman who hadn’t been so careful in carrying out his duty . . . Then Jenny stopped, halfway over into the basket. It wasn’t that she had frozen up again, or that she didn’t want to finish the maneuver and get down to the ground. Straddling the railing and the top of the basket half-naked, with her nightie now bunched around her waist and her pale bare ass sticking up in the air wasn’t Jenny’s idea of a good position to stay in for any length of time. But she didn’t have much choice.

Her nightie had snagged on something. She felt the surface of the rail quickly, found the problem. The fabric had hung up on a bolt that projected from one of the supports below the rail. Jenny started trying to work it free, trying not to think of the eyeful she was giving to the Dallas fireman.

"Oh, for God’s sake!" she heard him say. "Come on!"

Suddenly he had his hands on her, lifting her up and over. Jenny started to scream for him to stop, but it was too late. The thin straps of the sodden nightgown gave way as he pulled, and then the whole back of the flimsy garment tore. The fireman set Jenny down on her feet inside the basket, stepped back to look at her and make sure she was all right . . . . He stared at the nude blonde woman, his jaw going slack and his eyes in constant motion as he tried to take in the view. Jenny quickly tried to cover herself with her hands, knowing it was too little, too late.

Finally, he recovered enough to turn away and reach for the controls of the extension ladder. But he did keep darting little glances at her all the way down. The ladder touched down in the middle of the crowded parking lot, and Jenny stepped down to the ground surrounded by a crowd of people who gave her appreciative stares, cat-calls, whistles, and shouted phone numbers. A pair of fireman came up with a blanket to wrap her in . . . slowly.

The fire at the Lone Star Tower Hotel consumed most of the third and fourth floors before it was finally brought under control, doing hundreds of thousands of dollars in damage though no one was killed or even seriously hurt. It proved to be a real bonanza for KDLS-TV’s Eye On News show during sweeps month, thanks to the live camera footage of a dramatic rescue on the fourth floor. Even after the blue dots were added in, the helicopter camera shots were easily the most exciting things any male in the city could remember.

For Jenny, though, the fire was really only the first of several problems she had that day. She had lost her luggage, all her clothes, her purse and money, and her car keys in the fire. And though there were plenty of Native Sons of Texas who seemed eager to help, she had trouble convincing herself that they were really just being good Samaritan coming to the aid of a distressed traveler.

Some things didn’t change no matter what part of the country Jenny happened to be visiting.

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**Kate Interviews An Assistant by Indian Outlaw**

Kate returned to Memphis and found herself no longer working for the newspaper. Since her 'coming out' in Cleveland, she attracted the interest of several television stations.

She was offered and accepted a job in Phoenix as WKLZ's sports anchor. The job was a dream. Tons more travel, great clothes, large office, and a hefty, and we do mean hefty raise. One of the key perks, the position required an assistant.

The assistant's job would be simple, keep and make appointments, some filing, data processing, interview preps, etc. She put it off for over a month, but was so overwhelmed with the jobs little tasks, Kate decided it was time to hire one.

An ad was placed in the local paper.

"Are the applicants here?" Kate buzzed the receptionist, Gwen.

"Yes, maam, they are." Gwen was sweet, very smart but couldn't type to save her life.

"Please send in the first one."

In walked a beautiful young lady, early twenties, nice body, big breasts, Kate thought. Well dressed, she wore a long black skirt, possibly high heels, hard to see because the skirt touched the ground. A pretty pink blouse with snaps up the front. Her bust line was noticeable but the blouse hid it well. Kate made a mental note to ask her were she bought her outfits. As she walked in Kate stood to shake her hand and take the application.

"Hello there, I'm Katherine, but call me Kate. Let me take your application. Have a seat."

Kate motioned to the empty chair in front of her desk.

"Hi, my name is Jennifer, but everyone calls me Jenny." She took a seat.

Kate noticed right away at this young ladies nervousness. She felt bad, this was not a inquisition, but as she asked questions about the application, Jenny seemed to continue to get more and more uneasy.

As the small talk continued, Kate began feeling bad about making her nervous. Jenny remained perched on the end of the chair, knees together, hanging on every word Kate said. Kate decide she needed to try and relax her.

"Would you like a glass of water?"

"Ah, um. Yes, please."

Kate picked up the pitcher of water on her side of the desk and poured her a glass. She reached across the desk to give it to her. Jenny in her nervousness tried to reach out and take it from her, but grabbed it just a little out of reach.

The nudge from Jenny's hand forced Kate to drop the glass. It landed on the desk, spilling all over the application. The water trickled down onto Kate's lap. She jumped up but not before her white skirt absorbed the most of the water.

Jenny freaked, in a desperate attempt to reach the water before it landed in Kate's lap, she did not realize she was standing on her skirt. Shouldn't have been sitting that way.

As Jenny flew to her feet an incredible ripping sound was heard. The entire left seam burst about the zipper, the button few across the office and "pinged" against the window. Immediately Jenny screamed. This attracted the attention of the outer office.

Sliding gracefully, the skirt slipped nicely down her subtle thighs, passed here knees and over her calves until it pooled nicely around her ankles.

The full widows pretending to be walls in Kate's office started to fill with curious, and horny onlookers. Kate paused and looked at Jenny.

Jenny was mortified.

Here she was in a very important job interview with her skirt at her feet. The pink blouse's tails covered her panties. Taking no comfort in this, Jenny stared at her now detached skirt.

Her eyes rose to meet Kate's face, sporting a very estranged look. Jenny took one step back. Her heel caught the back of the chair, knocking her off balance and out of the skirt completely. Jenny now found herself, arms flailing, trying to stay on balance as she backpedaled across the office floor.

The audience outside was stunned. The could now catch glimpses of her Polka dot panties as the blouse moved about her body.

"Shit" Jenny said under her breath.

Fortunately she stopped as she now found her back against a bookcase and sitting on a piece of office equipment. At least I didn't fall on the floor, she thought.

As a moment of quiet befell the room a small "whirring" noise started. Jenny looked around in all directions, the felt a dug on her shirt tail.

She looked down. "Ahhhhhh.."

Jenny was sitting on the paper shredder, it automatically started when her blouse slipped in the slot. The teeth began pulling harder shredding as it went, Jenny could do little to stop it. With her back turned she felt it pulling down on the back of the blouse. The blouse grew tighter, bringing out every curve possible on her fantastic 36CC breasts. The top snap popped open.

While one hand was trying desperately to free the back half, the other was doing all it could to keep the front from revealing her polka dot panties.

Jenny made a decision. She knew it would cost her some dignity, but the current result would be worse. She spun around, the blouse twisted up around her waist, showing her incredible ass wiggling and a bit of skin on her back. A little bit of her crack even showed.

Now with both hands on the end of her top, she began to tug. Just as she was about to win, the sweat from her hands, made her lose her grip. Instantaneously the blouse was pulled from her body, down the shredder and into tiny strips of useless pink cloth. Jenny screamed again.

Clad only in a very brief white with red Polka dot bra and matching panties and knee high nylons, Jenny found herself starring at the crowd of onlookers.

Kate looked at Jenny up and down, not knowing what to do in this situation. She could even see the tops of two large brown nipples trying to break free from the restrictive bra. Jenny bolted toward the door. Leaving her high heel shoes behind.

The door flung open and the crowd parted. Jenny sprinted toward the hallway, but made it only 3 feet from the office.

"Wham!" papers went flying as Jenny and Myron, office computer guru, collided.

He found himself flat on his back, face buried in Jenny's ample bosom. This was a close to heaven as he would ever get. Jenny pushed herself up, and immediately snapped back, again burying her breast in Myron's face. Her bra was caught in the pens secured in his pocket protector.

The two twisting and turning, pulling and sliding each for obviously different reasons. Jenny jerked back and up. "Ripppppp!" Her bra tore and fell from her body. Getting to her feet, Jenny covered her tits with her hands. She ran for the hallway and escape.

The elevator doors opened as she reached it. It was filled with several oriental business men. Jenny screamed, her arms remained fixed to her breasts. Jenny turned and ran the other way down the hall.

"Nice Ass" she heard.

Spotting the door marked "stairs", she pulled open the door and ducked in. The door snapped closed behind her as she rested against the door frame.

"Whew." She breathed a sigh of relief.

It was over.

All she had to do now was walk down to the parking garage and get home. Taking a step forward, something held her back.

Her panties snagged on the door as it closed. She laughed for a moment, then saw the sign, "FIRE EXIT ONLY, NO FLOOR ACCESS, EXIT LOBBY LEVEL ONLY."

Kate smiled to herself. It was funny, she finished cleaning up the water on the desk and sent another reporter to find the naked Jenny and deliver the remains of the skirt.

She buzzed the receptionist and the other applicant entered the office, this time with the blinds closed so no one could see in. He entered and closed the door.

"Hello, I'm Kate" She took his application and gestured to the chair. He was an unimpressive man, well, boy. Not very well dressed, and in desperate need of a hair style.

"Hi, I'm Owen"

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**Jenny At The Office by Gao**

Jenny was long overdue to do some laundry.

She stared down at her last two pairs of panties; one was a pair of black satin bikinis, the others were white cotton briefs she'd had since college, her "Last Resort" panties. The elastic in them was almost shot, so she slipped on the black ones.

Unfortunately, they were extremely visible through the loose, knee-length white skirt. No way she was going to walk around putting that show on at work! She changed to the white panties. They weren't too bad. Only requiring the occasional adjustment.

She put on her last bra- a heavy-duty work horse, and one of the few that could keep her generous tits under control. She topped it off with a heavy dark grey knit sweater, just snug enough to remind the boss she had boobs.

After lunch she realized she had left some important documents in the car. She went out to gather them, but realized as she locked her car that she had left her building pass key inside. Jenny spotted a young intern entering the building.

She called across the parking lot for the girl to hold the door and began jogging. It only took a few steps before she realized her loose panties weren't up to the challenge. She felt them slowly slid over her ass. Her arms were filled with loose papers, so she couldn't afford a quick adjustment. She was tempted to slow to a walk, but the intern was anxiously tapping her foot.

Oh god! She could feel the draft on her crotch.

An nervous tingling started to build in her stomach. Mid-thigh! She could feel the dress material swiping back and forth against her ass cheeks. She took one stride too long, and heard the stitching start to rip. Down to her knees! My god! They were visible! Anyone could see them!

Finally she got to the door. Just as she got her hand to hit, her panties fell to her ankles. the girl giggled and walked away.

Jenny was blushing madly. She propped the door open with her ass, and tried to organize her papers. Once she had a hand free, she yanked her panties up to her thighs and stepped inside.

Satisfied that no one was in the lobby she hiked up her skirt and pulled her panties back to the proper position. No sooner had she pulled the skirt back down, than the president of the company rounded the corner, with a huge entourage headed for the conference room.

They barely noticed, and Jenny thanked heaven for small favors.

Her panties were looser than ever thanks to the running, but Jenny managed to weather the rest of the day behind her desk. She decided to knock off a little early, and headed out about half an hour before everyone else.

Just as she stepped out the door, she had a strange feeling of deja vu, and quickly stopped. She had forgotten her purse again!

Just as it dawned on her, she heard the magnetic lock on the door click, and felt something tugging on her hips. her skirt had caught in the door, and quite a bit of it at that. Her ass only had about 6 inches of play from the door.

She yanked at the skirt, pulled on the door, and even tried to kick it but to no avail.

Jenny was getting quite frustrated with the day she was having, and stomped her feet in anger. She noticed something lightly touching tops of her feet, and looked down to see her traitorous panties.

Her skirt was too tight in the door for her to reach them. It was rapid approaching quitting time. Soon dozens of her coworkers would be headed for this door! She could feel that tingling in her stomach, more than ever. In desperation she formed a plan- she would slip out of the skirt and hide in the nearby bushes. When everyone left, her skirt would fall free, and then she could grab it. What choice did she have?

She undid the zipper in the back, quickly stepped out of the skirt, and quickly pulled up her panties before anyone could see her bare ass or pussy.

Jenny hid in the bushes, and watched the first people leave the building. Her skirt fell to ground, true to plan, but an older woman picked it up. Jenny heard her ask the people around her about it, and eventually she brought it back inside.

No! She had no idea where that damn woman took it! What was she going to do?

After a while, the building seemed empty. Jenny looked around for a plan B. She spied an open window not far down from her. It was the kind where the pane of glass swung inward as it was opened, and unfortunately, it was almost 5 feet off the ground. Soon security would be around to shut all the windows. It was now or never.

She heaved up the the sill. Her panties were completely ruined, and constantly tried to slide off her round ass. After tugging the back up, she looked at the drop into the hallway. It seem really high. She swung her feet in and began to slide down between the pane and the sill. she could feel the cold metal of the window latch against her belly, and had a premonition too late...

The latch was pulling up her sweater, and just as her weight left the sill, she felt it scoop under the front of her bra. Her feet never touched the floor; she was left hanging there by her bra. Her extra loose panties slid down and she heard them hit the floor. Her bare ass cheeks bounced against the wall, and she could feel a chilly draft blow through her bush.

She reached around and tried to undo the hooks, but the tension was too tight. She could feel the under wire slowly bending. She heard something moving across the hall- a door. The conference room, she thought. Holy shit! The conference room!

She heard the heard the doors open, and she even heard their conversations come to a screeching halt. Just at that moment, both of her boobs pooped free from their cups. She was quickly naked from the armpits down, and her sweater was pulled over her head. She quickly put one hand over her bush, and tried to cover her pert nipple with the other.

Several people gasped, and she also heard a few whistles. She felt every inch of her body burn red. She heard them come closer, and one of them touched her arm. She wiggled frantically in humiliation.

Suddenly, Jenny felt her bra hooks pluck apart. Bra shot forward like a sling shot, and she heard it hit someone in the face. She dropped to the floor and began running blindly, trying to keep the sweater over her face to protect her identity. She knocked over a water cooler, and sent water splashing everywhere.

Now she was naked, terrified, and soaked, too. She heard the executives calling after her. She pulled the sweater down just enough to get her bearings, and quickly ducked into her cube. She heard lots of people coming.

She kept a pair of sweats and a T shirt in her desk for her monthly friend. When she opened the drawer, though, the sweats were gone!

Shit! Laundry day! No time!

She quickly yanked off the sweater and threw it under the desk. Jenny realized for a moment she was standing completely naked and soaking wet, at work. The embarrassment was almost overwhelming her!

She put on the shirt and sat behind her desk, booting up her computer. Several executives, mostly men, trotted by until one noticed her. He began to ask her if she had seen anyone suspicious, when suddenly his eyes widened.

Jenny didn't know what he was so freaked about until she looked down. Not only were her hard nipple poking through the thin cotton T, but the water on her skin had left the material quite translucent.

She crossed her arms around her breasts and whimpered. The executive slowly walked behind her desk, seeing her full bush and bare ass against the office seat.

The executive stared silently as Jenny tried to cover herself with her shirt. After a few minutes of enjoying her embarrassed little show, he put a finger to his lips and walked away.

After the mayhem settled down, Jenny called her loving husband and begged him to bring her some clothes. He agreed, in exchange for the details of the story, of course!

The next day Jenny found out she was being transferred to a different office at the request of a certain executive...

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**Jenny At The Theatre by Biker**

Jenny had been enjoying the evening of her anniversary so much! here she sat two rows from the front in the theatre and had laughed herself till tears rolled down her cheeks. The comedian had been so funny along with the mime artist and the jugglers but the best was yet to come. The Magician!

Swaying in the wings before entering the stage Bernard emptied the the last of his hip flask down his scrawny neck, a stage hand tapped him on the shoulder "Bernie you're ON!"

"Bollocks" was the muttered reply.

'Ego the Great' walked onto the stage with a swishing cape his arms holding it out like giant bat wings and looking very mystical with his glittery clothes and top hat, but looking more human than David Copperfield's (I know about the spelling, want me sued?) false tan and plastic features.

Jenny joined in with gusto with the clapping audience then had to stop as the vigorous clapping threatened to spill her out of her dress, she loved Magicians!

Ego stood on the stage bored and tired of the same old routine entertaining was so exciting for him as a youth but now in his later years the sparkle had gone and the lights and boards held little of the attraction for him, "Bloody cretins the lot of 'em!" but casting his bloodshot eyes into the audience they fell upon the blonde near the front of the mob and the adoration in her eyes brought back a little of the feelings he once had, tonight he'd entertain just for her and the rest of the audience could go and piss up a pole as far as he was concerned, he began.

Jenny was astounded, he was brilliant! where that small pony disappeared to will make her wonder for months to come, Oh, he WAS good!.

Her husband sitting beside her hadn't seen her so engrossed by anything in months her eyes fixed on the act, why she hadn't even adjusted her dress in ages and he noticed she really needed to too now! he had soon become bored with the act the old lush was making so obvious sleight of hand tricks that he knew exactly where he put the 'disappeared' objects except for that pony of coarse, and so reclined into his seat he turned and contemplated his lovely wifes right nipple which was threatening to show itself any second now, and by the looks of things the man sitting beside her had noticed too, those sidelong glances were thinly disguised.

Ego went through every trick he knew, some of which hadn't been done on stage in years and he hadn't rehearsed since waking up with the hangover her headache this morning he thought he wasn't doing too bad, and that Blonde was really looking at him with those big blue eyes of hers he almost melted under her gaze, too bad the bloke beside couldn't be bothered to watch Ego too but he seemed interested in her chest too much to....

BLOODY HELL! she was almost falling out of that dress!!

Ego moved closer to where Jenny's seat was and went through a trick he could do in his sleep and spent a good few minutes checking out the chest of his blonde admirer, Jenny couldn't believe it he was only 10 foot in front of her and seemed to be entertaining her alone making eye contact often with her, well he almost did maybe the lights dazzled him up there for his gaze seemed a little off centre of Jenny's face.

He finished his trick and bowed sneaking another glance at Jenny as she clapped, and pondering how she stayed within that dress, now THAT really was magic!, suddenly he had an idea and checking the clock in the wings knew he could do it within the time limits set for his act.

With more hamming it up, he called for the house lights to be brought up and searched for that special someone out there, a true believer!

He knew already who he'd pick but went through the motions anyway, hands were raised and a few shouts but sadly his lovely blonde looked more interested in tucking herself back into her dress and blushing furiously, casting furtive glances at the men around her, the man on her right however was grinning at her blushes and patting her hand.

Why didn't she volunteer?

Taking matters in hand he called for silence and pointed at Jenny "You!" he called "You shall be my assistant!"

Jenny squeaked when she saw the finger pointing at her, but her natural shyness and timidness was pushed down at the thought of helping a real live Magician!

Jenny's husband was overjoyed at the thought of more people seeing his magnificent wife dressed as she was wearing the strapless black velvet dress that was his favourite along with those long gloves she looked the picture of elegance, he toyed with the idea of keeping his foot on the dresses hem as she stood up but moved it away just she stood, who knows maybe he wouldn't have to.

A few whistles followed Jenny as she stood up and "Excused me" her way to the aisle, feeling very nervous as she did because as she side stepped her way along she had to turn her hips either towards the men in the seats which a lady never does or away from them which is what she did and even as she passed by she felt the occasional brush of knuckles over her soft buttocks under the velvet dress and one palm was placed firmly on her left buttock causing her to start forward and bumping the head of the man in front of her with her 'chests'

Finally she was in the aisle and heading to the steps at the side of the stage.

Up the steps the pale skin of her shoulders, upper arms and full breasts glowed in the harsh lights of the stage contrasting with the black dress and gloves she wore, she stopped as she got to the top having a sudden case of nerves but Ego beckoned her towards him and she complied the dress swishing about her nylon clad legs her black patent heels peeped under her skirt as she moved.

Ego looked her up and down and liked what he saw she was a looker and those breasts looked even better close up, even as he watched he could detect a little peek of pinkish aureole just showing over the swooping neckline of her dress, Jenny stood under the floodlights barely able to make out the audience in its glare but very much aware that they were out there and looking at her too, looking at Ego she saw the heavy make up and the stubble of beard under it and the generally shabby appearance, the frayed edges of his cuffs and collar didn't inspire her with much confidence, but she stood still as he went through the introductions.

Ego's first illusion was the old levitation number, Jenny would be floated above the stage without any visible means of support, rather like her dress he wisecracked in a stage whisper to the audience he got a few laughs and cheers and knew he was onto a good thing there.

Toy with the blonde was the name of the game.

Laying Jenny on an old board hastily brought on from the side stage along with a couple of trestles. He waved his arms and muttered a few words for the acts sake and passing close to Jenny whispered in an inflammable breath "Don't move love, it'll be OK." he walked around and then took hold of the end trestle by her feet and inched it out into the open, Jenny froze waiting for the impact of the ground but no! he then stood by her head and inched out the one under her shoulders again warning her not to move and to keep her hands crossed over her lap.

All that lay below her now was the old plank with it's rough surface and fresh air! WOW! I'm really floating Jenny thought.

The audience were clapping as Ego moved to Jenny's feet and slid the board out from under her she felt the rough board pass under her bottom and something snag on her dress but then pass on seemingly without trouble.

Then he was stood beside her the board resting in his hands and NOTHING under her at all WOW! Again.

He rotated her around showing the audience that she indeed was floating and then warning bells began to ring for Jenny! the full skirt without the board under her would now be falling away from her legs and he was turning her feet towards the audience!

Jenny's husband was sitting to stage right and knew what would shown in a few seconds and his heart was thumping in anticipation! if only he could remember if Jenny had worn those stockings he liked so much or the tights which he liked the least. She'd gotten dressed in the bathroom this evening for some reason.

A gasp went up at the end of the row and like a Mexican wave worked its way to him as Jenny's feet were swung towards the audience and a clear view up her dress was shown to the front 5 rows, the band pit went nuts as they had the best seats in the house for this particular showing!

clearly shown were the black holdup stockings Jenny had chosen to wear this night along with the loose silk French knickers she'd bought while out with Ashley, (Ashley had dragged her into the 'Marital aids' shop which was little more than licensed pornography! sometimes that Ashley went out of her way to make Jenny blush)

Jenny was screaming inside as she knew just what was showing beneath her but was powerless to do anything about it as she'd been told not to move and simply couldn't, not after a real Magician had ordered her.

Finally Ego finished rotating her and was puzzled by the sudden activity of the audience, they seemed very interested in his show now, and congratulated himself on his mastery of illusion the levitation one really made them sit up and notice! maybe they weren't such a bunch of ingrates after all. leaving Jenny floating he told her to remain as she was and not to worry, and then 4 stage hands were around her building some kind of long box around her.

Slowly her feet were lowered to the ground and in the confines of the box she could hardly move so snug was she inside it, the opening in front of her face went a long way to relieving any claustrophobia. Soon she was standing but in the box facing the audience with her arms at her sides.

Looking out and down she saw the brightly painted box was a series of doors which could be opened showing the person inside. Wonder what this ones about she thought to herself I hope it's not a sword act.

Ego began his introduction to the audience about the disappearing lady illusion while Jenny stood in the box feeling a little relieved that nothing sharp would be put near her and contented herself in examining the props about her and noticing the shabby state they were in, goodness! there were even cobwebs in this one!

Jenny prayed there were no spiders in with her and shuffled around to look for any, even as she moved something felt wrong, something had moved over her, she was sure and turning again felt movement over her hips, something was happening! so she devoted all her attention to finding out what and finding nothing obvious she looked down at herself and saw that her dress needed lifting as she was about to fall out again, (just as she had done so when Ego had asked for a volunteer) then quite suddenly she WAS out!

Both her pink nipples now were an inch above the neckline of the dress!! she tried frantically to raise her arms enough to pull up the dress but managed to lift them only slightly but even that movement slipped her dress down lower!, she was so glad the audience couldn't see her as the top edge of the door in front of her breasts finished just below her chin..... but what if Ego opened that door now!!, looking for him she saw him heading towards her explaining the function of the box!

"Ladiees and Gentlemen The box has doors which open thus!"

Biting her lip and with pleading eyes she looked at him hoping to catch a word in his ear

"Not the 3rd door, not the 3rd door!" her eyes begged but he was well into his routine and paid her no attention.

Suddenly the door at her feet opened and she felt the heat of the lights on her toes and ankles.

"Wriggle your feet for the ladies and Gents will you my dear?" Ego said.

Jenny did so lifting each nylon sheathed foot and moving it about, the door closed. Jenny hoped it would end there, but then the next door up opened this time at hip level all that could be seen was from navel to knees of Jenny in her velvet dress, which she was asked to move again, a quick shimmy sufficed, then the door was closed but even as it shut so her dress fell alarmingly lower by now both her magnificent double D's were out, well above the neckline and her nipples were proudly poking out as if awaiting their debut on the stage!

Jenny tried and tried to catch Egos eye but he was off again chatting inanely to the people out there in the darkness unseen but still there nonetheless! waiting, waiting.

Maybe her husband? if she could just catch his eye? looking into the glare of the floodlights was less than useless but she had an idea of where he was seated and knew if she looked in his direction he's somehow understand the frightened look.

Jenny's husband sat excited that his wife was up there but more so now as she looked positively terrified he's seen her look nervous and scared but this look was reserved for only a few times in her life, like when she had that wasp up her dress, and had to take it off in public or when she had her clothes ripped off by those bushes and was naked in public...... times..... like....those?..........ZOINNNG!!

Her husband sat up and paid a lot of attention to the rest of the act, what was happening in that box? The way Jenny was blushing and the way her eyes were pleading relayed to him that something was amiss.

Jenny knew that the opening of the 3rd door would ultimately expose her and she couldn't let that happen no matter what! having no luck communicating to her husband it would have to be left to her to save herself so she shuffled around within the box trying to get her hands up to hike the dress up once more, she just hoped the satin gloves would allow her some mobility and wouldn't snag, she got her left arm up but too high for her to reach down and grip the dress it was firmly pinned beneath her breasts, but now that there was more space about her hips the dress dropped inches lower, it was as if the zip had been undone!

Which indeed was just the case, the 'snag' the plank had caught on whilst it was pulled from under Jenny had been the zip it and it's movement had unzipped the dress, since she was laying down it couldn't fall but stand her on her feet and it became a different story altogether!!

Jenny was panicking now with one arm pinned below her naked breasts the other at hip height and with satin gloves she felt the velvet slide beneath the fingers she began frantically trying to find purchase on the material with the slick gloves but succeeded only in driving the dress lower. beneath her fingers she grasped the neckline of the dress and realised with horror that it was now around her ample and full hips, if Ego opened the door now she'd be helpless to cover herself, for the audience would know exactly what had happened.

Ego then was in her field of vision as he finished his explanation of how Jenny would be made to dematerialize and be transported to another location here in the theatre Royale before your very eyes.

with his back to her he whispered, "You just do as the instructions in the basement say and everything will be fine. Alright my love?"

With that he shut the door covering her face, Jenny breathed a sigh of relief she thought he would open the 3rd door and show the audience something more that she wanted, in the darkness she stood wondering what to do when beneath her feet she felt movement as if the floor were giving way and she gripped the sides of the box with her hands desperately to stop herself falling, with flailing feet she stopped a few inches down but not before her dress had slid further down her naked hips!

wait a minute!? NAKED HIPS!???

she searched in the darkness by touch for her French knickers but couldn't find them around her and surmised that the dress had pulled them down with its weight as it fell lower, for several minutes she hung there unable to move, yet feeling the dress inch its way down and finally off of her altogether when the trap door below her slide closed! all that remained was a scrap of black velvet in the opening where once the door was.

French knickers, dress and any dignity Jenny had before was now gone! all she had was a pair of black stockings, high heeled open toe shoes and long black satin gloves to her upper arms.

she counted herself lucky that she hadn't fallen, then abruptly realised maybe that's exactly what she should have done! Ego had said the read the instructions in the basement hadn't he?

if she'd fallen at least she'd have gotten her dress back on and gotten away but now she was still in the box and dressless too!

Omigod omigod omigod omigod omigod

she tried to remember how acts like this on TV had finished and everyone of them had........

"ladieees and Genitalmen, In a moment you will see my lovely assistant walk through that door behind you as her molecules come together outside while here is an empty box!!!!"

With that closing statement the box Jenny now stood in fell to pieces around her and the glaring lights shone on her naked body as the band broke into a fanfare, Ego was bowing to the audience unaware of the beauty behind him trying to cover herself with black gloved hands which under the lights only high lighted what was being covered.

In seconds the audience was on it's feet cheering milliseconds behind the man in the second row who began cheering the instant the box had opened up revealing his lovely wife in all her naked glory.

Epilogue;

Theatre critics report the following day:

While I have seen many shows at the Royale nothing will ever come close to the act of Ego the Magician, who sadly passed away last night on stage while doing the job he loved; making others smile, his final act was, to say the least, spectacular and mischevious in the he managed to make a young womans clothing disappear before my eyes.

How he did it I don't know but it was amazing! if he were alive today Ego the Great would be a much sought after Entertainer.

David Copperfield move over! and take your wife with you, someone else could fill her shoes (and dress) better!

A representative of Jack Daniels distilleries said they'd miss Ego the Great and they hope business doesn't suffer too much.

Seymour Titts (Theatre critic)

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**Jenny Abhors A Vacuum by Biker**

Jenny drove the car from the beach, her mind in disorder from the recent experience she'd just been put through.

The constant bouncing of her unfettered breasts as she drove along reminded her constantly that she was without her bikini top and the burning embarrassment of being stripped of it in public only served to reinforce her humiliation.

She cursed her stupidity for the umpteenth time for giving in to the whim that made her once again buy a bikini which simply tied itself about her body rather than the usual clasp fitting top and safe panty type bottoms, she really ought to have learned her lesson in light of what those horrid boy scouts did to her just a few weeks ago with the kite episode, and the horror of trapping herself in the bus with them all, oh those hands had gotton everywhere! she shuddered at the memory she could almost hear the laughter of crowd that time too just like she'd heard a few minutes ago......

She'd been laying face down in the sand, her top untied so as not to mar the suntan she hoped to get when a little brat threw a bucket of cold water over her and as she jumped up in shock, she'd seen him snatch her bikini top up and the run away as fast as his legs could carry him ran off to the horizon, she'd tried to catch him but with her rather ample breasts bouncing and with the people watching her she quickly gave up and covered herself with her hands and sheepishly turned back to her bag and beach towel to put something over herself.

As she got closer to her little niche on the crowded beach her heart began to thump within her chest as she realised the bikini thief had been a decoy for another who'd stolen her bag and other articles...Oh God! including the keys!!!

So with burning cheeks she had left the beach with the echoes of laughter following her all the way to the car park, she'd picked up a few followers in that short walk, all male with burning eyes as they waited for her to use her hands to do something else besides cover herself with.

The car was brand new and her husbands pride and joy, her husband had had the foresight to hide a spare ignition key in a little hideaway place on the car so she was relatively safe as regards getting home, what concerned her the most was she couldn't remember if the clothes bag she had with her was on the back seat or locked in the boot (trunk), retrieving the key amid catcalls and whistles she got into the car and with sinking heart saw that the back seat was empty,

Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no please don't let this be happening she thought, by now her entourage had gathered about the car with faces pressed to the window and huge smiles on their faces as they seemed to have figured out before Jenny, that it's quite hard to drive a car without your hands, especially with a manual gear change.

Gulping down her embarrassment Jenny forced one hand to turn the ignition key and the other to select 1st gear.

The cheer that went up was loud and her cheeks reddened more.

Somehow she forced the car through the gathering crowd and out onto the road and away.

Scanning the road ahead she looked for a suitable place to pull over and open the trunk. Hoping that the only key she had would be the same as the boot lock. Otherwise she was in BIG trouble!!.

Finding a suitable place she checked about her and quickly got out clutching the key like a life line, after she stopped her hands trembling she fitted the key in, and turned it.......or tried to at least. Up the other way she thought......still no luck it was a different lock!.

She was close to panic now.

All she wore, was a triangle of white cloth about 5 inches at its widest covering her pussy, at the back was about the same and the piece passing between her legs was barely and inch or two wide

This was terrible!

She got back into the car and almost gave into crying, her knuckles white on the steering wheel as she gripped it so hard. She worked out all sorts of scenarios for getting home but all relied on the whole population being struck blind as she drove through the city centre and the chances of that happening were slight.

Wait a minute!!!! she'd remembered when they'd bought the car, only a couple of weeks ago her husband had spent ages polishing it and cleaning the inside and he'd used an old shirt! knowing her bad luck but hoping anyway she popped open the glove compartment. She almost cried with relief as the large white shirt fell into her hands.

She climbed out and slipped her arms down the sleeves and searched for the buttons to do it up but then remembered she'd cut them off to use as spares just in case. she solved the problem by simple knotting the shirt tails together under her breasts, she checked her reflection in the car window and thought "Hmmmm not too bad, hee! hee! kind of sexy in a way." she swayed her hips in a girlish attempt to look provocative, her relief was overwhelming as she got back into the car. She had covered herself and knew that the drive home would only be a formality, rather than a harrowing experience topless.

Before she set off she ran through her mind just what she'd lost in the robbery and dismissed the items, she had no purse today only a small wallet with £20, a towel, some old sandals and a T shirt and skirt in the old beach bag. £20 was not too bad, it would have paid for lunch out and other items, she wrote them off as lost the only inconvenience was the loss of the keys "Ah well these things happen I'm just kind of unlucky." she thought, "quite a bit actually." she frowned.

Her state of mind was balancing itself with the confidence the old shirt brought her, she soon became used to the jiggle and bounce of her unsecured breasts beneath the shirt.

Later she sat in a small traffic jam and felt a little uncomfortable sitting on the seats with the sand under her, "Oh my" she thought, her husband would have a blue fit if her saw the state of the car, now covered in sand and ground into the carpet and seats, there was no way she could take it home like this! she'd have to stop and vacuum it out before going home.

(you lot have just got a big grin on your faces you know that! ...shame on you!)

Jenny knew of a service station with a good Vacuum machine and around the back of the buildings too so she couldn't be seen in her present semi naked state.

She arrived without incident and found the change in the ashtray she needed for the Vacuum machine, parking the car close to the machine she got out and saw that the machine accepted only tokens, not cash. So swallowing her dignity she went around and into the shop, the auto door swished open "Just like in Star Trek" she thought absently.

The shop teller looked up from the magazine he was reading and thought he'd just won the lottery as this lovely blonde walked in, he could see the shirt didn't provide much in the way of support, and those tits were 100% natural too! and those legs!!

God this girl was a looker, his admiring gaze moved up from her legs and seemed to lock onto the small triangle of cloth over her crotch.

Jenny felt her cheeks flush as his concentration seemed to focus on what lay BEHIND the thin cotton, she moved her hands down in an attempt to cover herself but gave up as it seemed futile, she swallowed hard as she got to the counter and asked for a token for the Vacuum machine, the teller asked if she wanted the the "Soopersucker" or the "Deeeeelux Hurricane!" apparently the Deelux Hurricane was the stronger of the two and she chose that one.

The teller who's name badge identified him as "Owen" barely glanced at the cash as she handed it over as his eyes were firmly glued to her cleavage. she collected the token and turned and left knowing that her barely covered bottom was now receiving the intense stare he afforded the rest of her, she picked up her pace a little as she left the shop, slightly annoyed at the behavior of the teller,

"Why is it every male seems to try and undress me with his eyes?" She thought to herself and was glad that that nobody could actually do that!

Finally she got the token into the Vacuum machine and with a quiet whine the machine began its hungry work of sucking up the sand from the carpets and seat covers, one particularly tough spot called for a little more effort and then the machine seemed to suddenly whine twice as fast with the increased load and the stain was gone in seconds without a trace of ever existing, climbing into the car she began to search for the out-of-the-way places she may have missed.

Her bottom was waaay up in the air and the thin cotton did nothing to hide what lay between those soft thighs. Every curve and fold of tender flash was seen pressed against the thin cloth, her hip rubbed against the seat back as she reached between the seats for the small scrap of something in the cramped space there. Something sharp caught her wrist as she moved it and her hand jerked back and hit the recline lever which suddenly jolted the seat forward trapping her hand.

"owwoWW!" she muttered, but she couldn't remove her hand without it hurting more, she moved to a more comfortable position and put down the nozzle of the cleaner, but it went a little crazy jerking around on the dash, so clamping it under her armpit, she moved her other hand to the seat control fumbling with the knob, she got the control and began to turn the knob to adjust the seat backwards, with the effort the Vacuum tube moved and then suddenly clamped itself onto her right breast which sealed off the intake, the machine began to wind itself up for a big suck, she let go of the seat adjuster and quickly got the pipe off of her boob, but not before the vacuum had taken a big gulp of shirt!.

The simple granny knot came undone and half the shirt went up the pipe, and still the whining increased!.

Frantically Jenny tugged at the shirt but the machine seemed possessed as she fought a one handed battle with it, she began to pull the shirt out of the nozzle, an inch at a time, but the machine wasn't going to be denied its lunch and settled into "Deeeeeelux hurricane" mode and wolfed down another inch of two of shirt. Jenny lost all the shirt she'd managed to pull out and more besides.

Jenny knew she had to free herself to tackle this sucker, she let go and began in earnest to wind the seat back to free her hand.

What seemed like ages her hand became loose but still remained stuck, but strangely the Vacuum machine seemed to be getting stronger for it increased it's whine up an octave or two as it slipped into higher gear "For those really stubborn bits"

The nozzle by now had crept around to the middle of Jenny's back and seemed to be lodged there pulling on the shirt.

Her breasts had been exposed ages ago and they swung to a fro violently in her struggle to remove her hand and free herself.

Even above the noise of the mad vacuum pump she heard the faint but unmistakable sound of ripping cloth.

Redoubling her efforts to wind the seat faster her fingers slipped on the smooth plastic. She could feel the collar beginning to creep away from the back of her neck as the starving machine munched more shirt.

"Oh no Oh no" Jenny began to chant as she slipped again on the knob but as she did the shirt itself tore off of her and was sssssssuuuucked up the dark hole of the tube Just as her hand came free.

"Oh God. Too late!" she cried

Now in the "Deeelux Hurricane" mode the nozzle went wild in the cab of the car thrashing about like a demented and very hungry snake, bouncing around.

Jenny could do nothing but duck down as the nozzle swished by her head, it bounced once or twice on her shoulders then laid on her back, suddenly terrified it might suck her hair into the pipe Jenny arched her back and felt the nozzle slither down her back the cold air being drawn over her skin in its path, the nozzle lay facing up her back and the pipe lay over her bottom like a weird sort of tail, she moved forward a little to try and catch the pipe before it went crazy again.

When its feasting mouth locked onto the bikini bottoms!

Jenny went out of her mind with fear clutching at the slithering knots as they undid themselves!

Absolute terror gripped Jenny as the tiny bikini bottoms were slowly sucked into the thin pipe fractions of an inch at a time, she could feel the thin cords moving under her fists as she held tightly onto the knots in a hopeless battle. tufts of blonde pubic hair appeared above the white triangle and more crept into sight in search for daylight.

Somehow Jenny was able to clamp her thighs about the pipe and pulled it away from herself, looking down she could see the hole of the nozzle filled with her panties. and still it ate more!

After what seemed a long fight all she could see were four cords leaving the mouth of the nozzle and nothing covered her now as all the fabric that clothed her was drawn into the whoooshing pipe, inevitably the cords snapped under the extreme stress and the pipe thrashed abut the cab once more.

Dazed, Jenny lay there on her back, her legs knees drawn up and without a stitch of clothes on her, her eyes were closed as she muttered "No no no no no no" as the whining of the vacuum finally wound down, her token had bought all the time she could afford.

The car looked great, all spic and span not a grain of sand or scrap of rag in sight Jenny would have been very proud of her efforts if she didn't have other things on her mind just then.

Eyes still closed she swung herself round until she sat in the drivers seat shaking her head in denial at what had occurred, groaning she opened her eyes and was close to tears at her predicament she was totally naked, her lush young body stripped of every scrap of cloth.

She knew she would have to drive through town now, there was no other option. She just had to hope that no one would see her but since it was 4.45pm the roads would be filling with traffic very soon as people left work and the chances of being caught were high!

Maybe she could drive somewhere else and wait the evening out and head home under the cover of darkness?, the more she thought about it the more she liked the idea the roads nearby had some tiny lanes she could hide in one of them and just wait out the few hours till it was dark.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a coach pulling around the corner and parking a few hundred yards away, another drove by and parked beside it, doors were flung open and what seemed like a thousand Boy scouts bundled out, most in their late teens and all looking around for something to amuse themselves with and heading towards the shop.

In her direction!

Jenny shuddered at the memory of the last time she had had a run in with scouts.

"No way. Not again!"

She reached up to turn the ignition key to start up the car and speed off. As she did so her hand bumped into the pipe and nozzle of the demon vacuum pump.

The nozzle was pressed tight to the steering column!

"Oh No!..........please........... NO!!!!!"

Jenny lifted the nozzle away, her chin quivered and her eyes went wide as she looked upon empty ignition switch.

It seems the Demon Vacuum cleaner enjoyed keys for dessert following an all cotton diet!

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**Jenny's Hat-Trick by The Great One**

"A whole weekend in Chicago, the windy city?!??!" Jenny exclaimed, "Wow, I've never been there before."

"I know," her husband said. "I promised to entertain this important client Friday night. Why not bring you along, I figured. Make a weekend out of it."

Jenny smiled radiantly up at her husband. Her eyes were full of love for this adoring man.

"The only thing is," her husband said, "I promised this guy I'd take him to the hockey game Friday night. You might even like it, you never know."

Jenny figured it wasn't too much of a sacrifice. She could sit through one little hockey game in exchange for a weekend with her husband in the city by the lake. How romantic!

That Friday afternoon, they drove into Chicago from their farmhouse. Jenny felt a tinge of nervous excitement at the thought of seeing the city for the first time. She had chosen to wear a long, black silk skirt with a floral pattern on it and a matching pink, mohair cardigan top. The cardigan had a plunging neckline; Jenny was showing just the barest hint of cleavage.

She felt reasonably comfortable: her outfit was appropriate for a semi-casual night with a client. It was a little daring for her, but she was feeling amorous toward her husband that day and felt he deserved a bit of a treat. She knew he loved it (though he never said anything) when she showed a little skin.

Dinner that night went well. Carl, the client, and his wife Sue were very nice. After the meal, they drove over to the hockey arena.

"My God," Jenny whispered to her husband as they entered the stands, "I've never seen so many people."

Jenny's husband grinned down at her. "Yeah," he said, "and the place isn't even half full."

They took their seats. The first period went rather quickly. Jenny was enjoying things well enough. Between periods the two women went to the ladies room together. Carl and Jenny's husband chatted a bit. Carl commented about how nice Jenny was. Quiet though, he said.

"She's very shy," her husband replied.

The ladies came back. The second period went fast as well. Jenny made a comment to Sue about how exciting it all was. "I've never seen so many people," she said, gazing dreamily across the crowded arena. By now, every seat in the house was filled.

The players vacated the ice. The announcer came on the PA system.

"And now ladies and gentleman, a few lucky fans will be chosen at random to compete for dinner for two at Callahan's Steakhouse in a Penalty Shot competition." The announcer proceeded to call out a couple of seat and section numbers. Jenny watched the surprised expressions of the lucky fans on the arena's big screen TVs.

Suddenly, she saw her own face up there. She hadn't even heard the announcer's words. She felt the heat rise in her face, her ears pounding. Her husband, Carl, and Sue were all staring at her, grinning.

She'd been chosen. She hadn't even heard her seat and section number called out.

An usher approached, walked into her row and up to her seat.

"But...I..." she stammered as the usher took her hand.

"Go ahead honey," her husband said. "Show 'em all a thing or two!"

The next thing she knew, she was out on the ice. She was fifth in line behind a group of fans at the blue line. There were three pucks lined up midway between the blue line and the net: left, center, and right ice. Jenny watched as the first guy in line, some fat redneck wearing a Harley Davidson tee-shirt, shuffled up ice and took three pathetic slapshots with the stick he had been provided.

The ice was so cold and bright. She looked up in the stands and saw only darkness. Somewhere up there was her husband. She had no idea where.

Periodic cheers and groans went up from the crowd as the people in front of her took their shots. It seemed to take forever. Finally, it was Jenny's turn. She was so frightened to be in front of all these people. She felt like she had to pee.

A man skated up to her and reached out to her with a hockey stick. She looked at him quizzically. She was clutching her hands together at her chest.

"I have to pee," she whispered to the man.

"What?" he said, thrusting the stick toward her. "C'mon lady," he said, "the third period's about to start."

Jenny was shivering. She heard a few whistles from the crowded arena.

Without thinking, she reached out for the stick. She began to shuffle toward the right puck.

The crowd roared. She heard whistling, hooting, clapping, cheering. "C'mon honey, slap one home!" someone shouted from just behind the glass.

Jenny leaned over the hockey stick. She sighted as best she could toward the net. Her eyes were swimming.

Suddenly there was a bright flash. She turned to look toward the glass next to her, on the side of the rink.

"Thanks for the downblouse, sweetheart," she heard some guy shout from behind the glass.

My God, Jenny thought, my top. She looked down. Because she was bent over, anyone on the other side of the glass could see right down her mohair cardigan.

She gasped. She spasmed involuntarily in her nervousness and let go with a wild wrist shot.

At that moment, a door in the wall to the right of the net had opened. She was taking too long. The players were skating back onto the ice.

Her wild shot sent the puck sailing right into the chest of one of the first players to come out.

She bit her lower lip. He looked over at her. Hockey players are mean, she thought.

Jenny shuffled toward center ice. The ice was suddenly filled with hockey players. She had never seen such huge men. They were like monsters. They swarmed around her, staring at her, as she approached the center puck.

The crowd was laughing. She could barely hear it behind the pounding in her ears. She had never been so embarrassed in all her life.

One of the players skated swiftly past her. She felt the ice kicked up from his blade through her stockings. She glanced up suddenly to see him, but he was gone in a blaze.

She felt the same thing from her other side. She turned suddenly and almost lost her balance. That player too was gone in a flash.

She bent down again, forgetting the view she had just afforded the fans behind the glass. The players continued to swarm around her. Everything was a blur. If I can only get these two shots off, she thought, I can get back to the safety of my seat.

She pulled her stick back, aiming for the net.

"Nice tits, honey," one of the players said. She looked up suddenly, trying to see the guy who said this. She felt another player skate past her from behind, but this time something was different.

In the space of a second she felt: a tug; then a pull; something was forcing her backward; a ripping noise; a rush of cold air; her balance regained.

She whirled around to see what had happened. And looked straight up at herself, ten feet tall on the Sony Trinitron monitor.

No skirt. Control top panty hose. She had a split second to catch her own startled expression. Then, a sudden zoom into her pale, blonde muff, curly hairs reaching out through the mesh of her stockings. All ten feet tall, right there on the Sony, in front of everyone.

The crowd roared. She had never heard anything like it in her life. Things seemed to slow down. Her face felt like it was about to explode. Her heart was pounding in her chest.

35,000 people have just seen my muff, she thought.

She saw the hockey player she had hit with her first shot racing around the ice with her beautiful silk skirt raised like a flag on the tip of his hockey stick.

Jenny tried to scream, but nothing came out.

Without meaning to, Jenny had let go with her second shot. She hit another player in the knees. He stopped dead on the ice and glared at her for a second. Then he skated straight at her.

At the last second, he turned off to the side, thrusting his hip out into hers. She fell onto the ice.

From over the loudspeaker: "HIP CHECK!"

The crowd roared even louder.

Jenny looked up from the ice. A crowd of players skidded to a stop in a circle around her. The cold ice from their blades sprinkled across her face, chest, muff and legs. Her chest was heaving. She looked up at their leering faces. Several thick arms reached out and grabbed her.

She was on her feet again. Held up by three of the players. The player she had hit in the knees faced her.

"I've got a bad knee, dear. You just made it worse."

Jenny tried to say "I'm sorry" but her mouth was completely dry.

The crowd was going nuts. A mass hysteria seemed to have taken over. From the PA: "Ladies and gentleman, I think we're about to see us some tits. I've watched a lot of ladies in the stands in my years, and if I'm not mistaken those are 38C's."

The crowd roared. Jenny managed to scream as the hockey player reached out and grabbed the front of her pink mohair cardigan. He pulled with all his brute strength. Jenny felt herself pulled forward. Buttons flew everywhere, clinking on the ice in various directions.

Her chest was thrust out. Her huge breasts for all to see in the cream-colored bra she had worn for her wonderful husband's eyes-only that night. Her nipples were harder than they'd ever been, from the fear and the cold. The crowd roared, she saw herself on the monitor, her 38C's with headlights bright, her pale blonde muff through the sheer fabric of her pantyhose.

In front of 35,000 screaming fans. Surrounded by brute hockey players.

Welcome to Chicago, Jenny. She thought she was going to faint...

Jenny was shivering and swooning on the ice. If it hadn't been for the three guys holding her up, she would have collapsed by now.

Through her fog, she could barely hear the announcer on the PA system. "Seems I'm getting rusty folks. Those cups are deeper than I thought. They look to me like 38CCs!"

Jenny opened her eyes and looked up. There she was on the monitor again, her huge chest heaving. Her V-zone had turned red, a gradual blush that worked its way up to her flaming face. Her blue eyes looked watery on the big screen. She was mortified. She couldn't understand what was going on. How could they be doing this?

"One more shot, honey," the announcer said. "Make it and you get dinner for two at Callahan's. None of the other contestants made a shot. So let's go, we've still got a period of action ahead of us!"

The three players skated Jenny over to the third puck, on the left side of the ice. They slowly let go of her. She teetered there for a moment, leaning on the stick for support. Cameras were flashing all over the place.

The PA announcer: "C'mon honey, slap it home. Because if you miss this shot, who knows what will happen..."

One of the players leaned into her. "Miss it, darling, and you're nude," he whispered.

She was crying now. She leaned over the puck. She sighted the net for a moment and then looked down into the ice. The ice was so white and bright. She wished the whiteness would just blot everything out, wished she could disappear into it.

She pulled back on the stick, readying for her slapshot.

And the crowd roared with laughter. With a scream, part fear and part rage, she took her shot.

And looked up to see what happened.

There was a goalie in the net. That's what had the crowd laughing. The puck bounced off his mask. Jenny swore he was leering behind that mask.

The crowd went wild. Jenny could hear nothing. Tears were streaming down her pale, cold cheeks.

One of the players hooked his stick behind her bra strap. He yanked, pulling her down to the ice. Her cups pulled tight against her breasts, but her bra stayed on.

"You'll have to do better than that guys," the announcer said.

The ice was freezing on Jenny's back. She turned her head to the side and looked out toward the center of the ice. She noticed that most of the players had dropped their gloves to the ice.

Four hands reached out and pulled her up. The goalie was standing in front of her, gazing impassively at her from behind his mask. He hooked the blade of his stick right between her pale, heaving breasts, under the piece of fabric in the center of her bra.

"No, please, PLEASE!" Jenny screamed through her tears.

The crowd started to chant, just a couple of voices at first that built up to a deafening roar.

"TITS, TITS, TITS, TITS, TITS..."

Someone reached out behind Jenny and unclasped her bra. The goalie yanked his stick back and Jenny's huge, pale 38CC breasts bounced out from the safety of their cups. The crowd cheered and laughed. Her nipples were rock solid. They felt frozen. She hadn't believed it was possible for her to blush any more, but she did. She was turning purple.

"Look at those fucking tits," the announcer screamed.

In a panic, Jenny started to run as best she could across the slippery ice. Toward the door in the wall that the players had come through. As she ran, her breasts bounced from side to side, up and down, all over the place.

"Watch her wiggle, see them jiggle..." the announcer sang.

More laughter. Leering hockey players skating around her, grinning mischievously as she headed toward the door. She fell, face first to the ice. Her tits were crushed under her against the frigid surface of the arena.

"Careful girl," one of the players shouted, "don't get stuck to that cold ice. It'll rip your nipples off, aureole and all!" Jenny got up, staggered forward again, and fell again, this time onto her back. On the monitor above, she could see herself sprawled out there on the ice. Her huge, pale breasts were on open display for all to see, their weight displaced to her sides.

She couldn't believe this. She just wanted to be back on the farmhouse with her husband. She closed her eyes and tried to make it all go away.

She felt hands lifting her up by the arms and legs. Like a sacrifice, she thought.

The crowd was chanting again. "PUSSY, PUSSY, PUSSY, PUSSY, PUSSY."

Jenny twisted violently from side to side in the players' arms. There was a player standing on each side of her, at her hips. Someone had taken her shoes off. The players at her hips grabbed the elastic top of her panty hose and pulled them down forcefully. My God, Jenny thought, they're so strong.

She felt the cold in her vagina. She began to shiver uncontrollably. Several players reached out, holding her aloft. They began to skate her around the ice, for all to see. The cheering continued. So did the picture taking. All Jenny could see was a blinding trail of lights in the ceiling. She caught an occasional comment from the stands, but most of it was just white noise.

"Seems like Lord Stanley has a new cup," the announcer jeered.

After skating her around the rink, the players passed her around to one another. One player gave her a huge kiss on the mouth and then held her up, on display for the crowd. He passed her along and the next player took a mighty suck from her left tit. This continued until poor Jenny had been passed among several players from both teams.

Factions in the frenzied crowd were still chanting "PUSSY, PUSSY, PUSSY."

"Hey fellas," the announcer said, picking up the thread of the chant, "all we can see up here is muff, which looks wet from all that ice down there. These people want to see more."

Jenny nearly fainted again. She felt herself being lowered to the cold ice. One player grabbed her by the left ankle, another by the right. They skated in opposite directions briefly and then stopped.

Icy tendrils reached up inside Jenny's gaping cunt. She was spread-eagle in front of 35,000 fans, all strangers except for her husband. She was sobbing hysterically. Players reached down and roughly fondled her breasts, which were slick from the ice. Her exposed vagina took up the entire screen on the Sony Trinitron. The camera kept zooming in and out, showing a full shot of Jenny and then zooming in for shots of her cunt and tits.

One of the players bent down and, with a little bit of work, forced part of a puck into her cunt. He worked it around a little bit. Jenny could feel its cold, rock-hard weight against her labia lips. The player left it stuck there in her vagina.

The crowd started to chant again. "PUCK HER, PUCK HER, PUCK HER, PUCK HER."

The player worked the puck again. Jenny was screaming. It seemed to go on for several minutes. Suddenly, she spasmed violently on the ice, her hips thrusting upward. The player was knocked backwards. The puck shot out of her vagina and skidded across the ice into the net.

The crowd clapped and cheered. She could hear the players laughing.

"FUCK HER, FUCK HER, FUCK HER," the crowd started to chant.

Jenny thought she was going to die. One of the hockey players skated between her legs and began to drop his bulky pants. She couldn't believe this. She was going to get fucked in front of 35,000 people on an icy rink by God knew how many huge Hockey thugs.

The guy was about to lower his jock when Jenny heard a familiar voice over the loudspeakers.

"STOP THIS, PLEASE." It was her husband, begging for her. She could hear sounds of a struggle in the background over the open mike. He was gone for a while, but finally came back on.

"We know you guys are all tough, heartless brutes. You've given us quite a show. But please, that's my wife down there. Don't hurt her. Let her go."

The crowd fell quiet. Jenny thought for a moment that the mass hysteria might be breaking. She almost felt relief.

A loud noise screeched over the loudspeakers. "Hey fellas," said a suddenly sober announcer. "Give her a way out of it, huh?"

The hockey players commiserated for a moment. One of them skated forward and faced the press box. He shouted up into the stands.

"She's made one shot," he said. "If she makes two more, that's a hat trick and she goes free."

The crowd roared again. The hysteria was back.

The players dragged Jenny out in front of the net, midway between it and the blueline. They inserted another puck into her vagina and manipulated it around in there for a few minutes. About a third of the black rock was inside of her. Despite herself, she spasmed violently again. The puck shot out and into the net. Liquid sprayed in all directions as the puck vacated poor Jenny's cunt.

"My God," one of the players said, "she came all over the ice!"

There was a puddle of moisture between Jenny's gaping thighs. The crowd cheered.

They pulled her over to the left side of the ice. The final puck. Jenny was mortified. Her chest was heaving. Her nipples were so erect they could receive radio signals. And, despite the fear and cold, her cunt was a hot, throbbing mess.

One of the players leaned down and began to insert the final puck inside of her.

From out of nowhere Jenny heard herself say:

"Fuckers."

The players all looked at her face. Most had been staring at her gorgeous body.

"Let's up the ante," Jenny said. She felt possessed. She had no idea who was talking. "If I miss, not only do I fuck all of you, but I take on the coaches and trainers as well."

The players stared at her wide-eyed.

"But if I make it, you fuckers, you strip naked and play the third period that way."

The players considered for a moment. One of them leaned down. "You'll never make it honey," he said. "You've got yourself a bet."

He turned and relayed this information to the crowd. The announcer repeated it just to make sure everyone heard.

The puck was thrust into Jenny's cunt, a little bit harder this time. The player who put it there stood up and looked down at her.

"Do it yourself this time," he said. "Good luck."

The crowd roared.

Jenny's entire head seemed filled with the insane roaring of the riotous crowd. As she lay there on the ice, the insanity of what was happening started to really sink in. She stared up at the lights. Her hair was damp from the ice. Her breasts hurt from too many rough hands fondling them, too many bearded faces kissing them. Inside of her was a foreign object that could either save or destroy her.

But there was no way she could get it out of her. No way, without some help from one of her tormentors, for her to work up an orgasm intense enough to shoot the puck from her vagina to the net.

Her whole body was shaking. She began to cry uncontrollably. In a belated, pathetic attempt at modesty she tried to cover her breasts with one arm and her gaping puck-filled cunt with the other.

"Let's set a time limit, fellas," the announcer said. "Give her ten seconds people."

The crowd began to chant obligingly. "Ten, nine, eight..." Jenny's sobbing intensified. Her teeth were chattering, she could feel her whole world collapsing right then and there.

"Seven, six, five..."

She tried to bury her face into her shoulder. She could suddenly hear with great clarity. The hockey players were panting all around her. She could almost feel them drawing near. She was stuck nude on the ice in a hockey arena in one of the largest cities in America with 35,000 maniacal fans screaming for her violation. Stuck nude on the ice with a puck in her cunt. And, in a few seconds she thought, God knows what else. In my vagina, my ass...oh God, no, NO! She began screaming on the ice.

“Looks like this pretty little lady is in for one hell of a fucking night," the announcer said. There almost seemed to be some remorse in his voice.

"Four, three, two..."

Jenny was screaming, "NO, NO, NO", her face a deep purple, the chords in her neck straining out. God I'm so scared, she thought. She'd never been this scared since she was a little girl. When she was scared as a girl she used to lose control. She used to...

"One..."

...pee.

Jenny's bladder opened up with the force of a raging river. The puck flew out of her cunt followed by a streaming trail of urine, just as the crowed shouted:

"...Zero"

Suddenly, the crowd noise died. Jenny could hear the sound of water running. Somewhere, in the back of her mind, she realized that somehow she had managed to eject the puck from her pussy.

"HAT TRICK!!!!" the announcer yelled suddenly. There was a moment's hesitation, and then the crowd broke into applause. Jenny curled up on the ice into a fetal position, covering her exposed body as best she could.

"The lady got the shot off before the clock counted down, gentleman. And you know what that means. Time for something new in the Chicago metropolitan area. Nude hockey."

There was never any doubt that the players would do it. Something strange was definitely in the air in the arena that night, and things were only getting stranger. Jenny, still lost in her fog of fear and humiliation, began to crawl off the ice. Her damp blonde hair hung down at either side of her face. Her pendulous breasts dangled and shook as she crawled wearily across the ice, toward an open door in the wall.

She looked up as she crawled. The player who had first pucked her was already down to his jock strap. He was glaring at her. She couldn't understand it. We lost, he mouthed to her from across the ice. As if that explained it, that was all there was to it. They'd accepted her wager. She'd one. Brutes that they were, they'd still honor the bet.

He took his jock strap off. He had a raging hard on. Jenny couldn't take her eyes off of his huge, veiny cock. She'd almost had that thing inside her. She was repulsed and fascinated by it at the same time.

"That one dear lady," the announcer said, "was probably intended for your asshole."

Jenny stared up into the ceiling lights, searching for that tormenting voice from the heavens. She shivered spastically for a moment, slipped to her feet, and began to run across ice.

Most of the players were nude by now. The crowd was cheering and laughing at the same time. Some of the guys were as crimson as Jenny had been. Several had full erections. Some had their cocks dangling between their legs. A few were shriveled up, their dicks hidden in a thicket of pubic hair.

Jenny couldn't believe the muscles and scars in their legs. That frightened her more than anything else. She ran faster, trying in vain to cover her swinging breasts with one arm.

She heard the puck drop to the ice. The clacking of wood against ice. The cold cutting sound the blades made.

All around her was a swirl of color. The two teams had faced off and were going at it. She couldn't get off the ice fast enough.

She moved closer to the door. The men's uniforms were being picked up off the ice by trainers while they played.

Running, sobbing, desperate to get off the ice, Jenny was blind-sided by one of the players. She felt the cold smack of his naked flesh against hers as she fell hard to the ice.

The crowd roared.

Jenny was bounced around out there for a while. She slid to her feet several times, only to lose her footing. She sprawled spread-eagle onto the ice, her cunt exposed once again. All around her were swinging dicks and slashing sticks.

Someone skated past her (how did they get those pants off over their skates, she wondered?) and grabbed her in his arm. He handed her off to another player who skated with her in the opposite direction. She was screaming again.

The player who was holding her skated behind the opposing team's net. He was manipulating his stick with his other hand. He had the puck.

Jenny heard a roaring mass of something coming from behind them.

Both Jenny and her captor were smacked into the boards behind the net. Jenny went face first into the glass, her tits pancaked against it. She was stuck there for a split second. She stared straight into the lens of a fat man with a camera. Next to him, a young boy stared wide-eyed at her, his little erection betraying him.

She heard the player who had been holding her grunt harshly. It was a deep bass sound, a sudden, violent exhalation of breath. She looked over at him as she slid off the glass.

He had been checked from behind by a player with a hard-on. The player's cock was firmly planted up her captor's ass. The checker stared at Jenny with a mortified expression on his face that said to her, "Well, I used to make millions."

She looked up at the Sony Trinitron. Sure enough, there were the two players, joined suddenly in the heat of action.

"That should be a five minute major for forced penetration," the announcer shouted. The crowd exploded in hysterical laughter.

Jenny was tossed naked around the ice some more as she tried to make her way to the door in the wall. By now, things had become even more chaotic. As she slid across the ice, crying and confused by the naked brutality of it all, she noticed that several women had come down from the stands.

A group of them were holding down the player who had pucked Jenny. They were violently jerking him off. Hot cum shot geyser-like from his throbbing cock, all over the ice. He squirmed with all his considerable strength but the women were too much for him. He too, had once made millions, Jenny thought.

Jenny finally made it across ice. Through her tears, she thought she could see her husband waiting for her on the other side of the wall, a blanket in his hands.

She got blindsided again and found herself on the ice. When she got up, her husband was no longer there.

She ran toward the door. It had seemed so much closer a moment ago, but now she had to fight her way through nude hockey players. Some were being chased by women from the stands intent upon raping them. Others were being chased by other players who seemed to have the same thing in mind. One poor guy even had a ref on his tail. A whistle wasn't the only thing that ref wanted to blow!

Jenny finally made it to the door. She dove for it, her tits bouncing all over the place. She fell face first into a bench. Something slammed shut behind her.

"Two minutes for blushing," the announcer said.

She was in the penalty box. Somehow, she had gotten turned around on the ice.

And she wasn't alone. Next to her was one of the players who had ripped her pantyhose off. His tiny cock started to get erect when he saw her. She instinctively covered her tits and cunt.

“YOU!" he shouted. He got up, his cock rising. Jenny tried to cower in the corner. Fans were pounding on the glass surrounding the penalty box.

The player bent at the knees and grabbed her snatch in one meaty paw. With all his strength, he lifted her with his one arm. Up, toward the top of the glass.

From the other side of the glass, several hands grabbed Jenny by the upper arms. She found herself in the stands. She was passed upwards from fan to fan. Hands groped her breasts, her ass. A few were audacious enough to stick a finger in her pussy, which was soaking wet from the ice and her own juices.

A spotlight suddenly trained its gaze on her. The crowd was chanting "PASS HER, PASS HER, PASS HER." Jenny was passed through most of the lower sections. She finally fainted. She barely awoke to realize that she had ended up limp in her husband's arms. Her breasts hurt from all the handling. Her cunt was throbbing. She had red marks all over her naked body.

"Let's get out of here," her husband whispered to her.

And so they left, with Carl. Sue was on the ice, raping some naked hockey stud. The three survivors left the chaotic scene. On her way out, a semi-conscious Jenny barely heard the announcer say, "Can't wait to see what the playoffs bring us!"

EPILOGUE

Jenny recovered in her hotel room that weekend. Carl called up a friend of his in Chicago who recommended that Jenny see a famous hypnotist. The hypnotist showed up on Sunday, put Jenny in a trance, and seemed to convince her to forget all that had happened to her Friday night.

The management of the arena called an emergency meeting the day after the game. "Fighting is one thing, but that was ridiculous!" someone said. They changed the ventilation system in the arena for fear that some bizarre and exotic toxin had caused the mass hysteria. They fired the public address announcer, for fear that his voice had somehow hypnotized the players and crowd into behaving the way they had. The insanity had extended beyond the arena though: the local cable stations had broadcast the chaos. Hundreds of thousands of people had Jenny's image stored in their brains, their video cameras, their still cameras. She fueled many an erotic dream for a long time. Her image showed up all over the place in the Chicago area: on people's VCRs, in slideshows, photo albums. And, of course, the Internet. And therefore the world.

Somehow, those pictures never made their way to Byron's Stripping Forum.

Anyway, Jenny's husband drove her back to their farmhouse. For weeks and weeks, the experts tried to figure out what had happened that night. But Jenny's husband thought he knew. As things settled back to normal on their farm, he would relax at night with Jenny on their front porch, a drink in one hand and his beautiful, shy, and blissfully forgetful wife in the other.

Ahhhh, he would think, listening to the music of the crickets, here's to the power of collective fantasy.

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**Bachelor Party Jenny by The Great One**

Jenny walked down the hotel hallway, carefully holding the bucket of ice in her hands. Her husband was in the room he had bought them for the weekend, getting the hot tub ready. Jenny grinned to herself.

She loved her husband dearly. He was so romantic and unpredictable sometimes. He had come home from the office that Friday afternoon, grinned at her coyly and told her he felt like pampering his princess this weekend. And just like that, he whisked her away! With no advance reservations, the only room they could get was at one of the larger chains. But Jenny didn't mind. The important thing was that she would be with her loving husband all weekend, enjoying champagne, bubble baths in the hot tub, and lots of cozy snuggling by the fireplace.

Jenny closed her eyes, imagining with warm anticipation the night that lay ahead. She approached the door to their room and turned the knob.

The door was locked. Silly goose, she thought.

She knocked lightly. From somewhere nearby, she could hear the pounding rhythm of rock music. She didn't like loud music, but was determined not to let anything distract her on this night.

"Darling, are you in there?" Jenny whispered through the door.

Jenny's husband didn't respond. She frowned slightly and knocked again, a little harder this time.

She heard footsteps on the other side of the door. She smiled. She looked down at herself. She wanted to dress up for their romantic evening, but her husband had insisted that she looked fine the way she was. He told her to pack whatever she wanted as quickly as she could, they were going to hop in the car right away. She was wearing one of his white dress shirts with the button-down collars over a pair of faded denim jeans she liked to wear around the house. Her shirt was untucked and hung down to her thighs, the back covering most of her ass. She had unbuttoned the two top buttons, a daring move for her, but she was very relaxed this evening.

Jenny heard the deadbolt click in the door. The doorknob turned and the door opened.

"'bout friggin' time."

What?, Jenny thought. She looked up toward her husband's face. "Your voice sounds kinda grav…".

She stopped. She was staring into the pale, freckled face of some tall red-headed guy.

Jenny blushed. She bit her lower lip. "Um, excuse me, I'm so sorry…"

The man grabbed her by her upper arm. "You were supposed to be here a half hour earlier, LET'S GO!" Jenny was yanked into the room.

The man slammed the door behind her. Several cubes of ice jumped out of the bucket as she stumbled forward into the foyer.

The rock music grew louder. It was coming from inside this room. This room that was clearly not her room. No bubble bath. No fireplace. No champagne. And definitely no husband.

But plenty of men. About a dozen of them, some on the bed, a few standing, some sitting on the desk and dresser. The room was heavy with smoke. It smelled of nicotine, beer, and aftershave.

“My hus…I went to get some ice…and….I guess…well…oh boy…sorry…" Jenny gulped.

The redhead tossed her forward, past the entryway and into the room.

"Here she is boys, as promised! Eddie," he said, "this is your night man!" The redhead stood next to Jenny and pointed to a dark-haired guy sitting on the bed. He looked to be in his early twenties. He was wearing a plaid flannel shirt, jeans, and a pair of workboots. He hadn't shaved in a while. And, like the rest of them, he was clearly drunk.

"It's his last night as a free man, honey," the redhead said. "Looks like you got the shy, girl-next-door routine down pat. Love the 'clothes-around-the-house' look. Can only imagine what the ice is for. Eddie loves 'em shy, doncha Eddie?" Deep laughter from the men in the room. "Show him your stuff baby!"

Jenny's knees buckled. "You don't understand…I'm not the g-g-girl you think I am…"

"Course not," one of the other guys shouted out. "Yer just doin' this to pay yer way through school. We know. But school's expensive sweetheart, so get to work!"

The redhead slapped her on the ass. Jenny jumped.

"I think she wants the money up front, Carl," someone said.

"Well, don't worry baby you'll get paid. Here's an advance. Up front."

The redhead pulled a wad of bills out of his shirt pocket. He walked up to Jenny, grabbed the front of her blouse with one hand, and shoved the wad of bills down her cleavage with the other. Jenny grabbed

the front of her blouse and clutched at the money through the fabric, a delayed reaction to Carl's sudden grope.

"Thrill him, baby, it's his last night of thrills!" The redhead cracked up.

Jenny stood there. She felt trapped. She began to shiver a little. She clutched the bills between her tits. Oh God, she had to get out of this room. Who did they think she was?

"Maybe she wants us to strip her," one of the guys suggested. "She's like a present for Eddie, man. And this present, see, it needs unwrappin!"

“Yeah," Carl said, through a leering grin. "So let's unwrap her."

Three of them converged on her.

Jenny dropped the ice bucket.

Two of the guys grabbed Jenny by the arms. Carl stood in front of her. He smiled at her sweetly, then turned around and faced his audience.

"Pete, get Eddie on a chair and bring him over here." Pete did just that. Eddie sat facing Jenny.

Jenny tried to twist her way out of their grasp. They only squeezed her arms tighter.

"Please, you guys," she said. "I thought this was my room. My husband…he-he-he's waiting for me. I went to get ice for the champ…"

"How do you want your present opened, Eddie?" Carl asked. "Slow or fast?"

Eddie looked up at Jenny and grinned.

"Slow."

"Go ahead man," Carl said, "your night, so you do the honors."

Eddie got up, grinning like a kid at Christmas. He walked right up to Jenny, staring her up and down. "Man," he said, "I can see her bra through this shirt. It's almost sheer. She's got a lace bra on." He slowly scanned her from waist to breasts to face. He looked her in the eyes. "Shit, you must be an actress or somethin'. That blush looks real as hell." He touched her face with his finger. Jenny whined and tried to squirm away. "Carl, man, this is better 'n some stripper with fake tits."

"Only the best for my man Eddie," Carl said. "I had no idea she'd be this good."

Eddie brought his hands up to Jenny's blouse. "What's your name?"

Jenny looked down toward the floor. "Jenny," she whispered, almost silently.

"Well, Jenny," Eddie said. "I think it's just a little bit hot in here, don't you?"

"N-n-no," Jenny said meekly. "My hus-husband, he's running the water right now. He's waiting…"

"Shhhhhh." Eddie put his finger up to Jenny's full lips. "Let's cool you off a little, huh?"

Carl reached down to the floor and picked up the ice bucket. He handed it to Eddie.

Eddie glanced into the bucket. "Looks like some of this has melted," he said. "Let's just pour this water out and lighten things up a bit."

He brought the bucket up to Jenny's eye level. And very slowly tipped it toward her.

"No," Jenny said softly, "please don't…".

A few droplets of water hit Jenny in the V-zone, just above the swell of her meaty breasts and below her neck. It was freezing. The water ran swiftly down the crack of her cleavage. The top of that crack was just barely visible over the fabric in her shirt.

Eddie tipped the bucket more. Water streamed out, down Jenny's blouse. She felt the fabric sticking to her skin.

Eddie stepped back. The white shirt was soaked on either side of the placket. The lacy tops of the cups of Jenny's bra were visible. Her shirt was sheer where wet. The water had inched its way dangerously close to her nipples. But the fabric and soaked it up to a halt just in time.

Eddie moved forward. His pelvis touched Jenny's waist. She felt his cock. She was horrified.

The guy was hard.

"Better?" Eddie asked softly, whispering in Jenny's ear.

"I have to leave," Jenny whimpered. Her voice was shaking.

Eddie handed the bucket back to Carl. He pulled Jenny's shirt forward and stared down the front of it. "A-fucking-mazing," he said.

Eddie squeezed the shirt's top button between his thumb and index finger. With a quick twist, the button came undone.

A couple of the men in the room began to shout. "YES", "GO EDDIE!", "MORE, MORE, MORE!"

Eddie undid a second button. Jenny's breasts were squeezed together by the bra and her cleavage was a visible, black crack with no space between it.

"Check it out guys," Eddie said. He stepped to the side and spread the top of Jenny's shirt open with his hands. "Her tits are MASSIVE."

The guys began to clap and cheer. Jenny couldn't believe the noise they were making, in a nice hotel like this. Surely someone would hear and complain. Her husband maybe?

"That's a guys shirt, isn't it?" Carl asked.

"Yeah," Eddie said. "In fact, I used to have one just like it. Hey honey," he said, "gimme my shirt back."

And with that, Eddie grabbed the front of Jenny's shirt. He ripped it open at the placket. Buttons flew. Jenny screamed and buckled backward. Her shirt was wide open, her 38CC breasts heaving inside of her bra. Her huge, pale tits looked like they were imprisoned, tortured in the confining bra.

The two guys holding onto her arms let go. Before Jenny could react they grabbed the back of her shirt and pulled it off her. The sleeves bunched up at her wrists and she stood there with both arms stretched out behind her.

Eddie was giggling. "Hold her like that, man. I love it, I fucking love it. There's nothing like a helpless chick , man. You're shy, huh? Good God, I'm gonna marry you, look at that fucking blush. You guys, I swear, this slut is really embarrassed. What, you've never been naked in front of guys before?"

"Just my husb-" Jenny whispered.

The whole room cracked up. "Just her husband, what a classic!" Eddie said. He got down on his knees in front of her.

"I worship you, I really do." Jenny's arms were stretched out tight behind her. Her breasts were thrust out and every single guy in the room was staring at them. Through the lace of her bra, they could see the outline of the tops of her pink aureole. Jenny felt her nipples get hard from the fear and excitement. She wanted to run and hide. Besides her husband, no one had ever seen her naked, fully-developed breasts before (at least no one that she knew of). And here she was in front of a dozen drunk, horny guys with her tits on display.

She began to whimper. With each whimper, her breasts heaved forward.

"Hey," Eddie said, "from down here, those look like my jeans."

He grabbed the top of Jenny's blue jeans.

She found her voice. "NO!" she screamed, "DON'T, OH PLEASE, PLEASE JUST DON'T."

Eddie looked up at her, startled. "OK, OK," he said. "We're buying it, you don't have to go for the Oscar."

He unsnapped the top of her jeans. Jenny squirmed. Her whimpering became heavier. Her cleavage was a deep crimson. She began to hyperventilate.

Eddie unzipped her fly. "Oh man," he said, "sit still, willya?"

The guys yanked Jenny's shirt once, hard. She got their message and quit struggling.

Eddie squatted up from his kneeling position. He was face-to-face with Jenny's crotch. He hooked his hands inside the waistband of her jeans and began to slide them over her hips. Her panties were caught in the fabric of the jeans, and began to slide down on one side.

"Whoops," Eddie said. He looked up at her. "Don't wanna see too much, too soon." He fixed her panties. Very slowly, he continued to slip her jeans down. The room became silent except for the rock music, which someone had turned down, and Jenny's heavy whimpering.

Her pants were sliding down her thighs. She was wearing powder blue panties with a tiny floral design on them. The mound of her bush was clearly visible as a hill of texture through the front of her panties. Stray hairs peeked out from either side.

There was a light, blonde down on Jenny's thighs. She shaved her legs, but only the parts that were visible when she wore summer dresses.

Eddie had the jeans around Jenny's ankles. He looked up at her and grinned. "Forgot to take your shoes off," he said.

Jenny cried out in desperation. "Please stop, pleasepleasepleaseplease," she begged.

Two more guys came over to her. They knelt to either side of her and twisted her shoes off. She had been wearing a pair of navy Keds low tops, which she wore around the house. She had no socks on.

“Now, step out," Eddie said. "First the right, then the left."

Jenny was shaking her head furiously. She began to twist in the men's arms.

One guy lifted her right foot and the other pulled her pant leg off. They repeated the drill for her left foot.

"Uh, guys," Carl said. "Something's wrong here."

They all stopped and looked at him.

"This is too real, man," he said. "I think this chick might not be acting."

They just stared at him, baffled.

Jenny stopped whimpering. Thank God, she thought, they've come to their senses.

Just then, there was a knock on the door…

The two guys holding Jenny let go of her. Carl moved to get the door. Jenny stood there trying to catch her breath, struggling to free her arms from the bunched fabric of the shirt.

Carl opened the door. Jenny was sure that it was the management, or another guest, or maybe even her sweet husband, coming to complain about the noise.

"Sorry we're late," she heard a man say. Carl moved to the side. A tall thin man in a jet black raincoat walked in, followed by a dark-haired woman with olive skin. She seemed to be wearing the same raincoat. The instant Carl closed the door, the woman reached down and pulled the sash from her raincoat. She was wearing a white lace bustier with matching panties and stockings.

"Gentleman," the man said, "this here's Monique and she will be your entertainment this evening. Where's the husband-to-be. He's gonna get one helluva show tonight from-"

"Hey Randy, what the hell is this?" Monique demanded.

Randy followed Monique's pointing finger. He stared at Jenny for an instant. Jenny stared back at him. Her struggle to get her shirt back on was futile. One of her bra straps had slipped off of her shoulder from the effort.

"I ain't sharin tips with her," Monique said. She thrust her hip out defiantly.

"Please," Jenny said, "someone help me get my shirt back on."

"Who is this?" Randy demanded of Carl.

Carl ran a hand through his hair. "Oh jeez. It's some mistake, just somebody who came into this room by mistake."

"Please, someone help me!"

"She's a fuckin' actress, why couldn't she just be a waitress like all the other ones, why'd she have to pick stripper, make it hard on the rest of us, huh? Randy, man, you know I'm like the UNION REP, right? Lemme make a few phone calls big man, yeah, some of the girls, ya know, like Darlene and Amber, they'd be interested to hear you're hirin' actresses, for Christ sake, on the sly, without us knowin'. I'll call a fuckin' strike Randy, then you'll be stuck with nothin' but this bitch in your stable." Monique walked over toward the phone, her generous ass swaying back and forth. Soft crescents of her cheeks were visible on each side as her panties rode up the crack of her ass. The men stared at her.

"You boys ain't getting' none of that, so quit lookin'. Not with her around, at least." She picked up the phone and began to dial.

"Monique," Randy said, "relax, willya? I don't know who she is. Get rid of her, man, right now!" He whispered this last to Carl.

Carl quickly moved over to Jenny. He reached into her bra and grabbed the wad of bills still stuck there. Some had fallen to the floor. He picked these up. "C'mon guys, help her get dressed." He walked

over to Randy and slipped him the money.

"I wanna see her," Eddie said suddenly, indicating Jenny. "Dontcha see Carl, it's all part of their act man." Eddie pulled his wallet out. He took a hundred dollar bill, balled it up, and tossed it across the room to Randy. "There's another hundred in it for you on top of this AND what Carl paid you. Now finish the show."

"She's not my g-"

"FINISH THE SHOW," Eddie insisted.

Monique slammed the telephone receiver down into its cradle. "You wanna see a show," she screamed at Eddie. "Fine."

She stormed across the room in a rage. She grabbed Jenny's shirt. She yanked Jenny backward onto the bed.

"I hate these friggin' actresses," Monique said. "They're ruining the business with their little girl-next-door bullshit."

Jenny fell backwards on the bed. Her tits bounced in the bra. She felt the extra pounds on her stomach and ass ripple.

Monique leaped at Jenny. Jenny moved quicker than she thought she could. She was off the bed in a second. Monique grabbed at nothing but air. The stripper was sprawled out on the bed ridiculously.

Everyone started to laugh.

"BITCH," Monique screamed. She jumped up and Jenny ran into the corner of the room.

The men formed a semi-circle around the two girls. Eddie was at the front, leering, his cock forming a tent in his pants. Jenny noticed that there were hard-ons everywhere. Behind the crowd, Carl and Randy were looking worried.

Monique grabbed the center of Jenny's bra. She pulled Jenny forward to her. She grabbed Jenny's shirt and yanked Jenny's arms back straight behind her, the way the boys had done it. Jenny was standing directly in front of Eddie, her breasts thrust out.

"Do it, husband-to-be," Monique said harshly.

Eddie reached out and grabbed each of Jenny's bra straps. He lifted them both and slowly pulled them over her rounded shoulders. He let them rest for a moment on her upper arms. Everyone could see the outside top of Jenny's breasts, where they met her underarms. She was bright red and biting her lower lip again.

Eddie peeled the bra down further. The tops of her cups folded over on themselves. Jenny had just the barest hint of a tan line. This was already more than anyone but her husband had ever seen. She began to whimper.

He pulled the cups down more. Her cleavage began to separate. She was shaking now and whimpering louder. As Eddie slowly peeled Jenny's cups down, the top of her rose-colored aureole became visible, first the right tit, then the left tit.

"Look boys, we're gonna see some nipple soon."

Jenny squirmed. One of the guys reached out and gently probed the top of her breast with a finger. Then he probed the aureole. "That part always feels softer," he said. Jenny could see his cock throbbing in his jeans.

Eddie pulled the cups down more. "Anybody know what those bumps on her aureole are called?" he asked. "I love those things, man."

"No more, please, no more," Jenny pleaded in a shaking voice.

"Eddie, c'mon man," Carl said from the back.

Eddie ignored him. He pulled Jenny's straps and each cup peeled back to reveal the tops of her nipples. Her nipples looked like buttons in the depressed position, pushed back into her breasts by the pressure of the bra. In a sudden movement, Eddie yanked the bra down, exposing Jenny's pale breasts completely. Her nipples popped out of the fabric, suddenly erect.

Jenny cried out. Her breasts hung down pendulously. They swung from side to side with their sudden release. A few of the boys gasped. One of the guys was unzipping his fly. He pulled his cock out and began to stroke it.

From behind, Monique unclasped Jenny's bra. It fell to the floor.

"She's 100%," Monique said.

"Huh?" one of the guys said.

"100% natural. Look at the way they hang. Those babies are gonna start sagging soon."

"Who cares," Eddie said. "I love real tits." He grabbed Jenny's breasts with his hands and squeezed them hard. Jenny had very sensitive nipples. She squirmed in his grasp and he squeezed tighter. "I can barely cover them with my hands," Eddie said.

"I wonder what she tastes like," someone else said.

Eddie grinned. He let go of Jenny's left breast and leaned down. He circled her nipple with his tongue and then began to flick her nipple with it. He took Jenny's nipple between his teeth. He pulled. Jenny's breast stretched out as Eddie pulled it toward him.

Jenny cried out. She felt his hard teeth on her nipple and all her nerves seemed to tingle. She was feverish, sweating and shivering.

Eddie opened his mouth as wide as he could. He took her breast into his mouth and sucked on it as hard as he could. His cheeks ballooned out. Jenny felt damp between her thighs.

"Let's see her mound," one of the guys said.

Eddie let go of her breast and squatted down. He grabbed both sides of her panties. "nonononononono," Jenny whispered hysterically

Eddie began to peel Jenny's panties down, as deliberately as he had her bra. First, everyone saw the ridges and valleys made by the waistband digging into her flesh. Next, the barest hint of a tan line. And then, the top of Jenny's blonde muff.

"100% natural here too," Eddie said.

He pulled the panties slowly over Jenny's mound. Her pubic hairs ruffled out from the fabric. "Smells nice down here," Eddie said. The V-shape of Jenny's muff slowly revealed itself as Eddie pulled her panties down to her thighs. There were a few stray, wiry tufts of hair sticking out right at the gap between her legs. Her full pussy lips were visible for all to see.

All Jenny could think of was that these strangers were staring at her privates, her most intimate treasure, preserved all these years for only one man.

Oh God, Jenny thought, where is he??????

Jenny squeezed her eyes shut. She felt Eddie's breath on her pussy. He was staring at her and breathing heavily. She could hear feet shuffling in the room and zippers unzipping.

"Taste her," someone said. "For real this time."

Jenny cried out and sank down. From behind, Monique caught her. But Jenny had become dead weight in the stripper's arms, paralyzed by her fear and degradation.

"Take her over to the bed," Eddie said. The crowd behind him parted. Jenny felt two guys grab a hold of her ankles. Her feet were suddenly out from under her. She felt several pairs of hands on her naked body. They lifted her and turned her around, so she was facing the floor. She opened her eyes and nearly screamed. The guys had formed a line from the corner of the room to the bed. They began to pass her overhead. All these hands, grabbing her tits and cunt. They squeezed her huge breasts as they passed her along, every single one of them.

They dumped her on the bed and turned Jenny over on her back. She was staring straight up at the ceiling.

Suddenly there was a bright light in the room. In the next instant, it was gone. Jenny heard the familiar mechanical sound of a Polaroid camera ejecting a snapshot.

Several hands reached out and grabbed her thighs. They pulled her legs apart. She ventured a look and saw Eddie standing between her legs staring into her cunt. She was wide open.

"I can see straight up inside her," Eddie said.

No one except her husband and gynecologist had ever seen Jenny like this before.

Jenny saw Monique lean into Eddie. She whispered something into his ear.

"Taste test," Eddie announced solemnly. He knelt down. Jenny felt the heat of his breath tickle her vagina.

OH MY GOD, NO, DON'T TOUCH ME THERE, PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!! Jenny tried to scream, but nothing came out.

She felt something soft and warm gently probing her labial lips. Despite herself, she was getting wetter. Eddie traced his tongue along the outside of her lips and then carefully parted them. She felt his tongue enter her.

Men were squeezing her breasts. Eddie was fucking her with his tongue. She could hear the constant, wet, squishy noise of men masturbating around the room. She began to drift in and out of consciousness. It all seemed like a dream, part fantasy, part nightmare. Jenny didn't even like oral sex that much. She rarely let her husband go down on her. Now, she had some drunk stranger's tongue inside of her body.

She groaned in agony and -- some in the room thought - pleasure.

After a few minutes, Eddie stopped. "She tastes wonderful," he announced. "Fresh, like she's never even been touched before."

Some of the men began to moan louder, and then suddenly stopped. She knew instinctively that several of them had just orgasmed. In a moment, she smelled it.

"Fuck her Eddie," Monique said. "Let's see how well she acts that out."

"Well," Eddie said, "I wasn't gonna do this, but she's so fuckin' fine and natural. Man, she's convincing. Carl, maybe you're right, but I'm hoping you're wrong. She better be part of the act, otherwise I think we're all in a lot of a trouble."

"She's part of the act," Monique said.

"No, she ain't" Jenny heard Randy reply.

"SHUT UP, RANDY," Monique said.

"Baby, you're on your own. I'm outta here. No way I'm gonna stand here and watch this boy rape her."

Jenny came out of her fog. She looked up and saw Randy moving out of the room. Monique started to chase after him.

Jenny heard a zipper open. She swung her head around and looked over at Eddie. He was pulling his pants down. She stared in horror at his erect cock. It pulsed in thick anticipation. She could see a bright point of light glistening on a bead of moisture that had formed at the tip of his penis.

She began to pass out. She heard the door open, heard an exchange of voices in the hallway. One familiar one stood out. She felt a commotion around her. Someone lifted her up and started to carry her out of the room. His voice was familiar yet alien, because he was very angry, screaming and cursing. She had never heard him like this. She recognized his smell though, and the feel of his rough whiskers against her cheek as he hugged her.

She was out of the room in a flash. She realized that her husband was carrying her naked through the hallway. She felt her whole body go crimson. Then she passed out again.

When she woke up, she was snuggling with her husband next to the fire. Her mouth felt dry and she had a headache.

Her husband looked down at her. He gently moved a stray hair out of her sleepy, bloodshot eyes.

"Wake up, sleepyhead," he said. "You had quite a bit of champagne last night. Just about drank me under the table. Remember?"

Jenny shook her head. "The last thing I remember," she said, "was going out for a bucket of ice."

Her husband kissed her on the forehead. "Well, you got pretty drunk soon after that. You passed out on me within the hour. I can't believe you slept through that racket next door. They must've been having a bachelor party or something. You were tossing and turning and moaning all night, though."

Jenny's husband stared down at his wife.

"Must've been some dream you had. Care to tell me about it?"

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**Jenny Inverted by Snowman**

It all started when Jenny bought a new piece of exercise equipment. It was an inversion table, in which you strap your feet in and rotate back until you are hanging by your feet. Gravity is supposed to release the pressure on your spine, and improve circulation. No one warned her that you would be an easy target for a friend's bondage fantasy.

She came home after work one day, and decided to hang on her new piece of equipment for a while. She went upstairs and changed out of her work clothes and into a workout outfit, which consisted of a sport bra and spandex shorts. She went downstairs and placed her ankles in the restraints, and firmly fastened them with the Velcro straps. Then she slowly leaned back, allowing her whole body to rotate until her feet were up in the air over her head.

Jenny was almost completely relaxed, when she heard a knock at the door. She opened her eyes and noticed that it was her boyfriend's friend, Jack, and another guy. She called out to them and told them to come in, which they did. After a brief greeting, Jack introduced his friend, Stan.

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, she noticed that Stan was looking her up and down, his eyes grazing over her half naked body and pausing to take in her breasts swelling out against her top. She suddenly became conscious of what she was wearing, and lifted her arms to rotate back around. Jack reached out and caught her arms, and pulling them back over her head, playfully began to rotate her back again.

"What are you doing?" she asked as he rotated her body just short of vertical.

"No need to get up because of us, we like looking at you on this machine."

"Please, don't. I need to get dressed." she tried to rotate herself back around, but he held her wrists firmly against the support bars of the machine. He looked around the room briefly and said, "Stan, get the belt off that robe."

Stan walked over to her bathrobe, which she had left on the couch, removed the belt, and brought it to Jack. "Use the end of the belt and tie her wrist to the bar."

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" she struggled to free herself, but it was no use. Jack held her wrists firmly as Stan fastened the belt around her wrist and the bar, and tied a double-knot. Releasing her tied wrist, Jack took the loose end of the belt and wrapped it round her other wrist, tying it securely to the other support. "Please… let me go…" Jenny started to get really worried when Jack stood up and began to look her over thoroughly.

"What a lovely body you have. Such large breasts for such a thin waist, and you should cover yourself more. I can see your nipples through the top!" He reached out and lightly touched her left nipple, sending a shock directly to her brain. She struggled more, arching her back as he touched her other nipple, flicking it lightly through the fabric of the top. Stan reached over and began to stroke Jenny's other nipple, mercilessly flicking it back and forth as it became hard under the fabric.

"PLEASE… STOP!" she couldn't get loose, and she started to pant as they continued teasing her nipples and brought them both to excruciating hardness. They continued this barrage for another minute as she panted and struggled against her bonds. She was so embarrassed as her hard nipples poked out from beneath her top.

"I'm sorry, but the top has to come off." Jack exclaimed.

"WHAT? NO! Nooooooo… Please, what are you doing? Please… no…" she struggled helplessly as Jack slid his fingers under the bottom of her top and pulled it up and over her breasts to her face, leaving her breasts completely exposed and her eyes covered.

They watched her struggle topless, her naked breasts exposed and hard nipples pointing out into the air.

"Please!" Jenny begged as they continued their merciless teasing of her now-naked breasts. Her blindness amplified the sensations as she felt them fondle, stroke, kiss, and lick her nipples, and her breathing became erratic. She heard one of them go into the refrigerator, and moments later she felt ice placed against her nipples. "PLEASE… ARGH!" Jenny felt wave after wave of dizziness come over her as they flicked the hard crests with the ice. For several minutes they continued this torture, alternating the ice with licking, kissing, and flicking. Her body betrayed her as she became slowly aroused at this continuous, merciless teasing. "Please…" Unaware, she began to buck her hips. She gasped as someone's hand began to stroke her pussy through the spandex shorts. She tried to bring her legs together, but the velcro straps held them firmly apart. Jenny gasped again as she felt someone using scissors to cut away her bottoms. She felt the fabric pulled away, and her pussy was exposed to their hungry eyes. Then the fingers continued their stroking, teasing her clit, and dipping inside her pussy. She tossed her head back and forth as her nipples were relentlessly teased and the fingers massaging her wet pussy began to rapidly stroke her clit.

The full shock of her situation hit her at this minute: She was restrained, completely naked, with her arms and legs spread, and she couldn't stop these men who were frantically flicking and teasing her nipples and breasts and stroking her pussy. Wave after wave of electricity ignited her pussy and she had an orgasm right there on the machine.

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**Jenny versus Ashley by Gao**

This whole thing started out almost innocently Ashley had never intended her rivalry with Jenny to get this out of hand, but if that hussy wanted a war, she was going to get one, dammit!

Ashley's boyfriend and Jenny's husband were close friends, and when the two ladies were introduced a month ago, Ashley immediately knew she wasn't going to like her. Ashley's boyfriend couldn't keep his eyes off her.

Especially her tits. Ashley was positive Jenny tried to bounce them just a little bit extra whenever she laughed.

Ashley was no slouch either. Dark brown hair, cut just above her shoulders, 34c tits (just a bit smaller than Jenny's, but hard as rocks!), great legs, and, her pride and joy, a tight, round bubble butt. It was no secret Ashley spent hours on the stairmaster to maintain its perfect shape.

In fact, her boyfriend even volunteered the information, saying that Jenny and Ashley should work out together. Ashley secretly suspected that her boyfriend wanted the girls to become "friends" in more way than one.

Not wanting to come off a bitch, Ashley agreed with false cheer. Jenny had never worked out before, so they would use Ashely's gym.

Jenny picked her up early Saturday morning. As soon as Ashley got in the car she new this was going to be insufferable. Jenny was wearing a white tank top that pretty well showcased her huge tits, despite her false modesty, and a pair of oversized navy blue sweats.

Ashley asked her why her sweats were so large, and Jenny explained she has always been very self-conscious about her body and is extremely shy about showing even a little bit of skin. Ashley gave her a false assurance, but in her mind began to race...

They got to the gym, and Jenny followed Ashley through her workout. Jenny's bright and bubbly spirit was really begin to wear on her.

Every man in the place was watching Jenny's tit bounce up and down as they jogged together. Even the gay guys! Ashley was searching for a way to expose Jenny, to totally and publicly humiliate, at the very least so she would never show her face at this gym again.

Ashley was holding Jenny's feet as she did sit ups when it hit her. She looked down at the floor, and saw the end of the cord to Jenny's sweatpants. She traced it up to Jenny's belly, where it was tied in shoe-lace style bow. Perfect! she thought.

Jenny was totally distracted with her situps. Ashley reached over and picked up the end, and when Jenny crunched, she gave it a good yank. The knot was almost completely untied, and would give with just the right encouragement.

For the first time that day, Ashley was genuinely happy.

Jenny finished her last situp, and Ashley told it was time for the stairmaster. Both girls had brought walkman, but Ashley didn't bother to turn hers on; she wanted to hear everyone reactions.

Both got going on their workouts. Ashley would glance over now and again to check out the progress. At first it seem like nothing was happening, but after a few minutes she noticed a healthy band of skin showing between the waistband and the tanktop.

Jenny didn't have a clue-between singing along to her music and trying not to fall off the machine, she was in another world. Now she could see the top of her panties- white bikini briefs. Jenny looked over at her and smiled. Ashley smiled back, trying very hard not to laugh.

Ashley heard a wolf-whistle from somewhere behind them. The sweats were past her hips, and almost all of Jenny's ass was exposed.

She almost giggled when she saw Jenny's half-exposed sweaty ass cheeks flexing along with the machine. A small group of guys had gathered behind her to enjoy the show.

Ashley realized this would never be as good as she had wanted without a little help. And she was just about to get it...

Suddenly Jenny broke stride for a moment. Her head leaned back, eyes closed, and her whole body exploded with sneeze! The baggy sweats dropped to her ankles, and she let out a huge scream.

Ashley jumped off her machine and ran over to her. Jenny was paralyzed for a moment, and then tried to yank her tanktop down over her crotch.

The effect was to conceal very little of her crotch, while revealing quite a lot of her quivering, bra-clad breasts. Meanwhile, Ashley pushed the waistband of the sweats over the paddle of the machine with her toe. The men were beginning to laugh, and Ashley suspected some of them noticed her trick.

Jenny tried to step backwards, but lost her balance and fell back on Ashley. Ashley put her hands up as if to catch her, but caught the bottom of her tank top instead. Both went crashing back onto the gym floor.

As they hit Ashley was sure to give a hard tug. The material yanked right up to Jenny's armpits. Both boobs jiggled out. Jenny screamed even louder, and began to struggle. First one foot, than another were free from the sweat pants. The men were in hysterics.

Ashley cried "OhmygodImsosorry!" and tried to push Jenny back up.

As Jenny stood up, Ashley let her index finger catch in her panties, and with one gentle tug, out came Jenny's bare ass.

She didn't even notice! She was so busy spinning around trying to cover her breasts and crotch she didn't even realize she was mooning everyone! Quite a crowd was gathering to watch this hysterical half-naked woman.

"Jenny! Go in there!" Ashley pointed to a heavy wooded door across the room.

Jenny bolted for it, bare ass wagging all the way, and quickly ducked inside. Too late, to realize she was in the men's sauna! There was another round of cheering as Jenny ran out, red-faced and screaming.

She finally found the women's locker room. Ashley brought her back her sweats and walkman, and explained she had meant the bathroom doors, not the sauna's. Jenny was too consumed with humiliation to even question her.

Round 1, Ashley!

Ashley was still glowing over her total public humiliation of Jenny at the gym. She thought she was rid of the bubbly bombshell until two weeks later.

Her boyfriend informed her they had a double date with Jenny and her husband on Saturday afternoon for mini-golf. And no sooner had that black cloud, then Jenny called her, suggesting they should go shopping Saturday morning and pick out some cute outfits.

Ashley smiled. It was time for the second course!

They hit the mall early.

Ashley led her around like a lamb. It was difficult to get her to buy anything too revealing, but with enough positive reinforcement. Ashley was able to convince her.

Jenny's final outfit consisted of a plaid, accordian skirt than came to just above her knees, knee socks (for that schoolgirl look), and a pair of panties that was basically just two patches of cloth and some thin strap that ran over the hips. That was a tough sell. It took her 90 minutes to build Jenny up to buying them.

And to top it all off, a white top that tied at the back of the neck and left no chance for a bra. That was another hard sell, but Ashley told her should could just wear a sweater over it. But the forecast called for it to hit the 90's that afternoon, unbeknownst to Jenny, so there was no chance of that sweater staying on.

Jenny finished the outfit with the only thing she actually picked herself; a pair of hoop bracelets than Ashley just loathed. Little did Jenny know that Ashley had already done some shopping of her own...

Ashley suggested that they go back to her place, so that Jenny couldn't chicken out and change outfits. Ashley got ready first, putting on her cut-offs and a halter top, while Jenny watched TV.

Then, like a good girl, Jenny laid her clothes out on Ashley's bed before she hit the shower. Ashley came in and went to work.

She took out a small vial of powder she had bought the day before.

Itching powder.

She took a few pinches and rubbed it into the crotch of Jenny's new panties. According to the directions, it required a bit of moisture to get going. Once Jenny out in that hot sun, that wouldn't be a problem.

The shower stopped. She slipped the vial into her pocket, along with a few other supplies she might need for the day, and ran back to the living room. With Jenny's shyness, she certainly wouldn't get dressed in front of her.

About 20 minutes later, Jenny called for Ashley.

She was sitting at Ashley's makeup table, trying to tie her top, but her ponytail kept catching in it. Ashley couldn't believe how huge Jenny's breasts were. She had never seen her without a bra on. And her nipples were piercing through the cheap cotton fabric.

As Ashley was tying the knot, she was hit by inspiration. While Jenny wasn't looking, she reached over to her makeup and dabbed her fingers in the open jar of Vaseline. She slicked a light film of it down either tie, and then knotted them together with a simple slipknot. Jenny quickly put on her sweater, and they left to meet the boys.

The miniput course was packed. They had to wait in line for clubs. Jenny was cooking in her sweater, and Ashley noticed she kept fidgeting and casually scratching her ass. Sweat was running down the back, and her husband asked her why she was wearing a sweater. She claimed she was a bit shy about her new top.

Ashley suggested she take off the sweater before the sweat made it see through. Jenny's face filled the fear, and she quickly slipped it off. The part just below her neck and across her belly were becoming translucent.

Both men gave Jenny's tits a healthy gander, and while her husband took the sweater back to the car, Ashley's boyfriend proceeded to flirt with Jenny. Ashley would have been furious, if she wasn't so busy studying Jenny. The knot on her top was already beginning to slip, and the itching powder was taking effect.

Jenny excused herself to go to the ladies room, but as Ashley new from experience, no woman with a nose could use the ladies room at this place. Jenny promptly returned, fidgeting more thank ever.

Several other men at the course had begun admiring jenny's fine set, not to mention her quivering ass. She sat down on a nearby bench. She didn't bother to smooth the skirt down, so her panty-clad was against the bench. She shifted her ass back and forth several times, and then got a look of profound satisfaction over her face.

She bounced back to them, perkier than ever, as the got their clubs.

The first hole passed without incident, although Jenny's dilemma was inevitable returning She began getting more and more jittery, and by the 4th hole, she was a nervous wreck.

Finally she threw down her club and ran back to the bench. The boys watched in bewilderment as she again scooted her ass about, and then returned, happy as ever.

As she stood next to her, Ashley noticed a brief white flash between Jenny's legs. Her panties laid on the ground, the thin straps snapped from Jenny's bench treatment. Jenny hadn't noticed! Ashley quickly snatched up the panties and stashed them in her pocket.

Finally rid of her itchy panties, Jenny seemed in much better spirits. She was posing next to the prop windmill, trying to look all cute, and Ashley decided to cut to the chase.

She pulled a small metal thumbtack out of her pocket, and cozied up beside Jenny, pretending to join in the charade. Meanwhile, she took the hem of Jenny's skirt and tacked it to the slowly moving windmill blades. Then she stepped back and watched the magic.

Jenny didn't notice her rising hemline until it was well past mid thigh.

A woman at the adjacent hole cried out, and Jenny looked down to see her skirt pulling up like a curtain over her bare pussy.

She bent over to try and cover herself, and by the time she figured out what was happening, her skirt was rising into the air. She tried to unhook it, but the skirt was becoming wrapped around the blade.

The guys just stared in disbelief.

People around the course began laughing.

Jenny's whole ass and pussy was now exposed, and it was working its way up to her belly button. Ashley walked over in the guise of helping, but as Jenny jumped up to try and climb the machine, her bare ass caught Ashley square in the chest.

Ashley fell back on her ass, and heard the vial of itching powder crack open.

Meanwhile, Jenny was climbing the windmill. Just as she reached the blade with her skirt, her hoop bracelet caught over it. She lost her footing, and was left dangling by her arms. And at just the moment, the greased knot on her top gave. Out sprang her generous tit.

Several boys on the 17th hole began cheering. The motor on the windmill stalled, and Jenny was left half naked and dangling with her feet off the ground. She was screaming her head off, and her face was beet red.

As Ashley stood up, she could feel the powder spread over her panties and shorts. And then the sensation began; first at her pussy, and then all over her ass. She couldn't believe how bad it was!

She wanted to strip down right there and scratch herself silly.

Meanwhile, a pretty thick crowd was gathering around Jenny. The staff was searching for a ladder.

There were so many people around paying attention to Jenny, that Ashely figured she could sneak a little scratch. She slipped the finger up the cuff of her shorts and ran her fingernails across her ass cheek.

Good, but not good enough.

She had most of that vial floating around her pelvis. Everyone was engrossed in Jenny, so she unbuttoned her cutoffs and slid one hand down into her crotch. She almost let out a moan, as she began scratching like mad. She slid her other hand down to scratch her ass.

By now they had found the ladder, and they were bringing Jenny down.

Ashley was scratching like mad to keep the itching at bay. Then she heard the inevitable...

"Holy shit! Look what this chick is doing!"

The crowd instantly pulled away from her. There she was, worked into a fever, shorts undone, one hand stuffed down the front of her panties, the other probing deep behind her ass.

Several men started cheering, and an old woman fainted.

Ashley raced back to her car even faster than Jenny did. On the drive home, the only word spoken was when Ashley's boyfriend asked her if she was a lesbian.

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**Jenny's Pool Birthday Party by LOTFW**

Jenny invited Ashley to her birthday party. Since it was early spring and unseasonably warm the possibility of swimming in the pool was there. Ashley searched through her catalogues and found the perfect gift. Although Jenny was shy about her body she loved swimming in the pool. Even if there was a crowd of people Jenny would swim.

Jenny felt protected in the pool. Ashley would buy her a bathing suit. This was going to be a special gift because Ashley owed Jenny big time after that stripping she took at the mall.

The day of the party 30 people showed at Jenny's house. Ashley brought two gifts, one was her public gift another she placed anonymously in the pile with the rest. Jenny had gotten gifts from people who couldn't come to the party so the gift never stood out among all the boxes.

The party turned to the gifts and she opened them one at a time. Ashley was trying to hold her excitement and anticipation down, she knew that timing would be critical for this too work but she couldn't seem too eager.

Finally she reached Ashley's special gift. Jenny didn't seem to notice that there wasn't a card on it. Jenny didn't like reading the cards in front of everyone. She thought it was kind of embarrassing because people expect you to react. Jenny opened the box, inside was a beautiful bathing suit.

It was one piece which Jenny preferred and floral pattern. The tag attached to it stated that it was designed by the famous designer Gao PinaColada. Jenny never bought designer clothes and was ecstatic to have gotten something by Gao. Her joy was further elevated by the next tag that stated "made 100% environment friendly materials".

Jenny was overwhelmed who could have known she loved swimming, Gao, and liked helping the environment. No one at the party could tell her who gave her the gift. She thought it must have come from someone who couldn't make the party maybe on advice from her husband.

Ashley didn't need much help getting Jenny into the suit. Jenny's Husband was the first to pipe up about trying it on. Jenny readily agreed. The crowd all waited for the guest of honor before swimming. Jenny appeared from the back door. The suit clung to her curves splendidly.

Jenny headed toward the shallow end of the pool where the steps were. She gently put her foot in as the party members watched her carefully. All the men were impressed by her figure. Her full breasts filled the top of the suit. The curve of the sides of her breasts protruded slightly from the large arm holes. The suit clung just enough to her ass to allow a nice view of her cheeks.

As Jenny stepped further, the water lapped her crotch. She felt a sag in the suit. The suit became heavier as she waded further in. Since this was her first swim since fall she didn't notice anything strange.

Some of the people who were closer to Jenny gasped slightly. A white foam was developing behind Jenny. Jenny's suit felt secure so she didn't notice. Jenny started a forward dive, one of the women said "Jenny don't!". It was too late. A swirl of bubbles and white foam came to the surface.

Jenny completed her lap and noticed everyone was staring at her. The water in her ears kept her from hearing people speaking to her. She climbed up the ladder from the deep end of the pool. A few screams and cheers came from the party.

Jenny's beautiful ass showed clear through her suit. She turned around and all eyes were focused on her huge chest and pubic hair. Jenny looked down a realized her suit was now a mesh of thread. There were dozens of large holes across the whole suit. She was essentially naked in front of the crowd.

Ashley had ripped part of the tag that said "This suit should be used for tanning only predominantly cornstarch which will dissolve if left in water."

Her towel had been left by the shallow end. Ashley had casually hid it. She tries to cover herself and runs to the back door. The bounce of her breast and jiggle of her ass riles the men at the party.

Ashley smiles as she gets pushed into the pool.

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**Jenny and the Cardsharp by Jack**

Jenny had always wanted to see Las Vegas. There was something about the glitz and glamour of the place that just drew her, despite the fact that she was normally such a strait-laced young wife who didn’t gamble, drink, or smoke. Deep down, there was a part of her that wanted the vicarious thrill that would come from just being there, mixing with the people who could cut loose and enjoy the sinful town in the desert and feeling just a little bit wicked herself.

So when her new boss told her that a casino owner in Las Vegas wanted an Account Executive to visit for the weekend and go over the new ad campaign –and that he had specifically asked for Jenny – her heart pounded faster with anticipation.

She hadn’t been on the job all that long, and as the firm’s most junior account exec she should never have had a chance like this one. But apparently her promotional ideas had really impressed the client, and that knowledge made Jenny almost as happy as the prospect of the trip itself.

All too often she had discovered that men were more impressed with her bust size than her ideas, but she’d never met Clayton Ross before, so he couldn’t have chosen her on the basis of her physical attributes.

The only problem, as far as Jenny was concerned, was the fact that she had an all-expense-paid weekend in Vegas for two, and her husband was tied up with meetings of his own in New York City the same weekend.

In fact, he’d invited her to come along with him, but after her previous disastrous encounters in the Big Apple she had already turned him down. She couldn’t postpone the Vegas trip, and her husband couldn’t put back New York. And Jenny really didn’t want to make the trip alone . . . if for no other reason than the fact that life had taught her to always have somebody close at hand with bail money, extra keys, and a change of clothes.

Just in case. Jenny considered the prospect of the trip in the little cubicle that served as her office. A successful job in Vegas might just get her a real office, with a door and a lock. But who could she take with her . . . ? Why, her best friend, of course!

She picked up her phone and dialed the number. "Hello, Ashley? It’s Jenny. Remember I was telling you last week how much I always wanted to visit Las Vegas? Well, you’ll never believe it, but I’m going this weekend!"

Jenny explained her good luck to her friend, and then told her that the reservations were for two. She’d already told Ashley about her husband’s New York plans, and her friend was quick to pick up on the opportunity.

"You’re inviting me?" she asked Jenny. "That’s so sweet of you. I’d love to spend a mad weekend on the Strip with you."

Cringing just a little at a word that had unpleasant connotations for her, Jenny nonetheless was delighted. She made all the arrangements with Ashley, and hung up the phone feeling more excited than ever.

Bursting with energy, Jenny jumped out of her chair and reached for the conservative jacket hanging by the door of the cubicle. Unfortunately, she hadn’t noticed during her phone conversation that she had absently pushed closed a file cabinet drawer that had trapped the hem of her skirt, and when she bounced out of the chair the sound of ripping cloth sounded loud through the entire office.

The sounds of clattering word processor keyboards and subdued phone conversations died away for a moment, and Jenny blushed as she saw Dick Howard craning his head around his cubicle wall to see what it was that had torn.

She looked down to discover that her skirt had come off, but she was wearing a full slip under it, so the exposure wasn’t anything to worry about. Jenny darted a murderous glare at Dick and then opened the desk drawer where she kept her extra set of clothes against just such an emergency. Jenny didn’t care. She was going to Las Vegas!

Ashley hung up her phone with a gentle but somehow wicked little smile on her face. So that little fool Jenny had fallen for her trap? Things were working out exactly as Ashley had hoped they would.

She wasn’t entirely sure what it was that made her dislike Jenny so. Perhaps it was the fact that Jenny was an annoying, perky little blonde with a perfect body and 38CC tits who reminded Ashley of the cheerleader who had stolen her boyfriend in high school. Or maybe it was the way Jenny was always looking at the world through rose-colored glasses, refusing to see anything bad in anyone or anything. You would think, Ashley told herself, that anyone who had been publicly humiliated as often as Jenny would start to get a little bit defensive, but not her. She plunged carelessly from one adventure to another, just as cheerful and carefree as ever, and if these days she took a few more precautions against the "accidents" that seemed to plague her – many of which, Ashley knew well, were anything but accidents – Jenny still seemed too wide-eyed and full of innocence to be for real.

Ever since Jenny had first attached herself to Ashley in that cloying, clinging way of hers, the blonde had been a pain in the neck. Ashley had tried to chill the one-sided friendship by every means she could think of, but nothing seemed to work. Even after arranging several of those so-called accidents which had left Jenny exposed for the world to see – and experiencing a few disasters herself when things went awry – Ashley still found herself cast in the role of friend, confidante, and surrogate big sister.

Well, if Jenny was going to be foolish enough to confide in her, Ashley might as well take advantage of opportunities as they presented themselves. So when she heard that Jenny’s firm did business with Clayton Ross, and learning of Jenny’s eagerness to visit Vegas . . .

Ashley had been a dealer in Vegas for a couple of years right out of college, and she had known Clayton Ross back when he called himself Tommy Clay and hustled suckers out of their winnings in rigged poker games. After he’d made his big score and gone legitimate as a casino owner, Tommy had changed his name and his lifestyle, but Ashley still remembered him. And he owed her a favor for not turning him in after that little misunderstanding at the Palace that time. The perfect set-up, Ashley told herself. A call to good old Tommy, a couple of reminders about the things she knew about him, and he’d been more than willing to listen to her plan to teach Jenny a little something about life. Yes, this was going to be a fun trip.

Vegas had proved to be everything that Jenny had hoped for, and then some. She and Ashley had flown in on the red-eye early Saturday morning, and spent some time relaxing and catching up on their missed sleep in the hotel room they shared courtesy of Clayton Ross after they had unpacked.

Mr. Ross proved to be tied up with business for the rest of the day, so late in the afternoon the two young women hit the streets of the city. They dressed up for the occasion. Jenny wore a light blue dress that brought out the color of her eyes. It came down below her knees, and was conservatively cut, but it was a little tighter across her chest than she really felt comfortable with. Still, it was just about the only outfit in her wardrobe that seemed right for an evening on the town, and worn with a slip and a sturdy yellow brassiere Jenny figured there wasn’t much chance of a disaster tonight.

Dark blue shoes with two-inch heels, worn with stockings and a garter belt, finished the outfit off. She felt a little wicked wearing the stockings instead of panty hose; it was the kind of thing you wore if you were expecting to have your husband see you later on without the dress or the slip . . . .

But she wanted to feel elegant when she had her chance at seeing Vegas, and everything she wore that evening, including the yellow silk panties, were selected with that in mind. Ashley dressed a little more casually, in a green miniskirt with a matching jacket, a frilly white blouse, and underwear that was functional rather than luxuriant.

Unlike Jenny, Ashley wasn’t striving for any glamorous effect. Her fun, this trip, would come from other sources than mere fantasies.

Jenny enjoyed the evening every bit as much as she had expected to. Ashley turned out to know Vegas from a short stint there as a dealer at one of the casinos, and she became Jenny’s guide for a whirlwind tour that left them both breathless.

After a light dinner, they took in a show, and Ashley urged Jenny to try one of the complimentary drinks. Normally Jenny hardly ever touched alcohol, but she was having fun, and she didn’t like to look square in front of her worldly brunette friend, so Jenny tried the "screwdriver" Ashley recommended and decided she liked it. She even had a second one a little later, and found that it really did help to loosen her up to enjoy herself.

Laughing and joking, the two women arrived back at the hotel about midnight and started for the elevator when a tall distinguished-looking man in his early forties intercepted them.

"You’re Jenny, aren’t you? I’m Clayton Ross. Sorry I couldn’t see you earlier. There just never seems to be enough time for everything, you know?"

Jenny shook his hand. She felt a little light-headed and disoriented, but the appearance of her client made her force herself to stand a little straighter and try to put her best foot forward.

"Thank you for inviting me out here, Mr. Ross," she said slowly.

Her tongue seemed a little thicker than it ought to, but she enunciated the words carefully.

"I’ve been having so much fun I’ve hardly had a chance to think about business anyway." She paused, trying to think of something that was terribly important but which was eluding her for the moment. Finally she remembered.

"Oh . . . I’m sorry. This is my friend Ashley. She came out with me, since my husband couldn’t be here."

Ross exchanged a distant nod with Ashley. "Look, I know the hour is late, Jenny, but right now I have a few free minutes that I might not get tomorrow. Would you care to go over our business now?"

Jenny would have preferred to go and lie down in her bed until her head was a little bit more clear, but a good ad exec seizes any opportunity to sell.

"I . . . I guess so, Mr. Ross," she said. "Er, Ashley . . ."

"Oh, your friend can come in with us," Ross said. "This will only take a little while, and then the two of you can be out and about again."

He didn’t wait for an answer, but guided them toward the entrance to the largest of the hotel’s casinos, crowded with players even at this late hour. His office was at the rear of the big room, surprisingly low-key after the glitter outside. There was a large window set to overlook the casino floor, but it was screened by venetian blinds at the moment. Ross ushered them inside, then turned away from the door as someone called to him.

"Hope this doesn’t bore you, Ashley," Jenny whispered to her friend while Ross was briefly distracted by an employee with some problem only the boss could handle. "I was figuring you could go on up to the room, but I don’t want to rock the boat, and he seems to be happy with you coming along."

The brunette smiled at her. "Don’t worry, Jenny. I’ll keep myself amused."

Ross came in and closed the door behind him.

"Won’t you ladies have a seat? Here at the table . . . it’s so much less formal than the desk."

He offered drinks, but Jenny had already had more than she could handle.

"Well, let’s get down to business, then, Jenny," he said with a broad smile. "Now, I’ve gone over the proposal your company worked up in some detail. I understand you worked on it?"

"Not alone, Mr. Ross . . ."

"Actually, my friends call me Tommy," he said easily. "And I hope we can be friends."

"Okay, uh, Tommy," she said. "I was part of the team that developed the proposal, but I can’t claim too much credit for it."

"Well, it was a good job. Unfortunately . . ." Jenny’s heart plunged.

Ross leaned forward, looking earnest.

"See, here’s the thing, Jenny. I was approached by another firm about the same time as I was talking to yours. They’ve also put together a dynamite proposal . . . fact is, it’s really hard to choose between them. But the other company . . . well, my brother-in-law works there, and with the quality of the work being so close between the two, family loyalty kind of tips the scales, you know?"

"Gee, Mr. Ross . . . Tommy . . . I wish you’d reconsider," Jenny said.

Inwardly she was reeling. Everything she had heard back at the office said the account was sewn up. If she came back from this trip and announced that Ross was going to a different firm, what would happen to her own prospects? A private office was starting to look awfully unlikely. The Unemployment Office was more like it.

"Is there any way I can talk you around?"

"Well, now," Ross said slowly.

He was studying her with that look in his eye Jenny had learned to expect from men.

"I don’t know . . . I guess it depends on just what you’d be willing to do to save your account."

Jenny stood up. "Mr. Ross!" she said sharply. "I’m a happily married woman! If you think for one second that I would –"

"Oh, hold on, Jenny," he said, showing his engaging smile again. "Don’t jump to the wrong conclusion. I’m not asking for your virtue, or anything like that."

Jenny blushed and sat down slowly. If there had been any hope of salvaging the account, wrongfully accusing Ross of designs on her body had probably wiped it out entirely.

"I’m sorry . . . it’s just . . . well, you sounded like . . . ."

"I understand, Jenny," he said. "And I have to admit that I envy that husband of yours. But I wasn’t going to ask you to sleep with me for the account. That would be just flat-out wrong. There was something, though, that you could do that might make me change my mind about the account."

"What?"

Jenny didn’t know if she should be hopeful or suspicious. She normally liked to give everyone the benefit of the doubt, but that look he kept giving her

. . . .

"Why, I’d like you to play a game of poker with me."

Jenny blinked at him. "Poker? You want me to play a game of poker?"

"That’s right," he said, smiling again. "Hey, it is a casino, you know."

"What, you’ll give me the account if I win? I’m really not very good at card games . . . ."

"Oh, no, I wouldn’t put you on the spot like that. No, you play the game with me, all the way through, and win, lose, or draw your company gets the account."

She swallowed.

"I don’t understand, Tommy," she said, consciously trying to be friendly again even as she struggled with a situation that seemed as mad as something out of Alice in Wonderland. "You said that family loyalty was tipping the balance for you . . . but I can tip it back by playing a game of cards with you?"

Ross nodded. "All the way through," he repeated. "And you get the account."

Jenny wished her head had cleared some more after those two screwdrivers.

"There’s got to be a catch," she muttered, more to herself than to Ross.

"Well, that depends on what you’d consider a catch," he answered her anyway. "Now me, I don’t have any problems at all with a little game of strip poker, but I don’t know what you might think about –"

"STRIP POKER?!" Jenny’s voice rose to a shriek. "I couldn’t do THAT!"

Ross shrugged. "Well, if that’s the way you feel . . ."

Ashley leaned close to Jenny.

"Look, kid, you can’t just let that account walk away. I know how much it means to you. Go home to your boss without this account and you could be headed straight for a career at the Burger Barn, and you sure wouldn’t like that."

"But, but, strip poker . . ." Jenny blushed.

Despite her perfect body, she had always been very modest. Considering some of the things that had happened to her in the past, she sometimes thought she should be over that by now, but she wasn’t. The thought of taking her clothes off in front of Ross was just too shameful to even think about.

"I haven’t played poker since I was at a slumber party in eighth grade, when we played for Pringle’s. And I lost."

Ashley laid a comforting hand on her arm.

"Look, Jenny, he’s not saying you have to strip down in front of him to keep the account. If your luck holds out okay, there’s a perfectly good chance you’ll be making him take it off. Right, Mr. Ross?"

The man nodded. "Sure. The house doesn’t win all the time."

"And, look, kid," Ashley said. "Tell you what. I’ll help you. I was a dealer. I know poker . . . so I can coach you. What do you say to that?"

"Well . . . " Jenny began, but Ross interrupted her.

"If you help her out, you share the risks, babe," he said, fixing Ashley with a steely stare. "Every time she loses, so do you. Still want to help?"

Ashley’s gaze locked with his for a long moment, and even in Jenny’s bemused state she caught an undercurrent of sudden hostility from the brunette. But after a moment Ashley gave a little nod.

"All right. If that’s what it takes."

Jenny looked from one to the other. "And when the game’s over . . . I get the account? No funny business?"

"That’s right. Look, with two of you here chaperoning each other I can’t try anything. Besides, the room isn’t all that soundproof, and there’s a whole roomful of people out there who’d come running if one of you starting calling ‘rape.’ This is all on the up-and-up. I just figure that if a pretty babe like you – make that two babes – if you want to go the extra mile for this account, why, it should be yours. Simple as that."

Jenny felt butterflies in her stomach. Of all the times she’d faced situations that involved losing her clothes in front of some stranger, this was the first time she’d ever walked into it with eyes wide open, knowing it could happen. Usually she didn’t feel like this until after she heard the sound of cloth ripping.

"Well . . . all right," she said, and gulped around the lump in her throat. "As long as Ashley’s willing to help me out, I’ll do it."

Ross smiled and produced a pack of cards.

"All right, ladies, the name of the game is poker. Five card stud. Loser of each hand forfeits one piece of clothing. You don’t get it back even if you win a hand later. We don’t count jewelry or accessories, and pairs of shoes and socks or stockings count as one item each. Each of you loses an item when you lose a hand. Any questions? Good . . . I’ll deal."

Ashley glared at Tommy Clay as he dealt the first hand. Had the little slime ball just got his instructions confused, or had he added in the bit about sharing the losses just because it gave him a chance to strip her right alongside Jenny?

She’d told him, when they were setting things up, to use that line only if looked necessary as a way to keep Jenny hooked. If the blonde had seemed unwilling to risk her clothes alone, then the idea of sharing her losses with her "best friend" might have eased her fears enough to keep her at the table. But Ross hadn’t waited to see how Jenny would react. Well, it didn’t matter much. Ashley had known it was a possibility, so she’d strip if she had to. The finale she had planned would still be a lot harder on Jenny than it was on her . . . .

She watched as Tommy dealt the cards, his hands moving almost too fast to follow. She was pretty sure he was dealing off the bottom of the deck, but even her experienced eye couldn’t be completely sure.

Jenny picked up the cards and held them up so that Ashley could see them. She held two pair, jacks and eights, plus the six of clubs. Ashley debated for a moment. If she played it straight, Jenny had a pretty fair hand, and might get a full house. Or she could try to sabotage the hand. No. Not yet, she decided.

Jenny wasn’t the brightest thing on two legs, but she might know enough to catch on if Ashley started giving bad advice too early. Let Tommy Clay bear the brunt of the plot for now. Ashley would remain the secret weapon, for use when it would really count.

She plucked the six out of Jenny’s hand and dropped it on the table. "One card," she said.

The replacement skidded smoothly over the tabletop, landing squarely in front of the blonde. Jenny picked it up and showed it to Ashley. Another jack . . . full house! "Dealer takes three."

The gambler discarded and drew, then set his cards down on the table, face up. "Pair of aces," he said.

"F-full house," Jenny replied, revealing her own cards. She looked stunned. "Ohmygod, Ashley, we WON!"

Their opponent smiled. "Still early days yet, ladies," he said. He reached under the table and pulled off his shoes one by one, setting them off to the side. "Next hand."

Jenny watched as Ross shuffled the deck and started dealing again. Something nagged at her . . . something that didn’t seem right somehow. But the rush of winning that first hand made it hard to concentrate. As she was gathering up the cards for the second hand, it struck her that she’d thought the deal in poker alternated between the players. Ross had plunged right into the second deal without a pause. Was that the way it was done in a professional casino?

All she had to go on was a distant memory of one game with five other teenaged girls. Well, Ashley would have known if something was wrong, and she hadn’t protested. Jenny relaxed a little and studied her cards. Five and seven of spades, jack of hearts, queen of clubs, ace of diamonds. Even Jenny knew that was a lousy hand. She swallowed and held it out for Ashley to study. The brunette pointed to the two spades, and Jenny nodded. This time she was the one to discard them. "Two," she said, happy that her voice came out so flat and calm.

"Two for the lovely ladies," Ross said. "And dealer takes . . . one."

The replacements were the ten of diamonds . . . Jenny felt a little tingle of excitement at the thought that she might get a straight . . . and the two of clubs. Crestfallen, she continued to stare at the cards as if she could change that two into a king by sheer willpower alone.

"Two pair, ladies," Ross announced. "Kings and fours."

Jenny dropped her cards on the table.

"That beats us," Ashley said beside her.

"Well, then . . . will it be shoes?"

Jenny reached down and slid her shoes off each foot. As she picked them up and placed them carefully beside Ross’s, Ashley added her own pumps to the pile.

"All even," Ross commented. He shuffled. "Time to go again, eh, ladies?"

Tommy Clay was enjoying himself. Ever since that bitch Ashley had called him up, he had been looking forward to this day. Imagine the nerve of her, trying her hand at a little clumsy blackmail just to get him to help her in some sick scheme to humiliate her friend!

Ah, but what a glorious sick little scheme it was turning into for Tommy Clay! Jenny was every bit as hot as Ashley had described her, and it was going to be a real pleasure taking the clothes off of her gorgeous little body one poker hand at a time. And thanks to a careful misunderstanding of Ashley’s instructions, now he had the fun of watching her take it off right alongside her victim, and there was nothing Ashley could do about it without blowing her entire plan.

Yeah, this was going to be a nice night. He was glad he’d remembered to set up the video camera in the air vent before going to fetch the girls. He had a feeling this was one game he’d want to watch over and over again. Tommy hardly even had to focus on cheating these two, especially since Ashley was at least nominally on his side and wouldn’t blow the whistle on him even if she could spot his moves.

He toyed with the idea of letting Jenny win another hand to regain a little of her confidence, but decided against it. She was skittish, all right, but if he was reading her as well as he could normally read a mark the lure of that "lost" account would keep her at the table no matter what. She didn’t know the contract had been signed, sealed, and delivered three days ago – but it was so touching to watch her giving her all for the firm.

So he dealt her a pair of tens, with no improvement in the draw, while he gave himself three twos. When they’d gone through the ritual of discarding and drawing, he spread his cards on the table again.

"Three of a kind," he announced.

Jenny looked distraught. "I only have a pair," she said plaintively.

"Ah, but what a pair," he said, casting an admiring glance at her ripe breasts under the tight blue dress. "Well, I guess that makes me the winner again."

The blonde stood up with every sign of reluctance and turned her back to her friend.

"Could you help me, Ashley?" she asked.

Her voice quavered just a little, and Tommy decided he liked that little edge of fear.

The look on Ashley’s face was a grand sight, too, as she reached up and unzipped the dress. From the things she’d told Clay over the phone, this wasn’t the first time she’d plotted to separate the blonde from her clothes under humiliating conditions, and her face was reflecting a certain malicious glee as she "helped" her companion closer and closer to disaster. But at the same time, Ashley clearly had her own doubts about Tommy Clay, and glee changed to a sullen frown as he gestured for her to add her own contribution to his pile of winnings.

Jenny let the blue dress fall and stepped out of it carefully, then stooped to pick it up off the floor with one hand while the other hovered protectively near her chest. It wasn’t as if she was showing anything much, Clay thought. Her silky white slip covered almost as much as the dress had hidden. But when she straightened up and dropped the dress on the table, she wore a look of relief, as if she had expected something bad to happen when she bent over.

Clay’s attention was distracted by Ashley, who had taken off her jacket and leaned across the table to add it to the pile of clothes. She was giving him a great look down the top of her low-cut, lace-trimmed blouse. Her bra kept her own substantial charms hidden from view, but she still offered a tantalizing preview of things to come.

His eyes remained on her chest as he picked up the cards and started to shuffle again.

Ashley caught Clay looking down her blouse and glared at him, fuming. The little slime ball HAD gotten her involved deliberately. Apparently just getting the chance to strip Jenny nude wasn’t enough for him . . . he planned to get two for the price of one.

She toyed with the notion of forgetting about her plan and just walking out. Jenny would no doubt panic and run too, account or no account, and that would be the end of that. But Ashley was reluctant to abandon her scheme. Jenny was down to her slip. Another loss and she’d be in her undies, and a couple more would be all it would take to set her up for the grand climax of the evening’s entertainment. Ashley could put up with a few more losses herself to see that.

The thought of trying to actually win the game never even crossed her mind. Clay was too good, too smooth. If he decreed that his opponent was going to lose, the opponent lost. Period. But Ashley was beginning to give some thought to what would happen after this little game was over. There were people who’d be happy to hear all about the origins of Clayton Ross, casino king, as a small-time card hustler named Tommy Clay. Especially if it became known that his first casino had come to him out of the winnings of a high stakes game of poker . . . a game he had cheated in to win.

Ashley would let him get his thrills watching her strip down along with Jenny. But then, by God, she’d make sure that he paid for his thrills, big-time.

Deal, draw, discard. When Jenny finally put her cards on the table, she had three jacks and a hopeful look on her face. She quickly lost it when her opponent showed her his heart flush. With an accusing look toward Ashley, she reached for the hem of her slip.

"I thought we’d win SOME of the hands," she said.

Ashley shrugged. "Guess this isn’t our night," she told Jenny.

As the blonde drew the slip off over her head, revealing her yellow undies and black stockings, Ashley stood and unzipped her skirt, tossing it in a ball on top of the other clothing on the table. That left her in her white blouse, which was long enough to cover her panties and the top of her pantyhose. She still wasn’t showing nearly as much as Jenny.

As she sat down, she watched Clay cast an appraising eye over each of his victims, then reach out to gather in the cards and shuffle for the next hand.

Jenny was feeling awful. Three losses in a row, and here she was sitting across from a man she’d met barely an hour ago wearing nothing but a bra, panties, garter belt, and hose. That wicked feeling she had secretly cherished from wearing such sexy underthings for her night on the town had come back now to haunt her. How could she be displaying herself like this in front of any man except her husband?

Oh, other men had certainly seen her wearing even less than this. That seemed to be a fact of life where Jenny was concerned. But those times had always come about as the result of accidents, or the deliberate acts of unsympathetic strangers taking advantage of a woman in distress – like those damned boy scouts and their kite, or the Japanese tourist with the camera who had taken her panties as a souvenir when she was helplessly trapped by those elevator doors . . . .

This time, Jenny had dressed in garter belt and stockings just for the thrill it gave her . . . and now she seemed to be paying the price. This was one time that she couldn’t place the blame on outside forces beyond her control. She had agreed to play strip poker. And she was voluntarily taking her clothes off, piece by piece, as she lost. Jenny might have tried to blame Ashley for urging her to play, but she knew that was wrong. Ashley was as much a victim as she was in all this.

If only the casino account hadn’t meant so much . . .

No, Jenny told herself, that’s just a cop-out too. You sat down at this table agreeing to play strip poker. Now you’ll just have to live with the consequences.

For a moment, as she looked hopelessly at the three cards she’d drawn and realized they hadn’t improved her pair of five’s one bit, Jenny considered throwing down the hand and running for the door. The account, her job, they weren’t worth it. They couldn’t be worth the humiliation of playing out one losing hand after another, of not only losing her own clothes but forcing her best friend to strip too, but if that was the case, she should have refused in the first place.

She and Ashley had already been humiliated just by stripping this far. Backing out now would make it all for nothing . . .

She slowly laid her hand on the table and watched Ross put down a pair of tens. Damn . . . why couldn’t he have had a weak hand like that earlier?

The man didn’t even speak, this time, he just leaned back in his chair, raising one eyebrow, and crossed his arms in front of his chest.

Jenny began to carefully unhook her stockings, aware that each time she bent over her breasts threatened to overflow from the top of her bra. As her cheeks burned with shame, she finished freeing the stockings, then unhooked the garter belt and set it on the table.

Next to her, Ashley had removed her blouse. Now she, too, was exposed in nothing but underwear – bra, pantyhose, panties underneath. But the look she was giving Ross was defiant, and Jenny drew a little shred of courage from the way her friend faced the man down with her eyes, as if daring him to make a comment about their state of undress.

Ross didn’t speak, though. He shifted in his chair again and reached out, his nimble fingers again scooping up the cards and shuffling for another hand.

Ashley was starting to sweat. She was feeling awfully exposed in her bra and tights, and the gleam in Clay’s eye was starting to get under her skin. The bastard was really enjoying himself. She glanced over at Jenny. The blonde was visibly trembling as she studied her cards and waited for Ashley to offer some suggestion of how to play the hand.

As if that would do any good. Clay had dealt them nothing but garbage this time, as if to rub it in that they were going to keep on losing. It seemed as if every one of her plots to take Jenny down a peg or two went astray somehow. Well, not every one . . . she could recall a few plans that had gone down perfectly. But for every one of those she could think of two or three outright disasters, like the time at the miniature golf game . . . or that time at the mall when the gang she’d hired to strip Jenny had attacked her by mistake.

Sometimes, when she’d mouthed off to somebody about how annoying Jenny was, they’d ask her why she hated the blonde so much. Well, she thought, now I finally have a good answer. The bitch is just plain bad news. A jinx. She not only gets herself in trouble every time she turns around, but she takes everybody around her down too. And tonight I’m caught in the line of fire again . . .

The draw didn’t make their garbage hand any better, and Clay’s two pair – kings and jacks – looked as if they were mocking the two women when he laid them down. Ashley stood up and slowly began to draw her pantyhose down, being careful to keep her panties from coming off with them. When she stepped out of them, it left her exposed in plain white cotton Jockeys for Women.

Beside her, Jenny had removed one black stocking and was working on the other, her movements once again giving Clay a nice show as her breasts threatened to spill out of her bra. Under other circumstances, Ashley would have been enjoying the sight of the blushing blonde, but she was uncomfortably aware of her own situation now, and that even detracted from the thrill of anticipating Jenny’s coming troubles.

Jenny finished with her stockings, and looked across the table at Clay.

"Won’t – won’t you be satisfied with this?" she asked in a small, hopeless voice. "Isn’t this . . . enough to show?"

"All the way to the end, Jenny," Clay told her. "If you want the account. I’d say that’s . . . about two hands away. Not much longer." He picked up the cards to shuffle again.

This time, Tommy deliberately prolonged his deal, slowing himself down so that long seconds passed between the fall of each card. The look on Jenny’s face, especially, was priceless; she was already folding her hands across her tits as if that bra was gone. Well, it might as well have been. There was no way Tommy Clay was going to lose these next to hands.

It was a little bit hard to keep his dealing in mind, knowing he was about to make them reveal two sets of first-rate boobs. Still, he forced himself to glance down as he dealt each card. The surface of the table was polished to a bright, reflective shine, and he could check each card as it was dealt to be sure of knowing what he was handing out.

He decided the blonde was starting to look scared enough to really consider backing out, so he made sure she had a good hand this time. Three aces . . . that should keep her happy. Right up until she showed Tommy Clay her tits.

He pulled the four jacks he had hidden under the edge of the table out and palmed the cards he’d dealt himself. Then he settled back to watch Jenny’s face brighten with hope as she asked for two new cards. He "took" three, just to boost her hopes a little more, and the blonde never realized how he was manipulating the deck right in front of her face.

"Three aces!" Jenny said, enthusiastic for the first time since his shoes had come off. "Let’s see you beat that."

He shrugged, almost apologetically, and slowly laid out his cards. Jenny was smiling as the first two jacks went down. Her face fell when two more joined the first two.

"I’d do the old joke about having two pair – a pair of jacks, and another pair of jacks – but right now there are two other pairs I’m a lot more interested in. Ladies? The bras, if you please?"

Clay leered at them, relishing every moment. Jenny seemed almost paralyzed, unwilling to move, but Ashley reached behind her back and quickly unsnapped her brassiere, shrugging so that it fell forward and down her arms. She dropped it on the table and leaned back in her chair, crossing her arms in front of her with deliberate slowness, as if to say, "Look if you want, but I don’t have to let you look forever."

He decided he wasn’t going to let her get away with it. "Come on, Ashley, dear. You can do better than that. I won the right to a good look at those tits, fair and square. Now put those arms down and let me admire my winnings."

She looked like she was about to make a retort to his "fair and square" comment, but seemed to think better of it. He watched as thoughts seemed to chase one another through that calculating brunette head, and finally she gave a second little shrug and dropped her arms into her lap, revealing her breasts to him.

They really were lovely. Not as big as Jenny’s, but big enough, and firm, capped with dark nipples that just ached for a touch of fingers or lips. When Clay had known her before, he had fantasized about those tits when he saw them, bra less, barely encased in the low-cut blouses that were the uniform of the casino where she’d worked. The female dealers had been dressed to keep the tourists distracted, and it had even very nearly worked on Clay the times he’d played their tables.

Ashley had been the one he thought about the most, though, when he was alone in his room at night with nothing but his fingers for companionship. Now, at last, he was seeing the real thing, not just an image conjured up from glimpses and hints and fantasies. Jenny still hadn’t moved, though, so he turned his attention to her.

"Well? Does that bra come off, or shall I call my brother-in-law and tell him he’s got the account?"

She bit her lip and shook her head, but no words came out. With painful slowness her hand reached back to unhook the bra in back, but unlike Ashley she dragged out the revelation as long as she possibly could.

Gripping the fabric tight across her chest with her right arm, she slipped her left one free of the bra strap, then switched arms and pulled the right arm out. Now she clutched the bra in front of her, as if unwilling to part with it. At last she swallowed hard, blushed all the way down to the tops of her breasts, and pulled the material away from her body. She draped it over the back of her chair instead of putting it with the other clothes. Clay supposed she had already figured out that leaning across the table to add to the pile would only put those glorious boobs that much closer to his appreciative eyes.

They were truly magnificent. Ashley had told her they measured 38CC, and he was willing to believe it. Rosy nipples, smaller and not as dark as the other woman’s, stood out from them, hardening in the cool of the office air conditioning. The delicate trace of blue veins only enhanced the two pale globes, milky-white against the tan of her arms and legs.

It was plain that she didn’t wear a bikini to tan, but rather a very conservative one-piece. To Clay’s way of thinking, that only made her more enticing. Such a modest, almost prudish little thing . . . and yet she was sitting across the gaming table from him wearing nothing but her yellow panties.

She tucked one arm across the front of her chest, but it wasn’t really enough to hide her charms from him, and Clay didn’t chide her as he had Ashley. One nipple still peeked at him over the top of the arm, and the other was only half hidden. For a long moment nobody moved or spoke, until Ashley finally leaned forward, making her bare breasts shift delightfully.

"Well? Let’s get this over with."

Clay gave her another leer combined with a thorough appraisal of her exposed charms, and gathered up the cards. It was time for the last hand. The moment of truth.

Jenny bit her lip and fought the urge to squirm under the appreciative stare of the man across the table. This was worse than just about anything she’d ever been through, worse than taking that nude roadside sobriety test . . . worse even than boy scouts!

All she wanted to do was run for cover, but that option wasn’t open to her. She had to sit here, almost naked, and play the game through to the end. If she didn’t, she could lose the account, her job, everything. Why, why had she wanted to see Las Vegas?

One-handed, she gathered up her cards when they were dealt and looked at them. She had a pair of queens . . . appropriate, somehow, to symbolize her and Ashley. In her present state she wouldn’t have been surprised if the cards she’d been given had displayed the queens with bare breasts, but they were just ordinary playing cards with plain, well-dressed royal ladies. Jenny would have given a lot to be one of them, right now.

Beside her, Ashley leaned forward as if oblivious to the way it pushed her bare breasts together.

"Might as well toss in all three," she said. "It won’t make any difference." Her voice was resigned.

Jenny felt a surge of sympathy and concern for her friend. She had been thinking so much of her own embarrassment, and not given a thought to how poor Ashley must be taking this.

"Don’t worry, Ashley," she said, trying to put on her brightest, most cheerful face. "We’ll get through this . . . together. Somehow."

"Just discard the damned cards and get it over with," Ashley growled, but Jenny refused to hold it against her.

The other women had a right to be bitter. She wouldn’t have been in this fix if not for being such a good friend to Jenny. She laid the three discards aside, accepted three more. Jenny permitted herself a little spark of hope . . . she had another queen! Could it be that luck was finally with her after all?

One by one their opponent laid his cards on the table. King of Hearts. King of Clubs. Ace of Diamonds. Ace of Clubs. That was two pair . . .Ace of Spades. A full house. Yeah, Jenny’s luck was with her, all right. But as usual, it was all bad.

"I do believe you ladies owe me some underpants."

Once again Ashley moved more quickly than Jenny could force herself to. Standing, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her plain white panties and jerked them down in one savage motion. She stepped out of them and just stood there, hands on hips, not bothering to even try to hide her breasts or the curly dark hairs of her bush.

"Get a good look, creep," she hissed. "Enjoy it while you can."

"Oh, I will, never fear," the man replied. And he spent quite a long time inspecting the brunette with lust-filled eyes.

Finally, though, he tore them away from Ashley to rest on Jenny instead.

"Take ‘em off, Jenny. Or somebody back at the home office is going to be very, very disappointed."

Jenny stood up slowly, still clutching her breasts with one arm. She tugged at the tops of her panties with the other hand, but they had ridden up into the crack of her ass and seemed to be fighting to stay on her. Why, she wondered, did a piece of her clothing choose this moment to actually fight to stay ON?

Reluctantly, she had to bring both hands into play, letting her breasts swing free. Stooping to pull them down put her on display even more, but she forced herself to ignore her burning cheeks and pounding heart and stand straight again. She couldn’t quite bring herself to put her hands on her hips in brazen defiance, like Ashley, but neither did she follow her natural instincts and try to huddle up with her arms wrapped around herself, trying to cover everything. Instead she crossed her hands modestly in front of her pussy, knowing it left her breasts exposed but determined to maintain some small scrap of dignity.

The game was over.

"Well?" she said, her voice only a little shaky. "Do I keep the contract?"

"Oh, yes, of course, Jenny." He sounded surprised that she even needed to ask. "And I must say, you played a very nice game. I’d be honored to play strip poker with you again any time."

"Never again," Jenny said through clenched teeth. "I’ll just take my things and get dressed now . . ."

He held up a hand. "Ah, now, Jenny. The rules clearly said, you don’t get back lost clothes."

"During the GAME!" she exclaimed. In her anger she leaned on the table, make her breasts swing alarmingly and unknowingly revealing the light fuzz of her pubic hair.

"The game’s over. I want my clothes, so that I can go up to my room and pack and leave this awful town on the first flight I can catch!"

"Well, you can go to your room and leave whenever you want. But not in these clothes. They belong to me. Spoils of war."

Jenny could hardly keep from jumping at him with nails extended like a cat’s claws. She reached for her dress, but he grabbed her arm with a grip like steel and squeezed until she whimpered in pain. Standing without relinquishing his vise-like hold, he pulled her toward him and forced the arm up behind her back. She felt his clothes brushing against her back and her exposed ass, and trembled as he bent his face down just beside her ear.

"I said those belong to me," he said in a soft but menacing tone. "Our business is done. You may leave now. If you don’t walk out under your own power, I know a couple of security guards who would just love to drag you out. And they might not just be satisfied with escorting you away from my office . . . if you know what I mean."

He pushed her roughly ahead of him, crossing the space to the office door. Then he yanked it open.

The noise of the busy casino flooded into the office. Jenny stood there in the open door, her arm still pinned behind her back by the man she knew as Ross, completely mortified. The babble of the crowd died away slowly as people noticed her there and turned to stare. The hold on her arm was suddenly gone, and Jenny jumped as a nimble hand swatted her bare ass hard enough to make her lurch into the casino. She did what she always did in situations like this. Jenny started to run, through the room, into the hall, towards the elevators that would take her to the safety of her room upstairs, away from all those eyes.

Ashley let the venetian blinds fall back into place, smiling despite everything. Yes, making sure that Jenny had to run through the casino naked had been the perfect end to the whole strip poker game, and it had even been worth letting Tommy Clay see her strip to see the blonde scampering for safety, boobs jiggling and blonde hair streaming behind her as she ran.

She turned to find Clay looking at her again, studying her nude body with a speculative look in his eyes.

"All right, put them back in their sockets and hand me my stuff," Ashley grated. "If you’re really lucky, I’ll be happy enough with seeing Blondie’s little dash out there that I won’t think about how you stabbed me in the back tonight."

Clay didn’t move. "Ashley, dear, you really need to trade that personality of yours in on one that isn’t so rude. It’s going to get you in trouble some day . . .maybe soon."

"Stuff it," she told him, starting back toward the table. "Now, where are my panties?"

"The nearest panties that belong to you are up in your room, dear," he told her. "Or weren’t you listening when I explained things to your little blonde friend?"

She turned on him. "What? You little slime ball . . . you know that was just for her benefit!"

"Well, now it’s for yours, too. Or, actually, I suppose it’s mostly me who benefits. And of course everybody out in the casino. I’m sure they’ll be pleased to find out we have two shows for them." He paused. "And don’t bother to start getting dressed. What I said about Security goes for you, too. Don’t think I won’t call them. I owe the boys a little bonus for their good work, and you’d do them real nice."

She met his eyes with a hate-filled stare. "If you don’t let me put on my clothes and leave here RIGHT NOW, Clay, then I’ll just have to tell everybody who will listen all about who ‘Clayton Ross’ really is . . . ."

He shook his head in mock sadness.

"Ashley, Ashley, are you really such a stupid bitch that you think that kind of crude blackmail is going to work with me? What have you got? Stories? Hell, I’ve heard plenty of stories from people talking about how they knew me when. Nobody has any proof, though, and there isn’t anyone in this town who will take the word of some little out-of-town bimbo over Clayton Ross, not without tons of proof to back her up." He smiled evilly. "On the other hand, when I send a tape of the out-of-town bimbo playing strip poker on her wild night out in Vegas, what’s that going to do to YOUR reputation? To your job? Your family? Any credibility you might have had will just dry up and blow away."

"A tape? You made a tape?" Ashley felt herself sagging.

"Of course, I made a tape. You think there’s a guy on the planet who gets a chance to strip down a couple of hot babes who wouldn’t set up a tape? I figure, aside from the one I keep for myself, and the ones I send out to your friends and family, I ought to be able to edit it enough so that the two of you put on a nice show for the video market. And I can vidcap it, too . . . it’ll make some nice sets to post on the Internet. I know a forum that’s into stripping that’ll just love to get hold of those pics . ."

"Okay, okay," Ashley said, throwing up her hands in defeat. Then she realized how that made her breasts stand out, and she turned away from his gaze.

"You’ve made your point. What’ll it cost me for the tape to stay in your private collection?"

"Why nothing more than you already owe me, Ashley. Just leave your clothes, walk out of here . . . and don’t ever even THINK about crossing me again. You get me, bitch? Now . . . I think your public awaits."

He threw open the door, and Ashley reluctantly stalked through it. She held her head high, and unlike Jenny she didn’t run in panic. Ashley had been defeated, but she knew how to make an exit.

Tommy Clay watched the naked brunette walk briskly through the casino, and grinned. He closed the door once she was out of sight, and walked over to his desk. He wondered how long it would take the two naked babes to work up enough courage to come back here again, running the gauntlet of the casino and returning to Tommy’s lair. They’d have to come back, of course. Neither one had taken her handbag, and without their keys . . . well, they didn’t have just a whole lot of options open to them.

Clay sat down behind the desk and idly wondered what he should make them do to earn those keys . . . ?

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**Jenny's Ice Cream by Gao**

Ashley didn't have a chance to prepare any of her usual mischief. Jenny called her early(too early) that Saturday morning to suggest they check out the new mall. Ashley was barely conscious enough to talk on the phone, let alone cook up a good excuse, so she was stuck with the perky bombshell all day.

The new mall was actually pretty nice, and Ashley's evil streak was beginning to wake up. Unfortunately Jenny was wearing jeans and a sweater. Tough to work with without any equipment, she thought. Late in the morning, however, she spied her opportunity...

They were in some hokey dress shop when Jenny found a yellow and white checkered cotton dress. Sort of a "farmer's daughter" type number, with lots of little buttons running down the front. It came to Jenny's knees, but the bustline was rather low. After some encouragement, she got Jenny to try it on.

Jenny was in love with the dress. Although the neckline was low, it didn't cling to her generous breasts too tightly. Much to Ashley's dismay, the shoulder straps were wide and sturdy. No chance of those giving, she grumbled. With some more convincing, Jenny decided to wear the dress around the rest of the day at the mall.

Unfortunately, Jenny was wearing a blue bra under her sweater. It looked awful with the dress, so Ashley got her to take it off and stash it in her purse. The effect was obvious; Jenny's tits jiggled and bounced with every step, although safely contained within the dress. She seemed a bit put off by the display, but since it was turning out to be such a hot day, she was glad for the refreshing coolness.

Jenny paid for the dress. They hit a few more shops and found their way to the food court. Since was getting quite hot and the new mall didn't have its air conditioning installed yet, they got ice cream cones.

Ashley finished her cone fairly quickly, but since Jenny was chattering so much with her sunny banter, her vanilla ice cream had started to melt. It started to drip down over her hand, and she was doing her best to lick it up before she made a mess. It was tough for her to juggle talking and licking, and the ice cream melted faster than she could eat it.

By now both her hand were covered with vanilla ice cream, and she was trying quite hard to slurp it all up. Jenny noticed 3 college guys who were enjoying the show. Jenny, being the "innocent" flirt she is, didn't realize the show she was putting on. She continued the lick the cone and her hands, giggling at her dilemma. Stream of vanilla were running down her arms. The guys were mesmerized.

Ashley was growing weary of Jenny's little act, and let her stroll a few steps ahead of her. Ashley slipped up behind her, and goosed Jenny at her sides. Ashley had never tickled Jenny before, but it was a good bet that anyone as shy about her body as Jenny would be ticklish...

Jenny jumped with a yelp! The last melting scoop of ice cream on her cone flew into the air. It seemed to hand there a moment, and everyone watched as it plopped neatly into Jenny's cleavage.

"Oh God! Gross!" she squealed. "It's running down my dress!" She attempted to pick the scoop up, but it was so slippery, it just slipped down deeper into her breasts.

"Shit! It's cold!"

Everyone knew she was telling the truth. Jenny's nipples instantly became erect, poking at the thin fabric. Ashley heard one of the men say "Ping! The chicken is ready!"

Ashley bit her lip to keep from laughing.

Jenny again tried to reach the scoop, pulling down the bodice perhaps a little more than she intended. She was exposing a good deal of the tops of her breasts, and her cleavage was slathered in melted ice cream. Again the scoop slipped from her fingers and dropped down to the waist band at her belly.

"Oh God! Ashley! Help me!"

Jenny's hands were almost as soaked as her tits were, and she was afraid to touch the dress and ruin it anymore. Ashley saw the slick glob of ice cream at Jenny's navel. She COULD just undo a few buttons and pull it out... or maybe not!

"I'm going to pull your waist band out a little, and the ice cream should just fall to the ground." Jenny frantically nodded her approval . When Ashley grabbed a bit of the dress, she was sure to also pinch the top of Jenny's panties. Instead of the ice cream dropping to the floor, it slid right into her crotch.

"Aaah!!! Oh my God! Oh it's so cold!"

Jenny clutched her pussy and began prancing around. by now quite a crowd was gathering. Jenny rubbed her thighs together for warmth, and soon a vanilla-flavored stream rolled down her bare leg.

"Ashley! Get me something! Help me!!"

Ashley nodded dumbly and walked over to the food court. From a distance it was really great to see the show jenny was putting on; her tits were covered in melted vanilla ice cream, and it was starting to pour down her thighs and drip on the floor, her nipples were rock-hard and quickly becoming visible through the damp fabric, and she was prancing about and touching herself like a bitch in heat. A circle of young men was forming around her; several were laughing and throwing out rude comments.

Ashley bought a seltzer a grabbed a napkin (yes, just one!) and ran back to Jenny.

"Stand still!" she commanded.

That was no easy task for Jenny- between the nervous humiliation and the cold, the poor girl was jumping all over the place. Ashley dipped the napkin in the seltzer and slowly dabbed Jenny's bodice.

"Oh God! That's cold too!!"

Jenny flinched and "knocked" the cup from Ashley's hand. The water splashed all over Jenny. Her nipples quickly faded into view, and milky white streams gushed down her thighs.

She screamed and jumped back into the circle of spectators. She felt someone's hand give her full ass cheek a good squeeze. She leapt forward, but too quickly.

Her offender still had a good fistful of the hem of her dress. It pulled tight at her knees. and with a "pop!pop!pop!pop!pop!pop!" sound, the dress split up to just below her damp tits.

The man was still holding the fabric, dumbstruck. Jenny was exposed from the belly down. Her panties were transparent from the seltzer, and her blond curly mound was quite visible. She screamed and tried to cover herself while pathetically tugging at the dress.

"Hey asshole! Let go of her dress!"

Ashley lunged at the man's hand and grabbed the dress. She fell to the floor in feign clumsiness. The last few buttons of Jenny's dress gave way, and Jenny's tits exploded out. The dress slipped off her shoulders to the floor, and a cheer went up.

As Jenny tried to break the circle of spectators, someone casually mumbled "Oops!" and slipped their finger into the waist band of her panties. As she ran, the fabric ripped on either hip, and the soggy fabric slipped from between her legs.

Jenny ran down the mall full speed. Everyone got a parting look at her round ass flexing and bouncing as she ran. She hid in a Victoria's Secret dressing room until Ashely came for her and bought her fresh clothes.

Normally Jenny would have chalked this up to her usual misfortune, but she was getting suspicious. Ashley seemed a little too clumsy in all of this, maybe as if she meant for this to happen. maybe it was time for Ashely to get a taste of Jenny's bad luck...

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**Jenny At The Airport by Biker**

Jenny sat alone at home, bored she was expecting the call from her husband to tell her to come and collect him from the airport and so far he was an hour late calling. ho hum, she was BORED! she'd done all sorts of things to occupy her mind and then all the things that didn't really need to be done but would give her peace of mind such as a reinforcing the side seams to some of her favourite summer dresses 'just in case'.

Finally she could take it no more she started reading a book for the fourth time but after reading a chapter she still wasn't able to tell what she'd read.

DING! she had an idea! her husbands study, he was always occupied for hours on the PC there, maybe she could kill a few hours before the call came. Feeling just a little guilty about being in her husbands own space she turned on the PC, slid the cursor over the Internet icon and double clicked it, waited and logged in using the password handily stuck onto the PC monitor.

Up came the familiar browser she was forever seeing her husband glued to when not doing other work.

Ok she was 'in' now what? looking about the browser she clicked on 'Bookmarks'. suddenly a long list with different headings and sub directories appeared with subject headings of all sorts of categories. One in particular caught her eye

"Jenny"

Hmmm wonder what this is about? she opened up that folder and read the four bookmarks there, top was shown as "Byron's place" then "Epizoodie's" weird name that one, she thought. next was "Lotfw's TV re-run page" ahhh she thought that's nice, I like old episodes of programmes. she then read the last one. "Bikers drawings @ Lotfws." guiding the cursor over that title she poised her finger over the left mouse button, when another title caught her eye.

"Erotica"

Erotica!! her husband actually read that stuff? this was news to her! she slid the cursor there and clicked it, waiting for the page to load she began to search the page scrolling down the many titles to all sorts of stories and so picking one at random she opened it and began to read.........

An hour later found Jenny still reading, her dress unbuttoned spilling out her ample bosom and her hand rubbed the damp crotch of her white panties slowly.

Damn! this was interesting reading!! she was turned on soooo much! and couldn't wait for her husbands call..... abruptly her mind snapped to attention

THE TELEPHONE! the call couldn't come through all the time she was logged into the 'Net it engaged the phone for any incoming calls!

She quickly logged off and hurriedly left the study feeling so guilty about her state of mind and the hot blood coursing through her veins.

God! she hadn't felt like this in ages. Her sex life was active and very satisfying but what she read had opened her eyes a little more to the big wide world.

If only she had the nerve to live out some of her fantasies then she'd have some fun! she wandered the house trying to cool her body down from the aching desires she felt.

Finally she could take it no longer and chose to shower rather than indulging in a little 'self help'.

Under the stinging jets of water she struck on an idea

"No WAY!" was the first answer but as time went on and with her present state of mind it began to appeal to her more and more, it would certainly surprise her husband, hee! hee!, his little sweet and gentle Jenny doing that! it'll knock him sideways!

Dammit, she'd do it!

Drying herself she applied moisturiser and lotions to her firm body then spent several minutes at her dressing table applying make up and perfumes she stood before the mirror checking herself, still young and firm she thought supple too as she touched the palms of her hands to the floor.

Blushing at herself for what she was about to do she went to the underwear drawer and opened it taking out the parcel she had in there, still boxed and bound with a red ribbon. She remembered receiving this at Christmas some years before and felt her cheeks glow once more at the memory.

She'd received it at the office dinner party her husband had asked her to attend with him. She'd opened the package in excited surprise and before she knew it she was holding those lacy little wisps of black silk lingerie! she'd quickly stuffed them back in the box when she had heard the cheering and whistling coming from around her, all eyes on her!, that was sooo embarrassing.

She'd given her husband a piece of her mind when the were alone but she forgave him in no time, after all these months she still couldn't throw them out, and now as she opened the packet of expensive stockings she was glad she didn't.

Sliding her long legs into the stockings sent shivers up her back the caress they gave to her legs was beyond words, clipping on the suspender belt about her narrow waist followed by clipping the tiny little metals suspenders onto the heavy weave at the top of the stockings, adjusting each one took some time but the end result brought another wave of blushing to her cheeks.

The seams up the backs of her legs were straight and so daring!.

Jenny picked up the tiny almost weightless piece of lace and silk that was supposed to be a pair of panties, muttering to herself she wondered if it would worth wearing them at all? and giggling to herself she dropped them back in the box beside the lacy bra.

On her hands and knees she rummaged in the back of the wardrobe for something else she would need, and there they were, slightly dusty but as elegant and as new as the day she bought them shiny black leather 4 inch stilettoed heeled shoes.

Slipping them on she walked up and down practicing to see if she could actually walk in them and was delighted to see she could.

Finally the last item and by far the most important.

The coat.

her hands lingered on the heavy gabardine raincoat but finally settled on the lightweight rain mac, beige in colour and belted about the waist it almost fell to her knees, she was amazed at how long her legs looked in the heels and black stockings, she continued to admire herself in the mirror at the final result.

Perfect.

She imagined just how shocked her husband was going to be when his little Jenny meets him in the Airport lobby and whispers in his ear just what she has under her coat! and would he mind terribly if they didn't go immediately home but perhaps pull over, in some secluded spot, recline the seats down just like they used to when the were dating and maybe.........? pretty please?.

Driving well below the posted speed limit Jenny headed out to the Airport, there was no way she was going to spoil this evening by repeating the terrible episode of being pulled over by that cop. Thrusting the memory away she drove on trying to rekindle the fire in her belly she had had when she'd read the story at the website not an hour earlier.

Dressed as she was she felt to cool lining of the raincoat against the back of her thighs above where the stockings finished, up past her legs and onto her soft backside the cool lining was playing merry hell over her buttocks it was driving her mad!, unconsciously she opened her legs getting hot again at the thoughts of what reaction her husband would have and hopefully what would be occurring in the drive home soon, she was going to tease him so much making the moment last for as long as possible letting the excitement build in her as well as him! and that was before they even got into the car.

The dazzling lights of the airport came into view and she headed for one of the many carparks dotted around the place, parking was easy and she was able to get quite close to the terminal, locking the car and placing the keys in the deep pockets of the coat she walked confidently towards the lounge area where people met the incoming passengers.

She left the darkness of the carparks behind her and slowly her confidence began to wane as she got closer to the bright lights of the terminus she'd been exposed so many times in the past it seemed her life was controlled by outside forces as if so many people who went out of there way to put her in situations that left her naked and humiliated, and now as she went through the huge doors she felt once again like a puppet, about to be guided against her will.

Hands thrust deep into the pockets to prevent it flapping open and exposing the stocking tops Jenny walked through the long concourse heels clicking on the tough vinyl flooring passed closed shops that would be buried under people usually in the day time but now at 11pm most were shut except the inevitable burger bars. holding the coat about her she headed deeper into the terminus unaware of fates' intervening hand.

Tapping her red painted nail in impatience on the table top of the burger bar she was in, Ashley cursed under her breath once more

"God dammit!" Why had she even bothered coming out here? she was happy at home when the call came in to have her up and leave the warmth of her flat to come to the airport and collect her lost bags the Airport had so graciously lost when she and that dolt Jenny had returned from Las bloody Vegas.

God it made her blood boil just thinking of that trip! especially at how things had been turned around. "Oh that Jenny was going to pay double now for insulting way she........? Jenny?"

Was that Jenny she'd seen just now walking by?

"No, it couldn't have been........Could it?" leaving her unfinished coffee she stood up and pushed down the mini skirt she habitually wore over her shapely thighs and headed for the door, her mind buzzing with curiosity.

Jenny strode through the halls listening to the muffled tannoy system speaking in the strange muffled language only seasoned Air travellers understood. She caught her reflection a couple of times in the shop windows as she walked past and was surprised at the woman reflected back, it wasn't the mousey fragile girl she thought herself to be, but a confident lady in charge of her destiny, striding through life, overcoming all obstacles before her........ the hand landing on her shoulder shattered the dreams even as they came.

"Jenny? JENNY! it IS you! I wasn't sure at first but once I got closer I knew it was you."

Oh NO Ashley! Jenny groaned inside remembering the events that seemed to transpire whenever she and Ashley met usually resulting in one of them naked.

"Ashley! what are you doing here?" Jenny managed to feign happy surprise.

"Oh I had to collect my lost bag from the property office here nothing much." she sensed Jenny was very uncomfortable at seeing her and this only made her curiosity more intense. "If you're not too busy would you like a coffee?" Ashley asked and taking Jenny by the arm led her back to the burger bar she'd just left. Jenny numbly just followed.

Ashley ordered 2 coffees and seated herself Jenny warily lowered herself into the hard seat and winced as the cold plastic touched her naked bottom as her coat parted under her.

Ashley missed nothing. Making small talk Ashley's mind raced as to why this dope Jenny was here but more to the point why was she so upset about meeting her was it guilt at what had happened in Las veGAS(!! snarl! calm down Ashley!!)

she chatted away trying to probe Jenny when she noticed the way Jenny hands clutched at her coat over her chest, she seemed to be wearing a very low cut top, most unlike Jenny, even as the thought occurred more skin showed and more cleavage too.

Sensing something very different about Jenny Ashley suggested she take off her coat as it was pretty warm in here, the resulting panic in Jenny's face satisfied Ashley that something was definitely not right. Either Jenny had lost her clothes or something close to that was happening, reaching down to her bag beside her Ashley stole a glance at Jenny under the table and almost banged her head on the underside of the table as she saw straight up under the folds of Jenny's coat and the expanse of skin and..... GOOD GRIEF! stockings under there!!, not only that but she appeared to be without panties too. Composing herself she asked.

"Er, Jenny is everything OK?"

"FFFine Ashley why'd you ask?"

"Well you seem a little upset now and I was wondering if I could help, y'know since I'm here and all."

"No no I'm fine." Jenny lied "Nothing could be better I'm just meeting my husband from his flight he should be here any minute now, in fact I really ought to be going now, I'm so sorry I have to dash but, well, I have missed him."

Jenny pushed back her sleeves searching for the wrist watch which was in fact at home in the bathroom but revealing to Ashley more of her naked chest. "I really must be off, I'll call you OK?"

And with that Jenny got to her feet and headed for the door without a backward glance.

Ashley sat there furiously thinking the best way to use this new found knowledge of Jenny's present rather vulnerable situation to her best advantage. Slowly a smile crept across her lovely face.

"yessssssssssss" she hissed to herself.

Jenny couldn't believe it. Of all the people to run into at an Airport she had top meet Ashley! as much as she liked her she suspected something sinister about the dark haired girl. Sometimes that smile of hers always seemed a little strained as if it hid some other emotion.

Jenny tripped along trying to get as much distance between herself and Ashley. Meanwhile Ashley had found a phone and looking through a directory was running that same red nail polished index finger down the numbers to the Airport security.

Jenny desperately tried to regain the excitement she'd felt earlier but nothing would bring it back, seeing Ashley had evaporated the sexual tension she had inside her and now she felt her nakedness under the coat.

What was before a thrilling game now was scary, the coat seemed shorter and made of such a fragile material and seemed to flap open so easily as she hurried along. looking about her she seemed to attract the eyes of everybody especially the men, and looking down knew that with the high heels and her legs looking like they did it was little wonder they looked.

She bunched her shoulders tighter in and held her coat more firmly about her trying not to flap it as she walked to the arrival lounge.

Something like a 6th sense made her look over her shoulder and her heart leapt as she saw 4 security guards break off eye contact and stop to examine the ceiling, floor, anything but Jenny. She hurried on glancing back she was dismayed to see the 4 already there joined by 6 others but these ones were different, harder looking and carrying machine pistols!

oh no don't let this be happening.

Arriving at the gate she stood rock still awaiting the unloading of the plane already docked, but something was amiss the stewardesses were guiding people away from the area and doors were being closed, guards were fanning out directing people away from the area and behind barriers that a moment ago weren't there.

Her heart thumping within her breast Jenny gulped air, her hands running up her thighs under her coat nervously, feeling the suspenders supporting those black stockings sheathing her legs knowing it was all she wore beneath the coat, somehow this in a strange way made her feel even more naked and vulnerable.

Time seemed to drag and she found herself gripping the railing waiting for the passengers to disembark. She became aware of increased activity behind her and turning as casually as she could she looked behind her and snapped her head back to eyes front in an instant, panic took over as her mind froze, behind her was some 20+ armed security guards all with their weapons pointing at her forming a fan behind her.

Jenny's hands gripped the railing wringing it as if it was a rag, but her mind ceased to function properly in her panic ridden state.

"Let go of the rail and turn around slowly and keep those hands where we can see them"

Jenny only heard this as a distant call above the screaming in her ears.

"Lady! turn around. Please!"

Something in the tone of the voice penetrated and she let go the rail and shuffled round to face the men, absently noticing the gathering crowd behind them.

"Lady we don't want you to get hurt and so we'd like you to do as you're told OK?" Jenny numbly nodded her head The security chief was puzzled this girl seemed stunned as she stood not 20 feet from him, the anonymous female caller they'd spoken to a few minutes ago spoke of a callous and calculating assassin about to attempt harm to the passengers of an incoming airliner and that they should take extreme care because she was almost certainly armed with a small arsenal of concealed weapons.

Everything in his training told him this wasn't right which made him all the more cautious.

"Lady we'd like you to step away from the railing and raise your arms please." He watched as she did as she was asked, but his eyes caught something,............ NO!

As Jenny had raised her hands her coat had opened a little and showed quite a bit of thigh and from the position she now stood in it showed her stocking tops between the coat flaps and a few inches of naked thigh above them.

"Thank you, now will you please place you hands on your head and turn slowly around."

Jenny did so unknown to her she now exposed more inches of skin and it was self evident that she did indeed have stockings on, the armed guards began to loose the finely honed concentration they needed to maintain the level of seriousness for this situation as thiner bodies began to respond to what their eyes were seeing.

Jenny turned around and with her hands on her head the open slit at the back of the coat opened all the way up to waist height and allowed her soft defenseless buttocks exposed to the scrutiny of the men behind her.

The chief was nailed to the ground and considered ordering this beauty before him to touch her toes but was able to resist saying it.

"Turn around please and face us." Jenny did so

"Holy shit!" thought the chief "Well we know she's a natural blonde" the coat now performed no worthwhile cover for Jenny from the waist down.

"Right, we'd like you now to open you coat and remove it, p-please." The chief managed to stammer out as his blood pressure rose, this was met with grunts of approval from the surrounding guards, but at the mention of this order Jenny's eyes bugged out in shock, up until now she'd thought herself concealed from the eyes of the gathering crowd and balked at what she had to do.

"Do as I have asked please!" Jenny dropped her hands to her waist cutting off the wonderful view of her stocking tops and neatly trimmed pubes, but the guards knew that if all went well for them it wouldn't be for long.

The belt was pulled from the loops and an inch at a time pulled through the buckle then released to fall to the ground, Jenny's hands trembled as she undid the buttons one at a time starting from the bottom, but holding the coat closed all the while.

Finally the last button was undone but the coat stayed closed, Jenny's head was bowed and her blonde hair covered her face she was blushing furiously now yet she had enough self control not to cry.

"Lady, the coat."

Jenny's mind crystallised into determination and she shrugged off the coat from her shoulders allowing it to slither to the floor.

Silence reigned for a few frozen moments then a gasp from someone in the crowd behind and the moment was shattered by the cheering and whistling which inevitably followed.

Under the harsh fluorescent lighting at the sight before them 7 of the guards came in thiner tunics at the beauty of this magnificent woman before them, her long legs filled the stockings with curves no one could ever copy, up into her hips and her trimmed pussy even at this distance was seen to be dewy with sexual arousal, her waist narrowed above her full hips then flared out again into a tremendous pair of breasts that didn't seem to depend on a bra but simply defied gravity by sitting on her chest with their rosy nipples pointing out in the coolness of the terminus' air conditioning, then up above the chest along the column of her neck to the blushing face marred only by the nervous biting of the lower lip and huge blue eyes opened wide in complete embarrassment.

Jenny stood there exposed once more to who knows how many people, her hands began to creep across her body first one hand went to her trimmed pussy covering it from invading eyes and the other attempted to cover her breasts but failed.

It was at this point in the evening that the arrival lounges noise level was added to by the emptying plane of 150 boy scouts arriving for a convention in town all eager to be out of the confining Jumbo jet only to be met by the naked beauty waiting to greet them all.

Like a wave of Army ants the little horrors swept through the hall and it seemed that each and every boy got at least one hand onto the defenceless soft flesh of poor poor Jenny while the security officers could only stand and watch wishing there could touch her too. the light coat was shredded into a thousand pieces in the chaos.

Jenny's husband wondered what was happening down at gate 13 as he stood at gate 10 waiting for Jenny to collect him, looked to be some sort of riot.

Suddenly Ashley stood before him.

"Why hello! fancy meeting you here!" she said looking relaxed and contented.

"Can I give you a lift into town?." she asked

"No it's all right Jenny will be meeting me soon."

"Are you sure? the traffic seems a little busy tonight she could have been delayed. it's no problem."

"Well, perhaps it would save Jenny some worry, yes, a lift would be wonderful, thank you Ashley you're a real pal!."

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**Jenny's Hat by LOTFW**

Jenny still considered Ashley a friend although she had been acting strange to her lately. It seems that Jenny was always getting the attention. Her attractive looks and naive personality had many men looking her way and ignoring Ashley.

Ashley had been trying to embarrass her in the worst way but Jenny's luck always seemed to save her. Ashley didn't want to get caught setting up these plans so she used the stealthiest methods possible. These plans often depended on the timing to be perfect such as Jenny's back being turned or her wearing the right clothes. Ashley had been questioned a few times about things such as to why she was carrying fishing wire complete with a hook or scissors at the beach party. She decided to extract herself from the dirty work and concentrate on the planning.

Late one evening she went to the mall. She drove to the side entrance where there are usually a gang of kids. As she approached she saw a few standing near the shadows smoking cigarettes. As she drove near most went away from the car towards the main road but one of the larger boys stayed his ground.

Ashley thought that he was the one she needed. She put on sunglasses and pulled a hood over her head. She wanted to remain as anonymous as possible. She drove right near the curb and rolled the window down.

"Do you want a job?"

The boy who was approximately 13 slowly walked to the car. Ashley knew by his demeanor he was the "leader" of this pack. The leader doesn't run in the face of authority.

"What kind of job" he said

"You guys run around the mall lifting women's skirts right?"

"Maybe" he replied

"Well I have a mark for you, I will pay you $100 if you do this. Here is $50 right now."

The boy looked at the money, he had never seen or held a 50 dollar bill.

"Look I don't care who you are I just want her embarrassed"

"If you get her naked I'll give you another $100"

Although he was young the boy could tell Ashley was serious. He had seen this intensity in opponents he had tangled with.

"You won't be in school tomorrow right?,right?"

She waited for a reply

"Right" He said

"...The guards don't start looking for trouble till lunchtime, thats when "rent a cop" is joined by two others, we will be here at 11:15AM when the crowd starts to roll in. She will be wearing a red hat"

"A red hat? Not many people wear red hats" he said

"Thats right, look for us on the second floor near the food court, top of the escalators"

She was satisfied he would be there with his friends he was no chicken.

The Sun was shining the next day so Ashley suggested Jenny wear her hat and sunglasses. Jenny obliged although she found it strange Ashley insisted she wear it into the mall.

"The food court gets a lot of sun" Ashley explained

Jenny being the naive type and not wanting to make anyone feel bad for looking out for her, obliged. They went in right on schedule "An early lunch" excuse got them moving towards the food court. The mall was starting to fill. Ashley was shaking with excitement as they started to ride the escalator. The sun streamed through large skylights above the escalator and food area.

"Glad I have my hat" Jenny said

Ashley grinned and felt weak with anticipation. Just then a large person in front of Jenny lifted her bag onto her shoulder. It caught the stiff brim of her hat and knocked it backwards. Ashley gasped as it tumbled to the bottom.

Without thinking Ashley reversed course down the escalator after the bouncing hat. It rested near the bottom step as Ashley picked it up and thoughtlessly waved it at Jenny who was just now reaching the top.

Suddenly from the top steps on the descending escalator two young boys ran down and jumped over the center rail. Ashley completely startled started to speak but was muffled by a red hat being pushed in her face. She was blinded for a moment and was knocked down. She saw two more boys approach from the opposite direction. Little hands grabbed her arms with a wiry grip. She protested but it all happened to fast.

One boy pulled the zipper of her shorts and yanked them to her ankles. The panties were next, a pocket knife took care of them. Ashley was now dragged to the bottom floor. The escape route for the boys was on the bottom level. Ashley's t shirt was now around her armpits. The boys rolled her over quickly to see her ass. Two boys slapped it while the others wrapped her arms above her head in her shirt.

Just then the security guard yelled from a distance. His delay was caused by the boys own plan. They had planted to female friends in the dressing room to give him a show. He was distracted until he got a frantic call from a store owner.

Ashley's bra was now removed by force. The straps sprung quickly as she was rolled again. her face still covered she felt the boys rubbing her. The guard was almost upon them but their plan was not over.

Just then five teenage girls grab the guard and push him forward. He was so intent on the situation he didn't see it coming. As He is rolled onto his back the the knives come out. Their knives cut his belt and buttons. His large stomach begins to protrude from the shirt and tops of his pants. He is pantsed quickly. His fireman underwear almost whipped off with his pants. His waist band is cut and the underwear springs open against the force of his gut.

Ashley struggles with the shirt as the boys begin to leave. She stands with barely a shirt on, naked from the waist down. She turns to see a fifth boy carrying a video camera running towards the exit. The girls soon follow. She then looks up to see Jenny descending the escalator even in her embarrassed state her anger grows.

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**Jenny's Moving Experience by Jack**

Jenny stood in the middle of the empty living room, marvelling at how different it could be stripped of the furniture and possessions that had transformed four bare walls into a home full of life and happy memories. Her husband’s recent promotion had given them the chance to buy their dreamhouse, but now that it came to actually moving it was hard to give up the home they’d started their life together in.

Shaking her head, Jenny pushed her melancholy reflections aside. If this house had been a nice place, the new one would be even better. And the memories in this old place weren’t all happy, after all. There had been some bad times, too . . . and a few embarrassing ones she preferred not to dwell on. That encounter with the rose bushes, for instance . . . or the shredding swimsuit in the pool. The new house was only a few miles away, but maybe it would give Jenny a fresh start, so she wouldn’t feel she was constantly living down some of those awful accidents.

Anyway, it was too late for second thoughts. The moving van had already left, carrying all the furniture on the way to the new place where Jenny’s husband was already waiting to supervise the unloading.

All Jenny had to do now was go through the place one last time to make sure they hadn’t forgotten anything important, and then she could be on her way to the new house and the chaos of unpacking she knew was waiting for her there.

And, of course, dinner with her husband’s new supervisor tonight. What a mess that had turned into. Nobody in their right mind would schedule an important dinner with the boss on moving day, but of course that was the way things had worked out.

"It’s just a casual night out," Mr. Farnsworth had said. "You ought to be glad of the chance to get away from the mess for a few hours."

And since he was due to leave for Cleveland tomorrow for two weeks, he’d insisted. So all that was hanging over Jenny – taking the time to clean up and find the right clothes, and then a night listening to more of Mr. Farnsworth’s thinly-veiled comments about her looks while the man’s wife subjected Jenny and her husband to her own brand of disapproving scrutiny . . . this was looking like one of those days Jenny would rather forget about.

Well, she wasn’t getting anything done standing here and feeling persecuted, she thought. Time to get back to work. She’d already been through all the rooms upstairs, and all she really had left to check was the living room, the kitchen, and the garage.

Jenny looked all around the big, empty living room, but aside from a few bits of trash that had been hidden by the couch the room was empty. She nodded, satisfied, and started for the kitchen, pausing by sheer habit in front of the spot where the mirror had hung by the entry foyer and then laughing at her forgetfulness. It wasn’t as if she really needed to check her appearance, anyway.

Old clothes were the uniform of the day for moving, and she’d chosen a lightweight summer dress that had seen better days to work in. In the July heat, with the air conditioners on their way to the new house, she thought she’d chosen pretty well, too, although she was afraid her outfit was a little too tight in places, and wearing a little thin in others. Certainly the three movers hadn’t made any secret of their admiration for her slender body and 38DD breasts. Jenny blushed at the memory of some of the looks she’d gotten, and a couple of the comments she’d overheard.

She hadn’t chosen the dress to show off her body. Far from it. Jenny was painfully shy and desperately wished people – men, especially – wouldn’t notice her, but it never seemed to work out that way. She hadn’t even realized that one of the seams along the side of the dress had started to give way until she heard the head mover describing her bra in loving detail for one of his partners. Well, at least she’d worn a sports bra today, one that minimized her bust line and covered everything up. With another deep red blush she went on to the kitchen, forcing herself to think of the job at hand.

Jenny methodically checked all the kitchen cabinets one last time, finding nothing. The kitchen had a side entrance that opened up to the laundry room, a small mudroom, and the garage, and it was through these that she now made her way. The garage seemed cramped after the open spaces of the empty house, thanks to her car and the big, built-in workbench that her husband had hardly ever used. Her eyes flicked to the automatic garage door opener for just an instant, but of course there was already a better one mounted in the new place so they’d decided to leave this one for the new owners. Jenny studied all four corners of the garage carefully, spotting nothing out of place. Everything seemed secure . . .

No, wait. What was that up on the shelves above the workbench? Jenny frowned at the box, half-hidden in the shadows. Of course they’d all managed to miss it, up there. For a moment she was ready to dismiss it as unimportant, some old assortment of odds and ends from one of her husband’s old projects, until she remembered what they’d kept up there.

After her uncle had died, they’d stored a box of old papers and memorabilia up on that shelf, and some of it went back three or four generations in her family. Why, her great-great-grandfather’s old diaries from the Civil War were part of that collection, and other things that could be valuable. Jenny couldn’t leave those behind!

She stood for a moment longer, sizing up the problem of getting the box down. The shelf was high and awkwardly placed, and the box was large. It wasn’t going to be easy. If only she’d spotted it while the movers had still been around. Jenny scrambled up onto the top of the workbench, glad there was no one on hand to watch as her skirt rode up and revealed her long thighs and a quick flash of her white underpants. She paused for a moment to tug the skirt back into place.

Even alone, she was self-conscious enough to want to stay decent. Then she studied the shelf and the box, biting her lower lip uncertainly. This wasn’t going to be easy. By standing on her toes and stretching out as far as possible she thought she would just be able to get one hand on the corner of the box while steadying herself with the other. If there had been a stepladder around, of course, it would have been simple, but their stepladder was in the moving van with everything else right now. Jenny reached out tentatively, not quite far enough, and uttered a few unladylike comments under her breath.

Then she tried again, stretching full length this time, and touched the box before a sudden feeling of unsteadiness made her draw back again. It didn’t help that her dress and bra were so snug – they made it even more awkward to reach. She wasn’t going to let this thing defeat her! Jenny made a third try, and this time braced herself well so she could make a real lunge at the high shelf. And this time she was able to get a good enough grip to start shifting the box closer. A couple of feet would have it positioned closer to where the workbench would let her get right under it and lower it down. No old box was going to stop her.

Just then Jenny heard an all-too-familiar sound, one she had learned to dread. The awful buzz saw sound of tearing cloth . . . and the pressure across her chest was suddenly gone. Her large, heavy breasts were swinging free within the confines of her dress, the fabric rubbing against her nipples like then gentle touch of her husband.

She couldn’t afford to stop moving the box now, when she was so close, so Jenny ignored her accident and kept pulling. A few minutes later she had the clumsy thing where she wanted it, and could straighten up, pause, and assess the damage.

Actually, it wasn’t all that bad. The dress wasn’t badly ripped, although the seams that had been starting to let go on the sides now gaped a little wider than before. Her bra, though, had simply been unequal to the strains she had placed on it. The straps and the hook had all given way at once, and there was no way to fix it. Jenny pulled it out of the top of the dress and regarded it as a general might regard a mortally wounded soldier who had given his all in a hopeless battle. Well, she suffered worse accidents than this one, she thought.

She’d just have to be careful of the side seams of the dress until she had a chance to change. Jenny dropped the bra and got the box off the shelf, lowering it carefully to the top of the workbench. Then she climbed down with exaggerated caution. This was exactly the kind of situation that usually got her into trouble, and she congratulated herself when she had both feet firmly on the concrete floor and could stand up straight without snagging her dress on any splinters or old nails that marred the surface of the workbench. Usually, her bad luck just seemed to make such encounters inevitable.

Her handbag was in the car, and Jenny crossed to the passenger door, reached in through the window, and fished her keys out. She opened the trunk, leaving the keys in the lock as she returned to the workbench, gathered up her ruined brassiere and laid it on top of the box, and then carried them back to the trunk again. The box fit in well among the handful of other last-minute items that had been stowed there earlier – more evidence, Jenny thought, that her luck was running pretty well today despite all the problems she had to overcome.

Jenny closed the trunk and pulled out the keys, but they slipped from her hand and clattered on the hard slab floor. "Luck’s running well, is it?" Jenny muttered. She crouched down to retrieve the keys, which had skittered away under the back of the car. It took some awkward bending and reaching to get them, with her ass rubbing against the coarse wood of the garage door, but at last Jenny grabbed them in triumph and stood up. Or started to, at least.

As she straightened, she felt a sharp tug at the hem of her skirt, and that threw her off balance. Jenny stood up, all right, but to the accompaniment of that same tearing-cloth sound she’d heard before. Her skirt had caught on an old, rusty nail that protruded near the bottom of the garage door, and it had ripped the back of the dress free from knees to waist. She staggered to one side with her arms out as she tried to keep from falling, and only steadied herself at last when her outstretched hand slammed against a small grey box mounted on the wall.

The box that controlled the garage door opener.

Slowly, inexorably, the door opened with a sound of grinding gears and rattling chains. If Jenny had been at herself, she would have had time to react, but as it was she was too stunned to do anything but lean against the wall, breathing hard, unable to think clearly.

Later she would think of reversing the garage door before it had a chance to open, or of freeing herself and running for cover, or of all the other things she might have done. But at that moment she didn’t react until it was far, far too late. The skirt of her dress was still snagged on the nail, and it hadn’t ripped all the way off when she’d stood up. Jenny didn’t realize that until she felt at tug at her hips, a tug suddenly relieved as the garage door continued to rise and the dress came apart at the seams. Buttons flashed in the sunlight suddenly pouring into the garage. With one last pull at her arms and chest the dress finally gave up the fight, just as the brassiere had done before, and tore completely away from Jenny’s lovely body, leaving her standing by the open garage door clad in nothing but her sneakers and underpants.

Jenny found herself looking out across the driveway at two teenagers riding bikes on the sidewalk. The boys slammed on their brakes and stopped dead in their tracks, staring back with eyes wide at the sight of the pretty blonde with the enormous bare breasts. Instinct kicked in at last for Jenny as she squealed, crossed her arms across her chest and fled, running back into the mudroom and slamming the door behind her.

She leaned against a counter, breathing hard, and tried to regain a measure of composure. Why, WHY did things like this happen to her? Jenny felt helpless, trapped. She couldn’t leave the mudroom without exposing herself to the whole neighborhood through curtainless windows. And no doubt those two kids would spread the word of her plight. The picture of a crowd of curious youngsters – and no doubt plenty of adults, too – gathering outside her house in hopes of catching a glimpse of Jenny’s nearly-nude body rose in her mind, making her blush all the way to her dark aureole.

What could she do? There were no clothes in the house, nothing she could cover herself with at all, in fact. She couldn’t call anyone for help, because the phones had been disconnected – and why hadn’t she agreed when her husband suggested she get a cellphone to carry in her purse? Given the trouble she kept getting into, she should have jumped at the chance instead of worrying about the expense.

Jenny could see only two possible courses of action, and neither of them had much to recommend it. She could try to get help from a neighbor. But that meant she’d have to run the gauntlet outside wearing nothing but her panties, exposing herself to anyone and everyone who might be out there. Jenny wasn’t even sure which of her neighbors might be home in the middle of the day – she knew that most of the households in the area had two-income families, and she wasn’t ready to throw herself on the mercy of any of the kids who might enjoy prolonging her agony just for the fun of seeing a grown-up squirm. No, Jenny didn’t relish the idea of running from house to house, looking for help, under the intent eyes of kids like the two who had seen her already.

There WAS one alternative, and while it sounded almost as risky Jenny was beginning to think it might be her one way out of this mess. Her keys were still in her hand, thank God. She might easily have dropped them under the car again, or worse yet they might have fallen and bounced outside onto the driveway, but somehow she’d kept her grip on them through her whole garage ordeal. So it was possible Jenny could get in her car and drive out, and even though she’d still be almost naked she might be able to cover up enough to avoid attracting attention. Why, she wouldn’t even have to expose herself in the garage again . . . there was a second garage door control mounted within reach of the mudroom door, so she could close the door, get in the car, and use the remote attached to the visor to open up again when she was ready to leave.

In the middle of the day, sticking to back roads as much as possible, she just might make it all the way to the new house without being spotted. Then . . . well, maybe she could get straight into the garage, or find a way to sneak in the back without being seen, or signal her husband for help – something. Anything. At least once she got there she could find some clothes and get dressed. Of course it was a fifteen or twenty minute drive to the other side of town, and she would be in danger of being seen all the way . . . but still, in a moving car she’d only be in view for a moment. Better than being trapped here or forced to try to find help on foot.

Suddenly resolved, Jenny cautiously opened the mudroom door and reached awkwardly around the corner to hit the garage door opener switch. The door rumbled and clanked again, as the door slowly closed. When the noise stopped, Jenny cautiously peeked around the door frame to make sure no one was inside. Then, feeling more confident, she entered the garage with her head held high, determined to overcome her problems.

She went to the garage door and picked up the rags that had been her dress. It wasn’t in any condition to wear, but Jenny figured that it might give her some coverage in the car, so she tossed it into the front seat. Feeling better about her plan, she got into the car, then arranged the tattered cloth across her chest and used the seat belt to hold it approximately in place. It wasn’t very effective, but at least her breasts weren’t hanging completely out in the open.

Jenny ventured a little smile as she turned the key in the ignition and hit the button on the garage door remote. The door opened, and she quickly backed out into the driveway. Surprisingly, there was no sign of the crowd of onlookers she’d been dreading, and that lifted her spirits even higher. Surely she would be able to get to her new house without incident after all! She pulled out onto the street and set off.

The trip wasn’t without its problems, of course – Jenny knew her luck wouldn’t allow her to make it without some difficulties to overcome. With the windows rolled down – and it was just too hot to drive with them up, with no air conditioning in her used Grand Am – the breeze tended to displace the remnants of her dress where the seat belt didn’t hold them down, so Jenny found she was safest if she drove with one hand on the steering wheel and the other arm clutched across her chest holding everything together. Even at that she knew she was showing a lot more skin than she was comfortable revealing, but her prediction that she could dodge the traffic by sticking to side roads was proving right.

She was also finding the seat belt itself distinctly uncomfortable. Jenny hardly ever wore a seatbelt, laws or no laws, because a belt across her ample chest never fit right. Today it was worse, because there were one or two places where the ruined dress just didn’t cover exposed skin and the belt rubbed against her with disturbing side-effects. Her sensitive nipples were getting hard and crinkly from the constant stimulation, which tended to distract her from her driving.

Perhaps that’s why she got into trouble.

There was one place where Jenny could not avoid getting on a major road, a two-mile stretch of Route 19 that was the only practical way, short of going straight through downtown, of getting from one side of town to the other. As she approached the intersection where she’d have to turn onto 19 she could see that traffic there was moderate, plenty of cars passing but no sign of stop-and-go congestion. Well, it was the lunch hour by now, and traffic did pick up then. Jenny was feeling confident that she wasn’t going to attract undue attention, but underneath that surface confidence there was a tightness in her stomach. She was all too well aware of the risk of being seen in her half-dressed state.

Jenny pulled up to the stop sign, glancing to the left and seeing there was no approaching traffic before the car came to a full stop. Anxious, she gunned the engine and made the turn, but in her haste and with one arm still folded across her breasts she didn’t hit her turn signal, either. All she wanted right now was to get to the West Castle turnoff so she could get off the main highway and reach her destination without incident . . . Red and blue flashes in her rearview mirror, and a couple of quick hoots of a siren, jerked her back to the here-and-now. Oh, NO, she thought, not a cop. Not now!

Jenny pulled to the side of the road, hoping against hope that the policeman just wanted to pass her to answer a REAL call, but she knew right away that her hope was in vain. A glance at the speedometer as she was slowing down showed that she’d been driving with a lead foot; even as she was slowing down she was still going five miles over the posted limit of forty. Sure enough, the police cruiser pulled to a stop behind her, and Jenny saw the door swing open in her rearview mirror. A uniformed officer walked slowly toward her. Jenny squirmed uncomfortably in the driver’s seat, trying to rearrange her ruined dress so that it covered as much of her as possible.

"Do you know how fast you were going back there, Ma’am?" the policeman’s voice was flat and neutral, like he was reciting lines he’d repeated entirely too often.

"Er . . . no, uh, Officer . . ." Jenny peered up at the name badge on his chest. "No, Officer Biggs. I’m sorry . . . I guess I was just . . . distracted."

Still seeming oblivious to Jenny’s disheveled appearance, the policeman had produced a ticket book and was starting to write. "Well, you were doing fifty-five in a forty mile-per-hour zone, Ma’am," he said. "That, and failure to come to a complete stop at a stop sign . . . and failure to signal properly . . . that all adds up to some pretty unsafe driving, you know."

He continued to write for a moment. "Also a rather hefty fine, I’m afraid."

"I . . . I’m sorry," Jenny stammered. "I really will try to be more careful . . ."

"May I see your license and registration, please, Ma’am?" Biggs asked.

Jenny fumbled one-handed with her purse, still trying to keep her other arm across her chest to keep the rags in place across her breasts. She managed to find her license and hand it to the policeman, then reached across to the passenger-side visor where the registration was clipped together with insurance and other information.

When she turned back to hand the registration slip to the officer, she saw that he was now paying much closer attention to her than before. His sharp scrutiny made her glance down. Blushing, she tugged at one corner of her makeshift covering that had slipped aside enough to partially reveal one full breast.

"Ma’am, are you . . . injured?" Biggs asked. "You seem to be having some trouble with that one arm . ."

"Oh, no, Officer . . . I’m okay," Jenny said hastily. "I, er, that is . . ."

"I think, Ma’am, that you’d better step out of the car." His eyes had shifted downward from the tattered remnants of the dress to Jenny’s long, bare legs.

"Er . . . uh . . . please, Officer Biggs . . . I really don’t think . . ."

"I said step out of the car," the policeman repeated, his voice leaving no room for argument. "NOW!"

Jenny fumbled to release her seatbelt under his impatient glare, then opened the car door. She tried to clutch the ragged dress in front of her, but inevitably it slipped some as she shifted. Worse yet, as she tried to swing her legs out and stand, Jenny felt some resistance at her waist. When she reached down to try to find what her panties were snagged on, the dress started to slide down. Squealing, Jenny grabbed it before it could fall completely away. She froze for just a moment, trying to figure out what to do next.

"What’s the matter? Need help?" The policeman took her arm and pulled, and Jenny had no choice but to stand up. She came up out of the car.

Unfortunately, her underpants didn’t. Snagged on the buckle of her seat belt, they ripped clean away, and Jenny felt the warm wind gently caressing her exposed pussy. With a cry she tried to cover herself, but that loosened her grip on the dress and it fell away, leaving her standing by her car on the busy roadside, under the eyes of the police officer, naked except for her shoes.

A car sped by, tooting a horn in obvious salute to the show Jenny was giving, and that made her blush again. Worse, the breeze from the passing vehicle caught the ruined dress and sent it flying far out of reach.

"Hmmm." Biggs was studying her with a hint of a leer on his craggy face. "Looks like we’re going to have to add Indecent Exposure to the list."

Jenny did her best to cover herself, one hand cupped over her snatch, the other arm back across her breasts again.

"Please, Officer, I can explain . . ."

"Look, I don’t care if it’s a sorority prank, or some dare off one of those pervert Internet pages, or what," Biggs told her. "Your reckless driving was bad enough, but this is too much. I think it would be best if you came down to the station with me."

"To JAIL?" Jenny wailed, close to tears.

"Just until we get things sorted out, ma’am," Biggs said.

Jenny fought for self-control. "Do you . . . do you at least have something I can wear? Or a blanket? Or something?"

"I’m afraid not, Ma’am," Biggs said. "Maybe we can find something for you down at the station. If you’d please step back to my car . . ."

Biggs drank in the view as Jenny walked ahead of him to the police cruiser. This lovely blonde woman was the best thing he’d seen in months, and he was silently blessing his luck. She was gorgeous, not tall but incredibly well built, with enormous tits and a tight ass. He had a thing for blondes anyway . . . and the good look he’d got of her pussy had confirmed she was a natural blonde, for sure.

Of course, he had some blankets in the trunk of the car, but there was no way the woman would know that . . . and Biggs didn’t want to cover this babe up under any circumstances. What a show they’d make when he paraded her into the station house!

First, though, he figured he could stretch out his fun a little bit right here. The babe was plainly shy, and he figured that would make the next few minutes doubly fun . . . for Officer John Biggs, at least.

Jenny felt a little better when she crossed to the side of the police car that was shielded – a little bit, at least – from the road. Cars had been coming by constantly the whole time she’d been out of her car, and she knew everyone had been getting an eyeful. She was disappointed that the policeman didn’t have anything for her to wear, but at least she’d be able to huddle in the back seat of his car for the trip downtown, and surely there she’d be given something to wear! Pausing by the rear door of the cruiser, she glanced back over her shoulder at the policeman. The look on his face was disturbing, and Jenny started to blush all over as she realized he’d been watching her ass as she walked.

Distracted, she stumbled as her foot slipped on some loose roadside gravel, and only saved herself from a fall by grabbing at the hot police cruiser with the arm she had been using to shield her breasts.

"Ahhh," the policeman said from behind her. "Maybe that explains this little show. How many drinks did you have with lunch, Ma’am? Six? Seven?"

"Drinks? I didn’t have anything to drink . . . I haven’t even had lunch today."

Jenny straightened up and tried to cover herself again, but it was hard to maintain a pose of stern indignation while standing naked beside a busy street under a bright, blazing sun.

Usually when things like this happened to her she could just make a run for it, trading a few moments of embarrassed exposure for the safety of some nearby refuge. But this nightmare didn’t allow her any easy escape. All she could do was stand there, all too conscious of the show she was providing Biggs and every passerby on Route 19.

"Please, Officer, could I just get into the car so I’m not so . . . exposed?"

"A little late to be thinking about that, Ma’am," Biggs told her. "Step back here, please."

He indicated the rear of the cruiser. That would put her back in full view again, without even the partial protection of the police car.

"Do I have to?" she asked, voice quavering.

"Yes, Ma’am, you have to. I’m going to give you a sobriety test. Let’s go . . . I can’t afford to spend all day standing here arguing with you."

Inwardly, Biggs was telling himself he’d be perfectly happy to do just that – except that there were still a few even more interesting things he could make her do for him.

Reluctantly, Jenny moved in the direction he had pointed.

"You could give me the breathalyzer thing inside the car," she complained.

"We’re not using the breathalyzer, Ma’am." Biggs followed her, admiring the way her hips moved when she walked. "That only checks for alcohol . . . and I don’t know WHAT might have gotten you high enough for this little joyride. Okay, feet together, arms straight out from your sides and parallel to the ground . .."

"Oh, NO!" Jenny protested.

This was too much. There she was, standing nude behind the police car, facing straight towards the oncoming traffic, and Biggs wanted her to open her arms out wide and show her whole body!

"Just do it, Ma’am." Biggs allowed an edge to creep into his voice. "All these delays don’t look good, you know. Or don’t you think you can pass the test? A DWI will look really nice on the list with your other . . . mistakes."

Slowly, reluctantly, Jenny complied, raising her arms straight out to each side. Just as she did an approaching car slowed down and a guy leaned his head out the window to yell, "Oh, YEAH! Give us a hug, babe!"

Perhaps it was the sight of the officer behind her that made the driver speed up again.

As if nothing untoward had happened, Biggs spoke up again.

"All right, young lady, touch your nose with your left hand, please."

He walked around until he was looking at her left side in full profile . . . which left her fully exposed to the street. "Now repeat it with your right hand, please."

Jenny followed the instructions, keeping a rigid control over her every move. She wasn’t drunk, of course, but she was almost visibly trembling with embarrassment, and deathly afraid of making some stupid mistake that would get her in even more trouble than she was already.

"Very good, Ma’am," Biggs said quietly. "Now, please walk a straight line until I tell you to stop, then turn around and walk straight back. Understand?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to say anything. She started forward, carefully planting one foot in front of the other. Biggs watched her progress, enjoying the view from behind as she walked away. He deliberately let her go further than he would ever have allowed a suspected drunk to walk before saying, "All right, stop. Turn around and walk back. And make sure you keep your arms out."

The view from the front was even more spectacular. Her extended arms lifted those magnificent tits, and all her care and caution couldn’t keep them from jiggling delightfully with each step. When she finally reached him, Biggs gave her his best official smile.

"I guess I was wrong after all, Ma’am. You passed with flying colors." He paused.

"All right, Ma’am, please lean against the trunk of the car on both hands and spread your legs."

"What?" Jenny squealed, indignant. "You’re not going to f-f-frisk me?"

Biggs chuckled. "Oh, I don’t really think that’ll be necessary, Ma’am," he said. "I don’t think you’re carrying any concealed weapons . . ."

Jenny started to relax a little. "Oh, good, I . . ."

"But you still have to assume the position!" the policeman rasped. "It’s procedure! Now do it!"

Hastily Jenny obeyed the order, leaning against the car. The sun had made the trunk hot, and it burned her hands, but she gritted her teeth and didn’t complain. Anyway, that was the least of her worries, she thought, realizing how the position she was in made her big breasts hang heavy in front of her. And every time she shifted her hands to relieve the pain from the hot metal, she knew she jiggled suggestively. It was getting so that she was wearing a permanent blush.

Biggs let her lean on the car for a long minute, enjoying his view of her shapely bare ass. Finally he stepped forward and used one oversized boot to prod Jenny’s ankle.

"I said LEGS APART!" he growled. He didn’t kick hard, but he made sure the nude girl got the message.

Jenny shifted her legs further apart, all too aware of the view she must now be presenting the cop. Oh, God, she thought, he'll be able to see my . . . privates! Swallowing hard and trying to slow the rapid beating of her heart, Jenny tried not to think about her plight. But as a convertible passed by, slowing noticeably as four guys craned their necks to get a better view of her breasts hanging down over the trunk, Jenny couldn’t help but dread whatever might happen next.

"That’s better," Biggs said, stepping back again to get a better look at her exposed ass and pussy. He wished he could frisk her after all. The chance to run his hands over all that lovely bare flesh . . . but over his ten years on the force he’d learned how far he could push things without drawing more than a mild reprimand, and Biggs was pretty sure copping a feel would be more than he could get away with. The girl would probably be too embarrassed to lodge a complaint over being ogled – after all, she was the one who’d come out for a drive with nothing on – but she might make an official protest if he went any further. Still, he could still squeeze some more enjoyment out of this.

"Right hand behind your back, Ma’am," he said.

Jenny was slow to respond. "Wh-what?"

Biggs grabbed the hand and jerked it roughly behind her, producing a set of handcuffs and securing them on her wrist in one deft motion. "Now the other one!"

"But . . . you don’t have to –"

"Stop talking and do what I say!" Biggs grabbed the other arm, forcing her to stand up straight as he fastened the other cuff. "Or do you want me to add Resisting Arrest to the list?"

Jenny shuddered. But somewhere inside her she found a tiny core of determination. She turned toward Biggs, for once hardly even thinking about her state of undress, and looked him in the eye.

"Wait a minute. If you’re arresting me, you didn’t read me my rights . . ."

The policeman gave her a little smile as his eyes strayed down to her rosy-tipped nipples. The girl was breathing hard from the combination of exertion and emotion, and with her arms cuffed behind her back her tits were even more prominent than they’d been before.

"Oh, you’re not under arrest yet. That’s something we have to determine down at the station. Of course, if you want me to make it official now . . . ?"

Jenny shook her head. "No . . . but, if you’re not arresting me, why did you put these handcuffs on me?"

"I told you before, it’s all procedure," Biggs said patiently. "Look, I gotta take you down to the station. It’s for your own good. We can’t have you out here in public with nothing on but your shoes, can we? But I’ve got rules to follow, and when I bring in a suspect I gotta use the cuffs. See?"

Jenny didn’t see, but she was afraid of getting into deeper trouble. And her little burst of resolve was starting to wither away under the policeman’s half-leer as he studied her naked body, his eyes quite obviously wandering up and down her torso from her breasts to her pussy and back again. She nodded resignedly.

"Good girl," Biggs said.

His whole spiel had been nothing but bullshit, of course, but he’d figured the girl would buy it. The real reason for the cuffs was so that Officer John Biggs could get a nice, long, uninterrupted look at her nude body. She was so shy that she’d been trying to cover all the good stuff up, but now she wouldn’t be able to all the way downtown. He wasn’t sure what appealed to him most, those magnificent boobs or that lovely pink pussy that was only partly covered by her short, fuzzy blonde pubic hair.

Well, he’d be getting a good look at both.

Biggs reached past her to open the rear passenger door, brushing his arm as if accidentally across her breasts. She let out a little yip and tried to jerk away, but with her arms cuffed her balance was shaky and she started to stumble. Quickly the policeman grabbed her with both hands, one on her shoulder, the other on one shapely bare hip, steadying her . . . and held on just a little longer than he needed to. He sighed reluctantly and let her go, then opened the car door.

"Get in," he said gruffly.

Still blushing from the policeman’s lingering touch, Jenny sat down on the seat gingerly, flinching a little when Biggs guided her head through the door with the same hand that had caressed her waist before. Without the use of her hands, getting into the seat was awkward, and Jenny knew she gave the officer another show when her legs parted as she swung them inside. She hated not being able to cover herself.

Biggs closed the door and went around to the driver’s seat. Getting in, he made a big production out of adjusting his rearview mirror, using it to study the naked girl for a little while longer before he started up the car.

"Ready to go?" he asked with a grin. "Don’t worry, we’ll have you safe and sound at the station in just a few minutes."

Jenny didn’t answer, too lost in her feelings of embarrassment and concern. The cruiser pulled out into traffic and started down the road, and for a moment Jenny’s eyes rested on her car, off on the roadside looking as lost and forlorn as she felt. It was at that moment that she realized she’d left her purse in the car. She wasn’t just naked now – she didn’t have ANYTHING, not money, or ID, or anything else. Just a pair of old shoes and socks. And Biggs had kept her license and registration with the ticket tucked in his pocket . . .

She tried to persuade him to go back, but he just shook his head and glanced into the rearview mirror as he replied.

"Don’t worry about your stuff. A tow truck will take your car to the impound yard, and they’ll lock up your purse until you can pick the car up."

"But . . ." Jenny trailed off. There was no use arguing. It was clear that Biggs didn’t care what happened to her, as long as he got an eyeful.

Her stoic silence persisted through the entire drive down to the police station. By the time they got there, Jenny was getting more and more uncomfortable sitting with her hands cuffed behind her back on the hot vinyl seat, but she forced herself to sit still with her eyes locked on the back of the seat in front of her. She knew squirming would only give Biggs more to look at, and she couldn’t bring herself to make eye contact again.

At last they stopped, and Jenny could feel her dread building again as she waited for Biggs to climb out and come around to let her out of the back seat. Route 19 had been bad . . . but this would be worse. A lot worse. The police station was located in the heart of town, in a big building that housed all the city offices. The parking lot reserved for official vehicles was bounded by a chain-link fence that separated it from the lot that served one of the town’s most bustling strip shopping centers. Plenty of people were sure to be there to see her indignant exit from the car and the long walk to the station-house door. Even though there were several other empty spaces closer, Biggs had chosen a spot right at the end of the lot.

Getting out of the car was even harder, handcuffed, than getting in had been, and Jenny realized that if she didn’t get out quickly Biggs was likely to use it as an excuse to "help" her out. Gritting her teeth, she swung her legs out quickly as soon as the door was open despite the risk of what else she might show Biggs – not that Jenny figured there was much left for him to see, by this time. That thought didn’t do a thing to lessen her blushes.

She managed to stand up on her own, but couldn’t prevent him from "steadying" her with one burly hand clamped around her arm, the fingers just brushing the outside of her right breast. He marched her toward the door at a slow, deliberate pace. A pair of policemen came out of the station and stopped dead in their tracks a few yards in front of Jenny, grinning openly.

"Wow, Johnny, looks like you outdid yourself this time," one of them said.

The other chimed in. "Yeah . . . the bust of the century!"

All three policemen laughed while Jenny reddened further. To her horror, Biggs didn’t keep moving. Instead he stopped, retaining his hold on her arm.

"Hey, Larry, did you take care of that report from yesterday? Captain said we had to have all the paperwork done by three today . . ."

"Oh, yeah, sure, all set," the second cop replied, his eyes still resting on Jenny. "You know, though, that reminds me . . . we better get things settled about that switch in our shifts before the schedule gets posted . . ."

With that the three of them were off in a long conversation, leaving Jenny to stand there trying to force herself not to break down completely. At last the other two cops moved on, though their eyes stayed on Jenny even as they moved past and Biggs started her back toward the door. Inside it was even worse.

The room was crowded, not just with police but with civilians too, suspects being questioned or booked, citizens making complaints .. . Jenny paled when she caught sight of a gaggle of boy scouts in full uniform, following a policeman who was lecturing about the inner workings of a police station.

One of them caught sight of Jenny as she and Biggs entered, nudged a second, and soon the officer’s lecture trailed off as all of them watched Biggs leading her across a room that had suddenly fallen almost silent. Boy scouts, Jenny thought bitterly, remembering a couple of past embarrassing incidents. Why did it have to be boy scouts?

Biggs brought her to a desk off to one side of the big open room, and told her to stand still while he started processing her. Before he could sit down, though, a loud voice barked his name. Jenny followed his look and allowed herself a little moment of hope as she saw the man approaching them. Older, with a uniform that looked crisper and somehow more "official" than the one Biggs wore, he looked like a senior officer of some kind. Maybe he would rescue her from this seemingly endless humiliation.

"What’s going on here, Biggs?" the man demanded.

His eyes flicked over Jenny without betraying any of the leering interest she’d seen in the other cops.

"Why is there a naked woman standing in the middle of my station?"

"Pulled her over for multiple traffic violations, Captain," Biggs said. "Then I noticed she wasn’t fully dressed, and when I asked her to step out of the car she dropped the rest of her stuff and flashed me. I figured she was a public nuisance and brought her in."

"Hmm." The captain looked at her again, but the expression was still neutral.

"Please, sir," Jenny said hastily, "please. I didn’t drop my clothes deliberately . . . I wasn’t trying to flash anyone . . . I wasn’t drunk . . . it was all just a string of accidents. B-b-but I’ve been paraded around n-n-naked in front of half the town now, and all I want to do is get covered up and go home . . ."

Her fragile control was starting to break, now, and she trailed off as she hovered at the edge of tears.

"All right, young lady, calm down," the captain said quietly. "I’ll see what I can do to get to the bottom of this. Biggs, get her out of those cuffs and take her to Room Four. We’ll try to sort things out."

Biggs was already unlocking the cuffs, and Jenny rubbed her wrists gratefully, glad to be free of the constricting things. Even with her arms and hands available again, it was a long moment before she thought to cover herself. She’d become so used to being unable to hide that she hadn’t even thought about it at first. Finally she shielded her breasts and pubic mound once again as Biggs led her to a row of offices on the other side of the room.

"Oh, and Biggs!" the captain called after them. "See if you can’t find something for her to wear after you’ve seen her to Room Four."

Jenny felt better after she was left alone in the small conference room. The window in the door had venetian blinds over it, and once Biggs had closed the door on his way out she was finally, blessedly, alone and not being watched by anybody. Relief swept through her, almost making her faint as all her defenses came down at once.

A little shaken, but still feeling better than she had in what seemed like hours, Jenny crossed to the mirror on one side of the room and studied her reflection. She blushed at the sight of her naked body, the breasts heaving with pent-up emotion. Sweat glistened on her body, running down her cleavage, beading on the faint blonde fuzz between her legs as if she was sexually excited instead of exhausted, terrified, mortified. She forced herself to look at that reflection until the blushes finally subsided and she could get her breathing back under control. Surely the ordeal was almost over now. The captain had seemed like a sympathetic man who would surely not detain her further after everything she’d been through already . . . .

In the small office adjacent to Room Four, a small crowd had gathered. Room Four was normally used for interrogations, and the mirror along one side was actually a camouflaged window. The adjacent office was used to monitor interrogations and record conversations. Right now, the office had attracted plenty of spectators, including Officer Biggs, who were enjoying the view of the pretty nude blonde who stood facing the mirror with no idea she was still on display.

"All right, all right, break it up." The captain’s voice overrode the babble of conversation, punctuated by admiring whistles, that filled the room. "You guys want this kind of action, go crack down on the Porn Hut or one of the other nudie bars, okay?"

The small crowd started to disperse, but the captain detained Biggs. He sat down behind the desk, with Biggs facing him, so that the captain’s view included the girl visible through the one-way glass.

"You know, don’t you, Biggs, that you put us in a pretty damned difficult spot here? Parading that woman around naked .. . handcuffed . . . she probably could sue the city six ways from Sunday. And that’s just for what I know about. If you laid a hand on her . . ."

"I didn’t, Captain," Biggs said hastily. "Er . . . except to keep her from falling down a couple of times, that sort of thing. No contact that wasn’t either necessary or accidental."

"Uh-huh." The captain shook his head. "You’ve been reprimanded for this kind of thing before, Biggs. You keep this up, you’ll end up working Security in a shopping mall and getting your thrills from strip-searching the female customers."

"Captain, I’ll tell you what. If that little girl even mentions the word lawsuit, I’ll hand in my badge right then and there."

"You’re pretty confident."

"I know people," Biggs said confidently. "That little thing’s so shy she’d never even think about describing her escapades today in front of a courtroom full of people. By now all she wants to do is get something to wear and go home, I’ll betcha anything you want on it."

"Hmm . . . you may be right. Speaking of something to wear, weren’t you supposed to find something for her."

"Oh . . . yeah . . . I was going to look for something right after I got done here."

"Yeah. Right. Okay, Biggs, I’m going to take you at your word. If she doesn’t want to take any action over any of this, I’ll settle for the usual reprimand. Hell, I can probably just xerox the last one. Which was it, again? Oh, yeah, the teenager who worked at the dress shop and wound up in the parking garage naked."

Biggs got an appreciative gleam in his eye.

"I was right about her, wasn’t I? She didn’t make a stink."

"Well, some day, one of them will, Biggs. And so help me, if it’s this gal here, and you don’t turn in your badge, I’ll kick your ass so hard you’ll get your next prostate exam through your nose. You got me?"

"Yes sir."

"Good. Now go look for some clothes for the girl."

Biggs rose and started for the door. At the desk, the captain, leaned back in his chair, his attention now fully on the blonde on the other side of the glass.

"Oh, and Biggs . . ."

"Captain?"

The policeman’s superior jerked a thumb toward the girl. "You’ve got a lousy sense of discretion, but you’ve got one hell of a good eye for a piece of ass.”

“Thanks."

Inside Room Four, Jenny had found that she could cover herself up fairly well when she sat down in one of the straight-backed chairs and arranged her hands and arms strategically. She wondered idly why no one had brought her the promised clothes yet, but with Officer Biggs on the case she wasn’t expecting anything to happen very soon.

For a time Jenny entertained herself with fantasies of filing charges against the policeman for every kind of sexual harassment the law might recognize, but she knew she’d never be able to follow through on any of it. The thought of describing everything she’d been through today since the cop had first flashed his lights at her . . . No, she’d do almost anything to avoid that. And Jenny knew how often a woman who made such charges was treated as if she was the real criminal.

She could just see Biggs getting some sleazy lawyer to dig up details of some of her past accidents and turn her from an innocent victim into some kind of perverted exhibitionist who enjoyed displaying her body every chance she got. That would be even more humiliating, she thought, than anything she’d been through today. Her glum thoughts were interrupted by the door opening, and she hastily made sure she was as decent as she could manage as the captain came in.

"Sorry about the delay in finding you something to wear, er, Ma’am," he said. "I’m sure Officer Biggs will be here with something soon."

He sat down on the other side of the oblong conference table, focusing his attention on a spot above her head with every appearance of being almost as embarrassed by the situation as Jenny herself. Normally men’s eyes tended to lock on a point somewhat lower.

"In the meantime . . . I’ve spoken to Officer Biggs about his conduct today. Understand, from his description of the situation he was perfectly right in insisting that you come down to the station, whether your, ah, circumstances were the result of an accident or a deliberate act of exhibitionism on your part. There are laws against public exposure, Ma’am. Moreover, your own safety was also a factor. So it was best to bring you down here, where we can find you something to cover up, give you a chance to get in touch with a relative or a friend, and see that you make it home safely. On the other hand . . ." The captain steepled his fingers on the table in front of him and transferred his attention to his own fingertips. "Bringing you into the station with nothing to cover you, and in handcuffs . . ."

"He told me he didn’t have anything I could put on," Jenny ventured. "And he said the cuffs were . . . procedure."

The captain cleared his throat.

"Ahem . . . by a very strict interpretation of the rules, yes, that’s true. I’ll have to look into the other matter. Normally we do provide emergency blankets and such, but it’s possible his cruiser wasn’t stocked properly."

He looked directly at Jenny for the first time, meeting her eyes.

"At any rate, as I understand the situation you were originally stopped for several traffic citations. Those stand, regardless. I’m inclined to accept your claim that the exposure was an accident after observing your . . . demeanor. You don’t seem like the kind of young lady who would make a habit out of running around naked in public."

"Thank you, sir," Jenny said quietly.

She had to stifle a giggle, though, that threatened to burst out despite her embarrassment and fear. If the captain only knew . . . .

"The real question is whether Officer Biggs took any action that you wish to file a complaint about. As I said, he was right in bringing you here, but at the very least was . . . overzealous in his adherence to procedure. The fact is, I’m afraid a good chunk of the force here in town is still struggling to get out of the dark ages. I sometimes think that if we could just get a few women on the force we might lose some of the giggling boy’s-night-out attitudes around here, but that’s just a dream. Some of my men, I’m ashamed to admit it, think the uniform and the badge are licenses for them to throw their weight around . . . and if Officer Biggs used his authority to take advantage of you in any way, you do have the right to file complaints. And he will be punished if your complaints are proved valid."

Jenny didn’t react for a long moment. This was her chance, her one and only chance, to say something about what she’d gone through – the sobriety test, the way Biggs had stared and leered and done everything possible to exploit her nudity . . . the way he’d displayed her to those other two officers out front and kept her standing, naked, in public, while they talked and ogled her. But she still couldn’t see going through with it. Finally, Jenny found her voice and shook her head.

"No, captain . . . I’d really rather just forget the whole thing. Please."

She thought she detected a look of relief flitting across his face. Well, of course, the police department didn’t need to have its officers accused of being perverts.

"If you’re sure, Ma’am . . ." The captain paused a moment longer, then nodded. "All right, then. You can use that telephone there to call somebody to come and pick you up. I’m afraid you probably won’t be able to collect your car from the impound yard until tomorrow morning . . .by the time they get through the paperwork, they’ll likely be ready to close down for the day."

"That’s . . . that’s okay, sir," Jenny said.

There was a knock on the door, and Biggs stuck his head in.

"Uh, Captain, I wasn’t able to find much in the locker room that I thought the young lady could wear."

He held something up.

"But I thought this’d be better than nothing, y’know?"

The captain stood and took the garment from Biggs, looked at it for a moment with his lips pursed in disapproval, then dropped it on the table near Jenny.

"You could probably have done better than that, Biggs," he said, "but I’m not going to stretch this out any further. Ma’am, I’m sorry . . . but he’s right, this’ll cover you for the moment. If you want, I can have him look again . . . or you can settle for this until your ride gets here. When you call, I’d suggest you remember to ask to have some clothes brought out to you."

Jenny looked down at the garment on the tabletop, but didn’t reach for it with the two men there. It was a man’s white tank top, a lot like a shirt she’d used as a nightie in her college days. It was skimpy, but looked long enough to cover her, and it was clean.

"Don’t go to any more trouble for me, Captain," she said. "This will do until I get some real clothes."

She waited for the two men to leave the room before standing up and taking the shirt. Jenny held it up in front of her body and looked in the mirror, biting her lower lip as she realized that it wasn’t nearly as long as the one she’d worn in college. But it really was better than nothing, she told herself firmly, and pulled it over her head.

When she looked in the mirror again, she wondered if that was really true. It came down only an inch or so below her crotch, and almost any kind of movement was likely to expose her ass. Worse, it was tight across her chest . . . and the outlines of her large, dark nipples showed up clearly through the thin white fabric. Jenny stared at her reflection a while longer, then shrugged. It would have to do. She didn’t realize as she turned toward the telephone on the table that the shrug by itself had lifted the back of the hem up high enough to expose her bare backside once more.

Jenny sat down by the phone and reached for the receiver before she realized she had another problem. She didn’t have her purse with her, or her little red address book. Worse still, she just COULDN’T remember the phone number for the new house. Her husband had gone round and round with the phone company about it after learning that something about the exchange boundaries in the area would keep them from keeping their old number, even though they were only moving a few miles. She still knew the old number by heart, but not the new one.

Inspiration struck her. Maybe the old number had a recorded announcement to direct callers to the new one. She dialed, but all she got was a computer that told her the number had been disconnected. Jenny supposed her husband had been trying to save some money . . . like her turning down a cellphone.

For a long moment Jenny was almost frozen, not knowing what she could do. After everything she’d been through, her mind wasn’t very clear, and she couldn’t come up with a number for anyone. She could call Information . . . or ask for a phone book . . . but somehow she just couldn’t face explaining her problem to the police captain. She just wanted to get out of the police station and GO HOME. Then a phone number did surface from the depths of her confused mind. A friend . . . her best friend, maybe . . . someone she could turn to. She’d call Ashley. That would work.

As Jenny dialed, she had a brief moment of doubt. She regarded Ashley as a good friend, of course. They took trips to the mall together, hung out together . . . why, Ashley had even been able to recommend her cousin to handle the move when the schedule with their original movers had gotten all snarled at the last minute. But sometimes Jenny wasn’t sure if Ashley liked her as well as she liked Ashley.

A couple of times Jenny had suffered one of her accidents in circumstances where it seemed that Ashley might have made things worse . . . like that bathing suit Ashley had given her for her birthday without warning her that it was for tanning only, and would dissolve in the water. Should she really turn to Ashley for help now?

Jenny pushed the doubts aside. That was just paranoia talking. Of course Ashley would help her. Why, she’d understand Jenny’s plight if anyone did. A couple of times the accidents had happened to Ashley, too. She punched the last button and listened to the line ringing with a little feeling of relief. Ashley would help her out. The end of her long ordeal was almost in sight.

"Hello?" Ashley was annoyed; of course the phone would ring just as she was about to step into the shower to freshen up for an evening on the town. She didn’t let her feelings show through in her voice, in case it was something important. But God help the person on the other end of the line if he or she was a telemarketer, a wrong number . . . or that little twit Jenny trying to play on their supposed "friendship" again.

"Ashley? It’s me." Yeah, it was Jenny, all right. Ashley felt her temper starting to slip. Since the last time that one of her plans to humiliate the annoying little blonde in public had backfired and ended up with her stripped and running for cover, she’d been trying to cool things off with Jenny. But the blonde lived up to the reputation of her kind for denseness. Just as she’d never realized that Ashley really didn’t like her perky disposition and indefatigable good cheer, so too she seemed incapable of recognizing a brush-off.

From time to time she still tried to set up shopping trips and other outings, and she turned to Ashley every time something went wrong. Ashley had even tried foisting off her loutish cousin’s hole-in-the-wall moving company on Jenny when she’d called to whine about her moving problems, but all she’d heard back were compliments and praise for being such a lifesaver. Well, if she was calling now to complain about something her cousin Billy had broken, she’d hear all about how Ashley really felt today . . .

"Ashley?" Jenny’s voice quavered. "I really need your help. I got in the most terrible trouble today . . ."

Ashley’s annoyance faded as the blonde spilled out a long story of nudity and humiliation. Why didn’t her plans to get Jenny in that kind of trouble ever work out as well? As she listened, a smile lit up her face. From the sound of things, little Jenny was in a real corner. Down at the police station with no money, practically no clothes, no way to get home . . . and hadn’t she mentioned something the other day about having an important dinner engagement tonight? With a little bit of help, Ashley thought, Jenny’s bad day might still have a chance to get even worse.

"Okay, okay, Jenny, calm down," Ashley finally interrupted her. "I get the picture. Look, just give me time to put something on and drive downtown. I’ll be there in . . . oh, half an hour, tops. We’ll get you home, don’t worry. Everything will work out just fine."

"Oh, thanks, Ashley. I knew I could count on you. You’re the best." Jenny paused. "Don’t forget, I really need something to wear. Anything. Please."

"I’ll be there soon, Jenny," Ashley said, carefully not responding to Jenny’s words. "Hang in there. Bye."

She hung up, then picked up the receiver again and checked the number scrawled on a scrap of paper she’d almost thrown away but left tucked under one corner of the phone instead. Ashley dialed the number for Jenny’s new house. After several rings her husband answered, sounding distracted.

"Hello? Jenny, is that . . . ?"

"No, it’s not Jenny."

Ashley smiled to herself. It felt a little strange standing there talking on the phone with a handsome man like Jenny’s husband, stark naked. She decided she liked the thrill it gave her. Or was it the anticipation of getting Jenny in more trouble, somehow?

"Ashley? Look, I can’t really talk right now. Jenny should have been back a couple of hours ago, and I’m getting frantic . . . and now I’ve had a call from the office, they want me to go take care of some damned emergency, but the movers are still here . . ."

"Whoa, big fella," Ashley said. "Calm down. Look, Jenny got into some kind of little scrape. She’s okay, but she had some kind of misunderstanding with the police, and ended up at the station with her car impounded. I don’t know all the details. She just called to ask me to pick her up . . ."

"Oh, God, that’s a relief. You’re sure she’s okay?"

"She’s fine. Really. Look, it might be an hour or so before we get there, but I promise I’ll deliver her as soon as possible. If you have to go to the office . . ."

"Well, I really hate to leave with the movers still here. Maybe I’d better wait for Jenny . . ."

Ashley could almost see the pieces to a perfect plan falling into place.

"Nonsense. Look, you put Billy on the phone and let me put the fear of God into him. Believe me, everything will be fine until we get there, okay?"

"Yeah . . . okay, Ashley." Jenny’s husband sounded like a man in the desert offered a drink and a shady spot to rest. "Hey, listen, we really owe you on this one. I know sometimes you must get a little ticked off at the way Jenny clings . . . she’s so shy, she has a lot of trouble making friends, and she overdoes it with the ones she does make. But you’re a real friend when it counts."

That almost made Ashley have an attack of conscience. Almost. But it passed by the time her cousin got on the phone, and Ashley explained what the movers could do if they wanted to get a little something extra out of their hard day’s work. Then she had one more call to make. She had to look up the number in the phone book, and when the phone was answered she spoke in a thick nasal voice, the one all her friends referred to as Fran Drescher on acid.

"Hel-lo? Mrs. Farnsworth? I’m calling from the office about the time of your dinner engagement this evening . . . ?"

After a seemingly endless wait, Jenny was delighted when Ashley came into Room Four. She jumped out of her chair and raced to greet her brunette friend, heedless of the way her tee-shirt rode up as she flung her arms out to give Ashley a hug.

"Oh, I’m so glad to see you, Ashley," she said.

"Sorry I didn’t get here sooner," Ashley told her, flashing a smile. "I came as fast as I could."

Actually, she’d made her phone calls, finished her interrupted shower, and changed her cat’s litter box before leaving, but Jenny didn’t need to know that.

"I’m just happy you’re here. All I want to do is get dressed and get the h-heck out of here." Jenny stepped back, her eyes suddenly questing. "Uh, Ashley . . . you DID bring me some clothes, like I asked, didn’t you?"

"What?" Ashley asked, her face perfectly straight. "What are you talking about? You didn’t say anything about wanting me to bring clothes. I thought you said they’d found you something to wear . . . ?"

"Oh, yeah, this." Jenny tugged at the shirt, trying to pull it down lower to cover her ass and pussy, but all that succeeded in doing was to accentuate her breasts that much more – and the shadows of her nipples through the cloth. "I was sure I told you . . ."

Ashley shook her head. "I’m sure you didn’t, Jenny," she said. She affected a look of concern. "I’d give you something, but, well, look at me."

She was wearing shorts and a tube top, practical for the hot weather.

"Wouldn’t do us much good if I lent you something and then I got stopped for Indecent Exposure, would it? Hey, look, it’s no big deal, really. What you’ve got covers all the strategic spots, you know. From what you said on the phone, you were heading home in a lot less when you left the old house. All we have to do is get you in, and let you dig through your stuff, and you’ll be fine."

"The movers . . ."

"They’re probably done by now. Don’t sweat it. Even if they’re still there, I can keep lookout for you, warn them off until you get dressed, whatever."

"Yeah . . . okay. I guess."

"All right, then. Let’s get moving."

Jenny followed Ashley out of Room Four and back into the controlled chaos of the station house. As soon as she was out in public again she grew instantly aware of how the tee-shirt clung to her body, snug around her chest, the bottom swishing just below her crotch as she walked.

There were a couple of whistles as she made her appearance, and a tough-looking guy in a leather jacket and handcuffs broke away from his police escort long enough to step in front of her, lick his lips, and announce in a loud voice "I think I’m in love!" The cop grabbed him by the collar and jerked him out of the way so Jenny and Ashley could pass.

Outside Jenny looked around nervously, but didn’t see anyone close by watching her. She breathed a little sigh of relief and walked with Ashley to the little red sports car that was the brunette’s pride and joy. The ride to her new house went without incident, and Jenny was really starting to feel that the ordeal was over.

Her sense of relief faded when she saw that the moving van was still parked in front of the house, and there was no sign of her husband’s car anywhere. But Ashley reassured her again as they pulled into the driveway. Jenny got out of the car carefully, tugging the tee-shirt into place and praying she’d get inside without meeting anyone. Not even a whole day at the new address and she was already running the risk of being branded as "that girl who runs around half-naked," just as she’d been at the old house.

Inside, Ashley called out, "Billy? Billy? Anybody here?" But there was no response. "They must be somewhere out of earshot – maybe the basement. Come on, Jenny, let’s find your stuff. Where’s your bedroom?"

Jenny took the lead up the stairs and down the short hall to the big master bedroom. Ashley called out to her cousin again, but still got no response. When she followed Jenny into the room she almost walked right over the blonde, who had stopped short just inside the door and was groaning softly.

"Oh, God . . . oh, no . . ."

"What is it, Jenny?" Ashley asked, packing her voice with all the concern she could muster. If her cousin had carried out his instructions, she already knew what was wrong . . .

Jenny waved her arm to take in the bedroom and all its contents, not realizing what the gesture did to bring her shapely ass back into view yet again.

"Just look . . . the movers put all the boxes in here instead of where they belonged . . ." She trailed off, then pointed. "Look, that’s one of my suitcases, there. Back behind that big pile, and under a bunch of other stuff. I don’t think I can get at it . . . and I don’t even see and of the others."

Jenny hovered on the brink of tears. The room was almost filled with boxes, stuff that should have been downstairs in the den, even stored away in the basement. The bed, the dresser, the closet, were all blocked off, and from the looks of things the stuff she really needed was all at the very back of the mess, impossible to reach.

"Oh, how did they ever get things so messed up?"

She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to calm down. Why had her husband left the house, left the movers unsupervised while they did this? Had he gone looking for her?

"Hey, cuz, I thought I heard you calling me!" Jenny jumped as a man’s voice came from the doorway behind them. "Howdy, Ma’am," he added, grinning at Jenny. He looked her up and down. "Sure is a cool-lookin’ outfit for a hot day!"

The other two movers had appeared behind him, and they were staring at Jenny too. She suddenly realized how much of her backside was revealed to them, squealed, and tugged the shirt down as her face grew red. Cousin Billy didn’t seem to take any notice.

"Ma’am, your husband, he got called down to the office for some kind of emergency. Said he’d be

back out here in time to get ready for dinner. We were just gettin’ wrapped up, but we didn’t want to leave until we’d seen one of you, to make sure everything was done the way you wanted it and all."

"It is not," Jenny said. "Who told you to put all these boxes in here? Why, I can’t get at any of the things I need to get dressed . . . ohmygod, get ready for dinner, the Farnsworths . . ."

She checked her watch. It was hard to believe it wasn’t even five o’clock yet. She might still pull everything together before they got to the house at seven to pick Jenny and her husband up, but not with all her stuff buried the way it was. And there was no way she could move those boxes by herself . . . or even with Ashley helping.

"Look, uh, Billy, you really need to clear out most of this stuff. It’s really important."

Billy scratched his head. "Well, now, I don’t know, Ma’am. I mean, your husband paid us for the work we agreed on – four o’clock finish time, that’s what we agreed. We wouldn’t’a stayed this long except for not wanting to just leave the place when neither of you were here." He looked at the other two men behind him, who nodded. "Fact is, my boys’n I’ll need to get some overtime for a job this big."

"Money . . . money . . . I don’t have my purse, or my checkbook! I don’t know where my husband might have left his – if he didn’t take it with him." She turned to Ashley. "C-could you . . . ?"

Ashley shook her head. "Gee, I’m really sorry, Jenny, but all I’ve got with me is a ten. I could go home and get my checkbook . . . but that would take a while. It’s getting to be rush hour out there, you know . . ."

"Hey, look, lady, I wish I could help you . . ." Billy said.

One of his assistants leaned close and whispered something to him. Billy looked at Jenny, then back at his men. They talked together in low tones for a moment. Standing to one side of Jenny, Ashley hid a smirk. The three of them were playing their parts just perfectly. She was really going to enjoy seeing how Jenny handled this tough spot.

"Moe, here, he’s got an idea," Billy said at last, looking back at Jenny. "We can move your stuff for you, just like you want."

"Oh, good . . ." Jenny trailed off, suddenly looking suspicious. "Wait a minute. Just what kind of payment will you take?"

"Why, that’s simple. Just the shirt off your back, Ma’am."

"WHAT?" Jenny took a step back, as if the mover had attacked her physically. "You can’t be serious!"

"Well, why not? Hey, nobody’ll get hurt, nothing’ll happen. What Moe here thought was that we’d do the work a whole lot better if we had some encouragement, you see. So we figure if you’d just stand there and watch while we move the boxes – even tell us where you want the stuff – well, we’d do the job, and then we’d leave. Nothing else."

"But you want . . ."

"For you to take off that shirt. Yeah." Billy gave her smirk. "Hell, it don’t cover up much as it is."

"Billy!" Ashley said with mock severity. "I’m surprised at you. You three had better just get out of here, right now. And hope nobody ever comes asking me what kind of job my cousin the mover does!"

The mover shrugged. "Well, if you say so, cuz . . ."

Jenny found her voice. "No . . . wait a minute . . ."

She couldn’t believe what she was saying. But what choice did she have? If they left now, she’d never get ready in time for dinner, and that could ruin everything for her husband. And besides, it wasn’t like she hadn’t been through this already.

"Look but don’t touch, that’s the deal, right?"

Billy grinned at her. "Hey, I saw your husband. I don’t want him hunting me down! All we want is a little . . . visual aid. To make the work go smoother."

"Ashley, you’ll stay here . . . you won’t leave me alone . . . ?"

"Of course not, Jenny," Ashley said. Inwardly she added, honey, I wouldn’t miss this for the world. "I didn’t know you had it in you."

Jenny turned her back on the three men and slowly, reluctantly raised the tee-shirt over her head. She handed it to Ashley and turned back to face the movers, her hands taking up their shielding positions almost by instinct. Billy waited for a few long seconds.

"You know, it would be a whole lot more inspirational if you were to, oh, I don’t know, put your hands behind you head?"

"Of course," Jenny sighed. She obeyed.

The three movers went to work, then, slow and methodical. Box by box they emptied out the room, while Jenny stood still near the door, hands clasped behind her neck and her proud chest thrust out for their almost-constant inspection.

For a while her cheeks burned red with shame, but after a time she realized it really didn’t matter to her as much as she thought it would. At least she was indoors, and she was fairly sure the humiliation would stop soon.

Earlier in the day things had been far, far worse. Not that she enjoyed having the three men study every inch of her exposed anatomy. The only thing that kept her going was the knowledge that she was making the sacrifice so that she wouldn’t let her husband down. When the Farnsworths arrived at seven she’d be dressed to kill, and they would never know the terrible trouble she’d been through all day today.

It seemed to take an eternity, but eventually the room started to empty out a little. Finally Jenny could see all of her suitcases, and the boxes that were supposed to be here in the bedroom, and she let out a sigh of relief. Out in the hall she heard a clock striking 6 PM . . . had she really displayed herself naked for these men for an entire hour? But she still had time. She could still make it.

"All right, that’s all you need to do," she told Billy when he came in for another box. "Please just go now . . . you’ve had your payment, just like you asked." She turned. "Ashley, could I have the shirt back now?"

"Well, now, hold on a minute there," Billy said. "I said we wanted the shirt off your back, and I meant we’d take it as a keepsake. Give it here, cuz."

He extended a beefy hand just as Jenny reached out for the shirt. "No!" Jenny said. "That wasn’t our deal!" She tugged at the shirt, but so did Billy. And Ashley, Jenny thought, must have been trying to keep her cousin from taking the garment, too, because she tried to snatch it away at the last moment.

All three of them pulled at it . . . until it ripped. Ashley actually stumbled backwards and landed on the bed, still clutching most of the back of the shirt. When she came back to her feet, she failed to notice that her tube top was now bunched around her waist, exposing her breasts. They were smaller than Jenny’s, but firm, with hard, pointy nipples.

Billy dropped the fragment of the shirt with a shrug.

"Well, can’t be much of a keepsake now, I guess. All right, me and the boys’ll go. But, hey, if you ever want us to move something for you cheap, I’m sure we can work out the same kind of easy payment plan again."

His gaze settled on Ashley. Behind him, attracted by the sound of the scuffle, his men followed the direction of his look, and the one called Moe whistled.

"Hey, cuz," Billy said, "thanks for the tip!"

Ashley’s look turned nasty, and she seemed about to say something when she suddenly looked down and realized that her tits were exposed and pointing toward her cousin like the double barrels of a shotgun. She flushed and yanked at her tube top while the movers laughed and started down the hall.

Jenny went over to help Ashley, but the brunette waved her off.

"Never mind, never mind," she said.

For a moment the blonde studied her friend with a quizzical look. If Ashley hadn’t known her breasts were hanging out, why had she reacted with such anger to Billy’s comment about a "tip?" Another moment of paranoia gripped Jenny, until she heard a clatter on the stairs.

"Honey? Jenny? I’m back!"

It was her husband, back at last! Jenny ran out of the bedroom and down the stairs, heedless of her bouncing breasts as she ran to meet the man she loved. Finally, he was back, and she could feel safe again in his arms . . . As she burst into the living room, her husband called out again.

"I hope you had a chance to start getting ready, Jenny!" he was saying. "I pulled up just in time to meet the Farnsworths on the front step. Seems somebody screwed up and rescheduled us for six . . ."

Jenny came to a stop in the middle of the living room. There amid the clutter of furniture that hadn’t been arranged and boxes only just moved there (oh, at such a cost . . .) stood Mr. And Mrs. Farnsworth, perfectly turned out, the very picture of quiet, middle-aged, corporate dignity. And Jenny, naked, ran from the room. When she passed Ashley at the foot of the stairs, she didn’t even notice the brunette's evil little grin of triumph.

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**Jenny Doe by Jack-**

The woman became aware of her surroundings gradually, as she awoke from a deep, troubled sleep.

Her head hurt. That was the first thing she was sure of. The throbbing in her head wasn’t part of the strange dreams that had gone before. She started to try to move, but thought better of it as waves of pain poured through her and nausea made the muscles in her stomach contract violently. She tried to open her eyes, but the light was blinding and made her head hurt even worse, so she closed them again quickly. For a moment she just kept still, trying to figure out where she was. All she was sure of was that she was in a bed, and her head hurt. Nothing else would connect for her . . . not a name, not a place, nothing. She felt very much alone, and had to fight back rising waves of panic.

Voices broke in on her struggle for control. Two male voices, speaking from somewhere off to her left and down by the foot of her bed. She tried to focus on the voices, to make sense of what they were saying.

"Ah, yes, this is the case I was telling you about earlier," one man said.

His voice had a gentle, fatherly quality. Could it be her father? The woman wasn’t sure, but she didn’t think so. Surely she would recognize her father’s voice when she heard it?

"Hmmm." The second voice sounded younger, more forceful. "Chart looks pretty routine to me."

"Oh, her case is fairly straightforward, medically speaking," the first voice replied. "It’s the circumstances surrounding it that were . . . unusual."

"How so?"

"Well, the paramedics responded to a report of a car going off the road. According to the report, when they got there they found a single vehicle had gone over an embankment, flipped over at least twice, and ended up upside down and up against a tree. Car was totaled . . . but somehow the woman – the driver, apparently – had been thrown completely clear, and suffered no more than a minor concussion and a few bruises and abrasions."

"It happens," the second voice said, sounding bored.

"Yeah, but according to the paramedics, when she was thrown clear she somehow lost all her clothing." The first voice chuckled. "They said it was the most extraordinary thing they’d ever seen. The car was a total wreck, and there was this pretty young thing just stretched out on the grass nearby, with hardly a

scratch on her, stark naked. They’re still trying to figure out what happened. Near as anybody can figure it, her clothes got snagged on something as she was being thrown clear."

"What, all of them?"

"Apparently. We may never know. The car burned after the accident, and there wasn’t much we could recover."

"Who were the paramedics?" the second voice asked. "Not . . ."

"BJ and Dev," the older man replied, sounding at once amused and a little bit upset. "It’s a damn good thing the girl was unconscious for the whole trip. How would you like to be strapped into a stretcher in the back of an ambulance, nude, with those two perverts ‘examining’ you the whole way here? The drive took about twenty minutes."

The woman felt herself blushing, though she wasn’t entirely sure why. Was she the naked woman the two were talking about? She lifted one hand to explore under the covers of her bed, and discovered she was wearing a hospital gown made of a slightly scratchy material. That was comforting, for some reason.

"Did anybody talk to them?"

"Oh, Nurse Beckett chewed them out when they wheeled her into the ER nude, but you know those two. As long as they’ve got the union behind them, they’ll do as they damned well please."

"So . . . has she recovered consciousness yet?"

"No. Not so far. I hope she wakes up soon, though. So far we don’t have a clue as to her identity. No purse . . . hell, no clothes at all. Car was so far gone the cops couldn’t even get a complete plate off it. Right now, this little lady is Jane Doe, until she wakes up and gives us some answers."

The woman frowned, trying to focus through her disorientation. That name . . . it didn’t sound right. It wasn’t right. She was . . . "J-jenny." The croaking sound of her own voice startled her. She hadn’t realized she was speaking out loud until the word had already slipped out.

"What was that?" the first voice asked. She felt a hand take her by the wrist and hold her arm, and forced her eyes open despite the bright lights. A graying, slightly paunchy man in a white coat and wearing a stethoscope around his neck was bending over the left side of her bed, taking her pulse.

"You’re awake! Good. Now what did you just say?"

"N-not Jane," she said slowly. "Jenny. My name is Jenny." It felt like a major triumph to be able to say that much.

"Well, Jenny, I’m Doctor Farlow. This is Doctor Vane." He gestured at a younger, thinner man with dark hair behind him. "You’re at West Side Hospital, after a car accident. What’s your last name, Jenny?"

Jenny started to answer, then realized that she couldn’t. She didn’t know her last name. Except for that one burst of clarity that had given her the name ‘Jenny’ she couldn’t remember anything.

"I . . . I don’t know," she finally admitted. She was fighting another panic attack. "I don’t know!"

"All right, calm down, Jenny," Farlow said. "Calm down. Traumatic amnesia is not uncommon in cases like yours. You have a pretty nasty bump on the head, and that can make you lose some or all of your memory for a time. Usually it’s a very short-term problem. So don’t worry about it, and don’t fight it. Just try to relax and get better."

"Do you remember anything at all, Jenny?" Doctor Vane asked. "An address . . . a phone number? Family or friends? Someone we can contact? Anything at all would be helpful."

Jenny tried to think of something or someone, but except for a fuzzy image of a man she knew she cared for but couldn’t remember why, there was nothing there. She just COULDN’T REMEMBER . . .

(For a moment she was in another place, an empty room she somehow knew was in a police station. She was naked, and feeling embarrassed and humiliated and terribly frustrated because she couldn’t remember something . . . a phone number. She couldn’t remember a phone number she needed so that someone could come and rescue her from her long ordeal . . .)

"I’m s-sorry," she said as the brief vision faded again. "I can’t remember anything."

"That’s okay, Jenny," Farlow told her in his paternal voice. "You just try and get some rest. But if you do remember anything, anything at all, use the button right over here to call for a nurse."

"It’s important that you let us know anything you do remember, Jenny," Vane added. "The very best way to combat amnesia is to put the patient into familiar surroundings. That helps the brain get back into familiar patterns of thinking. So we want to learn everything we can about you so that we can put you into familiar surroundings as soon as possible. A favorite place . . . or in the company of someone you know. Even giving you a book you love might be the key to unlocking the rest of the memories that are trapped up in that pretty little head of yours."

"I understand, Doctor," she told him. "I’ll do my best."

"You do that, Jenny," Farlow said. "I’ll be back to check on you tomorrow."

After the two men had gone, Jenny stared at the ceiling of the small hospital room and tried to remember something, anything. But it was no use. After a while she stopped trying to fight it, and slowly drifted off to sleep.

(She was watching a kite rise into the air on a warm, breezy Fourth of July. Teenaged boys in khaki uniforms surrounded her . . . Boy Scouts? Jenny watched the kite flying higher, then gasped as something tugged at her string bikini top. Seconds later there was another pull, this time on her bottoms, and Jenny saw the kite string carrying her swimsuit up into the sky. She was naked, and all those teens were staring at her, ogling her bare body as she ran for the cover of a parked bus . . .)

Jenny woke up with a start, confused for a moment by the disturbing dream. She could almost feel hands pawing at her, could almost hear boyish voices giggling and making lewd comments. What a strange dream, she thought. Why had she seen herself losing her bikini like that? Maybe it had some deep psychological meaning, some fear of having her memories stripped away or something like that. She’d have to remember to ask the doctors about it. And why Boy Scouts? Could that have been some fragment of real memory? Perhaps she was a den mother, or knew someone who worked in Scouting.

That might be one of those clues Doctor Farlow had been talking about. Something that might help her find other memories. If you took away the silly part about the bikini attached to the kite string, the dream might well have been a real memory of some scout outing she’d attended. Suddenly excited, Jenny reached for the call button to summon a nurse. She didn’t want to fall asleep again and perhaps lose this memory. Best to pass it on – the part that made sense, at least – while it was still fresh in her mind. Jenny pressed the button, but nothing happened. There was no sound, no answer from the nurse’s station, nothing. She pressed again, and then a third time. The little light on the panel next to the button hadn’t even come on. Something was wrong with the call button . . . .

Angry, Jenny sat up in bed, noticing that her head didn’t hurt as bad this time. She thought for a moment of just going back to sleep and trusting that she could remember the dream again the next time someone came around, but her brush with amnesia had left her terrified of forgetting things. Darn it, she thought, I’m going to report this if I have to find Doctor Farlow’s office by myself! With that, Jenny threw off her covers and sat upright, dangling her legs over the edge of the bed. The motion made her dizzy for a moment, and she took her time getting oriented before she tried to move further.

(She was dizzy after taking the tumble off her bike, and she couldn’t see anything. Somewhere a horn blared and brakes squealed. What was that all about? Only gradually did Jenny realize that she was on the ground with her dress all the way up over her head and her bare ass exposed for anyone to see . . .)

Jenny shook her head slowly. Where had THAT come from? Surely that wasn’t a memory. Things like that just didn’t happen to people. Did they? She stood up carefully, thankful that she wasn’t hooked up to an IV or any other tubes that could have restricted her movement. Except for the muted throbbing in her head, she didn’t feel too bad. In fact, it felt nice to be standing on her own two feet. Taking a step forward, Jenny felt an odd tickling across her bottom. She stopped and used both hands to explore the contours of her back and sides. That was when she realized the limitations of her hospital gown. It was the kind of garment that covered from neck to knees, unbroken in front but tying across the back. No doubt it was advertised as "one-size-fits-most," but Jenny’s 38CC chest wasn’t exactly "most."

The gown was tied across the small of her back, but there was a fair-sized gap left exposed by the inadequate material. And Jenny wasn’t wearing anything under the gown. The tickling she had felt had been the end of one of the tie-strings brushing against one cheek as she moved. Jenny found herself blushing again, and in a strange way it was a familiar, almost comforting sensation. It was a good thing she’d noticed the way the gown was tied before she reached the hallway, she thought. It would have been supremely embarrassing to go walking through the public corridors of the hospital with her bare ass exposed for all to see. She knew, even with her memory still clouded, that she would never reveal herself like THAT.

(She could see herself stuck at the top of a fence, her panties snagged on something. They tore free of her body with a loud ripping noise, leaving her bare-bottomed in front of two softball teams . . .)

Jenny forced the disturbing vision from her thoughts and gathered the material of her gown in one clenched fist behind her back. It felt as if she had covered everything behind her sufficiently, though the front of her gown was now strained nearly to the bursting point. Glancing down, she saw that her nipples were outlined clearly against the thin white fabric, but Jenny wasn’t going to give up now. She started forward again. Reaching the door to her room, she leaned against the door frame and peered out into the hall.

Her room was near the very end of a dead-end corridor; far up a long, straight hall she could see a lobby area that must hold the nurse’s station. Jenny fought another wave of dizziness and started toward it, still clutching her gown behind her with her left hand while she used her right for balance and support. The trek was harder than she had pictured it. Her head was spinning, and her legs felt leaden. But she was determined. She passed one room, then another, with only two more to go before she reached the lobby. Half way there . . . .

As she passed the third door, a small figure erupted from it just in front of her, and Jenny had to step sideways to avoid a collision. The sudden change in direction made her stagger and lurch, and she threw out her left hand to catch the far wall of the hallway as she started to fall. Behind her she heard a voice, high-pitched and excited.

"Mommy! Mommy! That lady’s got a bare behind!"

Blushing, Jenny tried to get control of her gown again, while the little girl’s mother gathered up her offspring and walked past her with a disdainful sniff and a look that condemned Jenny for shamelessly exposing herself to innocent kids.

(Soaking wet, Jenny was aware of every eye on her as the bus lurched and growled through the rain storm. Her white blouse was almost transparent, and her nipples showed clearly through blouse and bra alike, while the heavy skirt kept trying to slip from around her hips. She fought a losing battle trying to cover her breasts without losing control of her skirt, until . . .)

Jenny brought herself back to reality, straightened up, and started again for her goal. All these short but vivid flashes were disturbing. There seemed to be this common thread of embarrassment and humiliation running through them all, and Jenny was worried at what they might mean. Why would anyone have daydreams about such things?

At last, she turned the corner and stood near the end of the L-shaped counter where the duty nurses kept vigil over this wing of the hospital. There were a number of people in the lobby, most of them patients by the look of things. A man wearing a shabby bathrobe and sitting in a wheelchair was closest to her, apparently waiting patiently to ask the only nurse in sight a question. She was thoroughly occupied on the telephone, and seemed only barely aware of either Jenny or the man.

The man was looking up at her with an enraptured expression on his face, and Jenny slowly realized that he was staring at the breasts so tightly outlined by her gown. She almost – ALMOST – forgot herself and let go of the back of the gown, but at the last moment she remembered to fold her right arm across her chest while the left continued to hold things together in back. The man caught the hostile gleam in Jenny’s eyes and looked away.

After a few long minutes, Jenny felt herself growing more and more lightheaded. Suddenly the room was spinning, and she was swaying on her feet, then falling, falling. She toppled like a felled tree, coming down directly across the front of the man’s wheelchair. He caught at her as she landed across his lap, preventing her from bumping her head or sliding all the way to the floor. For a long moment she couldn’t move, but had to lie there gasping for breath with the wind knocked out of her.

Then she began to realize the position she was in. She was sprawled across the man’s lap, and in the fall the gown had not merely come open, but completely untied, so that Jenny’s bare ass was sticking up and out, fully exposed. She must have looked like she was awaiting a spanking. She could also feel a definite stirring under her stomach, and it took a few moments for her befogged brain to realize that the man was becoming aroused. Jenny squealed and rolled away, desperate to get away. But Jenny hadn’t realized how the sleeves of her gown had become tangled in the workings of the wheelchair.

Her first attempt to get free didn’t work. She was stuck in her awkward position, and that caused Jenny to panic. She HAD to get free, whatever the cost. Visions of being in the grasp of some flesh-crazed pervert danced through her mind, and Jenny pulled herself up and away with all the strength and determination of a woman possessed.

She broke away and found her feet, staggering backwards. Her hospital gown, however, remained draped across the man’s lap. Jenny stood for a long moment, in total shock as she realized that she was now standing naked in the middle of the hospital lobby. Everyone was looking at her. The guy in the wheelchair was close enough to get a good, long look at the sparse blonde bush that highlighted rather than concealed Jenny’s private parts.

Feeling her face going crimson once more, Jenny tried to cover her tits and pussy with both hands. As she did, thoughts were racing through her mind almost too fast to register. What would her husband have to say about THIS public stripping? This was even worse than that time she’d lost all her clothes while hitchhiking on the back of a motorcycle after getting that flat tire. At least this time Ashley wasn’t involved . . . she was starting to think that Ashley was somehow deliberately arranging some of these terrible humiliations.

Suddenly Jenny squealed again. Forgetting herself, she clapped her hands together in pure delight as she realized she could remember everything. Her whole life – which seemed to involve an inordinate amount of time naked in front of strangers – was now open to her. She knew her full name, and could picture her husband and that new house that had caused her so much embarrassment on moving day. She could remember all the jobs she’d held – none of them very long, it seemed, because either Jenny or the company would usually find it wise to end the business relationship soon after one of Jenny’s "accidents" – and why the thought of Boy Scouts made her cringe.

She could REMEMBER!

Then she remembered that she was still naked, and tried to cover up again.

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**Jenny and the Frat Party by Jack**

Jenny parked her rental car at the curb, opened the door, and got out slowly, careful to check that none of her clothes had been caught on anything inside the car. She closed the door just as heedfully, double-checking to be sure her coat was well clear of the opening. These kinds of precautions were becoming second-nature to Jenny at long last, though if she was distracted or rushed she sometimes forgot herself . . . frequently with disturbing results. But it had been more than a week now since the last time she had suffered one of her little accidents, and Jenny was starting to think that she might just have her problem under control at last.

Tonight, though, she was feeling a little bit paranoid. She carefully scanned the car door and her long fawn-colored coat to make sure everything was as it should be before she stepped away from the car. She was so intent on her precautions that she very nearly stepped directly into the path of an oncoming pickup truck, jumping back as its horn blared warning. That rattled her . . . but, still, all it gave her was a fright. Jenny could remember times when such a blunder might have resulted in a dress snagged on the passing vehicle’s bumper, with disastrous results. She forced herself to stand still and calm down. Being so jumpy was only likely to get her into trouble, and that was the last thing she needed.

Jenny knew why she was feeling so unsettled. It was the thought of seeing her brother again. It wasn’t as if she didn’t like her brother. Roger was a pretty good guy, mostly. But she hadn’t been around him much, save for a few stuffy family get-togethers, since she had gone away to college seven years ago . . . and that last summer, when she was barely eighteen and he was still a hell-raising fourteen-year-old, had held it’s traumatic moments.

Like the time Roger and his friends had gotten a little carried away with the games they had been playing with their squirt guns, and Jenny had ended up tied up and stripped naked . . . . Roger had apologized for the incident more than once, and Jenny had forgiven him. But she still got a little nervous around Roger and his friends, and the memory of that embarrassing day could still make Jenny blush as few of her other unfortunate mishaps since then did.

Jenny forced those upsetting thoughts from her mind. Tonight she had a chance to spend some time with her kid brother again, and by God she wasn’t going to let some seven-year-old mishap ruin the evening. When she had learned that a business trip would be taking her to the quiet little college town where Roger attended State Tech, she had called him up and arranged to take him to dinner. They’d have a lovely evening catching up on each others’ lives, and maybe after this she wouldn’t be quite as nervous around him.

She straightened up, looked both ways, and started to walk towards the big house on the corner, only to stop as she felt an all-too-familiar tug at the back of her coat. Jumping back to dodge the pickup, she had somehow got the hem fouled in the wheel well, and a less sturdy garment might have ripped.

Luckily the coat was intact, so Jenny carefully disentangled it and then started forward again. Roger was a member of the Eta Delta Pi fraternity, and the frat house was a large, slightly battered-looking old Victorian townhouse that frowned over the street like a grim old fortress. As Jenny approached the front steps, a blast of music shook the entire neighborhood, causing a dog at the far end of the street to start barking and making Jenny feel like she was standing near ground zero at a bomb test. Well, that was college life, she reminded herself. Four years of loud music, wild parties, and the occasional all-night cram study session to make up for the nights wasted partying or listening to loud music.

She had just reached the door and was about to ring the bell when the door jerked open and a tall, gangly-looking youth stared at her in surprise.

"Hey, you’re not the pizza dude!" he said, hardly audible over the music.

"No . . . I’m Jenny. Roger Taylor’s sister. Is he ready to go?"

The young man’s face split into a grin and he gave Jenny a long look that raked her from head to foot, with a long stop at the 38CC breasts even her coat couldn’t quite disguise.

"Hey, all right!" he said. "Excellent! Come on in, and I’ll get Roger!"

Primly, Jenny stepped inside, not meeting those roving eyes as she tried hard not to blush. She really hated being the center of attention, especially male attention, and despite her many unfortunate encounters over the years she remained just as shy and modest as ever. She watched the young man disappear into the bowels of the house, calling Roger’s name and saying something about "the entertainment." Then more music drowned out everything.

It took a few minutes for Roger to come to the foyer. He stood 6’1" tall, with boyishly handsome features and the same blonde hair and blue eyes as his sister, plus a moustache and short, curly beard that gave him a raffish, almost piratical look. To Jenny’s surprise he was wearing jeans and a t-shirt that said "I Lost My Shirt at IndianOutlaw’s," and held a can of beer in one hand and a bag of potato chips in another.

"Hey, Sis!" he said heartily. "Welcome to Eta House!"

"What’s going on, Roger?" she demanded. "I thought we were going out to dinner?"

He nodded, looking unhappy.

"Look, Jen, I’m really sorry. Big mix-up on dates. When I set things up with you last week, I thought our big party was TOMORROW night. Man, was I screwed when I found out!"

"Can’t you miss it, Roger? I mean, there’ll be other frat parties . . ."

"Can’t do it, Sis," he said, shaking his head. "I’m in charge of the entertainment tonight. Tell you what, though, why don’t you stick around a little while. Take your coat off, have a beer, enjoy yourself . . . and soon as I decently can I’ll stick somebody else with the job and you and I can get going. Okay?"

"Well . . ." She wasn’t enthusiastic about the idea. She was only a few years out of college herself, but she felt so OLD and out of place here. The music was too loud, she wasn’t all that fond of beer, and she didn’t have the faintest idea what she would talk about with a bunch of wild-looking frat guys . . . But he WAS her brother, and she owed him a little flexibility.

"Okay," she said at last. "But try to hurry, will you? I don’t think I’m up to this wild college night life any more."

"Yeah, my old married Sis, all settled down and turning into a stick-in-the-mud." Roger grinned at her. "C’mon, Jen, live a little! Or does that husband of yours have you on a tight leash all the time?"

She frowned at that and shook her head vaguely, but Roger didn’t seem to notice. He kept right on talking.

"Take off the coat, Jen, and get comfortable."

Jenny slipped out of the coat and handed it to her brother, who opened the closet door behind him and found a hanger. While he was taking care of the coat Jenny took a moment to check her wardrobe and make sure nothing was out of place. She was wearing the same outfit she had worn to her business meeting earlier that day, a dark skirt that came down below her knees, white blouse, and a navy blue blazer. With a slip, tights, and a brand new heavy-duty brassiere on underneath, she felt fairly secure for a change.

It would take an awful lot of accidents to embarrass her tonight, she thought. And if she was careful . . . . Roger turned back from the closet and gave her the same kind of comprehensive, appreciative look his friend had given her before. He threw in an old-fashioned wolf whistle for emphasis.

"My God, Sis, you are looking GOOD," he said.

She blushed. "Come on, Roger, knock it off," she said.

Grinning, he took her by the arm. “Okay, Sis, I’ll be good. But you’ll have to beat off the rest of the brothers with a stick, looking like that. C’mon, let’s go out back. The music’s not so loud there, and some of the guys are hanging out by the pool."

As he led her through the house, she had a confused impression of the party. It was mostly guys, she noticed, all of them at least half drunk and indulging in many of the usual frat antics. In one room a bunch of guys were gathered around a big man who was wearing a pair of jeans but no shirt with a shaved head and and a hairy chest that made him look like a little like a lowland gorilla. He was chug-a-lugging beer out of an enormous pitcher while the onlookers chanted "King . . . King . . . King . . ."

She tugged on Roger’s sleeve.

"Don’t you guys have any supervision here? A faculty adviser, or a house mother, or something?"

He pointed through an open door into another room, where three more brothers were gathered around a table playing cards with a thirtyish woman with a trim figure and brown hair streaked with a little gray.

"That’s Roxie," he bawled in her ear, over the music. "She’s our house mother!"

Just then one of the guys laid his cards on the table with a grin, and Roxie, laughing, stood up and peeled off her shirt, revealing small but pert bra less breasts. Jenny looked away, blushing again. She would never understand how anyone could take off their clothes in front of other people that way. She had always been hard-pressed to appear naked in front of other women, in locker rooms in high school and college. And even after the many times she had been accidentally exposed in public, she was still absolutely mortified any time she was exposed to men other than her husband.

Roger noticed her blush and chuckled. "Same old Jen," he commented.

He held the back door open for her, then followed her out to a small porch and down a flight of wooden steps to the pool area below. There were several guys lounging around the pool, sipping beers and swapping stories. There were also three in the pool, swimming, one of them fully dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. It took a few moments for Jenny to realize that one of the other two was skinny-dipping, and once again she looked away quickly and tried to control her blushes. She was glad when one of the poolside loungers stood up and crossed to meet them.

"Hey, Dodger!" he said. "Is this the sister you told us about? You said she was a babe, but you didn’t do her justice!"

This time Roger looked a little embarrassed. "Jen, this is Scott. He’s the president of Eta House. Scott, my sister Jenny."

He was giving her another of those admiring looks, and Jenny had to stop herself from looking down to make sure nothing was showing. The frat president had a way of undressing her with his eyes that she found very disturbing. But after a moment Roger guided her past Scott and was introducing some of the others.

"That’s Prof over there in the red chair," he said. "Short for ‘The Professor.’ He’s my roommate, and our resident genius. Going to be a research chemist after he gets a couple of degrees. That’s Junior over there . . . and Johnny . . . Oh, and here comes the King!"

The big guy she had seen drinking the pitcher of beer inside had appeared on the steps. He looked even more menacing close-up as he reached out a massive paw to shake her hand.

"Hey, Jenny, why don’t you take a dip in the pool?" one of the other guys called out. He was a scruffy-looking sort, clad in a leather jacket and jeans, and idly doodling on a sketch pad. His voice had a distinct British accent.

She retrieved her hand from the King and turned back toward the pool, smiling nervously.

"Sorry, guys," she said. "Didn’t come prepared. No suit."

The naked guy in the water tried to splash her. "Hey, no problem, babe," he said. "Who needs a swim suit?"

Roger stepped forward hastily. "Now, come on, guys, knock it off. My sister’s not like the bimbos you apes usually bring here. She’s shy, okay?"

Jenny felt a warm glow for her brother. Maybe he had grown up a little bit since she had known him when they were both teens. It was so good of him to come to her defense against his frat brothers like this . . . . A pair of big, beefy arms wrapped around her waist.

"So, why not just go for a dip the way you are?"

King’s voice broke in loudly. Holding on tight to her, he took two steps to the edge of the pool and jumped, dragging her with him. They hit the water together with a splash worthy of a small tidal wave.

The water was cold, and Jenny struggled desperately to free herself from the big man’s arms. He let go easily enough, but it was still a fight for her to get to the surface with her clothes becoming heavier by the second as the water soaked everything.

"How dare you!" she screamed as her head broke water. "You . . . you . . ." There was nothing she could call him that sounded nasty enough. Roger rushed to the edge of the pool, near one of the ladders.

"Jenny . . . I’m so sorry! Come over here . . . I’ll help you out."

With much splashing and struggling, Jenny maneuvered to the ladder and climbed out, Roger helping her from above.

"I’m really sorry about this, Jen. I’ll make the King regret this for the rest of the semester! Are you okay?"

Sitting at the top of the ladder, with her legs dangling over the side of the pool and water streaming everywhere, Jenny forced herself to calm down.

"I . . . I think so. Just scared, mostly. And WET!" She looked down, realizing that both her shoes were missing.

Roger noticed at the same time. "I’ll make sure you get them back, Jen," he said. "And King’ll buy you a new pair, if they’re ruined."

She nodded vaguely. At least her layers of wet clothes hadn’t turned transparent, or anything like that, she thought. But she would have to be careful when she stood up. She could still remember what had happened that time she rode home on the bus after a rainstorm had soaked her clothes . . . .

"We’d better get you inside, Jen," Roger told her. "Find something you can wear while we run your stuff through the laundry. Okay?"

Jenny nodded again, reluctantly. She couldn’t spend the rest of the evening in wet clothes, and she wasn’t about to try driving back to her hotel in them. It would be just her luck to get to the lobby and have some wet, heavy thing fall off at just the wrong moment. Clutching her skirt with one hand, she slowly got to her feet, with Roger helping her and continuing to murmur apologies and regrets as he led her back to the house, leaving a wet trail in her wake. He led her upstairs and into a bedroom, vacant but with plenty of signs of bachelor habitation. One wall was decorated with centerfold pinups, and there was a pile of dirty clothes on the floor by the closet.

"I really am sorry about all this, Sis," Roger said, opening the closet door and rummaging around inside. "I guess he came by the nickname ‘King of Wrong’ legitimately. He’s always pulling practical jokes on people . . . but I never thought he’d do something like that to you!" He tossed her a thick, heavy towel.

"I don’t think I care for your friends much, Roger," Jenny told him primly, starting to dry her hair and dabbing ineffectually at her clinging blouse.

He shrugged and grinned. "They can be pretty wild sometimes, I guess. But they’re really okay most of the time, Sis. Even the King. Really." He pulled something out of the closet and held it out to her

"Look, this is one of Prof’s old bathrobes. It looks pretty substantial. Now you change into this and put those wet things into that basket over there, and when you come out I’ll get somebody to run it down to the basement and put everything in the dryer. Okay? Half hour, forty-five minutes tops, and you can put your stuff back on and we can bug out of here. How’s that sound?"

She looked at the robe and bit her lip. It seemed substantial enough, a big yellow terrycloth garment that would probably cover even more of her than her skirt and blazer combination. But Jenny was nervous. She’d really have to be careful, dressed in just a bathrobe in a house full of maniacs.

"I guess so, Roger," she finally said, reluctantly.

"Okay, then, Sis, I’ll leave you to change in peace." He smiled at her, and she couldn’t help but smile back. Roger had turned into a thoughtful and supportive brother after all. A far cry from the teen who had gotten carried away with his squirt-gun "interrogation" seven years back. Maybe today’s misadventure had actually been all to the good, to let her learn how much he had changed.

Roger Taylor went down the stairs and into the big living room at the front of the house. Many of his frat brothers had already gathered there, including most of the gang from poolside. The King met him at the door, dripping a little from his swim, still mopping his chest and wet jeans with a towel. The music had been turned down, making conversation easier, and they could now hear the laughs as Roxie beat the pants off of one of her opponents in the neighboring room.

"She okay, Dodger?" he asked.

Roger grinned. "Just fine," he said. "And she doesn’t suspect a thing. Just keep acting sheepish when she’s around, like I’ve been chewing you out."

"Right," King said.

Prof handed Roger a large, flat box with a row of switches and a joystick on it. "Here’s your remote, Dodger," he said. "All set?"

"Yeah," Roger said with a grin. "I switched on the cameras and the VCR while I was getting the robe out. Biker, will you do the honors, please?"

The Brit in the leather jacket grinned and switched on the television. The brothers leaned forward, studying the image of Roger’s room and the pretty blonde in the wet clothes framed in the picture. Roger sat down on the couch and set the remote control box on his knees. The joystick controlled the camera mounted in the closet, so he could follow his sister’s movements through the room, while a button mounted to one side could trigger a digital camera on the same mount to take photos. There was also a zoom control, for close-ups. There were advantages to going for a Communications degree.

Jenny hadn’t actually started to undress yet. She was prowling around the room, looking nervous and unsure of herself.

"She probably expects us to come bursting in while she’s undressing," Roger commented.

"You don’t think she’ll find the camera setup, do you, Dodger?" King asked.

"Nah . . . she’s too much of a proper little lady to go poking around in a strange guy’s closet," Roger said with a grin. Especially with a pile of dirty clothes in front of it topped off by a couple of jock-straps!"

As they watched, Jenny moved to the door and locked it, then seemed to look all around one last time before she finally unbuttoned the blazer and shrugged it off, tossing it into the basket. Her white blouse, soaking wet, was almost transparent, but a slip underneath denied them a good look at her hidden charms . . . for now.

She started to unbutton the blouse, pacing a little as she did so. Roger was hard-pressed to keep the camera on her the whole time. Suddenly the heavy skirt slid from her waist, nearly tripping her, making her unsuspected audience laugh.

"I see what you mean about her being such a klutz, Dodger,"somebody commented.

"Yeah, but a fucking hot klutz," someone else added.

She stepped out of the skirt and bent over to pick it up, giving the camera a wonderful view of her ass covered by wet pantyhose as the hem of her slip rode up. The skirt landed on top of the blazer in the basket, and then Jenny finished undoing the blouse and added it to the pile. Then she seemed to hesitate, looking from the basket to the robe that was lying on the end of Roger’s bed with a look of indecision.

"Damn," Scott said. "If she decides to keep her undies on the whole set-up will be useless."

"She’ll take ‘em off," Roger said confidently. "You don’t think she’s going to sit around in wet underwear? And there’s not much point in drying her other clothes if she’s still sopping wet underneath, is there?"

Sure enough, she seemed to reach a decision and started to struggle out of the slip. The wet garment fought her at every turn, but she finally got it over her head and dropped it in the laundry basket, leaving her standing in her pantyhose and bra. There were whistles from all around the crowded room as the guys took in the sight of her 38CC breasts straining against the wet fabric. Biker was hastily sketching on his pad.

"The best is yet to come," Roger said with a grin. He snapped a couple of still pictures. Jenny turned her back on the camera as she reached behind to unsnap the bra, and there were groans from the audience as they thought they would be cheated. But those groans changed quickly to cheers as she turned around and bent over to tug at the clinging pantyhose. The motion set her ample breasts to swaying, and the watching men were quickly mesmerized by the sight. In fact they hardly reacted at all as the pantyhose came down Jenny’s long legs and exposed her blonde bush, at least not until Roger zoomed in on it.

He zoomed back out in time to catch her towelling herself off vigorously, an action which once again set her breasts to jiggling in a most pleasantly stimulating manner. At length, though, she finally put the towel in the basket with her clothes and picked up the robe, slipping it over her shoulders and drawing it tight across her chest and stomach. She carefully tied the terrycloth belt that went with it tight around her waist, then moved over to look at herself in a mirror.

The robe was far too big for her, hanging down almost to her ankles. Despite her generous expanse of chest, Jenny had been able to overlap it sufficiently to keep it from gaping open accidentally, provided she was at all careful. Roger grinned again. That would help build her confidence enough to lead her into the last and most important part of the evening’s entertainment . . . .

"You’re sure this thing with the robe is going to work, Prof?" he asked.

"No way it can go wrong," the science major replied confidently. "When you add enough moisture to the chemicals I soaked that thing in, and just the right amount of heat . . . trust me, you won’t be disappointed!"

"Heat. Yeah. That reminds me, better get the fireplace going. We’ll want our poor little wet girl to have a chance to dry off in front of the roaring fire, right, boys?"

"You got it, Dodger!" Junior and King got to work lighting a blaze, while Scott shut off the TV and Roger carefully hid the remote device under the couch.

A moment later Jenny’s voice came tentatively from the top of the stairs. "Roger?"

"Come on down, Jen, if you’re ready. Have a cup of hot chocolate and get warmed up!" Roger signalled to another of the brothers to go to the kitchen and heat some water.

"Prof, why don’t you take care of Jen’s clothes for her, okay?"

Jenny had reached the foot of the stairs by then.

"You don’t mind if I go with him?" She hesitated. "I mean, just to make sure he gets the settings right on the dryer. Wouldn’t want to get my . . . er, my delicates ruined, you know?"

"Sure, Jen. Fine. We’ll have your hot chocolate waiting for you when you’re done."

Jenny followed Prof back up the stairs from the basement, one hand holding on to the front of the robe as an added precaution against a revealing slip. The science student had loaded the clothes in a big dryer, and let Jenny set all the controls without comment. She felt a little twinge of conscience at wanting to oversee the laundry herself, but a part of her just couldn’t help but be concerned that Roger’s frat brothers might be planning another practical joke on her. She had heard of female students at frat parties being tricked out of their clothes and then forced into all kinds of compromising positions to get them back, and she could just imagine somebody taking her wet clothes and dumping them outside or something, instead of drying them and giving them back to her so she could leave.

But it seemed her suspicions were unfounded. Prof was a perfect gentleman, and as they emerged on the main floor the other brothers seemed to be on their best behavior. The King handed her a steaming mug of hot chocolate and said "I’m really sorry, ma’am" in a solemn, humble voice. Then they led her into the living room and insisted she should sit on a big stuffed ottoman close to the crackling fire.

The fire made her a little nervous at first, but she got over her fear that it might somehow ignite her robe and Jenny was able to relax a little as she sipped her drink and listened to stories about Roger’s exploits as a member of the swim team. The chocolate ran out after a little while, and she set the mug down beside the fireplace and leaned back, feeling better than she had all night. These guys really weren’t so bad after all, she decided. And the fire felt good. Even after towelling herself off upstairs she was still a little damp here and there, especially her hair, and the fire was helping to finish drying her out a little better.

Jenny felt a little itch on her left arm, and brushed her hand idly over the spot. Suddenly she realized that the action was causing bits of the terrycloth fibers to fall like so much dandruff.

"Oh!" she said suddenly. "What’s . . . ?"

She straightened up, and as if the abrupt movement had somehow damaged the fabric she realized that the entire left sleeve had suddenly come loose at the shoulder. It slid down her arm to land on the floor by the fire. Jenny looked at it for a long moment, uncomprehending. She hadn’t DONE anything! There was no reason for the robe to just start . . . falling apart!

The other sleeve came loose without her even shifting position. Jenny snatched at it, but missed as it too fell to the floor. And her sudden move caused something to give behind her. She couldn’t tell just what, but she knew she’d better get out of the room while she still could! Jenny surged to her feet . . . and realized that the belt had simply fallen apart from around her waist. The robe flapped open in front, exposing her breasts for just a moment before she could pull it closed again.

"Jen! What’s going on?" Roger sounded concerned and sprang to his feet, hurrying toward her.

"I . . . I . . . I’ve got to go back up stairs! Bring my stuff up when it’s dry!" Jenny started past him. He reached out, a worried look crossing his face as he tried to pat her shoulder reassuringly. "Don’t worry, Sis," he began.

But Jenny was still moving, and somehow his hand caught at the hole where the sleeve had been attached. The tough terrycloth robe just seemed to shred apart like so much paper as she pulled away from him, leaving Roger with a handful of yellow rags . . . a larger pile of shredded cloth on the floor . . . and Jenny in the middle of the room full of frat guys. Stark naked.

"Ohmygod! Ohmygod!" Jenny raced from the room, giving her appreciative audience a wonderful view of her firm, round ass and fiercely-pumping legs as she ran for the stairs.

After a long moment of silence, the president of the Eta Delta Pi house stood up and clapped Roger on the shoulder.

"Damn it, Taylor, when you said you’d provide the entertainment tonight, I never imagined it would be this good!"

Half an hour later Jenny, fully dressed again and pulling on her coat while trying to hide her almost continual blushing, finally got out of the frat house and headed for her car. Her brother and a number of other well-wishers watched her go. When Roger finally closed the door, they were all pounding him on the back and trying to shake his hand.

"What did she say when you took her clothes up, man?" someone demanded. "Did she blame you for any of it?"

Roger smiled easily. "Nah. I told her Prof must have cleaned up a spill with the robe and then just left it there. All a terrible, unfortunate accident. And she bought it, too!"

"Cool! So now what, Dodger?"

"Well, tomorrow I’ve got some pics to post." He grinned. "And, you know, Thanksgiving’s coming up, and my big Sis actually invited me to pay her and her hubbie a visit this year. That might just turn out to be fun, don’t you guys think?"

"Only if you bring back the pics," Scott told him.

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**Jenny at Cronenburg.edu by Edison**

Jenny looked around the room in awe. The cream of the crop at Cronenburg University was gathered in the small room. There was Chelsea Clinton. She had transferred here after her embarrassment over her father’s dalliance became too much for her at Stanford. Sitting in this room were the richest and the smartest girls at the school, all listening intently to Mrs. Worthby, “…the rich and elegant tradition of the Commencement program. You are expected to conduct yourselves modestly and with great dignity while you are on the platform...” Jenny could still hardly believe that she was included in this group.

Mrs. Worthby was passing out order forms for the matching outfits they were supposed to wear. All the flag-bearers were to wear a floor-length black skirt, a white blouse with ruffles down the front, and a short, black bolero jacket. Jenny carefully filled in each space on the form with her correct size and handed it to Ashley, who was collecting the forms for Mrs. Worthby. Jenny did not note the surreptitious movement of Ashley’s fingers as she turned to lay the forms on the desk.

Finally, the big day arrived, and Jenny was running late. She got dressed in her room so fast that she didn’t put on a bra. She knew that she would be wearing a blouse with lots of ruffles on the front, so going sans-a-bra would not be noticed. Jenny rushed into the dressing room where the other flag-bearers were already preparing. She removed her white uniform blouse and opened the package containing her matching outfit. She noticed immediately that the ruffled blouse was missing.

Ashley, already dressed, appeared at her side – almost too quickly, ready to “help”. She suggested that they cut Jenny’s white uniform blouse into ruffles so she would look like the other flag-bearers. The bolero jacket would cover the rest of her blouselessness. Jenny was a little dubious, but reluctantly agreed. After pinning the ruffles together, Jenny wondered how she was going to get the ruffles to stay. Ashley suggested they use Jenny’s panties with the crotch cut out. Jenny could wear them like the bra she had not bothered to wear that morning with the ruffles pinned in place. Jenny removed her panties and Ashley finished assembling the makeshift ruffled blouse. Jenny put it on and it barely fit around her 38CC chest, but it seemed secure enough with the jacket and skirt in place.

The Commencement was being held in the stadium to handle the huge crowd that Chelsea Clinton’s participation was certain to draw. A billboard-sized TV screen was mounted at each end of the field and news crews from almost every country of the world had been setting up their equipment for days.

Jenny stood at attention, holding the American Flag, caught up in the pageantry. Her eyes roamed to the first row of the audience where Bill and Hillary were sitting. Her eyes then roamed to the jumbo screen where she saw the American Flag and herself just coming into view. Her eyes closed and her chest swelled with pride. The waistband of her panties burst under the strain and the panties and their attached ruffles flew into Hillary Clinton’s lap.

Hillary looked down at the strange contraption in her lap and back up at the brazen girl showing her chest to the entire world. Hillary looked over at Bill who was smiling and staring at Jenny’s nipples which were becoming erect. Hillary grabbed the panties and ruffles and wrapped it around Bill’s eyes and tied it in the back of his head. Bill took a big, appreciative whiff of the crotch.

Mrs. Worthby walked up to Jenny and said, “Young lady! What do you think you are doing?”

Jenny opened her eyes, coming out of her patriotic trance and felt that familiar breeze blowing across her nipples. Mrs. Worthby said, “If you are so set on showing everyone your body, I am going to have to ask you for your skirt! Don’t forget to keep your feet shoulder width apart.”

Jenny blushed deeply as she remembered that she was not wearing any panties. But rules are rules, and she slowly unbuttoned her floor length black skirt and let it fall to the floor. A gasp was heard throughout the stadium and around the world as Jenny’s sparse blonde bush which highlights rather than conceals her private parts came into the view of the crowd, the world, and Hillary Clinton.

Jenny re assumed her position, standing at attention, legs spread, holding the flag aloft for the remainder of the Commencement program. The television cameramen positioned themselves next to the stage and zoomed in on Jenny in all her glory. The latest in high definition TV technology was finally put to the use its designers intended: broadcasting pictures of moist lips, slightly opened. Bill Clinton never knew what he missed until the video and Swoppix pictures were released at his favorite web address, “Byron’s Forum”.

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**Jenny's Dream By Kopema**

Jenny leaned back on the psychiatrist's couch. It was a huge, incredibly supple black leather affair, yet Jenny looked anything but at ease. She was about to reveal her innermost thoughts and fears to a total stranger. For a woman who tries her best to be prim, proper, and reserved, this was a daunting prospect

indeed.

"Well, doctor," She began nervously, "I'm really not even sure why I came here. I mean, I'm really very normal. Hah, it's not like I'm crazy or anything! He he he. . ."

"Don't worry about a thing." The doctor said in a soothing, almost hypnotic kind of voice. "I'm a professional. Oh, sure, I'm not technically licensed or degreed or anything like that, but I am a fully competent therapist, and I'm only here to help you."

"Oh, yes, of course." Jenny forgot her own nervousness as she tried to re-assure the doctor. OK, not \*technically\* a doctor, but that surely was through no fault of his own. "I'm sure you're the best. My friend Ashley gave you her highest recommendation."

"Why thank you, I am quite flattered." The doctor soothed. "But we are here to help with your problems. Before we begin your hypnotherapy, I believe you wanted to speak to me about a dream you had."

"Of course, the dream." Jenny was now at ease. Without realizing it, she settled more deeply into the plush couch, her tension easing away as she lay in the darkened office. With the therapist behind her, Jenny was no longer aware of his gaze upon her. To Jenny, it seemed as if the "doctor" had looked at her in a manner that was not necessarily the most professional. But Jenny often had that opinion about people; she guessed that was part of her problem.

"Well, there I was, walking along a busy sidewalk. I was wearing a light strapless dress. For some reason I simply love to wear the things, but they can be quite . . . um, inconvenient at times. Anyway, there I was, walking along, when I suddenly realized I had forgotten to wear any underwear! I couldn't for the life of me figure out how that could have happened. Isn't that just the strangest thing?"

"Oh yeah, yeah." Breathed the therapist.

Jenny cocked her head slightly at the strangely labored sound of his voice, but by now she was too caught up in her story to be distracted.

"Anyway, as I said, I was walking along, wearing only this thin, light strapless dress and heels. All of a sudden, I became aware of the silk brushing against my naked body. Isn't that odd? Instead of thinking of myself as wearing a dress, I could only think of myself as naked, with a dress draped over me. Maybe that's part of my problem. What do you think, doctor?"

Jenny began to turn her head, but she felt the counselor's warm hand brush the side of her face, turning it forward. "Don't stop." He said, his voice if anything even more breathless than before.

Jenny continued. "I was walking along the street, as I said, naked under the thin, soft fabric. And even though I was decently covered, I could feel the eyes of everyone on me; the men seemed to be leering, and the women trying not to show it, but staring daggers at me, although I certainly hadn't done a thing to them.

"It seemed that men brushed against me far more than was necessary as I walked. I could never point to one and say: that man mauled me! There always seemed to be some excuse.

"I was on the way to the biggest job interview of my life. I have lost a lot of jobs . . . but, that's another story. It felt like this was the opportunity of a lifetime and I was in serious danger of missing it. My friend Ashley had set it up for me, but she said she had just heard about the offering, and the cutoff for applications was today. She had me showered, made up and out the door of her apartment in no time flat.

"Come to think of it, I guess that's why I didn't have any underwear on. Ashley is my best friend in the whole world, but sometimes she can be a bit scatterbrained, even if she means well.

"To make matters even worse, the high heels and dress she loaned me were a bit on the small side. Ashley's tastes in clothing are far more risque than mine, but even she would not have been caught dead wearing this outfit in public. The shoes were bright red 3-inch heels, and the dress was sheer, white, tight, slinky, and only came to the upper thigh — on Ashley! With my more -- well -- generous, build, it was practically indecent. But she was loaning me her clothes out of the goodness of her heart, and I couldn't expect her to give me her favorite outfit, so I really had no business complaining.

"I guess beggars really shouldn't be choosers, because when I groused that you could practically see my pubic hairs around the French-cut panties, she whipped them off of me, hustled me into the bathroom, pushed me into the tub, handed me a razor and told me to shave off all that unsightly hair between my

legs.

"Time was tight, and I had learned never to argue with Ashley once she gets that look in her eye. I guess you have to admire her tenacity. Sometimes it tends to get her — well, actually, I guess me -- in a lot of trouble. But she always does it with my best interests in mind, so I can never work up the nerve to argue. Deciding it would take less time to comply than to complain, I went to work. Ashley was not satisfied until every last pubic hair was gone and I was as smooth as a billiard ball down there. It was an odd feeling, let me tell you, I felt all tingly and, well -- exposed. That's a feeling I hate worse than any, but again I guess that's why I'm here.

"When I looked down, my nipples were clearly visible. Ashley assured me that this was only true from my angle above. I begged her for a bra, but she pointed out it would be impossible to wear one the way this dress fit on me. She thought for a second, then rummaged in her closet and brought out a red, fuzzy object.

"She said ‘This is a boa I wore recently to a costume party. It should cover your overblown titties for you if you're that worried.' She joked. (Sometimes her sense of humor is a little biting, but I know it's all in good fun, so I laugh right along.) She handed it to me, and I gratefully wrapped it around my shoulders. I knew it was unconventional, but in my distraught state, I was more concerned with coverage than fashion. Besides, I rationalized, women wore this kind of thing decades ago, back when modesty and decorum were at their peak.

"I tried to look in the mirror, but Ashley rushed me back into her bedroom — because the light was better there — and began applying my makeup and fixing my hair. I begged her to go easy, but she said I knew nothing about corporate fashion and besides, the more I talked and moved my face, the less delicate she could be. I sat stoically, hoping my worried expression and hair spray-induced coughing fits wouldn't distort my features too much.

"She pushed me out the door of her apartment into the hallway. Unfortunately, in addition to being overbearing, Ashley can also be a bit self-centered at times. She refused to give me a ride because she was late for a sightseeing trip of some sort. I couldn't figure out what she needed with her video camera bag, but I had no time to ask. She headed for the parking garage, and I was out the lobby door.

"I guess I must have looked quite a sight, race-walking down the street, but it was the only chance I had of arriving in time. I always feel self-conscious when I speedwalk, even in my lycra shorts, because of the hip-swaying, torso-swinging gait required for top performance. Ashley taught me the correct form herself. Gosh, is there anything that girl doesn't know? But in my present getup, I felt way beyond self conscious — I got the bizarre impression that I was making a complete spectacle of myself. Without a sports bra, or any bra for that matter, my breasts were heaving like crazy. I was sweating profusely, and I was afraid my thick makeup would run. My white dress got soaked, but I couldn't afford to look down; Ashley says that can take minutes off your time. Besides, I knew it was only my overactive self-consciousness at work. Ashley says that's what I need to work on the most.

"I passed by a man collecting donations on the sidewalk. He was in one of those religious groups, you know, where they wear robes and disavow all possessions and worldly pleasures. I remembered that I had seen the same man earlier, but I didn't have my pocketbook. He was insistent, so I had

promised I would go home and get my purse. When I walked past this time, he looked down at the cheap handbag I had borrowed from Ashley and stopped me. With a gleam in his eye, he thanked me profusely for returning.

"Unfortunately, I couldn't stop even for a second. I knew it was rude, and I hated doing it, but I charged right on by, even shaking off his hold on my elbow. As I left he shouted something about not returning until I had divested myself of material greed and was willing to beg for forgiveness. I felt like a heel, but I had no choice.

"Just a few blocks later, I got to the address I had been given: 1141 and ½ South Jefferson. I panicked -- it was nothing but an alleyway. I had no watch with me, but the sun was going down. I double checked the address, and looked back up. In the shadows, I saw two people. I went back to ask directions. This was the old part of town, so I assumed this is one of those addresses where the same numbers show up in two different areas. Surely these two would know where the counterpart address could be found.

"In the back of the alley, I saw a tall black man and an even taller woman. As I approached, I saw that the man was dressed very flamboyantly. I am a very racially aware person and I was glad to see this man flaunting the white man's conventions like that. The woman, on the other hand, was simply inexcusable: she was dressed in an impossibly tight, short skirt, with no bra to cover her tremendous breasts. She looked positively obscene.

"I tried to conceal my disgust as I walked up. I just gave her a kind of innocent sneer, you know, then turned to look at the gentleman. I told him I was looking for a job, and was told this was the place to go. He just looked kind of bemused and started chuckling. The woman, on the other hand must have really taken my snub to heart. Her eyes went wide, and she started screaming at the top of her lungs. Frankly, I didn't know most of the words she was calling me, but I heard ‘whore' more than a few times. I don't know whether you realize this, but that is the last thing a proper young woman wishes to be called.

"That must have been the last straw for me. I turned to her and explained, as calmly as I could, that no self-respecting woman would ever go out in public dressed as she was. And, ok, I guess this part may have been a little out of line, but I said ‘If anyone deserves to be called a whore, it's you, you slut!'

"Out of nowhere, she pulled a knife. This next part is kind of embarrassing. I'm afraid I wet myself from fright. It was an awful, steady stream right then and there. To make matters even worse, my shaking knees completely gave way, and I dropped to them right there in the puddle I had just made.

"They both started laughing loudly, but all I could do was stare at the knife; it looked 5 feet long. I started pleading that I would give her anything if she would just let me live. She demanded my purse, which I gladly handed over. Unfortunately, it was an old purse of Ashley's that she never used. I thought it had nothing in it. But when the lady opened it up, dozens of condoms fell out. That must have been where Ashley kept her supply of them for when she and her husband ran out of whatever other birth control they used. For some reason, this made the woman even madder. She looked me up and down and said ‘Well, if only a whore would wear clothes like that, and you say you're not a whore, why don't you just give me that dress of yours.'

"I'd like to say I held out, but my modesty had been completely supplanted by fear. I whipped that dress off so fast, it literally made my head spin, and destroyed whatever may have been left of my hairdo. When the pair saw my shaved, um . . . crotch area, they both started laughing like mad. The lady's heels were almost as tall as mine, and as fate would have it, she suddenly slipped in the puddle of my shame. She fell, screaming wildly, while the man doubled over in laughter.

"Mindlessly, I ran from the alley, still wearing my heels and absolutely nothing else, body parts flapping like mad. I turned and ran down the street, directly toward the old man I had seen earlier. I must have looked a fright, covered in urine with a terrified expression on my face. My makeup and hair were ruined beyond recognition. Gasping for air, I tried to explain what had happened. He said: ‘My child, I did not think you would take my words to heart quite so soon -- or so literally!'

"I sputtered: ‘They're trying to kill me, you gotta hide me!"

"He stood behind the sign he had placed on the sidewalk, lifted his robes, and said ‘Here, this is the only place.' Having abandoned propriety long before, I dived toward what I saw as my only port in this storm. He dropped his hem and I suddenly realized that I was not the only one who had forgotten to wear underwear that day. I looked up and saw his, um . . . member, staring me in the face.

"I heard footsteps and then the voice of the woman asking where if the man had seen a crazy white woman run by here. As frightened as I was, I suddenly became aware that the dirty old man had a raging hard on! He said, ‘if one is contrite, one is forgiven all things.' He nudged me with his hips at the same time, as if he were trying to tell me something.

"Exasperated, the lady asked again if he knew where I was. The man said ‘If one does not take the Church into her, then all will be revealed.' And he slowly began raising the hem of his robe!

"Putting two and two together, I figured out the only way to save my skin was to perform the most disgusting sex act imaginable on a total stranger. Again, I would like to be able to say I hesitated, but sadly, I launched into it with more gusto than anything I had every done before.

"The acolyte kept right on preaching, becoming even more incoherent, until finally, babbling at the top of his lungs, he came without any warning at all. His – I guess he would call it his ‘seed' -- went all over my face and started dripping down. I heard the lady say something like ‘You crazy Jesus freak!' and then some footsteps.

"Nervously, I whispered ‘Is she gone?' He just kept on babbling, so I said it again a little louder, then finally I yelled out ‘IS SHE GONE?'

He said, ‘All is made peaceful, my child.'

"I backed out from his robes, chagrined by my nudity, but trying to muster all the dignity I could. I yelled at him ‘Why you dirty old man! Look what you did all over my face!' He just looked past me, not like before, his eyes were focused on something.

"Anxiously, I turned around and saw the woman who had been chasing me, still holding her knife. With a death's head expression, she walked toward me accusing me of stealing some sort of business. I just stood and stared, thinking this is the end. Suddenly, her eyes got wide as saucers. She dropped the knife, turned and ran.

"At first I was simply relieved, then I realized I was standing on a public sidewalk, completely naked. The air brushing past my shaved area made feel more exposed than I had ever felt in my life — and that's saying quite a lot, believe me. My fear now gave way to an overwhelming embarrassment (in the most literal sense!) I crouched and tried to cover myself. I knew this only made me look more ridiculous, but I could not help myself. My face must have turned eight different shades of red. The rest of my body turned almost the same number.

"I heard a commotion behind me. Slowly I turned -- to see the City News Team van parked on the road, with crewmen and reporters gathered around! The red flashing light could only indicate that the live video feed was on. I wasn't sure, but I thought I saw Ashley in the crowd with her video camera, but I guess that's silly — what are the odds of that?

"Finally my brain overloaded from the pure humiliation and nervous stress. Exhausted and overwhelmed beyond endurance, I fainted dead away.

"And that's when I had the dream. . . ."

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**Jenny and the Ski Trip by King of Wrong**

Jenny was glad that winter had finally arrived. With the coming of the colder weather, she could start wearing heavier, less revealing clothing, which cut down on the chance of the sorts of accidents she seemed so prone to having.

When her husband told her he'd won a free weekend at Gingerbush Vista Ski Lodge, she was so thrilled! She'd always wanted to learn how to ski, and the idea of spending the evenings cuddling in front of a roaring fire seemed so romantic. Of course when he told her that, since the prize had been a trip for four, and he'd invited Ashley and her boyfriend along, Jenny's enthusiasm dimmed a little, much to her shame. She knew that Ashley was her friend, it just seemed that she was some sort of "bad luck charm", since so many of Jenny's misfortunes had occurred when she was around.

Of course Ashley had her share of accidents too it seemed; being stripped in the mall that time, and the time the movers had blackmailed both of them into getting undressed, not to mention that time so long ago when somebody had snuck itching powder into both their underwear somehow. It had also been Ashley who had bailed her out of jail when she'd been arrested for indecent exposure, and she'd also been the one who'd spent two hours trying to convince the disbelieving people at the zoo that Jenny had accidentally been locked into an unused cage naked, even when they'd threatened Ashley with calling the police for making a public disturbance.

When Ashley discovered that Jenny had never been skiing before, she insisted that they go out shopping for things to wear on their trip. Jenny was shocked to see the sorts of things people wore while skiing. She'd always imagined bulky, down-lined parkas, and heavy woolen pants. It turned out that technology had made incredible strides in the field of materials that kept you warm, but were still thin enough to be used fashionably.

Jenny loved her new ski boots, and the heavy mittens they picked out, but she was unsure about the tight sweaters, and skintight leggings that Ashley insisted that everyone wore these days. When she saw herself in the mirror, she blushed deeply at the sight. Even though she was completely covered, the skin tight outfit left nothing to the imagination. Only the fact that the clothes that Ashley bought for herself were, if anything, even tighter, finally convinced her that they'd be okay.

They arrived at the ski lodge Friday night, and Jenny was thrilled to see that it was just as lovely as she'd hoped it would be. There was even a fireplace in each room, and her husband wasted no time in building a fire that they quickly settled down in front of for a night of wine and romance...

Ashley and her boyfriend knocked on their door early the next morning. The men were planning the day on the slopes, but Ashley and Jenny were scheduled for a beginners' lesson at the novice course. Jenny quickly slipped into her skiing clothes, and the two women headed for their class.

When they arrived at the novice course however, they found a sign stating that the lack of snow that year had necessitated the class being moved to an unused area at the top of the mountain. By the time they bought lift tickets, and got to the spot indicated by the sign, the class was already underway. The students were covered in snow, and it looked like they'd been being shown something about falling down.

The instructor told them he'd take a few minutes when they were done, and show them what they'd missed. For now they should just join in and try to follow along. As they moved into the line, the instructor asked Jenny to hold on for a second, then bent at her feet. He explained that her skis weren't connected properly, and a loose binding could be very dangerous. As he finished he suggested the Ashley, who was now a few feet away from them, should probably make sure that her bindings were tight enough as well.

As Ashley clumsily bent down to check her skis, Jenny was horrified to hear the tearing sound she'd come to dread so much. Even though she knew it wasn't her, Jenny's hands flew to seat of her own pants before she saw the huge gap in the back of Ashley's leggings. The darkly tanned skin of Ashley's backside contrasted sharply with the pink leggings, and a part of Jenny's mind was briefly distracted at the curiosity at Ashley's apparent lack of tan lines. She also was surprised to see why Ashley didn't seem to have any panty lines in such tight pants, since you had to be wearing panties in the first place to have panty lines.

Ashley's hands darted to her ass, as she quickly stood up. Unfortunately, the motion must have stressed the material even worse, because Jenny heard a loud popping sound, and saw Ashley's pants slip from her hands, and flutter open, dropping around her thighs. Ashley spun around as best she could with a scream of horror, concealing her neatly trimmed pubic hair from the rest of the class, but revealing it to Jenny and the instructor. This movement also revealed her ass, which was barely concealed by her hands to the rest of the class.

As Jenny tried to get to her friend as best she could with her skis on, she thought she saw a look of rage briefly flicker across Ashley's face as she looked at her. It disappeared before Jenny could be sure of it's existence though, and Ashley began to quickly try to move towards Jenny as well, all the while trying to get the ruined upper part of her pants back into place.

When they were almost to each other, Ashley's ski tangled together, and she lost her balance. As she fell, Ashley's hands shot out towards Jenny in an attempt to stop her plunge. Unfortunately, all Ashley was able get hold of, was the front of Jenny's own leggings, which quickly dropped to her feet, along with Ashley. Her friend's plight was forgotten, as Jenny screamed in horror as her lacy, french cut, white panties were exposed.

Her knees locked together, she crouched slightly as she clapped her hands over her crotch and bent her legs slightly in an attempt to hide herself from the appreciative eyes of her classmates and her instructor. Staring in horror at the others, she didn't notice as Ashley, her pubic hair frosted with snow, attempted to get her feet. As she did so however, she leaned on Jenny's skis. Jenny slid away from Ashley, who was dumped unceremoniously back into the snow.

Jenny was so mesmerized by the stares of those around her, that she didn't notice at first that she hadn't stopped moving. Suddenly she became aware of the icy air flowing across her exposed legs, and realized that she was moving. Having never been on skis before, she had no idea what to do except look back over shoulder at the rest of the class as she began to slide down the slope. Ashley had raised her head to look at Jenny, and the way she scrunched up her face to try to get the snow out of her eyes almost make it look as if she was smirking.

The attentions of the rest were evenly divided between the sight of Ashley's upraised hips as she tried to keep her crotch out of the freezing snow (Jenny felt a stab of sympathy for her friend, who was almost certainly revealing herself fully to everyone else in that position), and the sight of this buxom blonde, skiing away down the mountain with her pants around her ankles. The instructor was shouting something at her, but she couldn't hear him over the commotion and the rapidly increasing distance between them. She could only make out the word "fall!" Of course she wasn't going to fall, that was the whole idea, wasn't it? You could get hurt if you fell. Unsure of why he was yelling at her, Jenny turned back in the direction she was going.

Moving very fast now, Jenny tried to reach down and grab her pants, but her speed, the skis, and the mittens she was wearing made this impossible. Looking up, she realized that, since the class was being held in an out-of-the-way location, she wasn't heading for the main ski area. Instead she was heading straight for a stand of pine trees!

Jenny desperately tried to turn herself, but even if she had known what she was doing, the lack of poles made it impossible. She hit the trees going pretty fast, but luckily she just crashed through the snow laden branches, and didn't hit anything too solid. The snow was wet and freezing as it was spilled onto her exposed legs over and over by the movement of the branches. Suddenly, she gasped as an icy clump of snow made a direct hit on her pussy!

Managing to look down, Jenny was again mortified to see that her panties were gone! They must have gotten caught on a branch as she crashed through the trees! As she looked back up, her embarrassment deepened even further as she realized that she was now heading for the main course, and dozens of people were staring at this soaked, shivering woman, naked from the waste down, come shooting out of the trees.

Again, Jenny tried to keep her pussy covered with her hands as she shot down the slope, but the way her skis kept wobbling in and out made it impossible for her to keep much hidden. Several other skiers paced alongside her for a bit, but were unable to match her ever growing speed. Jenny blushed even deeper as she saw several people with cameras pointed at her. Suddenly, she heard a voice from above, and in front of her calling her name. Looking up, she realized that her husband and Ashley's boyfriend were in a lift chair coming towards her.

"Jenny, what the hell are you doing!?!"

"I can't stop!"

"Fall down on your side!"

Jenny looked down at the ground whizzing past her.

"I'll break my neck!"

Jenny's husband looked around, they were almost to each other, and this high on the mountain the lift chairs were only six or seven feet off the ground. Suddenly her husband turned to Ashley's boyfriend and started speaking. The other man looked confused for a second, then a huge grin spread across his face. Jenny's husband began turning himself, and with Ashley's boyfriend holding onto him, managed to hang his arms down from the chair.

"Grab my hands!"

Jenny almost sobbed with relief! Thank god, her husband knew what to do. Her humiliation was almost over.

Reaching out her arms, knowing that it revealed her pussy, but having no choice, Jenny slammed into her husband's arms. For a second, it seemed that he had her, then his hands slipped up her arms. In desperation he managed to get hold of her sweater, which pulled off as Jenny raced away!

Screaming in despair, Jenny continued down the mountain, now even more exposed than before. The icy wind had raised goose bumps all over her body, and her skin was bright pink from the cold.

With only her bra remaining, Jenny wondered if her nightmare would ever end. She had to be doing forty, or maybe even fifty, miles an hour now, and she had no idea how to stop herself. Cheering skiers lined the slope as she raced downwards towards the lodge. With one hand over her crotch, and the other across her breasts, Jenny struggled to keep her balance while she tried to figure out how she could crawl into a hole and die, or at least get off this mountain!

As she neared the lodge, Jenny spotted a row of storm fencing strung up along the bottom of the course, having little choice left, Jenny tried as best she could to aim for the lightweight plastic material. Slowly she managed to turn herself just enough to head in that direction. As she slammed into the fence, she wondered if she'd be killed as her hands instinctively overrode her modesty to cover her face.

She hit the fence hard, much harder than the fence had ever been designed for. The plastic pressed against her for a split second, then tore down it's length. As it slid across her, Jenny felt a sharp tug, and felt her bra catch in the plastic mesh at it was torn away from her.

Fortunately the decreasing angle of the slope, and the impact with the fence, managed to slow her considerably. Bruised and shaken, Jenny coasted to a stop at the edge of the lodge's cafe. As she slowly lowered her arms, she looked up into dozens of faces staring at her from the railing of the cafe. Suddenly she realized that she was standing in front of all these people naked, except for her skis and mittens. Quickly replacing her hands over her crotch and breasts, she tried to shuffle her skis as best she could away from the crowd.

That was when she realized that her husband had the room key...

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**Jenny’s Zoo Story by CC**

It was a lovely day in early Autumn and Jenny was at the Zoo. She’d taken a Personal Day off from work just to enjoy the surroundings without all the crowds, and the warm weather was perfect for it. She had dressed in comfortable shorts over red silk panties, sandals and a roomy stretch-knit Tube Top -- no accidents today, thank you! And just in case, she had a supply of Safety Pins in her pocket. So she felt pretty safe as she strolled along, smiling at the cute furry animals in their cages. “Still plenty of people here,” She thought, “But not those huge crowds like--- Oops! What’s this?”

She had stepped into a wad of gum, lying half-melted on the sidewalk. And as she scuffed around to see what it was, she stuck her other foot in it! For a second or two Jenny lurched unsteadily, setting her full, firm 38CC breasts jiggling in the tube top -- to the delight of any men watching! Then she steadied herself and “snick-snicked” over to the closest bench. “I can sit here and scrape this gunk off with a nail file or something,” she thought as she sat down. But then, as she bent forward to remove her shoe, she heard a short, sharp RIP!

“OMIGAWSH!” Fearing the worst, Jenny straightened up and darted a hand behind her, feeling the top of her shorts. The seam was just starting to rip at the belt-line, exposing perhaps a half-inch of the top of her panties in the V-shaped opening. “Just a tiny tear. But it could get worse. Good thing I brought the safety pins,” Jennie thought, “Now I just need to get to a Restroom and make repairs...”

Her luck seemed to be holding. The Ladies Room was just a few yards away. Jennie got up quickly, adjusted her tube top down over the top of her panties (“Glad I wore a long one,” She remembered.) and hurried over to the concrete building that housed the restrooms in this part of the zoo. Along the way, her gummed-up sandals continued to “snick-snick” but she ignored it in her haste to get to cover.

Inside the restroom, Jenny quickly went into a stall and closed the door securely behind her. She slipped out of her shoes, feeling the cool concrete on her bare feet, and removed her shorts. Stood with her back to the stall door and held them up for inspection. “Not too bad at all,” She reflected. “Probably wouldn’t even tear any further. Should I just wear them like this? No... no sense taking chances. I’ll just get a pin out of the pocket and...”

But as she reached into the pocket, the shorts slipped from her hand and fell into the Toilet Bowl! With a squawk of alarm, Jenny reached down to get them, stubbed her toe on her sandals, lost her balance and started to fall forward. Instinctively, she reached out a hand to stop herself and grabbed the Flush Lever...

SPLUNGE-SNORKKK-SHEEE-WHOOSH!

The heavy-duty Public toilet flushed with a mighty splash, sending Jenny’s shorts down, down... and gone!

Jenny straightened up and stared unbelieving down at the rippling clear water in the shiny white toilet bowl -- Where her shorts had been just seconds ago! Then she looked down in horror, realizing she had de-pantsed herself in the middle of the City Zoo!

“Not to worry,” She forced herself to calm down, “I can still get out of here without showing off TOO much... I think. Let’s see... If I just pull down on this tube top...”

It worked. Jenny blessed her foresight as the roomy knit tube top stretched down just over the curve of her bottom and below her crotch. True, this exposed the tops of her delectable breasts, but Jenny reasoned she’d still be able to walk back to her car without showing anything. Oh, it wasn’t an easy choice. Shy Jenny hesitated for a long moment before gathering up the courage to go walking out in broad daylight wearing what now looked like a micro-minidress, but she told herself this was at least better than asking for help and trying to explain to some stranger or Zoo Attendant that she’d flushed her own pants down the Toilet. She took a deep breath, slipped her shoes on and left the restroom.

It was worse than she’d thought. Much worse. With the tube top pulled so low, her round, bouncy breasts jiggled more. MUCH more than they had earlier! And each bounce threatened to pop them free from the knit confines. Jenny tugged up on the tube top, but this made the hem rise up on her full, firm bottom. She could feel it sneaking up towards her crotch, perilously close to showing off the red silk bikini-cut panties she’d worn today. Each breast-bouncing, hip-swishing step seemed to show off a little more of her pale pink flesh, and --as if to mock her predicament -- her gummy sandals continued that noisy “snick-snick” on the concrete walk! Jenny kept pulling up on her knit top with her right hand, down with her left, thankful she’d picked a stretchy one as she walked through the older part of the grounds toward the Parking Lot.

That’s when she remembered her purse.

Jenny took a quick inventory of her hands. Right pulling up. No purse there. Left tugging down. No purse THERE.... That meant....

“I must have left it in the stall at the restroom!” Jenny gasped.

She stopped for a moment and backed up close to a bush to avoid attention while she considered her situation, racked with indecision. There was only her keys and some change in the little purse, and there were spare keys hidden at the car, so she didn’t really NEED the damn thing. But she reflected on the embarrassment of having to get ANOTHER set of Duplicate keys made. The awkwardness of trying to explain how she’s lost yet another set...

“No,” She thought, I’ll just hurry back and see if it’s still there. It won’t be fun after walking all this way, but...” And she began quickly retracing her snick-snicky steps

Alas! If only she hadn’t been so preoccupied with making speed, she might have noticed that the hem of her tube top had gotten caught on that bush! If only she hadn’t been so concerned with that purse, she might have noticed the subtle coolness sneaking up her legs as the knit tube top began to slowly, insidiously unravel... but she was so concerned with making speed, she ignored the increasingly amused leers of the men she passed, the stern-faced scorn of the women, and the laughing stares of the children till she heard one squeal, “Mommy! I see that lady’s underpants!”

Jenny darted a hand down to her hem... only to discover it wasn’t there anymore! Her tube top now ended somewhere between her hips and her navel, leaving the bright red bikini-cut panties flashing over her butt for all to see! With a cute squeal of dismay, she jumped behind a drinking fountain (It seemed like it’s hide her from the waist down) to see What Now!

Behind the fountain she saw the trail of string that had been the bottom half of her tube top, winding back down the walk and out of sight. And she realized any more walking would unravel it even further, exposing her full 38-CC breasts! She tugged on the string, but it was securely anchored to something way back there, hidden from view.

“Omigosh,” Jenny thought, “I better hurry back there and unhook it before I get unraveled completely!” She kicked off the sticky sandals and went racing back!

But Bad Luck kept after her. For Jenny had failed to notice that when she ducked behind the drinking fountain, the string from her unwinding tube-top had hooked around the handle... and as she sped back towards the bush, her garment kept unwinding, bringing more and more of her round, bouncy breasts into view!

Jenny reached the bushes just as the last of her tube top disappeared, and she looked down at herself in shock. “OH NO! Right back where I started from, and now wearing only these red silk panties! Ooo! And those punky teenagers are looking at me! OH! They’re coming this way! I’ve got to hide!” And she dived headlong into the bush and began crawling forward, trying for all the concealment she could get.

A short distance away, the group of five or six spike-haired, purple-tressed, leather-clad, multi-pierced young men and women looked in amusement at the breast-bouncing, totally ridiculous figure of the panty-clad blonde jumping into the bushes and headed over to see what kicks this situation might deliver. Deep in the undergrowth, Jenny watched their approach and realised that if she could see them, they could certainly see HER.

“Gotta get out of here,” She thought desperately, “It’ll take them awhile to walk around the shrubbery, but I haven’t much time. And where can I hide? Wait... what’s that?”

As Jenny crawled through the bushes she spotted the back of a small concrete building, several yards away. It looked disused, no one around, and... YES! The door was ajar.

“Got to get over there and duck inside,” Jenny reasoned, “It’s my only hope if I don’t want those punky kids to catch me in my panties.”

But as she crawled forward beneath the sticky limbs of the bushes, she felt something tug at the back of her panties! Horrified, she tried to turn, only to discover that the undergrowth here was too thick to allow that much movement. Carefully she turned her head as far as she could, and saw six or seven of the springy, thorny branches had attached themselves to her red silk panties. She tried backing up, and felt the branches rolling up in the flimsy material. And the teenagers were getting closer!

Jenny could have wept with cute frustration. She couldn’t free this, her last remaining garment, and she most certainly couldn’t just wait here and let those kids surround her.. Close to panic, she wiggled forward, heeling the silken undergarment slide over her firm bottom, down her shapely legs and completely off

Smeared with dirt, leaves and twigs caught in her hair, Jenny got to her feet and raced toward the half-open door just ahead, clutching one arm over her bosom and one hand down to her fleecy blonde crotch. It was as if the very elements themselves had conspired against her, stripping her few clothes away and leaving her like this, a running, desperately nude woman in a public zoo. She had to HIDE! Panting with exertion, she reached the building, jumped inside the door and slammed it shut, hearing the lock snap closed with a metallic THUD.

Eyes closed in the coolness of her new-found shelter, she leaned against a concrete wall, fighting to control her breath. Finally, when she had calmed down, she opened her eyes and looked around.

There were bars in front of her.

Jenny was locked in a cage. A small cage, about three feet square. The floor was about three feet off the ground, to give visitors a better view. She was totally naked. Unable to free herself. Exposed to the view of anyone who happened to pass.

And there were people coming!

Blushing furiously from the roots of her hair to the tingling tips of her toes, Jenny dropped to her knees and clutched her arms about her. Her shameful quarters were just barely big enough to allow this much movement, but it brought her face close to one side of the bars... and her bare butt close to the other!

Attracted by the movement, people began drifting over. Men mostly, getting closer and closer. Jenny felt like crying. Then, in the small sea of approaching faces she saw a familiar one...

“Ashley!” The blonde squeaked pitifully, “You’ve got to help me!” even as she spoke, Jenny wished it could be almost anyone else she knew. Ashley was her friend (she thought) but she seemed awfully cavalier sometimes about these embarrassing situations Jenny got herself in.

Like now for instance. Ashley approached slowly, her eyes wide with cool interest. Was that just the trace of a smile on her lips?

“My goodness,” She said blithely, “Is that you, Darling? I know it’s a warm day, Sweet, but don’t you find that outfit just a teeny bit chilly?”

“Oh pleese!” Jenny whined, “Get me out of here! Get me some clothes!”

“You mean you didn’t get in there, locked up naked in a cage at the Zoo on purpose?” Ashley’s feigned naivete drove the blushing blonde’s blood pressure at least ten points higher. She tried to protest that this had all been a series of mishaps, but Ashley seemed to keep missing the point, asking Jenny if she’d seen the Ostrich, if she was with anyone, if she’d had any lunch....

“Lunch!” Jenny’s voice rose at least an octave, attracting even more attention, “How could I possibly buy anything... like this! Ashley, get me out of here! Get me some clothes!”

“I will, dear, but first you better eat a bite before you faint or something. Here...” She stuck a peanut between the bars. “Take this.”

“Ashley, I don’t want anything to eat! Can’t you see I’m locked in here without any clothes on?”

“Well anyone can see that, Darling,” Ashley smiled, “I mean -Duh!- but for your own good you better eat something. Then I’ll go get an attendant to let you out and bring you some clothes.”

“Oh all right,” Miserably, Jenny pushed her lips to the bars (She didn’t want to use her hands because that would mean unwrapping her arms from her naked body) and took the peanut from Ashley's palm into her mouth. The crowd looked on in wonder to see the attractive brunette hand-feeding a caged nude blonde.

“That’s good dear,” Ashley said with maddening coolness, “Now have some more... that’s right. Now I’ll go, Dear and get you some help. But listen: This crowd looks a little rough, and they can probably reach through the bars. Don’t give them any excuse to start tickling you or anything. If they try to feed you, ask you to sit up or do tricks, just go along with it... If they think you’re part of an act, they’re less likely to... well... ’ll be right back. And don’t say anything! Not a word!”

“All righht, Ashley,” Jenny looks up at her friend with gratitude, “But hurry!”

“Oh I will!”

And Ashley hurries. Down the path to the bushes, where she can just see her captive “friend” but can’t be seen herself. There she stops. And watches. She sees the crowd of punk kids discover the sight in the cage. Sees the nude blonde sitting up, arms crossed nervously in front of her, and beg for food. Sees her obligingly wiggle her pink “tail” and jump as someone darts in a mischievous finger.

“Scuse me, Ma’am,” Ashley turns to see a couple of Zoo Attendants walking her way, “We got a report of a naked lady locked in a cage. You seen anything like that?”

“Oh yes,” Ashley points helpfully in the opposite direction. “She’s over in the new Section of the Zoo. But she’s quite a ways away. And she’s not locked in, she’s running all around, hiding. It’ll probably take quite a while to find her.”

“Okay,” The attendants head off. “We’ll check over there. Um, are you going to be here awhile?”

“Oh yes,” Ashley smiles, “I’ll wait right here. For at least an hour. Check back with me if you don’t find her. that way, if I see her, I can tell you which way she went!”

“Thanks!”

“No, thank YOU!”

And as the attendants walk purposefully away, Ashley turns to enjoy the sight of Jenny, naked in a cage, doing tricks for the crowd.

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**Jenny's New Look by Hugo Rune**

Lying down on the picnic blanket sipping her beer, her second of the day, Jenny felt more at peace with herself than she had done in months. Today was the Fourth of July, and her husband was back home again after a long business trip. It felt so good to have him around, she'd missed him so much.

Today like everyone else they had watched the parades, bought little star-spangled banners to wave, and now it was late afternoon they were enjoying a picnic in the park and looking forward to the fireworks that evening. Jenny was also looking forward to meeting her husband's sister and her family, who would be joining them in the park shortly.

Despite being married several years, Jenny had never met her sister-in-law, who had moved to another part of the country before Jenny met her husband. Now she had come back to her home town for the holiday, and Jenny's husband had arranged for them to meet up for a picnic at the park they both knew well. It would be nice, she thought to meet someone who knew her husband when he was little, Jenny hoped they would become friends.

Thinking of friends, Jenny was ashamed to admit she was glad that Ashley was visiting her parents at the moment. Though she couldn't really fault her best friend, she was a painful reminder of recent humiliations, which Jenny had so far managed to keep her husband from finding out about. With Ashley away for the moment, she was in little danger of her husband discovering her latest embarrassments.....But the main reason Jenny was feeling so calm, was her choice of dress for the day; In a break with her past wardrobe, she had eschewed her traditional sundress and was wearing a crisp new pair of pale blue Levi's and a dark-green Fruit of the Loom T-shirt.

At first Jenny wasn't sure she was doing the right thing, she had been brought up with the view that jeans and a t-shirt just weren't very feminine, and a lady should take care to appear like a lady; but when she came down the stairs and her husband saw the way the blue denim fitted tightly over her lush curves, and the t-shirt hinted at enough of the shape of her breasts to fire a man's imagination, the look in his eyes told her that she needn't worry about his disapproval, (not to mention the way he insisted on walking around all day with his arm around her and his hand slipped into her back pocket, occasionally squeezing her ass, making her giggle).

Jenny though, had more personal reasons for this change in attire. She had decided to take positive action to stem the tide of embarrassment that it seemed threatened to nearly drown her in recent weeks. The sturdy jeans felt like a safety harness for her modesty after those flimsy sundresses. She had purposefully chosen a button fly, since experience had told her that zips just would not stay up anywhere \*near\* her body, and a strong belt cinched the jeans snugly around her waist.

There was no accident or conspiracy of fate she could imagine that could possibly lead to her being exposed or humiliated now. In addition, the t-shirt allowed her to wear the sturdiest bra without having to worry about it showing. She felt she had not had such control over her large breasts in far too long!

Sipping a little more beer, it was a holiday after all, Jenny wished she'd done this weeks ago. She could feel the tension and wariness that had seemed to be her constant companions gradually slipping away. Wearing the jeans she could sit how she liked without having to worry about anyone seeing up her skirt, and the t-shirt likewise guarded her cleavage from hungry eyes. Jenny smiled, almost blushing when she remembered how something as simple as the wind picking up a little could make her heart beat faster with nerves. She stretched out on the blanket, one knee raised up in the air. This was bliss........

Finishing her can of beer, Jenny wondered when her husband's sister would get here. In the company of just her husband, with whom she could just enjoy his presence without the need for conversation, she had finished her two beers rather quicker than usual and was now feeling the effects. Sitting up, she leaned into her husband.

"I've got to use the bathroom, will you hold the fort?" He smiled at her and kissed her nose,

"Sure, don't be long okay?"

Getting to her feet Jenny was sharply reminded how little capacity for alcohol she had. After only two cans she had a nice buzz going, and her bladder was a lot more full than she had realised lying down on the blanket!

Moving with exaggerated care, but a mounting sense of urgency, she made her way in the direction of the public restrooms on the other side of the field. As she threaded her way through the various couples, groups and families who had congregated at the park to share the independence day celebrations she realised that a lot more people had arrived since she and her husband had claimed their spot, the park looked like it was host to a 60's music festival.

By the time Jenny reached the restrooms, she was very glad they weren't any further away. She had begun to start walking in that tight-buttocked, brisk stride that speaks of one with a pressing urge to purge. She may not have had to worry about the arrangement of a skirt, but she was disconcerted to see the way men were ogling her bottom as it shifted under the skintight denim, it almost outweighed the benefits she felt!...

With relief she rounded the corner to where the entrance was - only to have that relief shattered by the scene that met her eyes. There was a considerable queue for the ladies' facilities that stretched out the door and along the side of the building! At that sight, as if waiting for the cue, her body sent a sharp rush of need to Jenny's groin that nearly doubled her over. Fighting it back she scurried over to join the end of the queue, hoping against hope that it would move along quickly.

Standing in line Jenny tried to maintain an outward appearance of composure, but it wasn't easy. She constantly shifted her weight from foot to foot, wriggled her toes inside her shoes and twisted her fingers together as if trying to tie them in knots. After a few minutes, when the line had only moved forward by two people,

Jenny was practically hopping on the spot, her cheeks and forehead misted with cold sweat from the tension, she knew she couldn't stand still any longer. She left her spot in the queue and made her way, half-dancing as she went, to the front of the line. Though it embarrassed her extremely to admit the extent of her difficulty, she felt she had to throw herself on the mercy of those in front of her. Swallowing her pride, she addressed herself to the teenage girl at the head of the line;

"Would you mind if I pushed in? It's a bit of an emergency!!" Jenny proved her words by jigging her weight around, bending one knee then the other as she spoke.

"No way lady, I've been waiting twenty minutes to get this far.." The girl showed all of the generous nature and community spirit you would expect from a modern teenager.

"Please I'm desperate!! Can't you see??" The young minx smirked at the older woman's obvious distress, clearly revelling in her power to torment poor Jenny.

"You need to have more control Lady, didn't your parents train you well enough?- You should have gone before you came!"

Jenny looked to the others standing waiting, but saw only disgust or amusement at a mature woman who had put herself in such a predicament, it was obvious she would get no support from them. Looking back to her place in the queue, she was heartbroken to see that more women had joined the end of the line; she would now have longer to wait than when she started!

Not knowing exactly where she was going, only wanting to get away from these unfeeling people, Jenny turned around and hurried away from a place where she had abandoned her dignity and begged to be allowed to use the toilet, only to be denied that mercy. And still her need was mounting with every moment!.......

In a panic, Jenny reviewed her options - there weren't many. There were precious few bushes around any more. In an effort to make the park safer in the night times, all the dark, concealing places had been uprooted, and the park was laid out on a more open plan. Jenny had campaigned strongly to make the park less of a danger-zone for women; she never imagined that it would backfire on her in such a way as this!!

Wracking her brains for what to do, she remembered a quiet out-of the-way place on the south side of the park. There was a path that meandered through an area planted with various exotic flowers and shrubs; It was shady and secluded, and you never met many other people on a walk along the path.. It was by no means ideal, but Jenny didn't see that she had much choice!! Quickening her pace as much as she dared, she headed in that direction

Jenny's earlier care-free demeanour was a distant memory now, as she scurried, hopped, skipped and scuttled through the crowd, one hand pressed to her stomach, swerving around the many picnic blankets dotted around the field. Her breasts bounced under the t-shirt as she ran, despite her bra... She was practically in tears; how did she find herself in such a predicament?? She was a grown woman!! She'd never been so ashamed...

Before she was halfway across the field, Jenny's situation became almost unbearable. She was now running in a crouch, bottom thrust out, both thighs clenched as hard as she could, only able to move her legs at the knees; resulting in that characteristic trotting-run that left those she passed by in no doubt as to the nature of her difficulty.

Her face burning, Jenny could see peoples amused, surprised, and pitying expressions staring up at her as she scurried by. A sudden hot twinge of need made her grab her crotch through her jeans, and once her hand was there, there was no way she could let go without the floodgates opening. So she ran on with her hand between her legs past men who grinned, children who stared and mothers who tutted their disapproval.

"Gonna make it, gonna make it, gonna make it, Oh PLEASE gonna make it....." Jenny chanted in her mind, her pretty face twisted in concentration. Then she stumbled a little, and to her horror a small squirt of pee dampened the crotch of her panties. It came close to being game-over at that point, but Jenny just managed to choke off the flow..

It was clear however that her remaining endurance could be counted in seconds. Finally she reached the edge of the field and the path that led to the exotic garden. Still in plain view of the crowds Jenny nevertheless started undoing the buckle of her belt, suddenly realising how difficult it could be to get these jeans off in a hurry!!

As she stumbled panting round the corner out of sight, her breath panting and her heart hammering, The blonde beauty began to attack her buttons in earnest, cursing her terrible decision to abandon her beloved sundresses. If she had been wearing one she could have simply hiked it up, yanked down her panties and would even now be experiencing sweet relief...

That was not a wise thing to contemplate at this particular time, as Jenny's bladder took the signal to start letting go, while Jenny was still fumbling with her pants. She'd stopped running now, and was stood in the middle of the path weeping with frustration as she tried to undo her buttons.

The new Denim was stiff and unyielding and the buttons were hidden from view behind a false "fly" making them difficult to get at. Twisting about like a tree in a hurricane, Jenny managed to get one undone, then two...

Jenny's piss was leaking out in a steady trickle by this point despite all her efforts, soaking her panties and dampening the cloth of her jeans. After one more button Jenny gave up and started yanking at the waistband trying to drag the jeans and panties down over her rump, belatedly making an effort to hobble over to the edge of the path towards what little shrubbery was present.

Jenny couldn't help squirting periodically as her abdominal muscles cramped in agony. She remembered how pleased she was, thinking that her days of public nudity were behind her, and now here she was in the open air, scant yards away from thousands of people - and her one desire in life was to get these DAMN JEANS OFF!!!

Finally she managed to tug and push the jeans to about mid-thigh, and abandoning the attempt to reach even minimal cover, Jenny squatted down at the edge of the path, ankles wide apart, and thrust her pale buttocks as far out as she could. Making sure her T-shirt was hiked up out of the way, Jenny finally let go her control and gave her body the release it craved.

It was in this ecstasy of relief, with her ass raised high in the air, her stream of piss squirting out with shameful force and making a noise like a waterfall in flood, that Jenny suddenly heard the shocked gasps of several people on the path behind her........

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**Jenny's Hospital Visit by CC**

Jenny walked purposefully through the sparkling, well-lit corridors of University Hospital, wondering where the hell she was. With her husband out of town -- out of the country, actually -- for a month, she had plenty of free time, and had decided to visit her good friend Ashley, who was recovering nicely from that nasty fall in the park. Only the Medication must have affected Ashley strangely, because... well the LANGUAGE her good friend had used!

Her visit thus quickly concluded, Jenny meant to leave the mega-hospital, but she apparently got off on the wrong floor, then wandered off in search of a Ladies Room. Her need to Go was becoming rather pressing, but she hesitated to ask directions: the white-jacketed staff people walking urgently about the corridors seemed preoccupied with something else, calling to each other:

“They find her yet?”

“NO! Did you check the Janitor Closets?”

Jenny scarcely heard, so intent was she on locating a Ladies’ Room.... AH, there it was at last! She stepped into the clean and shiny Rest Room and was about to enter a Cubicle when....

“P-Please, Miss..... Help?”

Jenny looked about, startled, her need forgotten for a moment. There, peeking shyly out of one of the Stalls was a very embarrassed-looking Naked Woman!

“Please,” The blushing woman asked again, “Can you help me?”

Jenny couldn’t help staring at the blushing woman, as blonde as she was and almost as well-built -- but definitely under-dressed! The young lady was trying to hold the stall door and cover her ample breasts and coy little pussy as best she could -- clearly a losing battle under the circumstances!

Remembering all the times SHE had been caught in unfortunate situations like this, her heart went out to the poor thing.

“Why you poor Dear,” She said sincerely, “Of course I’ll help you! What on Earth happened? Let me call someone--”

“Oh NO!” The other blonde gasped quickly, “Th-that is, I’d be just too embarrassed for anyone else to see me this way. You see, I was using the restroom here and t-trying to get a spot out of my dress and-and someone stole it! And left me here like this with nothing to wear!”

For a nanosecond, Jenny wondered how the woman could have lost ALL her clothes if she’d just been trying... still, she knew it COULD happen.

And the blonde was still talking, “If-if I could just b-borrow your coat. Oh, it would mean so much to me!”

“Of course, Dear.”

Jenny immediately hung her purse inside the neighboring stall and removed her expensive trench coat.

Underneath she wore a stylish blue dress with matching shoes, sensible white lingerie and brand new pantyhose, so she knew she’d be warm enough even without it, but....

But as the pretty young lady thankfully pulled the coat over her naked curves, both women saw that it still wasn’t covering much. The open collar showed off a lot of curvaceous Bosom, and the slits in the hem gave generous glimpses of her shapely legs as she moved.

She looked at Jenny pitifully, somehow even more embarrassed.

“I-I know it’s a lot to ask, but-but if I could please just borrow your underwear.... just to be decently covered again.”

Jenny’s heart just melted at the poor woman’s pleading eyes, as big and blue as her own.

“Of course, Dear,” She said quickly, “Just let me slip in here...”

Inside the adjacent stall, Jenny unzipped her dress, slipped it over her head, and hung it on the door hook with her purse. Hurrying to help the unfortunate girl, she unsnapped her bra and draped it over the partition between the two stalls so the other woman could get it. Then she stepped out of her shoes and peeled off her pantyhose, hanging them carefully over the hook. Finally, she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and slid them off her legs, passing them over the partition to the grateful lady.

“Oh thank you! You have no idea how much this means...”

But Jenny wasn’t listening. The cold floor on her bare feet reminded her of the Call of Nature that brought her here in the first place... and reminded her forcefully! Quickly, she sat down on the toilet, closed her eyes and relieved herself, a little embarrassed by the loud splashing to be heard over the sound of dressing in the next stall: the sounds of a zipper closing and shoes sliding across the floor....WHAT!?

Jenny’s eyes flew open. In front of her, where her things had been hanging, was just an empty hook! She shot to her bare feet and looked about: Shoes gone. Pantyhose gone. Dress, too. Even her purse had been taken!

Suddenly she heard the shoes clattering across the floor. Jenny threw open the cubicle door just in time to see the once-nude blonde darting out of the Restroom-- in HER clothes! In a tizzy, Jenny raced after her.

“STOP THIEF!” She called, “Those are MINE! Gimme my clothes back! Oh Pleese, I-I’m NAKED!”

Jenny stopped dead still in the middle of the crowded corridor as she suddenly realized her plight -- Nude in Public!

Blushing furiously, she crossed one arm over her jiggling breasts and darted the other hand down over her blonde pussy. All around her, people were staring, eyes wide.... She felt her tummy flutter, her ears ring with embarrassment, and a chill run up her nude spine as a crowd of fully-dressed doctors and visitors seemed to fill the corridors all around her.

“Omigawd,” She thought, “It’s happened again! Someone’s taken all my clothes and left me out here Nude where everyone can see me! What’ll I do???”

Then, to her relief, two white-jacketed attendants -- one male, one female -- rushed up, carrying what looked like clothing.

“Please! She cried, “Stop that woman! Get my clothes! Ge-umpphh!”

Her words were stoppered by a ball gag pushed between her lips and secured behind her head with a rubber band. Her eyebrows shot up as she gurgled a Protest. Didn’t they understand? Couldn’t they see she was NAKED?

“Come along now, Carrie,” The Male attendant had her arms in a tight hold, twisted behind her.

Jenny blushed furiously as she realized all her assets were now exposed to the gathering crowd. And there, in the back of the mob, waltzing cheerily away was the Thief in HER clothes!

She screamed into the gag and struggled, the only result being a series of unintelligible burbles and a wild jiggling of her big, well-shaped breasts... which definitely met with the crowd’s approval!

“Now Carrie,” The female attendant was putting some kind of sleeves up Jenny’s arms and securing them at her shoulders.

They were made of strong fishnet that trapped her arms without really covering anything, and when the nurse twisted Jenny’s wrists around her waist and secured the cuffs behind her back, it left her breasts flopping out atop her forcibly-crossed upper arms -- and her nether parts completely exposed as well!

“Pphhfflloottt!” She cried through the gag. “Tthwbbllghgh!”

“Well you got to put on quite a show for everyone Carrie,” The Male Nurse lifted gently but insistently on Jenny’s cuffed wrists, forcing her to march right into the crowd that (very slowly and reluctantly) parted to make way for them.

Jenny felt the eyes of everyone in the hallway, all over her body. Some were clinically detached, some censorious, others just amused. As they passed through the hallways, she also felt an occasional HAND! stroking her thigh, caressing a breast... or pinching her bottom! And she realized not all the hands were Male!

“It was very naughty of you to sneak out of your room like that, now wasn’t it, Carrie?” The female attendant pushed Jenny gently forward with caressing fingers on her bare bottom.

“Mmmpfflloog?” Jenny said.

“But Dr. Linden says he can help you. Of course, you’ll have to be punished, but I’ll take care of that myself!”

As they entered an elevator -- a very crowded one, Jenny turned to the dark-haired nurse and looked pleadingly into her sensuous green eyes.

“Mmppffleep!” She said.

Two Weeks Later

Portly, graying Dr. Linden ushered the chattering crowd of chattering young pre-med Students into the antiseptically white Lab.

As they entered, silence fell over them, their eyes glued to the sight of the naked woman running on the treadmill -- which was mounted on a Platform so everyone could see her better.

The expression on her pretty face was one of sheer disbelief. As if she just couldn’t accept that THIS was happening to HER! She saw the students watching her, and tried to run with her legs close together, one hand holding onto the treadmill while the other fanned indecisively between her breasts and her smooth-shaven pussy. Though she was obviously trying for some shred of modesty, the only effect was to accentuate her swishing bare bottom with each short, mincing step.

“This is the Case I was telling you about: C-11. Code name Carrie,” He lectured, “A perfect example of Behavior Modification.”

“This is the woman who was brought in three weeks ago?” A nerdy young man asked.

“The one with multiple personalities, paranoid delusions and-and uncontrollable Exhibitionist tendencies?” A beefy jock-type put in.

“That’s right,” Dr. Linden smiled proudly, “And a bit of a discipline problem as well. Only a week after being committed to our care, she escaped her quarters to go parading around naked through the halls.”

“Fascinating,” A mannish-looking girl in dark-rimmed glasses, her hair pulled back and cut stylishly short, eyed the curvaceous bouncing anatomy with unusual interest. “But why did you shave off all her hair?”

“That was necessary for hygienic purposes before we put her in the Isolation Tank.”

“Why was the I-Tank necessary?” a curvy young red-head in a too-tight sweater asked.

“When we re-captured Carrie,” The Doctor explained, “She had developed the extraordinary delusion that she was a young woman named Jenny-something. Her delusion was so detailed that she was able to give us address, social security number....”

“Uh- Doctor?” a young african-american with sharp, intelligent features asked, “How do you know-- I mean.. if she had all this information....?”

“I know where you’re going with that question,” The Doctor smiled indulgently, “And to humor the Patient, we actually checked the address she gave us. And there was in fact a Real Jenny-something-or-other living there. She told the investigators she had visited the Hospital the day Carrie escaped, and we surmised she must have drooped an ID card or something.”

`”But what about the I-tank?” The red-head insisted.

“When we told Carrie of our findings, she became almost violent, insisting that SHE was Jenny, and this woman at her home must be an escaped patient. As you know, we don’t use drugs here, so we restrained Carrie and placed her in the Isolation Tank -- after shaving her -- where she floated blindfolded in warm water while we played tapes to calm her down. After several hours, when she became more suggestible, we played additional tapes to instill very strong feelings of modesty, shyness -- prudery, even -- concerning her nudity. And you can see the result."

Eyes went back up to the blushing, quivering, mincing, naked hairless woman on the treadmill.

“You mean she’s up there naked in front of everyone like that just to show off the success of your treatment?” The nerdy guy asked eagerly.

“Oh no,” Dr. Linden smiled again, “This is punishment. We thought we were making great strides with Carrie here, but she slipped back into that ‘Jenny’ persona -- albeit with strong feelings of modesty. At any rate, she began insisting that she was this Jenny person again, and said that one of the patients here -- a young lady recovering from a fall of some sort -- could identify her. The patient -- Ashley, I think her name was -- was just checking out, but we managed to get her in here to see Carrie.”

“What happened?”

“Well as I told the class earlier, since instilling the feelings of embarrassment in Carrie, we haven’t had to restrain her; just leaving her in her room with no clothing was quite enough. At any rate, when this Ashley person saw our patient, she seemed unduly amused -- I suppose the sight of a nude woman shaved smooth might strike some people that way. Or it may have been the head injury she was recovering from. At any rate, she was quite insistent that this couldn’t possibly be her friend Jenny.”

“But how could she be sure?” The african-american student asked, “I mean with her hair all gone, and in unfamiliar surroundings--”

“She was Quite Sure,” Dr. Linden said firmly. “But when we relayed this to Carrie, she became highly agitated once more, screaming that she was trapped naked here while someone else stole her clothes and was living in her house. She even accused Nurse Benning of -hem!- taking liberties with her! Well as you know, we simply don’t tolerate that sort of behavior from patients committed to our care, so we put Carrie on the Treadmill here. A few hours of this sort of thing will make her much more agreeable, I think.”

The students looked up at the obviously-humiliated, incredibly-shapely young lady parading helplessly in front of them and had to agree. As they filed out of the room, Nurse Benning, her green eyes flashing sensuously, stepped up beside the patient, her hands busily steadying her....

(Note to readers: Jenny was rescued when her husband returned from overseas a few weeks later.)

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**Jenny’s Thanksgiving Parade by Jack**

"I say she won’t make it as far as the turn onto Main Street. If she’s wearing a stitch when the float makes the turn, I’ll eat a bug."

"Stick with the bets we already agreed on. You’ve got Main Street. Now, me, I think it’ll take longer than that. Even Our Jenny needs some time to get warmed up, after all."

"Poor choice of words," Roger Taylor put in, grinning at Jenny’s husband. Even though he was the youngest of the three, twenty-one and still in college, he mixed comfortably with the other two. Jenny’s brother was at ease anywhere he went. "Forecast says it’ll be cool with a chance of a flurry . . . so I doubt Sis’ll be warming up much."

"You know what I mean," Jenny’s husband said. "I figure she’ll last until the float hits Fourth Street. What about you, Roger?"

"Well, I haven’t been around Sis as much as you two for a long time, but I think you’re selling her short. I say she’ll loose it all about the time the parade passes the reviewing stand by the courthouse."

"Maximum visibility," Ashley’s boyfriend commented, grinning. "I suppose it could work out that way. But I still think it’ll be quicker than that, if I know Jenny."

The three young men were sitting in a corner booth at a small downtown diner, waiting to meet up with Jenny and Ashley and discussing the prospects for Thanksgiving morning. Ever since they had learned that Jenny had won a promotional contest that made her Queen of the Harvest, and hence entitled to preside over one of the floats in the town’s annual Thanksgiving Day parade, the chief object of speculation among the three of them was simple: how long could Jenny stay dressed?

It went without saying that all three figured she would probably lose her clothes. This was the sort of event where Jenny’s talent for having "accidents" was bound to come to the fore. So the only question was how long it would take . . . and each of them had put down fifty dollars on his personal prediction.

"Do you know something we don’t?" Jenny’s husband asked, arching one eyebrow. "Ashley planning to take a hand?"

"If she is, she hasn’t said anything," her boyfriend responded. "Not that I wouldn’t put it past her."

"Ashley?" Roger asked, interested. "I thought she was Jenny’s best friend?"

Her boyfriend guffawed. "And her worst nightmare, too, kid. She doesn’t think any of the rest of us suspect it, but I know for a fact that some of Jenny’s best ‘accidents’ were Ashley’s doing. Sometimes it seems like she’s really out to get poor Jenny . . . don’t know why, though."

"Hmmm." Roger frowned. Did that alter the odds? Or could he find a way to make use of this particular tidbit?

"Better change the subject," Jenny’s husband said softly. "Here come the girls."

Jenny and Ashley hastened across the diner, walking briskly. The blonde Jenny led the way, wearing a light autumn coat buttoned up tight despite the warmth of the restaurant. Roger was a little disappointed at that. He was of the opinion that his big sister should never cover up her magnificent 38CC breasts.

Her brunette friend, Ashley – who apparently wasn’t as much of a friend as he’d been led to believe – trailed after her with her coat over her arm and a slightly put-upon expression on her face. Roger approved of Ashley. Her 34B breasts weren’t as impressive as his sister’s, but there was something about the overall look of the brunette, sultry, a little slutty, even a little touch of outright evil, that appealed to Roger Taylor.

He was beginning to think of her as a kindred spirit, despite only having met her the day before. This latest discovery, that she had arranged for some of Jenny’s renowned accidents, only intrigued him more. The two women bent to kiss their respective menfolk, while Roger stood up and grabbed a chair from a nearby table to make room for the new arrivals.

"Were the gowns ready?" Ashley’s boyfriend asked.

Ashley slid into the booth next to her boyfriend.

"Just a couple of last adjustments, they said," she told him.

The two had gone to Eve’s Bridal and Formal wear Shop for a final fitting. Jenny, as Queen of the Harvest, had been allowed to name four friends to share her moment with her on the float, and of

course her best friend Ashley had been her first choice.

"Take off your coat and stay a while, dear," Jenny’s husband suggested with a grin.

A crimson blush shaded Jenny’s fair features as she sat down beside her husband. "Er . . . I can’t," she said haltingly. "I . . . I had a little accident."

"She stumbled in the fitting room," Ashley said. "Grabbed the nearest thing she could find to steady herself." Her eyes rolled heavenward. "Of course that would be her blouse, hanging from a hook on the fitting room door."

Jenny’s husband laughed. "Well, at least it was just the blouse, this time."

"And . . . well . . . well, the skirt, too," Jenny admitted reluctantly. "But I still say that wasn’t my fault. That man should have said something when he saw I was next to the coffee-maker, instead of just standing there staring at me when I bent over to pick up my purse . . ."

"She set fire to her skirt," Ashley filled in, shaking her head. "Luckily there were several men there who were eager to help her put it out."

That made Jenny blush again.

"You could have bought something to wear at the shop, you know," Jenny’s husband said.

"I was going to," Jenny said. "But we were already running so late . . . and like Ashley said, there wasn’t much I could buy off the rack at a formal wear place that would have looked right on me here." She pulled the lapels of her coat a little tighter across her chest. "Anyway, we’re heading home soon, aren’t we? It’s not like anything could happen now."

"Honey, don’t you remember? We have to go out to the airport to meet your folks."

Jenny blushed again. "Oh, John . . . don’t we have time to stop at home first?"

"You’d better," Ashley’s boyfriend said. "After the last time, Airport Security might not be too happy to see you running around in a long coat again. Especially if there’s not much underneath it."

"Last time?" Roger asked.

"Let’s just say that Jenny and airports don’t mix," he said with a shrug.

Roger regarded his sister assessingly. He was tempted to try to improvise a little something to relieve her of the rest of her clothes, but decided he could bide his time. With luck, maybe she wouldn’t need any help today, anyway. She seemed to be quite capable of getting into trouble even without someone setting her up . .. .

He stood up. "Well, if you guys are going to make it to the airport and still pick up some fresh clothes for Sis, you’d better be leaving now. I, ah, I have a couple of errands to run, so I’ll get a cab back to the house when I’m done, okay?"

Jenny and her husband nodded. "Yeah . . . that’s fine, Roger," John said. "How about you two?"

"I have to be getting back to work," Ashley’s boyfriend said.

"And I have an interview this afternoon," the brunette added.

Roger didn’t hear any more as he moved out of range of the conversation. Outside the diner, though, he found a convenient spot by the mouth of an alley and leaned against the wall, watching the door. In due course Jenny and her husband emerged, heading for their car.

There were a few moments of interest when Jenny opened up the trunk to get something, then closed it on the tail of her coat, but husband and wife sorted out the problem without having to remove the coat. They got in the car and drove off. Then Ashley and her boyfriend emerged, stopping by the door to exchange a kiss and a hug. They went off in opposite directions . . . and, Roger noted with satisfaction, Ashley was heading toward him.

As she reached the mouth of the alley he stepped out.

"Hold up a moment, Ashley, would you?" he said, flashing his most engaging smile.

"Roger!" Ashley’s look turned suspicious. "What are you doing hanging around here?"

"How would you like to make an easy fifty dollars?" he asked.

At the sight of the thundercloud look she was giving him he held up a hand hastily.

"Wait, now, don’t jump to conclusions! I need somebody to help me out with a little . . . practical joke. On my Sis. I thought you might be interested."

Her eyes narrowed. "A practical joke on Jenny? Now why would you want me to help you with that?"

"Oh . . . no real reason, I guess. But since you’re one of the people Jenny chose to ride on the float with her, it just seemed to me that you’d be the best one I could approach for this. It’s just a silly prank . . . but I thought it might be funny."

"What kind of a prank?" Ashley asked.

"Well . . . you know how Jenny’s always getting in trouble with her clothes." Roger stroked his blonde mustache and smiled again. "I was kind of thinking there must be some way we could help that along a little bit . . . say in the middle of the parade tomorrow?"

"You’d try to arrange to have your own sister stripped naked in front of the entire town on the proudest day of her life?"

Ashley took a step back, looking him up and down sternly.

He shrugged. "Yeah. Just for laughs, you know?" He didn’t mention the fifty bucks he’d win, free and clear, even after he gave her fifty for helping him. An evil little grin lit up Ashley’s face.

"A man after my own heart," she said. "Save your money, kid. I was already trying to figure out a way to . . . ah, pull off just that kind of joke. But I was kind of stuck on how to do it . . ."

"I have a few ideas. Can we get together later, after your interview?"

"Sure. Why not? Let me write you the directions . . . ."

Thanksgiving morning was crisp and cloudy, and the gray skies occasionally spit small amounts of snow on the town as if to remind everyone that winter was on the way. But the weather did nothing to dampen the enthusiasm of the townsfolk turning out for the parade. It might not be much by the standards of Macy’s or the other big city celebrations, but it was the biggest local event of the year.

This year there were twenty floats entered in the parade. They were sponsored by businesses and organizations from all over the county, and each was supposed to promote one of the great landmarks or tourist attractions of the town or the surrounding countryside. The contest Jenny had won had been run by the Chamber of Commerce, and the float she was to ride on was a representation of the famous Old Stone Mill that stood a few miles outside of town.

The float displayed a replica of the mill, with a working water wheel; the Queen of the Harvest and her court of four, in their fancy off-the-shoulder gowns in suitable autumn hues, each carried a cornucopia or a sheath of wheat or corn to symbolize the fruits of the harvest to be transformed into a bounty of food by the ingenuity of Man . . . or so said the printed blurb in the Parade Guide being hawked at every street corner as the crowds gathered in anticipation of the show.

The floats were all assembled at the County Fairgrounds outside of town, where the finishing touches had been put on the the day before. Today they would be driven by volunteers from the police and fire departments, and Officer John Biggs had reluctantly accepted his Watch Commander’s instruction that he "volunteer" for the duty as part of his punishment for having arrested the Mayor’s sister-in-law on a minor traffic violation and run her through "the Full Biggs," as cops around the department liked to refer to his trademark way of dealing with female suspects who fell into his hands. Luckily for several careers, his own included, the young lady in question had been recognized and liberated before her strip search moved from simple observation to any of the more invasive options open to Biggs, but he was still in little doubt about his shaky standing with the Department.

He wasn’t too pleased about having to spend his Thanksgiving morning piloting a lumbering representation of a mill through the streets of town with nineteen other silly-looking vehicles. Biggs would have been far happier if someone would have taken seriously his oft-repeated idea for a police department float – "The History of the Strip Search" was his preferred theme – but even he recognized that wasn’t likely to happen any time soon. Biggs was just about to climb into the little open well at the front of the float to take the wheel when he caught sight of his passengers. His spirits, and other parts as well, rose abruptly.

He recognized the blonde babe in the yellow/orange gown. He’d spent an enjoyable afternoon with her that summer after stopping her for a possible DUI and getting treated to a bonus Indecent Exposure charge shortly thereafter. He noticed her returning his look, blushing, and turning away suddenly. Evidently she remembered him, too. Maybe the day wasn’t going to be a total loss after all, he thought with a smile.

"I tell you, the driver is that cop from last summer," Jenny wailed. "The . . . the one who . .. who . . “

"Calm down, Jenny," Ashley told her, sounding a little sharp. "He can’t do anything to you from behind the wheel."

Jenny sniffed and fought for control. That had been one of the worst days of her life, and it was hard to stop blushing at the memories of all the things she had gone through. But that had been months ago . . . and today was supposed to be a GOOD day, a day to remember fondly. Maybe winning that contest was a signal that her luck was finally turning around?

Still, she was apprehensive.

"Ashley, are you sure I look okay. I mean, without my bra and all . . ."

"You look fine," her friend said.

She added something under her breath that Jenny couldn’t quite hear. Something about a bit and a cow? It didn’t make any sense.

"And face it, you can’t wear a regular bra with that off-the-shoulder thing, and the bandeau you wore this morning was making too many ugly lines."

"It wasn’t this tight when I tried it on yesterday," Jenny said.

"Probably one of those last-minute adjustments they were talking about. Don’t worry about it. Nobody’s going to be close enough to see if you’re wearing a bra or not, under there. You’ll be fine."

Ashley helped Jenny climb up the ladder that led to the top of the float. Under her breath she repeated what she’d said before.

"Big-titted cow . . ."

She really hated it when Jenny went on about how shy she was about her breasts. Those 38CC wonders could mesmerize every man in town even covered up under layer after layer of material. Ashley had seen how they turned her own boyfriend into a drooling idiot. But leave it to Jenny to make such a big deal over being worried about showing them.

She smiled behind Jenny’s back. The alteration that had made the top of the gown too tight to allow the bandeau had been a last-minute inspiration on her part. Ashley had called the shop the afternoon before and convinced the seamstress that she’d made a mistake on the final measurements. Just an added wrinkle to the plan Roger had laid out for her . . . to keep her own hand in.

Ashley joined Jenny at the top of the float, along with the other three ladies of the Queen’s "court." Though they were friends of Jenny’s, Ashley only knew them slightly . . . and one not at all, Jenny’s visiting cousin Jackie, from out of town. They were all young, pretty, and vapid-looking, the collection of friends Ashley would expect Jenny to have. That made her wonder. Surely SHE didn’t fit in with these others . . . ?

"Okay, Jenny, you stand up here," Ashley said, propelling the blonde toward the front of the float, a few feet in front of the "water wheel" that was the main element of the display.

"Oh, dear . . . that won’t do," she added a moment later.

"What? What’s wrong?"

"Hang on a minute. I’ll see what I can do."

Ashley hitched her gown up high, showing lots of leg, and crouched down beside the blonde. Deftly she produced a pair of scissors taped inside her skirt and made a few quick cuts at the back of Jenny’s hemline.

After a moment she had a short tail of material neatly coiled behind Jenny, ready for use at the appropriate moment. Jenny craned her neck to try to see what Ashley was doing, but the brunette blocked her view with her body.

"It’s okay," she reassured Jenny. "Just a botched seam on the back of the gown. I don’t think it’ll show, now."

A man with a megaphone appeared beside the float.

"Places! Take your places! Driver, get that piece of junk rolling! The parade’s starting!"

Ashley straightened up, smoothed her own gown into place, and found her own spot a few paces behind and to the left of Jenny. She reached it just in time to grab on to a convenient handhold as the float lurched into motion. An unforgettable Thanksgiving Day parade was about to begin.

Jenny’s family and friends had gathered near the reviewing stand by the County Courthouse, where the dignitaries and most of the crowd had gathered to watch the parade. Opposite the reviewing stand an immense video monitor had been set up to give the people something to watch while they waited for the slow-moving parade to wind its way through town.

A helicopter from the local TV station was providing an aerial view of the excitement, while several strategically placed cameras watched its progress from ground level as well. Roger noted that the various cameramen seemed to devote an inordinate amount of time to the Old Stone Mill float. Was it just because there were five pretty women up there, waving to the crowd and smiling like a bevy of Miss America contestants? Or was Jenny a well-enough known local "celebrity" to attract special attention. Lots of people all over the county had apparently heard about the well-endowed young lady with the penchant for turning up naked.

Well, Roger thought with an inward grin, they’d certainly get an eyeful today, provided Ashley did her job. He checked his trusty digital camera one last time. It was the same one he had used a few weeks earlier to photograph Jenny changing during the frat party where he had been the entertainment director and she had been his featured entertainment. Those pictures had come out pretty well. He hoped he’d get some good new ones today.

Roger glanced over at the cameraman from the TV station who had set up nearby. He hoped the guy would be reliable. Roger had promised him a twenty if he’d make a copy of whatever video footage he shot today . . .

On the big screen, the lead bagpipe band and the first two floats had made the turn onto Main Street. Jenny’s was third, and the helicopter camera chose to zoom in on it from above as it followed the parade leaders around the corner. Jenny was waving, her smile bright enough to illuminate a dark room. Near her Ashley was waving as well, but mechanically . . . and she didn’t look nearly as happy.

"Main Street," Jenny’s husband commented. "Looks like everything’s still in place. Guess you’re out of the running . . ."

Ashley’s boyfriend nodded. "Yeah. I really figured something would happen by now. It’s not like Ashley to miss an opportunity . . ."

"What was that?" Jenny’s mother asked from just behind them.

"Oh, nothing," Jenny’s husband replied hastily.

They could hear the bands now, playing the usual discordant marching music common to parades the world over, which no human ear could actually identify. The head of the parade would be passing the reviewing stand soon.

"Crossing Fourth Street now," Ashley’s boyfriend commented. "Guess you’re out of the running too, John."

Glancing back to be sure his mother had fallen back out of earshot to rejoin his father, Roger turned to them. "You gents want to pay up now?" he asked, smiling sweetly.

"Let’s see what happens," Jenny’s husband told him. "Maybe she’ll stay dressed."

"Sure," Ashley’s boyfriend said. "And maybe hell will freeze over later on this afternoon, too." Nonetheless he made no move to pay Roger.

"Just wait, gentlemen," Roger said with another smile. "Timing is everything."

Ashley was finding it hard to smile and wave. It was cold up on top of the float, her ears had reached the point of wanting to sue her for abuse from listening to the marching bands, and she was starting to get thoroughly bored. Naturally Jenny seemed to be making the best of it all -- Jenny always made the best of everything, which was one of the reasons Ashley hated her -- and she seemed to be completely immersed in her role as Queen. Well, the Queen was due to be taken down a peg, Ashley thought.

The float had passed Fourth Street and would soon draw even with the reviewing stand. That was where Roger had said the unveiling should take place . . . "for maximum effect," as he had put it. Ashley kind of liked the kid’s style.

She shifted position just a trifle and reached out with one foot to kick at the coil of fabric trailing from Jenny’s gown. One deft flick was enough to unroll it. The end came to rest just under the slowly rotating water wheel.

Ashley and Roger were the only ones who knew that Roger had paid a visit to the fairgrounds on the outskirts of town where the floats had been parked overnight. He had made a few minor modifications to the water wheel. Now to see if they would work . . . . One paddle of the wheel now featured a row of nails stretching all the way across its inner surface. As it came down, one nail caught on the fabric . . . and held.

Ashley finally got the smile down right as her face lit up in response to that tell-tale RRRRRIIIIIIIPPPPP sound.

Jenny felt a tug at her dress and gasped in surprise as she was almost pulled down. A moment later her ears were filled with the sound of ripping cloth, and she squealed in dismay as she realized that, as usual, the sound was coming from a part of her wardrobe.

Dropping her cornucopia, she spun, looking down in a desperate attempt to find out what was making the noise. Her turn made her trip over the trailing length of fabric that connected her to the rotating paddle wheel, and she stumbled backwards . . . away from the wheel, and towards the front of the float. The wheel kept turning inexorably, and more of the gown tore free.

Jenny struggled to stay upright, and managed to grab onto a support before she toppled, But bracing herself only made the strain on the gown that much worse. With a final jerk, the seams gave way across her back, and the wheel dragged the whole gown off her body.

For a long moment Jenny just stood there in horror, hardly realizing that she was now exposed for the town to see in nothing but stay-up hose and black satin panties. Then the chill breath of the November wind caressed her bare skin, raising goosebumps and causing her nipples to stiffen almost painfully, and the full nature of her situation dawned on the blonde abruptly.

Screaming, she ran to Ashley.

"Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Ashley, you’ve got to do something . . ."

She stumbled as the float hit a pothole and lurched against Ashley, who quite naturally pushed her away again. Of course, at the same time she was pushing Jenny back with her left arm, her right hand had hooked on to those panties, so that when Jenny staggered back her underwear didn’t go with her. Gasping in horror, Jenny tried to cover breasts and bush from the enraptured gaze of the parade crowd.

Now she took another step backwards without looking, and promptly fell into the driver’s well at the front of the float. Luckily her fall was broken . . . unluckily, it was broken by Officer John Biggs, who looked at the naked blonde who had fallen into his lap with much the same fervor as an Israelite in the desert discovering manna fallen from Heaven. Jenny screamed again as his hands left the steering wheel long enough to renew their old acquaintance with Jenny’s bare flesh.

By this time the other women on the float had realized something was wrong and had rushed forward to help. Ashley was at the rear of the pack, still holding onto Jenny’s black panties and calling words of support and encouragement.

It was Jenny’s cousin Jackie who took the lead in trying to pull the nude blonde off of the policeman. Disregarding the strain she was placing on her own outfit, Jackie knelt down and held out her hands to Jenny, who recognized a safe haven when she saw one and took them enthusiastically. Jackie hauled Jenny up out of the well, much to Officer Biggs’ dismay, but he was mollified by the fact that the blonde stopped about halfway out to get a better purchase on her rescuer, standing with her legs on the chair on either side of Biggs and her spread pussy lips just above eye level, the best view he’d had since the last time he’d gotten a lap dance at the local strip bar.

Jackie resumed lifting her cousin out of the well, and Jenny grabbed on to her enthusiastically. Perhaps a little too enthusiastically, as Jackie’s gown chose this moment to give way as well. In moments the two of them were standing together at the front of the float, almost embracing, Jenny naked to her stocking tops with her magnificent bosom heaving in mingled terror and relief, while Jackie was revealed in thong panties and a matching half-bra that left her aureolae on display. Both were blushing furiously.

The float passed the reviewing stand at that moment, under the eyes of the Mayor and the city dignitaries who had stood at attention to salute the Chamber of Commerce entry in the parade. His Honor hoped that Jenny wouldn’t ever consider running for public office. Judging from the cheers she was garnering, she’d be a shoe-in for winning any election in this town . . . .

Not too far away, Roger grinned as he accepted fifty dollar bills from Jenny’s husband and Ashley’s boyfriend. It was one Thanksgiving people would be talking about for a long time to come.

------------------------------------------------------------------------

**Ashley's Secret by King of Wrong**

Jenny followed Ashley into the tanning salon. As usual she was nervous about coming here, but ever since her husband had complained about her being so pale, she'd had to find some way to get an over-all tan. It certainly wasn't like she was going to sunbathe in the nude where somebody could see her! Luckily Ashley had a friend who owned a tanning salon, and he had given Jenny a complete tour of the facility, each booth had a sturdy door with a stout lock on it, and he'd shown Jenny all the back rooms, and proven that there were no hidden cameras, spy holes, or other chicanery. Still Jenny's stomach crawled every time she locked the door, and got undressed. He even agreed to let them come by while he was closed for lunch, so that there would be no other customers around.

After they paid Tom (Ashley's friend who owned the place), they headed back towards the tanning booths. As usual, Jenny took the booth furthest from the entrance, even though she knew they were alone. Just as she was about to shut the door to her booth, Ashley called out to her to wait.

"You almost forgot you walkman Jenny."

"Oh my, thanks Ashley."

As Jenny took the walkman from her friend, she checked to make sure that the tape was fully rewound. At first she'd listened to music when she came for her tanning sessions, but Ashley had convinced her to use her time more productively, and so now she listened to motivational tapes on the power of positive thinking, even though it didn't seem to help much, what with so many accidents happening to her all the time.

Nervously, she stripped off her clothes, set the timer on the tanning bed, then laid down and pulled the top closed. The UV lights came on as the top clicked into place. Slipping on her headphones, Jenny let her mind go blank as she listened to the tape. She really had to ask Ashley to make her a new copy of this tape. There was an annoying hiss that she could just make out behind the voice of the speaker....

Jenny awoke with a start as the lights clicked off. She must have dozed off. Quickly, just in case anybody should walk in, even though the door was locked, Jenny opened the tanning bed and got into her clothes. Ashley was waiting in the hall as Jenny came out. Ashley grinned at her as she stepped into the hall.

"Ready to go dear?" Ashley asked, with an odd giggle.

"Sure, all set."

Tom was resting his elbows on the counter, and his chin on his hands as they walked into the lobby.

"See you next week Tom." Jenny said with a wave.

"I'll definitely see you too Jenny." Tom said with a dreamy smile as he watched them leave.

Jenny was a bit puzzled at Tom's odd demeanor, but shrugged it off as they went outside. Several men whistled at the two of them as they walked along the sidewalk, and one yelled "Nice tits babe!"

Jenny quickly looked down to make sure her sweatshirt and jeans were properly in place. After so many accidents, she was always nervous at such comments. After making sure that her modesty was safe, Jenny shot a concerned glance at Ashley, afraid that her friend's skimpy halter top, or "daisy duke"

shorts were askew. She'd hate to have her friend experience the embarrassment that she'd gone through so many times herself. Everything seemed fine there as well though, so Jenny assumed that it was just another case of male testosterone rearing it's ugly head.

At the end of the block, they turned onto the trail through the woods that they always used as a shortcut to get home. Jenny strolled along the path, enjoying the pleasant Spring weather. All too soon, the path opened out onto the park. Jenny's house was just on the other side.

As they stepped out onto the field, Jenny could see a large group of children standing in the middle of it. They seemed to be waiting for something. As the two women appeared, they began jostling each other as they headed towards them. With a start, Jenny realized that they were all wearing matching green outfits...

"Why did it have to be boy scouts?" Jenny mumbled as they tried to head around the group of boys.

Even though they tried to evade them, they were quickly surrounded by the boys. Jenny saw that many of them had cameras, and were taking pictures of them for some reason. One even had a camcorder. One of the boys ran up to Ashley, stopping just in front of her.

"Can I? It's my turn this week!"

"Of course you can, that's why we're here silly boy." Ashley said as she reached out and tussled the boy's hair. Jenny was amazed. She'd always thought that

Ashley hated children. With a grin, the young boy turned towards Jenny, and puffing out his chest in adolescent pride, he marched up to stand in front of her.

"Epizoodie!" he shouted.

Jenny wondered what the odd word meant. She stood there, trying to understand what was going on. It was uncomfortably warm in the direct sun, and she could especially feel the heat on her head, and her bare legs, as she wondered what these boys were up to, and how long they'd...

Her bare legs?

Jenny looked down at herself, squealing in horror as she realized that her jeans were gone! Clutching her hands over her tiny silk panties, she instinctively clamped her knees together, bending them slightly to try to conceal her crotch as much as possible. Looking around, she realized that she was now completely surrounded by the scouts, and there was simply nowhere to run! As she considered trying to shove her way through the crowd of boys, another scout stepped forward.

"Nanpa!" he yelled.

Jenny suddenly realized that her sweatshirt had now somehow disappeared as well!

"Ohmigod!" she screamed as she tried to cover her matching Victoria's Secret lingerie from these leering boys and their cameras. How were they doing this? And how did they know she'd be here?

"Jack!" yelled another boy, and suddenly Jenny's panties were gone. With a wail of despair Jenny gave up trying to conceal her breasts. At least she still had her bra! Placing one hand over her blond pubic hair, and the other over the middle of her ass, Jenny was in a total panic as she tried to force her way through the crowd. Tiny hands were everywhere, on her hips, her legs, even trying to force their way under her own to her most private spots.

Struggling through the crowd with her hands occupied was slow going at best. After what seemed like forever, she managed to reach the other side of the throng of boy scouts, but just as she did so, she felt three different hand slap her on her backside like some sort of perverted cowboy spurring on his horse.

"Johnny!" a voice yelled over the shouting.

Jenny screamed as she felt her 38CC tits drop against her ribs as her bra vanished. With too many places to conceal, Jenny chose practicality over modesty, and smashed her tits against her chest to hold them in place as she ran from the pursuing boy scouts.

Picnickers were treated to a bizarre sight as a nude woman holding her breasts ran at full speed across the park, chased by several dozen yelling, cheering boy scouts. Several of them had cameras too, and used them to good advantage.

As she was almost to the end of the park, and could see her house only a hundred yards away, Jenny spotted Ashley waving frantically at her a few dozen feet just this side of the pavement that ran along the edge of the park.

"Jenny here!"

Jenny ran up to her friend, not knowing what she could do to help, but at least she'd have a familiar face nearby in her humiliation. As she ran up to her friend, Ashley's face assumed an evil grin.

"God I love watching you being humiliated you big titted cow."

Jenny skidded to a stop. What the hell was Ashley saying? Ashley was her friend. Ashley had always been there for her. She was there the day she'd lost her pants at the gym, she was there the day her skirt had gotten caught on the windmill. In fact Ashley had been there almost every time something bad had

happened to her...

Ashley had been there almost every time something had happened to her!

Jenny was so shocked, she even forgot her humiliating nakedness for a moment, her arms slowly dropping to her sides.

"You! You've been behind this all along! I thought you were my friend, and all this time you've been humiliating me every chance you've had!" Tears were streaming down Jenny's face as she realized the truth of things.

"Oh yes, and I'm not done with you, you slut. Oh I'm not done with you by a long shot."

Suddenly Jenny realized that many of the picnickers had joined the crowd, and they and the scouts were now almost upon them. With a cry, she realized that she was no longer covering herself, and throwing her hands back over her boobs, she turned to flee to the safety of her home.

"Oh Jenny?" Ashley yelled, "Indian Outlaw!"

Jenny came to a sudden halt. No matter how hard she tried to run, her feet wouldn't move. A surge of pleasure shot through her, and she realized to her horror, that instead of covering her breasts in her hands, she was now cupping one in the palm of each hand, and gently rolling her nipples between her thumb and forefinger.

"Ohmigod, Ashley please, don't do this!" she yelled as she stood there pleasuring herself, unable to move for some reason. Slowly the crowd surrounded her, silent now except for the clicking of cameras.

"You know how to end this Jenny. Just do what you've been trained to do my little puppy."

Tears streaming down her face, Jenny slowly began turning in a circle, giving everyone a clear view of everything she had. Then slowly she began to sing;

"O-oh say can you see...by the dawn's early light...what's so proudly we waved...at the twilight's last gleaming..."

After what seemed an eternity, Jenny reached the end of the Star Spangled Banner. Then, her head hanging in shame as her cheeks (all of them) blushed a deep, furious scarlet, she slowly walked across the street to her home, surrounded by the crowd which at least kept any new people from seeing her. Finally she reached her front door. Ashley took Jenny's keys out of her duffle bag, and unlocked the door for her. Jenny rushed inside, followed by Ashley, who gaily waved goodbye to everyone before going in.

Once they were inside, Ashley turned to Jenny.

"Oh, one more thing bitch."

"Please," Jenny whispered, "no more."

Ashley smiled, almost pitying her nemesis...almost.

"Professor." Ashley said.

Jenny's eyes slowly glazed over, and she turned to face Ashley, taking the duffle bag that Ashley held out. With slow, zombie-like movements, Jenny took her clothes out of the duffle bag, where of course they'd been all the time, and slowly got dressed.

"Jenny...L-O-T-F-W..."

Jenny stared off into space for a moment, then turned with a start.

"I'm so sorry Ashley, my mind wandered for a minute. What were you saying?"

"Oh nothing, it wasn't important. How ‘bout some lunch?"

"Oh yes!" Jenny cried, clapping her hands together in child-like glee. "For some reason I'm as hungry as a horse. I feel like I've just run a marathon for some reason."

"Really?" Ashley said with a smile, "I wonder why?..."

Jenny followed Ashley into the tanning salon. As usual she was nervous about coming here, but ever since her husband had complained about her being so pale, she'd had to find some way to get an over-all tan. It certainly wasn't like she was going to sunbathe in the nude where somebody could see her!

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"You almost forgot you walkman Jenny."

"Oh my, thanks Ashley."

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**A Jenny Family Christmas by ?**

Everyone who knew her commented on Jenny’s boundless energy, her enthusiasm, her seemingly endless supply of optimism and her sunny disposition. But next to her cousin Jackie, Jenny was starting to feel like an aging, disapproving, discouraged old hag. Christmas shopping with Jackie was like trying to keep up with the Energizer Bunny: she just kept going and going . . . .

There weren’t very many shopping days left until Christmas. It was a weekend and the mall was packed: families with children who wanted everything in sight, disgruntled-looking seniors who held up everyone else and seemed to take a sort of vicious pride in so doing, younger men who plainly had put of their Christmas shopping too late and now hurried from place to place buying anything that looked vaguely like a gift no matter how inappropriate. It was the men who were really starting to get on Jenny’s nerves. After the fifth time the two young blonde women were propositioned (and especially the time the pervert with the strange accent and the kilt asked if they wanted to see his Yule log), Jenny was definitely losing her Christmas spirit. Hearing ‘Jingle Bells’ repeated over and over on the mall’s sound system didn’t help, either.

But cousin Jackie was unfazed by it all. Younger than Jenny and still single, she seemed to look on life as an adventure waiting to happen, Yule logs, crazy Scotsmen, and all. Perhaps if she had suffered through as many ‘adventures’ as Jenny had, she might not have been quite so carefree. Jenny was getting distinctly worried over the jostling crowds, afraid that she might encounter that special kind of trouble that so often dogged her footsteps at any moment. The mall had already been the scene of several of her unfortunate incidents, and even Ashley had gotten into trouble here a time or two.

The shopping trip was further complicated by their two companions, Wendy and Mark, ages seven and five respectively. The two kids were Jackie’s niece and nephew, the children of her older brother and his wife who still lived not far away from the farm Jackie’s folks owned in the rural part of the state. The entire family was spending Christmas with Jenny and her husband this year, and Jackie had volunteered to look after the kids so their parents could spend a little time on their own before ‘family’ became a dirty word. So somehow a simple shopping trip had turned unbelievably complicated, more reason for Jenny to feel nervous. In her experience, when things started to get complicated, clothing had a way of coming off.

Still, they had managed to get through most of the excursion relatively unscathed. Their packages were all stored in a public locker, along with their hats,

coats, and boots, and they had just finished a late lunch at the Food Court. Maybe, just maybe, they might wrap up the afternoon without trouble, Jenny told

herself.

That was when Wendy spotted the line waiting to see Santa in the center court of the sprawling mall. And of course nothing would do but a chance to go and see the jolly old elf.

Jenny studied the line, then looked at her watch and sighed. It looked like they’d be here a while longer after all. With the two kids in tow, the young blondes joined the line.

Santa’s chair was at one end of a "Toyland" display, decorated with trees, giant candy canes, piles of gift-wrapped boxes, Styrofoam snowmen, life-sized toy soldiers and ballerinas, all surrounded by a set of tracks where a kiddy-sized train made periodic circuits carrying yelling, excited children at five dollars a head per ride. The non-paying public was kept out by a low wooden fence, with entrance strictly regulated by a couple of Santa’s Helpers in colorful elf garb at a gate, selling tickets for the train ride and trying to keep the line for Santa’s lap moving in an orderly way.

As the train puffed by, it caught the attention of young Mark, who wriggled free and ran up to the fence shouting "I wanna ride! I wanna ride!" Before either Jenny or Jackie could stop him, he was clambering over the fence and onto the tracks, still waving and calling out as he tried to catch up with the little train.

Jenny groaned and started after him, leaving Jackie to look after Wendy with a hurried "I’ll get him" tossed over her shoulder.

Without really thinking, Jenny ran to the fence and started to climb over, intent on catching the youngster before he got into any trouble. She had dressed in seasonal garb, a red blouse with a long, flowing dark green skirt, and Jenny had to hitch up the skirt in order to climb over the fence. It was only when someone called out "Hey, babe, nice legs!" and another gave her a long wolf whistle that she realized where she was and what she was doing. Blushing furiously, Jenny let go of the skirt.

Unfortunately, she wasn’t entirely clear of the fence yet. The dress got tangled on the top of one of the fence posts just as Jenny was stepping down onto the tracks. There was a moment’s resistance, just enough to throw her off balance . . . and then came THE SOUND.

RRRRRRIIIIIIIIPPPPPPP!!!!!!

Jenny took a tumble, landing in the middle of a pile of gift-wrapped boxes, her ass sticking high in the air, covered only by her bright pink high-cut panties and earning considerable acclaim from the crowd. It took her a moment to get her bearings, slowly rising to her hands and knees and shaking her head. For a moment Jenny didn’t realize what had happened.

But Jackie did. With a squeal Jenny’s cousin ran toward her, vaulting the fence. Clad in casual slacks and a sweatshirt, she wasn’t as badly hampered as Jenny had been, and she didn’t have any trouble clearing the obstacle. She stopped long enough to gather up Jenny’s lost skirt in passing, though it tore even further when she tugged it free of the fence.

Jenny, feeling a little unsteady, was on her knees now, facing away from Jackie. She was starting to realize that there was a cool breeze blowing across the tops of her thighs, an all too familiar sensation which suggested that she really didn’t want to know what had happened. She was just coming to terms with the whole situation when Jackie reached her.

"Come on, cuz!" the younger woman said in an urgent rush. "Get your skirt back on! I’ll help you!"

Jenny started to stand, slowly, with Jackie still moving forward and reaching out to steady her. In her eagerness to help Jackie’s feet became tangled up in the trailing end of Jenny’s skirt, and this time she was the one who stumbled and started to fall. With a sudden cry of alarm, Jackie’s hands clutched at Jenny for support . . . and caught the loose material of her blouse.

Jackie’s fall spun Jenny around before she was all the way to her feet, and placed a considerable strain on the red blouse. Buttons burst, flying in every direction as the front pulled apart, revealing Jenny’s lacy pink 38CC brassiere. A moment later the seams gave way as well, and most of the blouse just tore away, leaving Jenny with marching red sleeves and some tattered material across her shoulders, while Jackie now clutched the rest of the blouse in her hand like some sort of demented matador waving a red cloth in the bull ring.

Her fall left Jackie sprawled across the train tracks, in much the same state as Jenny had been a few moments before. Jenny, meanwhile, was just starting to realize how much of her was exposed to the crowd, but embarrassment and modesty both fled when the little train appeared around the bend bearing down on the prone Jackie. The part-time elf at the controls was staring goggle-eyed at the blonde in her underwear standing by the track, and seemed oblivious to the other girl’s plight, so Jenny knew it was up to her to help her cousin even though her automatic impulse was to run for cover instead.

Bending down, she shook Jackie. "Come on! Get up!" she shouted, but Jackie only groaned.

Jenny grabbed her under each shoulder and hauled her up.

Unfortunately, she hadn’t noticed that Jackie’s fall had left the collar of her sweatshirt caught under one of the wooden slats that supported the rails. Jenny’s first attempt to lift her cousin met with resistance, and she felt a rising surge of panic. Putting all of her strength into it, Jenny heaved again, pulling Jackie clear.

But there were consequences, of course.

First, Jackie’s sweatshirt parted company with the young blonde, ripping down one side with a noise that Jenny found no more pleasant coming from someone else than it was when it was her own clothing making it. And Jackie was of a much less up-tight and modest disposition than Jenny; she hadn’t bothered to wear a bra for the day’s excursion. So the loss of the sweatshirt revealed a great deal of the younger woman’s charms all at once.

Not that Jackie’s 36C breasts were the sole focus of attention, however. For that same powerful effort that had pulled Jackie clear of the tracks had also proved to be more than Jenny’s brassiere could stand. The strain caused the hook in back to pop free and also tore the front clasp loose, so that when Jenny stepped back and straightened up with the topless Jackie leaning against her, the pink bra came apart, the pieces sliding down her arms and exposing her own even more impressive chest for all to see.

There were catcalls and applause from the crowd.

Jenny realized she was standing in full view of the Christmas shopping crowd wearing only her panties, shoes, and stockings, with the remnants of her bra decorating each arm. Her natural modesty asserted itself at last, and she hastened to cover her ample bust with both arms.

Unfortunately Jackie was still a little groggy, and Jenny’s sudden movement left her swaying uncertainly on her feet just as the train rushed past. The driver, more wide-eyed than ever, with a smile on his face and an uncomfortable bulge in his trousers, leaned over to get a better look. That was the moment when Jackie lost her balance again and toppled, half in and half out of the train.

Unable to believe his luck, the driver found himself with a beautiful and very topless young girl sprawled across him, her head in his lap but her legs trailing out of the side of his control car. Hastily he sought to pull her all the way in, not realizing that her slacks were caught on a small flange projecting from the side of the train car. They didn’t come off as he wrapped his arms around her torso and hauled, but she could feel them ripping in back. Jackie squealed and tried to win free, alarming her would-be helper. Mistaking her panic for pain, he finally engaged his brain long enough to stop the train.

Jackie jumped up and started to run, only to fall a third time as her slacks, hopelessly torn in back, slid down her legs and tangled around her ankles. Her plain white cotton panties weren’t quite as much of a crowd-pleasing attraction as her cousin’s pair, but they earned a few cheers.

"Ohmygod! Ohmygod!" Jenny started to run toward her cousin as Jackie got back to her feet, stepping out of the ruined slacks.

Now a new problem materialized, in the form of a security guard summoned early on in the proceedings when people had first started jumping the fence, and before the floor show had commenced. Now he shoved his way through the crowd and past the ticket-takers, stalking up the tracks toward the two women who had caused all this disruption and brought him away from the college football game he’s been watching down in the guard’s lounge before the disturbance had been called in. He was in an angry mood, and even the sight of two women in nothing but panties wasn’t enough to restore his ill temper.

Jenny caught sight of him and panicked. She had been in far too many encounters with dour-looking men in uniforms who had decided that their authority, however limited, gave them license to grope or humiliate. So rather than welcoming this minion of the mall’s private security force, she decided to make a run for it.

She leapt the fence and ran through the crowd, dodging from side to side with her arms crossed over her chest and her blushing face set in a determined expression. She felt a few hands grasping at her bare flesh, but she kept moving and made it almost all the way through the dense crush without incident. It was only at the very last that she felt a tug at the waistband of her panties.

With a last "Ohmygod" she pulled violently away, the underwear ripping free in the process. But Jenny had become so proficient in dealing with situations like this one that she didn’t even break stride as she dropped one hand to shield her blonde bush.

Behind her a slightly unstable Scottish gentleman in a kilt brandished the remains of the pink panties over his head, shouting something incomprehensible about a wee dram of Glenlivet back at his place.

Jackie, meanwhile, faced the angry guard, trying to cover her own breasts and blushing almost as furiously as Jenny. She might have been younger, more adventurous, and less repressed than her cousin, but Jackie wasn’t any more enamored of being on display like this in front of so many people. "Oh, no, no no . . ." she muttered.

She would have run herself, in fact, if it hadn’t been for her other responsibilities, for at just that moment little Mark came running into view on his short, chubby legs, while Wendy was leaning against the fence nearby pointing and asking what had happened to Aunt Jackie’s clothes . . .

\* \* \*

On the upper level of the mall, Ashley heard a loud commotion from the center court and pushed her way to the railing to look down and discover what was behind it. For a moment she couldn’t really figure out what was going on down there, until she noticed a naked blonde running down one corridor while another blonde wearing nothing but panties was trying to reason with a uniformed security guard and keep two small kids from getting away.

Jenny and Jackie, of course . . . Ashley didn’t doubt it for a second. She’d been invited on a shopping trip with Jenny and her cousin, but managed to get out of it. Evidently Jenny had still managed to get in trouble even without the ‘help’ that Ashley usually provided.

If she knew her Jenny, the blonde would probably take refuge in the first ladies’ room she discovered in her flight, and then she’d realize that she didn’t have a purse. No car keys, no key to the locker where she’d probably left her coat, nothing.

Ashley thought about that for a few moments, and then an unaccustomed emotion stirred somewhere inside. With a little shrug, she turned and headed for the nearest escalator.

Just this once, she’d help. Really help, no schemes or ulterior motives or traps.

After all, it WAS the Christmas season . . .

Jackie of the Caribbean by ?

Jenny's Paint Surprise by ?

Jenny Vs Owen by Gao

Jenny The Auxiliary Nurse by Steve Naylor

The New Adventures of Big John Security Guard by ?

Jenny's Big Day of Fun But Not Fair by ?

Jenny and the Analyst by ?

Jenny and Ashley's Halloween Party by Indian Outlaw

Ashley moves in with Jenny by Indian Outlaw

Jenny’s Birthday by ?

Ashley’s Night Out by Jack

Jenny and The People's Court by Indian Outlaw

Jenny At The Office by Eagle101

Jenny’s Opening Night by ?

Sales Conference by ?

The Salon Part 1 by Biker

The Salon Part 2 by Biker

The Salon Part 2 by Jack

Jenny's Reversal of Fortune by ?

Jenny At Hanauma Bay by ?

Jenny's Sunset Cruise by ?

Jenny At The Volleyball Tourney by ?

Jenny: Splash and Slide by ?

Jenny The Office Tart by Steve

Jenny Pays A Debt by ?

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**Jackie of the Caribbean by ?**

Jackie was thrilled as she read the letter from Nuclear Cosmetics. She had entered a jingle contest for their line of sun screens and had won a fully paid trip to the Caribbean for two. Not being involved with any one at the moment she decided to see if her cousin Jenny would be interested in joining her. It would be a nice break from the winter's cold.

As Jackie prepared to call Jenny, she hesitated. The events of the Thanksgiving and Christmas which left them both naked on a parade float, briefly rekindled Jackie's memory of other embarrassing situations. After she and Jenny had finally been rescued, they had sought refuge in Jenny's home. Jenny had told her of some of Jenny's naked experiences. Jackie had found herself ashamed as she found herself aroused by some of the situations. Jackie did not want the experiences to happen to herself, but Jackie's own loss of control and humiliation left Jackie stimulated. With Jenny along Jackie might help her out and determine if Jackie's own feelings were unique.

Jenny responded to the situation enthusiastically. When Jackie told Jenny would have lots of opportunities to get a good tan, Jenny revealed that she only wore one piece suits as they tended to be safer. Jackie said not to worry. Nuclear Cosmetics promised to provide several bikinis, sunscreen and other leisure-wear. Part of the trip's deal with Nuclear Cosmetics required that a photographer shoot photos on one of the days as part of their 'Winner's Coverage' for use in future contests. They agreed on the second week of February as the perfect time. They spent the next two weeks with dreams of palm trees, ocean breezes and sandy white beaches.

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Jackie and Jenny flew into Miami International Airport on different flights within minutes of each

other. Jackie rushed to the gate in time to greet Jenny. They likeness between the two was great. Jackie looked to be a Jenny's younger sister. Jackie was a bit more long waisted with slightly shorter legs and a browner shade of blond, but the they could have been sisters. They were both dressed for the colder climates they came from and wanted to change into polo shirts and shorts more appropriate to the warm Miami and warmer Caribbean. Their suitcases were already being forwarded onto the flight to St. Justin Island, but they had both carried a change of clothes in their carry-on bags. Jenny had a momentary chill as she remembered her last visit to the airport, but they proceeded to the womens' room and changed. They left the womens' wearing almost identical white tops and shorts that did little to hide their curves and endowments.

Forty-five minutes they boarded their connecting flight to St. Justin. They arrived on time and were whisked to their hotel room by a limo provided by Nuclear Cosmetics. They were greeted at the hotel by the representative from Nuclear Cosmetics and led to their fourth floor room. From the open balcony doors they saw a beautiful beach with crashing waves from a deep blue sea. They NC representative spoke.

"My name is Amanda. We have an agenda set up for you. This first day is your to get used to the surrounding. Tomorrow the photographer will meet you on the beach at 9 AM for your photo shoot. Bring all the bikinis in this bag, they are your wardrobe for the shoot. There is also sunscreen in the bag. They next two days we have arranged for a charter sail boat to cruise around the islands under your direction. The remaining three days are completely open for anything you may want to do. I'll be here at 8:30 AM to take you to the beach. Here is my card with my cell phone number. If you have any problems, you can reach me any time. I hope you enjoy your stay."

Jackie and Jenny had no questions so Amanda left. They opened the bag of bikinis. There were twenty-five different bikinis in the bag and several bottle of the NC sunscreen and lotion. Jenny's modesty made her ask if she could change in the bathroom. Jackie said okay and that she would also change into one.

Jackie picked a bright blue wet-look number that exposed most of her cheeks and snuggly covered most of her firm breasts. The material stretched over her breasts into an attractive 'shelf'. Jackie was looking at herself in a full length mirror when Jenny stepped from the bathroom. Jenny stepped out in a tiny top that covered little more that her nipples. The bottom was cut more like a g-string that crawled up her crack, leaving her ass very exposed. Jenny's stood next to Jackie and blushed deep red as she saw her reflection in the mirror.

"I can't wear this in public" exclaimed Jenny. "I feel naked."

"You look fantastic, Jenny. If you are uncomfortable we can trade suits. You obviously don't need the support of this stretchy top, but it will give you more coverage. Let's see what the other suits are like."

Jenny returned to the bathroom and they both changed again. Each suit was found to be sexy and revealed a lot of flesh. Jackie said that was the object of bikinis, but Jenny was still modest of her figure. Jenny finally ended up choosing the wet-look blue suit Jackie had first tried on. Jackie picked the tiniest of the bikinis in hot pink with side ties on the bottom. They wrapped themselves large towels, grabbed the sunscreen and their bags and they left for the beach.

The beach had only a few sunbathers and swimmers. They walked down the beach to a more secluded section. Finding themselves out of sight of the others, they spread their towels, applied sunscreen and laid on their towel. Jackie rolled onto her stomach and pulled her top over her head.

"Jackie, do you think that is wise?"

"Jenny, we are on vacation. You have to learn to relax. Besides I did not say you had to remove you top. I just want to start a nice tan without any strap marks on my back."

Fifteen minutes passed and no one came by. Jackie rolled onto back.

"JACKIE! Don't you feel you have to put your top back on. You are topless."

"I'm just so relaxed. Why bother?"

Jackie felt the hot sun on her breast and sighed. She loosened the string ties on the side of her bottom and moved them so that her crotch was covered, but her thighs and waist were full exposed to the sun. She became drowsy and drifted into a light sleep. Jenny watched Jackie and wondered. She knew that Jackie was almost as modest and herself and had dreaded being caught naked in public. Jackie must trust Jenny enough to protect her. Jenny rolled over on her stomach. Within minutes Jenny had drifted into a deep sleep.

Jackie woke with a start as a wet tongue washed her right cheek. She sat up and found a beautiful golden retriever panting in front of her. Jackie held her arms over her chest and looked around her. It was just her, Jackie and the dog.

"If there is a dog, there must be an owner and he might be coming along soon."

Jackie reached over to grab her top. The dog, thinking this was an object of play, scooped the top up in his mouth and backed up a few steps.

"Here, girl. Please come here." pleaded Jackie.

The dog maintained its distance. Jackie stood and grabbed her towel. Her bikini bottom dropped between her legs, forgotten. "If I throw the towel, maybe the dog will drop my top and go after it" thought Jackie. She balled the towel and threw it to the right of the dog. The dog trotted over to the towel and scooped it up without dropping Jackie's top. Jackie, now thoroughly frustrated, took off after the dog. The dog galloped about fifty feet and Jackie realized she was not going to catch the dog, it was just to fast. It slowed to a trot and disappeared around a rocky outcropping away from the hotel.

Jackie, now realizing she was nude ran back to where she had laid. As she approached the spot the dog zoomed past like a rocket. He scooped up her bikini bottom and disappeared the way he had come at full speed. Jackie sat next to the sleeping Jenny with her bare bottom on the hot sand. Jackie started crying and Jenny stirred. Jenny looked over at Jackie. Jenny's squinted sleepily as Jackie and then her eyes opened wide.

"Jackie, what happened?!?

Jackie explained about the dog. Jenny now knew what it had been like when others heard her own stories. Jenny would have laughed if not for the expression on Jackie's face.

"Here dear, let's wrap my towel around you and we'll head back now. The towel is large enough to cover you well enough." Jackie stood as Jenny passed the towel to her.

Jackie quickly wrapped it around her naked body. It was fairly large and covered her was well as a sarong. She should be able to get back safely.

Jackie and Jenny need to cross the crowded pool area to get back to the elevators that led to their room. As they approached the pool area the golden retriever reappeared and closed his mouth on the bottom edge of the towel. Jackie clinched her left hand at the towel where it was knotted between her ample breasts. Her right hand attempted to hold the towel together at her crotch. Jenny grabbed the towel near the dog's mouth and pulled against the dog. Jackie was screeching in horror as she felt she was about to be stripped naked. Jenny was groaning as she pulled with all her might against the dog. The dog dropped the end of the towel and lunged at Jenny. The nails on the dog's right paw caught on the material between Jenny's heaving breasts.

RRRIIIIPPPPP.

Jenny's torn top fell open and the dog dropped back to all fours. His jaws closed again on Jackie's towel. Jackie was pulled off balance and was pulled forward into Jenny who had her arms around her chest. Jackie lost her grip and fell backward toward the pool. By reflex she reach toward Jenny support as the dog raced away with the towel. Jackie right hand caught the back Jenny's bikini bottom. As Jackie fell into the pool Jenny's legs were pulled out from under her and the bikini bottom was pulled down and off her legs.

SPLASH!

Jackie fell in the water in a three-quarter belly flop which stun her naked breasts and knocked the breath from her. She came up sputtering in time to see Jenny's naked bottom bouncing as she jumped into the elevator. The elevator doors closed. Jackie was left pressing her breasts against the side of the pool. There were shouts, laughter and even applause as Jackie's face and shoulders turned beet red. Moments later, when she got her breath, she pulled herself out of the water, to more applause, and ran for the elevator. Her hair clung to flat to her head. As Jackie ran the water shook from her luscious curves. She stood dripping water at the door for what seemed like forever until the elevator returned.

The elevator rose to the fourth floor with no stops. As the door opened the naked Jenny greeted her with a frown.

"I dropped our room key at the pool when the dog attacked. We have to go back down to get it" Jenny exclaimed.

The blush on both women had extended down over their breasts as Jackie ran through the pool area and retrieved their key while Jenny held the elevator.

As the two finally fell on their beds, neither could believe what had happened in their first two hours here. And there were seven days left.

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Back on the beach a man walked, calling for his dog.

"Ashley, where are you girl?”

The dog appeared around an outcropping and trotted to her owner.

"What have we here?"

The dog dropped a bikini top and bottom from his mouth.

"What have you been up to?" he exclaimed as he held up the bikini, smiling at his own imagination.

"Up to your old tricks again? Ever since I got you from that old stripper, you can't seem to break the habit of getting into the act?"

He chuckled as he petted the panting dog.

"Maybe I should follow you on your romps. Come along now girl".

With some concern Jackie and Jenny met Amanda the next morning for the photo shoot. As the day wore on and no mishaps occurred Jackie and Jenny grew more comfortable. Amanda and the photographer were patient and courteous. A cabana had been provided for Jackie and Jenny to change in and they were occasionally joined by Amanda who also changed into some sexy bikinis. All three women's sexy bodies were revealed by the bikini, sun wraps and short robes, but there was not hint of being topless or bottomless. Amanda also reminded them to keep applying the sunscreen

"You don't want to burn that healthy skin of yours."

The photographer was very professional. He complemented Jackie and Jenny on their figures and helped them with their poses. At the end of the session he gave them his card and said that he could use them as paid models on future shoots. Jenny modestly declined but Jackie said she might take him up on it as long as there was no topless or nude requirements. They were told they could keep the assortment of bikinis for themselves. Amanda gave them each a bag of leisure wear: an assortment of shorts, slacks and tops. The photographer and Amanda said bye and wished them a pleasant vacation. Jackie and Jenny returned to their room and changed into light slacks and polo shirts. The two women spent the rest of the day wondering the nearby villages and seeing the island sights.

The next day Jackie and Jenny went down to the peer where the chartered boat was supposed to be waiting for them. Following the written instructions from Amanda they found the 28 foot sailboat, "The Wet Dream". Jackie and Jenny chuckled at the name. They were delighted when the charter captain turned out to be a petite, attractive woman of about forty. Her small breasts did nothing to detract from her long dark hair and complexion.

The captain introduced herself as Ellen and immediately set the women at ease. Ellen said she had been captaining the boat for six years after she bought it off the former owner. Ellen was licensed and "hadn't lost a passenger, yet".

Ellen suggested a course that would take them past some uninhabited islands that day. They would drop anchor that evening in a small cove that was very private. The next day they would visit a quaint little island that had not gone commercial where visitors were greeted in a friendly manner. Jackie and Jenny said the agenda sounded wonderful. Ellen said she would occasionally need some help with the sailing, but that she would usually be able to handle the boat by herself.

Using the motor they left the harbor. Once out of the harbor Ellen hoisted the main sail and they slid along the quiet seas so the sound of the waves and seagulls. Ellen had Jackie take the wheel for a few minutes on the open sea and went below. Ellen reappeared a few minutes later wearing just a white bikini panty. Her small firm breasts showed no signs of any tan lines and none were visible around her panty.

"Is that your usual naval attire?" asked Jackie.

"No, but with just you two here, it will do. I like the feel of the sun and the wind on my body. I'll put something more on if we are approached by another boat." Ellen took the wheel. "Why don't you two join me."

Jackie smiled and went below. Jenny blushed deeply red when Jackie reappeared wearing her tiniest g-string bikini panty. Jackie stood next to Ellen and they talked as Jenny stood silently to the side.

"Jen" asked Jackie "why don't you join us. The sun feels wonderful."

Jenny answered "No, I just couldn't".

Jenny's blush deepened as she went to the fore deck and laid down on a towel. The sun did feel wonderful and there was no one around. After a few minutes Jackie dropped next her Jenny on another towel.

"Jackie, how can you just lie there exposed like that?"

"Jen, it is such a wonderful day and it is just us girls. What could happen?" Jackie rubbed sunscreen on her breast and worked it over her body.

"Could you help me with my back?"

Jenny took the sunscreen as Jackie turned over. Jackie's hands worked the the sunscreen into Jackie's back. With Jackie's back now covered, Jenny worked her way up Jackie's legs. As she got to Jackie's upper thighs Jackie said "Wait a minute."

Jackie stood, removed her bikini bottom and laid back on her stomach. Jenny hesitantly finished the Jackie's upper thighs and started on Jackie's back. Jenny realized how good this must feel to Jackie as Jackie uttered several relaxing moans. After finishing with Jackie Jenny decided to re-apply her own sunscreen.

Jenny sat on the fore deck and worked the sunscreen down her own shoulders to the tops of her breasts. After pausing a few moments Jenny untied her top and worked the sunscreen into her pale breasts. She realized her nipples were very erect and moaned as she rubbed extra lotion over them.

She looked around and saw no other boats or land anywhere close. She pulled her bottom down her legs and passed her hands over her lips. She felt herself moisten as she responded to her own touch. She realized she was being very aroused, but she was not going to masturbate here in front of Jackie and the world. She laid back on her towel and felt the sun on her outstretched body. Within moments she was asleep.

Ellen came forward to check on her two passengers. She smiled at the two sleeping nudes on the fore deck. Ellen scooped up their few pieces of clothing and took them to her own cabin. She locked the door to the cabin area and returned to the wheel. Ellen steered on to the uninhabited island where she had planned to stay the night. Forty-five minutes later as Ellen was easing the boat into a cove on the island, Ellen heard a scream from the fore deck.

"Where's my bikini?" It was Jackie's voice.

There was the sound of bare feet running down the port side of the boat.

"Ouch. Help." Jenny, after stubbing her toe, had lost her balance and fallen into the water.

SPLASH!!!!

There was a giggle and Jackie shouted "Nude overboard".

Jackie walked more carefully along the port side and dropped a life jacket down to Jenny who was treading water. The boat was at a standstill. Ellen dropped the anchor from the starboard side and walked over to stand above Jenny. Jackie, wrapped in a towel, was giggling as Jenny pulled the life jacket over her head and tied the loosely tied the front of the jacket over her chest.

"You find that funny?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, Jenny is so modest even when there is not one but us to see her" answered Jackie.

"Well, in that case.." Ellen pushed Jackie over the side, grabbing the towel and holding it.

Jackie was taken totally by surprise and fell naked into the clear water.

Ellen laughed and said "You two head for the beach. I'll join you with the picnic basket for dinner."

Jackie was laughing too and set out for the beach. Jenny was a bit mad and followed after a few moments.

As Jackie walked out of the water, she found herself stimulated by the fact that here she was nude on a island. Her clothes were back on the boat. Jackie sat on a log and felt one with nature. She was reminded of some of her old college exploits.

Jackie sat and stared at the sky. She unconsciously held her left arm in front of their breasts and closed her legs. Jenny walked out of the water with her left arm over her breasts and her right hand over her pussy. Jenny's blush was very obvious.

"Come on, Jen. There no one to be embarrassed in front of. It's just Ellen and me here."

Jenny was not relaxing. Ellen had inflated a raft. The picnic basket was in the raft. Ellen was swimming behind the raft pushing it to shore. Ellen emerged from the water still wearing only her bikini bottom. After beaching the raft Ellen walked up the beach with the basket and spoke.

"I see at least one of you is still not comfortable in her birthday suit. Here."

Ellen reached into the basket, pulled out two long t-shirts and passed them to Jackie and Jenny. Jenny thanked Ellen and quickly put her t-shirt on. As Jackie noticed her own arm over her breasts she decided a t-shirt would comfort her too. She pulled it on. The t-shirts reached to about a foot over Jackie's and Jenny's knees. Jenny visibly relaxed. The three women eat and chatted. Jenny was drawn into the conversation.

As they finished eating Ellen asked "I see from your tan lines that you must not get much opportunity to do any nude sunbathing? Why don't you two just relax as I clean up and get the basket back on the boat. Give me your t-shirts."

Jackie giggled and pulled hers over her head. Jenny did not move.

"Come on Jenny. It's just us. You have to relax" said Jackie.

Jenny stood and reluctantly removed her t-shirt. Ellen placed the t-shirts in her basket and headed for the raft and said "I'll be ready to set sail in about thirty minutes. I'll sound the boat's horn and you can swim out."

Jackie and Jenny settled down on their towels under the bright tropical sun.

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On the other side of the island three rubber rafts filled with the local militia were practicing their landing and raiding techniques. The drug traffickers were using these small islands to exchange money and goods. The militia needed to practice so that they could surprise the traffickers. They worked in silence as their electric motored rafts approached the beach. The sixteen men quietly stormed the beach. They were to work their way across the island to the cove and hid in a practice ambush. They had been warned that special agents disguised as tourists would be their targets. They were to take them into custody as if they were the real thing. No bullets were to be fired, but all standard procedures were to be used.

Approaching the cove the men took up their positions behind the foliage near the edge of the beach. The lieutenant commanding the men edged forward to take in the situation. A "charter boat" was anchored in the harbor. A figure was visible moving on the boat.

"Duckling to Mother Goose. A sea approach must be timed to take the boat. Plan your approach for 30 minutes from now. Mark!"

"Confirmed Duckling. Mother Goose out."

Using the binoculars the lieutenant slowly scanned the beach. He froze as he saw two blonds laying stomach down on blankets.

"What a disguise! This was planned well by headquarters. Men, move forward, but do not expose yourselves to view. We will be storming out in about 28 minutes. Prepare yourselves. Remember, no ammunition in your guns. This is just a simulation."

The other men moved up to take in the view. And what a view it was. One of the women turned over. Her nude body was delicious. The second woman turned over and sat up. Some of the men were uncomfortable at the exposed female flesh. Suddenly a horn sounded from the boat.

The lieutenant, thinking they had been seen, ordered "Charge now, now, now!"

Sixteen camouflaged figures burst from the foliage as the two women stood up. Jackie and Jenny turned as they heard the lieutenant's shout.

Jenny muttered "Oh no, oh no" as they were surrounded.

"Stand still with your hands behind your backs" ordered the lieutenant.

Jackie and Jenny were terrified. Were these men terrorists or what? As Jackie tried to asked what was going on, cuffs were snapped on their wrists and gags placed in their mouths.

The lieutenant shouted to the boat "Stay where your are."

Without boats and no ammunition of their own the men were unable to do much as they saw the anchor hoisted and heard the motor start. Jenny and Jackie watched as Ellen took the boat (and their clothes) out of the cove.

"Lieutenant," said one of the men "our seaborne assistance is still twenty minutes away."

"We'll just have to be satisfied with what we got." The lieutenant turned to see his men staring at the two naked "traffickers". "You get busy. Search the area and confiscate all belongings."

"Sir, there is only these two towels. They is nothing else of any significance around here. Should be do a search of the prisoners."

A smile crept onto the face of the militia man.

"Well the strip is needless. We will let headquarter perform any invasive searches. We'll take them back with us." Grabbing the radio he continued. "Mother Goose, this is duckling. Seaborne assistance is no pointless. Return for debriefing."

"Acknowledged, Duckling. Mother Goose out."

Jenny and Jackie had to trudge back to the militia boats, gagged and handcuffed. Their blushes reached down to their toes as the men helped them walk. The occasional "assistance" often were hands to the breasts and asses.

Jenny was totally humiliated at the situation. With the cuffs on there was absolutely nothing she could do to cover herself or even protect herself from the frequent touch of the men. Jackie was embarrassed too, but found herself surrendering to the situation and getting a bit of a thrill from it. She shamefully admitted to herself that she was aroused. Only the sweat poring down her torso and onto her legs hid that fact that she was secreting between her legs.

Once at the boats they were helped in, still nude. The boats met a small cutter. The women were escorted on board and placed in a windowless room by themselves. After about twenty minutes they heard and felt the cutter dock. They were escorted back to the fore deck.

The cutter was docked on a pier in the middle of the harbor. Civilian craft and people stared from the dock and boats as the two bound nude women were forced to stand on the bow of the cutter. The lieutenant stood between this prisoners. Suddenly the radio on his belt chirped.

"Lieutenant Largos, here." There was as pauses as he listened to a voice. "What do you mean where are we? We conducted the raid and have prisoners right here" shouted Lieutenant Largos."

A few more moments passed as Largos listened. He was clearly upset and a blush started to form on his face. He clipped the radio back on his belt and ordered "Get these women back below to the captain's cabin right now."

Several eager men helped Jackie and Jenny to a much larger cabin with portholes. A few minutes later Largos entered the room.

Largos spoke. "I'm sorry ladies. There has been some error in our orders."

The gags and cuffs were removed. As Jackie and Jenny tried to cover themselves

Largos continued. "We were ordered to exercise on the wrong island and took you to as agents acting as drug traffickers. We are getting clothes for you now. You will be escorted back to your hotel with our sincerest apologies."

There was a knock on the door and clothes were handed into Largos. The women quickly donned the pullover tunics that covered them to their thighs.

"We are very sorry for our mistake. If there's anything we can do, just ask."

Jackie, still blushing, smiled and said "Well, you could leave us the cuffs and keys."

"Jackie" exclaimed Jenny. "What do you want them for?"

"Jenny, I was remembering my college days. Did I ever tell you about our Halloween ritual?

A good night's sleep and Jackie were ready for another day. Jackie did have to do a little convincing of Jenny that they should not just stay around the hotel where it was safe. A call to the marina and Jackie spoke to Ellen who assured them that she was still available for their charter. Ellen said that the militia had contacted her and insisted that they cover the charter cost (plus a generous amount to keep quiet) since that the militia had made the mistake. Ellen said that she would give them part of the generous money that the militia had given her and that their charter was free to Jackie and Jenny. Jackie said they were meet Ellen at her boat and discuss their option.

Jackie prodded Jenny until Jenny finally agreed to meet with Ellen. Jackie stuffed a bag with some clothes and swimwear while Jenny got dressed. Jackie had put on a halter top and Bermuda shorts when Jenny emerged from the bathroom. Jackie looked at Jenny's attired and shook her head. Jenny was covered from neck to ankle in a jumpsuit. Jackie did not try to talk Jenny into cooler attire, but the grabbed Jenny's arm and off they went to the marina.

Ellen greeted them with a smile and hugged the Jackie and Jenny.

"You dears had such a bad day yesterday. If you are game, I would like the three of us to do something together. If you want I can get a friend of mine to take us para-sailing."

"Para-sailing....what's that?" asked Jackie.

Ellen answered. "You wear something like a parachute. We have you standing on the back of a motor boat. You wear a harness attached to a wench on the boat. As the boat speeds up the para-sail lifts you into the air. It's like skiing on air. You can easily get 200 feet up when the boat is going fast. I've done it and it's a lot of fun....quite relaxing. It doesn't require any effort as you hang in the air like a kite."

Jenny remembered her last experience with a kite and became quiet, but Jackie spoke right up. "That sounds like fun. Let's do it."

Jackie grabbed Jenny's hand and the three walked farther down the pier.

Ellen went first so Jackie and Jenny could see how safe it was. Ellen changed into a bikini. Once Ellen was up it was obvious that Ellen was enjoying herself. Jackie saw Ellen's smile through the binoculars she used.

After about thirty minutes Ellen hit the release and the cable harness slipped from Ellen's body. She used the directional pulls on the para-sail to drift back toward the boat. As she floated down to the water the cable was wenched in. The boat circled back and picked up Ellen.

Jackie was eager to go next. She pulled off her halter top and Bermuda to reveal a skimpy string bikini with side ties that caused Jenny's face to blush mildly. Jack, the owner of the boat, spent extra time to make sure the harness was properly on Jackie's body. No one noticed when he tied the side ties into the cable harness. Jack declared Jackie ready and off they went.

Jackie felt wonderful as she glided a hundred feet above the water. The warm breeze caressed her flesh and seemed to hold her in an airy embrace. The boat was making a slow 180 degree turn when Jackie checked her watch. She had be para-sailing for over forty-five minutes. She hit the release and felt the harness jerk free from her body. She noticed that the wind was now brushing across her nipples. She looked down.

"Oh my God, where is my bikini."

Jackie wanted to reach down and cover herself but she was afraid to let go of the directional pulls that would help steer herself down. If she let go she thought she would drift right down onto the beach. She pulled the ties and performed a slow 180 degree turn away from the beach. She seemed to just hang nude in the air with her arms above her head. An updraft caught her and lifted her another fifty feet into the air.

In the boat Jenny was shocked and embarrassed as the naked Jackie seem suspended in full view.

"We have to get her down."

Ellen slapped Jack on the arm and gave him a dirty look, but the corners of Ellen's mouth turned up.

"I'll have to double check my own harness when I go up again" whispered Ellen in Jack's ear.

Jack said "If she would just let go of the directional pulls she would drift right down, but she has turned away from the beach. With the hot off-shore breeze and the thermals from the beach, she could stay up there until evening."

Jack was keeping the boat almost under Jackie so as to help her when she eventually hit the water. Besides it made for a better view.

Jackie felt like a naked yo-yo. She would drift down to about fifty feet and them be lifted by a updraft to almost 200 feet. She looked over her shoulder and saw a crowd was gathering on the beach. She could hear cheers each time she was lifted up. By now Jackie was holding her legs together in an attempt to preserve a bit of modesty, but her butt was aimed straight at the beach. As she looked out to sea Jackie noticed a few motor boats and sailboats had gathered and were also witnessing her plight.

"At least there are fewer people out there than on the beach" thought Jackie.

She looked at Jack's boat below and was appalled as she saw Jenny trying to hide a smile. Jackie's breasts quivered as she tried not to cry.

It took over an hour for Jackie to drift down to the water. The motor boat pulled up and Jackie climbed in. Jackie wanted to rush to put on her shorts and halter top, but Jack said he needed a moment to remove the para-sail harness.

Jackie stood trying to cover herself as he released the straps around her waist, shoulders and thighs. Once free Jackie quickly pulled on the halter top and shorts. She did not say a word, but just sat at the back of the boat blushing beautifully.

"Well, Jackie, you were right. It was better to get out today" Jenny said with a smirk.

Under her breath Jackie muttered "Just wait for tomorrow."

Jackie and Jenny returned to the hotel after Jackie's rescue from the para-sailing. Jenny was in a good mode, but Jackie was quiet.

"Jackie, I'm sorry I laughed at you. I know how humiliating that must have been. It's just after all the times I've been the victim, I guess it was relief that it wasn't happening to me that made me see the humor in the situation."

"Humor?" fumed Jackie. "I've just don't see it."

"Look, I'll make it up to you. Tomorrow we'll do whatever you want. I'll really try to relax."

Jackie seemed to relax a bit. "Okay, cuz. There is a party that Ellen told me about. It's very festive with colorful costumes. I wasn't going to bring it up, because it sounded rather wild, but it is an island custom. If I can pick out the costumes, we'll have a good time."

"Okay. I'll really try to have fun, Jackie."

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Ellen had told Jackie about the party and it had interested Jackie. It was a little like the old college days. And who was to know? They were down here by themselves. If things got a little carried away, so what? Jackie made Jenny stay when she went to arrange for the costumes.

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"Come on, Jenny. Pass out those clothes and I'll pass in the costume."

Jackie stood outside the stall in the ladies' room at the pavilion where the party was to take place. Jenny had hesitantly gone along with Jackie on Jackie's choice of costume. Jenny had gotten nervous when she saw Jackie's floral wrap dress as Jackie had emerged from the stall first. Jackie's dress was strapless. It wrapped her snuggly around her torso covering her breasts and extended snuggly down to her waist. At the waist the wrap was somewhat looser and hung down to mid thigh. Jackie's now deeply tanned thighs and calves were plainly exposed. The open-toed sandals with two inch heels made Jackie's calves curve nicely. Now that Jackie was insisting the Jenny strip completely, Jenny was getting cold feet.

"Come on, Jen, stop stalling. Besides you have no choice now. You have already given me your shorts and halter top. If you don't get moving I'll just leave you here in the restroom in your underwear until the party is over."

Jenny had heard that Jackie had been somewhat wild in college was was afraid she was getting wild again. For as much as Jenny shared with Jackie, Jenny realized they were still miles apart in some ways. Not wanting to be a complete party-pooper Jenny finally removed her bra and lace panties. Jackie handed in a strip of cloth that Jenny first thought was a dress like Jackie's. As went she started to wrap it around her Jenny realized it was far too narrow. Jenny wrapped it around her waist twice and tied it off at her right hip. It was even shorter than Jackie's dress.

"Jackie, dear, there is not enough here to be more than a short skirt. Where's the rest of it?”

Jackie giggled. "What rest of it?"

Jenny gasped. "I'm topless. I can't go to the party like this." Jenny's voice was almost pleading.

Jackie laughed. "Now you almost know what I felt like yesterday. Here." Jackie passed in a floral string top.

Jenny sighed in relief until she pulled the top over her. It was very tight. While it did cover her nipples, most of the rest of her breasts were exposed.

"Now hand in my panties and blouse."

There was a few moments of silence. Jenny peeked out of the stall and found the restroom empty. Swallowing hard Jenny walked slowly to the restroom door. As she peeked out she saw Jackie returning from their rented car with a huge smile on her face.

"Come on out Jenny. You better get used to your costume. It's all you are going to have until we return to the hotel. Look around you. Everyone else is dressed like us."

Jenny looked around the sandy party area on the beach. Everyone was dressed in skimpy attire. The men were wearing speedos or equally revealing leisurewear. The women were is bright floral dresses, tops, short-shorts and string bikinis. Everyone was revealing a lot of skin, but no one was nude. Island music had started and people were dancing, drinking and laughing. Jenny realized that everyone else was having a good time. She looked a Jackie and sheepishly walked over to her.

"You are right. I've been at pool party that showed more than this, but can I at least have some panties. I feel very nervous without any."

"Gotcha" thought Jackie.

"Okay, I'll give you mine to wear, but you have to agree to give them back it I really want them."

Jenny smiled and thought "Jackie was really a great girl."

The two stepped into the restroom and Jackie removed her panties and handed them to Jenny. Jackie chuckled as she thought how she had snipped more of the elastic strands at the waist. Jenny was going to lose those panties without any other help before the evening was out. Jackie was sure Jenny do not have a clue as to what was in store for her.

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The party was already in full swing. Jackie sat at a table flirting with a young attorney from New York, Robert Walkens. Jackie was watching as Jenny, with a few drinks in her, was finally out dancing with some blond California hunk named Tad. The way Jenny was shaking her hips, Jackie knew there couldn't be much left of the elastic strands of the panties' waistband. Moments later Jackie saw something peak out from under Jenny's skirt. Another few steps and the panties were around Jenny's ankles.

Jenny was feeling very relaxed and enjoying the dancing when she suddenly tripped and fell forward into her partner. The blond guy just smiled and just held her up and he kept dancing. Jenny felt something around her ankles. She kicked her left leg to try to free it. As she was now being held tightly by her still gyrating partner she could not look down to see what was tripping her up. She now felt something only at her right ankle and flipped her foot to free the ankle.

Had Jenny looked down she would have realized she was now dancing away from her panties that were now being pushed into the sand by other dancing feet. Within seconds the panties were swallowed up in the sand.

Jackie had witnessed the fall and loss of the panties and was now laughing her head off. She was so distracted that she did not noticed that the attorney's hand was slowly working on the knot of Jackie's wrap dress. The knot was now very loose. The attorney asked Jackie to dance and the two joined the others. Jackie, Robert, Tad and Jenny converged and were dancing recklessly to the island music.

Robert when to twirled Jackie and (accidentally?) grabbed the knot of at Jackie's hip instead of Jackie hip. As Jackie spun away the dress unwrapped leaving Jackie stark naked in the middle of the dancing people. Jackie, losing her balance as her shock of being suddenly naked hit her, toppled into the back of Jenny.

Jenny felt Jackie's hand fall across her back and snap the strap of her top. Jenny's top flew forward into Tad face. Tad stopped dancing and smiled as his eyes centered on the two beautiful nipples that bounced in front of him.

Jenny clasped her hands over her breasts and ran toward the car. The wrap skirt climbed up Jenny's running thighs and exposed the bottom half of her ass for all to see. Jackie stood and ""Eeched".

She made a made dash after the running figure of Jenny. As Jackie got to the car Jenny was trying to open the door. Of course it was locked. Jackie realized that the keys were back in her purse at the table in the middle of the party. The two raced now for the restrooms.

Breathing hard, but relieved that they were out of sight in the restroom, the two looked at each other. Between them they only had Jenny's short wrap skirt.

"One of us has to get our keys" Jenny finally said, looking pleadingly at Jackie.

"Oh, for Christ's sake, give me you skirt and I'll get my purse."

Jenny, as much as she tried, could not come up with a better solution. She unwrapped her skirt and handed it to Jackie. Jenny hid in the stall. Jackie wrapped the skirt around her waist and faced the mirror. She took several deep breathes and smiled.

"Well, it is a little like those college days" Jackie thought.

She proudly squared her shoulders and walked from the restroom.

"I think I might just stay for a dance or two. Maybe I'm just in a party mood tonight."

Jenny waited for forty-five minutes before Jackie reappeared. Jenny saw Jackie had her purse and the torn remains of Jenny's wrap dress.

"Her cuz. Thought you might like this."

Jenny grabbed the dress and wrapped it around herself.

She asked "Where have you been for so long?"

"The guys insisted on an encore dance before they would hand over the purse. What choice did I have?"

Jenny was shocked by the broad smile on Jackie's face.

"Besides, who's to know? We are down her by ourselves.

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The next morning Jackie found out who was to know. She picked up a copy of the NY Post. A picture of her dancing (with very little airbrushed out) appeared in an AP photo in the New York Post as part of Leisure Trends section.

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**Jenny's Paint Surprise by ?**

Jenny was surprised when she came home from the shopping to be greeted by her husband. John was in a fantastic mood. His bosses at the marketing and publishing agency had finally made him an account executive. Actually he was only an assistant account executive, but his ability to see fresh and unusual perspectives had gotten the attention of his superiors. His company had landed the initial marketing contract for a new lifestyle type of magazine.

John saw it as a combination of GQ, Men's Health and a male Cosmopolitan. It was to be very 'now' with a sexy undertone. It would publish its first issue in nine months. His first assignment was to look over several of the planned cover features and determine the advertising strategy for each feature. Specialized ads and ad prices would be arranged for each cover story.

Following the success of the Sport Illustrated and Inside Sports annual swimsuit issues, the new magazine would do two such issues a year, one to appear the week before the Superbowl and the second the week before the World Series. Although not a professional photographer, John had used his amateur skills in the past to help sell his ideas. He had often used photographs of Jenny is some of his 'idea pages' as prototypes for proposals.

Jenny, shy but proud of her figure, had made sure that she was always decently covered, but several photos of Jenny in skimpy swimwear and other activewear had helped John sell many an idea in the past. With Jenny in mind John's superiors had felt it only natural that John and Jenny could scout out locations for the first swimwear issue. Always proud and stimulated by Jenny's fantastic figure, John jumped at the assignment.

John showed Jenny the plane tickets and told her to get ready for a vacation. "I've already packed the essentials. With the expense account I have you can buy whatever else you need when we get there." He grabbed a small suitcase and an overnight bag and rushed Jenny to the car. John's camera bag was already in the car. Before Jenny had a chance to question the situation, they were on a plane to Central America.

That night, as they settled into their room at a posh resort in Belize, Jenny finally opened the bags John had prepared for her. She found only a few pieces of her sexiest lingerie and swimwear. No underwear, tops or pants had been packed. She finally found a skirt that John had bought her but that she had refused to wear outside the house. The skirt was little more than a narrow circle of cloth that could at most pass for a tiny microskirt.

"Well", thought Jenny, "I can always wear if over that skimpy two-piece thong swimsuit."

She failed to see John's expression as he saw her holding up the skirt. A smile formed as his imaginative mind saw possibilities.

The next morning John hustled them off to breakfast. He insisted Jenny wear her string bikini. Jenny refused, but John was persistent.

"Look, Jen, I was told things are very casual down here. Swimwear is supposed to be common at the beach front cafe."

Looking over the clothes she had worn yesterday and the clothes John had brought, Jenny reluctantly agreed, but added the skirt. Jenny looked beautiful in the skimpy blue outfit. The white microskirt stood out enticingly against the blue of the top and her luscious long legs. John grabbed his 35mm camera and the film case. He wanted pictures of the area and of Jenny after they ate. Jenny grabbed a couple of towels, just in case she needed to cover up.

Upon there entry to the cafe area Jenny relaxed as she saw the few other patrons in similar casual attire. They eat a breakfast of tropical fruit and flaky light pastries. John took a few photographs of the view from the cafe before they strolled onto the beach. They walked for about a half-mile to a cove and John told Jenny to relax as he took some pictures. Jenny removed her skirt, reclined on her towel and fell into a light sleep under the tropical sun as John wandered on passed the cove taking photos.

Jenny woke with a start and took a moment to remember where she was. She had been dreaming about her last trip to the Caribbean in which a dog had playfully left her naked. She looked about and saw no one.

"John, where are you?"

She felt a little scared when there was no answer. After a few minutes she relaxed in this paradise. No scouts were in sight. A smile crossed her face and, looking around once more, she untied her top and laid back. The sun was like a warm massage. She stretched back and closed her eyes.

John was returning when he saw his topless wife reclining like Eve in Eden before The Fall. He quietly took several shots of Jenny for his growing private collection.

"Maybe she is finally getting over her fear of exposure. She would have never have gone topless in the past."

He was tempted to play a trick on her but wanted to reinforce her new courage. After finishing another full roll of film he strolled up to Jenny whistling.

"You are beautiful, my goddess."

Jenny stretched sensually.

"You're looking pretty good yourself, my Adonis."

She reached up and John slid between her arms. They pulled each other into a loving embrace. John was shocked when Jenny released the tie on the left side of her thong bottom. Her hands pulled him between her legs and they made slow passionate love.

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That evening John reflected on the day as Jenny slept peacefully next to him. They had never made love in such a public place before as they had on the beach and it had been fantastic. John felt certain that they had been watched for the last 15 to 20 minutes of their beach lovemaking, but whoever it was had remained discrete. Maybe Jenny was ready for what he had planned for the next day.

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"Wake up sleepy head. Time to rise and shine."

Jenny opened her eyes to John's deep voice. She looked out the cabin's window and saw it was still dark.

"John, it's the middle of the night. Come back to bed."

From the look in her eyes John felt she had other things in mind than sleep. He pulled Jenny from the bed and paused to take in her nude form. It was unusual for her to sleep in less than pajamas or a nightgown.

"I have a surprise for you. Here." John handed her a long terry cloth robe.

"You'll only need this."

Jenny pulled the robe over her shoulders and pulled it closed as John shuffled her out onto the patio. She was confused but permitted John to move her out to some type of storage building passed the pool. On entering the building Jenny blinked at bright lights arranged around a pool recliner. A dark skinned, middle-aged native woman wore a paint smeared smock. The women bowed to them.

John turned to Jenny and explained.

"The magazine plans to do some body painting like used in the last Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue. Miss Domingo is a gift local artist we can use. If this works out she will assist an artist we bring down from the States."

"But...but" Jenny stammered, "those models wore ONLY body paint in some of those photographs!"

"Don't worry; only Miss Domingo and I will see you. Relax. Take a nap. Even for this test it will take three or four hours to paint you. Just leaned back. Let me take that robe."

Jenny held the robe tightly to her body. John looked at her patiently and finally she allowed him to take it. She was so comfortable on the beach yesterday, but she felt very self-conscious in front of this woman.

John sat off to the side, reading a book and giving Jenny supportive looks. Miss Domingo asked Jenny to rub her skin with a cleansing lotion that dried in a few minutes. Jenny was then positioned on her back as the artist went to work. Jenny found herself yawning as she realized she had only had about two hours sleep last night. She found herself falling off to sleep.

After two hours Jenny's front was done. An amazingly believable bikini in blues and yellowed was painted across Jenny breasts, around her waist and between her legs. Miss Domingo stretched and left to stretch as the paint finished drying. She would then do Jenny's back and bottom. It would not take much longer as the back of the painted bikini bottom would be little more than a stripe across the back and down between her buns.

Jenny slept on her back with her legs on either side of the recliner. Her arms lay on the recliner's arms.

There was a knock on the door. John jumped up and, seeing that Jenny was still asleep, he opened the door and slipped out. There was a call for John from the States that he could take on a lobby phone. John rushed off to take the call.

The dawn was glaring through some high windows. As the sun moved the bright tropical light struck Jenny's face and woke her. She stretched, looked down and saw the painted blue and yellow bikini. It was a good illusion, but Jenny felt very naked.

Jenny heard a key in the lock to the building front door. Her usual paranoia struck causing her to jumped up and hid behind some crates. The men walked over, picked up the crate in front of the one she was hiding behind and carried it out of the building. Fearing they would take her crate, Jenny looked behind her and saw another door. She moved to the door, opened it and stepped through.

Jenny heard the door's lock click as she realized she was outside the building. A nearby tree was too small to hide her. She looked around and saw the empty path that led to the boat dock. Fearing she would be spotted at any moment she steeled her courage and walked down the path.

"From a distance the paint will look like a real bikini," thought Jenny.

She did not realize that no paint had been applied in back. From behind her naked butt bounced enticingly as she quickly walked.

Jenny kept her arms at her sides and tried to walk naturally. When a couple appeared around a curve in the path not fifteen feet in front of her Jenny maintained her pace. The other woman said "Hi" as they passed. Jenny stammered "Hello" and continued walking.

Jenny heard a giggle and a gasp after the couple passed her, but she kept walking. She did not see the couple stop and stand in the middle of the path smiling as Jenny's receding naked backside passed out of sight around the curve.

Jenny stopped after rounding the curve.

"Why am I going this way? I fooled that couple. I bet if I keep my distance and was careful, I can walk right back to my room."

Screwing up her courage, Jenny turned and walked towards the hotel and cabin area. She would need to walk right along side the pool to take the quickest route back to her cabin.

As Jenny approached the pool everything seemed fine. After passing a few people she noticed they seemed to be reacting to something behind her. She turned to look and the remaining people at the pool saw Jenny's naked firm butt. Jenny knew something was wrong and felt her anxiety building quickly. She turned and ran along the side of the pool. She slid on part of the wet decking and fell sideways into the deep end of the pool.

As Jenny surfaced she noticed that the water around her had a blue and yellow tinge to it. She looked at her breasts bobbing in the water and saw the paint melting from her body. She moved to the side of the pool and pressed her breasts against the pool's wall. She was too embarrassed to realize that the longer she stayed in the pool, the less paint she would have to hide under. The crystal clear pool water left her nude bottom in clear view. The men and women around the pool applauded as Jenny's face became beet red.

After a few minutes of embarrassing comments by the pool patrons, one of the women in a lounge chair said "You can have my towel, but you have to come here to get it."

The pool crowd laughed. Jenny hung her head and climbed up the pool steps. No paint remained on her firm flesh. The towel that Jenny was offered was only a hand towel that had no chance of wrapping around either her waist or her chest.

Jenny reverted to her usual flight response and ran. Too late she realized she had run away from her cabin. She doubled back and passed the pool (and more applause) as she raced to her cabin. Of course the door was locked. Jenny hid behind a bush next to the cabin door and prayed for John to appear. After fifteen frantic minutes John, following the description of a naked woman, caught up with Jenny. He spotted her and remained out of sight.

"Why should I waste an opportunity like this?"

John's mind ran down some possibilities, but simply remaining out of Jenny's sight seemed the best for now.

He retreated and checked that he had plenty of unexposed film and a lot of exposed Jenny.

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**Jenny Vs Owen by Gao**

Owen stared out the window and drummed his pencil against the desk. He was not looking forward to today- his class was taking the State Comprehension test. Tedious, mind-numbing tests that demanded very little intelligence and a Number 2 pencil. Six hours trapped in his homeroom. There wasn't even a cute girl in the room to at least test his budding powers on. But something did seem amiss- everyone was milling around, waiting for Mr. Bilker so show up.

He was already 10 minutes late- unusual for the punctual math teacher. Suddenly a tall blonde women stumbled into the room, carrying test booklets up to her chin. She set the booklets down on the desk and composed herself.

Owen's eyes widened- the paperwork had been concealing a firm and impressive set of breasts, wrapped in snug but heavy blue turtleneck sweater. They rose and fell steadily as she tried to catch her breath. She was also wearing a blue floral skirt, loose but floor length, which curved out gently at her shapely hips. She introduced herself as "Jenny", and explained that Mr. Bilker was sick, and that she would sub for him during the test. Owen smiled. Perhaps today would be a good day after all.

While Jenny was writing the test instructions on the chalkboard, Owen could help but notice the way she shifted her weight back and forth, thrusting each hip out. Or the soft bulge of her full ass underneath the draping skirt. She had a weird, subtle sexiness about her, too. Sort of naive. Like she would eat a Popsicle in a room full of men and have no idea what she was doing.

While watching her ass wiggle, Owen decided to give a little "feel" to see what he had to work with. A sturdy bra with wide straps, full cups, and several hooks. Satin panties, a conservative cut, but slightly loose. Owen gave a slight tug, and watched through her skirt as the elastic slid down an inch or so.

Jenny paused in her writing and looked down. Owen waited until she continued writing to give another tug. Several inches this time. Halfway over her ass. She paused again, but Owen decided to go for broke. There was a brief ripple in her skirt and the panties slid free of her ass and glided quickly down her thighs. Jenny quickly clamped her knees together to catch her underwear. The thin fabric of her skirt settled into the crack of her now-naked ass. She quickly finished the rest of the directions and tried to waddle back to her desk as nonchalantly as possible. While everyone began the test, Owen watched as she slipped the panties off her shoes and stuffed them in her purse. Yellow panties. He would have never guessed.

Owen tried to concentrate on the test for a little while, but it was just no use. He peeked up at Jenny. Even as she leaned back in Mr. Bilker's chair, her large breasts bulged up and out in complete disregard for the laws of gravity. Owen decided it was time for round 2, and gently unhooked her bra. Her eyes opened wide, and her breasts settled visibly. She crossed her arms and looked around the class-everyone, including Owen, seemed busy with the test.

Jenny tried to reach back under her sweater to grasp at the hooks, but doing so pulled the sweater up and revealed several inches of pale belly. So instead she reached back and tried to work the hooks through the sweater. She fumbled with the thick material before Owen decided to intercede. He guided the hooks, not to each other, but into the soft fabric of the sweater. He wrapped the yarn into the hooks so they would hold tight. Jenny felt the hooks catch, and believed everything was okay. Owen could already feel the tension beginning to unknit the heavy sweater. He gave the fabric just the tiniest bit of help, and noticed the sweat did seem to be slightly looser. Jenny dug a book out of her purse, and Owen decided to give her a break while he chewed through more of the test.

About a half hour later, Jenny stood up and announced the end of the first part. She started writing the instructions for the second part. Owen could see a very visible patch of white skin in the back of her sweater, where the hooks were pulling it apart. He also marveled at how great her bare ass looked under the thin veil of her floral skirt.

Everyone began the second part, and Jenny returned to the desk. She had her legs tightly crossed, and was reading some trashy romance novel. "Pirates of a Burning Heart" or some crap like that. Owen wonder if books like that really turned women on. If they did, it would seem to be a risky thing to read one in front of a class of horny teenage boys in a thin skirt and no panties.

Jenny uncrossed and recrossed her legs. Owen though about her soft vagina pressed against the flimsy material, maybe slightly damp for a particularly good chapter. Owen had seen plenty of bare pussies, especially since his powers developed last year, but he had never actually touched one.

Owen sat there pondering Jenny's private parts, oblivious to the bulge in his jeans or to the way his thumb traced the tip of his eraser. Jenny shifted around in her seat. Owen couldn't tell for sure, but it looked like her nipples were erect and poking out from her sweater. Again she uncrossed her legs, and Owen continued to thumb his eraser, unaware and how his powers were reacting.

Jenny's cheeks were growing flushed. She pushed her left hand into her lap, palm down, as if trying to prevent someone from looking up her skirt. She started breathing out of her mouth, and her lips were red and swollen. Owen watched her press her crotch, and wondered if she ever masturbated to those books, or even that one in particular. He poked at his chin with the eraser, moving it in tiny circles. Jenny still had the book open, but her eyes were closed. She crossed her legs again, and squirmed her tush back and forth. There was a thin layer of sweat on her brow. She looked up at the clock with an anxious, pleading expression. Still half an hour for this part of the test.

A slight moan slipped from her lips, and cut the silence of the classroom. Several students looked up at her. She excused herself and covered her mouth with a trembling hand. Her voice was shaky and nervous. Her sweater was loosening.

By now, Owen could make out tiny spots of skin and bra peeking through gaps in the knit. But Jenny hadn't noticed. By now she put her book aside. Her hips were squirming against the seat, and she held to the desk, white-knuckled. Her mouth was slightly agape, and her lower lip was quivering. Owen loved the way she moved her body.

His eraser was now worn to a glossy sheen. Suddenly Mr Gurnstein, the principal, walked into the classroom with some paperwork. Jenny stood to greet him, or at least tried too. Her knees buckled wildly, and she could only make it halfway up. Owen could here her gasping as she clung to the desk and thrust her butt out behind her. And then Owen noticed it- two lily patches of flesh appearing on either hip, between her skirt and sweater. He looked down and saw the toe of her shoe catching the hem of her skirt. He hadn't done that! Could a women so sweetly charming and graceful really be that clumsy?

Unaware of her caught skirt, Jenny seemed to steel herself for a moment and then stood upright. Her knees buckled and gave under her full weight, and she fell against Mr Gurnstein, clutching at his lapels. The elastic waistband of the floral skirt slid over the full roundness of her ass and quickly slipped off her shapely pale thighs and calves.

The entire classroom was treated to a view of a narrow thatch or true blond hair and a white fleshy ass, that quivered with Jenny's own private and humiliating ecstasy. She gazed up at Mr Gurnstein, wide-eyed and pleading as her body suddenly quaked and jiggled for several seconds. She let out a long, breathy squeal, and Mr Gurnstein could only stare back, shocked and bewildered.

Finally, Jenny composed herself enough to notice her own nudity. Several boys in the class had already begun cheering and clapping. Jenny jumped away from the principal and pulled her navy sweater down over her well-groomed pussy. She covered herself, but only for a second- the sweater quickly unraveled. First exposing her shoulders, the yarn seemed to dissolved in her hands.

She kept on hand thrust in her crotch while the other tried to cover her generous ass, hoping her sturdy white bra would help maintain some of her dignity. But as her sweater unspooled, her bra too seemed to melt from her body. First the cups slackened from the lush breasts, and then the straps slipped from her shoulders. The heavy cotton cups flicked her erect nipples as they slipped away, causing her breasts to quiver ever so slightly.

She cried aloud in embarrassment as her bra and unmade sweater scattered to the floor. She dove for her skirt, but found the hem caught under the leg of the desk (that Owen DID do!). She tugged at it with both hands, leaving her bare tits to swing and bounce wildly. Her face was flush red with humiliation. And with a hearty pull, she ripped apart her skirt, leaving her with only the waistband and a few skimpy inches of material.

By now Mr Gurnstein had recovered from the sight of a beautiful nude woman in one of his classrooms. He shouted for order, and wrapped his sports jacket over Jenny's luminous body. He led Jenny from the room, her face buried in her hands, her knees still weak and rubbery. And as she was led from the room, no one could help but notice that short Mr Gurnstein's coat failed to cover so much of Jenny's full behind.

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**Jenny The Auxiliary Nurse by Steve Naylor**

Jenny cursed her luck, how could this happen to her on her first day. She was already going to be late as it was and now this. Jenny held the white uniform up against herself, it only just covered everything . How did this happen, she was sure that she had put the washing machine on the right setting but now her new uniform had come out a third its previous size. Still she had no choice, she had been told that the only clothing she was allowed to wear whilst at work in the hospital was the regulation uniform. So into it she would have to squeeze her self.

Putting her arms through the tight material Jenny struggled with the buttons and slowly but surly she got the bottom three together, each one putting tremendous strain on the stitching. Then Jenny faced her biggest problem, her bust ! She breathed in and pulled with all of her strength then, after a short battle Jenny won, but only just. She turned and looked at her self in the mirror, Oh no this was terrible, she could not go out like this. Because the uniform was so tight, all of Jenny's underwear including her suspender belt and stockings were completely visible to all.

Jenny suddenly had an idea, reaching up under her uniform she unclipped her stockings and removed them along with her suspenders and panties. Jenny now in a complete panic pulled open a draw and quickly emptied it trying to find a white or tan pair of tights. Jenny seldom wore them and the only pair she could find were black. Faced with no other choice Jenny wiggled her lovely body into them, then quickly remembering her panties pulled them on afterwards. She looked at the clock, no time now she had to leave or she would miss her bus. Then slipping on her walking shoes she pulled on her coat and scooped up a bag in which she thought were her regulation nursing shoes. Jenny dashed out of the door, if only she had taken time to realise that the dress was not only to tight, from behind it was far to short and left nothing to the imagination.

Jenny's modesty had been spared her entire journey, her savior coming in the shape of her coat. But even with this she had received a few admiring glances on the bus when she sat down and crossed her legs. The coat falling open to reveal Jenny's long shapely legs right up past the thigh. Jenny had blushed when she saw the looks she was receiving from all of the men and quickly wrapped up. Thirty minutes later Jenny arrived and rushed down the corridor to the ward she was working on. Turning a corner she came face to face with the sight of Sister Reilly, a tall very statuesque woman in her 40`s.

"Sorry sister", explained Jenny "I had a few problems, erm getting here".

Sister Reilly eyed Jenny up and down and said in a kind Irish accent.

"Don't worry my dear its your first day, now run along get ready and report back to me"

Jenny relived, made straight for the nurses changing area, where she took off her coat and opened her bag ready to change her shoes.

"Oh no" cried Jenny could things get any worse, instead of packing her nursing shoes she had put a pair of black strappy high heels.

Jenny thought about it for a minute, then eyeing the tatty trainers on her feet; decided that the shoes would be the lesser of two evils. So slipping into them, she pinned up her long blonde hair in her nursing hat and headed back to Sister Reilly.

When Jenny returned she was not the only one there, eight other members of staff that were also on duty were receiving there orders for the shift. All eyes fell on Jenny as she appeared and they could not believe what they saw. Presented before them was a very busty young blonde in what could only be described as the Shortest most revealing nursing outfit in the world, along with non regulation colour tights and extremely high heels. She looked more like she was turned out for a fancy dress party; or a kissogram job and not a mornings nursing.

Jenny turned red at once again being the centre of attention, then suddenly Sister Reilly spoke.

"This is Jenny everyone, she is our new auxiliary, Now I know you will all be very friendly to her and show her the ropes"

There were a few moans at the word "Auxiliary". All this said to the regular staff was; some unqualified bimbo who was going to take there overtime pay. One by one the staff were given there duties and went about there business.

Then the moment Jenny was dreading, sister Reilly turned to her. Jenny bit her bottom lip and could only wonder what the sister thought of her turning up for work like this. But to her surprise she made no comment. She did not even stare at Jenny, as all the other girls had done; she was simply given her jobs and dismissed. Jenny could not believe her luck, but things were about to change.

Jenny's first job was to take the temperature of every one. She pushed open the doors of the first ward and entered, there were about half a dozen old men on it and she approached the first one.

"Hello" she smiled "I'm here to take your temperature".

"You can take a lot more than that" he replied, unable to believe the sight of Jenny in an ill fitting uniform.

He laughed as did the others, once again Jenny blushed and tried to concentrate on her work. Unfortunately for Jenny, then trend was set and every old man she visited made a suggestive comment at her expense. Jenny could only blush further as she wiggled about in her high heels from one bed to another, still not aware of the very public display she was putting on from behind. The men were aware, very aware and were having the time of there old lives.

The last straw came for Jenny when one old man drooped his thermometer and Jenny had to pick it up. She tried to crouch down as lady like as possible, but the uniform would not allow it and even more of Jenny's lovely panty clad bottom was displayed. This was too much for one old man and he could not resist the sight of Jenny's shapely rear. Reaching out he swatted it and gabbed a handful. Jenny screamed and jumped back up, when she realised what had happened she thought that she would die of embarrassment. The old men all cheered and the man with his hand still firmly on her butt, gave it another tight squeeze. Jenny Shrieked again and this time dropping the thermometer attempted to flee from the room. But this was just not Jenny's day, as she tore away from the lecherous old man his hand tightened on her and much to his delight he was left with her panties in her hand. Jenny aware of the tearing sound and turned her head to see, the old man waving her black lace panties in his hands, as the room fell into absolute hysterics.

"Cost you a kiss, if you want em back, love" he cried still laughing.

Jenny could take no more and raced from the scene . Out side she slumped against the door, and breathed a sigh of relief to be out. Behind her she could still the laughter from the old men, Now she had lost her knickers what else could go wrong?

Suddenly Two staff members appeared from around the corner. The two female nurses approached her.

"It's, Jenny isn't it" asked one.

"Yes" she replied, still red faced and sweating.

"Everything OK" asked the other.

"Erm No, I er mean yes", replied Jenny again, trying to gain some self control.

"That's good, because we have busy morning ahead of us" said the first nurse.

"Thats right" agreed the other "Come on" she added and took Jenny's arm and started marching her down the corridor.

"I er, haven't finished in..... " Jenny started. but was cut off by the second nurse who grabbed her other arm.

"Oh don't worry about them, were taking you to see; THE BOYS" she said.

By now Jenny was quite worried, here she was in a skimpy uniform, knickerless having two female nurses both taller than her; taking her to see "The boys".

"Erm who do you mean" asked Jenny nervously as they frog marched her to the other end of the ward.

"Well" said the first nurse a tall and quite buxom brunette. "Last week there was a pileup of traffic and a coach became involved, Practically everyone on the coach was injured and admitted to this ward", she added.

As she spoke Sister Reilly passed the other way.

"Were just showing Jenny around" said the brunette.

"Very good Tina" nodded the sister. "I have to go and fill out some reports, I shall be gone about one hour. You are the senior till I return, Tina", she called out as she left the ward.

Jenny looked back at the sight of sister Reilly leaving and felt quite nervous, but was not sure why.

"Come along" said Tina and tightened her grip on Jenny's arm, "The boys are waiting"

They turned a corner and approached a ward Jenny had not been to yet, she could only assume that this was where "The boys" were.

As they approached it, Jenny now quite nervously asked.

"Wh why do you k keep referring to them as the boys".

"Oh didn't I tell you" replied Tina very slowly, "The coach that crashed, was full of Football players".

As the last words left Tina's mouth the doors were swung open and Jenny pushed inside.

The noise was Deafening, around twenty or more young lads most in there 20`s had been awaiting the arrival of Jenny for some time and now she was here. Jenny could only stand there her back pinned to the door as the lads Whistled, cheered and made rude and suggestive comments about her, and her uniform.

Jenny blushed again, thank god most of them were in traction with broken legs, she thought to her self as they became increasingly rowdy. She stepped back and tried to leave, but the doors now would not open. She turned to see the grinning faces of the two nurse holding them shut.

As Jenny turned, the guys got a great eyeful of Jenny's checks just poking from under her uniform. Only this time with Jenny minus her knickers, there was only some very thin black nylon covering them; making them look even more attractive. Quick as lighting, Jenny turned and attempted to pull her uniform down. But it was no good, she only succeeded in putting to much pressure on the top half of the fabric. The result of this being her two top buttons flying open.

Jenny just wanted the ground to open up and swallow her whole. Her more than ample chest was now attempting to break free of the restraints of her costume and only a very thin black lacy bra were holding them in place. The chant of "Get em off, get em off" had started around the room and Jenny was getting quite scared.

Then she spotted salvation at the other end of the room there was another door. Desperately trying to cover her now partly exposed cleavage and visible bottom, but having no luck with both. Jenny raced as quick as she could in her heels across the room.

It was like running a gauntlet arms and walking sticks were coming at her from every angle, desperately trying to get hold of a pieces of uniform to tear off. Jenny was so embarrassed, this was too much. She neared the door and thanked her lucky stars that her clothes had remained, fairly intact for once.

But Jenny's Victory was short lived, for Tina and three other female nurses burst through the door she had been pinning her hopes on; as she approached it. Jenny could tell from the evil grins on there faces that they had not come to rescue her. She quickly turned and ran back, once more arms frantically reached out for her. This time one got her but she quickly struggled free. But as she did she did not notice that someone, attempting to hook her with a walking stick had dropped it in her path.

Jenny never knew what hit her and as her silly high heels caught on the stick she was suddenly aware of the ground coming up to meet her. Jenny put her hands out to break her fall and did so quite successfully. She half turned to face the approaching nurses, now looking like she was staring in a porn movie. With the uniform riding up, she was revealing thighs, bottom, breasts and with her hair from her cap falling down in front of her face all in all a very erotic pose.

The men in the room were practically drooling and this had not gone unnoticed by Jenny, or Tina. Suddenly Jenny was aware of more noise behind her, she turned her head to see the other girls from the shift coming through the doors. One of them spoke, "Its OK Tina, sister is the other end of the ward, hard at it she can't hear a thing".

"Wait a minute", said Jenny "You planned all this, what's going on ? Why?"

"Well" began Tina, "For the last few month now we have had to put up with every useless auxiliary nurse that came into this hospital and we have had enough". She continued "You take all are over time pay, you work for less and what's more you cause more work than you do".

"Please" Begged Jenny "What have I done".

"Well apart from everything I have just mentioned, coming to work dressed like a tart and upsetting all the male patients by flaunting your assets, in there faces" Tina replied again.

"No please, I can explain" began Jenny "Its not like that".

Tina cut her off

"Forget it blondie, we have seen your sort before; you like to come in here and prick tease the poor men. I suppose you get off on showing your body off to them"

Jenny was suddenly aware of he semi dressed state and blushed like never before.

"No really it was all a big mistake" she began again.

But once more Tina was having none of it.

"You bet it was a big mistake and you just made it"

Tina then turned her head to the male patients who were all straining to get a good look at jenny.

"OK guys, I think its time we paid this prick teasing tart back, don't you ?"

Once more a cheer went up and Jenny became aware of all the other nurse closing in on her. Then she became aware of the male voices around her, the cheering had turned into a chant again

"OFF OFF OFF OFF OFF OFF".

"Come on girls" Shouted Tina above the noise. "If she likes showing off her body so much, lets give her a hand.”

Then with that all eight of the nurses descended on her Poor Jenny never stood a chance, Although she was very well built in the chest department, strength was not her strong point; so the girls had no problem pinning her to the ground.

Jenny disappeared under the small gang of nurse, all that was visible of her was a long shapely leg sticking up in the air. Then after a few seconds it was pulled in and disappeared and the only existence of Jenny in the room, were her screams. Then suddenly a great tearing sound was heard and A large piece of white uniform was thrown from the mob. This was followed by another then another. Then men were going crazy and trying to catch bits.

"They're ripping her clothes off" shouted one.

"Brilliant" added another "Lets have a look at her".

Tina heard this and decided that it would be a good idea.

"They what to see her girls, well lets not disappoint them", she laughed.

Suddenly Jenny felt her body being hauled up into the air.

"No please no" she screamed, this was far worse than any thing that had ever happened to her before. she could not even escape.

Jenny's Sexy body was lifted high into the air, by the nurses. Now clad in only black tights and lacy bra and heels, she was a very fine sight for the boys. They held and carried her around the ward for everyone to have a good look at every angle of her body, for poor Jenny this was too much . Oh please let this end she thought to herself. If some one could die of embarrassment, Jenny would have died a thousand deaths.

"OK Boys, shall we finish the job" Tina called out with a knowing smile.

They did not even wait for the answer and by the time the first calls of agreement were being heard Jenny was on the floor again, with the nurses tearing at her few remaining undies. Once more Jenny was obscured from view, save for both her legs this time. They were both kicking wildly about in the air as the nurse concentrated on her bra. Then as before material flew from the scene, this time small pieces of black lacy bra.

The girls were so enthusiastic at getting Jenny's tits out that the bra was shredded into tiny pieces. Then as before five of six hands grabbed at Jenny's lovely long legs and pulled them in out of sight. Her shoes were discarded and tossed into the air. Then suddenly a hush fell over the room, this was followed by a count down.

"FIVE" shouted Tina

"No screamed" Jenny" .

"FOUR" shouted Tina again.

"Please" begged Jenny.

"THREE" shouted all the nurses together this time.

"Don't do this to me" Jenny pleaded in desperation.

"TWO" shouted the Nurse and most of the men.

"No no no" was Jenny's only response.

"ONE" cried the whole room.

As what felt like to Jenny dozens of pairs of hands, ripped and pulled off her tights. Jenny's final pleas were drowned out as the torn remains of her tights were thrown the boys, who like a pack of hungry wolves grabbed for them. then once more to the calls of "Lets see her"

Once again Jenny was held aloft like a great prize, her huge tits spilling all over the place. Jenny was too far gone now, she just lay there; held captive in the strong hands of the girls. Once again she was carried around the room for all to see. Laughter seemed to echo from ever where and Jenny just could not believe what they had done to her.

Eventually when they had tired of there new toy , Jenny was put down. Not waiting to see if they had anything more in store for her. Jenny got to her feet and fled for the first exit. But not before she received a couple of swats to her gorgeous round backside. Jenny ran across the ward, attracting the attention of plenty of patients and a couple of male nurses.

She eventually made it to the changing rooms to where she left her coat and shoes. Still terrified that the nurses would seek further revenge she pulled her coat on against her naked body and slipped on the trainers. Jenny ran from the ward, all the time she kept holding down the coat. It should keep her covered as it was quite long.

Well apart from the large hole cut in the back by Tina and the others, that showed off her lovely bottom quite nicely.

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**The New Adventures of Big John Security Guard by ?**

"I’m sorry, John, but that’s just the way things are." Byron Lord, manager of Lord’s Department Store, didn’t look very sorry to John. But, he thought bitterly, when you’re the rich son of the owner of the entire Lord’s chain of stores, and you’re reading the riot act to a hard-working blue-collar security guard, real sorrow wasn’t required.

"Mr. Lord," John said carefully, trying to keep from showing just how worried he was, "the Union cleared me of all the charges . . ."

"Ah, yes, the Union," Lord said, shaking his head slowly. "Your partner, the Union Rep . . . what did everyone call him? Deviant? Well, I’m sorry to have to be the one to let you know that your friend Deviant has been transferred to the Orlando store, John. You’ll have a new partner, and a new Union Representative, from here on out."

John leaned forward, alarmed. "But I thought those charges . . ."

"Oh, we can’t do anything about matters that have already been adjudicated, John," the manager said.

"Huh?" John narrowed his eyes. He hated it when people used big words.

"What’s past is past. Your job is safe . . . for now." Lord paused. "But we can’t afford any more trouble, John. Ever since that 20/20 story broke, there’s been a lot of attention focused on us, by the community and by the media. So we can’t have any more women filing sexual harassment charges here. Not one. From here on, you’re on probation, John. No more strip searching pretty young women. No more threatening teens into putting on sex shows for you in exchange for not calling the police to check out shoplifting charges. And no more hidden cameras in the women’s changing rooms, either. None of that is going to work around here any more, you understand?"

"Hey, wait a minute, now, boss," John protested. He was sure he was on firm ground with at least one of the manager’s accusations. "You know shoplifters use changing rooms to hide the stuff they’ve stolen. How’re we supposed to spot them without the cameras, huh?"

"You haven’t been doing all that well WITH the cameras, have you, John? Remember the Blansky case last month?" When John frowned and shook his head, the manager went on. "We found out that this Blansky battle-ax and her daughter had been ripping us off for hundreds of dollars worth of merchandise every week. They’d both go into the dressing rooms at the same time. Somehow nobody ever seemed to notice that the mother was coming out carrying enough merchandise on her to open a branch of the store somewhere."

"Uh . . ." John groped for something to say. The case sounded vaguely familiar, but he really hadn’t been paying that much attention to details.

"Now why is it that Mrs. Blansky could get away with that week after week, John? Could it be the fact that her daughter looks like Alicia Silverstone’s prettier sister? While Mrs. Blansky has the face of Janet Reno and the body of Roseanne Arnold?"

"Er . . . ah . . . yeah. Now I remember . . ." John tried not to smile at the memory of watching the daughter’s bare tits as she tried on one bikini after another in the dressing rooms . . . He had a whole shelf of security camera videotapes of that babe next to his VCR at home.

"Listen to me, John. Listen well. We aren’t going to tolerate any more incidents where one of our security guards abuses his power for some cheap thrill. Zero tolerance, John. All it takes is one complaint from a customer, one report from the staff of finding you in a compromising position, one mistake of any kind, and you’re out. Understand? Out."

"The Union ain’t gonna like it," John blustered.

"Oh, we’ll listen to what the Union has to say, John. As a matter of fact, anything your new Union Rep passes on, we’ll accept." He smiled broadly and touched a button on his intercom. "You’ll want to congratulate your new Rep, John. And your new partner, too, I might add."

John started to relax a little. Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad after all. Even if good old Deviant was gone, he could probably get in good with whoever had replaced him. Most of the guys would cover for each other when Management started to get nosy.

Unless, of course, it was . . . No. no way SHE could have been picked!

The office door opened, and John looked up to see . . .

"You DO know Miss Fox, don’t you, John?" Lord said.

All John’s hopes sunk in an instant as he stared up at the attractive, dark-haired woman in the security guard’s uniform who stood framed in the door. Fox had been a thorn in his side ever since she’d joined security, with her no-nonsense attitude and her female-equality opinions. It didn’t help that she was an ex-Marine who knew a lot of unarmed combat moves - as John had discovered early on, that time he’d given her a slap on the ass and an invitation to spend the night at his trailer. His elbow throbbed a little at the memory . . . .

SHE was the Union Rep whose word would determine if he stayed or went? Might as well just turn in the old badge now, John thought. She’d just be waiting for a chance to nail his hide to the wall.

"Having Miss Fox as your partner on the day shift should be very useful, John," Lord went on smugly. "It will give her a chance to see first-hand how you conduct yourself, in case any questionable situations should arise." He paused long enough to let that sink in. "Not that there will be any questionable incidents, will there, John?"

"Er . . . no, sir," he answered hesitantly.

"Good! Now get out there and get to work, John. And TRY to stay out of trouble, okay?"

Feeling helpless and unemployed already, Big John stood slowly and walked to the door. Fox smiled sweetly at him. "I’m sure we’ll make a great team, John," she said.

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John leaned back in his swivel chair and glanced across the bank of security monitors with a bored eye. Three of the screens were blank, and John’s mouth curled in a little sneer as he thought of what he might be missing in the women’s changing rooms, thanks to the store’s new policies.

And it was turning out even worse than he’d thought. The very first thing Fox had done, as soon as they reached Security, had been to supervise the removal of every scrap of pin-up art from the locker room, the guards’ lounge, and the Detention Area. Damn, that had been hard! Some of those posters and centerfolds had been real collectors’ items, but Fox had made him run all of them through the shredder.

"This garbage makes this a hostile work environment for women, John," she had told him. "And we can’t have that, can we?"

She had even known exactly where he and Deviant had kept their cache of porn mags and those two videotapes they’d run on the monitors when nothing worthwhile was available in the store. Now they were gone, too, dumped in the trash compactor. Even with Fox out doing rounds outside the building there wasn’t anything much he could do except sit and remember the good old days, when he and Deviant would nab some hot young babe for shoplifting and give her a choice between a strip-search at the store or a police record. And they’d almost always chosen to strip on the spot. Sometimes they’d even do more . . . .

Something caught John’s attention on one of the monitors, and he focused on it with a frown. Whoa! he thought as the image registered fully. Now THAT was a babe!

She looked like a typical tourist searching the sporting goods racks for all the stuff she’s forgotten to pack for her trip . . .except that there weren’t many tourists who passed through Lord’s Department Store with hooters like hers! The black-and-white security camera really couldn’t do her justice, but John couldn’t help licking his lips anyway as he drank in the image of her. Her hair was light - blonde or a very light brown, probably - and pulled back in a pony tail. And her lightweight sundress hugged her curves much the way John wished he could. She couldn’t have been much older than twenty-five, he thought; gravity hadn’t started to take its’ toll on that magnificent chest yet. A long-time connoisseur of female breasts, John sized her up at 38DD, easily.

God DAMN but he wished he could watch her try on a bikini or two. Or, better yet, that she’d try to steal something so he could haul her down to Detention and get a real look at her . . . .

Not that he could do either one, of course. DAMN! What a waste!

He almost missed it for watching the delightful way her tits shifted under her dress as she leaned forward to compare prices on sun block, but John saw a strange movement in the upper part of the screen and forced his eyes away from the girl. He shifted the security camera slightly to get a better look . . .

There it was again. Just a quick flash of movement, too fast to really see. He zoomed in . . .

And finally figured out what he was seeing. There were a pair of young teenagers half-hidden by the shelves behind the babe, both of them dressed in Boy Scout uniforms. And one of them had a fishing pole in his hands. As John watched, the kid made an awkward cast . . . .

Perhaps it was because it was something he would have done himself, under the circumstances, but in an instant John knew exactly what the two Scouts were doing. And as he realized the implications of what was going on, he surged out of his chair and was running for the sales floor as fast as his chubby body and out-of-shape legs could carry him.

His job could be on the line if those kids were doing what he thought they were doing!

He was too late, of course.

As he trotted through Hardware and made the turn into Sporting Goods John heard a loud tearing noise, followed by a woman’s high-pitched screech. A moment later he turned another corner in time to see the two Scouts laughing and pointing. One still clutched the fishing pole; the tattered remains of the babe’s sundress dangled from the end of the line, hooked by a well-placed cast and jerked clean off the woman’s body.

The woman herself, clad now in matching pink bra and panties, screamed again and tried to cover herself up with her hands. She turned and started to run, but tripped over the corner of a low shelf and sprawled headlong across the aisle that separated Sporting Goods from Menswear. John gaped in mingled horror and admiration at the sight as she managed to right herself and scramble back to her feet. In the process, though, she left something behind . . . her brassiere had been quite unable to cope with the sudden, violent motion of those fantastic boobs. She was every bit as spectacular as he’d dreamed she’d be . . . .

"Miss!" he shouted. "Hold on, Miss! I’m with store security! I’m here to help you!"

She turned at the sound of his voice and looked straight at him, but a moment later seemed to become aware of the fact that her breasts were fully exposed now. A blush spread down from her cheeks almost as far as her large, crinkled aureole. Then she crossed her arms across her chest and started backing away from him. He could hear, in the sudden silence, her muttered mantra of confusion and embarrassment: "Ohmigod, ohmigod, ohmigod . . . not again . . . ohmigod . .

."

"Watch out, Miss!" John called, but his warning came too late.

Somehow the woman had managed to back up straight into one of the Menswear mannequins, a dapper-looking dummy wearing a suit, a bowler hat, and carrying a rolled-up umbrella in one hand. The umbrella fell as her leg brushed against it, leaving the hand open and empty.

And just about at the level of her crotch. Naturally she backed straight into it.

A look of horror spasmed across her features at the touch of those "fingers" against her pink panties, and the half-naked woman whirled around to deliver a mighty slap to her tormentor. It sent the mannequin’s head flying all the way to the Shoe Department, bowler and all, and the force of the blow caused the woman and the dummy to go down in a tangle. She struggled back to her feet to the accompaniment of a ripping noise, and blushed again as she realized that her panties had become entangled around the mannequin’s offending hand and had torn free of her. Now naked except for shoes and knee-high stockings, the girl gave another little scream and sprinted down the aisle in the direction of the Ladies' Department.

It had all happened in a matter of seconds, not even enough time for a decent-sized crowd to form. John was torn for a moment between dealing with the two Scouts who had started the mess or following the woman. That decision became much easier when Mr. Shelby, the head of the Sporting Goods department, put in an appearance.

"Don’t let those two kids out of your sight!" John snapped, pointing at the Scouts.

Then he started jogging after the woman, pausing only long enough to scoop up her purse from the floor where she had no doubt dropped it as she felt her dress ripping away.

Mrs. Green, the Ladies’ Department manager, met him near the changing rooms.

"She’s in Number Two, John," she said, pointing to the middle booth.

"Ran past me stark naked and slammed the door so hard I thought all three booths were going to collapse!"

John nodded, distracted. There was no way this mess was going to go away quietly, he thought. All he could do now was make sure everyone knew that HIS role had been a positive one throughout.

"For God’s sake get her something to wear," he growled. "I’ll try to calm her down."

He was aware of the odd look Mrs. Green gave him before she nodded and bustled away. Big John, the Strip Search king, actually asking for something to cover a hot naked babe up? He was glad, perversely, that Deviant wasn’t hear to see his downfall into respectability.

Then again, if Deviant had still been around things might have developed a WHOLE LOT differently . . . .

He shook the thought away and approached the dressing rooms, pausing to set the woman’s purse on a counter and fish out her wallet. He found her driver’s license.

"Ms. Hamilton?" he said, not loud, but firmly. "Jenny? Everything’s okay, ma’am. I’m with Store Security. I’ve got somebody finding you something to wear, and we’ll make sure those two kids who did this to you will be punished."

"Go away!" she said, sounding close to tears.

He heard a thump . . . and another . . . and another, as the woman pounded her fists on the sides of the dressing room.

"Just go away! Why does this ALWAYS happen to ME?" And she pounded again, harder . . .

And the door to the dressing room, none to solid on the best of days, fell of its’ hinges and hit the floor with a crash. It startled John, making him jump back. Then he froze as he caught sight of the Hamilton woman again in all her naked glory.

She screamed one more time and came barreling out of the dressing room . . . .

Where she ran straight into John. They both went down to the ground together in a tangle of limbs. For a long, sweet moment Jenny was on top of him, her legs straddling his hips, her large breasts brushing against his chest . . . .

"Ahem! Just what is going on here?" an all-too-familiar contralto voice demanded.

Jenny Hamilton scrambled to her feet, giving John a few more pleasant images he knew he would retain in his memory for a long tome to come. Then she was gone, running naked through the store as fast as her long, beautifully-tanned legs could carry her.

Leaving John to look up at his new partner, Fox.

"You’ve got some explaining to do, John," she said softly. And smiled.

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"So you really want me to back you up on this whole ‘accident’ story of yours, huh, John?" Fox demanded, pacing back and forth in front of him in the Detention room.

"It’s the truth, Fox. Really. Ask anyone who was out there!" John couldn’t suppress the note of pleading that had crept into his voice. Damn it all, this wasn’t FAIR. He really had been trying to do the right thing! And now Fox would turn in a bad report, and that would be the end of it all. Fired . . . probably blacklisted, too, so he couldn’t get another security job in the whole state of Florida! And all because some bimbo hadn’t been able to keep her clothes on . . . on his watch.

Fox stopped pacing and regarded him with a quirky smile.

"Well . . . I don’t know. Most everybody I talked to does agree with your story . . . but I know what I saw, John. Don’t tell me you weren’t enjoying that poor woman’s humiliation when she landed on top of you. Or did you pull her down so you could cop a feel?"

"That wasn’t the way it was! Damn it, Fox, have a heart!"

She didn’t answer right away, just stood there looking at him with that maddening smile and her knowing look. It didn’t help that she also looked sexy as hell . . . or that John was still having trouble shaking the mental image of that gorgeous naked blonde.

"Tell you what, John. Maybe I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt this time . . ."

Relief flooded through him. "Thanks, Fox. Thanks. You won’t regret -"

"IF . . ." she paused a moment. "If you do a little something for me, this weekend."

"Anything, Fox. Anything. Just let me keep my job . . ."

Her smile broadened. "Well, why don’t you come by my apartment building Saturday around noon? I really need to have my car washed, and you look just like the big macho man who can do it."

"Wash your car . . ."

"Right. You’ll have plenty of room to work, in the parking lot."

She picked up the bag she had brought in with her when she had come back from interviewing the witnesses to the incident on the sales floor. She pulled out a sponge, a rag, and some car wax.

"This should be everything you need, John . . . Oh, wait. One more thing."

She reached in the bag again and pulled something else out, and tossed it on the table in front of John.

He picked it up uncertainly.

"What’s this?" he asked, though he could see that it was a pair of woman’s thong underwear, a one-size-fits-most variety in the same shade of hot pink that the blonde had been wearing.

"Why, that’s what the well-dressed car wash attendant is wearing these days . . . at least at MY car wash," Fox told him with another of those smiles.

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**Jenny's Big Day of Fun But Not Fair by ?**

**Epilogue**

Jenny was really not up for this today, but her husbands enthusiasm was more than making up for her lack of it. It was such a warm day, why couldn’t they go to the beach and sunbathe. Jenny was always reluctant to do that, as the number of mishaps she had with bikinis; but even that was better than this.

Jenny opened her panty draw and rummaged through. She found a nice white silk and lace pair. Just right for the cool weather she thought. Sliding them up her smooth long legs she searched for the bra. Hhmm thought Jenny as she put it on, she had forgotten that it was a wonder bra and her more then adequate assets were put nicely on display for all to see. Nope this would not do, Jenny would not take the risk. "Jenny" it was her husband, he had returned from the shops and was waiting impatiently for her down stairs.

"Are you ready yet, come on well be late", he added.

"Just be a minute honey", she replied "I’m still dressing" she added.

"Jenny" he shouted back. "If your not down here in ten seconds I will drag you out into the car dressed exactly as you are".

There was humor in his voice, but as he started counting backwards, Jenny started to panic. She quickly tried to get the bra off but it had become stuck.

"Eight, Seven, Six" came her husbands voice Jenny now struggled with the bra, but it would not move

"Five, Four, Three" she could now hear his voice getting closer as he started to climb the stairs In a complete panic now Jenny grabbed up her light summer dress and quickly pulled it over her shoulders.

"Three, Two, One" came the voice again, this time from outside the door. Then it burst open and her husband flew in. Just in time to see Jenny quickly doing up the last two buttons of her dress. There stood before him a vision of loveliness, Jenny in a short white cotton dress, which finished just above the knee and buttoned up the front. Her ample bosom was not very well concealed beneath it and he wondered why she had chosen to wear such a tarty bra, even if it was classy as well. Then a wonderful thing happened, the sun shone through the window behind Jenny.

"Darling you look gorgeous" he said.

Jenny blushed and looked down a little, only to see her massive cleavage looking up at her.

"Oh yes gorgeous" he said again and as the sun shone, he smiled to himself; as Jenny’s dress in the sunlight was almost transparent……

PART ONE (Jenny’s knicker nightmare)

Once in the car, Jenny forgot all about the problems with her bra or even the face that it pushed her up and forward so much. She had finished dressing in the end in such a hurry that forgetting they were off to the fun fare she had wore a strappy pair or white high heels. Jenny enjoyed the journey in there new convertible even though the wind blew up against her thin dress, causing her nipples to stiffen a little. Thank goodness I wore a bra, she thought; as her firm nipples poked against the silk and lace material.

After a while they reached they entrance, to Funworld, Jenny Husband was like a young boy and positively beside himself.

"I never new you enjoyed the fair so much" she smiled. "Well its all of the attractions of the day, you never now what you will see next" he replied, as he did he turned to Jenny and smiled

Once inside they parked there car and jenny husband leading the way, headed off. As it was such a bright day, Jenny adorned a large hat with pink sash around it. Jenny’s husband loved to see her wear it, she looked so sweet and venerable when she did.

"look Jenny" cried, her husband

"They have a carousel, a big wheel and a giant fun house, we have to try that" he added. Jenny was not a fan of the fair, but she could see how enthusiastic, he was and did not want to disappoint him.

"Erm OK then" she said trying to sound pleased "What first"

"lets try that" he said and pointed straight ahead.

Jenny gulped and saw a huge attraction, it consisted of a number of small seats attached to large chains. As the ride started you were lifted upwards and outwards. Eventually you were, spinning around almost horizontally. Jenny was having very serious reservations about this, but before long she found herself queuing along with everyone else. As the Que. dwindled and Jenny got closer and closer, the machine looked bigger and moved faster than she first thought. Jenny looked up as the people were now spinning over there heads and she took a step back. Suddenly a piercing scream from one of the people enjoying the ride above her made her not only step back, but jump back.

Poor Jenny, as she had worn the high heels she lost her footing very quickly due to the scream and tripped backwards. Squelch, was the noise that made Jenny pushed herself away from what ever her bottom had landed on. She quickly felt behind her and felt a solid metal object. Getting her footing back she pulled her dress back down, as what ever she hit had caused it to ride up. Jenny turned and to her horror saw that she had landed right into a disgustingly full up dustbin. Looking into it, Jenny could see where her lovely pantied bottom had squashed various ice creams, candflosses and other sticky concoctions together. Looking around she quickly realized that as everyone’s attention was focused on what was happening above them, no one was witness to her predicament. Jenny gave a sigh of relief, but it was to be short lived as now something seemed to be happening up her dress in her knickers.

The first signal the Jenny was in trouble came in the form of, a slight, but itchy trickle of something running down her inner thigh. Jenny quickly shut her legs to stop it going any further, but this just made things worse. It seemed that some of the goo that jenny sat in had gotten inside her panties and as it was warming up, it was trying to make its escape through them and down her legs. Jenny tried to ignore it, but as it became more and more irritating, Jenny was starting to squirm about. Suddenly the Que. moved forward and Jenny took a couple of steps. Beads of sweat broke out on Jenny’s forehead as the goo had now worked itself between her legs and up her lovely bottom. Jenny could take no more and knew she had to get rid of the panties as quick as possible, she had to take action. She quickly grabbed her husband by the shoulders and turned him around.

"D Darling, I er have to go to the erm ladies", she quickly said.

"What" he replied, "But where nearly on the ride"

"No I really have to go" she pleaded and turned to leave

"Don’t think your getting off that easily" he laughed "I know what’s the matter with you"

"Y you do" replied Jenny now terrified as he had hold of her wrist and would not let her go.

"Yes your scared to go on the ride" he smiled at her

"No No really I’m not" said Jenny relived he was not aware of her true predicament

"P please" she was now begging "I have to go as I will pee, myself. Ill be back in time for the ride I promise"

"Ok, sweetie, we cant’ have you peeing on people now can we" he said and let go of her wrist.

Jenny practically fled from the Que. desperate to relive herself of the torture of her sticky panties. As she shot off, her husband watched in disbelief as Jenny desperately looked around, obviously for a toilet he thought. As she disappeared, he could not help but notice how uncomfortable she seemed and he could have sword she was tugging at her kickers as she went. Jenny was in dire striates, she was terrified that her disgusting knickers would stain her dress, she was pretty sure that, as she had been careful , none of the mess had shown through, yet. Just then Jenny spotted a number of caravans that all backed onto one another, as she was having no luck with finding any toilets; this would have to do.

Taking a quick look around that no one was looking in her general direction, she quickly ducked under a rope and snuck behind the caravans, out of view. Not a moment to soon as the drenched panties that clung to her were becoming unbearable. Jenny could wait no longer and preying that she would not be spotted, pulled her dress up and quick as she could removed her once expensive lace and silk knickers. She slid them down her legs and they all bunched up as she did. Then fearing she would be spotted quickly straightened her dress. Then breathing another sigh of relief took a moment and collapsed back against one of the caravans. Jenny looked at the panties, they were ruined and covered in the foulest coating of itchy sugary creams and all manner of other things. Suddenly Jenny felt a tingle up her bottom and was aware that, some of goo was still up there. Jenny reached into her bag and pulled out some intimate wipes. Then one more time stealing herself, she lifted up her dress and set about cleaning her self up. The relief jenny felt as the cool material wiped against her butt and pussy was almost orgasmic and Jenny found herself enjoying the moment to much. Bringing her self back to reality Jenny, one more time pulled her dress down and not a moment to soon.

"Can I help you" came a voice from no where. Jenny turned in a complete panic, to see two men staring at her. Jenny froze and quickly discarded the wipes and panties behind her. Then still fear stricken, blurted out a quick excuse and ran from the scene. How long had they been there watching me thought Jenny as she quickly made her way through the crowd. Jenny spotted the carousel and made for it. Perhaps the Que. had moved on and her husband would already be on the ride she thought to herself. Picking her way through the crowd, she suddenly heard her voice being called. Jenny looked around to see her husband standing right at the front of the Que. He was holding on to one of the seats for the ride and beckoning her over. Jenny slowly made her way past the Que., and up to the ride, now everyone was starring at her; mostly because they thought she was Que. jumping.

"Come on Darling" he said, we’ve been holding up this ride, for ages waiting for you to come back.

"Erm, no its OK, if somebody else wants to" started Jenny. But she never had time to finish the sentence as her husband dragged her into the seat and pushed down a bar securing her in. the first thing that Jenny was aware of was how cold, the two wooden planks she had sat on were. She shifted around and tried to get comfy, but as the planks were set at a sizable gap it was not easy. Jenny let out a small cry and the machine started and lifted her upwards. As she was lifted higher, her dress that was caught on the out side blew up. Jenny quickly pulled it down, as she did a terrible realization dawned upon her, SHE HAD ON NO KNICKERS. Jenny was jerked forward as the ride began………

**PART TWO (Jenny gets in a spin)**

Jenny knew she had to act fast or pretty soon, everyone in the Que. would have the most fantastic view of everything she had. As the ride started to pick up speed, Jenny tried to raise herself out of the seat as much as she could. It was very difficult as she was strapped in. Oh please thought Jenny to herself, please let me get through this. By now the chair was starting to be pushed out at angle and Jenny was struggling to pull her dress under her bottom, Jenny could hear her husband laughing and calling to her from behind. She could just about make out the words

"Jenny what are you doing".

As the ride sped up, just managed to get enough of her dress under her, to ensure she would not be putting on a very public display. Not a moment to soon, as the machine was about to go full speed. Jenny was terrified and found herself clinging on to the chains that held the chair aloft. As it got quicker and quicker, Jenny held on tighter and tighter and was getting quite scared. Jenny tried to relax and enjoy it , but this was not her thing, especially as the faster the ride got, the more Jenny’s chair was flung out into a horizontal position.

Behind her Jenny’s husband was having a great time, but what was up with Jenny, she had been acting strange ever since he came back from the toilet and all of the wriggling about on the chair, with her skirt. What on earth was the matter with her today. Jenny was not having any luck, no sooner had she sorted out her bare behind problem, when another was becoming apparent. Jenny had always been a big girl and the Bra although offering her lots of support, really did nothing to disguise that fact that she had a lot up top.

In fact it did quite the opposite, Jenny’s beautiful asset’s were pushed as far forward as they could. Now this with the force of the ride was causing considerable strain on her top two buttons. Jenny looked down in a complete panic, if only her husband had not hurried her when she dressed,; her buttons were not completely done up properly. The ride now was going so fast that she dare not take her hands off the chains, even though she knew she would not fall, fear was keeping them there. Jenny looked down once more, she could actually see the buttons working them selves open. Oh please No thought jenny, let the ride stop soon. But to Jenny it just seemed to keep going and going. Just then the ride entered its fastest stage and Jenny was almost at a forty five degree angle.

This was more than Jenny could stand and as the wind whipped up around her, Jenny’s dress blew right up in front of her. This along with her top buttons springing open meant Jenny was now showing her stunning beautiful breasts and pussy to anyone looking in her direction. It was all a now horrified and very red faced Jenny could to stop herself screaming. She knew that if she kept quiet at least less people would be attracted to her plight. But as usual Jenny’s was all out of luck. The large floppy hat she wore was lifted up and away as the wind got up again. Jenny span around and around, tits and pussy everywhere, for all to see.

Meanwhile below the sudden appearance of Jenny’s hat falling into the crowd, was the cause of much debate. Who did it belong to ? Where have I seen it before? Didn’t it belong to the big cheated girl who jumped to the front of the Que. a moment ago ? Where was she now ? Still up there ?

All eyes were now on the carousel and looking to find Jenny Jenny could take no more and was relived to feel the machine starting to slow down, but still fear kept her clinging to the chains. As much as she wriggled about, even trying to blow it down with her own breath Jenny’s dress, was still reversed up into her lap. Also to make matters worse, as the machine slowed down, Jenny was getting closer to the crowd and they all seemed to be looking in her direction. Jenny took all of her courage and soon as she thought she was out of sight, released one hand and pulled her dress down; then quickly clamped it between her knees. Finally the ride stopped and jenny came to a halt right in front of the grinning Que.

Jenny was released from the ride and got out, almost falling over has she did. Jenny had not realized it, but the ride had make he feel giddy to the point of sickness. She staggered about until she came face to face with a small crowd of men.

"Excuse me, sweet cheeks" said one, with a wicked grin.

"Y Yes" said Jenny, still seeing double

"I think you lost something up there" as he spoke all his friends sniggered behind him. Jenny felt disorientated and forgetting that her breasts were practically falling out her bra, knocked into the man.

"opps sorry" she said and blushed.

The guys where in hysterics now and the first man handed Jenny her hat. Jenny recognized it, attempted to take it and missed twice. Eventually the man put it on her head backwards and they all laughed. Jenny half blinded turned to leave, falling right into the arms of her husband.

"Enjoy that honey" he said, oblivious to Jenny plight

"Eh what she" replied still not aware of her surrounding and half blinded by her hat

"Come on baby, the fun has just started" continued her husband and dragged her to the next ride

Meanwhile unknown to Jenny, she had quite a fan club on her tail waiting to see what she would be displaying next Jenny was starting to get her bearing back now, but by the time she had taken stock of her self and realized her tits were almost on display, her husband had dragged half the way across the very crowded funfair. Jenny wrested with her buttons and straightened her hat as they continued through the crowds, by the time she was decent again, she found herself in the Que. for the fun house.

"Erm please darling" started Jenny. "Do I have to go on this one"

"Yes come on baby it will be FUN" he replied

"But I erm, really don’t want to" said, Jenny rather weekly.

Her husband turned and looked at her.

"Any reason WHY sweetie" he said smiling to herself. Jenny bit her bottom lip

"No" she almost whispered and blushed

"Good" he said, "Come on were next" and pushed her forward through the turn stile.

"last one for this trip" said the voice of the man in the booth.

Jenny turned and saw he meant her, she quickly looked at her husband and saw he was on the other side of the barriers.

"Go on darling I’ll wait here for you" he shouted to her.

Jenny hesitated, then turning towards the large brightly colored doors steeped inside. As she did she could have sworn she heard her husband saying. You should find it an Uplifting experience

**PART THREE (Jenny in the not so fun house)**

Jenny gingerly made her way through the doors as they shut behind her, she was in total darkness. Jenny put her hands out to feel for anything, that would give her some bearings. Suddenly a piercing siren went off followed by a blinding light. This was immediately followed by a large clown’s head dropping from the ceiling, right in front of Jenny. Scared out of her mind, Jenny jumped back. Once more the heels did her no favor and she fell hard on her bottom.

"Ouch" Jenny said to herself.

Taking stock of the situation Jenny realized that she was in a room that was covered in mirrors, the roof and walls all showed Jenny a reflection of herself. It was only when she noticed this that, she realized that once again, she was indecent as her dress was up around her waist. Just then a voice could be heard from out side.

"Roll up Roll up, come see the participants of the fun house. Scared out of wits in the room of one way mirrors".

Jenny sat for a moment, then suddenly it dawned, OH my god, she was the star attraction. Jenny looked down, Oh no even the floor was made of Mirrors and there sat Jenny upon it; knickerless !! Jenny attempted to scramble to her feet as quickly as the heels would allow. Unfortunately as she did, music once again started up all around her as the room slowly started to spin around and poor Jenny fell forwards, this time with only her mammoth breasts to break her fall.

In shock Jenny lay still and as she did she could hear voices, even though the music was blaring out loud; she could hear, laughter and cheering coming from below. The worst thoughts were going through Jenny’s mind as one more time she attempted to get up, completely unaware that the buttons on her dress had worked loose again. Jenny attempted to find the way out, pulling her dress up between her legs as she did. Eventually after trying what look liked several exits, Jenny all but fell through one of them. Practically on her hands and knees, Jenny dragged herself through the door into a long corridor.

Standing up she took stock of her surroundings. She stood at one end of a long corridor, a bright yellow wall on the left on the right a large piece of perspex allowed the very large crowd below to view her every action. Jenny blushed when the crowd which consisted mostly of men cheered as they saw her. Jenny Blushed like never before and clung to the wall. Suddenly there was a large whooshing sound as a large air blast at the other end of the corridor surged through the floor. Jenny noticed that there where five of these as the next one was set off. This one was closer to her and before she realized it, the third also triggered. Jenny looked down and realized that she was stood on over the fifth.

With only seconds to spare as the fifth was about to erupt. Jenny stepped off of it. She quickly looked down the corridor and attempted to take another step, as she did the whole process started again. Jenny new she had to get her timing right as the air blasts worked there way down the corridor. Jumping with as much agility as she could. Jenny just made it to the third, but not before the blast lifted her dress at the rear. A cheer was heard from the crowd below and a terrified Jenny looked down at then. Jenny had no time to stop and sight see as the First whooshing noise could be heard, but this time something quite unexpected happened. Small trap doors in the side of the wall that had gone previously unnoticed by Jenny sprung open all around her. Then much to her surprise large white mechanical hands shot out from them.

Jenny ducked and weaved to avoid them as quickly as she could. But as she did, before she knew it the third blast had erupted, right below her. Jenny pulled and held her skirt down as much as she could, her mind racing back to an old Marilyn Monroe movie for the briefest second. But as hard as she tried, Jenny could not help but put on a fine little peep show for the now growing crowd below. Jenny wanted to die and in a complete panic attempted to flee from the scene. But alas as Jenny started to run the fun house kicked into life again and all around her, the large mechanical hands appeared. Jenny did not even attempt to avoid them this time. The unfortunate result of the being one of the hands caught hold of Jenny’s bra, and through the thin fabric of the dress was attempting to pull it back through the wall. Jenny screamed alerting anyone who was not already aware of her plight to her immediate location. Jenny was now in a tug of war with the hand that was slowly disappearing with a hand full of her dress as well as her bra. Jenny turned and attempted to put her whole weight behind the struggle. This only resulted in Jenny being pulled backwards towards the wall as the trap door shut.

Whoosh, this one caught Jenny off guard and she was not quick enough to pull her now disappearing dress down, giving everyone a quick flash. Jenny struggled to get her hands behind her, but the dress and bra were stuck fast. Then once more all of the hands shot out, all except for the one holding Jenny in place; it must be stuck in there she thought to herself. Jenny was almost in tears as the crowd were going wild below now.

To make matters worse, one of the arms appeared directly between Jenny’s legs; much to the amusement of the crowd. Then once again the air blasts, started working there way towards her. Grabbing her dress Jenny attempted to tuck it between her legs, but as the machine had pulled it in there was not enough. Poor Jenny she was concentrating so hard on covering her lower half, she had failed notice, that her bust was becoming more visible. As the dress was now pulled so tight, the rest of the buttons were threatening to give way. Whoosh the powerful air blast below was triggered again.

Jenny was once more on display and the now familiar sound of the crowd cheering erupted below.

Jenny knew she had to act soon or else the whole funfair would soon arrive to see her. Jenny reached inside the front of her dress and attempted to rip the bra open at the front. It was tougher than she thought and Jenny was not strong enough to tear it apart. Once more the hand appeared right between Jenny thighs and waggled about, Jenny knew this is was her signal to hold down her dress. Then suddenly the bra started to give, successes thought Jenny and she redoubled her efforts to free herself from it.

She heard the first air blast to the left of her, rip the bra gave some more. Then Jenny heard the second blast, she tore at the bra it was nearly off. Jenny panicked and realized she could not get it off in time. She desperately tried to get her hands out of the front of her dress, but in her terrified state, she pulled both hands at once. The only result of this was to tear her dress slightly. Jenny pushed one hand back in and started to pull out the other. WHOOSH, to late. Jenny’s hands were trapped in her dress, there was absolutely nothing she could do. Jenny’s beautiful pussy was revealed for everyone to see, as her dress was blasted high above her waist. Jenny closed her eyes in horror, not daring to look at the now ecstatic crowd below. As she stood there helpless the cheer was almost deafening. She could also hear camera’s clicking and on opening her eyes, could see a number of men were clicking away like Japanese tourists.

Jenny tore apart the bra and immediately realized her mistake, with the bra gone, her breasts shot out between the open buttons in her dress. The cameras started clicking and Jenny frantically tried to put herself back in and button up again. Once more the hand shot between her legs as the last air blast was let loose. Only this time Jenny was aware of a sensation behind her. The mechanical hand behind her had worked loose and shoved her against the glass. Jenny’s hands shot out to break her fall, as the hand roughly pressed her against the transparent wall.

Now Jenny was held in place against the it, her tits squashed up against it and she unable to get free. She frantically reached behind herself and tried to unhook the dress and bra, as she did cameras started to fire off to the cheers of the crowd. Then once again Jenny’s nemesis the air blast struck, right beneath her. Jenny was so shocked at being thrown forward that she had forgotten all about the next part of her ordeal. So as she stood there her legs spread and her lovely tits squashed against the glass. Her dress was lifted high for all to see once more, but this time the added attraction of Jenny’s body arched forward in a most erotic pose.

Jenny felt the tear welling up in her eyes as the crowd now surged forward to get an even better look at her. So three was Jenny helpless on display to all, desperately trying to get loose, while every thirty seconds an air blast would reveal everything Jenny had. Eventually after a about a minute she got the bra loose and the dress with it, Jenny pulled the bra off and discarded it to the ground; she could hear the calls from the crowd below

"Take the dress off next"

"Give us a lap dance" were some of the comments she could make out.

Jenny now free dashed of to the right, as the air blast caught her one more time; showing a nice round bottom as she disappeared.

Jenny dashed through the door and immediately fell forward. She immediately hit the ground and was aware that she was moving forwards. Looking up she realized that was sliding, head first down an enormous shut. Jenny hated slides and screaming covered her eyes until it was over. It seemed to Jenny to go on for ever and she was relived when she came to a crashing halt. Slowly peeking through her fingers, Jenny spotted dozens of pairs of legs.

Then as her confidence grew she looked up to spot well over fifty people all staring at her. As Jenny looked up at them she was aware the all male crowd were transfixed on looking behind her. It was then Jenny realized that her bottom was exposed as the slide had caused her dress to ride up. She quickly jumped up to cover it, but Jenny now not used to wearing a bra had not taken into account her powerful bust. Whapp, both her breasts popped out the front of her dress as the cheering started again. This was more than she could handle and desperate trying to pack

herself away, Jenny fled the scene acutely embarrassed

**PART FOUR ( Jenny’s wheel of misfortune)**

Jenny Dashed through the crowd, buttoning herself up quickly as she could. She ran like never before, everywhere people seemed to recognize her and were laughing and pointing. Jenny kept up the pace until she eventually reached another part of the fair. Jenny stopped and looked around, where was her husband ? She frantically looked around, he was no where to be seen. Suddenly Jenny felt very alone, people were moving all around her and Jenny was lost. if only there were some way of getting a better look around.

Then she spotted it, a large Ferris wheel right in the center of the fun fair, that would be the ideal place to spot him. Jenny made her way to it still looking around for her husband as she did. She felt very self conscious moving about with only her very thin dress to protect her from complete nakedness. Every step was a trial, just keeping her breasts behind the buttons was a full time job. Jenny made her way there very quickly and was surprised to see that there was no Que. Giving the man her last token jenny steeped in.

"You may have to wait a while" said the man taking tokens. I can’t start the ride until there is more than one person.

"Oh please" begged Jenny, "I really need to get a good look around"

"Well I could send you to the top, then wait for some one else to get on; it has to be balanced you see" he replied.

"I guess that would be OK" said Jenny, her slight fear of heights kicking in.

"Well hop on then" said the man, moving the bar up for Jenny to get into a car.

Jenny climbed aboard, moving carefully to avoid showing anything. She was not going to take any chances this time. The man placed the bar down and could not help but get a very nice view of Jenny’s cleavage. Jenny blushed and attempted to cover up.

Very soon the machine started and as Jenny moved upwards, she was aware of the wind picking up. Jenny quickly grasped her dress between her knees, not this time she thought. Very soon Jenny’s car was half way up and she started to look around for any sign of her husband. The Ferris wheel was not that big and she could still make out people below her. Eventually she reached the top and the ride ground to halt. It was only when she reached the top that she realized how dark it was becoming. All over the park lights were coming on to illuminate the rides, including the one Jenny was on.

Jenny sat for a while and as the wind whistled about and the seat rocked Jenny felt a little scared, she held tightly on to the bar in front of her. As time moved on, Jenny was getting very cold and she felt her nipples stiffen under her dress. Jenny looked over the side, there still did not appear to be anyone getting on the wheel; in fact she could not even see the man running the ride. Then there was a terrible whine that echoed across the park, it was followed by somebody tapping a microphone. The feedback continued to emit from every speaker in the park, until a voice cut through it.

"WOULD A YOUNG LADY ANSWERING TO THE NAME OF JENNY, PLESE MAKE HER WAY TO THE FRONT OF THE PARK. APARENLTY SHE HAS LOST HER KNICKERS, OH NO SORRY THAT SHOULD READ SHE HAS LOST HER BEARINGS".

The whole of the fairground was in total hysteria at the man gaff and even thought no one was looking in her direction, Jenny blushed bright red. As time went on, Jenny became more and more anxious as there was no sign of her husband. Then she had a bright idea, if her husband was at the front of the park and she could attract his attention, then he could get the man to start up the ride. Jenny looked around and could not believe her good fortune. There was her husband, standing talking to the man in charge of the PA system. Now how could she get him to look her way. Jenny had already lost her hat a long time ago, not even sure where it went. So in desperation she shouted and frantically waved. But although Jenny was not that high, the sounds and music had drowned out her calling.

By now her husband was looking around and Jenny was sure that if she could just get attention he would spot her, but how. Jenny looked over the side and saw that people were walking up to the Ferris wheel then reading a sign and leaving. Then suddenly it occurred to Jenny, the man had forgotten all about her. He had closed up the Ferris wheel, with Jenny still at the top.

Jenny was now getting very scared, if no one knew she was up there then how ever would she get down. Once more Jenny screamed at the top of her voice, but it was useless. Jenny knew that she would have to take further action. But what could she possible use to get her husband to notice her ? then an idea came to mind. Jenny knew she only had one thing left, but Oh No she could not bring herself to do it. Looking round at the darkening sky and once more at her husband, who seemed to be losing interest in finding her; she knew she had to act fast. Oh please let me get away with thought Jenny, please. Taking one final look around that no one was looking up. Jenny slowly started to unbutton her dress, oh thought Jenny if only she not lost her panties and bra, but she was completely naked underneath. But faced with no choice, Jenny continued to unfasten her last few buttons.

The light dress just fell off of her and jenny shivered in the cool evening air. Next Jenny lifted her bottom and started to pull the dress away from under her. All the time praying that no one other than her husband would spot her. After some frantic jiggling about, there sat Jenny naked, save for her dress held up in front of her. Her poor bottom was freezing on the cold seat below her and it sent shivers right up to her now very hard nipples. Jenny knew that her timing had to be just right, so as to attract her husband and no one else. She waited patiently, then when she was sure he was looking in her direction, slowly lifted the dress off of her self. Jenny could not believe she was doing this, as quickly as she could; she waved her dress high above her head. Please let him see it she thought, please. Then as quickly as she waved it, she could take no more and pulled it in front of her again. But still to Jenny’s dismay her husband had not noticed, he just carried on staring around.

Stealing herself one more time, Jenny waved her distress flag in the form of her dress over her head. Oh he had to have seen it this time thought Jenny, he was looking right at her. but also her husband had not and was returning to the man at the PA stand. Jenny sat alone cold and miserable, what was she going to do. Her husband below was engaged in conversation with the man and had not even noticed her. Then suddenly a stroke of luck accrued, Jenny’s husband was looking directly at her, he had to see her this time. Forgetting her self, Jenny grabbed up the dress forgetting herself and waved like never before. As she did the whine and crackle of the PA could be heard again.

"COULD THE LADY ON THE FERRIS WHEEL IN NO DRESS, SORRY THAT SHOULD READ DISTRESS. PLEASE CALM DOWN AS WE KNOW YOU ARE THERE"

Once more the crowd broke out into hysterics, at the mans further comments. Suddenly with out warning the Ferris wheel started. It took Jenny who was still waving, completely by surprise. She screamed as the machine moved forward. This and the combination of the wind blowing, tore Jenny dress right out of her hands. Jenny screamed as she saw her last remaining article of clothing disappear from view. Oh no now she was stark naked and heading for the ground. Once more the voice on the speakers started.

"COULD SOMEBODY PLEASE RETRIVE THE DRESS FOR THE BARE LADY ON THE FERRIS WHEEL. OH SOORY I THINK THAT SHOULD READ COULD SOMEBODY RETRIVE THE HAT FOR THE SCARED LADY ON THE FERRIS WHEEL".

But it was to late the damage had been done, it seemed that the whole of the themes park was making its way towards Jenny as she descended to the ground; with out a stitch of clothing on and not thing to cover herself with.

Jenny closed her eyes and prayed that it was all a bad dream as people were starting to shout and point in her direction. Jenny tried to raise her legs in an attempt to cover anything at all, but it was useless; the bar held her in place. So it was all jenny could do just to stop her self crying as her car sank downwards into a huge waiting crowd. Jenny now in a complete state, tried to force the bar open as hard as she could. The only result of this was to jam in further. Suddenly a deafening roar broke out as the crowd came into view. By now there so many that they had broken down the barriers and were completely surrounding her. Every conceivable comment was being made by the all male crowd that had surged upon poor Jenny, some were even offering there services to help her out. Jenny more embarrassed than she had ever been, could only sit, with her hands desperately trying to cover both breasts, bottom and pussy. Unfortunately as the bar was wedged across her middle she was having no luck doing either.

Suddenly the man that was controlling the ride appeared and attempted to move the bar, much to the annoyance of the crowd. After a struggle he realized in her haste to get out, Jenny had jammed it in solid, much to the pleasure of the crowd.

"Its no good, we will have to call the fire brigade to cut you our dear" said the man all the time unable to drag his eyes off Jenny’s naked form. Then just as he disappeared another familiar voice could be heard, that of her husbands.

"Jenny what is it with you" he said in mock surprise "I cant’s leave you for a moment with out you striping off all your clothes"

Jenny blushed again and in the cutest way possible bit her bottom lip.

"P please help me, out of here" she begged

"Sorry Jen, no can do. You heard the man we will have to get the fire MEN to come and cut you out." He replied.

"But I will tell you what, Ill see if I can retrieve your dress" he added. Then with that he started to

disappeared into the crowd. Calling behind him "Keep an eye on her lads, oh and don’t let her get to cold; she chills easily"

"NO" screamed Jenny "NO" as he disappeared from view. Leaving her all alone, naked and helpless with a mob of randy guys. Suddenly one stepped forward and after rubbing his hands began to blow on them.

"Well lads" he started to speak

"You heard what her husband said, we can’t let her get cold" he added, as his spread his fingers out and flexed them a little.

"No please no" begged Jenny, but it was no good the trend had been set and all around her Jenny could hear men blowing on there palms and rubbing them together.

As the men closed in Jenny shrieked as she felt a rough pair of hands on her shoulders. They were to be the first of many pairs, the park being filled to capacity it would take the fire men best part of a hour to get there………

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**Jenny and the Analyst by ?**

"So, tell me, what seems to be the problem?"

"Well, Doctor...." The young blonde blushed, the blush covering her face and reaching down to cover the tops of her large, well-formed breasts, barely visible over the neckline of her sundress. "I think I might be losing my mind."

"Hmmmm?"

"You see...I've got the worst luck. Somehow, every time I try to do anything in public, something always happens to my clothing. At first, I thought it was just bad luck, but lately, I've even started to suspect my best friend of trying to deliberately expose me."

"Very interesting." The psychiatrist tapped his pencil against his chin for a moment. "What, precisely, do you mean by 'something happening to your clothing?'"

"Well, for instance, there was the time I was vacuuming my car, and my clothing got sucked into the vacuum...or the time my dress got caught in the elevator doors...or when my dress got caught in the tree...."

"I see. And what about your best friend?"

"Well, for my birthday, she bought me a swimsuit, which fell apart in the water...and there have been other instances. But usually, she ended up naked, too. Besides, she's my best friend. Why would she want to embarrass me like that?"

The session continued for a while longer.

"Jenny, I think I may know what the problem is. You try to be modest--at least, your conscious mind does. But you wear light clothing, such as sundresses, which are easy to remove or tear. I believe you have an unconscious tendency towards exhibitionism, which your conscious mind rebels against. So your subconscious seeks out situations where you will be exposed by 'accident.' This is causing no small amount of confusion and embarrassment--even to the point of your blaming Ashley. Somehow, you need to work out the conflict. So...here is my suggestion."

Jenny blushed and waited with trepidation for the analyst's suggestion.

"What you need to do is find some place, such as a nude beach, where you can expose yourself in public--even though it may be embarrassing—without fear of disapproval or shame. So, my suggestion is that you spend at least one hour per day for the next week at such a place."

Jenny gulped, but said, "All right, Doctor..."

The sun beat down on the sand of the beach where Jenny and her "best friend" Ashley were setting out their towels. Jenny was trying to get over her psychological problems with nudity--as advised by her analyst--and had asked Ashley along for moral support.

Almost immediately, Ashley slipped off her clothing, revealing her taut body with relatively small, but perky breasts and tight buttocks. Jenny, however, was not so comfortable....

"Come on, girl, it's a nude beach. You don't have anything that isn't being shown already," said Ashley, while thinking to herself, "A bit more of it, perhaps..."

Jenny blushed, but then sighed and took off her clothing as well. She got a couple of lustful looks from one or two of the men, but apart from that—nobody was staring at her, despite the fact she was naked, for once in her life. Still somewhat embarrassed, though, she sat in something of a fetal position to minimize her exposure.

Ashley, on the other hand, was laying back, taking in the sun. "Jenny, do you really want hand-shaped tan lines? Relax, already!"

Slowly, Jenny stretched herself out on her towel.

"You know," she thought, "I could almost begin to get used to this...nobody staring, nobody teasing...."

She closed her eyes, relaxed, and finally went to sleep, not noticing that Ashley got up, wrapped her towel around herself, and returned to the car....

A couple of hours later, Jenny awoke with the need to use the bathroom. "Um, Ashley?"

"Yes?"

"Where are the restrooms?"

"Oh, I'll show you...follow me."

The two of them walked down the beach a bit, until they reached a rock outcropping. Ashley turned to Jenny and said, "Around there, about 20 yards further on, and past another outcropping."

Jenny walked away, oblivious to the wooden post next to the outcropping.

Ashley, however, began to laugh softly as she retrieved a small metal sign from behind a loose rock, which read, "Nude Beach Ends Here. Clothing must be worn beyond this point."

She also picked up the screwdriver she had brought from the car, and was beginning to restore the sign when a masculine voice said, "Excuse me, miss, but it's against the law to deface signs. You'll have to come with me."

Ashley turned around to see a police officer whose name tag said "Biggs". Sensing that he was not in the mood for argument, she followed him, giving him directions to where her clothing was.

"If I can just put on some clothing...."

"I'm afraid I can't allow that, miss; you might have a weapon hidden in there. I'll just take it all and search through it later."

So saying, he picked up everything--including Jenny's clothes.

"Oh, well, at least the day isn't a total loss..." Ashley thought as he led her away.

"...so when I got back, I found all our stuff gone, including my clothes and the car keys. If I hadn't happened to have left a set under the back bumper...."

"It must have been distressing for you," said the analyst as he shifted position in his seat.

"That's not the word, doctor. The only reason I don't suspect Ashley is because I had to go bail her out of jail, and she was in the same type of shirt I was the time I was arrested." Jenny blushed at the memory.

"Still, before that, didn't you feel comfortable with your nudity?"

"Well...I was starting to, anyway."

The doctor nodded sagely, then turned to look into Jenny's eyes.

"You see? It is not nudity so much as it is your deep-seated fear of your own sexuality. In a situation where sex is not an issue, nudity becomes much less uncomfortable for you."

Jenny squirmed a bit, doing exciting things to her assets under her light sundress, then stammered,

"I...I guess so..."

"Now, the next step is to become comfortable in more sensual situations."

"What do you mean, doctor?"

"You have to learn to enjoy the fact that you are a very beautiful--and if I may say so, a very sexy woman."

Jenny blushed at these words, but before she could say something, the analyst continued.

"For that reason, I have a suggestion. There is a bikini contest at the beach this weekend. I suggest you enter it."

"But...doctor, I couldn't...."

"Now, Jenny...you won't be the only one there dressed like that--there will be women, both on stage, and in the audience, dressed like you. And it will give you a chance to bask, as it were, in the knowledge that other men find you desirable--that your beauty is not something to hide."

"Uh...if you say so, doctor...."

"I do. You'll be surprised at the results. Now, as much as I hate to end this session, your time is up. You can pay the receptionist...."

Jenny stood up from the couch, and left the office, the analyst's eyes following the sway of her buttocks under her dress. When she had left and closed the door, he picked up the phone and dialed out.

"Hello? Hiya, cuz.... I'm calling about this weekend...."

Jenny was nervous--incredibly nervous. On the advice of her analyst, she was about to do something she would normally never even consider--she was about to enter a bikini contest, of all things, and normally, she would not even think about wearing such an outfit, and then there was the fact she was going to be on stage, on display....

Ashley came up behind her and said, "Nervous?"

"Yes, very."

"Don't worry; I'm here with you. Besides, the beach is full of women in bikinis. You're too uptight, Jenny. You need to relax and let it all hang out."

"That's what I'm worried about!"

Ashley laughed. "Just relax. Let's get in line to sign up."

The line moved slowly, giving Jenny even more time to worry about what was to come, so by the time it was her turn to sign in, she could barely talk.

"Name?"

"J-Jenny..."

"Last name?"

"...."

Ashley rolled her eyes. "I'll handle this." So saying, she gave the young man handling the sign-ins both Jenny's information and hers.

Later, in the tent provided for the contestants to change, Jenny was so nervous and flustered she couldn't even tie the strings on her bikini. Ashley, of course, was more than happy to help. After all, Jenny's nervousness was perfect to keep her from noticing any, say, slip knots or Vaseline on the strings....

The contest began, and the contestants filed out in the order in which they had signed in, so that there were three on stage at any one time. Jenny was so distracted by the butterflies in her stomach that she didn't even hear the announcer call her name.

"Jenny? Jenny? JENNY!" Ashley yelled.

"Wh-what?"

"You're on!"

Jenny made her way onto the stage slowly, barely able to walk for the shakes in her legs. She got to center stage, and Ashley followed behind her. However, the combination of the slip knot, the Vaseline, and Jenny's shaking had the effect Ashley had planned for....

Jenny felt a cold sensation interrupt the hot blush that she had been wearing, looked down, and saw the all-too-familiar sight of her clothes in a pool at her feet. Some people in the crowd started whistling and cheering, and she panicked. Turning around, she started to run--and tripped over her bikini. She grabbed the nearest thing she could to try to break her fall.

Unfortunately, this was Ashley's bikini.

"Oh, shit, not again...." Ashley helped Jenny stand up (mainly so Jenny would be between her and the crowd) and attempted to get the both of them off the stage in as dignified a manner as possible.

Meanwhile, the crowd cheered even louder....

Jenny lay upon the analyst's couch, almost unable to speak. "It was h-horrible, doctor. I...and then Ashley...."

"Shhhh...calm down, Jenny. Accidents happen, after all. It will be all right. In fact, I have another suggestion for you."

"Oh, no, doctor, I can't possibly go through another experience like that."

The analyst smiled softly; from what he understood, experiences like that were commonplace for Jenny. Except, perhaps, for the...deliberate nature of the bikini contest, anyway.

"In fact...I think it's best if I stop seeing you."

"As you wish, Jenny, though I feel we are starting to make progress."

"Perhaps, but all it has brought me so far is more embarrassment."

"I understand. I suppose this is goodbye, then."

"Yes, doctor...I suppose it is."

Jenny stood up to leave, not noticing that her sundress had been caught on a small protruding spring from the couch, and just as she reached her full height, she heard the sound so familiar, yet so terrifying to her...

\*RRRRIIIIPPPP!\*

Her dress fell to the couch, exposing her sizable breasts barely contained in her bra and her ample bottom in her demure panties. She turned around to retrieve her dress and the clasp of her bra snapped, as well. Jumping back and covering her breasts, she caught the waistband of her panties on the corner of the couch, and with a final ripping sound, her last vestige of modesty tore off.

Jenny stood there furiously blushing, trying to cover up. The analyst walked over, picked up the remains of her dress and handed it to her. Holding up a hand, he walked back to his desk and pressed the button for the intercom.

"Miss Winters, could you do me a favor? Cancel my appointments for the rest of the day, take about $50 from petty cash, and go to the nearest clothing store and buy an outfit of women's clothing, size...oh, I'd say about a 12. Underwear, too--bra size...36 DD. Oh, and there'll be no charge for the session in progress."

Epilogue: 5 pm, that day.

The analyst picked up the phone and dialed. "Yeah, Phil, it's me. Got that video of the bikini contest I asked you to make? Cool, I'll send you a check. Thanks. Bye."

He then hung up and dialed another number. "Hiya, cuz. Yeah, it's me. So, how'd it come out? You got second and she got first? Glad to hear it; at least it'll pay for the bail. Yeah, see you this Christmas, Ashley."

----------------------------------------------------------------

**Jenny and Ashley's Halloween Party by Indian Outlaw**

Jenny posed in the mirror admiring her costume for the party. Despite her husbands sudden departure on business she was going through with the plans they had to attend. Her homemade costume of red satin and silk was designed to "spark" a fire with her and her husband for the night, however he will just have to wait till next year, she thought to herself.

Ashley posed in the mirror admiring her costume for the party. Despite her husband's sudden departure on his "adventure", she was going through with the party. Besides, tonight she might be able to draw the attention of her high school crush and the sexiest man she knows, Jenny's husband. Her black skin tight outfit was designed to do just that.

Eight thirty and Jenny strolled confidently up to Ashley's door. Her coat on this unusually warm fall evening was only to cover her modesty form the world. She felt more comfortable with her friends. Stepping up passed the lawn decorations and several glowing pumpkins on the porch, she ran the door bell. The door opened and Ashley's expression turned from unrestrained joy to disappointment as she looked around Jenny seeing no husband.

"Where's…" Jenny cut her off.

"He had an emergency business trip and had to leave."

"Oh."

Jenny noticed Ashley's costume. It was a skin tight body suit, black with sheer black sleeves and legs. Her toned body was outlined perfectly including both semi erect nipples. A fur collar lined her neck, wrists, and ankles. A little creative makeup created whiskers and nose, plus fake furry ears out the top of her dark brunette hair. Finishing off the cat costume was a furry tail draped over her shoulder, it must have been at least four feet long as it hung between her v-neck exposed cleavage. She took Jenny's coat.

Ashley went into near shock at the sight of Jenny's costume. It was equally as skin tight, but Jenny had bigger boobs. Her long legs were covered in a sheer red thigh high stockings, as her arms were in long red silken gloves nearly reaching her shoulder. Jenny's bodice was silk and cut just across her bust line, dipping down in a v cut. She was showing more cleavage than a string bikini. Even Playboy bunnies didn't show that much. Atop Jenny's golden head of hair were two little red horns. In her hand was a small red pitchfork and behind her was a question mark shaped tail, slightly dragging the ground, it was obviously held up by some type of wire inside. Every head in the room turned.

As Jenny turned, Ashley noticed her ass cheeks straining to break free of the obviously too tight outfit. Jenny's main saving grace was a small string attached behind her neck holding her costume over her abundant bust.

The party continued as all the guests finally arrived. Each guest took turn answering the door and handing out Halloween candy to the children. However, whenever Jenny answered the door, subsequently bending down to fill the bags, the same children often returned quickly, oddly enough followed by their fathers. Ashley fell into the party swing. She stopped worrying about the guests, let the caterers do it. And the booze began to flow, mainly in her direction. After all the costume was designed for a purpose, and he was not there tonight.

Drinking, dancing and general fun prevailed. Most of the party took place in the back yard on the deck and down into the grass itself. Elaborate decorations included ghosts hanging from trees, spooky sounds from the bushes, the pool was filled with those green light sticks. And the pumpkins, The entire railing of the deck was covered in mini pumpkins each lit up and maintained by the caterers. Ashley and her husband spared no expense tonight. In the corner was a bobbing for apples game, a buffet lined the opposite side of the deck. A dance floor was taking up most of the space on the deck. Hey, it was a big deck.

Jenny had a minor slip when she went bobbing for apples and one of her boobs fell out. The cool wind across her exposed nipple felt good for a second, then she jumped back and tucked her DD back in. She would not be doing that anymore this evening. Ashley finally calmed down, after getting alcoholed up. She just stared at Jenny in that tight red devil outfit, wishing she could send her away, all the while fuming over the fact Jenny's husband was not there. With all the attention Jenny was getting from the men, ok her cleavage was getting, Ashley decided she had enough. It was time for her, and the booze to tell Jenny off.

Jenny was enjoying a dance with a bumble bee, the Hustle to be exact when Ashley closed in on her. Just as she was about to tap Jenny on the shoulder, the bee began to twirl her outward. Ashley stepped on Jenny's tail. "Rippppp!!!"

The tail stayed in place as Jenny did not. She froze. Ashley did too. So did everyone else. In horror, Jenny twisted to see the damage. The tail was laying on the deck as was a good amount of material. Most of her luscious ass was exposed.

"I should have worn panties." Jenny actually said out loud.

"Oh, my God! I'm Sorry."

Ashley was truly sorry, but couldn't help but giggle a little. Jenny but both hands behind her to cover her exposed rear so fast the string supporting her top could no longer take the strain. The top sprang forward allowing her DD breasts to spill out into the night air. Immediately the silver dollar sized nipples puffed up. Holding her butt for a second, Jenny now grabbed each breast and stood up. With the main support gone, the zipper in back slipped down enough so when she straightened up to grab her massive assets, the bodice fell completely down to her ankles. Jenny was left wearing only her horns and thigh high red stockings and red gloves.

"Hey, she's naked!" A waiter cried out.

Now everyone was looking and most started to laugh. Jenny just stood in horror, hands trading place from her DD's to her shaven pussy. Spotting the table cloth, she grabbed it for cover. Part of the dessert buffet went flying as she yanked the cloth out from under it. A Jell-O mold went skyward and landed on the head of a cowboy. At the sight, his date, a cowgirl began laughing hysterically. He retaliated by tossing a handful of cake in her direction. It missed and hit the woman behind her in the puss (Face people). She walked over to the table and tried to do the same.

By now he was moving away fast, she missed him and hit two ghosts. The scene was repeated as the food began to fly. Handfuls of cake, gelatin, mashed potatoes and so forth flew. Jenny couldn't free the table cloth and tried to head for the door, but was cut off by a food welding Frankenstein. Ashley was doing her best to dodge food as she looked for the bartender.

Jenny turned to see a projectile of mashed potatoes flying toward her, still completely naked, she ducked, right behind her was now Ashley. Ashley too ducked and the potatoes headed off the deck into the pool. Jenny jumped up and slipped backward. Ashley was knocked backwards, spilling her bottle of JB and flipping over the rail. Jenny forgot about her nudity and reached out to save her. All she got was the tail. Ashley stopped falling just one inch before the ground. She sighed. However, her costume with it's v neck was not designed for this. It slipped from her shoulders and up her body. Jenny fell backwards hard onto her butt holding Ashley's entire costume.

"Hey, she's naked!" A waiter cried out.

Ashley screamed!

She was only wearing the briefest pair of panties underneath, as she stood one side strap broke and hung down. Totally exposed, Ashley ran onto the patio through the now halted food fight. She just wanted to get inside and find some clothes. Jenny now made it to her feet, with discarded food stuck to her back and backside. Ashley did not bother to cover herself as she darted forward. Her trimmed pussy and D boobs on total display.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Jenny holding her former costume. She didn't see the pie on the deck. She went flying. Jenny too stepped in a pile of cake and fell again. Ashley's costume, still in hand, it twisted around and whipped several of the mini pumpkins off. Several candles inside fell into the grass as did an equal number onto the deck. With the spilled alcohol as fuel, the deck lit up.

The flames in the dry fall grass caught easily and spread to the bushes. Flames jumped onto the tables and up the vines on the side of the house. Guests scattered, everyone ran. Jenny forgot about her nudity and dashed for the frond door. Fighting with guests, she was knocked aside and fell down. She landed on top of Ashley, too almost naked and both covered in food.

The house went up like a match, flames engulfed the deck and most of the first floor. Jenny and Ashley were the last two to make it out. Just as the fire truck pulled up, all the crew got a vision fireman only dream about. Two gorgeous women, one blond, one brunette, two sets of near perfect breasts jiggling almost in slow motion toward them.

Ashley arrived first in the arms of one of the fireman. She held him close placing her head against his chest. For a moment she forgot about the house. Jenny too found herself in the arms of one of the fireman. He removed his jacket and wrapped it around her. They were safe.

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**Ashley moves in with Jenny by Indian Outlaw**

I

The front door to Jenny's house opened to the night. Sounds of fire trucks and various other city vehicles were heard driving away. Jenny, wrapped only in a blanket was followed by Ashley, also wearing a blanket. As the two entered, Ashley's blanket opened slightly to reveal her very tattered pair of panties.

"I can't believe you burned my house down." Ashley stormed passed Jenny.

"I said it wasn't my fault. You know you can stay her until the insurance comes through."

Jenny tried to be apologetic, but failed. While it wasn't directly her fault the house burned down, she couldn't help but feel, with her normal bad luck, it had to be partly her fault. It was an accident, and accidents happen, especially to her, a lot, Jenny thought.

Jenny's husband had been out of town for the last week in Europe. He would be gone another three weeks. Ashley's husband was gone also. He too was gone, but on some survival expedition in Washington State, and could not be reached for at least 2 week.

Jenny and Ashley were too tired to argue tonight, so Ashley went off to the guest room and fell immediately to sleep. Jenny showered the black smoke off first and climbed directly into bed.

The next morning was the beginning of Hell for Ashley. Greeting her with a tray of fresh baked muffins, no cholesterol eggs, and white toast with a touch of vegetable spread (fake butter).

"Oh God, she's smiling." Ashley thought to herself as she sat up instinctively to receive the tray. She looked over.

"It's 6 am!" she shouted at Jenny.

"Early to bed, early to rise, you know, he, he."

Jenny was a morning person. A Very morning person. The next few days would be pure hell.

The remainder of the day went just as badly for Ashley. This woman sings as she does housework. She listens to show tunes. June Cleaver lives! She could not take too much of this. The ultimate shame came when Jenny brought her some clothes to wear. Old, slightly tattered clothes, still a little loose fitting. Ashley almost cried when she discovered they were Jenny's old high school clothes.

The phone call came late in the afternoon. The insurance company would settle, but not be sending the check for at least 3 weeks. Naturally Jenny offered to let her stay for the duration. Ashley was too overwhelmed for words to describe. This would not last.

After a few days, Jenny's routine was completely predictable. From what time she got up, to the nap in the afternoon, to dinner, very predictable, very boring.

Ashley decided to entertain herself, at Jenny's expense of course. The whole thing started, quite by a spur of the moment inspiration. Ashley watched Jenny walk out to the back yard. It was a beautiful day, sunny, close to 85 degrees. Jenny walked out to the hammock in the back, slightly shaded, and laid down. She was getting a little sun so Jenny was wearing her skimpiest string bikini. She would never dare to wear it out anywhere but for sunning purposes, it worked great.

Ashley turned to continue watching Oprah when she saw the paper boy going from door to door, obviously collecting his due. A light bulb went off in her head. She only had about 10 or so minutes. Heading out to the back yard, she discovered, quite predictably Jenny was not sound asleep.

Ashley climbed under the hammock and planned her attack. She carefully pulled the string from the neck around Jenny's. Jenny didn't move. The string across the back too came off very easily. Manipulating the string around the lattice of the hammock, Ashley retied the ends again, but through the roped hammock as well. The bottoms almost gave her away. The hammock wrapped around Jenny's curvaceous ass. As the string on each side was pulled, Ashley easily reattached the left side, but before the right could be done, Jenny moved. She shifted her weight to the left and the bikini bottom flipped off her. Jenny was now naked. He golden bush shined in the sunlight.

Ashley stood and admired her work, but felt, leaving her pussy naked was not the effect she wanted. Carefully Ashley, covered Jenny's bottom half again and secured the string around the hammock. Bondage fans would be proud. Jenny lay there secured to the hammock by the ties of her string bikini. It was amazing how the top, under normal circumstances was capable of holding those DD sized boobs.

Ashley returned to the house, just in time for the Paperboy to knock. She told him she had to leave, but he could go around and see Jenny in the back. Which he proceeded to do. His eyes bulged as he discovered Jenny on the Hammock. Like that, she was sure to be the source of his puberty supported dreams. Lucky for him, that would not be all he would see. He walked over to Jenny and tapped he on the shoulder.

"Hi." Jenny said pleasantly.

He told her, while not taking eyes off those boobs, he needed to be paid for last months paper. She instructed him to get her checkbook off the table. With that she tried to get up. Stretching a bit, she leaned up. The bikini was well connected and she fell back again. Shifting her butt only caused the hammock to move with her. Too late to recover. She slipped and fell off the side.

Miraculously the bikini held. The hammock spun her upside down, but the strings stayed firm. Her tits popped out as the bra top slid to her neck. Jenny ass hung slightly up as the hammock could not allow it any closer to the ground. She wiggled a bit and "woosh" her butt slid free from the bottoms and she twisted. The top came off her neck and twisted around her elbows. Her butt hit the grass hard. The bikini bottom stopped at her knees and she lay there knotted up.

The paperboy turned to stand stunned at the sight. Ashley too was laughing out loud as she peered through the window. Jenny lay in the reverse doggy position, legs in the air, ass hanging out and boobs jiggling free while she struggled. Finally she got her legs completely out of the bottoms and climbed to her feet immediately. Arms still stuck, the heavy hammock would not give.

She bent over, exposing her ass and sex to the paperboy directly. His erection shot up. Stepping back she pulled her arms out now. Jenny turned and stood naked for the young paperboy to view. She screamed and tried to cover her tits with both hands, then decided to cover her golden bush instead, then boobs, then both, the boobs again. Finally she just freaked.

She turned to run and hit the hammock. Head first into the hammock, her arm shot forward. It went right through. Like a trapped animal she continued to struggle. The hammock twisted and she found herself laying in it once again. Her left foot poked through as the hammock flipped several times.

Jenny finally stopped squirming as exhaustion set in. She was now completely wrapped and hanging between the two trees. Only her right arm and left foot hung free. The angle of her legs inside were twisted and the effect left her pussy spread wide and clearly visible through the hammock ropes. Her enormous boobs were squeezed tight and each nipple puffed up between the lattice opening.

"Help me please." Jenny quietly cried to the paperboy.

He smiled. Opportunity knocked. Opening her checkbook he filled out the check for the correct amount plus a hefty tip.

"Just sign this and I will let you out."

Jenny looked at the number and began to cry. She had no choice. He told her he could leave her naked and return with some friends or just sign the check. With her free arm she signed the check and he cut the hammock off the tree. She fell with a thud. Jenny climbed out of the hammock and tried to keep herself covered as she scampered into the house.

Skipping away the paperboy could not wait to cash the check. He only wished he had a camera. Ashley smiled as she turned off the video camera. This might be a fun three weeks.

II

"I need the two grand you owe me. The insurance for my house is not here yet." Ashley huffed at Jenny.

"I had planned to give it to you, but the paper boy swindled me out of it." Jenny hung her head.

Ashley stomped away mad. She needed the money. Currently she was broke and desperate for something of her own. Her clothes, the house and even the food she ate was curtsy of Jenny. And in spite of it all, she was the reason Jenny could not pay the $2000 owed. It was her doing that got Jenny tangled up in the hammock and therefore allowing the paperboy to blackmail her into a hefty tip.

All night long, Ashley schemed. Plans a plenty flew through her devious mind. It was becoming more and more difficult to dream up new original ideas for Jenny to lose her dignity. Then inspiration struck, yet again. Ashley closed here eyes and dreamed that night of how things would go.

The next morning, Jenny bounced in at the usual 6 am time. Morning Person! Ashley hated morning people.

"Rise and shine sleepyhead." Jenny smiled her cute smile. "Time to get up." As Ashley sat up, Jenny pulled out her list and began shaking her head. "I don't think I will ever get finished today."

"Can I help?" Ashley said carefully.

"Well, you're a guest, I couldn't possibly…" Ashley snatched the list from her hand.

"No, I want to. Here, I'll do the laundry and the dusting while you go grocery shopping." Jenny agreed.

Hours later, Jenny returned from the grocery store.

"Wow!"

She looked around. The house was filled with flowers from the garden. Piles of laundry were neatly stacked on the living room floor, and Ashley was retrieving yet another pile to put away. As Ashley carried off another stack, Jenny examined the house. Not a speck of dust anywhere. Fantastic. Once in the kitchen, Jenny smelled the roast beef Ashley was cooking.

"I thought you would like something special for lunch." Ashley said as she passed Jenny in the kitchen to check the food.

"I, I'm stunned. Thank you."

Lunch was great. Jenny thought. However the flowers were over done. Way too many violets. The house looked like Barney lived there. With the meal over, Jenny laid on the couch and immediately nodded off for her nap.

Awakening, Jenny stood and stretched. He shirt stained against the force her DD boobs placed on it. Unfortunately it held well.

"I'm off for my jog, care to join me?" Jenny said to Ashley.

"Now you know better than that, besides it's time for Oprah." Jenny headed for the stairs to change.

"Oh, by the way, I took the liberty to lay out your sweats for you."

"Why thank you." Jenny returned cheerfully.

Jenny entered her room to find it filled with violets. Damn, she really went overboard on the flowers. Unbuttoning her blouse, and unclasping her bra, Jenny's enormous DD tits were freed. She slipped off her skin tight jeans and red thong panties at the same time. Standing naked, Jenny posed in the full length mirror.

The neighbor kid, home sick, caught the show through his telescope. It only lasted a few moments. The blonde covered up with cotton pink panties, a more supportive bra and simple beige tee shirt. Finally slipping on her baggy gray sweat pants. She made sure the drawstring was tied tightly. Slipping on her Nike cross trainers, Jenny was all set. She exited the front door and began stretching. With the toe touch, the neighbors gardener unknowing watered the front seat of the Johnson's Lexus.

Jenny took off running. Ashley followed her out carrying a potted plant of violets.

"Hey!, how long you gonna water the front seat of that car?" Ashley yelled.

"Oh, shit." He turned off the hose and met Ashley in the middle of the street. "Those are violets."

"No Duh." Ashley said to herself.

"You know, the scent of those flowers temporarily dull you sense of smell.

"Gee, what an interesting fact." Ashley walked away ignoring his attempt to make small talk, i.e. flirt.

Jenny was making good time. She wanted to return to tell Ashley she received another check from her publisher for $2000 this morning and could pay her back. Funny thing, the further she jogged, she could not get the taste of the roast beef out of her mind. It was almost as if she could still smell it. Naah. By now most of the at home male population of the neighborhood was out, finding any excuse to watch her jog by. Or is it jiggle by.

Her heaving breasts bouncing from side to side. Boobs no bra could tame. Lucky few enjoyed each time she stopped, for a red light or car in the driveway. Jenny would bend over and try to catch her breath by resting her hands on her knees, legs slightly spread. Those behind were treated to a view of that firm ass outlined by the sweats. Those in front were treated to a great down the blouse shot and tons of cleavage.

Willow Oak Street was coming. Other wise know as obnoxious small dog street. Every retiree on the street had a small "fufu" dog. From poodles to terriers, to cocker spaniels, to a few jack russells. They yelped a lot, but that was all. Jenny hated the noise these little fluff balls made, but it was her turn around point to get home. The Yelping noises began.

Turning onto Willow Oak Street, the smell of the roast beef lunch was now very pungent. Jenny could not understand it. Finally, as she stopped to wait for a car to pass, she now realized it was her clothes!

Her clothes smelled like roast beef. They reeked of Au Juice Sauce. She almost laughed, almost. Looking over, now came a sea of small rat like dogs. All in full trot toward her. Oh my God! Jenny began running for her life. In the direction of her house, she was counting her blessings. The small dogs, while fast, were not quite fast enough. She was able to stay a few meters ahead of them. Until….

"Muffin." She said out loud.

In the corner yard, the last turn to her house was the Park's dog Muffin. He was a lovable guy. Liked his belly rubbed and a friend to anyone. But he was also a 160 lb. Rottweiler. He pounced. The smell of roast beef got the better of him. He came up on her immediately and licked her butt with his tongue. Then took a bite. His teeth caught the back of the sweats. "Ripppppp!"

As Jenny pulled away, Muffing ripped a large hole in the back of her sweats. Jenny, pink panties hanging out though the hole, tripped. As she stood and started her run again, a Jack Russell leapt forward and latched onto her pink cotton panties. Hanging, feet off the ground, he had her beef soaked panties in his teeth. Her ass crack was exposed as his weight pulled them down.

"Strippp!" they gave.

Claiming his prize the Jack Russell ran off with her complete pair of panties. Ass bare, Jenny was now caught by a pair of twin poodles. Each caught a leg of the sweats and began tearing! Jenny struggled and struggles, but in total useless vain. They were soon joined by other small dogs. Jenny cried for help, but it was no use. The tattered remains of the bottoms were now drug away by the small dogs.

Stripped completely from the waist down, Jenny had not time to react. Other dogs pounced and began pulling on the tee shirt until it resembled Swiss cheese. Bra clearly visible, Jenny made it to her feet. Naked ass and pussy for all to observe. Still trying to fend off the dogs, Jenny made it to her own yard. Stepping onto the grass, she still had at least 15 dogs in hot pursuit. An Australian Shepherd caught the back of the bra strap and tore it clean off. Jenny fell once again. All 15 pounced yet again. She started to laugh as they tickled her by licking her legs and stomach. The shirt was now reduced to a shirt collar and a few strands of material.

Ashley laughed so hard the video camera shook. From her vantage point on the roof, it was a sight to behold. Jenny's massive boobs jiggling and ass wiggling as she ran from the dogs. Sadly, she forgot to lock the front door. Jenny made it in.

Jenny stood there with her back to the door, feet apart and knees together. Her shaved pussy and enormous firm boobs on display. Hair a mess and breathing very heavily. Each erect puffy nipple shook slightly with each breath. The collar and a few strands of cloth hanging from it were all that remained of her outfit.

Jenny started to collapse as she heard a knock at the door. Grabbing a towel from the clothes pile in the living room and wrapping it around her she looked through the peep hole and then opened the door.

"Good afternoon miss. I'm Officer Murphy and I am afraid I have to give you this ticket for indecent exposure." He handed her the ticket.

"1500 Dollars!" Jenny Yelled. Sadly, the not so secure towel now fell. He naked tits and pussy exposed to the officer. Jenny yelped and turned her back to the office. She tried to cover her boobs and pussy while bending at the waist to retrieve the towel. Officer Murphy eyed her exposed clit from behind. She stood once again securing the towel, failing to completely cover the right nipple.

"And miss," He wrote on his pad for a moment. "this is another ticket for $500 for attempting to bribe a police officer. Have a nice day."

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**Jenny’s Birthday by ?**

Jenny slammed the door and leaned against it, heaving a sigh of relief deep enough to threaten the precarious repairs to her dress. Safe at home! Another ordeal behind her . . . and this time, despite everything that had gone wrong, she had managed to come out of it without ending up naked in front of a crowd! Maybe her luck was starting to turn, she thought, smiling a little.

Today was her birthday, the end of a long and difficult year for Jenny Hamilton. Though she had always seemed to have more than her share of embarrassing accidents with her clothes, it had seemed as if the last year had been the worst, almost as if some outside force had taken control of her life and forced her into these humiliating situations. Anyone with a disposition less naturally sunny and cheerful might have given in to paranoia and accused her friends and family of being behind her problems, but Jenny had risen above it all. Though there wasn’t any rational reason to support it, she was sure that she was over the worst of it now. Surely this next year would be better.

She felt a feather-light touch at her leg and looked down to see Mister Fluff sitting at her feet, looking up at her with an accusing eye. The big yellow tomcat was a recent addition to the Hamilton household, but had already set himself up as a sort of tyrant who let people know when he was dissatisfied with anything. Jenny had hesitated to take Mister Fluff in at first, knowing what an unfortunate record she had with creatures of all sorts and cats in particular, but she loved animals and couldn’t turn him away when he’d started hanging around the front door begging for food.

Mister Fluff reached up to paw her legs again, stretching higher this time and batting at the hem of her sundress. One of his claws got hooked in the material, and the cat gave a gruff ‘meow’ as he pulled to free it.

Naturally the makeshift repairs came undone and the lightweight dress slithered down Jenny’s curves to land in a pile around her ankles. The indignant cat jumped clear just in time and retreated.

Instinctively Jenny started to cover herself, then laughed at her reaction. Nobody was here to see her, thank God. She glanced down at herself and could feel the blushes heating her cheeks. This morning she had been running so late, and she’d just grabbed the first things she had found in her lingerie drawer instead of picking out something with the care and caution she usually applied to her wardrobe these days.

So, of course, she had pulled out the matching see-through purple bra and thong panties from Victoria’s Secret that her husband had given her the night before as a gag birthday gift. He often gave her sexy mail-order lingerie, even though she didn’t wear it that often, and though the gifts often embarrassed her, she just couldn’t refuse them when John was so thoughtful to pick them out and send away for them.

Just thinking about how much of her those new undies left exposed was enough to make her want to hide somewhere, though . . . especially after the incident at the grocery store this afternoon.

Jenny sighed and stepped out of the tattered dress, pausing to lock and bolt the front door behind her before she stooped to pick the discarded outfit up. At least the repairs had held up until she was safe inside . . . and the door was secure. There wasn’t going to be a repeat of that awful situation the day she’d moved in, when her husband brought two dinner guests in and caught Jenny nude after a string of embarrassing experiences . . . or the time the vacuum cleaner had sucked her housecoat off, leaving her naked just as the wind had blown open the front door and the Boy Scouts had arrived on the front porch selling candy for some trip they were taking.

She shuddered at the memory, then started inspecting the sundress carefully. If only she could figure out WHY her clothes were always failing her! Seams split, straps broke, elastic gave way, buttons popped . . . and she could never figure out why these things were always happening to her.

Like the grocery store incident . . .

Jenny had been running behind, just as she had been all day. She knew that her husband had something special planned for her birthday tonight, and while she wasn’t quite sure what it was she suspected it might be a lavish dinner at Henri’s, that ritzy restaurant Ashley’s boyfriend kept raving about. (Strangely, she thought, he never talked about the place when Ashley was around. Jenny wondered why he never mentioned it when Ashley was around . . .). So she had wanted to get all of her errands done quickly so she could get home and change into something sexy.

But OF COURSE nothing had gone right. When she had stopped off to see Ashley for a few minutes her friend had kept her talking for close to an hour . . . unusual, because so often Ashley seemed to have something urgent to do and couldn’t just relax and talk. And the line at the bank had taken forever . . . and there had been a traffic pile-up on Route 19 which had not just delayed her, but forced her to relive the unfortunate memories of that time the policeman had stopped her when she’d lost her clothes.

So by the time she had reached the grocery store, Jenny had been tired, pushed, and fed up. She supposed that was why she hadn’t been paying attention in the soft drinks aisle when she’d taken a step back and run into the cart behind her. The man pushing it had said something rude, and Jenny had jumped quickly to get out of his way.

And the hem of her dress had gotten caught on the front of the cart, so that when she pulled away the straps had given way and the top of the dress had come tumbling down, exposing her see-through bra and the top of the panties as well.

The man’s rudeness had evaporated quickly; he was eager to help a lady in distress whose 38CC breasts were barely held by material so thin you could read a book through it. But Jenny, embarrassed and blushing furiously, had sped away before he could lend a hand to help her with her plight. She had raced down the aisle and across the front of the store for the safety of the ladies room, clutching her dress around her waist with one hand while trying to conceal her jiggling breasts in their flimsy bra with the other. Half the people in the store must have seen her . . . and Wednesday afternoon was about the busiest time of the week at Haley’s Supermarket.

Still, she had reached the washroom without losing anything else, and that was a minor miracle by her standards. She’d been expecting the other shoe to fall at any moment - the elastic giving way on her panties, new as they were, or the strain proving too much for the bra to handle. That was the way things usually went for Jenny. But instead she’d reached the bathroom, not only still wearing all of her undergarments, but with the damaged sundress still around her midsection.

And she’d carried a few safety pins in her handbag, too. A few minutes’ work had restored the sundress to a wearable state, and Jenny had made her way cautiously back onto the supermarket floor, still blushing, still not quite ready to trust her makeshift repairs, but decently covered. There had been a smattering of applause as she returned to the soft drink aisle to retrieve her cart, but she had even managed to weather that storm without breaking down.

Somehow Jenny had managed to finish her shopping and make her escape out to the parking lot, wary but undefeated. She’d carefully kept from catching her sundress in the trunk - she wasn’t likely to let THAT happen again, not after those other times - nor had she let it get hooked on the fender or caught in the car door. Her one minor disappointment had been the realization that she had been in too big a hurry earlier to remember to put a change of clothes in the back seat, a precaution she almost always took these days. But even tempting fate this way, Jenny had made it home.

But she still didn’t see why the straps had let her down in the first place. Other people could catch their clothes on carts, or nails, or doors, or whatever, and got away with a few minor rips. Under the right circumstances a nail and a tricky doorway could reduce Jenny to complete nudity in a manner of seconds.

One of the safety pins had worked itself open, and slipped loose as she turned the dress over in her hands. It fell, and Jenny stooped to pick it up, knowing that Mister Fluff would try to carry off anything of the sort he found on the floor. He could hurt himself playing with a safety pin . . .

As she bent over, her chest felt constricted . . . but only for a moment. Then the purple bra popped open in back and slid down her arms, leaving her breasts swinging free. Jenny muttered a few angry words under her breath as she picked it up, then found the safety pin and straightened back up. She was about to put it back on, but then decided not to bother with it. She was home, and she was going to go upstairs and take a shower anyway, so why worry? She didn’t even need to get dressed to go bring the groceries in from the car. There wasn’t anything perishable out there, and John would get them for her later.

Jenny started for the stairs, thinking about how nice that shower would feel. Then she’d take the time to put on some really nice clothes . . . not just sexy, but STURDY, so there wouldn’t be any embarrassing incidents at Henri’s. She’d have a good night, a safe, uneventful night, and that would start her next year off right so that she wouldn’t be plagued by so many of these horrid little problems.

She was halfway to the stairs when she heard a noise that made her freeze in place. “John?” she called out in a quavering voice. There was no response, but she was sure she heard something again. It was coming from the very back of the house, from the stairs that led from the kitchen down to the game room.

Jenny quickly ran through a mental list of what could be causing the sounds. Mister Fluff was sitting on the dining room table, watching her with the fascinated stare he often gave her when her breasts were bare and bouncing. (Just like a man, Jenny thought in passing.) John wasn’t due to get home for another hour, unless he’d slipped away from work early . . . but why hadn’t he answered if it was him? She couldn’t recall any appointments for plumbers, electricians, or other repairmen this week . . . .

A louder thump from the same direction made her drop her dress and bra on the dining room table and pick up the heavy brass candlestick from the centerpiece. Though shy and timid when it came to public exposure, Jenny was a bold and determined young woman, not the sort to run and hide from danger real or imagined. She was hardly conscious of the fact that she was now heading for the basement, ready for a possible confrontation with a home invader, wearing nothing but shoes, stockings, and purple thong panties from Victoria’s Secret.

To move more quietly she kicked off her shoes and padded on stockinged feet toward the stairs. She flicked the light switch by the kitchen door, but the light downstairs didn’t come on, and that made Jenny’s heart race a little faster. One step at a time, soft and careful, she descended the old wooden steps, one hand gripping the rail, the other holding tight to the brass candlestick.

Step by fearful step she went, until she was at the bottom of the stairs. The game room was dark, but there were some odd shadows that made her breath a little faster . . . .

The lights came on.

“SURPRISE!”

The one word roared loud as the Last Trump in her ears as she realized the game room was packed with people, friends and family members all staring at her in shocked disbelief. Her husband was there, and her brother Roger . . . and Ashley and her boyfriend, and many others. She was horrified to see that the Mayor was among them, and that nice police captain who had helped her after the bad time she’d had on moving day, and others, friends, acquaintances, coworkers . . . .

All staring at her.

Her state of undress, forgotten in the moments when she had feared a burglar might have broken in, dawned on her with much the same force as a southbound Amtrak express encountering a northbound freight train, and Jenny dropped the candlestick, squealed, and brought both arms up to shield her exposed breasts.

“Ohmigod! Ohmigod!” she said, and turned to flee up the stairs.

“That’s ten you owe me, Roger,” Jenny’s husband said softly, holding out his hand. “You said she’d be completely naked by the time she came down here.”

Roger Taylor held up a hand. “Wait for it . . .” he said with a grin.

And, sure enough, as Jenny ran up the stairs in a panic she brushed against the poster depicting the Washington Monument - a souvenir of her trip to the District of Columbia, the one where she had actually met the President and the First Lady, though not under the best of circumstances. And the push-pin in the lower left-hand corner snagged her thong panties, holding her back for just a moment before they gave way.

The last sight any of her guests had of the Birthday Girl was her shapely ass disappearing up the basement stairs, and Jenny’s husband quietly handed Roger a ten dollar bill. The party went ahead without her, while Jenny locked herself in her bedroom and glumly contemplated another year of public exposures.

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**Ashley’s Night Out by Jack**

It had been one hell of a day, and Ashley was tired and totally fed up.

First thing in the morning, her latest job interview had gone badly. Somehow word was getting around town about some of Ashley’s more embarrassing moments – like the time she had been overcome by the itching powder at the miniature golf course, and when that gang of teens had stripped her nude in the middle of the mall – and it seemed like a lot of people were starting to think she was some kind of flake. Not that any of it was her fault, of course. That bitch Jenny was to blame, every time . . . .

And, of course, she’d no sooner got done with her interview and stopped at the mall for lunch at the food court when who should show up but Jenny herself? All smiles and good cheer, babbling on about what a wonderful day she was having and how great it was to run into her best friend. It had just about put Ashley off her lunch entirely, listening to that inane chatter. How could that silly blonde be so naïve? You’d think that after the incident at the zoo even someone as thick as Jenny would have realized that Ashley wasn’t her friend at all, but instead she just kept right on hanging around!

Ashley had spent most of an hour toying with her food and trying to come up with some new scheme to humiliate the blonde, but inspiration just wouldn’t strike. She’d felt a little disappointed with herself when Jenny finally realized the time and left and Ashley still hadn’t come up with a good plan . . . though her spirits had been lifted a little bit when Jenny had promptly bumped against one of those electric wheelchairs the mall provided to elderly shoppers, snagged her dress on something, and had the whole thing ripped off right in the middle of the mall by old Mr. Richter, the retired scoutmaster.

The sight of Jenny fleeing in her matching lavender bra and panties had brought a brief smile to Ashley’s face. Still, it had been just another accident, and not a very embarrassing one at that, when compared with Jenny’s usual luck. Ashley had soon lost her smile as she once again began to ponder ways and means of getting at the annoying little blonde for real.

She’d taken the problem home with her, and fired up her computer in hopes of getting some real help on the Jenny front. Not too long ago, she had discovered a web site populated by people every bit as devious as she was, and dedicated to the fine art of stripping people. Two days back Ashley had posted a message asking for suggestions on new ways she could part Jenny from her clothes in public, and she had been expecting to find a bunch of really wicked new ideas. But her hopes were dashed when she reached Byron’s Forum . . . thanks to some damned flamer who had posted a bunch of junk and driven her post right off the board before anybody had even responded to it.

Frustrated, Ashley had shut off the computer and taken off her good "interview clothes" to take a bath. It had helped calm her down some, and when she’d finished she had dressed comfortably in plain panties, shorts and a tee shirt, plus her grubby tennis shoes and a loose pair of socks. Then she’d curled up on the sofa with a book and a drink and spent the afternoon as far away from Jenny as her thoughts could take her.

The doorbell jerked her back to reality a few hours later, and Ashley was muttering to herself as she got up and crossed to the front door.

"Probably that bitch again," she said under her breath. "I wonder what the fuck she wants this time . . . ?"

But when she yanked the door open it wasn’t Jenny that she turned her frown upon, but her boyfriend. He was dressed to the hilt, in a dress pants, and a blazer over a shirt and tie.

"Honey . . . aren’t you ready yet?" he asked, looking Ashley over with a disapproving frown.

That was when it hit her. Their dinner date! They’d had reservations for dinner at Henri’s, one of the most popular restaurants in town, for over a month now. Damn it all, how had she managed to forget?

"Oh, God, I forgot all about it," Ashley said. "Look, I’ve had a terrible day. Maybe it would be better if we gave it a miss tonight. Would that be okay?"

"Well, I suppose . . . but you know how hard it is to get reservations there. I sure hate to waste the effort . . ." He paused for a moment, and then his face brightened suddenly. "I know! If you don’t feel like seeing anybody tonight, we’ll go out another time . . . maybe a picnic in the park on the weekend or something like that."

"Yeah . . . that would be better . . ."

Ashley tried not to think about her last trip to the park, when Jenny had left her at the mercy of those scouts and the fresh-painted park bench.

"Great!" her boyfriend enthused. "Maybe Jenny would like to try out Henri’s tonight. Her husband’s still out of town, and I bet she’s getting kind of stir-crazy. Remember she said she was jealous of us when we told her about getting the reservations?"

Ashley took a step back, her fists clenching at her sides.

"You’d . . . take . . . JENNY?" she demanded.

She knew her boyfriend lusted after the big-titted blonde, the way most men did, but she’d never imagined he would be so open about it. Swallowing, she shook her head.

"Forget it. Those reservations were made for us, so we’re going!"

"But . . . do you have time to get ready?" He looked at his watch. "We’ve only got half an hour . . ."

"I’m fine like I am," Ashley snapped. She picked up her handbag from the table by the door. "Let’s go!"

"But they have a dress code there, don’t they?"

"I’ve seen people go out to places like that wearing whatever they damn well wanted plenty of times," she told him. "Now are you coming, or what?" Ashley pushed past him through the door, and he followed meekly.

She wasn’t exactly in the mood for a dinner date, but Ashley was damned if she’d let her boyfriend take Jenny out in her place.

They drove to Henri’s in silence, with Ashley fighting an inward battle to calm herself down and start acting as if she was having a good time. It wasn’t an easy fight to win, but by the time they had pulled into the parking lot and got out of the car she was wearing a smile and snuggling up against him as they walked towards the door.

In the lobby, everything was quiet and elegant. They could see that the dining room was full, and there were two other couples waiting to be seated. A hostess came bustling up, smiling, and Ashley took an involuntary step back from her. Jenny?

No, it wasn’t, she realized a moment later, but the woman certainly looked a lot like her nemesis. She had the same blonde hair, the same big blue eyes and insipid smile, and like Jenny she was about 5’6" tall with a voluptuous figure. If anything, this woman’s tits were even bigger than Jenny’s 38CCs, and the tight, strapless, form-fitting gown she wore enhanced the fact as few of Jenny’s outfits ever did.

"Good evening, sir," she began as she approached. "Do you have a reservation?"

Ashley’s boyfriend started to reply when the hostess fixed her eyes on Ashley and frowned.

"I’m terribly sorry, but I don’t think we can seat you, ma’am," she said. "We have a very strict dress code here at Henri’s . . ."

"What’s wrong with the way I’m dressed?" Ashley demanded, stepping close to the other woman.

She looked down at the name tag that was displayed rather prominently over one thrusting breast. ‘Jennifer.’ Hot fury swelled in the pit of Ashley’s stomach as her whole miserable day caught up with her in one moment of rage.

Oblivious to the brunette’s anger, the hostess reached out and plucked at the fabric of Ashley’s bright red tee-shirt.

"This is hardly suitable, ma’am . . ."

"Get your hands off of me, you cow!"

Something snapped inside of Ashley, and she pulled away violently. Unfortunately, the hostess was still grasping the material of her shirt, and, startled by Ashley’s sudden movement, she didn’t think to let go as she stepped back. A sudden ripping sound filled the quiet lobby of Henri’s, and a moment later Ashley stood glowering at the woman, her shirt now in rags around her waist and her bra less 34C breasts in full view of everyone, heaving with Ashley’s pent-up anger.

"You BITCH!" she yelled.

Ashley surged forward, grabbing at the name tag that had been the very last straw. Taken by surprise, the hostess didn’t react in time, and in moments Ashley had both hands inside the top of the gown, pulling out and down with all her strength. The dress ripped open and fell away, exposing Jennifer in a strapless half bra that left her large brown nipples visible, a garter belt and stockings, and a pair of matching black thong panties. For a moment everything was still.

Then Jennifer gasped and hurled herself at Ashley, knocking the topless brunette off her feet. They landed on the carpet, clawing at each other and screaming obscenities. The hostess held Ashley down with one arm across her neck as she ripped at the front of her shorts, and after a moment the button and zipper gave way and she was able to pull them halfway to Ashley’s knees, exposing her plain white cotton panties.

Then Ashley wriggled free, losing the shorts in the process but gaining a better position from which to launch a counterattack. She landed a punch in Jennifer’s midsection, and the blonde hostess doubled over, helpless for a moment. Ashley took the opportunity to undo the half-bra and fling it aside, to be caught by an appreciative middle-aged stockbroker standing nearby and hoping that, when he decided to have his mid-life crisis, one of these two lovely young things would be available . . .

His wife, a dowdy matron, sniffed disapprovingly and relieved him of the intimate undergarment.

Meanwhile the two combatants continued their struggle. Jennifer recovered long enough to shove Ashley away violently, and the brunette staggered back against a busboy who had just walked into the lobby with a laden tray. The tray went flying, with plates and tableware spinning wildly. The noise of smashing crockery briefly drowned out the screeches from the two women.

The busboy, pleased to find that he had exchanged an armful of dirty dishes for an armful of nearly-naked brunette, grinned like the village idiot as he "helped" Ashley stay on her feet – the assistance somehow requiring one of the teenager’s hands resting on her shapely ass inside the top of her panties while the other sought to steady her by grabbing one firm, rosy-tipped boob.

He lost his grin when Ashley spun and raked his face with her nails, but neither of them had reckoned on the fact that his watch had become tangled with the waistband of her underpants, and Ashley’s violent twisting motion in delivering the attack was enough to hopelessly ruin the elastic. The panties slid down her long legs, exposing her trim brown bush to the appreciative eyes of her audience, which by this time included not a few diners who had left their seats to gather by the entrance to the dining room and watch the floor show.

For a long moment Ashley wasn’t even aware of what had happened to her panties, and after delivering her opinion of the busboy’s helpful attitude she turned back to finish her earlier discussion with the hostess. But as she took a step toward Jennifer the panties dropped all the way to the floor, and Ashley tripped, falling forward. Both her hands grabbed at the closest possible support, which happened to be Jennifer herself, but she wasn’t able to catch herself well enough to keep from landing on the carpet again.

Ashley did, however, manage to hook her fingers into the blonde’s thong underwear. These ripped clean away in her hand, leaving the hostess in garter belt, stockings, and high heels. From her position on the ground, Ashley was grimly satisfied to see that her opponent wasn’t a natural blonde. Her bush was thick and luxuriant, and darker than Ashley’s own.

She kicked the ruined panties from her feet and started to rise again to reenter the fray, but at the moment a short, chubby, balding man stormed into the lobby from a private office behind the cash register.

"What the devil is going on out here?" he said, wheezing a little. "What is all this noise . . . ?" He trailed off as his eyes took in the spectacle of his hostess, in her garter belt and hose, facing an enraged blonde wearing nothing but tennis shoes and a red rag around her waist.

"Miss Ludlow! What are you doing . . . like that?" The anger in his voice was heavily tinged by other emotions, of which his wife would almost certainly not approved.

Jennifer Ludlow had hardly been aware of anything except the need to defend herself since Ashley had first grabbed her dress. Now, suddenly, she realized where she was and, more importantly, what she was wearing . . . or rather what she wasn’t wearing. She looked down and blushed furiously, coloring all the way to the tops of her prominent nipples, and gave a tiny little squeak of shame. In an unconscious imitation of a woman she had never met but now shared a common bond of experience with, she said, "Ohmigod" and tried her best to cover her exposed breasts and pussy. She turned to flee for the safety of the ladies’ room, but found her progress awkward at best in her high heels. The view of her trim ass wiggling as she half-walked, half-ran from the lobby sent a thrill through the hearts – among other places – of every man watching.

Ashley wasn’t quite so delicate. She wasn’t exactly pleased to be on display at one of the fanciest restaurants in town, but being naked in public was something she was beginning to get used to. Instead of blushing, covering up, and running away she advanced belligerently on the overweight manager.

"That . . . that bitch ATTACKED me!" she said, seething. "Tore my shirt off!"

The manager, who was not a tall man, started sweating profusely at this point despite the chilly blast from the restaurant’s air conditioner . . . or perhaps because of the cool air, which had the effect of hardening the lovely red nipples that were just inches from his eyes.

"Er, ah, young lady . . ." he stammered.

Ashley’s boyfriend stepped forward, shrugging out of his blazer and wrapping it over the brunette’s naked shoulders.

"Here, honey, put this on," he said.

"And where the hell were you when that bitch was attacking me?" Ashley snarled.

Still, she slipped her arms into the sleeves and held the jacket shut in front with one hand. It was long enough on her to cover all the strategic places, but still exposed a long expanse of well-turned leg. No one thought it wise to point out that it also gaped enough in back to leave Ashley’s ass on view for all.

"Honey, it all happened so fast . . ."

Ashley looked back down at the manager, who seemed to be gathering his wits now that he was no longer face-to-face – or whatever – to the brunette’s bare breasts.

"I’m going to call my lawyer first thing tomorrow," she vowed. "I’m going to sue your pants off for letting that cow do this to me!"

Her boyfriend intervened again.

"Ashley, honey, let me handle this," he said soothingly. "Why don’t you go out to the car. You’ve been through too much tonight to be objective."

Reluctantly, Ashley finally gave in and left the restaurant, giving her audience a final treat as she walked away with hips swaying and ass cheeks jiggling under the inadequate cover of the blazer. When she was gone the men in the room let out a collective sigh, much to the disgust of their female companions.

"Sir, what can we do to avoid any further . . . unpleasantness?" the manager asked. He looked close to a panic attack.

Ashley’s boyfriend gave him a winning smile. "Perhaps dinner . . . on the house?"

"Yes." He nodded eagerly.

"Next week?"

"Yes. Yes, we can arrange that . . ."

"On Miss Ludlow’s night off?"

"That . . . would be a good idea. Yes."

"Great. I’m sure I can calm Ashley down."

He fished out his wallet, and drew out a crisp hundred dollar bill and pressed it into the manager’s hands.

"And would you see that Miss Ludlow gets this . . . as a special tip? I haven’t enjoyed myself this much since my last ski trip."

He left with a broad smile on his face, knowing it was money well spent.

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**Jenny and The People's Court by Indian Outlaw**

Voice over:

Entering the court room is the plaintiff, Ashley. She contends she loaned the defendant $2000 to purchase a Halloween costume and that she has never been paid back. She is suing for $2020.

The cost of the dress plus $20 for a makeup kit.

Entering the court room now is the defendant, Jenny. She says she wants to pay the plaintiff back, but she just needs more time.

(Music) Da, Da, Dumm, dumm..

As Rusty swears each party in we will take a Commercial break. When we return we will begin the case of "Friend hops out on a loan"

Commercial Messages…

Frederick's of Hollywood, we may not be as high quality as Victoria's Secret, but we guarantee if she is willing to put it on, you'll get laid.

Tonight on Friends, Rachael doesn't wear a bra. Need we say more? (Wait isn't that every episode?)

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Welcome back to the People's Court

"All Rise!" Rusty announced the appearance of the Judge.

As the Judge sat he now got his first good look at the participants. "Holy Cow!" He thought to himself. The Defendant was wearing a strapless, very low cut, very, form fitting full length shiny red gown. Damn she had a lot of cleavage showing. DD's? The Plaintiff, however, was not well dressed at all, and not nearly as well built, maybe a C cup. She wore a tight fitting pair of cut off jeans, very close to the Daisy Duke variety, and an equally tight fitting tank top. Her nipples reacting to the cold studio gave away the fact she wore no bra.

"I have read your complaints and I know you've been sworn in. I'd like to start with the Plaintiff. Please tell me your side of the story."

"Well you Honor," Ashley began. "the Defendant and I went shopping for a Halloween costume for her. She chose the one she is wearing, a custom fit Jessica Rabbit. Anyway after taking the measurements, it was tailored for her and when we returned to pick it up, they rejected her credit card. I, being a good friend, loaned her the $2000 dollars for the dress plus an additional $20 for a makeup kit. She has promised to pay me back twice now, but keeps coming up with an excuse not to. Now, since my house burned down, which was all her fault. I need the money."

The Judge motioned toward Jenny. Ashley took the time, while off camera, to pull the cutoffs out of the crack in her ass.

"Is what she said correct?" The Judge inquired to Jenny.

"Yes, your honor. I did borrow the money so I could buy this dress. And it was not really my fault for her house burning down. I will pay her back. But I am waiting for a Royalty check from my publisher, it hasn't come yet. If I had the money, I would pay it right away. Besides, I think she is being a tad bit ungrateful. After all, I am allowing her to stay at my home and wear my old high school clothes until her insurance money comes."

The Judge, and most of the viewing audience enjoyed her testimony, as a small brown hint of her right nipple emerged as her large boobs jiggled.

"Ahem, I have heard enough, I will return with my decision."

Commercial Break…

People who forgot to send the money Western Union and the heart break it caused.

"My father called to tell me he needed the money right away. I sent it through the Post Office and it never got there."

"And what happened?"

"His loan shark killed my mother." (Crying)

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Welcome back to the People's Court

The court rose as the Judge entered. He sat, then they did.

"It seems pretty clear cut to me. I am sorry, but just because you are nice enough to let her stay at your house and wear your old clothes, does not entitle you to defer payment on the money you owe. My judgement is for the Plaintiff for $2020." He was about to strike the gavel when.

"But your Honor, I don't have the money. How do I pay it?" Jenny pleaded.

"You signed the agreement, you must pay it now, or…"

"Or what?"

"Since I have not banged the gavel, this case is still in session. Just give her the dress for collateral." He smiled.

"Ok. Sound fair to me."

Jenny gathered her papers and headed for the door.

"Wait a minute" The judge called. "I didn't dismiss you. I believe you owe her a dress."

Jenny's face filled with the all too familiar panic we all know and love. "Here?" She stuttered as she pointed to the floor of the court room, using her "get out of a speeding ticket eyes."

"Yes, and hurry up, this is only a half hour show." The Judge crossed his arms.

Jenny looked around and then looked down at her own body. It was happening again. She would now be naked in public and even more so, on television.

Slowly reaching behind to the small of her back, where the Jessica Rabbit dress was zipped up to, she gently unclipped the safety pin. It was put there because of a previous mishap at the Halloween Party. Pin now undone, she leaned forward slightly to hide behind her podium. This only brought her closer to the microphone. The sound technician turned up the sensitivity on the mike. A loud zipping sound was echoed across millions of televisions as Jenny pulled down the zipper.

Carefully, Jenny brought both hands to the top of the dress where it met the top of her enormous boobs. She released and in one, soft, quick motion the dress fell to her feet in a pool of shimmering red material. The sound of ruffled material was fed to every home in America. Her hands immediately covered both large nipples. She now stood before everyone in a very small, micro even, red shimmering thong panties to match the gown, and red 4 inch sling back pumps. She kicked the dress over to Ashley who picked it up with glee.

Everyone enjoyed the view as the camera panned Jenny from her red shoes, up her subtle tan legs, to her firm thighs, past her curvaceous hips, with a pair of microscopic red thong lace panties her only covering. The camera paused on her firm belly, keeping the panties in view, then proceeded up her chest to her fantastic tits covered only by her hands, which did a poor job. Jenny remained bent over slightly. Not realizing she only gave the audience and 5 other cameras a great view of her sweet ass.

"Objection Your Honor." Ashley spoke, breaking the trance of the male and lesbian audience members. "the shoes came with the dress as well."

"Ah, Right. The shoes too please." The Judge pointed the gavel at her shoes. Jenny let out a little peep. She needed her hands to unbuckle the small buckle and pull them off. The light bulb went off in her head.

Jenny bent down, still keeping her hands in place. She squatted, still on her feet. Placing both knee in front of each nipple, then removing her hands, allowing her tan legs to cover her breasts. Thank god she was limber. One quick maneuver on each shoe, and the buckles were undone. By the way, camera 4 never left the sight of her parted butt cheeks from the squat. She replaced her hands and stood, now she kicked off each shoe and tossed them in the air directly at Ashley. Ashley caught them and smiled.

"There, I hope you are happy." Jenny, still covering her breasts turned toward the door.

"Objection Your Honor." Ashley spoke again. "She still owes me another $20 for the makeup kit."

"Good point. "The now aroused Judge said. "Do you have anything worth $20?" He smiled knowing the answer was yes.

Jenny looked at everyone again. She was red with embarrassment and nodded yes. Leaving her breasts unprotected, the firm and beautiful DD's remained in place, wiggling just a little. She now pulled down the red Victoria Secret panties to the floor. Triumphantly walking over toward the Plaintiff's podium,. Jenny deposited them directly in Ashley's hands. Naked for all to see, Jenny allowed everyone to see her cleanly shaved pussy, perfect ass and large boobs. Each wiggle, each shake, each, well you get the picture.

"Very good," the Judge breathed a small sigh as he reached for his gavel. "Case…"

"Your honor?" Jenny spoke, now back at her podium, covering her tits and pussy with her papers. "Before you close the case, can you do something for me?"

"Depends, what is it?"

"I want to counter sue Ashley."

Commercial break

Visit Nevada! 24 hour gambling, incredible shows, famous gay magicians and low cost buffets. Oh, and prostitution in legal. See ya There!

Xena, Warrior Princess, tight leather, and a possible lesbian encounter scene. See ya There!

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Welcome back to The People's Court.

Standing in the middle of the court room, stood the naked Jenny. Her pussy was covered by only a few small pieces of paper supported by her hands, and her large round breasts covered only by an open file folder. Her incredibly firm ass left unblocked for all to enjoy.

"Your honor, I want to counter sue Ashley for the things I gave her."

"Sounds fair to me." The Judge now smiled and looked at Ashley in the eye. "I here by rule , you must return everything she has given you."

The tables were turned. Ashley shot an evil stare to Jenny. Her head dropped. She started to shake a little. Nothing she wore was her own. Scared and growing with embarrassment Ashley leaned over and untied each canvas tennis shoe. She kicked them over to Jenny with a little extra force than required. Jenny had to jump to keep from getting struck in the legs by each shoe. Momentarily her nipples were exposed, but the folder was quickly restored.

Each white anklet was slid off slowly, exposing Ashley's red painted toe nails. She put both hands on the waist of her shorts and unbuttoned them. She didn't have to unzip them, she just pulled apart the waist and the zipper came down. Ashley grabbed the bottom of each leg and bent over fully at the waist. She pulled down, the tight short slid down over her derriere. She had the confidence in know she wore a full pair of cotton panties. The shorts now jerked over her ass and fell to the floor.

The audience behind her sighed loudly. Ashley opened her eyes and swallowed hard. The draft told the story. Her shorts caught her panties and they went down at the same time. Her brunette bush stuck out between her legs. She put both hands between the front of her legs to cover her pussy. The bottoms were now kicked toward Jenny, who failed to catch them. Another sigh was let out as Jenny bent over to pick them up.

Clad only in a tight tank top, Ashley felt like crying. She had hoped to save her panties for last, but now just stood there covering her most intimate area with her hands. There was no other choice. Ashley abandoned her bush and crossed her arm and quickly lifted her shirt over her head. She was naked. Totally. She threw the shirt for violently at Jenny, it knocked the folder and paper out of Jenny's hands. Jenny failed to catch the shirt. Now the two ladies stood naked for all to see.

Frozen in time, Jenny stood there naked. DD boobs, firm ass, well tanned legs, shaved bush and long blond hair. He string bikini tan lines sent many into a daydream.

Ashley held her place. C cup breasts, firm and small pink erect nipples. Tight ass and bushy brunette pussy . It took her a second to dismiss her hatred for Jenny and remember she was on camera. Both ladies resumed the coverage position. Bent over, one hand on the pussy, the other arm across the breasts. Ashley did a much better job of covering than Jenny did.

Commercial Break

Stiff Musical Supplies

"If it ain't stiff, it ain't worth a fuck"

(That is an actual ad)

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Exiting the courtroom now are the litigants now. Ashley had put on the Jessica Rabbit dress and Jenny's thong panties. She had to cross her arms to hold it up. It hung so loosely, half of her ass was exposed by the low cut back. The panties fit so loosely, Ashley had to keep pulling them up in the back. As she did this she would lose her grip and the gown and it would fall from her waist to the floor, where it dragged.

Jenny was now "trying" to wear the shorts and tank top. The top now looked more like a half tee as it was so tight it clung on each breast accenting their size and roundness. The bottom of each boob was well exposed. Her sex poked out from the bottom of the shorts. Her stomach quivered at the tightness buttoned shorts. She had to walk funny because of the wedgie the shorts gave her.

"How do you feel about the verdict?" The announcer put the microphone in Jenny's face. Though he was transfixed on her tits.

"I will pay the money back, I love that dress."

"Very good, the bailiff has some papers for you to sign."

Jenny began walking away. Ashley quickly stepped up to the announcer and bumped Jenny in the process. All her papers fell to the ground. Not thinking, Jenny bent over quickly, profile to the camera, to grab her papers. "Ping!, Rippppppp!!" The button gave and flew across the room. The zipper flew down and the entire back seam ripped. She stood to cover her ass as the shorts fell. The shirt gave out and popped over her breasts. Each boob bounced in a ballet of movement. She screamed and ran away, with her panties sliding to her knees. They tripped her up, she fell just off camera view.

Ashley laughed openly. She kept one hand on the top of the dress covering her boobs and the other on her waist, trying to keep it from hitting the floor.

"How do you feel about the verdict?"

"Well, better now." She kept looking at Jenny trying to climb to her feet.

The announcer put his hand on her back and turned her toward the Bailiff.

"The Bailiff has some papers for you to sign." Ashley took a step. The dress flew from her hands, flowed cleanly passed her waist and stopped at her feet. The announcer was accidentally standing on the hem. Ashley let out a little screech. She turned, giving the camera a full frontal. He knee bent in as her arms flew to her boobs. The panties now fell also. Ashley ran naked, passed a now laughing Jenny. Who, by the way, was holding the remnants of the shorts over her shaved pussy, ass still exposed.

Before she realized it, Ashley ran from the studio, directly onto the Barney set, in full session.

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**Jenny At The Office by Eagle101**

Jenny had the feeling that things weren't going to end up right when she made that bet with Ashley. However she just had to take the chance to get even with what Ashley had done to her in the past.

Sure enough, Jenny came up short on the bet and had to do whatever Ashley demanded. Jenny was nervous as the morning sun came up on the horizon. She just knew that Ashley would not let her off easy.

As soon as they got to the office, Ashley demanded that they both go to the boss's office. Once inside and the door was closed, Ashley told their boss that Jenny would do whatever he wanted. Their boss looked at them blankly, then asked, "Exactally what is,(Anything)?" Ashley reassured her boss that anything meant just that, AYTHING!

Their boss sat back in his chair and rubbed his hands together! Today is the day he had been waiting for. He had Jenny at his disposal and he was finally going to get to see Jenny naked!

The words that Jenny had feared most finally came from her boss's mouth......"Jenny I want you to strip.....very slowly!" He also added, "I want to see all of you!"

Jenny shuddered at his words, but finally started to undress. Jenny looked at Ashley who sat comfortably on the couch and smiled as she watched Jenny's humiliation begin.

Once Jenny was mostly naked the boss ordered her to turn, sit and bend to give him optimal view of his wonderful prize. Jenny was so ashamed that at herself for allowing Ashley to to put her into this situation. However Jenny forced herself to smile so Ashley would not see how angry she was with herself.

Jenny felt so alone as she did as her boss commanded!

Just as Jenny was getting used to being naked in front of her boss and Ashley, he asked her to make him a cup of coffee. Jenny nervously went to the small office kitchenette. Jenny didn't want to leave Ashley and her boss together without her in the room. She hurriedly made the coffee and went back into the office.

Just as she had suspected, the whispered conversation stopped immediately upon Jenny's entrance. There was a deafening silence as both Ashley and her boss looked at her holding the cup of coffee. Jenny stopped dead in her tracks, and looked from one then the other.

Jenny's boss finally broke the silence! He told Jenny he wanted her to serve his coffee in a "special way!" Jenny looked at him very confused.

"What could he possibly be thinking?" Jenny thought.

In a nervous, squeaky voice Jenny asked "What would you like, sir?"

Jenny's boss instructed her to lay on the floor and hold the cup of coffee just above her clean shaven pussy. These words cut through Jenny like a knife.

"How could she possibly comply with this request?" Jenny thought.

Jenny's head started spinning thinking how she had lost her bet with Ashley, and her plot for revenge against Ashley began.

Slowly, Jenny did as she had been asked. Jenny positioned herself on the floor. Glancing between Ashley then at her boss, Jenny allowed her legs to slowly open. She had never felt so exposed. Jenny peeked to see that her fully exposed, clean shaven pussy was now visible to her boss.

Jenny was devastated knowing that in a few seconds she would feel her boss's breath on her most inner folds of her bald pussy. Jenny trembled as many things raced through her head.

Ashley was certainly enjoying Jenny's humiliation. This was her best revenge so far against Jenny. Ashley was enjoying watching Jenny squirm as their boss got up from his chair and walked towards Jenny.

Slowly and nervously Jenny picked up the coffee from the nearby stand and held it just above her pussy. Just as she had feared, another command came as her boss was kneeling to get into position.

Her boss said, "Jenny while I drink my coffee I want you to touch your pussy!"GOD!!!!! Jenny thought, was this ever going to end? What else is he going to have me do?

Then it happened......as Jenny held the coffee her boss leaned forward and took a sip. Much to her surprise after he sipped the coffee, licked her wide open, clean shaven pussy. Jenny trembled at the touch of his tongue on her clit. He almost made her spill the hot coffee. Then the realization of her predicament struck Jenny! Jenny had to lay perfectly still and take the oral attacks by her boss's tongue and her own manipulations with her finger or risk spilling the hot coffee all over herself.

"DAMN!" Jenny thought, “I can't even move to have an orgasm.”

She threw a sidewards glance at Ashley and noticed that she was still smiling broadly!....Ashley was actually enjoying Jenny's predicament. Meanwhile Jenny's boss was alternating between sipping coffee and licking her pussy!

Jenny tried to think of anything.....something.....just trying not to concentrate on what her boss and she was doing to her pussy.

Finally the last drop of coffee was drained from the cup and with a final swipe of his tongue, the boss sat back. Jenny was so hot, so alive, so turned on by the boss's oral attack on her pussy, the minute the cup was out of her hand, Jenny's fingers attacked her pussy even more efficiently.

Jenny didn't care who was watching at that point. She just wanted to have her orgasm. She was desperate and moved around the floor trying to satisfy herself.

Both Ashley and her boss watched as Jenny climaxed time and time again. She had never been one to have multiple orgasms but today was much different.

When it was over Jenny just laid on the floor covered in a thin coat of sweat. She didn't care about anything any more. She didn't care who knew, who saw....she was just so happy.

BUT, she also started thinking, NEXT TIME.......ASHLEY WOULD BE SORRY!! Jenny was going to devise a plan that would humiliate Ashley the way she had just been!

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**Jenny’s Opening Night by ?**

Jenny was depressed after she had quit her last job. She just could not face her fellow workers after the accident had left her naked from the waist down in the company cafeteria. Jenny’s husband had tried to raise her spirits. After several efforts he said they did not really need her income, but she replied that she did not want to just sit at home. Her husband noticed an ad in the paper for the local theater group, the Woodland Thespians, and suggested that she might help with a play or two to pass the time.

Jenny had played some supporting roles in college and high school plays. The memories of the

camaraderie with the other actors, actresses, and stage hands brought a pleasant smile to her face. The next day, after she saw her husband off to work, Jenny called the Woodland Thespians. She was delighted to hear they were beginning work on a play that evening. Jenny promised she would come by and talk to them.

At 6:30 Jenny stepped into the small theater and introduced herself to the theater coordinator, Mr. Gordon. Mr. Gordon explained that Jenny should probably help in on of the offstage activities until she saw how the plays were produced. Undaunted, she asked if she could help with the costumes. Mr. Gordon asked Jenny to stay and talk to the director at 7:00.

Mr. Ewing, the director arrived a few minutes later. As Jenny introduced himself, Mr. Ewing and Jenny discussed her past acting experience. Jenny said she would be happy to do costuming if she would get a chance to act in some future play. Mr. Ewing said Jenny would understudy one of the roles in the current production. He would get to see her performance during the rehearsals so that he could cast her in the future. He asked her to stay and meet the rest of the cast and crew. Jenny smiled as the others introduced themselves as they arrived. It would be just like old times.

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The play was a comedy about a group of twenty-something men and women and the troubles of

modern day life -- somewhat like the TV show Friends. The play was in its last dress rehearsal when Rebecca, the number one supporting actress was in a traffic accident that left her with a broken ankle. Jenny had been the understudy and had rehearsed with a few of the other understudies. Mr. Ewing had said the Jenny’s delivery was actually quite good.

Not wanting to delay the production, Mr. Ewing announced that Jenny would take over the role. Jenny was in a bit of shock as she stepped in and energetically performed through the rehearsal. If was not until that last act that Jenny remembered that in the second to last scene, Rebecca was to appear in a short nightgown. Jenny face and ears turned scarlet as she realized how exposed she would be, but refused to back out of the role as she remembered the old saying “The Show Must Go On”.

When she changed into the nightgown the costumer said it would never do. Jenny was both taller and had a much larger chest than Rebecca. The front of the nightgown barely reached Jenny waist and left the tiny pink panty completely visible. Jenny performed the rehearsal wearing the gown and her jeans. The director was not happy.

The role required Jenny wear the nightgown through the entire ten minute scene as the gown and Jenny’s role were the pivotal points for most of the conversation. Jenny promised to bring one of her own nightgowns to wear in the scene. The director said that would be fine as long as the gown was no longer than mid-thigh in length.

That night Jenny told her husband about her filling the role in the play. He was delighted for her. As she explained about the nightgown problem he thought about the possibilities. He had planned to attend the play. He thought to himself he might have something more than just her acting to appreciate. In the middle of the night he got up and worked on the panty that when with the nightgown Jenny had selected to wear in the play. With his modifications he hoped for a truly unforgettable performance.

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The play was going marvelously. The first two acts had gotten laughs and applause in many places. The nightgown scene approached with Jenny standing in the wings. She realized as she looked down at the short nightgown that the bright theater lights were probably going to change its usually thin opaque material (as seen in her bedroom) into a somewhat more transparent revealing gown. She fretted briefly but, seeing how well everything was going, she did not want to let down her comrades.

She straightened her composure and, on queue, she entered from stage left. A hush settled over the audience that broke after two seconds into cheers and whistles. Jenny refused to look down and see what she was revealing under the bright lights. Her fellow actors recovered and carried on with the dialogue as Jenny maintained character.

It was when Jenny walked across the stage to deliver a smart response to the main characters that her husband’s handiwork took effect. She stopped and stood at stage right. Without warning Jenny’s panty dropped down her legs and settled around her ankles. Jenny froze. If she stooped or bent over to get her panties, she would at least flash her firm butt at the audience. Her freeze broke as laughter and cheers erupted from the audience.

Jenny fought back the panic, but some slipped through causing Jenny to stumble on a few lines. The scene finished and lights dimmed. Jenny walked off the stage kicking her panty to the wings. The costumer was waiting for Jenny and handed her the tight jeans and T-shirt for the last scene. Jenny pulled on the jeans, handed the costumer the nightgown and slid the T-shirt over her head. Fortunately, Jenny had few lines in the last scene as was able to stumble through them fairly well.

When the curtains closed Mr. Ewing entered from backstage and spoke energetically.

“Wonderful jobs everyone. That was one of our best shows in years. And Jenny, I want you to shorten that sheer nightgown and keep in the part where you lose your panties. It’s perfect and the audience loved it.”

Jenny’s head dropped. There were five more performances and in each she would have to suffer the same exposure. Jenny’s felt her blush run down her body with embarrassment. She sighed and tried to smile back at the director as she stammered.

“Yes, the show must go on!”

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**Sales Conference by ?**

Jenny and Ashley were attending a sales presentation to some prospective big customers. The meeting was being held off site. Ashley had volunteered her cousins large house in the country. Ashley, as usual, wanted to get the credit for landing the account so she had a plan that would get rid of Jenny. Ashley wore a very tight dress with thin straps. Jenny wore a loose silk blouse and matching elastic waisted skirt.

"Oh Jenny could you help me for a minute in the kitchen"? She asked.

"Sure", replied Jenny.

Ashley brought Jenny back into the kitchen and asked if she please could go out into the back yard and bring in her cousin's puppy.

"Oh sure", chimed Jenny "I love puppies".

Ashley did not bother to tell her that the puppy was a great Dane puppy. Already almost 75 pounds. When Jenny turned to go out into the yard Ashley grabbed a handful of dog treats and placed them in the back pocket of Jenny's loose skirt.

Jenny went out through the back door and looked for the puppy.

"Here puppy", she called.

From the back yard she heard a small bark. It was followed by dog.

"Wow", she exclaimed. "Some puppy".

The dog bounded over to her. Getting up on his hind legs and placing his huge paws on her beautiful full chest. "

Down boy", she scolded.

Bruno was looking to play and jumped up again. This time his paws caught in the opening of her silk blouse. Jenny tried to back away but not until he had managed to tear open all of the tiny buttons opening the fragile blouse to her waist. It was ripped completely open. Her large firm breasts could be seen as they were barely restrained by her thin lace bra.

"Bad dog", she said as she backed away.

Jenny turned and retreated back towards the house in the hopes of repairing her torn clothes. As she turned away Bruno must have caught the scent of the treats that Ashley had placed in her skirt pocket. He jumped up and placed both of his paws on her rump and made little digging motions. In doing so he actually pulled the back of her skirt down a little.

"No"!! she yelled and walked away faster.

Bruno followed but this time trying to get the treats he bit at her rump. Jenny yelped and looking back in horror saw that the dog's mouth had a good hold on her pocket. Not only did he have her skirt but he also managed to snag her panties! She tried to get him to let go but he would not. They were being pulled away from her. She then began to tug at them. The big puppy had somehow managed to pull both the skirt and panties down beyond her ass. In another minute they would both be down around her ankles!!

Jenny was starting to panic. She gave one last pull. She only managed to retrieve her panties. Although terribly torn up and stretched out she pulled them back up. By grabbing the panties she was forced to let go of the skirt to the dog who managed to swiftly yank it down her legs to the ground. Jenny tried to step out of it to get it away from him but the dog was quicker. He snatched it up and ran off with it to the back of the yard.

Ashley watched from the kitchen as Jenny looked around in panic. The poor blonde did not know where to turn. Her blouse ripped completely open and her panties barely hanging on her hips. That ought to keep her out of my hair for awhile she thought. Ashley watched as Jenny ducked behind a tree and hid.

When Ashley returned to the meeting Mr. Biker came over to her.

"Where's Jenny"? he asked.

"Oh she is just upstairs", replied Ashley.

"Well get her down her. They want her here to close this deal".

"But I can do it". she answered.

"They want you and Jenny. Now get her. I'll stall them as long as I can".

Shit, thought Ashley, now what do I do!!

She went upstairs pretending to get Jenny and tried to think of how to fix this. She looked out the window down at the back yard and saw her. Ashley stood out on the deck and quietly called to Jenny. When Jenny heard her name she quickly ducked back behind the tree. Ashley called her again. Jenny sheepishly stepped out from behind the tree, her eyes wide with fright, one hand clutching her torn blouse together and the other trying to hold her panties up.

"Oh Ashley, Ashley, Please help me! Come over here quick".

"Get a chair and put in on the table and climb up, I'll pull you up".

“Oh Thank You, Thank You".

"Just hurry up you dumb blonde".

Jenny managed to climb onto the chair and reached up and grabbed Ashley's hands. Jenny had to let go of her torn panties and as she hung onto Ashley they stated to slip down. Ashley noticed this and made Jenny hang longer than necessary and watched as the panties slid down Jenny's legs and onto the chair below.

"My panties!" , Jenny cried.

"Never mind just get up here".

Ashley then pulled her up so that Jenny could get a grip on the railing. Ashley looked down at the flailing bottomless blonde. She smiled.

"Hang on, let me get a better grip and pull you up" she said.

She reached down and grabbing the blouse gave a mighty yank. RRIIIIIPP!!. The blouse tore off in her hands.

"OOPS, Sorry" said Ashley as she threw them aside.

"EEEK", yelled Jenny.

"Shut up and be quiet you stupid cow and get up here".

Jenny had just made it onto the deck when she turned suddenly hitting Ashley who was bending over and looking down at the yard. SLAM! Ashley fell down to the yard.

"You stupid idiot. Quick help me up"!.

Ashley climbed up onto the chair and reached up to Jenny. Jenny started to haul away. Suddenly Bruno appeared and ran over to Ashley. He climbed up onto the table and onto the chair pawing at Ashley.

"Go away you stupid mutt", Ashley commanded. "Get", she kicked at the puppy.

Bruno started to growl and tried to bite at her leg. He missed but managed to get a mouthful of her dress. Ashley kicked out again causing the chair and table to tip over. Ashley was now left helplessly dangling below the deck with the large dog hanging on to her dress. She tried to shake him off but he was on tight.

I hope these thin straps hold out she thought as she felt them digging into her shoulders. Why did I have to wear this stupid dress today she silently cursed to herself. No sooner had that thought left her when she felt both straps snap and rip free.

"No", Ashley screamed as she felt the tight dress being tugged slowly down over her chest.

As soon as her breasts popped out the dress quickly slid down and stopped at her hips.

"Hurry up you stupid bitch pull me up"!!

Jenny's arms were getting tired. She had managed to stretch way down over the railing to hold on to Ashley. Ashley glanced over and suddenly saw the men from inside looking out at her.

The meeting probably took a break and they must have moved into the family room. It must have been quite a site from inside. Seeing Jenny, bottomless, hanging upside down with her large breasts falling out of her bra holding onto Ashley as she was slowly undressed before them. They were all gathered around the large window enjoying the show.

Ashley was hanging directly before the window facing them. Her taunt breasts with hardened nipples pointing out straight at them. Jenny tried to pull her up but couldn't. Ashley started to feel the dress being pulled lower against her hips. The weight of the dog was too much for it. She could feel the tight garment gently forcing its way down over her hips. She tried to tense up her body to keep it on but it was useless. All of a sudden she felt something else happening and meekly looked down.

"No, No, Shit", she cursed.

Because of the dress was so tight it was also taking her panties down along with it. She saw the audience of men before her also noticed as they all turned their attention from her exposed breasts to the dress. There was nothing that Ashley could do to stop it. She helplessly hung there as inch by inch her dress and panties were pulled slowly over her hips until her trimmed pussy was revealed for all.

Once the dress and panties cleared her hips it quickly went down her legs, over her feet to the ground. Bruno still holding on ran off with them. Ashley hung there naked. She finally managed to get up but not before giving the audience an excellent lesson in female anatomy.

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**The Salon Part 1 by Biker**

"Jenny, take your break now please, I'll take over for a while OK?."

Jenny rose from the reception desk and walked through the salon towards to staff room at the back pleased that she was able to finally get out of the public eyes once more, dressed as she was. For over 3 hours she'd been in a state of high distress as she'd sat at the front desk to greet and check in the customers of "Alfonse's Hair salon and Boutique" with the recent problems she'd had trying to raise money to pay Ashley back she'd seen an advert in the local paper asking for staff at Alfonse's.

Ashley was already working there as she had some experience in 'hair sssssssculpturing' as Alfonse insisting on describing it so it seemed only natural that Jenny should apply too, well at least we can work together it Jenny had thought, it might ease the tension that seemed to be rising between herself and Ashley.

Ashley was pretty easy to get along with living at home with her but Jenny could sense the frustration in Ashley and guessed that it was because she knew she would have to be leaving Jenny's home soon, so Jenny resolved to be with Ashley as much as possible. So seeing the advert and knowing Ashley worked there too seemed a god sent plan.

If only things had worked out a little better though, rising early that morning she'd dressed in a smart fawn skirt and white blouse, tights and low heeled shoes, a little make up and she was ready, then she woke Ashley with the usual

"C'mon sleepyhead rise and shine!" after flinging open the curtains.

Jenny then had excitedly broken the great news to Ashley that this morning they'd be travelling to work together!, Ashley seemed a bit out of sorts that morning not as excited at this news as Jenny would have liked because she'd simply groaned and turned over but then after a few moments suddenly jumped out of bed very enthusiastic indeed and began to explain that Jenny would have to change her outfit as Alfonse was very particular about what his staff wore to work. shaking her pretty head in confusion Jenny watched as Ashley dug through her wardrobe fishing a short Miniskirt and thrust it at Jenny.

Jenny knew that the mini would be tempting fate the amount of times she worn a skirt, then somehow managed to lose her panties or even worse the skirt too........ so she refused it but instead chose trousers, a pair of cut off faded jeans and a dark blue with white polka dots patterned T shirt that Ashley had chosen for her to wear, Jenny insisted on keeping the tights on but relented to Ashley's insistence to wearing high heeled shoes Ashley said that everyone at the Salon wore them, her underwear was a black pair of bikini cotton panties and matching black cotton bra, it was her newest and best one, no fragile lace to tear easily just blank cotton sturdy and neat.

All seemed well, and Ashley kept reassuring her it was OK but when she'd got to work Alfonse gaped at her when she'd walked through the door and with a shrill voice he had told her off for looking so casual!

"What kind of place would people think if my staff dressed as if they'd stepped off the beach?!!" he'd shrieked still maintaining his effeminate lisp then went on "My Sssssalon is a classssss place. Not a place to 'hang out' at." he hurried off swishing his hips better than any woman could, leaving Jenny close to tears but Ashley saved the day by presenting Jenny with a white nylon 'lab coat' used by the staff when doing perms etc, gratefully Jenny accepted it and slipped it on very aware of just how much she filled it out.

She then set about getting the reception desk ready to receive customers. Alfonse had walked by soon after and once more blew a fuse at her with much arm waving he hysterically he told her she couldn't possibly wear her dark coloured clothes under the coat as the polka dots and dark shorts plainly showed through and looked

"Ssssimply hideoussss." and with a dainty wave of his hand declared "You'll would have to take them off NOW."

So with a quivering chin Jenny crept through to the back room where the staff took their coffee breaks and got undressed out of her dark shorts and dark top then was she able to slip the coat back on over her underwear. Checking herself in the mirror though proved she wasn't out of trouble yet, her black bra and panties were easily discernible under the white coat, just then Ashley had walked in and commented on it too, and so rather than wait for Alfonse to throw another fit of dramatics she gulped a few times then reluctantly took off her panties then even more reluctantly her bra followed moments later at least the lab coat would be securely fastened. So folding them neatly and placing them regretfully with her other clothes in the plastic bag and stacked it on a shelf, she idly wondered to herself if there would be one day in her life when she would stay in her clothes without some outside influence causing her to lose them.

So dressed only in her plain sheer to waist tights and high heels she slipped on the lab coat which now felt tight and seemed even smaller then before! maybe this one wasn't the one she had on earlier? these things always seemed to happen when she was with Ashley, coincidence? yes it must be, was it just her imagination though, but now the last 2 press studs seemed to not stay clipped shut?

"Oh Heavens" she whispered to herself and gulped as she walked out into the salon once more, she felt so exposed and with each step she took it set her ample bosom swinging hypnotically but one consolation was having the tights on it gave her the security she needed, having nothing covering herself 'down there' was just too traumatic but even the gossamer thin nylon which passed between her legs was enough to give her the illusion of covering of her tender sex from prying eyes.

She soon settled down into the routine of sending clients to the waiting area after checking there names off in the appointment book and smiled and looked every part the efficient receptionist on the outside yet inside she was a bag of nerves as she wrestled with the press studs of her too small uniform which threatened to burst her out completely should she do any exaggerated movements and one hand was always in her lap holding the flap of the coat closed over her nylon clad thighs.

At that same moment; Mr King walked down the road towards Alfonse's, whistling to himself pleased that he was able to get the appointment so easily, he hoped that todays session wouldn't have that little creep Alfonse swooning over him too much, he'd never met such an effeminate man before and it gave him the shivers, just thinking about that wet fish handshake he gave when he greeted him it was nothing short of disgusting, the only thing that kept Mr King coming to his place was Anette.

Mr King felt a hot rush rise in his face at the thought of her, her creamy pale almost white skin, her long shiny black hair and the heavy black eye makeup, but what set it all off was the black lipstick! oh God she looked soooo sexy, Gothic, like a bride of Dracula. He quickened his pace a little in excitement of the coming meeting

Taking her break as instructed Jenny went to the back room and set the kettle to boil before checking that her clothes were still where she'd left them, paranoia? maybe, but you never know? the room smelt all stuffy with the chemicals stored on the shelves and the pungent odour of bleach was strong here, opening her bag she saw that the clothes were still safe neatly folded and ready for her to place back upon her lovely body on later in the day.

She made herself a cup of coffee and sipped it her eyes flickered to the bag of clothes treasuring herself constantly that they were safe. With a puzzled look she noticed the gallon container of super strength bleach on the shelf above her bagged clothes, it was lying over on its side and, ever the neat one Jenny stood it up and then wiped the spilt bleach that had leaked out onto the metal shelf and pooled there.

All done she glanced at the clock and she saw she was late and so rushed out to reception with a clatter of heels on tiled flooring and flapping lab coat she caught the slightly peeved look from her relief as she resumed her seat.

No one came through the door for another 5 minutes then a shadow blocked out the light flooding across the desk and looking up Jenny's eyes fell upon a giant of a man standing almost 5'6"!! (Hee hee) and looking a little sinister.

"Y-Yes?" Jenny stammered, and in a bass voice worthy of one of the backing vocalists of the Four Tops he rumbled a reply

"I have an appointment."

She hastily looked down the list for the name for this time of day and it was; King Ron. what kind of name is King Ron? then it dawned on her suddenly it was Ron King of course! how silly of her

Mr King eyes feasted on the creamy breasts and cleavage nestled in the tight uniform.

"Certainly Mr King please have a seat."

The walking eclipse went past her and seated himself then deftly picked up the 'Cosmopolitan' magazine on the table and began to read. it was only then that Jenny realised the man had as much hair as a cue ball, ok he had a beard, but who would come to a hair salon who was bald? puzzled Jenny just shrugged and continued her work.

Alfonse's squeal of delight was heard in the salon closely followed by the pitter patter of his tip toed feet (which would have Nureyev proud) as he came skipping along, elbows in and limp wristed as ever, as he saw the huge man and wringing his hands in front of him he greeted him almost kissing the huge man's hand which Mr King snatched away just in time with a disgusted look.

Alfonse pathetically explained to Mr King that he was extremely sorry but Anette wasn't in today but was attending a Gothic convention out of town, but fortunatly he had a new girl who had started today who would attend to his needs, and she was very experienced and so would she do? huh? Huh?.

Mr King was disappointed at missing Anette and cursed to himself for missing the Gothic convention it must have been advertised and he'd missed the adverts, too much time spent on the Net instead of living in the real world ahhhh but Net life was FUN! and very addictive.

With a sigh he said it was ok for him to be attended by the new girl but looked dubious, Damn! he cursed again, he'd been so looking forward to seeing Anette! just the sight of her gave him the hots.

Alfonse clapped his hands like an Arab Sheik and called "Jenny!" Jenny jumped at her name and looked around at Alfonse expecting him to tell her off for something else but the sickly smile and batting eyelashes he gave her didn't disarm any misgivings she had for him as she walked towards them.

"Ah Jenny you do look especially wonderful today did I tell you that?. Mr King here has come for his usual appointment but sadly the regular girl who attends him isn't here however I recommended you and he's agreed to let you attend him instead."

"Me?" squeaked a dumbfounded Jenny snapping her hand to her chest.

Mr King made a mental note to buy a lottery ticket today as this sort of good luck doesn't come too often!. this busty blonde was lovely even though she was the girl next door type she still looked good.

Alfonse escorted Mr King to one of the chairs after seating him and tucked him in nicely much to Mr Kings annoyance. This little slime ball was quick! somehow he'd managed to get his hands all over him then out of the way again before Mr King could slap them away.

Alfonse returned and whispered to Jenny

"Do this right and you've got the Job, all you have to do is shave his head he's a regular customer and we rip him off...er charge him for a haircut and I don't want to lose his custom. Get to it!" and smacked Jenny's bottom as he hurried away beaming at another customer.

Jenny shuffled over to the giant afraid of what could happen now if this didn't go right. Already Mr King was seated wrapped in the familiar shawl which covered him from neck to knees, all that poked out was his head which was a foot or two higher than Jenny's head, unable to fathom out which of the many levers lowered the seat Jenny went ahead regardless applying the hot towels to Mr King as best she could before searching out the razor and soap.

Things began to look rather easy for Jenny as she lathered up the sides of Mr Kings head and let the razor flow over his scalp it wasn't half as hard as she thought it would be and was getting into the job, forgetting herself in the concentration of the work at hand.

Mr King however was in heaven he'd lost count of the amount of times this Blonde had bumped those impressive breasts against his arms and just how the coat stayed shut defied his understanding, when she'd turned back to the sink he'd searched up her back for the familiar bra straps so often revealed under white clothes but no matter how hard he looked he just couldn't discern the straps, he threw out the idea that she wasn't wearing a bra as too far fetched besides his luck didn't extend THAT far.

She turned back to him and it was all he could do to keep eyes front as the last studs of her coat had opened and showed more than enough of shapely thigh for his stolen scrutiny.

For Jenny things soon turned difficult as the top of his head was inaccessible to her reach. Thinking of a possible solution she remembered shaving her husband John once and tried recalling how she'd done it then blushed crimson as she recalled sitting on his lap facing him and done it that way. No way could she do that! here and now, but the thought of Alfonse screeching at her for fouling up this simple task tipped the balance into further making this Mr Kings lucky day, so she prepared to climb this man mountain.

Holding the lathered brush in one hand and the razor in the other she stood in front of the chair and with an officious

"Excuse me" she lifted one impressive leg up onto the footplate beside King's foot, this action was followed by the other equally impressive leg landing on the outside of Kings other foot, Jenny standing now rather bow legged because of My Kings knees between her own tried to bring her thoughts back to earth and not think about how compromising this position actually was.

Mr King sat in the chair rigid (in 2 places) he couldn't believe this was happening the feeling of warmth radiating either side of his knees where his legs touched hers was all he could feel, but then heaven took on a deeper meaning as she slid herself towards him having to open her legs more and more, soon her legs were squeezing his at mid thigh and her coat now was tight across her lap he could clearly see her inner thighs pressing into his and they felt very hot indeed!

His thoughts were snapped back as dollop of hot lather was applied to the top of his head and brushed in almost sensuously he thought, then Jenny began to shave the now accessible brow, gently she tipped his head forward and leaning more into him she shaved the crown of Mr Kings head at this position Mr King was afforded the wonderful site of a cleavage that defied description for nestled not 6 inches from his face was a pair of gorgeously soft breasts tucked away in the confines of the lab coat, even at this range he couldn't see the bra and believe me he was REALLY looking!

Without thinking about it so lost in thought was she Jenny sat down in Mr Kings lap and looked at his freshly shaved head, her pink tongue poking through moist lips in concentration as she inspected her handiwork.

As slowly as he could Mr King let his eyes drop hoping for what he'd be able to see but not knowing for sure, but yes!! there it was as Jenny had plonked herself down her coat had stretched across her own lap and the next stud was close to popping open. He thought that if he opened his own legs a little it would give way and the next 6 inches of delicate female anatomy would be exposed and so as gently as he was able to he parted his own thighs which in turned opened Jenny's and then followed the 'ping' of a press stud giving way.

"Oh God please let it her be wearing silk panties." he thought as casually as he could he looked down now he could see the place where her thighs met, all was shadow when suddenly accompanied by an Angelic Choir singing (he could have sworn he heard them!!) the sun shone in and lit the sight for him "'kin Hell!!!!" he thought! for sitting in his lap was this blonde beauty with a magnificent chest, a woman who, for reasons known only to her, chose this day to go without panties, but not only that but actually sit herself in his lap and unknowingly showed him too. The blonde down of her pubic hair was lit by the sunshine and even though the tights blurred the vision slightly he could make out the tiny specks of light glinting on the damp pussy and below he could make out the darker pink of......

"OH God" he thought "I could raise my hand from my lap and cup her right in my palm!!. I've got to do something with my hands before I DO touch her!!! resist resist." He thought.

Mr King could have died then a happy man, but again without warning tensing her longs legs Jenny stood upright once more and applied a little lather to his head and proceeded to shave a missed bit on the side. Crossed eyed now Mr King could have opened his mouth and taken Jenny's right nipple into his mouth without so much as moving his head. he could make out the fine hairs covering this young soft flesh held at bay by the straining press studs.

Jenny finished the shaving and was about to sit down once more when she realised the position she was in now, then the silence of the salon came crashing in, before she been lulled by the clicking of tiny scissors cutting hair and the drone of the hairdryers but now all was silent as every eye in the place was centred on her. she'd been the focus of attention since she'd climbed up onto Mr King and the place had paused in it's busy work to watch the spectacle.

A slack jawed Alfonse stood looking at her stunned.

The man in the chair beside Mr Kings just looked enviously at Jenny's legs wishing they were wrapped around his thighs instead, "Jack" he sighed to himself "Maybe next time you'll be there."

Most of the staff and customers were looking shocked, only Ashley stood grinning at the blush that crept up Jenny's face, this was better than she hoped for. Switching the lab coats earlier was risky but worth it because now dopey Jenny had opened her coat to her navel and what a sight she was showing everything to all and setting up the bleach to tip into the bag of clothes was too easy for words. "Jenny you're in deep shit." Ashley smirked to herself.

"Ohhhh God please let me die right now." Jenny thought as she scanned the faces all looking at her.

Something bumping at her leg made her look down and once again she voiced her silent prayer, her coat had burst its studs and was open now far above her thighs, but then her eyes were drawn to the rhythmic movement going on below the sheet which covered Mr Kings hips tucked firmly between her own legs. up down up down up down up down faster and faster.

"UGHHHH!" Jenny cried out and with a flash of legs and blonde pussy she leapt off as fast as she could popping another 2 studs from the bottom, unknowingly revealing to all her belly and lower bust.

"Oh how COULD YOU? you horrible horrible PIG!" Jenny shrieked and swinging her hand with all her strength slapped Mr King around the back of the freshly shaved head and knocking him from the chair.

This violent movement caused the last stud to pop and now the coat hung from her shoulders and exposed her completely. She stood breathing heavily each breath forcing the coat open more and more as her breasts saw the chance for freedom.

The giant on the floor struggled to free himself from the tangle of the sheet, the silence was deafening and the tick tock of the clock seemed loud in the seconds that followed.

A sudden screech of "No!!!" broke the moment as Alfonse rushed to help the downed man looking daggers at Jenny.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" he managed to sputter out looking at Jenny and trying his best to cop a feel of this giant too as he helped him to his feet. Mr King though confused still had enough presence of mind to slap away the groping hands

Jenny looked Alfonse back in the eye and raising her head high and mustering as much dignity as she could said, "That Man was t t t touching himself under the sheet, he was mas mas mas masturbating." she stammered out, embarrassed at having said it out loud.

At that moment the sheet fell to the floor, Alfonse's eye darted to the hands hoping to catch a glimpse of what Jenny said was there but all he saw and in the giants hands was; a pair of glasses and the cleaning cloth for the lenses.

"OH GOD" Jenny thought, he was only cleaning his glasses.......

Alfonse was gutted by what he saw, his hopes had been dashed, and it was HER fault! A keening shriek slowly built up as Alfonse's head exploded like a steam whistle as he leapt at Jenny and thrust her from the salon floor he seemed unable to speak coherently but pointed to her bag of clothes and the rear exit. Jenny understood from his puffing and blowing that she was fired. She was about to step into the alley behind the shop when a sweet voice said "Jenny the coat!! you'll have to give it back."

Ashley of course.

Nodding with a nasty smile on his face Alfonse held out is hands in expectation for it, Jenny was horrified at having to give this only covering back before getting fully dressed but she knew she had no choice, "But I...."

The look in Alfonse's eye spoke volumes and shrugging her shoulders she dropped the coat and threw it back through the door at Alfonse who disgustedly looked her up and down then sniffed, raised his chin in the air, turned on his heel he stalked off.

Ashley called back "Sorry about how things turned out." and stifling a giggle said "I'll meet you back at home later, ok? Bye." and with that the door slammed leaving her alone in the alley.

Locked out.

Oh GOD! No! Jenny hammered on the door quickly. "Ashley open up! my clothes I have to have them back."

Ashley in the meantime leant against the other side of the door listening to the frantic hammering of the naked Jenny in the alley dressed only in tights and heels. This was one of those moments to cherish she idly thought, letting the moment build and waiting for the hammering to become a gentle tapping as Jenny resigned herself to giving up Ashley collected the carrier bag from the shelf, and went back to the door. Swinging it open she looked outside for Jenny and saw her cowering behind a pile of boxes doing her best to use her hands for cover, smothering a smile Ashley looked into the huge blue eyes filled with fear and embarrassment yet with a hint of hope as see noticed the bag in Ashley's hands.

"Jenny I have to get back and sort out the trouble inside, but here take your clothes." and she tossed them to the naked girl. struggling to cover the laughter that threatened to burst out Ashley slammed the door to.

Shuddering with relief Jenny held the bag and clenched it tightly in her hands like a lifeline. Looking up and down the alley she checked to see that no one was about and she opened the bag expectation shone in her eyes all her troubles were over! in a moment of two she'd be dressed, safe, secure.

As the bag opened a stench of bleach wafted out and Jenny dipped a shaking hand into the mass of wet clothes inside pulling out the panties she felt them crumple as she clenched them in her fist they squished like pulped paper and dripped to the ground in lumps. The cotton had been destroyed by the bleach, dumping the bag out onto the ground she rummaged in the pulp for something synthetic that would have withstood the destroying bleach but with a sinking heart realised that all the clothes she'd been given by Ashley that morning were 100% cotton and were now a ruined mess lying on the alley floor.

10 miles from home in the middle of the day, naked and with no place to go and no one friendly nearby Jenny began to wonder how she'd get out of this one!

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**The Salon Part 2 by Biker**

The wind whistled up the alley blowing a cold draught over her legs bringing to her mind once again her undressed state, with a frantic search around for peering eyes she checked around herself she was relieved to find herself alone in the alley. She opened up her bag and pulled out her damp clothes which surprisingly for the little time on the radiator they had dried almost through, they seemed a little brittle as she placed her feet into the leg holes of the panties and then hiked them up, easily she thought, too easily by far. Then she looked down and saw the pieces of black cotton in her fingers and the ruined mess of her panties in little pieces on the alley floor.

"OH NO please not this too."

With trembling hands Jenny took out the cutoff jeans feeling the brittle fabric crackle under her fingers but hoping it would stay together she placed one foot in the leg then gingerly the other and as a gently as she could raised them up oh so slowly an inch at a time finally her ample bottom slipped into the seat of the trousers and holding her breath and tummy in she buttoned the fly breathing out gently a sigh of relief that they held and grateful too for the tights she wore as they'd helped make them slide over her hips, and so picking up the top she noticed this was still very wet and the smell of bleach was still strong on it, she slid her arms in and with infinite care slipped it on it crumpled a little but held. and grimaced as the wet shirt soaked her cotton bra underneath.

"Perhaps my luck is changing." she muttered as she thought about how lucky she was having her clothes left in one piece and not rotted by the bleach. She gingerly stepped through the cluttered rubbish towards the busy high street stepping onto the pavement she turned towards the bus station to take her home when out stepped from Alfonse's Hair and beauty Salon. None other than Mr King his cheek still bore the red hand print of Jenny's palm.

With a stifled squeal Jenny ducked back into the alley hoping he hadn't seen her and pressing herself against the wall was able to see him walk past the alley oblivious of it's hiding occupant. Breathing deeply from fear Jenny peered out and watched the retreating back as Mr King walked away from her.

Waiting until he was well down the road she too stepped out and went into town towards the bus station, her only transport home now, walking was a little uncomfortable as the damp jeans tended to cling to her legs and her shapely ass, she had to occasionally pick the seat out from creeping up between her cheeks too much unknown of course to Jenny these adjustments weren't doing the fragile cotton any favours as minute rips appeared in the rotted fabric, and the chaffing of the denim between her thighs and crotch was close to breaking point.

The bus station was close as Jenny got into town and she could almost relax at the thought of being safely on her way home. Of Mr King there was no sign.

The Bus stop wasn't crowded and with a sigh of relief as she relaxed against a rough post by the roadside. Waiting only a couple of minutes she saw the bus she needed head towards her stop, with a hiss of brakes it stopped and the 2 old ladies in front of her got on, mentally hurrying them on she finally got on the bus, The driver/conductor asked for her return ticket and she stretched and fumbled her hand into the hip pocket for the ticket unknowingly tearing the seams and fabric even more, Jenny's fingers closed over the pulpy mess in her pocket that used to be the return ticket and with a sinking heart she pulled the mess out. The bleach had done its work and not only robbed her of her panties but her ride home too.

With huge pleading eyes she looked at the driver hoping for a miracle and he'd accept the pulp as a ticket.

The Driver looked sternly at her gauging her tattered clothes and pathetic look, but judged her harmless enough the mess of the ticket was recognizable enough for him so he nodded and let her on.

Jenny showered the driver with thank yous for his understanding and sped off for the back of the bus and the seats there. Congratulating herself at her change of fortune he thought to herself "Finally, finally my luck is changing for the better, in the past I'd have had to walk but now..." she smiled "Everything's going to be fine." and dropped into the bench seat only to have the entire back of her jeans tear out with a loud RIIIP! The smile on her face froze and her eyebrows went up as the rough seat covering brushed over her soft buttocks through the tights, with shaking hands she felt behind her to examine the damage and found to her horror clumps of rotted denim piled behind her even as she moved more fell into her waiting palms.

Gulping with fear Jenny brought her hands in front of her and checked what they contained and shuddered at the amount of cloth there, by the looks of things the entire ass end of the shorts had given way, and closer examination from the sides revealed almost nothing but tatters from the waist band down to her knees. checking about her for any others who might have noticed she felt relatively safe as she was the only one this end of the bus so opening her legs she checked the crotch, the chaffing effect of walking had done its work and as her thighs opened so a piece the size of her hand fell to the floor between her feet, her blonde pussy sat there covered only by the sheerest of nylon tights.

"Oh God!" she thought what am I going to do?!!!!near to tears with helplessness she folded her arms in her lap to try and cover herself as best as she could when a quiet Rip sounded behind her flexing her shoulders forwards she heard the riiiiiiiiip stop and start as the back of her T shirt split down between her shoulder blades from collar to waist band, the slow acting Bleach had worked well and its decay to the natural fibres had done it's work not as instantly as Ashley had planned but a delayed rotting process had occurred.

Jenny sat stunned now bolt upright and with wide eyes blue eyes brimming with tears at her helplessness. what to do? what to do?

With a start the bus moved off and Jenny knew she had a maximum of 20 minutes before she needed to get off the seat and exit the bus dressed in whatever shreds were left to her and then the problem of getting home presented itself and........

"OH GOD! The house Keys!!!. Ashley has them!"

Jenny's self control almost gave way then as the full implication of her predicament crashed into her,she'd been in many situations in the past when she'd been stripped naked or partially naked and always she'd been seen by people, but eve now she still died a little each time it happened because it was so unexpected her face was in her hands as she fought back tears forcing her mind to think of a way out.

The Bus rolled on its journey stopping at each pickup point and moving on closer to her own stop and closer to decision time counting the stops in her mind she knew that in 2 more a choice would have to be made either stay on and roll past her home but still retain some measure of modesty, because so long as she continued to remain seated no one was the wiser and someone perhaps would be close by to help her at the end of the journey, OR Leap out of her seat and rush off the bus and clutching whatever rags were left of her clothes run the 100 yards or so to her house and hide in the garden until Ashley or her husband came home later in the day.

Nodding to herself she made her choice and lifted her head up to try and steel herself for the ordeal ahead. As her face came up so she was aware of the few people sitting close by her.

But nothing could have prepared her for the sight of Mr King sitting on the bench opposite her! smiling at her with the red mark on his cheek shining bright in the afternoon sunshine!!.

Sheer unadulterated panic took over Jenny as she looked the man in the eyes coherent thoughts went out the window,as Jenny sat as if glued to the seat her nails digging into the seat covers and little rips forming in her tattered shorts and top as she writhed in panic, the bus slowed and eventually stopped, and suddenly like a gazelle Jenny was up and out of her seat and running out and off the bus.

Mr King earlier had got onto his bus sitting down in his usual seat and admiring the Blonde sitting with her head bowed in the seat in front of him, nice legs he noticed really nice legs in fact. Then this beauty had nodded and lifted her head up as if she'd just made a monumental decision in her life and he'd been shocked to see the girl at the Salon! she sat there gazing off into space, then nervously looked about her eyeing up the other passengers from hooded lashes as if she was afraid to look them in the eye then her blue eyes had bulged out at the sight of Mr King and her whole body language indicated defeat, Mr King looked at her and tried to reassure her with a smile that everything was really alright and that the Salon incident was a simple mistake and no harm was done, when he felt the bus slow and then stop. He opened his mouth to speak to the frightened girl when suddenly the clothed woman before him dressed in T shirt and Denim shorts leapt up out of her seat, the clothes she wore fell off of her as if she'd been merely covered in confetti! a moment before there was a dressed woman the next she was half naked and running. Fast.

With a flash of long legs she was running past him towards the exit the panic in her face was obvious, but Mr King was fast too and he reached out to stop her, not to hurt her but let her know she was safe with him, holding her left shoulder her tried to tell her not to panic but a struggle ensued and she broke away from his grasp and was off the bus in a flash, all Mr King had in his hands was a torn white bra which seemed to break apart as if rotted even as he held it.

Jenny was off the bus and with pumping arms ran like a sprinter ran as fast as she could in the high heels she wore. Along the pavement startled faces looked at her as she flashed passed, her heavy breasts bounced and wobbled as she ran and not having time to figure out where her bra was she simply held them tight and ran on.

Stealing a glance over her shoulder she saw a sight that filled her with dread for close on her heels was the Giant Mr King trotting behind her without any apparent difficulty for all his size. Mr King wondered how long he would be treated to this spectacular sight of a perfect rounded ass that jiggled and moved so hypnotically from this woman streaking just a few paces ahead of him. Life really is good to me he thought as he ran on behind the naked Blonde over streets and through parks he was so happy that he began to whistle the closing theme tune to a famous English comedian now sadly dead. Benny Hill.

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**The Salon Part 2 by Jack**

Jenny crouched behind a pile of boxes, looking in horror at the ruined clothes in her tote bag and wishing she could die. She was used to the occasional disaster, the odd embarrassing accident, but this time things really looked bleak. Her new job at Alfonse’s Hair salon and Boutique had blown up in her face, and now she had been thrown out of the salon into a squalid back alley dressed only in hose and high-heeled shoes. All her other clothes had been ruined by an accident with a bottle of bleach, and she had no place and no one to turn to.

Her best friend Ashley was trying to put things right inside, and no doubt trying to save her own job from the fallout of Alfonse’s anger at Jenny’s mistakes, so Jenny knew she couldn’t hope for any help there. And she was ten miles from home, trapped in a busy downtown shopping district in broad daylight. What could she do? She couldn’t even try to drive home. Not only had she learned from bitter experience in previous situations that driving around town nude wasn’t exactly a good idea, but they had come in Ashley’s car this morning. Jenny didn’t have the keys . . . and she certainly couldn’t go back inside and try to get them.

With the back door locked and Ashley presumably trying to placate the boss, Jenny knew she couldn’t possibly get back in from the alley, anyway. And walking around to the front in her present state of undress was just unthinkable . . . and Alphonse would probably call the police if she did try that route. Jenny shuddered, thinking about previous police encounters. No, that wasn’t an option, either. Ashley’s car was as unreachable as the safety of her own home, at this point.

She could try to wait here in the alley, she supposed, until Ashley got off work, then try to flag her down and get into the car without being seen. But it would be hours before Ashley was ready to go, and she might be found in the meantime . . . and, anyway, sometimes Ashley seemed to be so hard of hearing when Jenny tried to attract her attention. Probably just concentrating too hard on her own problems . . . but it could be frustrating, Jenny thought, when you needed help and your best friend was too distracted to notice you . . . .

Jenny looked in the tote bag again. At the very bottom, among the ruined remains of her clothes, was her little handbag, sopping wet with bleach but not destroyed like the cotton things with it. Gingerly Jenny lifted it out and wiped it off with a scrap of newspaper. She opened it up. There were her keys, and a twenty dollar bill, and her slender wallet with ID and credit cards and such, plus a change purse and a few other odds and ends. Not a whole lot to work with, she thought glumly.

She couldn’t very well go shopping in her present state even if the twenty would have bought her anything substantial to cover herself with. The credit cards didn’t count. Last week, when she had gone to replace the jogging outfit that had been destroyed in that horrible episode with the dogs, she’d been embarrassed to learn that both her accounts were maxed out. She’d been having to buy so many replacement outfits these last several months . . . .

She could call her husband, or Ashley’s boyfriend, to come and help her . . . except that it still meant venturing out on the street next to naked. Jenny was desperately considering whether she could cover herself with the smelly cardboard boxes she was hiding behind, though she didn’t see any way she could keep them secure around her, when an alarming noise from the head of the alley made her peer over the makeshift barrier, frightened.

As she watched, a shapeless mass she had earlier taken for a pile of rags and trash began to move, emitting a loud groaning sound as it slowly resolved itself into a disheveled human figure, a tall, skinny, unkempt man in a tattered and faded suit and a shabby raincoat. The man was unshaven, with wild, long white hair. In one hand he clutched a brown bag, but as he rose to his feet he lost his grip on it and it fell to the pavement with a tinkling sound of shattering glass.

The old derelict stared down at it regretfully. Disgusted, but no longer scared, Jenny hunkered down and hoped the old man wouldn’t notice her. Then another thought dawned, which she promptly

rejected, then considered again, discarded, and finally came back to with the greatest reluctance.

It took every ounce of Jenny’s willpower to act on the idea, and the only thing that carried her through was the knowledge that the old man would probably dismiss the entire thing as a dream inspired by cheap Mogan David and half-forgotten memories.

"Sir? Please, sir . . . over here." Jenny’s voice quavered as she spoke.

She couldn’t believe she was actually trying to call someone’s attention to her plight.

The old man looked around the alley vaguely. "Eh? What’s that? Who’s there?"

He staggered a little and had to lean on the brick wall behind him to stay upright.

"I ain’t goin’ back to the mother ship with any of you little green guys again, so just forget it!" He started to turn away, toward the street.

"No, please, wait!" Jenny cried out. "I need your help!"

He stopped and looked back into the alley again.

"Now look here, dagnab it," he said crossly. "Quit playing tricks on me, you hear? Tain’t respectful. ‘Tain't proper. Now you show yourself if you’re really there, and if you’re not, just leave me alone."

Jenny raised her head up above the boxes reluctantly.

"I . . . I can’t come out, sir. I’ve, er . . . I’ve lost my clothes."

She blushed furiously, one of those hot blushes she knew so well that spread red color all the way from her face to her breasts. The bum looked at her, bleary eyes trying to focus but not getting very far.

"Can’t give you a dollar for a dance, honey," he said, and cackled. "Don’t have any dollars left."

Once again he started to turn away, which surprised Jenny.

She wasn’t used to having a man, any man, lose interest in her when she was in the middle of one of these situations.

"No, wait a minute, please. I want to give YOU money!"

"That’s a first," the derelict said, wheezing another laugh. "You want to pay me to look at you naked? Little lady, you must be some kind of ugly . . . ."

"I want to give you twenty dollars for your raincoat. Please. I need it . . . ."

"Eh? Twenty dollars?"

His features lit up in a bright smile.

"That’ll quench a man’s thirst for a while. Okay, you’ve got yourself a deal."

But he made no move to remove his coat, and Jenny bit her lip with frustration. After a long moment he spoke up again.

"Well? Come out and show me what you want to show me, and give me the twenty. I haven’t got all day."

"No, no, NO!" Jenny felt like screaming in sheer exasperation. "I need your raincoat. Please, sir, if you’ll just take it off and give it to me."

He shrugged.

"Okay, I guess."

He finally took it off, but instead of tossing it over the boxes to her he simply draped it over one arm.

"Don’t see what difference this makes, though."

"Oh, GOD!" Jenny cried, surging to her feet and stomping out from behind the boxes, finally pushed over the edge.

She got about halfway to the old man before her situation hit her forcibly, but by then it was too late to do anything. She couldn’t even cover herself with her hands because she had ton open the handbag again and fish out the twenty. Heart pounding like a hammer, she steeled herself to approach him anyway. Perhaps the number of times she had been naked in front of strangers – large crowds of strangers, and sober ones, too – made it a little bit easier. If so, however, Jenny couldn’t detect it. She was still mortified.

"Ohmygod . . . ohmygod . . ."

The derelict stared at her, his bloodshot eyes seeming to come into focus as they roamed over Jenny’s generous curves. He seemed unable to settle on staring at her 38CC breasts or her lightly fuzzed blonde bush, so they continued to show a tendency to wander. He was starting to drool a little, as well, but he nonetheless seemed considerably more sober than he’d been just moments before. The coat, un-regarded, slipped from his arm and landed on the concrete pavement.

"Little lady, you don’t have to go around payin’ people to look at you nekkid. Believe me!"

But he plucked the twenty out of her fingers anyway, and his gaze lingered on her as she quickly stooped, snatched up the coat, and raised it to cover her front.

"Th-thank you, sir . . ." she stuttered, blushing all over again.

"No, thank YOU," he said, inwardly vowing to take this as a sign that he should clean up, sober up, straighten out, and start hanging out at strip clubs instead of wasting his life in deserted alleys . . . though admittedly this one had paid off pretty well.

The old man watched her closely as Jenny backed away to take refuge behind the boxes again, then turned and lurched his way out of the alley and onto the sidewalk. Jenny heard his voice raised as he buttonholed a passerby with the words, "Hallelujah, brother, a naked angel just turned my life around!"

Jenny slipped her arms into the sleeves of the raincoat, crinkling her nose at the powerful smell and trying not to think what the various spots and stains that decorated it might have been caused by. The important thing was that it would cover her. It was big for her 5’6" frame, though tight across the chest as so many borrowed garments proved to be on her. The belt that should have gone through the loops at the waist was missing, but all the buttons were intact and even seemed fairly sturdy when Jenny tested them nervously with trembling fingers. Buttoned up, it covered her from neck to knees, and if she now looked like a bum herself – or perhaps a demented female flasher, she thought mockingly – at least that was better than playing the Lady Godiva of Middle America.

She checked one of the deep pockets carefully and found to her surprise that it wasn’t torn, ripped, or missing. Her luck must have finally been turning, she thought. Jenny clipped her purse into the pocket and cautiously started out of the alley toward the street.

Out in the bright sunlight of the busy thoroughfare, she paused to look around and consider her options. There was a pay phone half a block up the street, and Jenny turned over the idea of calling her husband or a friend to come pick her up. But she was reluctant to do that. It would only lead to questions, and the inevitable "Jenny Story" that always left the listener laughing at her expense, and frankly Jenny was getting pretty damned tired of it.

Something caught her eye from the opposite direction, and she turned in time to notice a bus coming up the street. There was a bus stop at the nearest corner . . . and she knew the bus route led right to her neighborhood. She’d have to change buses once, but she’d get off less than four blocks from her

house. And she had enough change in her purse to pay the fares . . . perfect!

Suddenly her situation, so desperate just moments before, looked a whole lot brighter.

Jenny hurried to the bus stop, reaching it just in time to meet her ride. She hesitated just a moment when the door opened up and the driver beckoned her aboard . . . Jenny still cringed at the memory of that one bus ride on the rainy day when her wet clothing wouldn’t cooperate . . . She thrust the thought aside and climbed on, pulling out her purse long enough to find the fare. As the driver started up again she looked back, and realized that the vehicle was crowded.

People regarded her curiously, plainly wondering at the pretty blonde with the shabby old raincoat. There were already plenty of people standing, and no one was chivalrous enough to offer her a spot, so she found a handhold, faced forward, and tried to concentrate on the view out the windshield rather than allowing herself to think of the fact that she was naked under her coat.

Suddenly Jenny became aware of a warm body standing close behind her, crowding against her. Something brushed against her ass through the coat, and Jenny tried to pull away, but whoever was there moved against her again. As the bus braked for a traffic light, she lurched back against her too-friendly fellow passenger, and this time she could plainly feel the outline of a hard male organ pressing eagerly against her. She turned slowly. A ferret-faced little man with olive skin and a beard was standing there, giving her a smile. He had a camera around his neck and a tourist group name tag pinned to his sweater that said "Hi, my name is Mark from Athens."

Jenny glanced down, saw his zipper was open and his cock exposed, rock-hard and pointing straight at her like a dowser’s divining rod seeking water.

"It is something special for me," he said in heavily-accented English, still smiling at her as she hastily returned her gaze to his face. "I try to do in every bus."

Jenny slapped him, hard, and shifted to another handhold closer to the driver. A few minutes later they were at the bus terminal downtown, and Jenny quickly debarked to get away from her foreign admirer before he made any further advances. Walking briskly, she found that she was just in time to catch the Number Six bus, the one that would take her to her own side of town. Again there was quite a crowd boarding, and Jenny started getting nervous, thinking that with so many people pressing so closely something was bound to happen to her clothing.

She muttered a silent little prayer that her clothes might stay on, and God, who in this case was currently answering to the name of "Jack," decided in a fit of generosity to grant her prayer. Jenny got on board without suffering any damage to her all-too-fragile wardrobe. Once again, however, no one was willing to give up a seat for a lady, so again she had to hang on to a strap.

Suddenly Jenny became aware of a warm body standing close behind her, crowding against her. Something brushed against her ass through the coat, and Jenny tried to pull away, but whoever was there moved against her again. As the bus braked for a traffic light, she lurched back against her too-friendly fellow passenger, and this time she could plainly feel the outline of a hard male organ pressing eagerly against her.

"Wait a minute," Jenny muttered. "Didn’t this just happen?"

She turned slowly. The same ferret-faced little man with the olive skin and the beard was standing there, giving her that same smile. This time she didn’t even bother looking down. Instead she hauled off and socked him in the jaw, earning a rousing round of applause from a number of other women.

The rest of the bus ride proceeded with out incident, now that Jack had made his pointless in-joke from Byron’s Forum. At last they reached her stop, and Jenny pushed her way back to the side door of the bus and managed to climb out without stepping on too many toes or tripping over anyone. She paused when she was out, and that pause proved to be her undoing. The door of the bus closed firmly behind her, trapping the bottom of her coat. And with grinding gears and a painful wheeze, the bus lurched into motion once again.

Jenny felt the tug at her coat, and for a moment thought it was Mark from Athens back to run the joke into the ground. The truth dawned on her and she started walking alongside the slow-moving vehicle, trying to retrieve the coat from the door unsuccessfully. As the bus picked up speed she started to trot, and beat at the door with one hand, but to no avail. As the bus gathered speed she realized she couldn’t keep doing this. The next stop was over a mile away, and there was no way she was going to be able to keep pace the whole way without stumbling . . . .

There was usually only one sure way out of one of these situations, and Jenny saw that this was the case once again. Still trotting, she started unbuttoning the coat, her fingers fumbling with each button. One of them, perversely, wouldn’t come open, so at last Jenny was forced to yank the lapels apart violently to rip the last button free. She slid each arm out of the coat and watched as it flapped alongside the bus, moving slowly up Blossom Road. Leaving Jenny standing in the street, four blocks from home.

Naked again. Jenny ran for the nearest cover, a hedge row that surrounded a nearby house. Ducking down behind the bushes, she tried to consider her strategy.

"Hey, lady! Where’s your clothes?"

The voice behind her nearly made Jenny jump out of her skin. She whirled around, instinctively covering up with her hands. Her crouching posture brought her eye to eye with a kid in a boy scout uniform, carrying a water pistol in one hand and a walkie-talkie on his hip. The kid stared at her, wide eyed, taking in the sights as Jenny blushed.

A scout. Didn’t it just have to be another boy scout.

"Where’s your clothes, lady?" the boy repeated.

"I, er, I had an accident," she said, blushing again. "Hey, is this your house?"

He nodded solemnly, but his eyes never wavered in their steady stare at her only partly-covered breasts

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"Could I . . . could you let me go in and borrow something to wear from your Mom? Please? I only live a little ways away from here, and I’d return it right away."

"Gee, lady, I can’t. I’m sorry. My Mom’s not home right now and I’m not allowed to let strangers into the house when she’s not around."

Jenny bit her lip. "Well, could YOU go in and find me something?" She had an inspiration. "If you get me something to wear, you could come with me to my house, and I’d give it back to you as soon as we got there . . . and give you some ice cream, too. How would that be?"

The boy looked thoughtful. "I don’t know, lady. Mom says I shouldn’t go off with strange people, either . . . and she’ll be home soon. She’d worry if I wasn’t here."

"It wouldn’t take long. Really." Jenny paused. "And aren’t the scouts supposed to do good deeds for people in need? You’re a scout . . . and I really need a good deed right now."

The scout thought about it for a while longer. At least Jenny hoped that was what he was thinking about, behind that intense and unblinking stare. Finally he nodded.

"Okay, lady. I’ll go find something. You stay here."

And he was off before she could respond. She wondered why he took the walkie-talkie from his belt as he raced into the house. The boy took a long time to come back out, and Jenny was starting to consider leaving without him. But then he did reappear, grinning broadly, running toward her, proudly clutching . . .A diaphanous white nightie.

"What’s this?" Jenny squeaked.

"It belongs to my Mom," the boy said proudly. "I overheard her tell my Dad one time that she thought it was better to wear this than to be naked . . ."

Jenny took it from him with trembling hands and held it up, forgetting for a moment to cover herself as she studied the flimsy thing with wide-eyed horror. It was a see-through baby-doll nightie with a Frederick’s of Hollywood label, very nearly transparent.

"Oh, please, I can’t wear this in public," she said plaintively. "Couldn’t you find me something else? Please?"

At that moment she heard a whole chorus of young voices from the other side of the hedge row.

"Hey, Ben, where’s your naked lady?" was the only phrase she could pick out clearly from the gaggle of comments and giggles. That explained the walkie-talkie, she thought grimly. Hurriedly Jenny decided to make do with what she had, drawing the nightie on over her head and pulling it down so that it approximately covered her to mid-thigh. Unfortunately Ben’s mother was clearly shorter and less well-endowed than Jenny, so the lingerie was a tight fit and tended to ride up with the least excuse. But Jenny hoped that, from a distance at least, people might assume she was wearing a white tennis dress or something. For close encounters she’d have to keep on using her hands, just like always.

So, with an escort of eight boy scouts who surrounded her on all sides and made any sort of comprehensive covering with her hands inadequate at best, Jenny set off for home. She had her hands full, what with trying to screen herself from their prying young eyes and still prevent the occasional questing hand from trying to lift the all-too-short skirt up from behind. On the other hand, the scouts did give her something of a screen from the probing eyes of others, pedestrians, motorists, and the odd householder who happened to be looking in the right direction as the procession went by. Jenny tried to tell herself that there was some good in even the most trying situation, though by now her usual sunny optimism was starting to break down.

At long last they reached her house. Jenny ran the last few steps along the sidewalk and up to the porch, not realizing that her borrowed lingerie displayed far more of her than she intended as a result. She reached for the door knob, already letting out the sigh of relief that her ordeal was over at last . . And had a mental image of a raincoat trailing from the door of a bus, heading out of town. And her purse, with her keys, safely tucked into the coat pocket. She was locked out until Ashley or her husband came home.

Crestfallen, she turned back to her eager young escorts.

"Er, boys . . . I’m really sorry. I’m locked out of the house, here. I won’t be able to get you that ice

cream I promised you until somebody comes home and lets me in."

There was a collective "Awww!!!" from the boys. "Gee, lady, we can’t wait around that long," her little friend Ben told her. "I gotta go home ‘fore my Mom gets there." There was a chorus of agreement from the others.

"Well, tell you what, Ben," Jenny said. "You guys come by here on Saturday, and I’ll give you each a big bowl of ice cream. Okay?"

"Yeah!" "Okay!" "Great!" "Cool!" "Will you be naked again?" "Wow!"

Jenny smiled. "And you can pick up this nice outfit you loaned me, Ben, when you come. Okay?"

Ben looked down at the ground and kicked his feet. "Gee, lady, I can’t do that. I gotta take that back right now. My Mom’ll kill me if she finds out I been messing around in her Special Drawer again."

"Ohmygod," Jenny muttered. She was tempted to pull rank as an adult on the kid and send him away, but her nature wouldn’t allow her to get the boy in trouble. After all, he and his friends HAD helped . . . . She gave a reluctant little nod.

"Okay, I guess you have to take it now." She led the way off the porch and around to the side gate. "You boys wait here, all right?"

Jenny opened the gate, then closed it firmly behind her. At least in her fenced back yard she wouldn’t be on full view for the entire neighborhood. She could hide there, under cover of a sort, until someone got home, even though that would mean enduring another "Jenny Story" session after all.

She slipped the nightie off over her head and slung it over the gate, saying, "Thank you" in the cheeriest voice she could muster. The answering giggles and "You’re welcomes" faded away presently, and Jenny started toward the back of the house. Only a few hours to get through before she could get inside and get dressed . . .

Jenny might not have felt quite so good about things if she had really paid attention when she had come up the street. She hadn’t even noticed the big flatbed truck parked out there, or remembered that this was the day when the four strapping young college men who worked for the grounds keeping service came by to take care of the yard.

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**Jenny's Reversal of Fortune by ?**

The constant changing of jobs continued to be a trial for Jenny. It seemed that every time she started someplace new that sooner or later (usually sooner) one of THOSE situations would happen and she would have to leave in shame. Maybe this time would be different.

Once again Ashley had been responsible. She must have felt bad about what had happened at Alfonse's Boutique and was trying to make it up to Jenny. Jenny hoped this job would turn out better, it could hardly turn out worse.

Jenny and Ashley were waitresses at a new Cafe in a recently revitalized section of town. It had become quite popular lately and Jenny was surprised when Ashley had returned home one day to say that she was now working there and that Jenny should try for a job there also. Despite her fears the interview went well and she had the job.

She had been working there for a week and things were going well, perhaps she had finally beaten the incredible run of bad luck she had seemed to have all her life and was beginning to relax. It was the start of the lunch rush when Jenny felt something give. Her panties were sliding over her hips. She quickly headed for the ladies room before they could drop off completely. Once she was safely inside she assessed the damage, the elastic was broken at the seam. There was no way that they would stay on now.

"Why do these things have to keep happening to me!", Jenny wondered

There was no way that she could continue to wear the panties. Her uniform had a knee length skirt that would cover her condition, but she was filled with dread at the thought of finishing out her shift pantyless. Stuffing the now useless panties in the trash and summoning up all her courage Jenny went back to work. The Cafe was filled to capacity and Jenny was ALMOST too busy to think about her condition.

Ashley was ecstatic. The look on Jenny's face before she had dashed to the bathroom told it all. The chemical that she had treated Jenny's uniform and underwear with was working perfectly. As she continued with duties Ashley kept an eye on the now nervous Jenny, the main event would not be long in coming.

As Jenny moved through the Cafe she felt a tug on her skirt. On any normal day this would have been bad enough but with the knowledge of her condition constantly on her mind she panicked. She spun around to get at what ever it was that had caught her skirt and stumbled on her heels. Without even the normal RRRRIIIIIPPPP! her skirt parted at the seams and remained partially hanging on the chair where it had caught while several pieces simply fell to the floor.

Jenny stumbled backward against one of the Cafe's patrons who caught her by the shoulders. Seeing her remains of her skirt hanging on the chair and realizing that everyone could now see her soft blond bush and shapely ass as she stood there naked from the waist down Jenny gasped "Ohmygod" and lunged forward.

Unfortunately, the man who had caught her was still holding on. Jenny jerked forward, leaving her blouse, and her bra, behind in the stunned man's hands. As Jenny felt the fabric parting and her 38CC breasts bounce free she froze, then spun again to look in horror at the man holding her now shredded cloths. He stood there, a wide grin replacing the look of surprise as pieces of blouse and bra fell from his hands. Whimpering, Jenny frantically tried to cover herself as she looked wildly around the room.

Suddenly Jenny blinked as she realized something had changed. She looked down at herself in confusion. She was still clutching herself in an attempt to cover up but she was DRESSED! However, she was not wearing the cloths she had been a few moments ago. She was now wearing a nice matching blue sweater and mid-length skirt. She could tell that she still had no underwear on (she had become VERY sensitive to these things) but she was completely covered. At virtually the same moment that she noticed the sudden change in her state of dress an ear-splitting shriek split the air.

Jenny looked up in shock to see Ashley standing by the counter, naked except for her high heels.

Ashley suddenly realized that something was horribly wrong. One second she was enjoying the spectacle of Jenny frantically trying to cover herself . Now, Jenny was dressed again as if by magic. What was worse HER cloths had vanished just as quickly, and her hands seemed to be glued in such a way that she was cupping (but NOT covering) her breasts. Ashley did the only reasonable thing, she screamed.

The patrons of the Cafe were thoroughly enjoying the impromptu show the two waitresses were putting on. First the beautiful blond has a remarkable case of disintegrating cloths and now THIS!

Ashley frantically tried to free her hands but it was hopeless, they were stuck fast and the only thing she was accomplishing was to put on a greater display for the amused patrons as she squirmed about. In a complete panic she ran for the first door she saw. Pushing it open and charging through she realized her mistake, she was now out on the street and had no way to pull the door back open.

To make matters worse there was a large crowd of people in front of the Cafe for some reason. Ashley, desperate to find some cover, pushed her way through the crowd. Her progress was not rapid and more than a few of the people she was pushing past took the opportunity to grab a quick feel of various parts of her anatomy.

She finally broke through the crowd, and into the area where the local news station was doing a live broadcast.

As he walked away from where the anchor was still attempting to interview a screaming Ashley, Tommy smiled to himself. Ever since he had watched the parade on Thanksgiving he had wondered about what he had seen. He had no idea why the brunette seemed to enjoy stripping the blond but as a former sufferer he was glad he could help out in some small way.

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**Jenny At Hanauma Bay by ?**

Jenny stood at the balcony of her hotel room at the Royal Hawaiian, looking at the grandeur of Diamond Head and Waikiki Beach in the morning sun. It was the beginning of another glorious day in paradise and Jenny was still terribly excited about it all. Her life-long dream of a trip to Hawaii was finally happening and, even after being here for only a few days, she still couldn't believe it. The islands had proven to be even more beautiful then she had ever imagined.

The trip would have been perfect if she could have gone with her husband instead of her long-time friend Ashley, but a sudden business commitment had ruled out his coming. It was only through the most amazing good fortune that her good friend had indicated, about the same time as her husband's announcement, she was ready for an adventure in the tropics, if only someone could help pay her way. And there was Jenny all ready to go with two round-trip tickets, car rental, and hotel rooms already paid in full.

"Isn't life wonderful?" Jenny thought, still taking in the beautiful sight of dawn over Oahu.

Now she wouldn't have to enjoy all of this splendor by herself. Lost to the power of the tropics, Jenny was unmindful how the steady trade winds were blowing her short, light nightie tightly against her firm 38CC chest and away from her shapely hips.

A lone fishing trawler passing just offshore of Waikiki almost ran aground because the entire crew did in fact notice what the wind was doing to Jenny's clothes and were watching her with every telescope and pair of binoculars they could find.

Jenny remembered how her dear, sweet husband had dropped them off at the airport's departure terminal, but unfortunately was unable to stay to see them take off because of an important business commitment. After their suitcases had been given to a porter, Jenny noticed a great deal of fishing equipment and some of his favorite old clothes crammed into the back of their brand new 4-by-4.

"Just cleaning out the garage, my love," he said as he made his hasty farewells and drove off laughing hysterically.

"Now why would he do that," Jenny wondered, especially when they had just cleaned out the garage only last week.

In spite of the already warm sun, Jenny shivered as she thought of what had happened to her after that. It was all so terribly embarrassing. She was trying to go through the airport security station, but the alarm kept going off. Jenny had nothing in the pockets of her tight jeans, and her T-shirt didn't even have pockets, so she just couldn't understand it. When they ran the wand over her pert behind, it went berserk and she was quickly pushed up against a wall with her arms high and her legs spread wide, right there at the station!

Despite her protests, she felt many nervous hands fighting with her waist until her jeans were roughly pulled down around her ankles! Unfortunately, they were so tight her panties were pulled down as well and she was left facing the wall, naked below the waist as the now breathless security people slowly and carefully checked her clothing.

No one was more surprised than the semi-nude Jenny when they showed her a carefully folded square of aluminum foil which they found tucked into the seat of her jeans. Ashley, who had spent the night at their place, and had insisted on helping her get dressed that morning (she was such a good friend), was equally mystified.

After being yelled at for a good ten minutes about how such pranks were not in the least appreciated, a very red-faced Jenny was allowed to pull up her clothes and proceed to the boarding area.

The rest of the flight had proven to be, thankfully for Jenny, without incident.

As Jenny stood on the balcony, Ashley was busy getting ready for another shitty day in Paradise. She was determined to go to the beach, even though she was sore and the color of a lobster. She wasn't going to let this opportunity slip by. Ashley knew it would probably be years, if ever, before she could return, especially at this price, and she didn't want to miss anything.

As she heard Jenny out on the balcony, bubbling on and on about the wonders of Hawaii, Ashley tuned the woman's melodious voice out. She noticed the magnificent view not at all. She was thinking heavily, darkly of other things.

When she had first heard from Jenny's husband about how she was dragging him on this terrible trip, it was her idea to simply replace him. She had always wanted to visit the islands, and now she could do so for free. The poor guy was more than willing to let her do it, as everything was already paid and he was just dying to try out his new truck at Lake Tahoe for two weeks.

In spite of such a promising beginning, however, it had not really been a fun trip for Ashley. Since their arrival, it had in fact been one nightmare after another.

Try as she might, she couldn't even get a single guy to look at her, while Jenny, who never consciously tried and who could have really cared less about it, attracted the stupid fools like flies. Even worse, as Jenny effortlessly turned a delicious golden brown under the tropical sun, Ashley, soon coated with several layers of sunblock, just continued to burn.

Now, after only three days here, Ashley with all of her coverings looked like an extra from The Mummy. She couldn't believe it. She was so red the only way she could sleep was to spend the night in a tub of cold water. Her skin had never been this irritated before and she wondered in despair if she would ever get her own beautiful creamy complexion back again.

She was certainly not looking forward to yet another wasted day under the deadly sun on a stupid beach, with the admittedly beautiful but extremely bubble-headed Jenny as her only companion.

It was all Jenny's fault, of course. She kept saying how they should be careful and not over-do the sun at first. Impossible woman! Jenny made her so angry it was starting to affect her judgment. She would never have stayed out in the sun so long those first days if Jenny hadn't been so prissy and proper about the whole thing.

"How dare she ruin my trip," fumed Ashley. "I'll get her for this. Oh, yes I will!" It was her only reason for being with Jenny today.

"Come on, Jenny!" she shouted irritably.

"Coming!" Jenny gaily shouted back at her friend, and quickly headed for the bedroom.

Jenny was overjoyed at being in Hawaii and even Ashley in one of her moods wasn't going to change that. It was so beautiful, and the sun had already done wonders for her tan.

"Poor Ashley," she thought, thinking of how burnt Ashley had gotten in only two days.

In the bedroom, she slipped on the brand new suit she'd bought just for the trip. It was sexy enough for her, though it was really intended for her husband. It was a tight, white one-piece that showed off all her curves at their best. But it showed nothing of her lovely large breasts, which is why she liked it. It was cut a little high, half way up her sexy hips, but at least her butt was completely covered. What Jenny liked most about it was she looked sexy without really showing anything more than her shapely legs.

She was putting on her street clothes when Ashley entered the bedroom.

"No, Jenny. I've told you before that it's expected for people to walk around in just their bathing suits here. That means not even a robe, you understand? This is Waikiki Beach, for God's sake. You certainly don't want to act like some uncaring tourist and offend any of the locals, do you?"

Ashley left the room, certain she had planted the seed of another as yet unplanned but fun-filled (for her) and humiliating (for Jenny) episode.

"You're right," Jenny called after her. "I sure don't want to do that."

Jenny reluctantly stripped down to her bathing suit and walking shoes. She placed her clothes in her beach bag.

"OK, I'm really," Jenny beamed, as she happily bounced into the living room.

Ashley fumed even more as she watched the always happy Jenny walk in.

"Shit! She can make anything look sexy," she mumbled, looking at her shapely friend.

Ashley knew that if she wore that suit, she'd look like some under-developed little girl. But Jenny looked spectacular, like a living Barbie Doll.

"Jenny is so…so Jenny, it's maddening," she grumbled.

"Can we stop to get something to drink? I'm thirsty for one of those blue thingys," Jenny asked as she and Ashley gathered up their beach gear.

"You mean a Blue Hawaiian, don't you," Ashley snapped back.

"Yeah, one of those. They're so tasty," Jenny answered, and walked towards the door.

"We'll get you a blue thingy all right," Ashley muttered, as her brain raced, thinking of ways to get even with Jenny for making her life so miserable.

She grabbed her beach bag and followed Jenny to the elevator, then out through the busy lobby where she stopped a moment to check out the bathing suit displays in the hotel's many shop windows, while Jenny proceeded on.

Ashley arrived at where their car was parked in time to find a scene that really made her angry. A bent-over Jenny was petting a stray kitten, while showing off every inch of her shapely legs and firm backside to four men who had stopped and stared.

As Jenny scratched the kitten behind the ear, she absentmindedly shifted her weight, moving her hips back and forth. The men did nothing but stare and lick their lips.

"Jenny! Come on," Ashley shouted at Jenny, who didn't even know she'd just give the four a sexy little show.

"Just a sec," she answered not looking up as she kept wiggling and playing with the kitten.

Ashley watched and couldn't take it anymore. Jenny's display had now drawn three more men, sporting bulges in their suit trunks. Ashley threw their stuff into the trunk of the car, then stormed over to Jenny. She grabbed her right arm, and pulled her to the car.

"Come on!"

"OK, OK! I'm coming. See you later, cutie," Jenny said, smiling down at the kitten sweetly meowing back at her.

Ashley got in and started the motor while Jenny slid in the passenger side of their white rental, leaving seven horny men just grinning as they drove off. Jenny had done it again, Ashley thought hopelessly. She had teased seven men and not even realized it. Could she be any stupider? Ashley wondered as she looked over at Jenny who was still smiling back at the kitten as they drove away.

Jenny reminded Ashley of the place they were going to this morning, an amazing beach that was not too far from the hotel. With beautiful white sand and clear blue water, it was supposed to be breath taking.

Ashley was thankful that the place Jenny was talking about was only 12 miles away. Then she could find a little peace and get away from Jenny and the innocent yet highly effective flirting she seemed to do every minute of every day.

"Are we going to stop for one of those Blue Thingys?" Jenny asked, in her usual happy voice.

"They're not Blue Thingys, they're Blue Hawaiians," Ashley snapped back.

"Sorry. I mean Blue Hawaiians," Jenny replied, hurt a little.

"Sure, why not," Ashley said, happy she had finally gotten to her at last.

Ashley pulled over next to a quaint-looking little bar only a mile from the beach. They got out and walked inside. The bar wasn't a very big one at all. Just a few stools around a small counter and two small tables. Obviously intended for the neighborhood crowd, Ashley noted sourly that the smoky room was full of serious drinkers. Everyone had a glass or bottle in one hand and a large bowel of pretzels or a sandwich near the other. It was obvious that they were mesmerized by some stupid football game on the very wide-screen TV located in the far corner of the bar.

"Oh shoot, there's no place to sit," Jenny said in disgust.

With that, every man turned when they heard a woman's voice. The bar fell silent when they saw the vision standing to the doorway. Jenny looked like an angel standing there with the sun shining behind her. Her long blonde hair shimmering, her golden tan looked even darker in her white one piece swimsuit. Her perfect 38CC's standing out proudly as she stood there with a sexy pout on her face.

Ashley noticed every man there was staring as usual in awe at Jenny, who was (also as usual) not paying any attention at all. All she was doing was pushing her chest out with her perfect posture, without even realizing that she was doing it as she looked about the crowded room, trying to decide were was the best place for them to sit.

The entire population of the bar stood up and as one man said, "You can sit here, miss."

They all moved towards Jenny to help her to their particular seat. Ashley was pushed out of the way like she wasn't even there. The men then assisted the now happy Jenny to a seat at the bar.

A forgotten Ashley glumly followed along behind her.

"Well, thank you. You're all so sweet," Jenny giggled, as she started to unconsciously flirt as she always did around men.

Ashley just stood there and got even madder.

"They don't even notice me," she huffed, after being totally ignored.

Ashley wasn't the beauty that Jenny was, but even so she could get just about any man she wanted (when Jenny wasn't around, that is). Ashley knew she was a cute brunette with nicely formed 34b breasts, and a body that she kept in perfect condition by exercising every day.

Ashley thought yet again on why she couldn't be more like Jenny. If Ashley just thought about eating a donut, it would add twenty pounds on her in a second. Jenny, on the other hand, could eat anything and it would never show, except perhaps to make her even more shapely and desirable somehow. It was so maddening.

"What will you like, Miss?" The leering bartender asked Jenny, not even trying to hide the fact that he was looking right at her exquisite bust line.

"Let's see . . . " Jenny said sitting there with the cutest look on her face, trying to remember what the drink was called.

"Ashley, what's the name of those Blue Thingys?" Jenny asked in the usual little girl voice she always seem to have around men.

Ashley was getting madder by the minute. Christ, she hated watching Jenny's innocent flirting. Jenny didn't have a clue why men seemed to be attracted to her.

"It's a Blue Hawaiian!" Ashley shouted, then mumbled under her breath, "You idiot."

"Thanks, Ash. One Blue Hawaiian please," Jenny said, melting the bartender with a big, sexy smile.

No one even noticed if anyone else in the room might want something as the bartender (once he had recovered sufficiently) said, "One Blue Hawaiian coming right up for the pretty lady."

Ashley watched Jenny drink one, then two. When ever she wanted to pay, a man would push money in her face. Jenny would giggle and say with a heart-stopping sincerity, "Thanks, you're very sweet."

Not one man had even looked Ashley's way. It was like she was invisible. If anyone had bothered to look, they would have seen steam coming out of her ears. Finally, Ashley couldn't stand it any longer.

Ashley forced her way through the crowd, got behind Jenny and yelled, "Let's go, Jenny!"

Jenny had brought her latest drink to her lips as Ashley screamed at her. That startled her and she spilled the entire Blue Hawaiian down the front of her white swimsuit, completely covering her chest and flowing down her stomach. The blue drink quickly soaked in the thin, porous material.

"Oh, No!" Jenny shrieked, looking down at her once beautiful white one-piece as the front slowly turned blue.

Ashley couldn't help but smile, as every man in the place suddenly had a napkin in their hands and were half wiping half feeling Jenny's impressive CC's. Jenny eyes widen as she watched what looked like one hundred hands rubbing her breasts. Between the cold drink and the hands, Jenny's quickly nipples hardened against her swimsuit, turning her face beet red.

"Please, I can get it," Jenny shouted, trying to keep the hands off of her by covering her breasts with her arms.

Ashley smile turned into laugher and she watched Jenny trying to fight off the helpful hands that were now everywhere they weren't supposed to be. And to make it even better, the blue stain had now somehow turned the suit quite transparent. You could see the outline of each proud breast and every bit of her erect nipples.

"Oh god," Jenny screeched.

It was like she was sitting there topless, you could see her breasts through the blue stain that was getting bigger as the drink sank in even more.

"I have to go." Jenny got up and pushed her way toward the ladies' room and away from the wandering hands for all the men.

Jenny quickly slammed the door behind her and looked at herself in the mirror.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "You can see everything!"

Jenny stared in despair at her ruined suit.

"I can't go back in there like this!"

As she began to cry, she heard the door open. Quickly she raised her arms to cover her top and turned to see who it was.

"What's wrong?" Ashley asked, trying hard not to laugh.

"My suit! Look!" Jenny replied, as she lowered her arms to show Ashley what had happened to her beautiful new suit.

It was even funnier knowing that Jenny had done it to herself. But somehow she kept herself from laughing.

"What do you mean, Jen?"

"Are you kidding? Look at it! It's blue and you can see everything! I can't go out like this," the defeated Jenny said, looking down.

Suddenly it came to her. It was perfect. Jenny was accident prone anyway, and if she got her another suit, this time picking one much more "suited" to the occasion, she knew she would surely think up something very devilish indeed. Ashley even had the actual bathing suit in mind, having seen it earlier in one of their hotel's stores.

"Perfect," she thought, "just perfect."

I'll get something you can wear," Ashley told the anxious Jenny. "Never fear. I'll be right back."

"Thank you, Ashley. You're a true friend. Oh, you know my sizes, right?"

"Oh, yes. I already know everything about you that I need too," Ashley said as she left the small, dirty room.

After a long 30 minutes, Ashley returned, pulling a tiny white bikini from a small box.

"Here you are," Ashley said, handing it to her friend.

Jenny looked at the suit in her hands. "I can't walk around in this!" she squawked, holding it up in front of her.

"It's not that bad. Besides, it even comes with a matching robe, so you'll always be perfectly covered and respectable, even when you are not on the beach. Try it on and you'll see, Jen," Ashley told her, laughing so hard on the inside that her sides hurt.

There was no way her suit she handed her would cover very much of Jenny's large breasts or shapely ass, which was exactly what Ashley wanted to happen.

"But! It's too small!" Jenny pleaded.

"Come on, already! Look, I want to get to the beach even if you don't. If you don't hurry, I'll just leave you here."

"OK, OK. Don't leave."

Jenny looked at the suit in her hands. It wasn't much more the three tiny triangles with strings attached to them.

"Well, it has to be better than this," she thought, looking at her now blue, transparent suit.

Ashley couldn't help but stare as Jenny slid her ruined suit off, then grab a paper towel and began to wipe the drink off her firm breasts. They had always amazed her. It was like they defied gravity or something. Jenny's breasts didn't sag at all despite their large size. Ashley looked down at her chest, then back at Jenny's. It was like they were a different species. Ashley was a woman, but Jenny was like some goddess. With her perfect ass now pointing right at her as Jenny bent down to pick up the bikini bottoms, Ashley almost felt ashamed to be a woman. Jenny was just perfect.

Jenny blushed as she slid the tiny bottoms over her shapely behind. Ashley had seen her naked more times than she could count, but still it embarrassed her. Next she put on the top, placed the small triangles over her nipples, and tied it in the back.

She looked in the mirror. It was worse than her ruined suit. Just four almost nonexistent triangles that cover nothing at all as Jenny saw it. The top barely covered her nipples, leaving almost every inch of her breasts completely bare. And the bottoms were worse. The back did cover most of her butt. But the triangle that covered her blonde mound was far too low. If she wasn't careful, you could actually see the blonde hair! She just couldn't walk around in pubic like this. It would be better if she was naked. Dressed like this was worse somehow.

"I can't wear this!"

"It looks fine," Ashley answered trying not to let on that she was shocked about the way Jenny was dressed. She did look naked in it.

"Ashley!"

"Jenny, I've seen plenty of women wearing suits much smaller than that. Besides, like I kept telling you, that other suit of yours was terrible for your tan lines"

"I just can't. Please go back and get me something else," Jenny pleaded.

"I am not going back and getting anything. I came to go to the beach, and that's where I'm going. Here, wear this," Ashley told her, as she threw Jenny a short, diaphanous robe to put on. "Just wear this over the top. It came with the suit. I'll be waiting for you in the car. If you're not there in two minutes, I'm leaving without you."

"But, Ashley!"

Ashley didn't stop as she left Jenny standing in the ladies' room holding the robe. Jenny thought about just going back to the hotel. But Ashley was right, she had seen plenty of other women in suits smaller than hers, but still!

Yet, here she was in Hawaii and women ran around in this stuff all the time. If she put on the robe no one would see much anyway, then she could try to talk Ashley into going back so she could change.

Jenny walked through the bar as slowly as she could, to the sounds of men hooting and whistling.

Eventually it got too much for her and she panicked. She ran for the front door, with her shaking breasts barely staying in their small cups, and quickly got into their car, which Ashley had thankfully already started.

Jenny stood by the steel railing which ran alongside the parking lot. Far below her spread the grandeur of Oahu's Hanauma Bay State Underwater Park. In spite of all her protests, Ashley (complaining about wasting too much time already) had taken them directly to the park, and now Jenny was very glad that she did.

It was beautiful! An extinct volcano which formed right on the coast, one of the steep sides had opened to the sea and created a large, protected bay. Surrounded on three sides by shear cliffs, the entire base of the center cliff was lined by a long, wide, beach made of firm, white sand. Far below her, Jenny could easily see where rocks and coral were located under the clear water of the wide bay. People too could be seen, swimming and splashing in the shallower parts of the water.

"It must be very popular," she said to Ashley, looking at the thickly populated beach. "It's such a beautiful place."

"Yeah, sure," grumbled Ashley.

The beach was reached by a narrow sloping ramp that wound down the steep side of the old volcano. Once past the entrance, Jenny was reminded by peoples' stares that she was wearing the smallest bikini she had ever owned. It was a good thing she had her matching robe, ridiculously short and transparent though it was, even if it did only fasten at the throat. If only Ashley hadn't kept harping on her about tan lines and how unsightly they were on a person. It was ridiculous. Here was Ashley, already burnt to a crisp, telling her about sun tans!

If she hadn't felt so sorry for her burnt friend and felt obliged to humor her a little, she would be wearing something much more modest. But Ashley insisted that the suits she had brought with her just weren't right, and they had to find something much more appropriate in one of their hotel's very expensive boutiques.

It wouldn't have been so bad if only Ashley hadn't also insisted on leaving all of their street clothes in the car. It seems she hated the idea of getting sand into them. She said it made her itch just to think about it. Of course, it was all right for Ashley to feel that way, since she was practically dressed anyhow. But it made Jenny feel very vulnerable indeed as she walked down the long curving road to the beach, acutely conscious of the sight she must be presenting to the world at this moment in her tiny bikini.

There were perfectly good trams which ran up and down the narrow ramp constantly, but Ashley said that the walk would do them good. Of course, because of Ashley's condition, Jenny was the one who had to carry the beach bags and bamboo mats.

The winds coming up from the bay were quite brisk and soon Jenny's robe was flying behind her like a cape, leaving her feeling very exposed in the brief suit. With her hands full she just couldn't keep herself covered. Finally, and even though she had Ashley tie it for her earlier, the constant tugging proved too much and the knot parted. Before the surprised Jenny could drop what she was carrying, the colorful robe was sailing gaily over the center of the bay.

Which left the statuesque Jenny in just her brief bikini and beach thongs, and, to Ashley's eternal disgust, what was once just a minor stirring among the park patrons on the ramp almost became a full fledged riot as Jenny continued to make her way down the ramp.

They managed to make it to the beach without further incident, and found a convenient spot on the hard sand in one of the more less-populated spots, away from everyone on the far side of the beach.

"Could you do my back, please?" Jenny asked after they had laid out their mats and towels.

"Sure, why not?" grumbled Ashley from underneath her wide-brimmed, floppy hat. "Someone might as well enjoy this."

"Be sure to let me know when it's been 15 minutes, will you?" Jenny said as she lay full length on her front. "I don't want to stay on one side for too long, and I certainly don't want to spend too much time out here so exposed like this."

Jenny turned her head to look at Ashley over her right shoulder. "I still think this suit is way too small for me," she said pointedly, then laid her head sideways on her crossed arms.

"Yeah, yeah. You'll be fine. Trust me."

Ashley poured some of Jenny's mild suntan lotion on her hands and began working them over the prone woman's shoulders and back. Soon she could tell from Jenny's relaxed muscle tone and steady breathing that the woman had fallen fast asleep.

How does she do that?" Ashley asked herself bitterly, wondering when was the last time she had ever slept that good when it wasn't drug induced.

As she continued to spread the lotion over the blonde's smooth back, Ashley watched with increasing fascination what was happening with a young man standing in waist-deep water right in front of her. It looked like he was circled by something which was causing a vast commotion under the water. Then she saw it. He was completely surrounded by a very active school of fairly large fish. The mystery was fully solved when she saw him spread something from a container over the surface of the water around him.

"My God! He's feeding the fish and they are going absolutely crazy because of it!"

Suddenly an idea formed in the feral brain of the always cunning Ashley. "This is going to be great," she whispered when she had feverishly worked it all out. "She is going to love it."

But for it to truly succeed, she first had to get the unsuspecting Jenny lathered up in more ways than one!

Ashley began applying the tanning lotion much more intently. It wasn't just the exposed flesh of her "friend" which interested her now. She first mechanically applied the lotion to every exposed inch of the unsuspecting blonde. Then she thickly applied the lotion over the knots which fastened Jenny's bikini top, as well as to the inside of the elastic waistband of her low, French-cut bikini bottoms. When no one was looking, she also squirted the lotion directly onto the taut fabric covering the woman's crotch and buttocks.

Ashley woke the sleeping Jenny enough to turn her over and repeated the application process on her front, only now including her bra as well.

"You're such a good friend," murmured Jenny, luxuriating in the sensuous feel of the lotion on her skin under the hot sun, before returning to her erotic dreams of an effortless life under the sun.

Finally, Ashley was finished. She sat back sweating on her haunches and surveyed her handiwork. Jenny was now completely coated and her exposed skin glistened in the tropical sun. Disgustedly, Ashley could see that part of Jenny's glowing flesh which had been covered by her old suit start to turn a dark brown right before her eyes.

Ashley looked with a brief pang of envy at the firm, lush body that tanned so easily, and which even now attracted admiring glances from every man and woman of the light but steady stream of visitors who walked over to their part of the beach just to get a look at the voluptuous blonde.

"It's just not fair! Why can't I be like that?" she wondered, not for the first time.

Moaning over the frequent injustices of life, Ashley got up to start Phase Two of her plan. She walked over the hot, white beach to the central concession stand where a person could, for a modest fee, rent snorkels and other swim gear. It was also where you could buy small canisters of fish food. Ashley bought five of them.

By the time she returned, Ashley knew that Jenny had been sleeping in the bright sun for over 45 minutes. Ashley knew from past experienced that Jenny would wake up feeling very dazed for quite a while. She gently touched surface of the woman's thick blonde mane of golden hair and was amazed at how hot it had become.

"Good," Ashley thought happily. “Her head must be really cooking under that. The more dazed she is the better."

Using her flowing muumuu and beach towel to cover her actions, Asleep carefully sprinkled one container of fish food liberally along a single row just above the front waistband of the sleeping Jenny's bikini bottoms. Next, she slowly lifted up the waist of the woman's suit and used her breath to blow the long row of thin flakes deep into the bikini. She could see in the shadows how many of the flakes had attached themselves to Jenny's trim thatch of pubic hair, and Ashley grunted with satisfaction at the sight as she lowered the bottoms back into place.

She then took another container and did the same to the woman's low-cut bikini top, placing all the flakes in a single row just above her breasts, then gently blowing them onto the proud breasts and the deep cleavage in between, making sure each breast was coated by the light flakes as completely as possible.

Finished with the fish food for the moment, Ashley began to play idly in the sand, digging into the hot beach sand right next to her sleeping friend's shapely hips. Whenever she sensed no one was really looking in their direction, she would take a handful of hot surface sand and pour it over Jenny's crotch, the lotion she had placed there earlier holding the sand in place over the sleeping woman's vulva. Jenny began to unconsciously twitch her hips as the small hill of hot sand grew higher and higher over her sensitive mound.

When she judged the sand high enough, Ashley did the same for each of Jenny's cloth-covered breasts. She then took another container of fish food and sprinkled it all over Jenny's firm, bare stomach and ribs.

Jenny was positively moaning now, as she reacted to the strange erotic heating effects of the hot sand pressing down upon her vulnerable body, already erotically heated by its prolonged exposure to the sun. She had begun to sweat heavily, her long golden hair matting to her head. Both her bra and bottom become stained from her body's reaction. Ashley also noticed another type of stain forming between Jenny's twitching upper thighs, which was wetting the sand there.

"Wow," Ashley thought. "This is going to be even better than I thought."

Jenny found herself gradually waking into a world of erotic frenzy. She sensed that she was very close to having a climax, right there on the beach! She knew it was impossible, yet she felt hot hands holding her gasping body by the breasts and pubes. She jerked upright, and her head immediately began swimming.

"Oh. My head," she groaned as she pressed her hands against it. She felt she had been out under the burning sun for days.

Ashley used the opportunity to sprinkle flakes of food over the knots of Jenny's bikini top and down her back. She even sneakily pulled the dazed woman's bikini bottoms open a bit and sprinkled the flakes over the tops of her barely covered buttocks.

Jenny soon found that even sitting up was beyond her for the moment. Rolling over on her stomach to seek some relief from the beating rays of the merciless sun, Jenny suddenly noticed that she was covered all over with sand and pieces of some strange dried plant.

"What…what…?" Jenny gasped in total bewilderment as she tried to figure out what had happened to her.

"You kept rolling off your mat and onto the sand. It's been quite a struggle to get you back onto it again," Ashley told her.

"But why do I…oh. Thank you," the dizzy Jenny said, catching herself just in time.

She had almost asked Ashley why she felt so strange, so sexy, so ready to cum all of a sudden. How embarrassing that would have been, to admit to something like that! Basking in the sun had always had an erotic affect on her, but never like this! Maybe it was just the overpowering effect of Hawaii, she thought.

She desperately needed to cool off, as well as get rid of all of this sand and stuff, some of which she could tell had even gotten into her suit. Jenny shakily got to her feet and tried to brush everything off of her, but the oily lotion coating her body only allowed her to spread the stuff further over her sensitive skin.

"Damn," she whispered.

Jenny knew she must look a mess. Disgusted with herself, she headed for the near-by water. She was about half-way there when Ashley called her back.

"Hay! Take this, will you?" Ashley shouted, holding up a small clear plastic container filled with brown flakes.

Jenny reluctantly stopped and walked back to her friend.

"What is it?" Jenny asked dully, wanting nothing more than to quench her body's raging fires in the cool, protected waters of the bay.

"Fish food. It will give you something to do. Just sprinkle a little of it on the water and the fish will do the rest. Remember, just use a little."

"A little. Right. Thanks," Jenny said absently, as she took the small container.

She was so busy fighting the strange sexual feelings roaring within her befuddled mind that she had no idea what Ashley was talking about. She turned and walked back towards the very inviting bay, being as careful as possible to give no outward sign of the turmoil going on within her.

The moment her feet entered the gentle surf, the water felt truly wonderful! Jenny was amazed that anything could be that soothing to her oddly heated flesh. She didn't stop to wash off the stuff covering her body, but just kept on walking further and further into the shallow bay. Jenny was so dazed and preoccupied with what was going on within her that she failed to notice the growing collection of fish which were eagerly following her in her slow progress walking through the water into the bay.

When the water was just below her breasts, the loosened cap to the container opened (Ashley had given it to her upside down) and the entire contents fell at once into the flat waters of Hanauma Bay. Jenny stopped and stared stupidly at the empty container.

"Oops," she said quietly.

And the fish went wild!

Jenny suddenly found herself completely surrounded by a large school of fish which were going into a frenzy for the food in the water. Still dazed by her experience on the beach, she has absolutely no idea what was going on, just that the container Ashley had giver her was now empty and all these fish just materialized! The fish weren't bothering her, just brushing past and even between her legs.

“Instant fish?" her befuddled, sun-baked mind wondered.

Her skin began to feel many strange tingles, almost as if someone was trying to tickle her. She looked down through the remarkably clear water, but could only see a teeming mass of fish. It was happening all over her bare skin below the water, from her stomach to her toes.

She could feel the tickling now through the thin fabric of her bikini bottoms. It was all over her hips, buttocks, and even her hyper-sensitive pubic bulge. The fish were pulling at the material in their frenzied attempts to get at the food they could sense so clearly underneath. She tried to move the fish from their strange attraction to her more private areas, but the moment her hands and arms entered the water, the swarming fish started tickling them as well.

Jenny was so overwhelmed she could only stand trembling as the fish continued to swarm around her. In all the activity, Jenny didn't realize that the vast numbers of large fish nibbling on her swim suit were causing the brief bottoms to slowly move down her slick, oiled hips.

All Jenny knew for sure was that whenever a fish touched the crotch band of her suit, her brain would melt. Her breath would disappear and it was all the gasping woman could to keep from climaxing right there in front of everyone. And it was happening more and more often! Here she was, trying desperately to cool off and get a grip on her overheated emotions, and the stupid fish seemed intent to doing just the opposite to her.

She could feel them sometimes trying to force their way under her waistband and get into her suit, and she hadn't the faintest idea of what to do about it, or even why they would want to do that in the first place.

As her suit slowly lowered, her buttocks were becoming more and more exposed under the water. Soon the upper edge of her trimmed pubic hair was showing over the front of the dropping waistband.

Finally, sufficient space existed for some small fish to enter the shaking Jenny's bikini bottoms through the crevice between her buttocks. One worked its way to her front and saw a small, appetizing spike of food protruding between the thick folds of a warm valley.

"Worm!" the fish thought gleefully and quickly darted to it.

The fish started working desperately on the spike with its mouth, fearful another would try to take it away before it could be completely eaten.. The world suddenly went mad, but the fish was very hungry and refused to let go!

Jenny's scream at finding things moving about in her bikini died stillborn in her lungs as a powerful orgasm completely overwhelmed her. She doubled over in the water as her vagina pulsed uncontrollably. Her hands darted between her legs and into her strangely loosened suit, lowering it even further. Her mind cried out in horror when she discovered that a small fish had attached itself to her clitoris!

Her head came above the surface and she looked around wildly for help, but then realized how useless it would be. If anyone tried to remove the fish, her poor clit could be torn off completely!

Another mighty orgasm hit her, followed quickly by another and still another. The fish were pecking all around her bikini top now that her chest and shoulders were under the water, but there was nothing she could do about it. There was nothing she could do about anything except keep her head above water as her twitching body spasmed almost continuously.

The actions of the fish quickly undid the knots fastening her top, but Jenny didn't even notice as it floated away and was taken by the currents out to sea. Jenny's gyrations meanwhile caused her bottoms to work their way past her knees to her ankles. It soon joined the matching top, floating freely out the large bay to the open sea.

Quickly exhausted by her ordeal, Jenny could only float on her back during the brief intervals between climaxes. Finally, she realized after a prolonged period of quiet, the constant stimulation of her poor clit had ended. She carefully felt around her pubic area, and could feel that she was finally free of her tiny tormentor.

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With divine grace, she realized that she was safe! Safe! She continued to float on her back and just drift with the gentle waves, too exhausted and sore from her multiple orgasms to do anything else for the moment.

It was only after her breasts started to feel warm that she looked down at herself and realized with horror that her chest was totally exposed! Her bare breasts were standing high and dry on her chest and could be seen by anyone. With a gasp, Jenny dove under the water and saw that her bottoms were gone as well.

"Oh, my God!" she thought wearily. "I'm naked again!"

She began a frantic search along the shallow bottom for the two parts of her missing suit, but to no avail. In fact, many yards away from her, the small, colorful suit was currently amusing some divers who were watching it float past them and out of the bay.

Feeling totally defeated, Jenny eventually gave up the fruitless search. She kept far enough away from shore so that her feet still touched the bottom of the bay, yet at such a depth where only her head was above water.

Her only hope now was to communicate some way with Ashley without alerting the entire beach to the fact that she was completely naked. At least she was free of all the sand and stuff from the beach, not to mention all the fish. Jenny was always being one to find a bright side to almost any situation.

She tried waving to the shore, but all Ashley did was to wave cheerfully back. Yelling to her friend didn't help either. Ashley would always cup her hand to an ear to show that she couldn't hear, and Jenny certainly wasn't going to get any closer to that damn, wide-open beach then was absolutely necessary.

She thought that maybe she could borrow someone's rubber raft or something and then wrap herself in it, but there was no one even close to her in the water at all. That was why Ashley had chosen their spot on the beach in the first place.

Well, what if she just stayed in the water until it got dark? she asked herself. She soon realized that she couldn't do even that. Jenny felt herself getting dizzy again from too much exposure to the sun, and constantly ducking her head under the water wasn't really helping.

No, she had to get back to the beach, and soon, too.

Then it came to her. It was so simple. All she had to do was swim underwater as close to their spot as she could, then she would certainly be near enough to let Ashley (who normally could hear someone whisper about her from across a crowded football stadium but today was acting very deaf indeed) know of her predicament.

Jenny was about half-way to the beach when she came up for air and saw with great disappointment that a family containing several small children had set their beach mats, bags, and coolers right next to Ashley.

"Oh, no!" Jenny wailed. "Now what am I supposed to do?"

She was in only about three feet of water, and she was finding it incredibly difficult to keep her exhausted body under the buoyant sea while she tried to figure out what to do. Try as she might, she could still feel her pert bottom break the surface occasionally. When she could keep her body under the water, her hanging breasts would drag on the sandy bottom, causing pinwheels to flash in front of her eyes from the effects of the sand rubbing on her sensitive nipples. Jenny fought to keep as still as possible, but the waves kept moving her nude body back and forth, causing her very erect nipples to rub all the more.

She guessed that the tide must have been coming in because she noticed that she was being gradually driven in closer and closer to the shore, right to where that new family had settled.

Jenny found herself rapidly running out of time and water! She tried to discretely turn around and head back out but the current had become too strong. Something had to give or she would soon be flopping naked in the surf like a member of one of her husband's Wet and Wild videos!

Ashley was having a grand time watching Jenny get deeper and deeper into trouble. When she saw the bikini float away she would have danced if it weren't for her own terrible sun burn.

"This is too good to be true!" Ashley cried, happy as a lark.

Jenny, lying perpendicular to the beach, found herself being driven slowly but relentlessly closer and closer to shore with the steady back-and-forth motion of the waves. The only way she had of protecting herself from certain exposure and humiliation was to lie as close as possible to the sandy bottom. Not just her sensitive nipples but her entire breasts were now being caressed by the sand. Also, to keep her pert bottom under the water she tried spreading her legs and digging her feet into the sand. The water's motion on her body made the sand build up in a pile between her opened thighs, and soon each time Jenny's body was moved by the waves, her vulnerable pussy was being constantly caressed as well.

In spite of the unbelievable erotic intensity of the fish attack, Jenny was shocked to discover her exhausted, naked body responding almost greedily to this latest unintentional stimulation.

"Will this never end?" she wondered in despair as a particularly strong wave almost made her climax yet again.

The strong stimulation of Jenny continued, quickly making thinking for her almost impossible. She knew she had to keep hidden in the water, yet the strong sensations she was getting as her unprotected body moved over the smooth sand were making her crazy!

She didn't realize it because of the water flowing around her, but she was now almost half-way out of the water. Unfortunately for Jenny, the incoming surf was now channeled by her opened legs to hit directly upon her vulva. The effect was so distracting she failed to notice her buttocks were now completely exposed to the air as she was forced onto the beach.

In an effort to keep from being moved by the water, as well as to fight the insidious effects of the sand on her poor abused body, Jenny had been face down for some time, watching the water and sand directly in front of her. Not sure of her location, the overwhelmed woman hesitantly raised her head and found herself face-to-face with a very small boy.

With eyes wide and full of wonder, the boy began screaming, "Mermaid!" and ran back to his parents while a large wave crashed right between the astonished Jenny's legs.

"UGH!!" Jenny grunted as her tired body climaxed once again.

She wanted to run and hide, but couldn't as her body was totally consumed by the powerful orgasm.

People began running to that part of the beach to see what all the commotion was, yet Jenny could only thrash about helplessly in the surf and sand. She prayed that it would be all over quickly so that she could either finally regain control of her body and get the hell out of there before it was too late and a crowd had formed, or be thankfully eaten by a decent sea monster and be saved from the living hell of humiliation that she truly feared was coming.

Finally, after seeming ages, Jenny found she could breathe again. She looked around and saw that she had completely worked her way from the surf up onto the dry sand, and was completely surrounded by a very curious crowd of people. Before she had time to think of what to do, she felt a touch on her left shoulder and a man's worried voice saying, "Miss?"

Without thinking, she jumped wearily to her feet, her firm breasts moving slightly, and looked in the direction the voice had come from.

She said, "No! I'm all right, thank you!" Jenny was facing directly into the sun and couldn't see anyone's features, just outlines in the strong glare.

"Are you sure? Because you don't look it," the same voice said.

Jenny reflexively looked down at herself and saw that she was completely covered in a thick coating of dark, wet sand. The stuff was all over her like a tight body stocking.

"They can't tell I'm naked!" she thought in amazement.

Jenny tried to shied her eyes, but still couldn't really see anyone.

"I'm fine, honestly. Now, if you will please excuse me," she said, then started walking as if nothing was wrong through the crowd to where she thought her beach stuff should be.

The crowed, awed by the blonde bedraggled beauty, parted swiftly for her passage, yet did not disperse.

She went to where Ashley and her beach things should be, but the spot was empty. Only long rectangles in the sand indicated where their bamboo mats had once been. Even the family who had settled next to them was gone, although Jenny had a pretty good idea as to why they had left in such a hurry.

"Oh, damn. Where is she?" Jenny said as she looked around for her missing friend, but of Ashley there was not a sign.

"I know!" Jenny exclaimed suddenly. "She went back to the car and didn't want to leave everything." She immediately started the long walk back across the beach.

The growing crowd, at a discrete distance, followed.

Jenny tried to be as careful as possible as she walked across the beach, to keep her body parts from

moving suggestively as much as possible, but the uneven sand made it impossible. Her breasts were

constantly in motion however slightly on her chest, while her hips retained their natural graceful sway.

She could feel the eyes of everyone glued to her chest and the working muscles of her buttocks, but there wasn't anything she could do about it. If she tried to cover herself out here in the sand in front of all those people, then they would know immediately she was totally nude. No, she reasoned, she had to maintain the fiction that she was truly dressed under her coating of sand regardless of how embarrassed she actually felt. It was very peculiar to her to be walking around like this, but as long as it would protect her from the sun, not to mention people's eyes, she wouldn't be the one to complain about her unexpected cover.

She was about a third of the way across the length of the long beach when Jenny saw that the sand covering her was starting to turn white as it dried in the sun.

What Jenny failed to realize was that, as the sand dried, it became very loose and lost much on its adhesive qualities. All of her protective suntan lotion had already been washed or nibbled off when she was in the water. By the time Jenny reached the central concession area, the sand covering her had dried sufficiently to leave a small but growing trail behind her.

Meanwhile, the crowd had grown to astonishing proportions. As Jenny made her way slowly along the beach, word spread swiftly about the blonde beauty who was wearing only sand. Almost the entire visitor population of the park was now either following Jenny or observing her progress with binoculars or cameras that had a telephoto lens.

Jenny's inner thighs were uncovered first, due to the friction of her walking. Next, the firm half-moons of her white buttocks were revealed by the falling sand. At first, only a very small patch or two of pale skin showed. Then the patches grew and multiplied. Jenny was so preoccupied with walking as level as possible across the hot and uneven surface of the sand that she never noticed the "ooohhs" and "aaahhhs" coming from the increasingly excited crowd of people following her.

When she finally reached the ramp, she paused for a moment to catch her breath. Jenny thought about waiting for the tram. After all, the ramp was on a fairly steep incline and the tram ran quite often. However, she found a sign saying it cost 50 cents and Jenny dryly realized she did not even have a suitable pocket for small change.

She took the opportunity to have a last, quick look at the astonishing beautiful beach and was surprised to find a vast crowd of people right behind her, people who seemed to be amazingly busy looking in every direction but at her.

"Must be getting near closing time," she thought as she started up the steep incline.

The trams took up the majority of the long ramp, leaving only a narrow, single-file section for walking. As Jenny started her upward climb, she began to be bumped by the visitors walking down the ramp going towards the beach. She was not alarmed by this, because it had been the same when she was walking down the ramp as well. Besides, she knew that about half-way up, departing visitors were branched off to a series of very steep stairs cut into the cliff wall.

At each bump, more sand fell from the voluptuous woman. By the time Jenny reached the cliff stairs, she noticed her coating of sand was feeling considerably lighter than before.

"Probably from drying," she thought.

As she started up the stairs, a giant traffic jam grew at the base of the stairs. Both the original crowd and the new visitors coming to the park all stopped at the base of the stairs to watch the young, beautiful and incredibly naked blonde walk sinuously up the stairs. A fight broke out as several people tried to enter the narrow stairs at the same time.

By the time the park personnel had arrived on the scene to find out what the hell was going on, Jenny already reached the top of the stairs and was out of sight to those below.

At the top, Jenny was breathing very heavily (to the absolute delight of everyone there).

"Phew!" she gasped. "Do that twice a day and you would never have to touch a stairmaster again."

The fact that her protective coating of sand had completely fallen away she noticed not at all.

In spite of feeling winded and very tired, Jenny was in a surprisingly good mood. Because of a lucky break with the sand, she was able to escape from dying of embarrassment out on the beach without any problem at all. She was positive no one there suspected a thing about how she was really dressed, and even if they did suspect, she certainly did not provide them with any possible chance of a clue to prove otherwise. Not having any footwear was all right too, as she was used to going long periods with her feet comfortably bare.

And there was Ashley, waiting for her outside of the park exit, wearing a huge, uncharacteristic smile on her badly sunburned face.

All in all, Jenny was feeling mighty pleased with herself. That is, until she had to pass a full-length mirror which was attached to the side of the ticket shed...

The realization that she was in fact quite naked and probably had been for some time proved to be devastating to her. The shocked Jenny tried to scream but she was too stunned to do even that.

The very light sprinkling of sand which remained on her voluptuous body only served to accent her terrible nudity.

Finally managing to emit a strangled "ACK!" Jenny frantically covered herself as much as she could with her hands and arms, and desperately looked around for something to wear. The only thing she saw however was a plastic air mattress someone had left just outside the exit gate.

"Good enough," she thought.

Jenny dashed through the gate and quickly wrapped the mattress around her.

"Oh, no!"

She just noticed something terrible as she tried to unsuccessfully wrap the still inflated mattress around her. Not only was it too stiff, the damn thing was made of clear plastic! She wasn't really covering anything!

Jenny heard a loud noise and turned toward the park's reception area. The large crowd which had been behind her on the beach had finally reached the top of the cliff and was now flooding gleefully towards the park's exit gate. Right at her!!

Awkwardly holding the air mattress around her as best she could, Jenny ran like hell for the sanctuary of her car.

"ASHLEY!!" she screamed, but her friend had disappeared once again.

She looked behind her and saw masses of people flooding through the exit gate.

"Shit! Where the hell did she get to now?" Jenny wondered, looking around as she ran.

She could hear the crowd getting louder and tried to run faster, but the mattress was slowing her down.

As she neared the car, Jenny finally found her friend sitting inside the car with all the windows closed, contentedly reading a paper.

"ASHLEY, HELP!!!"

Jenny had been running so fast by this time she failed to slow in time and slammed into the passenger side of the car. Stunned, she dropped the mattress and tried shakily to get in, but she found the door was locked!

Winded from the run, she could only crouch alongside the car and gasp helplessly for air. She pawed weakly at the closed door as she watched the crowd pounding ever closer.

Finally, Jenny managed a weak "Ashley," and the window opened.

"What? What is it now?" came Ashley's calm voice from inside the car.

"Unlock...the...door," gasped the still breathless Jenny.

"Well, why didn't you say so?" and the door miraculously opened.

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**Jenny's Sunset Cruise by ?**

It was late afternoon on Jenny's third day in Hawaii, and she was feeling a little irritable. It had not been the best of days so far. After ruining a brand new bathing suit, Jenny had been ogled and even pawed by several drunks in a local bar, especially when she had been forced to wear something much skimpier upon leaving. She had then been, well, molested by several hundred fish at Hanauma Bay State Park.

Finally, she had been chased naked half-way across the island of Oahu by a sex-crazed mob of tourists (with cameras!!) simply because she miss-placed her bathing suit while in the water. After a day like that, all she really wanted to do this evening was to have room service send up a light dinner to the room and go to bed early. But, she knew her time in the islands was very limited, and Jenny was determined to make the best of it, no matter what. She was positive that poor sunburned Ashley, despite her groans to the contrary, felt the same way.

So it was that she was now completing the finishing touches to the outfit she planned to wear for her long awaited (and terribly romantic) sunset dinner cruise off of Waikiki Beach. Of course, it would be with Ashley instead of her husband, but you can't have everything.

Her husband, good man that he was, had already arranged everything for this evening's dinner cruise, including a limousine, at the travel agency when he had scheduled the entire trip. All Jenny and Ashley needed to do tonight was show up and have a good time.

Jenny decided to wear one of her new light summer dresses, a traditional ankle-length one-piece with a full skirt which was very cool and quite comfortable for the tropical climate. To Jenny's surprise, Ashley, who normally took a super-critical view of Jenny's wardrobe, did not object and even seemed strangely delighted with the choice.

Ashley, burnt to a crisp after two careless days in the tropical sun, was now taking no chances. She was so covered up all Jenny could see of her was the faint dull-red glow from her face, which like the rest of her was hidden under mounds of white linen. Tonight Ashley was determined to be protected, even if it did make her look like an Armani-designed nun.

The white limo picked them up at their hotel right on time, 4:45pm. It was an extremely long affair that came with a full-length bar down one side, a long leather couch on the other, a mirrored ceiling, and a second couch across the back that looked suspiciously like a small covered bed.

As Jenny looked about the interior before entering, she wondered just what exactly her husband had in mind when he ordered this particular limo.

The two women seated themselves comfortably on the side couch and the plush vehicle began its 8-mile journey to Pier 6 in Honolulu Harbor. Ashley insisted on trying out the bar, where she discovered that several exotic drinks had already been made for their use. She choose Mai Tais for them both. Because of the hot day, Jenny was feeling thirsty and drank hers rather quickly. Ashley insisted that Jenny better have a second drink, because of her very trying day.

Jenny was feeling quite relaxed by the time the limo pulled up to Pier 6, where their boat for the evening was located. The cares of the day now happily forgotten, Jenny looked forward to having a pleasant evening at sea.

As the limo pulled carefully into busy parking lot, Jenny had her first look at their floating restaurant. The ship was a large 3-deck catamaran. The first two levels contained the dining rooms, while the third was an open observation platform.

From the number of tour buses unloading passengers by the gangway, Jenny realized that there would be quite a crowd on board tonight.

The driver escorted them to the check-in counter located under a small canvas awning before leaving. The ship's hostesses, all called cousins, wore the traditional Hawaiian muumuu. Each couple or group were carefully checked off the passenger manifest, then assigned their own personal escort. That way there could be no possible confusion as to where to go or what the guests were to do next. Jenny realized that this was a very professional and well-run organization.

Ashley, a victim of chronic seasickness, was already chewing on a few of her large supply of Dramamine tablets.

Their particular hostess, Cousin Anna, a beautiful middle-aged Eurasian with waist-long blue-black hair, gracefully escorted them across the gangway and up to their seats on the second deck, right alongside the starboard safety-rail. The dinning room was one vast open rectangle, with a bar located at the bow and a small bandstand located at the stern. Long covered tables loaded with food-warmers ran down the center axis of the room. On each side of the room there were sliding-glass windows above the waist-high safety-rail, all opened.

Their first set of complementary drinks were brought to the table, and they sat enjoying the sea breezes already coming through the open windows while checking out the clothes being worn by the passengers still out on the pier.

The final guests were escorted on board and the Master of Ceremonies for their deck gave them all a hearty welcome, and led them in the first of many cries of "A-L-O-H-A!!"

One of the ship's officers then gave a brief orientation on the realities of life underway. The gangway was pulled to the pier, the mooring lines recovered, and the vessel moved slowly away from the pier and into the harbor. The crowd was filled, briefly, with the grand and eternal majesty of the moment, the excitement which can fill the very soul whenever a ship puts to sea.

Once the catamaran had left Honolulu Harbor, the sea breezes picked up considerably. Jenny had to sit on her skirt, to keep the silly thing from blowing up over her waist. The boat began a steady if gentle rocking motion which Ashley didn't like at all, but which Jenny found to be delightfully soothing.

Ashley, already feeling nauseous, could only think of one thing. Her mind whirled at the implications when the officer had told them to be very careful about dropping things overboard. The ship would not recover anything which had fallen off the ship.

Visions of Jenny's clothes floating in a line behind the ship as they cruised off of Waikiki Beach flooded Ashley's mind. She tried furiously to think of a way to work it, but was interrupted in her scheming by an urgent message coming from her inner ear!

It was just before their table was to go up to the buffet that Jenny noticed a startling new color coming into the stricken Ashley's face. It was green!

"Ashley, you're starting to look like a Christmas ornament, all red and green," observed Jenny.

"Ohhhh. I don't feel so good," moaned Ashley, holding her head in her hands.

"Hold on for just a few more minutes, will you?" Jenny told her. "We're up next. Then you can get all the bread and crackers you want. I just hope all the roast pork isn't gone by the time we get there."

"Erp!"

"Oh my gosh! Quick! Let me help you to the bathroom!"

Helping Ashley to her feet, Jenny supported her sick friend aft to where the lavatories were located. She knew the wind was blowing her skirt all over the place, but Jenny didn't have a free hand to hold it down. She could feel the breeze on her legs (even her thighs!) but there was nothing she could do about it.

Hanging onto Jenny's clothes for dear life, the distressed Ashley stumbled over the doorway leading to the restroom and put her entire weight on Jenny's dress.

Jenny felt something on her dress give, accompanied by a faint but heart-stopping tearing sound.

"Huh, oh," Jenny muttered.

Before she could investigate, however, she had to take care of Ashley first.

Thankfully, she saw a empty stall and headed for it. As she was about to enter it with her friend, Ashley suddenly came alive and quickly entered the stall alone, slamming the door and locking it behind her.

Guessing that her friend probably wanted to be alone right now, Jenny turned to leave but felt something holding onto her skirt. She looked down and saw that her skirt had caught itself in the closed door.

"Oh, damn," Jenny said quietly. "Ashley, honey, you have to open the door, my skirt's caught. Ashley?"

But Ashley had problems of her own at the moment and could have cared less.

Jenny started to pull herself free, but noticed that many of the seams on her dress had been loosened, if not actually start to separate, from her friend's desperate grip.

A worried Jenny, still pulling lightly on her skirt, started looking around for something to cut the caught cloth. Anything, even a slightly holed dress, would be preferable at this point to having to listen to Ashley in the stall. She was therefor caught off-balance when a small wave struck the side of the ship.

"Oof!" a winded Jenny gasped after she landed on the deck.

Jenny found herself laying on her back, the tiled floor feeling strangely cold. Then to her horror she discovered why. Her dress was still hanging from the stall!

"OhMyGod!"

She jumped up, only to find that the dress had been truly ruined. She couldn't wear it!

"Damn, damn, damn!"

Standing in the deserted ladies room in just her sandals, bra and panties, Jenny was at a loss about what to do. When she heard someone at the entrance, she ducked into another empty stall to think things over, and try not to listen to Ashley who was, unfortunately, still at it.

Drawing a complete blank, Jenny cautiously stuck her head out of the stall when the restroom was finally empty again and saw mounted along the far wall eight half-lockers. She went over and started to open doors. Seven lockers were filled with street clothes, obviously belonging to the on board staff of entertainers. The final locker she checked contained a very ratty-looking grass skirt and a bra made out of the halves of a rather small-looking coconut. The coconut halves were connected by a single line of a very used-looking string which was to be tied around the back.

"Oh, no! There must be something else! There must be!!" Jenny cried desperately.

But, look as she might, she could plainly see that there wasn't anything else, unless she stole someone's else's clothes and she certainly couldn't do that!

To lessen the damage, she tried putting the coconut harness over her bra cups, but it just wouldn't work.

"Damn!"

Jenny took off her bra and placed it in the empty locker, along with her ruined dress. Feeling distinctly foolish, Jenny bent over and placed her breasts into the coconut halves as they rested on a sink, then awkwardly tied the line together behind her back. Jenny was relieved to find that the coconut interiors had been smoothed out and were not in the least bit itchy. On the other hand, they were very small for a woman of her stature, and there was a pronounced tendency for her breasts to bulge around the edges.

As Jenny tried to adjust her new top for as comfortable a fit as possible, Ashley staggered from her stall to a nearby sink, and began to clean her face and wash out her mouth. Like a modern-day vampire, Ashley was getting very adept at knowing when the sun was going down, so she left most of her coverings hanging on the stall door, secure in the knowledge they would no longer be needed.

She wore a flowered wrap-around skirt she had recently purchased, tied low at the waist, with a matching halter top, a pair of sandals, and that was all. With her burn, the last thing she wanted was something pressing tightly against her skin like any form of underwear.

After her cleaning, she looked at her reflection in the sink's mirror. Ashley felt surprisingly well. "I may even be able to eat something," she said in a voice filled with wonder.

Jenny wrapped the grass skirt around her waist and was very grateful that the grass was indeed thick enough to cover her completely. But, it was far too big for her. Tied as tight as she could make it, the low skirt barely hung on to the flaring curve of her hips, the top of the wide waistband located well below her navel.

Ashley saw the uncommonly good looking hula dancer standing in the dimly lighted far corner and waved to her.

"My God!" she thought. "They truly grow them for beauty here."

She was half-way out of the door when Ashley suddenly stopped.

"Wait a minute. A blonde hula dancer?" she exclaimed. "No way!"

A suspicious Ashley turned around. Sure enough, it was Jenny.

"Shit!" she muttered under her breath. "That woman can make anything look good!"

"Jenny, what the hell are you doing?" Ashley demanded.

"My clothes got ripped and I had to wear something," Jenny contritely explained.

"Right. So you picked the most outlandish outfit you could find. It figures."

"I'm sorry, but it's all there was!" Jenny wailed.

"Of course, of course," Ashley muttered to herself. Then, she had an idea. "Look, you need to take off your panties. That stupid pearl-white color you like so much is visible as anything."

"Oh! Must I?" Jenny asked, looking down. "I don't see anything."

"Yes. You must, you must. So do it, already, so we can get out of here. I'm starved."

"Sniff. No, I can't, I just can't!"

Ashley knew it wasn't going to work this time. "Shit," she thought. "Well, I tried."

"OK," she told Jenny, "then look ridiculous. Let's go."

A very nervous Jenny led the way out of the restroom and back to their table.

They were about half-way to their table when they both stopped dead in their tracks.

"Oh, no!" cried Ashley.

They had spent so much time in the restroom that they had completely missed the dinner! The food tables had all been cleared away and a hula demonstration by five dancers was currently in progress along the center of the room. The dancers were lit by small spotlights, while the other lights in the room were greatly dimmed.

"OK, good folks," called the Master of Ceremonies. "You've seen it done, now it's your turn!"

The dancers went out into the audience and started pulling people onto the central dance area. Suddenly Jenny found herself illuminated by a small spotlight.

"Here's someone who wants to do it so bad, she brought her own outfit!"

Blinded, Jenny automatically started backing out of the bright light as she looked around to see who the strange person was they were talking about. She backed into one of the support poles and could go no further just when she saw one of the dancers coming towards her. Realizing with horror it was her, Jenny suddenly felt faint. Her knees failed her and she slid down the pole until she was seated on the floor. She could only shake her head a weak but emphatic "NO!" and try to wave off the approaching dancer with her hands.

The dancer easily ignored all of Jenny's protests and, after taking both of Jenny's hands into her own, began to gently pull her up the pole and to her feet. As Jenny started to reluctantly rise, she felt a sudden chill behind her. The thin elastic waistband of her panties had gotten caught on a very small bolt located at the base of the pole, and the top of her bare buttocks were now pressing directly onto the cold metal pole through the grass skirt.

She shook her head even more, unable to say what was wrong in front of all those people. But the smiling dancer, greatly experienced in handling reluctant participants, continued to pull Jenny up.

Jenny was becoming increasingly frantic, although she tried desperately not to show it. The higher she went, the lower the back of her underwear became, and there was nothing she could do about it. She could feel her increasingly uncovered behind come into greater and greater contact with the chilling metal of the pole.

At last she could rise no further. Jenny was caught at an awkward angle as her panties held her to the floor, the elastic cutting cruelly into her soft, sensitive flesh. The hula dancer gave Jenny's hands an extra tug and Jenny felt rather than heard the tiny "Rip!"

After a soft, silken sigh, Jenny was standing straight with her torn panties a useless white puddle on the floor in the darkness around her feet.

The dancer led her easily to the center of the dance area while, in the excitement of the moment, no one cared when what was obviously someone's elegant white silk handkerchief was blown across the floor and off the ship.

Light-headed from lack of food, the Mai Tais, and the effects of the Dramamine, Ashley was trying unsuccessfully to keep her composure as she sat at their table.

"This is too much," she brayed repeatedly between bouts of slapping the table.

"She's done it again!"

She abruptly quit laughing when she noticed another grinning dancer standing right beside her.

"Oh, no," Ashley protested, but the girl led her to the dance area anyway.

As one person the entire crowd winced and said "Ouch!" when the sun-burnt Ashley was brought into the center with the other dancers.

"Now, take two steps to the left, then two steps to the right…" boomed the MC and the hula lesson was on. "Remember folks, no matter what happens, you keep your eyes on the hands!"

Despite the other nine people on the dance floor, all eyes were soon following Jenny. She was faithfully following the movements of the hula dancer in front of her, but was surprised at how easy it came to her.

A natural beauty, her sun-burnished hair and golden tan just served to accent her stunning good looks now so much on display in the old costume. Her hips swayed enticingly as she moved sideways across the floor, her hands waving gracefully as they illustrated the story the MC's was telling. The other dancers were amazed at how well the blonde howlie was doing. Jenny was a natural at the seductive dance called the hula.

One hostess quietly told another, "Wow! No wonder she brought her own stuff. She's good!"

Ashley was a beautiful woman and an accomplished dancer in her own right. Yet, desperately trying her best, she still felt like a pregnant yak as she danced next to Jenny.

"It's just not fair!" she muttered.

She looked again at her nemesis, and a small smile appeared on her reddened features.

Jenny's skirt was much lower on her bare hips then Ashley remembered seeing. It was priceless! Jenny's oversized skirt was finally starting to slip off and the stupid cow was so busy showing off she didn't even notice! Already the tops of her buttocks, a shocking white below her tan line, were starting to show.

Suddenly, Ashley felt much, much better.

As Jenny got into the dance and understood its complicated rhythms and movements, she became lost to it. Her hips swayed even more, but always gracefully, always in time to the soothing sounds of the traditional sounds of old Hawaii. The wide waistband of her grass skirt slowly slipped lower and lower, yet Jenny noticed it not at all. Nor did she notice that she and her instructor were now the only two people still dancing.

The small band continued to play, but they were the only ones in the room who were totally oblivious to what was happening out on the dance floor. Every other person in the room, man and woman, crew and guest, had their eyes firmly locked onto Jenny and her strangely hypnotic, gently swaying, mocking, and oh so very exciting hips. The MC had stopped calling the lyrics, unable to speak because his heart in his throat. Even the eternally mocking Ashley was struck into an awed silence.

The skirt was now low enough in front to show the thin strip of white flesh located just above Jenny's trimmed pubic hair, while in back the upper third of her buttocks and the crevice in-between were now exposed to the world. The flash from cameras became almost a continuous explosion of light.

And still Jenny swayed on. Jenny kicked off her sandals to get better in the mood. She watched the girl dancing in front of her, who was now looking strangely flushed under her tan, and receive a very encouraging smile from her. With the happy knowledge that she was actually getting it right, Jenny felt she could do this all night. It was wonderful!

When the first of her pubic hair began to gleam in the light, the temperature in the room went up dramatically. Those people not already standing rose slowly to their feet. Instinctively, everyone began to move closer to the two dancers, eventually surrounding them. The cameras' flash slowed and eventually stopped, the photographers unable to continue.

Her trimmed thatch of blonde pubic hair shimmered under the lights as the low skirt clung carelessly to the moving hips. The feeling running throughout the room was positively electric. Every nerve was taut, every heart was pounding as the expectation of what was surely to come continued to built until it reached terrific heights. Something had to give soon, or the people felt they were going to start exploding from the tension!

Mercifully for the people in the room, the long awaited event finally happened. With a long collective sigh of "Aaaaaahhhh," Jenny's skirt went to the floor with the whispered sound of the long field grass being blown by ever-present winds on the Kona Coast.

Everything stopped! The band, all wondering why this particular set had continued for so long, finally put down their instruments and watched with puzzlement the large circle of people at the forward end of the dinning room who seemed to be staring intently at the two dancers in their center.

Jenny, totally lost to lush tropical visions, finally realized that the music had finished. Reluctantly, she stopped her dance and looked at the girl who had been teaching her.

"Are we done?" Jenny sheepishly asked, afraid she might have made a fool of herself by getting carried away on the dance floor.

"Yes," squeaked the hula dancer, who was having a hard time breathing.

Jenny, believing the poor girl was just out of breath due to the long dance, thanked her warmly for the lesson and started to walk back to her table. She stumbled over something on the floor and was about to kick it out of the way, when she thought better of it.

"It might be part of one of the girls' costumes," she thought, "I had better hand it to someone on the staff for safekeeping."

Jenny bent over to pick it up, and heard a loud "GASP!" from the people behind her.

"Oh, damn!" she thought. "I forgot, no panties!"

She was quickly blinded by the sudden explosion of a dozen camera flashes.

She quickly reached down and, without really watching what she was doing, grabbed the first thing her hands felt on the floor. She quickly straightened and held the object up so she could see it through the continuous flashes of light. It was a grass skirt!

"My God!" Jenny thought. "Sure hope it's somebody's spare."

Jenny was about to hand it to a dazed-looking hostess when she noticed something familiar about it. She looked at the stitching on the wide waistband and realized it looked exactly like hers.

"Oh God, please no! Not that!" she prayed, then looked down.

Between the bright bursts of light, her tanned body emitted a golden hue, while the small white Vee over her pubic area positively shined. She was totally naked below her coconuts!

Jenny lungs filled for a mighty scream as the skirt dropped from her nerveless fingers. The string holding her coconut bra finally broke under the severe strain it had been under that evening and the bra fell useless to the floor. Jenny's scream, when she realized she was now topless as well, turned into the faint fading hiss you hear after a tea pot filled with boiling water had been taken off the stove.

Jenny realized she was now completely naked in the middle of a dance floor in front of a crowd full of people (half of which seemed to have cameras) on a ship cruising off of Waikiki Beach, and froze. She couldn't breath, couldn't swallow, couldn't move. She couldn't even scream. Jenny was completely paralyzed with shock.

The beautiful nude woman stood there in front of countless transfixed people, people staring at her with eyes the size of dinner plates! Even the photographers were stunned at the sight!

It was a strangled cry of, "What the hell is going on here?" by the vessel's Captain, who was on his standard mid-cruise tour of inspection, which finally broke the spell.

Jenny broke and ran screaming back towards the restrooms, pushing aside anyone who got in her way, while the photographers went insane and everyone else slunk guiltily back to their seats.

A laughing Ashley was slammed by one of the people flying from Jenny's path, and rudely landed on her behind. In the confusion of people moving everywhere, she didn't notice a heavy shoe on her skirt as someone helped her to her feet.

With a slight "Rip!", the skirt was around a stunned Ashley's ankles.

"Oh, shit!" cried Ashley.

She quickly bent over to pull up her skirt in the thick of the milling crowd, but was knocked off balance from behind. Ashley, still bent over but now with her arms flailing in circles for balance, found herself heading directly towards the side railing, and the Pacific!

"Help!" she gulped as the railing loomed in front of her.

Ashley was only a second away from hitting the rail and flipping over the side when a quick-witted steward grabbed the only thing he could find, the back of her halter top.

The straps cut cruelly into her sunburned shoulders and back as Ashley felt herself being jerked upright to a full stop, with her bare stomach actually pressing against the metal railing.

"Ow! That hurt!" she complained, rubbing her bruised flesh.

She turned to give the idiot responsible a piece of her mind when the tortured strap-seams gave out and her top fluttered to the deck. Ashley then remembered that she wasn't dressed quite as well as she should have been for such a public occasion

"EEEeeeck!!!"

"Yea Gods! There goes another one!" roared the Captain in disbelief as a squealing naked Ashley followed a naked Jenny to the restrooms.

Ashley's fallen clothes were quickly caught by the wind and in the confusion blown over the side.

By the time the ship tied up to the pier, with Ashley's excess outer wear and what could be donated by guests and crew, Jenny and Ashley had enough clothes to permit them to scamper safely off the ship and into their patiently waiting limo.

Before they left, however, they were politely asked (reluctantly in Jenny's case) never to return.

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**Jenny At The Volleyball Tourney by ?**

Jenny decided to accompany her husband to a volleyball tournament... she didn't play (she wasn't that coordinated), but she enjoyed watching. Her husband played AA-level ball, and she went with him to previous tournaments, but never this one. He told her it would be a real blast. They headed there on Friday to camp for the weekend. Jenny invited Ashley along for the weekend with her boyfriend, who also didn't play, but wanted to get away anyway.

Saturday, the day of the tourney, was a little chilly. Jenny decided to dress in jeans, with a denim button down shirt over a white tank top. She was well aware of her propensity for losing her clothes, and made an effort to cover up more.

She had a thoroughly enjoyable day. Her husbands team did very well, but not well enough to come off the net into the divisional tournament. She enjoyed watching all of the volleyball players do their thing, and a lot of them were enjoying watching her. She later joined Ashley and her husband in a game of friendly volleyball.

A little crowd gathered at the sight of Jenny bouncing around on the court, her breasts jiggling underneath her shirt. She had removed her denim shirt, and was now playing in just her tank top. She had a slight incident which happened when she went up to hit the ball. She came down in the net and slipped, falling to her knees, but the bottom of her tank top got caught on a protruding rope end in the net and remained snagged as she slipped.

Her top was pulled up above her breasts and caught her arms and tangled them above her head. Her cry of embarrassment rang out as she struggled to get free, her bra-clad breasts exposed for all to see. She finally stood up and pulled her top free and down. That was the end of that game! She stormed off in embarrassment to her tent.

She only came out later when her husband mentioned going to a party. That might cheer her up. Dressed back in her denim shirt, they walked to the fields yet again.

Around the DJ booth there were thousands of people! It was a mob scene! People were dancing everywhere. They joined in dancing, laughing and talking. Occasionally she saw girls get up on someone's shoulders, and the crowd would cheer for some reason. One of the girls even took off her shirt!

Still, she thought it might be fun to be on her husbands shoulders. She whispered to him, and after he exchanged a quick glance with Ashley, lifted Jenny high on his shoulders. Ashley then had her boyfriend do the same.

The sight of Jenny up on someone's shoulders brought a sudden unexpected cheer from the surrounding crowd. She raised her hands up in the air and waved them around in rhythm with the music to the delight of the crowd. Her rhythmic movements brought cheers and whistles from the thousand guys that were around. Then, faintly she could hear someone chanting something, and as the chant rose in volume, she was startled to hear "TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!" being chanted over and over in rhythm with the music.

She suddenly became self conscious of her position on her husbands shoulders. She reached down and tapped him on the face, and tried to yell over the noise of the crowd, "Let me down!", but instead, he grabbed her wrists and held onto them firmly. She looked around as the crowd began to roar. It took her a moment to realize that Ashley had reached around her and was unbuttoning her shirt!

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" she yelled to no avail.

Ashley continued until every last button was undone, then ignoring Jenny's pleas, pulled the shirt apart and off her shoulders, letting it fall to her waist, leaving Jenny with a white tank top over her bra. She struggled against her husband's grasp, but couldn't free herself to hide the fact that the bumps of her hardened nipples could be seen poking out through the tight tank top. The crowd kept cheering Ashley on, and to Jenny's horror, she continued. Jenny was already beyond embarrassment, she was more in a flushed daze as she felt Ashley's hands on her shoulders begin sliding the straps of her top off her shoulders. Clarity suddenly came to Jenny as she realized her bra was about to be exposed.

"NO! STOP! SOMEBODY HELP ME!..." she pleaded as her top was slowly pulled lower and lower until the top part of her lacy white bra could be seen. Then the slow downward progression of her top stopped.

"Please... no more... !"

Ashley yelled out to the crowd, "What, more?" as she heard several guys booing since she stopped the slow strip.

Jenny screamed out as she felt Ashley grab both straps of her top and jerk them down to her waist, exposing her white lacy bra covered breasts to everyone. The roar of the crowd was deafening as Jenny struggled. She was in embarrassed horror. Her nipples were almost visible through the lacy material and were excruciatingly hard as her breasts jiggled around with her struggles. The crowd was ecstatic as Ashley reached up and began to play with the straps of Jenny's bra, playfully pulling them off her shoulders and back up.

They cheered wildly as she finally pulled them off her shoulders and began to very slowly pull them lower and lower, the tops of each cup starting to curl downward as the straps tugged at them. Jenny was now frantically begging Ashley to stop, and she did just short of Jenny's nipples being exposed. The crowd roar was still deafening, and was intermixed with booing as Jenny retained a smidgeon of modesty.

Ashley yelled into Jenny's ear "I'll stop there... for the moment!"

Jenny felt a wave of relief come over her as the tortuous strip came to a halt, but her husband would not let go of her wrists! He just kept turning her around and displaying her sexy predicament to everyone.

The crowd roar was slowly subsiding, and was replaced by booing as they didn't get what they wanted. Jenny's blush was just about to subside as well when suddenly, without warning, a guy in front of her jumped and grabbed at the strap of her bra. She screamed as he snagged it and jerked it down, fully exposing one breast with it's hardened and crinkled nipple.

Then another guy jumped and jerked the other strap down, pulling her bra with it down to her waist. Her breasts were now on display for all to see! The crowd went crazy at the sight of her magnificent melons with their long, rock-hard nipples poking out at them. Her husband wouldn't relax the grip he had on her wrists. She was dying from embarrassment as the loud cheering and whistling continued at the vision of her naked breasts.

Dozens of hands were reaching for her, and suddenly she was pulled from her husband's shoulders. A bunch of guys lifted her up above the crowd and slowly began to pass her along on her back, her arms were pulled above her head and not allowed to cover her breasts that were now jutting into the cold night air. The spotlight of the DJ was playing over her half-naked form, and was squarely on her as she was flipped over onto her stomach!

A dozen hands immediately went to her breasts and she couldn't stop them as she felt her breasts being felt up and her nipples tweaked. Her arms were held firmly over her head by several hands, and she couldn't stop the roaming hands that explored her body. Her breasts were being felt up and her nipples were constantly pinched, teased, and tweaked until she thought they would burst.

"Nooooo... P-Please..." she begged when she felt several hands tugging at her shorts.

No one listened to her pleas for help as her shorts were unbuttoned, unzipped, and slowly pulled down her long slender legs, past her knees, and then completely off. Her panties were now being tugged on, and she screamed yet again when they began the slow journey down her legs. Her pussy was now exposed to the hands that supported her, the hands that were firmly holding her arms above her head, the hands that were spreading her legs apart...

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**Jenny: Splash and Slide by ?**

Ashley’s latest scheme was not fully developed, but would place Jenny in a situation in which there would be opportunities to expose her. Ashley had invited John and Jenny to double date with herself and her current boyfriend, Carl. The date was a day at the new water fun park, Splash and Slide. It featured a lagoon filled with water slides, water falls and rapids. Everyone would wear swimsuits and Ashley would bring an extra suit she had prepared just for Jenny. It was identical to Jenny’s current ‘safe’ one-piece suit. Ashley would watch for an opportunity.

It was a beautiful sunny day as Carl, Ashley, John and Jenny met in the parking lot. They were all dressed in shorts and tank tops. It was obvious that Jenny had worn one of her industrial strength bras under her white top. Ashley’s own nipples made visible points in her own top. Although Ashley would usually wear a bra, she wanted to set an example for Jenny so that Jenny would be convinced to lose her own.

After paying their admission Carl and John separated to go to the men’s locker room. Ashley joked with Jenny and kept her in an unsuspecting mode as they entered the women’s locker room. Ashley quickly stripped down and placed her own clothes in her assigned locker. They were early and the locker room was empty of anyone else. She hid the doctored suit from Jenny in a towel and walked to the shower area with her own suit draped over her shoulder. Signs encouraged everyone to shower before and after leaving the lagoon area.

Each shower had its own door and Ashley hung her two-piece suit and towel over it. She quickly showered and waited for the sound of Jenny entering the shower. Ashley stepped from her shower naked and spotted Jenny’s suit hanging over her shower door. She quickly substituted the prepared suit for Jenny’s and stepped back into her own shower. Ashley put on her two-piece suit, returned the towel to her locker and waited for Jenny to finish showering. Jenny did not notice the switch and put the suit on while still in the shower. Jenny stepped happily from the shower and the two left smiling.

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They had all been splashing around in the tropical style lagoon for a few minutes. Ashley smiled as she saw Jenny relaxing. Ashley had removed the stitching that held the panels of Jenny’s conservative one-piece suit together. She had carefully stitched the five panels back together using the special surgical thread she had obtained from a medical supply house. The thread was meant to remain strong for several days and then slowly dissolve into the body. The warning on the surgical thread had indicated that it was not to be exposed to chlorine before its use as that would cause it to deteriorate much more quickly. Ashley had soaked sample of the thread in water with some added Clorex and seen it dissolve completely in less than and hours. She hoped that the chlorinated water of the park would do its work as quickly. She just had to enjoy herself and wait for it to happen.

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They had been at the park for two hours. Ashley was having difficulty hiding her frustration that Jenny’s suit was still intact. Jenny, John and Carl were having a great time. They had all just come down a long water slide and were splashing in the pool at the bottom. Ashley’s fake smile became genuine as she saw a pucker in the seam under Jenny’s left arm.

Ashley thought, “It was working. Anytime now it will started to fall apart.”

Ashley felt this was perfect time to dare them all to take the Hurricane. This was the park’s longest, tallest slide. It promised to swirl you in its twists and turns. One section was a clear tube and it promised to spin everyone upside down. The park was filling up. If they went now they could get in before the crowd formed a line.

“Come on, let’s do the Hurricane!” Ashley shouted.

The others quickly stepped from the water and followed her to the stairs. They climbed to the top and Ashley volunteered to go first if Jenny would follow next. She wanted to be in position to watch Jenny in the clear section of tube and greet the hopefully naked Jenny at the bottom.

“But it’s so high!” whined Jenny.

“Oh come on Jenny. Ashley’s going first. Don’t be chicken.” John had spotted the splitting seam and, while he did not know Ashley’s setup, he hoped this would be another opportunity to get Jenny naked in public.

“See you at the bottom” shouted Ashley .

Jenny said “Okay”.

Ashley climbed into the top of the slide feet first and let go. The water swirled as she accelerated in the water flowing down the slide. A series of twists and turns spun her upside down and left her dizzy as she zoomed through the transparent section. She was disoriented as the slide flattened out and dumped her in the water at the end of the slide. She staggered to her feet.

“Whew, if that doesn’t work the stitches loose, I don’t know what will.”

Ashley stood in the waist deep water, faced the top of the slide and shouted “Come on, it’s fantastic!”

Jenny waved back and jumped feet first into the tube. It was only then that Ashley saw a piece of material fall from the end of the slide into the swirling water. Ashley looked down. Her bikini bottom was missing. She lunged to the end of the slide and tried to see through the swirling bubbling water, but could not see her missing bottom.

In the tube Jenny was enjoying the ride and oblivious to what was happening to her suit. First the seam at her crotch popped open. As she continued to slide there the water the front and back of the suit started to roll up her body. Next the seams on the breast pieces came apart leaving her breasts totally exposed. It was then that Jenny noticed something happening. By the time she flashed through the transparent tube she was trying to lower her arms from over her head to cover her breasts, but the disorientation left her unable to accomplish this. As the suit fell completely into pieces her naked prone body was clearly visible before she left the tube.

Ashley was hunting in the moving water at the end of the slide for the rest of her swimsuit when Jenny emerged from the slide. Jenny’s big toe of her left foot brushed against Ashley, catching the side of Ashley’s top. The top was torn from Ashley’s body as Ashley was pulled under with Jenny.

The two sputtering coughing women surfaced and stood in the water. A moment later they both squatted done to hide their nudity. They cowered and waited for John and Carl to emerge from the slide. It seemed to take forever from Jenny’s perspective before the two men joined them at the base of the slide.

Jenny was unable to explain that she needed help, but an angry Ashley demanded that Carl and John go get them something to wear. Carl and John were laughing so hard that they had trouble standing up. An infuriated Ashley gave up on John and Carl. She emerged from the water and ran to the locker area, her wet naked body attracting the attention of the hundreds along her path.

In a complete panic Jenny ran after Ashley while trying to cover up with her hands and arms. Ashley achieved some small measure of satisfaction as she stood inside the locker room after turning the lock on the door. The pounding of Jenny’s fists and the sound of her pleading brought a smile to Ashley’s face….until she turned and realized she was in the men’s locker room. At least twenty young men saw her and quickly blocked her exit. It was well after Jenny had realized her error and dressed in the women’s locker room before Ashley was pushed through the door that opened on the parking loot. Ashley had a long wait before Carl appeared and finally permitted her naked body into his car.

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**Jenny The Office Tart by Steve**

**Prologue**

"Look I am telling you for the last time it has to be her," said Ashley.

Every body looked around and finally nodded in agreement, after all who could argue as all the evidence did point to Jenny. Now there was only one single matter left to attend, REVENGE.

It had all started several days ago when some one had laid booby traps around the office. they mostly came in the form of large balloons filled with all sorts of disgusting liquids. Several people had been caught out and ended up having expensive clothing ruined, not to mention being horrible embarrassed. A witch hunt had ensued, led with zeal by Ashley. It all came to an end when her and several of the staff stole the locker keys and instigated there own private search. All the lockers had been searched to no avail, until only one was left. This was the locker belonging to the new girl, Jenny! They carefully opened it and much to everyone's surprise, there secured in a small brown bag were. Balloons, elastic bands, small timing devices, several cans of assorted whipped cream and chocolate fudge sauce, et . Everyone was stunned, everyone that is; except Ashley.

"Oh come on all of the pieces were starting to fall into place" she preached. "It only started happening when Jenny arrived and Jenny was the only one not hit by this prankster".

"But she seemed so nice," replied Jane.

"Yeah little miss sweet and innocence, no doubt." Continued Ashley. "Didn't you have a lot of expensive lingerie ruined by one of her silly cream filled balloon bags?" she asked.

Jane fumed at the mention of the incident "Yes and my leather mini skirt."

"Then I say we give her a day of hell and a taste of her own medicine" Ashley said, knowing that her quest was about to begin. All had agreed, as each and every one in the office had there own score to settle. So now the trap was set and Jenny was about to walk right into it.

Jenny waltzed happily into work, she was enjoying her new life as a temp, and had so far made a lot of friends. Jenny had been in a hurry today as it was her job to be in before every one else, so she had dressed quickly and worn a short black mini skirt and thin white shirt, these were all that kept her from total embarrassment. Well apart from a very sexy full length nylon body stocking that Jenny's boyfriend had brought for her, she had never worn it before. But as the day was not that warn and Jenny, being a "big girl" felt like she needed a little support under her very flimsy clothing. Jenny waited a short while for the lift doors to open, then stepping inside she pressed floor twelve and continued her journey. Little did she know that upstairs, a big surprise was awaiting her.

"Ding" went the lift and opened on to a strange floor, Jenny looked at number on the panel, it said floor 10. She pressed the button for floor twelve again, but nothing happened. Jenny pouted, this was stupid. She hated standing around in these high heels, they were killing her feet and she wanted to sit down. She pressed the door close button, but still everything remained silent. Very silent in fact thought Jenny to herself; does no one work on this floor.

Still it was only two floors and even with these crippling heels, she could walk that. So picking up her small shoulder bag, she stepped forward and out of the lift. Jenny never knew what hit her, she tried to scream in a complete panic, but a pair of hands covering her face also obstructed her mouth as well as vision. Other hands had also grabbed her everywhere, her arms, legs, waist and chest even; everything was held firm; as Jenny was dragged to the ground by her mysterious captors. Jenny Struggled wildly but as well as being physically over powered not being able to see also helped ensure complete defeat on her behalf. Suddenly she hit the floor and landed on her back. Her arms and legs were immediately pinned down by peoples bodies, resting and kneeling on them.

Jenny was terrified, she feared gang rape and was not sure what was to come next. She did not have to wait long to find out "Come on lets strip her, down to her undies," said a voice, and a small chorus of agreement broke out.

"No helph no pleaph donp" mumbled Jenny, but her muffled cries were useless as once again all their roaming hands found her firm and ripe body. Only this time as they discovered it, they left it twice as fast; but with huge handfuls of her clothing. No no no, thought Jenny this can't be happening, why me; what have I done. The answers to her thoughts would soon be revealed. The mob were going wild, tearing the fabric of Jenny very thin skirt and even thinner shirt to pieces, until they were just rags.

"Come on pull them all off of her" said the voice again. Jenny listened, it was a woman's voice, someone she knew.

Her deduction was soon scrambled again. As she realised that as the last remnants of clothing disappeared; the only thing left was the black see thru body stocking.

"Corr" "Whoar what a body" were a few of the word Jenny could hear. But these were all woman's voices, what kind of woman spoke about another like that. Jenny so wished this was not happening and even though her face was covered. She was sure that what was visible of it was red as a beet root. Suddenly the noise died down and the voice started up again.

"Well Jenny, you like to play games do you" Jenny mumbled something and the voice ordered her mouth to be uncovered.

"Please" Begged Jenny, "Let me go"

"I'll ask you again," repeated the voice, "You like to play games do you?"

"Erm, no yes I mean no, please why are you doing this to me?" Jenny cried.

"Revenge" was the reply. "Revenge for what you have done to each and everyone of us"

"I don't know what you mean" she pleaded.

"And now" the unknown voice started again, completely ignoring her pleas. "We are going to have are fun, with you".

"Look, please just hold on a minute" Jenny tried to reason again but it was no good.

"You have the wrong person".

Jenny last words were drowned out as a cheer went up and lots of movement was taking place. Then suddenly it quieted down again, Jenny was aware of hands moving all over her. The body stocking was being lifted at the edges, or little holes being poked into it in places they could not get to. Next Jenny could feel small plastic type tubes running under the suit. Jenny feared the worse.

"Aaarr no, p-p please w-what is this?" she stammered; Jenny found out in no time at all.

As one more time the voice screamed; "Now girls now; fill her up" .

Suddenly Jenny could hear a multitude of squelching and hissing coming from all around her, what is that she thought. The answer came in the form of Jenny's body stocking being filled up with whipped cream, Fudge sauce, chocolate sauce and thick yellow custard.

"Oooo aahhhh p please, n no stop that" cried Jenny in a completely panic stricken tone.

But this time the voices were silent, only the noise was of all the gooey liquids pumping out of the gas compressed cans and the occasional snicker could be heard. Jenny now desperately tried to escape as the thought of being made into one huge dessert, turned her right off. But this was futile, as her captors now seemed stronger than ever and more determined to keep her there. Jenny wriggled about, this was getting most uncomfortable, the sticky gooey mess was going every where; and I do mean everywhere Poor Jenny tried to arch her back, to escape some of the discomfort, but was only pushed back down on to the ground. This resulted and a large squelch and more of the goo going up and around her.

Eventually her now hysterical tormentors, tired of this and once more the voice that she now feared spoke.

"OK you little tart, that was part one over with; now for more fun".

Then at once every hand was placed underneath her and she was hoisted shoulder high. The disgustingly wet body stocking clung to her, apart from underneath which hung down filing up with the foul gooey cocktail. Jenny her eyes still covered, could not see what was happening. Suddenly they stopped turned Jenny around and sat her down, as usual the goo swamped her lower body. They then turned her on to her front and pressed her body down hard. The mix now oozed up around her massive chest and all down her front.

"OK let her go,” were the words Jenny heard, just before she was pushed across the ground to God only knows where.

Jenny's slippery body, slid across the floor, over a couple of bumps. (These caused a frightening but very familiar sound to Jenny) Then finally her body came to a grinding halt as she crumpled against a wall. Jenny opened her eyes, as she did she heard another familiar sound DING. She quickly look around and saw that she was back in the lift.

She tried to get up and slipped over ,as the lift started moving. Her eyes went to the control panel, God no; how could they. Every single button had been pressed for every floor, starting with the ground. Once again, Jenny tried to stand, this time the body stocking fell right off her. That sound as she slid across the floor, the oh so familiar but frightening sound; was of material tearing. Once more, Jenny got up and desperately tried to hold onto the shredded tatters of her body stocking, but it was no good. DING went the bell again and the doors started to open. There stood Jenny ready to face the morning rush of workers, looking very erotic, dressed only in various whipped creams and other dessert toppings, oh and her very classy high heels of course.

Jenny had just wanted to die of embarrassment. There she stood, every inch the porn actress. Standing there trying to hide her embarrassment as simply dozens of men and woman stood there, staring at her predicament. An what a predicament indeed, Naked save for her heels and any remaining cream sticking to her body. She tried to hold on to handfuls of the stuff to protect her modesty, but it all just slipped off her. The result of this to the out side world looked like, Jenny rubbing and smearing cream into her naked body for all to see. There very own private sex show and the guys were lapping it up. Some had moved forward stopping the door from shutting, in complete fear Jenny backed off. Eventually she hit the wall as men crowed into the lift to get a look. Jenny bit her bottom lip and could only stand there, naked and helpless to there stairs as the last of the cream dripped from her nipples to the floor. The men were practically drooling now and some were close to reaching out and grabbing a hand full.

Jenny pressed herself back against the wall, "Please no" she begged, as their hungry looks drilled holes into her.

The next sensation Jenny was aware of was movement, the lift door had shut and she was on her way back up. Trapped in a lift with around a dozen or more lusty men. They all moved that little bit closer, most now reaching out for her; Jenny just closed her eyes as she heard one say; "Hmm blonde tart on the menu for breakfast lads."

By mid morning, Jenny was the talk of the whole building. She had just got out of the elevator in one piece. But not before the randy bunch of lads had got a good hand full of all of Jenny's cream covered assets. So now she sat in Ashley's private office, wrapped only in a very small towel.

"Thank you Ashley" Said Jenny, "After I escaped the lift I did not know what I was going to do. Those guys were chasing me everywhere."

Jenny had finally fled from the lift on floor 9 and had to race up the last three floors to her department. Once there Ashley and the other girls had ushered her into the private office and seen off the crowds following her. Ashley had returned with a bag of clothing for Jenny and placed it down in front of her.

"Here you go, these should do you till the end of the day", she said and smiled down at the sorry looking state before her.

"Thank you again" replied Jenny.

"Now hurry it up" Ashley ordered "You have a busy day ahead of you", then turning on her heel left Jenny alone to get dressed.

Jenny emptied the contents of the bag and began to dress. First she wriggled her self into a tinny, tiny pair of red silk and lacy panties. She then clipped around her the matching suspender belt and looked around for a bra. Holding it up before her, she gulped; there was no way that was going to do the job. Still she had no choice, then placing her arms through the loops, she pushed her ample bosom into each cup. It was a terrible struggle and after a good two minutes Jenny finally managed to clip it up behind her. Jenny looked down, Gosh she said to herself. The bra not only held her, but also lifted and pushed her breasts straight forward. Next Jenny rolled up the black stockings and clipped them on, Hhm seams thought Jenny how Smart. Then Jenny turned to the two remaining items of clothing, a very short leather mini skirt and red lycra top. Always embarrassed by her large assets, Jenny pulled the top over her head and squeezed into it. When she pulled it down, it nearly took her breath away. My that is tight thought Jenny, now for the skirt. This was going to be a bigger problem for Jenny than she had first thought. She wiggled her lovely round backside as much as she could, but the skirt would not go any higher. She tugged and pulled, but it was no good. Then Ashley appeared from around the door.

"Everything all right?" she asked.

"Erm no not really," replied a very embarrassed Jenny.

Ashley saw Jenny's Problem straight away and marched across the room. Then standing behind Jenny grabbed the skirt on either side and gave a sharp tug. Jenny gave out a little moan as the tight material finally gave and covered her bottom.

"Now for the Zip" said Ashley.

"Er no its Ok, I can," started Jenny, but never had time to finish her sentence.

For once more Ashley was only to willing to help, grabbing Jenny firmly by the thigh, she pulled up the side zip as quick as she could. Poor Jenny went white as all the colour ran from her cheeks, the skirt was so tight around her Jenny thought she would pass out. Grabbing her by the shoulders, Ashley spun Jenny around to face her.

"There let me have a good look at you" she smiled. Jenny tried to smile back, but felt more than a little uncomfortable.

"Well" said Ashley, looking her up and down; "You will have to do, Ok then back to work Jen, your work sheet is on your desk".

Jenny bent over to slip on her heels and felt even more insecure. Then just as she was standing upright, she felt a sharp smack to her back side; she squealed and jumped up. Then turned around to see Ashley smiling at her.

"Come on Jenny, get a move on" she grinned. Jenny raced from the office, just to hear Ashley calling after her, "Try to keep your clothes on this time."

Jenny entered the main office as all eyes fell on her, she blushed and caught sight of herself in a full length mirror.

Oh my God she thought to herself. There she stood, looking for all the world like a complete tart. Her breasts were pushed so forward, it looked like she had a pair of melons down there. The skin tight top did nothing to help, in fact it was so low cut it made them look even bigger. Not only that it was so short, it left her middle uncovered. There was at least a good two inches of Jenny on display between the skirt and top Then Jenny's eyes fell to the skirt, if you could call it that. Not only did it not even clear the dark black stocking band, she was sure her knickers must be on display from behind.

Still it was nice of Ashley to provide her with any clothes at all and with that thought Jenny (forgetting the shortness of the skirt), bent over her desk to pick up her work sheet.

Oh no thought Jenny to herself, just her luck. Her first assignment was to take mail to the offices above, she hated going to floor thirteen at the best of times. As it mostly consisted of men who never tired of making comments about her and on a day like today, she knew things would be worse. Jenny gathered up the mail and with some hesitation made for the lift. Once in side, Jenny swallowed hard, then pressed the button for floor thirteen. The lift doors closed, then after a short time opened again; Jenny had arrived.

No sooner had her long leg appeared out of the door, when a cheer went up. It was as if every guy on the floor was waiting for her. They all stood up from behind there desks and shouted out "Get em off Jenny, we know you want to".

Jenny just wanted to die, she turned and headed straight back for the lift. But it was no good the doors had shut and it was already on the move. Slowly Jenny turned her head, to see the still cheering mob. Oh well she thought to her self, Ill just have to get on with it. They will get bored with it all before I do. But they did not, everything single delivery on the floor resulted in a crude comment on Jenny's earlier incident; or her current attire. Also more and more guys seemed to be crowding around Jenny and she was having to squeeze by a lot of then, just to deliver her mail. Jenny had a sneaking suspicion that the desks had been pushed closer together than usual. At last Jenny was nearing her task, she only had a few more letters to do.

But then disaster struck. Jenny had kept her head down for most of the time, almost running from one desk and group of guys to another. Only she had not spotted someone's leg, sticking out from under there desk. Jenny stumbled, but quickly regained her self, even in the high heels. The only problem was Jenny had dropped her mail. Jenny looked around, desperately praying there would be one gentleman in the whole room who would pick them up for her. But alas three was not, they were more interested in trying to look down Jenny's top, not that it proved difficult at the moment. Jenny had only one option, bending down as discreetly as she could; she reached for the mail.

Poor Jenny, it just was not her day. The first sign of trouble came in the form of an enormous tearing sound. Jenny reddened and knew straight away it was the panties. With lightning speed, she jumped up and grabbed her behind to cover what she could.

"Too late" said a voice. "We have seen it all now" and all at once laughter broke out around her.

Jenny could take no more and in sheer terror headed for the stairs. Unfortunately for Jenny, her jumping up so quick and running across the room had worked her breasts free from the Bra. Jenny was still unaware and was more concerned with her exposed rear. This only became apparent to her, when, wham out they both flew. The lycra top had been doing a good job of holding them in, but could contain her no more. Jenny screamed and stopped dead in her tracks. The guys in the room could not believe three luck and were practically drooling now. Jenny desperately attempted to push her huge tits back inside, but they were having not of it. The lycra top was so tight, that it held her like a second skin. Men were starting to gather from all sides now and offering there services. Jenny started to panic, suddenly remembering her exposed rear. This was the only incentive she needed. Not bothering to cover up, Jenny raced flat out across the room, her beautiful breasts, wobbling and exposed to all. Now the crowd seemed to be turning once more into a horny mob and Jenny was relieved to make it to the doors. She quickly raced up the stairs giving everyone the most magnificent eyeful. Then realising her mistake, came back down; past the crowd and continued down to floor twelve. At least I will be safe there She thought.

Ashley was furious, things were not working out as she had planned. Jenny was now the talk of the whole building, but for all the wrong reasons as far as Ashley was concerned. She had started this one woman war when Jenny first arrived. Ashley had always been considered the hottest thing in the whole company, until that busty tart had arrived anyhow. Now she was gaining in popularity by the day. Even the woman were becoming friendly towards her. A couple that Ashley had not been to sure of had been very friendly towards her.

So Ashley had laid the balloon bombs herself, then whipped the crowd into a frenzy over it. Then finally her master stroke was to plant the evidence on Jenny and let people take there revenge. Now the rest as they say had been history, but things were going wrong. Ashley had hoped to turn Jenny into the cheapest tart in the building, but the guys were now considering her to be the hottest property of all time. Some were even starting to feel sorry for her and considering asking her out for a drink. Ashley had to act fast or the whole days planning would be ruined.

"Hi guys" said Ashley as she approached a bunch of lads from floor thirteen. They all turned and smiled at her.

"Hey Ashley" said Phil. "Does that Jenny work for you then"

"She does" She replied "Why do you want to know".

"Oh no reason" he continued.

"Didn't you get to see enough of her this morning" Ashley Joked

They all looked around then broke out into fits of laughter. Ashley's plan was taking shape as the guys all commented on what a great body she had and how excited it made there working day.

"Well guys would you like to see more", she asked.

"Are you joking, of course we would" said Phil his mouth open.

"OK then be on our office floor, thirty minutes before we all clock off", Shouted Ashley as she sauntered off. Leaving the guys with the lovely image of her backside swaying in a tight skirt and the even lovelier thought of Jenny naked again.

Jenny was rushing back to work to beat the lunch hour clock. Everything had been hellish for her. First she had tried to replace the knickers she tore and had no success. That is until she came to an adult book store that also sold lingerie. Jenny stole herself and went inside. She walked in and immediately blushed at the reception she got from all the men standing around look at various porn books and videos. She asked the man, a huge obese slob; behind the counter if he had any red satin knickers for sale. He rummaged through a box and slung a pair at her. Jenny paid then asked if there was any where she could try them on, turning crimson as she did The Man thought for a while then smiled and pointed to a door at the corner of the shop.

Slipping inside, Jenny wrestled again with the skirt and tried to replace the torn knickers with the new ones. She tugged and pulled at the skirt desperately trying to get it over her behind again. Jenny Stopped and checked her watch, dam she was going to be late again. After a good minute Jenny got the better of the skirt. She whipped off the knickers and replaced them. Then Jenny had to go through the whole process in reverse of getting the skirt back down. Once more she fought with until she finally won, then turning towards the full length mirror in the small cubicle she admired her handy work. Jenny turned around and look over her shoulder, OH my gosh no; she said to herself.

Her Bottom checks had been exposed all day in the skirt. She had not realised how short it was. Jenny pulled her jacket on and pulled it down as for as it would go. It did not good at all and covered nothing, Jenny had to leave it was getting late. She picked up her things and made for the shop, but before she left she was in for the surprise of her life. All the men were standing out side, they cheered and whistled as she came out.

Jenny was Embarrassed and puzzled at the same time, what were they doing; then she noticed something. A curtain next to the room she had changed in had been pulled back to reveal an adjoining room. Jenny could have died, the room contained a large glass window that looked straight into the room where she had removed her panties and replaced them. The mirror had been a one way piece of glass, Jenny had shown the whole room everything she had. She looked around at them all horrified, shrieked and ran from the shop. As she left she heard them calling after her, this caused her to redouble her efforts to get back to work as quick as she could Jane stormed into Ashley's office, flanked by five other girls.

"Ashley, this has got to stop now", said Tina. Ashley was slightly worried.

"Erm what has", she replied cautiously.

"Jenny, she has been at it again", answered Jane "And this time she has gone to far" she added. Ashley breathed a small sigh of relief.

"Well what has the little madam been doing. this time" Asked Ashley, knowing only to well what the reply would be. All of the girls produced balloons with a disgusting black concoction.

"Its full of Black treacle" said Jane. "If that got on any of our stuff, it would be ruined".

"Now how do you know its Jenny, after the little lesson she was taught this morning I thought that she would have come to her senses" Said Ashley in mock sympathy for her.

"Because we went through her desk and found these" answered Jane producing a large tine of Black treacle and some balloons.

"I know we shouldn't have, but look its definitely her".

"Well" said Ashley, "I guess a further lesson is in order then. I will leave it up to you this time, but just wait until four thirty OK"

The girls all looked at each other smiled and left to make plans. Ashley sat back and stretched her long legs across her desk crossing them as she did. Well she thought to her self, the finally trap had been set, Jenny would be in for the worst experience of her life

Jenny was determined to make it up to Ashley this afternoon. After all she had been so good in defending her from all the unwanted male and female attention that she had received and lent her clothes in her hour of need. So she worked tirelessly going from one job to another and really not noticing the time fly by. So it came as a complete surprise to her when she noticed it was four twenty eight.

Jenny still had a lot of photocopying to do and set off with all her work. As she approached the door to leave the outer office, Bernice a very tall and attractive red head was blocking her path. Jenny liked Bernice as she always paid Jenny a lot of attention, especially when she wore something new; Bernice insisted that Jenny always walk up and down and model it for her. Jenny approached her with a smile and she returned it.

"Hi Bernie" said Jenny "Can I get by please, I'm in an awful hurry. I only have thirty minutes until its time to go".

Bernice looked up at the clock and once more smiled down at Jenny.

"Thats a very sexy little number your wearing today" said Bernice, putting her hand on Jenny's waist as she spoke, Jenny looked down and blushed.

"Th thank you" was all Jenny could say. Feeling awkward about Bernice touching her.

"And that skirt is so short and tight" she added, letting her hand slide down over it. "I just bet your driving all the girls, I mean guys crazy today".

Jenny was definitely starting to feel uncomfortable now.

"Erm please Bernie, I really have to go", she said in a shaky little voice.

Suddenly Jenny felt a pair of hands on her shoulders. She jumped a little, but the hands held her quite still. She then turned her head to see Brigitte stood behind her. Brigitte was a very close friend of Bernice and they would often leave and enter work together. She was not as pretty as Bernie, but even taller and worked out her strong body every day.

"Hello there you two, whats going on then" she asked her hands still on Jenny's shoulders

"Oh Jenny was just about to put on a little fashion show for me, weren't you sweetie" said Bernice, smiling down at her.

"Erm look I really have to" started Jenny when Brigitte cut her off.

"Well we have already seen most of what you are just about wearing today, what more could there be".

Jenny getting slightly worried, pulled away and backed off from them both.

"Please leave me alone, I've got a lot of work to do" she begged.

The two woman closed on her and Jenny turned to leave.

"Going some where" said Jane.

Jenny looked around and realised that Jane and three of the other girls from the office were cutting off the only other exit. Jenny looked around puzzled by there actions.

"Y yes I need to get these copied before five o'clock", she answered.

"Are you sure your not going to lay any more of your little traps" asked Jane producing one of the balloons filed with treacle as she did.

"What I don't understand, What's that ? What do you mean?" replied Jenny in a state of confusion.

"Like you don't know you little Tart" snarled Jane angrily. As she spoke Jenny was aware of Bernice and Brigitte moving very close behind her.

"Look please" begged Jenny "Will somebody just tell me what's going on here".

"I`ll tell you what's going on, slut" Jane was getting more annoyed "You have played your last little trick on us, I thought this mornings lesson would have been enough. But Apparently you just don't learn, so we are going to make you.

"This morning, you guys did that to me" Asked Jenny completely shocked.

"Yes", replied Jane "But its nothing to what we are about to do to you now" she added.

Jenny felt the strong hands of Bernice and Brigitte slide around her arms, as the other three closed in from the front.

"Please no I don't understand" whimpered Jenny "Not again" She tried hopelessly to get away, but the two Amazons held her still.

Ashley opened her office door a crack and peered around, she could not believe how well it was all going. There was Jenny surrounded by a small angry mob and by the look of it about to be dealt with. Ashley could hardly wait and by the look of things would not have to.

"Right Girls" Commanded Jane "Lets Strip her".

"No" shrieked Jenny "No".

But it was no good, the mob descended and with the pressure of Bernice and Brigitte forcing her down, Jenny felt her legs buckle. She slid to the floor, as she did the five girls were already starting to tear at her clothes.

Ashley now opened the door even further to get a better look. All she could see were poor Jenny's arms and legs waving about in the air as the five girls manhandled her and attempted another forced striptease. Jenny was in another no win situation, the girls grabbed at her; Brigitte's and Bernice paying particular attention to her breasts and thighs. She tried to beg for mercy but they were not having it. What was this all about, why were they doing this to her.

Jane had gotten her hands underneath Jenny's snug fitting Lycra top and Bernice and a few others were making good on there actions of removing the skirt. Meanwhile Brigitte was having no trouble pinning Jenny's arms to the floor, whilst clamping her head between her rather muscular thighs.

"Come on girls" encouraged Jane "Pull".

The girls all heaved and tugged at the tight material. Jane was determined that the clothes would be torn off of her, so there was no way she could redress herself.

Ashley by now was besides her self with victory, as she savoured every moment of Jenny's embarrassment Jenny was held fast, her only hope lay in the fact that the material was so strong and as they were determined to rip it off her, it might just hold. Suddenly Jenny heard a tearing sound, perhaps it would not hold. Sensing victory was near Jane was putting every bit of strength she had into ripping Jenny's top, her efforts were about to pay off.

Riiiiiiiiippppppp, was the sound that came from Jenny's upper half as Jane proudly held aloft a piece of Jenny's top. That was all it took the send the woman wild. Hands now pulled and clawed at her causing the skirt to meet the same fate. First to go was the stitching down the side, after that the actual leather started to tear; Jenny was in trouble. Ashley folded her arms and leaned back against the door, she watched as pieces of Lycra and leather flew into the air. All accompanied by the girls wild screams and Jenny screaming for help.

Hands now were beginning to wander back to Jenny, now clad only in her lingerie, when suddenly the doors burst open at one end of the office; this was followed by numerous voices, male voices. Ashley turned around as did all the girls. The sight that befell them was one that would chill Jenny to the bone. All of the men from Floor thirteen had arrived, right on cue. Jenny was not sure what was happening, but she had noticed that the girls had relaxed there grip on her. She heard a female voice giving instructions, it sounded like Ashley's.

This was followed by what sounded like to Jenny an army on the march, and in her direction. Seizing her moment, Jenny wriggled loose of Brigitte's thighs and dived through the mob of girls. Unfortunately Jenny was disorientated and headed straight for the sound of the marching feet. Jenny quickly took stock of the situation. It seemed as if every man from floor thirteen was advancing on her and she clad only in the briefest of underwear.

A cheer went up followed by cries of "Its true, she really does love to expose her self" and "Go on sugar show us the rest".

Jenny now terrified, turned around. Most of the girls who had stripped her were still on the floor and Jenny attempted to break through. She ran with speed she did not no she had and only suffered a couple of smacks to the rear before she made it out of the door.

Jenny Panicked and did not know where to go, there seemed to be men everywhere. Not thinking Jenny ran straight down the main corridor, attracting the attention of every man and woman on her floor. She looked behind her and saw, Brigitte, Jane and all the others in hot pursuit.

The men had started screaming "Strip her strip her naked".

People were appearing from every angle and Jenny was either bumping into them or having to squeeze by. It felt like her worst night mare come true. Jenny now made it to the end of the corridor, with the now growing army of fans on her tail getting closer. Jenny now did not care where she was going and only new she had to get away. She ran blindly threw the double doors only to face a stair well. Panicking she headed straight down to the next level. All the time she could hear the screams and heavy foot steps of the lusty mob behind her.

Jenny reached the next floor and burst through the doors. This time it was the typing pool, Jenny never liked it there much, there were always to many butch young girls there. On seeing Jenny a couple nudged each other and started to look in her direction. Jenny trying to keep her chest covered, quickly crossed the floor. Smack, Jenny yelped and turned around one of the girls had, swatted her barely clad behind with a ruler. then crash the doors opened and there stood the girls from upstairs.

"Don`t let her get away" shouted Bernice and Jenny started sprinting again.

A chorus of "Get her" "Grab her" "Pin her down" had broken out all around her as girls from either side were closing in on her.

Jenny new she had to get out or her days were numbered, quickly knocking over a few chairs to slow down her pursuers and avoiding the clutches of a few girls, she neared the exit door.

This was not to be Jenny's day though, as she approached it, numerous faces appeared at the glass. Jenny stopped dead in her tracks as slowly the doors opened and in came Jane and a small mob of men. Jenny turned and saw that she was totally surround. Everyone had stopped dead in there tracks and the room fell silent.

Jenny looked around, not one sympathetic face amongst them.

"P please, no" she whispered as the mob slowly moved in from every angle.

Girls and men licked there lips and rubbed there hands, Jenny was nothing more than there cornered

prey. Then she said it, just one word was all it took, Jane spoke loudly and clearly so the whole room could hear.

"STRIP HER NAKED".

Jenny felt like a volcano was erupting from all around her, as the whole room descended. she could only stand there, defenceless against a whole room of her would be strippers. Her whole body was grabbed from every angle, her legs snatched from under her, as she was lifted up into the air. The room went crazy as Jenny, like a rag doll was tossed around by the mob; everybody wanted a piece of her.

After a while they tired of this and to the cries of "Tits out Tits out" a now hysterical Jenny was lowered into the mob for the final humiliation. Her bra just seemed to disintegrate as over a dozen hands tore it from her. Then once again she was hurled into the air for all to see. They turned her over slapped and spanked her tits and arse until they were red. Jenny suddenly became of a feeling she had not taken in until now. All the grabs and spanks to her bottom were hitting bare flesh, Jenny's panties had been torn away and she had not even known. Now here she was being toyed with her tits used and her legs spread apart for the whole crowed to see everything, absolutely everything. Poor Jenny this was more than she could take and with the thought of the ultimate humiliation being bestowed on her, she passed out.

**Epilogue**

Jenny was starting to awake, from the inside first. She felt uncomfortable, uncomfortable and very cold. She tried to move her arms and could not. Next she tried to move her feet, the response was also the same. Then a very funny sensation hit Jenny although she was spread eagle and could not move, Jenny was up right. She could take it no longer and opened her eyes, Jenny just screamed. There she was naked save for her stocking and heels, bound up on a wooden frame hoisted high above the main foyer of the whole building. Jenny looked down, there were people walking underneath her; they did not even know she was there.

Suddenly there was a terrific noise, Jenny looked; the clock struck Five. As she looked up she noticed that the rope that was attached to the frame holding her still, was secured to the large old fashioned clock above her. But since the clock had stuck Five the mechanism inside of it had started letting out rope and lowering her towards the ground. Ping went the lifts and crowds of people piled out, Jenny was terrified; what if one of them looked up and saw her. Doors all around the foyer, were also opening as people who could not get a life charged down the stairs. All the time Jenny was getting lower and lower. She dare not even breathe as she was so scared of being spotted. As usual Jenny's luck was running in its usual direction and she could have died when she heard a familiar female voice call out.

"Hey everybody look up there, attached to the clock; its Jenny AND SHE'S NAKED"

The whole foyer stopped as hundreds of heads turned upwards to see. The glorious sight of a very sexily clad, only in stocking and suspenders; Jenny. Every one was calling and moving towards her, as all the time she got lower. By now instead of leaving everyone was making there way to the centre of the room. Poor Jenny was wriggling about so much that she caused the frame to twist, giving the whole room a complete view of everything. Jenny looked around, more embarrassed than ever as she furiously bit her bottom lip. Still the clock kept ticking as Jenny was lowered further towards the crowd.

Jenny had also noticed a table filled with various cans and bottles on it, there was also a large piece of paper on the table that everyone was reading and laughing at. Whats going on thought Jenny, what are they doing. Several men and woman were now putting down cases taking off there jackets and rolling up there sleeves. Jenny became aware of how close she was to then all now, her feet in grabbing distance. She looked around at the hundreds of laughing faces, Then as she felt tears starting to well up in her eyes, she shut them tightly.

Soon Jenny felt a hand on her leg, then one on the other; then another and another. Jenny looked down, her legs up to the knee now was in touching distance and people were. One more time Jenny looked up as the clock ticked lowering her once more ever closer into the hands of another lusty sex starved mob. Looking back down, Jenny could see people closing in, many with various cans of dessert topping on there hands, then she caught sight of the piece of paper on the table it read.

PLEASE TAKE REVENGE ON THE GIRL THAT IS BEING LOWERED BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES. FOR SHE IS THE PHANTOM BALLOON BOMBER, WHO HAS BEEN AT WORK IN THIS BUILDING THE LAST FEW MONTHS. AS SHE IS A COMPLETE TART, WHY MAKE HER INTO ONE. YOU WILL FIND EVERYTHING YOU NEED RIGHT HERE TO MAKE A BITCH CAKE OUT OF HER.

From an over looking Office Ashley giggled to herself. It had taken weeks to plant those traps all over the building. But it had been worth it as it looked like everyone down there had a score to settle.

Ashley watched as poor Jenny completely swamped by people all wanting there pound of flesh, disappeared from view. She almost felt sorry for her as the poor girls screams were drowned out by peoples cheering. Hhmm thought Ashley, I wonder if she will turn up for work tomorrow

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**Jenny Pays A Debt by ?**

Jenny and her husband had eaten dinner at an elegant restaurant, and were heading back to their car to go home. The evening was calm, warm, and stars were out. There was no sign anything could possibly go wrong. To get to their car, they had to pass a dark alley. As they went by, two men swiftly exited the passageway and came directly up to them. Jenny gasped.

They had guns!

“Into the alley!” one growled. “Now.”

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The two frightened people did exactly as they were told. Jenny listened, full of hope, for signs someone, anyone, had seen what had just happened. She desperately wanted to hear shouts, calls for the police, anything which would let her know help would arrive. None came. It had happened too fast. No one had seen.

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In the center of the alley was a limousine. It, in its polished elegance looked totally out of place surrounded by clutter, trash and dirt.

“Get in!” the men ordered.

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Jenny and her husband climbed in. Inside the limousine already was an exquisitely dressed older man, sipping champagne. He motioned where they were to sit. The two men from the alley came in and sat on either side of him. The older man then picked up the limousine phone, briefly spoke into it, and the limousine drove off into the night.

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To Jenny’s surprise, the well dressed man the addressed her husband as if he knew him.

“Do you have our money?” he asked.

Even more astonishingly, her husband seemed to know the man as well.

“Not yet.” he answered. “I need more time.”

“The boss has given you lots of time.” one of the other men remarked.

“I was trying … to raise the money … without Jenny knowing ...” her husband answered. “It’s a lot of cash.”

“It was not too much when you lost it” the older man retorted.

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Jenny could not hold back her shock any longer. She looked at her husband.

“What … are they … talking about?”

He did not answer.

The older man did. “Did you know you husband gambles, Jenny?” he asked.

Jenny was confused.

“I know he used to.” she answered. “He told me he stopped.”

“I don’t think he was totally honest with you, Jenny,” the man said.

“In fact, I know he wasn’t. He came to us and said he planned to quit, but he wanted to try to recoup the money he’d lost first.

“Jenny, he does not gamble well.” the man went on. “He is in much further debt then when he started.

“We gave him a deadline.” The man explained. “He did not meet it. No one gulls our organization and gets away with it!”

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“I’ll get you your money!”, Jenny’s husband pleaded.

“I am sure you will.” The man answers. “You know what can happen if you don’t. That is not the point. The point is a person not following our agreement. I decided you just need a little incentive, a foretaste of what might come should you continue to delay.”

“What are you going to do?” Jenny’s husband asked.

“In time.” The man answered. “In time.”

They rode on, in silence.

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The limousine stopped. The driver opened the door, and the older man motioned them out. All five exited the vehicle. They were in yet another alley.

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One of the subordinate men went to an alley door to a building and unlocked it.

“Go inside.” The older man said.

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All five went in, then up some stairs, and through yet another door, into a large, dark, smelly room. Loud, raucous music was blaring. Jenny realized they were backstage in some kind of theater. She looked around, confused. Her eyes focused on the stage itself. On the platform was an aging strip tease dancer, obviously bored, pallidly removing her sleazy clothing. Even with all the makeup she wore, it was obvious she was past her prime in this type of entertainment. She danced the routine of the jaded, going through the required motions without any ebullience at all.

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Jenny’s husband turned to the well-dressed man.

“I don’t understand. What is going on?” he said.

“We first thought about coming directly after you.” the man answered. “That, however, could be counterproductive for us. After all we want our money, and that means you need to have the ability to get it. When someone wants to take part in the … services … of our organization, we research them very carefully. Quite often, the person turns out to be a police officer trying to infiltrate. That was not a problem with you,” the man said. “However, we did find out something very strange. You seem to be somewhat run-of-the-mill, perhaps even common, except, of course for your extremely poor skills at gambling. Your wife, Jenny, is not,” he went on. “She has an uncanny ability to find herself stark naked in public. It is remarkable how often she has been buff-bare around others.”

Jenny blushed deeply, acutely remembering the many times this had, indeed, occurred.

“One must admit this is not normal comportment,” the man went on. “It seemed much too regular to be mere chance. We sent our … researchers … out to investigate incidents, talk to eyewitnesses, and so forth,” he continued. Some of our interviewers can be, shall we say, very persuasive. It turns out that Jenny is, at times, simply remarkably unlucky,” he described. “Many of the incidents were purely accidental, or she unwittingly placed herself into a situation from which she could not be extricated clothed. However,” he continued, “in a noteworthy number of these circumstances, one of three people were around when the stripping occurred, sometimes all three.” he stated. “The first, and most often, was Jenny’s ‘best friend’, Ashley. The third, but very much present, is Jenny’s brother, Roger. The second, oddly enough, is you. We know for certain the little bitch Ashley and Jenny’s less than admirable brother Roger are intimately involved in her upsetting quandaries.” he affirmed. Though we are not at the ‘proof level’ yet, we are fairly certain you are as well.”

“They wouldn’t do that!” Jenny protested vehemently. “That’s my best friend, my brother, my husband.”

The well-dressed man shot her a look of contemptuous disdain.

“Your loyalty is quite admirable, Jenny,” he stated. “Your naiveté is not. Isn’t it … odd … the number of times you have been ‘accidentally’ exposed, and Ashley has been somewhere around?” he asked.

“Well …. Yes … but …” Jenny stammered.

“When your brother and his friends soaked you with water, then peeled you bare for a video game, was this accidental?” the man asked.

“No … but … they … were kids …”

“Perhaps, but consider the more recent incident at the fraternity house,” he went on. “Do you really think the robe fell apart by accident, or the video tape was produced by magic?”

“Video … tape …?”, Jenny moaned.

“You did not know!” the man said, genuinely surprised. “Perhaps that was well. However, it very much exists, and I will get you a copy, should you wish.”

“You … have … watched it?” Jenny asked.

“More than once,” he answered.

“You’ve seen me …”

“Naked?” he interrupted. “Indeed. You are quite lovely.”

Jenny thought she might die with shame. The disgrace of each individual incident had been bad enough. Now she had to face the humiliation of knowing that the terrible dishonor had not ended then, but could be continued repeatedly, with simply the shove of a VCR tape into a video machine. She knew sometimes pictures had been taken, and once the boys taped her in the lifeguarding incident, but this …

“That’s not the only tape there is, Jenny,” the man explained.

“Oh … please … no …” she whimpered.

“Yes, Jenny, yes, unfortunately.” The man affirmed. “Did you know quite a few of the pictures and videos are on the Internet? People all over the world look at naked pictures of you.”

There was nothing Jenny could say. She hung her head in absolute abashment and complete confusion.

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This discussion was getting much too close to home for the comfort of Jenny’s husband. He tried to change the subject.

“Why are we here?” he demanded. “What does all this have to do with my gambling debt?”

The man looked at him with pure contumely. “You just can’t stand not being in control, can you?” he sneered. “As you wish. We will get on with this. Jenny, however she has rationalized about incidents in the past, will have no doubt this particular milestone is your fault.”

“I will have no doubt … what … is his fault.” Jenny asked, extremely worried.

“Jenny, whether you believe it or not, your ‘loving’ husband, brother, and best friend have set you up to be completely undressed and thoroughly humbled, not just once, but many, many times.” he explained. “You may have your doubts, but we do not. We decided, if this is what your husband thinks he wants, this is what he’ll get, in spades.” The man stated. “However, this time, he will not be in control, we will. He hates not being in charge. This time, we will decide what happens to you, he won’t.” he went on. “And, this time, he will know, if he does not come up with the money and soon, we are not fooling. I truly don’t think he took us seriously before. In his own oddball way, he loves you, Jenny.” he remarked. “False heroism would be unpleasant for us all. Handcuff him!”

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The two men with him grabbed her husband. He struggled, but soon his arms were behind his back and locked in metal.

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Jenny was now quite frightened. “What are you going to do?” she asked.

“That is a fair question, Jenny.” The man in charge answered. “Perhaps, rather than merely answering, it is more appropriate to begin.”

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The obviously apathetic strip tease dancer was now nude and had just finished a routine of colorless gyrations and lusterless turns. The crowd however, mostly drunk young men, did not seem to mind a whit. She languidly walked off the stage to cacophonous applause and boisterous cheers. One of the two men approached the M.C. and said something to him. Jenny could not hear what was discussed due to all the noise. The M.C. then walked out on stage, carrying a hand held microphone. His voice boomed over the noise of the loud and rowdy crowd.

“Ladies and Gentlemen!” he shouted. “Here is the special act we’ve been telling you about! Please remember, this is only a performance, a program.” he admonished. “No matter what seems to be occurring on stage, all the people you see are actors, paid very well to make the situation look real for you. Regardless what happens or what is said, it is all part of the show. So, relax, drink up, and enjoy our very special production.” He finished. “Now, for your delectation and titillation, our special erotic presentation, ‘Jenny Gets Stripped!’”

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Sensuous, hedonic music began to play over the loudspeakers, passionate, orgiastic. The room lights lowered until only a spotlight lighted up the stage, directed to feature whomever was within. Lit this way, the illumined individual on stage would be totally made public, completely disclosed.

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The two men from the limousine came up to Jenny, one on each side.

Jenny looked frantically back and forth to each.

“You couldn’t!!!” she pleaded frenetically. “You wouldn’t!”

The two men ignored her entirely. Each took one of her arms resolutely and propelled her on to the stage, into the revealing light.

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Jenny struggled against this, but to no avail. Her exertions were useless, as they were much stronger than she, and they each could hold her fixed with one hand and use the other to denude her.

She then tried pleading with the audience for help. There were, after all, hundreds of people staring happily at her. Her frantic entreaties and frenzied supplications drew nothing but loud audience approval and furious hand clapping. The crowd had been primed for this event all evening. They obviously thought, whatever her begging and her battle, it was all part of the act. And, they were ready to enjoy it all.

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Her stripping probably did not take very long, but to Jenny, it seemed forever.

One man held her while the other knelt in front of Jenny to take off each of her shoes. He then reached under her skirt to remove her stockings. Though not really revealed at all, having his hands reach under her clothing, feeling garments removed, and the tactility of being barefoot and her legs unsheathed were symbolically dreadful to the trembling woman. He stood up with the stolen articles of her clothing in his hands. To Jenny’s amazement and horror, he then threw each item, individually, into the wildly enthusiastic crowd.

When he walked back to her once more, Jenny nervously confronted him.

“How will get my clothes back?” she gasped.

“That’s just the point, Jenny.” the man answered calmly. “You won’t.”

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This spurred Jenny to even more frantic struggle. She knew if she could not somehow stop them, she would not only be naked, but also totally unable to cover herself once more. The powerlessness was almost as bad as knowing how she would soon be displayed. She had flashbacks of other times when her clothes were taken from her and there had been nothing she could do.

She remembered, especially, the time at the bank when she had been taken hostage and made to take off her clothes and the time at the pool when the gang had spread-eagled her and then auctioned off her bathing suit. The impotence, the inability to act in her own defense, flooded over her once more. She desperately did not want this to happen again.

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As hard as she tried, however, there was little she could do. Even when they did not hold her arms immobile, there were four of their hands to her two. What made her opprobrious situation even worse, she could tell the inebriate crowd was thoroughly enjoying her futile exertions. They would eagerly cheer each time she would try to block the men’s hands from engaging her clothing and was unable to do so. She knew it would probably be wiser simply to cease her struggle and get the inevitable completed, but it was beyond her to do so.

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They began with her blouse. With each unfastened button, it gaped open more and more, exposing Jenny’s smooth skin underneath to the pleased gaze of the drunken crowd. Too soon, it was completely undone, and the men pulled it from the waistband of her skirt, down her arms, off of her, and threw it to the delighted audience. She then stood before the crowd with nothing above her waist but her filmy, lacy bra. The men let her stand like that for a few moments, then reached for her skirt.

As hard as she tried, she could not stop what they were doing. She felt the belt become undone, the button on the back unfastened, and the zipper pulled down as far as it could go. The two men then pushed it over her hips, and it fell naturally down her legs. They pulled it from being puddled at her feet and threw it away into the delirious gathering.

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She now had nothing on her beautiful form but her bra and panties. She knew the cheering throng could easily see the silhouette of her nipples and vaginal hair through the thin material of her underwear.

This status delighted her audience to no end.

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The two men stopped their forced disrobing to display their captive. The stage had a runway into the audience. They took her commandingly by the arms and propelled her forward, forcing her to walk all the way to the end. When they were there, they next made her turn slowly several times, so all could get a good view of her semi-clad beauty. They then walked her back to the stage itself.

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There was no doubt in Jenny’s mind what would happen next.

“Help me … Please!!!! … Somebody help me!!!! …” she pleaded desperately, repeatedly gravely.

No one came to her aid; indeed, this begging seemed to please them even more. It made what they believed to be an act more exciting, more realistic. They had no clue how realistic it actually was.

Jenny wondered if they would have actually helped her had they known. Certainly the men at the pool did nothing to stop the gang from stripping and exposing her, and neither had others in additional situations.

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She found herself back on the main stage. Their hands reached for her.

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She fought them wildly, desperately, but there was nothing at all she could do. Soon her bra was off of her and tossed away. Her breasts and nipples were totally exposed, and perhaps even more than totally, as her naked chest was rising and falling from hopeless exertion, and the struggle had caused her nipples to distend and become taut.

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They let her stand there, topless, for a short while, so the crowd could gawk and stare at her revealed beauty. Then, inexorably, their hands went for her only remaining garment.

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“Please!!!! …” she begged them. “…Please!!! .. Not those .. too!!!! … Don’t force me to … be naked … in front of … all these people!!! … Please!!!…”

To her surprise, they actually stopped.

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They turned to the crowd.

“What do you think?” they asked the tumultuous bunch. “Should we stop the act now, and leave Jenny some little modesty?”

“No!!!!” the happy crowd roared.

“She’s obviously very embarrassed.” they pointed out. “Wouldn’t it be best for us to let her go, so she can walk away?”

“No!!!!” the delirious gathering thundered.

“Then, what should we do?” the two men asked them.

“Strip her!!!!” the crowd replied. “Strip her bare!!!!”

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The two men turned back to Jenny.

“You heard them, Jenny.” they taunted their humiliated prisoner. “We promised them a special program, and they want the show to go on!”

“Please!!! … please!!!” Jenny murmured, more to herself than to them, as she knew it would do no good.

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She was correct. It was useless. She battled and struggled, but, in little time at all, her panties were over her hips, down her legs, and thrown to the audience, utterly irretrievable.

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She was now totally naked, wholly unrobed. Every square inch of her gorgeous body, including that most private tuft of fur between her legs, that did little to cover the opening to her vagina, was revealed to one and all.

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The two men gave her no slight respite. She was once more forced to parade herself down the runway. Once again, she was made to turn around again and again, so the delirious, cheering crowd could feast on her utter nudity from all angles.

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Though, for whatever reasons, she had found herself naked in public many times before, she could not remember her humiliation ever being so intense. She was brought low, completely mortified. With a few exceptions, all the other incidents had been accidental. However without dignity these incidents had left her, they had just sort of happened. Here this was obviously well planned. Her embarrassment was severe and vexing, her shame intense. She wished the noose would completely tighten, and she could just die.

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Finally, the two men allowed Jenny’s disgrace to end. To the cheers and catcalls of the boisterous audience, they turned her, and drove her from the stage.

Jenny was forcefully propelled off the stage, totally unclothed and completely abashed. Every cheer and catcall from the excited crowd added to her shame. She was led directly to the well-dressed man, and the two men who had stripped her then let her go.

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She immediately tried to cover herself as little as she could. She had no concealment but herself. She bent forward slightly, reached down with one hand to cover her pubic area, then crossed her other arm and hand over her breasts and nipples. She had no way to protect her bare back and exposed buttocks from view. She knew her efforts were pathetic, but it was all she could do.

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The well-dressed man walked around her several times, closely eyeing her total nudity, even more increasing her mortification. She did not want him staring at her naked form, but there was nothing at all she could do to prevent it. Oddly, the man spoke, but addressed her husband instead of her.

“You see what you have done by merely failing to cooperate,” he said. “Your exquisite wife is now put to the blush, in one sense shorn of her glory, in quite another having all of her glory unveiled. You have done her a great discourtesy, bringing her to such untoward misadventure,” he went on. “We hope her debasement will be the start of your own ignominy. You deserve punishment. Poor Jenny does not.”

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“That was quite a large crowd.” The man described truthfully. “I wonder if anyone recognized her?”

Jenny reddened once more. She had not thought of that. In the past, when she had somehow lost her clothing, it could, however clumsily, be explained as an accident. The people who had just witnessed her denuding thought the whole thing was a performance, and she an actress. If there were anyone there she knew, they would think she had allowed herself to be exposed, that it was consensual.

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The man stopped, directly in front of her. Jenny felt so vulnerable, being so naked and having him so close.

“You may not believe this, Jenny,” he said, “but I am truly sorry his punishment involves you. His devilment has gotten you the devil to pay. This is the way it must be, however.” he went on. “Your trial is not yet ended. As odd is this sounds, you are overdressed for the infliction we have in mind.”

He turned to the two men with him.

“Handcuff her as well!”, he ordered.

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Jenny’s protest was automatic, though she knew it would be futile.

“No…!!!”, she pleaded. “… not … that …!!!”

She felt damned. She knew, with her hands pinioned behind her back, she lost whatever little concealment she had at all. She would stand before them, condemned, exposed, and made public.

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As she expected, her begging was useless. The two men grabbed her arms and roughly forced them behind her back. She felt the cold steel encircle her wrists, and heard the click of her fetters locking.

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Jenny now stood there, totally bare and without protection. Her status was not lost on any around her, especially the well-dressed man. He stared at her lasciviously, moving his eyes up and down her altogether revealed form. As Jenny followed his gaze, she could see him stop to take in her breasts, nipples, and pubic area. His eyes were brazen, his expression immodest. He was quite obviously a libertine and a voluptuary. Jenny felt like a strumpet, unchaste and debauched.

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Quite obviously reluctantly, the well-dressed man stopped his dissolute scrutinizing of her naked form.

“It is time to go back to the limousine.” he said.

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Jenny and her husband were propelled toward the back of the club. Jenny was in shock. The reality of what he had said did not hit her until the door to the outside world was opened. She realized she would once more be disrobed, in the open-air, in public. She looked at the well-dressed man, her eyes petitioning, her voice supplicating.

“Oh ...!!! … Please …!!! … I can’t … go out … like this …!!!”

The man looked at her, with no mercy in his eyes. “Not only can you, Jenny, you will.”, he stated.

“What if … some one … is there …?!!”, she asked miserably.

“Then they see you, Jenny!”, he replied. “They get to see.”

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The two captives were propelled out the door, into the alley, and into the limousine. Jenny looked around frantically. She could see no one, but the alley was dark and full of shadows. She had no way of knowing who or how many were enjoying what they saw from the hidden areas and places.

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There were two young, pretty women waiting for them in the limousine. The well-dressed man and Jenny’s husband were seated in the front of the passenger area, in the seats parallel to the wall with the window to the driver. The two women sat, one on each of the side seats. Jenny was made to sit in the rear seat, with one of the two other men on each side of her. The well-dressed man spoke into the limousine’s telephone, and the automobile pulled put into the night.

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The man then spoke to Jenny.

“I am truly sorry, Jenny,” he said, “that as part of your husbands humiliation you must be mortified as well. There is no other way. We want him to feel the impotence you so often have experienced by his actions,” the man went on. We want him to realize what a bit of waste paper he actually is at the moment, and to give him a foretaste of what more could occur should he once again disobey. When he realizes this, his emasculation will be more complete than if we actually neutered him. You, unfortunately, are the vehicle of the moment,” he stated. “We have literally tied his hands, and he can do nothing to prevent whatever we decide. He is more than weak, but rather null and void. Most men,” the man continued, “are programmed by our rather sexist society that they are supposed to be able to defend and protect their women. Instead, he both caused and allowed you to be in situations of exposure, in all sense of that word. Today,” the man indicated, “he will see how unmanned he can become. He probably got sexually excited watching or thinking about those things which occurred to you in the past. There is a wonderful term for rendering powerless that has a humorous double entendre – we are literally going to ‘scotch his snake.’ He will experience, as the evening wears on, flaccidity in every sense of that word. We have many more unfriendly things ahead for him,” he finished. “This is most likely the last scene for you.”

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“What are you going to do?” Jenny asked, nervous and appalled by the man’s words.

“A fair question,” he replied.

“Our research,” the man began, “shows you have experienced great humiliation from his actions, but almost no pleasure. That is not to say you have not been groped. You have, many times, but not in an enjoyable manner. This is also not to say there were no times when you did not forcibly experienced an orgasm. We found at least two instances when this occurred, one in a swimming pool with a pair of lesbian teenagers and another when you lost a cat fight in a bar. “

Jenny blushed deeply. The man probably assumed it was only in reaction to his words. That was only partially true. In addition, however, Jenny remembered another time, when her husband’s friend, Jack, and his buddies found her upside down on the exercise machine, bound her there, blindfolded her with her own sports bra, cut off her remaining clothes, and had their way with her until she climaxed. She had never told anyone about the incident, even her husband. She was too ashamed. She certainly made sure there was no way Jack could get to her again.

The man continued.

“Whatever physical pleasure the zeniths may have given you, they were most probably overcome by the mental suffering of your predicament. You deserve better, Jenny,” the man indicated, “and I intend to see you experience it. The men with you are experts on animal gratification and human sensuality. They know how to overcome your most likely unwillingness, and replace it with rounds of titillating pleasure and arousing hedonism. They will make your will secondary to your body necessity. Your ordeal will be one of sensual ecstasy, and your fall one into licentious raptures. You will be ravished in the positive sense of that word, and they will do so with voluptuous intemperance. They are forbidden from engaging you in actual intercourse of any kind – vaginal, oral, or anal,” he related. “You also deserve better than to be forced into coitus before an audience. With that exception,” he ended, “their job, and their only job, is to provide you physical joy and sexual gratification.”

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Jenny was too shocked to speak, and, if she had been able, did not know what to say. She also knew nothing said would make any difference. She also knew, with her arms pinioned behind her, there was nothing she could do to prevent what had been described. She was awash with futility. Any labor she might do was in vain, any words she might say mere farce. She might as well preach to the wind.

She felt so inadequate and helpless.

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The well-dressed man looked directly at the two others beside Jenny.

“You may begin!” he indicated.

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The hands of the two men descended on their naked, trembling prisoner. Jenny steeled herself for their attack.

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It was not at all what she expected. The two men were not brutal, and she expected savagery. They obviously intended to ruthlessly play the devil with her, but they did so in a way that smoothed the bed of death.

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She had thought she would experience the hateful and repulsive. The two men went to great pain to excite physical passion. However unwanted, they engaged in bodily courtship, and tried her with the soft impeachment. They did not immediately reach for the erogenous. Instead, they concentrated on the rest of her bare body, to caress and pet, wheedle and coddle. Their philandering hands, for some time, traveled gently and flirtingly over her nude skin. She did not want it to feel good, yet it did. She did not want to experience pleasure, yet it came.

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To all this, their hands then found Jenny’s breasts. They did not stroke her nipples, but, instead, massaged and kneaded the full mammalian flesh. Their fingers would move forward until they were almost at the tiny tips, but, at that point, recede, to begin again. Though they had not been touched, Jenny felt her nipples begin to stiffen and distend. The more the two repeated their fondling, the harder her nipples became, until they were two little protuberances on her bust, visibly excited.

Yet another great humiliation was visited on Jenny. She suddenly realized that, despite her repulsive predicament, she wanted her nipples to be touched. She could feel the first stirrings of sexual desire begin to inundate her. The sexual energy began to arise in her, and she could feel both its keenness and the beginning of hers. The carnal intensity began small, but with telling effect grew and grew in its vigor and virulence. She wanted to feel vast repulsion. Instead, she experienced escalating craving.

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Jenny gasped involuntarily. Their fingers had found her rigid nipples.

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As they had all the time they needed, they did not hurry, but deliberately tantalized their helpless, nude captive. Their motive was to entice and allure Jenny, and, despite her aversion, they did a good job of this sexual witchery. They began by softly and lightly rubbing merely the tips of her nipples. As this manipulation became effective, they gently began to maneuver and move the tiny points of flesh, prompting, provoking.

Jenny felt her body unintentionally giving in to their carnal cajolery. She shuddered when she realized the two shameless men knew this was occurring to her, and became more and more provocative. Their sensual stimulation of her nipples became more and more intense and persuasive. Soon, the little nibs were thumbed, pinched, batted, and pulled. Jenny felt herself begin to be carried away as they wantonly tampered with her.

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Jenny did not want to feel this voluptuous sensation, but it was candidly irresistible. Her nude body began to squirm and writhe. Her inhaling and exhaling became ragged, and she started both to breathe heavily and, in opposition, pant.

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Jenny gasped once more.

One of the men took a finger, and began to delicately but inexorably stroke the cleft of her vagina. The digit went softly up and down the length of the sensitive fissure, stroking and lightly probing.

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Each time the two men added something new, they did not cease what they had previously been doing. The result was more and more libidinous sensation. Jenny’s excitement was now undeniable to her and the others around her. Her musk was in the air. All could hear her gasping, and see her beautiful bare body twist and turn. There could be no repression of what they were causing her to feel. She could feel her blood begin to boil as the sexual torch was applied. Most importantly, to her chagrin, she could feel the lips of her vulva automatically spreading and her vaginal lubrication begin to flow.

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The two men took full advantage of her enraptured condition. A finger slipped completely inside her, then two, then three, and they began to pump and penetrate her, slowly and leisurely masturbating her.

She began to seethe, going quickly out of her wits.

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Jenny’s unclad body jerked wildly. A finger, moist with her own vaginal juices, had gone to the front of her vulva and began to rub and move her sensitive clitoris, and she was touched to the quick. Her beautiful naked body became tremblingly alive, goaded to her inner most core. Erotic fire raged through her. She began to quiver, next to tremor, then to heave. Throbbing, red-hot perturbation overcame her.

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The two men were very good at erogenous torture. As they stroked Jenny’s naked body, massaged her full breasts, toyed with her protruding nipples,caressed her vaginal lips, inserted and withdrew in her vagina, and maneuvered her impressionable clitoris, if they discovered a particular technique or approach was genuinely effective they would exploit it to the maximum, then go on to something else, then return to that mode repeatedly.

The fleshly excitement was overwhelming to Jenny. Her lovely exposed frame was galvanized from the corporeal stimulation and bodily provocation. The intoxication as they worked on her overcame her subjugation, as they applied the sensual torch. They raised her to a fever heat and then kept it up. She felt possessed by what they were doing to her, out of control, despite intellectually knowing she was fervidly being preyed upon. She was being carried away by thrilling passion. Her lips quivered both above and below. She felt as if she would soon go raving mad, as she was already quite out of her wits.

It was sexually demoniacal, amorously agonizing. It was far more than flesh and blood could bear.

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Jenny was actually not much surprised when a finger, drenched with her own juices, gently invaded her anus. She was, however, thoroughly flabbergasted when their fingers rudely entered her mouth and she was ordered to suck and lick off her own nether fluids.

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The sensation was so strong that Jenny could no longer fight it and was forced to give in. All that mattered now to her was relief and deliverance from the sexual aggravation. They would not give any soothing to her. Repeatedly they would bring her almost to the brink of orgasm, then they would mitigate until she calmed somewhat, then begin again.

This rendered it all the worse for her. Their carnal teasing was exasperating, and they would not provide her even a small crumb of comfort. She had never equated sexuality with such malevolence. They had no compassion for her whatsoever. Their hearts were of stone, and they were intent only

to harass and play the devil with her.

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Her breathing was beyond panting; Jenny was almost sobbing. The chamber of the limousine was filled with her moans and whimpers as they wreaked their malice upon her. She knew she was putting on quite a spectacle for all to watch. Her undressed formed writhed and twisted from erotic sensation. She tremoured and shook in carnal disquiet. She was now mere sport to the winds and waves of amatory passion. Worst of all, she began to plead.

She did not want to beg or implore, but she was beyond such shame from inextinguishable desire. She knew, if they had presented her with their penises instead of their fingers, she would have gladly taken them in any orifice if she were guaranteed even some small satisfaction. It was degrading, debasing.

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The well-dressed man then spoke to her husband.

“Do you see what you have done?” he asked. “You knew our terms when you came into our debt. You knew our capabilities when you failed to meet the extension we gave. And it is innocent Jenny you have caused to suffer,” he indicated. “How humiliated she must feel. You got her into this,” he pointed out. Perhaps you an also help end this for her as well.

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He signaled to the two women who had joined them when they reentered the limousine.

“Why don’t you introduce yourselves?” he suggested.

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The two women glared cruelly at Jenny’s husband. One began to speak.

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“Our names are not important,” she said. “You might as well know we are sisters. Up until two years ago, we were fairly happy innocents,” she went on icily. “Then our world changed. A man we trusted – it is not important who – did to us what we believe you have done to Jenny in the past,” she related frigidly. “The details are not significant, and I refuse to further shame us by the recounting. All you need to know is, due to his deception, we found ourselves outdoors, totally naked, entirely unable to protect ourselves in any manner, and surrounded by people. They were not as compassionate as most have been to Jenny,” she venomously detailed. “Even what is occurring now to your wife is a walk in the park compared to what we were made to undergo. Nothing that could be done to two women was not done, and repeatedly. Even when they were through with us, they showed us no mercy. When they were finally finished, they just left us there, still outdoors and completely nude. We managed to get to safety without being molested further, but it was no thanks to any of them. We vowed revenge, even joining this organization for support,” she acidly recounted. “We have never been able to get to the man who tricked us, though we will keep on trying. We had to explain why we wanted to be part of the group before they would let us join,” she concluded. “They remembered us when their plans for you began to form, and allowed us to participate. You may not be the person who initially deceived us. “ she ended with passion, “but you will do till then.”

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The two women looked at the well-dressed man. He nodded. They reached into their jackets, and pulled out two huge knives.

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Jenny gasped.

“Please! Don’t hurt him!” she panted, through her sensation.

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The well-dressed man looked at her with both scorn and admiration.

“Your loyalty, Jenny, is praiseworthy, if not misplaced. We already said our aim is not to cause serious bodily harm,” he reminded her. “We might never get our money back that way. There are other ways to make our point.”

He once more nodded to the two women.

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They immediately went to work on Jenny’s husband. They used their knives to cut away his upper garments. One he was bare-chested, they put the implements away, as it was a simple mater to remove his shoes and socks, undo his belt and pants, and pull them under and off. In very short time, he was also denuded, and was forced to sit before all in the altogether. His penis lay flaccid and limp between his legs.

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The well-dressed man spoke once more to Jenny, as she nakedly thrashed to the men’s touching.

“We have discovered, Jenny, an interesting difference between men and women,” he clinically explained. “No one generally likes to be made to disrobe before others. However, when it must occur, women, by and large, prefer to have their clothes ripped off, as they can always later maintain they would not have undressed under their own direction. It is far more humiliating to a woman to be made to remove her own clothing. Men,” he went on, “are just the opposite. They have been socialized practically from infancy to be assertive. If they must disrobe, they prefer to do it themselves, as it leaves some vestige of power. The humiliation for them is exacerbated when others have such capability over them.

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He glanced at the two women.

“He is all yours!” he said.

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“Look at your wife, you scum!” one demanded. “By your actions, she has been reduced to animal passions, and she is depraved and demented. The two men with her could keep her at this level until she fainted from exhaustion,” she pointed out. “She deserves much better than this.”

“You were her evildoer,” the other indicated. “You will also be her benefactor. The men with her will not bring her to orgasm,” she continued. “You will. You will now get on your knees and crawl to her,” she ordered. “When you are there, you will exhibit some fellow-feeling by displaying tenderness. You will at least have your mouth in the right place, if not your heart, and you will be given the luxury of doing good. I assure you it is in your best interest, if not Jenny’s, to treat her well and give her comfort,” she explained. “I also guarantee you it will not be well for either of you if you do not. However bestial Jenny may feel. It is actually you who are the brute, not she, “she concluded. “So, act the part of the worm – crawl!”

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Jenny’s husband hesitated but a moment. He knew the group, and understood they meant what they said. He dropped to his knees on the carpet and ungracefully crept to his panting wife. The two men pulled Jenny’s legs widely apart to allow him complete access to her excited vulva.

He put his lips against her genitalia and began to lap. It was now his tongue, rather than their fingers, which delved deep inside her, or traveled the length of her vaginal aperture, or maneuvered the sensitive little button of her clitoris.

They did not stop the rest of their touching, however. They were all over the remainder of her stunning nude form, but especially concentrated the erogenous areas such as her breasts, nipples, and anus.

He knew that it was up to him to cease their lecherous aphrodisiac. His previous less than honorable actions toward her had been due to his wife’s shyness, and the effect it would have on her to be publican revealed. Given that, however, he knew this must be excruciating.

He loved her too much to have it go on, and it was he who deserved to be debased, not she.

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Jenny’s carnal agony turned to sexual ecstasy.

Her husband knew, after their years of marriage, exactly where and how to touch her to give her the maximum pleasure. In addition, Jenny realized the two men were now working with him rather than against her, matching their tempo and touches to those of her husband.

She was transported with pleasure. The carnal torture turned to enchanting joy. Her husband’s lips on and in her vagina and moving her clitoris, and the hands of the two men kneading her breasts, tweaking her nipples, and stimulating her anus were finally giving her gratification and fulfillment. It was ravishment, but felicitous ravishment in which she could luxuriate. She was, at last, experiencing alleviation.

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Jenny abandoned her body to the wonderful sensation she was now experiencing. She freely twisted and turned, not caring that others were eagerly observing her gyrations. Her beautiful nude form quivered, squirmed and fluttered in happy turbulence. Her breathing was convulsive. She sighed and

moaned.

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The sexual momentum built and built. Jenny cried with happiness. Her orgasm was coming again, and, this time, they were permitting instead of impeding.

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Her stunning naked form convulsed as multiple orgasms shook her, as might explosions. She practically screamed her joy. Her unclad body spasmed and shook as an aspen leaf as sensuous palpitations roiled over her. She wriggled as an eel from the might of her repeated climaxing and the scorching paroxysms she experienced.

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Such sensations could not continue forever, however. They began to subside and Jenny’s body to calm. The two men followed suite and slowed their caresses, finally stopping them all together. They allowed her husband to quit his vaginal ministration as well. With bodily restfulness, however, came intellectual disquiet. The enormity of what had just occurred filled her with shame. She now felt the humiliation and disgrace for both herself and her husband as powerfully as she had experienced the physical sensation before. She was close to tears, but would not give them the satisfaction of seeing her cry.

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Jenny looked at her husband, as she could not bear to see the leers of the others in the limousine. He knelt, naked and trembling, on the carpeted floor of the vehicle. His mouth and chin glistened with her vaginal fluids and, with his hands trapped, he could not cleanse himself. He started to move back to his seat. One of the women spoke sharply.

“Don’t you dare!” she cruelly intoned. We want you to feel the subservience we were made to experience. We want you to find out what it is like to be unable to act independently. The posture you are in is one of servility, and that is what we want from you. Until we decide to let you go, you will be subject to our control. You will be in subordination and servitude, as were we. Having a little tube of flesh between you legs won’t help you now!” she said angrily. So, just kneel there, as the slave you are, and be quiet.”

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They drove in silence for a short time. Jenny noticed that the people in the limousine were paying far more attention to her husband’s nudeness than that of her own. Though it shamed her, she was

relieved.

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The car stopped and one of the women opened the door.

“This is where we leave!” she said to Jenny’s husband.

He looked back at his clothing. The other woman laughed coldly.

“You won’t need them for what we have in mind, “ she flatly stated. “Jenny was not permitted covering. We certainly weren’t. In just retribution, neither are you.”

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They bodily grabbed their helpless captive and propelled him from he vehicle. As they did so, her husband spoke to the well-dressed man.

“What about Jenny?” he asked quietly.

“Your concern is touching, if not lately come,” the man answered. Let’s just say we have … plans … for your Jenny.”

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The conversation took but a few seconds.

Jenny’s unclad husband disappeared into the night, towed by the two angry women.

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Jenny spoke fearfully to the well-dressed man.

“What … plans … do you have for me?” she asked, her voice trembling with dread.

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“A fair question,” the man answered calmly. “First of all, for the next stage, you need your full faculties. Take off the handcuffs!” he ordered.

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The two men did so. She was free.

Jenny rubbed her wrists automatically. Her relief faded quickly. She was still naked and trapped. The man had said she would not be raped, but, with her hands unfettered, she realized, she could be made to masturbate them all, or, even worse, forced to masturbate herself as they gleefully watched.

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The next thing we need are some props!” the well-dressed man went on.

He spoke into the phone. The front panel to the driver’s area lowered, and a large sack was obtained. The man handed it to Jenny.

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Jenny opened the sack slowly. She had awful visions of vibrators, feathers, paddles, or other such instruments to torment her naked form. She gasped! In the sack was all of her clothing – the same clothing she had seen tossed into the audience to be hopelessly and irremediably lost.

“Get dressed, please, Jenny,” the man said softly.

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Jenny needed no second invitation. As quickly as she could, she put all her clothing back on. She was, however, hopelessly confused.

“I … don’t … understand …!” she muttered.

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“Of course you don’t,” the man answered her gently.

“There are several things you do not know,” the man went on, “though I alluded to one of them. I am not sure this will make things much easier. But they are there, nonetheless. The first is,” he stated quietly, “is that your clothes were taken from you. You did not have to strip yourself. As I indicated, this is what most women find the better, if they must be stripped against their will at all.

“Secondly,” he continued, “as the target was actually your husband – and I know it must not seem that way – I had to do and say things which were not all that true. You will remember, before we left the club, I taunted you there might be people in the crowd who knew you. That is highly unlikely. We own the club, and it was closed for the night. Everyone in the audience was a member of our organization. I doubt if these people run in your circles; even if they do, they know better than to break our code of silence.”

“Penultimately,” he ended, “I could tell you were worried about entering the alley unclad, and who might see you there. Our group had done a sweep of the alley and posted guards, and we can guarantee no one was there to observe you. The big lie, however,” he ended, “was in what I just implied to your husband, though what I said was technically true, Jenny. We do have plans for you.

Our plan is to take you home and molest you no more. Even if, after tonight, he continues to defy us, you will not be personally affected.”

“I am actually sorry you had to be his impetus,” the man stated sincerely. “Not greatly sorry, you understand, your plight was entertaining. Yet there is some sorrow, no matter, as you are an innocent.”

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Incongruously, he reached to the bar in the limousine, and poured Jenny a glass of white wine.

She was too shocked to refuse. She took the glass and sipped. The wine was exquisite.

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“And … my husband …?” Jenny asked the man. “What will they do to him?”

“Your love is once again touching,” the man said, “and much more than he deserves. Whatever they want, as long as they do no seriously hurt him,” the man replied. “They may be angry, but they know better than to oppose us. It would be probably well if he gave you the details tomorrow, if he will. First of all, I do not really know what they have in store for him, and, secondly, I also am bound by the same code of silence. You may be interested in knowing he is not alone in this,” the man concluded. “Our group also … obtained … your foolish brother, Roger, and your false friend, Ashley, for their … entertainment and edification.”

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There was nothing more to be said. The two sat and sipped wine until the limousine came to Jenny’s home. She knew better than to ask how they knew where she lived. The well-dressed man ignored the two men who had so competently accomplished her carnal torture. She tried to follow suit, but it was not all that easy.

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The well-dressed man quietly escorted to her door and politely saw her inside. He then reentered the limousine. The vehicle departed. It was over.

Jenny Pays A Debt, Epilogue

Jenny could not get her husband to talk about what had happened to him that fateful night. She did not know how to approach either Ashley or Roger, so she did not try.

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Jenny came back to her desk from lunch on a beautiful day approximately one month after her ordeal. A package, addressed to her, marked personal and for her eyes only, was there. No one in the building had seen anyone come in or out. She opened the package. It contained a videotape, and a note asking her to watch the video only when she was alone.

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Jenny’s first impulse was to throw the videotape away. Something within her prevented her from doing so. She took it home and put it in a place where her husband was not likely to discover it. One evening, when her husband was away on a business trip, she put it into the machine.

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The first image to appear was that of the well-dressed man from the limousine. He had a serious expression on his face and a solemn tone to his voice.

“Jenny,” the man said quietly, “our … organization … is doing something we rarely do. We have reason to believe you need help,” he went on, “or, at least, warning. Since the night we met, he said quietly, “we have watched your husband, brother, and friend closely. The first two seem to have learned their lessons. The monetary debt, by the way, has been paid. Your friend, Ashley, is yet another matter,” he continued. “You might want to consider the possibility she may be a seriously disturbed individual. None of this will make sense if you do not have some idea of part of the rest of that evening a month ago.”

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The scene changed.

Jenny was confused. She seemed to be looking at an ordinary cocktail party. Elegantly dressed men and women were drinking and holding polite conversation, or moving around from one group to another, or visiting a well-stocked buffet table. Nothing seemed very far from any norm. The man’s voice sounded over the displayed picture.

“Look very carefully, Jenny, in the exact middle of the screen,” he directed.

Jenny gasped. There appeared to be two naked people.

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The camera zoomed in on the hapless pair. It was Ashley and Roger. They were completely buff-bare.

In the center of the room were four poles, with rings at various heights. Roger and Ashley were facing each other. To the best of Jenny’s knowledge, they had never often met each other, much less seen each other disrobed. Each had been positioned between two of the poles. They had ropes tied to their wrists and ankles. The ropes were, in turn, tied to rings in the poles, so they were spread-eagled and sprawled out. They could not close their legs nor protect their unclad forms in any way. They were entirely exposed, divulged, and made public.

Between the two was a small table. On the table were the kind of implements Jenny had worried might be in the sack she was handed in the limousine: feathers, nipple clips, vibrators, dildos, anal and vaginal plugs, paddles, and a bucket of large ice cubes.

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As Jenny watched, an action occurred repeatedly.

One or two persons would separate from whatever small group they were in. They would approach Ashley or Roger, and, as if it were the most normal thing to do, caress and stroke the naked captives, or use one of the devices from the table to sexually torment one or the other. Though no part of either prison’s unclad body was left untouched, they concentrated primarily on the very sensitive areas, such as nipples, breasts, anuses, Roger’s penis and testicles, and Ashley’s vagina and clitoris.

This had obviously gone on for awhile. Each person’s nude form was bathed in sweat. Ashley’s nipples and Roger’s penis were fully erect. Both of the unclothed prisoners twisted and turned, contorted, and writhed. Their faces were masks of unwanted passion, and, from the way their uncovered chests heaved, Jenny knew, were there sound, she would hear their gasps and moans.

The object was clearly to get the two unclothed hostages aroused, keep them titillated, and sexually tease and carnally harass them without mercy. One of the favorite things for members of the group to do, Jenny saw, was to walk over, drink in hand. When they reached one of the naked and helpless

individuals, they would violently toss the cold drink onto that person’s bare body, and watch it cascade down the hot and sweaty bare flesh. A great number of the crowd would massage the liquid into the kin, as if suntan oils, though in a manner far more lascivious. There were a few brave individuals who took this one step further. When the alcohol reached a sensitive part of either Roger or Ashley’s anatomy, they would use their tongues to lap the liquor. Mouths covered nipples, sucked breasts.

It did not seem to matter to the group members what gender was doing the taunting. Jenny was not sure what Ashley’s reaction, other than profound humiliation, would be to a woman as well as a man using that person’s mouth and lips on her vagina. However, knowing her brother as she did, she knew the deep and lasting effect it would have as he remembered a man’s mouth enclosing his stiff penis, which occurred many times.

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The scene finally faded and the man from the limousine was back on the screen.

“We explained to Ashley and Roger, both before and after, that the punishment they received was due to what they and your husband did, and was in no way caused by you, Jenny,” he stated. “We also told them we would be watching to make sure they got the message. One would think, Jenny,” he continued, “that the rather extreme lesson they received would sink in. Our … researchers … tell us this seems to be so for Roger and your husband. Ashley is quite another matter. The report came back that she was openly sharing a lot of anger, “ he related. “We decided she needed a booster shot.”

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The scene changed once more.

This time, Jenny knew exactly where the setting was. It was one of the town’s most popular recreational beaches. She and Ashley often went there to work on their tans, and it was there that some of Jenny’s embarrassing incidents had occurred.

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The camera zoomed in on Ashley, who was lying flat on a blanket sunning. She appeared to have fallen asleep.

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What occurred next takes longer to describe than it did to happen.

Three teenage boys appeared to be walking to the water to swim. As they passed be, all three swiftly knelt over Ashley. Two had small knives concealed in their palms. One quickly but softly cut the strings of Ashley’s bikini bottom, the other did the same for the top. The third took hold of her beach towel and bag. At a signal, a head nod from one, all three yanked, then ran off into the crowd, taking their purloined possessions with them.

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Ashley found herself totally nude, and spinning over the hot sand.

This sudden and rapid movement brought her some attention immediately. Even worse, however, she involuntarily screamed. This immediately brought a great deal of observance.

When she stopped spinning, she realized she was completely naked, and surrounded by people, with more encircling her all the time. She frantically looked for her towel, and was crestfallen to discover it missing. She contemplated making a run for her car and getting inside, then home, but she found her bag missing as well, and she knew she had locked the car.

She had nothing to cover her nakedness but her little hands. She was also miles from home, with no way to assist herself.

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Ashley found herself reduced to begging the crowd for help, and she hated to beg. Though some quickly rescued her, gave her a towel to cover herself, and started making arrangements to get her home and dressed, she was acutely aware that some in the crowd had been keenly enjoying her profound embarrassment. She saw it in their eyes. She also knew, and, worse, knew others knew, that she stood before them naked but for the towel.

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The scene faded, and the well-dressed man appeared once more.

“When she finally got home,” he related, “there was a note on her kitchen table that said, merely, ‘Remember that night!’

“If all had ended there, Jenny,” the man said sadly, “you would not be watching this video. I am afraid there may be something pathological about Ashley, if no more than she cannot seem to keep her mouth shut. She speaks of revenge, Jenny,” the man indicated. “We don’t know it is against you, your husband, us, or whomever, but she clearly wants a Roland for an Oliver. It would not surprise us if she were not planning a day of reckoning, though we do not now what she may have in mind. Her rancor and implacability are beyond reason. This is why we have, in a limited manner, broken our code of silence,” he stated. “We don’t really care about Roger or your husband very much, but, as I stated in the limousine, you are an unfortunate. We offer you two things.”

“The first is a warning, “ he enumerated. “We believe Ashley is more now than just your false friend, but your nemesis, a Eumenides. We think she will give no quarter when she finally decides to settle accounts. She may very well bear you, or someone, malice.”

“Our second offering is our help,” he finished. “To view this video, you are probably sitting in the brown chair with the end table beside it.”

Jenny moaned. They had been in her house! She felt more violated than the times she found herself naked in public.

“When you open the drawer to the end table, you will find a small, blue piece of paper,” the man ended. Jenny did not bother to look. She had no doubt it would be there. “On it is a telephone number. You will not get a person; it is a recording. If you ever think you need us, call that number and leave a message. We will decide whether or not to intervene.

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The image abruptly faded to gray fuzz. The video was over.

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After that past but fateful night, Jenny had tried to forget about it all, especially to consign to oblivion what had been said about her husband, Roger, and Ashley. She had not been ready to confront these memories, and obliteration was the better. With the tape, she no longer had that blessed option. She was forced into remembrance.

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She found herself torn.

On the one hand, it was hard to deny what she had been told. As events flashed on her mind, there seemed to be far too many coincidences that she had simply not formerly considered.

On the other hand she felt so profoundly disloyal. This was her husband, her brother, her best friend, and they were being accused of improbriety. She had never really seen any deviation from rectitude; at the same time she never though to look for it. If they were faithless, ignoring this would be sheer stupidity. If they were not, she would be performing the Judas Kiss.

In addition, the persons and organization she had encountered were not exactly the models of moral rectitude. She could see the possibility they were trying to isolate her from the ones closest to her, though, for all her mind, she could not reckon why. It was almost more than she could bear.

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She made a fateful decision.

She decided simple-mindedness was better than double-dealing.

She resolved to treat them as she hoped, under similar circumstances, they would treat her. She would assume uprightness, unless the betrayal was clear. That did not mean she would not try to be vigilant and watchful.

She felt a worse loss of virginity than on her wedding night, which had been a joyous event. She had given herself totally to her husband then, and he to her, and she was not ready to end all now. She had similar loyalties to her brother and Ashley.

What had attracted her husband to her was Jenny’s capacity to love. Rightly or wrongly, she could not abandon that tender passion. Her nature was benevolence, her temperament sympathy. She would do all she could not to be stupidly ignorant. She would keep the number she had been given and hope it was never needed. She could not, however, at this point at least, not love.

McJenny by ?

Jenny's Mirror by Indian Outlaw

Advertising Jenny by Artfan1

Jenny's Big Night by Biker

Jenny at the Car Lot by OOgler

Jenny At The Construction Site by OOgler

Jenny Is Blackmailed by Mustang Diamond

Jenny Takes A Drive by OOgler

Jenny Takes A Nap by OOgler

Jenny The Waitress by ?

Jenny Gets Wet by Mustang Diamond

Jenny: The Beginning by Greatness (with a little help from lcdrjmc)

Jenny and the Millennium by ?

Jenny's New Job by Biker

Jenny Goes Ice-Skating by Mustang Diamond

Jenny Tours A Yacht by Mustang Diamond

Jenny's Diamond Blush by ?

Jenny's Nightmare Before Election Day by Torquemada

Jenny and the Freemasons by Darth Veda

Jenny's Taken Hostage by Mustang Diamond

Jenny at the Sci-Fi Convention by Sean89

The Haunting by TrackJim

Jenny The Weather Girl by Sean89

After The Music Stopped by Fledermaus

Jenny and The Bridge by Rabbit

Jenny Wants To Be A Millionaire by Capstick

Jenny In The Land of Happy Smiles by Torquemada

Volunteer Jenny Helps The Circus by Capstick

Jenny Goes To Court by Jenluvr

Jenny's Legal Adventure by Capstick

Jenny's Medical Adventure by Capstick

Caddyshack Jenny by Capstick

Jenny Nightingale Care Giver by WriterTA

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**McJenny by ?**

It was as it had always been as from her youth, that embarrassing first step forward into a room of people that she didn't know....you would have thought that as she had grown older that the feelings of insecurity and fright would have diminished and that she would have been able to take it all in her stride.

Orientation Day is what they had called it, a day in which one was to familiarize themselves with the area they would be working in and get to meet the new intakes as well as the established team. Right now she would have been happier if the ground would split open and she was swallowed whole, not a trace of her remaining. But, alas, this was not to be and with a big intake of breath she opened the door and stepped into the room.

Putting on her biggest smile (and hoping people were not thinking of her as some demented grinning idiot) she looked around and searched for an unoccupied seat to sink into....a relative sanctuary from all the staring eyes that were focused on her right then.

"Good Morning" said the young man in the suit and tie to the assembled group. It seemed so strange to be facing someone so young who was obviously in authority, making her feel older than she really was. What was she doing here? And why did she ever think that she would be able to cope, working with all these youngsters!

"This is an introduction to the workings and ethics of McDonald's as an international company.." she felt a groan creep up from deep inside her as she had tried so desperately to forget who she had signed up to work for...but now it was the "day" and there was no escaping from it.

Three quarters of an hour later, and a laborious time in trying to remain awake, they were herded into the stock room to be kitted out in their uniforms. When it came to her turn she squirmed inside, she knew for certain that she was going to be awkward and that nothing they might provide was going to fit. The morning was going from bad to worse and she could not escape from it.

"So what will it be?" asked the stockroom lady, and it seemed that every person was waiting with baited breath for her to divulge her vital statistics.

"uh, err...well, I would like....mmmmmm....." she stammered, not being able to bring herself to disclose such personal details in public.

Knowingly, and enjoying the obvious discomfort the young lady before her was going through, the stock lady decided to relent..

"Here dear, just write them down and I can then get on with my job".

Such relief coursed through her, and although she did not have to be publicly humiliated, her blushing did not subside.

"Here you go, changing room is just next door" she was told as she was handed the putrid coloured uniform that they would have to wear, the feel of it was enough to set her teeth on edge, not at all what she was used to wear.

As she began to undress and place her garments into the locker provided, she stood in her lacy white

underwear trying to get enough courage to try the thing on. She slipped the tunic onto her shoulders and cringed and as she pulled the front of it around. She knew immediately that this was going to be a tight fit! How on earth was she going to place her ample bosom into such a tight fit. It was like trying to fit an elephant into a small mini car, there was just no way she was going to manage it. But how could she possibly go back out there in front of all those strangers and ask for it to be changed?

She decided that the best course of action was to try and start buttoning it from the bottom and hope to push her breasts upwards and inwards enough that it would stay done up. Holding her breath (and praying for a miracle) she managed to do the last button, and letting her breath gently go past her lips, she felt her chest expand and the cloth strain under the pressure. It was like waiting for Mount Vesuvius to explode! She just had to be very careful of how she moved and everything would be fine (just as long as she kept telling herself that!).

She slowly bent down to pick her trousers up, noticing that as she did so that not only the restrains she placed her breasts in were even more at a danger level, but that the tunic rode up and became even shorter. First one leg and then the other followed, slowly pulling the trousers up and finding that, although she could button and zip them, there was a definite hip hugging feel about them, a feeling almost akin to jelly on a plate as her buttocks jiggled under the tightly stretched material. Trying to walk in them she found that she was almost tottering just trying to keep the top half in. And the trousers weren't really giving her much chance to move.

"Time to start working guys!!" shouted an enthusiastic voice from outside the changing room.

Panicked and wild eyed, she tried to think of an excuse to remain in the changing room, and as she turned to hide herself in a cubicle, the stock lady came in and started to usher her out...shooing and saying

"Come along dear! They are all waiting for you".

With a quick shove and a slam of the door she was out in the corridor where all her fellow neweys were waiting and, as always, eyes bulged and lips were licked as they inspected her, as if she was a trussed up chicken.

"Right! Here are your name badges and, as you will see, there is plenty of room there for you to start earning those "stars"..." said the young Floor Manager and as he stopped in front of her and peered down at her lovely cleavage...."here....let me help you".

He reached forward and, before she could utter anything to stop it, was fumbling with her tunic, trying to pull it towards him to stick the pin in and fasten it....the fabric straining but still holding, his hands remaining a little longer that was actually necessary.

She looked down at the badge not believing what she was actually seeing......

" My name is Jenny....May I help you?" it said.

"Oh my god!!" she thought.

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**Jenny's Mirror by Indian Outlaw**

Jenny’s dressing mirror stood like a monolith in the corner the master bedroom. It held its own little

space aside the dresser. In front and off to the side was a small bench. The off white trim and ornate

detailing of the bench matched exactly that of the mirror. Jenny loved her mirror. A present from her husband last Christmas. Oval shaped, at least 4 feet of mirror, combined with the trim it was as tall as she was. Perfect for modeling her favorite outfits. Not to mention its handiness for examining clothing for possible tears and stitching weaknesses. She entered her bedroom.

Putting her purse on the bed she ran her fingers through her long silky blond hair. It floated gently

around her shoulders as gravity carefully allowed it to fall about her shoulders. She stood, legs slightly spread in front of the mirror. Smiling the winning smile, she admired her suit. It had survived the day intact. She was more than pleased. The cream colored double breasted coat and matching skirt. The skirt stopped just above her knees in an almost Alley McBeal way. Her white blouse barely showed as the buttons of the coat were done up. Fitting tightly around her incredible shape, the coat accented her thin waist, and round ample bosom. It fit tightly, very tight she was afraid of the stitching giving way. But never the less, it did not.

Smoothing out the sides of her jacket, feeling how soft the material was, her hands slid down to her

skirt. She was posing. Enjoying her own reflection. From her soft jacket, to her very tight, skirt, down her hose covered legs to her open towed high heels. Jenny liked looking at herself, even though she would never admit it. With her own soft hands, Jenny unbuttoned each of the two buttons to the jacket. It popped open, allowing her to breath a little easier. She slid the coat off each shoulder, then gently folded it up and placed it on the dresser neatly. Jacket now off her blouse showed the missing button. I guess she hadn’t escaped the day entirely without incident. Smiling at herself, the missing button allowed the blouse to gape a little but enough to expose the front clip of her bra and a hint of the D cups.

Turning slightly, Jenny admired how skirt held up. Jackie had talked her into buying the tight, okay

extremely tight skirt. Standing with her back to the mirror now she bent over slightly looking at the

seams on the back and testing the zipper on the side. It was holding beautifully. She took a moment to lift her leg and straighten a seam on the back of her stocking. Turning forward, Jenny quickly

unbuttoned and slowly unzipped the skirt. She let out another small sigh as she was freed from the

material. Now bending over, it required a little force to tug the skirt down, as she pulled it slid tightly over her shapely and firm hips. Jenny paused as she felt her panties getting pulled down with them. Taking a moment, she reached inside the skirt and pulled them back up under her shirt. Shifting her knees, but keeping her feet planted, she shimmed the skirt to the floor. Tails from her blouse covering her to just below her most private areas.

Folding the skirt neatly and placing it on the jacket, Jenny cautiously unbuttoned the top button of her blouse. Now the second. The third was missing from before. Her bra top was not totally exposed. Before she could reach the fourth button, it gave way. The strain was too much as it shot off her shirt and bounced off the mirror. Her whole white lace bra was exposed. Jenny shyly noticed her large dark nipples under the lace. She finished the last two buttons and stood there looking at herself. Blouse open, white lace bra completely exposed and white lace thong panties and matching garter belt. Her garters held up the silk hose clinging to her long subtle legs. Rolling the silk blouse, she revealed her milky soft shoulders. The shirt was folded and gently laid on the other garments.

Jenny now stood in front of the mirror, wearing only her lace bra, matching lace garter, lace thong

panties, silk hose and high heels. Posing profile, her toned arms, legs and firm butt treated her eyes

reflecting in the mirror. She stood facing forward, running her fingers through her hair, tilting her head back slightly, causing those incredible breasts to strain the bras cups. With each breath it expanded to restrain her incredible boobs. Her nipples now appeared to desire freedom. But not yet.

Sliding the bench directly before the mirror, Jenny sat, legs together. Crossing her right leg over the

left she slipped the heel off and placed it gently on the floor. As she uncrossed the right leg, the left leg in perfect sync moved until it crossed over the other one. She removed the other heel and smiled as she saw her reflection in the mirror. No Sharon Stone here. Jenny now scooted forward on the

bench, until her butt was perched on the edge of the padded bench. Crossing one leg under the bench and gently extending the other she reached down and touched the toes of the extended leg. Sliding each hand up each side, Jenny now crossed the one hand over till it met the other just before her inner thigh. Never losing touch with her leg. She unclipped one, then sliding her fingers over the top of her leg, unclipped the other, then around to the last one of the three. Now scooting back, Jenny extended her leg straight up and began rolling the stocking up. As it reached her calf she pulled from the toe and removed it entirely. Looking in her mirror, it was apparent she was now doing a Sharon Stone. Blushing she dropped her leg. The stocking was laid extended on the bench beside her.

Changing position on her legs, placing the now naked one under the bench, the other one forward.

Sliding each hand up each side, Jenny now crossed the one hand over till it met the other just before

her inner thigh. Never losing touch with her leg. She unclipped one, then sliding her fingers over the

top of her leg, unclipped the other, then around to the last one of the three. Now scooting back, Jenny extended her leg straight up and began rolling the stocking up. As it reached her calf she pulled from the toe and removed it entirely. Blushing, she did another Sharon Stone. She placed the second stocking on the first, making sure not to wrinkle or snag either.

Jenny stood, reaching back and unhooking the back of the garter. She had it removed as she was not

at her feet. Bra and panties only, she smiled, even blushed a little, even her own private nakedness

exposed her shy side. Now she took both sides of the bra clip and undid it. Pulling slightly, all the

while looking in the mirror, Jenny freed her breasts to the open air. Her nipples reacted by puffing up slightly. Again she blushed. The bra came off one arm, then the next. She laid it beside the pile on the dresser and stood before her reflection once again.

Jenny liked her body. After all she worked hard for it. Plenty of rest, exercising at the gym, swimming in the pool, eating only the right foods. She ran her hand across her sides, knowing she would find little fat, and only firmness. Her large natural 38 D breasts seemed to defy gravity exhibiting no sag whatsoever. She looked at herself still. Her firm belly, firm to the touch as her hands slid gently over it. Her smooth sides, long strong legs and even her painted toe nails all looked perfect. Jenny even turned to admire her thong “covered” ass. She slid her hands to her hips and placed her fingers inside the sides of her small panties, puling them down, the sides passed her hips, with the center remaining between her legs until her very trimmed pussy came into view. Not able to resist she looked up and smiled. The thong now arrived at her hips as she bent slightly.

Jenny stopped and looked up. She saw her reflection in the mirror. Standing with her panties still at

her knees, she developed a perplexed look in her eye. There was something about the mirror, but

what was it? She looked at it from her position, not moving her feet. It was a simple white stand alone mirror. She could see nothing behind it, but still. Yes, she now realized. The mirror! She did not get a mirror last Christmas from her husband. Last Christmas they went to Jamaica. Why did she believe the mirror was a gift, and where did it come from. Looking around, suddenly the room didn’t look right. The window was open and light was coming in but all she could see was white. Then she heard it, she paused to listen closer. “5”? Did she hear a 5? Listening again, “3” was that a 3? “ONE!” She heard that followed by a loud clap.

The room unfocused. Her eyes were now met by a series of bright lights, sounds now filled all around her. Squinting she looked about her. Before her now stood a gentleman wearing a Tuxedo? He was smiling, she now turned to the directions of the sounds, much louder now.

“Oh my god!” it was an audience. She now remembered. She and Jackie were attending a magic show. She was volunteered to be hypnotized!

Jenny felt her hands down, could it have been a dream? No, sadly for her it wasn’t. Her hands explored her shoulders, sides, hips, now breasts, and finally her pussy. She was indeed naked, on stage for all to see. NAKED! Jenny screamed! And frantically turned to run off stage. As her legs

shot forward her panties were still in place around them.

She fell forward, onto the floor. She stood, only to fall again as the panties now were around her ankles. The audience erupted in laughter. Jenny crawled off stage heading for any cover she could find. Her hands trying desperately to cover her most private parts.

Jackie stood with the rest of the audience as they started to clap, she continued to laugh, far louder

than the rest.

“Now that was $100 well spent.” She thought to herself.

As the applause died, she continued to giggle. The Hypnotist refrained from his bows, stopped and looked directly at her.

“Excuse me miss, did you enjoy that?” He said looking directly at her.

“Yes, why yes I most definitely did.” She giggled.

But oddly she stood and kicked off her flats leaving her barefoot.

“Ladies and gentlemen, this unfortunate woman paid me $100 dollars to embarrass her friend, but as

most of you know I need no such encouragement to strip a beautiful woman.”

He smiled at her confused look.

“Since you are such a good friend, I decided to plant a little something into your subconscious. Every time you complete a sentence you will be compelled to strip, from the bottom up.” He smirked, “At least until I snap my fingers that is.”

“What the Hell?”

She now unbuttoned her pants, unzipped the zipper and pulled them down, Her short shirt did not cover her dark green panties. The now baby spot light on her gave the audience a full view of them two. She kicked off her pants.

“Oh my God!”

She now reached down, hooking both thumbs in, pulling down her green panties. They fell easily to the floor. Her hips shined easily in the light and her not so neatly trimmed bush glimmered in the bath of the lights.

“Please!”

Jackie crossed her arms and pulled her shirt over her head, she was not wearing a bra. Her 34 C breasts came into view of the audience as they bounced. She was now completely naked, embarrassed beyond belief. She now covered her boobs with one arm and placed the over her pussy, bending over slightly. The gentleman sitting next to her enjoyed the eye level view of her round ass. She ran up the aisle toward the exit. Just as she was about to leave the theater, the hypnotist placed his hand against the microphone and ….

”SNAP! Good night everyone, have a good night.”

He exited the stage.

On the street, two young boys sat on the stoop across from the theater. Eager waiting their reward. Out of the alley way darted a large breasted completely naked Jenny, trying in vein to cover herself. She ran down the street toward the parking lot and hopefully the safety of her car. Now out the front door a brunette burst the theater doors open. She too naked, but not as well endowed. Doing her best to cover herself with only her hands she headed in the same direction as Jenny did.

“Man, that was worth it!” The one boy slapped the others hand. “Thanks man!”

“You ain’t seen the best part yet.”

Now all the theater doors opened as the audience emerged. Talking, laughing, reminiscing about the nights event. The one boys jaw dropped. For not a one of them, not a single one of them was wearing anything below their waists. Naked men from 18 to 70 minus their pants and underpants. Flapping, or flopping if you will with each step. All the women were naked from the waist down too. No skirts, no panties, no hose, no garters, nothing. The unfortunate ones were the ladies who sadly only wore dresses, for that group was left wearing only bras, except for two who did not feel the need to wear a bra with their dress. They were completely naked.

The second boy stood up, raised his arm and…”SNAP!”

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**Advertising Jenny by Artfan1**

Jenny was excited about her new job at Fuller, Sheiss Advertising and she was determined that the clothing accidents that had plagued her in the past not happen again and compromise her new position. Therefore, to insure that her underwear wouldn’t let her down, she went out and bought all new sets of bras and nylon bikini panties. Today she put on the yellow nylon set to wear under her yellow cotton blouse and black pleated skirt. The blouse fit snugly over her 38D breasts and the skirt came down two inches below her knees. It was an important day for Fuller, Sheiss as they were pitching ideas to Acme Insurance and success could mean a seven figure account. The meeting was set for 10:00 AM and Jenny was in charge of setting up the conference room.

As Jenny began her duties, she was increasingly distracted by her underwear. The tag on her new panties was made out of a stiff paper like material and it kept rubbing against her hip causing her skin to itch. The table and chairs were all set with the water glasses and pitchers when Jenny decided she couldn’t take the itching any more. She informed Tim Burr, her boss, that she needed to visit the ladies room and would be back shortly to finish up.

It was only 9:30, but as she sat in the stall in the ladies room with her skirt up and her panties down, trying to rip out the offending tag, the paging system called for her to return to the conference room as the client had shown up early. Tim was giving the client a tour of the office to stall for time. Jenny succeeded in removing the itchy tag, but as she hurried back to the conference room she felt her yellow nylon panties sliding down over her hips: apparently she had torn the waist elastic in her haste to remove the tag and get back to work.

Back in the conference room she warmed up the Proxima projector but needed to balance it on a couple of books to project the proper image on the screen. One of the outlets on the power strip wasn’t working so she crawled under the table to re-plug in Tim’s laptop. As she tried one outlet and then another, she could feel her panties sliding down her hips, but she decided she could deal with them later, after things were set up. Just then, Tim entered the conference room with Jack Daws, the Acme vice president, since they had completed their tour of Fuller Sheiss.

“Jenny, I’d like you to meet,” Tim began.

As Jenny stood up she bumped the table with the Proxima machine and the books began to slide. In her desperation not to let the $6,000 machine fall to the floor, Jenny grabbed the closest part and touched the hot metal, severely burning her left hand as she pulled the machine back into place. Because of her left hand being hurt, Jenny had been trying to hold up her panties with her right hand but as she shook hands with the client, her yellow nylon panties fluttered to her ankles. Apologizing profusely, Jenny struggled out of her errant underwear and Mr. Daws took his seat.

“I think we’re ready”, said Tim.

“Jenny, could you get the lights, and I think Jack needs a refill of coffee?”

Jenny grabbed the coffee pot and was approaching Mr. Daws to fill his cup, when he turned to face her. She had been about to pour the steaming brown liquid when his sudden movement caused her to pull the pot back and the coffee sloshed onto her blouse. Jenny quickly set the pot down on the table and pulled at her blouse to separate the hot soaked cloth from her breasts. In her desperation she succeeded in ripping open her blouse and the coffee had already made her yellow bra transparent.

As she backed away from the men in an effort to cover herself, she tripped over one of the power cords and managed to fall in a heap. Tim was quickly at her side to help her up, but unfortunately he was standing on her skirt as he pulled her to her feet and Jenny was now standing in front of the client with her 38D breasts and her blonde bush exposed.

Tim and Jenny were at a loss for words, when Jack Daws jumped up and said, “Tim, that’s the best presentation I’ve ever seen. What better way to sell homeowner’s insurance than to show how accidents happen. If you can be as creative in coming up with TV ads, I know ‘Calamity Jenny” will be the perfect spokeswoman for us.”

Jenny's Big Night by Biker

It's not everyday you get an invitation to attend a charity Banquet and get to rub shoulders with celebrities from Film and Theatre. With trembling hands Jenny re-read the letter once more and saw that she and one guest could attend the dinner and dance for free. How she'd been selected for this chance in a lifetime she didn't know for sure but she suspected her husband might have something to do with it.

She was wrong though, as it was a series of photographs in the colour supplement from the NY Post of herself and Jackie during their brief modelling career for Nuclear Cosmetics that got Jenny noticed and invited to attend the dinner along with a lot of other "Beautiful people." in showbiz.

Ashley was incensed when Jenny told her of her good fortune and things went from bad to worse when Jenny said she'd be taking her husband to the party. Ashley had hoped she'd ask her. Couldn't she see that Ashley desperately wanted to attend something like that and get herself noticed by all the gossip magazines and maybe kick-start a more glamorous lifestyle she always felt she was destined for. But oh no 'air head' Jenny picked her husband to waste the ticket on.

Ashley cursed her luck. After their recent holiday in Hawaii cameras had taken dozens of pictures of Jenny as well as Ashley on Hanuama beach and on the Cruise ship yet those never got to the attention of the editors of the NY Post instead they got posted onto the Internet instead at various disgusting websites visited by perverts. YUCK!! From that moment Ashley vowed she'd be at that party if it was the last thing she'd do.

Weeks passed and the day of the Ball arrived. Jenny's choice of gown was finally decided after some intensive shopping. She'd cast aside all the new ones she'd bought in favour of a dress she had already and which she knew she looked great in.

A tight fitting shiny red gown, it brought back some bad memories though, because the last time she'd worn it was on the TV show "Peoples Court" when Ashley had tried to sue her for unpaid debts. She remembered the article in the papers reporting the chaos afterwards. They'd described the dress as something worn by Jessica Rabbit from the Who framed Roger Rabbit film. Jenny hoped the jinx on it would be broken. Jenny poured herself into the custom made gown. It had been made to fit her like a glove, Ok a tight glove. But it had been almost a year since she'd worn it last and it must have shrunk a little, Jenny rationalised. Sucking in her breath she pulled up the zip at the back and tottered towards the full length mirror with expectation at what she’d see. “Gosh this dress is very tight” she thought as she tottered along. As much as she liked the other dresses she'd bought, this one was totally unique and accented her figure perfectly and she knew no one would have anything like it at the Ball.

She so wanted to make a big impression in front of the celebrities and the press she knew would be there. She wasn't a vain person by any means but she felt she had a certain right to try and outshine some of those celebrities with some natural beauty instead of the surgically enhanced synthetic look favoured by some. She’d closed her eyes just as she stood before the mirror, she opened them for the full surprise effect, and gasped! Oh no! It had shrunk more than she thought. Visible panties lines were showing at her hips and turning around saw they were over her bottom too. Lumps and bumps everywhere. These panties were no good under this dress.

The thong panties that had gone with the outfit had never been found after the fracas at the TV studio so she couldn't wear them, and she didn't own another thong, besides the way the dress hugged her hips she doubted she'd get away with it. She paced back and forth as best she could in the restrictive dress wondering what to do.

The solution finally came..... her panties would have to go, if she really wanted that smooth line.

She attempted to lift the billowing full skirt up but even that served very little for the rest of the skirt was so tight over her thighs and knees that it was impossible to lift the tightened material. She pinged her finger in her lap and heard the pop on the drum tight fabric.

Wriggling about she finally got the zip undone behind her and a shuffle or two later the dress was off and heaped on the floor. it felt good to move her legs again, grasping her panties she slid them down and off stepping out of them she scooped the dress up again and slipped it on feeling her legs getting clamped within the skirt once more. A few experimental steps showed her to be effectively locked from the knees up although there was a little movement if she shimmied her thighs back and forth she did this and was amazed at the effect it had on her without her panties the sensations she felt now were completely different. The material slid over her buttocks as she minced around the room, her thighs forced together created a rubbing sensation her between her legs in a way she’d never felt before, she felt herself becoming stimulated sexually, her pulse rate increased and her clitoris began to swell and be rubbed by the movement of her legs, in no time she was quite wet.

With something of a shock she found herself in the spare room along the landing. She’d walked quite some way unnoticed except for the tingling thrill she felt as she walked. With a smile of anticipation she turned on her heel and walked with shaking knees back to the mirror in the main bedroom, by the time she got there she was almost dripping.

She checked herself in the reflection of the mirror. A perfect hour glass figure was reflected back to her approving eyes. Only the natural curves of a healthy woman showed over her hips, and a quick inspection behind showed nothing but curvaceous bottom under tight satin. It leaves nothing to the

imagination she thought somewhat shyly

An odd thought came into her mind just then; "Kopema would love to see me in this. Now what in the world could that mean?” she wondered.

Slipping on the red shoes that went with the gown she walked a few paces back and forth to test how it felt to be in them too, if the effect without her panties had been good this was even better!! having her bottom tipped outwards focused the rubbing on her throbbing hot, damp crotch., She was soon walking about the room just to feel the rubbing sensation more and more and relishing the feeling of it.

The front door opening made her stop her pacing about and sit down as her husband bounded up the stairs.

"Dressed already! ah well I suppose you're excited about tonight."

Excited yes! thought Jenny mischievously.

At 8pm on the dot the stretched limo arrived to carry them to the Banquet and ball. Jenny looked stunning in her red shiny gown. The matching arm length gloves set the whole outfit off perfectly

The chauffeur was treated to a clear view down her dress as she stooped to get into the car, her milky white breasts threatening to spill out of the low cut bodice. John, Jenny's husband got in next and winked at the chauffeur knowing what he'd just seen. John had spent most of the evening gazing at his blonde beautiful wife walking about the house nervously smoothing her dress down all the time, her hands fluttered over the hips and lap, he was sure the flushed look she had was simply nerves about tonight. Yet each time he'd spoken to Jenny she'd turn as if she'd been caught with her hand in the cookie jar, her huge blue eyes looking very guilty. Just what WAS she up to he wondered?

Dressed in a black tuxedo he escorted Jenny out to the waiting car feeling very proud of his wife and pleased at the effect she had on the driver as his eyes drank in every inch of her.

The drive to the banquet hall was uneventful except for the bumping as they drove along and the way Jenny's tits bounced around John was amazed they stayed tucked in her bodice so well. The chauffeur gave up driving over potholes after a few miles because trying to dislodge those big tits was threatening to break his cars suspension.

Search lights waving about in the night sky ahead showed Jenny their destination. The car inched along after getting into line with all the other limos dropping of the snotty film stars boosting their already inflated egos as they waved to the cheering crowds.

Jenny resisted the temptation to press her face to the darkened glass to see out. Their car pulled along side the red carpet and a uniformed doorman opened the door on her husbands side and he exited first. Jenny shuffled over and took his hand as he assisted her from the car getting her position the dress being so tight was very restrictive for this type of movement, but with a gentle tug John pulled her gracefully from the car, her full breasts filled the bodice to over flowing straining the red satin. The amount of flashguns bursting off from the press photographers as they went into a feeding frenzy trying to get an exclusive shot of this womans breasts as they fell out in front of them all was evidence enough it was a hoped for sight, but alas they were to be disappointed, somehow they stayed in place, most wondered how.

Though the cameras still flashed at Jenny blinding her for moment or two, the crowd was puzzled by all the excitement at this woman and they supposed she was a film star though they'd never seen her before.

John loved ever minute of the walk into the huge hall but he was sure no one had even looked at him, they were too busy being dazzled by Jenny's beauty, or maybe it was her cleavage, or even her rolling bottom under that tight tight dress.

They were shown to their table in the huge ballroom and Jenny sat down and began making small talk with the other guests seated with them sipping from the champagne glass which was constantly topped up as if by magic whenever she looked away. The orchestra started playing a few tunes and Jenny was dragged to her feet by John for a dance but he soon had the tap on his shoulder as men queued for the chance to dance with the blonde in the red dress.

Jenny had to plea aching feet so she excuse herself and could sit down because she knew if she danced anymore she’d cum right there on the dance floor from the constant rubbing between her legs. She’d been close in the arms of her husband and she had rubbed those firm breasts up against him for the extra stimulation and even felt the familiar hard on between them and she ground her hips into his shamelessly on the dance floor John was most surprised at that!! But as soon as he’d been replaced all she felt was the hands of a stranger running over her hips as if in search of a pantyline, a search she knew would be in vain.

The evening progressed and dinner was served along with champagne, dessert followed along with champagne, then coffee and more champagne. Several glasses later Jenny felt wonderful she was enjoying herself sooo much! everyone was chatting away with her and all the men were vying for her attention. John sat watching more and more of Jenny's right nipple slowly show itself as she chatted to the film director, he seemed to be doing the same as John, when it did finally pop into full view it was a further 5 minutes before Jenny noticed it, by then though the crowd around her had swelled considerably. Finally with a squeak of shock Jenny noticed and tucked herself away again hoping no one had seen.

From across the room a fading actress in a strapless gown stood up suddenly and both her silicon filled breasts sprung out like over inflated balloons. She feigned surprise and covered up rather ineffectively and sat down again, but it had the desired effect the crowd left Jenny and went and sat by the smug actress with the rock hard tits as she surveyed her new retinue.

Jenny sipped some more champagne then placed the glass on the table, or so she thought. Suddenly the glass fell to the floor. Seconds after it hit the floor and smashed a dark haired waitress in a very short cocktail dress and black tights was there with dustpan and brush ready to sweep up the mess.

"Oh I'm so terribly sorry. How clumsy of me " Jenny said as she reached down to pick up the broken pieces.

The waitress tried to get there first trying to shooo Jenny away, it was at that moment that the waitress and Jenny locked eyes and Jenny saw an old friend.

"Ashley!!" she exclaimed "Whatever are you doing here?"

Ashley tried to quiet her down as she picked up broken glass

"I can't talk now Jenny shush! let me get to work!" Ashley hissed.

"Noshense, I mean Nonsense" Jenny slurred and tried to pick up the shattered fragments slapping Ashley’s hands away.

Jenny in this position on the floor attracted the attention of several party goers due to the amount of cleavage showing any second now and those creamy breasts were going to escape.

Ashley reached for the final piece of glass as Jenny did the same, Jenny won but only by batting away Ashley's over reaching hand, surprise followed by anger welled up in Ashley so she tried to shove Jenny over and maybe wreak a little revenge by having her spill out of her dress, but Ashley misjudged and instead fell forward onto her hands and knees in front of Jenny, with a growl Ashley spun over into a sitting position her legs parted and her dress up around her hips. A slightly sozzled Jenny looked down and pointed.

"Why Ashley you seem to have misplaced your panties."

Ashley tried to pull the tiny hemline lower to cover herself

"I'm amazed you'd wear such a short dress without them." Jenny continued "Look John you can see everything. golly is that a piercing ooooh I bet that hurt. John look she's had her ......."

"Shut up!!" Ashley cried frantically looking abut herself at the attention Jenny was focusing on her.

"B But you have you... oh wait a minute, nope it's bit if tinfoil caught in the nylon." Jenny went on "But I can see where you trim yourself for that bikini thong thingy you wear. Gosh those tights don't cover much do they? I can see everything ........."

"Enough!" shouted Ashley glowing red as more eyes turned in her direction.

"Oh sorry." Jenny said "here, let me help you up."

Jenny reached down to Ashley and grabbed her hands and with a tug dragged her to her feet.

The ripping sound that accompanied this act was very loud over the hubbub of conversation around them.

Locking eyes with Ashley a couple of inches from her face, Jenny felt suddenly very sober, that was a sound she'd heard many times before and knew exactly what it meant. The over tight dress had burst either her ass was out or her boobs, not taking her eyes from Ashley's Jenny gingerly felt around herself searching for the huge rip or worse.

A smile crept across Ashley’s face as she stood watching panic dance over Jenny's face. Slowly panic was replaced by puzzlement. her breasts were still tucked away her bum still encased in the tight dress and no rips or tears. Jenny couldn't find a thing wrong. Still looking into Jenny's face Ashley moved her own hands nervously over herself dreading what she'd discovered. Yep her hands met with bare skin instead. Looking down she saw her entire cocktail dress lying on the floor trapped under Jenny's foot.

"The dopey cow stood on my dress as she pulled me up!!" Ashley thought she now stood in the middle of the ballroom wearing only a black pair of tights and high heels. Nothing else

"You stupid cow!" she shrieked, as her hands flew over herself trying to cover up.

Silicon tits lost her semi drunk male company as they flocked towards the shrieking Ashley.

"Oh Ashley I'm sooo sorry."

Jenny spun around and grabbed a convenient table cloth and pulled it free to cover her friend, the tables occupants didn't think too highly of this as filled decanters toppled over and fell into their laps soaking them.

"Here let me cover you." Jenny called as Ashley's shrieking became supersonic.

Ashley saw a vast expanse of white sheeting approaching her and just bolted, rushing through the gathering crowd, and meeting the males who recently vacated silicon tits on the way.

Thinking it was part of the entertainment they took full advantage of the naked brunette in their midst. Ashley couldn't get through the wall of suits suddenly surrounding her, then gasped as a hand slipped between her legs touching her. She turned to slap the owners hand but was distracted by the hands touching her tits rubbing her nipples and fondling her. Too stunned by this she stood mute as hands rubbed and fondled her.

Far too many for her to bat away! Hands were all over her, between her legs, running over her nylon sheathed legs and bottom, cupping her breasts! this was too much, but she stood frozen still, too shocked for rational thought. She was spurred into action as she felt the tights sliding down over her hips, and a hand sliding between her buttocks, this was joined by another hand planning on meeting it halfway from the front it ruffled through Ashley’s dark curly pubic hair on the way down. The ear-splitting scream that finally came from Ashley soon had those hands out and away.

Jenny ran around searching for the panic filled Ashley, running into guests and tables alike bowling them over and tipping tables and drinks and food into the collective laps of the rich and famous. One luckless starlet who will remain anonymous thought it eye catching to the press to wear a daring off the shoulder dress that was nothing more than a wrap around one piece dress, it tied at the back in a loose knot.

This was snatched up by a passing Jenny unaware she’d done so, so intently was she trying to locate shrieking Ashley amongst the crowd. With a hiss and a flutter it was off the Starlet and she was left wearing nothing but the tiniest G string which made dental floss look like hemp rope. Inevitably she began screaming many men rushed to her assistance.

Jenny began to get confused there was screaming coming from behind her and in front of her, whatever was happening? she lowered the table cloth expecting to find Ashley but she was nowhere to be seen and turning around she saw the devastation of the upturned tables, dripping guests covered in red wine some women holding ripped and tattered dresses tables turned over and cantered at odd angles.

“Gosh whatever happened here to cause all of this?” Jenny asked herself, she became uncomfortably aware of the angry looks she was receiving from the gathering crowd.

A tap on her shoulder startled her and she turned and saw standing before her a tall woman and as imposing as ever.

“Miss Sour-tits! er I mean Miss Socrates” Jenny blurted out shocked to see her old school headmistress here at such a high profile function.

“What are you doing here?”

“Well, young lady, my daughter happened to be invited to this party and asked me along as her chaperone. That’s her over there.”

She pointed towards the milling guests picking up tables and assorted wreckage. One person in particular stood holding the bodice of her dress up and snarling at Jenny. Both the spaghetti straps of her dress had broken and her reddened cheeks were evidence enough she wasn’t happy about what had popped out for all to see.

Turning to her old teacher Jenny asked, “What happened?”

“You happened, that’s what.” came the curt reply as the tall woman snatched Jenny's wrist and led her off into the middle of the dance floor.

By now the chaos had everyone in the vast halls attention, and all eyes watched as a tall woman wearing a white flowing ball gown with red wine splashes down the front scoop up a vacant chair and lead a shorter blonde haired woman wearing a red dress onto the dance floor. The Blonde was seemed to be talking to that back of the stern looking woman as they walked.

“Shouldn’t I be helping them clear up all that mess Miss Sour..... Socrates?”

“I think you’ve done more than enough already Jenny.” the Teacher said “I think it’s about time you learnt a lesson in the error of your ways......”

Jenny felt a coldness in her chest she hadn’t felt in years, those dreaded words were the last words any pupil heard before receiving punishment from the head mistress. In her office Jenny had heard those words only once from her when Ashley had gotten her into trouble because she’d stolen an item from Jenny's locker after swimming class while Jenny had still been in the pool.

Jenny watched dumbfounded as Miss Socrates placed the chair down and sat on it patting her lap and looking expectantly at Jenny. Jenny couldn’t believe it was happening not here, not this!!!

A raised eyebrow and a stern look, moved Jenny's feet closer.

“Over my lap NOW!!” she barked and before she could even think about it Jenny was laying over this womans lap her bottom up in the air, legs sprawled out behind her, her shoes scratching for purchase on the shiny floor.

“Jenny this is going to hurt me more than it will hurt you, I do hope you understand that.”

Jenny never understood the logic of that as Miss Socrates hand smacked her bottom with whip like speed!

“YOW!”

Then another and another followed. The stinging smacks were harder than Jenny remembered. They stopped at last and Jenny tried to rise.

“Oh no young lady, you stay right there I’m not finished.” Miss Socrates hissed down to her, Jenny felt hands fumbling at the small of her back.

Zzzzzzzzzzzztttt!

OH God NO! Not her zip!! Jenny felt the tension over her bottom released as the zip lowered down further. With the release of the zip the bodice became slack and Jenny felt movement as it began to fall away from her breasts.

Her hand flew to catch to dress and retain a little bit of modesty. There was nothing she could do about her bottom not from this position anyway.

“Hello what’s this? Why Jenny you seem to be lacking your panties. As I recall I had to spank you for this very same reason while you were at school.”

The zip crept lower and the dress fell open revealing Jenny's soft creamy white buttocks to all and sundry, Jenny realised then the position she was in she was showing far more than just her bottom as cool air blew over her heated, and very wet pussy. She tipped her head to look behind herself hoping not too many people were behind her seeing her like this and she was mortified to see a gathering crowd among them many photographers hastily fixing longer lenses on their cameras.

She also noticed a group of women being herded into an orderly line by a dark haired woman wearing only a pair of black tights she was calling out something like “Come on get in line, you’ll all get a turn at spanking her, hey! no shoving at the back there!”

Anything else was forgotten as a stinging smack landed on her exposed bottom then another and another. With out the protection of the dress the slaps seemed even harder and in a matter of seconds Jenny's sweet cheeks were glowing red. Her arm let go of the front of her dress then and as it fell down her humiliation was completed as she was finally seen to tumble out of her dress, her dark nipples stiff and crinkled from her earlier excitement.

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**Jenny at the Car Lot by OOgler**

The girl from TempServ called Jenny the night before to give her the assignment of office girl at the big car dealership in town, so she was deciding what to wear in front of the closet. She wanted to make sure she didn't expose herself, because some of her past assignments had resulted in some very embarrassing experiences. She looked back over her shoulder to the mirror behind her and stared at her beautifully sculpted, bare behind, wondering to herself why that pesky next-door neighbor, Mr. Lemon, kept squirting her bottom with his hose every chance he had!

"My gosh, it's just a bottom!" thought Jenny.

So she turned back to her closet and remembered she was going out with her husband tonight for their anniversary. She'd better pack that sexy lingerie he bought for her to wear tonight, so that she could change later at work before their big night out.

"Hey! I could wear the underwear!" she thought, and by wearing the panties she would solve her first problem of the day, that she had failed to do the wash and all her underwear was sitting in the bathroom clothes hamper!

"Maybe I could even get away with this bra?" she mused as she turned it in her hands.

True, it was strapless, but had to be for the spaghetti-strapped evening dress she was wearing to their dinner tonight. It still was well made, and fitted her 38CC breasts perfectly, her husband having put in a special effort to convince her to wear such a revealing outfit, had made sure it fit perfectly and would feel good, and supportive to meet Jenny 's approval and get by her nervousness about wearing it. even if it was a little lacy to match the garter belt and panties.

She put it on and thought it looked a little suggestive, and she blushed... but rationalized that no one would see it anyway and it would keep her bouncy bosom a little under control.

"Honestly!" she thought, "why did her husband love to see her dressed up like this? showing so much of herself? Oh well, it's only once a year!"

And with that thought she slipped on the white lace panties. They were a kind of crinkly lace material and very frilly in the front panel, sloped up high on the side to a frilly lace string that ran around the back. And then she looked over her shoulder and was shocked! Oh my god! They were string panties!

The shelf-like top half of her bottom (one of the reasons it jutted out so) had a cute little, lacy bow sitting on it right where her butt crease started, and another frilly string disappeared between her cheeks about halfway down!

"Oh my!" she gasped.

"Well...it'll have to do." she said, the alternative would have been to put on dirty underwear and that was unthinkable. She would have to forgo pantyhose today, as well, as her pairs that didn't have runs had been used too many times, and needed a rinsing.

Besides, Jenny wasn't so thick she didn't realize her legs were in great shape. Because she tanned regularly and had flawless, firm skin on those curvy legs, Jenny knew she could get away without hose. She turned back to the closet and pulled down coat and dress she had chosen to wear on this assignment.

Since the weatherman had said it was going to be a little warm today she had chosen a very lightweight, white sundress, with cute straps that came up and tied behind her neck, but not too low-cut, with a zip on the side. But with her figure, she found it still revealed a good amount of cleavage, so she pulled it up as hard as she could in the front and retied the straps behind her neck. It fit nice and snug along her slim torso, and then flared out at the hips into a flippy, little skirt that came down to just a couple inches above the knee and had a wavy edge all around the hem. She zipped up the side-zipper and stepped into her white, 4-inch heels. She also chose a white, linen, businesslike jacket she had bought long ago and, though a bit short it also had a flared and wavy edge to it's hem which matched the skirt hem nicely.

The only problem was buttoning the buttons up the front. After she had the bottom one fastened at the waist, just above where the jacket began its flared hem, she ran into trouble. She strained and pulled and was able to get one other button fastened, but that was it! She thought the way it pushed up her breasts looked ridiculous, so she unbuttoned that button and just left the one cinching at her waist, she would just have to leave the last three open or risk tearing the jacket. The effect was that the lapels conformed along her bosom snugly on the outsides of both breasts but remained about a half an inch from both nipples.

Jenny pulled at the edges to try to get it to cover them, but in frustration just gave up and thought,

"It'll just have to do!" and she picked up her purse and the bag with the rest of her "anniversary" lingerie. She then pulled out the strapless cocktail dress wrapped in cellophane from the dry-cleaners,and trotted to the door.

She opened the door and peeked out, looking towards her neighbor's yard, as she wanted to make sure that the crazy old man wasn't standing out there with his hose. But she couldn't see him so she walked over to her car's passenger-side door and opened it up to hook the hanger with her evening dress on the hook on that side in the back. Mr. Lemon came through his side gate from his backyard, puffing a little from carrying the weight of the strapped-on leaf blower, holding the nozzle with both hands and sincerely intending to clear his yard and curb of leaves (yeah...sure).

When he looked right, and saw Jenny! God, he loved that girl!She was bent at the waist and stretching into the back seat, trying to hook the dress hanger on the little hook, one beautiful leg idly kicked up in back with her effort and the hem of her dress rising a bit.

But what really got his attention was her behind, it was so round and inviting, and was raised at such a pretty angle...he just couldn't resist. So he walked quietly over to their communal hedge and leaned over it far enough to set the nozzle of the blower pointing down at the driveway a few feet behind Jenny's heels. Do I need to say more?

He started up that blower and her skirt flew up with a whoosh! If she hadn't had her jacket on it would probably had taken the dress right off!

"Yikes!" cried Jenny as she backed out of the car so fast she bumped her head on the top door sill.

"Stop it!... Don't!..No!..Please!!!" Jenny screamed, as she pulled the front of her skirt down with both hands and stood knock-kneed in embarrassment, looking over her shoulder at Mr. Lemon, who grinned back staring wide-eyed at her bottom. He couldn't believe his luck, she was so close to being bare ass in that lacy, little, string thingy she was wearing he almost had a coronary.

And the way those plump cheeks jiggled and shook from that quickstep she was doing in place, stepping on and off each foot in those sexy heels...my GOD! he thought...I've gone to heaven!

He raised the nozzle and pointed the air stream on to her back to hold that skirt just where he wanted it!

Jenny slammed the car door and wiggled away as fast as she could around to the driver's side , where her skirt finally came back down. She jumped in her car and got it started, backed up, and down her street, in record time, all the while keeping one fist jammed between her legs, as if her dress was still in danger of rising, and her cheeks flaming red in embarrassment.

**PART TWO MISSING**

The car dealership was doing a booming business with their promotional sale. Customers were driving out of the lot with their barbecue equipment and cooking aprons, kids hanging out the windows shooting their squirt guns and laughing.

"This was a success!" thought Ted Crawford as his face beamed, and he waved at everyone like a politician -a phony grin plastered on as he continually fidgeted with his tie. And it sure didn't hurt to put the blonde at the balloons, he thought, so near the street intersection and under a bunch of fluttering flags. Getting them in the lot was the trick, then his salesman (he liked to think of them as his sharks) would swim in for the kill. But there were so many customers he was running short of staff.

"If I get that ravishing beauty over there to walk a few people around I could do all the paperwork myself" thought Ted, and he glad-handed his way out to where Jenny was giving balloons away to the children.

Jenny had been standing by the helium tank, untying strings and clamping the little grabbers on their ends to the kid's sleeves, all day long, making sure they grasped their little hands around the strings tight before they walked away. She was a little mindful of how much cleavage she was showing. Mr. Crawford had been nice enough to retie the straps of her dress, but hadn't done such a good job. The straps came out from her top of her dress at about the middle of each breast in front and tied in a bow behind her neck. But he had not tied them in a bow, he had tied them in a tight couple of knots, making them hard to untie and fix, and making the straps much too loose, allowing the neckline to drop lower with the weight of her breasts and all the movement she had done.

By now the straight neckline actually sat only an inch above the edge of her lacy, strapless bra. And although the bra fit well and felt secure, it was, after all, just a pair of boned cups and lace that held her boobs up from the bottom, and only covered them up to about a half inch above the nipple. It was only meant to be worn with a thin strapped evening dress like the one she had brought with her in the car for tonight's anniversary dinner with her husband. A deep valley was visible at the neckline of her dress, and the soft, white tops of each breast rose up in arches and shone in the sunlight.

More than a few driver's honked when they saw her, or slowed to whistle out their window at the pretty, stacked blonde with the great legs. As she was bent over to give a kid a balloon, that cute rump raised her skirt up in back to the passing motorists, and she was giving the children's fathers an eyeful of her 38CC breasts as she leaned forward. A couple of their wives had to remind them, with jabs, that they were here to look at the whole car, not just the headlights. But Jenny, blushing when she noticed a wide-eyed stare down her dress top, usually noticed little of the attention she was getting, and she tried her best to smile and make everyone feel welcome.

As Ted Crawford walked up to Jenny he noticed she was blushing and hopping from foot to foot rather vigorously, causing those big, round boobs of hers to dance inside that dress, swaying and bouncing at the same time. Then he saw the kid in front of her squirting her feet with the squirt gun, and he heard Jenny making squeaking sounds as she tried to keep her feet dry and dodge the streams of water, clicking her heels on the pavement. A man and woman stood near enough to be identifiable as the culprit's parents, but they both acted uninterested in stopping him. The woman stood idly gazing around at the cars and the man kept his hands in his pockets looking up at the balloons, with quick, furtive glances down at the struggling blonde with the bouncing bosom.

"Welcome folks! It's great to see you here today!' Crawford boomed, pushing the boy towards his parents.

He grinned at them, looked at the kid condescendingly, and said "What a cute little boy you have there! I just know we have a car for you, and your little tyke can keep the toy whether you buy it today or not!"

He grabbed Jenny's hand and pulled her nearer to him while addressing the customers

"Let me just have a word with my associate here, and we'll be right with ya'!" Ted gushed, and the kid started squirting the wheels of a nearby car.

"You have to help me out here, miss,' Ted whispered to Jenny out of the couples earshot, 'I'm really running short of salespeople! I'll do all the paperwork for the sale if you'll just show them a few cars, you don't have to try and sell the cars, they pretty much sell themselves. Just be nice to them and answer their questions by reading to them from the information sheet on the window of each car. Refer any questions you can't answer to me, just say- "Mr. Crawford can clear that up for you when we go inside to complete the transaction." -okay?"

"I guess so.." whispered Jenny hesitantly.

"If they make an offer lower than the sticker price...the first offer, mind you, bring them in to me and I'll finish the sale. You'll do just great, and really be helping me out of a jam." he pleaded, "Lets get back before they lose interest" he whispered quickly and led Jenny back to the family.

"This fine salesgirl here will help you look around folks, just take you time and find the car that fits your needs, and I'll see you all later to finalize the paperwork." Ted said to the couple, and walked over to another prospective buyer he saw lacking the accompanying shark.

The man was smiling and staring at Jenny, trying to keep his eyes from locking on her breasts, so his wife wouldn't notice.

The women looked at Jenny a little skeptically and stated, "We're looking for a sedan that gets good gas mileage, and is safe."

The little boy, around five years old, screamed, "I didn't get a balloon yet!"

So, Jenny loosened a balloon from the bunch and handed it to the little boy, and as she was latching the clip to his sleeve he shot her knees with a stream of water and made her jump back.

"Stop that, Timmy!" barked his mother, as Jenny blushed and rubbed the excess water off her legs. His father was more interested in Jenny's cleavage from the bend she had made and was still gazing at her chest even after she had straightened up.

Little Timmy was now hiding from his mother behind Jenny and had managed to clip his balloon to the back hem of her skirt and let go of it, watching it rise.

"Come here this instant, Timothy!" his mother's voice brought Timmy shuffling back to her side, where she grabbed his free hand, somehow not noticing his lack of balloon.

She started dragging him in the direction of a car she was interested in and Jenny clicked along behind them in her heels, wringing her hands nervously, unaware that the balloon had lifted the back of her skirt enough that the bottom half of her bare buns were visible. The man followed Jenny, along with the sway of Jenny's rear end, and he watched the delicious roll of those cheeks, never saying a word.

"Now this car we saw earlier looked sturdy." the wife said, standing alongside a blue sedan "Do you mind if we sit inside?"

"No, not at all!" said Jenny, opening the driver's side door for the woman.

The wife let go of little Timmy and and scooted herself into the seat, closing the door and clamping both hands on the steering wheel as if she were driving.

"What's the gas mileage?" she said.

So little Timmy ran around the car shooting imaginary bad guys until he made a full circle and stopped, noticing Jenny's bottom pointing at him at eye level as she bent to read the gas mileage data off the information page taped to the window.

The combination of the balloon and the bend she made had put more of her round, sweet bottom on view and the husband was wetting his lips with his tongue. Jenny had just found the information about mileage and read it off to the woman when he fired. Timmy had aimed rather carefully at Jenny's posterior and scored a bulls eye, squirting cold water in a jet right between the globes of Jenny's saucy bottom!

"Eeeek!" she lurched forward and up, whirling around quickly and blushing furiously, as dear old dad chuckled, and whispered - "Good shot!"- emphatically out the side of his mouth. The wife kept pretending to drive, muttering details to herself as her husband was enjoying Jenny's embarrassment.

Jenny tried to put a stern look on her face as she unclipped the balloon and let it sail away. She leaned down to tell the little boy that she thought that was naughty of him, both hands behind her as if he might try again by shooting around corners. She never got it out, however, as he took the opportunity to empty his squirt gun, firing in rapid bursts, at the pretty blonde lady's titties! What fun!

Jenny's dress front was soaked by the time she realized what he had done, and stood up in a daze, looking down in shock at her wet breasts.

"Look, daddy, softballs!" the kid chimed, pointing at Jenny's breasts as the the thin cotton material went from white to a darker transparency and clung to Jenny's chest. Her breasts were so visible through her wet dress you could see the lace detail on the bra beneath, and her nipples, enlarged and rigid from the cold water, poked out, even through the bra.

"You can say that again!" whispered dad.

Jenny came to her senses and brought her hands to her chest, splaying her fingers to try and hide as much of her boobs as possible, and began whispering, "Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod!"

"Take a look under the hood, Lou, and see if it looks all right to you." the unaware wife chirped from the front seat a she tooled along the highway in her dreams.

"Sure thing, dear ' he responded, 'could you show us the engine, miss?" he grinned taking in Jenny's charms, as she squirmed and stammered a "y..y..yes", clutching her wet breasts in the sopping, transparent material.

"Do you mind if I start it up?" the woman asked as she noticed an envelope on the dash with the words "key #451" stamped on it.

"N...n...no, that's f..f...fine." said Jenny as she meekly followed the man to the front of the car and stood shaking and blushing.

The wife was distracted trying to get the key in the ignition with little luck, as the man pointed to the hood and said, "I'll let you show me how to open it up." Smiling like a cat.

The wife completely missed the cute, near topless-looking blonde wiggle over to the front of the car, look sheepishly around, and bending over to find where the hood latch was. When Jenny thought she had spotted it she took another embarrassed look around, and quickly let go of her boobs, trying to release the latch in a panic, so she could cover herself up again, her fingers fumbling with the metal to no avail.

“Here, let me help you." said the husband and came up close beside Jenny, mixing his fingers under the hood with hers, trying to go "by feel" since he really didn't want to actually look, having better uses for his gaze, as his eyes kept growing wider and wider, looking down and taking in every detail of those fantastic wet breasts showing through Jenny's dress front.

Jenny was frantic at this point and was jamming her hands under the hood, accidentally hooking a thumb in her dress material and taking it under the hood with her. When the husband felt Jenny's dress material under the hood by his fingers, he grabbed the hem edge and rubbed it on the underside of the hood until he felt it hook on some protruding metal piece, then he told Jenny he thought he'd found it! And he unlatched the mechanism deftly and flung the hood straight up, as the hood springs helped it reach it's maximum height.

The skirt of Jenny's sundress went with it, stretched taunt and high enough to clear the entire extent of her ass, and so high in front you could make out an inch of lacy, bra-enclosed bosom beneath. It also pulled her body up and forward against the front of the car, her arms flapping wildly at her sides, her chest thrust forward and her back arched, causing her to push out her rear end and spread her legs a little for balance.

She cried out a "Nnnoooooo!" and started jerking her bosom violently from side to side in a futile attempt to loosen the front of her dress from the raised car hood, while gripping the back hem of her dress in both hands and pulling down as hard as she could to cover some of her exposed bottom. But the material wouldn't even come down so far as to cover the lacy bow on the back string of her panties, right above the round, pink globes of her beautiful bottom, which, at the moment, had a very cute jiggle.

Timmy couldn't resist the sight of that little, white bow, and while his dad halfheartedly tried to extract Jenny's raised dress from the hood, while also staring down intently at the triangular, white lace panel at the front of her panties, the little boy grabbed the bow and started leaning and stepping back, like he was cocking back a slingshot. Jenny felt this and stopped jerking suddenly, her head snapping around, she managed to get out "WHA..?" before the boy let go of the bow.

"Snap!" the string came back to Jenny's bottom with a sting!

"OUCH!" she cried as she went on toe in her heels, a knee bent reflexively, bringing her leg and a sexy white pump into the air behind her, splaying the fingers of her hands as her arms reached back and to the sides. The shocked look on her face transformed slowly back to devastating embarrassment as she tried to look over her shoulder at the state of her undress.

The husband was holding the car hood up intentionally at this point, he sure didn't want his wife to see this, as he looked down and saw the tufts of blonde pubic hair coming out of the top of Jenny's panties. The panty snap had left them sitting lower in front, and the back-string and bow lay languidly across the halfway point of Jenny's quivering bottom. Jenny was blushing beet-red and yanking on her dress with both hands, shifting back and forth on her feet nervously. She heard an appreciative whistle from another nearby car buyer, and renewed her struggles when Timmy grabbed the bow again and pulled hard!

She squealed and jumped again when she felt the sting, as the bow snapped back lower on her bottom, where the tender round cheeks were full and sloping in, meeting her thighs with a thin crease. The panty string had come to rest along that crease, and the bow sat at the direct base of her rump, right at the juncture of her naked cheeks and soft thighs. It stretched around her to the front, where the elastic waistband of the panties hung below her pubic mound, and the lacy front panel drooped below.

Jenny started yanking harder, blushing all over, once she realized she was about to lose her panties, lifting each leg higher as she tried to cover her sex with alternating knees, her bottom cheeks doing a furious, bouncing dance.

Timmy's dad was having difficulty keeping the car hood up, as Jenny kept trying to pull it back down by yanking on her dress, and he was preoccupied as well, taking in as much of the near-naked Jenny as he could, while little Timmy began innocently, but enthusiastically, playing pattycake on Jenny's cute bottom- clapping his hands together, and then slapping alternating cheeks between claps- reciting the rhyme out loud.

When Timmy's mom finally brought the engine to life with a roar, Jenny could feel the air from the fan in front, blowing on her exposed sex mound and soft belly skin, staring down in shock. Timmy's dad noticed a few people were gathering around nearby, stretching their necks to get a view of the cute blonde's bare behind, and felt it was probably best if he lowered the hood and ended this fun before his wife got wise. He brought it down but didn't slam it shut, deftly removing the hem where

**PARTS 4-5 MISSING**

Ted Crawford couldn't find anything else that the naked girl in the parts department could put on, but he found her purse by the display table and took her keys out. He then asked the parts man about where to stock the car circuitry boards and asked around if any of the salesmen knew which car the blonde had arrived in. When he found one eager volunteer he requested that he go see if she had anything in her car that she could use for clothing. He whispered the explanation for his request to the grinning man, who returned with a plastic bag he found on the front seat.

He neglected to tell his boss about the dress he had seen hung up on the hook in the back seat...if there WAS a naked blonde in the parts department he wanted To make sure he got a look at her before she covered herself up with anything! If the boss could get her to put on the garter belt and hosiery he found in the bag she would look all the more sexy! He trotted off to the service bays in back to tell the mechanics. Those guys wouldn't want to miss this!

Ted continued hustling the crowd and had a fish on the line when the guy he sent out for food returned. He hustled the customer into his office and begged a minute's wait from him to do a quick errand. He then went back to Jenny and knocked on the door. When he told her who it was she opened it a crack and he passed a bag of take-out and the plastic bag in and said, "One of my guys found this stuff in your car, I hope it helps out and I'll keep looking around, but I'm kind of busy right now so I'll get back to you in just a little while'.

' Oh yeah, and our parts foreman said the computer circuitry goes on the top shelf on the right side of the center aisle, the shelf is labeled red and says circuitry, and he said to be careful not to drop them..now lock this door behind you, honey."

Jenny heard him hustling off and closed up behind him. She went over to the desk and set down the bag of fast food and looked in the plastic bag with her lingerie.

"How is this going to help cover me? she thought, and another set of goose bumps popped up across the top of her bosom. "Well, at least the stockings will help me keep a little warmer."

So Jenny sat at the desk and slipped out of her pumps, and getting the hosiery from the bag she smoothed it up each of her long, beautiful legs. Then she stood up and slipped each nylon-clad foot into the white heels. Her stockings began drooping immediately at the top so she thought she'd better hook them up to the belt if she didn't want to be pulling them up all day. She then got the lacy white garter belt out and put in on, wiggling around to get the four fasteners attached to her stocking tops.

She briefly thought that it was strange that they had bothered to go out and look in her car for clothes and failed to see the dress sitting in the back seat.

"Oh well" she said.

She held her breasts and bent forward to look down at herself. She felt ridiculous to be dressed like this. She was dressed like a lingerie model from the waist down and this coat was too small ...cinching it at the waist with the buttons was hurting and making it hard to breathe, so she pried the top button loose to give her squashed breasts some room to stick out, and bounce. Her current clothing seemed designed to expose her in all the right places. While her business style jacket covered most of her, with the exception of her breasts, it tucked in at the waist and then flared out all around, coming way short of covering anything, and made her look like she was missing a part of a costume.

It was sexy lingerie from there on out. The thin lace panties and garter belt did very little, almost nothing in the back ..to hide her private parts below or her garters and hose. She felt a hot blush coming on thinking about anyone seeing her in such suggestive clothing. That would be sooo humiliating!

She decided not to dwell on it... after all, no one was here and as soon as her dress and brassiere dried she could make her self decent again. So she picked up a wide, thin box of computer circuitry, which didn't seem too heavy, and held it in front of her under her breasts. She added another box to it and felt it was about as much as she could carry safely.

She wiggled over to the wide center aisle in the warehouse-like room, her breasts exposed and poking out of the jacket front. She had no way to hide them because of having to carry the boxes with both hands. She blushed when she glanced down and saw how her bare breasts were bouncing as she walked, even if no one was looking at her she felt a hot flash of embarrassment.

She tried to control herself so she wouldn't drop the parts boxes and looked around for a red sticker on the right side shelving, up high. Jenny found the sticker at the end of the row on the top shelf. She could even read the word circuitry on it. But how was she supposed to get to the top shelf with these heavy boxes?

Jenny looked around the wide center aisle of the parts warehouse and discovered a rolling platform over against some shelves. It was a metal framed ladder with a platform on top and it was on wheels so that you could move it around and reach all the higher shelves throughout the warehouse. Jenny went over to it and set the parts boxes down on the second tread. It looked safe enough, so she went around the back of it and pushed, finding it rolled quite easily over to where she intended.

Jenny pushed it tight up against the shelving racks and took a step up to the first step on the platform. The ladder had a base platform and treads going up eight steps to a little platform at top, and all the stepping surfaces were all rubberized so she stood easily on them in her heels.

"This won't be too hard" Jenny said to herself, and proceeded to pick up the boxes and jiggle all her exposed parts at the same time.

No one was there to see her beautiful bottom sway and roll as she went up those steps but it was beautiful, all the same. When she reached the top she rested the boxes on the railing that prevented you from walking forward and falling off. Unbeknownst to Jenny, as she leaned against the metal rail she had accidentally hooked the elastic at the top of her panties to a sharp screw head that was sticking out. As she stepped back a little she felt the front of her panties were caught and were pilling, but holding the boxes she had no hands free to work it loose and she tried wiggling this way and that, hoping to free herself.

A loud ratcheting noise caught Jenny's attention from the near wall at the end of the aisle and the room began to brighten.

"What was going on? thought Jenny, and then she saw the light streaming under the wall!

But it wasn't a wall at all, it was a large receiving door that reached to the ceiling so that truck trailers could back up and deliver to the parts warehouse. And it was being raised at an alarming speed. It was almost to the height an adult could walk under and she could hear men's voices outside! She began to panic and renewed her efforts to free her panties from the screw, wrapping more of the lace and elastic on the sharp threads.

"Yeah, right Jim, a naked blonde in parts..you are so full of...!" the conversation came to an end as the mechanics and the salesman stood at the receiving door looking up at the nearly nude blonde on the ladder.

Someone whistled and they all began laughing and patting Jim on the back. A couple of them had reached the ladder and grabbed the rails around the base, looking up at the struggling blonde, whose large naked breasts were sticking out of the front of her jacket and were bouncing around with her movements.

She seemed to be stuck on the safety rail at the top and was pitched out over it a little, with her arms held out in front of her about shoulder height, holding some boxes. Below the boxes her breasts hung down directly over their heads, the nipples seemed to point at them. From behind Jenny was ravishingly sexy. The forward pitch of her body over the rail, like the carved bow head of some ship, left her bottom upturned and thrust out to balance her.

Below the little flared "skirt" of her white jacket jiggled that smooth, round, bare behind, the top of her crease covered only by a white lace and elastic band, and she was jerking her hips back and forth as she stood there.

Maybe she was trying to get loose or something, but nobody really cared, it just looked great! She was holding her legs tightly together at the knees and then splayed out below the knees to a pigeon-toed stance in tall white high heels. They were long and curvy and encased in sheer nylons attached to a lacy little garter belt halfway up her thighs.

"Ohmygosh,ohmygosh,ohmygosh.." Jenny chanted in her panic.

Those men below could see her in her sexy lingerie and were grinning and staring at her exposed breasts! She had to get loose, but what should she do with these boxes of equipment she was told to be careful with?

"Maybe I'll put them on this shelf and..'Jenny stopped her thought abruptly as she heard a man below say, "I don't like the light in here, lets go back outside" and she felt a jerk as the ladder began to move.

"Wait! No! Stop!! Jenny blurted as the men rolled the ladder platform out of the warehouse and into the service area, where cars were parked in service bays and up on lifts being repaired.

Loud catcalls and hooting accompanied her humiliating ride on the ladder, and whistling and cheers erupted every time the ladder's wheels rolled over something and her breasts and bottom bounced around from the resulting bump. Some of the mechanics were holding compressed air hoses, and as Jenny was wheeled around the service bays, they shot cold jets of air up at her strategically, to goose her on the behind or nipples.

"Oooooh!' and 'EeeeeK!" she'd squeal in reaction, jumping in her heels, as her breasts bobbed emphatically and her bottom jiggled from the hop.

She was trying so hard not to drop the parts boxes but was trapped in this humiliating position by her hooked panties!

"Please! Don't do that! No! Please!.."Oooooo!" she jumped as she felt a strong air jet blast up at her blushing bottom!

There wasn't a square inch of Jenny not blushing at this point.

The men of the service department were really enjoying themselves. They had never seen such a sexy looking women in such a funny and compromising position before and they were going to have some fun before they let her down. They were wheeling her around all the cars being serviced, and were doing their best to jerk the platform ladder up and down whenever they could to see the stacked blonde bounce around. One particular spot on the floor made the ladder pitch forward and down, and then jerk back up every time they passed it. This made the blonde lunge forward and backward and had those huge, bouncy breasts wobbling and dancing, bringing forth even louder hoots and cheers. And when she was jerked back and away from where her panties were hooked on the rail, it pulled them very taunt and she felt the lace string in her ass crease press tightly and dig into her between the cheeks and she gave out a high pitched,"Eeeeeee!" which they cheered and clapped for as well.

They had to stop the ladder when they came around one car raised on a lift because the door was open and there wasn't room to get by. Jenny seized the opportunity and found her balance, twisting around to face the open door of the car and place the boxes of circuitry on the front seat.

That was all the elastic on her panties could take, however. With a popping sound the lacy bow over the crack of her bottom cheeks flew across the service area, as her panties broke at the juncture of her waistband and the back thong string.

"Yikes!" She screamed as they twanged against the rail, shooting off her body. Both her hands zoomed to her crotch to cover her soft blonde pubic hair. This got a particularly loud cheer from the crowd of men below and the whistling was ear splitting.

Her hands were frozen over her mound, trying to her sex, and the shock of having no panties in a huge crowd of men was numbing. Jenny was panicky and in shock, along with being extremely embarrassed, and had a frantic look on her face. She was looking around madly for a way to escape and in her confusion settled on leaping into the car on the lift beside her! Jumping and grabbing for the farthest seat, she didn't quite make it. She did manage to grab the boxes she had placed on the seat, and was pulling them out and falling out of the car! She reached out with her arms frantically to grab a hold of something, grabbing the seat back at the last minute. She pushed the boxes to the floorboards and pulled her upper body into the car.

The mechanics all crowded around to watch the bare-assed blonde struggle into the car. She had only gotten halfway in and her behind was sticking out. Her legs in the sheer hosiery were kicking furiously, each sexy high heel flipping up over her bottom as she alternated her kicks. Her bottom cheeks bounced in unison. It was a tableau of sex appeal. They moved the ladder away and were all around the blonde's legs, looking up.

Jenny, innocently enough, was holding on for dear life to those seat cushions and had given little thought to how much she was exposing as she kicked her legs about, bent over and lying on the driver's seat, with most of her lower body dangling out over the eager eyes below. Some men were very lucky that day. But with those perfect legs in the hose and garters, kicking her sexy heels and wiggling around, even if you didn't see everything, you saw plenty, and I'm sure they all counted themselves lucky in that sense.

The mechanic with the controls to the lift was playing with it a little bit, making it jump up a quick foot or down, with no rhythm. This had Jenny bouncing on the seat and holding on tight, all the better to keep her hands from being able to cover herself. She was never in danger of falling of course, as there was a eager multitude of hands that would have caught her. And so, after a few whispered conversations between the guys around the lift controls, Jenny felt the car going down!

She knew that she would have less chance of falling if the lift was lowered, but a spreading blush washed over her face as she thought of the part of her, that panty less part, which was now being ceremoniously lowered. Jenny had quit kicking now and had her legs locked firmly together, even her toes pointed as her body quivered in embarrassment.

"I'm just going to die of shame! she thought, as she felt the hot blush spread back to the cheeks of her bottom, still quivering.

Then the lift jerked to a stop and her breasts bounced up and down on the car seat. She reached out her pointy toe of her pumps but couldn't feel floor!

"Gee, miss,..our lift seems to be stuck, but your only three feet off the ground, we'll..help you the rest of the way", a young voice said from below her, followed by a murmur of snickering.

Jenny felt two hands on her right leg, one at the top of the thigh in front, where her stocking top gave way to bare flesh, and the other right on her calf below the knee. Another set of hands grabbed her left leg in the same places.

"Now if you just let go slowly, miss, and bend your knees a little you'll slide out nice and safe." she heard from behind her.

Jenny was pink from embarrassment and kept thinking about all the men behind her, she just KNEW they were all staring at her behind!

"OH GOD! This is SO humiliating! she thought and tried not to wiggle her bottom so much as she tentatively released her grip and slid a few inches out.

The leg men were assisting by cupping their hands under her knees, helping them bend, but that just seemed to make her bottom stick out further and was hysterically whispering, "ohno!ohno!ohno!oohNOOO!" as she felt herself sliding faster.

Jim, the salesman who had earlier alerted his pals to the blonde's plight, stepped forward quickly and arrested her fall with both hands. He had them spread wide so that he could get as much cheek in each palm as was humanly possible.

"My god this ass is so firm and soft!" he thought as he gave it a little squeeze.

"Oh MY! " squeaked Jenny as she felt the warm hands squeezing her bottom.

And as the rest of her came out of the car she felt strong hands firmly hold her arms at the elbows on both sides, making sure she didn't slip to the side. She was sitting now, like in a chair with arms. Two men on either side supporting her arms and two ahead of her with their hands supporting the back of her nyloned thighs, just behind the knee. And, of course, another pair formed a perfect cup for each cheek of her bottom. She squirmed a little in those hands, which sent a wave of pleasure over Jim's body and he responded with a squeeze.

"Oooo!" Jenny cooed from the squeeze, and that got a chuckle from the men, as she looked nervously around with wide eyes and shocking blush.

"I..uh..think I'm all right now, you can..Ooo! set me down n..n..now."

Jenny stammered, interrupted mid-sentence by another squeeze, which elicited laughter from her audience. The men were enjoying her embarrassment, and were definitely aroused by her ample body, but her cute innocence an meek attitude had really won them over and none of them really intended to harm her. So they gently let her feet find the floor and she teetered upright on those sexy heels. Jim's lingering right hand reassuringly patted her soft cheek and withdrew as well.

Both Jenny's hands covered her blonde pubic hair and her arms squeezed her breasts together, making a deep cleavage. Her knock-kneed, pigeon-toed stance was real cute in it's embarrassed modesty, but panic was starting to set in. She began jerking her head around from face to grinning face and looked desperately for an exit. She ran to towards the street exit from the service bays but heard the men shouting behind her to stop, "Hey lady you don't wannna go out there! they shouted, "Wrong way, lady!"

The words sunk in as Jenny reached the beginning of the parking lot and she skidded to a halt and whirled around a couple of times. Her mind was a jumble of thoughts and she just didn't know which way to go! She settled on running back in the service area, but had to slow to a walk, and then a creep, as she tried to wiggle and squeeze by the men crowding around her. She felt so embarrassed rubbing her body against the men, and instinctively raised a hand to her mouth. They were whistling and hooting and staring at every square inch of her lovely body. As she was about to exit the large group, one of them reached down and pinched her.

"EeeeK!" Jenny jumped up and her breasts heaved up and down, then settled with a wobble. The men cheered and whistled as she clenched a hand to the pinched site on her bottom. She turned her back to them quickly and started backing up.

"Ouch!" she jumped again as she inadvertently poked her behind backing into a protruding handle on a diagnostic analysis unit. Another cheer arose from her admirers and Jenny turned pink. She tried running again, but only got to the end of a row of cars receiving only one quick slap to her fanny for the effort.

The only mechanic not watching or following Jenny stood at a workbench near where she came skidding to a halt. He was a very old man, with a large hearing aid showing from his ear, and was busily drilling a hole into a piece of metal on a vise. Jenny turned around to keep her bottom protected from the mechanics and accidentally put her elbow in his back.

He turned around in response and the running drill he was holding caught the flared hem of her linen jacket. He jerked in spasms as he tried to keep hold of the drill, while it kept gathering more of her jacket to it and was was quickly peeling it off Jenny's shoulders. He instinctively stepped back and it pulled Jenny's arms to her sides, and then behind her, as the old man sat down on the floor wrestling the drill that was bunching the jacket into a spiraling knot around the it.

When he finally got the damned thing turned off he looked up at the ravishing blonde, in only a garter and hose, wearing a pair of high heel shoes.

"Customers are sure dressing casually these days..." he thought and attempted to lift himself off the ground as the blonde ran away. "Why that's the prettiest behind I've seen in a long while," he mused.

Although her pretty bottom was getting most of the physical attention, Jenny had no hands left to cover it. She splayed the fingers on one hand trying to cover her bosom, hoping that she could get her extended fingers to cover both nipples. The other hand was clutched at her crotch and wouldn't budge. Her heels clicked loudly as she trot around the service area seeking escape, her ponytail and huge bosom both bouncing excitedly. The mechanics were having a grand time watching the blonde jiggle around, and had taken to giving her sweet bottom a little pat or a pinch as it wiggled by, or a low blast of air from the hose, aimed at her ass cheeks. They loved her comic reaction to these effronteries. She would shriek and lurch forward and everything she had would go into motion.

One of the mechanics crouched down behind a car as he saw her coming around it, and was waiting to jump up and startle her for a laugh, when Jenny tripped on an air hose and came sprawling at him, her arms wheeling wildly around.

She came to rest over his shoulder and he grabbed the back of her thighs and stood up, bringing her off the ground, legs kicking. He became acutely aware of the large breasts smashed into his back and the soft round bottom inches from his face. He couldn't resist... so he cupped the furthest cheek with his hand and gently kissed the near cheek.

The rest of the mechanics went wild. The catcalls and hooting were loud enough to hear out on the car lot.

"What's going on here?" Ted Crawford shouted from the open receiving door of the parts warehouse.

He heard the blonde's panicked voice crying out, "Oh! No! ..Let me down! ..Stop! " and saw her bent over his mechanic's shoulder, kicking her high heels frantically.

All the men stopped and looked at their boss and the man carrying Jenny sheepishly put his hand back on her nylon-clad thigh and strode over to him.

"Hey boss, look what we found!" he said smartly.

"Yeah, well put her down and get back to work' Ted growled, '..all of you, back to work and cut this shit out!"

So the man grabbed both of Jenny's cheeks in his hands and slid her off his shoulder.

"Sorry boss, and no harm intended miss.." he remarked to Jenny, and he went back over to the others.

Jenny stood clutching all the usual parts of her she does when naked and turned red with embarrassment. She felt like digging a hole in the ground and crawling in.

"My god, you sure get yourself into trouble easily!" Ted Crawford grinned at her, appreciating her nakedness.

"I'm so sorry Mr. Crawford...if I could just explain," she gushed.

"Don't bother,' he interrupted, ' I've just been putting out the fire you almost caused in my warehouse, I guess you put your clothes too close to the heater and, fortunately, they were all that burned,' he looked grimly at her, ' but I found one apron left at the bottom of the box and at least you can wear that.." he offered, handing her the apron and her purse.

"Oh my GOD!" Jenny cried.

"Yeah, well, I'm sorry too miss, but things just haven't worked out too well for you today, have they? I'm sure you'll do better at your next job. For now, I really think it would be best if you took off early go home and relax, ...as much as I'll miss you." he added with a big smile, staring down at the best set of hooters he'd ever seen.

Jenny meekly put her purse down and pulled the apron to her chest, fumbling with the strings to tie it behind her neck and then gathering the strings to tie it around behind her.

"Here, let me help you." Crawford said, and walked around behind her and tied the apron in the back into a big floppy bow.

He looked down at her ass and just shook his head in amazement, he was convinced that she had the sexiest body of any women he had ever known. What a babe!

Jenny turned around and thanked him for putting up with her and bent to pick up her purse. The entire service area grew quiet as every eye watched the mooning, and more than a few men licked their lips at the sight.

Jenny straightened up and looked down at her new clothes.

"My god, this is embarrassing,' she thought,' I look ridiculous!"

The apron was a soft pink color and had pink frills all around the short apron skirt in front and along the top across her cleavage and up each strap going behind her neck. It was so short it barely covered her pubis, and left the garters holding up her hose and a good deal of thigh exposed. It was tight around the waist where Mr. Crawford had tied it and came up her breasts tightly too. Her protruding nipples poked seductively out the material in front. It was wide open on the sides and the size of her breasts made it tent out in front so that most of her breasts could be seen from either side.

She shouldered her purse and held the skirt front down as best she could, using her free hand to hold the apron front against her breasts so they wouldn't pop out the sides. Oblivious to the lack of material behind her, she wiggled through the service area, her heels clicking on the pavement and her ponytail swaying. She mesmerized everyone within view with that walk. Her bottom seemed to have a life of it's own. Each step she took set it in motion, each round cheek rising and falling, with a sway and a wiggle. As the bright sunlight hit her behind when she reached the parking lot, they all could see the faint imprint of a hand on her bottom, left over from some grease-stained hand that had had the pleasure of patting that sweet, round fanny.

"Oh great, I had to park way over on the other side of the lot!"

Jenny griped, and clattered off through the crowded lot towards her car.

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**Jenny At The Construction Site by OOgler**

**Fresh Beginnings**

Jenny sat fidgeting in front of the mirror, she knew that a good impression was expected of her on the first day at a new site. The dispatcher at the the TempServ had sent her to two jobs previously, in which she had just sat at desks, answered phones, took messages. They had not really required any skill. But then, nice Mr. Jennings who had hired her had told her, after a long, studied look...that he was sure that most employers would be glad to have her as a front office receptionist, being the first thing their clients would see upon entering their businesses. Jenny didn't stop to think that his grin, and wandering eyes were taking in all her bountiful charms, and his actual thoughts pictured this big-busted blonde at the Kirby Construction site, with all those horny construction workers enjoying themselves at her expense!

Jenny decided that she wouldn't suffer with the heat like she had at her last assignment, dressed in a formal business suit, and the dispatcher had said that this assignment was an outdoor construction site... where was that paper? oh,yes..."Kirby Construction on Lakeshore Road, building a high-rise office building, need a temp receptionist and gofer" ..."well, I don't know what the gofer part means but I know that Lakeshore Road is pretty far out in the country, I didn't even know there was any building out that way!", said Jenny to her reflection. It's bound to be hot out there, she thought, so I'd better wear something I'll be able to keep cool in. She already had on her thinnest white lace bra.

She thought to herself, "I'm just going to have to do that laundry when I get home tonight, I can't keep wearing these flimsy little bras just because the sturdier ones are in the wash!" She arched her back and bent at the waist to reach down to her feet to pick up her nylon panties. Jenny bent down to pick things up this way since she was a little girl, never really refining the more sophisticated bend that most women adopt to prevent any accidental views of their body's more private areas. She likewise, seemed to miss the effect it had on any men behind her, so she continued to pick things up in this manner, which now afforded a magnificent view of her two fleshy bottom cheeks, jiggling seductively in the air, and a small fold of pink lip hanging between her legs, just peeking out below her soft globes.

Jenny reached in her closet and pulled out a white summer dress that buttoned up the front, coming in tighter on her waist, and flaring out to a full skirt at about knee length. The top part of the dress was held on by two straps, which had seen better days, and had a nasty habit of falling off her shoulders when she sagged her shoulders in the least little bit, so she knew she would be tugging them back up quite a bit today. What really had her perplexed was how the top few buttons had gotten so much harder to button since she had last worn this dress. She finally had to concede that topmost button, as it would not come together with it's buttonhole without squishing her enormous breasts into grotesque lumps of flesh, poking out from the top and arm holes of the dress.

She wasn't even really pleased with how the second button had tightened her dress at the top and gave her a pronounced cleavage, as the tops of her big soft boobs came together to make a deep cleft, and the protruding mass seemed to pull the dress out in front enough so that a view could be had of her soft tummy skin between that first fastened button and her separating bosom.

"Oh well! It'll just have to do, I have to leave quickly if I'm to get there on time" thought Jenny, and she stepped into her white 4-inch high heels, grabbed her keys and white, strapped purse and bounced out the door to her car, some parts of her body bouncing at different intervals, to the great delight of her neighbor, Mr. Lemon, who proceeded to water his foot as he gazed distractedly at his attractive neighbor.

When Jenny pulled into the dusty yard at the construction site, she was surprised to see that she was the first one there. She hadn't counted on the traffic being so light on the way here and had arrived about fifteen minutes before the time she had written down as her starting time of 7:30.

"Maybe I should see if I can get in that trailer with the office sign on it? thought the ponytailed blonde, ...I assume that must be where I'll be working."

But Jenny couldn't get the door open and stood at the doorway and waited for a few minutes until she heard a meowing sound coming from the other side of the door. She cautiously stepped to the side of the door and peered in a small window. She could see that a gray little kitten sat on a desk on the inside, a little below the window sill, and that it had somehow gotten tangled up in a loose typewriter ribbon. It sat, crying at it's predicament, looking up at Jenny with forlorn, teary eyes and she knew she had to do something to help.

"I'll bet I can reach it if this window will open" thought Jenny, and she felt really pleased when, upon trying it, it slid open easily and she could see the kitten clearly on the desk below.

"Gosh, that sure is a small window though, I hope I can reach it!" Jenny said as she set down her purse on the porch in front of the door. Jenny brushed a lock of hair from her face that had been blown forward from a slight breeze, and reached up to the window sill, pulling her head and shoulders through the window. Jenny's 38CC breasts still prevented her from getting the top half of her body far enough through the window to reach the kitten, so she pulled back out and tried a different approach. By sliding her arms through first and squeezing her head and upper torso through she had almost been able to reach Kitty, but it had, of course, scooted a little further away from her. So Jenny pushed a little further and felt her breasts being condensed into a tight package, edged firmly into the frame of the small trailer window.

With one last push, achieved by kicking off from the ground outside, Jenny's upper body burst into the darkened office space. But as this was the only window that had it's shade up, and Jenny had effectively blocked out any remaining sunlight from the interior, she found herself plunged into darkness.

"Oh no! This won't do! I can't see a thing" said our hapless blonde.

Jenny slowly became aware of her surroundings in the gloom of the trailer. The kitten seemed to have been frightened enough by her sudden entrance to scamper off the table, extracting itself from it's typewriter-ribbon harness and was even now staring up at the blonde beauty, her eyes wide open with a surprised look on her face, arms outstretched on the office desk. Jenny's dress straps had fallen down on either side and that tight second button on the top of her dress had popped off and lay on the desktop.

Her breasts hung down and out of her dress considerably, and the pink aerioles around her nipples were just visible on the edge of her straining bra, and they seemed to have gotten hard from their rubbing past the window sill, and fetchingly poked out the last little bit of dress that managed to cover her impressive boobs. She tried backing out by pushing on the desk in front of her, as her feet had left the ground on the other side of the window, and now the tips of her white high heels just barely touched the ground outside. Not nearly enough to relieve the pressure she felt on her waist, balancing her body weight on the window sill. All this pushing just seemed to push her breasts against that straining bra, which inched down lower, so that both hard, pink nipples sprung loose over the front of the bra, and another button from the top of her dress flew across the room as more of Jenny's ample bosom jiggled free.

She, of course, couldn't see any of these events take place due to the dim lighting within the trailer, and being very distracted by the hard window sill digging into her waist, she strained to balance herself by stepping on one toe and then the next on the ground outside, which sent her beautiful behind on a rolling ride, back and forth, as each ass cheek rose and fell in an erotic sort of dance.

She did feel a slight breeze against the back of her thighs and thought, "Oh my gosh! I hope the wind doesn't lift my skirt in the back before I can get out of here! I would be so embarrassing for anyone to see me like this!"

A deep blush spread over her cheeks (both sets!) at the thought, and she struggled further to free herself from her window enclosure.

She then heard the sound of a motor from outside. A heavy, grumbling sound like that of a truck pulling into the dirt yard outside. She heard it's brakes squeal as it came to a stop. Other loud motor sounds followed, as if more trucks were arriving as well, and she looked down at the florescent dial on her watch and saw that it was 7:30 exactly! Everyone must be arriving for work! She renewed her hip wiggling dance and frantically tried to squeeze those large, firm breasts back out that small window, not noticing that her struggles had now released them completely from her flimsy bra, which now hung below both bouncing boobs, serving to hold them up and out in a more pronounced display than even her own magnificent body was capable. Jenny stopped struggling for a moment when she heard a loud wolf whistle pierce the air outside her window, and the sound of footsteps on the gravel behind her.

"Oh my god! There's someone there! I must look such a fool to them, but at least now I might get some help getting out of here! By this time the pressure on Jenny's waist was becoming very uncomfortable and she called out to anyone who could hear, "Excuse me? Is anyone there? Could you give me a hand, I seem to have gotten stuck! Please? Anyone?"

Jenny tried her wiggling dance again, lightly stepping from toe to toe, as she tried to ease herself back out and down to the ground.

Most of the men stood around the vision with grins on their faces, some actually stood with mouths agape, all of them wide eyed and suddenly very awake on this sunny morning. The breeze had picked up a little and all eyes were glued to the hem of Jenny's skirt as it fluttered enticingly around, lifting slightly here and there, offering occasional views of the smooth, tanned thighs at the top of the most sexy, curvy legs most had ever seen.

The flesh on the back of her thighs jiggled slightly as the girl stepped on and off the ground in her dainty white high-heels. Her feet were arched in this position and gave her legs a gorgeous curve, as she minced back and forth, causing her pouty rear end to flex and roll uncontrollably, which caused one workman to drop his thermos and grab himself someplace else. They could not believe their luck when the wind gust up considerably, lifting Jenny's dress up in a full ballooned-out manner, exposing the most sumptuous ass imaginable.

Wiggling so sexily, her bottom cheeks were barely contained in the thin, nylon panties. Although they were white, after repeated washings they had become very transparent, especially in the bright sunlight, and a slight pink blush of embarrassment almost seemed to glow on each cheek beneath the material.

Jenny felt the coolness of the breeze against her skin but had no idea how exposed she was at that moment. She would have blushed down to her toes if she had known how many pairs of eyes were watching her ass jiggle in her semi-transparent panties. The back of her dress had come to rest up around her waist now and there was not a soft penis among the workmen standing around watching the view. A few of the men's deepest fantasies were beginning to surface as Jenny's bottom continued it's erotic bouncing, as her legs moved in that mincing step, and as she called out frantically for some to please lend her a hand!

The workmen glanced around at each other, grinning with glee. Jenny had asked them for exactly what they themselves had planned on giving her. A "hand" was just what they had in mind for her lovely body, maybe even more than one!

"What seems to be the problem here, miss?" one of the men asked

Jenny in feigned innocence. Jenny's head popped up at the words, someone was there! Now maybe she could extract herself from this uncomfortable and extremely embarrassing position. She knew, however, that if someone was there that they were able to see only the bottom half of her luscious body, with her big, round ass sticking prominently up in the air and the back of her tanned, bare legs below her dress hem.

" Oh, I hope that dress hasn't ridden too far up in the back!" she thought as a blush spread across her face.

"Well I seem to have gotten stuck here! I was just reaching in to help this little kitty I saw... and now I can't seem to get back out!" Jenny's voice quavered with nervousness.

"Well.., said a voice, we could try and give you a little pull miss, if you like," and Jenny felt two rough hands grip the side of her hips on either side.

Gosh, it felt like they were gripping her bare skin! where was the dress? She couldn't feel it between her hips and the man's fingers, and at the same time she felt rough jean material pushed against her soft bottom. A particularly protruding area in the jeans was pressing hard into the crack of her ass down low. What is happening here? she thought.

"We'll just try yanking a bit first, miss" the voice shouted to her. Chuckling from outside could just barely be heard as Jenny felt her her bottom pulled hard against the jean material.

"Oooooh!" she exclaimed as that protruding bit seemed to goose her between her bouncing bottom!

Her legs kicked free of the ground and lifted in alternate kicks, spreading a bit due to the man's legs being inserted between them. His pulling seemed to pick up a rhythm, and Jenny felt her behind being repeatedly mashed against the man outside. A little "oh" escaped her lips every time she felt that uncomfortable jab between her butt cheeks. Her legs kicked up with each push that came from the jabbing thing, which seemed to be pushing at the same time as her hips were pulled backward! She knew her ass was probably bouncing all over the place out there, and she was very embarrassed, but she couldn't really refuse the help, could she?

The men outside were all holding themselves as they watched the burly foreman dry hump the girl's jiggling bottom. The foreman was in a kind of trance himself, pulling those round buns against his crotch, watching them quiver and bounce with each thrust. He stopped before he came in his jeans and thought of a better plan still.

As he pulled his hands away from her hips he grabbed the flimsy sides of her nylon panties and gave a tug hard enough to rip both sides free. They fell to a puddle at her feet as a collective sigh could be heard from all the men, whose eyes remained glued to those big, round cheeks that seemed to have a life of their own. Jenny heard that ripping sound and felt the brush of her panties sliding down her legs. She definitely felt the cool breeze on the cheeks of her bare ass now, and a crimson blush infused them with a glow of embarrassment.

"ohmygod!, ohmygod!, ohmygod!" she chattered within the confines of the darkened trailer.

Another workman stepped forward and said "Maybe we should try to push you through rather than pull you out, lady."

As Jenny heard the helpful voice, it slowly dawned on her what they would have to push to achieve this result and she uttered a desperate "Oh no!" a second before she felt large hands cup and squeeze each of her butt cheeks. They kneaded and pushed the soft flesh of her bottom repeatedly! Then they stopped and it felt like someone else was trying.

How many people were out there viewing her naked lower body? This was soooo embarrassing! The workmen were shoving each other aside roughly to get handfuls of that quivering ass. And Jenny's bottom was getting pink and warm from all the fondling, as it wiggled and flexed under the prodding fingers and occasional slaps.

She "eeeeeked" as fingers pinched her bottom, and "ouched!" when she felt the spanks that sent her forward slightly and undoubtedly sent those globes a'jiggling behind!

"Oh, please stop! I really don't think that's helping at all!" she cried out in a frantic voice, blushing furiously.

Only being in an exposed public place kept these men from "helping" Jenny in the way that they all knew they wanted. But one man, the foreman, couldn't resist seeing all of this woman before the boss arrived, so he used his trailer key on the door and stepped inside to see what the rest of her looked like. When he switched on the light he blinked his eyes and lowered his jaw audibly. Jenny's gaze followed his down to realize her bare breasts were exposed to this complete stranger!

She started sputtering and mewling, and her twitching shoulders causing her already blushing bosom to wobble up and down slightly. Jenny looked up at the man in tears and noticed his head, and gaze seemed to be moving slightly up and down in matching movement to the sway of her breasts. She looked down again in shock and pulled one hand up from the desktop in an attempt to drape it across her protruding nipples at least. She could do nothing else about the rest of her exposed breasts as she needed her other arm to steady herself.

"Please help me! Jenny looked up with teary innocent eyes, her lower lip trembling slightly, "Ouch!" she squealed as someone outside gave her bottom a quick slap!

The foreman looked down with a grin and nodded to that sweet face hovering above the most perfect set of boobs of that size that he had ever seen. They seemed perfect, and he desperately wanted to get his hands on them as quickly as possible before the boss arrived and all this nonsense came to a stop.

"Why miss, I think I see what may be holding you back from sliding right back out the way you came, If you'll just hold your arms straight over my shoulders..." his voice was so calm.

Jenny fought back her tears. He knelt down in front of the desk so that they were eye level and she slowly lifted her arm up from the desk, balancing her weight on the window sill, and then, slower still, unfolded her arm from around her breasts and stretched it out over the man's shoulder.

"That's good sweetie.. Hey Charlie! and Lou! grab on to an ankle and give a good tug when I say!" he shouted out the open door of the trailer.

Jenny felt hands clasped around her ankles and her legs lifted to a horizontal position. They separated each leg about a foot and a half, and a number of men crowded in the gap to stare in amazement at the fuzzy blonde bush and pink lips.

"Oooooooh!" Jenny gushed as she felt the cool morning breeze blow across her moist mound.

At that moment, the foreman wrapped his hands around Jenny's fantastic breasts. He held them firmly and lifted up, so that Jenny appeared to have tits coming out of her neck, they were squished together mercilessly. He felt the hard nipples in the palms of his hands, and had he been looking at Jenny's face instead of down at what he couldn't believe he was holding, he would have seen her face turn a bright scarlet as this man she didn't know was warming her boobs up with his insistent fondling!

"OHMYGOSH!!!" Jenny screamed, and that got the foreman stuttering"..no,no,no..ya..ya see, w..w..we just hafta get these big t..t..tits up h...h...high enufto.." he faded off as his hands begin to involuntarily squeeze Jenny's breasts with a clenching, rhythmic motion.

The men outside were in no hurry to change their perspective as well, as jerky shudders pulsed through Jenny, which jiggled everything from her pink bottom cheeks to the tips of her toes.

"Are you ready yet!?!?" Jenny's shaky voice rushed out in a burst.

"Wha?..oh, yeah, y..y..yer right" came the muffled voice of the foreman as beads of sweat dripped from his forehead.

"G..g..go ahead Charlie!" he shouted, and he found himself being pulled out the window holding on to those fantastic boobs until he had to let go as his shoulders caught on the sill.

Jenny's momentum sent her flailing backwards, rump first into a crowd of men, half of whom she knocked down in the process. A couple of quick thinking opportunists in the back had knelt down where they thought she might fall, however and held their hands down on the ground, palms up!

So that rather than get that pretty little bare bum dirty, as she surely would have, Jenny found herself sitting on two cupped hands! And their fingers seemed to dig in immediately and squeeze her bottom cheeks! "Oh dear!" Jenny cooed as she shifted and flexed her bottom from one cheek to the next, trying in vain to cover her breasts with her spread fingers, causing them to wiggle in her grasp! She was dying of embarrassment!!

Two hands grabbed her elbows from either side in an attempt to help her get to her feet, which pulled both arms away from her heaving bosom, as another two kneaded and pushed up her bare rump cheeks until she stood and the men slowly pulled their hands out from under the back hem of her dress. The quick upward movement had her 38CC boobs bouncing up and down, which settled into a slow, undulating sway as all the men stepped forward to help the flustered blonde pull her bra up over those huge, soft mounds with those pert, pink nipples sticking straight out in the cool morning breeze.

She fumbled awkwardly with the bra and the dress straps, trying to cover as much as she could, as she blushed furiously and whispered frantically "ohmygosh, this is terrible! I'm so sorry! I can't believe what's happened! I've never been so humiliated! Oh dear!" and of course at least eight pairs of hands helped Jenny straighten up her disarranged bra and dress.

When she was at least as presentable as she was ever going to be holding the top half of her dress together over her pushed up bosom, a large sedan pulled into the dusty lot and every man standing around was suddenly off to do something important, leaving Jenny to stand in the middle of the lot, knock-kneed as she held her legs together, feeling the embarrassment of not wearing panties just as strongly as if she were naked at the moment.

Mr. Kirby got out of his car and saw the pretty blonde, looking kind of embarrassed and standing funny, clutching the top of her dress, which he could see she was filling out quite nicely.

"Oh, you must be the girl from TempServ, I'm Fred Kirby, glad your here" Mr. Kirby called out, "come on in the trailer and we'll get started" he motioned to the door.

Jenny cautiously stepped up to the door, using one hand to keep her breasts in her dress and the other to hold down her dress between her legs in front. As Mr. Kirby climbed in right behind her he found himself looking as the smooth, tanned skin on the back of this girl's thighs when the wind gently lifted the back of her sundress up, and before it fell he was treated to the cutest pair of bare bottom cheeks, shifting from side to side as the blonde found her footing on the steps in.

"Did I really see that?" thought Fred as he followed that perky ponytail and bouncing bottom inside.

Mr. Kirby more than once glanced over at the large, soft bosom erupting from the top of Jenny's dress. It kept him distracted most of the morning as she seemed to shift uncomfortably back and forth in her seat. She had safety pinned the top in two places below what looked like the topmost button of that dress, but he actually thought he saw the metal pins bending under the pressure, and a bead of sweat formed on his upper lip.

"My gosh, I have to get to the architect's office!" he exclaimed suddenly, as he looked at his watch quickly. I've got to get out of here, he thought to himself, before I help those boobs out of that dress! And that would not be good for my relationship with Pamela, he further mused, imagine how furious that jealous woman would be if she knew our new temp looked like this! He stood up quickly and stepped toward the door.

"Just step outside and find Marv, the foreman, and tell him he's in charge until I get back, would ya sweetie?" Mr. Kirby smiled as he stepped out the door and strolled off to his car.

"Oh, okay." said Jenny to the departing businessman.

She sure didn't want to go out and have to face the men who had seen her this morning, even though they had tried to help her out, she blushed when she thought about what they had seen, and what they had touched! Even though most of the pushing and prodding of this morning she could rationalize was innocent, she blushed down to her ample cleavage remembering some of the squeezing and pinching and goosing! My Goodness! She could feel her cheeks warming up in a blush when she remembered being spanked and patted, squeezed and fondled. And even though she was immobilized by her position in the window, she remembered how she had squirmed and jiggled with her poor round rump jutting out. OhmyyyyyyyygoD!

Jenny grabbed both sides of her full skirted sundress, bunching big handfuls of material in either hand, bringing the cloth of the dress tightly across her bottom and the back of her legs. As she wiggled to the door her lovely round bottom rotated hypnotically beneath the thin cotton material.

She was determined not to let the wind blow her dress up again and she used one hand to hold a thick knot of dress together at her thighs in front. She used the other one, the one holding the piece of paper with the foreman's name written on it, to balance herself by waving it in the air, as her short jerky steps from the tight skirt she had made herself caused her restricted chest to heave against the stressed-out safety pin holding the top of the dress together.

She jiggled down the steps from the trailer, across the parking yard outside and to the actual construction site, eliciting quite a few catcalls and whistles, as most eyes turned immediately to that light dress, and what they knew was missing underneath! Jenny's underwear had made it to the top of the building-in-production this morning, where they flew off a nail like a white lace flag. But she doesn't have a clue, or she would be so ashamed at how she could have lost track of those panties! She doesn't really remember even when she had lost them, the events of the morning seemed like such a blur.

As a few loud jack hammers pounded nearby Jenny had to lean very close to the first man she found near the site and shout the name of the foreman in his ear. The man pretended he couldn't hear the first few times just so he could stare down the front of Jenny's dress and watch the top of her mounds heave in and out with her labored breath, having had to jiggle across the yard. She finally gave up yelling in this man's ear and wiggled over to the next workman standing around staring at her. As she passed the first man he goosed with his thumb, right between those sweet buns down low. It amazed him at how deep he could bury it before it reached the base of her tender asshole.

Jenny lurched forward and up at the intrusion and squeaked loudly, to the cheers and laughter of the surrounding workmen. She had bumped her jiggling breasts against the man she was walking towards and stepped back and looked down at what had been done. Sure enough, it never fails that she loses part of her clothing in encounters with other people, for there was one of her safety pins on the ground between her feet and the last one was the only remaining attachment for her dress front.

Blushing and swiveling her head around to see all the men who had watched her goosing, she eased a hand slowly behind her to smooth down her skirt and put a protective hand back there in case anyone else got the urge to embarrass her!

The men chuckled and made mumbled comments she could hear about what she had under that skirt. She turned to the man she intended to ask about the foreman to, but he had knelt down to tie his shoes and stare at Jenny's legs. So she bent over at the waist, as she was born to do, and shouted the foreman's name in his ear a number of times as he, too, pretended not to hear.

Men strained forward and whistled softly as they gazed down at the impressive breasts this sexy blonde was hanging out to see, they strained against the fabric stretched tight, but low, across her creamy breasts. And plenty was left over to spill over the top and out the sides, as her dress straps both slid down either arm. And the view from the back was just as pretty as she bent over with her feet together and her pouty rear end stuck up.

Because she was holding her dress together tight in the front to prevent the wind from lifting her skirt, the material on the back of the skirt was straining to hold that wondrous bottom in, an a loud rrrrriiip! announced a seam had ripped from the base of her bum up to where her ass naturally juts out at the top.

Jenny hadn't noticed any of this, of course, as she kept yelling the foreman's name in the ear of this, apparently very deaf, man! He finally yelled back to Jenny "I don't know, but Pete, who's runnin' that jackhammer over there oughta know".

So Jenny straightened up and re-tightened her skirt in a bunch at the front. She looked down quickly to see that her last safety pin was holding her dress top together and, confident that it was, wiggled over to the man with the vibrating hammer.

The loitering workmen stared in awe at the way her hips swayed, and each perfectly round bottom cheek rolled and rotated as she walked away, especially since her bare behind was in bright sun light and sticking out the back of her dress. Framed by the white dress, it caused a few men to fall to the ground and groan loudly. Even better still was the sight when she came to a stop near the workman with the jackhammer!

The vibration from the pounding hammer made all the meaty parts of Jenny vibrate up and down. As quite a few had gathered behind the cute blond to watch her creamy bare ass wiggle with the vibration of the hammer, a number of workman had staked out those immense boobs, and stood wide-eyed, and mystified, at how those huge breasts, jiggling at a rapid pace, could possibly stay inside that dress.

No, Jenny's dress didn't burst open at this point, but her thin, white lace bra slipped off her boobs and had bunched up under them, so that her suddenly erect nipples made a distinct impression through the front of the dress. As Jenny shouted in the ear of the man with the jack hammer he leaned towards her and rested his upward thrust elbow right below her breasts.

All were watching the much more pronounced jerking of the actual hammer bounce his elbow up and down, sending her heavy breasts into the air and down again, up and down with the same exaggerated wobble Jenny got whenever she tried to run bra-less.

"Yikes!" Jenny exclaimed as she saw her chest wildly bouncing up and down, I must be standing too close to that guy!

And as she stepped back and her breasts settled to a less frantic, but still noticeable jiggle, the crowd around her burst into applause. Jenny held her free hand to her chest, trying to hold them still for a minute, as her blushing cheeks broadcast her embarrassment!

"Oh, he's up on the second floor honey, cutting some ceiling joists I think!" shouted the workman on the hammer.

He gave Jenny a wink and she pouted at him and swished around to walk back to the building. The path leading to it had been lined on both sides by workmen, shoulder to shoulder, and as Jenny walked down this tunnel they seemed to close in tighter on either side and were grinning at her in a leering

Jenny had no idea why the men were lined up this way, but she knew she would have to walk back to the building to get up on the second floor where the foreman was. So she walked as quickly as she could through the rows of workmen, considering she had to make small, jerky steps because of her dress being gathered tightly at her knees. She thought how embarrassing it would be if the wind lifted it and this crowd of men could see her panty-less rear and light blonde pubic hair. She was glad she was holding it so tightly closed, and tried her best to steady the jiggle of her boobs with her other hand.

Although it was only about 25 feet it seemed like a mile to Jenny as she heard a bit of laughter beginning behind her and a few piercing whistles as she wiggled by the grinning men. The men tried to stifle their laughter and comments as much as they could so Jenny would reach the building without realizing that her bare bottom stuck out the back of her dress. It wiggled down that path with a life of it's own, and every male eye on that construction sight watched those creamy white globes wobble back and forth, bouncing along in the large hole left from the ripped seam along the back of the busty blonde's sundress. And just as Jenny reached the building, the last man in the row cocked his arm back and gave that fanny a hard, quick slap! Which left the faint, pink impression of his hand on the white smoothness of her bottom cheek.

Jenny shrieked at the pain and shock and was practically lifted off the ground by the sudden spank. Her hands reached back quickly to her smarting buttocks and as she felt the bare skin of her bum, she lurched around in a swirl to hide her bottom from view, still clutching it with both hands. The workmen greeted this display of modesty and embarrassment with a loud cheer and enthusiastic laughter. Jenny's blush couldn't have been deeper, as she realized how she had walked by all those men without noticing that they were staring at her beautiful naked behind! And having been slapped on the ass in front of them all! How humiliating!

She now had to hold her skirt together in the back, which took two hands and had the effect of thrusting her breasts out in front of her, and with what little support her pinned up dress gave her she trotted up some stairs with her bouncing bosom waving before her. The few men left coming down the stairs stopped in their tracks at the sight of those huge tits chugging up and down in front of the squirming beauty coming up.

When Jenny reached the top she noticed there was no real floor on this level, just the odd piece of plywood stretched across some large, metal I-beams. Leading away from the stairs she came up was a 6 inch board stretching across some I-beams to a plywood sheet set on the beams in the center of the floor near what appeared to be a freight elevator. The foreman she had met earlier in the morning was talking to a few workmen when he saw the cute blonde bounce up the stairs and he called to her.

"Hey miss! Could you bring us that tool belt sitting by your feet?"

Jenny had to let go of the back of her dress but the ripped seam had come together and hung undetected in the folds at the back of her dress. But she would have to let go of the front of her dress and hope that last safety pin would hold. She bent down and picked up the heavy belt, which she could just barely lift to her waist level, looking anxiously at the men on the platform, her chest heaving with the exertion.

"It would balance you better miss, if you put in on" said the foreman from across the walkway.

And Jenny looked down at the heavy belt and saw a metal clasp on either tail of the heavy leather belt. Fortunately it didn't have any long-handled things like hammers or drills in any of the pockets, but it did have other heavy items in some of the other pockets, like a tape measure and some electrical testing units. She wrestled the belt around her waist and attached the clasp in front. The foreman motioned to her and she looked his way.

He shouted, "Would you mind bringing me that laptop on the ground there?"

She looked down at the briefcase-like computer with a handle and picked it up and shifted her arms to carry it with both arms underneath. She didn't want to drop it so she was holding it out in front of her like a tray. She started across the ridiculously thin walkway, stepping one sexy, little high heel in front of another until she had reached about halfway. And then a swirling wind caught her dress from below and it ballooned out as far a it could go, being held down some on the sides from the sagging tool belt. But the very front and back of the belt had no hardware attachments and at those spots Jenny's dress shot up to her waist!

She found herself trembling and teetering on the skinny board looking beseechingly to the workman on the platform as one whistled in appreciation of that tender blonde mound she had just flashed him. Not wanting to let go of the computer, Jenny slid one hand to the handle and let it drop to her waist, trapping her dress above it, but at least she was covering up her sex from view by the black laptop. She was very unbalanced at this point, however, and had to stretch out her other arm in an effort to get some stability, so she just couldn't do anything about the back of her dress.

Making little waiving motions with her outstretched hand to steady herself, Jenny looked down at the pointed toes of her pumps and slowly edged them forward in a sliding motion along the board. Four large utility lights flashed on below her, aimed at the most delicious rear end imaginable and a roaring cheer came from the first floor, where Jenny could now see a large group of workmen!

They were all staring up at Jenny's cute little feet in those sexy heels, teetering on the wobbling board, and those curvy, tanned legs of soft, unblemished skin, quivering in her thighs as she tried to balance, and most of all, at the two glowing mounds of her bottom, perfectly round and bouncy. Because she had worn a full-pantied bathing suit the last time she had tanned, her cheeks were a little whiter than her legs below and drew every eye to them in the bright lights cast up at them. They jiggled seductively in her attempt to regain her balance. For a moment it appeared she really was going to lose her balance and fall, but she saved her balance by kicking a leg out to the side and front of her, arching in a big circle as she brought it back to the board, her arm waving wildly!

The forced spreading of the blonde receptionist's legs, while necessary to keep her on the board, gave the majority of the cheering workmen below a great view of Jenny's pussy, and she knew it! So by the time her foot got back to that board, she blushed furiously, and that pale bottom of hers had become infused with pink in her embarrassment!

The cheers and hoots from the men below, and the look on their faces as they greedily gazed up at her nakedness humiliated Jenny, but as she tried to regain composure and make her way across the little walkway that last safety pin had reached it's limit and sprung away from her tightly encased bosom and clattered to the floor below. No longer held back as Jenny's dress straps hung down to her elbows, her voluminous breasts pop out of the front of her dress, the brassiere being bunched below her boobs, the mass of round, bouncing tit flesh and the pink erect nipples brought another cheer and more whistling from down below.

Jenny felt so humiliated as she minced forward the remaining distance to the central platform, her enormous breasts jiggling up and down, completely exposed, as her dress hung limply down below them. She was using her other arm to try and bat down the back of her dress, but it just kept blowing up again, exposing her bare bottom to the stares (and hoots) of a very horny bunch of construction workers.

The men on the platform rushed forward to help Jenny off the last couple of feet of walkway. The man on Jenny's right supported her arm at the elbow with both his hands, but lifted it uncomfortably high, which made it useless in covering any part of her, while the man on her left clamped his left hand solidly on her left breast, as if it was a handle to hold on to, and cupped her left bottom cheek in his right hand, squeezing and lifting it! The men below erupted in shouts of approval! Everyone wishing their hands were holding that blonde's charms in just that way.

Jenny seemed to be lifted almost off the ground by that hand on her bottom, and he let go briefly and then slapped it back on, which was like a spank and a grab, and she felt his hand clutching rhythmically on the her bare cheek, which was a heart-stopping view from down below.

When Jenny was finally on the plywood platform, the men generously let go of her appendages and she set down the laptop computer, busily batting down the skirt of her sundress while hitching up her dress straps. She then attempted to hold together the front of her dress across her jutting breasts. You could see far more boob than dress, however, and the men looked longingly down at the blonde's heaving cleavage as it swelled up and down with each labored breath. She was quite red in the face after the spectacle she had just made, and stammered out the message

"Marv, the foreman was in charge until Mr. Kirby returned."

"That's fine honey, your message is delivered, so why don't you scoot your tits back down to the trailer so we can get some work done around here... you can go back down in the freight elevator over there", he said, gesturing to the metal-caged structure in the center of the floor.

She blushed when he said "tits" as she was not used to men talking to her so directly, and she felt like she was at fault here for making such a nuisance of herself, so she quickly turned to go. The man who had lifted her off the walkway by clutching her bare ass cheek rushed over in front of her to the elevator door grating and slid it to the side so that she could step in.

She noticed that the floor of the elevator was actually about a foot and a half below the level of the platform, so she tried to hold her breasts in her dress with one hand and bend over to hold on to the platform edge as she hopped down to the elevator below. The little hop, of course, was enough for her 38CC breasts to pop out once more, exposing her nipples to the men standing above on the platform looking down. They both noticed that the trailing hem at the back of her sundress was still a little draped along the edge of the platform and, smiling at each other, they both planted a firm boot on it as one man pushed the down button of the elevator. Jenny didn't notice immediately what was going on but as the elevator began to descend she looked down and saw what appeared to be her hem rising! It was also becoming taunt in front where the buttons were. And definitely was rising!

The top of the dress was disappearing down and out the back of the tool belt, and Jenny cupped both hands on the front of each breast, distractedly remembering she had forgotten to give Marv his tool belt, and then shook her head and "eeeeked" as she saw her bosom hanging naked in front of her with only her hands to cover it. As her hem rose to miniskirt level the buttons began popping off and the dress just seemed to whoosh up and behind her, and looking down she saw her blonde bush peeking out the front under the tool belt. She rushed a hand there as she looked up to see her dress hanging high above her. And then the elevator came to a jerky stop at the ground level.

As the elevator was really no more than a mesh iron cage, Jenny could see the men crowded around the entire edge of it, staring in at the naked blonde in white high heels,the remains of a bra, and a tool belt.

She began chanting, "ohmygod!ohmygod!ohmygod! as the doors slid open and she saw that they had made a tight path for her through the crowd. She only hesitated as long as it took for a hand to reach through the grate behind her and pinch her bottom sending her squealing forward, while trying to cover her sex and bouncing bosom at the same time.

The path the workmen made for Jenny was extremely tight and didn't really seem to have an end, and even though she wiggled as fast as she could by them, she was really only going in a big circle around the elevator. Someone plopped a hardhat on Jenny's head and she looked like a workmen's dream partner. All boobs and butt in a pair of high heels, a leather tool belt framing her fluffy blonde pubes and her wiggling rear end.

Jenny protested embarrassedly "please, stop that!" "ouch!" "nooo, don't do that!" "eeeeek!" "yikes!' "OOOOOOHmygod!" "ouch!" as arms reached up to bring her arm down from her breasts, fingers reaching out and tweaking her erect nipples, while other roaming hands slid along her smooth legs, snatching her bra off, trying vainly to reach her pubic mound, which she guarded with a death-grip using her other hand.

The men were really enjoying themselves and laughed and hooted as they reached out and grabbed her ass. Each man in turn seemed to get a handful of ass cheek and most kneaded and squeezed the soft, firm skin in their hands, while Jenny wiggled and squirmed by them, shrieking occasionally from a quick slap to her buns. The spanking slaps stung her tender bottom and Jenny invariably jumped when whacked, so that her breasts jumped uncontrollably up and out, away from her protecting hand. But when a few men pinched her rosy bottom is when she put on the best show, a high-pitched squeal would escape her pouty mouth which formed into an oval shape, and her eyes would seem to bug out in an expression of complete surprise as her ponytail would bob.

She would jump up once to the pointy tips of her high heels, arching her feet as her round bottom and bouncing bosom wiggled around continuously, her hands stretching back instinctively to her buns, exposing her big chest and blonde pubes as she whirled around to face whoever had pinched her. Jerking her head around from face to grinning face with a wide-eyed expression of surprise, holding both bottom cheeks in her palmed hands with her knees knocked together in an effort to hide her sex, the men let out a roar of approval at the sight every time it happened.

Her expression of innocence and embarrassment, along with her awkward movements to protect herself was so exciting to the workmen that more than a few decided to pinch that big bottom and watch the show. Just as Jenny thought she would never get out and away from those grasping hands, a loud female voice rang out behind the workmen.

"What the hell is going on here?!!" And the men parted away from the nearly naked blonde.

And if Jenny could have seen, which she couldn't as the hardhat had tipped forward over her eyes, she would have seen a beautiful, and very angry, redheaded woman in a tight blue business suit with her legs spread to the sides as far as her tight skirt would let them and her hands on her hips.

Pamela Kirby could not believe what she was seeing. Not only was no one working but they all seemed to be gathered around some blonde girl in a hard hat and tool belt, shifting from foot to foot in sexy white high heels...and nothing else! My god! this girl seemed to have enormous boobs which the spread fingers of one hand tried to cover, while the other hand was behind her rubbing her bottom, exposing the tufted blonde mound above her pink vagina in the gap at the front of her tool belt!

She felt her temperature rising as she thought of her Fred hiring this buxom blonde bimbo for any reason! Well she won't be here for long, thought Pamela, as she stepped up quickly to the quivering girl.

"So is this the latest construction yard fashion? or are you just too hot to keep your clothes on, miss?"

Pamela spat out with barely controlled fury. Jenny lifted her chin up to peek out from under the hardhat and said, "Oh gosh, no, you see I was..."

But that's as far as she got with her explanation as the furious woman grabbed the front of her tool belt and started walking at a fast pace towards the parking yard. Jenny was pulled along at this pace while trying to hold on to all her jiggling parts, tripping and stumbling along in her heels, with a large contingent of workmen trailing along behind her, enjoying the view.

When they reached Jenny's car the woman let go of her and said, "The hardhat and the belt stay sweetcheeks, but you're leaving now! So get those melons in that car and get out! "

She emphasized this last part by pointing towards the road out of the yard. Jenny had been attempting to use the hardhat to cover her breasts with but was very intimidated by the woman's anger and dropped it immediately to start fumbling with the clasp of the tool belt. When she had released it and bent down to place it on the ground, she quickly tried to cover her nakedness with all she had left... her hands.

"I'll need the keys to my car! They're in the trailer!", and she gasped at the pure hatred in the redhead's eyes.

"I'll get the keys, YOU get in the car!" she screamed, and Jenny quickly whipped around and struggled to open the car door, which was locked, so in her desperate panic

Jenny just stuck her head through the open window on the drivers side and grabbed the car window sill, pulling those bouncing breasts and the upper half of her body into the car, where her momentum stopped. She came to rest with her bent waist balancing her body weight on the sill, her elbows and breasts resting on the front seat and her bottom sticking up and out of the car, as her legs scissor-kicked in their attempt to get her toes to reach the ground.

The workmen stared in awe at the wildly kicking legs of the girl, as one, then another high heel seemed to whoosh up and down, and those cheeks flexed back and forth in the bright sunlight. Pamela had seen enough, however, and stepped to the side of the car and stared down at Jenny's wiggling rear end.

She reached in and grabbed the bimbo's pony tail with one had and used the other to slap the girl's behind. Jenny's legs kept kicking as the hand spanked her bottom! Smack! Slap! Smack! She would squeak out an "ouch!" every time she felt the hand spank her! She could hear the men laughing and hooting as they watched her poor, pink behind get very publicly spanked. She thought she had never experienced such humiliation before in her life! This was soooo embarrassing!

Pamela spanked the girl's round bottom a dozen times before she stopped. She looked down at Jenny's red behind and gave her one last, hard slap as she said, "...and don't come back!" whirling off to the trailer to get the bimbo's purse.

Jenny felt the humiliating spanking stop and pulled frantically to bring the rest of her body inside the car, which she managed to do after flashing her blonde beaver to all the workmen that had crowded around to watch the girl's struggles.

Jenny finally righted herself in the car and sat on the cold car seat. Her bare buns smarted from her spanking and she jumped a little and then settled her bottom slowly down of the seat. Holding herself in as many strategic places as she could to hide from the leering eyes of the men who had crowded around her car to peek in, but as Jenny squirmed in her seat her body seemed to jiggle in the exact way they were all getting used to it doing.

Pamela Kirby came storming out of the trailer and threw Jenny's white purse through the open window of her car where it came to rest on the floorboard of the passenger side. The men crowded around the windows to see Jenny reach over the gearshift and bend down to get the purse, delightfully exposing that rosy, pink bottom of hers to the men before grabbing her keys and shoving them in with a turn. The car screamed to life and Jenny flew out of that parking lot in a dust cloud.

When Jenny got home she jumped out of her car before she thought about her lack of clothes! But after an "eeek!" from the blonde and her hands flashing over her nude body, trying to cover an impossible amount of flesh, she ran to the front door and found it was locked, of course! and she had left the keys in the, oh, no! the locked car!

Jenny ran around the car in the driveway to hide from any traffic that might drive by and was crouching with her infamous fanny sticking out when Mr. Lemon stood up from behind a hedge with his hose in his hands. He took one look at that cute, pink bottom and squeezed the nozzle as hard as he felt. The sudden jet of cold water hit Jenny right between the globes of her exposed rear end, which sent her up into the air, her legs clamping together and her arms spread wide she shrieked at the shock of it and came down running. Mr. Lemon jumped the hedge and was relentlessly squirting her big round bottom with the hose! chasing after her as she jiggled across the lawn in her high heels, holding her boobs and crying out,

"Nooooo! Please stop! Eeeeeeek! No, don't! Aaaaaiiiee! "Yikes!"

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**Jenny Is Blackmailed by Mustang Diamond**

You knew it had to happen. With all of Jenny’s recent indecent exposures, someone somewhere must have snapped a picture at an inopportune time.

Jenny fidgeted nervously as she awaited the next call from someone claiming to have such a photo. The mysterious voice had threatened to post it on the Internet and email all of Jenny’s friends, if the demands were not met. Jenny had tried to explain that she wasn’t rich and that she couldn’t afford to pay a ransom for a picture.

But the voice had said, “Oh, don’t worry… it won’t be that kind of blackmail. I’ll be in touch.” It said and hung up.

Now she tried to remember if any such demands had been made. But to her best recollection, she couldn’t remember any from the phone call. All of her nightmares about being naked in public were racing through her mind as she tried to remember if anyone had taken any pictures of her, but all she could remember was the embarrassment, her fear of being seen, or the worrying she had done trying to figure a way our of each predicament.

After several days of excruciating anxiety, Jenny got another call at work.

“Hello.” The voice said, “Remember me?”

“Uh huh.” Said Jenny.

“Meet me at the Motel 9, on 5th and Vine, tonight at nine.” The voice rhymed.

“Um.” Said Jenny. “How do I know you actually have such a photo or how bad it really is?”

“You didn’t get my email?” replied the voice.

“What email?” asked Jenny.

“The one I sent to your Yahoo! account.” Said the voice.

“No. I don’t check it very often,” said Jenny, dread creeping into her mind as she quickly logged on to check.

Jenny checks her Yahoo! Email account and remembers getting wet before the party.

“Yiiikes!” Jenny cried in a half strangled whisper. She quickly closed the file and looked around to see if anyone was looking at her computer screen.

“I take it you got it okay?” asked the voice.

“Yes.” Was all Jenny could say, but she remembered the incident vividly. The photo must have been taken at the party she attended after getting soaked by the sprinkler system. She remembered drying her dress in her car—and how it had shrunk—but she had no idea how short it had become. Even with the image burning in her mind, she still couldn’t believe it. Jenny had tried—in vain apparently—to keep her knees together after falling, but someone must have snapped a photo as she was helped up. All of Jenny’s assets were clearly exposed in the photo.

“Fine. Be there at nine. And, Jenny?” the voice paused for effect, “Try to be on time.”

“What’s with all the rhyming,” thought Jenny as she heard the line click as it was disconnected on the other end. Well there was now no doubt she had to go through with this. She had to keep that photo off the web. “I can’t have it emailed to my friends, I’ll never live it down. How could I face them knowing there were no secrets between us?” she thought to herself.

She called her husband and told him she had a business appointment that just came up and that she would be home late. “Don’t wait up for me.” She said.

Jenny worked late, then got a bite to eat, before going to the hotel as directed. She asked at the desk if there were any messages for her. The guy behind the counter checked and said she was to meet her client in Room 929 and that he was to give her a key and send her up.

At room 929, Jenny took a deep breath and tried to slow her racing heart down. All this time, she never worried about any danger she might be getting into, meeting some stranger in a hotel room. Jenny just didn’t think like that.

She knocked on the door several times, but there was no answer. “Maybe they’re late,” she thought. And remembering she had a key, opened the door. “Hello? Anyone here?” she called as she entered. “Guess I’ll just have to wait,” she thought.

Then the phone rang.

Jenny jumped. She wasn’t expecting a call and she wondered if she should answer someone else’s phone. But she thought it was whoever had called her before. “Maybe they’re tied up,” she thought, hopefully. And so she answered the phone, “Hello?”

“Me again.” The same voice said. “Put down the phone without hanging up and go look in the closet.”

Jenny did what she was told thinking, “This is weird.” The closet had a few items of clothing hanging neatly and a pair of very high-heeled shoes. “The voice must be female if those are its clothes.” She thought walking back to the phone. “Are those your clothes?” she asked innocently.

“Hardly. That is what you will wear tonight.” The voice said.

Danger flags were going off in Jenny’s mind, but she tried to keep her voice steady as she replied, “What’s wrong with the clothes I’m wearing?”

“A business suit is fine for work, but your not going to be working tonight. Well, not exactly.”

“What do you mean: ‘not exactly’?” Jenny questioned. She was wondering how it knew she was wearing a suit.

“I mean, I won’t be paying you. If you do as I say, you’ll get your photo back, with the negatives of course.”

“I see.” Said Jenny. She was starting to feel like a slave. “Now what?” she asked unenthusiastically.

“Is that any kind of an attitude?” It replied. “Try asking if there is anything you can do for me—with a little enthusiasm.”

Realizing her position, she tried again, “Is there anything I can do for you?” She even put a little sexy lilt into it (well, as sexy as Jenny gets intentionally, anyway).

“That’s better. Yes, as a matter of fact. You can change into the clothes provided.” It said.

Jenny reluctantly took off her shoes, then her designer pant suit, hanging it on the extra hangers in the closet. Standing in her conservative blouse, comfortable cotton panties and her knee high hose, she felt as if she was being watched. Looking around she couldn’t see the carefully hidden digital video cameras. As she changed clothes, the blackmailer was watching and acquiring material for the future at the same time.

Jenny shrugged it off as paranoia and lifted the miniskirt and blouse off the rack. “Oh my,” she thought. She would never have worn such an outfit on her own and she started to get the idea of what the evening would be like. She took off her blouse and tried on the one provided. It was very nice, she had to admit. Made of 100% silk the label said—dry clean only. Once on, though, she was worried about the deep plunging neckline. She was wearing her favorite bra, for once, but it showed in cleavage of her ample CC breasts. She tried to pull up the blouse on her shoulders, but the neck was cut very loosely, and as she did one strap or the other would show.

“Oh, well,” she thought, “it’ll have to do. At least the blouse is white, the same as my bra,” she thought, trying to console herself.

Next she looked at the miniskirt.

“My it’s short,” she thought. “I hope it’s my size.”

Checking the label showed it was. The skirt was made of leather and again, Jenny found herself thinking it was very nice—just not her style.

The knee stockings wouldn’t work, so she pulled them off and was about to pull on the skirt, when she saw a white garter belt and black hose hanging on another hanger.

“I guess I have to put it all on,” she thought. And with that, she sat down on the edge of the bed to pull on the stockings—silk, she guessed, how nice.

She was actually a little relieved about not having to show her bare legs in such a short skirt. She hadn’t been keeping up her tan, and didn’t feel right about going without hose when wearing a dress or skirt. Especially a black one. The shoes she had noticed were also black.

“Definitely need stockings with my pale legs,” thought Jenny to herself.

She was a little shocked to see the stockings had a back seam and started to wonder if she should go without stockings after all, but she changed her mind and left them on, making sure the seams were straight at least.

“If Ashley can wear seamed stockings, so can I,” she said to herself in way of encouragement.

Next she put on the garter belt and hooked each stocking up carefully, so she wouldn’t get a run. Why she was so worried about a run at this point is anyone’s guess—but, that’s Jenny. The stockings were a little long on her legs and she had to take up the slack in the garters one at a time until she was satisfied that they would hold the stockings up without any embarrassing bunching.

Standing, she looked in the mirror to be sure, she thought, “Oh my. What have I gotten myself into this time?”

Next she pulled on the skirt. And found it was very tight—and as short as it had looked on the hanger. She zipped it up the back and it fit her like a second skin. In the mirror, she could just see wear the tops of her hose changed to a denser weave. Subconsciously, she tugged at the hem of her leather skirt, but it was so tight it wouldn’t budge.

Jenny caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror as she was bent over tugging on the hem and looked up. Her bra was falling out of the blouse up top and in back her skirt had ridden up showing the white garters.

“It would have to be white,” Jenny thought. “A black garter belt might not be so noticeable. I’ll just have to be very careful in this outfit,” she thought.

She stood up straight and looked around as if someone was watching. Her loose blouse was too short to tuck in, but it was a good thing, because there wasn’t any room for it inside the waistband of the skirt.

The only things not belonging to Jenny in the closet were the high heels.

“Maybe they won’t fit,” hoped Jenny.

But as she slid her feet into one of them, it was a perfect fit. She took another last look in the mirror as she stood in the first shoe, and noticed that at least the shoes made her legs stretch a little so that the skirt covered the top of her hose. But any bending or twisting made the skirt slide up, exposing what to Jenny were unmentionable—let alone exposable.

She tried to bend over to do up the straps that were meant to wrap around her ankles, but the skirt was too tight to reach. She tried to pick the shoes up to try putting them on while sitting on the bed, but again found it impossible to bend over in the tight miniskirt. By lowering the zipper, she found she could squat down to pick up the shoes. Her reflection in the mirror caused her to blush as she quickly straitened up. Holding the skirt in place, she moved over to the bed and set them on it. Then standing, she redid the zipper and repositioned her miniskirt for maximum coverage of her long legs.

As Jenny picked up the phone and put it to her ear, the voice on the other end said, “Everything fit?”

Jenny wondered how the person knew she was back, but said, “Yes. But, I can’t walk in these shoes, so I hope you don’t have plans to go anywhere.”

“Are they the right size?” asked the voice, knowing they were.

“Yes, but they’re way too high.” Complained Jenny.

“You will have to manage. Put them on.” It said.

She sat on the edge of the bed to put them on… when she thought out loud, “How do you know I don’t have them on?”

“Lucky guess, but I have to be sure you put them on.” The voice replied smoothly.

Jenny’s skirt was so tight, she couldn’t bend over to lace up her strappy high heeled shoes.

Jenny had to unzip her miniskirt again to put on the shoes. Bending over rendered some beautiful footage up her skirt and down her blouse.

“I sure am glad I’m alone,” she thought as she tucked her bra back into the loose blouse as best she could.

Then standing, she re-zipped and arranged her skirt for maximum coverage of her long legs.

Back on the phone, she was about to say “Now what?” but caught herself and as pleasantly as possible said, “Now what can I do for you?”

“Excellent.” Said the voice. “Tell me what you are wearing,” as if it was still a mystery.

“Well. The clothes you put in the closet.” Said Jenny.

“Anything else?”

“Like what?” she asked innocently.

“Did you remove your bra and panties?” asked the voice.

“Are you kidding?” replied a shocked Jenny.

“No. Do it now.” Demanded the voice.

“But, this skirt is way too short and the blouse is way too loose and low cut to go without underwear. It will be hard enough keeping my undies covered as it is.”

“Take them off, or I email the photo. If I wanted you to wear a bra or panties, I would have set one out.” The voice said.

So Jenny did the trick of taking off her bra through the arm holes of her loose blouse. To remove her panties, she had to take off the skirt, undo the garters and then re-do them before pulling on the skirt once again.

Once again, she asked, “What may I do for you now?”

“Excellent. Now our evening may begin. I want you to go as you are, to the mall. Wait for the payphone in front of Sears to ring at ten o’clock, and answer it. You will receive further instructions from there.”

Before Jenny could protest, the line went dead with a click.

“No way.” Breathed Jenny. “Not the mall.”

But she knew she had no choice if she wanted her picture back. And that was one picture she had to get back at all cost.

So she gathered up her purse and double checked to make sure she had the room key. No way was she getting locked out with her clothes inside. She had been there before—had she ever.

She checked the hall to see if the coast was clear and then walked as quickly as possible in her high heels and tight skirt to the elevator. She thought about taking the stairs to avoid anyone who might use the elevator, but the thought of going down 9 flights of stairs was out of the question. She couldn’t even reach her shoes to take them off, so she pressed the call button and hoped no one was in the elevator when it opened.

As the door opened, Jenny put one arm across her chest while holding the strap of her purse on the opposite shoulder. She hoped it looked natural as she saw there were people already on the lift—two men, actually. There conversation stopped as they got a look at the babe about to get on the lift with them. They were both hoping the elevator would get stuck on the way down as they moved backward to let Jenny on.

“Hello.” Said Jenny, trying to act normal.

“Hiya,” said one of the businessmen, as Jenny turned to see if the Lobby button was lit.

The trip down seemed to take forever, to Jenny. But the men wished it would last all night as they stared up and down trying to memorize every detail: Jenny’s long legs covered in black seamed hose, her tight rump snug in her leather miniskirt, and—although they looked hard enough to burn a hole in Jenny’s blouse—they couldn’t see any bra straps or bumps.

“Amazing,” they silently thought.

Jenny tried to stand as still as possible, for she knew that any false movement would expose even more of her to the leering men behind her. She could feel her naked breasts pressing on her arm through the silk blouse and hoped she would get to her car without incident.

“Finally,” Jenny thought as the door opened. But, instead of the lobby, the door had opened on the 5th floor. Jenny couldn’t believe all of the people waiting to get on. She almost got off, but realized in time that it was not the floor she wanted. Instead, she had to move over to make room for the crowd getting into the elevator. One of the men who had been standing behind her made sure to stay right behind her as the crowd pushed into the elevator. He could now enjoy her perfumed scent and with any luck, might get pressed up against her.

“Oh. Sorry,” Jenny said as she backed into him.

“No problem,” he managed to mumble as he felt her rear press against him.

The doors closed and Jenny seemed to bump and jostle against the others the whole way to the Lobby. The doors opened again, and the crowd departed. No one seemed to notice as the man standing behind Jenny remained on the lift and pressed “9”, muttering to himself, “Can’t expect anything better to happen the rest of the night.”

As Jenny made her way across the Lobby as discretely as possible, everyone stopped to stare. But usual, Jenny was too preoccupied to notice. As Jenny approached the automatic door to the entrance breezeway, both doors opened at once, as another guest was just entering from the outside. A gust of wind blew through the open passage and Jenny automatically put her free hand on her miniskirt to prevent it from lifting.

As she felt the tight leather material she thought, “Well at least I don’t have to worry about a little wind blowing my skirt up.”

The guy approaching her took one look at her silk blouse blown tightly across her impressive chest and his jaw dropped involuntarily. Without a bra, Jenny’s nipples had stiffened in the breeze and were threatening to poke holes in her blouse. Even Jenny noticed his stare, as he stopped dead in his tracks to watch her approach. Jenny had seen that look before, and knew it meant something was showing. She tried to act as if nothing was wrong, but the process of elimination made her cross her arms across her chest, nonchalantly tugging on her purse strap to make it look natural.

She was doing such a good job of acting natural (well as natural as she could in an outfit more suited to Ashley than herself), that she didn’t notice the snow grating in the entranceway. If you’re not from the northern clime, snow grates are common in entranceways to let the snow fall off your shoe into a pit below. It eliminates the hassles associated with shoveling and moping up the melted snow.

As Jenny’s first high-heeled foot hit the grate, her heel slipped into the mesh. Jenny felt her foot sink three or four extra inches and had that feeling you get when you miss a step on the stairs. In just seconds, she was way off balance. She threw out her arms and tried to compensate by taking a long step with her other foot, but her skirt was too tight. Her step came to a lurching stop as the leather miniskirt refused to budge. With both heels stuck it the grate, Jenny went sprawling, hands out in front to break her inevitable fall. Somehow during the fall she got twisted around as one heel came free and the other one stayed in place. Jenny landed on her side, looking up at the guy who had stopped to admire her as she passed.

Needless to say, Jenny’s skirt wound up short of providing any modesty, while her loose blouse had shifted enough to let one whole breast hang out in the breeze. She tried desperately to get herself covered up, but knew it was hopeless while she was on the ground. The man beside her fussed over her to make sure she was okay. Then he gallantly extended his hands to help her up (wouldn’t you?).

After straightening herself out, Jenny carefully tiptoed off the grate. Fortunately, the only thing injured was her pride.

Checking her watch, she said, “Oh dear, I’d better hurry or I’ll miss that call.”

Jenny hustled over to where she had parked her husband’s pickup. As she opened the door, she regretted that today of all days, she had swapped cars so that hers could be serviced. There was just no easy way to climb into a tall four wheel drive truck in a tight skirt.

In an ordinary car, Jenny would have had to slide her butt in first and then swing her legs in together due to the restrictive nature of her leather miniskirt. But the seat of the truck was too high for her to reach, even in high heels. And, she had another problem. There were people everywhere.

“This skirt is just too short to wear stockings with,” she thought. “Every time I get dressed up, I end up in some embarrassing situation. There is no way I can get into this truck dressed like this.”

But of course she had to, so she looked around hoping for a break in the foot traffic entering and leaving the hotel. In order to step up into the truck, she knew her skirt would hike up and she certainly didn’t want to give a free show if she could help it.

“It’s now or never,” she said to herself in the way of encouragement.

As she stepped up with her first foot, her tight skirt was forced to ride up her thigh. She kept one hand on the hem hoping to be able to keep it down. But in order to lift her foot up, she had to let it hike up to have enough freedom of movement. With one foot on the sill of the door she could see the lacy edge of her stocking. Glancing down she saw her other leg was even worse—the strap of her garter belt was below her hem—and the white lacy strap seemed to glow under the lights in the parking lot.

Jenny’s tight leather mini rode up her thighs as she stepped up into the truck.

She was sure people were staring at her, but didn’t want to look around to see. She was already embarrassed. As she stepped up, reaching for the steering wheel to pull herself in, her miniskirt slid farther and farther up her thighs, exposing more and more. As she leaned forward and pulled herself up, the back of her skirt rode up over her ass, exposing her bare bottom. Several hotel patrons had a perfect view and did a double take as they stopped to watch.

Jenny realized what was happening, but she had her hands on the wheel pulling herself up into the truck. Reached behind her to tug at her hem might have caused her to fall out backwards.

She slid herself in behind the wheel, whimpering, “I can’t believe I’m not wearing any panties with this skirt, let alone stockings! How did I get into such a predicament?”

As she closed the door, she breathed a sigh of relief. Only then did she look around to see if anyone had noticed her unladylike display.

She let out a small gasp as she saw the small crowd that had gathered. Even though she was out of their view, she tried to tug her skirt back over her stockings, but it was no use. The dress was just too short and tight to sit down.

Jenny fished her keys out of her purse and pressed in the clutch. It was at this point that she realized driving in such high heels was going to be tricky. She would have taken them off, but she was running late and she doubted she could reach them without unzipping her skirt. And past experience ruled her reasoning when it came to undressing—even partially—in public.

It wasn’t until she managed to get the truck backed out and moving out of the parking lot that she began to relax a little.

“At least no one is watching me struggle with these heels on,” she thought. And once she hit the freeway and didn’t need to shift anymore, she glanced at her watch thinking, “Oh no, I’m going to be late.”

Unlike her friend Ashley, Jenny was under confident. She really didn’t believe it when Ashley told her men would wait for a good looking woman. Plus, she didn’t really believe she was all that attractive. So, not wanting to be late, Jenny was driving a little too fast as she passed a State Trouper with a radar gun hiding behind a bridge abutment.

“Well, well,” said Trouper Davis to himself as he spun the tires of his Crown Victoria. “Looks like some redneck in a hurry.”

Davis radioed in his hot pursuit as he hit 90 in the left lane, the Crown Vic wining and sucking air as he relentlessly kept his foot on the floorboard. Davis took pleasure in sneaking up behind someone before turning on all the red lights and floodlights. He imagined his quarry shaking like a rabbit as they saw the mighty patrol car in their rearview mirrors.

“Gotcha!” he squealed with delight as he flooded Jenny’s truck with a dazzling area of lights.

It never crossed his mind that it actually, more often than not, pissed people off rather than scaring them.

“Shit!” cried Jenny as she saw the red lights come on and looked at her speedometer. She took her foot off the gas pedal and thought, “Maybe he’s after someone else.”

But, no. The police car stayed right behind her, so she pulled over onto the shoulder. Not wanting to get hit, she pulled well off the roadway onto the soft shoulder.

State Police Trouper Dan Davis slammed on his brakes and slid his car a little sideways so that all the other mere peons on the road would be sure to see his reflective State Patrol emblem emblazoned on the side of his mighty Crown Vic. Having already radioed in the perpetrators license number, he grabbed his flashlight and baton and jumped out of his car so he could see if the suspect was hiding anything at the last minute. Often times he would catch his prey pulling a radar detector off the dash, or in some cases catch them tossing a bag of weed out the window.

The frantic movements in the cab of the four-by-four, alerted him to possible trouble. Maybe even resistance to arrest!

Drawing his sidearm, Davis called out, “Put your hands on the wheel where I can see them!”

As you might have guessed, Jenny was just trying to tug the hem of her tight miniskirt down and make sure her blouse covered her ample bosom. The leather skirt was giving her the most trouble and she had just about given up hoping the policeman wouldn’t be able to see over the window sill. It never occurred to her to try and use her feminine charms to talk her way out of a ticket.

Hearing the officers command, Jenny froze and did as he said, putting both hands on the wheel.

Trouper Davis then called out, “Open the door with your left hand.”

“What the …?” Jenny thought, trying to see what the officer was doing.

But, the bright spotlights prevented her from seeing anything. So she complied and opened the door with her left hand.

At this point, Trouper Dan could see clearly what he was up against and he let out a, “Holly shit,” under his breath, just as the radio on his utility belt squawked. Returning his Smith and Wesson police revolver to his holster, he answered the radio with the mike attached to his shoulder. He turned the volume down, so only he could hear that the license had come up clean.

Not wanting to pass up a chance to check out this blonde babe more closely, he radioed back for the dispatch to get him his buddy, I mean fellow officer, Joe Dulton. He knew it might take a little time, but he wanted to be sure he had a witness. A story like this was often disputed around the lockers and Davis didn’t like to be called a liar.

To Jenny he said, “Step out of the vehicle, Ma’am.”

“Is this really necessary,” said Jenny, desperately trying to think of an excuse to stay put, while visions of her climbing in and out of the truck while the officer watched raced trough her mind. “I’m in kind of a hurry.”

“Obviously.” Said the cop. “It’s routine police procedure, I assure you. Please get out.”

Jenny tried to hold the hem of her rucked up miniskirt, but it was already well above her garters. As she swung her legs around, she was careful to keep her knees tightly together. She thought the best way to get down, under the circumstances, was to slid off the seat with both feet and knees together. But, it was a long way down. Jenny was afraid she might fall, and knew from recent experience to avoid ending up on the ground in this outfit. She scooted as far as she dared to the edge of the seat, but it was still too far of a drop for her. All her efforts got her was that her skirt hitched up farther and farther.

Afraid of exposing too much, Jenny gave a tug at her hem and said without thinking, “I can’t get down.”

In response, Officer Davis said to Jenny, “Of course you can get down. You got in, didn’t you?”

Jenny didn’t want to elaborate on how she got into the truck, so instead she said, “Yes.” And then proceeded to step down, one leg at a time.

State Trouper Davis did as he was trained to do—keep the light on the subject. Once again, without thinking he praised the procedures and training of the police academy. Following the procedure by the letter, Davis watched his subject intently of any false moves. Jenny made plenty as her miniskirt rode all the way up her thighs, confirming that she is indeed a natural blonde. Then as she leaned over to pull it back into place, Davis had to do some fancy flash lighting to keep an eye first on Jenny’s rising hem line and then down her blouse as she tried to straighten herself out.

Jenny had to tip toe across the soft sandy shoulder onto the pavement.

The cool air was compensating for the flush of heat Jenny felt from her embarrassment. When it appeared she had her clothing settled, Davis asked the natural question: “Do you know why I stopped you, Ma’am?”

“I suppose I must have been speeding.” Jenny replied.

“Clocked you doing 65 in a 55 just under the bridge back there.” Officer Davis said.

Jenny was thinking, “So that’s where he was hiding—65 in a 55, is that all?” But said, “Oh dear, I didn’t realize I was going that fast.”

“Have you been drinking Ma’am?”

“No, sir!” Jenny said, slightly annoyed that he would even think such a thing.

“Well, we’ll just have to be sure now won’t we.”

“What does he mean by that?” thought Jenny.

But before she could object, the officer said, “Walk in front of my car and stand on the yellow line.”

The police cruiser was angled so that the headlights shone on the fog line at the edge of the shoulder. Jenny wiggled and jiggled her way over to where he indicated and turned on her heel to face him.

“Perfect. Now, lean back and put your arms our straight. That’s it. Look straight up.”

At this point, Jenny’s brief blouse was stretched tight across her chest and her trim belly was exposed as it had also ridden up in front. Davis kept his light strategically focused alert for any slips.

“Now touch your nose with your right index finger. Fine, now your left. Good.” Jenny was a little wobbly on her high heels, but she did just fine.

“Now with your arms our straight, I want you to walk heel-to-toe down the yellow line.”

Jenny knew it would do no good to protest. So far it had gotten her no where. As she tried to walk the line, her heels gave her trouble and she kept stepping off the line to keep from falling.

“I’m not drunk. It’s these heels—they’re too hard to walk in.” Jenny tried to explain.

“Well, you can take them off, if you wish.” Said the cop.

“Great, me and my big mouth,” thought Jenny. “Could you undo the buckles for me? I can’t reach.”

“How on earth did you get dressed?” Asked the officer. “I think I’m going to have to write you up for DWI. Not ‘driving while intoxicated,’ but ‘driving while impaired.’ I don’t think I have ever seen a woman more helpless while she was fully dressed. Come on back to the cruiser, and I’ll just give you a Breathalyzer.”

“Oh, thank you.” Said Jenny.

Just then, Officer Dulton arrived. He too parked diagonally at the side of the road and switched on all of his emergency lights. He took a second to set the running yellow lights to indicate that motorists should pass on the left, and then he grabbed his flashlight out of the charger and his baton. Shoving his baton into his utility belt, followed by a quick jerk to hoist his pants back over his rear (all that equipment was weighing him down), Dalton radioed in to dispatch that he would be providing backup as requested. He quickly aligned his flashlight as he appraised the situation.

“Just about to give her a Breathalyzer, Dalton.” Said Davis.

“Did she fail the mobility tests?” Questioned Dalton.

“Well, sort of. She’s definitely mobility impaired; but, it’s probably due to her shoes. I don’t think she’s drunk.” Davis replied.

Then to Jenny he said, “have a seat in the cruiser, Ma’am. The Breathalyzer is in the front.”

He then led Jenny around to the passenger side of his car. Dalton followed watching Jenny’s legs and rear end intently as she tiptoed through the soft sand.

Davis opened the door and held it for Jenny to get in. Jenny sat down rear first, holding on to the hem of her short miniskirt. Dalton started to understand his role as “backup” and Davis gave him a quick wink, confirming it. They both watched as Jenny swung her legs in, lifting her heels over the doorsill. Jenny blushed, knowing her garters were showing, but she didn’t realize that with their flashlights, the two officers had a clear shot up her dress. Dalton could now substantiate Davis’ assertion that the blonde in question was indeed a natural one at that. Tugging on the hem did little, so Jenny decided to grin and bear it.

The Breathalyzer came back negative, but Jenny had no way of knowing this fact. The officers kept a poker face and Davis said, “Can we see your license and registration?”

“Sure,” said Jenny as she instinctively reached for her purse. And then she remembered it was on the seat in the truck. “Um. It’s in my purse in the truck.”

“Okay, let’s go get it.” Dalton said.

So they watched again, as Jenny swung her long legs out of the car and pulled herself onto her feet. Dalton took a peek down her loose blouse, while Davis helped himself to another free show up her skirt. Then they followed as she tiptoed back to the shoulder. The sand was really hard to walk through in her heels and she was glad to be back on the pavement.

At the truck, Jenny knew she had no choice but to climb on up and get her purse off the seat and the registration out of the glove box. But she thought that they might just give her a break and let her get on with her trip to the mall. Somehow they seemed a little friendlier.

“Probably because the Breathalyzer showed I’m not drunk,” she thought.

Jenny tried to climb in quickly to prevent any allusion that she was intentionally trying to flash these officers—she didn’t want them to think she was that kind of girl. But as before, she found her leather skirt too restrictive to step up without hitching it up first. So she gave it a quick hitch and climbed up quickly, bouncing onto the seat. As the cool seat hit her warm rear end, Jenny realized she must have flashed her naked fanny in the process. She tried to pull her skirt down, but it was too tight. She dug her license out of her purse and handed it down to Davis and then turned to open the glove box. Since she had to lean over to reach it, the cops didn’t even look at the license. After Jenny handed them the registration, they went back to their cars to consult.

“Can you believe this?” asked Davis.

“Man, good thing you called me for backup. I owe you one for sure.” Said Dalton.

“Yeah, but I figured no one would believe it otherwise. Guess we got to let her go, huh.”

“Too bad.”

Walking back to Jenny’s truck they told her to be more careful in the future and to stick to the speed limit.

“Thank you officers.” Said Jenny. And with that, she was on her way.

Meanwhile, Davis and Dalton found their cruisers were both stuck in the soft sand and had to call a tow truck. Later in the locker room, their Jenny tale was eclipsed by the ribbing they received about getting stuck.

At the mall—finally—Jenny debated about where to park. Parking close, she wouldn’t have to walk so far in her high heels, but the risk of being seen getting in and out of her truck was a lot higher. So she decided to park out of the way on the far side of the lot.

By the time she made it to the entrance, she was too tired to care about the whistling and honking. Once inside she made her way to the payphones. While she waited for the phone to ring, she almost sat on a bench to rest her feet. But she remembered how short her dress was and decided she should stand.

When the phone rang, Jenny hesitated. “What if it’s not for me?” she thought. But on the third ring she picked it up and said, “Hello?”

“What took you so long?” asked the voice.

“You wouldn’t believe it if I told you.” She replied. “Now can I have my picture back, please?”

Actually, Jenny had been followed all evening and all of her troubles had been caught on film by a digital camcorder. “I’ll tell you what. Since you have been through quite a bit more than I bargained for, I’ll only ask you to do one thing.” Said the voice, “And then I will send you the negatives.”

“What?,” asked Jenny and then added quickly: “can I do for you?”

“You catch on quick. Go into the shoe store across the way and try on a pair of shoes.”

“No way! I can’t do that dressed like this!”

“Well then you’ve come a long way to fail, haven’t you?”

“All right, but you promise you will send the negatives?”

“Yes.”

“Okay. Here I go.” And she hung up.

As Jenny entered the shoe store, the salesman just about dropped dead. “No way does something like this happen in real life,” he thought. But he hoped she was really about to try on some shoes and went over to see if she needed any help, just in case.

“Can I help you Ma’am?” he said in his most gracious tone.

“I think so.” Said Jenny trying hard not to think about what she was doing. “Just have to do this once to get back the picture,” she thought to herself. And then continued by saying: “Do you have any black pumps that would match my dress?”

“I sure do, what size?”

“Size 6, if you have them.” Jenny said.

“Have a seat and I’ll be back in a jiffy.” Said the salesman as he practically ran to the stockroom. On the way he flipped the lock on the door and turned his sign that said “BACK IN 10 MINUTES”.

Jenny sat on the bench and tried in vain to tug her tight miniskirt down over her garters. “Well if I keep my knees together, it’ll be all right,” she thought.

The salesman returned with several boxes and a big grin.

“I only have to try on one pair,” thought Jenny as she forced a smile and tried to act natural.

He set the boxes down and scooted a stool with a foot ramp on it in front of his customer.

“Put one of your feet up here and I’ll check the size.” He pulled out a foot size measurer and looked at Jenny’s stockings and garters while he waited expectantly.

“Oh, you don’t have to bother measuring, I’m sure they’ll fit.” She said with a little giggle and a lot of wiggle.

“Sure, do you want me to take off your shoes, or would you rather do it yourself?” he asked with a tinge of disappointment in his voice.

“Thanks, I think I can manage.”

Not wanting to lift her feet onto the foot rest and give the guy a free show of anything more than she had to, she leaned over to undo the straps. But she had forgotten about the tight skirt, and came up short. But not short enough to prevent the salesman from looking down her blouse.

“Maybe I do need some help,” she said.

“No problem. Just put one of your feet up here.” He said, indicating the stool.

Jenny reluctantly lifted a foot onto the stool and tried not to think about the fact that she wasn’t wearing any underwear. The salesman nearly fell of the stool, but somehow he managed to take Jenny’s shoe off. Still holding onto her calf, he pulled a shoe out of the first box and slid it on. Jenny was too embarrassed to even notice the shoe. Repeating the process for the other foot, the salesman was sorry it was over so quickly.

“Do you want to walk around to see how they fit?” he asked her.

“Oh. Yeah.” She said, getting up and tugging her skirt down in relief. “There fine, I’ll take them.” She said quickly, ready to get out of there as quickly as possible.

“Do you want to put these back on?” he asked holding up her shoes.

“No. I’ll wear these.” Jenny said hastily.

After putting her shoes in the box the new ones had come in, he rang up the sale and Jenny was out of there.

As Jenny struggled back across the mall it dawned on her new shoes were difficult, at best, to walk in. Taking a look at them for the first time, she saw they were slides with at least a four inch heel. She almost stepped right out of them several times in her haste to get out of the public eyes, or eyes as it were.

Back at the truck, she was dreading once again climbing up in her brief outfit. Instead, she found that once again, she had locked herself out of her vehicle. At this point, she simply decided to leave it there and call a cab—something she should have done earlier in the evening, she thought.

The cab driver jumped out and in a flash was around to open the door for his fare. And with a great deal of flash, Jenny provided him with the best tip of the year. After adjusting the rearview mirror, he took his time taking her home. There, he was rewarded once again and even waved the fare for her.

---------------------------------------------

**Jenny Takes A Drive by OOgler**

The cool air from the air conditioning vent below the steering wheel felt refreshing blowing between Jenny's legs, and she parted them slightly, confident that she was covered up sufficiently. She checked, just to be sure, and looking down she saw her buttoned up sundress, stretched taunt between her separated knees, and all the buttons she could see were firmly buttoned in place, why, only her dimpled knees and shapely leg below were visible, that she could see...

What Jenny couldn't see was that the top three buttons at the waist of the skirt were forgotten in the buttoning process this morning and caused the dress to flap open right over where her thin, white panties snugly encased her pubis, actually outlining the folds of her sex. Jenny couldn't see it because she was sitting in the drivers seat of her little hatchback driving down the interstate, and because her 38DD breasts defy gravity and generally obscure her view of any events taking place directly below them. She had on a light, short summer coat which, when buttoned, stretched across those beautiful breasts enough to cover them. But that cool air felt good and she decided to unbutton the coat and let the air get to her top half, at the exact same time as a highway patrol motorcycle officer pulled alongside to see why this lady swerved her car a little while back there.

As he flies along beside her on his bike, the officer glances in the hatchback and sees Jenny, who is in the process of unbuttoning her coat, one button at a time, slowly, until she reaches the last one at the base of her breasts. When she releases her bosom from that last button, they spring forward, out of the coat and wobble slightly. The top of her sundress is held on by thin straps and and stretches tight across the lower half of her breasts, covering the nipple and most of the aeriole, but having the effect of thrusting those pale, round breasts upward and mashing them together enough to make a deep cleavage.

Jenny took a worried look downward to make sure she was decently covered up and then looked to the side at the highway patrolman staring right at her, with an immense grin on his face! She smiled back with an embarrassed innocence, and gave a little wave. He had enjoyed the show for the whole unbuttoning and could not believe the unintentional panty flash she was giving due to those forgotten ones by her waist! He stared in wonder at those perfect boobs, looking bright and golden in the sunlight, and then down at her panty encased bush, and just gave a little wave, smiling back. He let his motorcycle drop back behind her car and he braked enough to lower his speed so that he could be missed and forgotten by Jenny. But he wasn't going to miss this show!

Jenny drove on and did forget about the cute policeman, humming to herself and not aware of the astounding effect she was having on interstate trucking! especially on this interstate! It only took a couple of horny truck drivers to look down from their cabs, where they could see down through her car's passenger side window and view the entire length of Jenny's body from the neck down. And what they could see was the sexy little arched feet by the pedals, in white high-heeled pumps leading up to golden-tanned, smooth legs and cute, little dimpled knees.

Her skirt was stretched tightly by her spread knees, as she was undoubtedly getting what truckers call a "blowjob"--when women direct the air conditioning vents to blow up their skirt---but because she was sitting on most of the dress it was also tight at the waist and this forced open a diamond-shaped hole right where three buttons had not been buttoned. And that rewarded them with a great view of the top of her smooth legs where they met her sex mound, and because these panties had been washed too many times and were getting thinner and thinner, they became a little transparent when they had direct sunlight on them, which was often in this case, as the sun slanted down into her car at an angle that invariably "spotlighted" her lap enough times that more than one trucker instinctively grabbed himself along that stretch of highway.

Her bushy pubic hair appeared yellowish beneath the white nylon, and below that her panties had insinuated themselves into the folds of her pink labia and the panty material seemed to outline and expose everything. A little bit of belly skin showed above the top of her exposed panties and then the buttons of her dress resumed their march up her body, where they had to hang upside down a bit following the line up the undersides of her substantial bosom. Then they peeked out from tight, stretched out material that was doing it's best to bring the dress together at about nipple height. Considerable holes, left between the buttons, showed soft breast skin, but above that it was heaven!

Jenny's dress coat had fallen back at the sides to accommodate her voluptuous chest and the dress seemed to tighten, right at the nipple line, so that the browner skin surrounding each nipple in an almost complete circle showed at the top of each breast. Since Jenny had that light summer coat to go with the dress, she saw no need to wear a bra, and the cool breeze from the air conditioner had stimulated her nipples to the point that they prominently poked out the material below the top of her dress.

Her breasts were a little squished together by the tight buttoning at the top, which caused a deep cleavage that practically ran up to the base of her throat, and her dress straps had slid down, even in her coat, and lay down and to the sides, disappearing into her sleeves. Her soft, golden mounds of tit-flesh sat upright and expansive, glowing in the sunlight, and jiggling with the bumps in the road. The car roof obscured her face from the truckers, so she never saw the leering, or heard the lip smacking and soft whistles from the aroused truck drivers. But in between stroking themselves frantically, a few had alerted other truckers on the interstate via CB. They either slowed down or sped up to reach the developing convoy, pulling into the slow lane in a line, jockeying good naturedly over the CB, until it was their tun to pull ahead and see the stunningly exposed girl in the hatchback.

Jenny was getting tired of driving and felt she needed to stop somewhere and get a cool drink. She noticed a sign that said "rest stop ahead", so she slowed and pulled over into the exiting lane, (as soon as that big truck goes by!)... and pulled off the interstate at the rest stop exit. She hadn't noticed that a number of big rigs pulled off behind her at the same exit and were parking all around her little hatchback. Jenny sat back in her seat and sighed. She turned off her engine and set her hands in her lap, where she felt bare skin and the nylon of her panties!

Ohmygosh! thought Jenny, I must have forgotten to button up there! So she fumbled with her buttons down at her waist and grabbed her purse from the passenger seat.

Jenny's exit from the car had everybody's attention, and when she swung her door open and stretched her pretty little feet out in those sexy white pumps, all eyes were peeled on her long smooth legs as they came into view. The movement of sliding forward served also to slide Jenny's dress up her thighs, and completely off her soft, pantied bottom in the back, and then two things happened!

The back hem of her dress caught on the latch below her seat, and the thin strip of panty material on the side that held the front and back panels together hooked on her seat belt clasp At that moment Jenny looked down at the ground and saw the pointed tips of her white heels touch it, so she grabbed the door frame with either hand and pulled herself along the seat, the sundress riding up to just above the mound of thin, white nylon that covered her sex.

The elastic around the waist of her panties did not break, but the stretching had effectively made them at least 2 sizes too large at the waistband, and she would have difficulty keeping them up. With her thighs together at her knees, and the rest of her legs splayed out, with arching foot and pointed toe, in a knock-kneed fashion, Jenny blushed and hoped that no one was looking!

She pulled herself forward and up as soon as she found purchase beneath her high heels, the sun shone brightly down on the bouncing, golden globes of those magnificent breasts... because she had forgotten to rebutton her dress coat.

Her skirt went back down as soon as she had stood up, but not before a number of the nearby truckers had seen that outstanding panty flash! And they continued to leer at the busty blonde, whose beautiful breasts seemed to pop out of the front of her dress, as she stood and straightened her skirt modestly.

Jenny felt the tug in back of her of snagged hem and reached back to pull it free, then she swept the skirt of her dress out of the car and slammed the door. Walking bristly to the back of her hatchback had those boobs bouncing up and down to the staccato click of her high heels on the pavement. She shifted her purse to her left side and reached out to open the hatch and get out her sunglasses, which she had packed in her overnight bag. When Jenny pulled that door up, she left her hand idly on the hatch handle high above her head for a moment as she looked inside and tried to find her case amidst all her luggage.

The wind blew under the car from the front and came blowing out and up as it exited the back of the car, and it blew Jenny's sundress up to about waist level, fanning out all around it's circumference, like an open umbrella. And then it began to flap up and down at different places, but always staying above the waist of the busty blonde. A number of truck drivers had come out of their rigs by this point and stood in a group, smoking and staring at Jenny.

Her cheeks burst into a furious blush as she heard the catcalls and whistles from the men, but she somehow seemed frozen in place, with her hand above her, gripping the handle of her raised hatchback, her other clutching the straps of her white purse, and the sun shone down on those thin, white panties making them virtually transparent. So she stood for a second like that, with her long, curvy bare legs spread slightly, and her toes pointed outward on either side in opposite directions. Her legs had no bend at the knee, and by stretching out like that every curving muscle along the back of her smooth legs seemed to show... but the two white globes of her ass, which stood up at a jaunty angle, were the icing on the cake!

Her ass crack appeared as a dark crease vertically up the back of her nearly transparent panties, which to Jenny's consternation, seemed to be sagging a little at the top! She started to shake at her bottom, at least that's where the jiggling was the most evident, and as her panic of embarrassment set in she began bringing one leg up and then another in a rapid dance in place.

Jenny was furiously trying to hide the top of her exposed pubic hair, as she felt the wind blowing freely through those hairs and she realized that her panties were dipping dangerously low in the front. They were doing the same thing in the back, as they eased down her bum halfway, exposing the top, shelf-like cheeks of her bottom and her ass crack ( as well as those two cute dimples on her hips above her cheeks).

This frantic dance was Jenny's panicked attempt at lifting alternate thighs to try to hide her snatch from view. It only worked to shake the panty down and off her butt cheeks, where it stopped just below, setting them off with a lacy border below the wiggling rump. You could swear that the pale moons of her bottom began turning a bright pink in embarrassment.

When Jenny finally came to her senses she released the handle of the hatchback and batted her dress down in the back. She shoved the hand with her purse to her crotch, holding her dress down in front, so as not to expose any more bush than she already had!

She still had a battle on her hands though as the wind picked up and kept exposing bits of Jenny. She especially sought to hold it down it front as she felt those panties drooping down the front of her thighs! But she eventually tucked enough of the skirt part of her dress between her thighs in front and it stretched taunt across her bottom and the backs of her legs. It trapped the panty from falling any further, but the tight material just outlined it against the back of her thighs. And no visible panty line could be seen, you can be sure it would have been found by the crowd around her, whose eyes were almost exclusively on the girl's behind.

It ached to be squeezed!

And then she leaned over further into the back of her car, stretching that thin cotton fabric tighter across her butt, and while it squeezed her ass globes together it formed them into a round, bulging heart shape, with a vertical indentation as the seam ran up the back of her bottom. She decided on the spot that it was just too windy for this sundress and she better change, so she reached over and grabbed the blue bag she knew she had packed with some casual clothes. Jenny heard a "ping!" noise and felt a sharp sting on her left buttock.

"EEEK!" Jenny squeaked and snapped upright, whipping a hand around to her plump bottom to cup the site of the sting! Without actually turning around, and with one hand on her buttock and the other stretched out and holding a sky blue bag and her dangling white purse, Jenny strained her neck around so that she could look down at her bottom over her shoulder. This caused her hips to tilt forward, and her tits to bulge forward in her dress. With that cute, surprised look on her face, that "Oh!" shaped mouth and wide eyes, it was worth a snapshot had anyone a camera.

What had happened was that a lecherous truck driver had snapped a thick rubber band directly on her butt cheek from about a foot away! A number of the men laughed and clapped when it bounced off that cute behind in the taunt skirt! And some were still clapping and grinning at the blonde twisting around and trying to look down at her ass, while she cupped a cheek! Jenny became aware of this and reddened with embarrassment.

She turned around quickly, shaking her bosom in the process and let go of her ass so that she could try and at least pull one side of her dress coat across a breast. Then she grabbed a handful of dress with the same hand she held the handles of her bag and purse. She managed this maneuver to ensure her modesty. And she wiggled by the staring men toward the soda machine and bathroom... and ESCAPE from this humiliating experience!

She tapped along on her high-heels, along a walkway leading to the central building, which had a smooth metal railing along it to hold if you chose. She then minced up the steps, hips swaying this way and that, and as she took each step, each round buttock swelled and rolled, then settled back with a rotating motion. She didn't want to let go of the side of her dress and reach for the bannister for fear the swirling wind would lift her dress again! The men straggled along behind Jenny, eyes fixed hypnotically on her rear end. And they all stood transfixed at the bottom of the short stairway, marveling at the liquid-like movement of that magnificent bottom as it ascended the steps!

When Jenny reached the soda machine, with her audience fast behind her, she let go of the hem of her skirt, "the wind wasn't too bad right here" she thought. And since she was facing away from everyone she let go of her dress coat and, lifting her purse, fumbled with the latch to get inside to the change pocket.

Suddenly the drivers were treated to the sight of Jenny cocking her hip suggestively out to the side, and then a swivel, and her other hip shot out to the other side! No, our Jenny would never "bump and grind" for anyone...but in this case she was reacting to the fact that her panties had slipped down to her knees! and if she didn't do something quick she would lose them completely!

Not wanting anyone to know this prevented poor Jenny from outright grabbing them and pulling them up, so she tried these wild, hip-swinging gyrations in a losing battle with gravity. The drivers behind her didn't care what the blonde was doing, they just didn't want it to stop! But it did stop as a whisk of nylon falling down Jenny's legs announced the ultimate panty drop, and there was no mistaking that bundle of white nylon puddled around those sexy white heels! Claps and hoots erupted from the men as Jenny felt her cheeks get hot.

She scooted around to face them so she wouldn't have to bend down and point what they all knew was a bare bottom at them underneath her light, cotton sundress. Blushing with absolute innocence, Jenny demurely reached down and took hold of the panties, as she daintily lifted one sexy foot at a time, easing her white pumps out the leg holes, she CERTAINLY wasn't wasn't going to pull them back on in front of these leering men! And gravity came in to play once more, as Jenny's quivering breasts popped out of the top of her dress from the forward bend.

Her eyes bugged out and she shrieked as she suddenly took an involuntary step, catching the pointy 4 inch heel of her pumps on her panties as she tried to extract her foot, pulling them taunt and tripping over them in a rapidly escalating little dance to get them off her feet and be able to use her hands to cover her breasts!

She toppled forward and fell on to the pavement in front of the truck drivers. She felt the cold pavement on her nipples as her boobs lay mashed against it, bulging out all around her. Her arms were spread wide, though she still held tightly to the bag and purse. Thankfully her legs were together as her high heels had come together where they were still entangled in her white panties.

Her dress, however, had come to rest on her back, and as Jenny shook her head, regaining her composure, her plump, round bottom sat there behind her, exposed to the elements and the lustful stares of the truck drivers, who had surrounded Jenny's prone figure by now, having rushed forward when they saw those bouncing boobs swinging towards them. She pulled herself up on her hands, instinctively getting her tender nipples away from that cold pavement, which brought her breasts into glorious view, with those two pointy and swollen nipples sticking out in reaction to the cold.

Jenny looked up at the men, and then followed their gaze down and behind her and saw her bare bottom! She shrieked! and in a panic gave a series of scissor kicks with her legs, restricted as they were for the moment with her panties wrapped around her high heels, her leg movements, though fast, were very limited and only served to get her blushing bottom jiggling. Sharp whistles and hooting could be heard from the truck drivers as they watched that beautiful behind wiggle with the girl's panicked movements.

A driver stepped forward and bent down at her feet and pulled the panties off her kicking high heels, which sent one heel shooting straight up, with a pointy toe reaching for the sky. As her panicky kicks were free of restriction, they watched a moment longer as Jenny kicked some more, whipping her legs back over her thighs, her foot arched in those sexy white heels, and her pink fanny reacting with a shaking motion!

It dawned on Jenny that her legs were free and she should try to stand, when two men grabbed her arms at the elbows and tried to help pull her up. They got her to her knees but she was still bent a little at the waist and her dress did not fall down off her back. She looked up at the helpful men with an embarrassed smile as they asked if she was all right, but one look at those tremendous tits with the pert nipples jutting out in front of them answered their question to their satisfaction!

As they helped Jenny the rest of the way to her feet, the driver on one side of her got the idea to take the back hem of her dress and coax it up and through the little fake belt that hung at the back of her coat, and through the busied movements involved in bringing the young blonde upright, he used his left hand to pull more material through the loop of the belt, so that the excess flopped out in a bunch out of the belt behind her.

Chanting "Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Ohmygod!" Jenny pulled her arms away from the men holding them and used her free hand to cup the opposite breast at the nipple, folding her encircling arm over the nipple of the other breast and started clicking those heels in a fast step towards the women's restroom.

Jenny heard clapping and catcalls behind her as the men watched her bare, wiggling bottom flex and roll and jiggle innocently behind her as she trotted off. Just as she was reaching the door, her purse slipped from her grasp and she stopped to bend over and retrieve it. Holding her legs together tightly as she remembered she had lost those panties somewhere, ("Where did they go?" she thought) she bent at the waist, as only the innocent Jenny could, and stretched her arm, and upper body downward to pick up the purse.

As she reached completely down, a cheer erupted from the crowd and a piercing whistle rang through the air! It was an astounding mooning, as Jenny's sweet, round bottom spread and the cheeks separated enough for her pink lips to pop out the back under those beautiful globes, her little puckered asshole briefly peeked out between her bottom cheeks as well and she would have died in embarrassment if she knew anyone had had such an intimate view. She came up quickly in reaction to the enthusiastic response she created, but couldn't think why, and bustled into the restroom to change.

Jenny went into a stall in the rest room, removed her coat, and quickly began unbuttoning her sundress. She draped both articles of clothing over the stall door and shivered in her nakedness. As she set the blue bag on the closed lid of the toilet seat and began rummaging around in it, Jenny heard footsteps enter through the door and across the tiles of the floor.

She heard a "whoosh!", and quickly turned around in time to see her clothes disappear over the top of the stall door and hear the retreating footsteps fade out the restroom door.

"Good Golly!" thought Jenny "MY CLOTHES!!!"

She kept repeating "Ohmygosh!" as she nervously took frantic little steps in place, her arms and hands instinctively trying to hide her beautiful naked body!

"I'd better get dressed before someone sees me!" she said out loud and searched through the bag until she found some clothes, which she pulled out and examined.

"Is this all I packed in this bag?" she asked herself distractedly, as she held up a straight white skirt and a small white cotton T-shirt that had been cut raggedly at the bottom to allow a bare midriff to show.

"It'll have to do!" said Jenny and stepped into the skirt and pulled it up. "God, I wish I had some underwear in here..." she thought as she smoothed down the tight skirt and buttoned it on the side.

When she tried the zipper she found it hard to pull up, but she squeezed the two sides of the zipper together with her fingers and pulled the zipper to the top with her other hand. She slowly exhaled as she felt the tightness around her waist, smoothing the skirt down in back over her protruding rump. She could barely bend over to pick up the T-shirt, but managed to somehow, and pulled it over her head and down over her large bosom.

She felt it was uncomfortably conforming and looked down embarrassedly at the nipples poking the soft material out on her twin peaks. She could not see how much breast was visible below the hem of the shirt, but knew there was some, as it was cut so short, so she pulled down hard on it in front and was shocked at how it seemed to outline her breasts even more!

"Gosh! I might as well wear a sign that I 'm not wearing a bra today!" cried Jenny, and she turned back to see if there was anything else in the bag.

Besides a jumble of cosmetics and a hair dryer, all she could find was a sheer, thigh-high pair of tan stockings and thought that she would look a little less "cheap" if she at least had hose on. So she pulled off her heels and smoothed the stockings up her curvy legs, pulling the elastic top band up high on her smooth, tanned thighs.

Stepping back into her pumps, and grabbing the bag and the purse, Jenny clattered out of the stall and across the tiles to the door.

"Well... here it goes!" she thought, and stepped outside. The truckers had retreated back down the steps and were talking amongst themselves when the blonde came out the door. They stopped talking and grinned up at her and she gave an embarrassed look back at them. Then she wiggled over to the bannister rail at the top of the stairs where it curved off at an angle to follow another walkway that led around the back of the building.

Jenny hitched the strap of her purse over her shoulder and and balanced her blue bag on the rail so she could zip it up securely, when it tipped over the edge of the rail as she fumbled with it and spilled a little way down the grass hillside on the other side!

Jenny leaned and stretched over the side, her breasts hanging down, (with all eyes on them) but couldn't reach it! She tried to crouch down and get under the rail, but her skirt was way too tight for that. She stood up and smoothed her skirt down and watched the men below until she felt few of them were watching, (DON'T kid yourself, ALL of them were watching!) and then she hiked up her skirt a little bit and swung a tan-hosed leg quickly over the rail.

But before she could swing the other leg over she felt the cold, smooth metal directly on her vaginal lips, and her mouth formed into an oval as her eyebrows shot up! She cooed a surprised "Ooooooooow!" and leaned forward, losing her grip on the pole-like bannister!

She felt herself sliding backward and felt the cool metal on her soft belly skin just below her breasts, as she wrapped her hands around the bannister above her. Her feet had left the ground and her knees came up towards her waist as she straddled the pole, her feet arched to a point in her white pumps and that cute rear end of hers stuck up invitingly.

She began the long, backward slide down the bannister, looking down over her shoulder at the grinning truckers moving to the base of the stairs. As her descent picked up speed the T-shirt rode up from it being rubbed along the bannister between her breasts and both boobs popped out on either side of the rail. She couldn't let go to cover them so she just shrieked!

She slid down the bannister with her legs, from the knees down, doing cute little kicking motions, and when she reached the end a truck driver stepped up and stopped her from falling by cupping both her ass cheeks with his two large hands, grasping and squeezing them pliantly in his hands with a tremendous grin on his face!

The rest of the men clapped a round of applause and laughed wildly, seeing the large, bouncy bottom being fondled by the gripping hands of their pal! Jenny held herself up a little off the pole with one hand and nervously fumbled to bring her T-shirt back down over those jiggling breasts, stammering "Ohmygosh! I..er..uh, oh my!" and looking back at the man holding her bottom in his hands!

"I think I'm fine now! thank you!" Jenny spurted out to let the man know her could let go of her buns. So he sheepishly, and very reluctantly, took his hands off Jenny's bottom. She tried her best to swing that leg back over the rail without showing too much, but everyone got a generous view of her legs and the white of her upper thighs above her stockings.

Her following had grown considerably, and she had to squeeze between a number of men to make her way to the base of the grassy hillside where her bag had spilt. She tried to keep her composure amidst all the smiling and laughing truckers whose eyes seemed to be watching every inch of her body, but she felt as if she were naked. She was extremely embarrassed and ashamed at having all these men witness her humiliating slide down that bannister, and the groping of her tender bum at the bottom!

She looked up the little hill and, while a little steep, it did not seem insurmountable, so she daintily stuck a white high-heeled shoe on the grass in front of her and began tiptoeing across the relatively level part of the hill at the base, so as not to get her pointed heels stuck in the grass.

As the hill grew steeper Jenny had to reach down to the ground in front of her, which gave everyone below a fantastic view up her short T-shirt hem to the creamy, soft boobs hanging down and swaying back and forth beneath the shirt. It also served to poke her ass towards the men below and raise the back hem of her skirt enough for them to view the back of her stocking tops. Still on tiptoes so her heels wouldn't bury in the soft ground, Jenny was finding the going a bit rough, and her bottom shifted from side to side as the pronounced muscles at the back of her hose-covered legs flexed with the exertion.

A number of truckers followed her up the hill, close behind her, to enjoy the show, while the rest stayed below, whistling and hooting at the sight of the blonde's beautiful behind and gorgeous legs. Just as she reached her blue bag and clutched the handle she straightened up a little. But her balance wasn't good at that point and she felt herself about to fall backward, so she frantically pin-wheeled her arms in an effort to regain her stability. And as she leaned forward, sticking that cute butt out behind her, she felt herself tipping back, and was sure she would fall back down the hill!

But a strong pair of hands rescued Jenny again, grabbing a cheek in either hand, holding her in place, until she could regain her balance and place her hands back on the ground before her.

"Hey baby! I think you better just back on down this hill slowly.. we'll help you place your feet so you don't slip, okay?" the helpful trucker said.

"O..O..Okay!" stammered an embarrassed Jenny as she felt the hands on her bottom moving a little from side to side, gently shaking her jiggly bottom, as if he were testing the weight of each buttock by feel, his fingers digging in a little with a light squeezing.

She shut her eyes and blushed furiously and she squirmed and flexed her bottom under his hands. Jenny pointed a toe and stretched a leg downward to find purchase on the hillside below her for her first step backward.

Another trucker graciously reached out and held that sexy, little white high-heel, helping her place it back down. A driver on the other side of Jenny saw this and, likewise, helped her with her next backward step. Besides holding her pumps and helping Jenny place them on the hillside during her descent, the "leg" men began using their other hands to steady Jenny's legs, gripping her thighs above the knee in front, just under her skirt. Her legs sheathed in hose felt fantastic to the touch and their hands occasionally slid up a little to where her stocking tops ended and the bare skin above them began.

The man directly behind Jenny was in a kind of trance as he slowly walked backward in pace with Jenny, holding her squirmy bottom in his hands. He couldn't resist kneading and squeezing it occasionally, but soon fell into the rhythm of her movements, lifting one cheek as she stretched out the opposite leg, and lifting the other cheek when she stretched out the other one.

So his clenching hands alternately lifted each soft ass cheek in an up and down movement all the way down that hill. He had a raging erection by the time they got down the short hill. As they reached a fairly level place the men guiding her feet released them and removed their hands from beneath her skirt.

The man backing up behind her was finding himself bending forward to be able to keep his grip on Jenny's behind as their positions were evening in height once more, so he let go as well. Jenny blushed and kept her eyes down as she turned and tiptoed off the grass and into the crowd of truck drivers. The driver who had held Jenny's bottom during her descent down the hill followed close behind her as she squirmed by the men crowding up against her.

He stepped up alongside her and said, "Hey miss, I'm sure glad you didn't fall back there, what's you name, by the way?"

Jenny looked up at him, and he seemed sincere, so she said, "My name's Jenny, and I do appreciate your help, it was just so stupid of me to try and get up there in these heels."

"Oh, I don't think your stupid" he said," you've actually been a pretty good sport about all this teasing..and he turned to his friends and said..."Hey! You guys! How about a cheer for this little gal?"

Jenny smiled for a moment, until she felt the man grab her hand and raise it straight up in the air! The man on the other side of her did the same, and the hem of her tiny, little T-shirt rose up, exposing both of her beautiful breasts to all.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" the men shouted amidst the laughter. "Hip, hip, hooray!" they shouted again, as the men holding her started lifting her in fast, little jerks, causing her substantial bosom to bounce uncontrollably!

"Hip, hip, hooray!" came the last cheer, as the truckers heads were visibly going up and down while their eyes tracked the bouncing of the helpless girl's bare breasts.

Jenny was mortified and turned a beet-red in the cheeks, as her arms were lowered and hands released. She would have reached up and pulled the front of the T-shirt down from where it lay bunched above her bosom, had the trucker next to her not taken that moment to pinch her bottom.

"Ouch!" cried out Jenny, as her hands rushed back to the sting on her cheeks, her breasts bouncing again with the movement. A roar of approval and clapping came from the assembled truck drivers watching this delicious show, as Jenny whirled around to face the pincher, her boobs still sticking out in the bright sunlight.

But before she could say, or do anything, another relentless set of fingers pinched that soft bottom through the thin, cotton skirt.

"Eeeek!" Jenny screamed again, whipping back around with a surprised and embarrassed look on her face. The men were screaming with laughter, clapping their hands and pointing at the cute blonde spinning in half-circles, back and forth, trying to protect her cute butt with her tiny hands, with those fantastic boobs wiggling this way and that, her tender bottom suffered almost as much as her dignity.

She finally made a break for it, running as fast as her tight skirt would allow. Noticing her breasts bouncing up and down, she reached up and pulled her shirt down over them, which didn't stop the bounce but at least covered their nakedness. As she reached the edge of the group to escape she received a resounding slap on the fanny!

"Yikes!" she said, pitching forward, but regained her balance and raced forward, her tight skirt restricting her steps as her heels clicked on the pavement and her hips twitched, her perfectly round bottom jiggling beneath the material of her dress noticeably. She was blushing furiously as the men behind her watched that wiggling behind and yelled for her to come back.

"Ohmygod!" Jenny whispered as she rubbed her bottom and replayed the incident in her head. How humiliating! she thought. But she finally reached her car and threw her bag in the back, fingering through her purse for her keys.

"You left them in the ignition" came a voice from above and behind her, "so I pulled them out so no one would steal it."

Jenny turned and looked up at the smiling face framed in the cab window of the big truck.

"Why that was nice of you, thanks!" replied Jenny to the trucker as he exited his cab.

"Oh, no need little lady, just tryin' to help." he said.

He eyes seemed glued to the jutting nipples of Jenny's breasts but he had a smile on his face, so she spoke to him, politely breaking his reverie, "Can I have them back now?"

He looked up at those big, blue eyes and stammered, "Oh, y..y..yeah, sure!" and began patting his pockets. "Where did I?...a look of recognition passed across his face as he said, "Oh yeah, I left them up on the cab seat" and he turned back to his truck to climb on board.

He stopped for a moment as he was about to pull himself up and turned back around, "I'll bet you've never seen the inside of a truck like this, have you? he said to Jenny,

"Now I'm not asking you to climb in my truck with me, I can see your not that type of lady", Jenny blushed, "but your welcome to pull yourself up and grab those keys, I'll stay right here, and you can take a peek inside while your at it?" He gave Jenny his most sincere smile.

"Oh, okay" said Jenny relaxing a little bit, "your right about me never having seen the inside of one of these trucks, I've always been a little curious..".

"Great!...here, I'll show you what to do" he said helpfully, trying to keep his eyes from straying to her chest. He pointed out to her the first foothold and grab-bar, and then explained how she should put her feet on the cab step and hold on to the handrail by the door to look inside and get her keys.

As Jenny reached up with both hands and held on to the grab-bar, the short hem of her shirt rode up enough to expose the bottom half of her round, pale breasts, with just the lower half of her aeriole showing and the the nipples poking out that last inch of fabric. She didn't notice, but HE sure did, as she stopped in this position to raise her beautiful leg high enough to get a foot on that first foothold.

But that darn skirt was just too tight, so the friendly trucker encircled her waist with his hands and lifted her up as she placed the pointed toe of her white high-heel on the foothold and pulled herself up. Her shirt came back down so that only the bottom inch or so of her boobs were visible, which the trucker didn't like, but it also put her enticing rear end at eye level, which he did!

Even though he had only touched her waist, it embarrassed Jenny again, so she thought she had better get this over with quicker and reached down with one hand to hike her skirt up a little bit in the front to be able to raise her leg up to the next step. As she did this her skirt grew taunt across her bottom and her hip flexed out to the side, her skirt had risen enough to expose her stocking tops, and her shirt rode up from reaching for the handrail beside the door, exposing the bottom of her boobs all the way to the nipple this time!

The trucker had thought he had died and gone to heaven.

The keys, Jenny saw, were on the other side of the seat and so she bent at the waist and laid her ample bosom on the seat and stretched an arm way out to grab them, her fingers not quite reaching them. This view from below was amazing, and was being shared by the group of truckers now returning from the restrooms. They crowded around to watch.

Jenny was stretched out on the toe of her cute, little white high-heel, her curvy stocking-clad legs stretching up above it to where the exposed top of her stockings and creamy white thigh disappeared beneath her hem. Her other leg was bent at the knee and was idly kicking back behind her, waving a sexy white pump in the air as her foot arched and emphasized the beautiful curvature of her leg. She was squirming at the waist to try and reach the keys, so her luscious bottom was wiggling back and forth beneath the dress, hanging out the top of the truck cab. The men looked at each other briefly and put a finger to their lips to quiet anyone that might alert Jenny of the sexy show she was putting on.

"Got 'em!" she cried, and pushed herself upright from the seat, reaching back to grab the handrail beside the door of the cab.

"I'm coming down now" said Jenny, turning to address the trucker but noticing all the other men around him. Oh no! thought Jenny, not those pinchers again! And she blushed in embarrassment.

"Just bring a foot down on that step there" said the trucker grinning "...and I'll make sure you're steady", and he stepped forward, reaching up an cupping the back of her thighs right where the stockings ended at their elastic band.

A few chuckles arose from the men, and Jenny turned red.

"No, that's okay!" said Jenny, "I'll be just fine", hoping she could talk him out of it so her would move his hands off her legs.

But the feeling of those soft, but firm thighs, encased in that sheer, nylon hosiery convinced him he wasn't letting go now, "Well, I wouldn't want you to fall and sue me or somethin', so just ease on down real slow and I'll take care of the rest" he said, as the grins widened and a few men snickered.

Jenny couldn't believe this was happening, but felt that she needed to get this over with as fast as possible, so she reached a dainty toe down, squirming her foot back and forth, trying to find purchase in the next foothold. A hand reached out and helped put her high-heel on the step and Jenny brought her other leg down to join it. As her body lowered the trucker kept his hands at the same height, so that Jenny's legs were sliding between his hands, which had reached the bare leg above her stockings and the very top of her thighs below her round bottom. Her legs felt smooth and fantastic, and he had stuck both thumbs out so they hooked the hem of her skirt and were pulling it up as his hands rose.

Every guy there was erect and attentive as they watched that skirt rise, and Jenny heard a few soft whistles as she began to wiggle a little, uncomfortably. The front of her T-shirt had snagged on something and was pulling up a little in front, but she didn't notice as she reached another foot down to try and touch the ground. A few men bent down and helped her, their hands straying up her nylon-encased legs as they straightened up. As she reached down with her other foot and let go of the grab-bar her body slid slowly down between the man's hands, his thumbs pulling her skirt up and over her bare behind, his hands cupping the soft, round cheeks.

Jenny's T-shirt had hooked on something above and was pulled up off her bulging breasts. It was stretched tight up in front of her face and kept her from turning. The truck drivers hooted and whistled at Jenny's voluptuous, naked body exposed to their lustful eyes, and Jenny began to furiously wiggle in an attempt to extract herself from the truck that had pulled up her shirt and the man who had pulled up her skirt!

HE was gently caressing her smooth bottom as it jiggled beneath his palms, in pure heaven. He then impulsively took a little step back, and gave her bottom a quick, underhand slap! It turned a little pink and bounced up and down, and Jenny let out a squeal! She couldn't believe someone had spanked her!

On her bare behind no less!

In front of a bunch of strangers, who were laughing and staring!

Her embarrassment was profound at standing in front of all these guys, in just hose and heels, with her skirt bunched around her waist and her bottom exposed, covering her pubic area with one hand and the nipple on one breast with the other, trapped by her shirt to a truck!

She nervously stepped in place in her high-heels, which got all of her jiggling and bouncing, and the blush of embarrassment seemed to infuse her skin from head to toe. She let go of covering herself for a second to use both hands to push herself away from the truck, and fell backward as her T-shirt ripped completely off and was left dangling on the side of the truck. The exertion this took was more than the tight waistband of her skirt could take and her exhaled breath caused the button at the side to pop off and the zipper to run down it's length, as Jenny came to rest with her bare bum on the pavement, legs stretched out in front and arms spread instinctively to arrest her fall. Her chest gently stopped it's bounce and Jenny took a deep breath and exhaled, and her pert little nipples bobbed as her breasts heaved.

A couple drivers stepped forward quickly and helped Jenny up by the elbows, both of them reaching back to brush the dirt off her pink, round bottom gently. Smoothly rolling their hands down to it's base and cupping her cheeks for a moment before letting go.

THAT brought Jenny back to reality and she started stammering, "ohmygod, ohmygod,ohmygod" as she tried to cover her voluptuous breasts with one hand while yanking at her skirt front with the other to hide her sex.

Since the skirt was undone at the side she managed to pull it down over her pubes, but also completely down below her bottom, so that when she raised that hand to try to hide some more exposed breast, the skirt slid down to the ground.

"Yikes!" she screamed and rushed that hand back to her cute, blonde bush.

This was what dreams were made of for these men and their eyes hungrily feasted on Jenny's jiggling naked body, as she squirmed in her humiliation.

"Ouch!" she squealed as she felt her bum being pinched behind her!

She whipped around and some one gave her bare ass a slap! "Eeeek!" Jenny then did what she always does when naked in front of people, she ran as fast as she could in high heels, not really knowing where, but in a confused panic. Jenny running in heels and hose across a parking lot, pony tail bobbing, that perfect pink bottom bouncing and flexing, and those huge round breasts swaying and lifting repeatedly, with that wide-eyed embarrassed look on her cute, innocent face, is something we all should see at least one time in our life.

She looked back briefly at the cheering audience she left behind and when she brought her head back around she was shocked to see she was running at full speed at a motorcycle policeman, whose bike was stretched out sideways in front of her! Not able to stop in mid-stride, Jenny ran into, and pitched her body across, the lap of the policeman. He immediately started his bike up and drove in a lazy, looping circle around the parking lot as Jenny cupped her breasts and kicked her legs. Looking down to watch her squirming, pink bottom roll with each kick of her legs, he patted it gently.

When he was close to the group of truckers he gave Jenny's behind a quick slap! and grinned as they all hooted. He then put a hand on her ass cheek and zoomed out of the parking lot, Jenny's beautiful legs kicking in those sexy white high-heels.

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**Jenny Takes A Nap by OOgler**

Jenny spent the day with her old high school friend, Georgia, who taught school now in a town a few hours drive away. They still insisted on getting together and not losing touch, trading turns driving over for monthly visits. Jenny got up early to drive the extra hours it took to keep her commitment, expressly so they could have most of a day and the evening to catch up before the drive back.

But this time, she and Georgia had talked late into the night after a good dinner and some wine and now she found herself driving down the interstate highway, getting drowsy, When she saw a large, green "Rest Stop" sign up ahead she decided to pull in and stretch, maybe wake up a little.

It was late and the rest stop was dark and quiet when she pulled in. She parked near the well-lit bathrooms and got out of her car. There were a scattering of cars and big trucks, some had the occupants visible, sleeping upright in their seats, or just sitting and smoking, while others were asleep on the seats of their car. It was a warm night and Jenny wove the fingers of her hands together and stretched her arms over her head, working the kinks out of her back. At least five observant motorists saw the blonde stretching under the bright halogen street lamps by the bathrooms.

You couldn't miss the rise and thrust of those breasts, Jenny's stretches were unforgettably, sexy, and commanded your attention! She wore a light blue, sleeveless blouse of silk that came down to a slight V-neck line with a little collar. It was a little too tight, but then it got to be impossible for Jenny to buy the right size so that it fit the rest of her body and her over-endowed bosom. The material tightened and molded across her large breasts, and they almost glowed in the artificial light. It really took your breath away. She also wore a white pleated skirt that matched her white heels. Her husband had talked her into buying the skirt as it was a little too short for Jenny's taste, and reminded her of a tennis skirt. But she relented when he told her it would be nice and cool for hot, summer evenings out.

Since she was really only going over to Georgia's this trip, and not going out, she refrained from pantyhose and a bra, and had on a pair of old white nylon panties. Her drive down in the heat of the day had been much more comfortable without the bra and hose and she had kicked off her heels and undid her ponytail, letting the wind blowing in from the open windows fill the car and blow through her hair. After a few honking air horns from passing truckers, Jenny got a little embarrassed and closed the windows, turning on the air conditioner instead.

Jenny leaned on the side of the car and took a few deep breaths of the night air but still felt her eyelids closing on her.

"I had better just take a nap for a couple of hours..and then finish the drive" thought Jenny, so she went to the back of her hatchback and opened the trunk lid.

She had to crawl in to disconnect the rear seat backs so they would lay down forward and make a flat platform to lie down on. The lucky motorist parked directly behind Jenny was treated to about a minute and a half of amazing upskirt shots as Jenny leaned and twisted in her efforts to wrestle the seats down. Then she sat in the back and tucked her legs in, reaching up to bring the trunk hatch down. Jenny pulled the headrest off of the passenger seat in front and used it as a pillow and despite the fact that it wasn't very comfortable, all the wine she had earlier had taken it's toll and Jenny was asleep in a few minutes.

Jenny initially curled on her side with her fists tucked under her chin, her arms pressing tight against her breasts. She brought her knees up to her elbows and the swell of her hips raised the little skirt in back, so that the back of her smooth thighs and the crease where they met her buttocks, as well as a tiny patch of panties, were visible. This upskirt view, and her long, curvy legs ending in a pair of sexy, white high heels, was bathed in light from the overhead lamps illuminating the walkway area to the rest stop bathrooms.

As the night wore on, Jenny's fitful sleep had her stretching and twisting to find comfort on the hard platform. She worked her hands back and forth, from her her chin to her crotch, where she unconsciously slid them between her thighs. This ended up pulling her top up and gathering the material of her skirt in her lap, leaving less and less of it to cover her rear end, and exposing the bottom half of her breasts. Her legs stretched and flexed, pulled up tight to her chest one moment and gloriously stretched out the next.

As the night wore on an increasing number of motorists decided they needed the bathroom, and slowly strolling by the blonde's hatchback they were rewarded with a voyeur's dream. The bright lights seemed to spotlight the sleeping woman through the large, sloping window of her hatchback. All her squirming and twisting had disheveled her clothes magnificently, giving one, then another, strolling driver extremely seductive views of Jenny's many charms. More than a few had paused and sucked hard on their cigarettes as they looked at her prone body, her large breast were almost uncovered as her blouse material began bunching up under her chin, the bottom edge of which just barely covered her stiffening nipples.

That's not all that was stiff that night either!

Her skirt had worked itself up past her bottom cheeks and the paler, smooth skin of her round bottom seemed to glow in the light, her panties gathering tightly in the crease between those beautiful cheeks. Once in a while, in her discomfort from it, she reached back in her sleep and pulled some panty out of her crack, squirming and stretching as she did so, jiggling her bottom in the process.

One, then another, nipple appeared, popping free from the bottom edge of her blouse, rigid from exposure to the cool evening air and whatever erotic dreams that swirled around in Jenny's inebriated sleep. She had essentially stripped herself in her sleep and was displaying almost all of her beautiful body to any passerby that cared to look.

And oh, they cared!

Most had watched for a little while and then left to relieve themselves somewhere more private, while a dedicated few had gotten coffee from the vending machine and literally camped out near the blonde's hatchback, smoking and commenting on this or that feature of her anatomy. Sometime they would collectively groan and sigh out loud when she stretched or squirmed into a new position. For the most part they kept quiet and watched, not wanting it to end by waking her with loud noises. An infrequent soft whistle would escape a few pursed lips but silence accompanied most of the night.

You could almost feel the sexual tension in the air but no one made a move to wake or molest the sleeping beauty. And as the sun rose that morning a few determined stragglers remained, eyes blurry but their attention still rapt, trying to look casual as they stood around Jenny's car.

It was midmorning when Jenny began to stir from the sun warming her bottom cheeks. She was laying peacefully on her stomach, her hands together under her head and her legs spread. The first thing she saw, as she raised her head and groggily peered to the side window of her car, were the paws and face of a large dog, a wet nose smearing the window. That got her twisting around and noticing that a group of men's faces were likewise staring at her from.. all around the car!

They would have had their noses pressed against the glass as well if hadn't been a little too obvious. They were definitely enjoying themselves more than the dog, nonetheless. They even had the stacked blonde's big, round breasts to stare at now that she had come up on her elbows. Not that they hadn't been appreciating the great view of her naked bottom, her panties wedged in her crack, and what they could see of her pussy as it became outlined by the panty material.

Did I mention her legs? Well, you get the idea.

Most were also eagerly anticipating her reaction to her predicament, and they were not disappointed.

The first thing Jenny noticed when looking around was that everyone seemed to be staring behind her, so she looked over her shoulder as well. Her skirt no longer covered her behind...and her legs were spread.. she was mortified!

She quickly bobbed up to a sitting position, tucking her legs under her and frantically reaching back to fumble with her skirt hem. As she did this she noticed her naked bosom bouncing around in front of her..

"Nooooo!" she yelled and in a panic tried to find her blouse and skirt hem at the same time!

She shrieked, and blushed, and fumbled some more with her clothes, while the appreciative crowd started laughing and whistling at her unsuccessful efforts to cover herself, as well as at all the bouncing and jiggling going on in the car. Both nipples were erect and along for the ride on a pair of large, round breasts, unrestrained and heaving about, while most of her skirt still remained waist-high in back, exposing her bouncy buttocks. She squealed and fussed, with a wild look of panic and a deep blush on her face.

God she was cute!

Comic and incredibly sexy!

Even though she managed to cover a portion of her bottom with the skirt, she was still having a horrible time trying to get that blouse down over her breasts. Squirming her bottom around, her breasts wiggling uncontrollably, and she blushed with profound embarrassment, and stammered to herself. Finally giving up on trying to get her top to cover her bosom, Jenny deciding that escape was the best alternative. Turning, she tried to crawl toward the front seat on one hand and her knees, using her other to try and cover some breast.

Well.. really only one nipple.

Unfortunately, her progress was immediately impeded by the fact that her heel had caught in the crotch of her panties when she had tucked her legs under herself! Thrashing her legs to free her caught pump, she instinctively kicked that leg down, pulling the panties with them. Jenny felt the nylon slide off her behind and down her legs to about calf level! ..Below her knees!

She froze for a second, realizing that the view from behind exposed her.. INTIMATELY!

"OHMYYYGOD!" she screamed, and frantically resumed her efforts to get to the front seat.

She let go of her breasts and clambered with both hands but her ankle and high heel were now entangled in white nylon panty, and all she could do was work her knees back and forth and not really go anywhere!

She grabbed the upright back seats and pulled, diving face first into the driver's seat. With her hands on the floorboards, her face and breasts had made it to the front seat, but the rest of her body was bent over the seat backs, her bottom upraised and her legs doing a cute, tight, little scissor-kick, her ankles now held together with panty elastic hooking around each high heel.

Stretched beyond their endurance, the panties finally popped free, shot like slingshot to the dash board of the car. Jenny could now crawl into the front seat, which she did as fast as possible to minimize the time she would have to spread her legs.. and expose her herself!

Judging from the cheers and hooting, she realized that it had been too long, and everyone had seen everything!

"I can't believe this! I can't believe this! I can't believe this!...chanted Jenny as she squirmed her bare bottom around on the front seat, yanking her blouse down over her breasts, pulling it tighter than she should have, and causing the material to conform tightly around each breast, graphically outlining them.

This squished her breasts together enough to show considerable cleavage at the V-neck line of her blouse, and was not lost on the friendly motorists that had migrated around to the front of the car. The beautiful blonde had flashed everything she had at them, but her reaction, and her sexiness, had entranced them. They were not going to miss any of this exciting action!

Jenny pulled her skirt down as far as it would go and grabbed the keys out of her purse. She saw the heads around the car bobbing and weaving, necks craning, everyone trying to see her! She felt warm in the face and a humiliating blush crept all over her body.

Twisting the key in the ignition and pumping the gas pedal, Jenny's eyes snapped back and forth between her dashboard and all the faces around her car, peering in. The engine's starter let out shriek and the engine ground around without starting. Everything being cold, Jenny was flooding her car. She just gave up after a minute of trying and her engine not catching. Hanging her hands on the steering wheel, her bare bottom squirming in the vinyl car seat, she looked around hopefully for a helpful face..

A young man's grinning face filled the driver's side window and Jenny heard his muffled voice through the glass, "Go ahead and pop the hood lady, and we'll see if we can get you going.."

Jenny shook her head in affirmation and searched around under her dash to find the hood release latch. She finally sprung it open and a few men gathered around to look at Jenny's engine, while the rest just hung around watching the cute blonde sit in the car.

The same young man came back and asked Jenny if he could try and start it himself so Jenny opened the door, gathered her skirt tightly in front of her, and came out of the car as he slid in. She felt very self-conscious standing there, and would be more so if she had realized how she was drawing more attention to her panty less condition by pulling her skirt tight, the material conforming smoothly across her bottom, leaving no panty line to be discerned by even the most careful glance.

And that sexy bottom was being very carefully glanced at!

Then they called over to the car to explain to her what exactly was wrong, and her wiggle over there had a few men groaning. She kept her hands holding the skirt material in front and leaned over into the engine compartment. It was explained to her that she had flooded the carburetor and they would have to wait a minute or two to let the gas evaporate.

Either view of Jenny was seductive. Her ample breasts squeezed together in her blouse and hanging over the car engine, or her firm, round bottom, tightly wrapped in light, cotton material, pointing up and out from the bend. She squeezed her long, smooth legs tightly together, down to the pointy heels of her white pumps and shifted on and off each foot as she stood, her hips swelling up and down with each step.

Jenny innocently asked, "Where is the carburetor?" and the man standing on the other side of the engine compartment reached over and slid his pointing finger between her breasts at the base of her deep cleavage.

I guess the carburetor must have been beneath Jenny's bosom and he was only answering her question, but it also felt pretty good to have his finger enveloped on both sides by soft, warm breast.

"Oooooo..." Jenny cooed as he pulled his finger back out.

She was caught totally by surprise, and so, was frozen with a look of shock on her face, her eyes wide as saucers. Everyone else was grinning wildly.

Jenny finally released her skirt and put her hands on the fender to straighten up, but our helpful mechanic had snagged the bottom of her V-neck line on a fuel mixture screw that stuck out of the side of the carburetor. She tried to pull herself up but found she was trapped in a bent over posture. She began twisting her hips and shaking her breasts from side to side in an effort to get her top free! Everyone began laughing and whistling at the sexy, young blonde.

A rumbling sound from the parking lot signaled the arrival of a big school bus, which hissed to a stop and rumbled open it's doors. Eighty scouts came piling out of the bus and began running all over the place, acting like a pack of wild animals. It didn't take them long to find Jenny and they began snapping pictures of the helpless women, bent over a fender and wiggling frantically to escape.

NO, the scouts didn't strip poor Jenny, shame on you for thinking such a thing!

Jenny managed to do that all by herself. Well.. maybe with a little help.

The big dog that had been hanging around walked up to the blonde and put his cold, wet nose under her skirt in back, goosing her right between the cheeks down low.

"YIKES!" Jenny screamed and popped straight up!

She ended up flying backward as her momentum was released from her bent posture, the back seam on her blouse splitting straight down with a loud "RRRRRIIIIPPP!" and, swishing from her body, her blouse lay in a heap on the car engine.

Arms flailing wildly, Jenny and her naked breasts flew back off of the car, her legs out in front of her. She landed firmly on her bottom with a SPLAT, on the grass beside the sidewalk.

THEN the scouts took over!

A pair each grabbed the blonde's ankles and, keeping her legs rudely separated, began pulling Jenny around the grass in circles, Jenny's rump bumping up and down over the uneven ground. She clamped her hands on her breasts and yelled as her skirt rucked up to her waist, exposing the soft, blonde hair of her mons and the pouting lips of her sex.

"NO! ..STOP! ..DON'T! ..LET ME GO!" -Jenny was yelling as she was dragged around the little grassy area, her breasts bobbing in her hands, the crowd of men and boys cheering and hooting their encouragement to the scouts!

It's a wonder she didn't bump her soft behind on a sprinkler head sticking out of the grass. Her skirt, however, did manage to catch on one, the button on it popping off, the zipper running down, and then the seam below the zipper ripping away to leave her skirt in tatters behind her. When the scouts realized they were dragging around a completely naked lady they dropped her ankles and stared.

You could here the little pocket cameras snapping away as Jenny rushed her hand to her crotch and clamped her legs together, vainly trying to cover the rest of her heaving chest with her free arm. She blushed all over and looked up at the crowd with a shocked look.

"OHMYGOD!" she thought as it sunk in that she would have to get up and get back to her car, in front of everyone, in nothing but a pair of heels.

She leaped up in a panic and tried to get across the lawn in a hurry, but those same heels kept sinking into the grass and made her pause and wiggle a few times to free herself. The scouts resumed their torment of Jenny and took turns giving her bottom a slap whenever she paused.

"Ouch! Ooow! Eeek!" she squeaked and jumped at every spank!

She was lurching forward at a good clip now, frantic to escape the stinging little hands whacking her soft bottom, and was almost to the open door of her car.. when she tripped. The young man who had previously been trying to start her car hadn't left the driver's seat yet, however, and Jenny pitched forward across his lap, her bottom served up in front of him like a tasty dish!

He just grinned and said, "Here..let me help you up", grabbing as much of her right breast as he could with one hand and as much of her left ass cheek as he could with the other, pushing and pulling.. with a fair bit of squeezing I might add.. until he "helped" poor Jenny into an upright position.

Reluctantly letting go and stepping aside, a howl of laughter and whistles accompanied Jenny, as she leaped into the car and slammed the door.

They barely had time to slap the hood shut as Jenny gunned the motor to life and peeled backwards out of the parking space.

And they were still waving and cheering at the naked blonde as she drove out of the rest stop and back on to the highway.

Jenny found a deserted farm road off the highway and pulled over to search for something to wear. She found her panties on the dashboard, badly stretched out. They sagged horribly when she tried them on. She would have to hold them up with one hand just to keep them on! The only other thing she could find was a frilly, pink apron she had once had a humiliating experience in. But if that's all you have, you make do, so Jenny pulled the neck straps behind her head and tied a knot. She wrapped the frilly belt strap behind her and tied a bow so she could get it untied easily later to take off. Hiking her panties up, Jenny got back in her car, mentally reminding herself to observe the speed laws on the way home..she sure didn't want to be stopped by a police officer and have to try to explain why she was dressed like this!

When she pulled down her street she scrunched down in her seat, and looked around to see if anyone was outside, and could see her if she made a mad dash inside. No one appeared to be but Jenny felt very nervous, and scooted even lower as she pulled in the drive. No one was outside right now, so she grabbed her purse and leapt out of the car, her panties sagging in the back immediately.

She felt so exposed and ridiculous in this skimpy, little pink apron. Her heels clicked rapidly on the pavement up to her door and she used her purse to cover her bare behind. But now she had to use it to get out her keys.. so she turned toward the street to hide her naked bottom.

But nothing could hide the blush across her cheeks, or her look of embarrassment..."WHA..?"

She couldn't find the keys!

"OH NO! I left them in the car again!" Jenny wailed, and, dropping her purse, she ran to the car and shook the door handle violently, her bouncing cheeks in plain view for her entire neighborhood. They jiggled in a frilly, pink frame of apron as she wrestled with the locked door. She had done it again, locked the keys inside the car, and was now in a state of panic. Terrified someone would see her, she cupped her ass cheeks in her hands and ran to the side gate to her backyard.

Mrs. Lemon next door hadn't seen her, she was too busy yelling at Mr. Lemon to pick up after the dog out back, and do something to get rid of those flies.. and, on and on and on! So Mr. Lemon left the kitchen, grabbing a fly swatter on his way out, grumbling under his breath.

In the side yard, Mr. Lemon heard some rustling by his neighbor's gate and heard it squeak open on it's hinges. He stood up on a chair by the fence and looked over. There was that sexy blonde! In a frilly, pink apron, and her big, bouncy boobs threatening to burst from her top!

And those boobs looked obviously naked underneath!

He could clearly see her nipples poking out the material in front. She turned around pushed the gate closed with two hands, her bare rump sticking out for him, her panties sagging down her thighs.

He didn't hesitate either..

"WHAP!" the fly swatter whistled through the air.

"YEEOOOOW!" Jenny came off the ground and her fingers splayed, her eyebrows shot up, and her knees knocked together.

"Whap, whap, whap!" he got off three in succession before Jenny could whirl around.

She clutched her bottom and ran screaming into her backyard..

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**Jenny The Waitress by ?**

Jenny peeked out the door barely opened. Her beautiful blue eyes wide and fearful, she glanced

over towards her neighbor's yard and crinkled her mouth in a grimace. She had a feeling he was

there but couldn't be sure. It was still quite early in the morning and he was an elderly gentleman,

after all, but she had been caught enough times now to be extra careful before making that mad

dash to her car.

"I just don't know what gets into him.." she thought and sneaked gingerly around the half opened

door, tip toeing to try and keep the click of her high heels on the pavement from giving her away.

Jenny looked rather sharp and businesslike this morning dressed in a black, skirted suit falling just

above the knee with a matching jacket. The only pair of black pumps she had to go with it were too high, at 4 inches, but the alternative was to wear shoes that didn't match and she felt that would leave a bad impression and look very unprofessional.

Not wanting any flash of white to inadvertently show in contrast to the black of her suit she had made certain to wear black panties and a bra, so that the only thing not black in her ensemble were the sheer-to-waist suntan pantyhose she wore over her panties.

Luscious and curvy, the flash of those beautiful legs were enough to make her neighbor, Mr. Lemon, set down his coffee cup rather hastily as he peered out his kitchen window. Scraping his chair back across the floor and rising, he blurted out to his wife, cooking at the stove..

"Gonna' go out and get the paper dear.." and was at the door in a flash.

"Well it's about time.." she murmured to herself, never turning around from her task.

Jenny had reached her car and was about to open the door when she noticed she had left the water

hose across the drive behind her car, from having watered the lawn the previous night with a

sprinkler attachment. She pouted at her negligence and walked around to the back of her car and bent down to grab it and haul it out of the way. Her trademark deep bend at the waist had the marvelous effect of lifting the back hem of her flared skirt behind her to the height of the top of her thighs . So it took barely any breeze at all to send the back of her skirt up. It flapped over on to her back and revealed the smooth, round globes of her bottom, barely concealed beneath the pantyhose and brief black panties.

Only Jenny could have missed it, and she continued to reel in the water hose, her vigorous arm jerkings setting her hips in motion. And the resulting jiggle of her buns had Mr. Lemon standing slack jawed and aroused, creeping towards the hapless blonde, one hand holding his folded newspaper and the other reaching forward for the inevitable.

He pinched her bottom down low on her right cheek and she shrieked and rose up with a little hop,

her hand whipping around behind to grab her rear end.

"Eeeeeeek!" she emitted as her eyes became as wide as saucers and she thrust out her bosom by pulling her offended buns forward.

Not sparing the breath to even bawl the old gentleman out, she hastily set off in a mincing trot around the car, holding both sides of her skirt down with her hands. Her bouncing breasts and jiggling bottom were enough enticement to encourage the old codger to follow behind her, grabbing her sweet cheeks beneath her skirt. Definitely a feeling he would replay in his mind for days to come, he was grinning madly as he squeezed Jenny's pantyhosed bottom and she yelped and lurched at each grab.

Her only salvation came after a number of circuits around the vehicle when her lusty neighbor tripped and stumbled over the water hose, giving her a chance to slam the keys into the driver's side door and hurriedly unlock and open it in time to ...ALMOST dive into the front seat.

But not before the she felt the slap of his newspaper on her bottom!

"Ooow!" she blurted as she fell forward across the seat, her legs sticking out the open car door.

Mr. Lemon appraised the situation for a moment and then grabbed both of Jenny's ankles and began

lifting and spreading her beautiful legs to see what he might get a glimpse at. This rucked the blonde's dress up to her waist and she grabbed onto the passenger seat to begin the tug-of-war that ensued.

"Frank! You let go of that girl this instant!" Mrs. Lemon yelled from her front porch, her face red with anger.

Having heard the all to familiar tone that worked like a fear trigger in him, Jenny's neighbor suddenly released her ankles and jumped back, hiding his hands behind him like a child scolded.

Jenny, blushing furiously at being so exposed to the entire neighborhood, scrambled to pull her skirt

back down and crawl back into her car. A number of her other neighbors stood on their porches and clapped at the show, cheering with hilarity at the airheaded blonde's embarrassment, which Jenny noticed after having gotten herself upright in her seat and glanced around.

She turned a few more shades of red and ground her car's ignition starting it up. Having just barely missed running the old man over as he slunk off towards his wife and his fate, Jenny gunned her car and backed out into the street. She sped off down the street, wondering how on earth she could ever face her neighbors again after having been spread-legged and exposed in such a humiliating fashion.

"Oh my god! That was SOOOOO embarrassing!' she spoke out loud to herself as she tried to regain her composure and remember where she had to turn to get on the freeway south towards the address

for her assignment from Temp-Serve...

Jenny had no idea she was being sent to a restaurant until she pulled into the parking lot of the Blue Plate. She had thought from the name that it was going to be some kind of store which sold dinnerware or maybe antiques.

"What have I gotten myself into now?" she thought as she surveyed the gravel parking lot around what was, essentially, a luncheon diner. And to top it off, it appeared to serve an inordinate amount of pickup trucks and run down muscle cars. She tried to suppress her worries and put the best face on she could while exiting her car, wobbling across the uneven parking surface in her high heels, smoothing her skirt down, and adjusting her suit jacket.

The door to the diner creaked open and a little bell above it rang as she entered, assuring that

everyone noticed the entrance of the beautiful blonde with the ample bosom. A blush crept across

her face as she saw all heads turn towards her. A soft wolf whistle came from a burly trucker sitting at the counter by the cash register with a coffee cup halfway to his lips. A rather ancient waitress, with her gray hair teased up in an out-of-date bouffant hairstyle, came out from behind the register and approached Jenny. The look on her face was both appraising and disdainful at the same time as she croaked her greeting.

"And just how can I help you? she said in a sarcastic tone, 'or are you selling something?"

That got a few chuckles from her audience at the counter, and brought a high blush to Jenny's cheeks.

"Uh..maybe I've got the wrong address..you see, I'm from the TempServ Agency and.."Jenny tried to get out her answer but the woman's face changed into a grimace and she interrupted immediately.

"Oh for Christ's sake! We called in for a replacement waitress and get YOU?!!..oh, just great! You look like you've never waited a table in your life!'.. she paused to shake her head, 'well, nevermind, we still need the help even if you haven't, so follow me."

And with that she turned on heels and stomped off to the rear of the diner and pushing open a

swinging door which led to the kitchen. Jenny stumbled along behind her, trying to get a word in

edgewise.

"Here's a uniform" she said as she tossed a wad of pink material at Jenny from a stack in a box

by the door, "..and you'll find an apron hanging on that hook back there by Handyman," she indicated by nodding her head to the receiving door at the back of the kitchen, where a smallish figure of a man stood with his back to them at a large metal sink, obliviously washing dishes while wearing a pair of Walkman headphones, nodding his head to the beat of a song only he was hearing.

"But I don't have any idea what to do! "cried Jenny "You were right before, I HAVE never waited on people before!".. which was barely acknowledged by the cranky waitress, who was fishing out a spare order tablet from her apron pocket.

She set it, and a pencil, down on a butcher block next to her and pointed to a grimy door next to the ovens.

"Don't worry about it toots, that's the bathroom where you can change and all you have to do is take orders and clip them on the metal wheel between the counter and the kitchen, and Handyman will

serve them up for you. Put your tips in that coffee can over there and we split them up at the end of

the shift, lucky for you most of the breakfast rush is over but I am gonna' need some help for lunch,

so get your butt in gear."

With that terse introduction to waitressing, she turned on her heels and pushed through the swinging door back out to the dining area as Jenny sputtered out her protests. Feeling there was not much else she could do in this situation, she walked over to the door of the rest room, shaking out the stretchy nylon uniform, examining the tag at the collar for size. "ONE SIZE FITS ALL" it read, and Jenny grimaced and hoped that was true.

She was pleasantly surprised to find empty clothes hangers hanging on a hook behind the door and

shimmied out of her skirt and draped it over one. Next her blouse went over the top, and she draped her jacket around them both, giving a deep sigh as she held up the pink uniform to the light. Jenny didn't like the way the light came through it and was beginning to think that it was far too transparent a garment to wear with out a slip.

Her fears played out after pulling it on and zipping up the front zipper as far as it could go. That it ended with some mangled tines barely midway up her breasts was disconcerting enough, but when she looked down at herself..that was when the ubiquitous Jenny refrain escaped her lips..

"OH MY GOD!" she yelped as her eyes bulged out at what she saw. The black panty and bra set she

had chosen to compliment her business suit was prominently visible through the pink material and

she was shocked at how transparent the material actually was, especially after having stretched around her ample curves.

She looked in the mirror and blushed again as the visibility was so clear she could even see the lace edges around the bra cups. Hearing a yell for her assistance from through the door only flustered the busty blonde more, and she quickly came to the conclusion that the underwear just had to go or she would die from the embarrassment of it showing. She just hoped that the apron she was promised would serve to cover things sufficiently. So she doffed the uniform and begin her strip.

Removing her bra was snap, and her luscious breasts burst forth and wiggled a little but barely drooped. She flushed at how erect her pink nipples were. But removing her panties required taking her shoes and pantyhose off and she struggled doing that in such a confined space. She pulled the pantyhose back up as tightly as she could and slipped into her shoes as the door flew open and the old waitress glared at her with her hands on her hips.

"EEEEK!" Jenny squealed and brought an arm across her chest while she used the other to hide her

crotch.

"Oh for pete's sake!.. are you gonna' stand around naked all day long or are you working today?!!" the old gal hollered, with no attempt to hide her sarcastic tone.

She looked down at the floor briefly and then giggled as she pushed the rubber doorstop against the open door and waddled her way out of the kitchen.

Jenny stood there agog at the meanness of her actions.. but that was soon replaced by the terror of

realization that she had to step OUT of the bathroom to remove the doorstop and be able to close the door so she could finish changing. Still clutching her breasts and pubes, she peeked out to see if anyone was around and edged her way out a little, stretching her foot as far as it could go to reach the doorstop with the toe of her pump. Her exasperation grew with her failure to do so, and she finally relented an stepped out, releasing her arm from her breasts and bending down to manually remove it.

Jenny's bends are famously revealing due to her daffy inability to realize she should bend her knees a little, so her round rump rose and spread as she did so, barely covered by the pantyhose. It gave a little shake despite the confining hosiery, but by the time she had finally freed the stubborn doorstop she had wiggled her bottom mightily in the process. And that was when she felt the hands on her bottom cheeks.

Her eyes blinked open to saucer-size and her mouth formed the perfect "oh" of surprise. Then as her jaw dropped and the fingers of both hands splayed open, she felt her bum being squeezed and she squealed! Bolting upright only served to loosen the muscles of her cheeks, which were previously flexed, and that gave the smiling cook even more available bottom to fondle. He giggled with

pleasure at the feel of her round behind under the hose.

"AAAAHHHH!!!!" Jenny yelled and gave a little hop from the grab, pulling free and stumbling into the bathroom with both hands covering her bottom, the door blessedly coming closed behind her.

She whirled around and grabbed the knob, pressing the knob button to lock it. She felt her skin grow hot and glanced up at her red face in the mirror as she heard the piercing wolf whistle on the other side of the door.

Jenny began stuttering her "ohmygods" as she fumbled with the uniform, hastily pulling it over her

head and down her curvaceous body, smoothing the skirt and holding the bottom of the zipper as she tried in vain to pull the zipper clasp up past the mangled tines.

No good. The stretchy material molded around her boobs and squished them together sufficiently to create a deep cleavage and the un-done up zipper exposed that deep cleft halfway down her breasts.

IF she moved gingerly that is..

How in the world was she going to face the man who fondled her bottom was what Jenny was thinking as she opened the door and peeked out. She distractedly held one hand splayed across the top of her breasts because she was so conscious of how much cleavage was on display due to that mangled zipper.

Her other hand had a tight grip on the front of her stretchy pink waitress uniform, pulling it down hard across her crotch. Was it her imagination or was this uniform not only too tight and seemed to form a second skin across her curvaceous body, but distinctly felt as well like it was creeping up at the hem with her every movement? Her eyes darted around the kitchen area as she eased a pointed toe of her sexy black heels forward, her body following in a sliding motion, her nervousness over the revealing nature of her uniform compounded by the fact that she wore so little underneath it.

She whispered "ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod.." over and over as she mentally prayed that her uniform wasn't nearly as transparent as she remembered it being earlier, and that the apron she hoped to quickly find was sufficiently large to cover it if it was!

"Hey beautiful, I hope I didn't startle you there.." came a voice behind her and to her left, "I was sure your as..uh.. I mean YOU were someone else I knew. Ya' see, I wasn't exactly gazin' at your ..uh, face, that is," that last part delivered with a sniggering voice.

Jenny had been peering around the door frame in the other direction at the time, and jumped in fright, spinning around towards the sound, looking enough like a deer caught in the headlights to bring forth a chuckle from the grinning cook.

"Oh!..uh, I..er..uh, could really use an apron if you know where one is?!" stammered the blushing Jenny.

"Sure, beautiful.." he replied, "right over there," he indicated by hooking a thumb over his shoulder.

"Oh, thank you!" gushed Jenny as she clutched her uniform in one place after another, pulling and stretching it to cover as much as she could, off in the direction he had pointed out to her, high heels clicking across the kitchen floor.

Unfortunately for Jenny, where she need to get too required that she slide by the cook and a cutting table, so that she was forced to twist herself sideways and take little steps to ease by. She blushed dramatically as the cook did little to give way to her progress, and even seemed to insinuate himself more in the narrow passageway so as to necessitate a squeezing of their bodies together.

Jenny, for her part, did all she could so as to not brush up against the man too brazenly, but her bulging bosom betrayed her and squished hard against his chest, deepening her cleavage as he leaned against her and rose up, pushing her round, creamy breasts further out the top their restrictive bodice. The brownish-pink of her aerioles peeked into view as the top of her boobs bulged and heaved below his gaze.

At the same time, Jenny did all she could to pull herself back and away from the extremely

embarrassing predicament, forcing her round rump against the cutting table and hooking the back hem of her uniform on a protruding cooking utensil hook fastened to the side of the table. She barely noticed this, however, in her present distress and when she finally did wiggle by the leering fellow the base of the long center seam in the back of her uniform had popped, as the stretchy material pulled free from the hook. She did notice the "snap" of the material as it pinged her nylon-clad rear end and she gave a little "Eew!" in response, cutely reaching back to cup her bottom.

The cook smiled and gave an appreciative look at her retreating backside. He was sure that he had never seen a more perfectly shaped posterior in his life and was determined to get his hands on it again.

Jenny's little nervous trot to the back of the kitchen in the tight uniform did a great job of jiggling her soft, rounded bottom and barely contained bosom. Her heels clicked across the floor and she reached up unconsciously to adjust her pinned-up hair, unaware that her uniform rose with her arms and revealed the lower half of her cheeks to the man behind her.

He groaned and grabbed his stiffening member, actually letting out a gasp when she bent down and displayed even more bottom as she pick up an apron from the stack on the folding chair by the back door.

Her long, luscious legs would have looked good enough bare, but in the slightly darker nylon of her

pantyhose they were gorgeous. And her behind was magnificent!.. as he noticed that the pantyhose were sheer and the only indication they were even there was the dark seam that ran right along the crack of her cheeks.

As Jenny straightened up her uniform skirt fell back down to just barely cover those cheeks and she

turned and faced the man, whose stare seemed transfixed on her lower body. That soon changed as his eyes rose to take in the curve of her hips and the indentation of her trim waist, rising still, to gaze in wonder at her breasts. Jenny did little to dissuade his attention by inadvertently sticking her 38-DD boobs out by reaching back with both arms to tie the back of her apron.

"Oh my goodness!" thought the buxom blonde, as she noticed that the apron only had a semi-circular front panel that hung down from her waist with a wavy hem bordering it. It didn't cover the top of her uniform at all, leaving her protruding bosom visible. It also was a very short panel itself, and just came to the front hem of her skirt.

As she was tying it behind her she looked down and saw in the bright light of the kitchen that the darker circles of her nipple area were discernible beneath the material, and that the movement of her bare nipples beneath the tight nylon had stimulated them enough to cause them to stiffen and poke the material out suggestively. She reflexively brought her hands to her breasts to cover the embarrassing exposure and looked up to see the man staring at her with his mouth open.

His reverie, and her squirming, came to a halt as the other waitress slammed open the swinging door and yelled at the both of them to get off their asses. Didn't he see the order tickets piling up on the wheel? ..or was he too busy making sure she had tits? ..were her comments directed towards the horny cook.

For Jenny she reserved her most sarcastic voice, however, and asked her if she was ready now or did she want a formal invitation? This made Jenny feel very guilty and temporarily forget her revealing uniform enough to jiggle over to the counter and hurriedly grab the order pad. She held on to it with one hand and the hem of her skirt with the other as she followed the waitress through the door and into the seating area, beginning her first waitressing ever..

The only patrons left from breakfast were a large truck driver at the counter and two pair of men seated at a table and an adjoining booth. They all looked up as the waitresses came through the door from the kitchen. The trucker had seen Jenny earlier in her business suit but the other men had not, and their silverware clanked down on their plates and their food lay un-chewed in their mouths as they stared wide-eyed at the beautiful blonde.

A soft whistle of appreciation drifted in the silence of the diner as the older waitress turned to Jenny and announced that she was going on break to have a cigarette out back, and that everyone except the two with coffee had ordered, and to take their orders down on the pad and put it on the wheel, as well as see if everyone else was okay with coffee, and she showed Jenny the percolating coffee pot behind the counter on the hot plate.

Jenny nodded seriously and was paying rapt attention while she absent mindedly tugged at her skirt hem and chewed on her lower lip. She was concentrating very hard on everything she was being told and didn't notice the lustful stares of the male patrons around her.

For their part, they were taking in the enormous size of her breasts and the creamy softness of their bare, exposed areas. They were bulging out the top of her dress and displayed a deep, long cleavage down to their base due to the halfway zipped up uniform. The cute blonde's nipples were very

prominent, and her aeriolas made dark visible circles, making it abundantly clear she was bra-less under her clothes.

Her long, curvy legs in the sheer pantyhose seemed to rise up forever in that short skirt. And her sexy heels stood her up straight and forward, not only accenting the curve of her legs but causing her back to arch and her breasts to thrust forward and her rear end to jut out to compensate. The effect of which was an extremely erotic posture, only added to by the innocent, baby-faced expression on the blonde's face. She seemed like a voluptuous Cupie Doll in a stretchy, tight pink uniform and frilly white apron, both of which barely covered her.

Jenny timidly looked out at her first customers and wondered what to do first. Then she remembered that one pair of men had not ordered yet and she looked at her order pad and realized she had no

pencil. Looking around by the cash register she found one but in her nervousness she dropped it and it rolled away into the aisle between the counter and the booths. Jenny hopped after it in her clicking heels, setting her breasts to bobbing up and down and the hem of her uniform on a creeping course northward.

Reaching down with one hand, as if to grab it as she bounced forward, and holding the order pad with the other, her hem rose without a checking influence. By the time the pencil stopped rolling and Jenny came to a halt and made her deep bend to grab it, the clingy fabric had bunched up at her waist, and all that prevented an unrestricted view of her blonde bush was a small white panel of white fabric sewn into the pantyhose at the crotch.

The men seated at the table and in the booth were treated to a glorious look at Jenny's hanging bosom. It swayed in front of her and threatened to fall out of the stretchy, pink fabric. The pressure of her large breasts pulled down the material covering them and, although the zipper held it's place, they bulged out of the top enough to expose all but her nipples and some of her lower breast. They sat transfixed at the vision of those creamy globes bobbing and her rigid nipples pointing out.

The truck driver sitting behind her at the counter practically rose from his seat when he saw her skirt rise up to the top of her bottom. He was not expecting a bare set of of cheeks beneath the pantyhose

and was pleasantly caught off guard.

Everyone sat mesmerized as the curvy blonde straightened herself and grabbed the top of her uniform and pulled up, and then the hem of her skirt and pulled down. Then she smiled at everyone and blushed pink in her cheeks and wiggled over to the men in the booth who were drinking coffee.

"Can I get you gentleman anything to eat?" Jenny said innocently, as she leaned forward and tempted gravity to release her bosom from the uniform.

The men's eyes bulged almost as much as the top of the cute blonde's breasts, and while one of them appeared speechless, the other grinned and winked at Jenny.

" Why sure, sweetcheeks. I'm in the mood for some chicken this morning' he said, ' how are your breasts? Are they nice and plump?"

The other man started to giggle as Jenny looked at them helplessly. She was oblivious to the innuendo but felt perplexed because she couldn't answer the man's question.

"I guess I could take you back to the kitchen and you could look at them" stated Jenny in all seriousness.

This only brought howls of laughter from the patrons and she blinked and looked confused at what they found so funny in what she had said.

The jokester was so pleased with her response he decided not to press it further and just reassured her that all he really wanted was some eggs and bacon. His friend, on the other hand, had spent a good deal of time stretching his neck around behind the stacked waitress, perusing her lovely rounded bottom. His eyes lit up with an idea.

" Oh Miss, ya' know what I would really like ?" he said in feigned innocence, and crooked his finger at Jenny as if to signal her to lean close so she could hear his order clearly over the laughter.

"What might that be Sir?" Jenny said, bending down and displaying not only her cleavage to the seated men but a good deal of bottom cheek to the men behind her at the next table.

"I would really like to get my hands on some hot split buns.." he said in the sudden silence, and to emphasize his meaning and make sure the airheaded blonde got the gist of it, he reached around her as he said it and cupped her bottom cheek with his hand and wiggled it up and down as the patrons erupted in laughter and catcalls.

Jenny stood straight up immediately and reached around to bat his hand away and was blushing furiously, more than aware that she had no panties on and the man's hand had jiggled her bare cheek beneath the pantyhose and he most certainly knew that!

"I'm just teasin' you dollface' he sputtered out between guffaws 'you can bring me some scrambled eggs..".

He licked his lips with satisfaction as he memorized the feel of that luscious bottom in his hand.

Jenny, for her part, remained transfixed for a moment in her embarrassment and then realized she was supposed to write all this down and chewed her lower lip in concentration as she scribble their order on the order pad. She didn't make it away from the quartet without one parting shot, as one of the men seated at the table behind her managed to give her bum a pinch as she wiggled by.

This set the group laughing and whistling again as Jenny reacted so predictably, squeaking an "EEW!" and hopping up from the goose, her breasts and bottom jiggling.

She wiggled away with one hand behind her cupping her pinched fanny and with a blush creeping across her face and down her neck.

"My! The men around here sure don't control their hands very well!" thought Jenny as she went back behind the counter and tore off the order from the pad.

As she reached over and up to attach it to the metal wheel between the counter and the kitchen, her hem rose and afforded the trucker at the counter a wonderful look at those beautiful legs and and the bottom of her gorgeous fanny. He thought he might just sit here all day, and to hell with his deliveries!

Surprisingly, Jenny began to waitress with some proficiency despite the occasional comment and pat on the rump. She delivered the breakfasts, as well as a number of coffee refills, and was feeling like she was getting the hang of it as she trotted back and forth between her customers and the order wheel behind the counter.

She was still acutely aware of her lack of underwear however, and how uncomfortably short her uniform was, so to compensate she was being very careful about her hem, tugging it down as far as she could prior to any bending. And her steps, while rapid, were checked sufficiently so as to not allow a long stride from raising it as well. There was not much she could do about her breast exposure since her zipper was stuck at the base of her big, soft globes, but she tugged the sides together as best she could when she thought of it and hoped no one was looking too carefully at how transparent the uniform was, especially over the darkened area of her nipples. The material rubbing across their surface was stimulating them to prominence, however, and they were definitely being noticed despite her wishful thinking.

Gladys, the grumpy older waitress, had returned from her smoke break and was taking care of her customers. Jenny was left to filling the trucker's coffee cup and waiting for her first pair of customers to finish their meal. When they did, she scurried over to their table to clear the table.

And they waited for her to do it too! As she picked up their plates, with their cups and silverware balanced on each, she was rewarded with a unique tip from each of the leering men. As soon as they were sure that Jenny's hands were truly full and unable to fend anything off they began telling her what a great waitress she was, and how much they appreciated her service, and how they both wanted her to have a little extra something from them. And with that, they each reached over from either side of Jenny and tucked a fiver into the top of her uniform. Their double "tucking" from either side, of course, pulled her uniform in opposite directions!

POP!

Her breasts bounced out of their precarious enclosure with a wobble!

"OHMYGOD!" she shrieked as every eye in the place watched her beautiful bosom jiggle free.

Her hard, large nipples were pinkish red and swollen. A blush of embarrassment spread across her face and down to her chest as she looked around frantically, hopping from foot to foot. Not even thinking to just put the plates down and cover herself up, Jenny panicked and struck off at a wiggling trot toward the kitchen door, her heels clicking on the linoleum. She tried desperately to keep everything balanced as her bare breasts bounced around in front of her. The men were cheering and hooting as Jenny's boobs bobbed up and down with her every step and she mewled "oh! oh! oh! oh!.." as she wiggled that ample form across the restaurant with innocent sensuality. The cups and silverware were dancing on the plate surfaces from her shaky hand's trying to hold them still. Just as she was about to get safely to the swinging door, the trucker from the counter reached over and deftly pulled her skirt up to her waist in back!

The restaurant erupted in catcalls and and whistles. They all marveled at her lovely behind, barely covered in shear hosiery, jiggling up and down with the cadence of her step. So as Jenny lurched forward through the door to the kitchen all her voluptuous, bare roundness, both front and back, heaved up and down, unconfined. Her jiggling cheeks were cutely framed by the hitched up dress and the white bow of her apron sat atop them, as if her behind was a sexy, wrapped birthday present.

Jenny crashed through the door and skidded to a stop in her four inch heels, waving her arms to keep the plates balanced, and came face to face with the grinning cook. He couldn't believe his good fortune and licked his lips as his greedy gaze took in the blonde's huge bosom, naked and inviting. He offered to help her with the dishes, and stepped forward so as to stand directly in front of Jenny, his face inches away from her jutting boobs.

As he took the plates from her and quickly set them down, Jenny's hands flew down to the hem of her skirt to cover herself. Wasting no time, he began "helping" her stuff her breasts back in her uniform! Jenny looked down helplessly, as the man pulled out each side of her uniform with one hand and them used his other to squeeze and fondle each of her breasts in his effort to push them back in their enclosure. He managed to get some of them covered but made sure the nipples on either side were just peeking out, so that he could grab hold of each with his fingers and pinch them a little as he worked them under the material fabric.

"Ooooooooh! Dear me!" Jenny exclaimed as her eyes went wide as saucers and a flush of sensation cascaded over her body.

She quickly stepped back as soon as she could and covered her bosom with her hands, blushing furiously.

"You look like you could use a break Sweetheart, ..here, have seat and take a load off" the cook said and scooted a high stool her way.

He picked up the dishes and took them to the sink, dumping them in the frothy water, making short time of it however, as he didn't want to miss seeing this busty babe climb on to the stool in her short skirt.

And Jenny didn't disappoint him either, as she took a good minute getting up there. She tried in vain to hold down her skirt hem as she reached back and placed a hand on the back of the stool. Hooking a heel on the lower stool rung, she wiggled her hips and did little bounces to try and heave her cute behind up on the surface of the seat. Not having a great deal of success, but definitely jiggling her her breasts almost free from the uniform top, she finally succumbed to the inevitable, and hooked her heel on a higher rung and reached back with both hands behind her to grasp the seat. Her raised leg pulled the uniform up to her waist and it was a toss up what to look at first, her exposed pubic area beneath the nylon hose, or her dramatically bouncing breasts!

As she plopped her soft backside down on the seat she hooked her other heel on the top stool rung as well, which raised her knees higher than her waist. Those long, beautiful legs ended at the seat with the soft back of her thighs facing forward and her sex poking out between them, with nothing available to hide it even if Jenny had noticed, which she hadn't.

She held one hand to her her cleavage and yanked the front of her skirt as far forward as she could with the other. This caused the back of her uniform to pull up to the top of her buttocks in back and her nylonized buns hung off the back of the stool enticingly. She wiggled and jiggled on the seat in an attempt at modesty but it was a short lived performance.

Gladys came storming back in the kitchen and goosed Jenny's left cheek with her sharp pencil and screamed that she needed help out there because the lunch crowd was beginning to arrive. She added a few sarcastic comments about Jenny's lack of underwear and if she thought she might be able to keep herself tucked in from now on, and then left.

Jenny squeaked a cute "Ow!" and grabbed her poked behind, and then struggled to get off the stool without completely exposing herself to the hungry gaze of the cook. But by the time her feet reached the floor the stretchy pink uniform was bunched up under the short white apron in front and nothing impeded the view of her blonde bush except the sheer pantyhose. She knocked her knees together and crouched as she reached under the apron with both hands to retrieve the skirt hem, wide eyed and red-faced.

When she whirled around, away from the cook and towards the door to hide her condition,all she ended up doing was showing her rear end to him. He mumbled something about her having a great ass and gave her bum a quick slap, propelling her out the door to the restaurant, Jenny crying out a high pitched "OUCH!" from the spank and stumbling into view of the patrons clutching her buttocks with both hands, her almost bare breasts jutting forward.

The restaurant was beginning to fill up for lunch, and all the patrons were male working class types that thoroughly enjoyed watching the busty blonde in the skimpy pink uniform. Jenny tried to be polite and helpful in her innocent way, and was beginning to think that all the little pats on her rump were their way of showing appreciation for her efforts. She was oblivious to all the attention her boobs were getting and had no idea that all those requests for coffee from men directly on the opposite side of the tables from her were only to assure that she bent way over and hung those huge breast over the tables for everyone's inspection.

Her enormous bosom strained at the fabric and threatened to tumble out at each request, and more than a few patrons took that exact moment to reach for something in the table center and brush their hands against her protruding nipples and bulging breasts, Jenny taking it all as accidental.

Her constant bending and stretching over the tables so dramatically, had other effects as well. She often raised a beautiful leg up in back to compensate for a stretch and the curvy, nylon encased legs in the sexy black high heels were stunning to behold. But if that wasn't enough, her luscious round bottom invariable came into view as well as the stretchy pink uniform rose high on her backside. The soft, bulging cheeks in the sheer hosiery, exposed to all behind her, was too tempting a target for some.

She often ended up spilling some coffee and bolting upright with a "Ew!" as stray fingers pinched her bottom or grasping palms gave a cheek a quick squeeze. Jenny couldn't pass those off as being merely friendly, and invariably whirled around with a cute pout and look of consternation at the smirking men. But there was no way to tell which one had done it so she just "harumphed" and wiggled off, leaving a trail of whistles and laughter behind her.

Jenny's most perilous moments were just as before, when she had her hands full of dishes and couldn't protect herself. Then she would attempt to keep her plates balanced, wobbling around in high heels, often having to squeeze herself between tables and the men in them. Sometimes she would get help from her patrons, as they would grab hold of her hips on either side and "steady" her, but often those hands strayed and caressed those silky legs on up her skirt. On those occasions she became even more wobbly as she squirmed and wiggled and pressed her legs together tightly to resist their fondlings.

Her breasts were not immune to these incidents as well, and more than a few times a nipple was

tweaked or one or another of those luscious globes were cupped and squeezed. Her protestations were adorably cute and predictable, as she cooed or squeaked an "Oh!",or "Ouch!", and blushed dramatically, while all her abundant womanly attributes jiggled and jumped in reaction.

And the tips were incredible, if sometimes offered in an unconventional way. Quite a few fingers were treated to the touch of her soft, creamy breasts as they managed to deposit bills down her blouse front. And if a finger strayed over an erect nipple it was to be expected, as they were so prominent and stiff from all the stimulation she was receiving they begged for it. On a couple occasions the more adventurous patrons managed to wait until Jenny's hands were full of plates and they actually got a tip deposited in the waist band of her pantyhose in back.

This, of course, had the effect of raising her uniform skirt to the top of her cute, round bottom and required her to try and get all the way to the kitchen, often being patted and pinched on the way, to finally be able to pull her skirt down (with the cook's help, as you can well imagine!).

This didn't go unnoticed by Gladys and she was making sure Jenny put all these monies in the tip can in the kitchen. But all the attention she was getting was still unnerving to the woman, and she became miffed as more and more patrons actually requested Jenny serve them rather than her.

It was these events that led up to Gladys deciding to get rid of the blonde bimbo. The opportunity presented itself when she noticed a single dangling thread at the back hem of Jenny's skirt. Previously Jenny had tried to scoot past the lecherous cook in the kitchen and in doing so she managed to snag the hem right at the seam that ran up the back of her uniform. And now, as she was pouring coffee at the counter, Gladys noticed it and thought she might be "helpful" and pull that loose thread. But as she did she found that it just got longer, and seemed to be the main seam thread that ran up the back of the bimbo's uniform.

So in a flash of inspiration she tied it to her pencil in a few deft twirls, giggling to herself. She then

offered the pencil to Jenny, putting it in the front pocket of the blonde's apron, saying something about not having time to find a sharp one when you were in a rush. Jenny thanked her and went about her business filling the cups of the counter customers.

As events played out during the lunch rush hour, the Blue Plate restaurant became more crowded than it had ever been. This might have had something to do with the citizen band radio traffic between the truck drivers that departed and the ones on the road near the diner, who were regaled enthusiastically with a description of the gorgeous blonde waitress and her heavenly knockers. Whatever the cause, every seat and stool was taken, and even available standing room had men sipping coffee and watching Jenny maneuver through the throng.

It became a little unnerving to her that her every wiggle, bend, and stretch was followed by raucous hoots and whistles, but she was more concerned with avoiding the gropes and pinches to be too concerned.

When she returned to the crowded restaurant floor after receiving her "gift" from Gladys,she knew she had a table to wait on that was the furthest away from the counter entrance and kitchen door. So she took a big deep breath and adjusted her uniform as best she could, tugging up and down on various parts to cover the maximum about of exposed flesh. As an added precaution she wisely cupped her rear end to ward off any grabs on her way through the crowd. She looked adorable doing this, clicking by in her heels with her chest thrust out and her arms pulled back behind her, her breasts bouncing to the rhythm of her steps. It was due to that posture, however, that led to inevitable for Jenny on her way there.

In the middle of the restaurant, her increasingly strained zippered end at the bottom of her cleavage clicked and lost it's ability to hold together, and the zipper opened up with an audible "ZZZZRRRRIIIIIP!", whipping down to it's beginning point somewhere beneath her little frilly white apron.

"OH NO! OH DEAR ME! NOT AGAIN!"screamed Jenny as her bountiful bosom once again popped out from it's confines.

With her arms behind she had very little control over the shake and wobble of her enormous breast as they slowly bounced to a stop after their dramatic and appreciated exit. The restaurant came alive with laughter and cheers, as every man near her crowded closer still, pressing up against her with their eyes aglow and their mouths salivating.

Jenny quickly grabbed either side of her agape uniform and pulled it together, holding it tightly to her with one hand and returned the other to her backside for protection there, squeezing her way the best she could through the crowd of men. She was flustered and bright red from embarrassment but made it to the table she was headed for after brushing her voluptuous body against a dozen men.

While holding her uniform together with one hand in front, and doing an admirable job of covering up at least a small part of her breasts, she got her order pad out of her apron pocket with her other hand. Then she briefly let go of the front of her separated uniform as she shifted the pad to that hand and pressed it close up against her bulging breasts. She was trying to hold the two uniform sides together, and, hopefully, cover a little more of all that soft, creamy skin that was erupting from the uniform in a number of places

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It actually got a little quieter as everyone’s attention was focused on Jenny's uniform front, and all minds were hoping she would lose the battle of trying to keep it closed.

" So, what would you like?" Jenny innocently said as she reached for the pencil in her pocket.

I know what you're thinking, you think that Jenny grabbed the pencil with the thread from the back seam of her uniform. Well, you're partially right. What Jenny did was fumble one-handed for a pencil and managed to pull both pencils out of her pocket and then drop the threaded one back in and bring up her original pencil to the pad to take the orders with. But the pencil with the thread didn't make it back in Jenny's pocket.

Bad aim I guess. And no, it didn't clatter to the floor, the thread wouldn't have let it anyway. No, it fell errantly in the lap of the customer to her right. The man noticed and picked it up to return it to her, but no words came out as he held it aloft, his attention being riveted to the stacked blonde's boobs. He was as interested in seeing if she could keep those beautiful breasts contained as everyone else in the restaurant.

So Jenny took the orders of the seated men and kept the order pad to her chest simultaneously holding a handful of uniform from either side of her breasts. As she departed she kept that hand where it was, to everyone's consternation, and even wrapped her other arm around her chest. She was determined to get back to the kitchen bathroom without exposing her breasts again.

And then it happened.

The man holding the pencil first noticed the resistance as Jenny whirled around to leave. He quickly figured out that the pencil he was holding was attached to the gorgeous waitress' uniform right at the base of her cute rear end, which he had his eyes glued to anyway. And he and the other very observant men couldn't help but notice as well that, as Jenny squirmed her way through the men standing near her, the taunt thread was pulling out further and unraveling the seam that went directly up the center of her bottom. The further she wiggled away the higher the unraveling went, and the tight stretchy pink uniform began separating up the back.

At first only a couple inches of nylon covered cheek and her crack began to show in the upside down "V" of absent material behind Jenny. This was primarily because her passage was not very swift as the men crowded in front of her in hopes of her boobs busting out again. But a whispered communication in the direction of Jenny's progress soon changed things.

Jenny's expression changed dramatically from one of worry to surprise as the men parted in front of her and gave her a long aisle in which to walk back. She actually stopped, she was so surprised, and glanced around a little, confused but grateful.

"Well thank you!" Jenny bubbled to the men as they watched her intently.

The seam had split and her uniform had spread apart up to the middle of her bottom. There was an audible intake of breath from the grinning, silent men as she took a step forward.

She had a cute smile on her face now, and although she was still grasping material and trying to cover her chest she was completely oblivious to the goings on behind her. As she bounced ahead in her trademark jiggly walk the thread became taunt and rose up her back, unraveling the seam and exposing her entire bottom covered in the sheer pantyhose.

The dark seam of the pantyhose came out from between her cheeks where her crack ceased and continued to the waistband. The, apparently, quite sturdy nylon thread continued it's progress up and under the cute white bow of her apron, and ran on up her back to the top of her uniform.

When Jenny's wiggling, round rump came into view a piercing wolf whistle rang through the restaurant and the men erupted in a cheer, laughing and hooting and jostling each other for a clear view. Jenny jumped with a start when this happened and picked up her pace towards the kitchen door, not knowing what an impressive view she was offering.

Jenny did notice one thing different during all this commotion, she noticed that she was more than able to bring the front of her uniform together. In fact, the material was slack and pulling easily forward. As she looked down confused she absent mindedly pulled it forward and away from her body and her short sleeves on either side came off her shoulders and slid down her arms. She was inadvertently stripping herself as her breasts and perky nipples came into view again.

Even one so slow on the uptake as Jenny could figure out that if so much material was showing up in front she must be losing some elsewhere, and she turned her head and looked over her shoulder.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!" she screamed and twirled, instinctively reaching back with her hands

to cover her exposed behind.

The front of her uniform fell down to her waist when she did this and she shrieked again and pulled her hands up to hide her breasts, pulling her arms free of the uniform completely. She reacted to that by holding one arm across her chest and reaching down to grab the uniform flopped over her apron. And as she pulled it up to cover her boobs she pulled it out from the apron in front so that now it was just a wad of pink material she held to her chest!

"Ouch!" Jenny chirped, as she felt her fleshy bottom get pinched from behind.

She gave a little hop and turned around to face the pincher, her hands instinctively cupping her offended rump and a cute pout on her face. This brought enthusiastic hoots and catcalls from the crowd because she ended up dropping her uniform and was essentially standing there naked in sheer pantyhose and a small, white apron in sexy, 4-inch black heels, holding her delicious bottom, with her enormous breasts thrust out!

The men could barely contain themselves, and more than a few were holding themselves, bug-eyed and slacked jawed. Not all were idle, however, as an arm stretched out from the crowd with a pointed index finger and tweaked Jenny's erect left nipple, which popped back up in it's rigidity, pink and stiff.

"Oooooooo!" she cooed and brought her hands up to cup her breasts and hide her nipples in her palms.

She turned bright red from embarrassment and whirled around in a circle with a panicked look on her face, giving the entire group ample views of her gorgeous body from all angles. She finally realized she should look for her uniform, but glancing down was impossible for Jenny, her breasts were just too large and prominent to allow that.

So she did what she could to see the ground, which was to bend at the waist. And it was outstanding to see. She still held her breasts in her cupped hands but her cleavage was magnificent and her round, creamy globes were barely hidden from view. And, of course, her long curvy legs in the hose were sexy as hell, especially in those heels. But her upturned bottom, encased in sheer nylon, was just too enticing. Her two perfectly round rump cheeks seemed poised in midair, topped off by a cute white bow. Her pretty pink labia were just peeking out from between her legs, slightly visible beneath the beige nylon.

It was inevitable I guess, but it certainly caught Jenny by surprise, that one of the men behind her would grab her bottom. And he did so by first grasping the waistband of her pantyhose and pulling them down to just below her cheeks. And then using both hands he squeezed each cheek and vigorously moved them up and down alternately in a kind of circular motion. They moved as firm, white balls smooth skin and felt fantastic in his hands for the few seconds it took Jenny to bolt upright and throw her hands in the air, jumping out of his grasp and sending her breasts skyward. They bounced on her chest with a life of their own, and didn't stop as she pranced away in her high heels.

She squeaked and squealed as her smooth bare bottom received a number of pats and squeezes down the aisle. She was too quick for a lot of fellows though, but not the burly trucker at the counter, who had been there since Jenny's arrival that morning. He scooped a big hand around as she wiggled past toward the kitchen door, and gave her naked, wiggling rump a quick slap! She lurched upward and gave a high pitched squeak, as her bosom bounced with her now pink behind, in a lovely jiggle that was the parting view to the cheering patrons as Jenny bounded through the swinging door.

Jenny ran straight for the bathroom to retrieve her clothes, trying in vain to hide her genitalia and breasts, but had given up on her cute, pink bum. And squeezing by the cook this time was even more difficult, as there was just too much bare flesh and not enough space. Of course he made it twice as difficult as before and helped her along with his guiding hands, holding a breast here and a buttock there, until she finally got by him.

But all she found in the bathroom was her purse, which she grabbed and ran with. She held her purse over her blonde pubes, and used her other hand to try and cover her bare bottom this time by the cook, so he just took the opportunity that presented itself and cupped his hands as best he could around her bulging breasts as she wiggled and shimmied by him. He smiled at her in a way that left no doubt in her mind that she would never see this morning's wardrobe again.

Jenny lost the last stitch of opaque clothing she had on her way through the restaurant to the entrance. Gladys made sure of that as she screeched at the bouncing naked blonde that she wasn't going to be stealing any aprons from her, and grabbed at the bow sitting atop Jenny's bare pink bottom. It came untied and whipped off Jenny, hanging from the old waitress' hand, and Jenny squealed in embarrassment.

So finally the adorable blonde with the bubble boobs made it out of the Blue Plate restaurant, when she had exposed her beautiful body to scores of horny men, and had been fondled briefly and been almost stripped completely. They piled out after her to watch her wiggling progress across the uneven parking lot surface in her sexy, black high heels.

She was trying to cover her pubic area with her purse but often had to pull it away as she waved her arm around to balance herself from falling as she wobbled off. That exposed her crotch and her blonde pubic hairs, that shone in the bright sunlight where they peeked over the top of her pantyhose waistband that lay pulled down to the top of her thighs in front and just below her bottom cheeks in back. Her sometimes free arm was totally inadequate at hiding her 38 DD chest, which bounced enthusiastically in front of her, with proud, erect pink nipples pointing the way.

Her long, beautiful legs were dazzling in their entire view, and were incredibly cute when she knocked her knees together and pointed her toes inward in an embarrassed posture, attempting to hide her sex from the lustful stares around her. Her shapely bare bottom cheeks in full sunlight, exposed above the pantyhose, galvanized all eyes occasionally, however, as they jiggled and shook with the sway of her hips and the bounce of her step.

It wasn't easy making her way to her car across the unpaved ground in her heels and she was moving as fast as she could but was acutely aware of her whistling, hooting audience and her face was brightly flushed and she was chanting "0hmygod!"s continually between the occasional squeak when she felt herself tripping and about to fall.

Jenny didn't fall though and made it to her car door and fumbled with her keys purse to find her car keys for what seemed likes hours to her, while she hopped from foot to foot in agitation, whispering

"oh..oh..oh..oh!" as the restaurant patrons cheered. Her bouncing rear and wobbling breasts were deliciously active with all that hopping, and she was getting more and more flustered and embarrassed as she heard the men behind her cheering and clapping her performance.

Of course she dropped her keys. She IS Jenny, after all. And her innocently deep bend to retrieve them was a fantastic mooning to the audience behind her, and the ultimate parting shot. It was greeted with a thunderous cheer of approval which caused Jenny to look back over her shoulder when she straightened up with an adorable look of embarrassed surprise, and a blush seemed to creep all the way down to suffuse her bare round bottom.

She turned her attention back to hurriedly opening her car door and slid into the front seat, giving the men approaching her car a great last view of her bouncing bosom as she gave out an "Eek!" and popped up off the seat momentarily as she felt the heat of the upholstery on her bare backside. She got her car started after repeatedly trying and grinding the ignition as her car was surrounded by her enthusiastic followers, and she squirmed and jiggled in her seat as she felt their eyes running over her beautiful naked body. She eased out of the parking lot for fear of running one of them over as they were all around her car and made her escape difficult.

Jenny sighed heavily and slumped down in her seat as far as she could one she was on the road back to her house, vowing to never take another job where a man was present again. Then a shudder rippled through her and jiggled her breasts again, as she thought of just HOW she was going to get in her house and past her neighbors (especially one in particular) in her present nakedness.

"Oh my god!" she whispered to herself.

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**Jenny Gets Wet by Mustang Diamond**

Jenny was all dolled up in white tight fitting dress and matching thin high-heels. Ordinarily, she wouldn’t have worn such a risqué outfit, but she was meeting her husband at a special business affair and he asked her—too nicely to refuse—to wear something “spectacular.” He said he wanted to make a good impression and that a big deal depended on it. So, after trying in vain to find something in her wardrobe that would fit the spectacular category, she resorted to calling her friend Ashley to ask her if she could please borrow a dress for tonight.

Ashley immediately started scheming to get her bubbly-blonde-bombshell of a friend into the most daring outfit possible. With a little luck (or bad luck for Jenny) she might be able to set her up for some embarrassing fun. This, if you are a follower of Jenny’s misadventures, did not seem too far fetched. She could usually talk Jenny into wearing the most troublesome outfits. She told Jenny she had just the ticket and that she would be right over with it. Jenny was a little unsure, and asked her what she had in mind.

“Never mind, it’s the most perfect dress for a business occasion,” Ashley replied and hung up before she could argue.

She then pulled out a white, formal dress that was tight on her and she knew Jenny would have trouble getting her CC bust into it, but she would make sure she did. With a pair of scissors, Ashley cut a few stitches in strategic locations. She hoped the dress would slowly rip its seams so that Jenny wouldn’t suspect anything. She was careful not to cut too much so it didn’t show.

She then picked out a set of skimpy panties, garter and hose, all in white. She also brought along a lacy bra that would provide no support, but wouldn’t show under the tight bodice of the dress. Might as well get Jenny caught showing something worth looking at, she thought.

She smiled as she planned her strategy for talking Jenny into this outfit. She was about to leave when she remembered that Jenny wore the same size shoes as she, and so she grabbed her tallest white heels. Jenny will never know what hit her, she thought.

At Jenny’s, Ashley laid out the outfit on the bed talking the whole time about how wonderful Jenny would look.

Knowing Jenny would never dress in front of anyone, she said, “I’ll be in the kitchen if you need anything.”

Jenny was now running late and had no choice but to start dressing as quickly as she could. She put on the undergarments first, but when she got to the bra, she said out loud, “Oh no. This will never do. I’ll have to find one of my own to match.”

So she picked out one of her least troublesome and sturdy bras and put it on. Next came the dress. I sure hope I can fit into Ashley’s dress, she thought. But as she pulled it up and tried to zip up the back, she couldn’t get it to go to the top. Part of the problem was that it was in the back and she could hardly reach it, but the more obvious reason was that the dress was a good size too small.

“Ashley,” she called. “I need help with the zipper.”

“Be right there.” Ashley replied and came running to see how Jenny looked.

As usual, Ashley was stunned and jealous of Jenny’s perfect curves. Why does she look so good in everything, she thought. But she fought back the jealousy and started working on the zipper. She noticed her bra on the bed and figured Jenny was wearing on of her own.

“I think part of the problem is the bra you have on. Oh, you didn’t put on the one I brought. This one makes the dress all lumpy and is too thick to get the zipper past,” she lied smoothly.

Jenny, gullible as always, believed her and said, “but that one has no support and is practically indecent it’s so sheer!”

“Nonsense,” Ashley responded, I wear it all the time.

Not wanting to point out the fact that she was much more well-endowed, than her friend, Jenny said, “All right. If you think it will work.” And went about modestly changing with her back to Ashley.

When she had made the switch, Ashley carefully pulled up the zipper so she wouldn’t break any of the weakened seams.

“Goodness, I can hardly breathe.” Jenny gasped.

“You look sensational.” What was the word… “‘spectacular’,” she said.

“Really?” Jenny naively asked.

She was the kind of girl who just didn’t realize what a knockout she was.

“Really,” Ashley repeated, swallowing her pride. “Now the shoes.”

“I can’t wear heels that high!” Jenny exclaimed.

They were a good 4 inches and had straps that wound around in a crisscross pattern. The heels were very slim and she knew she wouldn’t be able to get around in them.

“Nonsense, I wear them all the time.” Ashley said.

Again, Jenny went along with her friends opinion and let her help put them on.

Arriving fashionably late (actually it seems she was always late), Jenny had to park in the second lot. And it was an all gravel lot at that.

She couldn’t even find a place to park near the paved sidewalk. She slid out of her car and smoothed her dress down with one hand while balancing with the other one on the car. Now she had to decide whether to struggle across the gravel lot in her high-heels (it was hard enough to stand in them) or cut across the grass to the other parking lot, which was paved. Both distances seemed too far.

As she started across the parking lot, she nearly fell and decided to try the grass. A fall on the gravel would ruin her hose at least. She didn’t even want to think about ripping a seam.

All dolled up in the white tight-fitting dress and matching thin high-heels, Jenny had to walk on her tiptoes on the grass to keep her heels from sinking. This wasn’t easy in Ashley’s 4” high-heeled shoes. At least they had a strap that wrapped around her ankle, or she might not have been able to keep them on her feet. It seemed to her that she would never make it to the party at the pace she was going. The dress was so tight, she had to take very small steps. Add to that, the high-heels and the grass, and her pace was nearly a crawl.

Don’t even think about crawling, Jenny chided herself. But she couldn’t help it. There was just too much time to kill as she painstakingly made her way across the lawn. She could just see herself having to crawl in this dress! She blushed at the thought of everyone watching her crawling with her dress hitched up around her waist so she could move her legs freely. The scary thing was that she could easily imagine such a predicament. She remembered how sheer Ashley’s panties were and she cringed, and had to stop for a break so she wouldn’t fall.

“What am I thinking?” she asked aloud. “There is no one even watching me for once!”

But she looked around just in case before starting out again, mincing along carefully.

Half way across the grass, the unthinkable happened: The irrigation system kicked on.

She was getting wet! At first she didn’t know what to do. She looked both ways and realized she might as well go forward since it was just as far to go back. She tried to run, but the tight dress and high-heels made it practically impossible. A couple of times she nearly lost her balance as her heel stuck in the ground. With the noise of the sprinklers all around her, Jenny didn’t hear the tell tale sounds of her seams beginning to give way. She thought about taking her shoes off, but it would take some doing to undo the straps. She wasn’t keen on bending over in her tight dress. With Jenny’s luck, she would rip right out of her dress and somehow end up naked! Besides that, her stockings would be ruined running through the now wet grass.

By the time she had shuffled off the grass, the white dress was so wet it was virtually transparent. She looked at herself and realized her predicament. Self-consciously, she crossed her arms over her breasts. There was no way she could go into the party all wet—and indecent.

Afraid someone would see her, Jenny decided to make her way back to her car. With the sprinklers going, she had to walk the long way around. At least she had the paved sidewalk on this side of the lawn, she thought. Her shoes made squishing noises that were louder that the clicking of her heels on the pavement. Thoroughly soaked, her clothing started to tug with the weight of gravity. She stopped to check and straighten herself out now and then, not wanting to lose any of her thin modesty. By this time, she was shivering in the night air and was very unsteady on her high-heels. Her nipples were threatening to poke through the thin bra and dress.

As she looked at her self, during one of her stops to make sure she was still covered, she was appalled to see that the deep-v of the bodice was getting deeper. And, one of her nipples had escaped the inadequate bra and was peeking out. No wonder she was cold, she thought. She tucked her breasts back into the bra and tried to pull the dress up to cover the now see-through bra. It was no use, the material was stretched out and would not stay up by itself.

My only chance is to hurry to my car, Jenny thought, before someone comes along and sees me. She knew the only way to hurry in this dress was to hitch it up so she didn’t have to take such small steps. Looking around and seeing no one, she steeled herself and worked the tight dress up along her legs. This actually had the effect of lessening the exposure of her breasts and she felt a little lucky. So she tugged a little more and got the dress up high enough to free her legs. Never mind that this left the tops of her shinny wet hosiery and garters exposed.

“No one will see me if I hurry.” She said to no one and started trotting down the sidewalk, heels clicking and boobs bouncing. “Ouch,” she cried.

She forgot that the bra gave her no support. She let go of her dress with one hand and tried as best as she could to support her bouncing breasts with one arm across her chest. She made it to the end of the sidewalk and stopped at the gravel lot.

She still had to cross the gravel lot to get to her car. She stopped at the edge to appraise her situation. Since no one was around, she decided to keep her dress hitched up. She would try to hurry across the lot to get to her car before anyone noticed. As she started across the gravel, she heard some people leaving the party. I can’t be so late that people are leaving already, she thought.

Without thinking too hard, she stopped and tugged her dress down. She certainly didn’t want to make a spectacle of herself in front of her husbands business associates. But, that meant she had to get out of sight and to her car. She stumbled along walking away from the people who just left the party. Hopefully, they parked in the first lot, she thought. She was aware again of her nipples sliding out of her bra and realized they were also showing above the drooping dress. She stumbled as she tried to pull the dress up to cover herself and thought she better not worry about her nipples if she didn’t want to fall. She was heading away from the crowd at least.

At the car, finally, she quickly opened the door and slid into the drivers seat. Maybe if I run the heater, I can dry out my clothes and still make the party. Jenny really hated to disappoint her husband. So she started the car and ran the heater on high. The only way to dry out the dress quickly was to take it off and drape it over the heater vents. Here we go again, Jenny thought, getting undressed in public. But it was dark out and no one seemed to be around so she unzipped the dress (now easier since it was stretched out) and worked it down her body and then her legs.

Jenny spread the wet dress across the dash vents to dry. Sitting on the leather seats she realized that her undergarments were wet too, but there wasn’t room on the dash to dry them. As she sat waiting for her dress to dry, people were arriving late and leaving early. She sat low in her seat and hoped for the best.

Finally, the dress was dry enough to wear. But, she was sitting in a puddle on the leather seats. Jenny figured she should remove her wet underwear and move over to the passenger seat to put on the dress. Now naked she made the move when no one was around. The dress went on tight and was scratchy from drying. Without her undergarments, this made her even more aware of her state of undress. No matter how hard she fought the zipper, it just would not go up all the way. She decided to find her husband and get him to help finish zipping her up. When she reached for her shoes, she felt the familiar tightness from the dress that often preceded a ripping of the seams. Carefully, she unzipped the dress and put on the shoes. She then re-zipped the dress as far as she could and got out of the car. She closed the door so she could use the rearview mirror to see how she looked.

Standing, she looked in the mirror and at the same time she saw her reflection, she turned bright red with embarrassment for her lack of modesty and she realized that she had just locked her keys in the car since they were still in the ignition and the car was still running. Now she had no choice but to find her husband and get him to help her out of her situation.

The dress had shrunk in all directions. It was now stretched tight over all of Jenny’s curves, exaggerating and highlighting them. The hem that had originally been below Jenny’s lovely knees was now several inches above them. But, since it had shrunk even tighter than before, the dress made walking even more difficult. With the zipper half undone, Jenny’s CCs looked as if they might fall out of the plunging, low-cut v-neck.

Jenny once again started across the gravel the long way around the lawn with the sprinklers still going. As she moved along, her unsupported breasts pulled at the dress and slowly worked the zipper down her back. She had to stop frequently to tug the dress up and re-do the zipper as much as she could. Almost to the pavement, she hurried a little too much and stumbled in the gravel. Fortunately for Jenny, she was able to catch herself or she might have torn the dress or cut up her luscious legs. (Although regular readers might encourage the ripping of the dress, we certainly can’t condone damaging the merchandise).

The dress, however, couldn’t handle the stress of her bouncing unrestrained breasts during her near fall. That, combined with the zipper being a little too low, resulted in a rather spectacular spilling of her naked breasts over the top of her dress. After recovering, Jenny had to lower her zipper some more to tuck herself back into the dress and then re-zip. Jenny was wishing she had remembered her trench coat. For all the trouble she’d had with it, at least she would be warm.

Back on the pavement, she made her way to the door without mishap. Checking her zipper once again, she opened the door and entered the party to look for her husband.

One glance at the newcomer, Jenny, made it very apparent she wasn’t wearing a bra under her very tight dress. Most people at the party couldn’t take just one glance. Speculation and rumors started immediately. Many had heard of Jenny as the bubbly blonde who couldn’t keep her clothes on, and were realizing she was on her way once again for potential public humiliation. Jenny’s husband got plenty of glances too, but of envy not lust.

Jenny saw her husband across the room and tried to walk over to him without drawing attention to herself. She knew from experience that the only thing worse than loosing ones clothing in public was doing it at the center of attention. Now if she could only figure out one half of that equation, she might be okay. As you can imagine, she was not successful.

“You have to help me zip up this dress, Dear.” She said softly to her husband. “And I locked my keys in the car, too.” She added.

Being somewhat of an experienced voyeur of Jenny’s public exhibitions, he quickly replied, “Sure. Lets to out in the hall and see about that zipper.”

Following his wife, he could see how stretched the dress was across her round rear end. The unusually high heels his wife was wearing did amazing things to that rear end as she walked with short steps as quickly as she could to get out of sight of the party. The half closed zipper was below the point at which a bra strap would show, confirming the obvious lack of one. As he traded glances between Jenny’s undulating rear and the half closed zipper, he thought it was moving down as she hurried along. It was hard to be sure, since he couldn’t keep his eyes on it and appreciate her walk

at the same time.

He let her get a little farther ahead so he could check out her new heels. It was at that point that he realized she had no stockings on her smooth legs. This was unusual for Jenny, he though and couldn’t wait to hear how she came to be dressed as she was now. He could never persuade her to dress in such a manner, even though he remembered asking her to wear something “spectacular.” He made a point to be sure to enjoy it.

In the hall and around the corner, he got bits and pieces of what had happened to Jenny on her way to the party. She was very sorry for being late.

“So you’re not wearing anything under that dress?”

He asked her, partly to savor the thought and partly to increase her embarrassment. It worked, she blushed even deeper and her back even turned pink.

Maybe too well he thought as she replied in a hopeful voice, “No, you can’t tell?”

Taking the cue, he said, “Of course not.” And added in a reassuring husbandly way: “As long as you keep your dress on, no one will know. Now breath in so I can get this zipper up.”

Somehow, being very determined, he got the zipper up. He heard Jenny gasp as it went up.

“Perfect,” he said. “Now lets get on with the party.”

Afraid of busting the zipper, Jenny didn’t say anything. She tried not to breath very deeply. Besides she did not want to disappoint her husband.

He knew she wouldn’t disappoint him. It was only a matter of time until the dress burst. Again he guided her forward and followed her into the party. “Spectacular” did not go far enough, he decided. Jenny looked like a comic strip heroine, ready to burst out of her too-tight dress. One false move, and it would be all over.

Jenny was so self-absorbed, that she forgot about her car still running with her underwear lying about in plain view. At least she was decent, she thought.

Back in the ballroom, Jenny was introduced to some of her husband’s friends. Jenny thought they were paying her too much attention and hoped she didn’t look as uncomfortable as she felt. Someone got her a drink which made her start to calm down. A group of friends asked them to sit down and Jenny started to panic—she wasn’t sure her dress would handle the stress with the zipper done up as tight as it was. She tried to signal her husband with her eyes, hoping he would refuse.

Jenny’s husband recognized the panic in her eyes, because he had seen it many times. But, he quickly averted his glance and gallantly pulled out a chair for her saying, “Sure, we’d love to chat a bit.”

Ordinarily, being a very modest girl, Jenny would have tried to hold the hem of her skirt down as she sat. But, this dress was so tight she knew it would do no good. And, she needed both hands to ease her into the seat as slowly as possible to prevent a disastrous rip. As she lowered herself, her husband slid the chair in under her. Her dress, strained and stretched tight, rode up her thighs. Jenny knew the guy across from her got a good shot up her dress, even though she kept her knees together, because his eyes were wide with the realization. Embarrassed, Jenny tried to give the hem a tug, but there just wasn’t anymore material available. She scooted her legs under the table, temporarily regaining her modesty.

Somehow, Jenny’s drink remained filled and she ended up drinking quite a bit more that she should have. After two or three, she lost track. Until she had to pee.

She leaned toward her husband at a discrete moment and whispered, “I’ll be right back, I have to find a Ladies Room.”

“Everything okay?” He asked her, hoping that somehow her dress was giving her trouble.

“Fine. I just have to pee.” She whispered.

Somewhat disappointed her replied, “Okay. Hurry back.”

Jenny was careful getting up not to repeat flashing anyone, but she was thinking, I can’t possibly hurry in this dress. Standing, she took a moment to tug her hem down as far as it would go, then started off to find a Ladies Room. All eyes watched her move across the room, and she was glad to be in the hall out of sight.

Finding the Ladies Room was no trouble. But, she soon realized the dress was too tight to work up over her hips to pee. Jenny didn’t dare unzip the zipper, because she knew she wouldn’t be able to do it up again. The last thing she wanted to do was walk through the party with her zipper half undone. Once was enough.

So she tugged at her skirt hem until she heard it rip. Oh no! She thought. But the damage was done and she really had to pee. She worked herself over the toilet, squatted, aimed and hoped for the best. Relieved, she pulled her dress down and went out to look in a mirror to assess the rip. The seam, being in the back, was hard to see. She felt it and afraid it had ripped up high enough to cause her some trouble keeping herself covered. In fact, it had ripped to the first point Ashley had left intact—above where her stocking tops would have been. Ashley figured she would be showing a little garter now and then as she moved about, but she hadn’t counted on the shrinkage. This left the rip just below her ass cheeks.

Then someone started to open the door and Jenny decided to just pretend it didn’t happen. Being intoxicated, she actually forgot about it.

Jenny didn’t even notice that it was a lot easier to walk, because although she could take longer strides, the high-heels were still unfamiliar to her. So she still took small steps.

Back in the main room of the party, people continued to watch her, but like a new hair cut, the ripped seam was hard to notice. They just had a more “spectacular” view. Half way across the room, the alcohol caught up with Jenny.

Her husband, and many of the guests, saw her miss a step with her incredibly high-heels. One heel caught on the carpet, throwing her forward off balance. She tried to catch herself from falling by quickly stepping forward with her other foot. As she did, the back seam of her dress ripped the rest of the way up to her waist—the narrowest part of Jenny. The tug of the material kept Jenny off balance and she fell down, catching herself with outstretched hands. Realizing her rear end was exposed, Jenny quickly rolled over into a sitting position on the floor.

By this time, a small crowd had formed around Jenny. More to see what else she might display than for real concern, they all seemed anxious to help her up. Wearing heels, there is no easy way to get up off the floor. Jenny realized she had to either roll over on her hands and knees to get up on her own, or let someone help her up. She visualized the display of her rear end and was disturbed by the similarity of her previous thoughts of crawling in front of these people.

Not anxious to repeat that, she quickly ruled it out. Trouble was she found herself letting some strange man take her hands to pull her onto her feet. Already embarrassed, she tried desperately to keep her knees together. But, as she he pulled the only way to get her feet under her was to bend her knees. The high heels kept her from getting her feet flat in front of her and with her skirt split up the back, half the room had a good view of her struggling to get up.

In order to quicken the process, Jenny had to spread her knees to get her feet under her. Several groans went up throughout the crowd of onlookers, and the guy pulling her to her feet lost his strength and set her down on her butt again.

By this time Jenny was too embarrassed to see her husband come to her rescue. He picked her up and led her out of the party with her hands on her naked rear.

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**Jenny: The Beginning by Greatness (with a little help from lcdrjmc)**

Jenny's husband watched his beautiful wife and smiled as she picked up a bowling ball. He was a lucky man to have found someone like her. She was the prettiest woman he'd ever seen, and she was his.

He did love his wife. It's just that he had this weird obsession. He didn't even know when it really started. He began to think back, and his smile grew wider. His mind drifted into a pleasant reverie of the past.

Maybe it was that cheerleader he once saw when he was in high school doing her cheers. As she jumped up and down, her panties fell to the ground. She blushed and ran crying from the gym. Or was it that time when he was at the beach? A girl woke up from a nap, and someone must have pulled the string on her bikini top, because when she sat up she left her top on her beach towel. The girl sat there looking around the beach for a good five minutes, smiling and waving at everyone that was smiling as waving at her, not even realizing she was topless. A small boy ruined the fun when he walked over and asked her why she was topless. The look on her face was priceless when she finally comprehended what had happened.

Whenever it happened, he loved seeing women losing their clothing while they were in public; yet, he never had any intention on exposing Jenny. She was his wife, after all. But that all changed one day, after they'd visited a local carnival.

After leaving the haunted house, they walked over a row of air jets hidden under the exit ramp of the ride. As Jenny walked over the ramp, the ride attendant pushed a button. Air shot up and blew Jenny's skirt up around her waist. The sight hypnotized him, as he watched her trying to keep her dress down and get away from the air jets. But with each step Jenny just ended up over the next one. The sight of her desperately trying to hold her dress down was quite erotic.

"Marilyn Monroe, eat your heart out!" he thought, smiling at Jenny's seductive little dance.

For weeks after that all he could think about was the look on her face, and on all the faces of the people who saw her, with her skirt fluttering up around her waist and showing off a pink pair of panties. The way it looked was driving him crazy. He had to have more, so he decided that he'd try to expose Jenny in her bra to someone, somehow. It was another week before he thought of the perfect plan.

They were cleaning out the garage on Saturday. He knew Jenny hated getting her good clothes dirty, so she'd wear this old shirt she always wore when she did jobs around the house. It must have been ten years old. She had instantly fallen in love with it years ago, and couldn't bear to throw it away, despite the way it looked and fit now. All the colors had faded, and it was even a little tight around Jenny's lovely chest. Jenny would never have worn it out anywhere for anyone to see her in it, especially because of the way it hugged her tits. Jenny hated men staring at her breasts, and in that shirt that was all they would do.

So that night while Jenny slept, he carefully went to work on it. He loosened a seam here and there. He even cut every button off, then sewed them back on with only a few strands of light thread to hold them on. When he was finished, he looked at his handy work. He hoped Jenny wouldn't notice the changes, and that it would hold together long enough to get her into the garage and in front of the next door neighbor, Jack, whom he always invited over for a morning cup of coffee.

He woke early and found Jenny already up, so he dressed quickly and went looking for his lovely wife. He found Jenny already in the garage cleaning up, wearing exactly what he'd hoped she'd wear. He got an even more pleasant surprise when he saw she was wearing a pair of shorts. They weren't that short, (Jenny would never wear short shorts. "Sigh.") But with Jenny's legs, it was enough to send dirty thoughts running to his brain. Even after seeing Jenny's legs every day for the first six months of their marriage, he couldn't stop himself from staring at them. They were simply gorgeous. "Christ, what great legs!" he said to himself.

"Hi sleepy head," Jenny said, turning and smiling at him,as the top button of her shirt popped off and hit the floor.

He held his breath. To him it sounded like a gun going off, as it had popped off the shirt. Jenny never noticed as she turned and went back to work.

"You're up early," he replied, trying to keep his voice calm.

"Please hold together," he prayed, as he watched the seam under her left arm begin to pull open.

"You know what they say, the early bird gets the worm," Jenny declared, in her usual sweet way.

"Come on Jack, hurry," he muttered.

"What's that?"

"Nothing, Jenny."

"Are you going to help me or not?" Jenny turned to face her husband, and put on a sexy pout.

"In a minute. I need my morning cup of coffee."

"You and your coffee," Jenny laughed and went back to work.

There wasn't much time left. Either Jenny would notice the top coming apart, and go inside and change, or it would just explode and he'd be the only one here to see it. Either way his plan would go up in smoke.

But neither of those happened. Jenny kept working away as two more buttons popped off, and now you could see most of her lovely tanned cleavage displayed by the low-cut bra. The seams of her shirt groaned, and pulled apart a little more, but somehow held together. He couldn't believe Jenny didn't notice. But that was Jenny. Once she set her mind to something, she blocked out everything around her. But even Jenny would soon see her shirt hanging open, now down to her breast bone. He was glad she always wore a bra. He didn't want to go too far in exposing Jenny. She was his wife.

Finally there was a knock of the garage door. Jenny never even looked up, as she picked up a box and put it on a shelf. Her shirt lost yet another button, and now half of her tanned stomach could be seen.

"Hi Jack!"

"Hi . . ." Jack's voice caught in his throat as he caught sight of Jenny standing with both hands on her hips as she looked up at a box high on a top shelf, exposing the lovely inside curves of her bra-covered breasts, and now even her bellybutton!

"Could one of you big strong men help get that down for me, pleeeease," Jenny cooed, falling in her flirt mood that made men grow hard. She turned toward them and put on her sweetest smile, then put both hands behind her back and pushed her chest out at them in that teasing manner she always did when she wanted something from men.

It was a miracle their eyes didn't pop out of their heads!

Jenny's husband prayed it would never end, but Jenny's display proved too much for the shirt. After two loud rips, and the loss of the last button, the shirt fell off her onto the garage floor.

"Oh God!" Jenny squealed, reached up to hide her bra-covered breasts. But in her haste her fingers went in between the cups and got caught, pulling at the clasp in the back. In an instant the clasp gave way, and the suddenly released elastic shot Jenny's bra right them.

"Oh my God!" Jenny screamed as she looked down and saw she was now topless right in front of two smiling men. She did cover up quite quickly, but not before they got a nice look at her perfect 38CC's.

"Oh God," Jenny continued to shriek, as she ran by them into the house, with her arms across her chest.

His daydream was interrupted by Jenny's cry for help.

He opened his eyes and there stood Jenny. She was clutching at the hem of her summer dress that somehow had got stuck in the ball return while she picking up her ball for another turn. Slowly the return was pulling at the hem, and quickly the seams tightened. Then the sound that was like music to his ears could be heard, "Rippppppppppp!"

He smiled as she struggled to keep her dress in one piece. But Jenny was fighting a losing battle. The straps over her shoulders ripped, along with the seam down the left side of her once pretty dress. The dress disappeared down the return, leaving Jenny standing in a tiny pair of black laced panties and matching low-cut bra that her husband had talked her into wearing for their evening out.

"Oh My God!" Jenny shrieked as her hands flew down to cover her tiny bra and panties. "Help me!"

After the rug of war with the ball return, Jenny's large tits had nearly popped out of their tiny black cups, leaving everyone who had gathered around to watch the squealing blonde beauty, a tasty view of the tops of Jenny's lovely nipples.

Jenny looked down and caught sight of her nearly naked breasts.

"Oh no!"

Both hands shot up to fix the bra, but as she pulled the cups the clasp gave way and came off in her hands. The totally shocked Jenny staggered backward and ended up sitting down directly upon on the ball return. The quickly spinning small wheel swiftly snagged the back of her panties. Before Jenny even had time to scream, the panties ripped down both sides and like the dress disappeared.

"Oh no!"

Jenny sprang to her feet and ran toward the ladies room wearing nothing but a pair of bowling shoes on her cute little feet, with her arms and hands trying desperately to cover her very exposed private parts.

He couldn't help wonder how she kept doing it. Was this something that always happened to her, her entire life? "When did Jenny's problem actually begin?" he wondered, as he fell back into a pleasant dream about his beautiful wife.

\* \* \* \*

Jenny was so happy that she landed such a great job right after graduating high school. Now she could work toward a new car that she badly needed. She was tired of having to calling Ashley to come pick her up when her old car would break down just sitting at a stop sign.

Ashley was Jenny's oldest friend. They had become friends long before Jenny's sudden body change. But after the change, Jenny had lost all of her other female friends except her. They told her that she was always trying to steal their boyfriends with her flirting, and that body.

"I'm not trying to, really." Jenny told them but they didn't believe her.

But Ashley was a true friend, that's for sure. Always there when Jenny needed her the most, friends like Ashley were hard to come by.

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Even though she met her new boss just once in her Interview, she thought he wasn't like most of the men she knew now. Most men just openly stared, or hit on her constantly. It was getting so tiring having to fight off men's lust-filled advances. But Mr. Meyers was different. He didn't hit on her once. He did stare just a bit, but that wasn't too bad. A little stare she could take, but it was when they openly drooled that it became really embarrassing.

"It's like they'd never seen a live female in their life, for God sake!" Jenny always grumbled.

What made Jenny especially happy was that her new boss trusted her from the very start, even though she had just celebrated her 18th birthday only two days after her graduation. Mr. Meyers had started on her responsibilities right after she was told she had gotten the job.

"Now Jenny, here's the key to the office," Mr. Meyers told her, trying not to stare too long at any one part of Jenny's gorgeous teenage body. "Why don't you come in early tomorrow morning, take a look around, and get comfortable with your new surroundings? I'll be in at nine sharp, and then I'll show you everything that your job will entail, other than the obvious, you know like answering the phone and such."

"Thanks Mr. Meyers, I'll do that," Jenny smiled back, batting her eyes, and smiling sweetly, then walked out the door, walking sexier than any woman should be allowed to. The natural flirt in her could turn on without her even knowing it.

"God, how was that pretty thing still single? She's going to make some guy very happy one day," he said, after she had closed the door behind her.

He didn't care if she turned out to be a typical dumb blonde that couldn't even make a pot of coffee. She'd be great for business, once word got around that he had this amazing blonde beauty working in his office. If that was sexist, he didn't care. "75 percent of the people who made travel plans were men," he recited gleefully.

Before Jenny had walked unannounced into the agency looking for a job, he was acting as his own receptionist and secretary. Originally he'd had no intention of hiring anyone, but after he told her so, she put on this sexy pout, and he knew he was a dead duck. He found himself hiring her on the spot, even though he knew he really couldn't afford it.

So, if at first they came in just to look at Jenny, who cared? If Jenny had the same effect on them that she did on him, they'd find themselves gladly buying tickets, even if they didn't really want them. No one would get hurt. Besides, it would be very good for business, which meant that he would actually be able to pay his beautiful new employee.

\* \* \* \*

Jenny got up unusually early to get ready for her new job. She wanted everything just right for her first day. So she took plenty of time in the bathroom showering, washing her long hair, and taking great care to shave her long legs, so she wouldn't get any nasty nicks.

"I can't have that today," Jenny muttered as she rinsed the last few specks of shaving cream off of her tanned legs, then stepped out of the shower.

When she finished drying herself off, Jenny looked in the mirror and blushed at what she saw. It was bad enough when she drew those stares before. But now it was worse. She could have lived with the way she used to look. She had been cute, in a shy sort of way. Not more than a year ago, her body had been nothing to write home about. She might as well have been a boy from the neck down. Her legs were thin and shapeless, and she had no hips at all. Jenny was so flat chested, she used to stuff her bra just to get a bust.

But over the next year Jenny's body just exploded. Her once cute face was so lovely now it made men drool. Jenny's blue eyes sparkled, and her innocent smile could melt an iceberg. Add in the naive way she always seemed to flirt with every man she met, and her face alone could bring tears to men's eyes.

The rest of Jenny's body developed just as nicely. Her once thin shapeless legs, now were as shapely as you could find on any woman, with perfectly sized feet, right up to her shapely thighs. Some guys became instant leg-men after seeing just a glimpse of them, such as when Jenny wore her high heeled pumps in a dress that wasn't even that short at all.

Jenny's hips flared to perfection, and her once flat bottom, bubble outward in away that made men want to grab her firm cheeks in their hands and never let go.

Yet, in spite of the rest of Jenny's physical perfection, most men couldn't take their eyes off Jenny's tits. They were the most wonderfully shaped breasts anyone had ever seen. "A gift from God," men said, when they saw them. They would always seem to be bouncing ever so slightly even if Jenny was sitting perfectly still and just breathing. It was like they had a life of their own. As big as they were (38CC), they never seemed to sag even with their eye popping size. Some men even called them the true, "Ninth Wonders of the World."

If you top Jenny off with her deep golden tan that never seemed to fade, and natural long blonde hair, she had something for every man's fantasy. And most women's too! Jenny could break your heart by just giving you her truly innocent smile.

"Why am I cursed with this?" Jenny thought, pouting as she looked at body in the mirror. "It's just not fair, not fair at all."

Jenny sighed and walked over to her dresser and opened the top drawer.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed.

In her excitement over her new job, she'd forgotten to wash any bras or panties. When Jenny thought about wearing dirty ones, she couldn't. Even though it was her dirt on them, she couldn't put them back on until she had washed them.

"Yuck, yuck, yuck!"

She couldn't go to work without them, and she certainly couldn't call in sick on her first day.

"What to do?" she asked herself.

Suddenly a light bulb popped on over her pretty head. She had bought them on a dare from Ashley. She was never going to wear them. They were soooooooo embarrassing. But now she had no choice.

"Maybe they're not bad as I remember," she thought.

With no one in the room, Jenny wasn't worried about anyone seeing her so she bent over at the waist. That pushed her shapely butt out as her reached down. While humming sweetly, she innocently swayed her naked hips back and forth as she opened the bottom drawer where she'd hidden them. Jenny would have just died if anyone even thought she owned anything like these.

"Where are you? Ah, there you are," Jenny smiled, giving her butt one last cute wiggle.

The only one who was lucky enough to see Jenny's sexy display was a fly on the wall. But he didn't last long as the sight of Jenny's swaying ass caused his tiny heart to burst. (Don't be sad. He died one happy fly).

Jenny opened the package then took out a tiny pair of white lacy g-string panties and held them in front of her sex and moaned, "God!"

They were as bad as she remembered. But, knowing that this was all she had, she just sighed and stepped into them. She slid them up her perfect legs, and stretched them so they would fit over her shapely hips. Jenny's face reddened at the sight of them. It did cover her blonde mound, but barely.

You could hardly see the tiny elastic waistband holding the tiny triangle against her sex. So from just a few steps away, you'd swear Jenny was completely naked from the waist down. From the back, with the tiny string resting between her firm half moons which were not very visible at all, it made her look totally bare from that direction as well.

"I'm glad no one will see these!" Jenny said nervously. "Oh my God," she shrieked when she saw you could even see her pubic hairs under the white lace!

The bra wasn't much better. It was like the panties, with white lace. But it seemed to be for someone much smaller than Jenny. She struggled to fasten the front clasp, but couldn't. Finally, after five frustrating minutes she angrily snatched it off and looked at the tag.

"38CC, my butt!" she huffed, then went back to her tug of war with the bra.

After another few tugs she finally closed the clasped and looked at herself in the mirror.

"Oh, my!"

The small half-cups squeezed her large breasts up high in the cups, making them look even bigger, as though they were going to burst out at any moment. Jenny tested it by bouncing a little up and down, and was happy to see that it held.

"It's better than nothing, I guess," she thought, frowning at the look of her tits sitting so high on her chest.

"The first thing I'm going to do after work is laundry, that's for sure."

With her sexy hips gently swaying, she walked over and opened the closet. She looked through every dress she had.

"What to wear, what to wear. Hummmmmmmm. Perfect!"

Jenny's face lit up when she found the perfect dress for her first day.

It was her absolute favorite, a light summer dress. It was almost floor length, and had big buttons running down the front from the hem to the high-cut neckline. It showed only a hint of her impressive cleavage, which always suited Jenny just fine since they'd erupted to the size they were now. It was off-white and covered with small red hearts.

Ashley hated it instantly saying, "You're not 10 anymore, Jenny!"

But she didn't care what Ashley thought. It was just gorgeous, even though it did have a bit of a young-person look to it. Besides, it was going to be a hot day, and despite its warm appearance, the dress was very cool to wear.

It did have one property she didn't much care for, but she put up with it, because of how much she loved it. Jenny always felt naked when she wore it. The first few times she wore it, she was constantly looking down to check to see if it was still there. Of course, the dress had always been there, so she learned to just ignore the odd naked feeling it sent to her brain.

Jenny finished dressing, looked in the mirror, and pouted at her reflection. "Something not quite right. What is? Got it!"

She put her long blonde hair back in one long ponytail. "Perfect!"

Just before leaving, Jenny checked her appearance one last time. She was a true vision of loveliness in her wonderful summer dress and her sandals with the modest 2-inch heels. With a teenage bounce in her step, Jenny walked out to her car.

She didn't see a man who walked right into a lamp post as he stared at her. That was typically Jenny. She never seemed to notice what effect her figure had on anyone. Yes, that was Jenny all right. Never really knowing what was going on around her. Beginning at the age seven she was in her own little world and would not even notice the building she was walking through was on fire, if she had her mind set on something. Some called Jenny stupid, but that was not the case. She just never paid much attention to things unless they were right in front of her. That added to the innocent look on her face, when something surprised her. Men called it sweet and sexy. Women called it being a cock tease.

Jenny climbed in the car and started the engine. She sighed in relief when it started once again. It did groan, and sputter, but it had started. The old car coughed and choked after she stopped at every light, but she finally made it, and parked in a space located only a short distance from the front of the office.

Halfway across the lot she turned and looked back at her car and thought, "Maybe I'll ask Mr. Meyers for an advance. He might give it to me if I told him about my poor car. If that doesn't work, maybe I'll just turn on my female charm." With that thought she laughed at herself. "Female charm, boy that will be the day, Jenny you are funny sometimes."

As she stood fumbling with the key, she again didn't notice a group of men who had been watching her the minute she had gotten out of her car. They all saw her tits bounce despite the bra squeezing them as she laughed about something, and her hips sway as she walked up to the office door.

It took her several minutes to unlock the door. As she was bent over, fiddling with the lock, her dress pulled tightly across her lovely butt, which was unconsciously swaying as it always did.

One of the men couldn't take it any longer and shouted, "I got you key right here, sweet cheeks," he shouted, pointing at his crotch.

Quickly Jenny looked up and blushed. The feeling of her dress made her look down just to see if it was there.

"I see you like looking at yourself as much as we do," he shouted.

She thought about saying something but she always got tongue tied when she was embarrassed, so she kept quiet. Jenny stood red faced, as she fumbled around with the key. Finally, after having to endure another minute of disgusting comments, she opened the door and quickly went inside. She closed and locked the door behind her.

That was so humiliating, getting caught looking at herself.

Jenny swore right there, "That no matter what, I'm never going to get caught looking at myself again in front of any man!"

The dress was always going to be there, so why worry about it.

"If men want to be pigs, so be it."

Jenny walked about the very sterile office. "It sure needs a woman's touch."

There were no plants, or pictures, just one desk, a filing cabinet, and a door leading into the back. She'd soon fix that, with Mr. Meyers' permission of course. She had a few pictures of cats, and even a fern, which would certainly make the place much more homey.

"A travel office should look friendly, not like some doctor's examination room."

Jenny smiled as she looked at her desk, and even began to become a little misty eyed.

"That was so sweet." Mr. Meyers had put a name plate on the desk that read, "Jenny."

She sat behind her desk, happy to be there. Jenny looked around and wondered where the best place would be for the fern She began to daydream about what the office would look like after she was done with it. Suddenly the phone rang.

Jenny jumped straight up in the air and her breasts took one mighty bounce which signaled the death of her poor, tortured bra. A loud "POP," filled the air as Jenny's large tits burst out of their restraint, bounced up and down, then came to rest setting high and proud under her sundress.

"Oh, No! Please, no!" Jenny said as she quickly looked down, while at the same time she brought her hands up to cover her beasts.

They felt like they were right out in the open air.

"Not today, please," she groaned.

It was happening more and more over the last few months. Her bras just seemed to pop open on their own. Jenny was thankful that it only happened under a blouse or dress. But it still embarrassed her to no end, having her bras just pop for no reason. She was even hooking her skirts on things. She was lucky enough to always catch herself before she had ripped them, thank goodness.

But she just couldn't figure out why all of a sudden those kinds of things started happening to her. Once she even got her skirt caught in a car door, and if Ashley her good friend, hadn't been with her, and started giggling for some reason she wouldn't have noticed it being there at all. She was glad Ashley was her friend that day, because if the car had driven off . . . !

"Oh my God!"

Jenny was almost in tears. It was her first day in her new job, and this had to happen. Mr. Meyers would surely fire her if he found out she wasn't wearing a bra. This was a real business, not some seedy strip club.

Even though you couldn't see Jenny's breasts through the summer dress, the bra hanging loose was a problem. There was no way to hide the way it lay under the dress. It crumpled up and stuck out, looking almost like an ugly panty line. Mr. Meyers would surely notice the way it bulged out under the dress. Jenny had two choices, fix it, or take it off.

But, Jenny couldn't fix it there in the front office. What if someone came in? So, she decided to go in the back room, away from prying eyes.

When she got there, she found it was an office just like the front one, very plain, with a name tag on the desk, "Mr. Meyers." Quickly she closed the door and locked it, then unbuttoned her dress.

"Oh, No!"

Jenny wanted to cry. There was no way she'd would be able to fix it. The clasp was ripped out at the seams.

"No, no, no!"

There was no time to go home and get another one, so with butterflies filling her stomach she took it off, and lay it on Mr. Meyers' desk. She started to re-button her dress.

"Jenny!"

Jenny was up to the last button when Mr. Meyers yelled her name. It startled her, causing her to jump and pull the top button right off her dress! Looking down at the button in her hand, then at her dress, "Oh no!"

The dress' cleavage was now down to the middle of her breasts, showing more than Jenny liked even if she was sitting alone at home with the door locked.

"Jenny, open the door!"

"OK, Mr. Meyers," Jenny replied, while fixing the collar the best she could so that it would stay somewhat closed.

"I'll fix it when I get to my desk and Mr. Meyers goes into his office. Now Jenny, don't stare down at yourself and draw attention to it. Just act normal and he'll never know," she reasoned.

Jenny unlocked the door and opened it.

Mr. Meyers somehow was able to act like nothing was unusual when he saw her. There stood his gorgeous young secretary with her thick blonde hair pulled back in one long ponytail, wearing a dress with small red hearts covering it. On anyone but Jenny it would have looked ridiculous, but on her it looked simply sexy. You couldn't see much of her legs. That disappointed him, but the top did not. It was cut much lower that he could have ever hoped for. Its very low cut showed Jenny's wonderful cleavage, and by the look she might not be wearing a bra!

He would have never dreamed this shy girl from the interview would being showing this much cleavage. Jenny had even blushed when he told her she was pretty. Yet here she was, showing off most of her big tits! "God, thank you!"

"Sorry, Mr. Meyers. But you said to look around, and I guess the door just kind of locked behind me," Jenny said.

"That's all right. No harm done. Why don't you go back out front while I make a quick phone call? After I'm done, I'll be out to show you exactly what you will be doing," he told her, as he fought to keep his eyes off the tan valley that was right in front of him. He had to call Harry.

"Sure thing, Mr. Meyers," Jenny countered.

She started walking back to her desk, happy in the knowledge that he didn't notice she was without a bra.

Little did she know he watched her bounce by him, with her bra less tits slightly jumping, and her cute ass swaying seductively.

He closed the door and staggered over to his desk. He couldn't believe that Jenny could have the effect on him. When he interviewed her, she was sexy in her very conservative business suit. But seeing her in what she had on now, was strangely erotic. She looked about fifteen with her hair pulled back, and wearing that dress. But, what a fifteen-year-old! He'd kill his own mother to just see Jenny's tits in all their glory!

"I wonder how big she . . ." He almost passed out when he saw a white lace bra sitting on his desk. After picking it up, he read the tag. "38CC! Jesus Christ!"

He started for the door to asked Jenny why her bra was in his office, but then he noticed the ripped clasp.

"It must have torn and she came in here to fix it but couldn't. She took . . . Oh my God! She's not wearing one!"

Hearing the door close behind and knowing it was safe, Jenny ran to her desk, with her lovely breasts bouncing out of control. The large, firm mounds stretched and pushed the front of the dress, trying to force their way out of the top.

With one button already missing, Jenny's bouncing breasts put extra strain on the button right between them. The thread pulled and stretched, but the button held somehow, still attached by only a few strands of thread.

Swiftly Jenny sat down and opened her desk drawer, looking for something to fix her dress with.

"Empty!" she cried.

Her heart sank as she stared into the useless drawer.

"Now what am I supposed to do?" she wondered, as she looked down at her chest.

"Oh my God!"

Quickly Jenny fixed the top that had fell open a little more and was showing a great deal more cleavage than just a few seconds ago.

"I'll have to be more careful, until I can go home at lunch and change."

\* \* \* \*

"Remember the girl I told you about?"

"The 18-year-old blonde?"

"Yeah."

"Christ, Harry, you have to come see her."

"Why? I've seen blondes before."

"Not like her. She's big!"

"Yeah, right. You and tits. If they bounce a little they're huge."

"Harry, these are 38CCs!"

"Sure they are. Remember that girl you said was 36DD, and I came running and it turned out she was really a 32B. I have better things to do than to come down there and look at some blonde bimbo with small tits that you think are huge."

"Harry, she's a 38CC!"

"And how do you know?"

"Because I'm holding her bra in my hand!"

"How . . . ?"

"I'll explain when you get here. And bring your camera. We'll play the game."

"I'll be right there!" Harry quickly answered. He grabbed his camera and practically ran to his car. He was a typical man. He didn't want to miss a pretty blonde with big tits.

"Damn! 18 and 38CC! Damn!"

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Meyers sat for a moment, trying to calm down. When he first hired Jenny, he didn't think about doing the game on her. She was gorgeous, but in her interview she dressed so conservatively he didn't think she would ever fall for it. She was captivating, and sexy beyond anything he had ever seen. But he just thought she'd be too shy to play the game. But the way she was dressed now. She'd have to, or he'd show her the bra and have her explain why it was in his office. He knew that would be embarrassing, and with Jenny's shy way about her, she would do anything not to have to do that. And just maybe they'd get a picture or two of the sexy teen's big breasts.

\* \* \* \*

"Good morning, is Mr. Meyers in?" Harry asked. Fred was right. Jenny was a real beauty.

"Yes, sir, he is!" Jenny replied, with a big smile.

"You're a pretty thing!"

"Thanks, but I'm not that pretty," she responded, with a sweet smile and a giggle.

She then blushed and looked away.

Mr. Meyers was right again. Jenny did have an impressive pair of tits! And mix that with that gorgeous face, and sexy smile, Harry hoped she would fall for their little game in a big way.

It was simple really. Harry would pose as a photographer that was going to shoot a few pictures of Fred around the office, for an advertising poster. Then he'd talk a girl into letting him take some of them. With any luck, they get them to pose nude. It hadn't happened much, but with the look Jenny had he was hoping she'd fall for the game and they'd get at least a little peak.

"Good morning, Harry!" Mr. Meyers said, as he extended his hand to meet his friend.

"Good morning. Are you ready to take a few shots?"

"Why not."

Jenny smiled but looked confused as she sat at her desk. The look didn't go unnoticed by either man.

"Jenny, what Harry is going to do is shoot a few pictures for an ad campaign. I've only been in this city a few weeks, and business has been slow. I thought spending a little money advertising might help get things started," a smiling Mr. Meyers said.

"I see," Jenny said as she smiled back. "That makes perfect sense."

"It'll only be a few minutes, then we'll get to your job description."

"Sure thing, Mr. Meyers."

Jenny watched wide-eyed as Harry took out his camera, and began to take pictures of her new boss around the office.

After several minutes they made their move.

"Mr. Meyers, your secretary might be perfect for one of my other clients. I was wondering if I could take a picture or two of her as samples to show them?"

"I don't see why not. What you think Jenny, would you like to have your picture taken?" Mr. Meyers asked, holding his breath. He was hoping she'd say yes without him having to embarrass her about that business with the bra. Blackmail wasn't as fun as when they did it willingly.

"I'd better not, Mr. Meyers," Jenny replied, blushing more deeply.

Why not, Jenny? You might become the new Cindy Crawford."

Jenny's smile grew wider after hearing that. She always had a fantasy about be a super model, but was always too shy to stand in from of a camera while anyone took her picture. Maybe it wouldn't be too bad if she let them take just a few. "Well, OK. But just a couple," Jenny giggled.

"Good, Jenny. And thank you. Now, why don't you stand if front of your desk and we'll just take a few pictures? Then we'll be done."

Jenny moved to the front of the desk, and stood with her arms folded across her chest, smiling nervously, but still looking sexy as ever.

"Put your arms at your sides, good. Now a big smile."

As Harry snapped away, the natural flirt in Jenny just bubbled out. Smiling and giggling, moving her head back and forth, her blonde ponytail swished, and her blue eyes sparkled with delight.

They both watched Jenny tease the camera with the innocence of a 10-year-old, but with the sexuality of a super model. Jenny turned completely around and looked at them over her shoulder. That sexy look spelled the end of the button resting between the large tan breasts.

It popped off and silently rolled across the floor. Jenny never noticed because of the natural way the dress felt and the fun she was having. The dress parted right down to her breast bone, showing every inch of her gorgeous cleavage. Jenny continued to smile, then put both hands on her hips. The dress parted again, showing just the rounded edges of her sexy nipples.

Somehow both men stayed calm as the dress opened again and again. Harry kept taking pictures, even though he'd run out of film five minutes ago. Mr. Meyers kept telling her to smile and look pretty.

"OK, Jenny. How about a few pictures of your legs?"

"No, I can't," Jenny giggled, blushing all over again.

"We just need a few shots of your legs. My client sells shorts, swimsuits, dresses. You know, summer clothes."

Jenny heard the word summer and dress. "You mean he sells summer dresses?"

"Why sure he does," Harry replied quickly following Jenny's lead, when he saw the way her face lit up.

Jenny's smile grew even wider after hearing that. She loved pretty summer dresses. They were her favorite things to wear. So if Harry's client sold them . . .

"Well, OK. But just a little and then that's all," Jenny answered.

Jenny bent down and unbutton the dress from the hem to her knee. "How's that?" she questioned, as she held both sides of the dress up showing them her shapely calves.

"Very nice, Jenny. While your still holding the dress, spin around a few times. That's good."

Jenny was again nervous, but soon the flirt boiled over and she was the cute tease again. She began to playfully spin around while still holding the dress open by the hem. She pulled the hem side to side, showing off her pretty knee caps. But Jenny got a little carried away, and pulled at the dress a little too hard. Three buttons quickly came undone right up to the middle of her lovely tanned thighs. Jenny never realized what she did because her mind was on the task at hand, which was having fun having her picture taken.

Both men were both disappointed that Jenny tits somehow stayed in the dress. As she spun around and around, they shook and swayed but never showed any more than just a hint of her nipples. But they were more than happy to see Jenny pull the dress open baring every inch of her long legs.

After another ten minutes of Jenny's sexy show, there were only two buttons holding the dress closed. The dress had continued to part upward, until every button was undone right up to her indented bellybutton! At first they thought amazed that she was bottomless, but then they saw the tiny string holding a small see-through triangle over her blonde sex!

You could almost hear them groan, "God, a natural blonde!"

Just a few more seconds and they would see everything! But the moment was ruined by the phone ringing.

Jenny looked around for the phone and saw her reflection in the office window.

"Oh my God!" Jenny screamed.

She quickly grabbed the dress at her tits and between her thighs.

"Why didn't you say something? Oh, God!" Jenny's face turned beet red.

Harry thought fast, "Now, Jenny. You weren't showing anything. And the pictures will be great! My client will be quite pleased."

"But!"

"Jenny, I wouldn't let Harry take any pictures that I would let him take of my own daughter," Mr. Meyers countered.

"Well, OK. Can I use your office to fix my dress, please?" Jenny asked, still embarrassed at the amount of skin she'd just shown, even after Mr. Meyers tried to comfort her.

"Sure, Jenny," Mr. Meyers responded.

"Thank you." Jenny walked into her new boss' office clutching her dress closed.

"Christ, what a fox!"

"I told you, Harry. She's a real looker!"

"Too bad we didn't get any pictures of her naked."

"Yeah, we got a lot of sexy pictures of her anyway."

"How many rolls did you shoot?"

Harry looked down at his camera and turned white as a sheet. In the excitement of the moment he forgot to reload the camera. "Just one, Fred."

"One!"

"Shit, Fred. She was so sexy I just forgot!"

"That's just great, you idiot. We'll never have a chance like this again."

"I know."

Little did they both know that very soon Mr. Meyers would be seeing a lot more of the beautiful teen, a whole lot more.

Jenny closed the door behind her, and began to fix her dress. She was still feeling embarrassed at what had just happened, and was even a little mad that neither one of them said a word about her dress. Suddenly she remembered her bra that she'd taken off and left sitting on Mr. Meyers' desk! If he had found it, Jenny would never be able to face him again.

"Thank God!"

There it was, right where she left it. Mr. Meyers hadn't seen it. At least something turned out right on this dreadful morning. Jenny fixed her dress the best she could, then grabbed the bra and went back into the front office. She was happy to see Mr. Meyers was outside talking to Harry and couldn't see her stuff her bra into her desk drawer.

\* \* \* \*

Over the next two weeks Jenny was able to fix the office up just the way she liked it. The business got busier and busier. She thought it was because of the way she'd fixed up the office. "It was more homey, so people feel more comfortable." But what they really came in for was to see Jenny.

Jenny didn't even notice them staring at her as she smiled and giggled, and flirted with every man that came in. Most never intended to buy anything. They'd just heard about the blond teen with a body to die for. But after Jenny was through with them, they'd always bought tickets too somewhere.

Mr. Meyers watched Jenny from his doorway. It couldn't have worked better. His business was getting better and better. But the icing on the cake was being able to see Jenny every day. He thought he'd get tired of seeing the teen. But the more he saw of her the more he wanted to see her in something much sexier. The way she teased him wearing the endless supply of summer dresses that hugged her body in just the right places was driving him crazy.

He had to see her naked, or at least in something sexier, but he already used the game. So he knew Jenny would never fall for that again. He had to think of another way to get better look at her.

If only Mr. Meyers knew what was happening around the office he'd watch Jenny even more. Jenny was always catching her clothes on something. She was regularly pulling open the top and exposing her bra-covered tits, or catching the hem and exposing her entire lower body. Once she even ripped the straps right off her dress. It quickly hit the floor leaving her red faced standing in just her bra and panties. No one saw it but still Jenny could have died.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Meyers was sitting at his desk still thinking of a way to get Jenny into something sexier. It had been a mouth since the game, and he just had to see her again. It was becoming embarrassing walking around trying to hide the bulge in his pants as Jenny would happily bounce her way in and out of his office.

"Mail, Mr. Meyers," Jenny said.

"Thanks, Jenny"

"Your welcome," she answered, turning on her heel and out she went, cheerfully humming the latest pop tune.

He groaned as he watched her perfectly shaped butt swaying back and forth. "Christ, the girl is doing to kill me!" he muttered as he looked through his mail. He use to be unhappy to get mail before he'd hired Jenny. But now he had money to pay anything.

"Bill, bill, trash, bill, tra . . . Wait a minute. This is perfect!"

There was going to be travel show at the local mall. Each business was asked to set up a booth with their own travel theme. He usually hated doing them, because with all the other travel agents, he always ended up losing customers. But now he had Jenny. This was too perfect. He'd kill two birds with one stone. A Hawaiian theme would be just what he needed. He would be able to get Jenny in a swimsuit for the theme. That would surely draw men to his booth like moths to a flame. Business would boom, and he'd get to see Jenny in something that had to show more of her golden skin. It was perfect.

He waited several minutes for his manhood to calm down, then when out to see Jenny.

"Jenny there is a travel show at the local mall coming up in two weeks. I thought it would be a good idea for us to set up a booth there."

"That sounds neat!"

"I thought we'd try and promote packaged tours to Hawaii. So I thought a tropical theme would be perfect. I'd wear a swimsuit and you could wear one, too," Mr. Meyers said, as his heart began to pound, hoping it would work.

"Mr. Meyers! I can't do that. I just couldn't," Jenny replied, blushing deeply.

"But, Jenny. You have to! It's the theme, and I'll be wearing one. It would look stupid if you didn't. Come on! It'll be fun, and, besides, it will be good for business."

It was her job, but still . . . "If Mr. Meyers does it," she thought, "it couldn't be that bad."

"Well, maybe for a little while. But only if you do," Jenny answered, now quite nervous over the thought of parading around in front of other people in a swimsuit.

"Good! Then it's settled. Here's the number for reservations." Mr. Meyers gleefully handed Jenny the flyer advertising the show. "Be sure to ask for a good spot, where there will be plenty of people. And in two weeks, we'll knock them dead!"

\* \* \* \*

Ashley had had enough of Jenny's endless flirting. It was time to get her, and to do it in front of someone, to teach her a lesson. So, when Jenny told her about the travel show, she got an idea. She would somehow talk little Miss Tease into wearing a small bikini that was sure to have every guy eyeing her. Then, at the perfect moment, with an innocent bump she'd be able to pull the string on the top, and when Jenny stood there shocked she would get close to try and help her. But, instead she'd pull the string on the bottoms.

Jenny would be not just embarrassed but terribly humiliated. That would be fitting payback for every boy friend Jenny had stolen from her over the past year in high school with that damn killer body of hers.

\* \* \* \*

"Ashley, I can't run around in this!" Jenny squealed, holding up a tiny yellow string bikini.

"Jenny, don't be such a prude. It's just a swimsuit,"Ashley shot back. "But I'd be naked!"

"Jenny, it's a bikini like they wear on the islands. You said your booth was Hawaiian right?"

"Yes, but!"

"But nothing, Jenny. You need to dress the part, or your boss will be mad," Ashley said, as she kept pressing the issue.

Finally after an hour of badgering, Jenny nervously agreed to wear it only if she could wear a wrap around skirt to cover the bottom. The top was bad enough, but she couldn't run around with the tiny g-string showing. She might as well be bottomless!

"OK, but I'd better fix it up a bit first," Ashley responded.

First Jenny walked over to her closet, then over to a large trunk looking through almost every skirt she owned. Finally after 30 minutes, Jenny walked over to her dresser and opened a small jewelry box and took out a beautiful gold chain with a quarter sized gold heart attached it and put it around her slender neck. Next Jenny opened the top drawer of her dresser and took out five more skirts and held each one up in front of her.

"Come on Jenny, we don't have all day!" Ashley fumed. Jenny was the slowest person she'd ever seen in picking out something to wear. It usually took Jenny days too just to decide on one of those childish looking summer dresses she owned.

"All right. Here," Jenny replied in a hurt voice.

Ashley took the skirt and almost laughed.

"God, this is hideous!"

Ashley always thought Jenny had terrible taste in clothes, and this skirt proved her point. It was a floor length wraparound with large bright colored flowers all over it.

"Why does she buy this crap?" Ashley thought.

But as she looked at it, she became angry. As ugly as it was, on Jenny it would look simply gorgeous. That one of the things she hated most about Jenny. She could put on anything and make it look dazzling. Well, she'd make sure it looked even better. She wanted every eye on her when she stripped the yellow bikini off that body of hers.

Jenny turned and went into the bathroom to change into her suit, and Ashley went to work on the skirt. She cut a good foot of material off from the hem to the waist, and some of the fastening tie as well. That way Ashley could easily pull the tie on the skirt. The split up the side would keep one of Jenny's tanned legs constantly bare from her hip bone to her foot.

"That should keep guys staring."

It's not the Jenny needed the extra help. The bikini Ashley had given her would have easily done the trick, but she wanted to leave nothing to chance.

Jenny closed the bathroom door and locked it. She couldn't have Ashley watch as she put on the suit. It embarrassed her to no end undressing in front of anyone. Even in gym class, Jenny would wait until every girl had changed and left the locker room before she'd quickly change into her gym clothes.

Jenny first put on the bottoms, making sure she carefully tied the tiny strings on each hip.

"Oh my!" Jenny looked at them in the mirror. "Oh God!"

They were the smallest bottoms she'd ever seen. How they ever covered all of her golden pubic hair was a mystery. And from the back, "Oh!" She was completely naked except for the tiny string between her lovely half moons. Jenny was glad she'd be wearing her wraparound so no one would see her in these.

The top wasn't much better. The small triangles did nothing but hide her nipples and a small portion of the skin around them. Around the edges, her large firm breasts spilled out and there was nothing she could do about it.

"God, I might as well be topless!"

She stormed out of the bathroom.

"Ashley, I can't wear this. I'm naked!" Jenny groaned standing in front of Ashley, beet red with one arm covering her chest and her hand covering her crotch.

"It's not that bad. Put your arms down and let me see."

Ashley's eye grew wide as Jenny lowered her arms. Jenny was the most beautiful woman she'd ever seen.

Ashley wasn't a bad looking girl at all. A cute face with her short dark hair, and small but nicely shaped tits. Her legs were nicely formed as well, and throw in a butt to die for, Ashley got her fair share of dates. But Jenny was from a different planet! Why she remained friends with her, Ashley couldn't understand. She hated Jenny now. Yet, she always hung around with her. She even stayed with her when Jenny's other girl friends grew too jealous even to talk with the girl anymore.

The suit was quite obscene, but was going to work perfectly. "Now, Jenny, it's just a tiny bit snug is all. It looks great. Here, just put this on and you'll look even better," Ashley told her blushing friend.

"Ashley!"

"Don't 'Ashley' me, just put the damn skirt on so we can go!" Ashley ordered.

Over the years, Ashley had always been able to talk Jenny into wearing all sorts of things she wouldn't normally be caught dead in. Today was no exception.

Jenny groaned but took the skirt and wrapped it around and had to tie it in the back. That was just a little odd, because it use to tie in the front. But what was even odder was that her right leg was completely bare right up to her waist! And her right butt cheek was bare as well! Jenny never remembered it being like this. She hadn't worn it for sometime, so maybe she just out grown it.

"I'd better change. This skirt doesn't seem to fit right," Jenny said.

"Jenny, don't be crazy. The skirt looks great! Besides we don't have time for you to go through everything you own to find something else. The show starts in 20 minutes, and it takes at least 20 minutes to get there."

"But!"

"Come on!" Ashley snorted, as she grabbed Jenny's arm and pulled her out the door. Jenny was able to grab one of the nightshirts she slept in before being hurried out the door.

"What's that for?"

"I can't walk around like this! I might as well be naked!" Jenny said as she put on the big shirt that covered everything right down to the middle of her thighs.

"Just get in!" Ashley huffed when they reached her car.

Now she had the stupid nightshirt to worry about.

\* \* \* \*

Ashley drove to the mall in a glorious dream. This was going to be the greatest payback she could possibly achieve. All of Jenny's innocent flirting made her so mad, and now it was going to be time to get even for everything. She glanced over a Jenny sitting next to her. Even in the big T-shirt, you could see every desirable curve on Jenny tanned body. "God, what a body! It's just not fair!"

On the way there, there must have been three dozen cars which pulled up beside them at stop lights and honked their horns at Jenny. Naturally, Jenny just waved sweetly and smiled as Ashley continued to get madder.

\* \* \* \*

"Jenny, over here!" Mr. Meyers shouted, waving to Jenny and Ashley. He groaned in disappointment after seeing what Jenny was wearing.

"Hi, Mr. Meyers!" Jenny shouted back, waving both arms and with a big smile on her face.

Even dressed as she was, Jenny drew quite a few stares as she walked toward the booth.

"I hope you don't mind, Mr. Meyers, but I brought a friend with me. Ashley, this is my boss at the travel agency."

"Hello, miss," said Mr. Meyers, without taking his eyes off of Jenny.

"Hi," said Ashley glumly, now very used to this type of introduction whenever she was with Jenny.

"Jenny, I thought I asked you to wear a swimsuit?" Mr. Meyers asked her.

Jenny had chickened out on the way to the Mall. She was going to keep her nightshirt on. She just couldn't let anyone see her wearing such a tiny suit. She was glad she'd grabbed it so she could safely cover herself. This was no place to be wearing that mini-bikini!

"I'm sorry, Mr. Meyers, but I just couldn't. It would be bad enough of the beach, but here? No way!"

"What?" said Mr. Meyers, stricken.

Ashley wasn't going to let Jenny off the hook. This was too perfect to pass up. There must be a hundred people here, and they were going to see Jenny naked if she had to kill her to do it.

"Jenny's just kidding, Mr. Meyers," said Ashley cheerfully. "Show him your suit, Jenny!"

"Ashley! I can't!"

Mr. Meyers' heart leapt with joy. She was wearing a suit!

"Come on Jenny I'm wearing mine," he said pointing down at pair of very old fashion swim trunks that covered everything from his bellybutton to his knees.

"You'll ruin my booth. Look how much work I've done. Please, Jenny," he said, almost whining. God, how he wanted to see Jenny in a swimsuit.

"Come on Jenny," Ashley said.

Jenny looked around at the booth. It did look very nice. It was set up in a beach scene. There was a big fake palm tree in one corner, and in the other was a beach towel spread over a pile of sand, with even a few beach balls. On the back wall was a large map of the Hawaiian Islands.

"Well, all right. But only for a few minutes, OK?" Jenny answered, very nervous now as she reached for the bottom of the T-shirt. She didn't want to ruin Mr. Meyers' booth.

Jenny didn't realize how many people were watching her. Most were watching because of the odd way she was dressed (a large bright pink T-shirt came down to mid thigh, and below that a bright colored flowered skirt.) But some were watching because, even dressed as she was, Jenny was still quite lovely.

You could have heard a pin drop as her tanned tummy came into view, followed by her large firm breasts sticking out around a tiny yellow bikini top. Jenny got her gold necklace caught on the nightshirt and began to struggle to free it. Her tits began to bounce and the bikini top started to shift.

Slowly, as Jenny struggled, everyone saw a tiny bit of her left nipple peek out. Jenny didn't notice as she continued to tussle with the tangled T-shirt.

"Ashley, could you help me please. My necklace is caught!"

Mr. Meyers just smiled as he watched the pretty teen struggle with her shirt while trying not to break her necklace. He was about to get his wish. He was going to see Jenny topless right here in the mall!

Jenny's display started to draw quite a crowd. The men all wanted to see if the bikini top would stay on. While the women just shook their heads, at Jenny's dirty display.

"Just a sec, Jen!" Ashley shouted, watching Jenny's struggle.

This was going to be too easy. All she had to do is go over and innocently pull the string on Jenny's top.

Quickly Ashley reached out and pulled the tie on the skirt. It quickly fell to the floor where Ashley scooped it up and threw it into the crowd.

Jenny, her head all tangled up, never felt a thing.

The crowd drew closer to get a better look at the drop-dead gorgeous blonde now standing in the tiniest yellow bikini any of them had ever seen. Jenny continued to bounce around as she tried to get free. The tiny cups on the top would slide this way and that, giving everyone a just hint of her nipples. Somehow, though, the top stayed on her tits. The bottom worked a little lower in front, showing them just a few blonde pubic hairs sticking out of the top.

"All right, Jenny. It's time," Ashley mumbled with a smile.

But, before she could pull the string, Jenny got free.

"Shit!" Ashley grumbled, stamping her foot angrily.

Finally Jenny's head popped out of the shirt and she saw everyone staring at her. She blushed and crossed her arms over her breasts, and lowered her head so she didn't have to look at all the men staring at her.

"Oh My God!" she groaned.

Her top was pushed a bit to one side and you could see the start of her right nipple! If that wasn't bad enough, the bottoms had slid down and you could see some of the hair! Quickly Jenny put one hand down to cover her crotch as well.

"Where's my skirt!?" Jenny squealed.

"I don't know, Jenny," Ashley replied, trying not to burst into laugher at the sight of Jenny trying to cover herself with her arms.

Mr. Meyers recovered first. "Jenny, you look great!"

That was an understatement. Jenny was the sexiest girl he'd ever seen, especially wearing that bikini. He was glad he wore the baggy old swim trunks, or everyone would have seen his rock hard manhood.

Jenny looked around for somewhere to hide so she could fix her suit that had shifted and was now showing some of her very private parts. Besides, she couldn't stand in front of everyone wearing this tiny suit that was hiding nothing much now. This was the most embarrassing thing that had ever happened to her. Why had she listened to Ashley and worn the suit?

"I need to use the restroom. Do you know where it is?" Jenny asked weakly, looking at Mr. Meyers.

"It's right behind you," he replies, pointing at the sign that read Ladies hanging from the ceiling over the bathroom door.

"Thank you."

Jenny back away from everyone who continued to stare, so they couldn't see her naked butt cheeks with just a tiny string running between them.

Once she was inside, the women muttered disapprovingly to one another, then went back to what they were doing before the blonde bomb shell had arrived. But most of the men kept looking back at the bathroom door, waiting for the gorgeous teenager to reappear.

Jenny couldn't go back out there wearing this! She could have bought three postage stamps and put them over her private parts and covered more. What had she been thinking when she let Ashley talk her into this? Jenny began to cry when she saw herself in the mirror. The top was worse than she thought, covering nothing at all. It didn't even seem to cover her nipples now! She adjusted the top the best she could, so now they were covered, but just barely.

Somehow she'd lost her skirt! And now her bikini bottoms were completely exposed. Jenny was horrified to see how they seemed to have shrunk to almost nothing at all. Jenny's shapely ass was still completely bare, something she didn't like even when she was alone. But it was the front part of her bikini bottoms that the real trouble now. It hadn't been cut that low when she put it on at home, she was sure of it! Reaching down Jenny pulled the tiny triangle up until all the blonde pubic hair was concealed. It now pressed into her sex just a bit. But it was better than everyone seeing her hair sticking out.

Mr. Meyers couldn't have picked a better suit for Jenny to wear. It looked like one of those swimsuits that models only wore when that did those calendars. He was sure no women would have worn it in the real world, it was just too small and erotic. On Jenny it was even more so, knowing how shy and innocent she was. Why she had worn such a thing was puzzling to him. But, he wasn't complaining. This was sure to triple his business!

Ashley and Mr. Meyer stood waiting for Jenny to reappear, but after 15 minutes, there was still no Jenny.

"Could you see what's keeping your friend," Mr. Meyers asked, now a little worried that maybe something had happened to the lovely teen.

"Sure thing," Ashley replied. Shit, now she have to talk to stupid tease back out into the mall so she could finish the job.

Ashley found Jenny hiding in one of the stalls. "Jenny, come on, Mr. Meyers is waiting for you!"

"I can't, Ashley. This suit is . . ."

"Jenny, the suit is fine. Now get out there before Mr. Meyers decides to fire you!"

Jenny wondered if she might be over reacting a little. Jenny had seen other girls wearing suits just as small, showing almost everything. If she just pretended everything was normal, everyone would probably just stop looking.

"All right," Jenny sighed, "but I need your help with my top. It just doesn't fit right now. Could you help me retie it differently so it's much tighter?"

Ashley's smile widened. This was working too perfectly.

"Sure thing, Jen! Just come out and let me see what I can do."

Jenny left the stall and turned her back to Ashley. Ashley went to work on the two strings, tying them with very loose knots.

"All done."

"Ashley, they feel looser than before!" complained Jenny.

"Don't be silly. It's tied just right. Now let's go before Mr. Meyers decides to fire you."

"Are you sure, Ash? They feel super loose!" Jenny questioned.

"Jenny, I think I'm smart enough to tie a bikini top!" Ashley snapped as she tried to put an end to Jenny's whining.

With a worried look, Jenny turned and went back into the mall with Ashley following quickly behind her. She didn't what to miss one second of Jenny's upcoming humiliation.

Jenny's boss smiled as he saw Jenny coming out of the bathroom. "God, what a looker!"

"I'm only going to stay a few minutes," Jenny said.

"But why?"

"This suit just isn't right."

"Nonsense, Jenny. Your suit looks like you are right in Hawaii."

"But . . ."

"Jenny, you look fine, really."

"I guess, but don't you think it's too small?" Jenny asked putting her arms at her sides so he could get a better look at it, and smiled weakly.

Mr. Meyers gave her one long mouth-watering look from head to toe. She was absolutely perfect. From the top of her pretty blonde head, to her cute red painted toe nails. He never saw a woman so flawless or so desirable. It was weird!

"It's just right, Jenny," he gulped. "Now, why don't you sit down and help sign people up for their trips?"

"S-sure," Jenny stammered, happy to sit down so she could hide most of herself with the table.

Word quickly spread through the Mall that the gorgeous teenager in the tiny bikini was back. Before you could say, "Yum," Mr. Meyers' booth was packed with men ogling the sexy young girl.

At first Jenny was nervous, but soon her mind clicked over to the task at hand. She began to giggle and flirt with every man that talked to her. Jenny never observed that their eyes never got any higher than her proud chest that kept jiggling and bouncing with each giggle Jenny would give to some stupid comment from one of the men.

Finally the string around Jenny's back loosened and felt open from all the jiggling her tits where doing. The strings hung now uselessly at her sides, but the tiny triangles still rested on her large breasts, hiding Jenny's nipples.

Of course Jenny, being Jenny, didn't notice every man's mouth fall open at the sight of her top hanging loose only tied now around her neck.

Word continued to spread about the teen beauty in the tiny bikini, and quickly the large crowd drew thicker around Mr. Meyers' booth.

Ashley watched and fumed. It wasn't working at all the way she had hoped. Despite the way she tied Jenny's top it stayed ties around her neck. She couldn't stand Jenny flirting. And what made it worse was Jenny never knew she did it. Ashley was about to run over and just pull Jenny's top off when her luck changed.

"Where is this on the island?" A gentleman asked Mr. Meyers, but kept looking over at Jenny.

"Jenny why don't you show him on the map?" Mr. Meyers asked, pointing at the large map hanging on the back of the booth.

"Sure!" Jenny said happily forgetting about her tiny suit.

Every man held their breath as Jenny turned and looked at the map.

"Let's see, where are you?" she mumbled, rising up on her tiptoes as she studied the top of the map.

Her perfect calves flexed, and lovely firm butt squeezed tight so invitingly that it was a miracle that the sight didn't give someone a heart attack.

Every man's heart was in their throat. They never saw any women as sexy as Jenny standing before them in such a bikini. If a bomb when off no one would have even noticed.

"Where are you?" Jenny mumbled again, swinging her butt back and forth as she always did when she was thinking about something. That drove the men wild!

"There you are!" Jenny quickly turned back toward the crowd, "It's right here, Sir," she said happily.

Pointing back over her shoulder at a spot on the map, looking like one of those game-show women showing the contestants their prizes.

Ashley broke out in laugher, as she watched what had quickly unfolded in front of her.

Jenny's top had shifted, and slid off her large tits, causing a teenage boy to holler, "What a set of hooters!"

Quickly Jenny looked down and saw her bare breasts!

"Oh my God!" she shrieked, as her hands shot up to cover her perfect 38CC's from the group of staring men.

In her embarrassment Jenny backed up against the booth's fake palm tree. A piece of rough bark scratched her firm right butt cheek.

"Ouch!" Jenny's hand's shot down to rub her stinging ass, baring her tits once again to everyone.

It took Jenny several seconds to realize what she had done, but not before everyone got a nice long look at the most perfect pair of tits they'd ever seen!

"Oh God!" Jenny screamed again, as she reached up to fix her top, turning away from the now cheering men.

Mr. Meyer was all smiles as everyone watched his young assistant try to cover her breasts with her arm and fix the top at the same time. He had finally gotten what he'd wanted. Want he didn't realize was he was about to get a whole lot more.

As Jenny turned away from the leering men, she caught her tiny bikini bottom on the same piece of bark that had stuck her only seconds earlier. The bark slid under the string on her bottoms and when she continued to turn away from the crowd it pulled the string loose. The bottom fell open on one side, which bared half of her hips and showed off some of her golden mound.

"A real blonde!" someone shouted in delight.

"On my God!"

All the blood drained out of Jenny's pretty face, when see looked down to see her bottoms hanging loose on one side. Still trying to cover her lovely breasts with one arm Jenny reached down to grab the loose string on her bottoms.

"Ashley!" she cried in desperation. "Help me!"

Ashley was laughing so hard her sides hurt, as she watched Jenny slowly strip herself in front of everyone in the Mall. She had started it by tying the top a little loose, but the rest was pure Jenny. She couldn't have thought of a better way to get back at Jenny than what she was watching.

Jenny swiftly turned her back to the crowd so she could fix her suit, but what she ended up doing was hooking the left string on her bottoms on the same piece of bark. Jenny felt the tug at her left hip, but was too late to save her bottoms! They quickly fell down to her pretty feet!

"Oh no!"

Both of Jenny's hands leap down to cover her sex, but in doing so she had her fingers still tangled in the strings of the top. The string around her neck pulled loose and the top ended up on the floor next to her bottoms, leaving the lovely teen completely naked in front of an ever growing group to wildly cheering men.

"Ashley, please help! My suit!" Jenny screamed.

She panicked and didn't think to just reach down and grab her suit, as she tried to cover her sexy body with just her hands and arms. She had to get away from everyone who was doing nothing but staring at her and not even helping.

For several minutes Jenny squirmed this way and that, trying to hide her privates from the crowd of men who's cheers could be heard echoing throughout the Mall.

Finally, Ashley decided to end Jenny's torture. "Jenny quick, run into the bathroom!"

"Why hadn't she thought of that?" the panicked Jenny wondered.

The bathroom was the safest place to be so Jenny pushed her way through the group toward it.

The first hand ended up on Jenny's firm right buttock.

"Hey, stop that!" Jenny spat, whirling around to see who had grabbed her behind. But when she did someone else gave her half moons a healthy swat!

"Ouch! Stop that!" Jenny demanded, as she spun around again to discover who might have swatted her.

But, she saw nothing but smiles. In tears, Jenny pushed her way through the crowd, while hands freely squeezed and pinched her buttocks, and even her breasts. She tried to keep her most private parts covered, but the hands still were able to tweak her nipples or even slide between her legs!

Jenny was lost in a sea of feeling hands. Every time she'd almost get out of the crowd a hand would reach out and tease her breast, or pat her lovely ass. She would turn to see who it was and end up walking back into the crowd of men instead of out of it. In spite of her humiliation, Jenny was starting to feel a little warm and tingly from the constant attention her body was receiving.

With tears of joy streaming down her face Ashley yelled, "This way, Jen!" Ashley never wanted it to end, but the crowd was starting to get a little out of control. She wanted to embarrass Jenny, not get her raped.

"Here, over here!"

Jenny moved toward her good friend's voice trying to ignore the hands that were everywhere now. They never seemed to leave any part of her body! It was terrible!

Finally, after what seemed like hours, a dazed Jenny pushed her way out of the crowd, where she saw Ashley waving frantically at her while continuing to shout, "Over here!"

In her haste, Jenny tripped over her own feet. She fell forward, ending up on all fours with her lovely ass pointing right at a group of Japanese tourists, who starting taking pictures with the many cameras they always seemed to have. It took several moments before Jenny recovered enough to get up and try to find sanctuary for her naked body once again. But not before more than a hundred pictures were taken by the delighted Japanese tourists.

At last, Jenny pushed her way through the smiling tourist and got to Ashley who was . . .

\* \* \* \*

"Excuse me."

Jenny's husband looked up to see a cute young girl standing in front of him. "Yes?"

"Was that your wife who got . . . Well . . . stripped," she asked.

"Yes, why?"

"She wanted me to ask you to get her something to wear out of the car."

"Sure thing. Tell Jenny I'll get them in a minute," he answered, thinking, "I wonder how it all started for Jenny."

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**Jenny and the Millennium by ?**

Jenny was very excited about the turn of the millennium. It was an event she would only experience once and she was determined to make it memorable. Not really understanding the millennium bug, Jenny was not concerned and went to great lengths to prepare for a big celebration. She wanted to be around all her friends so they would all remember what a great time they all had. So she had called around and booked an event hall, a DJ, a bartender and a caterer for the evening of December 31, 1999. Then she called Ashley and together they went shopping for “the perfect dress.”

Ashley always seemed to know just what to wear, but Jenny suffered from nothing-to-wear syndrome. As they made their way from shop to shop, Jenny couldn’t seem to find the right outfit. Ashley found several she liked, but couldn’t decide.

Finally, they decided. Jenny would wear a skintight, gold lamé, full-length gown with thin spaghetti straps and a long slit up one leg. Ordinarily, Jenny would have selected a more conservative dress—ever fearful of exposing herself accidentally—but as Ashley had said, “there’s only one turn of the millennium in a lifetime”. That, coupled with the fact that Ashley had also selected a risqué outfit, caused her to throw caution to the wind.

Ashley thought to herself that the gold dress would be “perfect” for Jenny.

“Just let her try and stay in that one all night,” she thought.

Talking her into it took some doing and she had to spend a little more that she wanted to on an equally revealing dress for herself. But it would be worth it to see Jenny try to stay in that dress. Besides, Ashley had no intention of yielding any attention to Jenny. Her own dress would make sure of that.

While Jenny’s dress would be very revealing, it would be easy to move around in due to the long slit. Ashley’s outfit was strategically selected to require assistance all night long. And she intended to receive assistance and the attention she felt she deserved for a change. She had been overlooked once too often when she was with Jenny. Ashley’s outfit was also tight fitting, but it had no splits and came only to mid thigh. It was so tight, she would only be able to take small steps and climbing stairs would be difficult. It was tight in the bodice as well, pushing her ample assets up, while the low plunging neck line insured her of drawing attention wherever she went.

To complete the outfit, Ashley needed a pair of very high heels. That, she figured would do two things—draw attention to her legs and render her even more helpless. She also thought Jenny could use a pair of high heels, knowing the trouble Jenny could get in wearing high heels.

At the shoe store, Ashley had selected a pair of red high heeled mules to match her red dress. They were the tallest pair in the shop at 4 1/2 inches. Fortunately for Ashley, the only gold high heeled shoes they had were platform models. Ashley figured they were sold with the bedroom in mind, but she convinced Jenny they were all the rave in the fashion world. With the platforms the heels were around 5 inches high. Jenny had some major nervousness and anxiety about wearing them since she had never worn such high heels, but Ashley talked her into them anyway.

Friday, the end of the 20th Century, finally arrived. Jenny took most of the day to prepare for the night. After a long hot bath, she put on a robe and set about doing her makeup.

“A pony tail just won’t do for tonight,” she thought, so she spent some time combing out her long blonde hair until it shined.

As she was laying out her new gold dress, her husband called. To her distress, he was tied up as usual and she would have to meet him at the party.

“Don’t you dare be late!” she scolded him.

“I’ll be there on time.” He said.

With that in mind, Jenny was a little distracted as she tried to match up some lingerie with her dress. Unfortunately for her, she found that no mater what she tried, nothing would go with the dress. Not that she didn’t have any gold lingerie to try, or even any with gold trim. She had plenty thanks to her husbands generosity in giving her plenty. She had even done all the wash, so she had every item she owned to try on. The trouble was that it all showed under the dress.

She tried everything. The dress was too low in the back for any of her bras. And the spit up the side was too high for all of her panties—even her thongs! Next she tried her sheerest pantyhose, since stockings would be too short. But they all showed something they weren’t made to show. She tried on all of her assorted teddies, girdles and unmentionable items to no avail.

“Surely there must be some underwear designed for this dress.” She thought.

But she soon came to realize what Ashley had known all along—she would be naked under this dress all night long.

Ashley, on the other hand, selected her lingerie for maximum effect. Her white stockings ended just out of sight under her tight red hem. She practiced sitting on various chairs in front of her mirror and was pleased with the way the lace tops of her stockings and the red and white lace garters would show. The tight dress rode up her thighs without effort and crossing her legs amplified the effect with her white silk panties flashing on demand. The top of her dress needed no additional support, but she selected a lacy white demi-bra with straps that would fall off her shoulders with the slightest shrug.

Ashley slipped on her red mules, checked her image one last time in the mirror and called for a taxi to take her to the party.

Jenny was nervous as she wrapped the straps of the gold platform heels around her bare ankles.

“I should have practiced walking in these shoes,” she thought.

Standing, she checked herself in the full-length mirror and decided she did at least look good. She then picked up her new gold purse and tried to pack into it everything she might need this evening.

Satisfied, she made her way downstairs and turned on a few lights so she wouldn’t have to return to a dark house. Then she carefully locked the front door and walked very carefully out to her car in the driveway. It was still daylight out and she felt as if all her neighbors were watching her as she walked to her car. Self-consciously, she held the slit of her dress, just in case an unexpected gust of wind might blow it open. She made it to her car without mishap, but she now had to worry about getting into the low slung Miata without flashing her whole neighborhood—just in case they were really watching.

The slit was on the driver’s side, and if she tried to hold it closed, the dress was too tight for her to get in. Ordinarily, she would have entered on leg first followed by the other after she was sitting behind the wheel. This would not do in this case or one whole leg would be sticking out of the slit. So she sat down first and swung both legs in together.

Driving in the heels would be nearly impossible, so she leaned forward to undo the straps…when she remembered she had forgotten her keys on the counter in the kitchen. Then she remembered her house keys on the same key ring. She was locked out—again. She remembered meaning to hide a house key outside, but never remembered except in a time of need.

“Maybe one of the windows is open,” she thought, remembering opening at least one that day.

Carefully, she extracted herself from the car and walked back toward the house. Luckily, one of the front windows was open. But, to climb through it in her dress would be difficult at best. She tried sticking her head through first, but couldn’t lift herself up through the window with her arms. She didn’t want to risk ripping the dress by going head first over the sill.

Next she tried feet first. The only way to get a foot in through the window was to let the dress open up at the split. This would have left her blonde bush and naked crotch open to the street. So with one hand over herself to block the view as best as she could and other on the sill for balance she stepped through.

At this point, the neighbor across the street, who noticed Jenny leaving in her shinny gold dress, had his binoculars trained on the action. He watched and groaned as Jenny’s nipples flashed into view during the contortions required as she crawled through the window.

Once inside, Jenny found her keys and started out again to the car.

Meanwhile, Ashley’s taxi driver got a nice tip as he adjusted his rearview mirror to keep one eye on Ashley’s lingerie and one on the road. At the hotel where the party was being held, he jumped out quickly to open the door for her, narrowly beating the valet to the punch. Both he and the valet nearly lost control as Ashley stepped from the cab.

“How much do I owe you?” asked Ashley to the cab driver.

“It’s on me Ma’am, just be sure to call me when you need a lift home,” he replied, handing her his business card with his cell phone number.

Jenny arrived in her Miata and had to put her shoes on while the valet watched her dress move with her curves. By the time she had them on, it was obvious to him that there was nothing under the dress.

Jenny found her friend Ashley at the bar—or rather on a bar stool at the bar. Ashley had attracted quite a crowd of admirers and Jenny was shocked to see that Ashley’s garters were showing. It seemed that Ashley once again needed to be reminded to be careful in such a short dress.

“She should know better than to sit on a high stool in that dress,” Jenny thought innocently.

While Jenny tried to get her attention to suggest a trip to the ladies room, Ashley’s bra strap slipped off her shoulder.

“Oops,” Ashley said as she feigned embarrassment.

“At least it’s not me everyone is looking at,” thought Jenny.

In reality, Jenny was being watched carefully as the men tried to figure out how her thin straps contained her ample assets. They were also trying to verify their suspicions that she had nothing on under the tight gold dress. There certainly were no irregular bumps or lines—just Jenny’s smooth features.

At Jenny’s suggestion to use the ladies room together, Ashley declared, “Someone needs to help me off of this stool. My dress is just too tight to reach the floor.”

All inhibitions and self-respect were forgotten as the guys embarrassed themselves volunteering. One lucky guy took Ashley by her slim waist and set her on her heels on the floor. The witnesses didn’t feel so bad after Ashley managed to flash her white panties at them and somehow her bra straps came into view as she ceremoniously reached under her dress to put them back into place. Jenny just tried to look the other way to fight her embarrassment.

In the ladies room, Jenny said, “Ashley, you need to be more careful in that dress.”

“What do you mean?” asked Ashley.

“That dress is too short to sit down without showing your garters.” Jenny explained. She continued by saying: “and up on that high stool your panties were visible each time you crossed your legs.”

“Oh dear. I had no idea,” said Ashley. “How do I look? Is everything covered properly?”

“Turn around,” said Jenny.

“Looks fine while your standing, but be careful sitting or bending,” advised Jenny. “How do I look?”

“You look fine, why?” asked Ashley.

“Well, I couldn’t find anything to wear under this dress. It’s too revealing. Can you tell?”

Ashley had anticipated Jenny’s question and said, “Turn around and let me see the back.”

Ashley then discreetly pulled a small pocket knife from her purse and while pretending to adjust Jenny’s straps, actually cut them almost through.

“Any sudden movement, and they should give way,” thought Ashley. But she said, “You look fine.”

Back in the party room Jenny’s husband finally showed up. He was delighted by how the girls were dressed. Ashley did all she could to show him her frilly underpinnings whenever Jenny wasn’t looking.

Sometime later, Jenny went to the bar to get refills on their drinks. On the way back, with her hands full, one strap gave out. Suddenly her left breast was exposed and she had no free hands to control the problem. She let out a little cry and had just brought her arms across her chest when the other strap let go. She was trying to get back to the table to set the drinks down in a hurry. As the final strap snapped, her full-length dress slipped down underfoot.

The next thing she heard was the familiar sound of fabric ripping. She had stepped on the front of her dress and her high heel had gone right through it causing her to trip and fall forward. The drinks went flying as she tried to catch herself. The crash silenced the entire room and those who hadn’t heard her cry when the first strap broke or noticed her predicament were now drawn to watch.

In a panic, a very embarrassed Jenny tried desperately to pull her dress up over her breasts, but didn’t realize her heel was tangled up in the hem. As a result, she tore her dress in the process. The continued ripping sound made her take stock of her dress—or what was left of it. Instead of a full length gown, it was now barely miniskirt length as it had ripped at the point of least resistance at the top of the slit. With both straps ripped, Jenny had to hold it up over her chest.

Aware of everyone staring, Jenny just wanted to get up and flee to the ladies room. But, in her platform heels and too short dress she had a problem. Add to that the broken straps and you can imagine her situation. With people starting to gather, she did her best to scramble onto her feet, tugging her dress first up then down in order to maintain some sort of modesty. Needless to say, it was quite a sight.

Once on her feet, it was quite apparent that her newly shortened hem was a bit too brief. Jenny tried to tug the hem down, but she also had to keep it from slipping down too far over her nipples. The compromise position left little to the imagination. The long skirt portion of her gown lay on the ground at her feet. Without thinking, she bent over in typical Jenny fashion to retrieve it. As she picked up the torn piece of her dress, she heard the quite in the room behind her grow into a steady moan—kind of like the wave at a major sporting event. Quickly she straightened up, now even more embarrassed.

Ashley had the decency of going to the ladies room with Jenny to make repairs to the straps. Even Ashley couldn’t believe Jenny’s luck, or lack of luck. Since she didn’t want to miss the big celebration at midnight, Jenny bravely stuck it out at the party in her new micro-minidress.

Ashley was a little miffed since Jenny drew a lot of her attention away, but she made the best of it by capitalizing on all of Jenny’s admirers. Men would make up some excuse to pass by Jenny, hoping to catch one of her nipples in sight or a shot up her extremely short dress, and Ashley would try every trick in her book to give them something to look at instead of the blonde bomb. Jenny was inwardly relieved at Ashley’s predicaments, and said nothing for the rest of the evening about her flashings.

Jenny’s husband was beside himself with glee. His only trouble was staying in sight of both Ashley’s lace and his wife’s naked charms.

As the party came to a close, Jenny’s husband was a little disappointed that it was over. Who knows when he would get to see his busty blonde wife and sexy Ashley all dressed up in dresses that were too short? It was kind of like Christmas, after all the presents were open.

His consolation came when Ashley said she did not have a ride home. Jenny said of course he wouldn’t mind giving her a lift home. So he first helped his wife into her Miata—reaffirming all of his wedding vows—and then led Ashley to his pickup truck.

Always the gentleman (even with ulterior motives), he opened the passenger door for her, and held his breath to see how she would climb up into his lifted 4x4. Ashley had asked for his help going down the stairs in front of the hotel, and he knew her dress was too tight to step up into the cab. He had also witnessed how her short hem seemed to expose her stockings and garters with little provocation.

“I don’t think I can get in your truck,” Ashley cooed with a glance at his crotch.

As she had hoped, it was straining against the swelling.

“What do you mean, Ashley?” he asked.

“Well, my dress is too tight to step up that high. I’d have to hike it up.” She said.

“Should I look the other way while you hitch it up?” he asked.

“Oh no. Even then, I don’t think I can climb up in these heels.” She said, trying to recover from his unexpected question. “Can you give me a boost?”

“Sure,” he said enthusiastically.

As he prepared to give Ashley a boost, adjusting his crotch when he hoped she wasn’t looking, she gave a series of tugs to her dress until she could lift her leg high enough, up to the doorsill. Having accomplished that, he had nowhere except her rear end to give her a boost. With her skirt up around her waist, he was confronted with her sexy lingerie in front, up to her white lacy panties. As he put his hand on her panties, she didn’t complain, but acted as if it were completely normal.

Once in the cab, Ashley made a production of settling her dress over her garters. Sitting, her dress ended just above her stockings. It was amazing he didn’t have an accident on the way to Ashley’s, since it was hard to keep his eyes on the road.

Getting out of the truck, Ashley required assistance again of course. The process of scooting to the edge of the seat hitched up her red dress past her red and white garter straps, but Ashley didn’t bother to pull it back down as it wouldn’t have done much good anyway. She knew Jenny’s husband had a very good view of her as she leaned toward him for support. She placed her hands on his shoulders, shrugging to let her bra straps fall off of her shoulders.

As she slid one leg down first, pointing her dainty high heeled foot to reach the ground, her dress slid up past her crotch. With one leg on the sill and one near the ground, there wasn’t anything left unexposed under her dress.

“It’s a good thing I’m wearing panties tonight, or I wouldn’t have any secrets left from you,” she cooed.

Jenny’s husband tried to think about Jenny climbing into her Miata without any panties.

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**Jenny's New Job by Biker**

First impressions were everything she reminded herself and so selecting the clothes for today was very important Jenny reminded herself for the third time since breakfast. A new job and new responsibilities required a new outfit.

Jenny was still nervous at the prospect of meeting her clients, "What if they hate me?"

Again her tummy flipped a couple of times in nervousness. "Oh if only I'd gone for the second option."

But it was too late, Jenny had chosen her new job of the two choices offered to her at the temp agency and now it was too late to back out.

The drive into town with her husband took a long while and she spent the time thinking of all the things that could go wrong and making appropriate contingency plans, all the while Jenny had the tummy flips. She had to admit it, she was terrified this wasn't something she was looking forward to!.

The car park was almost empty at this early hour. She kissed John goodbye and he wished her luck squeezing her thigh in encouragement. Taking a deep breath she exited the car.

"See you at home tonight!" he called out as he sped off to work himself.

Alone now in the car park Jenny knew that a lot of the clients would be arriving by foot, and so rather then face them too soon she took another deep breath to calm herself. Then headed in the direction of the low single storey building, she'd been here before but now it seemed so much more sinister knowing it was her first day here, Officially.

Inside she sipped the coffee she'd made herself and heard people's voices through the thin walls gently droning on, suddenly occasionally punctuated by a shriek. Drips of coffee landed in Jenny's lap. She was so nervous

"I must relax, I must relax I must relax... deeep breaths deeeeep breaths."

Jenny felt her tummy roll as 9 o'clock got closer.

Next door Miss Johnson clapped her hands loudly calling everyone's attention to herself, all eyes turned to look at her. Jenny knew it was make or break time. Reluctantly she stood up brushed her black leggings of any specks of dust smoothed her T-shirt down and turned towards the door her training shoes (sneakers) squeaked on the vinyl floor as she walked to meet her doom.

"...So everyone let's give a big happy hello to the new classroom assistant Mrs Hamilton!" Miss Johnson cried out

"Hello Mrs Hamilton!" chorused 27 little six year olds in unison.

Jenny smiled wanly and tried to look excited yet wished she were elsewhere. Children!

Jenny had no experience with the little treasures except of course the one or two Boy scouts that had crossed her path. One day she hoped to have a family of her own but that was in the far distant future. So what she learnt here this day would only serve to help her when that day came. This was what she had to remind herself as often as she could.

Miss Johnson, led Jenny over to the activity table where a boy sat on his own colouring in a picture, outside of the lines Jenny noted, she'd have to rectify that soon.

"Mrs Hamilton, I'd like to introduce you to one of the cutest little chaps in the class, you'll be his personal helper today."

Jenny smiled at the boy who only glanced at Jenny with dark hooded eyes. Miss Johnson dipped her head closer to the young boy and hissed threateningly at him

"Damian, you behave yourself or you'll answer to me. Clear?"

"Damian." Oh my God! Images of the Omen films flashed through her mind. Jenny wished she were still in bed for the fourth time that day. Miss Johnson muttered a passing comment to Jenny as she left her, which included the words 'scissors' and 'banned' whatever could she have meant?

The day went along easily enough. Damian turned out to be less the of the Devil's offspring Jenny thought he would be, and slowly she relaxed her guard. Soon she was playing hide and seek with him in the playground as if she'd done it for months.

Lunchtime surprised her by its sudden arrival and the darlings piled out into the yard to eat their packed lunches or whatever they'd foraged for earlier in the day like small stones and grass. Damian sat alone eating his lunch with a distant look in his eyes,

"This afternoon would be the time, yes soon, soon."

Jenny sipped her orange juice with the other teachers in the Staff room occasionally glancing out of the window to check on the children. She had to admit it she felt great. It was almost 6 hours into the day and she was still wearing the same clothes and hadn't torn, lost or had removed a single article, she didn't want to add the word "yet" but it came out loud and clear in her subconscious. It was at that precise moment that the glass of orange slid off the arm of the easy chair she sat in and spilled it's cold contents into Jenny's lap.

"Awww dammit!" Jenny stood up desperately trying to brush the liquid off her already soaked leggings but it was no good they would need to be removed and dried.

Damian sat in the playground and opened his eyes from the deep concentration he'd been in and smiled. Normally Jenny would be prepared for eventualities such as this, but now she had nothing with her as a change of clothes, the bag of spare clothes was safely in the trunk of her car which was being serviced at the garage.

"Just my bad luck!" she muttered to herself.

It had all started almost two years ago this sort of thing had never been something she had to contend with but since March '98 her luck had suddenly changed for the worse. Losing her clothes or having them ripped from her blushing body seemed to be almost a common thing now.

Resigned to the turn of events that faced her Jenny just asked as she dripped in the middle of the Staff room if anyone had any spare clothes she could borrow. Her luck was in as a young woman said she had something Jenny could borrow, and left the room returning moments later with a small bag.

Jenny entered the toilets and undressed. Wringing out the orange juice from the leggings and her panties too, the panties went straight onto the radiator to dry. The T-shirt showed signs of splatter, so that was removed too. Her trainers were dappled orange so they were dropped into a plastic bag along with the other items of clothing.

She opened up the bag and checked to see what it contained. Inside were items obviously left over from a Jumble sale and these were the unsold items, Jenny guessed rightly as she pulled out a torn and faded "Frankie says Relax" T shirt. A quick rummage through the bag turned up a good white T-shirt and a pair of strappy high heel sandals in her size that were in very good condition but no skirt or leggings at all.

She ducked her head out of the door and called for Miss Johnson, she arrived and Jenny confided her troubles to her.

"You leave it with me Jenny I'll be back soon."

True to her word Miss Johnson returned clutching a white tennis skirt she hoped would fit Jenny's hips. She'd borrowed it from one of the other teachers. Jenny groaned inside but accepted the minute skirt gratefully.

Wrapping the skirt about her Jenny had to then breath in deeply pulled hard and managed to button it together around her waist. She took a moment to check herself in the mirror and shuddered at the memory of being dressed just like this in strappy sandals a white tennis skirt and no panties on a miniature golf course with Ashley last year, damn that Windmill!!!!.

Retrieving the dry but stained panties she slipped them on then checked herself once more in the mirror. Jenny steeled herself for the afternoons activities dressed as she was. Damien liked the new outfit Jenny wore now, he especially liked the way she tried to sit modestly on the child's seat beside him, with her knees tightly closed made her look so vulnerable.

Miss Johnson told the class that they would be split into 2 groups and could either paint or make cakes she would take charge of one group, Jenny would supervise the other. Damian elected to do whatever Jenny's half of the class did, which was painting.

Great!!

Each child was given brushes and water and Jenny did her best to keep all of them supervised. Damian soon got jealous of the others sharing Jenny's attention it wasn't something he'd planned on so he made it his personal goal to keep Jenny to himself whatever it took.

Later Jenny sat by Damian showing him for the tenth time that trees should have green leaves and not blue ones. When suddenly one of the children began fighting a few of tables along, as she stood up to sort out the problem. A tub of red paint leapt up and as if it had a mind of its own and landed slap bang in the middle of her chest. Quick as a flash Jenny tugged the red splattered shirt away from herself without it dripping onto her skirt and rushed off to the toilets.

Again.

Disaster, no other name for it. Her bra was ruined, stained a deep red with the paint and soaked too from Jenny's attempt at cleaning it in the sink. The shirt now looked tie-dyed but it too was dripping wet, pretty soon Miss Johnson tapped on the door, "Jenny are you alright?" Jenny just shook her head but called out pathetically.

"I'm ok but I need another shirt, I don't suppose..."

"I'll see what I can do. Anything else?"

"I don't suppose you have a spare 38DD bra handy do you?"

"Sorry Jenny no, the biggest we have is a 34C and I'm using it right now. Ha ha"

Miss Johnson tried to make Jenny feel better by cracking that little funny but it didn't work Jenny felt miserable, bundling the bra up she dropped it into the bag with her other juice soaked clothes. 5 minutes later Miss Johnson returned with a shirt for Jenny. Jenny had hoped it wouldn't be from that same woman she'd borrowed the skirt from earlier. She seriously doubted she'd fit into a shirt 2 sizes smaller than she was and still look modestly attired. Tight tops tended to accentuate Jenny's well-endowed chest and drew men's (and some women's) eyes to them like a magnet.

She was pleasantly surprised to see the shirt was rather generous in its size in fact it was XXL. It fitted Jenny loosely, she felt that at least it would go a long way to disguise the fact that she was bra less and any swinging her unrestrained breasts would be liable to would be lessened by the baggy shirt.

On returning to the classroom the painting session was over and it was time to change activities.

Cake making. whoo hoo! Damian thought. Each child was issued with an apron but the teachers one couldn't be found so Jenny knew she'd have to be extra vigilant now, one splash and this shirt would become almost transparent. She set about teaching the children the basics of cake making. Bending over each child and helping him or her mix the flour.

Damian in the meantime just spent the time trying to look up Jenny's skirt to guess what coloured knickers she had on, after 30 seconds he knew.

Damien spent a happy 10 minutes under the soft ledge of Jenny's chest as she stood over him mixing the flour and water and warning him not to add too much water. But the bumping of her left breast against the side of his head made him forget that gem of information, then all too soon she was gone to another child. Damien sighed and reached for the cup of water.

Damian really didn't like any of the kids in the class but he especially disliked Dan. Dan was good at pretty much anything he turned his hand to especially writing. So Damian always interfered and twisted the situation so that it seemed whatever Dan did.

Jenny now was bent right over Dan bumping HIS head with her titties while she helped HIM mix up HIS sponge, Damian looked down at the slurry his own cake mix had become and just got green with envy at Dan's apparent ease and progress.

"I'll fix him." Damien muttered and spooned his thin mix of water and flour into a cup ready to let fly at Dan.

As he got closer behind Dan he heard Jenny saying. "That's very good Dan you're so clever, I'm sure you'll have the best sponge in the class."

Damian got angry and instead of tipping the cup over Dan he lifted up the back of Jenny's skirt and before she was aware of it poured the contents down between the cleft of her rounded buttocks.

Jenny Shrieked as the cold wetness slid into her panties she leapt high into the air and rushed off to the sanctuary of the toilets for the third time that day. Locking the door behind her Jenny slithered out of the soaked knickers and draped them over the radiator and set about cleaning the white mess from her pretty pussy and up between her legs. After 15 minutes of rinsing and washing she felt clean again, time to check on the panties Alarm bells clanged as she picked up the rock hard mass that used to be cotton but had hardened to a brick over the radiator.

Uh oh! A flour and water mixture equals.................. Glue!!!

"Ooooh no! Not this, not now."

"Miss Johnson!! Miss Johnson!" Jenny called out from the toilets as she hid behind the door, no reply came to her desperate cries.

Gathering all her courage Jenny stepped out of the toilets and walked gingerly into the deserted classroom, where was everyone? She looked into the Staff room but that too was deserted, movement outside the window caught her eye as she saw parents filing into the car park to await the collection of their kids.

Jenny noticed a high number of males among the parents and clutched her skirt tightly in case it decided to suddenly fall down or mysteriously flip up revealing her to all. She was curious about the disappearance of the class and was torn between finding the bag with the clothes in it to furnish herself with some undergarments or continue searching for the class. Her wandering brought her near to the playground and there she saw the entire class gathered around the base of a tree.

She stepped outside overcome by curiosity rather than the need for panties. And as casually as she was able to given her knickerless state in a short tennis skirt stepped demurely over the scattered toys until she too was by the tree.

"You come down this minute!" shrieked Miss Johnson, Jenny looked behind the tree to see Miss Johnson yelling upwards, raising her gaze upwards Jenny saw the tree house and the angelic face of Damian looking down at them.

"Problems?" Jenny asked

"You have no idea." Miss Johnson sighed back, "He does this whenever he's been bad. He just goes off somewhere and sulks if we tell him off. He once stayed up there for 3 hours."

"I'm vewy sawwy Mrs Hamilton. I didn't meeean to. Honest" Damian pleaded

"It's alright Damian, just come down and everything will be fine." Jenny called up to the boy.

"I'm scared!" Damian cried back

Jenny turned to Miss Johnson "Did he climb down on his own the last time he went up there?"

"Nope, Mr Abraham's had to climb up and get him."

"Well you'd better call him again."

"He left the school, got a job wrestling Crocodiles in Florida, says it's easier, less stressful. Nope there are only two people who can get him down and one of them he really doesn't like."

"Oh? And who's that then?" Jenny inquired

"Well he doesn't like me at all... but he seems to have taken a liking to you Jenny."

"Me!" Jenny squeaked "But, but, but..."

"I'll take the class inside and get them ready to be collected by their parents you get that little brat down."

"I heard what you called me Miss Johnson, I'm gonna tell my big brother you said that!" Damian called down.

Muttering some untypable expletives under her breath Miss Johnson stalked off taking the other children in tow and leaving Jenny alone with the boy and with a big decision to make. Jenny chewed her nails, bit her lip, ground her toes into the grass and did all the things that signified a decision had been made but was still a very bitter pill to swallow.

Jenny looked around and then at the ladder leading up to the tree house

"Oh my...." she gulped and took hold of the first rung and began to climb groping for toe holds on the uneven rungs nailed to the tree.

She was half way up when she saw someone coming toward the tree and he was male! Looking down at the distant ground and the few rungs to the top. She chose to continue hoping the stranger wouldn't get to the base of the tree, look up and catch Jenny up there on the ladder without her panties. Now that would be the end to a perfect day, blushing now at the thought of what he'd see. Jenny scrambled on faster.

Two rungs from the top, the rung she stood on wobbled and tipped her off. Somehow she managed to hold on with her hands and pulled herself up until she could regain her footing but her shock was compounded by the slight ripping sound of a button as it gave up its effort of holding in the waist band against Jenny's trim tummy. Which was two sizes larger than what it was originally designed to hold.

Jenny looked down to see the white skirt fluttering to the ground below. Checking once more for the stranger Jenny saw him on the blind side of the tree and a lot closer! She saw no alternative now but to get into the treehouse and FAST!

The arrival of a semi naked Jenny bursting into the tree house with him brought a big smile to Damian's face. Jenny tugged the t-shirt down pulling it tighter over her ample bosom but it covered her hips from the prying child's eyes.

"Hello! Anyone up there?" a voice called from below. Jenny's heart pounded hard with fear suppose he comes up and sees her crouching here dressed like this?

"Damian are you in the tree house again?"

Damian's eyes lit up as he said to Jenny "That Owen he's my big brother!"

Damian looked over the edge of the door. "Yes I am Owen, I been a bad boy."

"Tell me something I don't already know." Came the reply from below.

"Owen catch Damian!" The child cried out and before Jenny could stop him Damian dove out of the treehouse door.

She shut her eyes tightly expecting the thud of a child hitting the ground any second later but laughter filled her ears instead of the expected screaming.

"Huh?"

Looking over the edge she was in time to see Damian slowly floating down to the waiting arms of the spotty young man with glasses who seemed to be concentrating very hard!.

Before the youth could see her she ducked back into the shadows of her little haven puzzling over this strange sight.

Her heart froze as she heard from below Damian talking to his brother "My teachers up there without her skirt on."

"Mmmm yes I'm sure she is, and I'm the King of Siam. Come on we've got to get going."

The sound of voices receded and Jenny looked out the window to check as she saw Damian running to the car park waving a white piece of cloth in his pudgy little hands, his elder brother strolling along behind.

Now she was relatively safe from being discovered, she sat down gingerly on the rough wood being careful of picking up a splinter and gave serious thought as to how to get out of this situation. Only after a few minutes she heard someone calling her name.

"Mrs Hamilton.... Where are youuuu?"

Looking out of the window opening she was relieved to see Miss Johnson the class teacher. She hadn't forgotten about Jenny after all! Jenny called out and Miss Johnson walked over to the base of the tree and called up. A nervous Jenny looked down to her and was about to explain her problem and ask Miss Johnson to look for her skirt when the memory of Damien running off with his brother came back to her he had been carrying a white piece of material, it didn't take a Detective to figure out it was her skirt. This was bad now!

Blushing furiously Jenny was about to ask Miss Johnson to get her another skirt or better still some trousers when Miss Johnson shrieked.

"Oh Goodness me! The ladder leading up there is missing some rungs you're trapped up there! Now don't panic I'll have you down in a jiffy, There's a fire station next door they're sure to rescue you."

Before a very shocked Jenny could stop her off she ran, Fire station! FIRE STATION!!!

Oh my God! She looked in the direction Miss Johnson had ran off in, and saw her run into the yard next door waving her arms about she soon got the attention of the fire crew there she spent a few moments explaining to the leading fireman

"You've just got to rescue her!" Miss Johnson explained between gasps of breath "The poor girl looked out of her mind with worry."

The fireman looked in the direction of Jenny in the tree house then his eyes widened, this wasn't your ordinary stone faced teacher this one looked gorgeous! At least from what they could see of her waving her arms out of the window in obvious panic. Jenny waved her hands back and forth and mouthing the word 'No' indicating that she was OK and to ignore Miss Johnson.

The flurry of activity that began made her realise these firemen were going into action despite Jenny's best attempts to stop them!. Once more she pulled down the baggy T-shirt trying to stretch it lower and attempt to cover her bottom at least, but it was useless. The sirens wailing and the roar of an engine startled Jenny out of her preoccupation with the shirt. The red fire truck screeched to a halt in the nursery car park and out pilled the crew rushing to the base of the tree with all sorts of equipment in their arms such as oxygen cylinders and axes one bright spark even brought a ladder!

12 firemen stood below the tree looking up at Jenny, Miss Johnson stood among them wringing her hands with worry.

"Now don't panic Miss we'll have you safely down in no time." one chap in a white helmet called up to her.

"Bu, Bu But I......."

"Please try not to panic it'll only make the situation worse." white hat called back. Shit this one's a looker he thought to himself. I'm going to make sure I'm the one who rescues her.

They broke out the equipment cases and huddled around in a group to work out a plan to get Jenny down, white hat suggested using the ladder, they agreed that was the best policy for today and gloomily put away the chainsaws and axes, sadly no tree felling today.

Jenny in the meantime was going quietly out of her mind in the tiny tree house. All she was wearing was a T-shirt and strappy high heels, nothing else!! She had only seconds before that fact was known to these brave Firefighters below, and when that happened she knew she'd die of embarrassment Her eyes darted left and right trying to find something to cover herself with, when the ladder clonked onto the sill of the doorway.

Jenny squeaked in panic tugging the shirt down lower to cover her blonde pussy but also stretched it tight over her large breasts. She watched in hypnotic fascination as the ladder shuddered as a fireman climbed up.

Leading fireman Ron had seen many things in his life as a fireman. Some moments were cherished memories like when he rescued the woman who trapped her toe up the tap of her bath, he had spend over an hour with her enjoying her naked body covered only by a flimsy towel until he'd freed her. As his eyes met Jenny's he saw that look again and knew she wasn't in panic at being stuck in the tree house but terrified he was going to see something she didn't want seen, just like that woman in the bath.

"Now miss, don't you worry I'll have you down in no time." Fireman Ron said as gently as he could while almost bursting inside in anticipation at the prospect of soon getting his hands of the blonde in front of him.

Jenny's eyes were bulging with fear and her hands were shaking. Any second and he'll see that this shirt is all I have on…

Ron checked the size of the small treehouse and glumly saw it would be too small to squeeze in there with her and get her onto his shoulder AND climb down his ladder. Something else would need to be done.

"Miss, I'm going to have to guide you down the ladder, so try not to panic you'll be in safe hands alright?"

Numbly Jenny nodded, too shocked really to take in what he'd just said.

He went on explaining his plan. "I need you t turn around and leave the treehouse feet first." He made spinning motions with his hands as if he was stirring a cup of coffee.

Jenny sat in the corner wishing she was elsewhere, the shirt pulled low down into her lap. She mentally shrugged and lifted her knees up then heard the fireman gasp as his eyes locked onto what she'd just exposed.

"Oh my!" she wailed to herself.

Getting herself onto her knees in the treehouse wasn't so hard as she was quite agile but she dreaded turning around and facing her bare bottom in the direction of the fireman. Gulping once more, she did as he instructed and slowly spun around turning her shapely posterior towards his face for his inspection. The rattling of the aluminium ladder was testimony enough that he was reacting to its sight.

Jenny moaned in embarrassment. Shuffling backwards she felt his touch on her dainty ankle as he guided her back to the doorsill. The collective gasp that rose from below was evidence enough for Jenny that now all the firemen waiting at the foot of the ladder had now seen her bare bum show itself in the treehouse doorway. The tender but firm grip on her ankles by Fireman Ron as he guided her feet to the rung seemed to be shaking somewhat. Soon both her feet were on the rungs side by side, and her body was jack knifed over the top of the ladder her legs locked at the knees

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**Jenny Goes Ice-Skating by Mustang Diamond**

Jenny’s sister called to ask if she would mind watching her boys while she went shopping on Saturday. Jenny agreed, but reluctantly was dreading the task. Her nephews were at that unpredictable adolescent age—somewhere in their teens. Jenny could never keep track of their ages or Birthdays.

Later, when Ashley called to see if she wanted to go to dinner on Saturday, Jenny had to decline saying that she had promised to do some babysitting for her sister. Ashley had really just wanted to get Jenny’s husband out on the town and dinner seemed like an innocent way to get to him.

“Baby sitting? Your nephews are almost in high school.” Ashley had said.

“Oh yeah. Well, she asked me to watch them nonetheless.” Jenny replied.

“You could meet me afterwards. Just call when your sister gets back.”

Ashley was already scheming. For she was well aware of Jenny’s nephews and the pranks they played.

“I guess so. I’ll ask my husband if he wants to and get back to you.” Jenny said.

“Great. See you on Saturday.” Ashley stated, matter-of-factly.

Ashley then called Jenny’s husband and filled him in on what she had in mind.

Later, when Jenny asked him he said, “Great idea. I’ll pick you up and then we can go get Ashley.”

“Not aware of the consequences, Jenny had agreed.”

Saturday morning, Jenny had to decide what to wear. Her husband, anticipating her dilemma, was ready with suggestions and encouragement. He managed to flatter Jenny into wearing one of her wraparound miniskirts and a matching cashmere sweater. It was winter, so the sweater made the outfit wearable on a chilly day. He then said it would be great if she wore the lingerie ensemble he had bought for her earlier that week. How could she refuse?

Jenny was not thinking clearly or she might have objected to seeing her nephews in such an outfit. A pair of black heels and Jenny was ready for a night of fine dinning.

Jenny’s husband was very pleased with the way her skirt unwrapped as she stepped into their all-wheel-drive Subaru.

“Goodness, I guess I’ll have to be more careful getting in and out of this car dressed like this.” Jenny said, slightly embarrassed. But since it was only her husband looking at her new garter and stockings, she didn’t really hurry to rewrap her skirt.

“Not on my account, you won’t. Those are the loveliest legs I’ve ever seen.” He said to her as he closed the door.

It wasn’t until they got on the road that Jenny started thinking about her nephews. But she didn’t want to bring up the subject with her husband. He might not think it appropriate to talk about.

“I’ll just have to be careful.” She thought to herself.

As her husband opened her door for her, she very carefully held her skirt closed and swung both legs out together. Keeping her knees together, she got out of the car just as her two boys came running around the corner of the yard. They were covered in snow and looked to be in the middle of a snowball fight.

Alarmed, Jenny cried, “Now boys. Be careful. I’m all dressed up and don’t want to get snowy and wet.”

“Awe Aunt Jenny, your no fun,” they yelled and went tearing off around back.

“Have fun, Dear. Call when your ready to go out and I’ll be back to pick you up. You look good enough to eat.” Said her husband.

Jenny temporarily forgot to worry and waved goodbye.

Shortly after Jenny arrived, her sister left her in charge and went shopping.

The boys seemed to keep themselves occupied and Jenny made herself at home in front of the home entertainment center. The phone rang, but Jenny hardly noticed since she was caught up in a show.

“One of the boys must have gotten it,” she thought.

Both of them got on the line when they heard it was Ashley. Each had a not-so-secret crush on their Aunt’s “hot” friend. Ashley enjoyed teasing these two adolescents, figuring they had to grow up sometime. So when she asked the boys if they wanted to help embarrass their Aunt, they quite frankly weren’t thinking with their heads. Ashley explained what she had in mind and after not-so-subtly asking if Ashley would join them, the boys put the plan into action.

Ashley just laughed to herself and said, “Count on it.”

Back in the den, the older boy said to Jenny, “Aunt Jenny, it’s time to go skating.”

“What do you mean it’s time to go skating. Where?” asked Jenny.

“Down at the mall. They have public skating every Saturday.” The younger one piped up.

“Come on, it’s the only time we get to go.” Said the older one.

Jenny figured it was a good way to kill some time and said “Okay.”

So off they went.

The mall was an outdoor strip of grass in the middle of the town square. The Fire Department flooded it when the temperature stayed below freezing and the Public Works Department kept the “ice rink” plowed. On Saturday, they allowed anyone to skate.

Since the boys lived just three blocks away, they walked. Jenny was to busy trying not to fall in her high heels to notice that the boys had brought along their Mom’s skates for Jenny. The sidewalks were plowed, so the only hazards were the patches of ice here and there. Jenny was very careful to avoid any ice.

At the second street, the snowplow had left a ridge of snow. Not wanting to get her feet wet, Jenny had to step over it. But, it was too far a step for comfort and she hesitated.

“Could one of you boys give me a hand?” Jenny asked.

They practically tripped over each other offering. Jenny almost fell as she slipped a little, her tight sweater jiggling as she leaned on the boys in the process. The boys kept her up right and enjoyed every minute of it. It didn’t even cross Jenny’s mind that she was turning these young boys into men as she giggled nervously and held on to them for support.

“Thanks, boys. I almost fell.” She said.

When they reached the mall, Jenny could see people skating. There were a couple of benches at the edge of the rink for changing shoes to skates and vice versa. Jenny figured it was a good place from which to watch. The trouble was, there was no clear path to the benches. The snow was several inches deep and Jenny did not want to get her feet all wet. But there seemed to be no other way.

As she surveyed the situation, one of the boys asked, “What’s the matter?”

Jenny replied, “I don’t want to get my new shoes all snowy, but I don’t see a path to the benches over there.”

“How about walking in our footprints? Asked her other nephew.

“Hey. That’s a great idea!” Jenny exclaimed.

As they made their way across the snowy mall, the boys kept looking back to see how Jenny was making out. The worried look on her face indicated that she seemed to be having trouble stepping from one footprint to the next. It was very difficult for her to maintain her balance in her high heels and even walking in the footprints her feet were getting snowy and cold. As the boys marched along, their pace gradually lengthened. Jenny found it harder and harder to stay in their tracks until she nearly lost her balance and had to step in the deep snow to keep from falling. As the cold snow covered her high-heeled shoe and her stocking covered ankle, Jenny let out a small cry.

The boys noticed her predicament and doubled back to help. With one nephew on each side, Jenny was back on track. But shortly the tracks ran out and one of the boys had to let go to lead the way. Progress was slow, but they finally made it to the benches and Jenny sat down and tried to shake the snow off her feet.

The boys sat down and started putting on their skates. Then Ashley arrived, much to the boy’s delight. They each thought she looked really cool in her high-heeled boots. She was wearing a jean miniskirt and a leather bomber jacket and had her skates slung over one shoulder.

“Hi Guys.” She said in greeting.

“Hi Ashley.” Said the boys in unison.

“What are you doing here?” asked Jenny.

“Just out for a day of skating.” Said Ashley with a wink to the boys.

“I didn’t know you could ice skate.” Said Jenny.

“Sure. Don’t you?” she replied.

“Are you kidding. I’ve never even tried it.” Said Jenny.

“Well there’s no time like the present, huh boys!” exclaimed Ashley.

“Right. We figured you skated and brought our Mom’s skates for you.” Said the older boy.

And before Jenny could protest, Ashley and the boys peer pressured her into it.

Maybe it was fear, or possibly the fact that Ashley had shown up in a skirt, that caused Jenny to momentarily forget about her attire. But by the time she remembered, she was on the ice with both boys holding her up on either arm.

As they slid her along the ice, Jenny was afraid her skirt would suddenly blow open and she would be unable to control it while she was holding on for dear life. She tried to look down to make sure it wasn’t unwrapping itself, but as she did she lost her balance and wound up falling on her rear end. The boys were not strong enough to keep her from falling, but they managed to stay upright each holding an arm. Jenny’s skirt unwrapped as she sat on the ice and for a moment there was nothing she could do about it.

Jenny wasn’t worried about the two boys—who were momentarily frozen in place as they checked out their aunt’s stockings, garters and frilly panties—but there were a number of men skating who started to show interest in her predicament. Blushing furiously, she extricated her arms and pulled her skirt back over her undies. Suddenly, skating didn’t seem like such a good idea anymore. But, she was in the middle of the rink sitting on her fanny with an audience gathering.

Having never been skating, Jenny wasn’t sure how to get up. She did realize the difficulties associated with getting up while dressed in a short skirt. Especially one that unwrapped if not properly attended. Her butt was getting cold and she was well aware that the only thing between her and the ice were her thin panties. To make matters worse, they had started to ride up her cheeks so she was anxious to get up.

Jenny tried to get up by herself, but each time she ended up back on the ice. Just as she gave up trying to keep her skirt in place, her skates would slip out from under her. Her stocking clad legs and garters had attracted quite a crowd by the time she gave up and asked for help.

Finally one of the onlookers took pity and lifted her onto her skates.

Ashley couldn’t believe all the attention her blonde friend was receiving. Not a single guy was paying her any attention. She decided that the next time she went ice skating she would wear a more daring outfit and pretend not to know how to skate. It was too late for this crowd as she had already taken a few quick laps around the ice, tying to attract some attention.

The crowd thinned around Jenny as she rewrapped her skirt and brushed the snow off her stockings.

“I’d better go sit down before I fall again,” thought Jenny.

But that was harder than she imagined. Before, her nephews—one on each side—had given her a false sense of security. Now, they were off chasing Ashley around the ice as she twirled on her toes causing her skirt to spin out and flashing her panties every once and a while. The boys thought it was a neat trick, but didn’t tell her about the flashing. They figured what she didn’t know couldn’t hurt her, but Ashley figured what she knew couldn’t hurt them.

As Jenny tried to make her way back toward the benches, she set out in the opposite direction of the flow of skaters, who were circling the rink. It wasn’t long before she fell again, attracting the attention of the male skating population. Before Jenny could react to gather her unwrapped skirt, one of the distracted onlookers skated by a little too close.

As he passed her on the ice with her stockings and garters flashing, he wasn’t paying enough attention to where he was going. Or perhaps he was paying too much attention and ended up skating directly at Jenny. Jenny saw him coming toward her at an alarming rate and not knowing much about skating, she figured he was going to run her over.

So she screamed, “AHHHHHEEEEEEEeeeeee!”

Jenny’s scream only threw him off even more and by the time he tore his eyes off her legs and frilly underpinnings and realized he was on a collision course—it was nearly too late. Jenny closed her eyes, frozen in place, and waited for the impact. He managed to lift one skate as he flew past her, but the other skate went right over Jenny’s outstretched skirt. Without a sound, his skate cut half of her skirt right off.

After a while, Jenny opened one eye and peeked out to see if it was all clear. Somehow, she had managed not to get run over. How, she had no idea, but she was relieved all the same. After opening the other eye, she realized people were once again starting to gather around her to view her struggles and, no doubt, her panties. As she self-consciously tried to rewrap her skirt and cover as much as she could—which as she remembered from her last call wasn’t much—she was surprised to find that the wrap around skirt kept wrapping. Looking around, she discovered the reason—the back of her skirt was lying on the ice all by itself.

“Oh no.” she sighed, “not again.”

By this time one of her male admirers had skated up to see if he could help her up. Several others, who were not so quick and fortunate to be in the right place at the right time, skated into position so they were. Then, noticing how her dress was ripped, some moved in behind her for the moment when she would reveal her rear end covered by her sexy little panties.

Jenny knew she couldn’t get up by herself. That would only prolong the agony of struggling half naked in front of this crowd. So she gave her hands to her new found friend and he pulled her onto her skates. Audible sighs and moans went through the onlookers in a ripple effect. Jenny didn’t want to let go of her support for fear he might let her fall again. Instead she asked him to help her off the ice.

“Sure!” he replied. And that he did, with the rest watching her wiggle rear.

Back on the bench, she thanked him and tried to hint that she would rather be alone at the moment. But of course he didn’t take the hint. Instead he insisted on helping her take off her skates. Not wanting to offend the person who had just gone out of his way to help her, she reluctantly and shyly let him.

Jenny tried to keep her knees together as much as possible and held the skirt so it wouldn’t unwrap as it was prone to do when she was sitting. Taking the skates off required—it appeared—a lot of tugging and pulling. By not unlacing them very far, the voyeur was able to both prolong the task and lift her feet several times. This of course separated Jenny’s knees and gave repeated shots up her skirt.

The combination of the hose, garters and lacy panties was almost too much to endure, but someone had to do it. Finally, the skates were off and our helpful voyeur felt like Al Bundy as Jenny handed him her high-heeled shoes.

“If only he had to measure her size,” he thought as he burned the imagery into his brain for the last time.

Ashley was fuming as she witnessed all the fuss her friend was causing. Several men had quit skating early so they could sit on the opposite bench and change into their shoes. Quite a line formed as they took their time bent over untying their skates and tying their shoes. The view was just too good to hurry.

All this gave Ashley an idea. Discreetly, she removed her panties and tossed them into a snow bank. Then as Jenny was finishing, she asked if anyone would help her with her skates. You can imagine the eager volunteers. It’s a dirty job, but someone had to do it.

Jenny meanwhile had her ripped skirt to contend with…. While she was seated, she was okay. But sooner or later, she would have to walk back to her sisters—three blocks away in the middle of a Saturday, downtown. If only Ashley—seated next to her—would quit being such a ham and let all these people go home.

“What’s wrong, Jenny?” Ashley asked, as if she didn’t know.

Innocently, Jenny replied, “My skirt is torn and doesn’t cover my panties in the back.”

“Just take it off and stretch your sweater down and no one will no the difference.” Ashley said.

“Well, maybe.” Jenny said.

“Its not going to stay on long anyway the way it’s torn.” Ashley persisted.

“You think so. Well, okay.”

And Jenny proceeded to take off her skirt still sitting on the bench. Then she tugged on her sweater as if it were a mini-dress. The effect was stunning. The “sweater mini-dress” was stretched tightly over all of Jenny’s voluptuous curves. Ashley stood up to see just how exposed her friend looked.

“How does it look?” she asked nervously.

“Just fine. Don’t worry.” Ashley managed to choke out, but she was thinking, “Damn. That bimbo looks good in anything.”

“Hey Ashley!” the boys called. “How come you’re not skating with us anymore?”

As Ashley spun around to confront the unexpected hollering of the approaching boys, one of her high-heeled boots stuck in the snow while the other one slipped out from under her. Ashley let out a surprised scream as her naked bottom hit the snow. She quickly scrambled to her feet, but her legs and rear end were snowy and wet.

“Burr, that’s cold!” she said as she sat on the bench next to Jenny to brush off the remaining snow. Ashley was about to reply to her two young fans, when she noticed with alarm that her thighs were stuck to the metal bench. Just as a wet tongue sticks to cold metal, Ashley’s legs were stuck to the bench.

“Oh no, I’m stuck to the bench!” she cried.

“What? How come?” Asked Jenny.

“Help me!” Ashley screamed.

Before long someone had called 911 on their cell phone and the fire department, hearing about a sexy girl in a short skirt stuck to a bench, responded in full force.

After appraising the situation, one of the firemen said, “Ma’am, were going to have to cut your skirt a bit to get the equipment in to get you free, okay?”

“Just get me off this bench.” Said an unusually embarrassed Ashley.

The firemen cut Ashley’s skirt and the bench with the jaws-of-life cutter and before long had her free. But the part of the bench they had cut remained stuck to her thighs and rear end.

“We’re going to transport you to the hospital to extricate the bench, okay?”

On the way, Ashley’s rear end started to ache as the cold numbing sensations turned to a burning and then painful feeling. Somewhere along the way, everything warmed up enough so that the bench part fell off on its own. This left Ashley with a cut up skirt and a sore behind.

Now Jenny had to make her way along the city sidewalks with at least one hand holding her sweater down over her panties. You can imagine the traffic problems she caused. Bending first one way and then the other, Jenny struggled to keep her “hem” down. Each time she got to a small obstacle, like a patch of ice or a mound of snow, she had to momentarily let go of the ‘hem” or risk loosing her balance. Each time, her sweater would pop back up to her waist. But each time she figured it was better than falling down and attracting unwanted help getting up. Besides, she might hurt herself.

At the street with the piles of snow at each side, she waited until there were no cars before hoping the first mound. In the street, she caught her balance and quickly tugged her sweater over her hips. She wiggled on her high heels to the other side of the street and had to contend with the other mound of snow. As a car was coming, she tried to hold her “skirt” in place while she jumped over the snow and slipped on a patch of ice. Her high heels slid right out from under her and she landed on her fanny and slid off the ice and onto the cement.

Quickly, and not so ladylike as no one was near, she got back up and tugged the “mini-dress” back into place. Surveying the damage she thought only her pride had been hurt. Unfortunately for her, but lucky for the male population in town that Saturday, she had started a rip in her sweater where she had skidded on the concrete.

As she tugged on the sweater and jiggled down the sidewalk, the run started to unravel the sweater. Slowly at first, then faster until the breeze on the small of her back told Jenny something was wrong—dreadfully wrong. Discovering the problem, Jenny was faced with an all out conundrum. The more she pulled to cover herself up, the less she had to cover herself with….

By the time she made it to her sister’s house, she was running as fast as she could in her high heels crying, “Oh-my-God, Oh-my-God….”

As she trotted up the front walk, her sweater was nothing but a trailing piece of yarn. Later, the boys would find the long piece of yarn and follow it all the way home, thinking it was some sort of scavenger hunt.

At the front door, Jenny found the door locked.

“Uh ooh.” She said, afraid of being locked out.

She didn’t have any keys. She hurried around to the garage door, with one arm across her bra and the other trying to conceal her panties,…to find it locked too! Her only chance was the back door, but that meant trudging through several feet of snow in her high heels and little else. At this point she was plenty cold, dressed in only her lacy bra, panties, hosiery and heels.

Daintily at first, she started trying to walk around back to check the door. She found it very hard going. Her heels were just not made for snow. She would sink though the fresh snow and then as she shifted her weight would crunch through the crust underneath. The crusty snow started to take its toll on her stockings, until the runs got so bad she might as well not be wearing them.

“Oh dear. Just look at my stockings, they’re ruined.” Jenny fretted. “What am I thinking, I’m practically naked and I’m worried about my stockings? I must be going crazy.” She thought. “I sure hope none of the neighbors are watching. How could I ever face them again. I don’t even want to look.”

And with that thought, she trudged on to the backdoor. The going was tough and she couldn’t always keep her arms over her frilly bra or panties. At the backdoor, …she found it locked too, of course. What would be the point of locking the house if you left one door unlocked.

Slowly, Jenny made her way around the house to check the windows. It being winter, there weren’t any open. Just as she was beginning to give up—not even wanting to think about walking home wearing what she was wearing, or not wearing—her sister drove up the driveway.

“What on earth are you doing outside without any clothes on, girl?” her sister chided. “And what happened to your clothes? Wait, where are my boys? Did they do this?”

“Well.” Replied Jenny, trying to think of something to say. “I lost them.”

“You what?” cried her sister, thinking of course that Jenny had managed to loose her two sons.

“I…they just sort of…” struggled Jenny. “They unraveled.” She said, relieved to get that off her chest (and what a chest it is).

“Your clothes, right?” said her sister.

“Of course, what did you think happened to them?” asked a confused Jenny.

“My boys. Where are they?” demanded her sister.

“Oh. There skating with Ashley.”

“Of course.” Said her sister. “Why on Earth are they with Ashley? You know I don’t approve of her one bit.”

“Can we go inside?” asked Jenny.

“I guess we better and find you something to wear.”

And that was how Jenny’s first day of ice skating went, naturally.

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**Jenny Tours A Yacht by Mustang Diamond**

At a recent party, a friend of Jenny’s husband mentioned he had just traded yachts. He was very proud of his new acquisition, and Jenny, being Jenny, seemed very interested in him and his yacht. So after describing detail after detail (you know how guys carry on when a beautiful girl pays him attention), he suggested that they would have to go see it sometime.

Actually, Jenny was simply interested in keeping the attention off herself as she had gotten into another situation where she was not quite dressed (but that’s another story). She didn’t even remember setting a date to see the yacht, until her husband called to say he was tied up at the office and that she should meet him at the marina in an hour.

“But, how do I get there, and what shall I wear?” Jenny asked. “I haven’t got anything to wear.” She said before he could answer.

“I’m sure you’ll find something to wear.” He said to her. “And why not invite Ashley along. The two of you can figure out what to wear together.”

“Oh that’s a great idea.” Jenny replied with obvious relief. “She always knows what to wear.”

“Does she ever,” thought her husband as he gave Jenny directions to the marina and said goodbye.

Jenny called Ashley and invited her to go along to tour a yacht. Ashley was more intent on impressing Jenny’s husband then seeing the boat. Not getting it all straight, the two of them figured they were going on a tour of the Love Boat or something like it.

Getting dressed and down to the marina in an hour took some doing, and they arrived a little late. “I sure hope were not too late,” said Jenny.

“They’ll wait for us,” replied Ashley in a confident tone.

“How can you be so sure?” Jenny asked.

“Because we’re a couple of good looking women and they’re just men.”

Jenny blushed, giggled and jiggled as they walked toward the docks. She was careful to keep one hand on her hem to prevent it from blowing up. Fortunately, she thought, it wasn’t too windy today.

Ashley put an extra effort in rolling her hips, as she tried in vain to turn as many heads as Jenny.

Jenny’s husband and “Captain” Tom met the girls at the locked gate that led into the floating docks. One look and it was obvious that the two young ladies were expecting a tour of a ship, not a boat—yacht as they knew it. They were dressed for a cruise ship, not a sailboat. The two men appraised the ladies from their feet on up.

Ashley was wearing black shoes with high slim heels and straps wrapping up her hose covered legs. The shapely legs led a long way up past her knees to the hem of a rather tight fitting miniskirt suit made of fine material—silk or linen it appeared to be. The collar was deep enough to show some cleavage, and both men spent some time taking in the view. Then they noticed it was black with white accents (collar, buttons, etc.).

Jenny was wearing white high heeled slides with thin stiletto heels and just a small strap across the toes that apparently held them on her feet. Although they would require closer study as Jenny walked to be sure. She too had on hose, in a very sheer nude color. Her legs were equally attractive and they led up to a flower sundress with a deep-v neck. It was yellow and almost transparent with the sun behind her. The hem fell just above her knees. Jenny’s assets filled out the deep-v impressively and both men wondered how the thin strap around her neck held them up.

After appraising their dress, Jenny was sure it was apparent that she was not wearing a bra and asked in a worried way, “Is everything alright?” Just how Ashley talked her out of the strapless one she had planned on wearing, still mystified her.

“Just fine,” the men stammered, tucking their tongues back in their mouths.

“What are you expecting to see on this tour of my boat?” asked Tom after catching his breath.

“Boat? We were told you had a large yacht. You know, like, the Love Boat or something,” Ashley said.

“I thought so. Well my yacht is large at 64 feet as far as sailboats go, but it’s hardly the Love Boat.” Tom couldn’t help chuckling a little.

“What’s so funny?” Jenny asked.

“Nothing—really. You’re just not too practically dressed for this sort of thing. Watch your step, there are cracks all over the place along the docks.” And with that, he led them to the boat. Jenny’s slides made a delightful “click, slap, click, slap” sound that was in perfect time with the metronome action of her rear end.

Luckily the tide was close to high or the women wouldn’t have made it down the ramp to the floats. The motion of the docks made them a little unsteady on their heels, and both ladies had to watch where they stepped to avoid the numerous cracks and uneven surfaces typical of wood plank docks. So both of the men were able to enjoy the views and study Jenny’s shoes. It really was amazing she was able to keep them on her feet. Ashley was silently fuming, because once again, without even trying, Jenny seemed to be getting more attention than she.

At the boat, Tom said, “Well here she is. All 64 feet.”

The girls were looking at the steps leading to the deck. There was a set of wooden stairs (3 if it matters) on the dock next to the boat. A gap between the deck and the top step, allowed the boat and dock move separately so the distance varied with the water motion.

Jenny, feeling uncharacteristically smug, said to Ashley, “I told you a loose fitting dress would be better than a tight one.” And with that she climbed up the steps and stepped across to the deck. Once aboard she held on to the stanchions for balance.

Ashley climbed up after her, but at the gap, she couldn’t step across. Her skirt was too tight. She made a little attempt, playing up her predicament, and said in a husky voice, “Oh dear. My skirt is just too tight to step across.”

“Need a hand?” Tom asked.

“Obviously,” she said. “This will show Jenny,” she thought.

“Don’t fall in,” Jenny called, laughing. And once again, Ashley took the short end of the stick.

Tom straddled the chasm and lifted her aboard. Once aboard, she too held on for balance.

“Normally, I ask that guests take off their shoes, but the non-skid surfaces might be rather hard on the stockings I’m afraid.” Tom said with a wink to Jenny’s husband.

“We’ll manage,” Ashley said, sure of herself and missing the point. High heels would be slippery at the very least.

“Fine. Step this way to the cockpit.” Tom said walking across the deck. “Here is the companionway that leads below decks. Turn around and go down the steps backwards—they’re steep.”

Tom descended first and Jenny followed. With her confidence high, she descended too quickly and one foot slipped on the second step. Tom was right below her and was able to catch her, but her skirt billowed out and showed enough of leg to see she was wearing pantyhose—not stockings.

Ashley, in her tight skirt, was more careful in her decent. She had to be with the tight restriction on her legs. Even so, her skirt rode up to show the tops of her stockings. Jenny noticed and was instantly embarrassed for her friend, but she didn’t say anything, afraid of drawing attention to the matter. Ashley didn’t mind at all. In fact, she did everything she could to help her miniskirt ride up her thighs. As she descended, she leaning over provocatively so that Tom got a good view of her panty lines from below and Jenny’s husband got a good shot down her jacket from above. Ashley was more than pleased with herself as she turned around and said to Tom, “lead on sailor.”

Tom did just that after rearranging his jeans as discretely as possible. Jenny missed it completely, by Ashley was beside herself with glee. Tom rambled on and on about the features, completely boring his audience. His tour was very though. When they got to the sail locker in the forepeak, Ashley said, “Ooo, what’s up this ladder.”

Tom explained that it led to the foredeck and it was how the crew got the sails on deck. As he was explaining, Ashley started up the ladder. Warning bells started going off in Jenny’s head, but she didn’t want to cause a scene. She couldn’t believe Ashley didn’t know better than to climb a ladder in such a short, tight skirt!

Ashley, looking up the whole time, let her skirt hem do its thing. She really didn’t even need to try. It was so tight and short that in order to take each step up the vertical ladder, the skirt hitched up her thighs on its own. The result got more and more dramatic the higher she climbed. With each step, she used the fact that her high heels were slippery on the ladder to her advantage. She would put one arch of a foot at a time on each rung, heels and toes straddling the rung, exaggerating the process of climbing. Until, at the top, she proclaimed, “Oh, Jenny come quick, you have to see the deck.” On deck, Ashley turned on her heels and looked down through the hatch, giving everyone a beautiful view up her short miniskirt to her lacy white panties.

“Sure, Ashley.” Said a not to convinced Jenny. Then to Tom she said modestly, “Maybe you should go first.”

She gave her husband that look that signals loud and clear her distress. The one he’s so good at ignoring in a seemingly innocent way. To Jenny, he said, “Nonsense, we’ll be right here in case you fall. Don’t worry.”

Jenny couldn’t help worry and she chewed unconsciously on her lower lip. She wished she had worn panties under her sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose. But, Ashley had talked her out of them in order to eliminate any visible panty lines. Funny, Ashley’s dress showed plenty of panty lines, she thought as she stepped over toward the ladder.

She knew there would be no modest way to ascend a ladder in her flared, full-skirted dress. But, she tried to hold the dress at the hem as she took the first step. After that, she needed both hands on the ladder to climb. To make matters worse (for Jenny, not her audience), as Jenny placed each of her dainty slides on a rung, they would slip forward until her heel caught the rung.

Jenny had only climbed one ladder while wearing heels this high. And that was short step ladder . As this ladder was nothing but vertical rungs of stainless steel, Jenny had to concentrate on the task at hand. She momentarily forgot about the men below. At first, the slipping of her shoes puzzled her until she figured out how to place each arch carefully on each rung as she had seen Ashley do—“uh oh,” thought Jenny as she remembered the view Ashley had given. But, by this time, she couldn’t see past her billowing skirt. “I sure hope they close their eyes,” she thought, remembering how sheer her hosiery was.

From below, the guys were in heaven as they stared up at Jenny’s bare assets covered only by very sheer pantyhose. The seam of her hose was clearly visible as she climbed. Jenny’s husband couldn’t believe his luck of exhibiting his lovely, shy wife to one of his friends. “Wait until this story gets around,” he thought proudly.

“Need a hand, honey?” he asked his wife, with a wink to Tom.

“I think I’m—oh,” Jenny said as she felt a hand on her rear end. “Oh my God! I sure hope that’s not Tom’s hand.” She thought.

Jenny’s husband followed close behind, one hand on her behind. Just before Jenny made it to the top, he was able to hook the hem of her light dress on a pin that held the ladder in place at the top. As Jenny tried to step of the ladder to extract herself from such an embarrassing situation, she felt a tug at her dress. At first she thought someone had pulled on it as a joke, or maybe her husband was trying to help keep her covered. But, as she tried again to step onto the deck she realized she had once again managed to snag her dress on something.

She thought if she took a step down she might see what had caught her. As she did, her dress rose up like a curtain on Broadway, exposing her even more. She was able to extract the hem from the pin, and proceeded on to the deck. Once up there she was careful to move away from the hatch opening, smoothing her dress down while trying to pretend nothing had happened. But, she was pretty flushed with embarrassment. Ashley noticed and silently gloated to herself.

“Ashley,” Jenny whispered. “Come over here.”

“What?” she whispered back.

“You need to be more careful in that outfit.” Jenny replied discretely, as the two men made there way on deck.

“What do you mean?” asked Ashley, as if she had no idea what she meant.

“Well.” Whispered Jenny, “Your stocking tops, garters and panties were on display from below.” This made Jenny even more embarrassed, because she knew she had give an even better show to the men. But, she pretended not to know.

“Oh, my.” Said Ashley with faked astonishment.

And by that time, the men were looking at the ladies in a new light, as it were.

Tom led the small group back toward the cockpit, carefully pointing out every piece of hardware on the deck—standing rigging, running rigging, etc. Halfway back along the deck, Ashley slipped on a lexan hatch cover and fell on her fanny. Fortunately, she didn’t weigh enough to break it, but she had the wind knocked out her for a moment. Meanwhile, her lacy white panties reflected the late afternoon sun in a dazzling manner. Jenny was both embarrassed for her friend and also subconsciously glad it hadn’t happened to her (she couldn’t help thinking about her own sheer hose again as she looked at her friends black stockings and garters.)

“I wonder why she wore white panties,” thought Jenny, who most certainly would have worn matching black ones, if she had a choice. “Come to think of it,” thought Jenny, I am glad it’s not me on the deck with those frilly little panties on display!”

After what seemed an eternity, Ashley realized her predicament. And since she wasn’t hurt, she tried to turn it to her advantage. In a seemingly modest maneuver, she brought her knees together and tugged on the hem of her too short skirt. She was able to cover her panties at least, but not her stocking tops. Once, the initial “are you okay,” bit was finished and Ashley assured everyone she was okay, Tom gallantly offered her a hand. As most women know, it is very difficult to get up off the ground in a tight skirt and high heels. And it is impossible to do so with any modesty. Ashley was aware of this, but it didn’t bother her. She simply went through the motions of trying to get her feet under her, and let her skirt do the rest.

By the time Tom had her on her feet, he had to adjust his jeans again. But, Ashley was leaning on him “for balance” and bending over toward him while tugging on her skirt in an exceedingly feminine gesture. Tom had a great view down her jacket at her lacy matching bra, complete with a little bow in the middle of her cleavage, and Ashley had a perfect up close view of his problem. Tom almost lost it as her perfume wafted over him.

Recovering slowly, Tom did what every sailor does when there in doubt.

“How about a quick sail to see what she’ll do,” said Tom, referring to the boat (all boats are female, don’t you know).

Jenny’s husband seemed to miss “that look” again as he piped up, “Sure, its a nice enough day for one.”

Ashley seemed game and not wanting to rock the boat, so to speak, Jenny went along with the program.

Tom reassured the ladies that they would be safe enough in the cockpit. Once they were situated, he set about preparing the yacht for sail. Presently, they cast off and powered out of the harbor.

Once outside the breakwater, the wind picked up. This started to give Jenny trouble as her dress kept billowing up. Jenny kept both hands busy trying to keep it in a position to provide some modesty. Sitting, she was able to tuck it around her. She was glad she remembered to put her hair up in a pony tail, as Ashley’s kept blowing in her face. With her dress tucked neatly around her, her breasts became increasingly more erect and apparent in the cool wind. Ashley noticed the guys watching Jenny’s chest and let her miniskirt hitch up as she squirmed around trying to keep the hair out of her face.

After they were clear of the channel, Tom went about putting up sail. Jenny was fascinated, until the boat started to heel and she started to slide off her seat. “Eeek,” she cried. “Why is the boat tipping?”

Tom quickly showed her how to put her feet up across the way to keep from sliding. Ashley was on the low side, and he said to her, “You might want to come up on the high side next to Jenny so you don’t get wet.” This was a difficult maneuver in heels and a tight skirt. Ashley didn’t need to pretend she needed help. As Tom helped her make the switch and got her feet propped up, Jenny seemed to be in trouble again.

She was alternately using her hands to hold on and to bat at her light dress to keep herself covered. Plus, she was loosing the battle of keeping her slides on her feet. The only thing keeping them from sliding off her foot rest on the opposite bench was her slim heels that kept slipping sideways—first one way, then the other, so that half the time Jenny found herself with her feet sliding apart and her dress floating up giving a great view of the seam running down the middle of her virtually transparent pantyhose. “Can you help me take off my shoes?” she asked her husband. “They might fall off and go overboard.” She was more worried about herself then her shoes, though.

“Sure.” He replied.

But, once off, Jenny had even more trouble keeping a footing. Her hose covered feet kept slipping, until she fell right off her seat and landed on her rear in the middle of the cockpit.

“Perhaps you should take off your hose, Dear,” he added.

Ashley was having similar problems with her high heeled sandals, but since they where buckled up around her ankles securely, she didn’t have to worry about loosing them. And when her feet slid opposite each other, her tight skirt kept her legs somewhat together. But as it kept riding up her thighs, she found she too was fighting a loosing battle. With her knees raised up, her panties were once again on display to our happy mariners.

Jenny gave her husband another look—this time a cross between a distress signal and a warning about future consequences if he didn’t help her this instant. Jenny tried to climb back on to the high side bench, but kept slipping on the sole of the cockpit. Her dress had a mind of its own and Tom just steered and watched her butt flash over and over. Even with her husbands help, she realized she couldn’t keep from slipping to leeward. And when one of her straps fell off her shoulder, exposing a nipple, she decided it was time for desperate measures. Sitting on the floor at Ashley’s feet, she tucked her errant boob back in her dress and pulled up her strap. Then she steeled herself and reached under her dress to the waistband of her hose. And pulled them off.

As she gathered herself up, she looked up and saw Ashley’s predicament, who she was trying desperately to keep from falling. But, as she tried to maintain a footing her heels danced back and forth along the rail and she was unable maintain her modesty in such a brief miniskirt. Jenny told herself she would have to remind Ashley to keep her skirt pulled down.

Now in bare feet, she was able to stand up—carefully holding her dress about her as she did. She was very much aware that the only thing she was wearing was her light, yellow sundress. She was able to pull it around her thighs and hold it in a bunch in on hand. This gave her one free hand to pull herself up. Her husband helped her to her seat and she tucked her dress about her legs.

As her husband moved across the way to check on the jib sheet, he was able to keep an eye up Ashley’s tight miniskirt.

Jenny took the opportunity to say to Ashley, “Ashley, your skirt is riding up again.”

Ashley was surprised at Jenny’s naïveté, and rather than admit she was enjoying flashing Jenny’s husband, she said, “Oh no, but I don’t think there is anything I can do about it at the moment.”

And she gave a quick little tug at her hem for a show of modesty.

“You could go barefoot, like me.” Jenny said. “It is much easier to move about.”

“I don’t know, do you think you could help me take off my shoes? I don’t think I can reach the straps.” Ashley said to her.

“How can I do that an keep my dress from flying up over my head?” Jenny asked. Adding: “I might as well be naked.”

As much as Jenny was set against standing up in the wind to take off her friend’s shoes, she was also sure she didn’t want her husband helping her. Naive as she may be, she had seen Al Bundy in his shoe store and when she didn’t get why her friends were laughing, someone had explained that men liked looking up skirts.

“Just sit on the floor like I did and take off your shoes and stockings.” Jenny said to Ashley.

Now even Ashley didn’t think she could get away with having Jenny’s husband take off her shoes and her hosiery in front of everyone. So she slowly worked her way on to the floor to do it herself. This of course provided some great views of her panties as she took off each shoe. Then she made quite a production of un-gartering each stocking, one at a time, and smoothing them down her legs. She put each stocking in a jacket pocket for later. She added her shoes to Jenny’s in a corner and then worked herself up off the floor.

She didn’t bother to pull down her miniskirt any more than it slid on its own, as she climbed once again up next to Jenny. With her rear end in the air as she moved across the isle, her panty lines were evident as were her garters hanging loosely below the back edge of her miniskirt.

Tom took the boat through several tacks, and with each change of heel the ladies went though the same predicament. Jenny’s dress would fly about flashing her naked bottom until she settled in on the opposite side. Ashley’s miniskirt restricted her movement unless it was hiked up past her dangling garters.

But during one tack, Ashley said to Jenny, “So now which dress is better?” Causing Jenny’s embarrassment to increase beyond the point of trying to pretend it wasn’t happening.

“Neither.” said Jenny.

Eventually, it was time to head back and the boat flattened out as they sailed before the wind. Jenny asked, “How come we couldn’t sail flat before?” Which prompted a nautical lesson involving Bernoulli’s equation that no one followed.

Back on the dock, the ladies excused themselves and went below to redress. After some reconstructive cosmetics they emerged looking as lovely as before the short cruise. Each was careful to avoid any further embarrassment. Even Ashley kept her knees together and her miniskirt in line. The only evidence of their ordeal seemed to be Jenny’s lack of a brassiere, as the cool evening air caused her nipples to stand at attention. And attention they received, too.

As they made their way back onto the dock, Ashley needed help making the step off the boat. Back on the dock, she had an idea. Walking next to Jenny on the way back up the docks, she pretended to stumble at an opportune time.

Ashley bumped into Jenny who in her wobbly high heeled slides lost her balance. With her outstretched arms whirling in circles, she tried to catch herself from falling. As if in slow motion, it was evident she was about to fall in the water. Ashley was trying not to laugh, and at the last second Jenny caught hold of her Jacket.

“Pop. Pop. Pop.” All three of Ashley’s buttons flew off in different directions making little splashes when they hit the water. Ashley was caught off balance as Jenny tried to keep herself from falling in. But in the end, they both fell in with a splash.

When they surfaced, Ashley’s jacket was missing. As they reached the edge of the dock, the two men tried to help them out. As Jenny’s husband pulled her on to the dock, he couldn’t believe how transparent her dress had become wet. Jenny lost her shoes in the water as well and stood dripping water with her arms across her nearly naked breasts.

As Tom fished Ashley out by her arms, her bra—which also practically transparent—rode up over her breasts. “Wait,” she cried. But Tom had her on her belly on the side of the rough dock. As she struggled to keep her breast from falling out of her wet bra, she didn’t notice her miniskirt catch on a board. After tucking her self back into her bra, Tom pulled her out by her armpits. And her miniskirt slid right down her stockings into the water.

She was so wet and cold that she did not notice at first—standing with her arms across her chest. But she noticed the extra attention, usually directed at Jenny. And since Jenny was standing in a nearly transparent dress looking at her with her mouth open, she decided she should take stock of her own clothing for a change. She looked down and saw that she was standing in wet, see-through underwear, black hose and high heels. Her hose had all kinds of tears and runs from being dragged onto the dock. “Oh my God!” she said, not believing how her mischief had backfired.

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**Jenny's Diamond Blush by ?**

"Jenny, we really need you! It's for the Christmas Kids' Fund."

"But, Amanda, a fashion show? Why me?"

"All the models at the agency we were using got the flu bug. All the professional models are sick.

There's just no time to get real replacements by tonight. If we miss this there will be no time got gather more money before Christmas."

Jenny heart sank as she envisioned broken-hearted children on Christmas morning, no gifts under the tree.

"Oh all right, I'll do it … for the children."

Amanda squealed "Thank you, thank you so much!"

She hugged Jenny and before passing her a sheet of paper.

"Here's directions to the place. Be there no later than 7 PM. I got to run."

--

"Jenny, you are going to be late!" shouted John from the back door. "It's almost seven now."

"Just hold your horses, dear. I can't find a clean bra."

A smile grew on John's face.

"Jenny, what do you need a bra for anyway? They're going to have everything you need."

In his mind he hoped they did not. While he had had no part in coaxing Jenny to model, he hoped she would have one of her famous, awe-inspiring accidents while up on the runway. He took pride in his loving passionate wife, but still thought she should loosen up. Most other women as beautiful and stacked as Jenny would be comfortable with their bodies. She had been doing better since his accident, more able to flaunt herself for his pleasure. It was obvious that despite her embarrassments, she'd been sexually charged.

"Jenny, come on!"

Jenny checked her underwear drawer one more time, but she found only the frilly revealing one she wore just for special occasions. She knew how John loved her in sexy underwear even if it was covered by conservative outerwear. She debated wearing a black lacy thing John has bought her for her last birthday, but she did not want to risk losing it among all the clothing sure to be around in the model's changing room. She was wearing jeans and had planned on wearing a denim shirt anyway and reluctantly agreed with John. She pulled the shirt over her shoulders, buttoning it as she raced down the steps to John.

--

"Oh, Jenny, get over her!"

Amanda was hurrying about the backstage area trying to bring order. One of her the other replacement models had called in sick. She could not model with all her other duties back stage. When she spied Jenny she was almost frantic. Amanda grabbed the first outfit from a rack of clothes and shoved them at Jenny.

"Quick, get into this," Amanda shouted before jumping to answer the stage phone.

Jenny had no opportunity to ask where she was to change. She glanced around the backstage area and spied a door into well-lit room on the far side of the stage. She crossed the stage behind the closed curtain, entering the room. Two other young women were dressing. Jenny tried to pull the door closed but a stage flat leaned up against it. Anyone walking by could easily see the women getting dressed.

"And there's nowhere else change?" thought Jenny.

The other two women had completely ignored the open door. They completed dressing and walked passed her saying only "Hi". She was alone in the room and no one seemed to be paying any attention to her at all. A shiver ran up her back as she resolved to change. Looking about nervously she pulled off her boots and slid her jeans down her long shapely legs. The tails of the shirt almost covered her white nylon panties. She looked at the gown Amanda had given her and saw that it had halter style straps and a bare back.

"I couldn't have worn a bra with this outfit anyway," she thought as she stepped into the silky gown and pulled it up her legs to her waist.

She glanced around once more but she saw no one looking her way. With the gown hanging from her trim waist Jenny unbuttoned the shirt. Her hands were trembling and she fumbled with the buttons, but she soon pulled shirt the shirt open and off her shoulders.

Cool air-conditioned air struck her exposed breasts. A shiver ran down her back as her nipples hardened.

Jenny wasted no time pulling the halter style top up and fastening the straps behind her neck. The gown hugged her every curve. As she looked in the mirror Amanda stuck her head in the open door. Jenny jumped.

"Jenny, this crowd's going to eat you up."

Jenny blushed as Amanda gave her an appraising stared, but what Amanda said caused her breath to

stick in her throat.

"You better lose the panties. They spoil the lines of the gown," Amanda said before flitting back across the stage.

"Lose the panties?"

The words echoed in Jenny's head as she stood frozen.

"It's all for the children," she recited repeatedly as she reached up under the gown and lowered her panties.

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Jenny returned after her first stroll on the runway. The large crowd had certainly given her a rousing

welcome. The silky gown had hugged and caressed her wonderfully with each step she took. The feel of the fabric sliding across her bottom and breasts had been wonderful, so wonderful that she had thoroughly enjoyed the attention she received. When she saw John sitting at a table near the runway, Jenny's smile beamed brightly.

John's eyes had followed every quiver and shake as Jenny moved like a goddess on the runway. He

wondered if Jenny knew the prominent manner that her nipples were visible through the fabulous gown. When she had smiled at him her sensual beauty struck him. He sighed as his angel move again backstage.

Jenny felt wonderfully alive as she unfastened the halter clasped and lowered the gown to her waist. She pulled her denim shirt on like a robe, albeit a short one, and fastened only the bottom two buttons. The gown slid on its own from her firm hips and pooled about her feet.

"I don't want to dirty this wonderful gown," she whispered and quickly arranged it on the hanger.

Before she had a chance to put her panties back on Amanda appeared with an elegant dark blue velvet pantsuit. It was only sleek pants and a long tailored jacket. She quickly pulled the elastic-waisted pants up her legs after deciding she did not need the panties with this outfit. The pants hugged her waist and hips and flaring out at the knees.

"I guess bell bottoms are back," she thought.

Jenny removed her shirt again and put on the jacket. The highest button on the jacket was at navel level. No blouse had come with the outfit and her exposed cleavage caused the return of a sinking feeling to the pit of her stomach. Her hands were again trembling as she fastened the second button on the jacket. The tails of the long jacket hung down passed her fingertip.

Amanda appeared at the door and hurried Jenny to off-stage right. Immediately Jenny heard the cue for her entrance. She straightened her posture and stepped onto the stage. She strolled with her head held high as the announcer spoke.

"The tailored outfit is perfect for the office, but without a blouse as our model Jenny is demonstrating it serves as an eye-catching evening outfit. For a more elegant and thrilling night on the town the jacket can be worn as a dress without the pants, as Jenny will now demonstrate."

Jenny froze in mid-step as the announcer's words struck her like a weak cold slap in the face. She

almost stumbled but regained her balance and continued down the runway. Only a second or two

passed before the announcer spoke again.

"Jenny, would you please demonstrate to the audience the pants-less look."

The remains of Jenny's smile became forced as butterflies danced in her stomach. She was in the exact middle of the runway with people on three sides of her.

"It’s for the children. It’s for the children."

It became a mantra as she tried to cope. Her hands shook when she reached down to her knees and

pulled the legs of the pants. She felt the elastic waistband lower passed her hips and move down her

thighs. A sigh came from the audience as the pants eased down her calves and she stepped out of them.

Jenny slowly rose to stand at the end of the runway. The jacket, now dress, did not reach halfway down her thighs. Suddenly remember the two buttons on the jacket and looked down. Her full firm breasts were about to overflow from the jacket. Any sudden moment and her nipples would burst into view. She started to raise her arms, but stopped just as she realized that the moment of her arm was spreading the front of the jacket. She did not dare raise her arm and adjust the hang of the jacket or her breasts.

Before hundreds of eyes she forced herself to turn and walk slowly off the stage. Hardly a sound was heard from the audience. She continued to walk stiffly to the dressing room, passed the other two models on the way out and collapsed into a chair.

Jenny was in almost emotional collapse but struggled for control. She stood and was about to remove the jacket when she glanced in the mirror. The front tails of the jackets were slightly parted.

"My GAWD. If the jacket parted like that when I walked on the stage" and Jenny cringed as the thought echoed in her head.

Her face and chest took on a bright red blush and her respiration quickened.

Once again Amanda burst into the dressing model.

"My goodness, Jenny, you are the hit of the show. The audience just loves you."

Amanda hung another hanger on the rack and hurried Jenny out of the jacket. Jenny grabbed at the rest of the outfit and pushed a small bit of material to her exposed chest.

"It’s your last outfit, Jenny, a swimsuit."

Amanda took leave of Jenny taking the other outfits with her. Jenny was trying to figure out the swimsuit but there was not much of it.

The swimsuit was made of a very stretchy material cut in a diamond shape. A circle of gold chain was affixed to the top corner of the diamond. Still puzzled by the design she pulled the circle over her head. The material hung between her flushed breasts. She grabbed the side corners of the diamond and saw more golden links hanging from them. She felt the clasps at the ends of the chains and pulled them behind her back. She had to pull strongly to stretch the material but finally she closed the clasped over her spine. She looked up into the mirror and saw that the material got thinner as it stretched. The outline of her nipples was very noticeable and most of her breasts were covered. The bottom corner of the diamond hung before her navel. The gold chain hung between her legs offering her coverage.

"I wonder how much this'll stretch."

Seeing no alternative she pulled the material down and was somewhat relieved to observe it did stretch quite a bit. She briefly paused to examine the clasp on the end of the chain.

"I wonder if I can attach it to the chain between the other corners."

The material was stretched and she found it retained is strength and elasticity but try as she might, the material could only stretch to half way up between her firm buttocks. She pulled the chain up her back and was just able to close the clasp to the chain crossing her spine. Once again she straightened and observed her image in the mirror.

The material was pulled taut over her blossoming chest and down between her legs. She turned her

head to look in the mirror behind her and saw hardly any of her bottom was covered. She felt the cool chain tickle her from the middle of her back down to the insides of her firm round rear buttocks. Her figure was very much in view. The material stretched from her breasts down to between her legs and did not hug her firm stomach. She realized that from the side someone could see the bottoms of her breasts passed her trim stomach and saw the top of her....

"Oh my GAWD!"

Someone could see the top edge of her short downy blond most private hair. Jenny fought for control.

"Its for the children, its for the children", she whispered.

It took all her will to walk towards the stage. She did not see the figure emerge from the racks of clothing near the changing room.

--

Ashley wore a smile that would have scared the serpent in Eden. She had only had time to file through one side of one link near the clasp of the bottom chain. She had barely had time to hang it back on the rack before Amanda had swooped down to take it to Jenny.

"I hope it's enough", she thought.

When Ashley saw the tightness of the chain running up Jenny's back, Ashley was confident there would be something for her to see tonight. She rushed off the corner of the backstage area and hoped to get a seat in the audience for the unveiling of Jenny.

--

Jenny was shaking like a leaf in a spring breeze as she walked out on cue. Her smile was somewhat

forced. She walked the walk to the end of the stage. She was relaxing a bit and was preparing to turn

and walk up the runway when...

SNAP!

Jenny felt more than heard the chain running down her back loosen. Reflexes worked to her advantage as the muscles of her buttocks clenched around the chain, but it was not enough. Even standing still she felt the change slid millimeter by millimeter down as the elasticity of the material tried to resume its original shape. She did not dare move, but to not move meant eventually she would lose her tenuous grip on the chain.

Moving stiffly Jenny turned and walked slowly up the runway. With each step the chain slid ever so

slightly. She had not walked half way up the runway and there were still people on both sides when the chain slid free. The bottom of the diamond shot from between her thighs before she could react at all. The force of the movement was too much for the chain connecting the sides of the diamond. That chain parted permitting two more corners to fly free.

To the audience it looks like some magical trick. One moment the stacked blond was walking up the

stage. The next moment she was naked with a small wade of material tangled in chains around her neck The blond has frozen for two seconds before trying to run. Her goal was obviously the curtains near center stage, but it was not to happen. The chain about her neck parted.

The material fell to tangle about her feet. Jenny fell near the lip of the stage her feet even more tangled in this chains. She crawled on all fours to the back of the stage, her bottom quivering in the air with each moved. She wanted to cover her breasts but knew it would slow things down. Tears filled her eyes blurring her vision as she displayed under the curtain and heard loud applause erupt from the audience.

--

"Oh, Jenny, I'm so sorry, but we have record donations. I hope that takes some of the pain out of your embarrassment." Amanda tried to comfort Jenny. "Your husband should be here any moment."

Amanda could not find Jenny's denim short or jeans, but had grabbed the gown Jenny had modeled. She pulled the sleek gown down Jenny's body and pulled into a resemble fit.

"Oh my, is she fit", Amanda thought. "I got to get her to do more modeling."

--

John drove the car as Jenny rode quietly in the passenger seat beside him. John tried to comfort her.

"Jenny, dearest, you shouldn't feel bad. It was not your fault."

He paused to observe Jenny's reaction. She seemed to relax in the seat somewhat.

"I love you so much. You are the sexiest wife in the world."

He glanced again. Was the corner of her mouth turning up into a smile? He would see when they got home.

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**Jenny's Nightmare Before Election Day by Torquemada**

Jenny's husband didn't get back from work until midnight that evening, and Jenny was long since asleep. Her husband switched of the television show she had been watching in bed, while waiting for him to get home. Coverage of the upcoming American election.

"Tedious" he thought. "Watch too much of that claptrap and it will brainwash you."

He turned to watch his lovely wife instead. That Jenny ! She had kicked off the sheets. Her nightie had got caught in a bedpost and slid right of her body. He couldn't really figure out how her panties had ended up at the end of her feet, but that was Jenny for you ! Always losing her clothes. Jenny turned and tossed in her sleep. Her tits rolled around on her chest, refusing to lay down flat like the laws of anatomy dictated. Jenny murmured and moaned.

"She is having a nightmare" he thought "I should wake her up"

Jenny started to do kicks with her legs, spreading them wide apart. Her body spasmed as if she was making love to someone invisible.

"Or I could just sit back and watch. It can be dangerous to disturb someone's dreams."

--------------

Jenny blinked. She had been looking straight into the blazing sun and it had blinded her. Where was she ? And who were all these people ? As far as she could see, to the horizon, and probably beyond, there stretched an endless sea of humans of every conceivable age, colour and description. It was as if someone had crammed an entire sub-continent into one place.

Here and there were giant screens rising above the mass, all showing the same picture : a young woman draped in the American flag, and dressed like Pocahontas underneath (not the real thing, the Disney night-club version). Who was it ? I couldn't be…

"NOOO !!!" screamed Jenny. "This isn't happening !"

A bearded man in a high hat decorated with stars and stripes turned towards her, smiled and said :

"Does the Presidential Candidate of the Democratic Party like to make at statement ? If not, let the Great Debate begin !"

Jenny was on some sort of stage. In front of her was a pulpit. Well, not as much a pulpit as a stick with microphones attached to it. It was impossible to hide behind it. To her right was Uncle Sam, and beyond him…Ashley, the Republican Party's Presidential Candidate stepped onto the stage, proud and sure of victory. And what a sweet victory it would be ! Today her eternal nemesis would be forced to humiliate herself beyond her wildest dreams ! Ashley was also draped in the flag (Damn Jenny ! Always stealing her ideas !) but underneath she wore a snappy dark-blue military uniform that clung to her body like a second skin. Her skirt were short enough to break several decency laws, and on top of the whole edible little package was a cute little military hat.

Behind Ashley stood her staunchest supporter, General John "Stripsearch" Biggs, his hungry eyes hidden behind dark glasses. Nothing could hide the grin on his face, however.

"To begin with" said Uncle Sam " I think all the voters would like to know what you think about the taxes. Should they be lowered or raised ? Ashley ?"

"Well" said Ashley, batting her eyes, and spinning slowly on one leg, while pressing the other against her thigh "we in the Republican Party believe in lowering taxes. If you would allow me to illustrate my point…"

Ashley grinned and started fingering the top of her short, tight skirt.

"Imagine that my skirt is the level of taxation. What do you think I would like to do ?"

The men in the audience gulped and stared.

"That's right ! I would lower it. Just like this !"

Ashley undid her skirt and started shaking her hips. Slowly, slowly, her skirt travelled over her hips down her legs. Her sheer, black, string panties didn't leave much to the imagination. Ashley kept on shaking like a belly dancer gone mad. The audience roared. The skirt landed at her feet. Ashley kept shaking a little longer, so that everybody would get a chance to get off in their own time.

"And that" said Ashley coyly, and kicked her skirt of the stage " is what I think of taxes !"

"I see" said Uncle Sam "Jenny ?"

"We in the Democratic Party" said Jenny, fidgeting nervously "think that there might be some need for higher taxes."

Boos and hisses from the people.

"But not that much higher. Only a little. Here, I'll follow Ashley's example."

Jenny grabbed the hem of her fake Indian dress and raised it an inch.

"That's not much, is it ?"

A clever young congressman yelled : "Higher taxes ! Higher taxes !"

The other men soon understood what he was trying to do, and joined in.

"Oh, OK. If you are sure that you really want it" said Jenny and raised her dress another couple of inches.

Did Indians wear underwear ? This particular fictional tribe obviously hadn't bothered with them, to the eternal gratitude of the American people.

"Are you sure you want them this high" asked Jenny, as she exposed her swelling breasts to an admiring world. "You would be paying something like 90 % in tax by now. Isn't that sort of like Communism ?"

"Higher taxes ! Higher taxes !"

Ashley gritted her teeth. She couldn't let Jenny score any points this way.

"Lowering taxes is not enough" she screamed, in order to be heard above the cheers.

"We must do away with the underlying structure of the public sector, with the bureaucrats and their ilk ! Imagine that my panties are the bureaucracy…"

Not wasting any time on a big show this time, Ashley reached down between her legs and tore her panties right off, and then proceeded to tear them to shreds with glee. The audience loved her. The masses began pressing against the stage, trying to climb it.

While General Biggs subdues the riots, lets turn to commercials.

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This is a public service announcement:

"Remember to vote. It is in your own best interest. This year there will be a patriotic co-ed cheerleader on her knees in every tenth voting booth, ready to thank you for doing your duty towards your country. Ask yourself, can YOU afford NOT to be registered voter ??"

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General Biggs had dealt with the riots. Severely. A number of citizens would be in no shape to vote, come election day. A number of pretty female citizens had been hauled of to Biggs' private dungeons for a later strip search, cavity search and medical examination. If Ashley didn't win, Biggs was considering attempting a coup. No way was he ever giving up this wonderful life !

Jenny's clothes had been replaced, and she was now dressed as a hippie, with a baggy shirt and lots of beads. Not exactly the image she wanted to get across, but it certainly covered her up. One of Ashley's supporters had handed her a long white robe, making her look as though she was about to be baptised. What the previous owner had failed to mention was that normally there went a pointy hood with that robe…

"Welcome back" said Uncle Sam "As we all know, the thing closest to all our hearts are our children. Over the last couple of months there have been alarming reports of school kids who don't know the facts of life. (A hiss of indignation went up from the crowd. How could this have been allowed to happen?) Yes, we have all heard the rumours. There are poor kids whose hearts are being poisoned out there. Young men and women who have never beheld the beauty of the opposite sex. Children who have never touched themselves. Repressed, tortured souls who if the worst were to happen could be doomed to a life of chastity ! How do the Candidates propose to deal with the situation ? Ashley ?"

"As I see it, the media is responsible. We must stop those who prey on our children from exposing them to any more of their despicable squeaky-clean TV, like sitcoms with all the racy scenes cut out or censored. There are Hollywood actresses (who for the moment shall remain nameless) who refuse to take of their clothes for their fans, although they know fully well how much stress that would relieve in thousands of young boys across our fair land. This must stop, even if I have to strip them naked myself. Our boys have a right to full frontal nudity, and they shall have it !"

Loud applause.

"So, how do you suggest we deal with all this non-entertainment ? Censorship ?"

"We Republicans have always been against such infringements of our constitutional rights. We intend to introduce a national system of labelling, so that the parents can choose wholesome stimulations for their sons and daughters without risking exposing them to moral propaganda."

"So how would you label the latest release from Disney ?"

"This movie could seriously stunt your child's sexual development" I think. Or perhaps "Do not view, unless in company of a vibrator"

"I see. And a Harlequin love story ?"

"Warning. This book has been written by a Prude."

"Thank you. Miss Jenny, how do you respond to that ?"

"I think Ashley has got it all wrong. The main problem is the schools. Today, most kids get their sexual education from musty old Biology teachers. That is like letting lazy people teach sports. If I get into office, each school will get at least one professional Sex Ed teacher that will not only help our young get healthy relationships with each other, but who also embodies the principle of sex."

"And where would you find these teachers."

"I was thinking along the lines of professionals."

"Ah, professional teachers, you mean ?"

"No, professional, you know, sex workers."

A lot of teenage boys cursed at the laws that prohibited them from voting.

"Ahem ! Yes, I think I understand. Would each candidate like to say a few words about our foreign relations ? Jenny, you go first this time."

"Thank you ! To keep America safe and prosperous, we must have good relations with other countries. Sadly, our ambassadors are all middle-aged men who completely lack charisma. When I get into office, America will be represented by the finest young women we have. The winners of the Miss America Contest ! Upon winning, Miss America automatically becomes our ambassador to the UN, while the winners of the fifty states go to various countries around the world. For example, Miss Louisiana would naturally become our ambassador in France, while Miss Minnesota would go to Sweden. The ambassadors would change each year, and the USA would be the most popular country in the world ! Our brave young women would give their all in head-to-head meetings with foreign world leaders !"

"Isn't it called meeting face-to-face, Miss Jenny ?"

"No, their faces would be under the tables. Like Ashley's Campaign contributions."

"Hum. And what were you planning to do with Madeline Albright ?"

"I was planning to send her as our ambassador to the Vatican."

Ashley couldn't keep quiet any more.

"Let's face it, Jenny, it isn't through sweet talk that we are kings of this world. It is the almighty American Dollar that does it. And should that ever fail us, we have an old and tried solution. Let me show you, you bleeding-hearted liberal. "

General Biggs handed Ashley a big bazooka from below the stage. Only this bazooka was painted pink with little red hearts. Ashley grinned like a demon, took aim, and volleyed a couple of grenades straight into the now panicking throng of people.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING ASHLEY ! You can't win by killing off my voters !" screamed a terrified Jenny.

Ashley was breathing very heavily. She had really, really liked firing that big gun. If she became President, she would get to do this every day ! Mostly in foreign countries of course, but it would still be a rush.

"Nobody's dead, you nitwit" said Ashley in between gasps, and indicated the pink mushroom-cloud that was rising there the grenades had hit. "Those grenades were loaded with heavy-duty gaseous aphrodisiacs. That's the way we keep winning our wars, by always having the latest and best weapons technology."

"Oh my" exclaimed Jenny "They landed right in the League of Feminists. They look happier than I have ever seen them before."

"Yeah, just picture a dozen of these babies being dropped over those repressed Arab nations. Their social system would never recover from the shock."

"It nice to see you two agree on something. We are going into a commercial break now. Would like to take the opportunity and shake hands with a few potential voters ?"

"Shake hands !" snorted Ashley. "I think I can do a little bit better than that."

She shrugged off her white gown and revealed that she hadn't bothered to put on any underwear after the last incident. She jumped off the stage and walked up to the first row of eager hand-shakers. Ashley stuck her hands behind her back, thrust out her chest as far as it would go, leaned forward, smiled her biggest smile and said "Don't be shy, gentlemen. Please do shake !"

The men couldn't believe their luck as they began "shaking breasts".

Jenny groaned as she stripped of her clothes. If she was to have any chance of winning, she would have to do everything Ashley did, only better. Judging by the length of her line, she was the more popular of the two. Jenny didn't know whether to be happy or sad when she saw that the first man in line was her own husband…

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This is a public service announcement.

Natalie Portman, Christina Ricci and Winona Ryder appeared on the screen, all dressed in next to nothing.

"If more than 50 % of the American people vote, I promise to take off my bra on national TV" said Christina Ricci.

"If more than 75 % vote, the panties goes as well. Wouldn't you like that ? Wouldn't you like to see me all nude ? Voting is sexy." Christina turned her back to the viewers, showing of her pretty behind, decked out in a white thong panty.

Natalie Portman was already completely naked. Her beautiful body was being recorded on VCRs by millions of fans.

"This is a just a taste of things to come. Make me happy by voting, and I will make you happy by playing Princess Amidala, dressed like this, in the next Star Wars movie. Imagine me, all painted white, going down on Darth Vader."

Winona Ryder looked straight into the camera. "Please vote. If you do, I will do my best to personally make it up to each and every one of you over the next years. I promise. I feel I owe it to the American people."

"ELECTION DAY MEANS ERECTION DAY !"

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Uncle Sam was rubbing ointment on Jenny's and Ashley's aching breasts.

"Jenny, Ashley managed to "shake breasts" with over 500 men, but you didn't get to do it with any more than 67. Are you not that popular after all ?"

"I am too popular. They wouldn't let go once they grabbed hold of them" groaned Jenny.

"Well, you better get into your outfits for the last part of the debate" said Uncle Sam.

"Why, so we can strip them off one more time ?" sneered Ashley.

"You are beginning to assume the responsibilities of office, I hear" laughed Uncle Sam.

Jenny put on a swimsuit decorated with stars and stripes. So did Ashley. Well, in Ashley's case it was more like two stars and two stripes. One star for each nipple, one stripe covering her sex, and one stripe disappearing down the crack of her ass.

"To finish the Great Debate, I would like both of you to address the grave and serious matter of capital punishment. You are both for it, but I understand that you have different views as to how it should be administered. Ashley ?"

"Thank you. A murderer has deprived another human being of the most valuable thing there is - life. Therefore, we are entitled to deprive him of the most valuable thing in life -sex. There can be no crueller means of execution than to lock up a man in a dark room with his hands tied behind his back. Unable to touch himself or to get any visual stimulation, he will soon lose his will to live and commit suicide, thereby saving us both the trouble of killing him and a lot of money."

"Your method has been tried, hasn't it, Ashley ? He didn't die, did he ?"

"Well, no, he joined the Elron Hubba-Hubba sect, but that's beside the point. It should work."

"When pigs fly. What about you, Miss Jenny ?"

"I think Ashley forgets the families that are left behind. They should be allowed to carry out the sentence."

"How exactly ?"

"By sexual over-stimulation. The female relatives gets to fuck the murderer until his heart gives out, thereby gaining both revenge and much needed relief. "

"Your method had also been tried without success hasn't it ?"

"Yeah, they did fuck him senseless every day for six months without killing him."

"So it would be safe to say that it was a big mistake from the start."

"Oh no ! You see, it turned out that the victim had committed suicide, and that the man in prison was innocent after all. He didn't even sue the state afterwards. "

"I bet" chuckled Uncle Sam. "Jenny, we are running out of time. Do you have any last words to America ?"

"Vote for me, and I will always be your girl in the White House. I am here to do your bidding. Just tell me what to do, and I will do it. I believe in the will of the people !"

"TAKE OFF YOUR SWIMSUIT, JENNY ! "

"Somehow" said Jenny, as she peeled it off "I knew you were going to say that."

"That's the difference between you and me" said Ashley, as she tore off her tiny excuse for a swimsuit "You do this because others tell you to. I, on the other hand, do it because I believe in it. I believe in America ! I believe in stripping naked ! Life, liberty and accidental exposure to all women !"

The national anthem began to play in the background…

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Jenny refused to get out of bed the next day. Her husband did his best to goad her out from her fortress of mattresses, blankets, twenty layers of nighties and a mountain of protective pillows. She had also pulled the socket out of the TV.

"Come on Jenny. It couldn't have been that bad. It was just a dream."

"You don't know the half of it. It was so sick and perverted. I did things, and said things, I would never say or do. Pornography for kids, and that awful way of execution… You were in it too ! But worst of all is that Ashley was my enemy ! Ashley is my best friend in the entire world, we could never, ever be enemies !!"

"Well, you know what they say. It's best to get it all off your chest." Jenny's husband smiled inwardly. He knew he was going to like this story.

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**Jenny and the Freemasons by Darth Veda**

Jenny’s husband had been a Mason for several months, and she was intrigued as to what went behind those big wooden doors. She’d often teased him about it, but he said he was sworn to secrecy. On the day of his next meeting, John had left home without his white gloves, which always packed in his little black case. Jenny had taken them out to wash and had forgotten to tell him.

“Oh no” she cried, “he’ll go mad. I'll have to try and get them to him”

So off she went to the large hall where his lodge meetings were held. It was a windy day and she decided to wrap herself up warm. She put on a full slip beneath her black dress, which did not require a bra as it had built in support (much needed for that 38CC bust!). She drove into Town and parked as close as she could to the Freemasons Hall. The wind had dropped so she thought she could leave her coat in the boot. She would only be a moment, after all.

Inside the building, there was a long corridor with many doors on either side.

“Oh dear” she sighed, “He could be anywhere”.

She remembered him talking about meeting in this large room at the end of a corridor and decided that the one at the end must be it. As she passed one of the doors, she heard laughter, and the chinking of glasses.

“Must be the bar”, she thought to herself.

The door at the end of the corridor was very grand looking, with a large black cast iron knob. She needed both hands to turn it. Once inside, she looked round in awe at the magnificent wood carvings on the seating. There were three large pedestals with large chairs behind them.

She chuckled to herself as a thought came into her head, “Which one belongs to Daddy Bear?”

She was brought back to reality when the door slammed shut behind her. She struggled with the knob for a while, and then decided to have a closer look at some of the odd bits and pieces lying around the place. She walked over to the pedestal at the far end of the room, and took her place in the seat. Surveying the room from this lofty position gave her a great sense of power.

“Why should only men be allowed in here?” she thought.

Just then, one of her earrings dropped out, and fell to the side of the chair.

“Damn” she said, as she leaned over to retrieve it.

The arm of the chair was quite high, and she had to kneel on the seat and lean over the edge.

“There you are. Now if I can just stretch….”

At that moment, she froze as she heard the door creak open, and the sound of feet on the hard wooden floor.

“Ohmigod” Jenny mumbled.

Jenny’s husband took his position outside the door of the Lodge as the other Masons filed in. The Worshipful Master was led to his pedestal, and all of a sudden, the ceremony came to a halt.

“What have we hear?” he asked.

His eyes slowly worked their way up the shapely legs, to the lacy slip revealing a hint of stocking top below the black dress stretched to bursting point over the most beautiful bottom he had ever seen.

“Urn stuck” came the muffled reply. “Can you help me please”.

“Deacons, see what seems to be the problem”

Two of the men raced forward, eager to help. Seeing Jenny’s rear end stuck up in the air, her dress riding high up her thighs, they stopped to soak up the view.

“Brother Deacons!” the man who Jenny could now only think of as Daddy Bear shouted.

They both reached forward and grabbed an arm each, and helped Jenny to her feet. She stood there, straightening her dress, and re-aligning her boobs, totally oblivious to the astonished looks from the men.

“I ask again. What have we here?”

“I was just looking round and I saw this lovely chair and I wanted to give these gloves, oh what did I do with them....”

“Enough!” shouted Daddy Bear, who Jenny now decided she must be more respectful to.

“You must be the Worshipful Master”, Jenny said, fluttering her eyelashes.

This caused the WM to draw back his shoulders and stick his chin up in the air.

“Indeed I am. And you are?”

“Jenny, Jenny Can... .“just then Jenny stopped.

Her husband must be here somewhere. Can’t he help?

“Well my dear, that’s just where you’re wrong. Jenny can’t”.

One or two of the men chuckled at this little joke. They couldn’t take their eyes off Jenny, “she certainly can for me” they thought in unison.

“Not, that is, until you have been nominated, seconded, and balloted for by the Brethren.”

“I’ll nominate her,” shouted the little man at the back, carrying a big stick

.

“I’ll second her,” said his friend with the other stick. “A show of hands, brethren. Those in favour?” It was unanimous.

“That’s it then. All agreed. Now she must be initiated!” bellowed the Worshipful Master. “Brethren, form two lines!”

Without further ado, the men lined up facing each other, as Jenny was hustled into position at the start of the line-up. Looking round, she couldn’t see John’s face, and she thought perhaps she’d got the wrong Lodge.

“No, you see, it’s like this” she tried to explain. “I’m not here to join - Ouch!” she said as the first smack landed firmly on her arse.

The force of the slap caused her to set off down the line, with each man in turn spanking that lovely bottom. “It’s my husb... ow. He left his oooo”

As she reached the end of the line, she heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank god that’s over" she thought as she rubbed her sore bottom, much to the amusement of the men.

"Brother Deacons” the WM shouted, “remove her dress!”

“No, please, you can’t do that” cried Jenny, but it was no use.

The two men gripped her firmly in their gloved hands and began stripping her. One of them was fumbling at the back with her zip.

“Oh for God’s sake take your gloves off man, we’ll be here all night” shouted one of the other men.

As if in response to a military command, the “Deacon” as she recalled him being referred to, used his teeth to pull off his glove on the left hand while his right hand maintained its grip on her arm. Free now to grasp the zip, he slowly pulled it down to the small of her back.

“Let me go,” squealed Jenny, struggling to release their firm grip, but the Deacons held on tight, releasing one arm at a time to ease the dress off her shoulders.

“Please, don’t do this to me”.

She looked round appealingly at the men facing her, and her two captors. But it was no good. The dress, once passed her magnificent bust, slid frictionless down her body to her ankles.

The men once more formed two lines and she was sent on her way again with another firm slap to her rear.

“Ow! No, stop it. Oooo! Ow!” she yelled as the spanking continued. Do they all have to go through this? she wondered.

As she reached the end, before she even had chance to think what would come next, The WM called for the Wardens to step forward. They now took on the firm grip to each arm. The men were getting quite excited now, and there were several salacious comments made about her body.

"Take off her slip” came the command, and dutifully the Wardens pulled the straps off her shoulders.

Her slip was now only held up by her firm breasts, and as she struggled to break free, first one then the other nipple bust into view. There were gasps from the older men as more of her body came into view. Her gyrating movements, designed to retain some modesty, only helped the downward movement of her slip, and once past her hips, it slid gently down her stocking clad legs, first revealing her shear black panties, then her creamy white thighs. Her bottom cheeks hung out each side of the thin material, now quite red from her initiation so far. She was lifted bodily out of the garment, and held for a few seconds while they ogled at her firm breasts.

For the third time Jenny was sent through the gauntlet. She quickly tried to cover her breasts with her hands, but one or two of the men pulled her arms away. The men were now quite blatantly fondling her breasts as well as spanking her arse. When would this all end? She ought to have known - only when the men strip her completely naked.

As she reached the end once more, the two Wardens once again held her arms to her side whilst the WM addressed the gathering.

“Brethren, this young lady has been passed before you to show that she is a worthy candidate. In order to conclude the initiation, she must be divested of all worldly goods”.

At this a huge cheer went up. Outside the door of the Lodge, Jenny’s husband awoke from a dream, startled by the noise.

“Somebody must have tripped up” he thought to himself, then shut his eyes once more.

Inside, meanwhile, Jenny was being held by the two Wardens, whilst the WM removed his gloves.

“No, please, you can’t. I don’t want to join. It’s my husband - he’s... Perhaps you know him.. .No, stop it.” Cried Jenny as the WM began to release her stockings and unfasten her suspender belt.

As he pulled the belt out from her panties, her stockings began to sag around her knees. Jenny looked down trembling. She couldn’t face the men. She recommenced her struggles, which only served to amuse them further as her tits bounced up and down. Her stockings were pulled down to her ankles and off her feet with her shoes. As she stood there barefoot, the WM grasped both sides of her panties and slowly pulled them down. Her blond bush came into view, and another cheer went up, causing John outside to stir once more.

Jenny was now completely naked, in the middle of a bunch of so called men of honour, dressed in their dinner suits and bow ties, with those silly little aprons she used to make fun of. If only she had one now, she thought, as she tried to cover herself with her tiny hands.

The men were all over her - discipline gone completely - grabbing handfuls of breast, and squeezing her bottom. It was only when they started spanking her again that she realised something. Up until now, they had kept their gloves on. The muffled sounds as they slapped her bottom had now changed to flesh on flesh! The pain intensified with this added humiliation, and she simply put her head down and ran for the door. On the way she managed to grab a couple of aprons so at least she could cover something up outside.

She couldn’t open the door when she got there, the massive knob was loose and her hands couldn't turn it enough to release the catch. The men had her pinned against it, her back turned towards them, allowing them to view her naked body a while longer at least. They held her there while the Junior Brethren slapped her backside and ran their hands up and down her thighs. Then they spun her round so they could fondle her breasts. Jenny let out a scream and banged on the door.

John on the outside heard what he thought were the knocks that gave him the cue to open the door, which he dutifully did. To his astonishment Jenny came rushing out, straight past him. He just stood there, gawping at the rear end of his naked wife (which was extremely red, he thought) as she ran down the hallway.

More men came out to see what the commotion was. The bar emptied completely, and the corridor seemed to Jenny to get narrower and longer as she suffered more slaps to her bare arse. Finally, she reached the doors. The aprons she’d pinched were snatched from her leaving nothing to cover herself with. Her hands were pulled back to prevent their use too. Two of the waiters from the bar joined the fray. Each grabbing an arm and a leg, they carried Jenny through the doors and out to the car park. She tried in vain to close her legs. Her sex was on view to everyone.

A crowd of people gathered around, laughing. She could hear the comments from several women and children as she was carried to her car.

“The red one over there” she muttered. ‘Quickly!”

“Here you are Ma’am. Glad to be of service” they said as they dumped her on the bonnet, and made their way back to their post.

“My keys. Wait, I’ve not got my . . .“ Jenny’s cries were lost under the hoots of laughter and howls of derision as the ever growing crowd closed in.

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**Jenny's Taken Hostage by Mustang Diamond**

Jenny had been working as a teller at the local bank for several months. She was just thinking about how perfect her job was, considering all of her past troubles. This was nothing like working at a construction site or a car lot where the guys were crude and seemed to take advantage of her if she wore a dress. No, a bank was perfect for a proper lady she thought. Jenny liked wearing nice dresses and bank attire seemed to suit her figure. And with all of the young ladies required to dress nicely, she was never in the awkward and embarrassing situation of being the only one in a dress.

Jenny had been gaining confidence every day since she started at the bank. Even her friend Ashley, who worked at the next teller window, seemed to stay properly covered up. Jenny sometimes thought Ashley tried to let her stocking tops and bra straps show to get the guys to look at her. Not Jenny, though—no way was she going to let anything show that wasn’t supposed to show. But still, Jenny liked to be noticed too. So she had been comparing notes on what Ashley and the other gals wore to work. With everyone dressed up everyday, it wasn’t easy to be noticed.

Jenny stole another glance at Ashley’s suit. Her skirt was as short as it could be without getting a warning about dressing too trashy. The stools they leaned on were just the right height to prevent any mishaps. Too low and the ladies would sit on them, their hems would ride up, and the management frowned on that. Too high and they would have to stretch to get on them and then the same problem resulted. But years of adjustments had obtained the perfect height. They could lean, not sit, and everything stayed in place.

The same was true for all of the tasks at the bank. File drawers were at the perfect height, elevators were available. Jenny hadn’t once had to do anything that compromised her modesty.

Today, Jenny was wearing silk. She checked her appearance again. The white silk blouse was very professional, she thought. Buttoned up to her neck of course. She had on a silk bra and a silk camisole. Nothing showed—but when the air conditioning kicked on, she felt a little self-conscious.

She would have to wear a more substantial bra next time. Her skirt was also silk, but black. Her black high heels matched and were the only thing she wore that wasn’t made of silk. The skirt was very thin, but she had a nice black half-slip on under it. Both the slip and the skirt conformed to her curvy thighs. She didn’t think the garter straps showed any bumps though. Her stockings were white. Black looked too formal for the summer. She had considered black panties, but as usual they were all dirty. Her matching white ones were clean and at least they matched her garter and bra.

She once again said a silent pray for her ideal job as she thought about those skimpy panties. Her husband had gotten her the set and his tastes tended to be on the scant side, she thought. In fact, the garter belt was a little too flimsy and tended to slide down her hips. She had to pull it back up in the ladies room every so often. But it wasn’t like she had to do anything physical. Just standing at the teller window was okay. And it was a short walk to the parking garage.

Just then, two guys in ski masks and guns burst through the front door. Jenny saw them coming and pressed the hidden alarm button behind the counter. Then all hell broke loose.

“Everyone on the floor face down!” They yelled. “If I see any eyes, I’ll shoot them.”

Jenny started to get on the floor, but one of them said, “Not you bimbo! You put all the money in this bag.”

Jenny quickly filled the bag, just like she had been trained. The robbers had made it to about half of the tellers, before sirens were heard.

“Damn! Who tripped the alarm?” one yelled.

Whether it was obvious or for other reasons, the two leaped over the counter and grabbed Jenny and Ashley and started toward the back door.

“Hurry up you two, we need to get out of here fast.”

Jenny and Ashley were hurrying, as fast as their high heels would allow. Ashley’s tight suit skirt hampered her even more. Impatiently, the two gunmen practically dragged them along by the elbows. Jenny tripped as she felt her garter belt slip over her hips, and would have fallen, but the guy holding her arm was very strong. He simply lifted her up and set her down on her feet without slowing down.

In the back alley, a van was waiting.

“Get in!” they yelled as they shoved them inside.

Ashley’s skirt was too tight to negotiate the step, but her escort lifted her in one fell swoop. Jenny and Ashley landed in a heap as the door slammed and the van lurched forward.

Both Ashley and Jenny tried to tug their skirts down, and sit in a ladylike manner. Jenny out of fear of humiliation—her stockings were sliding down with her garters and she knew her skirt wasn’t long enough to keep them covered, but there was no was he was going to reach up under her skirt to sort out her problem in front of anybody. Ashley knew that it was dangerous to provoke men in this sort of situation. She had paid the consequence once to many times, so even she tried to discretely tug her hem down. However, the van kept bucking and jostling and neither of them was dressed for sitting on the floor.

“My, my. You two sure are dressed good, huh?” said one of their captors who had noticed their lingerie.

He had also noticed their frantic attempts to keep their skirt hems down without much success, so he added: “Nice panties,” to further embarrass them.

Jenny’s face turned scarlet as she remembered how sheer they were.

Suddenly, the van came to a screeching halt.

“You two will have to stay here a minute while we take care of some business. So to be sure you’re here when we get back we’re going to tie you up,” announced the captors.

Once tied—with their hands behind their backs and their ankles together—there was nothing either of them could do about their short skirts. This proved to be too much for the virile thieves. Each paused long enough to admire their captives’ lace.

Then one made a command decision and said, “Just in case you manage to get loose, we need to be sure you don’t try to run off.”

Jenny looked at Ashley to see if she knew what he was talking about. Then he filled her in: “We’ll just undress you a bit so you won't want to go anywhere or be seen even.”

He produced a switchblade and started cutting off clothing.

“First the blonde,” he thought.

Jenny was too scared to complain as she watched him slice off her skirt and all of the buttons on her blouse. With her hands tied behind her back her impressive chest burst though the opening. Next he cut off her camisole and stared at her sheer bra.

“Shame to ruin such a pretty bra—not!” he said as he removed it from her.

Next he cut off her matching panties. Jenny gasped and cringed, afraid of being cut. When she looked to see if she was okay, her embarrassment really started to set in. She was left with a short sheer half-slip and a transparent silk blouse with no buttons, which did about as little as her garter belt, stockings and heels to cover her privates.

Ashley would have been laughing, but she knew she was next and didn’t want to encourage this forced stripping if she could help it. Her short tight skirt had worked its way up over her stockings and her jacket was pulled open by her arms behind her back to reveal her transparent camisole and her pushup bra. She tried to keep her knees together, but she knew her panties were in view.

Sure enough, Ashley was next. She lost her jacket first.

“Are you wearing a sexy slip like your friend?” the man with the knife asked.

“N- not really,” Ashley stammered.

“What do you mean ‘not really’?” he asked. “It’s not really sexy or not really a slip?”

“It’s not really a slip, just a short chemise,” she said, regretting she hadn’t simply said yes she was wearing a slip. Most guys don’t know the difference anyway, she thought.

“What the hell is a chemise?” he demanded.

“Well sort of a baby doll that ties on the sides. I wear it as a slip.” Ashley tried to explain.

Then impatiently he said, “Never mind, lets see it.” And he cut off her skirt next.

“Nice,” he said. “I like the little ties on the side. It would be nicer without the bra and panties.”

So he cut them off too.

“Don’t go anywhere, we’ll be back,” he snickered.

Why anyone would leave two lovely ladies in such a predicament is beyond thought. Jenny and Ashley knew they would be back and they both began to fear what would happen next.

“We have to get out of here now, Jenny!” Ashley exclaimed. “Try to get back-to-back so we can work on the bonds.”

After squirming around they were able to untie each other’s hands. Then their ankles. Looking out the van window they couldn’t see their captors, but they were in the mall parking lot!

They quickly convinced each other that a little public humiliation was far better than what could happen if the robbers returned before they escaped. So barely dressed, they made a dash for the mall. They almost got run over as they dashed from the van. It's not everyday you see two ladies in lingerie running across the mall parking lot. As people turned to look, several accidents occurred. Wives were seen smacking their derelict husbands who were staring with their tongues hanging out, oblivious to the beatings.

It was difficult to say the least to run in high heels, but they made it inside and spotted the Victoria’s Secret store. Like ducks to a pond, they headed right in and dashed into a changing stall.

“Now what?” Jenny asked, between panting.

“Don’t know. How embarrassing.” Said Ashley appraising their dress—or undress.

“I’ve been dressed in less,” commented Jenny.

“So have I,” agreed Ashley, thinking it was always around Jenny that these things happened.

Jenny could loose her clothes at the North Pole, she thought.

“I have an idea,” Jenny said tentatively.

“Lets hear it.”

“If we take off our stockings, it might not be so obvious that we’re in our underwear. Then we could find a phone and call my husband to pick us up.”

They both knew that it was unlikely anyone would mistake their lack of dress for decency. They could each see right through their sheer lingerie, but neither wanted to admit it. So after removing their stockings and garters, they walked out to find a phone—with one arm across their chest and the other trying to obscure the view as best as possible.

As they stepped out of the store, a man grabbed them and turned them around saying, “Just where do you think your going. As long as I have worked this beat, I have never seen anything like this. You’re both under arrest for suspected shoplifting”

Jenny and Ashley were confused and indignant at the same time. Apparently he was an undercover shoplifting cop.

“We’re not stealing anything. We lost our clothes in a bank robbery and are trying to find a phone.” Stammered Jenny.

“Let’s just go back inside and check this out.” The man said.

By this time a crowd had gathered. As they went back into the store, several men thought they might need to do some shopping at the Victoria’s Secret. For their wives, they pretended.

The store manager identified Ashley’s chemise and Jenny’s slip as matching those on sale this month and demanded they take them off and go put on their own clothes. Arguing got nowhere—they didn’t have a receipt. Finally, a compromise was made. One phone call for each piece of clothing.

To the delight of all the male shoppers—unmistakably more men than normal—Jenny called her husband while wearing just her silk blouse. It wasn’t quite long enough and without any buttons, she might as well have been naked.

“Bring me some clothes to wear when you come,” Jenny said.

Her husband didn’t even have to ask—he knew her too well.

Ashley, wearing nothing but her high heels, was thinking just the same and she called the cops who were ecstatic about finding the hostages and eye witnesses to the robbery.

Finally, once the cops showed up, the mix-up was straightened out. Jenny’s husband arrived with some clothing, but not before the media got some good footage.

Film at eleven…worth staying up for with the VCR!

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**Jenny at the Sci-Fi Convention by Sean89**

Jenny looked around the downtown convention center parking lot, and, spying an empty space, pulled her nearly new Ford Mustang into it. Looking out the window of the car, Jenny read the computerized billboard as the message scrolled by:

"Welcome to the 15th Annual Sci-Fi/Fantasy Convention!"

Jenny sighed as she opened the car door. She just didn't understand her husband's fascination with those silly TV shows and books. Let alone the need to get together with hundreds of other people to buy, sell, and talk about the silly stuff. Oh well, she thought to herself as she shrugged her shoulders in resignation. Her husband had taken the bus down to the convention center earlier that day, and Jenny had agreed to pick him up in the afternoon after she had run some errands. She had arrived at the convention center a little early, so she could have a look around and maybe gain some insight into why her husband liked all this.

Jenny got out of the car and straightened her dress. It was a knee-length blue summer dress with short sleeves, a modest "V" neck, and large white buttons running from the neck to the hem. Her earrings were identical to the buttons on her dress, and her feet were clad in white high heels. Jenny's long blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

Satisfied everything was in order, Jenny closed the car door behind her and made it about two steps before she tripped over a parking divider. Lurching forward, Jenny heard a long, spectacular ripping sound and then felt the warm spring breeze over a much larger portion of her body.

She looked down at herself and saw she had come completely out of her dress. Her satiny purple bra and matching panties were now on full display in the middle of the parking lot! Jenny squealed and crouched down, the better to cover herself. Whirling around to look for her dress, she saw the back of it had been closed in the car door. Large white buttons were scattered around the immediate vicinity. Jiggling the handle, Jenny discovered the door was locked. Peering through the window, she saw the keys on the passenger seat, right next to her purse. Tugging on the dress came to no avail, as it was stuck fast.

Crouched down by the driver's side door, Jenny needed a plan. She was NOT going to sit in the parking lot in her bra and panties waiting for her husband to come out! Who knows how long that would take? Jenny looked cautiously over the car at the convention center. She spied a deserted looking side entrance surrounded by bushes. She decided this was probably her best bet.

"I might even find something to cover myself", she thought, hoping to bolster her confidence.

Taking one last look around, Jenny bolted for the door. As she was fixated on the door (and, she hoped, safety) Jenny didn't notice her magnificent 38CC breasts bouncing quite fetchingly. Unfortunately (for Jenny, anyway) the lacy straps of her bra and panties were not meant for this kind of workout. The bra straps slid off her shoulders almost simultaneously and her large pink nipples bounced into view. At the same time, her panties slid off her hips, revealing her round full cheeks and the top of her blonde bush. Jenny finally made it to the bushes by the door, and a quiet "Eeek!" escaped her lips when she saw she was even more exposed now!

She took a moment to put her breast back in their flimsy containers and pull her panties back up. Opening the door just a crack, she glanced nervously through the doorway....

Peering through the doorway, Jenny saw a few utility closets,and, at the end of the hallway, a doorway marked "Women's Changing Room".

Jenny couldn't believe this stroke of luck. Praying the door was unlocked, Jenny raced down the hall , flung open the (thankfully unlocked) door, and hurried inside. After readjusting her traitorous undergarments once again, Jenny had a look around. The room was deserted, and there were rows of lockers and benches. Many of the lockers had clothes in them, but they were all locked, much to Jenny's dismay. Coming on the last row of lockers, Jenny saw an outfit hanging outside a locker, so she grabbed it!

Upon inspection, the outfit turned out to be a Supergirl costume. The shirt , made of spandex, was blue, long sleeved,and had the unmistakable "S" symbol across the chest. The long red cape was sewn into the shoulder seams. There was a very short red skirt that had a yellow belt to hold it up. Below the outfit, on the floor, were a pair of knee-high, red plastic, high heeled boots. Whoever had brought the outfit had forgotten the cheerleader style underpants to wear under the skirt.

"Maybe that's why it's still hanging here", Jenny thought to herself.

Seeing no other choice, Jenny took off her earrings and white high heels and put on the costume. Standing in front of the full length mirror, she was taken aback. The "S" symbol was putting up a remarkable effort to maintain it's shape over Jenny's large breasts. The short red skirt covered her panties, just barely, and she made a mental note not to bend over while wearing it ( even though the cape offered maximum backside protection). Finally, she pulled her hair out of the ponytail and ran her fingers through it, simulating the super heroine's "poofier" hairstyle. Steeling herself, Jenny walked through the doors leading to the main convention floor. She was going to find her husband and get out of there, as fast as possible!

Jenny's jaw dropped as she looked around. Hundreds of people were wandering around (many of them in costume, Jenny noted) visiting dozens of different booths and displays. People were selling everything from comic books to movies to plastic models and an impossible variety of other stuff. Jenny's heart sank at the thought of trying to find her husband in all this chaos. Figuring she better get started with her search, she began wandering around. Several times she had to duck behind a booth or display to pull her panties back up.

She was also attracting a lot of attention as the most beautiful Supergirl anyone had ever seen. Jenny received many requests for pictures, both by herself and with groups, and not wanting to be rude or mean , she obliged all requests. With one such group of young men, Jenny put her arms around the shoulders of two young men on either side of her while their mother took a picture. While she had her arms around their shoulders, Jenny felt her panties slide off her rump again! Not being able to reach down without attracting attention, she began to shift her legs in an attempt to stop their downward descent. All this accomplished, however, was to make them slide down even more. Smiling weakly while the picture was taken, Jenny felt an odd tugging on the side of her panties. The boys and their mother thanked Jenny and walked away, but Jenny heard a small RIP! and felt a curious sliding sensation between her legs .

Surreptitiously reaching down to her butt, Jenny found the panties were now completely gone! Looking over at the departing boys, Jenny saw her purple panties dangling from the watch clasp of the boy who had been standing closest to her !

Jenny's cheeks glowed red. There was no way she was going after the boy and asking for her panties back. She quickly hurried off in the other direction, holding down the front of the skirt to prevent it from swinging about. While debating what to do next, an announcement came over the P.A. system:

"Would everyone entered in the Women's Costume Contest please report to the main stage? Thank you."

Before Jenny even had time to react, an official looking little man approached Jenny and said "C'mon, toots. You're going the wrong way."

"I'm sorry, what ?" replied Jenny.

"The costume contest! It's this way! C'mon , let's get going!" he retorted.

With that he grabbed Jenny by the wrist and pulled her along to a large stage where a number of other women in various costumes had gathered.

"But...but...but...", Jenny stammered.

"Quiet, toots ! You sound like an old airplane trying to start! Believe me your a shoo-in! Now get up there!" he said, shoving her up the stairs to the stage...

"And have fun!"

Jenny couldn't believe this. She was standing on a stage in front of hundreds of people wearing a Supergirl costume with no panties on! Her cheeks and neck grew red and warm just thinking about it.

A contestant dressed up as Wonder Woman was first. She wore the golden tiara, silver bracelets, red bustier with overlapping W's, star-spangled blue shorts, and red boots with a stripe down the front. Her breasts were as large as Jenny's, but the similarities ended there. This woman had long curly black hair, was about 6 feet tall, and very well toned, every inch an Amazonian princess.

Unbeknownst to Jenny, the woman standing behind her (dressed up as Xena, Warrior Princess ) was eyeballing her with naked (hee hee) jealousy. Taking her sword, she gently punctured it through Jenny's cape and then directly into the stage floor. Grinning wickedly, she gave Jenny a mighty shove.

Jenny, caught totally unaware, was flung violently forward, and a noisy splitting sound reverberated across the auditorium. Her shirt and cape fell in a cascade of spandex behind her and her breasts swelled against the fabric of her bra as she tumbled forward. As she was falling, Jenny's arms went out in front of her in a desperate bid to find something to latch on to. Her fingers found the top of Wonder Woman's costume.

Another mighty rip, and her costume (and Jenny) lay at her feet. Not really realizing what just happened, Wonder Woman stood there almost completely naked. Her large breasts and small brown nipples quivered momentarily, and everyone in the audience saw she wasn't wearing panties as her thick black bush showed through her tan pantyhose.

As Jenny tried to regain her feet she got a hold of those pantyhose and pulled them down to the tops of Wonder Woman's boots. Annoyed at this disturbance during her time on stage, Wonder Woman turned around to face Jenny just as she regained her feet. Grabbing a hold of the now very visible purple bra and Jenny's short red skirt, the amazon pulled them both off with one loud rip, leaving Jenny clad only in her yellow belt and knee high red boots. Jenny's hands went to the side of her head and her knees pressed together as she screamed

"OHMYGOD!"

Her large breasts swayed back and forth momentarily after being suddenly freed and her pink nipples swelled up a bit. Her now visible blonde patch received a lot of whistles and catcalls from the audience. Spinning on a dime, her arms wrapped around her torso, Jenny ran past the backstage curtain, giving the audience a view of those lovely round cheeks before she disappeared.

Still not realizing what happened, Wonder Woman turned back towards the audience, Jenny's bra and skirt in either hand, arms raised in victory. Receiving catcalls, whistles, and thunderous applause, she looked down at herself and confusion turned to shock. She doubled over as she ran offstage, trying desperately to pull her costume and pantyhose back up. She tripped right before the curtain, and the audience got to see pink lips framed by black pubes and a toned ass.

In the audience, Jenny's husband took one last picture, grinned and shook his head, then went backstage to find his very embarrassed wife.

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**The Haunting by TrackJim**

Howard had been a dirty old man in every sense of the word. From the age of fifteen he had been the plight of every young filly he could lay his hands on. His father's money and influence had gotten him out of one jam after another. When he inherited his father's fortune at twenty-five he quieted down for a few years. Running the family's businesses took effort, but by thirty he had things under control. Able managers ran his ventures insuring him of vast income for the rest of his life. He was older and more knowledgeable in using his charms and money to satisfy his drives without suffering the consequences, or so he thought.

Howard had retained the family mansion. It loomed on its hill over the growing town like a baron's castle. The staff provided for his every need -- every need. The entire staff was composed of attractive women between 18 and 25. The pay was very good but the turnover was high as none of them escaped his amorous attention. In the late twentieth century he would have been stripped of his fortune by lawsuits, but in 1899 money kept him from of such until....

The near naked, giggling maid ran from him down the hall. He had tricked her out of her short frock and looked forward to an evening of fun. When the front door crashed open he was unprepared for the maid's brother -- revolver in hand. Only one bullet was fired, but it was enough.

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John stood with his friend looking at the old house, restored and converted to a bed and board resort.

"You've done a wonderful job on this old place,” he said.

Gilbert smiled.

"We'll be opening in two weeks. I insist you and Jenny come the weekend before the grand opening."

"Jenny needs to get away for awhile. We'll be here."

"I just hope the ghost is on his best behavior."

John questioned "Ghost?"

"The place had been unoccupied for almost twenty years after several mysterious events, but the only weird event we've had was when Betty came up to help me. She claims she felt hands that pulled off her clothes. I think she’s just having fun with me, but she insists she did NOT strip her own clothes off. When I found her in the garden she was cowering behind a hedge. There were no workmen around. I think she just wanted my attention. She got it!"

John quickly thought of the possibilities.

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"John, it's lovely."

Jenny stood in the bedroom overlooking he front drive.

"Looks very authentic."

The lawns and gardens had been prepared for the opening. John watched as Jenny leaned out the window. Her dark blue shorts grew tight across her firm bottom. The backs of her legs were long and tanned. John sighed with desire and delight as he watched her bright red blouse creep up her back revealing more tantalizing flesh. He wanted to throw her to the bed, but they needed to hurry on down for lunch with Gilbert and Betty.

"I'll meet your in the dining room in fifteen minutes. Gilbert and I have a few things to discuss."

"Okay" Jenny answered, "I just want to enjoy the view for a few minutes."

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After John left Jenny decided that her shorts were just not appropriate for the fine old elegant mansion. She was glad she had brought a summer dress for the weekend. Sitting on the large comforter-covered bed she pulled her shorts down her legs. She had worn a lacy black string bikini panty -- a gift from John. They brought a naughty giggle to her when she had decided to wear them for him; he liked them so much. She planned to surprise him after lunch with some afternoon delight. She kicked off her low-heeled shoes to reveal her freshly painted toenails. She wiggled her toes. "Passion Pink was a bit much, but still within bounds."

Jenny unbuttoned and removed her blouse revealing the matching black bra that had been hidden under her blouse. Wearing just her underwear she pulled the summer dress from her bag. The dress was light and airy and loose enough to not bind her. She slipped her arms in the dress and started buttoning the fourteen buttons that ran from just below the neckline to the mid-calf length hem. Upon reaching her knees she decided to leave the rest of the buttons undone. She found a mirror on the back of the closet door and examined how she looked. She realized that the black bra and bikini bottom were quite visible through the off-white dress. Only then did she remember that her other pair of panties and bra were also dark.

"This will never do."

Jenny realized she had no one else to blame. She had dallied until the last minutes and had done packing. She had not thought through her choice. To go downstairs with her underwear so visible would be embarrassing. Gilbert and Betty might think she was flaunting her figure. She almost changed back into her shorts and blouse but they would not do either. She unbuttoned the top of the dress and, with a bit of hesitation, removed her bra. She rebuttoned the dress and looked in the mirror.

"Not too bad" she thought.

She bent forward to lift her hem and saw her dress hang open exposing her chest. The tops of her breasts filled the open top of the dress.

"Oh, my, I'll have to remember not to bend over."

She hooked her fingers under the top of her bikini and pulled it down her legs. The dress fell back down as her hands dropped. She stood before the mirror and smiled at her image as she approved of the look.

As she left the room and walked down the steps to the first floor the light fabric of the dress whirled around and between her legs in a most delicious manner. The top tickled across her nipples and she felt them harden. She almost returned to the room as she wondered how much her pert nipples would show through the dress. If she had she would have seen her dark nipple visible through the material, but she continued down the stairs to the front hall

It was in the front hall that Jenny heard a whisper in her ear.

"Lovely."

Jenny turned but there was no one in sight.

"Must be an echo from another room,” she thought.

The next moment she felt the a hand squarely on her right buttock. She turned again to see nobody even close to her. With her mind trying to piece together what was happening, Jenny did not notice the top button of her dress pop across the room. Nor did she notice the tug at the buttons above her knees.

Jenny forced herself to calm down.

"I must be imaging things again."

She stood straight and held her head high. With long strides she walked into the dining room.

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John was the first to see Jenny enter the room. The bottom of the dress was only buttoned down to her mid-thighs and he loved the way her thighs took turns flashing from the front of her summer dress. The jiggling of her proud chest left no doubt that she was NOT wearing a bra. With each step she looked more and more like a sexual creature on the loose. It was very unusual for Jenny to be so self-assured like this but John loved it. Although he had fully recovered from his serious accident Jenny still occasionally dressed for his pleasure. The sight of her dark hard nipples behind the thin fabric told him she was enjoying the situation.

Jenny and John joined Gilbert at a table set for four. Moments later Betty wheeled in a cart of food and the four friends enjoyed a sumptuous meal. Betty, ever the perfect hostess, placed the plates and glasses on the cart and left to bring desert. Jenny was the first to notice the back of Betty's skirt had mysteriously ripped open the hem all the way to her waist. Her sheer pink panties were very visible though the tear. Seeing Jenny's shocked expression, Jenny followed her eyes and noticed Betty's pink panties just as she disappeared through the kitchen door. Gilbert quickly rose and left for the kitchen.

"What do you suppose happened?" asked Jenny.

"She's probably just playing up her ghost story," answered John.

"What ghost?" asked Jenny.

She loved ghost stories, the spookier the better. She listened with great interest as John repeated the story of naked Betty in the garden. Jenny's face reddened as her mind placed her in Betty's place. Without other people around it was just the type of stunt the doctors had ordered for John's physical and mental rehabilitation a year ago. Just as John finished the story Jenny felt a contact between her closed thighs. She looked down to see that all her dress buttons from the waist down had vanished. Her dress hung down each side of the chair leaving her uncovered to her waist. Jenny looked at John on the left side of the table. With a forced smile on her face and a tremor in her voice she spoke.

"Dear, I'm having a problem. Could we go back to our room?"

The table and tablecloth masked Jenny exposed condition from John.

"What problem?"

He noticed the red of Jenny's face indicative of an embarrassed or aroused state. He wondered, "Was she aroused by Betty's spooky adventure?"

His eyes remained locked on her blushing face and he noticed her shallow, more rapid breathing. Whatever it was that was affecting her left her looking vibrant and sexy. He knew that if he prolonged the moment she would still be very turned all afternoon. He reached under tablecloth at the corner and grabbed her left knee. He was delighted when he found her knee bare and ran his hand slowly up her thigh. A smile grew on his face as his hand felt inch after inch of quivering bare skin.

Gilbert returned from the kitchen and John withdrew his hand from Jenny's hot flesh. Gilbert took his seat to Jenny's right and she scooted as close to the table as possible.

Tiny beads of sweat appeared on Jenny's face and upper chest. Her thighs were clinched tightly together. With no warning a hand was squarely on her pussy forcing her to inhale.

"John", she gasped as she turned back toward him.

Her mind fell into disarray as she saw both his hands above the table. She turned back to Gilbert even as the mystery fingers stroked her lightly. She bit her lip in her teeth as the hand stroked again and again.

Gilbert made excuses for Betty, but assured them that she would be out in a moment with the deserts. Jenny could only squirm as they waited. She knew she would only be able to postpone the mounting sensations between her thighs.

Finally, Betty came through the kitchen door. A long white linen apron hung from shoulder straps reaching down to almost her knees. She sat the eclairs at the four places before taking her seat. Jenny forced herself to nibble slowly on the delicious flaky pastry. They were all nearly done when a mystery finger dipped between her folds to lightly stroke her most sensitive spot. Jenny's mind was so centered on that finger that she failed to notice what else was happening. All but the third button from the top of her dress silently popped to the floor. The third button was between her hard tingling nipples and was all that kept her dress closed.

"I have to go, now," Jenny gasped.

Her legs were quivering she slid her chair back and stood. The dress fluttered open as the solitary button popped onto the table. Jenny froze as it slid from her body. John looked at her with lust as a she raced from the dining room.

"I think I b...b....better help J...Jenny", John said as he stumbled after Jenny.

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Jenny pulled on the doorknob to their room. For some reason the door would not budge. By the time John caught up with her the smell of her arousal was quite strong. He inhaled deeply savoring Jenny's natural fragrance. He slapped her hand from the doorknob and opened it with no effort. She ran passed him and fell onto the bed, a wanton look on her face. John slammed the door and ripped the clothes from his body. Jenny pulled him down onto the bed. It was all John could do as she climbed atop him.

"Ahhhh" a barely audible moan filled the room, ignored by the busy couple on the bed.

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**Jenny The Weather Girl by Sean89**

"I'm telling you, boss, she is perfect for the job!", said Ashley . To emphasize her point, she leaned across his desk , resting on the palms of her hands and displaying a nice bit of cleavage.

"You had better be right about this", replied Mr. Bancroft, head of local TV station KRIP.

He peeled his eyes away from the flesh protruding towards him from across the desk and continued,

"...When I hired you as my assistant, you guaranteed to improve the ratings of our six o'clock Saturday newscast. I don't see how this new weather girl you've hired will boost ratings by herself."

"Then let me introduce you two, Mr. Bancroft." Ashley walked across his large office and opened the door.

"Jenny, you can come in now.", said Ashley.

Mr. Bancroft stood up to greet his newest employee , and had his breath taken away by an incredible vision of femininity.

"Holy sh\*t!", he thought to himself, "What is she, 5'5, 120 pounds? And that amazing rack! 38CC for sure! I wonder if she's a natural blonde ?"

He gave a mental whistle as he introduced himself and reached out to shake her hand.

Jenny had dressed nicely, if conservatively, this morning. A white blouse with a ruffled collar and cuffs, a tweed skirt that came down to mid-thigh, and a pair of tan medium-heel shoes completed the outfit. Her long blonde hair was pulled back in a bun, and the overall effect was very prim and proper. She was carrying a stack of employment papers under her right arm.

When Mr. Bancroft reached out to shake her hand, Jenny unthinkingly did the same, dropping her papers all over the floor.

"Oh, I'm a little clumsy today," said Jenny, blushing slighty. "Pardon me for a moment, Mr. Bancroft."

With that Jenny turned away from Mr. Bancroft and bent over at the waist to retrieve her papers. Then came the sound that Jenny dreaded and Ashley had been waiting for: RRRIIIIPPPP!!!!!

The tweed skirt ripped completely open along the back seam and fell to the floor almost gracefully. Jenny's round , ample, posterior was covered with a pair of high cut white panties with red trim around the waist and legs, and little red polka-dots all over them. Her shapely legs were clad in thigh-high nude stay-ups.

Mr. Bancroft drank it all in.

"Eeeek!", squealed Jenny.

She stood up and turned around immediately, but the strain of the sudden, violent, movement was too much for the panties, and the strap over the left hip broke with a "ping!", revealing lush blonde bush.

Jenny clamped her knees together and her hands shot down to hold on to her panties and cover herself. She started to back away towards the door when Ashley walked over to her and handed her the sport jacket she had been wearing.

"Cover yourself with this and head down to the ladies room, Jenny. I'll gather your things and meet you down there", said Ashley.

Fighting the urge to run and hide, Jenny said "Oh thank you, Ashley! I'm so sorry Mr. Bancroft, this will never happen again!"

Mr. Bancroft, his eyes dancing behind his mutton chop sideburns and chubby face, replied "Don't worry yourself, Jenny. It was quite lovely...uhh quite all right. We'll see you on Saturday."

Jenny headed for the door, knees still locked together, looking like a voluptuous blonde penguin. Reaching for the door she dropped the jacket. Caught by surprise, Jenny unclamped her knees and the misbehaving panties slid down her leg and all the way to the floor by her right foot. She quickly whipped the jacket back around her waist and stepped out of the panties in one fluid motion. With one last red-faced look back, she shut the door and left.

"Now do you believe what I've been telling you?", Ashley asked her boss.

"Ummm, yes , quite.", he replied. "You mean to tell me that lovely young woman is very prone to those kind of accidents?"

"Ever since I've known her, sir."

"Excellent work, Ashley. If this all works out, you'll have a big raise coming. We've got sweeps in three weeks. I want her face in the paper, in on-air ads, on bus-stop benches, the works. That young woman is going to get us rating that Tom Brokaw would kill his mother for!"

Jenny spent the first week getting to know the studio and the language of the TV weatherperson. While she was no meteorologist (most TV weather people aren't) the job was not too demanding. The computers did the actual forecasting, and the teleprompters gave her most of what she had to say. She was also doing a lot of promotional stuff for KRIP, increasing public awareness of the new weather girl.

There was only one problem: Jenny had proved strangely immune to her particular brand of accidents while on the air! As a matter of fact, she hadn't lost any part of her clothing since her first day on the job. While Jenny was greatly pleased with this, Ashley wasn't, and the boss, Mr. Bancroft, was getting impatient.

"Look, Ashley", he said. "This upcoming Saturday is the height of sweeps. The ratings have increased (especially among males ages 12-84) but just not enough. If something spectacular doesn't happen on that broadcast, you're finished at KRIP!"

"Yes sir! You're absolutely right, sir!" Alone in her cubicle, Ashley fumed.

"That big-boobed cow is going to cost me my job!", she thought to herself. "It figures that she stops losing her clothes just when I depend on it. Looks like I'm going to have to "help" her again! I just need to think of something great for Saturday!"

Looking around her cubicle seeking inspiration, Ashley found very little. Computer? No. File cabinet? No. Desktop fan? No...wait just a minute! Ashley had seen the week-long forecast and remembered that Saturday was supposed to be windy. An idea started forming in her head...

The next morning rolled around and Ashley started on her "Sweeps Project" as she called it. All she would tell Jenny (until Saturday) was that her Saturday forecast would be the highlight of sweeps week. Jenny felt a surge of pride knowing that the station was depending on her. When Ashley told Mr. Bancroft her plan, he gave the green light and upscaled Jenny's ad campaign, promising viewers the best forecast they had ever seen.

Guided by Ashley, Jenny purchased a brand new outfit for the broadcast. A navy blue sport jacket with a knee-length skirt of the same color started the outfit. A white collarless blouse and a blue bandana (for around her neck) were next, followed by a pair of blue high-heeled shoes. Jenny thought the outfit was quite modest, especially by Ashley's usual standards, but that was just fine with her! Of course, Ashley had steered Jenny toward that particular outfit, which she had already weakened in a few key areas.

Once Jenny had her outfit, Ashley set up the rest of the ratings stunt. When she told the tech boys and stage hands what she had in store for Jenny, they were all too glad to help (even foregoing overtime pay!)

First they got an industrial strength fan. Standing over seven feet tall and wide, the thing could send forth almost hurricane force blasts of air. Next, under the "X" on the floor where Jenny stood to deliver the forecast next to the weather map, a small but powerful electro-magnet was installed. Not powerful enough to mess with the electronic equipment all around, but it would have a definite "attraction" to the steel reinforced soles of Jenny's brand new blue high heel shoes! Once Jenny was immobilized by the magnet and that blast of wind hit her nice, new outfit, the viewers of KRIP's six o'clock news would get quit a show!

Saturday had finally gotten there and Ashley had driven Jenny to the studio personally. She wanted to make sure that nothing happened to her before the broadcast.

When they got to the studio Ashley hurried Jenny into the dressing room to change into tonight's "special" outfit. When Jenny took off the loose jogging outfit she had been wearing, Ashley saw Jenny had on a lacy, red, see-thru bra and panties, with a matching garter belt and dark brown stockings! Jenny's nipples and blonde bush were quite visible beneath them. Ashley must have looked surprised, because Jenny blushed, looked at her and said,

"I was so excited about today that I forgot to do laundry last night. These were my only clean underthings."

"Oh. Well, that's all right, Jenny.", Ashley said. Great, Ashley thought, the bimbo is helping me and doesn't even know it!

While Jenny finished dressing and putting her hair in a professional looking braid, she noticed what Ashley was wearing. A hot pink silk blazer with matching mini-skirt and heels and a tank top style white blouse. Jenny could tell Ashley wasn't wearing a bra , and could also see that her mini-skirt didn't adequately cover the black garter belt and stockings she had on underneath (at least while she was sitting on the counter like that) That was far too daring an outfit, Jenny thought. But the black stockings match her hair.

When Jenny finished dressing, Ashley walked her over to the stage and gave her the information for the stunt.

"When you say It's going to stay windy all weekend, that will be the cue for the stagehands to start the fan. Then they'll throw paper and what-not out into the breeze to blow around. The computer guys will be adding special effects directly onto the broadcast, but they need the wind effect to get a good base for a realistic look."

Jenny didn't think that sounded like much of a ratings stunt, but she was still very new to TV, so she said, "All right, Ashley. Oops! There's my cue! Showtime!"

Showtime indeed, thought Ashley.

Jenny made it through the first part of her broadcast effortlessly. Watching her from the sidestage near the fan, Ashley could hardly wait. Casting a glance over to the stagehands, Jenny said her line, "...and it's going to stay windy all weekend."

The stagehands started the fan on low and began tossing paper in front of it. Jenny's bangs and skirt ruffled slightly while bits of paper breezed past. Jenny looked at the camera, smiled , and said "See what I mean?"

Ashley nodded at the guys working the fan and they cranked it up to high immediately. At the same time, Ashley flipped the switch for the magnet. Jenny felt a not unpleasant tingling in her feet. Attempting to shuffle them a bit, she made a startling discovery: her feet were stuck to the floor! At the same time she had that realization, she was hit with a tremendous blast of air. Papers were swirling everywhere, the fan was roaring, and the cameraman kept a steady eye on Jenny.

The first to go was Jenny's skirt. With a slight rip, it flew off and disappeared backstage somewhere, revealing her lacy red panties, garter belt and dark brown stocking tops.

"Oh my God!", Jenny yelled.

Her hands began roaming all over her rump and crotch in a vain attempt to cover herself.

Her sport jacket offered little resistance either, sailing away in the next split second. Her attempts to run proving futile, Jenny decided attempting to cover herself was the best option.

Jenny's eyes widened considerably when she felt her blouse begin to go. Before she could even get her hands up, the blouse flew off, white material and buttons going everywhere. The people in the studio and at home got to look at that lacy red bra and what it contained.

Ashley could barely contain her laughter. Jenny was getting humiliated on live TV and she would get a raise, hell, a promotion out of it. This was just too sweet.

Not being able to talk over the roar of the fan, Jenny made motions with her arms (and pleading eyes) indicating to the stagehands to turn the fan off. They made a great show of trying to turn the switch to "OFF" and unplug it, but, of course, they weren't trying in the least.

Jenny felt the bow at the end of her braid fly off at the same time as the blue bandana around her neck. Reacting without thinking, she put her hands up to her hair and neck. Her bra caught a blast of air, flew off, and smacked the lens of camera #2 before disappearing. Her pink nipples stiffened instantly under the blast of air, and her 38CC's bounced considerably now that they were released from their confinement.

Squealing in embarrassment, Jenny covered her large chest with her hands and arms. The fan took the opportunity to relieve her of the burden of her panties. With a "snap" they broke free and landed gently atop the head of the anchorman (who later sold them for $100 on ebay.) When she felt the wind blowing directly across her blonde bush, she put one hand down to cover her nether regions, succeeding at fully covering neither.

Both sets of cheeks were blushing a magnificent crimson.

Meanwhile, sidestage, Ashley finally laughed out loud. This was great! The stagehand behind her must have thought so, too, because he was so intent on watching Jenny, clad only in lacy red garter belt, dark brown stockings, and blue high heels, that he didn't even notice that he bumped Ashley directly into the path of the mega-fan.

Ashley ran into a small pole that ran floor to ceiling and held on for dear life.

"Oh crap", thought Ashley, "this is bad!"

Her hot pink silk blazer and mini-skirt were no match for the ferocious wind. With a loud tearing noise, the both flew up, up, and away over the set. Jenny, blonde hair flying willy-nilly in the strong wind saw the blazer and skirt fly by, and glanced over at Ashley. She saw that Ashley had neglected to wear panties, her firm little butt, framed nicely by the black garter belt and stockings she wore, was tense with the effort to hold on to the pole.

Despite her own predicament Jenny felt a flush of embarrassment for her friend.

Ashley looked down to find half of her clothes gone. She yelped as the wind blew directly across her thick black bush. Another loud rip and Ashley's breasts bounced free of the now absent blouse. Her hands, sweating with the effort of holding on to the pole, finally slipped free, and the blast of air sent her tumbling. She ended up with her legs spread wide in front of camera #1, directly in front of Jenny. Jenny looked down on Ashley with sympathy in her eyes.

Viewers at home saw the image of Ashley's spread legs and black patch freeze on their TV's with the words "Technical Difficulties. We'll be right back." across the bottom of the screen.

Standing in line at the unemployment office a week later Ashley read the headline of the newspaper: "KRIP Broadcast License Suspended Pending Investigation."

Jenny had been embarrassed, sure, but she had also received movie contracts and endorsement deals! She turned them all down, too, the dumb bitch, Ashley thought to herself.

"I just want to forget it ever happened" Jenny had told her.

Not bloody likely, thought Ashley. That video was probably all over the 'net by now.

Just then a young man noticed her, "Hey," he said, "You're one of the naked bimbo's from the news the other night! Hey guys! Come here and check this out! Baby can we see that luscious patch of yours one more time?"

The paramedics, when they arrived 10 minutes later, had to remove a whole billboards worth of "help wanted" flyers from a very painful place on the poor man anatomy

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**After The Music Stopped by Fledermaus**

Jenny had lost track of time. She knew that the fun had to end sometime, but she and Ashley had met up with lots of friendly folks that kept her mind either occupied or fogged through most of the weekend. She had smoked some kind of pot that the guy with the dreadlocks (Monkey? Was that really his name? That couldn't be right!) had called "indica" early in the afternoon, and after that things got pretty hazy. She remembered laughing a lot (sometimes until it hurt) and dancing...

The sun was bright as Jenny blinked. She was on the ground, and people were moving around her. Still stoned from hours ago (what the hell was that shit? She'd never been that far gone before...), she propped herself up on her elbows and looked around for Ashley. Nowhere in sight... and then she noticed. Her clothes were gone. All of them. Before she could even react, a camera flash went off right in front of her. She screamed as the smiling man with the camera walked casually away with his prize: a photo of Jenny, barely 19 and nubile, lying on her back on the ground, legs spread just enough to give any casual observer a glimpse of her precious pink.

The young girl's scream attracted the attention of the crowd around her, and Jenny found all eyes on her. Specifically on her breasts and pussy, as she drew further attention to herself by trying to cover herself and get away. She had to turn over and get on her hands and knees to get up, and she heard whistles as she exposed her ass and still more of her slit. Standing, she realized that she didn't have enough hands to cover herself in all the places that counted. Panicking, she ran. The crowds of people parted as she raced for... for.. what? Where was there to go? She stopped, confused, and stood, covering her nipples and her pubes as best she could, looking wildly around as people milled by, most of them eyeing her as they passed.

"Ashley!"... No answer.

She could feel her blush by now, as she was redder than any sunburn could ever make her, and she seized the only thing that she could cover herself with: mud. She smeared the filthy stuff at first over her crotch, but quickly decided to cover herself entirely, as somehow the "mud bikini" seemed obscene to her.

Finally she spotted a small group of girls, all as naked as she was! They were begging for clothes from passers-by. Nobody seemed to be in much of a hurry to clothe any of the poor females in need, but she did see one girl get at least a dirty sheet to wrap around herself. Jenny realized that she would have to rely on a good samaritan to get her something to wear, so she started begging. It was humiliating. She pleaded with stranger after stranger, but she got leers from the men, and the women looked away, obviously believing her to be one of the shameless women who paraded themselves naked throughout the festival. She wasn't like that! This wasn't her fault! Things just got a little carried away!

She was in despair, tears running down her face, when she heard a man call to her. She ran towards him, pleading for help. Could he get her something to wear? Anything?

"Well hold on a sec, there, sweet thing. I might be able to help you, but this isn't the sixties anymore, you know. What do I get out of it?"

"What do you want?," Jenny asked fearfully, thinking the worst. Would she actually have to... "No! Never!"

"No, no, no, it's not that. I just want to see all of you, then I'll give you my jacket. I don't need it anyway. Can't think of a damn reason to have brought one, but here it is, and you can have it, if you show me what you've got... all of it. Whaddaya say?"

"You mean, expose myself to you? I couldn't..."

"OK then, seeya" The man turned to leave.

"Wait! Please, I need that jacket!," Jenny found herself saying.

The man stopped and turned, grinning. "Then you agree?"

Jenny bit her lip and lowered her head, gripping her arms around her most private places even more tightly as the thought of showing this complete stranger her naked body. It was one thing to be surprised, but to display herself on purpose?

"Last chance," the man said, a slight quaver of anticipation in his voice. "This jacket is probably just long enough to cover what you've got to show me. I'll be the last to see you today."

Jenny had no choice but to agree. So many had seen her already (one even had a picture!), what difference could one more make?

"Alright. Here."

Jenny straightened herself as she lowered her arms to her sides. She felt her knees weaken as the man's eyes moved down, and then back up to meet hers.

"Well, that's a start, sweetie, but your best assets are obscured by mud. Here, wash off the mud with this," the man said, offering a gallon jug of spring water.

Jenny was speechless and shaking as she opened the jug and began washing herself off.

"Hold on there, girl, you're wasting it. Just the good parts need to be cleaned off."

"Please," begged Jenny, "don't.."

"Don't what, girlie? You know what I want to see, and you agreed."

Jenny's tears ran freely as she washed the mud off each breast in turn, then her ass, and finally her crotch. She stood facing the man, tits and pussy nearly glowing in contrast to the mud on the rest of her body.

"Good, said the man, now we pose you in the right position.

Jenny numbly followed the man's instructions. She faced away from him with her legs spread wide, barely hearing the man tell her to bend over. She could feel the man's eyes bore into her lips. She was sure he could see her asshole. Never had she been so mortified on her life. Nothing could top this... At least it would end soon... after the coup de grace...

"OK, use your fingers to spread your cheeks and lips," she heard with disbelief. She hesitated. "This is all. You'll be done if you can do this for me. Show me all your holes."

Finally, Jenny reached back and gently pried herself wide open. She heard gasps behind her. She could feel the breeze on things she though no one would ever see. Her clit was sticking out, obvious to everyone. Her vagina gaped open, exposing her innermost regions, and a little more moisture

than normal. All the while her huge breasts hung straight down, the nipples erect.

"Geez, you can even see her pee-hole!"

A new voice, this time.

(Nooooo!)

She whirled around, but not before hearing the furious click of many shutters. A crowd had formed behind her, and applauded as the man finally handed her the coat, and strolled off without a word, putting his camera back in his pocket. Jenny had never heard a man whistling as he walked before. The sound of whistling was never the same.

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**Jenny and The Bridge by Rabbit**

It was a beautiful Monday morning. Jenny didn't have to work due to an incident involving a printing press at her newspaper job, so she decided to take a walk to the park. When she was about a block away from the park Jenny noticed that the building across the street from the park was under construction.

She didn't like construction sites because she had a tendency to draw stares and cat calls from the workers. This had always been terribly embarrassing to her. As usual she heard whistles and lewd comments as soon as she started walking past the site, so when she got to the park she decided to go toward the beach instead of toward the playground. That way she would be out of the workers' view. But as she turned toward the water she saw there were about two hundred boy scouts milling about at the waters edge. A chill went up Jenny's spine at the memory of the last time she had run into boy scouts. She quickly turned back toward the playground. Most of the construction workers had gone back to their business which made Jenny feel much more comfortable.

She was wearing a green sundress and a pair of sandals. Under the dress she had on an industrial strength bra to hold in her 36CC breasts and a matching pair of panties.

"Not much to look at but at least they won't fall off by themselves," she thought.

It wasn't much of a playground. Just a set of monkey bars, a few swings and some sort of bridge thing that was mostly a bunch of tires laid flat so you could walk across and look down through where the rim had been. Jenny went for the swing first but got up as soon as she realized the forward rise sent her skirt up around her belly. Luckily none of the construction workers had been paying attention.

Fixing her skirt, Jenny walked quickly over to the tire bridge.

"It looks kind of unsturdy," she thought to herself as she stepped on the top step.

She looked behind her and saw that a few of the construction workers were looking in her direction. She quickly looked away. She wanted to act as normal as possible so they wouldn't start calling to her again, so she started across the tire bridge. As she neared the middle of the bridge she saw that the middle tire was almost big enough for an adult to fit through, where the other tires had been smaller. Not that she was going to climb through there in her sundress with all those workers around. Not in this life time.

Jenny stepped over the large middle tire so she was straddling it, but kept her hands on the rope railing. She leaned over the side of the bridge so she could look at the flowers growing in the grass below her. Suddenly a wind sprang up and blew the back of Jenny's dress up into the air.

Cheers and cat calls instantly filled the air.

The construction workers were all paying attention now. Jenny, realizing what they were cheering at, quickly stood up and tried to push her skirt down, inadvertently stepping into the hole of the tire. This threw her weight off and her other foot followed the first into the hole.

Jenny let out a yelp as she fell into the middle of the tire. It was suspended about six feet in the air, but as she fell she held onto the rope railing. There she stopped with most of her body above the tire and her beautiful legs dangling below. From a side view she looked like she was wearing a tire around her waist. Jenny felt a breeze blow across her upper thighs and looked down to see that her dress had stayed on top of the tire. Her face turned bright red when she realized that this was leaving her panty-clad bottom exposed to anyone who cared to look. And by the yelling in the background that was a lot of people.

Jenny started to get scared that if she dangled here long enough the guy's from across the street would come over and offer her some assistance, But she wasn't sure what to do. She tried pulling herself back up onto the bridge but her massive breasts and ample butt were too much for her to pull up. Also, it was rubbing her panties against the inside of the tire and they had begun to roll down some.

Just then, Jenny heard some voices coming down the trail from the lake. Three boy scouts had come down looking to see what all the men were shouting about. When she saw them, Jenny froze in terror. As far as Jenny was concerned the Antichrist was better company. She hoped they wouldn't see her.

Unfortunately for Jenny they did see her and headed right for her. All three boys had their mouths hanging open at the sight of Jenny's butt hanging in the air under a tire. The tallest boy said, "Hey lady, are you stuck?"

Jenny, thinking they might even help her out of this embarrassing situation, said, "I can't pull myself up, and I don't think I will fit all the way through if I let go. Can you help me? Please?"

She was begging now, but the boys were not looking at her; they were staring at her crotch. They moved closer and Jenny realized she could not see them from where she was hanging because they were right under her.

"Please don't let them take my panties!" she prayed to herself.

"Hey boys, maybe you could push me up by my feet," she said.

One of the boys said something like "Yeah, let's push her up!" but Jenny didn't like the enthusiasm in his voice.

"Grab my feet and push up," she yelled, so one boy grabbed her left foot, another grabbed her right, and they started to push her just a little bit, but mostly they were slowly spreading Jenny's legs apart for the view of the guys across the street.

They, of course, were screaming and yelling and whistling. Jenny tried pulling her legs back from the boys, but found she had no leverage to move. One of the boys -- she had no idea which -- was touching the inside of her thigh while another was running his finger under the fringe of her panties. This was not only embarrassing, but it made Jenny aroused and wet.

Jenny yelled, "Stop that!" but only got laughter in return.

Seeing her situation and how they could take advantage of it further one of the boys whispered into his friends ear, after a couple moments of whispering his friend nodded.

The first boy said "Maybe we could pull you up?"

Jenny agreed that that was a good idea.

Two of the boys ran up the stairs and climbed onto either side of Jenny. Each grabbed one of her hands that were still holding onto the rope and pulled. Jenny stayed stuck in the tire.

The boys chanted "One, Two, Three!" and gave a big tug.

The bridge shook and both boys dropped Jenny at the same time. This left Jenny stuck up to her armpits with both arms waving frantically above her head. Her breasts wouldn't even make it into the tire but had stopped above it and her weight was pushing them up and out while the rest of her was trying to go down. Her dress had ridden up also, but it still fully covered her huge tits.

There were now about fifty men standing on the roof of the building across the street who had a full view of Jenny.

One of the boys up top grabbed the edge of Jenny's dress and started pulling it over her head.

Jenny screamed "No! Don't do that! Please, please!" but the boy just smiled and looked over at the guys on the roof.

The crowd's yelling drowned out Jenny's cries of protest.

The boy lifted the sundress slowly above her head where she tried to grab it, but the motion only made her slide further down. Jenny felt someone pushing his little hand into her panties and kicked out frantically. This too made her sink further into the tire until her breasts were pushed so far up that her nipples had started to push out of the bra. They were so tight in there that her nipples were almost level with her mouth.

This gave the boy up top an idea. He grabbed the back of Jenny's bra and undid the clasp. He didn't remove it but let it lie there covering all of her breasts but her nipples. These he pinched lightly between his finger and thumb, massaging them gently. Jenny instantly went a shade darker red and started begging him to stop. The boy only sat there watching her blush shamefully and try to look away. He then pulled her bra off her breasts and dropped it over the side of the bridge. He continued pinching Jenny's nipples and even bent over to take one of them in his mouth.

Jenny was powerless to stop him since her arms were stuck above her head. She was starting to become extremely aroused from the unwanted attention to her nipples; moreover, the boy under her was alternating between rubbing his hand over her mound and poking his little finger into her asshole. Every time he would rub a finger over her clit her hips would twitch. Slowly he pushed her panties aside and stuck his finger all the way into her asshole. Then he just ran his fingertips up and down over the crack in her mound just barely touching her. This aroused Jenny so much that she forgot the watching crowd and started bucking on his hand.

The boy up top started pushing the bottom of Jenny's breasts up so the nipple would be right at her mouth and said "Suck it!"

She pulled her head away but he put his hand on the back of her head and repeated himself. This time he had her other nipple in between his fingers and when she refused her gave it a hard pinch. Jenny immediately started sucking on her own nipple.

The crowd went wild.

Meanwhile, down underneath, Jenny felt her panties slowly being pulled down past her hips. She automatically spread her legs wide so as to make it impossible for her panties to come off. But as soon as she did she felt a hand come down over top of her mound. She clamped her legs shut tight. The hand was still there and now the fingers were wiggling into her crack. Not only that, but the boy up top had taken to massaging her whole boob and sucking on the nipples.

Crowds of people were coming from across the street and the rest of the boy scout troop was coming over the hill. Jenny screamed as she felt her panties being pulled down to her ankles. Two boys grabbed each leg and held her wide for the assembled crowd to see.

Jenny was crying and blushing when someone said "Let's see you put a blush on her other cheeks!"

SMACK went Jenny's round quivering bottom, and before Jenny was freed everyone got to give her a good whack and a nice feel too!

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**Jenny Wants To Be A Millionaire by Capstick**

I

Today was Jenny's Birthday, and what a wonderful day it had been so far!. She was truly blessed to have such a loving Husband and friends who cared so much for her. Ashley had given Jenny a beautiful bottle green silk dress which must have cost a small fortune. She insisted that she found it on clearance, but Jenny had never seen dresses like this make it to a close-out table. Ashley was worried about the fit, so she tried it on for them. It was a strapless dress, a style that Jenny usually stayed away from. She had to admit that it made her look like a movie star though! It had a lot of support built into the chest, and gave her full breasts quite a lift. It was snug across her chest, and created a lot of cleavage. It was loose across her hips though, so she was comfortable moving around. The dress was short enough that she would have to be careful bending over.

When she modeled the dress for them they fell in love with it. Ashley explained that with the strapless top, the dress needed to be tight or it would be constantly slipping down. Jenny was hoping that her days of accidental exposure were well behind her, so this reassured her. It had been months since the last incident, and Jenny was quite proud of herself.

Then her husband handed her a birthday card. Inside the card Jenny found a pair of tickets to a show named "Are You Really Sure You Want to be a Millionaire?". Her Husband explained that it was a taping for a pilot cable show and that contestants were going to be picked from the studio audience, so her new dress should be the perfect attention getter. Jenny squealed with delight and gave him a big hug, while Ashley smiled to herself and thought what a stupid cow she really was!

"I almost forgot your last gift, what perfect timing!", he said as he handed her a box from her favorite lingerie shop in town.

When she opened the box she found a beautiful matched set of flesh colored matching bra, panties, and garter belt set,along with silk stockings and a transparent nightie.

"I was hoping you would wear them to bed tonight, but the color is perfect with that dress. I'd love it if you wore them to the show!."

How could Jenny say no with all the love being shown. She didn't tell him that the bra couldn't be worn with this dress since it was strapless, but everything else should be fine. Then when they got back from the show tonight all she needed to do was slip out of the dress and into the nightie!

After cocktails and a wonderful dinner at her favorite restaurant(where Jenny enjoyed the attention her dress was getting) her husband drove downtown to a rather run-down section full of industrial buildings. Jenny regretted not using the rest room at the restaurant, but she could wait till they were inside the Studio. He found the building behind a chain-link fence with a small sign out front which said Cinema-X Productions. They parked in a fenced lot which was quite full.

As they approached the entrance door, a huge man was standing guard with a clipboard, wearing a dark blue uniform. Her husband presented their tickets, which Jenny noticed were two different colors, one white and one bright orange. The man checked his clipboard, made a few marks, and handed Jenny and her Husband a form with a lot of small print on it. Jenny asked what the form was for, and he explained that it was a models release in case they did get chosen to participate in the show. As he stood over her to point out where to sign, Jenny could feel his eyes on her cleavage. Jenny saw her husband signing his form, so she went ahead and signed hers with a shrug.

"The shows starts in about 10 minutes folks, and I have to do a quick search before you can enter", said the guard.

He took back the forms and pointed to a short yellow railing which was about three feet away from the building wall by the door. Could you stand in front of that railing Miss, and face the wall please. Jenny glanced over at her husband, who gave her a quick nod O.K. A line of people were starting to form behind them, so Jenny walked over to where he pointed and stood up against the railing. Jenny felt his hand press between her shoulder blades as he said "please lean forward and place your hands against the building wall".

Blushing furiously, Jenny now realized that with her legs braced against the railing, her ass was thrust into the air facing the guard and the rest of the crowd now gathered. The way he had her stretched out, her heavy breasts were close to falling out of her top. She felt the guards booted feet slip between her high heels, and kick her feet apart till they were well separated.

She let out a soft moan as she felt him lean up against her uplifted butt, and felt his hardening cock pressing against her mound. He reached around and placed his hands flat on her belly, slid them slowly up her sides to her armpits, and then followed the slope of her breasts down till he was cupping them underneath and squeezing them together. Jenny gasped as she felt her breasts pop out the top of her dress. His hands immediately covered them and began squeezing and massaging. Jenny was helplessly pinned in this position and unable to remove her hands from the wall.

After what felt like 10 minutes of continued groping (but was probably only 10 seconds) the guard released her breasts and slid his hands back behind her, down her hips and along her thighs till he reached her stocking clad legs below her dress. Jenny let out a gasp as he slowly ran his hands up the inside of her legs, which also raised her dress. her legs were still braced apart by his feet and she glanced over to her Husband helplessly, who was standing with the rest of the crowd. He gave her one of those "What can I do about it" shrugs.

She grimaced and squeezed her eyes shut as she felt his fingers brush past her stocking tops till they finally reached her now soaked panties. His fingers found the ties on the side, and suddenly Jenny gasped as she felt them fall away, and the cool night air hit her moist uncovered skin. He parted her lips, and ran one finger up inside her pussy deeply until she was raised up on her tiptoes. He slowly slid it back out, and followed back to her asshole, and before it dawned on her what was happening, he slid his now very lubricated finger deep inside her ass, much to the delight of the crowd.

Jenny realized that he had moved over to the side, which gave everyone gathered a front row view. She could see all the guys squatting down low to get a better view, and could hear their shouts of encouragement. The guard continued to work his finger around in slow circles for a few seconds, and then he finally pulled his finger out, which to every ones delight, produced another squeal from Jenny. She quickly pushed herself off of the wall and pulled down her dress, and looked up at the guard who was smiling from ear to ear. She vaguely heard him say thank you very much and please go this way, as she rushed inside the door hearing the applause following her.

II

Now that the guard had finally released her, Jenny found herself in a narrow hallway. A brightly lit opening was straight ahead, and a line of people were slowly filing in to a large studio beyond. As she caught up to the line she realized her husband was directly ahead of her! She was about to start complaining that he hadn't been searched also, when she felt more people pressing up from behind. By the bulging pants now pressed against her ass, Jenny realized that the guard must be allowing everyone through without searches! Now all of her new found admirers were squeezed behind.

She suddenly felt a pair of hands reach around and grasp her bare breasts! Her dress top was still pulled down from the search. She gasped as someone else raised her dress and started exploring her bare ass. She started squealing and squirming around, but with all of the noise and confusion from the studio, her Husband appeared not to notice what was going on behind him (Or so she hoped, anyway!). Jenny certainly heard a zip well enough from behind though, and suddenly felt the head of a very erect cock being rubbed back and forth across her well rounded cheeks, as her breasts were still being squeezed and fondled.

She felt the cock stiffening further and the stroking become more insistent, and it dawned on her what was about to happen! Spurt after spurt of warm cum started to splash all over her ass as the pervert climaxed, and she could feel his hot breath on her neck. She could not believe what was happening. It was all so sudden that she didn't have time to react! Suddenly he was replaced be another man, who was wildly bucking his hips. Once again she felt her ass being splashed with more cum! The man began began smacking his cock against her bare ass, smearing the sticky mess all over.

The line ahead was suddenly released and she stumbled forward into the light, with a smiling usher standing with his hand out to guide her to her seat. When she saw his eyes focus on her chest, she quickly remembered that her swollen, engorged breasts were still exposed. Quickly she reached down and pulled her dress back up, and allowed her breast to settle back inside, so at least only her deep cleavage was exposed.

Stunned, the usher took her arm in his and started to lead her down the aisle into the bowl shaped studio, snuggling his arm up against her breast as closely as he could. She noticed that a spotlight was following her as she walked, and began to blush deeply at the hush that had seemed to come upon the studio. The usher took her all the way down to the fourth row back from the front of the stage. He pointed to her seat which was right next to her husband about twelve people or so down the row.

She paused momentarily for the seated men to raise up and allow her to pass in front, but they just stared back at her with grins on their faces. Jenny felt as though every eye in the studio was on her! Not wanting to draw more attention to herself, she began to shuffle sideways down the row in front of the men, which caused her ass to stick out into their faces, and her chest to stick out in front to keep her on balance. She glanced down and saw that her bulging breasts still had red hand and finger marks all over them, and her deep brown areola were starting to peek out of the top. Her now fully erect nipples were covered by a mere inch of material.

Finally she worked over to her seat, and reached back to smooth her skirt down. She immediately realized with horror that her dress was still raised up over her ass and stuck on a gob of cum, and that she had just given every person in the studio behind her an extended view of her naked cum-splashed ass wiggling all the way down the aisle and over to her seat!

III

After the shocking discovery of having exposed her naked, cum soaked ass to half the studio audience, Jenny quickly yanked the back of her skirt down, and plopped down in the seat, which caused her breasts to pop free of her top again. She didn't notice this however, because her attention was riveted to the clammy feeling of all the cum starting to soak into her beautiful dress. Her husband noticed though, and after enjoying her situation for a bit, he leaned over and whispered in her ear to look up by the stage.

Jenny then noticed several large TV monitor screens pointed toward the audience, as well as a jumbo screen mounted above the stage. The monitors all seemed to show an overhead view of a large breasted, topless woman seated amongst a group of people, who were all turned staring at her. Then she noticed the spotlight. She started to raise her hands to her face and her arms brushed against her huge nipples. She cried out OH MY GOD! and yanked up her top again. Looking up she now saw the camera providing the audience with the overhead shot. As she looked around the studio, she could see 4 of the camera's strategically positioned, which she hoped were not also following her.

She heard her Husband chuckling softly, and followed his eyes back to the overhead monitor. She could feel her face burning with embarrassment as her walk to the seat was now being replayed in slow motion, with different camera angles being flashed. Jenny could hear murmuring and laughing in the audience, as eyes were flashing between the show she had provided and where she was now seated.

Jenny sighed with relief as the screen changed to show a middle aged, well dressed man walking toward the stage, followed by two well dressed young girls carrying a large clear bingo drum dispenser half filled with tickets. As they stepped up onto the raised platform the audience began clapping and cheering wildly. Jenny had a great view since their seats were no more then 15 feet from the stage.

The host went on to explain that this show was unlike anything done before, and that the format was slightly different from the TV versions that they had seen.

"This show is intended only for mature audience's. Anyone who has misgivings or apprehensions about appearing on stage should leave now, because once the show starts you will be held to the release you signed earlier tonight. There is no backing out once we are live!"

Jenny briefly considered walking out, but she didn't see any one else getting up, and she didn't want to walk that gauntlet again! She also didn't see any other women, which was strange, but she only glanced quickly. Besides, what were the odds of her name being drawn! She had never won anything in her life.

"Ladies and Gentleman!, Lets go live! Ladies, please spin the drum."

Jenny watched as the tickets started tumbling around, and then something caught her eye. All of the tickets were white, but occasionally she would see a flash of bright orange. Something made the color start draining from her face. She new something was wrong, but she couldn't put her finger on what it was.

Suddenly the drum stopped and the man reached in to select a ticket. Jenny thought it a bit strange that he appeared to be poking around a little, before finally removing a ticket and holding it up in the air with a dramatic flourish. No, No, No, Jenny quietly whispered when she saw that the ticket he selected was bright orange! Sure enough, the host called out her name, and asked if she was in the audience!

Jenny was going to sit quietly and pretend she wasn't there, but her husband popped up out of his chair and raised her right up. The audience went crazy and Jenny felt her husband start to push her sideways toward the aisle. Alarmed, she felt another pair of hands grasp her hips tightly to move her along! The next man who grabbed her slid her dress up slightly, after which no holds were barred. The rest of the way she was passed along with her dress up to her waist, and she felt lots of gropes and pinches as she went. Finally, out into the aisle she shot, where the same smiling usher caught her in stride, one hand groping a breast and the other her ass briefly.

IV

Jenny quickly yanked her dress back down, and was directed towards the stage by the usher. Jenny could feel him wiping his hand on the back of her dress. She remembered about the mess and looked at the closest monitor to see the back of her swaying hips with a dark splattering of splotchy stains all over well rounded behind. The material was now very clingy, and she could feel it entering into the cleft of her ass, rather then smoothly covering her.

The host warmly greeted her as she climbed up on the stage and remarked at how beautiful she looked. He slowly paraded her around the perimeter of the stage waving to the crowd. They were all standing and applauding, with many a wolf whistle thrown in! That is everyone but the first few rows, who Jenny realized were being treated to a birds eye view directly up her dress! She was led to the center of the stage, where the host sat down in a handsome leather chair, indicating she should take the seat opposite of him. There was a low coffee table between the chairs, with a pitcher of water and two glasses.

With hardly a glance Jenny quickly sat down, glad to hide her stained dress. A puzzled look came across her face as it felt like she had just sat down on an open toilet seat! She quickly glanced down and saw only leather, her broad hips were hiding whatever she was sitting on but she could tell it wasn't cushioned. She parted her legs slightly and saw that there was an opening straight down! Then she saw a light turn on, before her attention was quickly brought back to the host in front of her. What Jenny didn't know was that all of the studio monitors featured a well lit view of Jenny's silk covered ass protruding through the open seat from underneath!

"Now Jenny, the rules of this game are quite simple. I'm going to ask you a multiple choice question, and if you give me the correct answer you will be awarded $1,000. For every question you answer correctly after this point, this money will be doubled, until you reach a million dollars or you answer incorrectly".

As the host was speaking, his female assistants approached Jenny's chair and started working at something on either side of the arms. She didn't pay much attention until they brought her arms up from her lap to the chair arms, and strapped them down securely!

Noticing the alarm in her eyes, the host gave a charming smile.

"Don't be alarmed Jenny, we know how nervous people get during the questioning, and it gets distracting to the audience when the participants start squirming around. You will see that this will help you keep calm and focused".

He was so sweet and assuring that Jenny relaxed immediately. One of the girls now moved to the front of her chair and reached down behind her. She had stepped in between her legs, forcing them open. She then felt a second pair of hands opening them further apart and attaching wide straps around her legs just under the knee's, securing them up against the insides of both chair arms. Meanwhile the girl in front of her pulled out a seat belt, and proceeded to buckle her in. She snugged the belt so tightly that the top of her dress was forced down, and Jenny could again begin to see her areola being exposed. She dare not squirm around though, because she knew any more pressure would cause both breasts to tumble out. Jenny silently cursed herself for her choice of dresses.

"Now unlike the TV version, if you answer incorrectly, the game doesn't just end. You will have to participate in a bonus session after the questioning. You will be allowed to have three wrong answers before the questioning will end. If you reach a million dollars, you won't have to participate in the bonus session."

Jenny suddenly felt something pointy and metallic pressing against the bottom of her bare thighs. She sat bolt upright and stared straight at the host, who calmly returning her stare, his eves never wavering. Jenny was relieved, because she was sure he could see right between her spread legs if he wanted to. The metal started to slide up, and Jenny could hear a very faint noise, which she realized was from a pair of scissors! Someone was cutting open her dress!

"Jenny, do you have any questions?"

Startled, Jenny replied no in a quiet voice, not quite believing the fix she had gotten into this time.

"OK, then lets get started!”

The crowd was going crazy, clapping and cheering wildly. Jenny thought they were just excited about the game, but actually all eyes were glued to the monitors which showed the bottom of Jenny's dress falling apart, exposing her ass and pussy to them!

V

"Jenny, your first question is: What is the scientific name for water?"

Jenny herd a click underneath her chair, followed by a high pitched buzzing sound. Then she felt someone pressing up against her vaginal lips with their fingers while something sharp buzzed across. It dawned on her that it was an electric shaver! The host continued: "

H-2-O, W-H-O, I'm sorry Jenny, did you say something?"

"No, could you please repeat the choices?" Jenny said in a cracking voice.

She felt like she was burning up. It felt surreal to be seated in front of hundreds of people, being taped by multiple cameras, and having someone shaving her most private area. She tried to glance down between her legs, but pinned as she was to the chair, she couldn't get a clear view. She didn't want to crane her head forward and let on anything was wrong.

"Once again your choices are H-2-O, W-H-O or W-W-F. Jenny, what is your answer?"

“I THEEEENK!.....I'm sorry, I think that the answer is H-2-O."

Jenny had jumped as she felt the razor reach up to her lower belly to shave what little was remaining of her pubic hair. She thought she caught the host glancing down when she jumped, and now she wondered what his smile meant. The crowd had started chanting MORE! MORE! MORE! which puzzled her slightly.

"Are you sure of your answer?"

“Yes, I believe it is H-2-O”, she replied in a shaky voice.

"You are Correct! Congratulations."

The music raised in volume and more applause broke out.

"Lets get right to the next question:"

“Wait!” said Jenny, “I'd like to quit now!”

The crowd started chanting “NO! NO! NO!” and the host raised his hands to quite them down.

"I'm sorry Jenny, but you can't end the question period until either you answer incorrectly three times, or you win ONE MILLION DOLLARS!"

The crowd went crazy once again, and now Jenny could feel her lips being pulled this way and that as small touch ups were being made with the razor. She sighed as she heard it finally switch off.

"Now for your next question, at what temperature does water boil?, is it 186 degrees, 212 degrees or 230 degrees Fahrenheit."

Jenny felt something cold and foamy being spread all over her pubic area. Now she knew why this show was intended for "Adults Only!". Jenny had no idea what the answer was, science was never a strong subject for her. She figured the highest temperature must be it, since they weren't far apart anyway.

"I am going to guess that the answer is 230 degrees."

A murmuring started in the audience. Jenny now figured out what the foam was for, as she felt the unmistakable pull of a razor blade over her pubic area.

"Are you sure the answer is 230 degrees?" asked the host.

"Yes, that is what I will guess".

"I'm sorry Jenny, but that answer is incorrect. Water boils at 212 degrees. Currently you have answered one question correctly for $1,000, and have used up 1 of your 3 incorrect answers. Are you ready to continue?"

"My throat's a little dry, may I have a drink of water?"

While Jenny was thirsty, she hoped that they would release her arms to drink the water, at which point she could undo her legs and get out of this mess. One of the female assistants walked up to the table between their chairs and poured a glass of water from the pitcher. As soon as Jenny heard the trickle of water, she remembered never having had a chance to use the bathroom, and the urge suddenly swept over her!

The girl came up to Jenny's side, held the glass to her lips, and tipped the glass back. Jenny had to struggle swallowing to keep up. The girl didn't stop till the glass was empty. The stranger below had finished shaving her, and now he was cleaning her up with a warm, damp towel. Jenny struggled against the impulse to pee, clenching her legs and stomach muscles tightly. She motioned to the girl, and whispered in her ear that she had to use the bathroom right away. The girl patted her arm and said she would let them know, and left the stage.

"All right Jenny, to continue with the questions, What female adult film star was best known for her skills at oral sex, was it Marilyn Manson, Barbara Bush or Linda Lovelace?".

Jenny was shocked by the question.

"I've never watched any of those kind of movies, I have no idea who those people are!".

The studio monitors now showed the camera being repositioned to a side view showing Jenny's ass and hairless pussy sticking through the seat. A metal bucket was positioned directly under her on a raised stand.

"You are free to use the studio audience as a lifeline, if you need help," the host said.

With that, a chorus of voices rang out, and they seemed to form into a chant of BARBARA BUSH!, BARBARA BUSH!. With all the lights shining on her, Jenny could not pick out her Husband, so finally she said "I guess I will choose Barbara Bush".

Most of Jenny's concentration remained on fighting the urge to pee.

Jenny was distracted by the girl coming back. She leaned down and whispered in her ear "They are ready for you now, you can go ahead and pee when you are ready."

"I can't do it here!" she said, but the girl had already turned and was walking off.

"I'm sorry, did you say something?" the host asked with a smile.

"No, I'm sorry, everything's fine!" Jenny replied quickly.

She noticed that a hush had seemed to fall across the studio once again, and everyone seemed to be staring intently into the monitors.

"Are you sure of your answer Jenny?"

Jenny couldn't hold back any longer, and a dribble of pee started to escape. The sound of the pee dripping into the bucket startled her (a microphone was positioned next to the metal bucket, broadcasting the noise over the studio speakers).

"I guess so, yes" she answered as she let loose a solid stream of pee.

There was no stopping now as Jenny closed her eyes and felt the almost orgasmic pleasure from the release of the built up pressure. She just hoped that no one else could hear it, because it seemed so loud where she was!

"I'm sorry Jenny, but that answer is incorrect."

Jenny was beyond caring at the moment. She was a bit surprised that the audience was going crazy once again with cheering, whistling and ovations breaking out. She thought it was rude to be cheering a wrong answer.

"So Jenny, tell us a little bit about yourself before we continue."

Jenny just stared at him stupidly as the studio quieted down.

Once again the waterfall of pee rang out loudly. She couldn't find it within herself to carry on a normal conversation while urinating.

"Cats got your tongue, eh!, well thats all right Jenny, I realize you are probably nervous so let's take a quick break."

VI

With that the host rose from his seat and gave her knee a quick squeeze.

"You are doing great Jenny! Your Husband is a very lucky man."

He then walked away and started shaking hands with the audience. Having finally finished peeing, Jenny felt herself being cleaned up again with the warm towel.

The studio lights came up and people started to talk amongst themselves, but no one left their seats. All eyes were still glued to the monitors. Jenny was relieved to see her Husband approaching from the audience. As soon as he got close enough to hear, she said "Honey, I have to get out of here!, you won't believe what is happening..."

Before she could continue, he cut her off.

"Jenny, I have some really bad news. I read over that release we signed at the door, and to make a long story short, if you don't go through with the show, they can legally take away everything we own for damages! Its all on the form, our home, our cars, our bank accounts, our retirement fund, everything!"

The color drained from Jenny's face as she realized what she had gotten them into. She sat bolt upright as she felt a well lubricated finger start circling her exposed ass.

"Are you all right Dear?" he asked seeing her sudden shift in position.

Her face started to color again as she felt the finger slowly press into her ass, and work the lubricant around. Jenny looked into her Husbands eyes helplessly while this was happening, but couldn't bring herself to tell him. She felt like she was betraying him by letting herself be used by someone else.

"Well Honey, try to make the most of it. I know that you are uncomfortable, but you look fantastic and every man here wishes they were married to you!"

He bent over and gave her a quick peck on the cheek. Jenny sighed as she felt the finger being replaced with a long, slim probe. It had smooth, even bumps along the shaft, so it popped up an inch at a time as it was inserted, giving her a wave of pleasure with each bump.

"My kisses don't usually have this much effect! I can't wait for tonight."

He turned away and left the stage quickly before she could respond.

Next she felt an egg shaped object being inserted into her vagina. Due to the position she was in and how wet she now was, it slipped right in and was pressed up high inside. She could feel something attached to it which was dangling down and tickling her inner lips. Now a third object was pressed against her pubic mound. It was curved to follow her contours, and had a bump which fell right over her clitoris. She could feel it being held in place with a piece of tape which was pressed over her belly and then stretched back and stuck to the top of her butt.

The lights in the studio area were dimmed again, and the applause started up as the host went back to his chair.

He smiled warmly and asked "So how are you holding up Jenny, are you getting a little stiff?"

Jenny cleared her throat and said yes in a soft voice.

He smiled even more broadly, "Well you're in luck because your chair is a massager."

He then stood up and moved around the table in front of her. She gasped as he reached down between her legs and pulled up a small control pad with three wire leads attached , which led back between her legs. As he moved back to his chair the wires snugged up and she could feel a tugging on the probes now inserted deep within her body! Expressions of sudden understanding and shock moved across her face rapidly!

He set the control down on the table, and turned one of the knobs till it clicked on. She felt a slow vibration start from the egg buried deep in her vagina. Another click from a second knob and the front device started, providing slow pulsation to the clitoral area.

"How does that feel? asked the host.

"Very NNNNice!", stammered Jenny.

He smiled and rotated each nob slightly, increasing the sensations from the devices.

"Now for the next question we will switch subjects and go to American History. What President is credited with freeing the slaves, was it Thomas Edison, Abraham Lincoln or John F. Kennedy? He started to move a small joystick on the control around in small circles, and she felt the probe in her ass duplicate the movement. A familiar tingling was stirring deep within her groin, totally against her wishes. The audience started to cry out names, which soon developed into a chant of "KENNEDY!, KENNEDY!, KENNEDY!"

I hope they are right this time, She thought to herself.

"I think it was Kennedy" she said in a husky voice.

"Are you sure of your answer? You can't afford another incorrect choice!"

She whimpered softly as he continued to increase the intensity of the vibrations. The butt plug was now shifting back and forth rapidly. Wave upon wave of pleasure started to build, until finally she could hold back no more. Her eyes squeezed shut and her arms and legs strained against their bindings. Her chest heaved forward, threatening to burst the seams of her dress.

"Yes!" she said loudly, as she experienced the most intense orgasm of her life. Jenny could hear the roar of the audience in her ears, but she was beyond caring about if the answer was correct or not. The intense waves of pleasure slowly subsided as the host continued scaling back on the controls, until they clicked off.

"I'm very sorry Jenny, but that is not the correct answer. We will have to proceed to the punishment stage of the competition, since you now have made three incorrect choices."

VII

Jenny jumped as the tape was pulled free and the vibrator was removed, and then the egg. She saw the girls approaching the stage carrying a high legged bar stool with a molded back rest. They set it down at the front of the stage, turned and walked over to her chair. Meanwhile Jenny gasped as the butt plug was slowly removed, ridge by ridge. The girls unstrapped her arms and legs, and helped her get up from the chair.

Jenny's legs were trembling, so the girls helped to guide her forward by supporting her on either side. One of the girls whispered that her butt was showing, and Jenny quickly reached back to hold her dress together. Hopefully, no one in the audience noticed her brief exposure! She had forgotten that the pervert under her chair had cut her dress open.

The girls brought her to the front of the stage and told her to climb up on the stool. This was an awkward maneuver for Jenny. She had to stand in front of the chair facing the audience, and then raise herself up backwards while holding the back of her dress together. Luckily the dress was loose around her hips, so there was plenty of material to hold on to. As she sat, she gathered the skirt together under her butt, and then breathed a sigh of relief now that she was safely covered up.

The girls then brought her arms down to her sides, and before she realized what was happening, they snapped handcuffs around her wrists which were somehow attached to the back of the chair. Next the girl walked around to the front of the stool, and snapped together a seat belt. As she snugged the belt down, Jenny's hips were drawn back, causing her chest to thrust forward.

"I have to be honest with you Jenny", said the host. "This is the most popular part of our program."

The audience went wild again.

"You see, our audience pays a lot of money to see beautiful young women just like you put in embarrassing situations. For now you can relax because all I'm going to do is ask some easy questions, OK?"

"I guess so, go ahead" she replied quietly.

"To start with, how tall are you?"

"I'm about five feet, 6 inches tall."

"Very good, and your weight?"

"Between 120 and 130 pounds."

"You see, this isn't so bad! Now what is your bra size?"

"38 D"

Hoots and cat-calls came up from the audience, and Jenny blushed brightly.

"This is a bit of an odd question, but one we always ask. How long is your tongue?"

"I, I have no idea, I've never measured my tongue! Why would you want to know something like that?"

He turned around and held his arms up..."Gentlemen, do you like to know how long Jenny's tongue is or not!"

YEEEEESSSS! The audience began clapping and chanting in unison, YES!, YES!, YES!

He turned around and shrugged his shoulders.

"They want to know, what can I say! Ladies, the ruler please!"

One of the assistants handed him a ruler and a odd looking clamp of some sort.

"Now open your mouth wide and stick out your tongue as far as you can."

Jenny did as he asked, but he shook his head and said

"You can do a lot better then that, let me help."

With that, She felt a clamp close on her tongue and grip it tightly. The clamp had a string attached that he pulled down and attached to the front of her stool. This caused her tongue to hang out of her mouth like a dog, and her head to be tilted slightly down. Her Husband had always joked privately about how long her tongue was, and now this fact was on public display!

"My, that certainly is an incredible tongue. You must find that quite handy at times!".

The audience roared their approval.

"OOUUUUFFh, UUUUUFFF!", she tried to complain.

"I like to call this our dentists chair, Jenny. It came to me one day when I was sitting in a dentists chair with one of those silly paper bibs clipped around my neck."

As he went on, one of the girls came up behind Jenny and laid a thin white paper towel across her chest, which she clipped around her neck just like the man said.

"And I was always amazed at just how much saliva they had to suck out of my mouth while they examined me. It just seemed that the more I thought about it, the more I would salivate."

He walked around behind her as he talked, then reached up under the paper towel and pulled her dress top down to her waist!

"UUUUFFFF!"

Jenny looked down in horror to see her barely covered bosom thrust out towards the audience, who grew louder yet.

"I'm going to take a 15 minute break now folks, but Jenny will be here to entertain you!"

He whispered in her ear "Try not to think about your mouth watering!" and left.

Jenny felt the saliva rapidly building in her mouth already, but with her head tilted down she couldn't swallow it! Unable to stop, drool started to spill out over her lip. She watched it run off her chin in slimy streams, which swung down till they finally plopped onto the paper towel covering her breasts.

The noise from the crowd had started to build, and Jenny started to struggle against the clamp holding her tongue. No matter how hard she pulled, it would not let go. What did happen was larger amounts of goo escaped her mouth as she struggled. It seemed like the more saliva escaped, the more her mouth watered! As the towel started to get soaked, it turned transparent and stuck closely to her breasts. The towel was starting to rip apart where it spanned her cleavage, and within minutes, she started whimpering as only scraps of soaked transparent toweling remained covering her chest!

Her nipples were on prominent display, and trailers of saliva were starting to hang off the bottom of her breasts. Jenny squeezed her eyes shut as she saw flashbulbs starting to pop in the audience.

VIII

"Well Jenny, you are quite a sight!"

The host had returned, and was now standing in front giving her a good look. Most of the paper had dripped off her breasts, and her whole chest was glistening under the lights. Her nipples were fully erect, and streams of saliva were slowly dripping off her breasts onto her lap.

"I think it's time we removed the clamp from your tongue, and got you cleaned up!"

(Many groans of disappointment erupted from the audience).

Much to her relief, the girls now approached her and released her tongue. Even though it had gripped her securely, it was wide enough not to pinch and make her sore. She had been struggling against it for so long though, it was a great relief to be able to relax her muscles and close her mouth again. The girls then started to wipe off her chest with small hand towels. They stood carefully to her side, so that the audience could follow the action. When they had her dry, one of the girls started to spray her off with a squirt bottle of soapy water, which her partner started to rub in with her bare hands, till she was was covered with suds. Now she was rinsed off with another bottle of clear water, and then towelled off again.

"You look much more comfortable now. How did everyone enjoy Jenny's little show?" he shouted out to the audience.

A standing ovation began, which didn't let up till the host motioned everyone down with his hands. Jenny was very uncomfortable, since her breasts continued to be on prominent display. The girls now brought up two large glass bowls and set them on a table that they placed next to her chair. One was empty, and the other was full of large multi-colored rubber bands.

"I would like to take a few moments now to talk about a subject that is close to my heart" said the host, as he took a stool next to Jenny.

"I do a lot of fund raising and volunteer work for the Children's Hospital here downtown. Jenny, won't you join me in encouraging every person here to contribute and help sponsor the kids who find themselves in need of help?.

Jenny tried to speak, but hear voice was gone with all the shocks to her system! She could only nod her head enthusiastically, which focused attention briefly on her breasts, which also bobbed up and down!

"Jenny, you truly are a very special girl! I would like to offer everyone in the audience one of these genuine Studio-X rubber bands for every twenty dollar donation you make today."

He held up the bowl and paused, but the studio had gone quite, with nobody coming forward to take him up on his offer.

"Maybe you don't understand fully the value of your donation. Let me demonstrate."

He reached into his back pocket and drew out his wallet, and made a dramatic show of pulling out a twenty dollar bill. He dropped it into the empty bowl, and picked up a rubber band. Wrapping the band around his hands, he grasped Jenny's left breast, and proceeded to work the band up until it was tightly wrapped around the base of her breast! It seemed to take a lot of pressing and squeezing to get the band placed just right. As his hands left her breast, he gave her nipple a gentle tweak. As they say, the look alone on Jenny's stunned face was worth the price of admission!

"Oh No!" exclaimed Jenny, as she saw a line of men start forming in front of the stage.

One by one they came up, each placing a donation in the collection bowl, and then placing a band on the breast of their choice. Some were rather shy, but most were taking advantage of the situation and squeezing, pulling, pinching and some even kissing and sucking on her breasts! After a while, her breasts began to look as tight as grapefruits sticking out from her chest, and began to turn a vibrant shade of red.

The line finally ended, and the host raised his hands in the air.

"You people are truly wonderful! Look at all the money we have raised for the Hospital! Give yourselves a big hand."

More flashbulbs sparkled, as Jenny looked out at the cheering crowd. Her breast's felt huge, heavy and close to bursting!

"At this time if anyone would like a souvenir from the show, please come up and take one of these rubber bands!" As he said this he was patting the bottom of Jenny's breast, making them bounce up and down in a captivating motion.

Once again a line formed, as Jenny started whimpering in her chair. If anything, it seemed that more attention was being placed on her breasts this time around. The bands were slowly removed, one at a time. Once they were finally gone, another celebration began in the studio. The girls finally came back up to her chair. They poured a large amount of a soothing, creamy liquid all over her breasts, and then proceeded to slowly rub it in. They again were careful to make sure everyone had a good view. Even though Jenny was still mortified by her situation, she had to admit that the lotion felt great. When the girls had it all worked in, they pulled her dress back up to cover her now swollen breasts as best as they could, though they now looked almost comical being restrained so tightly.

IX

The girls finally released Jenny's arms from the seat, and then unbuckled the seat belt. Jenny wasn't anxious to get off the stool just yet, because she remembered her dress was still split in the back.

"Jenny, you will no doubt be glad to know that the show is finally over! I want to personally thank you for being such a good sport. Everyone, please give Jenny a big hand. I think you agree with me that a star has been born!"

Jenny blushed as everyone in the building stood up and applauded. She even saw the cameramen and backstage people walking out and joining in! The cheering continued so long that she finally got down off the stool and gave a little wave and bow. Now that the ordeal was finally over, she started to think that maybe these people weren't so bad after all. They were being so nice to her now!

"You may have forgotten, but if you will be so kind as to step through that back curtain, you can collect your one thousand dollars in winnings."

Jenny shook his hand, and gathered the back of her dress together as she was lead back to the curtain. As she stepped through, she heard a door click shut behind her! She turned around, and both curtains started to open. She found herself enclosed in a clear plastic tube, no bigger than five feet across, and maybe eight feet high. She was once again in full view of the audience now that the curtains were out of the way.

She heard the hosts familiar voice come over a speaker.

"Did I mention Jenny, that your money is at your feet? As soon as you collect it, you are free to leave!" She looked down and saw a lot of bills scattered on the floor. Jenny was puzzled, but she started to bend over to scoop up the money. Just then a whirring noise started and she felt a steady blast of air shoot through a grate in the floor.

"OH MY GOD!" she screamed as her dress lifted up to her armpits.

She struggled to pull the dress back down, but once she yanked, her swollen breasts again popped free. Her money was flying around in the air, but she couldn't grab it without letting go of the dress! Finally, she had enough. She yanked down her dress and stepped out of it completely. Then she started grabbing as much of the money as she could. Of course, the more money she managed to trap, the clearer the view of her naked body, but she just didn't care any more.

Suddenly the air stream shut down, and the host stepped up and opened the door. She stepped out into thunderous applause once again. A lot of the guys were bowing down towards her in a humorous way. Jenny did a little curtsy, to everyone's delight! Once again the Host smiled and shook her hand warmly. One of his assistants stepped up and helped her into a thick cotton robe. He reached into his coat pocket and handed her a check. Jenny looked at it, and saw that it was made out for ten thousand dollars in her name!

"Jenny, you've the best contestant we have ever had, and if you ever want to pursue a career in entertainment, please give me a call. We are also going to donate all the money we collected today to the Children's Hospital in your name."

This time Jenny was led backstage, leaving behind her appreciative audience. They gave her a new change of clothes to wear, as well as a gift certificate for $500.00 to a local dress shop to replace her ruined dress. As she left the studio with her Husband, all sorts of crazy thoughts were running around in her mind!

X

The announcement came in an official looking manila envelope delivered by FEDEX. It was addressed to her attention, signature required, return receipt requested. Puzzled, she opened the envelope, and started to read the cover page.

"Jenny, we again would like to take this moment to thank you for your participation in our charity game show last month. For your information, a donation in your name was made to the Children's Hospital downtown in the amount of twenty thousand dollars. We have included a letter of thanks from the Hospital Director of Operations, Ms. Lynn Frank."

Jenny's face colored at the memory of the humiliation she had undergone only a few short weeks ago. She appreciated the thanks, but would have preferred to put the whole sordid experience behind her.

"You will be pleased to know that due of the success of your show, and continued demand for the video production of the event, we at Studio X have decided to continue our involvement with this charity. We have also included a check in the amount of five thousand dollars, as a token of appreciation for your large contribution to the success of this enterprise. We hope that you will appreciate this gesture, as we were not contractually obliged to provide you with any remuneration."

Jenny flipped back to the third page, and sure enough, there was a check made out to her from Studio X for that amount, in her name! She couldn't help but feel a little impressed at the gesture, and she returned to the cover letter.

"The next charity event being staged will be a precursor to the annual professional bicycle road race held every Fourth of July downtown. A large group of local celebrities and sports figures have agreed to participate in the race. It will be a short, five mile course through the streets of the city, which will be closed off for the professional race starting later in the day. It should be a fun event for everyone involved, including you!"

Jenny began to shake her head.

"No way am I getting involved with them again!" she thought to herself. She continued to read:

"We hope that you are as excited by this opportunity at exposure as we are! There will be lots of TV coverage. All the local news departments will have crews throughout the course. We plan on having a mobile camera following just your progress. By the way, in case you still harbor some reluctance to participate with us, I have included a copy of your signed contract. I have highlighted the effective dates of the agreement, which you may notice are for a period of one year! Perhaps you may wish to review this document with a professional, before you make any rash decisions! In any case, you are going to have a great time. We will be supplying your racing bike and uniform."

The letter went on to provide all the details, directions, and times for the event. Dejectedly, she finished reading and contemplated her plight. She just didn't see any way out of her situation except to go ahead with it. She showed her husband the letter after dinner that evening, but he was no help! He was excited about it! Immediately, he started to debate about where he should watch her during the race.

Jenny became a common site to her neighbors for the next month, flying up and down the streets on her old ten-speed. She figured that if she had to participate, at least she was not going to embarrass herself. She was proud of the shape she was in to begin with, but the extra training was sure helping out. Looking in the mirror, she could see and feel the difference the training was making to her thighs and ass. She had worked herself up to a brisk six miles per day, so the five-mile race tomorrow should be a breeze!

The Fourth of July dawned bright and balmy. Jenny rose early, and had a high carb breakfast to help prepare for the race. She spent an hour stretching, took a quick shower, and dressed in shorts and a polo shirt. She rode with her husband downtown, and in no time found herself at the start point of the race. There was a buzz in the air. TV vans were parked along one side of the street, with their satellite dishes pointing up in the air. The contestant's vehicles were parked on the other side. Jenny pointed out one celebrity after another wandering around, all dressed in colorful spandex outfits. It was a gay atmosphere, with lots of warm greetings and smiles from everyone. She usually found this to be true amongst volunteer groups, which is why she enjoyed participating so much.

Her husband dropped her off with a kiss goodbye, and drove off in search of a lot. The streets of the course were all barricaded off, and Jenny noticed that people were starting to mill around behind the barriers further down, staking their claims to prime positions for the race to be held later on.

She heard her name called out, and saw one of the female assistants from the game show waving her over to a shiny black panel van, with the Studio's name printed in bold script across the door. She trotted over to the van, and was greeted by the girl with a big hug. She seemed genuinely pleased to see her. She introduced herself as Tina. They stepped together into the side door of the van, and Tina pulled the door shut behind them.

"I've got your race clothes here. Let's get you changed now."

Jenny turned her back to the girl, and pulled the polo shirt over her head, draping it carefully over one of the front seats. As she started to unbutton her shorts, she felt Tina unhooking her sturdy bra. Seeing Jenny's head snap around, she quickly said, "No one wears underwear under these things. They're way too tight! You'd look silly, trust me!"

Jenny shrugged her shoulders forward, allowing the bra to fall away from her heavy breasts. She draped it over the shirt, and continued removing her shorts. Tina handed her a shiny black bodysuit. It was a mere slip of material! Jenny hooked her fingers under her white cotton panties, and slipped them off, adding them to the pile of her discarded clothing. The bodysuit was fastened with a zipper up the front, so she pulled it down and stepped into the suit, drawing it up over her shapely hips. There was only a tiny string of material running down between her legs, and up between the round globes of her butt!

Noticing her distress, Tina gave a chuckle from behind.

"Don't worry Jenny! I wouldn't make you go out in just that suit! We have a pair of regular bike shorts for you to put on. Now hurry up and get dressed!"

She certainly thought to herself that it was a shame though, because she had one outstanding ass!

Jenny stretched the material up her torso, and drew the straps up over her arms. The thin string was drawn up tightly between her vulva, offering her no coverage at all! Her face colored as she felt her clitoris responding to the stimulation against her will. She grasped the tiny tongue of the zipper, which began at her bellybutton. It slid upwards smoothly, until reaching her pendulous breasts. Gathering the material above the zipper with her left hand, she carefully forced the zipper up with her right, till it reached the top.

Looking down, she breathed a small sigh of relief. Though a considerable amount of cleavage was exposed, she was well enough covered to at least be somewhat respectable. The material was so tight over her breasts, that her normally prominent nipples were somewhat disguised. The straps of the suit were wide and sturdy, though the sides were cut to plunge down, exposing some of the swell of her abundant breasts out the sides. Studio X was again scripted across the front of the suit in white letters, but was now ridiculously distorted.

Tina now handed her a pair of black Lycra shorts. They hugged her curves tightly as she pulled them up over her hips. They were all one piece, with no snaps or ties at the waist (being so tight, none were needed!). They were certainly designed for a woman, as there was a small zipper running between the legs over her crotch, in case she needed to use the bathroom. They fit like a second skin. She was glad that when seated on the bike, at least all of her private mounds and folds would be hidden, because they were sure on view now!

Next she slipped on some white cotton booties over her feet, and strapped on a pair of stiff black nylon racing shoes which Tina handed her. They fit perfectly, to her amazement. They must have kept all of her sizes from the show. When she stood up, the soles of the shoes felt strange, like something was stuck on the bottom. Tina handed her a black racing helmet to complete the outfit, and stepped out of the van.

Jenny followed her lead down the street, weaving between all the other riders gathered around in their little groups. She blushed as she heard some "appreciative" comments directed her way as she hurried along under the bright sun. She plopped the helmet on her head, and folded her arms across her bosom as she bounced along behind Tina. They approached the staging area for the race, where all of the bikes were hung on individual stands all in a row. Jenny could feel her heart rate increasing as the actuality of the race drew nearer. They approached a dark haired man fiddling with one of the bikes. He looked around as they approached, and gave a big grin. Jenny immediately recognized Jim, the host of the game show! He gave her a warm peck on the cheek, as he grasped her hands in his.

"It's so nice to see you again Jenny!" he said, grinning ear to ear. "Let's get you fitted on the bike!"

He was dressed all in black, just like her. His shirt had the same logo across the front, and he was also wearing biker shorts. He swung the bike easily off the rack, and set it down in front of her. An announcement called out that the race would be starting in twelve minutes. The other racers started to file towards their respective bikes all around.

The bike had a very sleek appearance, shiny black to coordinate with her outfit. It was quite different from her bike at home. It had a man's style frame, with one of the new style split racing saddles. The handlebars were looped down in the front, no doubt to keep her streamlined. She swung her right leg up over the bar to straddle the bike, feeling the top bar of the frame barely brushing against her crotch. She leaned forward and grasped the handlebars.

Jim grabbed hold of the bike by the seat post and handlebars to hold it steady.

"Step up on the pedals Jenny. I'll hold the bike for you."

She looked down, and raised her right foot onto the pedal. Jim reached down and took hold of her foot, firmly twisting it down and forward. Jenny felt the shoe lock into some sort of mechanism. It was now firmly attached onto the pedal.

"These are called toe clips. All the racers use them. They allow you to use the power of your legs both on the up stroke as well as the down stroke,” he said, as he helped guide her other foot into place. "This bike is an automatic, so you don't have to worry about shifting gears."

"O.K., let's get that seat adjusted. Stand up on the pedal with your knee slightly bent."

She felt him flip a lever on the seat post, and he raised the seat up to press snugly between her legs. Jenny found this seat immediately more comfortable than her's at home, as she settled down on it. Instead of her crotch grinding against stiff leather, her weight was directed outward, against the inside of her legs and the cheeks of her butt. Her crotch was free of pressure in the split of the seat.

He snapped the lever back down, locking the seat firmly in place. Tina held out black gloves for Jenny to slip on. The palms were thick and cushioned, and the tops were an open mesh weave. The fingers were all cut off. She cinched them firmly in place, closing the wrists securely with velcro straps. Jenny again grasped the handlebars, and Tina tied another strap off underneath each hand, locking them to the grips. Meanwhile, Jim loosened the handlebar post with a ratchet, and lowered the bar, extending her upper torso forward and down, with her ass sticking proudly up in the air.

Supporting her from both sides, Jim and Tina rolled her over towards the front of the pack at the starting line. There were maybe 20 other groups in all. She didn't notice any other women bikers, as they rolled up to the front. She did notice herself being checked out as she passed by though.

"Welcome to the Children's Hospital celebrity challenge race two-thousand one!" announced a local TV newscaster with a bullhorn, speaking from a podium next to the start-finish line. "I want to thank all the celebrity's for responding to our invitations. This is our biggest turn-out to date!"

ZZZZZZippp! The color drained from Jenny's face as she felt the zipper of her racing shorts suddenly yanked open! The slick, tight material of the shorts gapped open, exposing her silky genitals to view from behind!

"Today's course will follow the Main Street loop, turn around on Beaumont Street, and end back here at Freemont Park," the announcer continued.

Jenny instinctively went to pull her hand back, but of course found them securely strapped to the front handlebars! She bent her elbow outwards, and peered back between her left arm and straining breasts. Horrified, she watched as Jim pulled a large, obscene looking dildo from a belly-bag at his waste. It was fluorescent pink in color, and shaped like the real thing, with a prominent crown, and thick veins snaking down to the base, from which he held it in his right hand! With his other hand he squeezed out a glob of thick, clear lube on top. He then stroked it back and forth, working the lube all over! Looking up and catching her eye, he gave her a sly wink.

"Oh, no!" whispered Jenny, as she saw others around them following the action, with shocked expressions on their faces!

She snapped her head back forward, staring straight ahead down the road. Her face burned, as she felt the inevitable slowly begin!

"Racers, on your mark!" yelled the starter.

Jim forced the head of the cock through the split in the seat, and she jerked forward as he forcefully inserted it deep within her vagina! She heard a snap as he locked the base of the cock into a special bracket affixed to the bottom of the saddle.

"Get-set!..........GO!"

Both Jim and Tina grabbed a cheek of Jenny's ass, and thrust her forward. Jenny lifted up off the seat, exposing half of the impaled phallus to the riders behind. She realized the situation, and seeing no other way out, settled back down carefully, with the tip of the crown now tickling her womb deep within.

She started pedaling away furiously, surging ahead of the pack. She could feel the shaft flexing back and forth deep in her vagina, as her hips rocked side to side. She peeked behind as she went around the first corner and saw the pack catch right back up to her easily. They were obviously much stronger than she was, but no one was making an effort to pass! They kept trading positions closely behind, treating themselves to the spectacle! She slowed down, but they still hung back, enjoying her predicament. Not looking at the road ahead, she ran over a manhole cover, jarring her unexpectedly. Her heavy bosom heaved against the front of the bodysuit, causing the zipper mechanism to snap out of the teeth on the opposite side. She felt a draft suddenly pass between her breasts and glanced down, seeing the thin material suddenly gaping open. The tiny nylon zipper was no match against the weight of her heavy breast straining to burst free!

She picked up the pace, now simply wanting to escape the nightmare as quickly as possible. Slowly, tooth by tooth, the zipper continued to open as her breasts swayed side to side. No one behind her could see the situation, but the crowd in front was being treated to quite a view! Suddenly the black Studio X van passed the group on her left and pulled out in front. Jenny moaned as she saw the back doors open, and a TV camera mounted on the inside tracked her progress!

The rest of the race passed in a blur. Finally the van pulled over to the side of the road, allowing Jenny to see the finish line ahead, rapidly approaching. There was a large group of people all circled around, cheering her on. Her breasts were now swaying completely in and out of view, as the front of the suit was now fully unzipped. There was nothing she could do about it though, as she crossed the line to a huge cheer from the crowd.

Jim and Tina jogged out to catch her, and she squeezed the brakes to come to a sudden stop. They wheeled her through the crowd that had gathered towards the podium. It then dawned on Jenny that she had won the damned race! She felt hands groping her as she passed through the thick knot of people, helpless to resist, since she was still strapped to the bike!

They broke free of the gallery to an open area in front of the podium. There were several police officers holding the crowd back about ten feet of so from the front. She now faced a short flight of steps leading up to the raised platform, where the mayor and the director of the hospital were waiting to congratulate her on the victory! Jim reached down and began to break her shoes free from the pedals, as Tina unstrapped her hands from the front bars. Wincing, she slowly pulled herself forward off the dildo, till it popped free, springing back into its former position, glistening in the late morning sunshine as it stood up proudly upright from the saddle!

Jenny reached behind to her butt and grasped the tongue of the small zipper. Jim had pulled it up beyond the stops though, and she couldn't work it back down despite her struggles. She felt a breeze fall against her sweat dampened breasts, and quickly realized they were now bare in full view of the crowd and TV cameras! She gathered the sides of the thin material in her hands, and stretched it quickly back in place, clutching it together in her right hand.

She waddled up the steps as carefully as possible, keeping her legs tightly together. Both the mayor and director embraced her, as cameras captured the moment for posterity. She looked down from the platform, only to see her husband, flanked by Jim and Tina, leading the applause in front of the stage. Her husband blew her a kiss. Needless to say, the networks are currently planning expanded coverage of all future celebrity charity events! We'll keep you posted.

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**Jenny In The Land of Happy Smiles by Torquemada**

"Miss Jenny? I am so glad you could make it. I am Matthew Wiggins. How do you do?"

"Fine, thanks. Now about this job as your assistant…?"

Jenny was relieved that she had finally found work, even if it was just as a teacher's assistant. If she didn't make any money soon, she and Ashley would never be able to leave Japan.

It was meant to be the perfect holiday, and it was, at least for the first week. Well, almost. True, Ashley had by mistake sent her into the men's bath, and accidentally locked the door behind her,

"But that was just bad luck", Jenny told herself.

And then there was that time when they were going to a festival, and Ashley had insisted that they wore traditional kimonos.

"That was fun" thought Jenny "But I'm sure Ashley got her traditions mixed up. Nowhere does it say that you have to be nude underneath your kimono, or it's a grave insult to the Gods. Not that the kimono stayed on long enough for anyone to be insulted by my underwear or lack thereof."

And the day after that they rode on a crowded commuter train, and they both got all their clothes torn off. They couldn't move or stop the roving hands of all the men in suits, who suddenly didn't behave very polite at all. They kept on smiling all the time, though…

There was the incident when Jenny dressed up as a female sumo-wrestler, in a thong loincloth. Then there was the scandal when the picture from a security camera monitoring Jenny's changing booth in a high-fashion store in Shibuya mysteriously appeared on the giant high-definition screen on the outside of the building.

Ashley swore that she would have a word with the manager, since she had got to know him the day before. The store in question sold a lot of underwear that day, but for some reason the customers were all male…

Well, apart from these little mishaps, everything was wonderful. But last week Ashley told Jenny that they were out of money. They hadn't been keeping track of how much they spent, she said. The hotel was paid for another week, but not the return ticket, so they would have to raise the money somehow.

"I have called your husband's office" said Ashley "and they say he's on a business trip, and they can't get in touch with him. As for the Embassy, they refuse to pay for any more wayward tourists."

So here she was, late in the evening, in front of a Japanese cram school. It looked like an ordinary office building and the young and handsome American in front of her didn't look like a teacher either, even though he was wearing tweed.

Still, she should thank her lucky star. It was not like she had a lot of marketable skills. At first, Ashley had wanted her to make big dollars as a "bar hostess", but Jenny had an idea of what that would entail, and absolutely refused.

"Well, shall we go? The class is waiting for us."

"Sure" answered Jenny as they walked past signs advertising all sorts of classes, from cooking and calligraphy to martial arts and flower arranging.

"Eh, you wouldn't happen to be an aerobics teacher, would you?"

"Certainly not. Do I look like it?"

"A little. No wait let me guess you're an arts teacher in need of a model. No, a swimming instructor, and you need someone in a tiny swimsuit to…"

"Ha, ha! Nothing that fancy I'm just teaching high school kids to speak English. Why would you think I was an arts teacher?"

"Well, the way things usually work out for me…But never mind, sir, why do you need an assistant?"

"Some of my kids are really dense. No offence, they are all trying very, very hard, but they still can't grasp basic English. To Japanese kids, getting into a good university is the most important thing in the world, and that's why they are here in cram school. I have found that most humans learn better if they don't just use books and paper. We need to play with words, use them in everyday situations. It's the difference between holding an orange and looking at the picture of an orange. That is where you come in. Say for example that I want to teach a kid to say "How do you do". I instruct him, he says "How do you do" and shakes your hand. This way he will associate shaking hands with that particular phrase, and remember it that much better."

Jenny was very impressed. This was clearly a dedicated teacher who knew what he was talking about. She would be proud to help him, and she would shake her hand until it dropped if need be!

They entered the classroom. It was constructed like an anatomical theatre, with half-circles of desks rising from the lowest point in the room, where the teacher's big desk stood. About forty boys and young men, still dressed in dark-blue school uniforms with shiny buttons, sat around the room, reading or chatting with their friends. The desks didn't connect with each other, and they had full fronts, like a teacher's desk. These, in combination with the uniforms, made Jenny think that she was looking up at room full of military judges. She giggled at the thought.

"Good morning class" said Mr Wiggins. They responded with an incoherent murmur.

"This is Jenny, my new assistant. I hope you will get along well."

A boy in the front row, the sign on his desk indicated that his name was Satoru, rose and turned towards his fellow students to translate for the ones who didn't understand. One or two of them laughed quietly or made rude noises, but they were quickly subdued by their comrades.

"Right, let's begin. Jenny, if you would be so kind as to climb onto the desk?"

Jenny felt a chill run down her spine. "What, why, I mean is that really necessary?"

"Otherwise everyone won't see what you are doing, my dear. Here, let me help you."

Mr Wiggins took hold of Jenny's hand. "I think it would be wise if you took off your high heels, Jenny, or you might trip and injure yourself up there."

"OK" said Jenny and kicked of her shoes, with a bad feeling building in her gut. It was just shoes, but it never ended with shoes, did it?

The students paid close attention to Jenny's high heels as they flied across the room. One of them landed near a boy at the back, who, unseen to Jenny, eased it closer to his desk with the tip of his own shoe. After having thanked Buddha for smiling upon him, he bent down, took a deep breath of the smelly shoe, and started to caress his new treasure.

"Jenny WALKS" said Mr Wiggins, and gestured for Jenny to start walking.

Jenny was aware of the fact that she was only wearing a light, yellow summer dress, that only reached her knees, and as she walked back and forth across the desk, it showed of her tanned legs to great advantage.

"Jenny walks SLOWLY"

"Jenny walks FAST"

"Jenny JUMPS"

As Jenny started jumping, fearing that she would break the desk, all the students, and Mr Wiggins, watched her chest. Her magnificent breasts shook and quivered. Mr Wiggins was thinking hard (and getting hard). Was there any way of making her jump in slow motion?

Jenny's DD-melons rolled around under her dress, and she was starting to sweat.

"Surely the students have grasped the concept of jumping by now" she thought.

Mr Wiggins was also starting to sweat. He would have to thank his old friend Ashley for bringing in this sweet pea. It had cost him, but the students would pay him for this, and he would profit in the end. She was more gullible than any of his former assistants. The lengths he would go to tonight…

Jenny's dress was getting wet with sweat, and her breasts threatened to jump out of her bra.

"Mr Wiggins, I don't think I can keep this up much longer"

"Just a little longer, my dear. Satoru is having some trouble making them understand"

Satoru was looking at the "teacher" with contempt. Everyone in the room understood what was being said. They were meant to be learning Business English, and that monkey couldn't even speak fifty words of Japanese! They had threatened to go to the management and have him fired, but then he had turned out to be a hidden pearl. He had suggested that he would find other reasons for them to attend his classes. And he had… True, it was a waste of precious study hours, but you were only young once. Satoru pressed the record button on his compact video camera, that looked just like a time manager. It looked that way because it had been designed for perverts like him. Satoru was proud of his country's technological achievements.

One of Jenny's shoulder straps was slowly sliding down. She hadn't noticed yet.

Satoru kept on "translating". Jenny didn't even know fifty words of Japanese.

"I think her tits are D-cups" he stated in an even, steady voice.

"No way, they are C-cups at most" answered Takeru, another of the boys, without even smirking.

"They are magnificent" cried Chima. " I want to rub my head between them until I suffocate and die of happiness!"

Satoru looked sternly at Chima. If he raved like that, even a dimwit such as this would get suspicious.

"Right, you can stop jumping, Jenny" said Mr Wiggins, as he gave up on her shoulder strap.

"Listen up, everyone! Jenny is wearing a DRESS!" Mr Wiggins pointed at Jenny's dress, and Jenny took hold of it and did a little twirl.

"Jenny's dress is LONG" said Mr Wiggins. "It is?" thought Jenny.

Mr Wiggins indicated with his hands on her legs that her dress was long.

"Jenny's dress is SHORT" said Mr Wiggins. Jenny blushed twenty shades of crimson as she realised what was expected of her. She raised the shirt an inch or two, and her shapely thighs came into view.

"Jenny's dress is even SHORTER"

"Jenny's dress is a now a MINI-SKIRT"

"Jenny's mini-skirt is very TIGHT"

"They can almost see my panties now" thought Jenny, as she stood with her hands on her hips, pressing back the fabric to give the impression of a very tight mini-skirt.

Her white panties were indeed showing, and those high in the room envied the lucky bastards on the front row. But front row tickets cost money, and not all had rich parents.

Mr Wiggins sighed.

"One of the boys have misunderstood the whole thing, Jenny. He thinks we have been talking about your legs all the time, not your dress. Satoru can't make him understand. I hate to think of him, failing his English tests, never getting a career. He really has no future at all if he can't learn English."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Jenny "Isn't there anything we can do?"

"Well, I believe in learning with all the five senses, and that includes sense and smell. Maybe if he could smell and touch your dress?"

"I can't do that. I'm married."

"Oh, you wouldn't be in the dress. We must make the distinction between you and the dress absolutely clear in his mind. You must strip off your dress and hand it to him."

"What! No way!! I am not getting naked in front of a lot of boys again. Enough is enough!"

"Please, Jenny, this is Japan. Nakedness is not a shameful thing here. These boys are here to study, not to ogle you. Please believe me. We need your help here."

"Stone faces" said Satoru in Japanese, in his sternest voice. "If anyone as much as leers, the show stops".

Jenny raised her hands to her shoulder straps. Slowly, she eased them of her shoulders. Statues with cold eyes stared at her. The upper swell of her breasts, raised to a comfy shelf by a white push-up bra (picked out by Ashley), came into view. Her flat stomach, her cute, little, suckable navel, and finally, the big attraction, her panties, hugging her hips and pressing tight against her sex. Jenny's dress landed in a heap at her feet.

Barely noticeable to anyone, the right shoulder of one of the students began to move in a steady motion, up and down, up and down.

"Very good" said Mr Wiggins as soon as he had regained his voice, and handed the dress to one of the students. Over the next 30 minutes, it would pass through many hands, all eager to explore the mysterious garment, and learn the proper way to say "Dress".

"Would you like to help me with the next bit too, Jenny? Can you describe what you are wearing to the boys?"

"Well, I'm wearing a bra and panties. That's it."

"Jenny, you will have to speak more slowly, and articulate better in order for them to understand. Also, indicate with your hands what you are speaking about."

"I am wearing a bra" Said Jenny slowly, pointing with both hands at her breasts.

"Much better. But could you try emphasising the word "bra" a little bit more? Perhaps baby talk would be the best thing. Babies learn that way, so we know that the method works. Also, try to describe the garment in greater detail. And lean over so everyone gets a good look at the bra."

"This" said Jenny in an inane sing-song voice "is my BRA!"

She made a big gesture towards her chest and leaned forward. Her cleavage was on display for the boys to gawk at. They had lost their stone-faces by now, and the sound of dripping saliva could be heard throughout the room. Two minutes later that was not the only thing dripping. The student's shoulder stopped moving.

"My BRA has cups" Jenny sang.

She was doing this for the students, she told herself. For their future. On the inside, she was screaming. On the outside, her hands lifted her cups to present her breasts to the audience.

"My BRA is meant to keep my BREASTS in place" Jenny crooned, grabbing hold of the sides of her bra, shaking her breasts, demonstrating that there might be a real danger of them falling out, had the bra not been a sturdy one.

"Really now" frowned Mr Wiggins. "Now he can't separate your bra from your breasts."

Jenny didn't argue anymore. She unsnapped her bra, lowered it and handed it to the students.

"They certainly are using all their senses" she thought. "Mr Wiggins wasn't lying to me. That one is even sniffing my bra."

Jenny's mighty DD-breasts protruded proudly from her chest, free of support or hindrance. Her nipples were already erect from the awkward situation. Jenny could see the students' eyes riveting back and forth, trying to capture every movement of her gazongas.

Jenny was getting with the program.

"These are my PANTIES"

"Please demonstrate what a thong panty is" said Mr Wiggins.

"This is a THONG PANTY" sang Jenny, turned around and wedged her panties into a thong, exposing her round, firm ass cheeks.

"You know, Jenny, that kid…"

Jenny sighed and lowered her panties, showing of her bush to the boys. "There! Nothing more to fear" she thought.

"And now" grinned Mr Wiggins "it is time for the anatomy lesson!"

Soon, Jenny found herself bent over, talking about her ASS, her BUTT, her BUM.

"I think you are only doing this to embarrass me, Mr Wiggins" said Jenny with her curvaceous ass high in the air, her voice coming from the same level as her feet.

"Quite the contrary. I am trying to avoid embarrassment. Which would you say are the most embarrassing words in the English language?"

"Well, the ones you are making me say right now" Jenny answered, spread her legs and presented her PUSSY to the entranced boys, not failing to mention that it was also called a CUNT.

"Quite so. These boys are going abroad one day. Wouldn't it be the height of embarrassment if they mentioned any of these words by mistake. Did you know that the words for "thank you" and "ass" are almost the same in French? We must ensure that they make no such blunders. You, Jenny, are helping others avoid embarrassment!"

Jenny swallowed the lie whole. It was, after all, something she could easily identify with. She would have felt proud if she hadn't felt so ashamed. She lifted up her BREASTS for inspection, her TITS, her … "It is incredible how many names they have" thought Jenny.

Nobody seemed to be in a rush. They even asked her to repeat herself.

"I am most sorry, Jenny, but some of the boys are so thick. I am afraid we will have to resort to the sense of touch. If you would just walk up to each boy's desk in turn, turn around, bend over and tell him to touch your ASS, I think they will get it."

Jenny resigned herself to a cruel fate and walked up to the nearest desk. (But the sullen posture didn't stop her pretty tits from bouncing) She turned around, bent over and said :

"Would you please touch my ASS! No! That is not my ASS! Get your hands off my TITS! Do something, Mr Wiggins! Ah, that's not my ASS either! How stupid can you boys get? Get your fingers out of there! Mr Wiggins!!!!"

"Guide his hands, my dear."

"There, that is my ASS! Now do you feel it? Now do you understand? (SMACK!! ) I said feel it, not spank it! Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! "

Five minutes later the boy let go, falling exhausted and spent on his desk. Jenny turned to the second desk. It would be a long night…

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"There, all done, Mr Wiggins" said a bruised and battered Jenny.

"Very good, Jenny, now do BUTT"

"But, but, but…"

"Excellent!"

"But I just did! "

"No, you did ASS. They must learn all the words. Our studious friend at the first desk seems to have recovered. Hop to it, Jenny! When you are done with BUTT, start on TITS."

"This is not happening. I am dreaming. Lalahlah, I am a little fairy, and I am lost deep in the woods!"

"We seem to be losing her. Oh well, we aren't really after her mind anyway, are we? "

At long last, it was over. Happy students filed by Mr Wiggins, depositing large wads of Yen on his desk. Jenny's clothes seemed to have gone missing, and would no doubt sell at a high price at school tomorrow. Mr Wiggins counted the cash, setting Ashley's 25 % aside. Jenny was slowly coming to her senses.

Ten minutes after the boys had marched out, an all-girls class filed in. Mr Wiggins stared transfixed at their pretty sailor uniforms, their shiny black hair, their short skirts and their budding breasts. He had dreamt of the day when he would manage to talk one out of her clothes. No such luck. The best he could hope for was a panty flash. He took what he could get. The girls didn't even have to put on an act. They knew why they were here.

"I don't think I will need you for this class, Jenny" said Mr Wiggins in a hoarse voice.

"Oh, please let her stay" said one of the girls in a deceptively sweet tone of voice. The others burst into a giggling that just wouldn't stop. "I am sure we will find something for her to do".

"Now, Mr Wiggins, some of us are still not quite sure of the difference between a COCK-HEAD and a FORESKIN. We would be most happy if you could show us, ignorant little girls that we are, oh great and venerable sensei, sir!"

The girls screamed with laughter and settled down for the show. Mr Wiggins smiled and started to unbutton his trousers. If he was lucky, they would let him come. They usually did, if they weren't in a cruel mood. Still, the customer called the shots. He really needed to come, the way Jenny had exposed herself to him earlier.

Jenny sat in a corner, blocking out the outside world. It had happened again. What did she have to do to keep her clothes on. Move to Antarctica and dress in medieval suit of armour? It wouldn't help. The plating would probably fall of just as a satellite made a sweep of the ground, or a horny penguin would force her to put on a stripshow.

Jenny's only comfort was that less than a hundred people had seen her humiliation this time.

"I am lucky" she thought " that it wasn't televised or anything. That's Jenny-luck for you. At least I can still go outdoors without everyone pointing their finger at me, the way they do in my hometown."

Satoru pressed the rewind-button for the tenth time. There on the screen was Jenny, bending over, letting herself be fondled, spanked and groped. Made to strip and to talk in an inane baby-language. Satoru pressed play and kept stroking his penis. He had come three times already and showed no signs of going soft.

"This is simply too good (Groan) to keep to myself. I will have to talk to my uncle over at the cable network. He would pay good money for this kind of entertainment. (Wheeze) That's it baby, lean over!! Maybe he could even find a spot for her on one of those perverted strip shows he casts. Oh yeah, I can see her playing Strip Rock Scissors Paper. She would be sooo embarrassed. Oh, those pleading, stupid eyes…(SPURT! SPURT! )"

Ashley leaned back in her chair and let the automatic vibration perform it's magic. The chair buzzed under her, and she extended a freshly manicured hand to the side table. This would be her fifth drink this hour, and the hotel charged a fortune for them, but with Jenny paying the bills, that was no concern of hers.

"Maybe I should order some Japanese cuisine?" she mused. (Like all naughty boys and girls, Ashley loved the sound of her own voice)

"Perhaps a massage. But when I would have to put some clothes on. Or maybe not. Let them gawk."

She giggled, slightly drunk, and pressed a button on the wall. Living in a first class hotel had its perks. "But first there's the matter of a little phone call"

Ashley dialled the number, taking great care not to damage her nails.

"Hello!"

"Yes, it's me"

"She's not in right now. Don't worry, I'll tell your wife you love her. I'll even kiss her goodnight if you want me to? Not! We are having a great time. The natives can't get enough of Jenny. I dare say she is promoting inter-cultural relations right now. Money? Oh, don't worry about that. We have heaps of it. We might even extend our visit. Oh, I know that you miss her, but she is having the time of her life. Look, I'll mail you a nice photo or video of her, that way you won't feel so lonely in bed. Yes, she is still having accidents. No, even worse. I'll tell you all about it later, I think my massage is her. Bye!"

Ashley listened as the masseur dropped his equipment in surprise behind her. Music to her ears. A nice massage would put her in the perfect mood to think up something new for Jenny. There were so many possibilities…

"It is karma" whispered Ashley "I send it out, and it comes back to Jenny. A perfect circle of joy and humiliation."

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**Volunteer Jenny Helps The Circus by Capstick**

Jenny was so excited! She had always loved the circus since she was a small child, and never failed to go whenever it came to town. She was now on the Children's Hospital mailing list because of the large contribution she made from her game show nightmare. She learned early that the circus was looking for volunteers this year, and that the salaries earned would benefit the hospital, along with a portion of the proceeds of the circus.

Jenny arrived at the tent entrance promptly at eight on the day listed in the newsletter. She was directed behind the tent, where all of the trailers were parked. The office trailer was right in front, as promised. There was a line of people in front of the door. Everybody seemed to share her excitement.

The line moved quickly, and in no time she found herself facing a heavyweight man with bushy eyebrows, eyeing her over a lit cigar. He wagged it, doing a credible impression of Groucho Marks.

"Please tell me that you're here to volunteer, am I right or just dreaming?"

"Oh yes! I saw the write-up in the newsletter, and thought that it would be a blast. I was thinking maybe I could take tickets, or work a concession booth. Whatever I could do for the kids!" said Jenny.

"With your looks! Waste you on tickets! You think I'm that stupid! I'm thinking big top, main floor, feature attraction!"

He stood up and made extravagant arm gestures as he spoke.

"You're going to be a feature attraction! People will love you! No, they will worship you!"

Her jaw dropped. "I don't have an act or anything. I would be lost. I wouldn't have the first idea about what to do!" said a flabbergasted Jenny.

"Leave that to us!" answered the man in a booming voice.

He threw his arms up in the air.

"We are experts at this! Bright lights, sold out shows, newspapers, television, we have it all. He was pacing back and forth like a caged animal. His energy and excitement started to rub off on her.

"Quick, sign here!"

He thrust a pen at her, and pointed to the bottom of a contract that he pulled from the drawer.

"We need to hurry! Show starts in an hour!"

She quickly scribbled her name at the bottom, having no chance to read the small type. He draped a big arm over her shoulder, and hustled her out the door and over to the back entrance of the huge main tent.

"Sonya, where are you!" He shouted, as he swept Jenny inside. "I found just the girl you were hoping for!

A dark skinned, middle-aged lady burst into the room.

"Vat do you vant now! Don't you know show starts…"

She paused as she noticed Jenny standing there.

"Let me introduce Jenny," he said, giving a graceful bow.

She smiled, clasped her hands together and said, "Al, you old devil you! Ver did you find such beautiful woman!"

She walked up and gave him a loud kiss on both cheeks, and grasped Jenny's hand.

"Come along dear, ve must hurry, the peasants are arriving for za show!”

She swiftly led her back into the tent, and down a narrow hall. She was dressed in a long flowing dress with a colorful floral print. She seemed to float ahead effortlessly. She had dark wavy hair, which hung down to her narrow waist. She wore a scarf as a kind of hat, tied back behind her head. She looked very exotic and mysterious.

Jenny was swept along into a small dressing room, adorned only with a vanity and mirror, along with two chairs. There was a large make-up kit open on the vanity, along with brushes and sprays.

"Get undressed quickly, we need to get you into your costume!"

Flustered, Jenny started to unbutton her blouse.

"I told the man that I've never done anything like this before. I can't sing or dance and I have had problems with being kinda clumsy in the past. My friends are always making fun of me!"

She draped her blouse over the back of the chair, kicked off her sandals, and wiggled out of her tight jeans, glad she had chosen to wear modest underwear today.

Sonya opened a closet door revealing dozens of colorful costumes hung neatly on a horizontal bar. She quickly thumbed through them, and selected a bright orange and black garment, which she slipped off the hanger. She turned back to Jenny.

"Zis is a body stocking dear. The undervear has to go!"

Seeing Jenny's look of shock, she said "Don't vurry dear, you vill be covered head to toe. Now, let's get your face on. Have a seat."

Jenny was amazed at how quickly Sonya transformed her looks. In no time at all, her eyes were highlighted with bright colors, and whiskers had been drawn across her cheeks. Her full lips had been made even more prominent with ruby red lipstick and highlight pencil. Sonja handed her the costume, which weighed next to nothing.

"This is never going to fit! Don't you have something bigger!" cried Jenny.

"Slip it on dear. Its one size fits all. Hurry up!"

She answered, gesturing for Jenny to hurry with her hands.

Shyly, Jenny turned around and slipped off her bra, releasing her heavy breasts. Her nipples stiffened as they were exposed to view. Keeping her back turned to Sonya she slipped off her white cotton briefs. She was still very uncomfortable with her shaved pubic area, which she was keeping only at her husband's insistence! She quickly stepped into the legs of the stocking, and stretched it up to her hips She saw the colors now form into a tiger stripe pattern, and the costume and makeup now made complete sense.

As she forced it over her hips, a tail affixed to the back of the costume fell out to the floor, dangling from her butt. She peeked over her shoulder, and saw the material closely conform to each globe of her ass. She could feel the costume slip tightly between the cheeks, and hug tightly up and over her pubic mound. Something hard and slippery was at the base of the tail, and pressed up between her legs.

She continued pulling the stocking up her torso, and finally stretched it up and over her breasts. The stocking was strapless, and she saw why she couldn't wear her underwear with it. There was much more cleavage exposed then she was comfortable with, as she struggled in vain to pull it up higher. She looked down to see her breasts swelling out of the top comically. Sonja grasped her upper arms, and turned her around to face her.

"My god, vomen vould kill for that body!" Said Sonya, the admiration apparent in her voice. "I think some glitter vould be the perfect touch though"

She opened a drawer in the vanity, and pulled out a white jar. She unscrewed the lid and set it down on the vanity top.

"Come over here, dear."

Jenny walked up, and was stunned as Sonja quickly grabbed the front of the stocking, and pulled down till both breasts swung free! She then let go of the material, letting it snap back under her exposed breasts. Picking up the jar, she reached in and scooped out a large glob of clear gel, which she proceeded to spread all over her upper body!

Jenny was speechless, as she felt her slick breasts being thoroughly squeezed and rolled back and forth, with her nipples being gently tweaked till fully erect, standing out good half inch. She worked it over her shoulders and back, and down each arm.

"There, you look vonderful darling!" Sonja grasped the front of the costume and stretched it back up over her hard nipples.

Jenny looked in the mirror, and saw her reflection glittering with gold dust, accentuating her deep cleavage. She also saw that the material had been stretched out, increasing her exposure. She could see the edge of her dark areola barely peeking out. She grasped the top herself, and pulled up firmly. When she let go, the whisper thin material appeared to snap right back in place, except that the stocking had pulled tightly up against her pubic mound, and she could see the definition of her pubic lips reflected in the mirror.

Before she could utter a word of complaint, Sonja wrapped an arm around her waist and hustled her out the door, back into the hallway. As soon as the door opened, Jenny could hear the roar and cheering of a large crowd close by. As they approached the arena, circus performers were running around back and forth, all dressed in bright costumes.

She jumped as someone pinched her butt, and turning she saw a gaily dressed clown wink at her and run off, honking a large horn. He almost ran into another man who was approaching, dressed in a fancy black tuxedo. He turned dramatically as he passed the women, and tipped his top hat to them.

"Jenny, I'd like you to meet Henri, our lion tamer!"

The man grasped her hand, and leaned in toward her, bending at the waist to kiss the back of it. His head was now on top of her cleavage, and Jenny feared that he was simply checking out the view! When his head finally raised, she noticed he was quite young, and had long black hair tied back in a ponytail. Beneath the stage make-up, she could see that he was very attractive.

"I am humbled by your beauty! You are the most exquisite women I have ever met, let alone had the pleasure of working with!" He said, quite formally.

Everything was happening so quickly, that she didn't know how to respond. She felt foolish standing in front of him.

"Jenny has volunteered her time to benefit the children's hospital, and we knew that she would make a perfect tiger! Said Sonja, sensing her discomfort.

"I'm going to make a fool out of myself, I have no idea what to do!" She cried, looking back and forth between them.

"You'll be a hit!" He said with a warm smile.

He pulled a wide leather band out of his pocket, and slipped it around her neck. He slipped the strap through the buckle, and attached it loosely. He then pulled out a long matching leash, which he clipped onto the collar.

"I will lead you out to center stage with this leash. Try to play-act for the kids in the audience a little. Pretend to hiss and snarl. Pull back on the leash, swipe at me, that kind of thing. It's too loud out there for anyone to hear you, so don't be too concerned. Other than that, just follow my lead once we get started. Now let's get ready, we're on next!"

He led her over to a flap in the tent wall, and peeked inside. She could hear the voice of the master of ceremonies beginning to introduce brave-hearted "Henri the Great," surely the most skilled lion and tiger tamer on the planet! Sonja pushed down on Jenny's shoulders from behind.

"Time to get in position dear. Remember, tigers walk on four legs."

She got down on her hands and knee's as instructed, with her heart beating wildly. Sonja knelt down beside her, and put her mouth close to Jenny's ear, so that she could be heard over the crowd.

"Keep your back arched, so that your butt and shoulders are raised up in the air."

She patted Jenny's flank with her left hand. "Try to move slinky, just like a cat!"

Sonja sat back on her haunches, and pressed down on the small of Jenny's back to demonstrate. She grasped a cheek of Jenny's ass firmly in her hand, and uplifted her hips dramatically.

Jenny gasped as she felt Sonja's hand release her ass, and firmly grasp the base of the tail. She realized that it must have an appendage attached, which extended well inside the suit! She could feel Sonja working the lubricated tip up and down between the upturned cleft of her cheeks, until it was pressed firmly against her asshole!

Henri flung the curtain open, and walked out with arms raised to a loud ovation. Jenny could hear the announcer continue the introduction in an excited voice, but her attention remained focused on Sonja.

"This will help keep your tail raised as you move around" whispered Sonja in her ear, as she smoothly slid the tapered probe into her ass, till it came to rest against a large, smooth oblong bulge.

"NOOOO!" Cried Jenny, as Sonja quickly pushed the probe in beyond the plug, and it popped firmly in place deep inside her rectum!

"Break a leg!" She cried, giving Jenny's butt a hard smack.

Jenny felt a tug on the collar, and she found herself being led out into the lights, to the delight of the audience.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, please get hold of your children! As you can see, the Great Henri is now leading the ferocious man-eating tiger into the center ring!"

Jenny's cheeks flushed with embarrassment, as she waddled along behind Henri. Her posture caused her hips to sway widely in a very suggestive fashion. The tail was rocking with the motion, which was causing the probe to tickle her deep inside.

"As a matter of fact, now that I see the tiger, you may want to cover their little eyes! She heard several wolf whistles breaking out from different parts of the arena, as they moved towards the center ring.

As soon as the crossed into the circle, the arena lights dimmed, and several spotlights lit up, and illuminated both them both in bright cones of light. Keeping the leash in his hand, she watched as he walked over to a pedestal in the center and picked up a long black riding crop! She noticed that the arena had grown very quite, as he turned and slowly approached her position. He gathered the long strap up in loops as he approached, and ended up standing beside her, holding the leash in one hand and the crop in the other.

WHACK!

She jumped as he quickly stung her upturned ass with the crop! She brought her hand back by instinct to cover it, and was suddenly pulled off balance by a tug forward on the leash. Quickly putting her arm back down to catch herself, he held the leash high to raise her head, and began to pull her forward, next to the ring perimeter.

He pressed the crop against her lower back as she bounced along, reminding her to keep her spine arched. He then began rapidly tapping under her ass, till he was satisfied with the position she was maintaining. WHACK! Again he stung her ass, and picked up the pace, pulling harder on the leash. She could feel her heavy breasts begin swaying back and forth against the fabric of the stocking, as she bounced ahead. WHACK!

"Ouch! Stop that!" she cried, but he ignored her and continued on.

She could barely keep up, as he strode along on his long legs. She now felt the top of the stocking pulling against her nipples, and new that her breasts were about to fall out! She began to raise a hand to pull up the top, but; WHACK! Another blow quickly stung her ass, reminding her to keep up the pace.

Humiliated, she felt both breasts pop free and began wildly swinging back and forth, now unrestrained. He suddenly slowed his pace, and she went to pull up the top. WHAAACK! He stung her harder yet, and her arm went back to her butt instead, and then dropped to maintain her pace. WHAACK! As she then dropped her other hand, again foiled! She realized with horror that he wasn't about to allow her to cover up!

He came to a full stop, and raised up on the leash, which brought her chin and head up higher. Again, he pressed down on the small of her back, and rapidly tapped under her ass with the crop till she was perfectly positioned, ass held high. He then took an elaborate bow, playing it up to the auditorium crowd. They roared in appreciation.

He turned around, and moved her towards the center of the circle, keeping her attention focused with sharp little flicks of the crop against her ass the whole way. There was a round pedestal in the center of the ring, which came up to his waist. It was about as big around as a good size tree trunk. There was a step positioned half way up. They stopped in front of the step, and he hooked the crop under her right forearm, guiding it up until she placed her hand on it. He repeated this with the other hand.

WHAAACK!

Jenny straightened with the stinging blow to her ass. She was thrust forward towards the podium, her upper body raised in the air, and her weight now forward on her hands. Her breasts ballooned forward between her arms, and he took advantage by lightly drawing the crop gently back and forth across her hard nipples, as the crowd roared their approval.

Now he hooked the crop under her left knee, and guided it up till positioned next to her hands on the step, legs awkwardly splayed apart. She felt him press the crop against her vulva from behind. He began lightly tapping against her mound, which seemed to delight the crowd, as she squirmed back and forth. Finally he directed her other leg up on the step, and then began repeating the process to the top of the podium. As he brought her legs up however, he directed her to squat on her feet, instead of kneeling on her knees. Jenny quickly hugged her legs tight to her chest, effectively hiding her breasts from view.

That didn't last long though, as he stepped in front. He directed her to raise both arms and clasp them behind her neck, with short precise flicks of his crop. At first she hesitated, and was rewarded with a quick stinging snap across her flank. He placed the tip of the crop under her chin and pressed up, straightening up her back, and thrusting her heavy breasts forward. He began refining her posture with quick flips of the crop, further arching her back to accentuate her chest.

He then reached down and grasped her tail, which was hanging off the back of the podium. She let out a soft moan as he gently pulled, slowly increasing pressure till the plug started to come out. He let the tail go slack, and the plug popped back in, drawing a gasp from Jenny. Again he started to pull, this time though he slowly began to circle around the podium. He didn't stop circling as he met resistance, but rather started pulling Jenny around as he continued on! She had to do an awkward shuffle trying to keep up, as her breasts began swinging wildly back and forth.

After four complete revolutions, he suddenly stopped and took another deep bow, drawing another raucous ovation from the crowd. Jenny took the opportunity to quickly pull her top back up, which drew several loud boos. He turned and took Jenny's hand, helping her down from the pedestal. He kissed her on both cheeks, and whispered in her ear to take a bow with him.

They started to walk a complete circle around the ring together, hand in hand, stopping occasionally to bow to the crowd, who were now giving them a standing ovation. He started jogging off the stage, pulling her along with him. Her breasts immediately swung out of her top, and she covered them as best she could with her free hand till they reached the safety of backstage (Of course, he wouldn't release her hand as the ran off!).

"Quick dear, let's get you out of that costume!" said Sonya, as she took hold of Jenny's hand.

Many of the performers had gathered around the backstage area to watch her performance, and gave her a nice hand as they scurried back to her changing room. Jenny felt several pats on her rump, as she passed quickly down the narrow walkway!

"This is NOT what I had in mind! I want to go home now!" she cried, as soon as the door to her dressing room had shut.

Sonja turned and gave her a solemn look.

"Dear, that's just vat the boss vants you to do! If you quit now, then he gets to keep all the money charity money! He vants you to quit! He told me this backstage vile you ver out performing. Apparently it vas in the contract you signed!"

Jenny shook her head, realizing she was in a terrible position. At the game show, she had jeopardized their mortgage. Now she would be taking away money from innocent children!

"I vil leave you alone for a minute, dear. Go ahead and get out of that costume, Here's cream you can use to remove the makeup. Vatever you decide vill be OK vith me. I'll be back in five minutes." Sonja turned, and left the room, pulling the door shut behind her.

Jenny slipped the stocking down over her wide hips, and reached around to grasp the tail. She winced as she slowly removed the plug from her ass, feeling great relief as if finally slipped free. She finished slipping her legs out, and tossed it into a clothes hamper in disgust. She saw bright red welts criss-crossing her bare ass in the vanity mirror, though most were already beginning to fade. She slipped into a cotton robe, which was hanging from a hook on the door, and sat down in front of the mirror, her bottom still smarting from the riding crop.

"Why does this always happen to me!" she cried to herself, as she slowly wiped the makeup from her face.

She stared back at her pouting lips and glum expression in the mirror. Visions of an old movie floated in her mind, where a pauper child held his empty bowl up in a charity kitchen, asking if there was any more food, please, as tears rolled down his cute little face.

"Oh, crap!" she said, throwing the hand towel down on top of the tiger costume, making her mind up to proceed.

The door opened, and Jenny turned her head around. Sonja peeked in.

"So vat did you decide, dear?" she asked. "

You can tell that jerk to stop counting his money!" said Jenny with determination. "I'm going to finish the day, no matter what!"

Sonja smiled broadly as she entered the room, followed by a young, athletic looking girl with short blond hair.

"This is Sally, from the Flying Meranda's" she said, motioning to the attractive young girl, who held her hand out to Jenny.

"We loved your show!" she said with a twinkle in her eye, handing a package to Sonja. "The guys want you to do a stunt with them. I brought one of my extra costumes for you to wear."

She was wearing a tiny blue bodice, which closely followed her curves. It had thin shoulder straps, which tied together behind the neck. It flattered her small bust-line quite nicely. There was a matching skirt, very short with slits up both sides, and a flashy fringe. Fishnet stockings and blue slip on booties completed the ensemble.

"I'll see you in a few minutes!" she said as she turned, and zipped back out the door.

Sonja set the package down and opened it, saying, "I am so proud of you dear! Al vill be just furious! It serves him right though, the greedy bastard."

She handed Jenny a pair of fishnet stockings, with wide black stay-up bands. She didn't remember seeing the bands on Sally's costume! Shrugging her shoulders, she slipped them on. They pulled up to within an inch of her crotch, and hugged her legs tightly. Next she was handed a blue silk bottom piece, which she stepped into and tried to pull up. They wouldn't slide up over her hips, despite being made of stretchy material. Apparently Sally was much more petite then Jenny!

There were ties at the sides, which Jenny loosened. She then pulled the small strip of material up tight between her legs, and re-tied the sides as securely as she could across the top of her waist. The scant material was now wedged tightly into her crotch, between the lips of her pubes and the cleft of her ass. She reached down and spread the material out, covering her privates as best as she could. She slipped the skirt up over her hips, and removed the robe she had been wearing.

Sonja handed her the bodice, which she worked over her arms, and pulled up and over her head, working it down beyond her full breasts. Taking hold of the loose strings, she brought them up behind her neck, stretching shiny blue triangles of material tightly over her cleavage. Sonja helped her to tie the straps together, as she examined her reflection in the mirror.

Both the sides and the tops of both breasts were exposed, bulging out beyond the constraints of the small amount of material. The skirt fit comfortably because of the side slits, but they gapped open on both sides, revealing the stocking bands and the bare skin of her hips under the skirt! The ties of the underwear were sticking out at the top of the slits.

"You look marvelous, dear!" said Sonya as she lightly caressed Jenny's bare midriff. "I vish I could keep my tummy this flat. Ve must find Sally now!”

She grabbed her hand and pulled her out the door, down the hall back towards the auditorium. They approached three people, standing beside the entrance to the arena. There was a young man, dressed in a tight bodysuit of the same material as hers. He was very muscular in stature, and ruggedly handsome. Sally was there also, with another young lady dressed in a similar, though less revealing outfit.

As Jenny approached, they turned around to greet her. She noticed they all shared a strong family resemblance. The name "Flying Merandas" suddenly clicked, and she realized that they were a family of trapeze artists!

"Hurry up Jenny, we're running late!" said Sally, as they jumped through the entrance together.

The applause picked up as soon as the crowd saw them, and the ring announcer began his introductions. They trotted out to a large net, which had been suspended in the center of the arena, at about head height. Jenny hurried along after them, holding her arms tight to her chest to prevent her breasts from slipping out of the brief top. She hoped that she wasn't recognized from the earlier stunt.

They ran up to the net, where a ladder was mounted, which extended straight up one of the tent support poles. Jenny craned her head up, and saw a platform mounted high above the stadium floor at the top. The young girl grabbed the ladder, and started climbing effortlessly, straight up. Next was Sally, who stopped after a few rungs, and looked back down at her.

"Come on Jenny, don't worry, we'll take good care of you!"

Jenny felt a hand on her back, as the man smiled and said "Ladies first, miss! I'll catch you if you fall!

Jenny took a deep breath, and grabbed a ladder rung, starting to climb up the ladder after her.

"Remember not to look down!" said the man, giving her ass a playful smack as she rose up above him.

She followed his advice, and looked straight up towards Sally. Now she understood why he wanted to be last. She had a view straight up her Sally's skirt at her wiggling butt. Jenny also noticed that Sally had full spandex bicycle shorts on, rather then the small scrap of material Jenny was wearing! She had no choice but to give the man a show, as she struggled to keep up with Sally. Of course, the arena cameraman also closely followed her ascent, providing a large screen view of her progress to the crowd!

As she reached the top platform, Sally reached down and helped her take the final step, and wrapped a steady hand around her waist. She snapped a thin strap around her waist, and clipped it to a tether from the post.

"There you go Jenny, that should make you more comfortable!" It did help her to feel steadier, and she felt her leg muscles unclenching.

The other girl grabbed a trapeze bar, which had been suspended above the platform, and fell off in a gentle arc, sweeping gracefully up onto another platform across the arena at the far end of the net. Jenny applauded along with the crowd. She had seen trapeze acts before in person, but it didn't compare to the thrill she was now provided. The man sprung up like a cat, and grabbed another bar. He made a few passes back and forth, taking hand turns and flips along the way. Jenny clapped with delight. He also finished off on the far platform.

Jenny watched with amazement, as both Sally and the man swung off at opposite ends, ending up by joining hands in the middle. They swung together back and forth, doing sharp little flips and changes of position. She marveled at how effortless they made it appear. The man eventually swung Sally back up on the platform next to her, and then on the next pass he also joined them with a graceful motion.

"OK Jenny, you're going to do a quick stunt with me now!"

Seeing the stunned look cross her face he quickly smiled and added, "Don't worry, this will be simple. I'm going to swing back and forth a few times to get momentum, and then Sally will release you at the correct moment. All I want you to do is release the trapeze when you feel me grab you! Can you remember that Jenny?"

She nodded her head up and down, taking a big swallow. Her heart was thumping wildly in her chest, as she looked up at the trapeze bar Sally was now holding.

"Rather then try to swing you up on the platform, I'm going to let go and fall into the net with you. All you have to do is relax and lay back. The net will break our fall quite gently."

He bent over and kissed her forehead. "Trust me Jenny, I'll be right with you!" He added, as he snatched a bar and swung off the platform.

Sally brought her forward to the edge of the platform, and Jenny felt the tether begin to tighten against her waist, restraining her. She reached up and grabbed the trapeze bar Sally held, and squeezed her eye's shut tightly.

"Now lean forward, the strap will hold you in place" Said Sally in her ear, also putting her hands around Jenny's waist to help support her.

Jenny felt her full weight come to rest against the harness, as she leaned forward well over the edge of the platform. She was now watching the man swinging back and forth, building momentum as he went.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Could I please direct you attention to the center platform, high above the arena floor! Please give a big hand for Jenny, our brave volunteer from the Children's Hospital charity."

Polite applause broke out as the spotlight left the announcer, and started to swing up in her direction.

"For your information, Ladies and Gentlemen, it was Jenny who played the now famous role of the tiger for the Great Henri!"

Thunderous applause spread wildly across the arena, as the spotlight centered on Jenny leaning out over the edge of the platform. A drum roll began, and the noise slowly abated. All eyes were now glued to her, straining against the tether. She felt Sally's hand lightly patting her butt as the introductions were being made, and now her hand moved up her back to rest lightly between her shoulder blades.

She watched the man flip upside down, with the inside of his knees curled around the bar, holding his arms outstretched as he swung back towards her. She jerked her head around quickly, as she felt Sally pull one of the ties behind her neck loose! Sally now reached around her waist as she unsnapped the harness, quickly snatching the exposed ties to Jenny's panty bottom. Gripping them tightly, she continued to support her as she leaned out over the edge.

Jenny watched the man as he started to head away from her in a large arc. As he reached the bottom of his swing, she felt Sally's hand shift on the ties at her side. They both immediately slipped, and she gasped as her weight suddenly carried her forward and down off the platform. She felt the panties quickly slip through her clenched legs, leaving her fully exposed beneath the short skirt! She clenched the bar as tightly as possible, again squeezing her eyes shut. She could feel the rush of air against her now bare skin, and realized that her skirt had been blown well over her waist!

She felt herself slowing, as she reached the apex of her swing, and suddenly the man grasped each of her ankles in a vice grip. She hung briefly weightless, and remembered to release her grip on the trapeze bar just in time, as they started to swing back down on his bar together. Now she felt her weight being supported by the man, and could sense the power and strength of his coiled body, which gave her some sense of comfort and confidence.

Their swing started to descend and pick up speed, and she realized she would also be suspended upside down! Centrifugal force started working against the loosened ties of her top, and both heavy breasts escaped, hanging down under chin, now completely exposed to the crowd around her! She quickly placed her hands over her breasts, covering herself somewhat (She has small hands and large breasts!). She could do nothing about her dress though, which was draped down over her belly, fully exposing her privates to view. The man was holding her legs apart, giving himself quite a "Kodak moment" as he looked down!

They swung back and forth, gradually loosing momentum, until they were moving in only a short, gentle arc. He let go of his bar, and their forward momentum was enough to allow them to fall the short distance down into the springy net, back first. The tension of the net caused them to be thrown back up into the air, Jenny with her legs askew and breasts bouncing free of her outstretched arms. The crowd noise was deafening, as she remained the highlight of the arena cameraman.

She quickly tied the top back behind her neck, and shifted her large areola under the small triangles of fabric. She was unable to stand on the springy net, as the material was much to elastic, and the holes in the netting were too large. She had to awkwardly crawl on hands and knees after the man, as he approached the edge. She glanced down, and with shock noticed the cameraman directly underneath, following her progress! She hoped her privates were shadowed under the short skirt. The color drained from her face, as he flipped the camera light on, bathing her in a sudden glare from below. She brought her legs together, and waddled forward as best she could.

She watched as the man smoothly flipped himself head over heels off the edge of the netting, gracefully landing on his feet. No way was she going to be able to do that, thought Jenny with alarm! Thankfully he turned back, and waited for her as she approached the edge. She dangled a tentative leg down towards him, and he cradled her foot in his powerful left hand. As she shifted her weight down, he lowered it, causing her to do the splits, with her other leg still grasping the edge of the net! She whimpered to herself, sensing the hot lights of the cameraman over her shoulder.

Now she felt his other hand grasp the inside of her thigh. As he continued slowly lowering her, he slid his hand up, till it cupped her vulva between her splayed legs. She shrieked, and quickly threw her other leg off the netting, falling backwards against him. He slid his hand back under her ass, supporting her sudden weight, and taking full advantage of the position, gave her ass a gentle goose! Once again she shrieked, and jumped forward out of his grip, and also out of her top! She never noticed though, as she quickly ran towards the exit, hands covering her ass, breasts bouncing wildly up and down, matching her quick stride! She was so embarrassed that she failed to hear the applause and screams she was receiving from her new legion of admirers.

"They weren't very nice people!" complained Jenny, as she returned to the dressing room with Sonja.

"I'm sorry dear, but they are great performers!" she answered. "You vill like the next lady, she is very friendly."

Jenny turned.

"I thought I was done! What do I have to do now!"

Sonja started pulling clothes out of the closet.

"Nothing like before dear. You vill simply vork with za hypnotist.”

"Oh no no no! I'm not going to let some stranger hypnotize me!" said Jenny, hands firmly placed on hips.

"Don't vorry dear! I am za hypnotist! I was going to surprise you. Besides, you vill just be my assistant. I am hypnotizing people from the audience!"

"Oh, well I'm sorry. I'm just a little leery about being taken advantage of again!" answered Jenny.

She started taking off the trapeze show costume, as Sonja began pulling some lingerie out of the vanity.

"This should all fit you very nice Jenny, I vent from your street clothes sizes."

She handed Jenny a new package of Opaque white pantyhose.

Jenny slipped out of the fishnet stockings, and threw the tiny costume into the basket along with her tiger suit. She sat down, and slipped on the pantyhose. She was glad to note that they were not sheer to the waist, though she certainly was not planning for any more exhibitions today! Next she slipped on the white lace bra. It was very flattering, nicely accentuating her cleavage. It also had nice, sturdy straps, she happily noted!

Next was a white slip, pretty enough to double as a dress, though too risqué for her to ever consider wearing in public. It felt like pure silk, as she slid it down over her body. It hugged every curve. The neckline was scooped just enough to hint at the edge of the lace bra underneath, and show off her abundant cleavage. It was mid-thigh in length.

Finally she slipped on the conservative dress Sonja had picked out. It was pure white, cut with clean lines for a contemporary look. It was of a sturdy material, with a high neckline, and a hemline down to her knees. The dress was not new, but was certainly clean and presentable. Jenny felt much better wearing real clothes instead of another scandalous outfit!

The shiny white pumps Sonja handed her were certainly far from conservative. They had much higher heels than anything she owned, though they certainly flattered the turn of her ankle. There was an ankle strap to hold them in place. She took some tentative steps, and felt awkward, though at least they were her size.

Sonya opened a small pill bottle, and handed Jenny a tiny blue pill, along with a glass of water.

"This vill help you to relax and feel more at ease dear, my assistants find them very helpful."

She stood watching, till Jenny placed the pill in her mouth and took a deep swallow of water. She then finished the rest of the glass, realizing how thirsty she was.

"Thanks, I needed that!" she said, as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

Sonja knelt down in front of her, and started to freshen up the makeup.

"You vill be vith me on stage, along vith someone from za audience. All you have to do is swing the ball in front of them. I vill let you know ven to stop. Then step aside as I do my act."

She slipped some showy white earrings on Jenny, and admired her handiwork, turning her face side to side by the chin.

"You have such a beautiful complexion dear! Vat's your secret?"

Jenny blushed, and looked down.

"Just good gene's I guess!" she answered, clearing her throat (a mental image rose unbidden of last nights "treatment" with her husband!).

She showed Jenny a gold chain made of small, delicate links. Attached to the chain was a clear, multi-faceted crystal ball, smaller then a golf ball.

"I vill demonstrate. Get face to face, just like this."

She faced Jenny, from a distance of no more then three feet away, looking directly in her eyes. She raised the chain up over her head, and began a slow, captivating side to side arc.

"Now you try," she said, handing the end of the chain to Jenny.

"That is very goot, dear!" said Sonja, as she mimicked her actions.

"Now you can keep the bauble in your pocket until we need it later."

She turned away, and Jenny stored it away.

"Does hypnosis really work?" I always thought that it was mostly a hoax," asked Jenny, as she watched Sonja slip into another long, colorful dress.

She felt very calm and peaceful inside, and yet totally clear-headed. It seemed that everything had slowed down considerably, and all of her earlier trepidation and concerns just melted away. "Wow, no wonder your helpers like those pills, she said, forgetting all about her earlier question.

Sonja bent down, and looked searchingly in her eyes. She smiled sweetly, and patted Jenny lightly on the cheek.

"Let's get going, they should be ready for us."

She helped her up off the chair, and led her by the arm, as they left the room and entered the hallway. Jenny felt rather dreamlike, as she floated along next to Sonja. She felt as if she was almost disconnected from her body, as she saw the backstage performers track her movements as they passed by.

Out into the darkened arena they walked, as a spotlight found them, and started to follow along. Jenny smiled and laughed, pointing her arm up to it and waving, as they mowed along. The applause in the arena didn't register with her as they approached a raised stage, which had replaced the netting she had fallen into not that long ago.

Up a short flight of steps they passed, to reach the top of the platform. They joined a man already there, who was seated in a straight-backed chair placed in the center. There was a long table to the side of the stage, with many different items and stage props on it. Sonja held her arms up to the crowd, and they began to settle down.

"Please, my good friends, I must have complete silence to concentrate."

A hush fell over the arena, and Sonja placed an arm around Jenny's waist, walking her over to face the man. She slid a second chair over, and helped her take a seat. She was close enough to the other mans chair to brush his knees.

"Vat is your first name, my friend?" asked Sonya.

"Frank." he answered softly, into the microphone she held.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Frank. This is my assistant, Jenny."

He smiled and nodded to her, his eves traveling down to her chest, and quickly back up.

"Jenny, if you could show Frank the bauble now, we can get started."

She reached in her pocket, pulling out the glass ball. As she held it up between them, and put it into motion, the spotlights started to sparkle off the myriad of cut faces of the crystal, causing a rainbow of colors to play across her vision. She stared enraptured at the swinging ball of crystalline fire she held, focused only on its movement back and forth.

"I vant you to take a deep breath, and slowly exhale. Let the tension drain from your shoulders and neck."

Sonja spoke the commands in a clear, soothing voice. Even though she was addressing Frank, Jenny found herself following right along with her commands.

"Relax your arms, let them lay heavy in your lap. Feel your hands uncurl, as the tension drains away. Breathe deeply in a calm, relaxed manner. All of your concerns and worries have flown away, leaving you in a calm, peaceful place. In your mind, you now can hear the slow tick, tock of a clock, in rhythm with the sparkling ball. As the ball begins to slow, you will feel time also slow, and your consciousness will begin to slip away, leaving you in a gentle, safe state. Feel it drifting away now, on a gentle spring breeze."

And with that said, Jenny slipped into a deep trance, right along with Frank. Her arm dropped down and came to rest in her lap. Sonja reached down and retrieved the crystal necklace, slipping it back into her pocket.

"I vant you both to concentrate on only my voice."

Sonya had knelt down next to their chairs, and taken hold of each of their hands.

"From this day forward, you will trust and obey everything I ask of you. You may not understand why, and it may not make sense to you, but you will have a deep desire to make me happy. The last thing you would want to do is make me sad or unhappy. Do you understand what I am telling you?" They both nodded their heads affirmatively.

"I vill clap my hands twice, and you vill vake back up feeling refreshed, as if from a deep, restful sleep. You von't have a care in the world. All of today will be fresh in your mind, up till the crystal ball. You will believe that our stunt didn't work, and vill not remember this conversation at all. You vill believe that we are all alone. Do you both understand?"

Seeing their agreement, she rose back up, and sharply clapped twice.

Both Jenny and Frank stared with startled expressions, suddenly remembering what they were on stage for.

"So did either of you go under?" asked Sonja, getting their attention.

They glanced at each other, and both shrugged their shoulders.

"I didn't, I don't know about Jenny though." answered Frank.

"No, I'm real sorry, but it didn't work on me either." She said.

Sonja allowed a look of disappointment to cross her face.

"We can try it again though!" Jenny quickly added, catching her expression.

A wry smile formed on Sonja's face.

"No, I don't think it vould be vorthvhile to try again dear. Some people just aren't susceptible to suggestion. Frank, vould you be a sveetheart, and move your chair over to the table? "

He stood up. "Sure, no problem" he answered, as he carried it over and sat down where she indicated.

"Thank you so much!" she said, turning back to Jenny.

"Dear, I've been meaning to talk to you about that outfit" she said looking down at Jenny's dress with a frown.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Jenny, looking down at her dress.

"Vell, it's probably just me, but I think that those vite stockings make your legs look fat." said Sonja.

Jenny leaned forward over the chair, peering at her calves.

"Do you really think so?" She asked, angling her feet back and forth to get a better view.

"Oh yes, definitely. I vould be much happier if you would slip them off for me."

A few hoots erupted out of the audience, and Sonja immediately raised her hand to quite them.

"Well, if you really think so!" she said, leaning over to slip off her shoes.

She then reached up under her dress as demurely as possible, lifting her butt off the chair and working the hose down, finally slipping them off.

"Frank, could you please get rid of these hose?"

He walked over, and Jenny placed them in his hand.

"You can throw them out in that direction" pointed Sonja, and Frank gave them a strong heave.

A roar went up, and it looked like a McGuire home run ball hit into the grandstands, as a crowd of men dived after them!

"Slip the shoes back on, and let me have a look at you."

Jenny did as she asked, standing up and slowly spinning, as Sonja looked her over.

"That dress is much too long for you dear! Pull it up a little higher and let me see the difference."

Jenny gathered both sides of the dress in her hands, and slid the material up to mid thigh.

"Yes, just as I thought, that is much better.”

Wolf whistles and clapping were breaking out all around, but Jenny seemed oblivious to the noise.

"Frank, could you do me a favor, and bring over a pair of scissors?"

He picked up a pair lying among the various supplies on the table, and presented them to Sonja.

"Vould it be all right with you if Frank adjusts the length of your dress for me?" asked Sonja.

Jenny hesitated, looking confused.

"I don't think so!" she replied, looking very confused.

"That's O.K. dear, I understand. I just vanted the best for you! I understand if you von't let me!" Sonja pouted, looking downcast.

"Oh no! Don't be sad!" Jenny looked over at Frank and said "Go ahead and do it."

He knelt down in front of her, and started snipping from the hem straight up. The crowd started chanting "MORE! MORE!" He stopped mid thigh, and started cutting horizontally around the dress, until the scrap piece dropped free. Sonja stood back and surveyed the results.

"I'm very disappointed vith you Frank! Look, I can see her slip showing!”

They both looked crushed. Sonja suddenly brightened up, and raised a finger.

"I know vat ve can do! Frank, help her out of the dress you ruined! Her slip will make a beautiful dress! Don't you agree dear?"

Jenny cleared her throat, and replied

"Well if it would make you happy, I guess it would be OK."

He quickly stepped behind her, and unzipped the dress. The crowd burst out with applause and yells of encouragement, as she slowly slipped it from her shoulders, handing it to Frank. She stood with arms crossed over her chest, feeling very exposed. Frank tossed the dress into the crowd, causing another brief scuffle.

"Drop your arms dear" asked Sonja, and looked Jenny up and down.

"The slip is beautiful, but the bra straps show! It looks very tacky, don't you agree?"

Jenny looked down at her shoulders.

"I guess so, what should I do?"

Sonja smiled back at her.

"Silly girl, take the bra off, you certainly don't need the support anyway! No one will notice!"

Jenny slipped the bra straps off her shoulders, and pulled her arms through. Sonja stepped behind her.

"I'll give you a hand dear."

She stretched the back of the slip down beyond the clasp, and undid the bra. She reached around and slipped it off her from under the slip, holding it aloft like a trophy. The crowd responded with raucous cheers of encouragement, as she tossed it out to them.

Jenny now stood at center stage, dressed only in the slip and high heels. With the spotlights on her, the outline and definition of her body was clearly silhouetted through the thin material. Her dark areola and prominent nipples clearly showed through. Sonja smiled, and slowly circled Jenny, letting her fingers trail around the top of her waist.

"Ve just need some slight adjustments now. Frank, hand me the scissors."

Jenny stood in shocked disbelief, as Sonja pulled the slip out from between her breasts, and cut a deep "V" into the thin material. She released the slip, and surveyed her work.

"That is perfect, don't you agree?”

Jenny looked down at her chest, seeing the thin material bisecting her areola, leaving her entire cleavage exposed. She quickly pulled the material together to cover her nipples.

"Please don't do that dear. It spoils everything!" moaned Sonja, and Jenny released her clutch on the fabric.

The silky material slipped right back in place, with her nipples just poking into view!

Sonja circled behind, and knelt down. She gathered the bottom hem in her left hand, and started snipping straight up! Jenny's eyes popped wide open, as she felt the cold metal of the back of the scissors traveling all the way up to the small of her back!

"Now the slip hangs so much better from your hips, don't you agree? Asked Sonja excitedly.

"If you say so" answered Jenny, in a soft voice.

"Now lets have some fun!" said Sonja strolling over to the table.

She picked up a brightly colored hoop.

"I vould love to see you do the hula-hoop dear! Can you demonstrate it for us?"

Jenny blushed.

"I don't know, I haven't done that since I was a kid!" she protested.

"But it vould make me so happy, dear! Please, give it a try! I insist," answered Sonja, handing her the hoop.

Reluctantly, she drew the hoop over her head and down to her hips. She gave it a quick flip, beginning a counter rolling motion with her hips, to create the rhythm required to keep it circling around her narrow waist. She kept her eyes locked on Sonja, and was pleased too see the look of joy cross her face.

The crowd of course had their eyes locked on the show that Jenny was providing, as her heavy breasts swung captivatingly in and out of view, and her beautiful ass was on prominent display through the back slit. Sonja lifted her arm, and gestured for Jenny to begin rotating in place. Jenny happily complied, providing the full crowd with the same visual feast!

Sonja clapped with delight, and Jenny grabbed hold of the hoop, stopping its motion.

"I am so proud of you! I never dreamed you could be so graceful!"

Jenny blushed with the praise, handing the hoop back to Sonja.

"Let's get Frank involved in something now," she said, looking his way. "Come along, children" she motioned, until they were standing close to the edge of the platform together.

Sonja smiled, as she saw the guys in the front row trying to peer up Jenny's short slip.

"I vant you kids to play hop-frog for me! Jenny, squat down right here," she said, pointing to her feet. Seeing her hesitate, she added "Come on dear, don't drag your feet!"

Reluctantly, Jenny walked up and squatted down on her haunches. Sonja pressed down on her

shoulders.

"Hands flat on the floor dear, didn't you ever do this when you were a child?"

Jenny leaned forward on her hands, assuming a splayed leg position, with her back arched. Her breasts were left exposed, hanging out beyond her arms, and her bare ass was exposed as the slit in her slip fell open in the back.

"Your turn now, Frank."

Jenny watched him approach over her shoulder. He squatted down behind, and she ducked as he sprang over her head, legs spread wide, pressing down on her back as he passed over! He came back into the ready position directly in front of her.

"SMAAACK!!"

Sonja sharply whacked Jenny's bare ass with her hand, which propelled her forward! She sprang awkwardly, brushing Frank's head with her grain as she passed over, barely making it. She landed with legs spread wide, naked ass sticking up in the air and her chest pressed down against the floor.

"SMAACK!!"

Again Sonya whacked her bare ass, taking advantage of Jenny's position by catching her vulva as well. She sprang back in position, having no time to contemplate her situation.

Frank smoothly passed overhead again as she ducked, and "SMAACK!!"

This time she was whacked before Frank was even ready! Jenny turned to protest, but "SMAAACK!!

She was stung again, even harder! She coiled her legs, and sprang forward with more force, this time comfortably clearing Frank, as she flew over. She noticed her breasts bouncing heavily as she landed, fully exposed, but before she could consider moving, Frank was again passing overhead.

"SMAACK!!" Jenny had resigned herself to the pattern, and was expecting the blow. Now she developed a rhythm, as they bounded around the stage. Everyone in the arena was standing, closely following her progress around the stage. Her cherry red ass stood out in bright contrast to the white slip, and she was captivating to watch, as all of that tempting flesh was being exposed in so many embarrassing postures, for everyone's viewing enjoyment!

Sonja finally grabbed hold of Frank's shoulder, stopping their routine. She held a hand out to Jenny, and helped her up to her feet.

"That vas vonderful, dear! You did very well! Such a powerful jumper you are!"

Jenny smiled brightly, glad that Sonja had noticed her effort.

Sonja walked over to the table, and returned carrying a squirt bottle.

"You look too hot, dear! Let me help you cool down."

And with that said, she started pumping a fine mist of water directly at Jenny's breasts. The thin material immediately turned transparent and clung tightly to her skin. Her nipples stiffened with the cold spray. She immediately covered them with her hands.

Sonja reached out with her free hand, and stroked her cheek softly.

"You disappoint me dear. Vy are you hiding yourself from me?” The audience was hooting and hollering, as Jenny brought her arms back down to her sides.

"That's better dear, and she resumed spraying her with the water bottle.

"Start turning around slowly dear."

She kept pumping away as Jenny slowly rotated in place, making sure that every inch of the slip was thoroughly drenched, bring all of her charms into view. The crowd cheered wildly, as she returned the squirt bottle to the table.

"There now, you look much cooler! Tell me Jenny, do you like to sing?”

Jenny blushed lightly.

"Not in public, I'm a little shy for that," she answered quietly.

"Oh nonsense, I'm sure you have a beautiful voice!" exclaimed Sonja to the audience, drawing more applause. "Try the national anthem, dear. I'd love to hear you sing."

She handed the microphone over to Jenny.

Jenny cleared her throat, and brought the mike up close to her lips.

"Ooh say can you see!!!" Sonja raised a hand, motioning her to stop. "You need to sing louder then that! Now start over."

She lowered her hand, and started pacing back and forth in front of Jenny, listening closely with her head down.

"OOOH SAY can you SEEEE!.."

Once more Sonja raised her hand to stop.

"No dear, you need to project your voice! There should be some depth and amplitude to you tone! Try it again!" and she continued pacing.

"OOOH SAY, can you SEEEEE!!!"

Up went the hand.

"I can see that you need some voice lessons. Let's try a simple exercise dear," said Sonja, as she strolled over the table, back turned to Jenny.

She turned and approached closely to stand back in front of her, hands behind her back.

"Close your eyes!.. Very goot! Now keep them closed, and open your mouth.....A little wider dear, yes, very goot. Pucker your lips for me! Oh Jenny, you can do better then that! Much better! Now keep your eyes closed, and don't move!"

With that said, she produced a large, black, very realistic looking dildo from behind her back. It was made of solid latex rubber, and even felt realistic in her hand with a prominent crown and veins running down to the thick base.

She held it up to the crowd with a flourish, and they went wild, watching it slowly waving in her hand. With a coy smile, she slowly directed it towards Jenny's waiting mouth. As she guided the large black crown in, Jenny's puckered lips wrapped tightly around, and she let out a soft moan, which was picked up by the microphone still in her hand.

"Please dear, let me insert the training aid all the way! Don't fight back. Just relax!" said Sonja, cupping the back of Jenny's head with her free hand.

She then slid the penis in deeply, as Jenny's jaw spread open to accommodate the thick object. She stopped the insertion when she felt resistance at the base of her throat, and Jenny's head jerked in her hand, as she gave a muffled gag.

"OK Jenny, try the song again! Come on dear, you'll make me so happy!" encouraged Sonja, maintaining her pressure on the dildo.

"OOOO, AAAAYYY AAA OOOO EEEE!!"

The crowd was rolling in the aisles, amazed at the sight of the gorgeous blond in a wet, transparent slip, moaning and gurgling around the huge black object!

"IIIII AAAAA OOO EEEEE IIIII GGGGHHH!!!"

Jenny retched and gagged against the head, as Sonja had increased the pressure.

"Now that's better! That's how to project! Keep going, don't stop now!" She said.

Tears had started to run down her cheeks involuntarily, as the penis was choking the entrance to her throat, triggering her gag reflex. Sonja started to work the dildo back and forth in her mouth, giving Jenny the mental picture of a man slowly pumping his hips against her! The large head continued to tease the back of her throat with the with each forward stroke.

"OOOO AAAAAAA HHHHH UUUUUU!!" croaked Jenny.

Saliva started overflowing her lips, as she continued to sputter and gag. The audience was now treated to the sight of thick streams of goo trailing down her chin, and dangling down towards her pendulous, swinging breasts.

"Try humming dear. Suck hard on it, and just humm the song!”

Jenny wrapped her puckered lips tightly around the shaft, and began humming the tune as best she could. Her cheeks hollowed as she began sucking, and now Sonja began forcing Jenny's head up and down on the shaft, as she held it firmly by the base!

"NNNNGGGG UUUNNNGGG MMMMMGGG!!!"

She hummed, head bobbing back and forth quickly on the glistening wet black cock! This went on for quite a while until finally,"UUUNNNGGEEECCCCKKK!!!"

She began choking, as Sonja forced the shaft deeper yet! She slipped it back out of her mouth, as Jenny started to cough and gag against the intrusion. Sonja wrapped her arms around her in a warm embrace, and patted her butt gently, until the coughing subsided.

"You vere vonderful dear. You have made me very happy!"

Jenny and Sonja left the stage, drawing a standing ovation. Many of the men in the stadium were holding lighters aloft, chanting for more! The ringmaster took center stage, and began to wrap up the event, thanking everyone for attending. He also urged everyone to stop at the Children's Hospital booth to make a small donation for the kids. It was a record day for the charity!

The cast had gathered in the hallway backstage, and was busy congratulating each other for their performances. It was a fun experience for Jenny, as she felt very much a part of the experience. They were all so nice to her, giving her big hugs and pats (some of the men were a little too friendly, she thought!). She had no memory of her performance, only a feeling of satisfaction thanks to some whispered commands from Sonja.

They finally made it back to the dressing room, and closed the door against the hustle and bustle of the backstage throng. Jenny let out a big sigh, having successfully finished the ordeal relatively unscathed (wait till she saw the pictures though!). Her street clothes were waiting, along with a beautiful arrangement of roses! She couldn't help but smile, as she read the nice card that accompanied the flowers.

"Za crew asked me to invite you to za party tonight!" said Sonja.

"They have never invited an outsider before! It's quite a compliment. Can you come dear?"

Jenny started to make up an excuse for not attending. She had far too much excitement for one day already! Her mind went momentarily blank, and she looked around in confusion, having lost her train of thought. It seemed that Sonja was speaking to her, but she could not quite make out her words.

Jenny saw Sonja waiting for her to respond, with a quizzical expression on her face. Then she remembered her kind invitation.

"I'd love to come! What time should I be there?"

She was very excited to be able to meet the whole cast!

"Show up at eight o'clock sharp. Here's a map, and another pill. I vant you to take it before you arrive. Take a cab though, don't try to drive!"

Jenny nodded in agreement, paying close attention ti her instructions. She tucked the pill and directions away in her purse, and finished dressing.

She hurried home, making a quick emergency appointment with her hairdresser. She was feeling adventurous, and allowed him a free hand with the styling. She ended up coiffed and curled, with her long blond hair tied back in an elaborate bun. Wispy tendrils of hair hung seductively down over her forehead. She was very pleased with the results, and tipped him generously.

She arrived home as her husband returned from work, and gave him a brief recount of the days adventures (her memories of the event were strangely quite G-rated!). They shared a quick dinner together, and she told him about the party. He was disappointed not to be invited, though he understood that it was for performers only. She called for a cab, explaining that she may want a drink or two, and didn't want to worry about driving the car home. He offered to drive, but she didn't want him waiting up for her on a work night. She showed him the map, so he would know where she was.

She picked out an elegant blue gown to wear, which brought out the natural blue in her eyes. It was conservatively styled, though hardly prudish. The fabric was exquisite, and was cut to a comfortable length, allowing her freedom of movement. She slipped on her favorite set of underwear. The bra was sturdy, giving her lots of support with its wide straps. The material was heavy enough to prevent any embarrassing nipple exposure through her clothes. The panties were simple, full cut white cotton briefs. She topped it off with a set of natural pantyhose and matching pumps.

The cab arrived right on time, honking from the driveway. Jenny ran into the kitchen, and gulped down the little blue "relaxing" pill that Sonja had supplied. She gave her husband a quick kiss, and ran out to the cab.

The party was in an upscale neighborhood on the west side of town, and in about fifteen minutes, the cab pulled into a long circular driveway, leading up to a large, ivy covered home. She must have been early, as only a few cars were parked out front. A young man was there to open her door, and lead her into the large, ornate foyer. Jenny was starting to feel the effects of the medication, as everything was starting to feel soft and fuzzy around the edges.

Sonja greeted her warmly at the door. Again Jenny watched, as she appeared to be speaking to her from a distance, the words not quite clear enough to make out.

"I'm sorry for the misunderstanding dear," said Sonja, as she led her by the arm up a back staircase, to an upstairs bedroom.

"You didn't need to get all dressed up. I have an outfit for you to wear!" Jenny looked puzzled.

"I must have forgot what we discussed" Sonja moved behind her and started to unzip her dress.

Don't you remember telling me how you dreamed of being a groupie for the performers? By the vay, ve don't call them groupies. Ve call them circus sluts"! You're the lucky girl tonight!"

Jenny was quiet, as she struggled to remember the earlier conversation.

"Tonight dear, you are za cocktail waitress. You vill get to flirt vith the performers, vile you are serving them drinks, and vatever else they might vant, if you catch my meaning! Now lets get you ready"

Sonja clapped her hands together, and Jenny jumped to sudden attention. She was standing naked in the small room, with her clothes draped over the back of a chair. Sonja stepped over to the closet, and selected a garment off a hanger.

"Let me help you vith the maid costume" she said, moving behind her. "Raise your arms up over your head, and suck your tummy in."

Jenny did as instructed, watching herself in a full-length mirror hanging on the wall. Sonja slipped a black corset around her waist, and began strapping it together up her back. She applied a lot of pressure as she went, eliciting small gasps from Jenny with every tug. Jenny was pleased to see that the corset only framed the bottom of her breasts, allowing them to hang free. As the final laces were tied off, her breasts were thrust out proudly, with her large areola and nipples in prominent display, swaying freely without support. She wished that she owned such a beautiful corset. Maybe they will let me keep it, she thought to herself.

Garter straps dangled down from the waist of the corset, which was cut up high enough to barely cover her belly button, as it tightly cinched her already narrow waist. Her shoulders were left bare, but Sonja helped her into long silky gloves, extending well above her elbows. A black leather choker strap was buckled around her neck. It had a small silver loop dangling off the front.

Next she slipped on the stockings that Sonja handed her. She was pleased to see that they were made of pure silk, with dark seams running up the back of each leg. She loved the feel of the smooth, tight silk, and she began to feel her most private areas begin to tingle with anticipation. She attached the garter straps, and admired herself in the mirror, looking over her shoulder. Her bare ass looked so sleazy framed by the seamed stockings and tightly lace corset. She bent forward at the waist to accentuate the look, and felt a small wave of pleasure as Sonja ran her hand over her rounded cheeks, following the cleft down to cover her moist sex. She pressed a finger up between her outer lips, and Jenny watched in the mirror as she slowly withdrew her hand, and brought the finger up to her mouth, licking it slowly with her tongue, staring all the while back into Jenny's eye's.

"My, you are the perfect slut, aren't you!" Sonja said with a wicked smile, giving her ass a playful pat.

Jenny felt pleasurable warmth spread through her body with the compliment, and she hungered for more, as she bent over even deeper.

"Save it dear, there's plenty more to come! Slip this on"

She handed her a frilly black skirt.

"Oh rats, do I have to wear it?” She said, giving her ass another wiggle!

"Put it on dear! Just make sure that you give za men lots of peeks!"

Jenny gave a little giggle, as she stepped into the short skirt, pulling it up to her waist. It had several layers of fluffy fabric, giving it a full appearance. She noticed with satisfaction that it barely covered her privates, and if anything, made her look even more sexy. Sonja was so smart, she thought to herself.

"I don't have to wear underwear, do I?" asked Jenny.

"Of course not, dear! Not unless you vant to, that is!"

Jenny gave a delighted little hop, and clapped her hands together with glee.

"Heck No!" she exclaimed.

She then slipped on a pair of black, high heeled, open strapped sandals, admiring the way her posture was transformed in the mirror.

"Now for the last touch. Come over hear darling!" motioned Sonja, as she pulled a silver tray down from the top of the closet.

She held the back edge of the bright tray up against Jenny's narrow waist. It had an inward curve, which conformed to her waistline, partially wrapping around. Sonya pulled two straps, which were attached to the front of the corset, through matching slots in the back edge of the tray, fastening it in place against her waist. Then she drew a delicate chain attached to the front left corner of the tray up through the loop at her neck. She stretched it down to the opposite corner, clipping it in place once she had the tray leveled to her satisfaction.

"Very nice dear, you vill be za perfect slut hostess!" she said, giving Jenny's nipple a slight tweak.

Another jolt passed through her body as she gazed at her reflection, feeling the nipple begin to stiffen. Sonja began attending to her make-up, highlighting her eyes, lips and cheeks. She gave her a theatrical appearance, rather then a look you would normally see on the street. She even rouged her nipples, scandalously highlighting and accentuating their look!

"Now go downstairs and start taking orders! The bartenders name is Jeff, and if asked, your name is of course slut Jenny!"

She gave her a pat on the butt, and directed her back through the door, and out into the hall. Jenny could hear conversation and laughing coming from downstairs, as the guests must have arrived while she was getting ready. Gathering her courage, she set off down the winding stairs, and felt all eyes fall upon her, as the buzz of conversation dropped to a whisper. Scattered applause broke out as she was recognized, and she blushed deeply underneath the makeup, continuing down the stairway.

She noticed the bartender waving her over at the back of the room, and started to thread her way through back to him. She had never felt so alive sexually, as she moved along between strangers, her heavy breasts prominently on display. Normally the attention she was getting would have paralyzed her with embarrassment, but thanks to Sonja's transformation, the attention was feeding directly into her libido. She felt like a cat in heat, as she swayed across the room, drinking up the attention.

She approached the bar, and moved between two men seated in front, leaning their elbows on the padded edge of the small counter. Jeff was standing behind the bar surveying her with approval evident in his eyes.

"Set your tray up on top of the bar here" as he spread the guys drinks apart, and wiped the surface with a clean, white towel.

Jenny looked down, but didn't see a way to unhook the tray. Thinking the situation over, she saw a solution. Grasping the front edge of the bar, she carefully raised one leg, and hooked it into the lower rung of the stool on her right side. She shifted her weight onto that foot, and raised her other leg up, hooking that foot onto the rung of the stool on her left. She now leaned forward, till the silver tray settled down on the center of the counter. Her breasts swayed seductively over the platter.

"How's this?" she asked him with a wicked grin on her face.

Her bare ass was now thrust high behind, with her legs widely spread on the stools. She was delighted to hear gasps of amazement from those closely around her!

She dared not turn her head around, as she felt a tentative hand placed against the tender inside of her thigh. The Barkeeper started to place several items on her tray, as she looked down. Sensing no objection, the hand started to slowly stroke her thigh, up and down, stopping just short of her clean-shaven mound. On the next up-stroke of the hand, she bobbed her hips down and over, making sure that this time he reached her vulva. She sighed through parted lips, as she felt him now boldly slip a finger easily into her well-lubricated vagina. She tightly clenched her pelvic muscles, trapping his finger, and began to rotate her hips in small circles against his hand. She heard comments of delight and encouragement coming from the knot of people who had gathered around to take in the action!

She was brought back to attention by the voice of the bartender.

"You can take the appetizers around to the guests now, Jenny."

Reluctantly, she stepped down from the stools, flashing a big smile to her new friend. Her pussy was still tingling with pleasure, as the feel of his finger lingered on. The tray hung heavily from her neck, and she scanned the contents. Much of the tray was obscured by her full breasts, but she could see a can of whipped cream, squirt bottles of honey and chocolate syrup, some bananas, as well as more traditional hors d'oeuvres.

The first few people she passed merely selected a few of the proffered cracker snacks on the tray. They took advantage of the opportunity though, to brush up against her breasts while selecting their snacks! One lady waved her away, snickering as she gave her a "once-over" appraisal. The next two men, however, helped themselves to the squirt bottles of syrup. They squeezed generous streams of the thick, viscous syrups onto her breasts, and began eagerly lapping it up! She closed her eyes and moaned with pleasure, enjoying the sensations they were providing. They both began suckling on her nipples, while thoroughly cleaning up the rest of the mess.

Disappointedly, she watched as they straighten up and thanked her, returning to their earlier conversation. She continued making her rounds, her breasts now swollen and glistening. The next group of men must have been watching, as they also went for the bottles, ignoring the snacks. One of the men dropped to his knees though, and disappeared under her tray! She felt him bury his face into her groin, and she widened her stance to allow him better access with his eager tongue! She had two other men at her breasts, each lavishing attention with their hands and mouths at will on them.

All too soon, once again she was released to continue her wandering, next stopping in front of a small group of women. Two selected only crackers, but the third reached out and picked up a banana, which she slowly peeled, all the while maintaining eye contact with Jenny. She ran her tongue around her full lips seductively. She brought the peeled fruit up to her mouth, and slowly drew it in beyond her puckered lips, about halfway down its length. Her cheeks hollowed, as she began sucking it like a stiff cock. Her eyes never left her. She withdrew it slowly, still in one piece. With a sweet, sexy grin playing across her face, she directed it towards Jenny's waiting lips. She eagerly received the offering, allowing the woman to push the fruit in deeply to the base of her throat. She then picked up the bottle of chocolate syrup, and began stroking the banana back and forth in her mouth. Holding the bottle aloft, she trickled the syrup over it, as she continued the slow, deep rhythm. Jenny could now taste the sweet syrup on the shaft of the banana, as it played back and forth across her tongue. Much of the syrup was smearing around the outside of her mouth and chin. The lady then shoved the shaft in deeply, and pulled her hand away, leaving the balance of the banana protruding out of her mouth. She leaned forward, and took the free end within her own lips, drawing down until she was pressed tightly up against Jenny, mouth to mouth!

She hungrily sucked against her lips, biting down on the fruit, but keeping her lips puckered and pressed up against her. The lady's tongue began playing all across her mouth and chin, and her saliva, thickly mixed with banana pulp, was smeared all across Jenny's face! The lady forced her tongue into Jenny's mouth, pressing against the remaining shaft of the banana. This drew a small gag from Jenny, as she involuntarily swallowed down on the shaft, causing it to squirt forward. The lady continued to suck it out of Jenny's mouth, again biting down, and smearing the pulp messily around her face, back and forth! She finally pulled away, chewing on the remainder of the banana. She was smiling like the cat that ate the canary, as she surveyed Jenny's appearance. She bent over towards her, and wiped her face clean against the swollen breasts, rubbing back and forth across the firm flesh, as they swayed back and forth!

Jenny quickly returned to the bartender, feeling the mess smeared all over her upper body and face. She stepped around the bar, and he wiped her face off with a clean towel. He gingerly removed the remaining items from the tray, as they were now also splattered with the pulpy mess.

There was a small, waist high pass-through opening in the wall behind the bar, which opened to the kitchen and sink area in the back room. She could here the noise of washers and the clatter of plates and silverware coming through the opening, now that she was nearby. The bartender began passing the bottles and plates from her tray through the opening, where another set of hands was taking it away. She jumped, as he suddenly sprayed her breasts with a quick spurt of water from the drink hose dispenser on the back of the bar. He then carefully and thoroughly toweled off her breasts and chest.

Unhooking the chain in the corner of the tray, he pulled it through her collar, and let it fall down. He unsnapped the corset harness, releasing the messy tray from her costume.

"Pass it back to the dish boy, Jenny" he said, as he turned to serve someone just walking up to the bar.

She took hold of the tray, and held it out inside the opening as far as she could. No one took the platter from her.

She bent her head down to the top of the pass through to peek in, and said, "Excuse me, could someone take the plate?"

Still nothing happened. Frowning, she bent over all the way, and leaned in through the opening, with her elbows resting on the bottom ledge, hands still gripped to the tray. It was a tight fit, and her shoulders were now scrunched together.

She could see a teenager washing plates at a large stainless steel sink in the middle of the bright room, standing sideways to her. It was part of a long stainless steel work area, with neatly organized cooking utensils and accessories. There were white walls and a spotless quarry tile floor, giving it a very clean look. The boy was wearing earphones, which were plugged in to a personal CD player clipped to his belt. He was wearing a white uniform under a clean apron, tied behind his back. He was bobbing his head along with whatever tune he was listening to, not even realizing she was there.

"HELLO!" she yelled over the noise, as she leaned in further yet and waved the plate back and forth to catch his eye.

Unbeknownst to her, she had attracted the attention of the small group of men gathered around the bar, as well as the bartender. Even he had turned around, and was standing there with arms folded, lustfully eyeing her upturned ass wiggling in the air as she attempted to get the attention of the dishwasher!

The boy looked her way, finally catching the motion. He took a step towards her, stretching out his left arm for the tray, keeping his other arm submerged in the sink, supporting something under the soapy water. He was still a foot short from reaching the tray, so Jenny squeezed in through the opening to close the distance between them. Several things happened at once. First, Jenny felt her skirt being lifted up over her bare ass, and she realized the view she must be providing to the dining room guests! As this realization hit, her bare breasts cleared the ledge, and tumbled out inside the kitchen, much to the boy's delight! Next, she felt the unmistakable sensation of the head of an erect penis being brushed up and down across her privates, finally coming to center poised against her moist vagina!

"Whoa!" she cried, as the firm shaft plunged in up to her womb! She was now pinned up against the opening, exposing her complete upper body to the boy in the kitchen, with her breasts swaying with the motion of the cock now buried deep within her.

The boy dropped whatever he had been supporting in the sink with a thud and splash, and walked up to her, wiping his hands off on his apron, She could see his eyes glued to her heaving chest, as he swallowed heavily. His hands were shaking, as he slowly and tentatively cupped her large bosom, massaging her sensitive flesh. He realized she was either unable or unwilling to resist. Gaining confidence, he reached behind his back with one hand, untying the apron and casting it aside with a flourish.

The boy released her breast, and reached down quickly to his belt, his fingers fumbling as he rushed. He snatched his pants open, and dragged out his already erect penis, standing proudly at attention. He grasped the back of her neck, dragging her face down towards his throbbing penis. She grasped his hips to support her upper body, and plunged deeply down on his waiting organ, drawing a gasp of pleasure from his lips. She was drunk with lust, hungrily working the rock hard cock deep within her throat. The man plunging behind her started to spasm, as he locked his hips hard up against her ass, depositing spurt after spurt of his pent up load into her tender cavity. She clenched her pelvis down tightly on him, helping to milk all the fluid she could.

The young boy didn't have a chance of lasting! He was grinding his hips hard up against her face while cupping her huge breasts in both hands, helping to support her weight, as he squeezed and groped. She began to gag, and the spasms in her throat sent him over the edge. He shot his load directly into her waiting mouth, as she helped to extend his orgasm with firm strokes of her tongue to the underside of his shaft, her mouth never leaving his swollen organ!

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**Jenny Goes To Court by Jenluvr**

Jenny was excited.

She had received the summons for jury duty last month–-it had come along with her new Victoria's

Secret catalogue. As a matter of fact, she had eagerly pored over the extensive selection of frilly

underthings and lacy lingerie, looking for something alluring to serve as foundation for the conservative suit she was planning for court. It had long been a fantasy of hers to stride seriously into a courtroom looking every bit as professional and businesslike as the barristers and legal eagles that frequent America's halls of justice, but knowing that underneath her outerwear was a complement of scintillatingly sexy lingerie that would prompt even the most stoic and reverent judge to make a tent of his robe.

She could picture it: She'd be sitting there in the jury box, her outer attire duly reverent and dignified, her short, tight skirt her sole visible concession to sexiness. Only she (and maybe her husband John) would know that underneath her black silk designer blouse were two firm, full globes of soft, pillowy flesh, nestled in the confines of a blue see-through bra through which her saucer-sized aureola and half-inch-long nipples could easily be seen. She would cross and uncross her legs frequently, knowing that any number of male ears would perk up immediately at the hissing sound made by one stocking-clad limb as it rubbed against the other, and maybe allowing some lucky attorney, judge, or well-hung juror to witness the tops of her full-fashioned stockings–-perhaps even offering a quick flash of the fat little mound of flesh that pouted from between the vee of her toned, tanned thighs.

She would be pantyless, of course–-that would be the icing on the cake of a deliciously naughty fantasy...and Jenny had finally gotten the opportunity to bring it to life! In reality, Jenny knew that she'd never be able to carry out such a bawdy, irreverent scenario, but she liked to engage in fantasies every now and then, as they were quite harmless, and even a healthy boon to her sex life, according to Cosmopolitan magazine.

She did like wearing sexy underthings, though, and as her husband always encouraged her to indulge her predilections to purchase that particular type of attire, she accommodated those urges on a fairly regular basis.

Now Jenny was relaxing in one of the big leather chairs in Millie's salon, "The Best Little Hairhouse in Springfield," getting herself suitably coiffed for her civil stint, which was slated for the following day. As she had scheduled her appointment for late in the day, most of the other clients were already gone. She squirmed slightly in her seat. Just the thought that she was only one day away from bringing her long-awaited semi-erotic scenario to life caused Jenny to rub her thighs together in sexual anticipation, and a syrupy trickle begin to seep from her cunt and dampen her pussy lips. Her eyes were half-closed, and her ruminations had distracted her conscious mind from the social consideration of feminine etiquette.

This fact was especially evident to the gentleman sitting directly across from her, who had been waiting patiently for his mother to return from Millie's back room, where she was being given her bimonthly wash, rinse, and set. That morning Jenny had donned a powder-blue, button-down, double-knit sweater, a short, black miniskirt, black patent-leather pumps, and at the last minute, she had decided to slide on her full-fashioned stockings recently arrived from Victoria's–-just to see what they felt like before she put them to their intended use on her court-day.

"I'll give them a trial run," she had thought, giggling to herself, as she attached the straps of her crimson garter belt to the tops of her coffee-colored nylons.

She had wanted to get a sense of how she was going to feel in the jury box-–at least from the waist

down. And because her skirt was really too short to be worn without underwear, she had decided on a compromise and slipped on the crotchless black silk panties her husband had bought her for Valentine's Day that year.

Finally, after some consideration, she had shed her bra, surmising that the knit of the sweater was really thick enough to preserve her womanly modesty, although her heavy 38DD's swayed noticeably with the slightest movement of her upper torso, and the feeling of the knit material rubbing against her bare nipples had caused them to spring erect even before she had finished fastening the last button.

Now Jenny was sitting, half-enthralled by her fantasy, while one of Millie's girls fussed over her silky blond locks. As she relaxed, her knees parted slightly, and her admirer from across the way caught a glimpse of the stocking tops that were stretched tautly over Jenny's upper thighs. He immediately appropriated the nearest magazine, Women's View, opened it, and placed it over his lap in an effort to cover the telltale bulge that signaled the awakening of his manhood. He glanced up at the stylist, but she was concentrating on Jenny's pretty blond curls and appeared oblivious to the fact that Jenny had inadvertently assumed a somewhat immodest position.

Calmly removing his glasses, he took out his handkerchief and gave his spectacles a quick swipe so that his view would be clear and unobstructed. He also snuck a surreptitious glance around him and realized that besides himself, Jenny and her stylist were alone in the front of the salon. Satisfied that the activity would be unnoticed, he moved his chair a little closer to Jenny's in order to further improve his viewing position. A confirmed voyeur since childhood, he knew all the tricks and recognized this as a prime opportunity to engage in his favorite avocation. Once he settled back and returned his focus to the issue in question, namely, the area between Jenny's legs, he emitted a gasp that would have been easily audible to the room were it not for the low roar of the blow dryer being used on Jenny's curls.

Jenny's long eyelashes were fluttering slightly as her prurient daydream began to overtake her consciousness. A slight flush had reddened her cheeks, and her brightly painted crimson lips were opening slightly as she slowly lost awareness of her surroundings. Her legs had now spread apart about several more inches, and her skirt had ridden about halfway up her thighs.

The salon's sole male occupant noted how the fabric of her miniskirt stretched taut across her shimmering, nylon-covered limbs. Attentive to every detail of the mesmerizing scene he was witnessing, he realized that he could now see both lower and upper bands of the stocking tops encasing Jenny's smooth and creamy upper thighs. In addition, because of the high-grade fluorescents in the salon, he was able to just make out the dark thatch of hairy heaven that her crotchless panties did nothing to cover. And (oh, joy!) if he slouched a bit in his chair and tipped his head a little to the side, he could even glimpse the upper part of her slit! Jenny's fantasy had begun to have a visibly erotic effect on her-–our voyeuristic friend could actually see a few drops of pussy juice glistening on the hair of her pretty little cunt.

"Oh, my God!" he thought, his heartbeat quickening. "She's not wearing panties!"

Poor Jenny was completely oblivious to the salacious scene she was creating. Half-dreaming now, she was imagining herself in the middle of a rather extreme and lascivious version of her fantasy. In it a handsome attorney was unable to focus on the particulars of his case—-the exhibit Jenny was

presenting was rapidly eclipsing all others in the courtroom. She was perched daintily on the edge of her seat in the front row of the jury box, her legs planted about a foot apart. She was feigning a search for something in her purse, which was on her lap. As she pulled it closer to her, she allowed its weight to drag her skirt high above her knees, spreading her legs a little more.

From his vantage point in front of the jury box, the attorney for the plaintiff was being treated to an exquisite view of Jenny's garter-clad twat, which was framed between two shapely limbs sheathed in charcoal-black hose. Her labia were gaping and glistening with moisture. The lucky lawyer's cock was now knocking quite persistently on its zippered door, and a small spot of pre-cum began to stain the gabardine slacks of his $800 Armani suit.

Jenny, observing the legal eagle's reaction out of the corner of her eye, exacerbated the sexual situation by propping her legs on the rail in front of the jury box, ostensibly to facilitate her search. This afforded the barrister an even more obscene visual depiction: Jenny's legs were now spread wide, and the straps of her garter stretched taut across her upper thighs as they struggled to maintain their grip on her nylons.

The lawyer, who had now moved closer to Jenny, could see not only the furry mound of her pussy but the crack of her juicy ass as well, which she was grinding lasciviously against the cushion of her seat. The meaty lips of her pussy had begun to drip with her juices, and the dark brown nub of her clitoris was now protruding obscenely from the folds of her cunt.

"Oops, dropped my pencil," she whispered, making direct eye contact with the randy advocate.

Rising and turning away from him, she slowly bent over from the waist, allowing her skirt to rise to the top of her hips. The jurors behind her were treated to a fantastic frontal view as her low-cut blouse dropped away from her breasts, revealing the cavernous cleavage of her melon-sized tits, which were dangling and jiggling freely in an obscenely arousing display. The rubbery nipples swung slowly back and forth as Jenny feigned a protracted search for a nonexistent pencil. In the meantime, the attorney behind her was leering at a shifting, pear-shaped behind wantonly festooned in a crimson garter belt and shimmering silk stockings. Pencil-thin garter straps interrupted the smooth texture of Jenny's voluptuous ass cheeks, and her furry pussy was peeping out from between the back of her thighs.

Squirming and sliding down farther in the salon chair, Jenny began to breathe more rapidly as the next phase of her fantasy took shape.

"Young lady! exclaimed an indignant voice.

It was the judge.

Jenny turned quickly and acknowledged the authority with a look of wide-eyed innocence.

"Yes, Your Honor?" she responded in a tone that was somehow polite and sexy at the same time.

"Young lady, your courtroom deportment is simply deplorable. Please approach the bench."

"Yes sir, Your Honor, Jenny replied, and walked slowly toward the judge's dais, breasts bouncing and hips swinging seductively.

Stepping up onto the platform on which the judge was sitting, she stood beside him and leaned over

next to him, resting her elbows on his desk.

"Young lady, I said, ‘Approach the bench,' not ‘Approach me!'" admonished the judge through gritted teeth.

"I'm so sorry," Jenny apologized, leaning in toward the judge, allowing the pointy tips of her magnificent knockers to graze his arm.

"I know ignorance of the law is no excuse, but this is my first time serving the court, and I'm not sure how things are supposed to go here. I would never do anything to disrespect America's judicial system. No, no, no!"

With that, she shook her head vigorously, which had the effect of shifting her torso back and forth

slowly, causing her rock-hard nipples to rub up and down the judge's arm through the thin, filmy

material of her blouse.

"I should certainly...uh...hope not!" answered the judge.

A thin film of sweat began to appear on his forehead.

"But for future reference, just let me apprise you of the severe penalties this state levies against those who display contempt for its court..."

While the judge was speaking, he allowed his free hand to wander onto Jenny's right calf and began to rub it slowly up and down the nylon-covered limb. As he recited a legal litany of judicial jargon, his hand worked its way slowly up Jenny's leg, finally moving onto the soft, warm flesh of her inner thigh.

"I'm so sorry, Your Honor, "Jenny insisted earnestly, her breaths coming in hitches as the judge's fingers continued to crawl slowly upward, an index finger finally brushing against a wet cunt lip.

"Oh, but Your Honor!...I...I..."

The judge was now staring at the quivering flesh of Jenny's heaving boobs, and Jenny's eyes began to glaze over as his fingers massaged the soft, yielding flesh of her cunt.

"Counselor, approach!" he ordered, and Jenny bit the curve of her forefinger as two of the judge's bony fingers wormed their way into her dripping wet pussy.

“What do you think is a fitting punishment for this recalcitrant citizen?"

The lawyer Jenny's vivid imagination had conjured up could take it no more.

"This, Your Honor!" he retorted, rushing up behind Jenny.

All deliberations completed, he dove face-first into the fleshy paradise of Jenny's inviting nether regions. Jenny's hips began to buck madly as the horny barrister put his silver tongue to good use, slurping and probing her juicy slit for all he was worth. The other jurors gaped open-mouthed as her swaying, braless boobs bounced wildly in response to the lawyer's carnal cross-examination...

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**Jenny's Legal Adventure by Capstick**

Jenny had been employed at the law firm of Sutton, Marsh and Turner for the last six months. She had hired in as a receptionist, having no previous legal experience in her resume. She realized she was hired for her looks, and the first impression she would create for the clients of the firm. Coworkers mentioned that all past receptionists were attractive, busty girls as well. The firm was very good about promoting from within, and Jenny had jumped at the opportunity. She was treated first rate and professionally by everyone there, and had only last week been promoted to Mr. Sutton's personal assistant! Her treatment was no doubt aided by the fact that the firm specialized in defending against sexual harassment cases, and was very aware of today's litigious climate in the workplace.

Today was her first opportunity to accompany Mr. Sutton to a workshop he was conducting at the headquarters of Molly-Barnett, Inc. They were major clients of the firm, having their corporate offices downtown. There were 156 employees in these offices alone, of mixed gender. With that many people working so closely together, incidents were bound to occur. The firm had found their workshops to have tremendous success in lowering complaints for their clients. While costly, they were certainly far less expensive then lawsuits!

Following her promotion, Jenny had splurged on a few extra ensembles to fill out her wardrobe. Today she selected a new, powder blue skirt and jacket set she had found at Nordstroms. The skirt was cut very conservatively, extending well below her knees.

"You'd think I would have remembered some new pantyhose while I was out!" she chastised herself, while digging through her underwear drawer.

She remembered the run she had gotten in her last good pair on Friday. In the meantime, she slipped on some over the calf hose. She would stop at a store on the way in to work to pick a pair up. She slipped the skirt up her naked hips, enjoying the feel of the delicate fabric against her bare skin.

She had selected a sheer white blouse to complete the outfit. The salesgirl had recommended she wear a lacy camisole underneath the blouse, rather then her usual industrial strength bra. Since the thin material was so transparent, whatever she wore underneath made as big a fashion statement as the blouse itself. Now examining herself in the mirror, she had to admit that it was a very fashionable look, though more risqué then her normal tastes ran. The camisoles lacy décolletage exposed a generous amount of cleavage, which was very apparent through the thin material of the blouse. Her large nipples were much in evidence, unhindered by the conservative bras she normally wore. Her matching jacket would offer her the coverage she needed though, as she slipped it over her shoulders. Finishing the outfit off with new coral pumps, she had to admit that she looked like a high priced lawyer herself!

As she walked out to the car, she felt quite naked, despite the fact that she wore very conservative apparel. Her pendulous breasts were swaying back and forth against the silk camisole, tickling her now swollen nipples. Starting up the car, she glanced at the LED clock display on the radio, and was disturbed to see her normal safety net of time had somehow evaporated! She had spent way too much time fussing with her make-up!

Driving to the offices downtown, she stopped at a large chain convenience store just around the corner from the lot. There was a tree display of hose in the corner that she remembered seeing in the past, and she hurried right over to it. Sadly, she saw that the rack was badly picked over, and all that remained were plus sizes! Cursing her luck, she returned to the car, trying to recall another near-by store. Seeing that she was now officially two minutes late already, she decided to go without, as she pulled into the lot, and found an empty spot towards the back. Perhaps she would be able to sneak out during the day to find a pair.

Bouncing through the lot, she was grateful for the coverage that her suit allowed. She could feel her swinging breasts tugging against the thin straps of the camisole, as she jogged up the steps to the front doors of the office building. Minutes later she arrived at the fifth floor suite of offices that the law firm operated from. She went straight to Mr. Sutton's office, skipping her normal cup of coffee and office gossip with the rest of the assistants.

"Good morning!" said Mr. Sutton, looking up as she entered.

"Good Morning!" she answered breathlessly, having half-run since leaving the car.

Mr. Sutton was in his early 50's, and a very distinguished looking man, radiating self-confidence. He was something over six feet tall, and kept himself very fit. He had neatly trimmed salt and pepper hair, a square jaw and bright blue eyes.

"Grab a cup of Java, Jenny," he said, glancing at his watch. "We still have a few minutes."

Returning with a mug of coffee, she pulled out the chair in front of his burnished mahogany desk. He was standing behind, with rolled-up shirtsleeves and a loosened tie, flipping through a stack of papers placed neatly on the desktop.

"Take your coat off and stay a while!" he said, with a charming smile, not even glancing up from the papers.

With a slight blush, she demurely slipped her coat off, quickly sitting down in the chair.

"Since this.." he started to say, pausing as his vision rose up from the papers to Jenny, seated in front of him.

Jenny felt his eyes stop at her chest. She had always dressed very conservatively in the office, and this was probably the first time he realized how stacked she truly was! She dropped her head, hiding a narrow grin.

"I'm sorry, I lost my train of thought!" he said, sitting down with a shake of his head. “It's hell getting old!"

Jenny shifted in the chair, and nonchalantly crossed her arms to cover her chest.

"We don't have much time to go over this," he said, checking his wristwatch. "Meenashi has always assisted on these workshops, but I thought it would be a good idea to train someone else just in case. Just between you and me, I think she may feel a bit threatened! I tried to reassure her, but she seemed a bit put off. If she acts funny towards you, that's probably why! It won't be anything personal."

He reached across his desk, and punched a button on the large phone counsel.

"Meenashi, we're ready whenever you are."

"I'll be right over" she answered, and he broke the connection.

"I'm excited for the opportunity, but I don't want to disrupt your operation! Maybe it would be better if I didn't come along," offered Jenny.

"Don't be silly," he answered, as he rolled down his sleeves and straightened his tie. "I run things around this office, not her! She knows this is our biggest client, so I'm sure she'll be very professional!"

"Take good notes today, she will probably just have you observe the workshop."

He stood, and walked over to the coat rack, slipping into his suit jacket. Meenashi walked into the office with a big smile. She was a beautiful oriental lady, with long, silky brown hair and a flawless complexion. She carried a briefcase in one hand, and a leather wardrobe bag slung over her left shoulder. She was wearing a conservative, dove gray pantsuit.

"O.K. lady's, let's get the show on the road!" he said, as he moved around the desk.

Jenny rose from the chair and turned around, seeing Meenashi's eyebrows arch as her breasts swayed under the sheer material. She slipped her jacket back on, and followed them out of the office.

"How you like new position, Miss Jenny?" asked Meenashi, as they waited for Mr. Sutton to retrieve his Mercedes from the underground parking beneath the office building.

"To be honest, I'm still not very comfortable!" she answered. "Everyone's been very nice, but I still don't know much about what I should be doing. I hate having to ask all the time!"

Meenashi nodded her head in agreement.

"I know what you mean. I help you with today's meeting just fine! Always smile, and follow my lead. We help out Mr. Sutton real good!"

Jenny was happily surprised that she was being so helpful. She expected to be told to sit in the back row and keep quiet!

"Thank you so much! I feel better already!" said Jenny.

"Mr. Sutton never replace me after today!" thought Meenashi, as she gave the stupid cow a polite smile.

Upon reaching the offices of Molly-Barnett, they were directed into a large conference hall on the first floor. Facing a podium at the front of the room, were five rows of long wood tables, with six leather chairs behind each row. The room seated a total of thirty individuals, plus the speakers. The floor was carpeted, and had acoustical ceiling tiles overhead, so the sound quality from the podium was very good. One wall was filled with tinted glass windows overlooking a courtyard in the center of the structure, so the room seemed bright and airy. There were pitchers of water and glasses on each table, along with fresh pads of paper and corporate pens. A name placard was at each station, identifying the workshop participants. Behind the podium were a large easel and three stools.

The room was buzzing with chatter as they entered, but quickly died down as they made their way to the front lectern. Mr. Sutton stepped directly behind the podium; Meenashi and Jenny each took a stool to the side.

"Thanks for having us today" he said, gazing confidently around the room. "My name is Jim Sutton, and with me today is my assistant Jenny Richards, and our corporate training officer Meenashi Sato. I am with the firm of Sutton, Marsh and Engal. We represent your company in all legal issues, and have greatly appreciated our relationship with Mr. Barnett over the years."

"The purpose of this workshop is to discuss the issue of sexual harassment in the workplace. I want to first make clear that the timing of this seminar has not been caused by any incidents with your organization! We can't ignore today's business climate, however, with respect to this serious issue. We have seen a rise in the incidence of legal claims and actions of almost 300 per cent over the last ten years alone! Now human behavior has not changed over this time period to cause this. Rather the scrutiny of our behavior as managers from our employees has increased. We hope to safeguard you, as well as your company, from having to confront this issue in a courtroom."

"Now I like to break up my boring presentations with some live examples. I think it really helps drive the point home, when you can see actual case history, and the problems that can occur. One such example came to mind just an hour or so ago" he said, shifting his attention to his helpers. "Meenashi, help Jenny off with her jacket."

She slipped off the stool and stepped behind Jenny, helping her out of the coat. She carefully folded it up, and placed it on the front corner of the first desk.

"Now I hope you all will agree with me that Jenny is a very beautiful young lady."

There was a murmuring of agreement from the room. Jenny could feel her nipples stiffening under her folded arms.

"I think I am safe with that statement. What really captured my attention this morning, though, was the fashionable blouse she chose to wear with her outfit. Stand up, and let them see your blouse, Jenny!"

Reluctantly, she slipped off the stool, and dropped her arms loosely to her sides. She could see some of the women in the room whispering to each other (no doubt with catty comments!). Her nipples were now at full attention, jutting out prominently through the wispy fabric. The faint outline of her dark aureole was shadowed underneath.

"I would be walking a dangerous tightrope if I commented on how attractive I believed that her lacy camisole was" he continued. He left the podium, and walked up to her side. "I think everyone should recognize though, that if I did this.."

Reaching out, he trailed his hand down the front of her blouse, flicking her left nipple as he brushed over it, "I would be crossing over an important line, even if I was simply commenting on the silkiness of her blouse!"

"But Jim, I don't see the problem with complementing her attire!" said one of the men in back.

"Show us what you mean, then Henry," he answered, reading the name off the placard on the desk.

He motioned for Henry to join them. The man rose, and worked his way up to Jenny's side.

"I can see how groping would be a problem!" he reached out and grasped her breasts, making no attempt at guile.

The room erupted with muffled laughs.

"But casually brushing her blouse while commenting on its texture shouldn't be an issue."

He relaxed his clutch of her breasts, and began softly stroking the fabric covering her right nipple. She stood mute, totally at a loss as to how she should respond.

"In an actual office setting, you would be placing yourself into a compromised position, totally dependent on the perception of the individuals involved. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you would be risking a reprisal. Would you be threatened by his actions, Jenny?"

He unclipped the microphone from the podium, and held it up to her face, while Henry continued his ministrations.

"Well," she cleared her throat, as she found herself having difficulty speaking. "I guess if he innocently brushed against me I wouldn't object, but the intentional rubbing would be a problem," she answered in a soft voice.

"Thank you for your help Henry" said Jim, and the man reluctantly turned away, heading back for his seat.

"But don't you think that she is inviting the attention with her style of dress?" asked the lone women in the group, seated in the front row. "Her nipples are plain as day! It's obvious she wants the attention!"

Jenny's face turned bright red, as the noise level rose in agreement.

"I don't agree at all," said Jim. "I would think it is just a very trendy look. Now on the other hand, I would agree with you if she wearing simply the camisole. Why don't you show them the difference, Jenny!"

She felt all eyes fall on her, as a breathless anticipation seemed to come over the room. You could hear a pin drop, as she slowly began unbuttoning the blouse, turning her back to the group. Meenashi pulled the blouse up from under her skirt, and then helped slip it off her shoulders. She crossed her arms in front of her chest, and turned around to again face the room of onlookers. Meenashi neatly folded up the blouse, crossing over to place it on top of her jacket, before returning to her stool behind Jenny.

Jim covered the microphone with his hand.

"Drop your arms," he said in a soft voice, his lips barely moving, maintaining his politicians smile to the room. "NOW it could be argued that she is inviting attention with her attire. The brief camisole draped off her hanging breasts, allowing her bare belly to show above her skirt. The lacy top border of the garment was supported with thin spaghetti straps, falling just over the top of her dark brown aureole. Her thick nipples protruded through the delicate fabric, just under the open weave of the lacy border. The top of her bosom was entirely exposed, a light tracery of fine blue veins showing through her bulging, porcelain white flesh.”

"Even dress like this is not unheard of these days, as it can be considered fashionable to wear undergarments as outerwear. I would not recommend it in a professional setting however!" Jim continued, drawing some laughs from the room. "Let's take this to the next level though, shall we Meenashi?"

She took Jenny's hand, and led her through a door off the far side of the room, as Jim continued his presentation.

"Is this really part of the normal workshop?" said Jenny, as the door clicked shut.

Disbelief was evident in her voice.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, as she zipped open her garment bag. "I normally handle modeling, yes! Some reason Mr. Sutton wants you! I tell him bad idea, but he no listen."

She picked through several hangers of clothes as she talked, pulling out a black skirt.

"You way bigger then Meenashi, but this one stretch even over those hips!"

She handed her the small skirt.

"No way am I going back out there!" said Jenny, holding it out at arm length away from her.

"Good, I finish for you! Stupid idea having you here. You leave. Call cab from lobby. No go back to office. We mail last check!"

She returned her attention to her wardrobe bag, picking out a different dress to change into.

"But wait, I love my job! I don't want to quit!"

Meenashi turned back to her.

"You no embarrass Mr. Sutton. He very good man! You like job, do what he say! You no do, get out! Don't waste time, this important account."

"O.K., I guess I'll do it!" said Jenny, and she unbuttoned the waistband of her skirt. "Oh shoot! I forgot, ummm, do you maybe have any panties in there?" asked Jenny, as she remembered her nakedness under the skirt!

"No underwear, just clothes. You no wear panties?" she asked, glancing down to Jenny's waist.

"Well, I was going to stop at a store…"

Meenashi held up her hand, stopping the explanation.

"No care, get dressed or get out!"

With a humph, she slipped off the skirt, tossing it away in frustration. Meenashi's eyebrows raised as she caught a flash of her neatly shaved pubes. She crossed her arms, and tapped one of her long red nails against the side of her mouth, as she gazed at Jenny's pert, sculpted ass. Jenny wiggled back and forth as she worked the tight waistband up over her broad hips. Now Meenashi held out a pair of black high heels with straps. Jenny didn't bother trying to argue, seeing the look of utter disdain in her expression. She knelt down, removing her now useless stockings, and strapped on the pumps. They were small for her feet, and the straps pinched uncomfortably. As soon as she stood, Meenashi grasped her hand, and pulled her back along through the doorway and into the conference room. Jenny had never worn this high of a heel before, and all of her attention was currently focused on getting the feel of them, as she stumbled along behind the petite oriental girl.

"Now that's provocative!" said Jim, as his attention switched from the room to the approaching girls.

Jenny's heavy breasts were jiggling along quite noticeably as she awkwardly approached the podium.

"Let's get some first hand practice now, ladies and gentlemen! Jenny, would you be kind enough to refill the water glasses for our guests?"

He motioned with his hand out towards the people in the room.

Taking a deep breath, she moved to the front of the first table. Picking up a full pitcher, she began moving down the row, stopping in front of the third man, who was holding an empty glass out for her to fill. He set the glass down on the table, and as she bent over to fill the glass, he began pulling it slowly towards him. The table was quite deep, and by the time she had his glass full, he had a wonderful view of her amazing cleavage, straining against the top of her brief top!

"Very subtle Hank!" said Jim from the podium, as Jenny straightened up, smoothing her skirt back down. She hoped she hadn't given Jim a look at her naked ass!

"Now that, ladies and gents, was perfect subterfuge! He never said a word, and was the perfect gentleman."

The next guy down slid his empty glass close to the edge also, motioning her to fill him up. This time however, she walked all the way down the table, and circled around behind. As she leaned over and began filling his glass, he began sliding it to the opposite side, causing her to lean in to him. Of course, he leaned sideways into her, his head pressing up against her breast!

"A little overt, Alex" said Jim, as chuckling broke out across the room.

Jenny pulled away, and turned around quickly, bumping straight into the lady seated next to him. She had just started to rise up from her chair, and struck the bottom of the pitcher on her way up. A good half of the ice water sloshed out of the pitcher, absolutely soaking her camisole! Jenny shrieked, as she looked down at the sheer fabric, her puckered nipples plainly visible through the suddenly transparent material. The material conformed like a magnet to the undersides of her breasts, becoming a second skin.

Several "helpful" men, eagerly blotting her chest with small paper napkins suddenly surrounded Jenny.

"Borderline gentlemen, very borderline!" said Jim, and the men sulked back to their seats. "You could offer to help her out, but simply taking advantage of her predicament is risky behavior at best! Come here, Jenny."

He reached under the podium, shaking out a big, fluffy white towel.

"How about this towel, dear?" he asked, holding it out in front of him.

"Oh thanks!" she said, extending her arms out as she quickly approached.

Rather then hand her the towel though, he dropped it under her grasp, stepping close and wrapping it around her torso. He vigorously toweled off her back, took a half step back, and brought his towel-covered hands around to her flat tummy. Squeezing her eyes shut, she felt him draw his hands up her rib cage, and press up along the underside of each breast, lifting them upwards! He then began kneading her bountiful flesh, giving everyone in the room flashes of her bared skin as the towel swung back and forth. He pulled quickly away, and she reached up to tug the camisole back down over her reddened flesh.

"Always get agreement, preferably in public, before proceeding with a course of action which may be considered risky! Thank you Jenny" he said, as he made a motion towards Meenashi. "Next, I'd like to show you the office policy one doctor implemented, resulting in a multi-million dollar settlement just last year!"

Meenashi again led Jenny to the backroom, as Jim continued his lecture.

"That was humiliating!" said Jenny, as the door clicked shut again.

"You tough girl! You can hander it! No look happy though. Must remember smile, yes? I see Mr. Sutton not to happy so far!"

She handed Jenny a white dress out of the bag, and continued digging in the bottom compartment.

Jenny slipped out of her still damp clothes, and held the dress up. It was a brief nurse uniform, and looked tailored to fit Meenashi. She unzipped the back, and stepped through the brief skirt, still balancing on the high heels. She had to cross her knees, and strain to force the material up over her broad hips. She could see the side seams visibly stretching out. She snaked first her right arm, and then her left, into the arms of the uniform, and as she forced it up over her shoulders, she felt the bottom of the skirt rising up to the bottom of her ass! Meenashi grasped the zipper in back, and struggled to raise it.

"Suck in your tummy!" she said in a strained voice, as she slowly worked it up her back, between her shoulder blades.

The front neckline plunged to the tip of her sternum, and her unbound breasts ballooned out exposing an embarrassing amount of cleavage. She made a futile effort to tug the material together, but as soon as she let go it gaped back open. Meenashi set a little white cap on her head, with a Red Cross on the front. There was a soft tap on the door.

"Quick, put these on!" she said, handing her some white silk stockings.

As Jenny bent over to remove her heels, she could feel the back of the uniform slide halfway up her bare ass! She was going to have to be very careful in this outfit! She slipped on the semi-opaque stockings. There were lacy stay-up bands at the top, which were exposed by the short uniform. Meenashi tossed a pair of white pumps at her feet, which she jammed into. The door was thrown open, and once again she was pulled through, yanking down on the back hem of the starchy fabric as they burst out into the room.

A small metal typing table, complete with typewriter, had been set up facing the podium, just to this side. A chair was pushed up underneath.

"This is one of the uniforms that the doctor required his clerical assistant to wear. While an owner is free to choose a dress code for his business, he must be consistent. The doctor in question provided conventional dress for the women in direct contact with the public. Do a spin, Jenny."

She closed her eyes as she rotated, aware of the soft chuckles and comments coming from the room, as they assessed all of her female charms bursting out of the scant uniform.

"This uniform alone ended up costing him fifty thousand dollars! For him, unfortunately, it didn't end there. Jenny, please type a copy of the document I have placed on the desk."

"The doctor had provided this exact work station for his assistant to use, located in his private office," continued Jim's narrative.

Jenny slid the chair out, and puzzled over the design of it. The "seat" was slanted sharply forward and down, with a contoured rest at the bottom angled up at ninety degrees. Meenashi directed her forward with a hand on the small of her back. She had to straddle the oddly shaped seat, legs apart. Meenashi pressed down on her shoulder, forcing her to squat onto the tilted seat. She slid downward till her belly came to rest against the inward curved front ledge. Her back was arched back, following the curve of the front of the chair, her pelvis tilted sharply backward, up into the air. Her knees were now almost touching the floor, and Meenashi cradled her right ankle, lifting it up and setting it into a padded rail, which ran parallel to the underside of the seat. She then pulled a wide strap across her upper calf, securing the leg firmly in place. She repeated the process with the other leg, and stepped back out of the way.

The room was buzzing with noise, and Jenny's face glowed with color, as she could feel the back hem of the scratchy fabric resting across the top of her bare, upturned ass! The front ledge of the seat was a shelf, which lifted and cradled her breasts. The front of the dress had gaped open with her arched back, and both breasts tumbled out of the restraint, into full view of the room! Futilely, she attempted to push them back into the uniform, but the laws of physics had conspired against any attempt at a cover-up!

"This chair cost the good doctor a one hundred thousand dollar add-on penalty in his judgement, but wait, there's more! Jenny, could you please begin typing the document for us?"

Giving up her struggles, she leaned forward against the rest. As she flipped on the IBM, she cradled the sides of her breasts, at least providing some coverage from the room. She rolled the paper into position, and began typing a copy of the hand written letter resting beside the typewriter. Never a strong typist, she prided herself on her accuracy, sacrificing speed in the process.

Jim left the podium carrying the microphone.

"He would closely monitor the assistant as she worked. He had this special electronic monitor installed."

He held up an LED display, which was resting on the desktop. A wire trailed down to the typewriter. Numbers were flashing on the display, bouncing between fifteen and twenty.

"He required that his assistant maintain between a thirty to forty minute rate of typing."

He set the display down on top of his podium, facing the room so they could monitor it.

"He went so far as to have this special monitor installed, which as you can see tracks the typists rate."

Jenny made nervous glances back and forth between the letter she was copying, and the monitor on the podium, her concentration wavering. She saw the numbers falling, so she refocused on the letter, trying to speed up.

Jim again wandered away from the podium, this time moving behind her. She flushed, realizing he had a birds-eye view of her upturned butt! He still had the microphone held in front of his chin in one hand, but now he tapped a stiff riding crop against his thigh with the other!

"Seeing that the assistant is well below the acceptable range, he would provide immediate discipline like this. “

WWHHACK!!!

Her eyes shot wide open, as he stung her across her bare flank! Stunned, she looked back over her shoulder, now seeing the crop held loosely his hand!

Flick, flick, flick he tapped quickly across her right cheek, prodding her back to typing. Her ass burned from his initial stroke, as she picked up where she left off. Her tongue stuck out the corner of her mouth, as she concentrated on picking up her pace.

"As you can see, the technique while effective, is way over the edge. Look at her rate now! Still unfortunately not good enough!"

WWHHACK!!!

"OOUCH!" she said, as he struck again, this time from a different angle.

Concentrating through the discomfort she continued on.

WWHHACK!!!

And now he steadily tapped across both red crossed globes, with an occasional WWHhack!!! Thrown in! Typing recklessly on, she quickly finished the letter, and he finally let up on the tapping.

"Even though this ended up costing him a ton of money, you can see that it is an effective teaching method! She got up to thirty-five words per minute at the end. I don't recommend that you adopt this method, however!"

This brought a big laugh from the room, as Jenny reached back to rub her stinging cheeks. She didn't remember this brought her breasts into proud display for the room!

"One million dollars! That was the reward for that stunt. Think it ended there however?"

Snap! Snap!

Jenny whipped her head around, as Meenashi trapped her wrists together in handcuffs with a practiced motion! Jim raised the back of the chair at her feet, and swung it around, which pivoted her chest out to face the room! She saw everyone staring at her breasts, bulging out over the top of the chair. Jim snatched her letter out of the typewriter with a loud ZZZIPP! He sauntered over to the front desk, handing it to Henry seated front and center.

"It seems our good doctor was just as picky about accuracy, as he was about speed. He sometimes would bring in coworkers to help check her work! Let me demonstrate from court records how one such incident was played out. Would you be so kind as to check this letter carefully for errors?" he said, returning to stand alongside Jenny, facing the room.

Henry took a pair of reading glasses out of his breast pocket, and slipped them on. He began scanning the letter line by line, following along with his finger.

"The first paragraph is perfect," he said, as he continued the examination. "Wait! She misspelled a word here!"

He pointed out the mistake to the lady seated next to him.

"She typed T-H-O instead of T-H-E to start the second paragraph."

"Oh, that's misfortunate," said Jim into the microphone.

He motioned to Meenashi, who was leaning up against the front wall. She wheeled a small stainless steel cart up in front of Jenny. There was a white case on the cart top, about the size of a cigar box. She stepped around on the other side of the cart, careful not to block the room's view of Jenny. She flipped up the lid of the box, and Jenny flushed as she saw what the case contained!

"At this point, the doctor would select one of the co-workers to help with the punishment. Would anyone care to volunteer?"

Every hand in the room shot up instantly, even the woman's, he was pleased to see.

"Melody, come join us. All of the plaintiff's co-workers were women, so I think it is appropriate that Melody should take part in this exercise."

She walked around the desk, and up to Jim at Jenny's side. "Hold out you right hand," said Meenashi.

She then snapped on a thin latex examination glove in place for her.

"Please don't do this!" whispered Jenny in a quiet voice, only to be ignored.

"Now please select one of the probes in the box, which you will then insert into her anus!" Said Jim.

The noise in the room suddenly stopped, as everyone realized what was going to happen. Jenny watched as Melody's gloved hand dropped down to the open case. Five probes were cradled in a molded tray inside. They all had a broad, circular base, above which rose an egg-shaped plug, each progressively larger. One by one, her finger traced over the broadest contour of each plug, beginning with the smallest. She looked up and gazed at Jenny, after her finger dropped off the third plug and flicked over to the forth. Melody smiled as she saw the look of shock and disbelief cross Jenny's face. She was flushed clear down to her breasts! Jenny felt her gaze, and met her eyes with a pleading look.

"Please don't!" she mouthed silently.

Melody smiled, and casually selected the largest of the plugs, giving her a wink!

She continued smiling as she was directed around behind Jenny lying prone on the chair. Meenashi unscrewed the lid from a jar of clear lube, and held it out as an offering. Melody dipped her index finger in, scooping up a large glob, which she smeared all over the pear-sized plug. With a wicked grin, she dipped again into the jar, and began working a prodigious amount of the lube directly over Jenny's asshole!

She leaned her left forearm against Jenny's lower back, pressing her tightly up against the front rest. This arched her butt up high, completely exposing her privates to Melody. Jenny winced as she was suddenly penetrated in both her ass and soaked vagina! Around and around the fingers circled deep within, and her breasts swayed with the rhythm, captivating the rest of the room.

After several minutes of stimulation, Melody slowly removed her fingers, and grasped the plug. Jenny gasped, as she felt her wiggle her left hand between her belly and the front rest, and slide it down to cup her vulva. She pressed her middle finger up against her engorged clitoris, and began rocking it back a forth.

"MMMMMMM" she moaned under her breath and dropped her head, as she felt the tip of the plug press up against her puckered anus!

Rather then rudely forcing it in, Melody oh so slowly and gently began to rotate and wiggle it back and forth, pressing forward a scant millimeter at a time. She increased the pressure and intensity of her stimulation with her other hand, and began feeling Jenny slowly grinding her hips to match the opposing forces being created so expertly by Melody!

Her huge aureole swelled and darkened, and a flush spread across her chest, as she ground her hips forward, pinning Melody's finger up against the front rest and her clit. As she rocked back and forth, orgasm gripped her, and sensing this, Melody pressed forward with the plug, by now buried halfway in her ass.

OOOHHHHHWWWWMMYYY GODDD!!! Moaned Jenny aloud, unable to maintain her composure!

Melody kept up a steady pressure despite resistance, and Jenny thrust back suddenly against the object, swallowing it at once fully into her cavity. All that was now visible was the broad base of the plug, cradled in the deep cleft between her spread cheeks.

"Trust me folks, that cost the doc a lot of money! Add another million awarded by the jury!" as Jim addressed the room, he rested his free hand on Jenny's exposed rump, her uniform still stretched above her butt.

He could feel how warm she was, just recovering from the throws of orgasm. Melody slipped off the glove, and dropped it down on the cart, which Meenashi rolled out of the way. Jim whispered in her ear for a moment, and handed her a thin, whippy stick. She crossed in front of Jenny, and leaned back against the typing table, crossing her ankles. Jim stayed in position, his hand with the crop still resting on her ass.

"Henry my man! Continue please!" called Jim.

Henry looked startled, as if someone splashed his face with cold water.

"Uuhh, Oh ya!" He replaced his glasses, and resumed his scrutiny of the letter. "Ummm, looks like she missed the "U" in should!" he said after a few moments.

SSWWAACK!!! -"OWWCH!!!" shrieked Jenny.

Melody had flicked the whippy stick directly across the top of her pendulous breasts, causing her to jerk back with surprise!

WWHHACK!!! Jenny shot back forward as Jim brought the crop back across her flank, breasts bobbing up and down wildly.

"Henry!" repeated Jim. He jerked his head back down. "Oh my! This must be where she sped up. She forgot to capitalize an "S"!

SSWWAACK!!!

This time Melody swatted across her right nipple, drawing another shriek.

WWHHAACK!!!

"Quit jerking back," warned Jim, as she fell forward against the rest again, yet another bright red welt across her lovely cheeks!

"T instead of D in SOLD!" shouted Henry.

SSWWAACK!!!

Across her left nipple this time, and she forced herself to remain pressed up against the rest.

"UMMM, an E before I on the word friend!"

SSWWAACK!!!

Catching the undersides of both breasts, as they swayed back and forth.

"Missing a coma..."

SSWWAACK!!!

"No period…"

SSWWAACK!!!

"Forgot to indent…"

SSWWWAACK!!!

"Misspelled…"

SSWWAACK!!!

Jim held up his hand for them to stop.

"I think everyone gets the picture, don't you! Now this is the most blatant example of sexual harassment that I ever had to defend!"

Jenny's huge breasts rose and fell with her rapid breaths, crisscrossed with angry red welts. Once again, Jim cupped a cheek of her ass.

"Could everyone give Jenny a big hand?"

The room broke out in loud, extended applause.

"I hope you agree that live examples really drive a point home! I want to thank you all for attending. Whoops, I almost forgot. Could everybody please come up and get a comment card before you leave?"

Looking over her right shoulder, she saw Jim circle behind and over to the podium. Setting down his crop, he picked up a stack of cards, and took a step back, waiting for the people to file up. There was the banging and scuffling of chairs, as everyone rose from their seats. Melody circled around her, and bent down close to her face.

"I'd love to see you again, call me here anytime!" she whispered, giving her a wink.

"Oh no! Said Jenny, as she passed back to get a card from Jim.

A line of people started to file up front from the tables, passing right beside her prone form!

Henry was first by, silently ogling her breasts as he passed. The line paused, as Jim was taking time to shake everyone's hand, as well as hand out the cards. The room was quite noisy now that the presentation was over.

"I REALLY enjoyed the show, said the next guy in line, placing a hand on her waist as he bent over to be heard.

He left his hand in place, lightly massaging her muscles through the stiff fabric in small circles. The next guy saw this, and reached over to squeeze her shoulder.

"You were great," he agreed, giving her a small shake (And enjoying her breasts jiggling!). The line shuffled forward, and the hand that was resting on her waist now slid back to her ass! He boldly slipped it up under the skirt, patting and stroking her full cheeks!

Once again the line shifted, and the next guy squatted down, and gently stroked her left breast!

"I hope they aren't too sore!" he said, as he closely examined the flesh. "Do they hurt a lot?" he asked, making direct eye contact.

He began rolling her nipple with his fingers, as he cupped the underside of her heavy breast. She considered yelling for them to stop, but saw Meenashi watching her closely from the other side.

"No, thanks for asking though!" she answered after a brief pause.

She gave a big smile, remembering her instructions. As the line slipped forward once again, the same man grabbed the edge of the anal probe, and began to wiggle it back and forth, creating a not altogether unpleasant sensation, now that she was somewhat accustomed to the size of the object. The next lucky man was now stroking her breasts and nipples, and she resigned herself to being used by the rest of the group as they filed by!

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**Jenny's Medical Adventure by Capstick**

Middle age is a bitch, thought Jenny, as she gazed at the mirror of her dressing room vanity. I used to be able to eat anything and not gain an ounce! Now, if I even look at dessert I blimp out. I have to run my ass off every day on the stair-master to fit in my clothes. My boobs keep growing, which is good, but my shoulders ache every night. I had to have my hair colored for the first time last week. Now my face is breaking out again like a teenager!

Now please tell me, kind audience, if any among you understand the mind of a beautiful lady! Here is one of the most blessed examples of All-American good looks, bemoaning her fate in life. Your loins would ache, your throat would constrict, cold sweat would form on your brow, and your heart would pound, if you had the good fortune to meet her face to face. Words like "I am not worthy!" would form in your mind, as you thanked a very kind God indeed, who blessed the earth with such a vision of absolute perfection of the female form.

Her husband smiled as he peeked in the door, though not at the funny expressions she was making as she turned this way and that during her close inspection. What brought a smile to his face was the sight of her leaning against the vanity, bringing her bare ass into prominent display. Her brief nightgown had ridden well up over her shapely behind.

"Honey, the paperboy's here to collect. I'm out of cash, could you dig something out of your purse?"

He looked behind, and motioned the teenager forward.

"Just a second honey, I'll be right there!" said Jenny.

She heard a gasp behind her, and refocused her eyes in the mirror. She saw her husband standing there with the paperboy, who had a glazed look on his face. The boy's eyes were bugging out. Then she saw what he was staring at!

"OH MY GOSH!" she shrieked, standing bolt upright and yanking her skirt down.

"How much do we owe, Tim?" he asked.

"TTTTTTTen dollars, sir" he stuttered, as both he and Jenny blushed bright red. Jenny turned and sped into the bathroom, slamming the door shut.

"Here you go, son. I guess I had the money all along!"

"Thanks Mister!" the boy said, seeing the five-dollar tip.

He turned, and quickly ran from the house to tell his friends what had happened.

"Oh, come on hon, I was just having a little fun! Besides, I don't think he really saw anything. You were too quick!"

Jenny stuck her head out the door, and seeing that the boy had left, she stepped back into the room.

"I'm starting to get sick of these little stunts you keep pulling!" she cried.

"Okay, Okay, I'll knock it off", he said with a sheepish grin. "I love this outfit though" as he circled her tiny waist with his arms and firmly grasped a cheek in each hand.

"Don't get something started you can't finish! Aren't you late for work already, Honey?" she asked with a coy smile.

He checked his watch, and made a loud sigh.

"You're right, duty calls"

He gave her butt a playful smack, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Honey, what do you think of these marks on my face?" she asked before he turned away.

Seeing where she pointed, he shrugged his shoulders.

" I wouldn't have even noticed if you hadn't said something, Jen. But if it bothers you, have it looked at. We have good insurance, so it won't cost anything"

"You know how much I hate going to the Doctor's", she said. "Besides, he will probably lecture me for not having had a physical in so long"

Suddenly, an idea started to take shape in his mind.

"Let me ask around at work, and see if anyone knows a specialist you can see. I'll call you later"

One of the guys he occasionally golfed with was a Doctor, and he had a running joke with him about providing a membership at the Bellevue Country Club, with all the money he raked in. He was also a skirt chaser. He would have to give this some serious thought….

Jenny's husband had called her from work later that day, and gave her the name and phone number of a Dr. Stevens.

"Several of the office girls have been treated by him, and they all said he was great. This is his office number. They should still be open if you want to make an appointment."

When Jenny called, the nurse was very nice. She even mentioned that they were expecting her call, and had cleared a spot just for her on the schedule. Whoever had provided the referral must have let them know she would be calling. She received a letter a few days after the call with a confirmation of the appointment, and a questionnaire and release form for her to complete and mail back in an envelope they had provided.

The questionnaire took her close to an hour to finish. She had to provide her complete medical history, medications she was taking, and multiple pages of general questions to answer. She was surprised by how personal some of them were. She signed the release, which basically authorized any services and procedures they determined were medically necessary. She mailed everything back the next day.

A week later Jenny received a call from the same nurse.

"Dr. Stevens gave me a note that according to your papers, It's been two years since your last physical. He wanted me to confirm this."

"Yes, I guess so. I didn't realize it had been that long either" she answered.

"The Doctor will want to see you at the hospital then, and not at our office. He will want to do a full work-up."

"But I just wanted him to look at my face! Why does he need to do all this? She asked.

"The Doctor will need to know if there are any underlying medical conditions which could be causing your problem. It's very important to get regular check-ups, so small problems can be caught before they develop into more serious conditions. Dr. Stevens is very thorough."

A few days later, she received another appointment confirmation. This one was at the University hospital, where Dr. Stevens was on staff. It was a teaching hospital, on the campus of the State College, which offered a Medical school program. It mentioned that she should plan on spending the full day for her examination, and that she was not to eat any solid food for 24 hours prior to the appointment. Jenny started to regret ever having mentioned anything to her husband in the first place!

It took her about ten minutes to find her way to the right office on the morning of her appointment. She had never visited this hospital before, and was a bit intimidated by the size of it. Everyone who helped her with directions seemed very nice, though. When she opened Dr. Steven's door, she entered a small foyer. There was a ledge against one wall with a glass sliding panel. Jenny peeked in, and a young girl approached the desk on the other side of the window.

"Can I help you?" she asked, as she slid the panel open.

"I had an eight a.m. appointment with Dr. Stevens" Jenny answered.

"Oh, you must be Jenny" she said with a coy smile. You can go through that door, and have a seat in the waiting room. Someone will call your name when they are ready."

She entered a narrow waiting room, with chairs and tables along either wall leading back to a hallway at the far end. She could see one door in the hallway, which faced the waiting room, and an old fashioned step-on scale was standing next to the door. It was a busy office, there were people walking by in the hallway at the far end of the room, and most of the chairs were taken with people waiting. The usual waiting room artwork was on the walls, and magazines were scattered on the tables.

Jenny took a vacant seat. There were two middle-aged guys sitting across from her, laughing and talking about some sporting event. There was one lady seated next to her, with two young boys who were giggling amongst themselves. The Mother was absorbed in a magazine, not paying any attention to the boys. Jenny had dressed casually, wearing baggy jeans and a sweater. Nobody paid her any attention, which is exactly what she wanted.

A few minutes later, a nurse stood at the hallway entrance, and called out her name. Jenny got up and walked toward her, and the nurse smiled warmly.

"We are starting out today right here, in examination room one."

There was a small sign that said room one on the door, along with a Plexiglas holder, which was probably for the clipboard.

The room itself was good sized. A black examination table faced the door in the center, complete with stirrups. There was a stainless steel vanity with cupboards and a sink adjacent to the table, and some electronic equipment on the back wall with lots of screens and dials. A large examination light on a swiveling stand was over the table, and there was a padded stool to the side. It was very bright and "clinical" looking.

"You can sit up on the table, and roll up you left sleeve," the nurse said, as she patted the front edge.

She shook out a thermometer, and placed it in Jenny's mouth under her tongue. Then she wrapped a blood pressure cuff around her arm. After she finished, she wrote the numbers down on her chart, and handed Jenny a clear plastic container.

"You can remove all of your clothes and put them in here. You might as well put your purse in also. We will keep them safe."

She reached down to the bottom drawer and handed Jenny some terry socks for her feet. They had some rubber strips on the bottom so they wouldn't be slippery to walk in. Then she started to sort through the gowns in the drawer.

"These are all children's sizes" she commented, as she picked through. "Well, here is a small adults at least. Go ahead and wear this for now. We can find a better size for you in another room, later. Go ahead and get changed, and the doctor will be right in."

She gave Jenny another smile, and left the room.

There was no lock on the door, so Jenny stood in front of it, so no one could open the door while she was changing. She was a bit uncomfortable with the door facing the waiting room. She hung the gown up on a hook on the door, and slipped out of her jeans, sweater and her shoes and socks. She placed them neatly in the container. She removed her panties and bra, and tucked them underneath her sweater so they were hidden.

This will never do, thought Jenny, as she slipped the gown over her head. It was styled like a chef's apron, but was so small that her breast's bulged out both sides, with her aureole barely covered. The material itself was threadbare from repeated washings, and the floral print was transparent where her breast's strained against it. It was barely long enough to cover her butt, and was not big enough to wrap fully around her waist. She cinched the ties as tight as she could, but there was still a small gap over her ass. She tried to force the top down to cover up the sides of her breasts, but there was a loud rip as the material started to tear between her breasts from the top of the apron down. There was now about a four-inch long slit in the fabric, which was threatening to grow unless she was careful!

"The heck with this!" she said, as she picked up her clothing container and set it on the counter.

She started to reach for her underwear to put back on, so at least she could maintain some degree of modesty. Just then the door opened, and an older man walked confidently into the room.

"Ah, you must be Jenny. I'm very pleased to meet you! I'm Dr. Stevens, and I think you've already met Nurse Jessica."

He gave her a warm handshake, as he looked her up and down. He was a nice looking man, with broad shoulders, salt and pepper hair and a squared off jaw. He looked a lot like the TV doctor, Marcus Welby, only younger.

"Jessica, see if you can find Jenny a larger gown, she doesn't look very comfortable!"

Jessica put the lid on the clothing container, and said she would be right back, as she turned and left, taking Jenny's clothes away.

"Now, let's have a look at your complexion young lady, that's what your original problem was, correct? Sit up on the table for me."

He slipped on some funny looking glasses, which must have had some magnifying glass in them. When Jenny hoisted herself up on the table, her left breast popped free out of the side of the apron. She quickly pushed it back under as best she could.

"Don't worry about that Jenny. There isn't any shame in a Hospital!"

He stood right in front of her, peering at her face. She could feel her bare ass on the paper-covered table. The smock was too small to cover her when she was seated; it just lay against the side of her hips.

Jessica came back in and shut the door.

"I'm sorry doctor, but the laundry hasn't been delivered yet. We should be able to find her something when we go downstairs, though" She said.

"Thanks for checking" He replied. "Now when did you first notice these blemishes, Jenny?”

She thought for a moment and said, "About 2 months ago, give or take."

“And have you changed your diet, or started any new medications?" he asked.

"No, I am very careful about the food I eat, and I don't take any pills" she replied rather primly.

“I think that you are in luck, Jenny. There has been new research that we have pioneered, which should prove very beneficial for your condition. We have seen some amazing results in a very short amount of time. So far, there have been no adverse reactions, and it's a totally painless procedure!"

She clapped her hands together and said with delight. "Please, tell me more!"

He began doing routine "doctor things" as he conducted the conversation. Jessica would hand him whatever he needed, such as tongue depressors, lighted scopes, reflex mallets, etc. As he continued with the exam, he said, "We have found that all the women suffering from these type of blemishes have suffered from a deficiency of proteins under the epidermal layer of their skin. Take a deep breath, and let it out slowly. Now again. And again," he said as he used his stethoscope.

"The real challenge has been to find the most effective form of supplemental protein to use, and how best to apply it. All of the commercial cream and gel preparations were ineffective. We did controlled experiments with some exotic solutions we created, but they still made no difference. Then one of our technicians had the idea that using a naturally produced, human solution may be effective where the artificial solutions had failed, and that has been the key to our success!"

"So it's going to be as simple as applying a cream to my face?" asked Jenny.

"Well, not quite. You see, the only thing that has been successful is semen, and unfortunately, freshness has been the key to success. It has to be immediately applied during ejaculation, or it looses the ability to bond properly with the cell structure of the skin."

Jenny was speechless.

"I can't believe what you're saying! This sounds crazy!

He smiled. "We thought the same thing at first. We thought that it was just an aberration, but we also discovered after further discussions with our test patients, that none of them had participated in the sexual act that is commonly referred to as a "Facial", where the male ejaculates directly on his partner. I'm willing to bet that you don't either" (of course, Jenny's husband had already mentioned this to him).

Jenny blushed brightly, and looked down. "No, of course not. I was taught that good girls don't do things like that!"

Jessica stepped in front of her and said, "That is absolute nonsense, dear! Sex is a beautiful thing, and I resent people that try to turn it into something dirty and cheap! Anything you and your husband decide to do together is no one else's business. It may even be more fun than you think!" She finished with a grin and a wink.

"Well, my husband will certainly enjoy the treatment! How often will I need it?" Asked Jenny.

“Now that's the spirit, good for you!" he answered (Jessica rolled her eyes in the background, and struggled to keep from laughing). "We have to give you a large and prolonged initial dose today, for the treatment to be successful. It's something that you couldn't accomplish at home. You need to have the benefit of our program here. After today, you will need your husband to participate every other day for two weeks, after which I can check your progress at my regular office. You should be able to resume your normal schedule of activity after that. However, I would recommend regular weekly treatments to maintain a clear complexion."

The doctor asked Jessica to bring him his program file, and she turned and left the room, shutting the door behind her. Dr. Stevens started to make some additional marks on her chart.

"Your blood pressure and temperature are slightly elevated today. I can understand the BP being elevated, but not the temperature. I'm going to re-check it. Could you please step down and face the table for me?"

He turned to the vanity, and selected a different thermometer, and shook out and pulled on a latex examination glove.

Jenny colored as she realized what he had in mind.

"Do you have to check me there!"

"I'm afraid that despite our modern technology, this remains the most accurate way to check your temperature," he said as he put his hand between her shoulder blades. "Now lean over the table for me."

As she leaned forward with her arms supporting her, both breast tumbled out of the apron. She couldn't cover up in this position, so she pulled her arms in to her side and leaned down on her elbows, which thrust her butt up. She felt her apron fall open, and knew her privates were now fully exposed.

She bit her lip as she felt his finger start working lubricant over her puckered anus. Then he slowly pushed the thermometer in, till it was quite deep.

"Just relax, Jenny. There's no reason to be so tense!"

The door opened as Jessica returned to the room. Jenny felt a draft of air hit her exposed butt.

"Oh, good, you found the program guide" said Dr. Stevens. "Show her the before and after pictures."

Jessica approached and set the book down on the table in front of her, and started flipping through the book. Suddenly, Jenny heard a squeal behind her, and she looked back over her shoulder. The nurse had left the door open partway, and she could see one of the young boys craning his neck from his chair, looking in!

"Please shut the door!" She said in an exasperated voice.

"Whoops! I'm sorry." Jessica turned and casually walked back to the door, giving Dr. Stevens a sly wink.

She returned and continued flipping to the back tab of the binder (when setting up this scheme, Dr Stevens had downloaded the pictures from an X-rated site he frequented, specializing in oral sex. Blemishes were easy to add with a computer photo-editing program he played around with).

"Here was our first patient. You can see that she had a much worse case then you."

A pretty blond girl was shown, with blemishes all over her face.

"Now here she is during the treatment phase."

Jenny's mouth dropped, as the girl was shown with her face covered with thick globs of semen! One eye was squeezed shut against a spurt, which had covered the lid, and streamers were dangling from her chin.

"You can see how careful she was not to disturb the application," pointed out Jessica clinically.

Finally she flipped to the next picture, which showed the girl smiling with a perfectly clear complexion.

"That's incredible, but I don't think I can go through with this!" said Jenny as she shook her head in disbelief.

"You don't want to end up like this, do you?" Put in Dr. Stevens, as he turned to the next photograph.

An older, mature looking woman was shown this time, with a terrible case of acne. Jenny turned her head away.

"Look at her Jenny! This will be you without treatment! Your chemical balance will continue to drop."

He flipped to the next picture. Again, most all of her face was coated with sperm. Strangely, she was smiling in the picture. She was looking right at the camera.

"You can see what a good patient she was. She was very excited to receive the treatment. She had been trying other treatments for years, and just kept getting worse and worse."

The last picture showed her smiling, with perfectly clear skin.

"Does my husband have to know about this?" asked Jenny.

"Not unless you choose to tell him," answered Dr. Stevens. "We maintain strict confidentiality. He only needs to know as much as you choose to tell him" He said with a smile.

Jenny gave a small jump as he quickly pulled out the thermometer.

"Just as I thought, your temperature is perfect! Climb back up on the table and lay down, please."

As Jenny lay back, her heavy breasts fell out both sides of the apron. She sighed knowing it couldn't be helped, unless she held them in with her hands, which would be silly with both a doctor and nurse present. Dr. Stevens pulled the examination light over the table, and flipped the switch. Nothing happened.

"Jessica, call maintenance and find out why they haven't fixed this light yet!"

She turned, and quickly left the room.

He pulled the front of her apron up, and started to probe her abdomen with his fingers. He was gentle, but very thorough. He kept asking if she felt any pain. Jessica returned to the room, this time pulling the door shut behind her. Jenny noticed the boys still trying to sneak a peek inside, though.

"We will be doing a full work-up on you today. We need the information for our research, and also because of the length of time since your last physical. It really is just as well, because the skin treatment takes a minimum of six hours. We will do your testing and the treatments at the same, so that you don't have to return on a second day."

Jenny was happy for that anyway. If she had to go home and worry about it, she would never get any sleep!

"Jessica, let's save some time and prep her now for the pelvic exam. I need to check on how Mrs. Evans is doing. When I come back, I should have time to get Jenny started with the treatments." How is the rest of her day scheduled?

Jessica flipped the page on her chart.

"She does the lab at nine-thirty, radiology is at ten-thirty, ob-gyn is scheduled for one-thirty and then she will finish up with us.

"Did you remember to let the donor office know about today?" he asked.

"Of course doctor, I have the beeper right here."

She reached in her pocket and showed him a small black beeper she was carrying.

"I'll be back in just a minute, Jenny," she said, as she left with Dr. Stevens.

As soon as they started down the hall, Jessica burst out laughing.

"I never thought you could pull it off! What an airhead! What exactly is her husband getting out of this?" she asked.

Dr. Stevens chuckled. "Well, he started out wanting a membership at Bellevue, but when I explained what I had in mind, he was delighted with the idea of facials for the rest of his life! He said he might give up golf! I guess she is something of a prude, but what a body!"

About five minutes later, Jessica returned to the room, carrying a stainless steel bowl and some white towels. When the door opened, Jenny noticed both boys had now moved closer to the hallway, sitting cross-legged on the floor, and were pretending to play with crayons as they peeked inside the opening.

Jessica set the towels down at the foot of the table, and then pulled a razor and two tubes of lotion out of the bowl.

"Is that really necessary!" exclaimed Jenny.

She kept herself neatly trimmed during bikini season, and the one time she had shaved previously (see "Jenny wants to be a millionaire!"), she had felt terribly exposed and uncomfortable. She had always refused since then.

"Yes, I'm afraid the ob-gyn department requires it for examinations. They feel pubic hair interferes with a thorough inspection of the skins surface."

She ran some water in the bowl, and clipped it to the front of the table.

"I'm going to need you to scoot up and put your feet in the stirrups for me dear, this won't take but a minute."

As Jenny moved in to position, Jessica moved to the side of the bed to operate the foot controls. Jenny felt the front of the table shifting. She slid the stool in front of the table and sat down. Jenny was terribly embarrassed.

"Could you lift you hips off the table?" She asked.

Jenny lifted up, and felt Jessica's hands slip under he butt and pull her hips firmly forward. Her pubic area was now thrust well beyond her splayed legs. Jenny was pinned due to the angle of the bed.

Jessica squeezed some green gel from one of the tubes onto her gloved fingers, and started to work it all over her pubic area. Jenny hated to admit it, but it started to feel quite pleasant. She was putting just the right pressure in all the right places, as she slowly worked it into lather. Just as she started to stroke the razor across her lower belly, there was a knock at the door.

"Yes, who is it?" Jessica called out loudly over her shoulder, not wanting to be interrupted.

She could see that Jenny was starting to respond to her finger, which she continued to press over her clitoris, as if protecting the area as she shaved.

"Maintenance," they heard, muffled by the door.

"Finally!" she said, and called out "come on in!"

"Please, no!" cried Jenny, but Jessica paid her no attention.

A heavyset man in a light blue work uniform, wearing a baseball cap entered, carrying a toolbox. Jessica looked over her shoulder at the man.

"Well, its about time Mike! Dr. Stevens was pretty upset that the light hadn't been fixed yet."

He walked around to the side of the table, and set the toolbox on the floor. Jenny quickly covered her breasts as best she could with her hands.

"Try to lay still, Dear!" said Jessica. "I sure don't want to slip with the razor now!

Once again, Jenny felt a draft hit her exposed privates!

"Please close the door! She cried with alarm.

Now it was hanging wide open, but at least the nurse was blocking the view from the waiting room. Horrified, Jenny watched as Jessica stood up, turned, and slowly swayed her hips towards the door, leaving Jenny openly exposed! Jenny squeezed her eyes shut. "

Were you raised in a barn, Mike! Sorry about that, Dear, the man obviously has no manners!" She closed the door and came back to the stool.

Jenny opened her eyes as she felt her tender outer lips being shaved. Mike rolled the light fixture towards the door, squatted and started unscrewing something at the base of the fixture, with his eyes glued to Jessica. Jenny realized he had moved to get a clear, unobstructed view of her genitalia! Jessica was gently stretching her lips this way and that, getting every nook and cranny. She got up to dampen a washcloth, allowing Mike a clear view. He had a huge leering grin on his face. Jessica wiped Jenny off, just as Mike switched the light on.

"Oh good! Perfect timing! Could you wheel that light over this way?" asked Jessica.

"I'd be delighted to" he answered.

He rolled it over and positioned it right over Jessica's shoulder, putting Jenny's vulva in a bright spotlight! He stepped back but kept right on staring as Jessica touched up on areas she had missed. Then she squeezed out some lotion from the other tube, and started to massage it in with her bare fingers. Jenny was speechless, as she watched Mike grinning.

Jessica saw her stare, and looked over her shoulder.

"You can get out of here now, Mike! Men are such pigs!" She whispered to Jenny.

She draped the dry towel over Jenny's privates, finally hiding her from view. He quickly turned and grabbed his toolbox.

"Nice meeting you miss, hope your feeling better!" as he winked and touched the bill of his cap.

He walked out the door, again leaving it wide open!

"Oh no, not again" sighed Jenny, as Jessica once again rose off the stool.

This time though, she walked over to the sink and started washing her hands! Jenny could see the boys staring at her with their jaws wide open.

"Could you please shut the door, those kids are watching me!" She croaked.

"Oh my gosh, those little devils. Can you believe kids these days! Just a sec," as she looked around for a towel to wipe her hands on.

Jenny gasped as she reached over and snatched her towel away, which exposed her glistening mound from view! Again, Jessica slowly sauntered over to the door as she dried her hands off.

Just then Dr. Stevens walked through the open door.

"I saw maintenance leaving. Good, they finally got around to fixing the light. I see Jenny is nicely prepped!"

He shut the door behind him, and sat down on the stool facing her. He slipped off both of his loafers, and started to loosen his tie.

"Unfortunately, there's no dignified way to go about your treatments, Jenny. I hope you can understand the difficulty's we go through with this particular program."

Speechless, Jenny watched as he undid his belt, unzipped, and removed first his pants, and then his underwear. He carefully hung them up.

"Jessica, if you could please watch the door."

She walked over, and leaned back against it with folded arms. Jenny quickly looked away as he started to approach her, slowly stroking his engorged penis!

"We have been very careful in who has been allowed to participate in this project," he explained. She felt the table start to tip back as he operated the controls. Her head now dropped below the level of his hips, and the large, purple crown of his penis started to rise above her view. Her heavy breasts slid out the top of her apron, so that her erect nipples were now plainly visible.

"All of the staff who participates carry a picture I.D. with my signature."

He showed her a fluorescent orange ID card, with his other hand.

"You will always have an escort, to help you feel more comfortable."

A small drop of fluid had begun to grow on the tip of his penis. Jenny couldn't tear her eyes away, as he slowly ran the underside of the head over the tip of her nose, wiping it away! She could smell his musky scent linger in the air as he resumed stroking more firmly, along with the dampness now tickling her nose.

"From past experience, we have learned that it is in your best interest to help the man feel more comfortable."

Dr. Stevens took her hand and placed it cupping his testicles! He started encouraging her to massage them with his free hand, as his voice grew more hoarse.

"You will find that the participant will orgasm quickly, so it will be an easier experience for you. You will also help to encourage a more copious production of semen, which will reduce the amount of encounters necessary."

Dr. Stevens moved his hand away, now that she was massaging on her own. She felt his hand grasp her breast, and begin to gently roll her nipple between a finger and thumb. His testicles begin to shrink, as he firmly squeezed her breast, and aimed his penis directly at her face! She quickly squeezed her eyes shut, as she felt the first spurt of liquid hit her squarely on the nose! The second spurt hit her cheek, as she turned her head away. He quickly released her breast, and turned her face back towards him with his strong hand grasping her chin.

"Don't waste the treatment!" he said in a tight voice, as she felt one last spurt hit just below her nose.

"You can open your eyes now, Jenny."

His throbbing erect penis, hanging directly over her suddenly filled her vision. There was a large glob of semen dangling from the tip, waving over her eyes. He firmly grasped his rod at the base, and ran his fingers up towards the tip. This caused a large trail of his remaining fluid to spill out onto her forehead.

"Jenny, you were wonderful! You're going to be our biggest success yet! Jessica, some of the fluid missed, when she turned her head."

He went back to the door, and started to dress. Jessica came over, and worked the foot controls to raise the table. She pulled a spoon out of her smock.

"Try to be more careful in the future, Dear! Most men produce very little semen, so make sure you keep your face pointed directly at them"

She carefully scooped up the glob from the table that had missed, and casually wiped it off on her other cheek!

" There now, that is much better!"

"That's all there is to it, Jenny" Said the doctor. "I want you to remember NOT to disturb the treatment. If some gets in your eyes, let the nurse know and she will take care of it. Will you remember that?"

"I guess so," replied Jenny in a cracking voice.

Jessica helped her out of the stirrups, and she was finally allowed to sit up. Jessica smiled at the thick white streams of semen, standing out in vivid contrast against her bright red cheeks.

"This is going to be fun!" she thought to herself, as she led Jenny towards the door.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Jenny in an alarmed voice.

"You're scheduled first thing in the lab. It shouldn't take long, they just need a urine specimen, and to draw some blood." answered Dr. Stevens.

"Jessica, why don't you call for a wheelchair, we can't have her walking around dressed like that!"

"Let's get you weighed and on your way! Come this way." As he led her out the door, she straightened her apron as best she could. He had her step up on the scale facing the wall. She heard a low "wolf whistle" from the waiting room, and her level of discomfort increased. Looking down, she was alarmed to see that the rip now extended well below her breasts! As long as she kept herself straight she was covered, but her dark, silver dollar sized aureole were faintly visible through the worn fabric!

The doctor adjusted the counter-balances carefully, and entered her weight on his chart. Then he took her arm, and led her out into the waiting room. He pointed to a chair and asked her to have a seat.

"They should be here any second." He smiled and left the room.

Jenny turned a deep red, as she noticed the same two men seated across from her, staring with disbelief! The young boys were gone, thankfully, but they had been replaced with several couples. She was attracting lots of furtive glances from the husbands, trying to disguise their interest from the ladies they were with.

Finally, a pleasant looking young black man approached with the wheelchair, and stopped right in front of her. She didn't want to think about how he must have recognized her. The whole staff must be aware of this program! He extended a hand to Jenny, and helped her up from the chair. As Jenny leaned forward to stand, she quickly gathered the back of her apron with her free hand. This caused her breasts to tumble out the sides of the apron, much to the men's delight across from her. She quickly jumped over onto the wheelchair, and moved the apron back in place. He spun the chair so that she faced the two men. He then reached down, and positioned Jenny's feet on rests on either side of the chair legs. Jenny saw the men's eyes quickly lower to her crotch, so she quickly slapped her thighs together!

Jessica entered the room, carrying Jenny's clipboard.

"Hi Ernie, right on time!"

She turned to Jenny.

"Let's get down to the lab, we're running late!"

They wheeled Jenny toward the entry door, and swung the chair around, so that they could back through and pull the chair behind them. Jenny briefly saw the two men rising from their seats, as the door swung shut behind her.

As Ernie rolled her rapidly down the busy hallway, she prayed she wouldn't run into anyone who recognized her. She saw men glancing her way, but their eyes were glued to her legs, not her face. She kept both hands in her lap, making sure she was well covered.

"So Jessica!" said Ernie, "Just how much time have we got?"

Jenny saw her look back at him with a devilish grin.

"What do you have in mind?" she asked.

He stopped and whispered something in her ear, and she giggled.

"Yes, she does seem to have that effect on men!"

She bent over closely to Jenny, and whispered "Ernie has something all ready for you!"

Jenny looked behind, and saw Ernie holding one of the bright orange cards in his hand. She sighed and slumped back in the chair.

Jessica scanned the hallway, and then motioned him to follow. She used a passkey to open a hallway door, and motioned them in. Jennie found herself in a maintenance supply room. Ernie swung her around, and locked the wheels. He stepped in front of her, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his already hard cock.

"Oh boy, that's a relief! Now Jessica, you know I need your help!"

Jessica reached down and began slowly massaging and kneading his cock in her hand. She grabbed a towel off a shelf and threw it down on the floor in front of the chair.

"Kneel down, Jenny" she said in a throaty voice.

Jenny slid off her chair and kneeled down on the towel.

"Now sit back on your legs"

Jenny was totally focused on her slow circular rhythm, as she pulled Ernie in close to stand over Jenny.

"Tilt your head back and look in my eyes."

His cock was being worked directly above her mouth, as he stood above. Her eyes locked onto Jessica.

"Slip the neck of you apron over your head, and let it fall down under your breasts."

Jenny obeyed as if hypnotized, never taking her eyes away from her. "

Good Girl. Now cup your large breast's, and lift them up so Ernie can admire them."

His eyes squeezed shut, and his lips drew back in a grimace of pleasure. She began using a twisting, back and forth motion now, with the same slow rhythm. She worked him from the base, all the way out to the tip and back. He responded with a soft whimper.

"I want you to squeeze your breasts and work your nipples for Ernie!"

Small jolts of pleasure traveled down to her loins, as she pinched and twisted her nipples for them.

"He's very close Jenny, cup his balls with your left hand, and begin massaging him like you were taught."

Ernie gasped with pleasure, as Jenny began her ministrations.

"Open your mouth, and slowly lick you lips for us."

Jenny started to dig her groin against her ankle. She could feel her slick vulva starting to tingle with pleasure, as her own climax was starting to build!

"When you feel his balls tightening, close your eyes."

Jessica could see the lust building in Jenny, just as she squeezed them shut. Ernie groaned, and started releasing his pent up fluids. Rather then spurting wildly like Dr. Stevens, Ernie came in a much more controlled fashion. Jessica carefully directed the majority of his load all over Jenny's mouth, as she moaned and twisted with her own orgasm.

"My gosh Ernie, that was quite a load! You've been holding back on me! She said with a grin, giving his cock a final shake.

"That was incredible babe! You give the best hand in town!" He said with a wide grin. "And thank you Jenny, I thoroughly enjoyed the show!"

He zipped himself shut, and reached down and took Jenny's hand to help her up. When she was again seated, Jessica carefully stretched the apron string back over Jenny's head, careful not to disturb her face. Her lips were barely visible under all the goo! It started to slowly trickle down her chin.

"Ummmm, mmmff" Jenny muttered.

She looked pleadingly at Jessica, keeping her lips tightly sealed.

"Cats got your tongue?" asked Jessica with a smile.

"MMMMFF!" Jenny started to raise her hand to wipe her mouth, but Jessica quickly snatched hold of it.

"You heard the doctors instructions Jenny! If you try to disturb the treatment, I will have to strap your arms down."

Jenny looked at her helplessly.

"Don't be such a prude, you're a big girl now, just lick your lips!

She chuckled, seeing Jenny's expression change.

"I would have thought you'd be getting used to it by now! I'll help you get cleaned up."

She reached down and swiped a finger across Jenny's lips, smearing it off across her forehead.

"Open you mouth wide," she said, and started to run the crook of her finger all the way around her lips.

She gave her devilish smile, and slid her finger deeply into Jenny's mouth.

"Now be a good girl, and pretend this is your husbands cock! Always remember, I can make today very easy or very hard!"

Jenny closed her mouth on her finger, tasting the salty cum for the first time. Jessica started working her finger in and around her mouth obscenely, while Jenny sucked, working her tongue back and forth.

"Very good, Jenny! I guess you're not such a prude after all!

She pulled her finger out of Jenny's mouth and stuck it in her own, drawing it back out again past pouted lips.

"Mmmmmm, you missed some. Now Swallow for Jessica!"

Jenny almost gagged as she swallowed the bitter liquid, much to their delight.

"I'm very proud of you, Jenny!" she said, giving her a careful hug.

As Jenny re-entered the hallway, low and behold, there were the two guys from the waiting room leaning against the far wall! Ernie made a right turn and started quickly down the hall. He stopped in front of a bank of elevators, and pushed the down button. One chimed to a stop next to them, and Jessica entered and held the door. Ernie swung her around and backed in. Just as the doors started to close, the two guys squeezed through the door, and stood right beside Jenny's chair.

She could sense their gaze down the apron at her exposed cleavage. She knew they couldn't help but notice all of the cum on her face. She could feel strings of it hanging suspended from her chin! One of the men was pressing his groin against her arm on the chair. She could feel his stiff cock through his jeans! She shifted over in her chair, just as the elevator started down. When it jerked to a stop, Jenny felt globs of cum fall from her chin and land on the top of her chest, slowly running down between her breasts. Jessica noticed this also, as she quickly reached down with her spoon, and dragged it up along her skin, collecting most of it.

"There you go, dear!"

As she let the fluid drip straight down across the bridge of Jenny's nose! She whimpered softly at her plight. Her "admirers" looked on in stunned disbelief.

Ernie pushed her out of the elevator, and they went quickly down the hall, making several turns along the way. They came to a door at the end, marked with a "Laboratory" sign. When they entered the room, there were several banks of chairs in the center and a counter along the back wall where several women were quietly working. She could see row after row of open, color-coded files behind the counter. Along the right wall, there were small cubicles, each with a padded bench against the back. The front of the cubicles were open. Drapes were pushed to the side of each one. The left wall contained an unmarked door, and racks of magazines and informational brochures. There were at least a dozen people in the room waiting.

They approached the counter, and gave Jenny's clipboard to one of the women. The nurse gave her a long look.

"We'll be right with you, Miss." She said, as she studied the chart. "You can take her over to the first booth, this shouldn't take long."

As they wheeled her over to the booth, Jessica said, "Ernie and I are going to run down to the cafeteria and grab a cup of coffee. We'll come back in about fifteen minutes to check on you. Remember to leave your treatment alone! I can tell if you fool with it"

They backed her into the first booth, and turned and left her there to wait. She wished she had asked for a magazine. She could have used it to hide her face. A row of chairs was only about twelve feet away facing her, and she could see her two pursuers taking a seat!

The nurse who took her chart originally approached and pulled the drapery closed. Jenny sighed, now that she was finally hidden from view. The drapery wasn't very high, and was a good foot off the floor, but it was a lot better then nothing!

"I need you to sit up on the bench, Jenny."

There was a blood pressure meter mounted on the back wall, and after Jenny was seated, she wrapped the cuff around her arm and took the reading. She checked her pulse, and wrote both numbers down on the chart.

"Dr Stevens has a note here to use an anal thermometer for your temperature, so please jump down and turn to face the bench."

"Oh please, do I have to go through that again!"

The nurse gave her a patient smile.

"You wouldn't believe all the rules and red tape we have to go through these days! We record your vitals every hour during all procedures. Now let's get it over with!"

The nurse pulled on a glove, and squeezed some clear lube out on her finger.

"Bend over the bench dear, and spread your feet apart!"

Jenny felt her work the cold lotion in around her anus. She gasped as the nurse worked pushed her finger deeply in, and then started slowly rotating it around the walls of her rectum! She slipped her finger back out, and replaced it with the thermometer.

"Now don't move! She said as she turned away.

Jenny was startled to hear the curtain slide open, and looked back over her shoulder. The two jerks were both seated in view, smiling back at her!

The nurse stepped to the side, still holding the drape open partway, and said loudly "Shirley, I forgot the specimen cup, could you grab one for me?

Jenny turned around quickly, and stood straight up to cover herself. The thermometer squirted out, and hit the floor.

The nurse turned and looked back, shutting the drapes.

"What's all the commotion about in here?"

Her eyes locked on the broken thermometer lying on the floor.

"Those guys out in the room were spying on me!" Jenny whispered urgently.

The nurse shook her head.

"Dear, they have better things to do then try to spy on you! Now don't move till we clean up the broken glass!"

Both nurses returned shortly. One started to sweep up the broken thermometer, carefully wiping the floor down afterwards. The other opened up a plastic case she was carrying, and set it on the bench. Jenny could see a digital readout, with several knobs and levers. There was a tray at the bottom, from which she pulled out an odd looking device attached by a long wire lead. She started to stretch what appeared to be a condom over the tip of the probe, and Jenny suddenly realized what she had in mind!

"You're not going to use that, that thing on me!" she cried in alarm.

The probe was about the same size as Ernie's cock was, with smooth bumps all the way down the shaft!

"Oh, it's not that bad, Jenny. This is more accurate then a conventional thermometer, and the design ensures that it will stay in place."

She smiled, as she squeezed some lube out on it, and worked it in with her hand, as if she was stroking a man.

"You'll find out that it is far easier to cooperate with people during treatment. When you resist, we may have to resort too less pleasant alternatives to get the job done! Now I'm going to need you to lay down on your back."

Jenny stretched out on the bench, and straightened her apron as best she could.

"Now grab your knees, and draw your legs up tight to your chest."

Tears of shame began to mix with the semen slowly drying around her eyes. The nurse drew her legs apart, and started to massage more of the lube into her puckered anus. She bit her lip as she felt the cold, hard probe press against her tightened sphincter muscle.

"Take a deep breath, and let it out slowly"

The pressure was increased, and she groaned aloud as she felt it slide in over the first ridge.

"Ok, Jenny, that's the worst part! Now take another deep breath."

As she exhaled, the nurse started to press against the next ridge, but stopped and looked behind as she heard someone opening the curtain.

"Ah, Jenny, I'm Dr. Benedict. Dr. Stevens told me to expect you this morning! I'm in charge of the lab. And where are we at in her exam, Marsha?

The nurse backed away from the table, as the doctor stepped in front of Jenny.

"We are just finishing up her readings for the chart. She wasn't cooperating with the anal thermometer, so we are using the Tyler probe. Then we just need urine and blood sample's."

"You can go back up front, Marsha. I'll finish this up" He said, looking back towards the nurse.

"Very good doctor" she answered.

She turned and quickly left. The doctor turned back to Jenny, and gave her a warm smile. He was younger then Dr. Stevens, with sandy brown hair and dark brown eyes. He reached inside his white lab coat, and pulled out a card on a thin beaded chain hanging from his neck. He presented it to Jenny, with raised eyebrows. Jenny sighed and looked down, as she immediately recognized the program ID.

Without a word, he tucked the card back under his jacket. Reaching under the table with his foot, she heard him drag something out. It must have been a stool, as she saw him take a step up. He held a finger over his lips, and softly said "Shhhh," as he unzipped his fly and calmly pulled out his penis.

"Stay just as you are!" he said quietly, as he reach across and slid her shoulders toward him on the table.

Now his cock loomed directly over her face, as he worked it back and forth.

She watched him reach down, and felt as he grasped the probe.

"Draw you legs up high!"

He reminded, as he started to twirl it in slow circles, all the while watching the reactions play on her face.

"You are certainly a beautiful young lady, Jenny" he commented, slowly pushing the probe beyond the next ridge.

Jenny closed her eves and let out a soft moan.

As he continued to work the probe gently, the sensations were starting to move away from those of discomfort, towards something far different. She felt the pad of his thumb begin to apply pressure directly above her hard clitoris, as he continued to press against yet another ridge. She gasped, and started softly panting through opened lips as another inch was inserted. Unable to hold back any longer, she released herself to a rich, deep orgasm, unlike anything else she had previously achieved!

It peaked again as the final ridge on the instrument went in. She felt the warm cascade of the doctor's ejaculation start hitting against her face, as he too gasped in release. She moaned and offered no resistance as he pressed his hard cock between her lips, and deep within her moist mouth. She could taste the last of his cum, as she pressured the underside of his penis with her tongue.

Reluctantly, he withdrew from her mouth, and tucked himself away.

"I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did, Jenny. That was tremendous!"

She stayed quiet, as he started to withdraw the probe slowly, ridge by ridge. When it finally popped out, she let her legs fall back down, and pulled the apron back in place.

"Take my hands" He said, and he pulled her to back up to a sitting position.

He wrapped a rubber tourniquet around her upper arm, and searched for a vein at her elbow.

"Little prick here, Jenny" as he smoothly guided the hypodermic in the vein.

As he started to pull back on the plunger, he smiled and commented "as opposed to the bigger prick a minute ago!"

She blushed at the off-color humor, but couldn't keep a small smile from crossing her lips.

He finished quickly and put a Band-Aid in place. He gave her a small jar with a screw-on lid.

"Please give us a urine specimen, and we will be all done for today" He smiled.

"Don't you have a bathroom I can use?" she asked.

"You are due next in Radiology, and Dr. Stevens has you scheduled for a special film which requires a full bladder. The technicians don't want you to use the bathroom till you're down there for the test. Now I'll have the nurse return to collect the cup in a minute."

He turned and was through the curtain before she could protest. She shrugged her shoulders, and decided to get it over with. She removed the lid, and turned to face the table. Squatting slightly, she craned her head forward to peer past her cum-coated cheeks. She had to pee badly, and easily released a strong stream, which splashed against her hand as she held the small bottle. She squeezed her legs tightly together before overflowing the jar.

"Need any help?" Jessica's voice startled her.

A small trickle of pee trailed down her leg before she got fully in control. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Jessica peeking over the drapery.

"I'll grab you a towel." She said, turning away.

She came back and handed her a damp towel to clean up with, as the nurse came back to collect the jar.

Jessica helped her back into the wheelchair, and she wheeled her back out of the room. She saw her pursuers fall into line behind them as they left.

"We need to get you over to Radiology now," But as she finished the sentence, they heard a muted buzz.

Jessica reached in her pocket, pulled out the beeper, and checked the screen.

"Well, I guess it's time you learned about our donor clinic," she said, as they rolled past the bank of elevators that they used before. "Luckily, it's just down the hall. The University has deep freeze equipment on site, so they are able to maintain a state of the art sperm bank. Since they only require minuscule amounts of the actual semen for their specimen's, we were able to combine the two programs to benefit each other."

They entered a small waiting room, with a lone man sitting down, reading a newspaper. Jessica leaned hear head through the opening on the back wall.

"Are you ready for us?" she asked.

She was waved in, and they passed through the inner door into a narrow hallway. A nurse watched her closely as they went past. She held a hand over her mouth, hiding the look of shock on her face from Jenny, as she saw Jenny's appearance.

Jessica opened an unmarked door on the left, and they entered a small room. The room was stark white, with a highly polished floor. There was a gurney pushed up along one side, and a curtain against the back wall. A light fixture was mounted over the curtain, which was turned off. A small steel table was next to the drapes, with towels and small plastic cups on it.

Giving Jenny her hand, Jessica said "I need you to lie back on the gurney, dear."

She helped her up, and held the gurney in place while she climbed up on the narrow shelf, and then laid back. Jessica slipped a folded towel under hear head, which made it a lot more comfortable.

"What's going to happen here?" asked Jenny.

Just then the light above the curtains lit up.

"That's our cue!" said Jessica, as she wheeled the gurney over to the drapes, so Jenny was pointed headfirst toward them.

She drew the drapes apart, and by tipping her head back, Jenny could see a waist high opening in the wall. There was a viewing window mounted directly above.

"After a lot of trial and error, we finally came up with a good delivery method. "Now open your mouth wide for me" she said, opening her own mouth wide to demonstrate.

She slipped one of the plastic cups inside her mouth, and pushed it in so that the rim was just slightly above her lips.

"Wha ah ya ooeee?" Jessica pushed the gurney towards the wall.

"Now keep still dear, and don't move around. I will be keeping an eye on you at all times, so don't worry!

Jenny watched as her head passed through the opening, and extended in to the next room. She had to scrunch her shoulders together to clear the sides, as Jessica continued to feed the cart in. Alarmed, she felt her apron being bunched up between her breasts, causing them to tumble out the sides! Her arms were now pinned between her body and the side's of the chute. She felt the support structure under the gurney hit the wall, and she jerked to a stop, exposed from the top of her rib cage up in the next room, with no way to cover herself up!

The room was dark as she entered, but now a spotlight mounted above her head on the ceiling flicked on, illuminating her in a pool of light. She could see that the viewing window must actually be a two-way mirror, since the room was reflected from this side. A figure approached her, silhouetted by the spotlight. Understanding suddenly dawned on her, as his erect penis now loomed above her head, and he began rapidly masturbating. His free hand moved to her breast, as he fondled her at will.

It wasn't long before he threw his head back and climaxed with a groan. His first spurt caught her right in the eye, and she struggled against turning her head away. She squeezed her eyes tightly shut, as it began to sting. She could feel pressure against the cup, as he must have stuck his cock against the edge to direct some semen inside. She felt small droplets hitting her forehead, as he worked the last of the fluid out, and shook it off over her.

Thankfully, she immediately felt the table being pulled back through the opening.

"You did great Jenny! You didn't spill a drop! I thought you would loose it when he hit your eye," She said, as she plucked the cup from her mouth, and snapped a lid on.

She carefully began wiping the cum from Jenny's eye, which had started to tear up.

The door to the room opened, and the nurse stuck her head in.

"Excuse me, but we just had two new donors sign up outside. Do you have time for them?" She asked.

"Did you explain the procedure to them? Asked Jessica.

"Oh yes, and they seemed quite willing to cooperate!"

Jessica checked her watch.

"We'll try for one, but if he takes to long we won't be able to fit in both of them."

Jenny's shoulders slumped dejectedly, as the nurse turned and shut the door.

"This is so degrading, I can't believe this is really happening!"

"Don't give up on me now Jenny! You've been doing so well. You have absolutely nothing to be ashamed of! Besides, if you stop now, the treatment won't work.

She grabbed a towel off the cart, and carefully cleaned off around her eyes.

"There, that looks better!"

She bit her lip to keep from chuckling, as Jenny's face was now a mask of caked sperm. Her hair was starting to get matted to her face around the edges, and strands were clumping together, as rivulets of semen trailed down. She was going to have to keep her away from a mirror!

The light flashed on suddenly, and Jessica quickly grabbed another cup. This time Jenny held her mouth open without being asked, and she fit the cup in place. Jenny slipped back through the opening, and once again a dark figure was in place, stroking his meaty cock. He slid closer to the wall, and started to swipe his cock across her erect nipple. He reached behind, and picked something up. Jenny felt him squeeze out a glob of lubricant all over the middle of her breast, which he proceeded to begin working in with his cock. He actually cupped the flesh of her breast around his member, and began stroking his hips in and out as if he was fucking her! Suddenly she felt his cum spurt across her other breast, as he gave a final buck of his hips. He quickly released her, and oozed a line of goo up her neck, to the waiting cup. She couldn't believe how much additional fluid he continued to squeeze out of the monster, little of which seemed to hit the cup. She could taste it oozing in at the corners of her mouth.

She felt the gurney slip back, as the man let out a gleeful whoop. Jessica once more replaced the cup with an empty one, and the routine was repeated shortly afterward, with the third man. She helped Jenny get back to her chair, after both men had spent themselves all over her face. She was ushered back into the hallway. Rivers of spunk rolled down her face, and hung off her chin. They broke off under their own weight, and plopped down on her chest. The front of her apron was getting plastered to her breasts, and her nipples were plainly visible through the thin material.

When they re-entered the waiting room, the two men who had been following her were lounging back in chairs, with big grins on their faces. They gave her a "thumbs-up" gesture as she passed. She understood then who her last two "donors" had been! Her face was burning under the layer of goo.

"Well, at least I'll be left alone now!" She said to herself, with a rueful smile.

She drifted along as if in a trance through more hallways and doors. She was vaguely aware of a crowded elevator at one point, and the persistent buzz of background noises. She came back to reality finally, seated in another quiet examination room. Jessica was helping her up by one arm, and a different man had a hand under the other.

"Welcome back!" said Jessica, as she saw Jenny start to look around. "You must have drifted off on us for a bit. Must be the overload of new experiences! You're in radiology now, and this is Dr. Ellis."

She nodded toward the other young man. He had bright blue eyes and shortly trimmed blond hair. They led her over to a large table in the center of the room.

She felt Jessica undoing the ties of her apron in back.

"We need to remove this for your pictures"

She explained, as she pulled it carefully over her head, and draped it on the chair.

" You can climb up on the table, and kneel down facing us" said Dr. Ellis, as he pulled a wallet out of his pants.

Jenny looked on blankly as he pulled out the program ID card, showing it to her.

"Jessica, set that bowl over by Jenny" He said as he turned away.

He pointed towards a large, clear bowl sitting on a cart by the table, which she picked up and carefully positioned in the center of the table where Jenny was kneeling. Dr. Ellis busied himself with a video camera mounted on a heavy tripod, positioned close by. He raised it up to eye level, and flipped on the camera light mounted on its side.

"Jessica, I'm going to need your help here."

Jenny looked on with shock, as he unzipped his pants, and pulled out a beefy cock. So far, every man in this hospital had her husband beat hands down in size! Jennifer dropped down to her knees in front of him, and took him deeply into her mouth!

"This is a special X-ray camera, Jenny. Dr. Stevens indicated that you have had a urinary infection in the past, so he wants a film sequence of your bladder and urinary tract function, to check for any chronic problems. I will need you to squat over the bowl, and face the camera. Jenny did as he asked, as primly as she could. It sure is a funny looking X-ray camera, she thought to herself!

She watched as Jessica sucked the doctor's testicles into her mouth, as she slowly stroked his now fully erect cock with a free hand.

"Now lean back on your hands for me, and spread your legs as wide as you can."

He was totally focused on the camera viewfinder, and never looked up directly at her. Somehow, this seemed to lesson her embarrassment, as she slowly spread her legs.

"Very good Jenny!" When I give you the word I want you to pee, until I tell you to stop. We need to see your muscle's as they contract and relax. Go ahead and start!"

Jenny felt great relief, as she let loose with a strong stream of pee directly into the bottom of the empty bowl.

"Stop" he called out suddenly.

She groaned as she contracted her muscles tightly, her hips lifting with effort as she tensed up and fought against the urge to continue peeing. She could see Jessica's head bob back and forth now on his shaft, slurping and gurgling away quite noisily.

"Beautiful Jenny, now continue!" he said.

A noisy stream splashed into the bowl, and as relief washed over her, Jenny could see him grasp the back of Jessica's head and drive it forward into his hips, as he released himself into her mouth. He held her in this position, choking and gagging, till his climax subsided. He then released her head, and she pulled away and turned, rising back up to her feet.

Jenny's spray of pee was starting to lesson, as Jessica walked around the table behind her. As she finished, Jessica moved the bowl aside, and put her hands under Jenny's arms, supporting her as she helped her lay backwards, down onto her back. She leaned over Jenny, and wiped her genitals off with a warm towel, as her legs were still splayed facing the camera. She looked down into Jenny's eyes, and puckered her lips, releasing a long stream of goo right on top of her nose and mouth! Jenny shut her eyes tightly, as it rolled down both sides of her face.

"I was a good girl, and didn't waste a drop!" whispered Jessica, when the stream finally abated.

Jenny returned to her chair, and was taken back out into the hallway, next to a different door. Jessica had helped her back into the apron, which was now completely soaked down to her waist. It clung tightly to the curvature of her breasts. Her exposed cleavage was wet, and glistened with fluid.

Jessica put her chart down next to the chair.

"All we need now is your chest X-ray, and then we can get going. The room is in use right now, so you can relax for a few minutes until they're ready. I'm going to try to find a cup of coffee. I'll be right back."

She turned and walked away, down the hall.

Two minutes later the door next to her opened, and a male patient walked out, followed by another man in a white lab coat.

"You can go back to the exam room now, Mr. Thomas, the doctor will be back with you shortly."

He turned, and noticed Jenny. Reaching down, he looked at the clipboard.

"You're here with Dr. Stevens, Jenny?" he asked, still flipping through her chart.

He looked quite young, and very nerdy. He was wearing thick glasses, and had a mess of curly, uncombed hair.

“ My name is Jack, and I'm one of the X-ray technicians. I see that you're waiting for a chest film, so lets not keep you waiting any longer."

He wheeled her into the empty room, and locked the wheels on the chair. He stepped around to help her up, at which point he noticed her face, and caught the scent of the spent seed coming off of her. He was stunned speechless, as his jaw fell open!

Jenny saw the look on his face.

"Let's get it over with," she said in a resigned voice.

"Go ahead and pull your cock out!"

He just continued to stare, as he took a deep swallow, unable to answer her.

"Well, if you're too shy, I guess I can help!"

She was anxious to get through with the treatments, so she reached forward and boldly unzipped his pants (she was amazed at the difference in her actions, from just a few hours ago. She would never have dreamed of doing this before today!).

Fishing through his underwear, she gently pulled his penis and balls out into the open. The now familiar musky scent of a man's penis wafted over her face, as she began to work on his stiffening member. She reached behind and pulled the apron over her head, exposing her breasts to his view, maintaining the steady rhythm back and forth on his shaft.

"You are incredible!" He croaked, watching her from above.

She moved forward off the chair onto her knees, taking her position directly underneath his now fully engorged member.

She dropped a hand to her slippery breast, and began working it as he watched. She squeezed and stroked the flesh around in her hand, and began pulling and stroking her large nipple. She saw his balls tightening, and felt his thighs clench. He let out a gasp as he climaxed, and shot a powerful spurt that splashed down on her forehead. She carefully milked every last drop of fluid from him, much to his delight.

"That had to be the kinkiest experience of my life! I can't believe this happened!" he said, as he tucked his cock away, zipping his trousers back up.

Jenny smiled.

"Are you new with the program?" She asked, pulling her apron back up.

"What program do you mean?" He asked.

Startled, she looked up at him.

"Oh, no!" She said, seeing the innocent look on his face. She now remembered that he had never showed her a card. He must believe that she was some sort of nymphomaniac!

Looking down, she allowed him to position her up against a wall in front of a real X-ray machine (she now wondered about the real purpose of the camera in the other room!). He finished the whole process in just a few minutes, returning her to the hallway to wait for Jessica. He made a few clumsy attempts at conversation, but she was to embarrassed to answer. As he left, he handed her one of his business cards, begging her to call!

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**Caddyshack Jenny by Capstick**

Jenny arrived at the Country Club at four o'clock sharp. Her husband had dropped off his car for service that morning on his way to the office. A co-worker had dropped him off for his twelve p.m. tee time. Jenny was going to pick him up, and take him back to the dealership to reclaim his car before they closed for the evening. "Jenny's Taxi service" was once again in full swing she mused, with a rueful smile. She was once again being used. Though certainly not wealthy, they got along all right without a second income. They had no children, and lived well within their means.

Except for this club! She thought to herself. Looking around the parking lot, all she saw were Lexus, Mercedes and Jaguar nameplates! She felt out of place parking her four-year-old Taurus next to a brand new silver Corvette convertible. A young man immediately approached her car, dressed in a white polo shirt with the club logo at his breast.

"Can I help you with your clubs, Mam?" he asked brightly, with an eager grin on his cute face.

"Oh no. I'm just here to pick up my husband! Which way is the clubhouse?" she asked with a smile.

"Follow me, Mam!" he answered, leading her through the parked cars, up to a long cobblestone path, bordered by carefully pruned Magnolia trees. There was a sweet perfume in the air, and small songbirds were flitting all around, chirping happily in the late afternoon sun.

They emerged from the path to large, carved mahogany set of doors set into the face of an elegant, stone mansion. As they passed inside, they entered a spacious, high ceiling entry hall, with groups of massive leather armchairs spaced around marble sofa tables. Small knots of men sat in comfortable groups, deeply involved in their own jovial conversations. Jenny could smell the odor of expensive cigars in the air. No one paid them any attention as they passed through.

They now entered a separate room at the back of the hall, through a set of cut glass French doors thrown wide open. There were several racks of colorful golf clothes on display in the brightly lit room. Golf clubs lined one of the walls, and there was a long carved wood counter to the side. The back-wall was all glass, providing a panoramic view of a heavily contoured practice green, with the finishing hole of the course off in the distance.

"How can I help you?" Asked the athletic looking middle-aged man from behind the wood counter, watching as she entered the shop.

There were two other men in golf outfits standing in front of the counter, their backs to her. They were both looking at their golf cards, comparing scores for the day.

"I'm here to pick up my husband, Jack Richards. He said I could meet him at the Pro Shop at four" she answered. One of the men turned suddenly, and she recognized Dr. Stevens from the Hospital!

"Jenny! How nice to see you again!" He said with a big smile, walking right up to greet her.

He took her hand in both of his, giving it a warm shake as he peered closely at her face. Jenny couldn't bear to meet his eyes, as previous feelings of shame and embarrassment washed over her. He leaned in close and whispered, "I see your complexion is clear as a bell! The treatments must be working great!"

He turned back and said, "Jenny and I will be out on the patio. We'll catch Jack on his way in."

He wrapped an arm lightly around her narrow waist, directing her out through a door on the back wall. They stepped onto a broad stone terrace, with several wrought iron patio sets overlooking the practice green.

He held out a chair for her, taking a seat himself after she had settled in. With a sweep of his hand a perky young waitress appeared, asking if she could get them anything from the bar. Jenny asked for a glass of water, while Dr. Stevens requested a "Bushmill's on the rocks."

"So how have you been Jenny?" he asked with a smile, after she had left to get their drinks.

Though very hesitant initially, Jenny found herself slowly being drawn into conversation with him. He was a very charming, confident man with a contagious smile. It didn't hurt that he had such a pleasant, chiseled face either!

"You were a great sport, to put up with Jack's stunt as well as you did, Jenny. I don't know of many women who could have gone through with it!" He shook his head, staring vacantly off into the distance, remembering that day from the past where they had first met.

Jenny grasped her glass of water and took a quick swallow, to keep from choking. Looking over his shoulder, she could see her husband standing with a small group of men, laughing and shaking hands. There were four teenagers walking back towards the side of the clubhouse, carrying their golf bags. The men were in an animated discussion, and didn't look to be in a hurry to come up just yet.

"I wasn't aware that Jack knew anything about that day!" she said to Dr. Stevens, her eyes still locked on her husband in the distance.

"Oh come on Jenny, be serious!" he answered with a grin; that is until he saw the expression on her face.

"I just assumed that since you were such a good sport about the "treatments" that day, you must have been in on it!" He suddenly felt very awkward.

"Are you telling me that my husband ARRANGED for that to happen to me!" she asked, locking his eves with a piercing stare.

He cradled his fingers together on the tabletop, puffing his cheeks out as he expelled a slow breath.

"Look around you, Jenny. Do you realize how much a membership to this club is worth? It takes years to even make it off the waiting list to get in! But Jenny" He said, returning her stare with equal intent, "You were worth every penny!"

Jenny slumped back in her chair, as she realized how she had been used.

"I'm only being honest with you because I really like you, Jenny. You seem to be a very sweet girl. I have a totally different opinion of you now then before."

She looked back up at him, and saw her husband wave as he approached the terrace.

"Don't mention this to him!" she whispered urgently, rising in her chair to greet her husband, her face plastered with an artificial smile.

Brentwood Country Club Members Outing (One month later)

Jack sat in front of his locker at the club, reveling in the atmosphere and "feel" of the room. All around, fellow members were laughing and telling jokes at each other's expense, generally having a grand old time! He slipped his right foot into his favorite golf shoes, and suddenly paused as he felt something ooze all around his foot. The room broke out in raucous laughter, as he slowly extracted his stocking foot now soaked with shaving cream!

"All right, very funny! Break the new guy in!" He joined in with their good-natured laughter, getting several pats on the back in playful sympathy.

"Jesus, did you see the new babe they have caddying this year!" Said an old timer sitting across from him. "I don't know where she came from, but I hope this is the start of something big!"

Another guy standing to the side broke in, "Speaking of big, did you catch the knockers on that one! Nipples out to here" He mimed, holding his fingers a good inch from his chest. "I'm going to go bribe Harry right now!"

They all broke out in a laugh. Jack hoped he would get her. Somehow, he had landed in Jenny's doghouse for the last month. He definitely needed to touch something soft real soon! His back was still stiff from the couch. He knew every spring on a first name basis.

He changed socks, and slipped on an old pair of spikes. Grabbing a donut off the snack table, he followed the others out the door and up towards the practice green. There was an circle of golfers wrapped around the back, blocking his view. He stopped dead in his tracks, as he came upon a break in the ring of men, and saw what they were all staring at. The club pro was kneeling next to a curvaceous young lady, explaining to her how to "read a green".

Her back was turned to the men as she watched him carefully explaining the breaks of the practice green in front of them. She was dressed in a tiny white tennis skirt with a white cotton top. Long blond hair draped midway down to her ass, tied in a loose ponytail. The group of guys around him gasped in unison, as she doubled over at the waist, placing her hands on her knees. While she was trying to get a clearer view of the break, she was giving the men quite a treat! The short skirt rode up her legs, just short of her well-rounded ass. Jack felt his cock stiffening in his loose shorts!

"Holy shit! Will you look at that!" exclaimed one of the old-timers, as they approached from the locker room, joining the small knot of men.

Several of the guys chuckled along with him, and sensing the attention, the gal's head slowly turned back, peering over her shoulder! Jack's jaw dropped, as he recognized his wife's familiar face! Seeing her husband's startled expression at the back of her group of admirers, Jenny grinned a devilish smile and returned her attention to the club pro. Jenny bent over deeper yet, making it apparent to the group that she wore nothing underneath the brief skirt!

"That must be the new caddy!" Said the old-timer, giving her an appreciative whistle. "You know old man Broomhall will keep her all to himself though!"

Bill Broomhall was the current owner of the club, and having recently retired, was a very active member, never missing an event.

"All golfers please come to the first tee for your starting assignments please." A voice called out over the P.A. system.

"There's the old man now, let's get going!" Reluctantly, the group of men turned away from Jenny as she straightened back up, and started to make their way over to the first tee area.

Jack stood dumbfounded, still staring at his wife. He was torn between joining the group of guys, or grabbing her by the scruff of the neck and getting her out of here! Hmmmm, Of course at this point, no one knew who she really was, and if he did make a scene they would probably cancel his membership! Making up his mind, he turned and quickly followed off after the group, leaving Jenny standing alone on the practice green.

"What a jerk!" She thought to herself, watching him join up with the others. "Well, here we go girl! Lets see how he likes me now!"

"Let's get going, Jenny!" said the Pro, and strode off towards the Caddy shack.

She hurried after him down the shrub-lined path. They approached a low white building set back off the course proper. There were maintenance vehicles and carts parked in neat rows behind the building. The front half was where the member's clubs were stored, and it also housed the Caddy's locker room, along with a small commissary. The club pro had showed Jenny around the grounds earlier, so she was somewhat familiar with the operation.

"O.K. guys, settle down and listen up!" shouted the Pro. There were 48 members participating in today's tournament, so the attention of 47 caddies suddenly turned to the pro, with Jenny standing alongside. She was immediately struck by how young they all looked, many not much taller then the clubs they carried. Most were family members and relatives of the members. She also didn't see another girl in the group. Rather then looking at the Pro, however, she felt all eyes were glued to her chest!

Let me digress for a moment, and explain the object of the young men's attention to you. Jenny has been blessed (she has believed many times cursed!) with perfectly formed, football-sized breasts. Not only are they so delightfully proportioned, they feature embarrassingly large, puffy aureole with a deep purplish brown hue. Protruding from these aureole are thick nipples, quite obvious even at rest. It is for this reason that she has always worn heavy support bras, keeping her obvious charms under a heavy disguise.

We can all be thankful for this today, since her breasts were now free of encumbrance, gracefully swaying beneath the thin cotton material of the white uniform golf jersey she had been given to wear. They thrust proudly forward towards the young eyes, and they watched on with wonder as the nipples slowly engorged and grew with the attention.

Jenny gave a chuckle under her breath and clasped her hands behind her back, now standing at attention for the boy's enjoyment, swiveling this way and that for their enjoyment. The club had no women's clothing to offer her, so she had selected this sweater earlier. It was intended to wear over a collared golf shirt, but no one was in a mind to point this out to her. Being sized for a larger man, it draped rather loosely off her shoulders, with a deep V-cut highlighting her abundant cleavage. The material was strained across her jumbo breasts however, with her dark areola being hinted at underneath the thin material.

"Boy's, you've all been through this before, but we have a new member to the caddies fraternity today! I'd like to introduce Jenny!" She gave the boys a big wave, causing her breasts to sway back and forth.

She noticed them whispering to each other, with many an elbow dig exchanged, as they gave her a warm applause.

"I want you all to make her feel at home! Everybody meet up with your golfers at the first tee in fifteen minutes, and remember to have fun out there!" With that said, he turned and hurried off to join the golfers.

Jenny was left standing in front of the group, who were all still staring slack jawed at her. A cute red headed boy in the front row was shoved from behind, stumbling towards her. She heard a muffled "Go ahead!" from behind him. He raised his head up, though she saw his eyes were still glued to her chest. She smiled to herself, as he blushed furiously, matching the shade of his carrot-top hair.

"Good luck, mam!" he said in a croaking voice, as he opened his arms and surged forward to embrace her with a big hug. Jenny now realized his true intentions, as he began snuggling his head up against her breasts, which were conveniently at his eye level!

She wrapped her arms around him, giving him a gentle pat on the back. Seeing no objection from her, another boy approached hesitantly, tapping the red head on the shoulder, and taking his place after wishing her well. She saw a line in front of her begin to form, but simply shrugged her shoulders and closed her eyes, feeling the next young face bury itself into her cleavage. Rather than wrap up her waist though, this one slipped his hands up under her skirt and grabbed both bare cheeks! She reached back and grasped his wrists.

"Hey, watch it there buster!" she scolded, seeing his face peek up at her from between her breasts.

He had a sheepish grin on his face, as the next boy quickly took his place. Jenny's nipples now stood out fully erect, as most of them took advantage of the opportunity to rub their faces across either one or the other puckered nipple. A few of them surprised her by immediately beginning to suckle, engulfing her immediately with wide-open mouths! She had to reach down to pry them away manually. She took it very well though.

"Boys will be boys," she thought with a sly grin!

Jack listened attentively as Bill Broomhall stood before the group of members, explaining the rules of the tournament. The club pro stood on his left, clarifying any fine points coming under question. One of the club waitresses stood at his right. The members were all seated on bleachers, which bordered the first tee box. There was a large score board opposite from the bleachers behind Bill, which showed the individual pairings, and provided room for scores to be continuously updated. The fairway of the opening par 4 extended out to their right, cascading majestically down a graceful slope, bordered by mature pines. Impulse sprinklers swung back and forth across the fairway spewing large graceful arcs of water, with a steady FFFPP, FFFPP, FFFPP rhythm in the early morning sun.

Jack noticed he was grouped in Bill's foursome, and was number four on the board! Apparently it was traditional for any new members to be included with this foursome on the opening day of the tournament. Dr. Stevens was the third member of the party, with Rich Payner, the club pro, rounding out the group. Jack was feeling very intimidated to be playing with the club owner, plus he still owed Dr. Stevens's big time for getting him a membership.

The group of caddies now approached the back of the tee box, standing off a respectful distance. They each carried their assigned member's bag of clubs; each bag bore a large tag corresponding to the golfers position on the scoreboard. Jack saw his wife struggling up at the back of the group, burdened down by her assigned bag. He shook his head, as the strap had pulled down one side of her sweater, exposing a generous amount of cleavage. He sensed that most of the guys caught the same view!

She gave a big sigh, and began rubbing her shoulder as she set the bag down in front of her. As she straightened up, Her dark brown aureoles were shockingly visible through the front of her sweater! There were wet blotches over both areas, as if she had been nursing through the thin material! Both erect nipples were brought into sharp relief. Jenny was oblivious to the exposure, as she continued rubbing her sore shoulder, and arching her back.

She clutched a small leather pouch in her other hand. The number one was displayed on the round tag of the clubs now at her side. Color drained from Jack's face as he realized that Bill held the number one position on the scoreboard, and now he was forced to play along with his wife! Too late to back down now though, he realized with a rueful shake of the head.

Bill finished by wishing everyone good luck, and handed the microphone to the waitress. She announced in a clear voice:

"First off will be the group of Broomhall, Stevens, Paynor and Richards. Could I have the numbers one through four caddies enter the tee box area please. Next are the Ryan, Johnson, Mitchell and Smith group, followed third by Ankers, Ankers, Simpson and Thomlasen."

When the four men had entered the tee area, they exchanged polite handshakes. Each man then approached the caddies, and introduced himself. When Jack shook Jenny's hand, she looked right through him, pretending he didn't even exist. He couldn't help but stare guiltily at her chest, just like the others. The men asked for their clubs, which the caddies extracted and handed over. Everyone selected a driver except Jack, who selected a three wood. He had a case of opening tee jitters. He had never teed off with this many people watching, and he sure didn't want to skull one now!

After the players had done some quick stretches, Bill stepped up to the black markers and teed up his Titlest balata. Everyone quieted down, and it was suddenly ghostly silent except for the chirping of some birds in the pines, and the continuing FFFPP FFFPP of the impulse sprinklers. After carefully adjusting his stance, he drew back with a slow back-swing, dropping the club back down and through with too much force, cutting underneath the highly teed ball and producing a short ten yard pop fly landing down in front of the tee box.

He raised his arms in triumph, and bellowed out a big, good-natured belly laugh. Seeing he was being a good sport, everyone else joined in. It was a great tension breaker, and when they quieted back down, they all started to chant Mulligan, Mulligan, and Mulligan in unison.

"O.K., O.K.!" He said, raising an arm to quiet them. He looked back to Jenny. "Could you grab me a ball dear?"

Mistaking his meaning (or grabbing the opportunity?), she bounded forward, and jogged out to retrieve the ball he had just miss-hit. Stunned, everyone watched as she bounced right out directly in front of the spray of one of the fairway sprinklers, bending over at the waist to gracefully retrieve the ball from the grass underneath!

The front of her sweater plastered against her pendulous breasts, as she kept her head stretched back out of the spray. She turned, and began jogging back towards Bill, with her breast now clearly defined under the transparent material, bouncing and swaying in rhythm to her paces. The men all cheered aloud as she presented the ball to Bill, first holding it up in triumph to the bleachers! She then gave a cute little curtsy, and returned back to the bag, with Bill following her swaying ass.

It took a bit for the crowd to get settled down again after this exhibition. Jack stood with his eyes buried in one hand, unwilling to look back at Jenny, who was standing proudly with shoulders back, hands at her side. She had a bright, sunny smile on her face, as if nothing was amiss.

She kept her attention focused on Bill, so as to allow the crowd to enjoy the view comfortably. The sweater had stretched out, and tightly conformed to her breasts, with the scooped front exposing a dangerous amount of abundant cleavage, which now glistened in the sun with moisture.

Bill settled back over his ball, and this time stroked it down the heart of the fairway with his normal smooth tempo. Jenny squealed with delight, leading a polite applause from the bleachers. Most of the guys hadn't even noticed the tee-shot of course, their attention being directed elsewhere!

Jack watched as Bill stepped back by Jenny, and began whispering in her ear. She gave him a playful punch in the arm at one point, but mostly smiled and nodded her head as he carried on a one-sided conversation with her. Jack tried to ignore them, but pangs of jealousy started to spring up unbidden as he furtively glanced back.

The remaining tee shots went off without event, as the three men were all consistent players. Off they strode down the wet fairway, the groundskeepers having finally shut off the irrigation system. Being intelligent men, they all allowed Jenny to lead the way, struggling under the burden of Bills heavy bag. They came up to Bill's ball first, as he was the shortest hitter in the grouping.

Jenny let the bag drop with a thump off her shoulder, flashing a generous amount of thigh as she bent to tip it back upright. She dropped the small satchel she was holding in her other hand, clumsily bending to retrieve it also.

"This will never do!" Said Bill with a frown.

"I'm so sorry!" said Jenny, pouting and bringing her hands up to cover her face.

"I'm afraid I'm not cut out for caddying! I'll never make it through the day carrying this bag!"

A tear started to trace down her cheek, which she quickly wiped away. Bill stepped up and wrapped his arm protectively around her shoulders. Even at sixty years old, he was still a big bear of a man.

"Nonsense dear, I won't have any of that kind of talk from you! Richards! You're the rookie in this group! I'm afraid you'll have to lug your own bag today!"

He turned to Jack's caddy, and motioned him over. The boy walked over to Jack, not looking him in the eye.

"I'm sorry sir, but here's your bag." He then slipped it off his shoulders, setting it in front of Jack.

Scurrying over by Jenny, he then took control of the bag for her. Asking for a five iron, Bill settled over his ball. One smooth swing later found his ball landing just short of the green, splitting the two green-side bunkers and rolling up to rest in the center of the putting surface.

"You see that girl! You bring me luck! Yes sir, today's going to be my lucky day! I'm going to win one of these tournaments yet!" said Bill, as he tossed his club nonchalantly towards his new caddy.

Jenny squealed as he gave her ass a sharp smack.

"Am I going to get spanked every time you hit a good shot?" she asked, loud enough to be heard by the rest of the group.

She fluttered her eyes at Bill with a very coy expression on her face, as she reached back and playfully rubbed her well-rounded ass through the short skirt. The rest of the group watched as the hemline of the short skirt followed her movements up and down, just short of her ass. Jack's throat constricted as he watched the banter between them.

"She never acted like that with me!" he muttered to himself.

Once more she bent down to retrieve the satchel she had dropped when he smacked her.

"What's in that thing you keep dropping?" asked Bill.

"You know that a girl needs her lipstick! I'm afraid this skirt didn't come with pockets!" she said in a bright voice, stretching the skirt out playfully for him to see (and confirming to everyone that she didn't wear any panties!).

He smacked his forehead with his palm. "I'm sorry I asked. We're not used to playing with girls! Richards! As long as you're carrying clubs, stick this in a pocket for Jenny!”

He grabbed the bag from her hand, tossing it back to Jack, who reluctantly shoved it in a back pocket.

Dr. Stevens placed a hand on Jacks shoulder, when attention had returned to Jenny. In a quiet voice, he asked, "I take it you don't want the fact she's your wife published!"

Looking down, Jack answered, "God no! I'd be a laughing stock! Can you imagine what the rest of the members would think of me, if they knew we were married? I can't figure out why she's putting me through this though!"

Dr. Stevens shook his head in agreement. "I can't imagine either, but it could be a real long day for you" he said with a smile, returning his gaze to Jenny.

Jack and Dr. Stevens hit their approach shots, neither matching Bills effort. Rich was the last to play, having hit an enormous drive as usual. With a deft hand, he hit a full wedge twenty feet beyond the pin, spinning it back to settle half way in-between Bills ball and the pin. The rest of the members back on the tee let out a cheer, as they had been following the action from the bleachers.

Even Jenny could see that it was a wonderful effort, and pranced up in front of Rich. She stuck her ass out towards him playfully, bending forward to put her hands on her knees. Rich was no fool! Not hesitating a second, he gave her a quick underhand swat, eliciting a small squeal of delight from Jenny. Jack frowned as Rich let his hand linger briefly, brushing against her privates. Jenny certainly didn't help matters either, as she wiggled her butt back against his hand!

Jack strode forward briskly, fuming at his plight. He set down his bag, selected his putter, and joined the rest of the group on the green. Marking his ball just inside the back fringe, he started surveying the green. Bill and Rich were comparing shots as they marked their balls, trading barbs. Rich tossed the ball to his caddy to clean. Bill handed his to Jenny.

She watched, as the other caddies wiped the balls down with fluffy white towels and handed them back to their golfers, who pocketed them. Having no towel of her own, she began a careful examination of the ball, casually wiping it across the saturated material covering her right nipple. She felt it swelling, sending tingles of pleasure straight down to her groin, as she continued teasing it in full view of the men.

Giving Bill a wink, she slipped the ball in his pocket for him, tracing a fingernail up the side of his stiff cock on the way out!

Bill cleared his throat. "Richards! You're away!"

Jack lined up his put once again, willing himself to calm down. Stroking the putter with no feel, he blew the put well beyond the cup on the fast green.

"Still away!" cried Bill, as he moved next to Jenny, and again began whispering in her ear.

Jack settled down this time, and his second effort, while not dropping, allowed a tap-in finish. He was relieved to be out of the spotlight, and have the first hole behind him. Dr. Stevens played next, and taking advantage of the line from Jack's second putt, smoothly stroked his ball home.

Jenny threw a fist in the air with a whoop of joy, and shook her chest back and forth, giving the group quite a show! Jack heard shouts from behind, and looked back over his shoulder. The second group was enjoying the action, having already played their tee-shots. They had moved up in the fairway to follow Jenny's antics on the green.

"O.K. Dear, show me the line!" said Bill, as he replaced his ball, pocketing his ball mark.

Jenny surveyed the situation, and with a sly grin, slowly sauntered all the way to the front edge of the green, spinning around so that his ball was between her and the cup. Dropping down on both knees, she leaned forward on her hands and arched forward toward the ball, her ass sticking up high in the air! Jack could imagine the view she was giving to the guys in the fairway, as he could see them exchanging hi-fives.

"Holy-moley!" muttered one of the young caddies by his side, as her breasts spilled forward out of the loose top!

She didn't seem to notice though, as she swayed side to side to pick up the contour of the surface.

"It's going to bend this way!" she said, as she sat back on her heels, bringing her heavy breasts into prominent view!

"Whoopsee!" she exclaimed, as she carefully pulled the thin, stretched out material back up over her breasts.

She made quite a show out of shifting and tucking her breasts this way and that, till she was satisfied with the way the sweater looked. Jack heard the caddy gulp noisily at his side, as she stood back up.

"Sorry about that guys!" she said.

Everyone was speechless though, and Bill stepped up to his putt. It dropped just as planned, and he and Jenny embraced, raising her feet up off the ground in his enthusiasm! As he set her down, her left breast bounced free. Once again he playfully smacked her ass, causing the other breast to swing out with her sudden jerk. No one mentioned this to her, however, and she stepped back to allow Rich to finish out, hands on her wide hips, breasts hanging proudly on display!

Jack picked up his bag, as the group started to leave the green. Running up behind them, he saw an opportunity to slide in next to her as they approached the second tee.

"You're tits are showing, you stupid cow!" he urgently whispered.

She now met his eyes for the first time, and slowly smiled. "I know, dumb fuck!" she replied, shocking him into silence!

And so it continued for the next six holes. Jenny continued to flirt heavily with all the men, except of course her Husband! The more she yanked and pulled on her sweater as it dried, the looser the material became, to the point where even when she tried to keep herself covered, the neckline still exposed the edges of her large areolas. She was enjoying the effect she had on them all, though, as the semi-erections were very apparent beneath their loose shorts.

As they stepped onto the eighth tee box, a girl pulled up driving a golf cart, which had been converted to serve as a beverage cart. "Coffee anyone!" she asked, and immediately had several takers.

One of the boys asked for a pop, which she kept in one of the back coolers. Jenny shifted her top back in place, and walked around to the back, examining the contents of a glass-topped cabinet containing snack food. Passing over the candy bars and junk food, she pointed to some fruit on the bottom shelf.

"Could I have a banana?" she asked the girl, pointing them out.

Stepping away from the cart with the banana, she strolled over to the wire trash basket next to a bench at the back of the tee area. She slowly peeled the fruit entirely, dropping it down into the bin. Rejoining the group of men as they sipped their coffee, she casually pressed the tip of the fruit past her puckered lips, staring vacantly down the eighth fairway. To everyone's amazement, she then proceeded to slide the fruit deep within her mouth!

Jack choked on his hot coffee, as he could see the outline of her tongue working busily inside her mouth, stroking the underside of the shaft. With agonizing slowness, she drew the fruit back out from her hollowed cheeks and past her puckered lips, trailing a thick stream of saliva from the tip of the fruit back to her lower lip.

With a devilish grin, she turned to the men.

"I just love banana's! They're such a fun fruit!"

The men watched hypnotized, as the stream of saliva bobbed up and down off her full lower lip. Now she tipped her head back, shutting her eyes, and once more pushed the fruit beyond her waiting lips. Dumfounded, they watched as she continued past the previous depth, forcing it deep down to the base of her mouth! A bulge was now visible at the top of her throat, as she forced the full length in with an effort!

She let out a muffled moan, squeezing the banana back out of her throat slowly. Now looking into Bill's eyes, she broke the end off in her mouth as she pulled it out. She moaned with pleasure as she chewed it up, swallowing it down all at once. Then she traced her long tongue all around her lips suggestively, never dropping her eyes from his open mouth stare.

"Do you like banana's too?" she asked him in a sultry voice, as she took another bite.

"I do now!" he boomed out, shaking his head in wonder.

"Son, hand me a six iron!" he said to his caddy, as he tore himself away from her smoky gaze, and strode up to the markers.

With his mind not on the game anymore, he launched a high slice, which plunged into the pines right of the green.

"Jenny, get me another ball please! I'm going to hit a provisional," he said with disgust.

He waited patiently while she searched through his bag for a ball, finally snatching one out and bringing it up to him.

"Thanks, Dear" he said, as he teed it up.

His next shot was much better, Just making the front edge of the green.

Rich hit next, once again laser beaming the flag. Jenny happily bounced up in front of him to receive another good luck smack. This time he reached down with his left hand though, lifting the hem of her dress. He then smacked her bare ass with his right hand, causing her to hop forward slightly.

"Ouch!" she said, looking back with a smile, as she rubbed her red cheek.

Much to everyone's delight, her breasts had again swung free. She made no move to cover herself, now that the cart had left, as she strolled back behind the tee box. The boys looked on in wonder, as she swayed up to where they waited in position.

Dr. Stevens and Jack teed-off, both balls settling just off the back fringe of the green. Before they left for the green however, Bill called out "Richards! Jenny wants her make-up!"

Jack walked over with the bag dangling from his shoulder, and pulled the bag out of his back pocket. The men watched her unzip the bag, pulling out a small mirror and dark red tube. She managed to make even this look incredibly erotic, as she traced a heavy layer of the dark red lipstick over her full, puckered lips for them.

"The only trouble with banana's, is they smear your lipstick!" she said in a sultry voice.

"Only the way you do it, Babe!" answered Bill, with a look of awe on his face.

The group broke up, starting down the fairway. Jenny handed the bag back to her husband with a sneer.

"I hope I brought enough lipstick," she said, quickly turning to chase after them.

As she caught up with Bill, he turned back to the group. "I'm going to look for my first ball guys, don't wait for me! Come with me dear, and give me a hand!"

They veered off from the green, plunging into the bordering pines.

After surveying their shots, Jack was first to hit. He choked down on a seven iron, hitting a running shot into the uphill green. The ball broke away at the last instant, but settling within a very makeable range. He marked the ball, and got out of the way for Dr. Stevens. Facing a downhill chip, he selected his sand iron, opening his stance and shoulders to the pin. Releasing a smooth pop shot, the ball landed softly, and continued trickling right down to the cup. With perfect speed and direction, it jumped into the hole, making that wonderful clatter that every golfer loves.

They all let out a cheer, and Dr. Stevens looked over to the side of the green.

"Now where's that girl when we need her! Hey Jenny! I've got something for you!" he said, yelling through cupped hands.

Now curious himself, Jack moved to the far edge, and debated whether to go in looking for them. Just then, he saw the two of them working their way back through the trees, hand in hand! He turned away in disgust, strolling back to the front of the green.

"Any Luck!" shouted Rich, as they climbed up the short slope.

Bill laughed. "Oh yes, I got lucky, but I never found the ball!" He stopped as Jenny whispered something in his ear. "Richards! She needs her make-up!"

Jack pulled the pouch out of his back pocket, casually holding it out as she approached, breasts still swinging free. Her swollen globes were covered with red hand marks! Apparently Bill was looking for something other then golf balls in the woods.

"Thanks" she said as she took the pouch.

He looked up to her face, and felt the color draining away. Her dark red lipstick was now smeared all over her chin, and thick streams of goo crisscrossed haphazardly all over! The fresh metallic smell of cum wafted over him, and he realized how far she was willing to take this humiliation!

Again gripping the small mirror, she checked her reflection, still standing directly in front of Jack. She grasped the top of her sweater from underneath her swollen breasts, and stretched it up to her face. Careful not to disturb the streams of cum, she wiped the smeared lipstick off as best she could. Finally satisfied, she let the sweater fall back down. It was now a real mess, hopelessly stretched out and falling off her shoulders. Looking back in the mirror, she re-applied the lipstick thickly from the same tube, pursing her lips.

"There, now how do I look?" she asked him innocently, batting her eyelashes.

Not waiting for an answer, she dropped the bag into his hand, and re-joined the other golfers.

"Hey Jenny, over here!" said Dr. Stevens, waving her over. "You missed a great shot while you were away!"

She shook her head daintily, and stuck her face out towards him. "That's what you think, silly! Does it look like I missed any "shots" today, Doctor?"

Everybody (except Jack) laughed out loud.

"I stand corrected!" he said, as she turned her back to him.

Making sure she had Jack's attention on the other side of the green, she started to bend forward to "assume the position". This time however, she reached back and flipped the back of her skirt up over her waist, completely exposing her round globes to the good Doctor. She gave Jack a sly wink, as she eagerly awaited her "good luck" smack.

"I did better than those guys," said the doctor, as he rubbed and patted her upturned ass.

The rest of the group, including Jack, was in front of them, being treated to a wonderful view of her pendulous breasts swaying freely.

"I put my shot right in the hole!" he said, plunging two fingers deeply in her moist vagina!

Her eyes popped wide open with surprise, as he started to rotate the finger deep within. Her lips puckered into a tight circle, as she arched her back deeply, allowing him easier access. Pulling out suddenly, he gave her a sharp smack. She squealed as she straightened, her breasts slapping up against her chin. Everyone chuckled as Dr. Stevens turned, heading off the green.

"I'm going to take a potty break gentlemen, see you on the next tee!”

Jenny trotted off after him, waving back to the rest of the group.

"Me too guys", she said over her shoulder, as she also trotted off towards the rest rooms situated between the two holes.

Bill laughed out loud, shaking his head in wonder.

"That's quite a girl! I wonder where she came from?"

He settled over his provisional ball, missing the putt by only a foot. He finished out, clearing the way for Rich, who quickly cleaned up his short putt for birdie. The group walked off, headed for the ninth tee. As they passed the restroom building, Jack considered heading over, but decided against it, afraid of what he might discover! Dr. Stevens caddy headed over to the structure though, leaning his bag against a rack.

When reaching the ninth tee, they decided to tee-off without Dr. Stevens. After Rich's tee shot, Dr. Stevens showed up, carrying his own bags.

"Sorry for the wait guys! I really had to go!" He set the bag down, pulling out his driver.

"No problem, you had perfect timing. You're up now," said Bill, as he took some practice swings at the back of the tee.

The remaining golfers hit away, all four shots spread out down the center of the fairway on the finishing par five.

Up the path trotted Dr. Stevens caddy, quietly picking up his bag. When Dr. Stevens handed him his driver, he ruffled the hair of the teenager, who looked down with a big grin. Up the path now walked Jenny, with a wide, close-mouthed grin on her face. Walking directly over to Jack, she held out her hand for the make-up, hip cocked outwards.

New streamers of cum covered her face, dangling from her nose and chin! One large spurt was pooled between her pursed lips. She was blinking her eyes rapidly, as one forceful stream had obviously made a direct hit across her closed right eye, leaving a large globule clinging to the eyelid and long lashes, the rest slowly slipping down the side of her pert nose. Tears and running mascara from the eye were adding to the mess, and overall effect!

As she examined her face in the mirror, her smile increased, and she looked back at Jack. Opening her lips with a broad open mouth grin, cum slipped inside, sticking to her pearly white teeth. She puckered her lips and noisily sucked in, drawing in a lot of the remaining goo. Then she made a show of running her long tongue around her lips, finally making an exaggerated swallow, all for his benefit. Once again applying more lipstick, she appraised her face. The stream of cum dangling off her chin broke free, plopping down the side of her breast. She scooped it up with her index finger, and staring deeply into Jack's eyes, plunged it into her mouth, sucking it clean with a soft moan.

Closing up the bag, she casually tossed it to Jack as she turned and started off down the fairway.

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**Jenny Nightingale Care Giver by WriterTA**

John Hamilton, Jenny's husband took a severe fall three days ago. He dislocated his left knee, and due to complications when the dislocation was reduced had been hospitalized. John's Orthopedic Surgeon had John fitted with a thigh to ankle leg brace and prescribed a regimen of physical therapy with no load to be placed on his injured leg.

Swelling in the leg was extreme and greatly impeded even bending the knee joint more than a few degrees. Jenny took on the task of tending to John during his recuperation. John's immobilized leg prevented him from having sex in customary positions, and since the orthopedic brace was very bulky, it would difficult for Jenny to straddle him. Jenny had little experience with oral sex. Jenny's

boiling point was low enough that with only a small amount of foreplay, Jenny would be completely aroused and almost sexually out of control.

Jenny was shy and would have a hard time admitting how important regular sex with John was to her. She had a history of unfortunate accidents where she found herself partially or completely disrobed in public. On a couple of these occasions where she was also tangled in clothes or restrained, bystanders had taken tactile as well as visual liberties with her, and these invariably resulted in climaxes.

John thought his shapely wife was a real knockout and greatly enjoyed regular sex with her. John would travel away from home occasionally and had difficulty whenever he had to be away for more than a couple of nights. Because John's accident befell him the day he returned from a four-night trip, both were already celibate for a week once John was discharged from the hospital. John was very horny and if she were to admit it, so was Jenny, but whereas John could do little but lay in bed and watch his voluptuous wife bustling about, Jenny was busy with the added activities of caring for John. The tensions of accidental abstinence were very distracting to John but Jenny regarded her feelings as part of the `martyr's crown' that a nurse must endure.

John felt he must get the situation changed, and he talked candidly to a good buddy from the gym who also was the physical therapist helping John work his leg and knee back into shape. Thus, in response to a phone call, Jenny found herself visiting an office adjacent to the main hospital to talk to a Dr. Weber about John's rehabilitation program.

"Mrs. Hamilton," Dr. Weber started "I want you to know that while I am not an MD, I am part of the team working to rehabilitate your husband and wanted to talk to you about his progress and removing any obstacles to his speedy and complete recovery."

"Hugh has visited John three times now and has given good reports on John's therapy, but he has noted a problem that you are the best person to resolve."

"Oh Doctor" said Jenny, "What problem can John have. I will do everything in my power to help John recover. I am at his bedside constantly. What else can I do?"

"Jenny, .. May I call you Jenny? This is somewhat sensitive but I have to ask ..Have you had sexual relations with John since he was released? Since he left on the trip to Topeka?" Asked Dr. Weber.

Jenny blushed crimson and stammered "No we haven't .. John was away.. then in the hospital and now has to wear that bulky brace .."

"I understand Mrs. Hamilton .. Jenny.. but this abstinence is creating a lot of tension in John's life impeding his total focus on his rehabilitation. It must be causing considerable tension in your life also. To get John's rehabilitation back on track we need your total cooperation Mrs. Hamilton . Jenny. Can you make this commitment for the sake of your husband's health?"

Blushing furiously, but faced with the `Doctors' comments and phrased in the form of being part of a caregiver's role Jenny agreed she'd have to help John back to health in yet another way.

"Just next door is an interactional therapist group that I use." Weber intoned in his most professional manner. "I'll phone to see when they might have an appointment, but it often takes a week or more to get in.." "Interactional Plc? Yes I have a new therapy requirement for a wife whose husband is immobilized in a cast. Not for three weeks? You will have to do better than that ! I have a patient whose rehabilitation is being affected. I know about policy ! Let me talk to Dr. Fredericks ! Fred I need you to pull some strings ..." "Jenny, can you go next-door right now? They have a cancellation ."

Somewhat confused Jenny is taken next-door by Dr. Weber and introduced to Dr. Fredericks.

"Fred, this is the young lady whose husband is in therapy and has a brace immobilizing his left knee. Jenny . Mrs. Hamilton this is Fred. He and his team can do wonders to address my concerns over John's progress."

"Mrs. Hamilton" Said Dr. Fredericks, "My group is set up to support individuals and couples with their interactions. We were formerly called sex therapists, but that designation unfairly understated the whole range of areas where we can effect therapeutic intervention between spouses. Dr. Weber is concerned that the abstinence that your husband's brace has caused will be a barrier to the focus on mobility therapy that will assure John's complete recovery. You do want you husband to make a complete recovery do you not?"

"Yes Doctor," Jenny said, "I want John back on his feet with all my heart." "I will try my best to help John in any way I can."

"Ms. Goodbody" Dr. Fredericks spoke into the intercom. "Is therapy studio 1 free?" "Can you join us in my office?"

In moments a door opens to admit a spectacularly built redhead in a nurses uniform that was short and tight.

"This is Jenny Hamilton. Her husband is recovering from a very bad dislocation and is committed to a regimen of physical therapy. The injury and brace he must wear prevents intercourse in the positions the Hamiltons have preferred. Mrs. Hamilton wants to help her husband recover, and we need to help her find ways to satisfy them both." The two doctors brief Ms. Goodbody. "Please take Jenny to

therapy studio 1 for an orientation and interview."

Before Jenny can speak nurse Goodbody leads her down the hall to a room resembling a ballet studio.

"Jenny, my name really is Ophelia, but everybody calls me Feeley." "Here we are please hang up your coat over there while I complete this data form."

"I must say Jenny, you are a beautiful woman. You obviously work out a lot to keep your figure. You most be very proud of how you look." While Jenny blushed Feeley continued. "Do you have orgasms more than ten or more times a week? "What is your favorite position for intercourse?" "How often do you experience cunnilingus? Fellatio? Anal Sex? Masturbation?"

Intensely embarrassed Jenny never the less answered the questions as Feeley recorded her responses.

After a few minutes Feeley summarized "Jenny, you are an intensely sexual person. You have a body that makes women weep with jealousy and drives men crazy. You are so sensual that your husband's desire for you is so strong he never encouraged you to try less traditional forms of sexual activity. As a result you have missed whole worlds of pleasure that men and women can share. Two of these methods will help you and John through his rehabilitation."

"The first method is Fellatio. While 65% of women have done it from time to time only about half allow the man to reach a climax in their mouth and only about one in five girls get sexual gratification from sucking their man. This is terrible because it is intensely pleasurable to virtually all women once they learn the right technique. Learning the technique is not simply a mechanical exercise. The woman student will have far more success if she is highly aroused sexually during the practice periods."

"In order to reach that state we both will strip and walk together back to the office area. I will display you to anyone present. Dr. Fredericks will certainly be there, one or two of the male therapists, and potentially some physicians from the hospital consulting with Dr. Fredericks." "We will then return here for instruction and technique practice" "I have only one question: Do you think simply displaying your body will get you sufficiently aroused, or should I invite them to touch you?"

Jenny was thunderstruck ! She was going to be stripped again, only this time she would collaborate with every step and afterwards she would practice sucking cock.

"I can give you a few minutes to think about this while you hang you clothes up on the coat rack over there." "You do want to help your husband during this crisis don't you?"

Jenny took off her dress and slip. Underneath she was wearing a white lace bra and white french-cut panties over a garter belt and stockings.

"Wonderful ! Leave the stockings and garter belt on and strip the rest off. I'll call ahead to let the guys know we are coming. " said Feeley now standing naked. "I have done this so often it take a little extra to get my motor up to full rev so you will see why I'm called Feeley" "Hold it Jenny, you are not going out there to hide ! Show it off ! Strut ! Don't slouch! You have a wonderful figure. You have every right to be proud of it. Reach up run fingers through your hair. Swing your hips. Take long confident strides." "God ! With tits and ass like yours none of the guys will pay attention to me." Said Feeley as she led Jenny out into the office.

Dr. Fredericks Dr. Weber and six young men in white coats waited in the office. Jenny stopped until Feeley whispered "It is critical to John's health." Jenny took a hesitant step when Feeley ordered soto voce "Strut Jenny! Show Em!"

For the first time in her life Jenny strode naked toward men not her husband, but determined to give them a close encounter with her charms. She pushed aside the sensations of personal pride and kept telling herself that it was all for John no matter how great she began feeling. Jenny felt her breasts bounce and watched the eyes of the audience rivet their attention on her erect nipples. For the first time she was proud of the attention she attracted. Her bouncing breasts were an asset not something to be embarrassed by.

All eight men were lined up and Jenny strutted down the line letting the guys take a close look at the front and the back. At the end of the line she stopped and watched Feeley live up to her name. Feeley walked up to her and said, "Turned On?"

Jenny nodded "Yes I am."

They waved back and walked into the therapy room. Feeley said "Jenny I am so proud to have met you. You are doing so much for your husband's recovery. You are a very dedicated person."

Feeley led Jenny over to a series of rubber phalluses and asked to pick one that is about the size of your husband. Jenny picked one and Feeley took that one and two smaller back to the couch.

Feeley demonstrated some corn-on-the-cob techniques with the John-sized phallus and had Terry practice.

"Imagine it is John" Feeley kept saying.

Then Feeley took the phallus and had Jenny lean back and spread her legs. Jenny blushed again as Feeley slowly worked the model into Jenny's pussy. Feeley placed Jenny's hand on the phallus and Jenny took over moving the model up completely into her vagina.

Jenny was panting and twitching when Feeley gently tugged the phallus out and raised it to Jenny's lips. Jenny began to lick the rubber cock shaft and tip. Feeley guided the tip back into Jenny's vagina and then her mouth letting Jenny control penetration with Feeley urging her on. Jenny quickly took 4 inches into her mouth but was unable to deep throat before Feeley invited the men from the office into the therapy studio to watch Jenny. The three male therapists dropped their pants and stood cocks erect facing her.

The audience gave Jenny all the incentive she needed to finally deep throat the rubber phallus. The discomfort and gagging sensation, once controlled gave Jenny a feeling of real accomplishment. In her mind's eye Jenny imagined how this technique would give John a great night tonight, and give herself the gratification of satisfying her lover and husband. The anticipation sent a sexual charge through Jenny that was amplified by the tension she got from her open display of her naked body in front of several adults.

Feeley hugged Jenny. "Jenny that is wonderful. You are a wonder, In a single day you have

accomplished something that most girls take several days to master. How did it feel?" Feeley leaned over to Jenny and whispered "Jenny, do you think you will be able to take on John deep in your throat? . Without any practice on a real man? Can you swallow when John cums? I can let you use each of these three therapists for practice? "

Jenny looked at three cocks waiting her pleasure. The sensation was delicious. Men were naked on display for her. She would decide. She was naked because it suited her. The men were naked because it suited her. Jenny wanted her first time with John to be flawless so practice seems indicated on the other hand sexual contact was for John alone.

Reluctantly Jenny said "Send them away Feeley, I will have to get my learning done with John himself."

Feeley was not so easily discouraged from getting this delicious blond to participate in the games she was planning, but she could read the determination that overcame intense arousal in Jenny's expression and posture.

"OK you guys, you can leave now," Feeley said, and as they turned away "Jenny I would like to go on with the second method Dr. Fredericks promised." Please let your legs fall open normally and lean back like this." Feeley spread her legs and leaned back on the couch. Jenny duplicated the posture.

"In order for men to give a woman pleasurable oral sex," Feeley said "They all need to be coached by their woman on what pleasure she wants at what moment." "A woman's body has a whole variety of locations and surfaces that give different sensations when stimulated. Between a person's chin and nose are also a variety of surfaces, which impart different sensations to the same part of a woman's sex. It is like an orchestra of sexual sensation that you, my dear, will learn to conduct."

"First is the geography." Feeley said as she knelt between Jenny's legs easing them wider apart. "I am going to blindfold you and restrain your hands and ankles so you can only direct me with your voice, and you can only learn what I am doing with your tactile senses."

Over the next 45 minutes Jenny felt a whole panorama of sensations as Feeley described them. Her pubic mound was nuzzled, her labia lips tongued her perianum licked and both orifices penetrated by a tongue. Jenny had to describe her sensations and accurately name what was stimulated and by what method.

"Nibble my clitoris. Run your tongue around my anus. Tongue fuck my vagina."

Still blindfolded Jenny was released from the couch and led to a padded area where she was pushed into a kneeling position with her knees wide apart. Her hands were fastened to a waist high padded wall against which Jenny could lean.

"It will take a few seconds to get between your legs, then you say what you want touched or licked." Feeley said, "Most oral sex is from this orientation which will feel different than my kneeling between your legs." "Remember nothing will happen unless you clearly state

what you want."

Jenny heard squirming into position and felt breath on her buttocks.

"Kiss my vagina" Jenny breathed. "Lick my perianum."

And so it went for 10 minutes before Jenny began to twitch and buck and soon climaxed. Presently

Jenny felt an embrace and Feeley whispered "Good for the first time, but there is soo much more. Try to concentrate on expanding the variety of sensations. That way the exercise will last longer and your orgasm will be more intense. We'll try again."

This time Jenny did explore more areas before loosing control at the 18-minute mark and climaxing at 20 minutes.

Another embrace and another whisper "Jenny I cannot believe how much better the second was than the first. Concentrate on variety. If you get hooked on one sensation you will loose control faster. Like the car advertisement `Longer is better'."

The third exercise lasted thirty-seven minutes and Jenny's orgasm was so intense she passed out for several seconds.

"Jenny . Jenny?" It was Dr. Fredericks voice. "Don't be concerned. Today's practice is done. You are an exceptional pupil. You can get dressed any time now. I have a few points I think you should think about as you go home, but I'd also like to give you the chance to shake hand with the three therapists you directed in that last series of exercises. "

Jenny saw the three males smiling at her. They surrounded her had told her how skillful she was and how good she tasted and smelled and how incredibly sexy she looked. They all had massive erections.

Feeley came over and said "Jenny you have these guys so worked up, it will take me all afternoon to take the lead out of these pencils. I am going to have a wonderful time doing it however."

Jenny turned crimson from head to foot. "It was these guys not Feeley that took my directions." She realized. Jenny then wondered how well John took direction.

Before Jenny left the clinic, Dr. Fredericks had an exit interview. "Jenny I am very impressed with your dedication to your husband's recuperation, and the extra effort you have made today to remove the distraction of abstinence from his therapy and full recovery. Your husband is very lucky man. Doubly so because you are an exceptionally attractive and sensuous woman."

"Remember that sensuality is primarily in the mind; both your mind and John's mind. In addition to the physical techniques you practiced today, you should also remember the advice of Ophelia Goodbody about being confident and self-assured. I understand some incidents in your past you found very embarrassing. Was John supportive after these accidents?"

Jenny confirmed "John has never yelled at me for the stupid things that have happened even when they cost some money or when he had to take off from work to rescue me." "John even applauded enthusiastically when I was in a contest or charity event and things came undone." "He is so supportive"

"Jenny" Dr. Fredericks said, "John would be a most unusual man not to be exceptionally proud of you, how you look and how sexy your body is." "I believe John secretly or subconsciously gets a kick out of the admiration from other males you receive as a consequence of your accidents." "When you get home and are ready to try out some your new techniques, give John a real show. Let him know you are proud of how you look and you are happy to show off for him. " "Let John pick the clothes out that you wear around the house." "If he wants you to dress daring, go along." "This will really lift his morale and motivate him to work hard on therapy for a complete recovery."

While Jenny drove home all the events of the day ran through her mind. "I am committed to John's rehabilitation. Our abstinence would be a barrier to his recovery. I knew other couples occasionally shared oral sex, but I never understood how it actually worked or how enjoyable it could be. I am sure I can use these ideas to give John all the sexual satisfaction he can handle. " "I also do like to wear light feminine clothes, and John likes me in these also. He was never angry when some accident happens. He always seemed amused, and in fact when I was really upset and he had to comfort me, we had some of our greatest lovemaking nights."

Jenny arrived home still musing how much she loved John and looking forward to pleasing him with a more self-confident wife who has some new sexual techniques to use in lovemaking.

John was sitting up in bed reading. He was listening to the Caribbean digital music channel. Jenny kissed John deeply and began to change. Jenny liked Caribbean music and began to move to the music as she hung up her suit. Out of the corner of her eye Jenny caught a glimpse of John watching her hungrily.

"I might as well start `showing-off' the confident Jenny now" she thought as she swayed to the music and after hanging up her slip and dress pulled her thong panties off and unhooked her bra. Jenny was still wearing her garter belt and stockings. Facing John Jenny lifted her arms over her head and danced around the bed. "Oh John this music is so nice. The nights in the islands are so warm and soft and romantic. Do you think you'd like to take me to a tropical island?"

"God Jenny! I'd like to take you to the islands. Take you in the islands and take you right now!" John pulled Jenny down and kissed her. Jenny pushed back the sheet covering John and smiled inwardly at the massive erection that John had achieved. "John, I am never going to get your underwear on over that." Jenny said as she descended on John and began licking and sucking his cock.

John moaned in pleasure at this delightful turn of events. The consultation John set up through his friend the therapist must have worked wonders. Jenny rarely consented to oral sex and never had much enthusiasm or technique.

Jenny was also very excited by her brief dance, John's kiss and then imminent prospect of oral sex. She first licked the tip and shaft, hearing John's breathing sharpen and his hips begin to thrust. Jenny then inserted the tip in his mouth and John began to groan. More and more of John's shaft slipped between her lips and she felt John began to twitch.

"Now or never" Jenny thought as she suddenly sucked hard and slipped John's cock all the way down deep throat.

"Omygod Omygod Jenny Jenny "

John was not very coherent, but Jenny knew he was totally in her thrall as well as being totally in her throat.

As Jenny picked up the pace of he fellatio she thought "Now for my final test."

More determined than ever she sucked John till he released a flood of semen in her throat and mouth. Jenny swallowed and swallowed trying to prevent any semen from escaping. Jenny also experienced a small orgasm when she felt John come.

"This is really very nice." Jenny thought to herself. "It is not at all unpleasant. I feel wonderful not dirty or degraded."

John's praise was very vocal and sincere.

"John, I love doing that. I love it almost as much as fucking. I think that this is part of our sexual

repertoire that we must do more frequently. " Jenny said.

John reached out and kissed her deeply.

"Should I wash my mouth out?" Jenny looked uncertain.

"No not at all Jenny I loved kissing you right after you sucked me off!" John Replied.

Jenny put on a pair of lace panties and a white skirt. She faced John

"Which bra shall I wear tonight?" as she held up a lace model alongside a more sturdy cotton bra.

"Lace" answered John. Jenny selected a white blouse. The tied the tails of the blouse above her

midriff and went into the kitchen and prepared dinner. It was a wonderfully warm summer evening, and Jenny set the supper table on the back patio. She switched on the external speakers while she worked and once again fell into the spell of the Caribbean music rhythms.

"My performance earlier certainly had John's whole hearted (and whole cock) approval. Maybe I can

spice up dinner."

Jenny helped John into the wheelchair and rolled him out to the patio table facing the backyard. Jenny went into the house and came back with two glasses of wine and without her blouse. John starred as Jenny sat down and raised her glass in a toast. John glanced around at the surrounding houses to see if anyone was looking, but Jenny seemed unfazed.

After taking several sips of wine Jenny got up and went into the house. She returned with some shrimp cocktail appetizers and without her skirt. John's eyes bugged out. Jenny seemed to take no notice of her exposure and the effect it was having on John as she continued to conduct a normal dinner time conversation with her husband.

When the appetizer was finished Jenny rose went into the kitchen. With the salad course Jenny left behind her bra. Jenny was very excited.

"She was outside, in sight of several neighbor's houses topless. John was all smiles so he must approve, or at least not disapprove" Jenny mused.

During the salad course Jenny realized she found the situation very titillating. Her level of arousal grew every time she looked at John, who was starring at her (now completely erect) nipples. Jenny stood up and came around the table to refill John's wineglass. John reached out and cradled Jenny's breasts in his hands.

"John do you want wine or a milk-shake?" Jenny mock scolded.

Finishing her salad Jenny shimmied out of her panties that were now soaked with vaginal secretions, and handed these to John saying, "It is time for the main course."

Jenny returned from the kitchen totally nude with a plate in each hand. She stood beside her husband and bent over to serve the dinner. Jenny felt John's hand slide down over her buttocks and up between her legs. Jenny waited bent over for a few seconds then squealed "Ooo John isn't it too early in the year for my Christmas goose?"

Jenny returned to John side twice more with serving dishes of vegetables. While Jenny served John dinner, John helped himself to touch Jenny's breasts,buttocks and crotch. Seated bare ass on lawn chairs, with a breeze tickling her pubic hairs, her clit and nipples so erect and sensitive they almost hurt, Jenny was aware of little else but the driving need of her body for the sexual attention of her husband. Never the less Jenny ate the main course slowly, savoring the heightened sensual feelings that her voluntary exposure had created.

As she cleared the dishes Jenny's heart was pounding and her face flushed. John was beside himself with arousal. Jenny reappeared with a bath towel she spread on the tabletop in front of John. Jenny the hopped up on the table facing John with her legs wide apart. She leaned back down exposing her entire crotch to John.

"John Honey, do you have any idea what you would like to eat for dessert?"

As John bent forward between Jenny's legs she reached up to cup her 37-d breasts and pinch her erect nipples. Jenny shifted to raise her pelvis to meet John's mouth and began to moan softly as John set about to enjoy is dessert to the fullest.

Later that night Jenny lay completely satisfied in bed next to John giggling.

"John never said what he wanted for dessert, but he certainly knows how to take direction." "I was able to hold off for forty-three minutes that time, "

Jenny woke and reminisced warmly about last night.

"Eating dinner on the patio removing, an article of clothing with every course I served was incredibly erotic." Jenny also found it stimulating to think that someone may have seen them together. "I did get carried away after the main course in sitting on the patio table and offering John my pussy to eat for dessert." Jenny mused. "The neighbors would have been within their rights to call the cops for such salacious activities."

"John was so aroused that I thought he would cum before I could get him stretched out in bed and give him a proper cock sucking." "I really ought to make certain my hair is tightly styled, because I don't want anything caught in John's leg brace."

Jenny went to the bathroom to brush her hair out and put on make-up. Jenny looked at the mirror and studied her image.

"I don't look at all bad for an old married gal. I really want to please John and Dr. Fredericks said it would be unusual if John did not want to show his wife off. After all no matter what they see it is only for a moment but I will always be John's."

The morning sun was beaming in the french doors leading from the pool deck into their bedroom when a naked Jenny tiptoed past the bed to get dressed. As she looked through the closet she came across John's camera bag. Jenny smiled to herself as she remembered John buying the bag and Polaroid camera in order to take nude pictures of her a couple of years ago. John purchased a tripod lights remote shutter release and a shutter release timer.

"In the end I was too shy and nervous to get really good pictures, plus the SLR give a much better quality image, and the processing machines are all automated these days."

Jenny looked over her shoulder at her husband and wanted to do something special for him. I can always wake him up with a cock sucking Jenny mentally joked to herself. "Well why not." "John usually is recharged when he wakes and this will start his day off right." Jenny folds the blankets back and sees John's cock slightly erect. "He must be having a sexy dream, maybe I stimulate him so that his dream merges with reality."

Jenny walked around to her side of the bed and started to crawl over to John. A ray of sun felt warm on her back and side. "That feels good." Jenny thought and she gently folded back the blankets covering John. He was in a natural spotlight. "Turn about is fair play. John always wanted photos of me nude. I'll take some Polaroid shots of him."

Jenny set up the camera on a tripod and connected the remote shutter release. Jenny focused the camera on John and took a picture. "I'll get John erect and take another." Jenny thought. Jenny walked to the other side of the bed and crawled over to John and began to stroke his cock. As she was coaxing an erection the Polaroid shutter snapped ! "I guess I accidentally tripped the remote shutter." Jenny thought.

She went to retrieve the accidental print and looked at it. It was a very sensual photo with John in the foreground, and her stretched out next to John with her hand on his cock and her breasts hanging down sensuously. "This would be a good picture of both of us if my arm wasn't in the way and the top of my head not cut off." Thought Jenny as she decided to take another photo. This time Jenny re-aimed the camera guessing at the composition. She climbed onto the bed and positioned herself carefully and began stroking John's cock.

Still asleep John responded to the stimulation by reaching out. His hand passed slowly along Jenny's back and buttocks before reaching between her legs to touch her crotch. Almost involuntarily Jenny spread her knees to give John better access to her sex. Jenny was distracted from her stroking by the touch of John's hand. As she began to moan, she heard the shutter of the Polaroid click. Jenny retrieved the next print and saw that she had arched he back in response to John's hand and still cut a part of her head off.

"My breasts look wonderful arching out from my chest, and I love the sunlight gleaming off the moisture in my pubic hair. I will have to get John completely erect for the picture I want to save for myself." Jenny thought.

This time Jenny dropped her head down and guided his hands to her crotch and breasts. Jenny loved the feeling of her husband's hands roaming across her crotch and breasts. She reveled in the growing erection she was causing with her hands. To assure she kept her head inside the photo Jenny bent further so that her face was just inches from John's cock.

John moaned as pre-cum drops seeped from the head of his cock. Jenny dipped her head and licked the tip and the Polaroid shutter clicked.

"Oh Jenny! " John was wakening to a dream better than his sleep.

John's gorgeous wife was naked in bed fondling his cock while his hand explored her crotch and breasts. Jenny was exceptionally aroused, and John was taking maximum advantage of Jenny's erogenous zones. Jenny licked away another drop of pre-cum and bent her head further to attack John's cock corn on the cob style. Unnoticed by either party the Polaroid shutter clicked.

Jenny began sliding her lips up and down John's shaft while he shifted her knee so she straddled his head. Jenny wiggled her nips as John began fondling and fingering her crotch with increase intensity. The Polaroid fired again just as Jenny had her lips around the tip of John's cock. John lifted his head and began to kiss and lick Jenny's sex while his hand reached around to spread her buttocks. Jenny moaned and dipped her head all the way taking John's cock all the way down her throat. The Polaroid fired.

By now Jenny and John were aware of nothing but the partner's sex organs and the pleasure

emanating from their own genitalia. John was the first to climax and Jenny did her best to swallow all. Only a drop or two could be seen on her lips and the Polaroid clicked one more time. Now while Jenny's mouth was freed up from sucking she could talk John into exploring more and more areas of her crotch. Jenny was no where near her 43-minute record when an orgasm rolled over her like a freight train. Jenny shuddered and screamed as the last frame of Polaroid film was exposed.

When the pair caught there breath Jenny saw a small pile of Polaroid prints near the camera tripod and she retrieved these and together with John looked at the incredible sequence the camera caught. Jenny thought to herself that even when she wanted shots of John, her body upstages everything else in these photos.

John looked at the clock and said, "Hugh my physical therapist will be here to help work my leg out in about an hour. What do we have for breakfast?"

Jenny thought "That's my John: Horny Yes! Romantic well.?"

Jenny got into her robe, fried some eggs and brought them into John on a bed tray.

"I really liked the outfits that dinner was served in." John said.

"With only forty-five minutes before the therapist comes, I don't think I could cum. again. " Jenny teased.

After the breakfast dishes were removed, Jenny started to dress.

"After your therapy, I have a reservation for a tennis lesson at the courts at the end of the block."

Jenny said as she laid out a sweatshirt and tennis shorts.

"Why don't you ever wear the tennis dress that I got last summer?" John asked.

"Because the skirt is sooo short and the top sooo thin !" Jenny thought to herself but remembering Dr. Fredericks' encouragement to go along with John's suggestions she actually said "Let me try it on to see if it fits."

Jenny got the tennis dress out and pulled it down over her head. The thin bodice material did stretch and mold itself to the curves for Jenny's body. She looked in the mirror and turned from side to side. The heavy sports bra gave her firm support and did disguise the precise contours of her breast.

"What do you think John?"

"I see what you mean Jenny. The material clearly shows your bra straps and outline of the bra fabric. I think it will improve things 100% if you get rid of the bra."

"It will put my nipples and breasts on display as though I wearing a coat of paint." Jenny ruefully

thought, but mindful of Dr. Fredericks' advice she said "John, I will give it a try but I am afraid it will be too revealing."

Jenny lifted the dress up to her shoulders unhooked and removed her bra and pulled it back down again. As she smoothed the fabric, the friction tickled her nipples and they became erect.

"You look like a million in that dress Honey."

"I look like I'm asking for a $1,000 trick," Jenny thought to herself.

As Jenny fixed her hair and finished putting on make-up she thought "It's a wonder that John did not try to talk me out of wearing panties. "

Jenny lifted her tennis skirt and looked at the panties. They covered her completely and were heavy gauge material and completely opaque.

"I could wear the bottoms of my white bikini, if John insisted." "If he really pushed, I would get some coverage from the white lace thong that are in the back of the panty drawer."

Jenny retrieved the alternate articles and went back and tried each on and evaluated the look in a full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. She had just put the thong on when the doorbell sounded.

"The therapist" Jenny remembered.

She went to the door and greeted Hugh and led him back to the bedroom. As Jenny walked over she was conscious of Hugh eyeing her breasts as they moved under her tennis dress with each step. Jenny's nipples became erect, further adding to Hugh's attention intensity.

As Jenny stuck her head in the doorway and said she'd be in the family room if needed. John called out "Come give me a kiss."

Jenny strode proudly to the bedside thinking, "With almost nothing under this skirt the accident prone Jenny would loose her balance and give anyone behind her a show."

So when Jenny bent over to give John a kiss she did fall forward into John's arms. Jenny relaxed as John gave her a deep kiss. Jenny wiggled a bit during the embrace. Jenny let John break the kiss and she stood up and left the room striding like a supermodel on the catwalk.

Out of sight of the men Jenny nearly collapsed with the arousal. Her intentional display left her with. her vagina wet, her clitoris and nipples erect and very sensitive. She explored the sensitive surfaces of her crotch with her hands bringing herself to an orgasm.

"Showing off can be the most extra ordinarily erotic activity, or painfully embarrassing. It is all in the mind. Dr. Fredericks was right the most erogenous zone of the body is the mind !" Jenny realized.

Hugh was shaken by Jenny's parade, display and retreat.

"Ohmygod John your wife is the sexiest woman I have ever laid eyes on. She has a body that is incredible. That tennis dress looks like the top is painted on. You pulling her down for that kiss was the best show I've had in years."

"What show? Pulled her? She fell on me." John said.

"Oh oh! That wasn't staged by you for my benefit ?"said Hugh.

"What? What was staged?" a baffled John asked.

Hugh told John, who concealed his astonishment very effectively of the clothes or lack thereof

underneath the tennis skirt and how Jenny wiggled while John kissed her. John concealed his

incredulity and thought to himself "That display was the sort of thing I used to try to engineer and if it came off at all it would be awkward. My darling wife pulls it off flawlessly."

After the therapist left Jenny returned to the bedroom intending to change back into the max coverage panties. John called out. "Hugh told me I embarrassed you. Did I?"

"No honey, It was my fault for not being properly dressed because I lost track of time. I am going to change now." Jenny replied.

"What did you have on?"

"Just this." Jenny tossed the dampened thong to John and lifted the skirt turning slowing for John's

inspection.

A Druid Grove by Nemo

Jenny and the Clubhouse by ?

Door to Door Jenny by X12348765

Jenny On The Ranch by ?

Jenny's Toga Dilemma By TrackJim

Jenny Strips Herself by Patrick

Jenny's Play Day by ?

Jenny Delivers a Package by Sean89

Jenny Rides A Horse By Mustang\_Diamond

Jenny Croft by ?

Jenny's A Guard by Smokies Gun

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**A Druid Grove by Nemo**

The barman at the Druid Grove Public House stopped wiping the counter and let out a long, low whistle.

"Did you see that blonde?" he whispered hoarsely to the ruddy-faced man standing at the corner of the bar. "The one who just popped in and slipped into the ladies' 'loo?"

The man laughed. "Oh, I saw her. There's not a red-blooded bloke in this pub likely to miss that 'un," he said.

The barman smiled and nodded. "There is something about her, isn't there? Do you have any idea who she is? I-I don't know why, but she looks familiar, somehow.

"I was just thinking the exact same thing," said another man leaning against the end of the bar. "She reminds me of someone, but-I don't know. It's like maybe you've seen her on the television or something, but you can't quite put your finger on where it is you saw her."

"That's right," said the ruddy-faced bar patron, nodding thoughtfully. "You know, didn't she seem a bit flustered to you chaps? I'm thinking maybe there's something wrong. Maybe I should go check on her, you know? Make sure everything's okay?"

The barman tugged on the man's sleeve and shook his head sternly.

"Oh, no you don't. You just sit tight right here. You leave that poor lady alone. If she's got troubles, she certainly doesn't need the likes of you lot adding to them."

Inside the women's restroom, the blonde woman craned her neck back over her shoulder to study her reflection in the mirror. She raised her arms to shoulder height and twisted her body from side to side, looking for any sign of a split seam or a torn hem on her brilliant white summer dress. To all appearances, it was a familiar, and tedious, ritual for the woman. She turned her right side toward the mirror, and with an almost frantic expression on her face, she traced the seam that ran down the side of the dress with her eyes and her fingertips, searching for any gaps. With total concentration, she turned and performed the same test on the other side of the dress.

This dress was a more loose-fitting style than most of her others, and she was hopeful that the looser fit would help prevent any unhappy accidents. She tucked her thumbs under the dress's narrow shoulder straps. She pulled up on the straps, and the soft material of the dress slid smoothly over her body in response. She breathed a sigh of relief. She herself had sewn dozens of reinforcing stitches to ensure that the shoulder straps would stay securely fastened to the dress. She released the straps, and the dress slipped back down. Loose-fitting though it might have been, the material draped over her form in a delightful way that did nothing to mask the woman's extraordinary figure.

Now she turned her attention to her shimmering silk stockings. She raised her skirt high enough to satisfy herself that the garters that held the stockings high up on her thighs were still securely in place. She extended each leg in turn, twisting it from side to side, searching intently for any rips or runs in the stockings. She found nothing amiss, and her brow was furrowed with a look of puzzlement.

Jenny-that was the woman's name-had noticed the way men's eyes followed her every move today. Long and bitter experience had taught her to check frequently for anything wrong with her clothing, but everything appeared to be perfect. So why were all those men staring at her? She shook her head slowly, bit her lip in puzzlement and frustration, and turned back to the mirror.

She raised her right arm again, and was renewing her careful inspection of her seams, when she heard a soft cough from behind her. She looked up, and in the mirror she saw a dark-haired woman who gazed at her with the most astonishing blue-gray eyes she had ever seen. A warm smile spread across the woman's face. "Hiya," the woman said, softly.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Jenny jumped a foot. In truth, she probably didn't jump at all, but any witness who claimed she had jumped could certainly be forgiven for a natural mistake. Her sudden high-pitched shriek caused the dark-haired woman to wince and throw her hands over her ears.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!" Jenny said, red-faced and flustered. "I-I'm awfully sorry, really. I-I didn't know you were there. You startled me! Please forgive me."

"It's all right, dear," the dark-haired woman said, with a disarming laugh. "Don't you worry. I suppose I should have banged some pans together or something so you would know I was here. I didn't want to disturb you-you seemed to be having some sort of problem."

"Oh, that!" Jenny said. "Say, could you help me? Is-is there anything wrong with my clothes?"

She turned around slowly for the other woman's inspection.

"I-I can't help worrying that something's popped out," she said, blushing, "or that I've tucked my skirt into the back of my panties or something stupid like that."

The dark-haired woman dutifully inspected Jenny's appearance, and shook her head. "I don't see a thing wrong with you, Miss," she said.

Jenny smiled, and said, "Oh, thank you!"

A curious look came over the dark-haired woman's face.

"May I ask you a question?" she said. "I feel a bit silly asking this, but-your name wouldn't happen to be Jenny, would it?"

Jenny's face turned pale.

"How-how-how d-did you know that?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Oh, dear, I've given you a fright," said the dark-haired woman. "It's just that you put me in mind of someone I've heard about. It was just a wild guess, really. You needn't be frightened-it's not witchcraft."

She furrowed her brow and muttered, "At least, I think it's not witchcraft."

"Sure, it-it's just a coincidence," Jenny said with a laugh, the color returning to her cheeks.

"I feel so silly. I-I've been a little jumpy ever since my husband and I visited Stonehenge earlier this week."

"Stonehenge?" the dark-haired woman asked, with a puzzled smile. "Why should visiting Stonehenge make you jumpy?"

"Oh, it's just silly old me. It's all in my head," Jenny said, with an embarrassed laugh and a tap on her temple. "I've always been fascinated by ancient mysterious people and civilizations-Pharaohs, Vikings, Druids, all that Gaelic sort of stuff-so my husband and I went to Stonehenge. And when we were standing there, I just had this overwhelming sensation-how can I describe it?-this sense that I was actually in the presence of the ancient ones. I haven't been able to shake that feeling. Ever since then, I keep noticing odd things happening-coincidences-like you guessing my name just now."

Her face reddened again, and she shook her head. "It's silly, I know it."

"Oh, it's not silly at all!" said the dark-haired woman. "You know that line from Hamlet: 'More things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy'? It's no accident we've met, Jenny. So I guess I should introduce myself-my friends know me as Mama."

"Glad to meet you, Mama," Jenny said, smiling politely and shaking the woman's hand. "I'm Jenny-but then, you already knew that."

"Yes, I knew that," Mama said, with a sly smile. "I'm very happy to meet you, too."

For the first time, Jenny took a good look at the dark-haired woman.

Mama was dressed all in black: she wore heavy leather boots, strong denim trousers that hugged the curves of her legs, a tank top, and a black leather jacket. Her body was every bit as voluptuous as Jenny's own, and her outfit, which seemed chosen to be strictly utilitarian, did nothing to disguise that fact. There was a Mediterranean cast to her features. If she hadn't already heard the woman's soft English accent, Jenny would have guessed she was from Italy-a land with its own share of ancient mysteries. Mama was about Jenny's own age-possibly a couple years older-but there was a knowing look in her eyes that seemed to reach back across centuries, and there was something about Mama's playful smile that made Jenny think-for no particular reason at all-about the strange sensation she had felt standing amid the mysterious ruins at Stonehenge.

"What did you mean when you said it's no accident we met?" Jenny asked.

Mama arched an eyebrow and smiled sweetly.

"Don't you believe everything that happens, happens for a purpose?" she asked. "I'm on my way right now to visit a druid grove just down the road. I'm interested in ancient mysteries myself. Would you care to join me?"

Jenny's eyes grew wide and her face brightened.

"A real druid grove?" she asked. "I noticed the name of this place when I came in, but I didn't realize there was a real druid's grove anywhere around here."

"It's real, so far as anyone can tell," Mama said. "There's not a lot that anyone knows for certain about the druids."

"It sounds fascinating," Jenny said brightly.

Then she frowned. "I wish I could go with you, but I have to figure out how I'm going to meet up with my husband again."

"Oh?" the dark-haired woman said. "Where is he?"

"He wandered off yesterday," Jenny replied. "He had to meet up with some fellow over here who he'd met on the Internet. I guess this guy has done some favors for my husband, so John-that's my husband-wanted to thank him. Apparently this fellow is a motorcycle enthusiast, and John has wanted a motorcycle for years. So now I'm supposed to meet John at some sort of motorcyclists' convention. I've been all over town today, and I've seen a lot of people on motorcycles, but nobody can tell me where the Convention Center is."

A strange expression spread across the dark-haired woman' face.

"More things in heaven and earth," she said, with a wry smile. "Look!"

She turned, and showed Jenny a large colorful patch sewn on the back of her black leather jacket.

"Thorn Birds?" Jenny asked.

"It's a bike club for lady bikers-birds, get it?" Mama said. "I'm the president of the Thorn Birds. The only motorcycle convention you'll find around here is the bike rally I'm going to. The campground is just beyond the druid grove we were talking about."

"Campground?" Jenny said, sounding frustrated. "Oh, why doesn't he tell me these things! I'm not dressed right for an outdoor event, and my clothes are all at the hotel, way back in London. He told me the name of the town, and I hopped in a cab."

"Just like a man," Mama said, shaking her head. "Well, don't worry about clothes. Once we get to the campground, I'm sure the Thorn Birds will be able to get you kitted out in something more serviceable."

"Oh, I couldn't put you to all that trouble," Jenny said.

"No trouble at all," Mama said. "Always delighted to help a fellow devotee of life's ancient mysteries. And I know my husband will be thrilled to meet you-if he's not, I'll have to check him for a pulse!"

Jenny blushed and laughed. "Okay, if you're sure. Lead the way!"

The ruddy-faced man at the bar drew a sharp breath.

"I don't believe it!" he whispered. "There's two of 'em!"

He nudged the man at the end of the bar, and said, "Why don't you take the blonde and I'll take the brunette? Fair enough?" To the bartender, he added, "Sorry, but you are on duty."

The man at the end of the bar turned to see the two women who had just emerged from the ladies' room. His jaw dropped. He seized the sleeve of the ruddy-faced man.

"Good Lord, man! Don't you know who that brunette is? That's Mama Biker! Her husband once went after a bloke with a chainsaw when the guy got too chummy with the missus!"

"Pure nonsense!" said the bartender. "That whole story is nothing but a bloody rumor. They never proved a thing!"

The ruddy-faced man, who was suddenly looking unusually pale, didn't appear to be reassured by this news. He sat in ashen-faced silence as Mama Biker and Jenny brushed past him on their way to the exit.

Mama led Jenny to a two-tone blue Kawasaki GPz 550. She got onto the bike, then turned to Jenny.

"Hop on," she said brightly.

"A motorcycle?" Jenny said, her voice trembling a bit.

Mama laughed softly. "What did you expect? We're going to a bike rally, after all."

Hesitantly, Jenny approached the bike.

"You-you will ride carefully, won't you? I've only ever done this once before."

Her face reddened at the recollection of that previous ride, offered by a Good Samaritan in a black leather jacket after Jenny's car had suffered a flat tire.

"Just get on and relax, will you?" Mama said.

Jenny swallowed hard, and started to step onto the bike.

"Wait! Hold it!" Mama said suddenly.

Jenny froze. "What is it?" she asked.

Mama looked down at Jenny's feet. "Those spike heels are dangerous. Look, you've snagged your skirt on the heel of your shoe. You might have ruined that lovely dress."

Jenny's face turned red, and she breathed a sigh of relief as she disentangled her dress from the heel of her shoe.

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "I can't tell you how much I appreciate you looking out for me."

"No problem," said Mama, whose brow was now creased with a worried look. "You know, I'm thinking that skirt is pretty long. We really don't want it getting tangled up in the chain here. Can you raise the skirt-you know, tuck it up about six or eight inches?"

Jenny blushed even more. "I-I could, I guess, but then it would get all wrinkled where I'm sitting on it, wouldn't it?"

Mama gave Jenny a sympathetic smile and nodded. "You're probably right, but if the motorcycle chain catches on your skirt, it will probably rip the whole dress right off of you. And we'll be getting you something else to wear once we reach the campground, anyway. So a few wrinkles aren't that bad, are they?"

Jenny shook her head. The image of the bike chain ripping her dress off was very vivid in her mind, and it communicated Mama's point perfectly.

Jenny started to tuck up the hem of her skirt, thinking always about the bike chain, and tucking some more, turning the long, flowing skirt into a sort of lumpy miniskirt, and very much aware of the smiles growing on the faces of the men passing by as she exposed more and more of her shapely thighs.

"Is this okay?" she said at last, awkwardly pressing the sides of the skirt against her thighs to prevent her work from being undone by gravity.

Mama's eyebrows were arched in surprise, but she nodded. Jenny had raised the hem until she had almost exposed her panties.

"That should be fine," Mama said.

She stepped off the bike to help Jenny to climb on without letting go of the hem of her skirt, then she resumed her own seat.

"All set back there?" Mama asked.

"Yes," Jenny said faintly.

Mama turned the key and the engine roared to life.

"It-it's v-vibrating quite a b-bit," Jenny observed. "I-is th-this normal?"

"Oh, I know," Mama said. "The poor thing needs a tune up, but I haven't had time to work on it. Are you going to be okay?"

"I'm o-okay," Jenny said. "It's k-kind of n-nice, a-actually."

"Good," Mama said, smiling. "Hold on tight!"

She revved the engine, and the bike darted down the road.

Jenny saw the front of her rolled up skirt flutter a bit as they zipped along the road, and she took some consolation from the realization that the wind couldn't get much of a purchase on her shortened skirt. Counterbalancing this was the fact that everyone passing by got an excellent view of her long legs, all the way to the tops of her stockings. She hoped that the presence of Mama on the seat before her prevented anyone from getting a view even higher up, to her sheer white panties.

The vibration of the motorcycle was soothing, in a strange way, and Jenny leaned forward a bit so that she could feel more of the soothing effect. Her entire body shook in time to the rhythm of the engine. It was a moment before she realized that the shoulder straps of her dress were moving to the rhythm, too-slowly slipping down off her shoulders. She hunched her shoulders to keep the straps from slipping further, but she was too late: the straps had already passed the points of her shoulders, and in the act of pulling her shoulders up, she actually caused the straps to slip even more.

Now Jenny saw her entire dress slipping inexorably down. She winced at the realization that her sheer lacy strapless bra would soon be exposed to everyone on the highway. It was one of her husband's favorites, and she knew that her pink nipples could be clearly seen through the thin material. She had worn it to please him; she certainly never intended that everyone on this English roadway would see it. The dress continued to slide down her body. Jenny pressed her chest against Mama's back, and tightened her grip on Mama's body.

"Scared?" Mama asked. "Am I going too fast? Not to worry-we're here already."

She slowed the bike and pulled over onto the grassy verge.

The motorcycle stopped vibrating when Mama shut off the engine, but Jenny was still shaking, and still clinging tight to Mama's body.

Mama chuckled. "You can let go now, Jenny. We're here."

Jenny waited until a string of cars had passed and the roadway was clear before she released her hold on Mama and leaned back. Her dress immediately started to slip down again. With one hand, she pressed the dress against her chest just in time to preserve her modesty. She breathed a deep sigh of relief, and with the other hand she tugged the drooping shoulder straps back up over her shoulders.

Mama dismounted from the bike and surveyed the landscape. "It's not as flashy as Stonehenge," she said, "but this is really a very spiritual place." She drew a deep breath. "Even this close to the road and all the petrol fumes, this place seems very clean, somehow."

Jenny smiled and got off the bike. She let her skirt drop back to its full length, and felt much better. She turned to admire the view, and took a single step toward Mama.

"Oh, these shoes are never going to do here," Jenny said. "John likes for me to wear heels, and I think they look nice, but they're not very practical out here, are they?"

She steadied herself against the bike, raised each foot in turn and pulled her shoes off.

"I'm glad it's such a nice warm day today. It's not being disrespectful to go barefoot here, is it?"

Mama raised her face toward the sky.

"It is a beautiful day, isn't it?"

She looked down at the soft mossy path that led into the heart of the grove.

"As a matter of fact, it might be more disrespectful to enter the grove with shoes on."

She knelt and started to untie her own boots.

Jenny smiled. Already the cool grass felt good under her feet. She knew that her silk stockings would never hold up here. She seated herself on the bike, checked that the nearby roadway was fairly clear in both directions, and reached under her skirt to unfasten the garters that held up her stockings.

"I wish we weren't so close to the road," she said, as she started to roll the stockings down her long legs.

Mama peeled off her black socks and wiggled her toes on the soft carpet of moss underfoot.

"That's much better," she said.

She looked up to see Jenny pulling off her last stocking.

"There's a compartment under the seat where you can put your shoes and stockings. Let me show you."

In a moment the two women had stowed their footwear and started on the pathway into the druid grove.

"Oh, it feels wonderful," Jenny said, with a giddy laugh, as the soles of her feet were tickled by the grass and the moss.

"Watch where you're stepping and you should be fine," Mama said, and the two women carefully walked deeper into the ancient grove.

Jenny looked about with a sense of awe.

"It looks just like any old bunch of trees," she whispered, "but you can really sense a presence here, can't you?"

She stopped for a moment to carefully disentangle her skirt from the branches of a squat bush at the edge of the path.

Mama smiled and nodded. "You sense that in part because you enter this grove reverently. The presence is always there, but you are not always open to it. Some people say the druids worshipped trees, but I think it might be more accurate to say they revered them. Trees are living things, just like people, cats, dogs, whales or dolphins. The druids believed that, like all other living things, a tree has a spirit."

The wind moving through the leaves sounded like the breath of some giant soul. A shiver ran down Jenny's spine.

"In this place, I can believe it," she said.

"You might say that different trees have different personalities," Mama continued. "The apple tree here is thought to give wisdom and understanding. The bay tree over there has healing powers, and the oak is the tree of truth. The pine tree-sweetest of woods. Some believe that the ash tree is the ancestor of the human race, believe it or not. Some trees seem very sober and serious, and others are playful."

"Eek!" said Jenny. "Can you tell this one I don't want to play?"

Her hair and her dress were snagged in the branches of a bramble tree.

"Don't pull too hard," Mama said, laughing.

She stepped over to help Jenny free herself from the thorny branches.

"You must always be respectful of the trees, especially in a place like this. We're guests here, and we mustn't be rude."

Carefully, she released Jenny from the last clinging branch. The branch sprang up, and the rustling of the leaves sounded a bit like a disappointed sigh.

"There are quite a few of these bramble trees right here," Mama observed.

She peered through the branches.

"They're often together to protect a fairy clearing, you know. If you listen to fairy stories or look at those old Maxfield Parrish paintings, you might think that fairies are sweet, harmless creatures. But you really don't want to make them cross."

Jenny eyed the bramble trees suspiciously.

"I think I had best keep clear of the bramble trees, then," she said. "Wouldn't want to upset the fairies."

"Aha! Here we are," said Mama, as she continued along the grassy path.

"This is the big clearing up ahead."

Jenny followed Mama into a large circular clearing ringed with many different kinds of the trees.

"This is where we believe they would have held some of their most important rituals," she added, walking to the center of the clearing.

She breathed deeply of the fragrant air. She turned her face to the bright blue sky and felt the sun warm her face. Jenny repeated Mama's actions, closing her eyes and turning her face up to be warmed by the sun.

"It's like we've gone back in time," she said softly.

"We know so very little about the druids," Mama said. "The scholars are still trying to puzzle out the meanings of their rituals and artifacts. One thing does seem fairly certain-at least some of their rituals were done while sky-clad."

Jenny sniffed the sweet smelling air.

"Sky-clad. Oh, that sounds nice," she said.

She lowered her upturned face and looked at Mama. "What does it mean?"

Mama smiled, and stepped to the edge of the clearing. She took off her leather jacket and dropped it on the ground.

"Sky-clad. You know-clothed with just the sun and the moon and the breeze."

She pulled her black tank top over her head, exposing a white cotton bra that strained to contain her breasts. Jenny's face turned red.

"You-you mean naked?" she asked, incredulously.

"Oh, yes," Mama said, nodding, as she released the hook at the back of her bra and freed her voluptuous bosom.

"Remember, they respected nature, and their own place in it. And on a gorgeous day like today, you have to admit it makes perfect sense, doesn't it?"

Jenny looked around nervously. They were far from the road now and screened from view in all directions by a thick curtain of trees. Nevertheless, she felt very uncomfortable when she saw Mama unzip her black denim trousers, and lower the trousers and her white cotton panties together to the ground.

"Ta-dah! Sky-clad!" Mama declared, striking a humorous pose.

She stepped back to the center of the clearing, a broad smile across her face.

"Care to join me, Jenny?" she asked. "I have no doubt the ancient ones would approve."

Jenny's face turned an even brighter shade of red, and she shrunk from Mama.

"Oh, no-n-not for me, thanks," she said, nervously backing out of the center of the clearing. "Some-some other time, maybe. Or-or some other lifetime, more like it."

The ground was uneven near the edge of the clearing, and Jenny, taking another step backward, stumbled and fell, arms flailing. She fell into the low-hanging branches of a tree at the edge of the clearing. The branches weren't strong enough to break her fall, but they did snag the shoulder straps of her dress. As she fell, the dress slipped up over her head as neatly as could be.

Jenny landed flat on her back with a great thud. She saw the branches that had snagged her dress spring up, relieved of the weight of her falling body. She saw her beautiful white summer dress tossed into the air and sailing, sailing, caught for a moment by a playful breeze, landing at last on a very high bough of a pine tree at the edge of the clearing.

"Oh, my-oooOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWW!" Jenny howled.

Mama had rushed to Jenny's side.

"Are you alright?" she asked, breathlessly. "What's wrong?"

"Ooooooowwwww! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Jenny moaned. It had taken a moment for her to become sensible to the sharp stabbing pain in her backside. She recognized it for what it was: she had plopped down right on top of a particularly prickly bush of some sort. Quickly, she rolled to her left to get away from the stinging prickles. She realized her mistake instantly-the ground was carpeted with the prickly plants, and now she felt the sting on her front side, too.

"Oh, you've landed in stinging nettles!" Mama cried. "Here, let me help you up!"

She seized Jenny's arm and hoisted her from her painful position. She immediately set to work plucking off the tiny burrs that still clung to Jenny's body.

"Owww!" Jenny cried. "They're still sticking me! Get them off me, please!"

"Oh, dear," Mama said, "they're sticking to your clothes."

She plucked more of the tiny stingers from Jenny's bra while Jenny fidgeted and whimpered. Mama shook her head in frustration.

"There's too many of them. They're sticking to the material. I'm afraid you'll have to take your things off."

A look of mortification crossed over Jenny's features, but she made no argument. She peeled her panties off in a swift motion, and gasped at the welcome relief of that much misery. She reached behind her back to undo the clasp on her bra, but the motion caused the nettles to poke more painfully into Jenny's tender breasts.

She turned her back toward Mama, and said "Oh, help me, please!"

Mama nodded, and quickly undid the clasp at the back of Jenny's bra. The bra dropped to Jenny's feet.

"Oh, thank you!" Jenny said with a deep sigh of relief.

She rubbed her sore breasts. Fortunately, the nettles seemed to stick only to her clothing, not to her skin.

Both women were startled by a sudden growing noise from depths of the wood. They watched as the sound of rustling leaves, snapping twigs, and shouting voices grew louder and closer. They watched as dozens of men and women, all dressed in biker gear, emerged from the shroud of the trees.

"We heard someone screaming," a voice shouted. "Is everything alright?"

Jenny's face turned beet red when she saw her husband, John, approaching.

"Oh… my… God!" she breathed.

John smiled when he saw the warm flush grow in Jenny's cheeks. He turned to a man who walked beside him.

"I told you she wouldn't let us down, pal. Biker, I would like you to meet my blushing bride, Jenny!"

The man looked up and down Jenny's body, and a broad smile grew across his face. Jenny thought the man looked familiar, but she couldn't quite place him. He gave a polite little bow, and said, "I've heard so much about you, Jenny. It's delightful to finally meet you in the flesh."

The man turned toward John, and said, "I'd like you to meet my own better half. John, say hello to Mama Biker."

Now it was Mama's turn to blush. John's eyes roamed eagerly over her naked body, and there was a twinkle in his eye which didn't seem entirely innocent.

"A real pleasure," he said, and kissed her hand.

The crowd was coalescing now. John stepped back and took in the sight of the two blushing naked women. He turned to Biker and said, "Well, I have to admit you were right. England certainly is beautiful at this time of the year."

----------------------------------------------------------------

**Jenny and the Clubhouse by ?**

Jenny stormed out of the apartment disgusted with the night’s events. She had attended Ashley’s party in the city to celebrate her spacious new condominium only to be butt of the party’s jokes. It came as no surprise to anyone familiar with their relationship that Ashley was the one responsible for fueling Jenny’s embarrassment. Ashley had done so by reciting some of Jenny’s famed unintentional nudity stories- which of course always ended up with Jenny nude and humiliated by a plethora of onlookers. The roars of laughter that ensued these tales were all too audible for Jenny; her eyes welled into tears and she had no alternative but to leave the party in an expeditious manner.

As Jenny’s train back into the suburbs approached her station, she had finally composed herself when a feeling of shock and horror came over her. The purse Jenny had rifled through to obtain her car keys WAS NOT HERS!!! She had mistakenly grabbed the wrong handbag in her haste to exit Ashley’s party! She was now without her keys, cell phone, wallet and other important accessories! Perhaps even more mind-boggling was that this bag contained only a compact, lipstick, what appeared to be a key to a locker, a change purse and a black, strapless bra! In addition, she was now more than an hour from home as she had taken the train directly into the city after work!

Jenny flipped the purse on the floor in front of her as she exited the train, but kept some of the change figuring she could call her husband to come pick her up at a pay phone. As the train doors slid closed, the hem of Jenny’s blue, floral print, ankle-length dress was lifted due to a stiff and unforgiving breeze- thus exposing her creamy legs which were encased in white, thigh-high, stay-up stockings with lace tops. If that wasn’t enough, her extremely brief white-lace thong panties became visible as well!

Deciding not to stick around and witness the further damage the wind could do, Jenny darted, (as best as her strappy, white 3 inch heels would allow), to a nearby pay phone. She quickly inserted two quarters into the phone and dialed John. After what felt like 10 minutes but was only time enough for three rings, John finally answered:

“Hello?”

“John, it’s me. I’m stranded at the Mellview train station. Please honey, I need you to come pick me up!”

“How did that happen? I thought you went to Ashley’s party?”

“Please, John, never mind that. I’ll tell you later. Can you come right away!?!”

“Sure, but you’re over an hour away. I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

“Thanks honey!”

Jenny’s trepidation had now been somewhat quelled as she now only had to wait for John to rescue her. But as she strode out of the phone booth, another powerful breeze blew her dress to waist level. That and the creakiness of the awkward sliding doors of the booth combined to pin her dress behind her while all of Jenny’s weight had begun to shift forward. Matters were worsened when a protruding nail from the door ripped through her dress and caught the flimsy clasp of her white lace bra.

What happened next was par for the course. Her entire dress as well as her bra was violently torn from her body, exposing her 36CC breasts and now erect nipples from the cool breeze, as well as her lacy stockings and tiny panties . Jenny realized immediately the bra was done for, but tried to reach back and salvage her semi-torn dress. All she was able to do, however, was rip it some more by dislodging it from the phone booth. Soon thereafter another wind stole the torn dress from her feminine hands and swept it into the street amongst other debris left behind by litterbugs. Too bad she didn’t keep the strapless bra from the discarded purse! Actually, too bad only for her!

Now resigned to her near naked fate, Jenny decided to flee the lights of the main thoroughfare and seek refuge in a nearby neighborhood until her husband arrived. Having walked a couple of blocks, and relishing the fact that there appeared to be no activity in the area, Jenny spotted a small clubhouse just behind some trees in a side yard. Figuring this would be the perfect place to hide for about an hour, she hobbled over as quickly as she could, with her arms no doubt folded over her perfect breasts.

Upon entering the clubhouse, she heard some sniggering and her heart began pounding once again. Just then a light went on, then another, and two boys of about 11-years old emerged from their sleeping bags. Ostensibly, they were having an uneventful camp out, only to be greeted by a gorgeous, topless, woman clad in only a pair of sexy stockings, thong panties and succulent high heels. Jenny let out a harsh scream, partially because she was startled, but mostly because she was now being ogled by two pre-pubescent boys.

“Quiet down, lady. You’re going to wake the whole town”, exclaimed the first boy.

“I’m so sorry to wake you boys. I lost my clothes and I’m waiting for my ride. I thought I could hide out in here,” answered Jenny, still trying to maintain some level of modesty.

“Yeah, Billy and I could see you’ve lost your clothes. You have monster breasts!” replied the second boy named Tommy.

“Um, er, thanks. Please, do you boys mind if I wait in here? It will only be for an hour or so,” asked a hesitant Jenny.

“Sure, you can wait in here,” said Tommy.

Turning towards each other, the boys rose from their sleeping bags in t-shirts and sweatpants, and began whispering something to one another. Jenny again tried to cover up what was already seen by the boys.

“The only thing is, if you’re going to stay here, you have to follow our rule for all girls that come in here,” said Billy.

“And what rule is that,” asked a now shaking Jenny as she was beginning to become a bit frightened at the mention of a rule.

“All girls have to be tied-up,” answered a beaming Tommy.

“Well, I don’t know boys. I’m already naked, and you are only little boys. I just don’t feel right about this,” said Jenny.

“Okay, fine. You can wait outside in the street. Hopefully no one makes any noise to wake up every house on the block,” said a sly Billy, a mysterious grin enveloping his face.

“Why, you little brats. You wouldn’t!” said Jenny.

“Oh, believe me babe, we would! Now, just let us tie you up, and you can stay here for as long as you’d like. What’s so bad about that,” asked Billy.

“Well, I guess. But can I at least have some clothes to cover up? I’d feel at least a little more comfortable,” inquired Jenny.

“Sorry, we don’t have anything else here to wear. We’d have to go into the house, and that would surely wake my parents,” answered Tommy, blatantly staring at Jenny’s pert nipples. “And besides, you still have your panties on, so it’s no big deal.”

“Okay, let’s get this over with,” said a humiliated Jenny, feeling she had no other choice. She then extended her hands forward for the boys.

“No, put your hands behind your back,” said Billy, correcting Jenny’s intentional faux pas.

“I was afraid you’d say that,” answered a deflated Jenny, now complying with the boys’ request.

With that, Tommy produced a few coils of rope and began encircling Jenny’s wrists. Jenny had pleaded with the boys to not make the knots too tight, but that was surprisingly the exact opposite of what the boys had in mind.

“Boys, that’s very tight. Can you loosen the ropes a bit,” said an aching Jenny.

“Actually, we were going to start on your elbows if you don’t mind. Please stop interrupting us or we’ll be forced to gag you too,” said Tommy.

Tommy tossed a length of rope to Billy who proceeded to tie Jenny’s elbows together, resulting in another horrifying scream from Jenny. They boys used the final coil of rope to connect Jenny’s bound wrists with her elbows. Her arms were now welded together behind her back. The boys walked around Jenny admiring their handiwork, and whispering about how Jenny’s breasts hung unencumbered due to her arms now being tightly tied behind her.

Jenny continued to writhe under the ropes, but she was unsuccessful in even loosening them at all. Her only success, and much to the boy’s delight, was that her breasts bounced uncontrollably, and conveniently at their eye levels. In addition, her already brief underwear was now beginning to ride up on her due to all the wriggling and what she initially hoped was only sweat being emitted from her contoured mound.

“Lady, there’s another thing you can help us with if you don’t mind. I mean, it’s the least you can do with us letting you stay here,” asked Tommy.

“I’m afraid to ask, but what would that be,” replied a dejected Jenny.

“We have a dance next week at school, and we were hoping you could show us how to slow dance with a girl,” the gregarious Tommy offered.

“Um okay. I would, but you’ll have to untie me so that I can teach you. I can’t do it while I’m tied-up,” said Jenny, hoping the boys would release her.

“Well, that would violate our rule. Can’t you just show us while you’re tied-up? What’s the big deal,” asked Tommy again.

“Well, I guess….”

“Great! Where do I put my hands,” interrupted Tommy, quickly approaching the still struggling Jenny as Billy watched closely. “Is here alright?” continued Tommy, placing both of his hands on Jenny’s bare bum, and running them over her smooth flesh to the tops of the backs of her stockings.

“No, not there! On my waist! And watch those hands. I’m all tied up and I’m naked… and you boys aren’t either one,” said Jenny, trying dearly to reason with the boys.

Tommy complied and moved his hands back to Jenny’s bare waist. They began dancing for a couple of minutes, and all seemed well, when all of a sudden, Tommy’s hands again wandered down to Jenny’s arse accompanied by his face being burrowed into Jenny’s ample cleavage. He began to nuzzle Jenny’s breasts, as well as suck and lick around the sides of her breasts and over her nipples. While Jenny was slightly aroused, she was more in tune with stopping his advances.

“That’s enough! Stop touching me!! This is ridiculous,” screamed Jenny.

A satisfied Tommy backed away when Billy asked the bound Jenny if he could have an opportunity to dance with her, and promised to behave. Jenny agreed, just telling Billy to keep his hands where she could see them. Billy adhered to her demand for a short time, but before long he began groping her as well. Jenny again began to moan and yell, but Billy wanted his time in the sun. He worked his hands all over her breasts, stocking-clad legs, back and arse, when finally his roaming thumbs rested on either side of the waistband of Jenny’s thong panties, beginning the process of peeling them off.

“Hey, what’s going on in here?” shouted a middle-aged policeman with salt-and-pepper hair upon entering the clubhouse.

“Uh, nothing sir, we were just helping this lady wait for her ride is all,” replied Tommy.

“Well, it certainly looks like something is going on. I received a complaint of a woman screaming, and now I see why,” said the officer, completely fixated with this beauty’s predicament.

“Officer, can you please untie me. These naughty boys tied me up, and then they were touching me as well,” pleaded Jenny.

The officer proceeded to walk around Jenny, (slowly of course), making sure not to miss a curve or a detail of Jenny’s tied-up body.

“Please untie me, the ropes are digging into my arms,” said Jenny, hoping she was one step closer to freedom.

The officer then gave an extremely half-hearted attempt to untie Jenny, and said that she would have to accompany him back to the precinct where they could find a knife to cut her loose. Outraged by this decision, Jenny yelled at the officer to make the boys get a knife or scissors from inside the house to untie her.

“No, ma’am. Relax. I think you’ve already caused the boys enough trouble for one night. You can come with me in the cruiser back to the station. We’ll most likely be able to untie you there. It should only be another 45 minutes or so. I just have to respond to a couple more complaints,” stated the officer.

“45 minutes? My husband should be picking me up in about 15 minutes at the train station…,” said Jenny with a concerned, perplexed look on her face.

“You can call him from the station,” interrupted the officer, as he led Jenny out of the clubhouse.

Both Tommy and Billy grabbed Jenny’s soft, helpless butt one more time for good measure on her way out. She squealed in surprise, a dark frown framed on her face.

“Have a good night boys,” said the officer, as he lowered Jenny into the back seat of the cruiser and belted her bound body in. He made sure to “cop” a feel or two for his trouble.

As the patrol car pulled off, Jenny looked out the back window to see Tommy and Billy waving goodbye. It was a night they will forever remember…

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**Door to Door Jenny by X12348765**

With a skip and a bounce Jenny stepped out of her old brown car and into the warm summer sun. She straightened the hem of her light cotton dress which fell generously below her knees and adjusted her ample 36 DD bosom which the dress could barely contain (for some odd reason she was not wearing a brazier). She then pulled out a large canister vacuum cleaner from the front seat of the her car and sauntered up the neat little walkway of the house she had parked by.

She placed the vacuum cleaner down by her side, cleared her throat and rang the bell.

Ding-Dong....

she heard echo inside the house.

After a slight a moment, a young woman answered the door. She was shorter than Jenny, with a nice, but not as ample bosom. Her figure was still quite remarkable. She was dressed in light cotton blouse and knee length linen skirt. She stared at Jenny with a puzzled expression.

"Yes?" She said after a small pause. "Can I help you?"

Jenny beamed back at the woman and staring her straight in the eyes launched into what sounded like a rehearsed speech.

"Good morning sir or madam! It is with great pleasure that I am here with you today. My, what a lovely home-apartment-condominium you have. I can see that you are a person of taste and refinement....that is why I am here today."

Jenny paused to catch her breath.

"What is this about!" The woman demanded.

Her face was crinkled into a not so friendly glare.

"Who is it honey?" came a voice from inside the house.

A man appeared next to the woman; a little taller than she but about the same age. His eyes widened when he saw Jenny standing there and the corners of his mouth turned up ever so slightly. His wife looked from his face to Jenny and then back again. Her eyes narrowed and she turned to Jenny with growl in her voice.

"We're not interested!"

She was about to slam the door shut but found it wouldn't budge. Her husband was holding it open.

"Go on young lady, you were saying?" He said politely.

"I represent the Acme Vacuum cleaner company and I'm here today to tell you how much Acme Vacuum cleaners suck!"

"What??!!" Said the lady of the house.

"I beg your pardon, " the husband gently replied.

"It's true!" Jenny said with pride. "They really suck! And suck and suck and keep on sucking! Like my manager says, they could suck the chrome off a bumper!"

The man and woman of house stared back. "You manager said that? About this vacuum?" The woman asked.

"Well....I think so. I overheard him, and I can't imagine what else he could have been talking about! May I come in and demonstrate?"

"I don't think s...."

"Of course! Come right in. Move out of the way dear."

The husband firmly grabbed his wife, shoving her back and Jenny stepped inside the house.

The three of them moved into the living room where Jenny looked around and with the same rehearsed tone said, "My oh my, does this carpet need a good cleaning!"

"I just cleaned it yest...."

"Don't interrupt Gladys! Yes, yes a good cleaning."

With a radiant smile, "Yes. Frequent cleaning would have kept this carpet looking fresh and new."

"We just bought it last mo...."

"Quiet dear. Your so right Miss...Miss?"

"Allow me to demonstrate the awesome sucking power of the Acme cleaning machine." Jenny said and she pulled out a white plastic bag. With a flash of her hand the bag ripped open and she dumped the contents out onto the rug in the middle of the room. Black greasy soot landed with an audible "PLOP!" on the floor.

"My carpet!" Cried Gladys.

"Now don't you fear Madam, this little baby is going to suck that problem right up and out of your life!" Jenny said beaming even more than before if that's even possible.

"Now I just need to plug this baby in!"

Jenny turned around and dragged the vacuum plug over to one of the walls. She bent over giving the couple a nice view of her succulent, dress covered rear. She swore she heard the wife growling. Finding the outlet, Jenny plugged in the vacuum cleaner and turned back. She saw a noticeable

bulge in the front of the husband's trousers and she gave slight snicker.

"Well, I'll just turn this baby on..."

"Oh, I know you can!" Said the husband.

Jenny paused and smiled. "And believe me, you're going to be in for a real treat!"

Jenny picked up the vacuum hose and disengaged it from the brush. She kicked the on switch with her foot and the canister revved up to life. The hose began with wiggle in her hands like a snake and then suddenly with a cry of panic Jenny screamed as a loud RRRRIIIPPPP was heard. In the flash of an eye her entire cotton dressed ripped off of her body and disappeared with a loud sucking noise down the vacuum hose.

Jenny was standing in the middle of this couple's living room wearing only a pair of thong panties and her high heeled shoes. Her knees came together and she held out her arms and screamed before trying to cover herself with them.

The husband's jaw dropped and the wife's eyes bugged out at the sight of her bare breasts bouncing and jiggling and she screamed and hollered. With out loosing a beat, Jenny turned tail and now giving the couple a lovely rear view, dashed out of the house and down to her car.

Inside the front, driver's side, she pulled a towel which she had been using as seat cover across herself and paused to catch her breath. Then, she hung her head forward and began to sob.

"Miss?"

She heard a man's voice from just outside her window. She looked up and saw the husband standing there.

"Are you all right miss?"

Jenny sniffled a couple of times. "Yes. I guess so."

"Miss, how much is the vacuum?"

"Three-hundred."

"I'll take it, " said the husband and handed over three-hundred in cash.

Jenny counted the money, and looked up. He was gone. She grinned and started up her car. As she pulled away from the house she through the opening of the living room curtains the wife run by, minus her blouse. And as she passed towards the edge of the allowable view, Jenny saw the vacuum hose come up and POOF the wife's skirt and panties disappeared, her bum cheeks jiggling as she ran.

The husband's distinctive bulge and then the husband himself flashed by next. Jenny smiled and sped away.

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Jenny stood on the dais at her employers office and graciously received her salesperson of the month award. She was wearing a smart business dress suite and had her long blond hair up in a bun. She looked the model of office professional.

"This award goes most deservedly to this young lady, " read her manager, old Mr. Johnson. "We have never seen someone sell so many units in one month. Please Jenny, tell us in your own words, what makes you such a successful sales person?"

"Well," Jenny said with all the false modesty she could muster. She stood next to a demonstration unit (the kind she sold so many of) and began telling the rest of her co-workers about Japanese business philosophies, the six habits of the seven most successful people and other such business non-sense.

Ashley stood off to the side with her arms crossed. She frowned and grimaced at the attention everyone was pouring over Jenny. And what was worse was that garbage she was claiming to be behind her success! Ashley couldn't take it anymore. She paced around and then stopped, a wicked grin coming over her face. Jenny was using the vacuum hose like a pointer, gesticulating wildly with it.

Ashley took several discrete steps behind the podium unnoticed. She quickly bent down and plugged in the demonstration unit. It roared to life just as Jenny was pointing towards herself with the hose.

SLLLUUURRRPPP!

Jenny's business jacket, blouse and brazier all quickly disappeared. Jenny stood there a moment completely stunned, her pendulous breasts jiggling, her nipples protruding. The crowd was stone cold silent. Then, Jenny looked up and them and her lushish mouth rounded out in the classic 'O of surprise as her eyes widened with realization of her situation. Suddenly, the crowd burst out laughing and whistling the sight her naked tits.

Jenny screamed, dropped and hose and started to run off the little stage but with another tremendous

SLLLUUURRRPPP

her skirt, stockings and panties all disappeared down hose of the vacuum cleaner. Jenny never broke her stride and the crowd was treated to a generous view of her bare backside as she ran off towards her office, their whistles, hoots and cat-follows following close behind.

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**Jenny On The Ranch by ?**

The little boy in seat C14 could not keep his eyes off her. Of course 12 years old was not really little. But he seemed so small and cute to Jenny, with a thatch of red hair, a face full of freckles, and those adorable green eyes that seemed to always be looking her way with a wide eyed innocence, his mouth more often than not agape. She smiled back across the aisle at him when she could, but he rarely returned the smile because, truth be told, his gaze was more directed towards her voluminous bust and long shapely legs.

He was watching those legs very carefully, not only because they were so smooth and tanned and beautiful, and her sheer hosiery glistened in the light, but that those same hosiery ended three quarters of the way up her luscious thighs and he was continuously treated to glimpses of her bare thigh above the lace trim at the top as she crossed and uncrossed her legs in her short white skirt. Not to mention the strapped white high heels on each delicately arched foot, accentuating the curve of her calves and her seductive femininity. If that wasn’t enough to get his emerging hormones in gear, her jutting, round breasts seemed to strain at the light blue, sleeveless blouse she wore, outlining a lacy bra beneath that seemed to barely contain her bosom.

It was early on during the flight, when she had removed her short white linen jacket, that he had needed to place an in-flight magazine in his lap to hide his excitement. But now that the pressurized air conditioning had kicked in, and her rigid nipples became so prominent, his hand involuntarily moved to his own lustful rhythm beneath “U.S. Airlines-The Happy Skies!, March 2000, vol.5, issue 3”.

“John, please tell me where we’re going?” Jenny voice took on pleading childlike lilt.

“For the last time, no, it wouldn’t be a surprise if I did, and after all this preparation I’m certainly not going to ruin it now.” He answered with a sly grin and a lascivious wink.

John patted her cute knee and ignored her pout, so she gave a little sigh and watched as he adjusted his pillow on his seat back and turned to the window away from her, cozying up for a nap. All she knew from her ticket was that they were going to Arizona and that the flight wouldn’t land in Phoenix for another three hours, so she thought she might do the same and bent forward to retrieve her own pillow from below the seat.

Although she failed to notice the top button of her blouse pop open from the gravitational strain her lovely boobs put on it, the fact was not lost on the boy across the aisle. A whispered “jeeeze” escaped his lips as his eyes drank in the creamy skin at the top of her breasts, pressed together in a deep cleavage that extended well down to mid-breast before terminating in the white lace of her bra. He thought he might actually lose it right there as her chest heaved and wobbled for what seemed liked hours as she searched for the pillow. Fortunately for him the pillow had slipped back to the feet of the person behind her.

“Oh dear..” Jenny said as she stood up and shuffled into the aisle, turning with her back to the boy and bending over so that her head was practically on her seat, her fingers fumbling under it for the pillow.

After having squirmed around in an airline seat for over an hour, Jenny’s white linen skirt (already short by most standards) had wrinkled accordion-like and ridden up to expose the bottom two inches of her soft, round cheeks. With the lacy top of her thigh high stockings ending a couple more inches below the crease of her cheeks and thighs, and her white thong panties disappearing between those jiggling globes, the boy across the aisle was frozen in time with eyes like saucers and his jaw on his chest. Once it sank in that this was an opportunity he would kick himself for missing, Vol. 5, issue 3 slid to the floor as his hands moved like lightning for the small camera in his top pocket.

Jenny barely registered the bright flash behind her as she minced back and forth on her heels, each buttock rising and falling in turn as she wiggled her behind in the boy’s face. He snapped off at least three shots that he would carry with him long into his college years before the plane lurched up and down from some outside turbulence. He dropped the camera and clutched his armrests to steady himself, his eyes never leaving the blonde’s curvy behind which bounced along with the disruption.

Jenny had pulled herself up to a half bend and was waving her arms around in circles trying to balance herself when she all of a sudden felt herself falling backward. With seconds to think, and in great danger of excruciating pain (despite the momentary pleasure) from Jenny sitting on his erection, the quick thinking lad let go of the armrests and cupped both hands face up on either side of his protruding bulge. Jenny dutifully sat her behind right down in those waiting palms and he felt his fingers constrict as he got his first handfuls of bottom cheek from the sexiest woman he had ever seen. He felt a little material from her skirt (and even less from her thong), but mostly felt bare skin...soft and pliant... which he fondled in sexual ecstasy.

“OH MY GOD!” Jenny squealed as her hands went to her mouth and her eyes became big and round.

Not only could she feel her bottom being squeezed by eager fingers but she was especially cognizant of a sharp pointed thing stuck firmly between her cheeks at a particularly sensitive spot. And what was more disconcerting was how she was rising and falling on it, causing her to to whisper little “oh!”s as she felt it poke into her.

She thought this was the movement of the plane and was clueless to the fact that the lad’s hips were bucking up and down involuntarily. Not only had another button on her blouse given way, spreading her blouse open to expose the entire tops of her breasts, but as her right leg draped over the boy’s aisle armrest, her left stuck straight out in the aisle and bounced at the knee with each of his thrusts, sending the sexy pointed toe of her heel skyward.

As her bottom came down hard in his lap and another “oh!” escaped her lips, her leg shot up like a metronome counting the beat. The boys eyes couldn’t make up their mind whether to take in her bouncing bosom or the white lace panties covering her pubic mound, as her skirt slid up further exposing a sight he only dreamed of.

While most of the men along the aisle were enjoying the show immensely, the female flight attendant was horrified that one of her passengers was out of her seat during the turbulence and was tossed about, which could have led to a nasty lawsuit and her dismissal if discovered. She unstrapped her own seatbelt and grabbed seatback after seatback, balancing herself as only an experienced stew could, as she quickly made her way to the hapless blonde. She offered a further enticing sight to the men along the aisle as her bottom swayed back and forth in her incredibly tight skirt. One could almost hear the threads along the seam at the back of her skirt groan as her buttocks rose and fell.

“Oh dear! Let me help you Miss, please, just take my hands..” she offered as she reached the kicking blonde, bouncing in the boy’s lap with a bit more enthusiasm than the actual turbulence indicated. Jenny did as she was told and with the attendants help, as well as the hands of the boy behind her, she was pulled to an upright position.

The boy’s hands refused to leave her bare, exposed bottom, however, and he held on like a mountain climber at a 500 foot drop. They finally did though, as his eyes rolled back in his head and a whoosh of air escaped his lips. He had became the first scout in his troop back home to become a member of the “Mile High Club”, even if it was without a willing partner. He mused during the rest of the ride to Phoenix if they might give merit badges for such a feat of sexual prowess.

Simultaneously, the effort to pull the busty blonde to an upright position was more than the flight attendant’s skirt could take and a very audible ripping sound ensued, followed by her hands flying rearward to feel that, yes indeed, her panty-encased bottom was well and truly exposed to the entire passenger section behind her.

“AAAAIYYYYY!!” she screamed and, trying to cover herself in vain, rushed toward the rear of the cabin.

As luck would have it, she only experienced one quick pinch to her rear from a Scottish gentleman named Stephen in the last seat of the last row before escaping into the curtained area and safety. Jenny, having quickly glanced at the stewardess’ name tag called out after her as she straightened her skirt, ignoring the leering glances at her bra exposed bosom sitting so proud and upright.

“OH, Phyllis! I’m SO sorry!! Thanks for helping anyway..” her voiced trailed off as she sat herself back down in her seat.

A deep rosy blush infused her cheeks as she glanced down and noticed her breasts jutting forth from her blouse in the lacy, white bra, and she hurriedly pulled the blouse together and buttoned it up as she looked around and noticed every male eye in the cabin on her.

“My GOD! How embarrassing for that poor stewardess!” Jenny thought, as John smiled over at his wife and her beautiful innocent face, cheeks almost flushed as red as her lipstick and gorgeous blue eyes as wide as saucers.

It was warm in Phoenix when John and Jenny Hamilton exited the breezeway into the airport concourse. They didn’t have to wait at a baggage carousel because they were only staying three days and John had packed for them both in carry-on luggage.

Jenny wasn’t terribly pleased with this fact because, no matter where they were going, she preferred to be prepared clothing-wise. She knew she could pick up makeup and toiletries anywhere but it was sometimes difficult to find clothes that had the right fit for such a voluptuous figure. But John had told her to relax, that where they were going it was very informal and there was no need to worry about appearances. To emphasis the point he stopped at an airport gift shop and purchased two cowboy hats for the pair of them, a white one for Jenny and a black one for himself.

Jenny held it on with her hand and carried her purse and small suitcase in her other hand and wiggled after John in her short white skirt and jacket, the heels of her strappy white pumps clicking along the linoleum of the concourse.

John hailed a taxi out front and they piled in as he slipped a piece of paper with an address to the driver. He motioned to his lips with one finger and gave a wink, and the driver smiled and nodded back, catching on that he was to remain quiet about their destination. Jenny straightened her skirt and crossed her legs, settling in for the ride to wherever, and looked out the window at the shimmering heat coming off the streets and exotic palms and cacti dotting the yards whizzing by. She was really enthralled with the beautiful, sculptured mountains all around her and marveled at the shades of lavender and orange streaking through them. But it looked so dry and forbidding in a way as well, and it was with a little hesitancy that she noticed they were leaving the outskirts of the town and heading off into the desert.

Five minutes out from there destination John slipped a white hanky from his pocket and talked Jenny into letting him blindfold her, and she giggled nervously and pleaded with him to tell her where they were going the rest of the way. When the car came to a stop he jumped out and tossed both bags on the ground and reached in to help his wife maneuver out of the backseat.

Leaving one foot still in the cab and tentatively pointing the toe of her shoe around outside to find where the ground was she inadvertently spread her legs wide and exposed her hose tops and flimsy panties to the crowd that had gathered for her arrival. A soft whistle came forth from one of the gathered men as Jenny stretched her long legs out of the cab and, holding her hat to the top of her head, teetered to a standing position, still blindfolded. With her other hand in John’s for balance, her chest was thrust forward provocatively and her bottom jutted out in back to compensate.

When John untied and removed the blindfold she blinked rapidly under the brilliant sunshine. As her eyes became accustomed to the light she saw before her a large, older woman in western attire with a big smile in a browned, leathery face. She stood surrounded by at least fifteen men that looked to Jenny as if they had stepped out of a John Wayne movie. If these weren’t real cowboys, they were the best actors Jenny had ever seen. Behind the woman was a large, two-story ranch house with a long, knotty pine sign hanging from the second floor balcony which read, BLUE CACTUS DUDE RANCH in letters burned into it.

She stood there in shock for a moment until the woman came forth and said, “I’ll bet that was a shock, weren’t it dearie?!! You look like I looked when my ol’ man drug me out here 20 years ago and told me we was gonna live here!” she chortled good naturedly.

“My name’s Gladys Perkins, Mrs. Hamilton, and welcome to the Blue Cactus..” she said as she pumped Jenny’s hand, and with another hand gently to her back propelled her towards the wooden steps leading up to screened double-doors on the wooden porch and into the shade the second story balcony overhang provided.

“My! Aren’t you just the prettiest thing we’ve ever seen around here!” she effused as she prattled on about how darling Jenny looked in that hat and how she wished she had the legs to wear such a short skirt, and on and on.. as John retrieved the suitcases as followed her into the air-conditioned foyer.

After signing in and being led off to the “bunkhouse” guest accommodations, Jenny found herself in another world. It seemed as if she was transported into a cowboy movie and everything around her reeked of the old west in the 1800’s. There was a big, four-poster bed with a canopy and and a wooden armoire against the wall. The antique dresser had a large, circular beveled mirror and a wash basin set in the corner had a stack of towels and porcelain pitcher full of cold, clear water. She was warming to the atmosphere considerably and gave John a big hug and thanked him for such a wonderful, and interesting, surprise!

“I thought you might like it, you have to admit it is a far cry from our usual vacations, isn’t it? He beamed at her approval.

“Oh I just love it John! Everything is just so cute and authentic, I just want to take a picture of all this for my scrapbook as soon as I freshen up..’ Jenny looked around curiously..`where exactly would I do that John?”

“Well Jen, you were right about the authenticity thing around here, they have gas lanterns and outdoor plumbing to go along with the decor, so you’ll have to go out back to actually work a handpump to draw water for a bath...” he giggled with amusement.

“Really??? Why that is amazing!” said Jenny and she undressed and slipped into a big terrycloth bathrobe that was left on the bed for her, and slid her feet into a pair of slippers she found on the floor beneath it.

John gathered up her city clothes and explained to her that he would drop them off at the office to be sent into Phoenix for laundering and from here on out they were going to dress “western” style. Jenny giggled at the thought and jokingly plopped her cowboy hat on her head and gave him a “sure as shootin’, partner!” as he closed the door behind him.

When John had left Jenny looked around and found another door which led outside and, just as he said, there was a big red hand pump out there with a large wooden bucket underneath it. Further away from it was your typical wooden outhouse with a half moon carved in the door and even further a large wooden tub about the size of a hot tub.

Forgetting to take her hat off Jenny pranced out towards the “outdoor plumbing” and “oohed” and “ahhed” over it like a little school girl. She tried the pump a few times but, not knowing how to prime it, got nothing out of it. She looked in the outhouse, and was pleasantly surprised that the exterior was just all show and that very clean and modern fixtures were inside. When she brushed her hand through the water of the tub she was shocked to feel how warm and silky it was! She felt like Goldilocks discovering everything had been laid out for her and no invitation was necessary. So she made her way back to the room and filled her cowboy hat full of shampoo and bar soap and hand towels, draped a large bath towel over her shoulder and went back out to the tub for a long, luxurious bath in the open air. At the moment she felt she was one of the luckiest women around to have such a thoughtful, fun-loving husband to keep her life interesting and full of surprises.

She did notice, however, that there were no steps leading up to the top of the tub. She would just have to swing a leg over and climb in like they must have done in the old days! She looked around and saw that she was alone and slipped her robe off and draped it and her bath towel over a lone post with a metal ring hanging from the top. Then she floated her shampoo bottle and soap on the water’s surface and using the hand towel to grip the edge of the tub, swung her leg over and into the warm, vibrant water. As soon as she was in she submerged herself and came back out with her face pointing upward to draw her wet, blonde hair back slickly from her forehead. Jenny thoroughly enjoyed her “western” bath and was actually sorry to leave the tub after about 15 minutes, but noticed her fingers and toes were getting all pruney.

At that moment Jenny heard the thudding of hooves from around the corner of the building and was surprised and delighted when a darling little calf came trotting around the corner and came to a skidding stop. He looked at Jenny curiously and slowly ambled towards the tub.

“Well hi there cutey! Jenny laughed “did you get lost from your mommy?”

The calf seemed to respond to Jenny’s friendly voice and came as close as it could and still be within running distance if the human reached too close. In a kind of nervous movement the calf rubbed it’s body against the post holding Jenny’s towel and robe, causing them to fall off into the dirt. Much to her chagrin, he then noticed the white cloth at his feet and nosed his head underneath it to sniff at the interesting odors there.

“Oh! No! Please don’t do that little cow!” Jenny said, her voice edged in panic.

And the calf responded to the voice by lifting his head, realizing he was blind, and running around in circles with Jenny’s towel and robe getting tangled all about his head and legs. He did manage to free his legs some though, and proceeded to trot off in an erratic path out into the desert.

“Little Cow! Little Cow! Please come back!” Jenny was shouting as she heard more hoof thudding nearby and was definitely worried about someone seeing her.

With a few “ohmygods” under her breath Jenny threw a leg over the edge of the tub and slipped her feet into the slippers. All she had left, besides her hands, to cover herself with was her cowboy hat and she bent to pick it up just as five riders came around the corner of the building in a cloud of dust. Their horses came skidding to a stop and dust billowed up from it, but it was not so thick as to obscure their view of Jenny’s shapely backside, bent over as she was. It was round and pink and gorgeous. Jenny made a crouching run around the other side of the tub from the men and was hoping they hadn’t seen her as she held the hat to her breasts. The men had just grinned at her efforts and winked at each other to play along with her miscalculation.

“I know that calf must be around here somewhere Jack..where’dya think it went?” one cowboy said with a big grin.

“Hard to say, really..could be anywhere around here. I think we ought to get down and search them bushes over there on foot to make sure it ain’t hidin’ out there..what ya’ say? he said as he winked at the others and slid out of the saddle.

The others followed him down from their horses and huddled for a moment, whispering a plan between them. After they had decided on what to do they began speaking loudly to each other in mock serious voices, debating on the whereabouts of the errant calf. But three of the men headed off towards the back door of the guest cabin while the other two came around either side of the large wooden tub Jenny was hiding behind.

“OHMYGOD!” she screeched as their boots came into view in the dirt where she was crouching.

Jenny immediately stood up and clasped the cowboy hat to her private parts, her breasts bouncing with the sudden movement. She held that hat to her crotch with both hands and took off for the bunkhouse, her arms forcing her large boobs together to jump in unison with her every step. Hoots and whistles of appreciation came from all around her as she came up against one, and then another, cowboy baring her way to safety.

The beautiful naked blonde turned and ran this way and that, always running into another cowboy standing in front of her. Her pink, bare behind wobbled enthusiastically and seemed to be blushing as brilliantly as her face cheeks. Every once and a while she felt a swat on her rump and she squealed and jump, her naked breasts bobbing up and down.

Jenny finally squeezed by a cowboy and found a clear path to the door and they were treated to a great view of her retreating rear end, as it wiggled away with all she had. As a last minute thought she realized what they were seeing and whipped the hat around to her rump , trying to cover it with one hand as she furiously opened the door and slipped inside to the laughter and clapping of her appreciative audience.

“Where have you been Jenny?” John said with a grin as he lay prone on the bed.

Jenny explained how the calf had ran off with her robe but was too embarrassed to tell John about her cowboy audience exiting the tub, as if he couldn’t tell from the faint pink hand print on her curvy rear end as she bent over her suitcase.

It was with growing concern that Jenny examined the clothes John had packed for her. Except for a load of sexy panties and stockings, he had only provided her with high heeled shoes, and a frilly, pink spaghetti-strapped sundress with a full skirt. It was only when she dug down in the bottom of the suitcase that she found a pair of cutoff levis and a couple of white shoulder-strapped T-shirts. But where were the bras? He hadn’t packed a single bra and Jenny frantically dug through the clothes, hoping she was wrong about that.

When she confronted John about this he just said he hadn’t really had time to think things through sufficiently and that he was terribly sorry and hoped she’d forgive him. She melted at the puppy dog look he gave her and decided she would just make the best of it, despite her misgivings.

So she put on her pink sundress and a pair of lacy white panties with a matching garter belt and hooked up some sheer beige stockings to it and slipped on the pink high heels which he had managed to match to her dress. You’d think he would have at least brought one pair of pantyhose?.. she mused as they strolled over to the main house in the cool evening.

There they partook of a wonderful country dinner with their charming hostess and a few of the hired hands. Despite the occasional glance at the ample cleavage Jenny was showing and the prominence of her jutting nipples against the cloth of her dress, she relaxed considerably and began enjoying herself. After two or three glasses of wine each, she and John were getting pretty drowsy from their busy day of travel and adventure, and walked arm in arm back to the bunkhouse where they slept soundly to a chorus of crickets outside their window.

It wasn’t until the morning that Jenny realized the full extent of her clothing troubles. After being awoke by a crowing rooster that sounded like it was auditioning for a role in Aida and the clanging of a breakfast bell from out in the yard somewhere, John told her they were off for a morning ride after breakfast. Then he slipped on his clothes and mentioned nonchalantly that it was going to be a hot day and he was glad he had taken the liberty to cut off the legs of her levis for her. He was sure she would thank him for it later. Then he took off for the main house leaving Jenny to get dressed in something she could reasonably ride a horse in.

She found that the white T-shirts fit after a fashion, maybe a little bit tight, and she definitely didn’t like the way they exposed the tops and sides of her breasts, but she would live with that. She slid on a pair of white thong underwear and then oozed herself into the cutoffs John had altered. When she felt behind her and realized he had cut them way too high up the back, right across the back pockets in fact, she blushed despite the fact she was alone. She was sure half of her butt (and she was right!) was hanging out the back and she tugged them down as best she could in back as she slipped into the pink heels. She couldn’t possibly ride a horse in high heels, she thought, tucking her blonde mane into her white cowboy hat and heading for the door.

Although it was true that those shoes were not for riding, they did have other benefits. At least for the assembled cowhands that sat around the periphery of the main yard and had the good fortune of watching Jenny walk to the main house. Her teetering steps in the heels, as she held her hat on with one hand and waved her other around for balance, was comical and sexy at the same time. Her breasts bobbed up and down with each mincing step and she blushed so coyly hearing their appreciative whistles.

The brilliance of her tight, white T-shirt in the morning sun was startling, and the only eyes not glued to her heaving chest beneath it were glued to her jiggling buns. The thin strip of denim material between her legs seemed to slide further between her bottom cheeks as she walked and the back of her levis had risen to three quarters of the way up her round, pink rump. She was a vision of sexuality. And by the time she had reached the porch most of the men had followed her in a group to watch her bared bottom wiggle up the steps. John met her at the door with a big grin and winked at the cowboys. He gave her fanny a friendly slap as she passed by him through the doors, causing her to shriek and hop, and her audience to bellow in laughter and appreciation.

Gladys met Jenny as she entered the foyer and told her how lovely she looked, but that she certainly couldn’t go riding in those shoes. She ushered her into the dining area where breakfast was all laid out and disappeared into the recesses of her house to get Jenny a pair of riding boots. When she returned she held forth a pair of long black boots of the type that English riders wear with jodhpurs. She explained that she thought these were the only pair she had that might fit Jenny’s little feet and set them beside her chair. They ate a large country breakfast, topped off with cups of strong, dark coffee, and Jenny slipped off her pink high heels and struggled into the high black riding boots.

Gladys clapped the back of a rangy older cowhand next to her as she stood up from the table and told the Hamiltons that Harvey would show them where the horse barn was, and that she was sure that he could pick out some nice, gentle horses for them. Her smile and encouragement warmed Jenny to the idea of actually riding a horse (something she had never done before) and she clomped out the front door with the other riders and bounced her beautiful assets down the steps and across the yard to the barn. An entourage of leering cowhands trailed behind her, watching her enticing bottom wiggle back and forth in the very brief shorts.

Harvey walked in the horse barn and led out two horses, which were already saddled and bridled and ready to go. A dark maned quarter horse mare with a creamy beige coat was presented to John and he was encouraged to walk around her and pet her a lot so that she became used to his touch and smell. Harvey called this buckskin horse Sweetheart. Jenny was introduced to a jet black gelding with short front legs and a gray muzzle, which Harvey explained was a gentle old horse named Midnight that they had used as a cutting horse in his younger years. He told her he was trustworthy and surefooted on the trail.

Jenny patted Midnight on the nose and his ears perked up as he caught a whiff of biscuit on her fingers from breakfast. He poked his nose at her bosom and her boobs jiggled. Then without warning his lips curled around the top of her T-shirt and he grabbed hold of the front with his teeth and pulled back, stretching it out a foot from her bare breasts. Jenny shrieked as he let go just as suddenly and her shirt flipped back at her, but now the top edge hung just above her nipples, and showed the brown tops of her aureoles. Jenny clutched the the top of the shirt and pulled it up as best she could as a blush spread across her face. A murmur of approval and a wolf whistle came from her surrounding admirers.

Just then a young boy came running up from across the yard and told John that he had some important phone call back at the house, that had to do with some contract or another. John cursed and slapped his head, remembering out loud how he had forgotten all about explaining that paperwork to his client this morning. He apologized to Jenny for missing the ride, but he really could foresee that he would be on the phone for quite a while, and why didn’t she just go on with the others, he would meet her for lunch later. She pouted and stamped her foot and said “oh darn!”, but in the end was kissed and waved to and left in the hands of her riding partners.

A big, handsome cowboy named Jack stepped forward and asked Jenny if he could help her up into the saddle. She smiled shyly and said that would be a great help as she had no idea what to do. So he explained that she first wanted to reach up and hold the saddle horn with both her hands. He cautioned her to grip it tight and not let go for anything, and her face became serious with a scowl of concentration as she grasped the horn tightly. He then put his left hand behind her left thigh and helped her raise her leg to set the toe of her boot in the stirrup. He told her to shove it in there good so that the heel of her boot locked onto the bottom stirrup rung. He then instructed her to give a few hops on her other foot to get momentum, and when she was ready to swing her leg up and over the back of the horse to the other side, pulling herself up with all she had. He told her he would make sure she got a boost from him, which elicited sniggers from the surrounding cowhands, but Jenny didn’t notice.

As she began her little hops he used both hands to cup her bare bottom cheeks below her cutoffs and “assisted” Jenny’s up and down movement with enthusiasm, kneading her round bottom in his hands as she hopped. Her breasts bounced with the effort and threatened to leave the top of her shirt, but she finally threw her leg up to try and swing it onto the other side of the horse.

But poor Jenny hadn’t the upper body strength to pull herself up sufficiently and while she did get her upper body to the other side of the saddle her right leg slid back down to join the one caught in the stirrup. She lay across the saddle, clutching the saddle blanket protruding out from under the saddle on the other side, with her breasts popped free of her shirt from the gravity she placed on them. They lay, round and pale, against the side of the saddle and she squealed as she looked down at them. She was, however, in no position to let go of the blanket and rectify the situation, and she offered a tantalizing view from the other side of the horse as well.

With her cutoffs practically disappearing into her butt crease, she appeared to be bare assed from that view, which she accentuated by squirming and wiggling and kicking her legs back and forth. The whole assemblage was laughing and whistling at the exposed blonde, her abundant charms spread over the saddle of the small black horse.

Harvey took the reins off Midnight’s neck and began walking the horse over to the rest of the horses tied to the hitching rail outside the barn. Jenny’s admirers followed along on either side assuring her everything would be just fine and giving her friendly pats on her bouncing, pink rump as they did so.

When they reached the other horses, a few men stepped forward to help Jenny get herself upright. They did this by alternately picking up and pulling her right leg toward the rear of the horse (spreading her legs most provocatively) and sliding it over the horse’s rump, while cupping both of her creamy breasts and picking them (and her) upward and toward the front of the horse. They could have used her shoulders instead but what would be the fun in that?

They distracted her from all this fondling (more than a few hands “guided” her bottom cheeks into the saddle as well) by telling her to grab onto the saddle horn, and slide those boots all the way into the stirrups, and other important sounding stuff to Jenny. It was only when she looked down and saw her bare breasts wobbling in the sunlight with the gentle swaying walk of the gelding that she realized she was so exposed.

“Oh dear!!” she cooed as she finally freed a hand from the saddle horn and pulled her top up to cover herself.

“We’re gonna take it nice and easy for you Miss, just a little walk to a spring up that canyon and then back.”said Harvey as he held on to Jenny’s reins from his horse, which was beside and a little ahead of her as they left the yard.

Jenny held firmly onto the saddle horn as the little horse swayed and pitched under her. A small horse with short legs creates a less fluid, smooth ride for the rider and, as those little legs chug up and down, it seems even a simple walk is quite bumpy. No doubt this was exactly what the men who saddled the horse had in mind. Now these same men rode along beside the beautiful blonde in the big, white cowboy hat.

Jenny had her share of admirers from behind as well, of course, as her tantalizingly round bottom was only half covered by her very short denim cut-offs. Above the saddle you could see at least three inches of bare skin on each cheek when seated, and more when she bounced. And boy, was she bouncing! If the fact that she was already on a horse that could set a normal rider bobbing wasn’t enough, Jenny had no experience riding. It takes a certain amount of practice to find a horse’s rhythm and glide along with it, so that you can have a riding experience that doesn’t leave you butt sore. But Jenny couldn’t seem to get the hang of it and that little horse was sending her up and out of the saddle with each step. Of course what goes up invariably must come down, so it was that sound, the sound of Jenny’s bare behind slapping down on the hard, smooth saddle, that accompanied the riders up the canyon. Up and down, splat and jiggle, that strip of denim holding the front to the back of her shorts was working deep into the space between and Jenny wasn’t terribly comfortable with that. She blushed every time she thought about the view of her from behind as well and she gave a little “darn him!” under her breath at her husband and his snipping of her pant legs.

From the front Jenny’s breasts were doing an unbelievable dance. Because her arms were pressing them together as she grasped the saddle horn, her cleavage was even more prominent. They both heaved up and down independent of Jenny’s bouncing, and in response to it at the same time. The constant movement inside her T-shirt had caused enough friction to stimulate her large nipples to rigidity. The four or five cowboys that rode ahead and to the side of Jenny were mesmerized and grinning like fools at her bobbing bosom. A few were even salivating, and none were without a raging erection. She didn’t notice this of course, she was too worried about that denim strip that seemed to want to crawl inside her and the fact that her boobs were going to bounce right out of the T-shirt at any minute! They continued on at this happy pace for a bit.

After about five minutes of enjoying Jenny’s charms on the horse, the riders seemed to slow down as the trail widened before the canyon. Harvey turned to Jenny briefly and gave her a wink and a smile. All of a sudden he kicked his horse and both his and hers took off at a trot. The others rode along all around her and watched the show. A trotting horse really gives the rider more of an up and down rhythm to contend with and, of course, Jenny had no ability at all in gliding with the accelerated movement. She was bouncing a good six to eight inches out of that saddle and coming down hard, her bottom slapping the seat at a rapid pace and beginning to get a pink, rosy glow. But it was up front that most of the riders were enjoying, as Jenny’s breasts decided that they weren’t going to stay within that T-shirt any longer. They bounded out of their white enclosure by the third trot, and her big bare boobs looked glorious in the bright sun. The juicy red nipples stood out hard and swollen from the pink-brown circle of her aureole, and although they were large they were round and firm, soft and pale and vibrant.

Oh yeah, and also they were moving. They were bouncing in a huge up and down movement Jenny could do nothing about.

“Nooooooooooo!!!!!” Jenny called ahead of her, after she shrieked when her breasts jumped out of her shirt..

”Stttttttoooooooooooooppppppppp!!!!!!!! her voice echoed up the canyon.

But Harvey was only going to stop when he had to, which was a little ways ahead as the trail narrowed to ascend the canyon at it’s opening. Meanwhile, Jenny was putting on a terrific show for the cowboys. They were whooping and hollering and laughing and whistling, but most of all, staring..bug-eyed and horny! They couldn’t believe how big and juicy those naked breasts looked, and how fetchingly they bobbed up and down. Each one just wanted their face as close as possible to them. And at the top of her beautiful, smooth thigh her hips flared out to hold a deliciously round bottom. Now barely covered at all, and taking on a pinkness from the saddle slaps, her rump was a round, protruding set of globes, with the smoothest skin over the softest muscles. And it got to jiggling in a most succulent way. Their thoughts went to little bites or squeezes of that great looking behind, as if it were a fruit from heaven. Jenny’s cute look of panic was priceless and her entire face was red with embarrassment, but there was nothing she could do about her body being on display to all these men as she bounced up and down in the saddle.

They finally reached the canyon mouth and Harvey slowed the horses to a walk so that they could cool down. Jenny risked falling off and released the saddle horn long enough to stuff her boobs back in her shirt and was heard whispering “ohmygodohmygodohmygod” over and over to herself. She even attempted to pull her shorts back down on her rear a little but stopped short of actually digging out the thong and denim strip from her shorts as she noticed she was surrounded by grinning cowboys.

“Here ya go Miss, ridin can be thirsty bidness ya’know” said the one next to her and he handed Jenny a metal canteen with a cloth blanket-like covering on it’s two round sides. The horses had come to a stop and all the men seemed to have pulled up ahead of Jenny and were sitting sideways in the saddle to look back at her.

“Why, thank you.” Jenny said and, with some effort, unscrewed the metal cap which fell to the side, hanging from it’s little metal chain.

Jenny then tipped the canteen back along with her head to get a sip, because it only seemed to be about a third full. She kept leaning back until she finally felt water in her mouth and had a strange feeling at her breasts at the same time.

“Oh dang, forgot that was the one with the leak Missy.” apologized the cowboy as he took the canteen back.

But he didn’t look very sorry. Jenny looked down and saw where he was looking and squealed. The canteen had a convenient hole drilled into it below the drinking spout, which had sprayed the front of Jenny’s T-shirt. It had wet both breasts down to the nipples and had effectively made her shirt transparent. Now that she had her boobs in her shirt, they may as well be on the outside for what she showed. She folded her arms across her breasts and blushed deeply.

“Well, we best get goin..” said Harvey and lurched Jenny’s horse forward hard enough that she immediately grabbed the saddle horn with her hands so as not to fall off.

The riders ascended that beautiful canyon with the most enticing blushing blonde in all Arizona. Long, curvy, smooth legs above those black boots. A proud pink rump, round and jiggly, sticking out the back of very brief shorts. And to top it off, two perfectly round, large boobs in a very wet white T-shirt that exposed them, hard nipples and all, to any who wished to look. Set all these adorable body parts in motion and add to the mix that the blonde had no way to cover herself and you get the picture.

Jenny thought the eyes of the men would bore into her as they rode and felt the flush of embarrassment creep down her neck to her wet boobs. She thought their ride would never end. But it did, at a spring area with a little pool of water for the horses, one lone palm, and surrounded by cactus and boulders. The canyon walls rose up steeply on either side. All the riders got down and a couple came forth to help Jenny down as well.

Her legs were grabbed and moved and she found herself in that position again of laying across a saddle. But this time she felt two or three pairs of hands guiding the back of her thighs and bottom cheeks as she slid down the side of the horse and her feet finally found purchase. She covered her wet breasts as best she could and went with the other riders to sit on the rocks around the pool as the horses drank.

The men began to talk to Jenny about riding and how well they thought she had done, despite the fact that she wasn’t wearing riding clothes. One of Jenny’s hands went back behind her to rub her bottom as she listened. She was holding her T-shirt out from her body as far as she could to not show anything but her adorable cleavage, and the hot sun was actually drying the shirt as she sat there.

That's when Jenny looked down and saw the little lizard zoom over her boot. This caused her to lurch back and she felt herself sliding back off the slick rock she had chose to sit on.

“OW!” Jenny exclaimed as she felt the sting on her behind, but she slid a little further and she felt more stinging up her bottom and even on to her back. The men leaped forward and grabbed her arms and quickly pulled her up to a standing position. But the stinging didn’t stop and Jenny kept saying “ow! ow! ow!” and hopped from foot to foot.

The men turned her around and found out why, she had leaned against a cactus as she slid and had embedded the thorns in her shirt and shorts, along with numerous places on her backside. She looked like a pin cushion.

“Good Christ Miss! You have that cholla stuck all over you back there!” Harvey exclaimed, but soon curbed his panic and spoke to Jenny in a soothing way and explained what had to be done.

She cringed amid her hops and squeals, but nodded her head in agreement to what Harvey was suggesting. The simple fact was plain enough, that her clothes were inundated with thorns and could no way be safely kept on without more of them finding skin to go into. So as the men gently pulled the T-shirt out as far as possible in back, Harvey used his sharp buck knife and slipped it right up the front of Jenny’s shirt as he pulled it away from her breasts, and then let go.

It whipped off her and the cowboys tossed it in the desert. Sliding her jeans down her legs was not a good idea as well so one cowboy with heavy work gloves grabbed the bottom of her shorts in the back and pulled them out as far as he could too. Harvey was kneeling behind Jenny and slit both the denim strip and the white thong panty as it was pulled out enough to safely do so. Then Jenny undid the buttons in front and Harvey slit them down the rest of the way and she finally had her thorny clothes off.

She used one hand to cover her curly blonde pubic hair and the other to cover a nipple, and tried to use her arm to cover the other nipple, but couldn’t. Here she was again, naked except for a pair of boots in front of a crowd of men. Wearing a silly cowboy hat even. Her body flushed with redness as her embarrassment even overcame the pain she was in.

Some of the men seemed to be actually looking over her situation behind her seriously, but most were just standing around with their hands in their pockets, staring at the luscious naked blonde standing in front of them. The men behind her asked her to bend forward a little and she did as she was told. Her breast flowed out over the top of her arm and her bottom stuck up and out enticingly with the arch in her back. She didn’t know what they were doing back there, but most of the cowboys migrated behind her to see. They asked her to bend over a little further, and she did, hearing their whispered voices behind her.

While they had no intention of trying to remove the barbed thorns out of Jenny’s rump ( there were only five, and two in her lower back) they were having a great time getting the blonde to get into suggestive postures for them while pretending to access the situation. Although her legs were tight together, they had gotten her bent over far enough that her sweet pink lips had popped out the back between her thighs. The natural curve of this beauty’s legs and butt, and how her waist pinched in and then smoothed out again in a slope to her shoulders was amazing. And her behind was so round and pink and smooth, stretched taunt and aching to be fondled, with her deliciously pouty labia below it.. well, no fewer than two thirds of them had a firm hold of themselves as she wiggled her butt back and forth, stepping on and off each foot, murmuring little ow’s! and ouches! as the cactus stung her tender bottom.

“Well, I can’t see as how we could get any of those out without it hurtin like hell.” Harvey finally said, and he told Jenny she could stand up now, amid groans from the few who would have had her stand like that all day.

“I’m sorry Miss, even if we put something on you I’m afraid it would just wiggle those thorns in deeper, so you’re gonna have to stayed nekkid a little longer..” he trailed off as his eyes strayed down her chest to her sex. “But I have an idea how we can get you back to the ranch without you havin ta’ sit a horse.” He said as he came out of the reverie he was enjoying.

And with that he strolled over to his saddle and pulled a roll of what looked like suede leather off the back. But when he untied it Jenny saw it was really a sheep skin and still had the wool on the other side, puffy and soft and about two inches thick.

Harvey explained to Jenny what he had in mind and she thought it at least offered her some cover for her exposed parts, so she agreed. They all mounted again and this time Harvey stretched his rope from the saddle horn around the back of his saddle and then threw it over to a rider beside him who left it hanging slack between them but pulled it around the back of his saddle and around his horn as well. Then he tossed Harvey the end of the rope and, leaving the same amount of slack between them with this second strand, tied it if on his saddle horn.

Jenny then lay the sheep skin over the two hanging strands of parallel rope and lay face down on this homemade hammock. Jenny was hoping she would be able to cover her breasts as well as her pubes but the arrangement made that difficult as the front rope almost had to cross her body below them to balance her well enough, and she found she had to hold on to the rope on either side with both hands as well to keep from falling. So her beautiful bare bosom hug over the front of this makeshift stretcher like the prow of a boat. The other rope she tried to keep on the top of her thighs so her legs could stick straight out the back and she could keep them together. She knew she would be exposing her bare bottom to everyone all the way back (and now she discovered, her boobs as well), but she was hoping that was all.

The cowboys had the ride of their lives, they could ride forward and watch Jenny blush as she saw them staring at her bouncing breasts which, due to being between two horses, developed a side to side sway that was almost as embarrassing as the up and down bounce when they jumped out of her shirt. Then they could ride behind and look at those beautiful naked thighs and that wiggling pink bottom. But they were in for a treat because it didn’t stay like that all the way back.

The rear rope kept sliding forward so that it reached the crease in Jenny’s hips where she normally bends. This would cause her legs to drop and the toes of her boots would drag on the ground. She would then furiously wiggle back and forth to ease the rope back down to her upper thighs, in the process she would flail her legs all about, invariably separating them for extended periods of time as she attempted to climb back on her hammock. This happened repeatedly and they would shout encouragement to Jenny and whistle and hoot, and she would wiggle and blush, as she had a general idea that she was showing everything to anyone who was behind her.

On occasion the hammock-carrying rider next to Harvey would lean over while Jenny was struggling to climb back on and slide his hand between her legs and down to her upper thigh in front and pull up to help her get back on. Not only was he brushing past her labia as he did so, but when he pulled her up she was in such an exaggerated posture, with her bottom stuck high in the air and her legs spread that she knew from the sharp whistles and hoots they were seeing everything she had!

“OH MY GOD! THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING!!”

Jenny’s mind screamed as she endured the most humiliating horseback ride of her life.

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**Jenny's Toga Dilemma By TrackJim**

"Come on, Jenny. It'll be fun."

John knew Jenny would have a good time, if she could just let go of her fear of embarrassment. Since the events of the fashion show it had been difficult to get Jenny out of the house. When she did leave she had insisted on wearing pants and heavy-duty shirts. With her fabulous figure and face, she remained the center of attention, but even then she constantly checked her clothes. She really needed to relax.

"You know you always love Bill and Kathy's parties."

"Well....", Jenny said as she mulled it over.

Bill and Kathy were really nice people. She felt a bit guilty that she had passed on the last two party invitations. Their parties were always fun with lots of interesting people.

"Okay, but why a toga party?"

"It's their party and they wanted to do something different. Look, dear, we can go out right now and buy something you'll be comfortable in."

"Okay. I do need to do some shopping."

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John and Jenny had visited several shops in the mall, but none had anything remotely toga-like. It was then they spotted a new store between the B. Daltons and The Nature Store - The Pleasure Chest. John stared at the mannequins in the store windows dressed in their long flowing lingerie. Even Jenny looked appreciatively at the ankle-length silk gown of creamy white. It was certainly elegant, but bare back cut and wrap-around styling brought a chill to her spine. Such as gown would be tempting fate.

"Dear, I think you'd look fabulous in that gown."

"John, it IS nice, but just too revealing for me."

"Are you kidding? That gown is perfect for you. It'll accent your figure perfectly. You'll be the hit of the party."

"That is what I'm afraid of", Jenny thought even as John prodded her into the store.

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It was the night of the party. Jenny stared at the image in her vanity's mirror. She wore the ankle-length gown and leather sandals. John had been right; the gown was perfect for her. The creamy white of the luxurious material contrasted nicely with her deeply tanned body. The gown was wrapped around her as the mannequin had worn it. Her left shoulder was completely uncovered. A wide strip of material was thrown over her right shoulder and formed a waist-length cape. With the addition of a couple of 'security' buttons, it hung in place without showing anything naughty. In addition the cape covered most of her bare back, especially her lower back. However, Jenny had not found a single bra she could wear with the gown. John had innocently stated that a bra was just not appropriate with the gown, but that was Jenny's fear. Without a bra she felt sure she was REALLY tempting the fates.

John knew his work was cut out for him. He commented repeatedly on how nice Jenny looked in the gown. He had not even thought of tampering with the gown. As much as he wanted to show Jenny off, another embarrassing mishap could result in Jenny wearing a suit of armor whenever she left the house. Besides, this gown DID really show her off without showing too much.

"Come on. If you don't go, you'll have to make another excuse to Bill and Kathy. They're going to think you don't like them anymore."

Jenny and John were having a great time. John had found two bronze wristbands with ornate swirls and tiny fake jewels. With the addition of gold painted head wreath and his knee-length toga he looked the part of a Roman Senator.

Bill and Kathy had gambled on the weather and won. The warm spring day had become a lovely evening. The festive party lanterns gave just enough light to keep the evening shadows at bay. Bill was doing a fine job as a disk jockey. Several couples danced on the wide hardwood deck to his music. John had urged Jenny to dance to slower tunes. She had loosened up as leaned her warm body to his as they swayed. His hands hugged her bare back under the cape. With a will of their own his hands slowly dropped lower. When they reached the edge of the gown at the base of her back they paused.

John was all too aware where his hands rested. He waited for Jenny to stiffen and pull away, but she did not. If anything she hugged him more tightly to her. John glanced around but found no one paying undue attention to them. He became aware the cape was masking the actions of his hands. Dare he?

Yes!

John's fingers slipped under the material. Inch by inch they moved lower until his hands cupped Jenny's firm behind. Only then did Jenny giggle.

"John, that's enough ... until we get home."

John smiled back and started to withdraw his hands. Suddenly his hand stopped holding her and she felt the back of her dress pull tight.

"I'm not kidding, mister!"

"Jenny, I'm stuck."

"WHAT?"

"Shush", John whispered. "My wristbands are caught in your dress."

Jenny gulped. As the song ended the dance area cleared. Bill announced a break. John and Jenny felt self-conscious as they remained standing by themselves.

Jenny was getting embarrassed as she felt John struggle with his wristbands and her dress. His actions were getting frantic and then she heard something with which she was all too familiar.

RrrriIIPPP!

The sound thundered in Jenny's ears. She spied around but no one was looking at her except John. He looked at her sheepishly even as he pulled at the strips of white cloth hanging from his wristbands. Jenny slowly reached behind her and found the back of her dress torn open down to her thighs.

The only things hiding Jenny's firm bottom were her cape and the white thong. The thong had been the only clean white underwear she had available. Even the more conservative pink panties had left a shadow through the white gown -- and it had left a panty line. When she had been dressing she had kicked herself for not thinking ahead and trapping her into wearing the more daring thong. The way it crawled into her, the thong covered very little of her blushing posterior.

It took John only an instant to see the red blush flood Jenny's face. He knew he had to act quickly or she would lock herself in their house for a long time. He put aside his own desires to see her shown. He stuffed the strips of torn material under a table before standing behind Jenny's back. He hoped to shield from the eyes of the other guests as he herded her towards the front door.

"Sorry, but I've got a splitting headache."

John made the excuse. He wanted to make it as easy as possible for Jenny, but even as he shuffled Jenny out the door the situation he was OH-SO tempted NOT to let it pass.

"Jenny, you better wait here while I get the car."

They had been forced to park in the next block. Jenny gave John a desperate look as he left her standing near the curb.

A cool breeze lifted Jenny's cape and raised goose bumps to her body. She grabbed the cape and held it tightly across her bottom. She glanced fearfully at the sky and saw it being filled with clouds that obscured the moon and stars. A cold drop struck her nose. A moment later it was joined by a dozen more. Already the raindrops were darkening her gown as the material became soaked and adhered to her flesh. A cacophony of voices erupted behind her. The party's guest were being forced inside by the rain. The house became over crowded and some party guests were deciding to depart. With her rain-soaked gown becoming transparent Jenny was growing anxious.

John had not returned when Jenny heard the front door slam and footsteps approached from the house. Gripped by embarrassment she looked desperately for a hiding place. The only things she saw were two rows of evergreen shrubs. On impulse she drove into the dense shrubs. As Jenny's passed through the shrubs the needles snagged and then tangled in the thin material of her gown. By the time she came to a stop her gown hung in pieces on the branches and twigs of the evergreens. She knelt behind the shrubs in only her white thong panties. She pulled on the remnants of her gown but she only succeeded in ripping it into even smaller pieces.

Jenny was desperate. The cool rain continued to fall covering her in its liquid sheen. She clutched hugged her arms to her chest, but failed to realize her rain drenched thong become all but invisible.

Thankfully, no one was near when she spotted John driving toward her. She could see him turning his head as he approached slowly. Jenny realized he would not see her in her hiding place. He might drive passed her or, even worse, park the car again and return on foot. She took a deep breath and made a decision.

John was driving very slowly. Jenny was no where in sight as he approached Bill and Kathy's house when the vision appeared from the evergreens. A drenched Jenny vaulted from the evergreens and ran to the side of the car. John's mouth hung open at the erotic vision as she pulled at the locked passenger door. After five seconds (an eternity to Jenny) John unlocked the door. Jenny jumped into the passenger seat and scooted down as far as possible.

"Drive!"

John took the long way home.

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**Jenny Strips Herself by Patrick**

So, Jenny thought to herself, she was finally graduated from the police academy, and had only a week or two's worth of desk duty to get thru before being assigned to a veteran officer for training as a patrolwoman. Should be a snap, she thought, it was a lot like being a secretary, and she'd certainly done THAT before! She was glad to be out of the academy; even if her sole mishap had been her too-baggy sweatpants coming down during a self-defense class - that type of environment - the handcuffing practice, frisking, etc. etc. had led to a LOT of body contact, and Jenny wasn't to sure all of it had been unintentional on the part of her classmates and instructors - in fact, Jenny felt she had been used for demonstration purposes almost every DAY! The only apprehension she felt now was that apparently, her uniform measurements had been recorded incorrectly - her blouse and trousers were exceptionally tight and restrictive.

She had made this known to her commander, who had had her refitted, and replacement uniforms were on the way. She was glad, in fact, that she WASN'T yet out on the streets in this situation - she shuddered at the possibilities that opened to her; Lord knows, she had certainly been the victim of PLENTY of misfortune in the clothing accident department! She was a little bored, and scanned the bustling office she was seated in.

It was a slow day, and Jenny was beginning to get drowsy; perhaps this was the reason her guard was let down, and she made a characteristic error on her part.... She noticed a loose thread protruding from the seam beneath the zipper flap in her trousers, and her mind went back to something her husband had said about how in his Army days, if a sergeant had seen loose threads on your uniform, you were given demerits, and "Kitchen Police" duty.

Of course, Jenny had a lot of pride in her appearance, and she didn't want anyone thinking any different, so she pinched the offending thread between her fingers, and yanked on it. OH, NOOOOOOOO!, she thought in horror, as the seam parted easily from her efforts.

The thread had apparently been integral to the strength of the stitching there. Her pastel yellow rayon bikini panties poked out at her now bugging eyes. She glanced around the room to see if anyone was watching her - she suddenly felt TERRIBLY self-conscious. No one seemed to be paying her any mind. Jenny looked back down, and found, amazingly, that the hole was now an inch or two even DEEPER! It was because the pants were so tight, and under strain , she reasoned.

What could she DO?, she thought, near frantic with panic now.

As she observed her dilemma, she SAW the seam spread silently another quarter inch down! She rummaged thru her desk drawer, and finally found one - a safety pin! She checked to make sure that she was still unobserved, then reached down to attempt the desired repairs, if even only temporarily, until she could properly address the damage from the security of the ladies room.

NO! NO! NO!NO! she cursed inwardly; - her efforts to pinch together the gaping fabric in order to pin it only served to place more strain on the material, and the seam tore suddenly, decisively both up AND down in a heart-stopping instant.

Surveying the damage, Jenny was dismayed to see a wide, yawning hole from about her mid-zipper area, down to the four-way seam intersection between her legs. Even as she looked on in shock and disappointment, the stitching CONTINUED to slip silently, incrementally apart. Now, the seams leading down her inner thighs were separating, and the rear seam between her hips was beginning to creep open in an upward migration - her seat would be exposed if THAT seam got any worse! Even the SLIGHTEST movement, fidget, or flexing of her muscles made matters worse - the pants were just TOO tight!!!

Well, she thought, I just can't SIT here while my uniform comes apart - I'd better take SOME kind of action! So, she decided to cover herself with a casually (!!!) grasped clipboard, and make a hasty exit to the locker room, where she had a change of clothes. Good! Still no one watching! She rose suddenly - too suddenly - and of course, seams widened in all directions.

Still, she had hope, and stepped off with determination; clipboard placed as strategically as possible under the circumstances. She could hear a faint SNIK.SWNIKK..SNIK.. with every step, and quickened her pace.

GOSH! It was a long way to the locker room from here, she thought. She prayed she could reach safety even as she thought she could feel a draft on her behind. Quick glance back as she moved - yep! Panties on display there now, too! She was speedwalking like an Olympic athlete, and now her fellow officers began to look her way, and some began to laugh and comment.

Jenny broke into a jog, and her trousers catastrophically failed - she might just as well have been only wearing her panties now. A button now followed the first, second and third that had already gone unnoticed by Jenny as they had popped off her bulging blouse - she was putting too much strain on THAT garment, too, with her vigorous movements. Matching lace bra that barely restrained her beautiful bust could now be seen , complete with their jouncing cargo.

Too panicked now, Jenny bumped into a desk she passed, and the corner broke the string side of her panties, which promptly SNAPPED free, and revealed her lush blond thatch, and clenching, bouncing hips. Running, all the blouse buttons let go, the material parted open and flapped behind her, and last, but certainly not least, first one, and then the other breast both jumped out of her bra. OH, well, Jenny thought, better pick up a newspaper on the way home - it looked as if she'd be job hunting again tomorrow! Maybe Ashley could help..........

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**Jenny's Play Day by ?**

Ashley and Jenny were having lunch together at the Inn on the Green. Ashley had invited Jenny for a reason.

"Jenny, have I ever told you about my community drama group?"

"Yes, you have. I am surprised, though. You've never struck me as the acting type."

"No,no. I don't do any acting. I'm the director, and the producer, and the set designer. Basically, I'm in charge of most everything. It's not easy, but I do so love being in charge. Issuing orders and having everybody obey. I get such a charge out of it. It's almost as good as sex."

"Wow! I never found the theater so exciting."

"Oh it can be, it can be. In fact, that's one of the reasons I invited you here today. You see, I'm getting up an original production and I'm having a little difficulty getting a female lead. They seem to be somewhat intimidated by the responsibility."

"I don't understand,Ash, what has that to do with me?"

"Well, you've acted before. I know you enjoy it, and I was hoping I could persuade you to trod the boards again."

It was true that Jenny had acted before, and she really did harbor a desire to do more. But her experiences on stage had all seemed to go wrong somehow. They usually ended with a very embarrassing close. Or more accurately, no clothes! However, Jenny found the offer tempting.

"I don't know. I never seem to have much luck with acting."

"Nonsense, Jenny, I've seen you on stage many times. And every time you've made quite an impression on your audience."

Yes, thought Ashley, when you saw Jenny on stage. You usually saw all of her. Every inch. Without a stitch. Something Ashley herself had helped arrange, more than once. And if I can persuade her, this time will be no different.

"You really think so? I do try to give it my all. And it is nice to hear that I've succeeded."

Her all? Yes all her clothes!

"Few who've seen, will ever forget you, Jenny. Take my word for it."

"What is the play about?"

"It's a medieval setting. There's this wealthy Lord who is rather overbearing. He's cruel to his people and overtaxes them to the point where they have little hope left. But he's married to this beautiful woman and she has a good heart. She sees what her husband's actions are doing to the people and she can stand it no longer. She decides to try and reform him, to persuade him that for his own good he must change. But this only hardens him. He doesn't like his wife telling him he's wrong, taking the side of the peasants against him. So he plots a way to thwart her and make her subservient once more to him and to give up being the people's champion. He sets her a challenge that he imagines she couldn't possibly accept, figuring that will end her rebelliousness. But she is made of sterner stuff than he thought. She accepts his challenge and succeeds, thereby helping the people and changing his ways."

"Gosh! That does sound exciting. Why wouldn't the women in your troupe want to play her? I'd die for a meaty role like that!"

"Wellll!!! I didn't tell you everything about the role. There is one thing about it that seems to frighten off a lot of them. It's just a small thing but not many care to do it."

"What is it? What scares them off?"

"You see, Jenny, our troupe performs outdoors. Right here, as a matter of fact, in this park. There's an amphitheater where we work."

"Oh I've seen it! I've been there a number of times. How marvellous! I've always wondered what it would be like to act out of doors?"

"There's nothing like it. You can interact with your audience so much better. And there's greater scope for your productions. You're not confined by space as you are in a theater. But it's this aspect that has the women concerned. You see in this play, you have to do something you don't do everyday. Something some women would even be terrified to do."

"What on earth do they have to do that's so frightening?"

Ashley hesitated as if wondering how best to answer.

"You'd have to ride a horse. Just for the closing scene. No more than that. But it seems a lot are not comfortable with that."

"Is that all?? My Lord! I thought it must have been something dreadful. Why would they object to that? I love riding horses."

"Yes, but you'd have to ride bareback."

"I love riding bareback. It's so natural."

Bareback? Natural? Jenny, how ever did you guess?

"Well, then, will you do it? I'm kind of stuck and you'd really be helping me out!"

"What are friends for? I'd love to Ashley, and I'm honoured that you'd think of me for this part in your play."

"Truth be told, Jenny, when I wrote it, I had you in mind. I couldn't imagine anyone else playing this part! You would make it come alive, seem so real. Almost like actually being there."

"What's the play called?"

"Uh! It's...ummm....uhhh....it's ....it's called....Lady Godiva!"

"Lady Godiva? That name seems familiar somehow. I can't imagine why. It must be because it's such an unusual name."

"Perhaps I'd mentioned I was writing it at some time to you."

"Yes, that's probably it. You know, Ash, I think I can really show them something in this role. She sounds like a woman people would flock to see. The exposure wouldn't hurt me either. I mean if I decide I'd like to try more acting."

"Don't worry,dear, you'll get lots of exposure in this role. And I'll bet we'll get a full house to see it. We'll give them what they want, and they'll go home satisfied."

Ashley couldn't believe her luck! It was easier than she had imagined. The bimbo agreed with no hesitation! When she asked the title, Ashley thought the jig was up. She'd be indignant and refuse. But she didn't even know who Lady Godiva was!! Sometimes it's just too easy.

Jenny was so excited about getting the lead role in the play that she couldn't wait to tell her husband John. No sooner was he through the door than she told all to him.

"Honey, you'll never guess what happened to me today."

John's mind positively raced with speculative scenarios. What did I miss this time? Damn, it seems I'm always in the wrong place at the wrong time these days and have to hear of her nude exploits second-hand!

"What happened now? Tell me all about it. It'll help you to get over it. Don't leave anything out, no matter how trivial it may seem to you!"

Jenny thought how lucky she was to have a husband that was so interested in her life and so supportive. It was such a comfort. Especially when she would have those unfortunate accidents with her clothes. He would always insist that she unburden herself completely and furnish every minor detail. Sometimes he'd want to hear it several times. He took such an interest. Plus, their sex was always more passionate after such events, she assumed it was John's way of showing her how much she was loved!

"No, this was a good thing that happened. Not one of.....those.....incidents."

"Oh! Well, in that case, what's for dinner? I'm starving."

"John, I didn't tell you yet!"

"Oh, right, sorry! What did you want to tell me?"

"You'll never guess. I had lunch with Ashley today. And she offered me the lead role in the play her community group players are doing."

"Ashley wants you to be in a play?"

"Not just in it. She wants me to star. The lead role, she insisted that I play the lead role! She said she wrote it with me in mind for the starring female!"

"Really? Ashley did? She wrote it? And she insists that you be the star? What is this play called?"

"Lady Godiva! Doesn't that sound elegant?"

"Lady Godiva!?!? And you agreed?"

"Of course! She said the other women were intimidated by the role because of something they'd have to do and many were reluctant to do."

"Did she tell you what this something is?"

"Of course she did, silly. She explained that because her play is performed outside that the female lead would have to do something very daring. She'd have to ride a horse!!"

"Ride a horse? Is that it? Did she tell you how you were to ride this horse?"

"Bareback. At least I think she said it was to be bareback. I'm pretty sure she said bareback. But I'm not worried. I love riding horses. Riding one bareback doesn't scare me!"

Bareback!! Yes and barefront, baretop, and barebottom!! Bare everything if he knew Ashley!! This is one play he wasn't going to miss!! He was getting stiff just thinking about it.

"Well you know this is quite a commitment you've made. I'm proud of you for wanting to help out a friend. Things unforeseen sometimes come up in these productions, things that may cause us to feel we can't do them. But it's important at such times to test our limits, to accept new challenges, to do things that we fear so it will help us to grow in character. We should never refuse these challenges, no matter how much they frighten us!"

"Gosh, I never thought of it that way. But I think you're so right, we should challenge ourselves. Of course, in this case, I've already got a leg up. I enjoy riding horses!"

Yes, thought John, and I can't wait to see you riding this one!

Ashley picked up Jenny in her car next day and drove her out into the countryside.

"Jenny, keep an eye out for Billingsgate Road. It should be around here. Katherine gave me the directions over the phone and I hope I got them right."

"Have you never been to her place before? If she's to supply the horse for our play, how did you find her?"

"At my Riding Academy. Katherine is also a member. She raises, trains, and sells mounts to most of it's members. She has some of the finest show horses around. Ah, good! Here it is. Now she said it wasn't far from the main road. It is surrounded by cedar rail fencing. It has a large sign at the front entrance with the name "Glenvale Farms" on it."

Jenny pointed.

"There it is."

It was a most impressive establishment. All the fields were white board fenced. The driveway was a cobblestone circular pattern. The main house was two stories with large white pillars outlining a portico with a balcony overhead. The stables were set well back but were equally impressive. All brown brick with three cupolas on the roof. There was both an indoor and an outdoor training ring. All in all this place said money and success! Katherine must have been watching for them because she immediately emerged from the front door to welcome them.

"Glad to see you've made it. I don't always give the best directions and I was afraid I might have got you lost."

"Your directions were fine, Katherine. We had no trouble at all. Katherine allow me to introduce the star of my play, this is Jenny."

Katherine found herself catching her breath. This woman was gorgeous! It had been some time since she'd seen another quite so beautiful. Katherine felt an instant attraction.

"Jenny, how very nice to meet you. So you're the one who will be riding my horse. Have you ridden much?"

"Oh, yes. I love to ride horses. This is a beautiful place you have here. Do you run it alone or with your husband?"

"Husband? No, I'm not married. Far too busy to be bothered with that. Men are alright in their place, and their place here is in the bunkhouse not the main house."

She laughed.

"No I'm in charge here and they know it. Would you like a little tour? We can saunter down to the paddock and I'll introduce you to your mount for the play."

"Yes, please. I'd love to see more and I can't wait to meet my horse."

"Good, then come with me."

Jenny was very impressed. She had never seen a place quite like Katherine's before. So big, so clean, so well-managed. She was very interested in everything and would poke her head in doorways and climb fences trying to see it all. Katherine was walking with Ashley and the two were deep in conversation, all the while keeping their eyes fixated on Jenny.

"Well, Kath, I've explained to you what I'll need. Do you have one that fits the bill?"

"You know, Ashley, when I first met you, you seemed so normal. I had no idea you had such a wicked streak. I think that's what attracted me to you, when I found out you did. When I discovered it was you who got Millicent Westerbrook drunk at the "Hunt Ball" and left her naked in the horse stall with that rogue stallion. Well, I must say, I was impressed. Why ever did you do that, by the way?"

"That bitch wanted to replace me as Chairperson of the Academy. And if the rumours were correct, she slept with just about every member of the Board. Male and female."

"Did you object to her sleeping with the women board members?"

"No, of course not! I would have done the same if I'd needed to. But the chance to stop Millie presented itself, so I didn't need to. Her reputation was ruined and I stayed in the chair. Everything worked out in the end."

"Ruined?? You mean her reputation was made!"

They both laughed at this.

"You don't suppose it really did anything with Millicent, do you? I mean, is that even possible?"

"I heard yes. But I never could confirm it. I would have loved to have stayed and witnessed it. But I couldn't afford to be seen anywhere near the stables that night. So I missed out. I often have fun imagining the look on that cunt's face when she woke up and realized where she was and what was happening to her! Even her firmest supporters abandoned her after they found her like that."

"Well one thing's for sure. If anything did happen, Millicent Westerbrook can never again be accused of being a tight-ass!"

More laughter.

"You aren't planning to do anything like that to this Jenny are you? She seems such a sweetie. Or am I wrong?"

"No, not anything that rough. And , yes, Jenny isn't a bitch. But just look at her. She has that drop-dead gorgeous body and she doesn't even realize it. She just saunters through life getting whatever she wants from whomever and without so much as a thought in her head! It's just so unfair, with her around I have a hard time getting noticed and they fall over her and she doesn't even try! She can be so infuriating!!"

Katherine took a closer look. A much closer look. Ashley was right, Jenny was drop-dead gorgeous. Shoulder-length blonde hair done up in a pony-tail at the moment. Blue eyes. A face men would die for. And a body beyond belief! She was wearing white cotton shorts with a man's white dress shirt, the ends of which were tied together beneath her breasts. And what breasts!! Katherine estimated them to be at least 38c maybe even d. They jutted straight out in a very pleasing fashion. Katherine could make out a white lace half-bra beneath. Katherine had a practiced eye for these things. Jenny's bare mid-riff she guessed at 24. And those cotton covered hips were probably 36.Jenny's ensemble was completed with white ankle socks and white tennis shoes. All in all a delightful package that just begged to be unwrapped!

"Does she know what your play is about? Should I keep quiet or is she fine with it?"

"I've told her the broad outline. The minor details I'll save til later."

"Minor details!! You mean she doesn't have any idea what is involved in her role?"

"She asked what the play was about and I told her. I also had to tell her it's title"Lady Godiva" and would you believe it, she didn't even recognize it!!"

"You're kidding! But what are you going to do when she reads the script? She'll know all about it then!"

"I've prepared a special script for her. She won't know anything til our full dress rehearsal. And I've even got that covered. So I think I should be okay. If not, I'll just get her husband John to work on her."

"He husband!?!? You mean he's in on this too?"

"No, He didn't know anything about it. But I know that once he learns what I've planned for his darling wife, he'll be eager to help in any way he can."

"Seems like poor Jenny is surrounded. Doesn't sound like she has much of a chance. I'm glad you included me in your plans, this is something I think I'm going to enjoy. I have the perfect horse for you and all it's going to cost you is our original agreement and a ticket to your play. Front row, of course!"

"Done!"

They both laughed.

Jenny ran ahead to the paddock area and climbed the fence, looking at the horses.

"Which one is it? Which one do I get to ride?"

Ashley and Katherine caught up.

"Not there. Your horse is in the corral over there."

They all went over to the corral. Jenny climbed up and saw a tall, black horse contentedly walking circles.

"Why is he all alone here? He looks lonely."

"Don't worry about him, Jenny. We just put him here so you could inspect him."

"He's beautiful! I can hardly wait to ride him. Here boy, come here."

She put out her hand to pat him but he instantly shied away, snorting.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing, dear, he's just a little shy. He's usually with the other horses or in a show ring. He's fine when there's a crowd to play to. He's well-trained. He will be fine once he gets to know you. You shouldn't have any problems with him."

"Gosh, I hope not. I'd hate to lose control of him in a crowded park."

Ashley spoke up.

"Don't worry. Katherine is an excellent horse trainer and she wouldn't give us an animal we couldn't handle. Right, Kath?"

"I can assure you he'll do everything he's supposed to without fail. He's just what you need for this play. You'll see, there will be no complaints about his performance. With you on his back, Jenny, the audience will see a matched pair."

She didn't say a matched pair of what!

"Oh, I hope so! What's his name?"

"Midnight."

"What a beautiful name. It fits him like a glove."

"Yes, I think so, too. Well now that you've seen your acting partner, would you like to see more of the place?"

"Yes, please!"

Katherine took Ashley and Jenny in her jeep through the lanes of her property. Jenny was very impressed with everything she saw. The tour ended back in the paddock area.

"Now I'd like you two to see my pride and joy, my indoor training ring. It's where I train all the new riders."

Katherine looked knowingly at Ashley. Ashley wondered what she was up to but followed her lead.

"That sounds interesting. We'd like to, wouldn't we, Jenny?"

"Yes, please!"

Jenny was very impressed. The ring was all enclosed. It had a gate that lead directly outside through which horse and rider entered and left. The show ring was surrounded by tall boarding. There was seating along both sides. There was an arm attached to a motor mounted to the ceiling like a one-bladed fan. From which hung a cable, a harness was at it's bottom end.

"What is that cable thingie for?"

"That, Jenny, is for beginners and for riders learning new styles and tricks. We train all sorts here. We attach it to their waist so if they should fall from their mount, they remain suspended and don't hit the ground. It helps to overcome their fear of falling."

"What a good idea!"

"The arm at the top is motorized and turns as the rider circles the ring, it tighten and loosens the cable. There is a man at the master control at all times to ensure the rider never falls. Would you like to see it in operation?"

"Yes, please!"

"Would you be willing to try it, Jenny? I could bring in a horse if you'd like or we could demonstrate it without, whichever you prefer."

"Oh, I'm not sure about that! I thought you'd bring in somebody to demonstrate it."

Ashley caught Katherine's look and immediately understood her role.

"C'mon, Jen, you'll be safely on the ground. It's only a harness, what harm could there be in that?"

"Gosh, Ash, I don't know. I'm not exactly dressed for it."

Ashley and Katherine looked at each other and smiled at her words. Not exactly dressed for it? That' s exactly what we intend! Katherine took Jenny by the hand and led her into the ring.

"You'll be fine dear. I'm afraid there isn't anyone available at the moment to be our demonstrator. How you're dressed is of no consequence. I'll simply put it on you and work the controls so you can get some idea as to what it's like. Nothing can go wrong!"

No, I intend everything should go just right, for me! Jenny felt reassured. Katherine put the belt around Jenny's waist and cinched it tight, very tight!

"OOOHH!! That's awfully tight, Katherine. Does it have to be that tight?"

"We don't want you slipping out of it. The tighter the better! There! Perfect! Now, Ashley, I want you to be the spotter. Just stand beside Jenny, holding the guide rope,and see to it she's okay. If she gets into difficulty, it's up to you to take the appropriate measures. You do understand, don't you, Ashley? I'll go up to the judge's platform and work the controls."

Ashley understood completely.

"Don't worry, Katherine, I'll take care of things down here!"

Katherine winked at Ashley , then climbed to the judge's platform and took up the controls. She turned on the loudspeakers so she could be heard.

"Alright, Jenny, I'm just going to tighten the cable first. Raise your hand when you feel it's tight. Raise both arms if you feel it's too tight."

Katherine pressed the control lever, the motor kicked in and the cable was raised onto a spool at the end of the arm.. Jennny could feel it getting tighter and felt nervous. Jenny felt it was too tight and raised both her arms, which shifted her center of gravity and she nearly toppled forward. Katherine eased off and Jenny regained her feet.

"Gosh, Ashley, this thing is tippy. You've really got to be careful!"

"Don't worry, Jenny, I'm right here."

Ashley smiled. Katherine, you're a very clever girl!!

"Alright, Jenny, now I'm going to raise you off your feet. Don't worry, you will be suspended in mid-air but you are in absolutely no danger. It's to show you what it feels like. Okay, here we go!"

Katherine pushed the lever and Jenny felt herself going up. She became alarmed and again raised her hands but this only caused her to topple completely forward off her feet, leaving her suspended in mid-air.

"HELP, Ashley!! I can't get down!"

"Relax, Jenny, you're alright. I've got you. That's what the guide rope is for."

"I'm not sure I like this!"

Katherine lowered her, and Jenny stood up again.

"Now, Jenny, that was from a static position. I'd like you to trot around the ring as if you were riding a horse and I'll show you what it's like in motion. Okay?"

"Well, okay, I suppose. It does take some getting used to."

"Ashley, you can stand in the middle of the ring and control her lateral motion with the guide rope. Here we go!"

Jenny slowly started jogging around the ring. Katherine raised her up off her feet, then lowered her again. She kept doing this til Jenny was more comfortable and relaxed.

"Now, Jenny, just one final thing. So far you've only been raised a little bit above the floor. Had you been on horseback, you would have been much higher. So now I'm going to raise you to a height that would accurately reflect what it would be with an actual horse. Just so you can see what it really would be like. Ready? Here we go!"

"I'm not so sure about this. Maybe I'd better not! OH! OH MY!!"

Before Jenny could object, Katherine hit the button and Jenny zoomed up in the air.

"NO,NO,NO!! I don't like this! Get me down!"

Ashley nearly laughed out loud as she watched Jenny fly upward.

"I've got you, Jen, I've got you!"

"Ashley!! Tell her to get me down!"

Suddenly Jenny went even higher. Katherine's voice took on an air of concern.

"OH, dear!! Just one moment. I seem to be having a little problem. There seems to be a glitch somewhere."

Katherine was enjoying this. Now what should I do to her? She began to work the controls back and forth, causing Jenny to quickly lower then just as quickly rise again.

"I don't understand this! It's never done this before!"

Poor Jenny was jerking up and down and flipping back and forth. One minute she was upright and the next her world was upside down.

"OH! ASHLEY!! Do something! Get me down! PLEASE!!"

Ashley wanted in on this.

"Jenny, maybe I can work it free with the guide rope!"

Ashley pulled and released the rope causing Jenny to swing wildly back and forth.

"NO! STOP! ASHLEY, YOU"RE GETTING ME DIZZY!!"

This gave Ashley an idea.

"Katherine, try to lower her again! Maybe if I can get a hold on her I can pull her down!"

Katherine wasn't sure what Ashley had in mind but she'd do her part.

"Alright, I'll give it a try!"

She lowered her prey. Ashley ran forward and grabbed Jenny by her hips. Katherine then raised Jenny back up, with Ashley hanging from the waistband of Jenny's shorts.

"OH! Ashley LET GO!!! My shorts are slipping!"

"I'm not letting go!! We're up too high!!"

Actually, Ashley knew she could let go and drop to the ground with no difficulty but she had other plans. She could feel Jenny's shorts continue to slip down, so she wriggled back and forth to aid in their descent.

"ASHLEY!! DON"T MOVE!! You're pulling my pants down!"

Good,thought Ashley, just what I had in mind. Katherine was quick to see what Ashley's game was and assisted by jerking the cable rapidly up and down. This proved too much for Jenny's shorts, the button popped like a bullet and the zipper separated. The shorts quickly descended to Jenny's ankles with Ashley still attached. Ashley made certain she snagged Jenny's panties on the way down. They didn't stop at her ankles but slipped right on by, falling to the floor clutched tightly in Ashley's hands.

"OH! MY GOD!! ASHLEY!! DO SOMETHING! OH! MY GOD!!"

This is fun, thought Ashley, I hope Katherine is enjoying it too.

"Hang on, Jenny, I'll try to grab your ankles and see if I can pull you down!"

Ashley jumped up and swiped at Jenny's feet. She managed to knock both of Jenny's sneakers off her feet.

"Ashley that isn't working! Try something else! Hurry, please!!"

This time Ashley snagged Jenny's left sock and pulled it off.

"Jenny, I can't quite get a hold. I'll try again, just hold on."

She succeeded in removing the right sock. Now Jenny was completely nude from the waist down. Jenny couldn't believe it was happening to her again, and in front of a complete stranger. Ashley was ecstatic. Katherine was thoroughly enjoying this beautiful blonde's predicament. A true blonde, I see. Katherine practically salivated at the thought of getting her tongue on that delightful pussy. And an ass to die for! I have something that would fit it perfectly. Imagine having those slender, long legs wrapped around you. Ashley saw an opportunity to complete her plan.

"Jenny, put your arms above your head!"

"Above my head!?!? Why? What good will that do?"

"It'll shift you so your head and arms hang down. If I can get hold of your arms, maybe I can pull you to the ground."

"UPSIDE DOWN!?!? I don't like the sound of that! Isn't there some other way?"

"Well if there is, I can't think of it. Maybe I'll just have to go get some of the men to help!"

"NO!! ASHLEY, NO!! Not them!! Alright, alright, I'll give it a try! Anything but that!!"

The idea of anybody else seeing her in this condition panicked Jenny. Katherine was bad enough, but letting MEN see her like this would be too much. She was willing to try anything to avoid that!! Hesitantly she raised her arms and could feel herself shifting forward. Suddenly, without warning, she flipped over with her arms up and now pointing at the ground. Jenny didn't like this turn of events at all!

"ASHLEY! DO SOMETHING QUICK! The blood is going to my head and I'm getting quite dizzy."

Jenny tried lowering her arms; or more correctly, raising them; to right herself but discovered that her inversion couldn't be reversed. She was upside down and would have to stay that way until somebody got her down.

"ASHLEY!! I CAN"T TURN MYSELF UP!! GET ME DOWN QUICKLY OR I'M GOING TO FAINT!!"

Jenny was trapped upside down and feeling increasingly light-headed. Ashley couldn't believe her luck. Now for the final act!!

"Jenny, I think if I could just pull hard enough, I may be able to loosen the cable and get you down. It's worth a try. I'm going to try and jump up and catch the belt, then hopefully, our combined weight will set it free."

"Anything, Ashley, anything. Just hurry please. I'm getting very dizzy!"

Ashley looked up at Katherine and nodded. Katherine could sense what was planned. Katherine quickly lowered Jenny, Ashley jumped and caught the belt and held on. Katherine then quickly raised the two back up. Ashley was facing two superb boobs.

"Got it!! Now I'll jiggle it and see if I can get it free."

She could hear Jenny's muffled voice coming from near her own breasts.

"OH! Please hurry! I can't stand it much longer!!"

Ashley jiggled back and forth.

"It doesn't seem to be moving. I'll try again."

This time Ashley really thrust herself to and fro.

"JENNY!! I"M SLIPPING! I CAN"T HOLD ON!!"

Ashley let herself slide down Jenny, making certain to catch hold of the white shirt. Jenny could feel Ashley sliding down and felt her shirt tighten.

"ASHLEY!! OH, MY GOD!! My shirt! You've caught yourself on my shirt!"

"I can't help it, I'm slipping! I can't hold on!!"

Jenny knew it was going to happen again. She was slowly losing her clothes and couldn't prevent it. How do I get myself into these situations? I'm going to end up naked again!! She was right, of course, Ashley would see to that. Ashley slowly descended down Jenny's chest, dragging the shirt with her. She reached Jenny's bra and feigned grasping to hold on, caught the sides and dragged it down with her, too.

"JENNY! I"M FALLING! I CAN"T HOLD ON ANYMORE!"

Jenny was momentarily blinded as her shirt and bra covered her face, but only momentarily. Ashley again fell to the floor clutching the hapless woman's clothing. Success!! Jenny was now suspended from the ceiling in a harness completely nude!! Jenny was so light-headed from the blood going to her head that she didn't even bother to try and cover up. The entire scene was starting to swirl in front of her eyes.

Katherine could hardly believe her eyes. Look at those tits!! How she'd love to fondle them. Squeeze them , bite them , suck on them, they'd be a real mouthful. Too bad my agreement with Ashley only included the stripping of Jenny, if she'd known what the girl was like, she'd have insisted on more. Much more!! Pity!! But now it was time to give the hired help their bonus. Whenever Katherine had a pretty female guest visit, part of the fun was in letting her help have a good look at each of them. Completely, totally! Stark naked! It helped to maintain employee loyalty. They should enjoy this one, she was quite a looker.

Ashley looked up at Jenny, hanging upside down, naked as the day she was born. I have to admit I enjoyed this one, she thought, it worked out so well! Katherine spoke up.

"I'm afraid I can't fix it. The controls aren't responding. We're going to have to get help! Ashley, you stay with Jenny while I go get the men to help get her down."

Even in her state, Jenny understood what that meant. THE MEN!?!? NO! NOT THEM! PLEASE! NOT LIKE THIS! Ashley just smiled to herself in anticipation of what was coming.

"ASHLEY!! Please, isn't there another way? I can't be seen like this by her hired hands! Get something to cover me! Anything, please! I couldn't stand that!!"

Ashley had no intention of robbing the men of a complete view of this trapped naked beauty. Jenny's humiliation merely added to Ashley's pleasure, it was almost as good as sex.

"You're up too high, Jenny! Even if I had something, I couldn't reach you! Don't worry, they'll have you down in no time. Then you can get dressed again."

"OH! ASHLEY! PLEASE, NO!!"

"I'm sorry, if there was another way, I'd do it."

Katherine went to her foreman and informed him that the men would be needed in the show ring, all the men! The foreman knew what that meant and quickly called them together. They entered through the gate and were greeted by a sight none would soon forget.

Miss Katherine had outdone herself this time!

This one was incredible!!

The men stood around a moment to appreciate what was being shown them. They took it all in, every delightful part. Her arms were hanging down, her golden pony-tail, too. Her breasts, big beautiful, firm breasts were jutting straight out, crested by equally big and beautiful nipples. Her gold-haired snatch was on view because her legs were akimbo.

Jenny was so dizzy that she was no longer aware of her state. She couldn't conceal anything from the men's eager eyes. Her creamy, white ass was greatly admired and desired. The men murmured amongst themselves, never once taking their eyes off this vision of female beauty.

"Miss Katherine has caught a real beauty this time! SHEEEIT, look, she's blonde all over!"

"Holy Goddamn!! Would ya look at the rack on her!?!"

"I will in a moment. Right now I'm looking at the sweetest ass I've seen in a long time!!"

"I'd love to stick my prick up that pussy! Fuck!! It looks tight!!"

"And that ass!! I'd pump on that til she starts bayin' at the moon!"

"Just imagine havin' them legs over yer shoulder!"

"I'm gonna get me a real good feel of this one, that's fer damn sure!!"

"You and me both!"

Katherine let them enjoy themselves for a while but felt it was now time for action. Ashley could hear the comments being made and enjoyed them all. She only wished Jenny could, too, because it would add to her degradation. Katherine looked from Jenny to her foreman.

"Miguel, there seems to be something wrong with the harness. It won't respond to the controls. We tried to get the poor girl down ourselves, but failed. Our efforts ended in her rather unfortunate situation, as you can see. Perhaps the men could do something!?!?"

Miguel understood her meaning. Help yourselves! Enjoy! Enjoy! But get her down when you're finished! He also knew that she wanted the men to put on a good show for her, she did so enjoy watching the men work on her 'guests'! The men eagerly set to work!

"Ashley, perhaps we'd better get out of the road and let the men see what they can do. We can go to the platform just in case they need someone at the controls."

Ashley understood that the view of the proceedings would be better from up there. The thought of being left in the hands of these men panicked Jenny.

"ASHLEY!! DON"T LEAVE ME!! DON"T GO!!"

Ashley was eager to see what they were going to do to her.

"We aren't going anywhere, Jenny. We can't do anything down here so we may be able to help by working the controls. Don't worry, these men know what they're doing."

"OH, ASHLEY! OH, MY GOD!!"

The men went about their business like seasoned professionals, and considering the number of 'guests' Katherine had invited over the years, they were.

Jenny couldn't keep track of everything that was being done to her. Hands were everywhere, groping, pinching, feeling, petting, probing. It was just too much! She was turned right side up and before she knew it, she was upside down again. Fingers mysteriously found their way into places where they oughtn't to be. She could feel them in her pussy and before she could complain, they were just as quickly removed, only to reappear in her ass. Hands caressed her inner thighs. Someone tugged at her pussy hairs. Her butt was pinched and patted and probed by any number of the men. Her breasts were mangled, mashed, and massaged. Then they were pinched, pulled , and pawed. Her legs were spread wide and her gold-haired pussy put on display for everyone to see. Numerous hands and fingers probed it's depths, no sooner was one removed than another took it's place. All the while they maintained the illusion of being there just to help get her down.

Everyone made certain that there wasn't an inch of this gorgeous beauty that was left untouched! Jenny had never felt more vulnerable in her life. She wanted to complain but she thought that the men were obviously just doing whatever they had to in order to get her safely down. But why weren't they more careful where they grabbed or touched? And why did fingers keep popping into places where they shouldn't be? It was all so humiliating and what's worse, Jenny could feel herself beginning to react physically to their actions. If they didn't get her down soon, there's no telling what may happen.

Jenny could feel herself losing the battle to control her body! But they didn't let up, they hadn't had a woman this magnificent in a while and they wanted to make the most of the opportunity given them. Jenny was terrified, her body was reacting on it's own. Those damn hands and fingers were too much! She could feel it coming and was powerless to prevent it. Her heart-rate increased, her breathing shallowed, she began to perspire as the heat in her loins increased. PLEASE! Get me down before it's too late! Why don't they hurry? Why do they keep touching me like that? Why can't I get myself under control? Somebody, please help me, I can't stop it any more!! It finally proved to be too much for her, she could feel her juices starting to flow and ceased to care. It felt good! It just felt so good!

The men recognized their victory when it came, or rather when she came!! They were satisfied, Jenny had proved to be a great afternoon's entertainment. They slowly lowered her to the floor.

Ashley and Katherine both were speechless by what they had just witnessed. Katherine couldn't help herself, she opened the front of her jeans and set to work relieving herself not caring if anyone saw her. Ashley had always enjoyed seeing Jenny stripped and humiliated but this time it was different. This was indescribable! All those men! They were all over the blonde beauty, hands and fingers touching her everywhere! It was the most exciting thing Ashley had ever seen! She actually found herself wishing that it was her and not Jenny being probed by all those hands. She would never, never, never forget this day!!

Ashley's reaction was so intense that she had no need of relief, she had come several times just watching them. Her panties were sopping wet, and she needed to sit down. Katherine had revived enough to help by lowering Jenny when her men were through. Katherine finally managed to speak.

"Excellent! Excellent job, men! You managed to get her down. Thank you so much for a job well done. We'll take it from here! You may return to your duties."

The men filed out with very satisfied looks on their faces. None would ever forget this day, Jenny would remained fixed in all their memories.

Jenny suddenly realized what she'd done. OH, MY GOD!! I came in front of everybody!! THOSE MEN!! What must they think of me? They must know, it was so obvious! OH, MY GOD!! Let me get dressed and get out of here before I die of shame!!

"Ashley! Help me get out of this. OH! ASHLEY!! I'm so embarrassed! Get me my clothes and let's go home!"

Ashley could barely walk from being so excited.

"Of course I'll help you!"

Ashley grabbed hold of the harness and tried to loosen it. Katherine hadn't lowered it enough and it wouldn't undo.

"Katherine, I'm having difficulty undoing the harness. It needs to be lowered a little more. Could you try and let it down a bit more?"

Katherine hated that her day's excitement was over, she wished it could continue. She couldn't remember when she had last enjoyed a 'guest' as much. What a shame it had to end! Oh, well! Then an idea came to her and she smiled, a very evil smile.

"Just a moment and I'll see what I can do."

Katherine hit the controls and Jenny went sharply upwards to the ceiling again. Jenny was surprised and horrified!

"OOOHH!! WHAT"S GOING ON?? ASHLEY!! HELP!! GET ME DOWN!!!"

Ashley, too, was caught by surprise and looked toward Katherine quizzically. Katherine feigned surprise.

"OH, MY GOD!! IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN!! ASHLEY! QUICK! Get the men back here! They're going to have to do it all over again!"

Ashley smiled. Jenny screamed in horror.

"NO! NO!! NOT THAT!! PLEASE, NOT THAT!!"

Ashley opened the gate and went out to find them.

Jenny was worn out. Being suspended upside down for any length of time will do that to you. But having your person violated by a large group of men, not once but twice, really tires a girl out. Jenny knew they meant well and were only doing their best to help her, but that was one experience she wished never to go through again. EVER!! The memory of hanging in the air totally naked with all those hands in all her places was truly humiliating, she would go scarlet just thinking about it.

Ashley helped Jenny to get dressed. It had been one of the best days ever for Ashley but now it was time to go. She had honoured her agreement with Katherine and had enjoyed it as much as Kath did. Katherine had gathered up Jenny's clothes and handed them to Ashley as she helped dress Jenny. Jenny took her shirt.

"Ashley, where's my bra? I don't see it here."

Ashley imagined she knew exactly where it was. One of the men had a souvenir.

"I don't see it. But at least you still have your shirt, so that's okay. You can get home without it. I'll tie it up for you."

All the buttons were missing from it so she tied it as tightly as she could, but with a special type of knot. It still hung loose and her boobs could be clearly seen. Jenny was appalled.

"Ashley, I don't know. The knot is tight but the top is awfully open. Katherine, do you have some pins or something?"

"I may, but I'm not sure where."

Ashley had no intention of letting Jenny cover anything up.

"We don't have time. We need to get back. You'll be safe in the car. We're running awfully late because of your accident."

Jenny felt guilty and said no more. Ashley handed her the white cotton shorts. Jenny took them and looked inside, then at the ground around her.

"Ashley! My panties! They're not here! Where did they go?"

All three searched but without success.

"Well, don't worry about it. You have your shorts so no one will know you aren't wearing them."

"My, God! Ashley, you know I would never go out without a pair on! I can't imagine what became of them. Or my bra."

Jenny had to be careful. Her shorts didn't have a button and the zipper kept wanting to undo. Jenny had to watch how she moved or they would slip, showing more of her than she liked. Especially since she had somehow lost her panties.

Once Jenny was dressed as best as the remnants of her clothes allowed, they went back to Ashley's car. They passed a few of the men and Jenny hung her head in shame, she couldn't bring herself to look at any of them knowing how much of her they'd already seen....and touched!!

They said their goodbyes to Katherine who promised to deliver the horse whenever it was needed. She told Jenny that she couldn't wait to see her in the play and would be sure to be right down front so she wouldn't miss a thing.

As the car pulled out the front gate, Katherine reached into her pocket and withdrew two pieces of cloth. A white, lacy half-bra and a pair of white thong panties. She felt the material in her hands and stroked them against her cheek. She would treasure these and every time she looked at them, she would be reminded of the best afternoon she'd ever had!

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**Jenny Delivers a Package by Sean89**

Jenny walked down the busy street, long blonde ponytail and shapely rump bouncing along behind her. Walking past storefront windows and rows of parking meters, many a boyfriend and husband took an appreciative look at this vision of blonde shapeliness, only to meet daggers in the eyes of wives and girlfriends when they turned back around.

Oblivious to this (as Jenny always was) she continued along her way. Being a very hot July day, Jenny was wearing a light summer dress (of course!), sleeveless, knee-length, beige in color, with a darker floral pattern all over it . Her shoes had a small heel and matched the color of her dress .

Under her right arm, Jenny carried a small brown cardboard box. Her husband had asked her to drop it off at a downtown office building while she ran errands today, and she had agreed, since she was going down there anyway .

Jenny found the office building and went through the sliding glass doors. As she entered the lobby, she saw some workmen moving around. There was scaffolding up against some of the walls, wires hanging down in places, the place looked a right mess .

Jenny took the package to the front desk.

"I have a package here for Mr. Reynolds.", she said.

"Oh, all right. If you'll wait a minute, I'll phone him and let him know it arrived." said the perky little secretary behind the desk .

"Thanks", replied Jenny, "If you don't mind my asking, what's going on here?"

"You mean all the mess? Oh, the ventilation and air conditioning systems are a complete disaster, these guys are trying to fix them...oops ! Hold on one minute, I've got a call..." , the secretary picked up the phone and motioned for Jenny to stay put for a second.

"Speak of the Devil!", the secretary said, "That was the foreman of the crew. They're going to be reversing the air flow thru the vent system with a lot of suction, so he warned us to keep everything away from the vents. Now hold on one second and I'll try to get a hold of Mr. Reynolds."

"O.K., thanks", replied Jenny, and she leaned against the wall next to the receptionist's desk while she waited. She heard a low hum coming from somewhere in the building. Must be that ventilation thing , she thought to herself.

Then Jenny noticed something odd. Her dress had gotten very, very, tight. Looking down, she saw an air vent just below her knee level, and her dress was being sucked into it! Gasping in surprise, Jenny found she couldn't move away from the wall because the suction was just too strong.

Suddenly, there was a new noise.

Ping ! Ping ! Ping !

Jenny realized it was the sound of the thread in her shoulder straps breaking. Before she could react, the top of her dress fell around her waist, and the whole dress moved that much further into the air vent. Jenny's breasts were now only covered by a strapless zebra-striped bra with white lace trim.

“Oh my God !", Jenny said aloud.

Torn (ha!) between the desire to cover up and the need to free herself, Jenny decided to free herself first. With the dress around her waist, she had a little more freedom of movement, so she turned against the wall and began pushing against it with all her might .

Her face was red with embarrassment and the strain of pushing against the wall. Arms shaking from the force she was exerting, Jenny felt a sudden release across her chest. Glancing downward, Jenny saw her now bare breast bouncing wildly, her large pink nipples growing erect now that they were exposed to the air.

"Oh no!", Jenny said.

Looking over her shoulder, she saw her bra, unable to take the strain any longer, had flown across the room and hooked on a scaffold.

Jenny was still straining against the wall when there was a loud RRRIIIP!! and the rest of Jenny's dress shot into the vent, revealing the fact that Jenny had covered her shapely posterior in panties that matched her bra.

Suddenly free from the offending air vent, Jenny fell over backwards and rolled across the lobby. When she stopped rolling,she opened her eyes and saw a workman in blue overalls smiling down at her. Jenny's face turned bright red again, and she sat up, covering her breasts.

"Here , let me help you ", said the considerate worker.

Putting his arms under hers (and getting a feel in, quite accidental, I assure you) he lifted her to a standing position, accompanied by another small ripping sound. The worker looked at his foot and saw a pair of torn zebra-striped panties under his boot. He then looked up at Jenny and saw she had her eyes closed with a pleading look on her face as her hands roamed around her round butt and lush blonde bush.

Jenny's eyes shot open and she looked at the worker with an expression of shock on her face. Blushing all the way to her feet, one arm across her chest and the other in front of her very private area, she backed away from the worker to the sliding doors. When they opened , she took off down the street like she was on fire.

Meanwhile, in the basement, a woman sat in front of a row of video monitors. Her right hand moved a switch from the "Reverse" to the "Stop" position.

"Stupid cow!", Ashley thought to herself as she left the monitoring room, "It was worth it giving the foreman 100 bucks for that !" She didn't notice her black skirt unravelling on the door frame...

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**Jenny Rides A Horse By Mustang\_Diamond**

Jenny and her friend Ashley were on their way to a dinner party when Jenny’s Miata broke down.

“Oh no,” said Jenny. “We’re in the middle of nowhere.”

“Don’t panic,” said Ashley. “We’ll just hitch hike back to the last town.”

“But aren’t you worried about the way we’re dressed?” Jenny asked. Jenny was wearing a stretchy Lycra mini-dress that hugged every curve she had and then some. Regular readers of the Jenny adventures might think this uncharacteristic of our heroine, but it was a rather windy day and Jenny no longer wanted to risk wearing sundresses that had a tendency to act like a flag or get caught on something.

Recent experience with tight restrictive skirts made her swear them off as well. So, she had decided to try Lycra as a promising solution—it would stretch for mobility, and it wouldn’t fly up in the breeze. The only trouble with it was the fact that anything under it would show ugly bumps or lines. So Jenny was only wearing her only pair of hose without any seams. Being constructed without seams rendered them sheer-to-the-waist as well. And although Jenny was reluctant to wear them after her recent yachting trip, she was counting on her dress to prevent any public exposure.

When Jenny left her house, she was fairly confident in her choice of clothing—as confident as she gets anyway. But now, she was having second thoughts about hitchhiking in what might be construed as a suggestive, or even promiscuous, dress. And yet her shoes left her no option. She wasn’t about to walk in her high heels.

Jenny looked at Ashley and was a little relieved that her friend seemed to be dressed even worse for the current situation. Only a little, however, since she was well aware that Ashley would try anything while wearing almost anything. Like the time she climbed the ladder on that boat dressed in a tight miniskirt. She didn’t even seem to care when her stockings, garter belt and panties flashed into view. Sometimes Jenny thought she might even do things to intentionally flash her lingerie.

Even now Jenny could see the tops of her stockings as her leather miniskirt had ridden up during the ride. Jenny had even reminded her to be careful after she flashed her white panties and garters getting into the low slung Miata. Jenny certainly wouldn’t have worn white lingerie with a black miniskirt—well at least not by choice she thought as she remembered how she had been blackmailed into wearing a disturbingly similar outfit one time to the mall of all places. It still brought back embarrassing memories.

“Who me worry?” asked Ashley in a rhetorical way. “Look on the bright side for a change: we’re sure to get a ride dressed as we are.”

“I just hope we don’t get raped,” said Jenny.

Without any option, the ladies stood by their car and waited for a passing vehicle. When none came, Jenny was a little relieved. Until she realized they might have to walk. Apparently, they were on a road that was little traveled. Even Ashley wasn’t keen on walking in her high heels. A little calculation put their walking time well into the night. And neither of the ladies had brought along a coat or a change of clothes.

After a few more hours, Ashley said, “Well it looks like we can either spend the night in the car taking shifts until a car comes, or start walking.”

“I vote for sleeping in the car,” said Jenny. “We won’t make it back to town in these heels.”

“I guess your right,” said Ashley, uncharacteristically agreeing with her blonde friend. “Do you want the first sleeping shift?”

“Okay,” said Jenny, not wanting to argue.

So Jenny reclined in the passenger seat, while Ashley tried to stay awake to watch for any vehicles. At some point in the middle of the night, Jenny awoke thinking a car was coming. “Was that a car?” she asked her friend.

“What?” asked Ashley, obviously waking up. Apparently she had dozed off.

“Didn’t any cars pass us while I was asleep?” Jenny asked.

“I don’t think so.” Said Ashley.

The next morning, the ladies were realizing they were on a deserted highway and were unlikely to be rescued. But just then, they each heard something strange. “Sounds like horses.” Said Jenny.

They each got out of the car to look around. Jenny subconsciously tugging at her Lycra mini-dress. Sure enough two cowboys were approaching on horseback.

“Howdy Ma’ams.” Said the one.

“Car trouble?” asked the second.

“Yeah, it just quit.” Jenny said.

“Looks like you’ve been here a while.” Said the first. Jenny and Ashley looked each other over and saw it was rather apparent they had slept in their clothes. Each hoped they didn’t look as bad as the other.

“Don’t suspect you’ll get a ride from here. Hardly anybody travels this road.” Said the second cowboy.

“We could give you a lift back to town. We’re headed that way anyway.” Said the first. The men had appraised the ladies dresses and doubted they would want to climb on a horse. But they glanced at each other and each thought they should try to convince them otherwise.

“Couldn’t you just ask someone to send help?” asked Jenny. Even though she had never ridden a horse, she knew full well what climbing on a horse would entail. She wasn’t really afraid of horses—she’d always wanted to ride them—but not in a dress and high heels.

Even Ashley knew she couldn’t climb up onto a horse in her leather miniskirt. And once up there, she would have no mobility to straddle the saddle. But, there seamed to be no alternative. So moving over to one of the horses she said, “How can we get onto these horses dressed as we are?”

“Just put your foot in the stirrup and I’ll help you up,” said one of the cowboys.

Ashley tried to lift her foot up to the saddle but her leather miniskirt stopped her. “Oh dear, I’m going to have to hike up my skirt, you don’t mind do you?” she said.

“No, we don’t mind.”

As she did, her stocking tops came into view. Jenny started to panic and couldn’t think of a way to object. As she watched, Ashley was hoisted aboard in front of her cowboy. In the saddle, Ashley’s skirt was forced up over her panties. Jenny started to think about her sheer hose and her lack of panties.

Ashley knew there was no way to cover her panties while in the saddle. She also remembered Jenny wasn't wearing any under her sheer pantyhose and turned around to watch.

Jenny was only half aware of Ashley's hosiery and panties because she was desperately trying to figure a way out of this latest predicament. She couldn't stall any longer though. As she lifted one high heel into the stirrup, she tried to pull at the hem to stretch it down her thighs. Her cowboy was amused by her obvious embarrassment. While he appreciated Ashley’s display, Jenny’s shyness intrigued him. Jenny’s valiant attempts to keep her dress from sliding up her thighs only prolonged the inevitable. To swing her leg over the saddle she had to let go of the dress for a moment. Holding onto the saddle horn she let out a little cry as her dress sprung up over her rear end. As soon as possible, she again grabbed the hem and tugged at it. As long as she kept a hold of it the material was stretchy enough to cover her.

Ashley was a little miffed. Here she was unable to do anything about covering her pink panties, not to mention her sexy stockings and garter, and the guys would rather watch Jenny struggle to keep herself covered. Sometimes she had to wonder about men.

“You all set, little woman?” asked Jenny’s cowboy.

“I guess so.” Replied Jenny.

As they started to ride, other problems became apparent. First, both ladies had to hold on and Jenny was having a hard time keeping a hold of her stretchy dress hem and the saddle horn. With each bounce her hem would shoot up and try as she might, there was no way to keep it in place.

As they went into a trot, the bouncing and jouncing in the saddle gave both ladies something else to worry about. Jenny’s bra less double-Cs were painfully bouncing with each stride, and she found she had to put one arm across her chest to keep them in check. This of course left her with only one hand on the saddle horn and one had short where her hem was concerned.

Ashley’s sexy push up bra wasn’t designed for athletics and wasn’t much use riding. It didn’t take too many bouncing strides to jostle her breasts right out of the low cut bra. Ashley found that she too needed to keep a hold of her breasts to keep them from bouncing painfully.

The cowboys must have been amused, because they picked up the pace. Hanging on it wasn’t long before Ashley’s bra straps slid off of her shoulders. For once in her life, Ashley was stricken with the realization that she could do nothing about them. She was used to letting them slip so she could adjust them to attract attention, but now she had to hold on and could feel her bra begin to slid down toward her thin waist.

Somewhere along the way, Ashley’s garter clips began to let go. One by one. By the time they arrived in town, her stockings had slid down her legs to pool around her ankles.

Their arrival caused quite a stir in the local populous. A crowd gathered to gawk at the two bedraggled ladies on horseback. Beet red the girls tried their best to sort out their clothing. Jenny tugging at her Lycra dress while Ashley tried to sort out her straps. Needless to say they weren’t too successful and realized they would have to climb down off the horses before they could make themselves respectable in public.

As Jenny was helped off her mount, her dress rode up over her luscious behind and the crowd took it all in. As Ashley slid over the saddle and onto the ground, one of her bra straps got caught on the saddle horn. The dainty front clasp burst open and the thin straps broke leaving the bra draped over the saddle.

With Jenny on the ground tugging her hem down, all eyes turned to watch Ashley bend over to pull up her stockings. With both hands tied up refastening her garters she couldn’t help it when her blouse opened up.

They found themselves in a small town. It wasn’t long before the local mechanic was contacted. Needless to say, he was more than happy to help out. So Jenny and Ashley were given directions (just around the corner) and they walked to the garage. Ashley tried to keep an arm across her chest and actually wished she had worn a camisole under her low cut blouse. Without a bra, her nipples were rather obvious, especially when they were erect.

Jenny kept tugging at her stretchy dress almost subconsciously as the two gals teetered along on their high heels.

At the garage, Cletus, the local mechanic, appraised the situation with a huge grin. Jenny checked her dress hem again and worried about Ashley’s missing bra. But Cletus was only regretting that he couldn’t take his motorcycle—the two of them just wouldn’t fit. But what an opportunity had their been just one. But, alas he thought, you just can’t have too much of this.

“Come on, we’ll go get your car with the tow truck,” Cletus declared.

Ashley went into her, oh-dear-my-skirt-is-too-tight routine, as she appraised the high cab of the truck. Cletus eagerly volunteered to assist her and Jenny watched nervously as her tight hem slid up her thighs. By the time Ashley made it up the steps and onto the seat, there was no mystery remaining about her lingerie. Cletus got a thorough view as she climbed, stopping at the critical moments for a boost or a steadying hand.

Cletus turned to Jenny and saw her blushing. “Don’t worry, I can give you a hand too.” He said to her.

“I think I can manage,” she replied, not wanting to encourage him to run his hands all over her as he had with Ashley.

“Well, I’ll just make sure you don’t slip and fall then.” He said, leaving Jenny no option other than to struggle up while he watched. No matter how hard she tried, her skirt wouldn’t stay down over her rear end. Jenny cringed whenever she needed two hands to climb and her skirt sprang up. She kept tugging it down whenever possible, but she knew Cletus was getting a nice show. She couldn’t stop thinking about how sheer her pantyhose was. ‘Almost there,’ she thought. ‘But how can I manage to climb over the doorsill?’

Jenny was faced with a dilemma and with Cletus watching from below, she didn’t want to hesitate to make a decision. She had to either get a boost as Ashley had to clear the sill, or put her knee on the sill and climb on over it. The problem of course was her hosiery. It would probably tear on the rough sill. But in the spit second decision she made, that was only a minor worry compared to Cletus’ hand on her nearly naked ass. Looking was bad enough, but touching…. Jenny shuddered as she quickly climbed over and tugged at her dress hem once on the seat. “Damn,” she said aloud as she saw the run.

By the time they got to the car, the run was bad. Jenny knew she would have to discard her pantyhose anyway, so she didn’t even think about it climbing down. She was almost on the ground before Cletus came around to ‘help.’ But Ashley took all the help he offered and then some embarrassing Jenny so much that she didn’t even notice the small tear at the hem of her dress where it had caught on the rough sill. ‘I swear she enjoys flashing,’ Jenny thought. Climbing up, Jenny’s dress had ridden up so that the sill tore her hose, but as she scrambled down one hand was initially holding her hem stretched down tight. So it had snagged on the sill and torn.

As Cletus worked on the car, Ashley pretended to be interested and let him show her what he was doing. Cletus, of course, was as happy showing her as she was showing him. While they were distracted, Jenny discretely stripped off her torn pantyhose and tossed them behind a bush.

Once Cletus had seen enough of Ashley, he told the girls that he had to tow the car back to his shop and fix it there. Jenny had figured this ordeal was nearly over, but now she would have to repeat her experience with the tow truck all over again. Except now she was completely naked under her dress. She fidgeted and worried about it as Ashley climbed up the ladder to the cab. Ashley’s display of lace didn’t even faze Jenny this time—she was too nervous.

As Jenny stepped up the ladder she kept one hand firmly on her hem and stretched it tight. As she did, her dress started unraveling. She was half way up before she realized what was happening to her dress. And by that time it was too late. Each time Jenny tried to tug at her dress to cover herself up a little, it got shorter and shorter. At first she tried to act as if it wasn’t happening, thinking to herself, ‘Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God! This isn’t happening.’ But soon she was blurting it out loud. Ashley started laughing and Jenny said she didn’t find it funny.

Cletus offered her his western vest, but as she got out of the truck little remained of her dress. Cletus found it difficult to concentrate with the ladies so scantily dressed, but somehow he eventually fixed the car and Ashley drove them home while Jenny huddled in the passenger seat.

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**Jenny Croft by ?**

Jenny blinked her eyes. She did not know where she was. She felt a little stiff. Her legs ached. She felt as if she had been spending hours standing. Puzzled she looked at the plastic guns in her hands. Where did these toys come from ? She let ’em drop to the ground. She curiously eyed the strange black leather gloves on her hands. She pulled them off and examined her hands but found nothing unusual. It was dark around her, early morning or night.

Right before her she recognised the wide hall of the shopping-mall. It was deserted. All the lights were turned off. Opposite she recognised the shop where her husband had bought his camera and VCR. She used to go shopping here.

Jenny dreamily bowed her head to examine herself and jumped in surprise as her head thrust against a pane right before her. She tumbled and almost fell over some small boxes lying on the floor. She leaned her naked arms against the cold pane. Naked arms ? Looking down herself she realised that she wore a tight green sleeveless latex-top that snug to her body. Her 38 DD breasts stretched the elastic material of the top and her nipples were pertly poking out.

She blushed - she had never dared to show off her ample chest that much. She investigated further. Attached to a simple plastic belt was a holster. It was fastened to her thighs as well. It was ridiculous. She had never owned a holster. The very idea of owning a weapon was completely absurd to her. Shaking her head she noticed that she wore tight beige latex shorts that were stretched to the maximum by her plump butt. It was much to short for her. It had ridden up her thighs and revealed her long shapely legs. Laced boots completed the ensemble. Never in her life had she worn such a revealing attire.

Jenny knew that those kinky clothes made of latex were for perverts only. Worst of all the pieces were much to small for her voluptuous figure. How did she get here ? Where did these clothes come from ? Where was she ? Last thing she remembered was kissing her husband goodnight and falling asleep. If this was a dream it was the strangest dream she ever had. She pinched herself.

“All right, so I am not sleeping. This is real."

She could not believe it. Suddenly the lights in the shopping-mall went on. Two guards were passing the pane. Jenny now realised, that she was standing in a shop window. To be exact, it was the shop window of the computer-shop. The guards stopped right before her. One of them aimed at her chest.

“Look at that Tomb-Raider-Bimbo. She’s just tits and ass, but my - what tits and ass !"

The other guard chuckled and said “oh yes, I’d sure like to fuck those melons and spurt my come all over her pretty face.”

Jenny blushed at theirs words. She tried not to move. Obviously they were taking her for a mannequin. As long as she did not move she was save. But the tight pinching latex top and bottom made it hard for her to stand still. Worst of all the straps of the plastic-holster cut into her soft skin. Its rugged material scratched terribly. She had to get rid of it, but quickly.

Making lewd remarks about her body the men disappeared from her view. To remove the holster Jenny started fumbling with the plastic-belt of her strange costume hastily. It seemed to be weld together. She just could not unfasten it. Jenny started to pull and tear with all her strength. Suddenly the belt broke and she violently ripped the latex-shorts in half.

Unbelievingly she stared down at her neatly trimmed blonde bush. Her pussy-hair was shining brightly against her deeply tanned skin. Her cousin Jackie lately had convinced her to do nude sunbathing in the back yard and her tan-lines had disappeared very quickly.

Trying to cover up Jenny quickly held the broken ends of the belt together tightly. The shorts had ripped open down to her crotch and she needed several attempts hide her pussy from view properly. In her distress she had not noticed yet that her abrupt motion had broken the tight latex-top on the back. Stretched to the max the tear slowly split open. Jenny watched in horror as the mall filled with clerks getting to work. She tried not to move, desperately holding the torn shorts together.

Her arms at her sides pressed her ample breasts together and made them appear even riper. She heard a woman’s voice exclaim “oh my - look at that new Lara-Croft-Mannequin. It looks quite daring !"

A crowd gathered around the computer-shop’s window and everybody admired the new mannequin. “Gosh, she’s sexy - I’ll get my camera before someone puts her away"- it was the clerk of the photo-shop. He motioned to his apprentice „”and you get the VCR" chuckling to himself “I will post this to my friends at SWOPPIX".

Jenny kept her eyes on the floor and concentrated on standing still. She did not realise what was happening in front of the shop window. A camera and a VCR were capturing her attire in detail.

The apprentice focused on the mannequins chest. He was amazed by the lively contours of her nipples under the stretched latex. The top finally tore completely and slowly slid down her arms. Before Jenny could react the latex piece no longer covered her breasts. The slack material hung loose from her elbows and her massive breasts pointed at the gasping spectators. The apprentice could not believe his luck. The fresh air on her chest told Jenny that something terrible must have happened. It was time to move. More and more clerks gathered round in front of the shop window.

The man with the camera was clicking away like mad. Jenny stepped back. A partition wall blocked her way. The crowd howled as they realised that the naked lady was real. The crowd thickened. Jenny looked up and saw nothing but faces pressed to the shop-window, only one step away. The floor was about three feet off the ground, to give customers a better view. She was almost completely exposed to the view of anyone who happened to pass. If she tried to cover her breasts she would have to reveal her pussy. And there were more and more people coming !

She had to find a way to get out of that shop window. The curved partition wall was held by two pillars at the sides of the shop window. There was just a small gap between the pane and each pillar. With a little luck she could press herself through the gap. The crowd was cheering as the voluptuous blonde pressed her 38DD breasts against the pane and carefully tried to move sideways through the small passage. The feeling of the cold pane against her naked skin send shivers through her body. She still clenched her hands around the belt trying to cover at least her crotch. Nonetheless each movement allowed a glimpse of her blonde bush.

The apprentice zoomed on her sex. If Jenny wanted to take the chance to escape through the small gap she could no longer hold her hands in front of her, she had to put them to her sides. Resigning she let the belt go. The latex-shorts, pulled down by the weight of the holster, dropped to the floor immediately. The crowd welcomed the sight of her blonde bush and her pink sex with roaring applause.

Jenny had to straddle her legs and press her groin against the pane to press her body as close to it as possible. Her pussy lips were parted and the mortified Jenny sensed the cold pane press against her clitoris. To her horror and utter humiliation she felt herself getting aroused by the cold caress. Desperately she pressed sideways. Her butt was just too plump, she could not get it through. She struggled hard and finally gained space by getting half of her back past the pillar that slid right between the valley of her cheeks parting them. Her legs and pussy-lips widened even more. Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment and humiliation, but she could not avoid her breasts to swell, nipples getting hard and her breath to quicken. Her whole body started tingling.

Outside a party was going on. Jenny felt her heart sink and her legs weaken. She was stuck ! She could not move the least bit and each attempt only added to the stimulation of her erect breasts and clitoris. She almost fainted - she was unable to free herself and obscenely exposed to everyone. The whole front was pressed to the pane and the constant pressure on her most sensitive parts brought her on the brink of an orgasm.

Meanwhile the owner of the shop had arrived. He was unsure whether he should intervene or not. He could not figure out how that buxom blonde could have got into his shop-window. He enjoyed the sight of the trapped beauty. The blonde bombshell seemed to be close to breakdown.

Unnoticed by everyone he hurriedly opened the door to his shop and locked it behind him. In no time he removed the pillar that had trapped the blonde. The audience howled and moaned, but they were satisfied. They had seen it all. All of her. Jenny collapsed in the arms of the shop-owner and he was rewarded for his gallantry by the touch of her soft skin.

He suppressed the thought of taking advantage of the situation although he would have loved to let his hands roam over her opulent curves. He helped the dazed Jenny inside the office and sat her on a chair. He did not even have a blanket to cover her, so he inspected her limp naked body. When he realised that she was getting back to life he gently covered her with his jacket. He never asked her how she got into his shop-window. He finally found something to wear for Jenny. Ignoring the stares of the clerks that had gone to work he just guided her out of the mall and hailed a cab. The exhausted Jenny arrived home in a long snug T-shirt that had a busty armed woman printed on. She never found out how she got into the clothes of Lara Croft.

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**Jenny's A Guard by Smokies Gun**

Finally a job where everything was safe for Jenny. Night work, a female partner and a drab, boring, uniform. It was a well paying job, doing security at a store, which was a front for a lab developing a new product for law enforcement. The researcher told Jenny and Rochelle that it was a stun type device, which was chemical based and render the victim frozen, unable to move, only able to think and feel. This would free up the officer to transport the victim with no risk and minimal damage. The antidote was a hormonal stimulant which return the victim to normal with no side effects. Of course, both guards were sworn to secrecy and Jenny, being the professional, loyal person she is, took it to heart.

Rochelle was nice but unknown to Jenny. The boss who hired them both was of course impressed with the rack on Jenny and her general beauty. Rochelle was no slouch either. She had beautiful, dirty blond hair, small up top, but she gave Jenny a run for her money in the butt and legs. He had drilled a peep hole in the locker room and hoped to catch a look at Jenny's 38DD's.

The job was a one month tour, in which a week was left. Jenny couldn't see her husband much as he worked 12 hour days and she was on 12 hour nights. She was looking forward to the end of this one, as she was getting pretty horny.

They would walk their beat through the working department store, as any really store has night guards, and monitor the cameras the rest of the time. From 6.00pm to 6.00am for 3 weeks,there wasn't a problem. “Easy money,” Rochelle would say. The big windows out front had mannequins dressed in spring and summer fashions, as all stores did now. As far as Jenny's husband knew, she was security at the store, no danger, no risk. Jenny could tell him nothing.

Jenny felt like a secret agent or something. There wasn't really much up and soon this gig would be over. What no one knew though, was that Rochelle was a double agent. She planned to steal the prototype, do a live test, and get it out of the store. She thought she would kill two birds with one stone. She called Jenny back to sportswear.

“Is there a problem?” asked Jenny.

“Something strange, man. Come'n look.” replied Rochelle.

As Jenny enter the swimwear section, she felt a prick in her bum and was immediately frozen.

“Wow, that was amazing,” thought Rochelle, “ now to get this stuff out of here, and what to do with her?”

She took off as poor Jenny mentally freaked. When Rochelle returned she had a bag of stuff from the store. She stripped Jenny naked.

“Holy shit girl, what a set of tits on you! Almost makes me wish I was gay!”

Then she proceeded to shave and wax off every hair on Jenny's body. Jenny wept inside as her beautiful blonde hair fell to the floor. Rochelle then greased up the prototype vial and stuck it in Jenny's bald pussy. With some play dough, she filled in Jenny's vagina and anus. She took a flesh coloured paint and covered Jenny's body so it looked like a mannequin's.

Putting on a red wig and drawing in some eyebrows, she closed the eyelids and dressed Jenny in a bikini. She put Jenny on a stand, sticking it into the play dough in Jenny's anus. Placing Jenny in the store window, Rochelle said “I'll be back for you tomorrow night.”

Rochelle cleaned up, wrote a resignation letter from Jenny, stating marital difficulties, and went back to her post to wait the end of the shift.

In the morning Mrs. Shaw called young Fred to her office and told him to get that big titted display out of her window or he was fired. Of course, Fred knew nothing and was surprised to find the beautiful, voluptuous Jenny doll in his display. He decided to take her home to his apartment and say no more to anyone.

That night Jenny's husband showed up at the store with the police and no one knew anything about any Jenny. (secrecy, great hey!)

What was Jenny into now?

Back at Fred's, he was ogling the naked Jenny doll on its stand, five beers down, wondering if the stand comes out. So he bent the movable Jenny mannequin into a doggy position over his bed and pulled the stand from Jenny's butt.

The stand had opened up Jenny's anus to a one inch wide hole. “Hmm!” as he probed the hole with his KY-jellied finger. It was soft, warm and tight!

“Maybe,” he thought and greased up his own pole.

Slowly he slipped into Jenny's rear. Though she could make know sound, she could feel the hot penis penetrate an area she wouldn't even allow her husband to touch. Fred was in heaven, as he reached up and start kneading the 38dd tits in front of him.

“Wow, the nipples feel real!” he thought.

Jenny couldn't help but become aroused, as Fred was really starting to pump. Then she remembered, hormonal stimulation was the key to her freedom.

“Come on young man,” she thought, “Stick it to me, Free me!” Just as she was on the edge of an anal orgasm, the door bell rang.

It was Fred's mom.

“Just a minute,” he said, as he returned Jenny to her stand and placed her in the closet. “I'll be back young lady, and maybe we can check out your pussy area when I do!!!”

“Oh No,” thought Jenny !!!

Dispatcher Jenny by TrackJim

Jenny the Shredder by AOM

Jenny’s Big Day by ?

Jenny's Ostrich Dance by Gin and Bob

Jenny The Gym Teacher Part 1 by The General

Jenny and the Uniform Debate by The General

Jenny The Gym Teacher Part 2 by The General

Jenny meets Lana by Lost Q

Jenny and Lana Ride the Orient Express by Lost Q

Slapstick Jenny by ?

Jenny's Revenge by ?

Jenny Teaches Sex Ed by The General

Ashley Strikes Back by ?

Ashley’s Wedding by ?

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**Dispatcher Jenny by TrackJim**

Jenny was enjoying her new job. She felt safe and secure. Except for the somewhat short skirt she knew she looked good in her new dark blue guard uniform as she sat in the air security dispatcher’s office. Behind her the security offices were like a police station with two small holding cells, an interview room and an open squad area with a few desks for the other officers.

The dispatcher’s office sat at the very front of the security offices facing the public through a bullet-proof pane of glass. The only door to her room was through the back wall into the squad room. Her job was to handle the phones and radio as well as use the computer to check on people at the request on the other guards. As she sat facing the public the radio and phone were on the desktop in front of her. Her legs and short skirt were hidden from view of the crowds passing through the terminal.

Her first two weeks of work passed quickly. This smaller suburban airport did not have the intensity of the large airports, but there were some incidents to keep things from getting boring. Jenny was very relieved none of those incidents involved problems with her clothes.

“Maybe my luck has changed.”

--

The sun shone brightly in an almost cloudless sky. Jenny could only see a small patch of that blue sky through a terminal skylight from her place behind the dispatcher’s window. There was crowds in the terminal as people rushed about for the holiday weekend. With the increase in the number of people it was inevitable there would be more loonies too.

“Officer Burke to Dispatch. Over.”

Jenny cleared her throat and answered. “This is Dispatch. Go ahead, Officer Burke. Over.”

“I am bringing in a woman who refused to submit to the new body scanners. Over.”

“Why aren’t the scanner guards taking care of her. Over.”

“Dispatch, she is belligerent and believed intoxicated. There is no female scanner guard available at the moment. Rules state a female officer must always be present whenever a female is taken into custody. You are the only one available just now. Over.”

“Understand. Dispatch out.”

“Officer Burke out.”

--

It was several minutes before the burly officer dragging a struggling women appeared. Jenny buzzed them into the squad room.

“Now, sit down, shut up and be nice,” yelled Officer Burke.

He was clearly the worse for wear. His uniform was wrinkled with a torn shirt pocket and his normally neatly combed hair was in disarray.

The woman wore a sleek silk pantsuit which showed not signs of a struggle except for a missing button at the neck and the cuffs on her wrists.. Her short dark hair still looked good.

“Expensive outfit,” thought Jenny.

“Jenny, come here. This woman needs to be searched,” bellowed Burke. “Take her back into one of the interview rooms and make sure she isn’t concealing weapons or goods.”

Jenny blushed as she realized what was being demanded of her. “I’ve never done that before.”

“You had the basic training for an inspection. I’ll wait a few minutes while you review the manual, but she has to be searched and only you can do it.”

--

A few minutes later Jenny followed Burke and the woman into an inspection room. Burke sat the woman in a plastic chair and removed her cuffs. Throwing the cuffs on the table he spoke to the woman.

“Now, don’t give Officer Jenny any problems. I’ll be in the squad room and can come at a moments notice. Jenny will conduct the search and you better co-operate.”

The woman had cooled down but still looked defiant while Jenny was having a hard time keeping a cool professional expression on her face. Jenny sat across the table from the woman.

“Okay. The book says you have to remove one item at a time and put it on the table for my inspection. “Let’s start with your jacket.”

The woman remained in her chair, removed her jacket and placed it on the table. Jenny checked the pockets and found only a company ID in the breast pocket.

Finding nothing illegal she said, “Okay, now the blouse. In case you are worried about being watched by the camera, I’ll hang your jacket in front of the lens. See?”

The woman watched as Jenny stood and covered the lens. Jenny missed the mischievous look on the woman’s face. She unbuttoned her blouse as Jenny returned to her own seat. As the dark blouse opened a frilly bra came into view.

“You certainly have nice things,” Jenny commented as the woman’s full breasts were barely held by the flimsy looking garment.

“This is expensive silk,” indicating the jacket, “and your bra is just like one my husband bought for me, but I almost never wear outside our home.”

Jenny blushed as she remembered that last night she had wore that naughty bra.

The woman’s smile grew even as her own face reddened.

“I like things that fell good next to my body. By the way, my name’s Carla.”

Jenny found no hidden items in the pocketless blouse. Envisioning herself in a similar situation, Jenny had to force the words from her mouth.

“I’m sorry to have to do this, but I need another piece of clothing.”

Carla hesitated then reached behind her back. It only took a second and Carla's bra was on the table.

--

Officer Burke listened to the intercom in the squad room. The rules said he could not watch, but there was no rule against listening. Besides, if there was any trouble, he would hear it and take care of it in an instant. He had not counted on the conversation between the woman and Jenny bringing such graphic images to his mind’s eye. He could not resist the temptation. He stepped into the dispatcher’s office and turned on the camera for the interview room. Just as he had suspected from the conversation, the camera’s view was blocked.

Suddenly the dispatcher’s radio blurred. “All available officers report to Concourse Two. A protest is underway.”

“Officer Burke here. I am at the station and needed to supervise a detainee. Over.”

“The situation doesn’t look good. Get over here ASAP. Out.”

Officer Burke only hesitated briefly before heading for the trouble.

--

Unaware of the Burke’s departure Jenny proceeded to inspect Carla’s clothes. Jenny was blushing much more than the now naked Carla sitting at the table.

“Carla, I really don’t want to do this, but it’s procedure. Stand facing the wall and spread you legs. I’ll be as quick as possible.”

The snap of latex gloves punctuated Jenny words as Carla did as she was told. Jenny approached the spread-eagled nude feeling as though she was the one about to be inspected. She bend over and did not even see the kick to her jaw.

--

Jenny drifted back to consciousness. She was seated on a plastic chair like the ones in the inspection rooms. It felt cold and hard against her skin.

“My skin?”

Jenny tried to open her eyes, but the blindfold only let in a faint glimmer of light. Jenny tried to put her arms up to remove the blindfold. Only then did she notice the fell of cold steel around her wrists….wrists locked behind her back to a metal tube of the chair. Panic and embarrassment attacked her mind as she struggled in vain. Air brushed across her body, all of her body, as she realized she was completely without clothes. Tears dampened her blindfold and she bit her lip in anguish.

“Where am I?”

--

The protest was really nothing, just a bunch of PETA fanatics protesting the use of leather on the seats in first class sections of planes.

“What a bunch of nuts?” thought Burke as he walked toward the station. The protesters had been dispersed after some yelling and a show of force. No one was even taken into custody.

A crowd was gathering around the front of the station immediately in front of the dispatcher’s window.

“What now?”

Shouldering through the crowd he found the cause of the congestion. A very naked Jenny was seated in the dispatcher’s window. The chair was up on the console and a blindfolded Jenny was struggling in the chair. Her struggles brought “OOHS” and “AHHS” from the mostly male crowd. The few females in the area were dragging their hapless spouses away from Jenny’s voluptuous display.

Burke dug out his keys and rushed to Jenny’s aid. Grasping Jenny and her chair he safely struggled them to the floor. He then slid both into the squad room and out of sight of the crowd. He rushed back into the dispatcher’s office and hit the intercom switch to the speaker outside the dispatcher’s office.

“There’s nothing more to see here. Please disperse.”

The crowd groaned and then started to thin. Burke rushed back into the squad room. He took one long look at the gorgeous naked Jenny and filed the image away for late night mental viewing. He untied the black panties which were Jenny’s blindfold and stepped back.

“EEK!”

Jenny screeched as she looked down and saw she was as naked as she felt, not even able to cover any part of her body with her hands still in cuffs behind her back. Burke’s hands shook as he unlocked the cuffs from Jenny’s squirming wrists. Her hands immediately did a desperate dance across her body, unsuccessfully trying to cover everything exposed, but there was too much exposed feminine flesh for only two hands and arms. Burke did not rush as he pulled the only blanket from a locker.

“Here, use this.”

Jenny stood, revealing a glorious bottom to the already wide-eyed Burke. Jenny quickly wrapped the blanket over her shoulders and pulled it closed in front. She did not realize her firm bottom was left uncovered. Burke stood and watched until Jenny found her words.

“I need clothes.”

“Did you bring any extra?”

“No, I wore my uniform to work.”

“I’ve got nothing. You can wear the blanket and drive home.”

“I took the bus.”

“Call you husband to come get you.”

--

An hour later Jenny’s husband arrived, but why didn’t he bring some of her clothes with him.

Ah, but that’s another story.

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**Jenny the Shredder by AOM**

Detectives Cumber and Fritz looked at the woman across the conference table, a blonde-haired voluptuous woman who seemed to be bursting out of her clothes; her blouse buttons were under pressure from what looked like significantly large boobs and, when she had walked into the room, her short skirt seemed to have issues with staying on her hips --- both detectives shook their heads... it was just their imagination.

The two detectives were part of an investigation of a large accounting firm that had shredded many documents relating to a large corporation that had just gone bankrupt. The investigation was large, involving the FBI and police and the two detectives had been assigned to interview some of the accounting firm's employees who had done the actual shredding. The interviews were tedious and had turned up no new evidence, since the employees were just low level drones or temporary workers who knew absolutely nothing about what was going on; however Cumber and Fritz were looking forward to interviewing one woman, a temporary employee who had a very interesting story. The detectives were actually working under an FBI agent, but the humiliation was far outweighed by the chance to interview this particular employee.

The two detectives conducted the interviews in a conference room at the accounting firm's offices.

"Miss...?" He looked at his notes.

"Mrs, actually. Jenny is fine, you can call me Jenny. Do we have to do this?"

Detective Cumber looked at the woman. She was wearing a short sleeved white blouse that, as has been noted, seemed to be unusually tight, and a short and rather wispy skirt - it may have been his imagination, but the buttons seemed to small for the button holes. Her clothing seemed inappropriate for this office environment and also did not seem to fit her... interesting.

He smiled, "Yes, we need the whole story, this is a very serious issue - you've seen the Congressional hearings?" Jenny nodded, "Tell us from the start."

Jenny swallowed and blushed. She was aware of the FBI/Police investigation and had asked her friend, Ashley, to make sure she did not have one of her "accidents" - Ashley had convinced Jenny to dress really nicely ("you want to impress those cops, right?") and checked and double-checked her clothes and lingerie to make sure there were no bad seams, or elastic about to break, or faulty hooks, or... her mind reeled as she thought of the possibilities. Memories of the incident came flooding back. Jenny blushed again.

"Well, I was employed by a temp agency and they gave me a job here. One day last year my supervisor brought me to a room and pointed at pile of boxes, they were full of documents..."

"What type of documents?"

"I don't know, I didn't read them..." Jenny shrugged, "just documents."

The detectives motioned her to continue, "there was a big paper shredder in the room and I was told to shred the documents... so I did it," Jenny shrugged again.

"How often did you do this?"

"Ummm, it was my first time. I was a temp... it was, like, my third day; I just did what they told me to do."

"But shredding all those documents... didn't that seem unusual?"

"No!" Jenny was getting a bit upset now, "what do I know about accounting? I just did what they told me to do!"

"That's not the whole story, is it?" Detective Cumber said, frowning. "The Police report says a lot more."

"Well..." Jenny stammered and looked down at the table, "...ummm... basically it is, yes."

"Basically?" He said, waving the Police report, "we need the whole story."

"But it's so embarrassing." Jenny seemed on the verge of crying.

Detective Fritz, playing the good cop, spoke in a calm, pleasant voice, "Jenny, we have to hear the whole story in your words. We are police detectives... you can speak freely to us."

"OK...."

As Jenny composed herself the detectives looked fascinated as the too-small buttons of her blouse worked themselves fractionally open each time she breathed. Yes, there was definitely a white bra underneath. The detectives glanced at each other.

"I started shredding the documents and after a while got into a good rhythm. The problem was I was wearing a rather light skirt..."

The detectives had seen the remains of the clothes, "yes, they were not normal office wear."

"I had a dinner planned with my husband after work, so I dressed for that. I was, in fact, dressed a lot like today."

"Stand up, Jenny"

Jenny stood up, feeling a bit exposed, as the detectives looked at her clothes. The detectives noted that, strangely, her skirt and blouse buttons did seem too small and seemed to be under strain... Jenny was wearing stockings or pantyhose.

"You are very pretty, Jenny." Jenny blushed, "do you dress like this a lot?"

"My friend Ashley insists on it..."

"Ashley?"

"She's my best friend, she helps me with my clothes."

"In what way?"

Jenny blushed, yet again, "I have a problem... I tend to lose my clothes a lot, they just fall off me... it is the bane of my life," both detectives gulped, "Ashley is so nice, she helps by checking all my seams, fixes broken elastic and buttons..."

"...and she prepared your clothes today?"

The detectives were staring at Jenny's blouse, the small buttons had worked their way into the buttonholes. Jenny seemed unaware that her skirt was about to fall off and her blouse pop open. Both detective were now noticeably sweating.

"Yes," Jenny nodded, "she did a good job."

"Indeed. Please sit down, Jenny." Jenny sat down and continued the story.

"...as I said, I was wearing a light skirt. I had worked up a nice rhythm and was getting some good exercise as I shifted all those piles of paper, as I spun around the hem at the back of my skirt caught in the shredder," Jenny paused, and looked at the detectives who were silent, listening raptly, "the shredder caught my skirt and started shredding it. I was scared that it would shred my... backside... so I tore the skirt buttons and jumped away..."

"I bet those buttons came apart easily..."

Jenny bit her lip, "yes..."

"So what were you wearing... I need it for the record."

Jenny looked embarrassed as she said, "I was wearing only my blouse, plus panties and stockings..."

"A garter belt, maybe?"

"No. Anyway I leaned forward to try to stop the shredder and pull my skirt out before it was completely shredded when the front of my blouse got caught in the blades. It jerked me forward, tearing off the bottom two buttons," Jenny looked at the detectives, "you have to understand I was in a panic, thinking that I would be pulled into the blades..."

"Jenny, was the shredder that powerful?"

"Yes! It was some sort of souped-up industrial model... it was scary! So, in a panic I tore my buttons open and sort of spun around to get out of my blouse. The shredder now had that as well."

"So," Detective Fritz gulped, "so, you were now standing in your underwear? What else was in the room?"

"Yes, I was in my underwear... the room was empty except for me, the shredder, a couple of photocopiers and some office supplies."

Jenny paused, and at a nod from the detectives, who were now both sweating and staring at her blouse buttons which were continuing to work themselves open, continued. "So I leaned forward again, this time planning to shut the shredder off when..." Jenny paused, and went almost beet red.

"Yes, Jenny.... 'when'? When what?" It was almost a plea.

"Ummm.... you see... as I bent over the shredder the clasp on the front of my bra broke."

"Say, what?"

"It happens a lot."

"A lot? How could that be?"

"I don't know, I have a lot of accidents where I lose my clothes, but my boobs are really large and firm," the detectives glanced at each other, "and my bras don't seem to be able to contain them."

"Jenny, surely that's the purpose of a bra, to hold your... ahh... boobs? Why not get 'industrial strength' bras?"

He hesitated a smile at Jenny, who smiled back. Cumber's own wife had really large boobs, and large industrial strength bras... but... he didn't want to think about it, it almost made him cry.

"Ummm.... Ashley thinks they look sexier," at a look from the detectives she continued hastily, "sexier for my husband!"

"...and Ashley makes sure your bras are 'fixed' after each time they break?"

"Of course! She's really a great friend."

Detective Cumber covered his mouth and muttered to his partner, "...we really have to meet this Ashley broad," he turned to Jenny, "continue the story."

Jenny hesitated for a few seconds, breathed heavily once (causing her bottom blouse button to open) and continued, "my bra popped open as I bent over the shredder, one cup immediately was caught in the blades and almost without thinking I spun around and let the shredder pull it off my body..." She looked at the detectives, "I didn't want the shredder to cut my boobs, did I!?"

Detective Cumber coughed and said, "definitely not, my dear. What happened next?"

"This is so embarrassing. Someone opened the door to the room and I panicked... I always panic when this happens. I ran screaming out of the room, through the office and looked for somewhere to hide. Everyone was looking at me. I tried to cover myself up and finally the elevator opened, I just jumped into it."

"That was not a good move, was it Jenny?"

"Nooo, it wasn't," Jenny blushed again, and looked down at the table, "it was stupid. I was so panicked I was almost hyperventilating; when I came to my senses I realized the elevator was about to land at the ground floor. The door opened, and I just... ummm, panicked again, and ran screaming out of the elevator..."

"...and onto Main Street where you were picked up by a squad car." After about 10 minutes, though.

"Yes... someone gave me a jacket to put on and I sat at the police station waiting for my husband to turn up with clothes."

The photos of Jenny, almost naked except for a police jacket with her long stockinged legs had been circulating around the precinct for months - they were a popular pin-up item.

Detectives Cumber and Fritz looked at Jenny. The stress of telling her story had a significant effect on her clothes, all her Ashley-prepared buttons of the blouse were pulled back into the button holes, and probably the same was happening to her skirt. They were good family men, pillars of the community, but they needed to see what would happen... at least until that FBI agent returned.

"Jenny, please stand up again."

The next events happened so quickly that it took some time for the detectives to piece them together. Jenny stood up. The detectives noted that her skirt buttons and the catch seemed to also be coming undone. Suddenly the door opened.

FBI Agent Dana Scully was intensely bored and just wanted to get back home to DC and her baby. She had somehow become roped into the paper-shredding scandal and was assigned to helping a couple of detectives investigate the events on the day the documents were shredded. She had been interviewing a couple of executives, who were obviously lying. The two detectives, horny bastards that they were, had insisted on interviewing a female employee who had been caught almost naked running through town. Dana really hated the two detectives and hated the job; only that morning she had told the detectives, "if you screw up I'll report you - just do the interviews properly."

Dana walked through the office, glancing ironically at the people she passed, and walked into the conference room to check on Cumber and Fritz. She was faced with a blonde woman, who seemed to be dressed inappropriately. The woman spun around as Dana entered the room and the rapid movement caused her skirt to become undone and fall to the floor. Dana's eyes opened wide. The same movement also caused her blouse to become undone - in fact it burst open because the woman's bra popped open, flinging huge boobs into the air. If Dana had had her service revolver on her she would have drawn it.

Jenny reacted to her sudden near nudity by panicking. She screamed ran to the office door, slamming into Agent Scully and propelling her with an "ooof!" into the wall, Jenny fell towards the floor. Jenny grasped at Dana, to stop her fall, somehow grabbed Dana's crisp white blouse by the collar and, as she slid to the floor, the momentum and force helped her peel the blouse and jacket off Dana's upper body. At the same time the friction caused Jenny's blouse and bra slid up and over her head.

Jenny, as she slid further down Dana, next caught hold of waistband of the skirt, which held for a fraction of a second before giving way; Jenny pulled Dana's skirt, panties, blouse and jacket to the floor. Dana overbalanced and fell to the floor with a thud, knocking the air out of her. Jenny, still in a panic and now dressed only in panties and stockings (this time with a garter belt), leaped to her feet, looked around and scooped up all the clothes she could find (which included hers and Dana's) and ran screaming out of the room.

The detectives recovered, Cumber spoke to Fritz, "you follow the blonde..." he glanced at the near nude FBI agent, "I'll make sure she's OK."

Fritz left the room to see Jenny running towards the elevators, leaving a trail of clothes as she ran, a blouse here, skirt there, another blouse, a jacket, a shoe... the elevator opened and she simply ran into it. The elevator's occupants looked in shock at the panicked, almost nude blonde woman. The last glimpse Fritz had of Jenny, as the elevator door closed, was as she realised the only item of clothing she had left was Dana's panties. He could hear the scream as the elevator descended to the lobby. He smiled, pulled out a cell phone, and arranged for Jenny to be picked up by a squad car.

Meanwhile, Cumber watched as Agent Scully recovered and slowly stood up. She shook her head and looked around, "what happened?"

Cumber was silent for a moment, didn't she realize she had just lost her clothes? The FBI agent had her same ironic and superior attitude... but was dressed only in bra, stockings and shoes. Cumber smiled, "that Jenny woman panicked, we'll pick her up."

Dana Scully was angry, "What the hell were you two doing?? If that woman chooses to file ANY sort of charges I'll make sure your heads are served up on a platter."

Cumber listened, at the same time staring at Scully; the black bra was rather conservative but for a thirty-something year old mother she had a killer body. He looked between her legs and smiled, her hair was not naturally that red after all.

Scully shook her head again, she felt a little groggy - the Jenny woman really had knocked the air out of her and it was colder than she remembered. In reality, Dana was also disturbed by that woman's antics, the idea of being nude in public affected her strongly - after a couple of unfortunate incidents in college she knew that being stripped in public would probably give her a fast, and almost uncontrollable, orgasm... she was glad it didn't happen to her. She kept up her clean-cut conservative image for a reason.

She pointed a finger at Cumber "You two had better shape up. I've got to get back to my interviews."

She walked out of the room, in her anger ignoring the gaping faces of the people she passed.

As he watched her perfect ass disappear Cumber smiled and looked to the side of the room - he was so glad they had videotaped the interview. He then wondered about the security tapes...

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**Jenny’s Big Day by ?**

Jenny was excited. In her hand she held the letter – her personal invitation, signed by the mayor of the town himself, to be the recipient of a special honor in aid of the money she’d brought in to various charities through her various escapades.

For the occasion Jenny had selected a brand new dress of a hot-pink silk and rayon blend. It fit well, although not too snugly, over her curves, with a bottom hem that ended just above her knees. The bodice was held up by thin spaghetti straps and allowed just a hint of cleavage to show. Even so, Jenny had gone through all her bras and realized that not even her smallest bra could have been concealed, so reluctantly she’d been forced to go without. At least the skirt wasn’t tight enough to show her panty lines, much to her relief. A pair of matching pink high-heeled pumps and a wide-brimmed straw hat completed the outfit.

Jenny was just coming out of her house when she was met by her friend Ashley. Normally she couldn’t be quite sure about Ashley, but ever since she’d heard about the invitation she’d seemed especially nice, even offering to escort her to the ceremony since her husband was out of town.

“Wow, Jenny, don’t you look great,” said Ashley, “It’s such a nice day, I thought we might walk to the ceremony.”

It was indeed a beautiful summer day, although quite windy. In the interest of community spirit, the mayor had decided to move the ceremony outside to the town square, and as the two women approached the park they could see people setting up a speaker’s platform on the green.

A sudden gust caught Jenny’s straw hat and lifted it off her head.

“Oh my goodness!” she exclaimed, watching it blow away in the wind.

The town square was a large green space, criss-crossed by diagonal white paths meeting in the center at a large public fountain. People were already starting to gather at the speaker’s platform, picking out their seats and settling in.

The two women continued to stroll leisurely down the cross path. As they neared the public fountain, however, Ashley bumped Jenny hard, sending the hapless blonde toppling into the water.

With a squeal Jenny picked herself up and stood up in the knee-deep water, trying to regain her footing. The pink rayon had plastered itself against her body, showing a very distinctive panty line. Even worse, her nipples had hardened instantly in the cold water, and stood out prominently against the bodice of the dress. Immediately every male bystander rushed forward to help her out of the fountain.

“Now look!” she cried out in dismay. “I’m drenched!”

Ashley batted her eyes, feigning innocence.

“Oh my goodness!” she exclaimed. “I didn’t see you there!”

Back on dry land, Jenny stood there, trying to wring out her dress. Water dripped down her body in rivulets.

“What am I going to do?” she wailed. “I have to give that speech in a couple of hours!”

“Come on,” said Ashley, leading her into the public ladies’ room. “I just happened to bring my hair dryer with me.”

Ashley reached into her voluminous bag, produced the hair dryer, and plugged it into the wall. As Jenny stood there shivering, Ashley aimed the instrument straight at her front, moving it up and down. Every time she aimed it down she would move it a little lower, so that before long she was aiming it right between her legs. Jenny squealed as the hot air shot right up between her thighs and hit the crotch of her panties.

“Oh, sorry!” said Ashley. “Didn’t mean to do that!”

After a while, she had the dress, if not completely dry, at least to a reasonable level of dampness.

“That’ll have to do,” she said. “It’s warm and breezy enough outside, though. You’ll be dry in no time.”

“Thanks!” Jenny said brightly. She was glad Ashley was so nice to her.

Ashley helped Jenny to compose herself again and they headed back out to the assembly area. There was still plenty of time before the ceremony, so Jenny took found an empty chair and sat down. Pretty soon the city councilmen were filing onto the platform, followed by the mayor. Jenny settled in for what looked to be a long boring afternoon. At least her dress seemed to be drying nicely.

The mayor began to speak, praising the efforts and contributions of the volunteers of the city. Jenny squirmed in her seat. For some reason her dress had started to pinch. It definitely hadn’t felt this uncomfortable when she put it on this morning. In a moment of horrified clarity she remembered that the dress had come with explicit instructions for “dry clean only”, and that the accident in the fountain was now resulting in rapid shrinkage! Jenny fought off her rising panic. The dress was definitely starting to feel tighter and tighter. What was worse, the hemline had risen noticeably up her thighs.

It was at that point where the mayor announced her name and invited her up onto the platform. Jenny stood unsteadily on her high-heeled pumps, trying to keep her balance. The dress by now was so tight that walking was difficult, and she had to hike the skirt up her hips in order to mount the steps to the platform, offering the spectators in the front rows a glimpse of her white bikini panties on the way up.

The mayor was waiting for her behind the podium. He shook her hand amid audience applause. Jenny was hoping he would make some room behind the podium for her, to afford her a little bit of shelter, but no such luck. There was a microphone on a stand already set up for her.

Realizing the bottom of her dress was still hiked halfway up her ass, she quickly yanked it down again, perhaps a little too hard. A shoulder strap snapped, and the bodice fell open, revealing one round white breast. She quickly whirled around to cover herself back up, only to feel the breeze against the back of her thighs as the bottom rose up again.

By now the audience was tittering audibly. Slowly Jenny straightened up, adjusted her skirt carefully, and turned around to face the crowd again, one hand holding up her bodice to keep it from slipping.

“Uh… ahem,” she began into the microphone.

She took a deep breath – and felt the side of the dress suddenly give way as a seam split open under her armpit. Shock made her exhale sharply. Bad idea – that meant she had to breathe in again. She did – slowly this time.

“Thank you” – breath – “for inviting me” – breath – “today,” she started again.

That was it. Short, shallow breaths. No sudden movements. She could do this. All she had to do was give her five-minute acceptance speech, and then it would all be over.

And yet she could feel the dress growing tighter still. Despite her efforts to control her breathing and keep her movements to a minimum, she could feel the side seam unraveling a stitch with every breath, every word. Indeed, it seemed the more aware of this she became, the more agitated she felt, and the harder it was to keep still. She found herself bending forward bit by bit, trying to keep her bosom covered as well as the front of her panties with the ever-shrinking material, all but giving up hope of shielding her barely covered bottom from the eyes of those on the platform behind her.

The speech seemed to take forever. Now even the slightest movement was now causing the dress to unravel further. Stretched to its limit, the other strap snapped in two, causing the material to retract even further from Jenny’s breasts. In spite of her best efforts to keep covered, there was now barely enough material to cover her nipples, and the tops of her areoles were already beginning to show. Worse yet, she realized that the material had also started to split along the widest curve of her hip, and she tried to camouflage it with her free hand.

“I have – always – believed – in – public – service…”

By now poor Jenny was standing on her tiptoes, legs squeezed together and shoulders hunched over, trying to make herself as small as possible to keep up with her rapidly diminishing dress. The split in the skirt widened gradually, until it reached the bottom hem, and despite her best efforts to keep it together the breeze blew open a loose flap of skirt, offering the audience tantalizing glimpses of her panty-clad hip. After what seemed like an eternity the speech was finished, and Jenny looked forward to slipping back into the relative anonymity of the crowd.

“Why don’t you take a bow now, Jenny?” the mayor said, taking her by the elbow.

Jenny tried frantically to pull her arm away from him, to keep herself covered, all to no avail. Without the anchor of her arm to keep it in place, the filmy material stretched over her chest fell away. The crowd cheered at the sight of her naked breasts bobbing up and down in distress.

Jenny managed to snatch her arm back and pull her top back up, but by then the dress had shrunk so much that the sudden action caused the side seam to split open completely. Her expensive dress, now little more than a rag, flapped open in the breeze.

The hapless blonde now made a final, desperate grab for the dress, but overbalanced on her high heels and stumbled forward. Just then a sudden gust of wind ripped the tattered dress completely away from her body and sent her tottering toward the front of the platform. With a cry of despair she saw the scrap of pink silk dancing away over the treetops.

Another blast of wind caught her off balance and she pitched forward off the platform, arms flailing for leverage.

Trying to help, the mayor reached out for her, but succeeded only in grabbing onto the back of her panties. Unfortunately, the momentum of the fall, as well as the weight of her body, was too much for the frail garment. With a loud ripping sound the thin fabric tore away, sending Jenny crashing off the platform and leaving the poor mayor with a bit of nylon and lace in his hand and an embarrassed look on his face, much to the delight of the assembled press.

Head spinning but otherwise unhurt, Jenny staggered to her feet on the ground below. One of her shoes had come off and she felt around, irrationally, with her bare toes trying to find it. Suddenly she was blinded by the glare of a dozen flashbulbs all popping at once. For the first time she looked down and realized that her dress and panties, everything was gone save for one shoe left on her foot.

Oh no, she thought to herself. Not again!

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**Jenny's Ostrich Dance by Gin and Bob**

**Preface:**

Ashley was totally pissed that Jenny had beat her out of appearing in the talent show and vowed revenge! She called on several of her friends to help her out when it came time to Jenny’s singing performance.

**At the Theater:**

Jenny stood on stage holding the mic and singing for all she was worth. The crowd was enchanted by her voice and her beautiful figure, even the women were mesmerized by her body encased in her tight fitting evening gown. Most of the women, if not all, were also jealous of her wonderful figure and secretly hated her for it.

Ashley, in the shadows of the wing to stage right was standing ready holding the rope. Then she saw the thin rope lower behind the unsuspecting Jenny and her heart beat faster.

"OK you big-titted bitch, I've waited a long time for this and now you are going to get yours!", she thought to herself.

Natalie lowered the rope all the way down to the hem of Jenny's beautiful gown and with great skill, hooked it onto the dress. Jenny suspected nothing as Natalie gave Ashley the go ahead to "let 'er rip" quite literally.

Just as Jenny hit the high note at the climax of her song, Ashley gave the rope a mighty pull and watched laughingly as Jenny's dress rose quickly above her knees! Jenny, although extremely surprised, continued singing and began frantically tugging at her dress to keep it down. The audience gasped is surprise and many people began to laugh and whistle.

"That dumb bitch is still trying to sing" thought Ashley as she reached up to the rope again for another hard tug. "Well, lets see how long she can keep that up".

Ashley gave the rope another hard pull and this time Jenny's dress rose right up to her waist exposing her beautiful soft blond bush to the entire audience! The whole auditorium erupted into a loud cheer and applause. EVERYONE began whistling, cheering clapping and laughing at the sight of this beautiful young reluctant stripper fighting to keep her clothes on, especially the women. They were in hysterics and many of them were busily taking pictures of the comical event unfolding before them as this too beautiful young bitch with the huge tits was fighting to stay clothed.

When Jenny knew her bush was exposed to the crowd and the sudden eruption of laughter and cheers hit her ears, she forgot about singing and dropped the mike.

She let out a loud scream which was clearly audible over the gleeful roar of the audience and began to panic as she fought with the dress! Natalie, who had climbed down from the catwalk above the stage after she had hooked Jenny's dress, gave Sue the go ahead to start the special music they had selected for the occasion. Sue popped in the tape and turned up the volume.

Suddenly, above the laughter and roars of the packed house, "Stars and Stripes Forever" blared out over the speakers! It was perfect music for the scene before them and only added to the comedy show on this 4th of July weekend!

Ashley was in hysterics along with the entire audience and everyone back stage in the wings. All of the other performers and stage hands were watching as Jenny tried in vain to pull the gown back down over her exposed pussy and could hardly stand up they were laughing so hard!

Ashley looked at Kate standing next to her and mockingly asked "Shall I?".

Kate laughingly yelled back over the roar of the crowd "Go ahead!".

Ashley then gave her rope another hard yank and watched as the gown quickly rose above the helpless Jenny's huge firm tits! It was funny as hell! The gown brought Jenny's tits up with it and when they could reach no further, the huge jugs bounced back down incredibly with great force sending yet another explosion of laughter from the audience and the back stage gang! Flash bulbs were going off and the noise of the cheers and laughter was deafening! Jenny continued to scream and fight in vain with the dress.

Poor Jenny was in a total panic! Now not only was her neatly trimmed pussy exposed to the horrible audience but her huge bouncing tits were as well. Jenny still fought with the dress and was trying to pull it back down but Ashley would have none of that!

She held onto the rope fighting Jenny for the dress but not pulling it up more either. She had Jenny there with the gown up under her arms and making her stand on tip toes in front of the happy crowd! Jenny continued to try and pull the dress down and cover her mammoth tits and bush but couldn't do it all. She continued to scream as loud as she could and was very audible over the laughter and jeers of the howling audience as they watched this beautiful young woman putting on a comedy show they would never forget. Her tits were bouncing around so much that they were putting on a show of their own!

Finally Natalie asked Ashley if she could do the honors. Ashley said "Sure!" and gave the rope to Natalie who firmly gripped it. N

Natalie looked at Ashley and yelled, "HERE'S WHERE WE START THE SHOW!" and gave one last hard tug on the rope and with a loud "RRRRRIIIIIIIIP!" relieved Jenny of her evening gown completely!

The audience went wild with even more laughter as every man, woman and child in the theater erupted at the sight of the completely naked and very embarrassed woman on the stage before them. Jenny stood frozen on stage with arms down to the side and looking up at her dress hanging from the hook a few feet above her. She stood frozen like that for several moments before panic set in and began screaming hysterically and trying to cover up with her hands! Her panic and screaming only seemed to add to hysterics of the audience as she screamed and tried in vain to cover with only her hands. Ashley and the back stage gang were about to fall over they were also laughing so hard.

Staring wide-eyed out at the 1500 hysterical people in the theater, Jenny continued to scream and began shooting her hands all over her body in a comical attempt to cover up. Her hands went from her huge jugs to her neatly trimmed bush back to her naked ass and back up to her tits! She crouched over with one arm over her big firm tits and one hand over her pussy with her leg raised, but none of this seemed to help. Ashley, Natalie, Sue, the Legal Lady and the Banker Babe were all taking in the sight of Jenny naked on stage! They were laughing uncontrollably at the comedy show unfolding! Pointing and laughing with the rest of the performers and stage crew in the wings, Ashley and Kate got out their cameras and started snapping away at poor Jenny! The video recorder continued to record the hysterical show!

Jenny was frozen in panic now and just stood there on stage screaming and trying to cover her naked body from the happy stares of the gleeful crowd. As "Stars and Stripes Forever" continued to blast, the entire audience began clapping in time with the music as did everyone back-stage!

"Oh John!", laughed the 92 year old woman in the 27th row center isle as she held her husband's arm. "This is the best anniversary present I could have had! I haven't laughed so much in years!"

"Thank you honey!" he laughed back. "But I wasn't expecting anything like this! I didn't know anything like this would be in the show!"

"I don't think that young woman expected anything like this either from the looks of her! She's having a time up there and I can tell you that she's not acting!", the old woman yelled back.

Then she sat back into her seat and continued to enjoy the show and laugh hysterically as she clapped to the music!

Amidst the roar of the packed house, the loud music and thousands of camera flashes, Jenny finally threw herself down onto the stage floor on her stomach and huge tits in another comical attempt to hide from the eyes of the audience. This brought even more laughter from the crowd, if that was possible, as Natalie, Ashley, Kate and the rest of the gang burst into another loud fit of hysterics!

Naked Jenny then began to flop around on stage and wriggle on her big tits in her panicked state. Then she began pounding her first onto the stage floor and screaming "HELP! I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED! STOP LAUGHING AT ME!"

"She sure has a talent for stating the obvious laughed Natalie", and took another picture!

As Jenny flopped around on stage, Ashley looked through the curtains of the wing and gave the scouts the go ahead. Suddenly, there was a barrage of rotten fruit and eggs being hurled at the stage! Jenny, while on her stomach, received several rotten tomatoes in the face and an egg hit her square on her head sending the goo all over her beautiful hair! One scout stood up and lobbed a large tomato where it hit Jenny right between her huge tits as they were pressed out onto the floor! It didn't splatter but just stuck there nestled into her vast cleavage! It was hard to imagine how the laughter and hooting could have gotten any louder, but seeing this, all 1500 people in the crowd and all of the back-stage gang let out their loudest roar of laughter yet!

It was a mad house! The deafening laughter, cheers, hoots, whistles and camera flashes from the audience, "Stars and Stripes Forever" blasting with everyone clapping in time and everyone back-stage howling at Jenny as she screamed and wormed around on stage!

"THIS ISN'T HAPPENING!", screamed Jenny. "SOMEBODY GIVE MY DRESS BACK! HELP! I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED!"

Natalie yelled to Ashley over the roar of the crowd "Lets have some fun with her!". Then she lowered the dress, which was still hanging on the hook and rope.

It fell right before Jenny who was still flopping on the stage floor. She reached out to grab it but Natalie's quick reflexes yanked it up just in time! Natalie did it twice more before Jenny finally stood up to make a grab for it!

"That's either the dumbest woman I've ever seen or she is just to panicked to think to just run off the stage!", yelled Natalie.

"I think it's a bit of both!", laughed Ashley as she watched Jenny and clapped with the music!

Jenny finally stood up on her high heels facing the howling audience. Natalie had her dress just out of reach and holding her big tits in one arm, Jenny jumped up to grab the elusive garment. As she jumped Natalie kept jerking the dress up out of reach making poor naked and humiliated Jenny look like she was on a pogo stick as she kept leaping into the air after her dress!

Jenny finally let go of her boobs and tried it with both hands! The crowd LOVED it! Her huge firm tits were flying all over the place, bouncing up and down and banging into each other! Natalie kept teasing poor Jenny like this for several minutes laughing hysterically at the show she was putting on! The tomato was still lodged firmly between her bouncing boobs!

"Look at her big boobies bounce mommy! Ha! Ha! She has big boobies!", laughed a young girl sitting in the 9th row to her mother as she pointed at Jenny.

"That young women is having a fit trying to get her dress back isn't she?!", her mother yelled back to her daughter over the roar of the crowd as she watched and laughed uncontrollably.

The scouts on the first row were still hitting her with pea shooters as Jenny continued to jump for the dress and make those beautiful tits bounce. They were hitting her in her tits, on her ass and trying to hit her beautifully trimmed pussy. Many succeeded! Every time one would hit, Jenny would let out a loud squeal and try to swat it away! All the while with the tomato still stuck between her huge hard tits! Ashley, Natalie and the rest were leaning on each other for support they were laughing so hard!

Jenny finally tripped and fell right on her ass on the stage floor! She was of course facing the audience and sitting on her butt with her legs spread wide she gave all 1500 people a perfect shot of her exposed pussy crowned with the golden triangle as she froze wide-eyed staring out at the packed auditorium!

"Wow! That's an increasable shot!" yelled a young 15 year old boy to his 16 year old girlfriend as he snapped another picture.

"You can look but don't touch!" the girl yelled back jokingly slapping the back of his head in mock consternation.

"You just keep taking pictures while I enjoy the show! This bitch is making a complete spectacle of herself! I'm glad that's not me! Whoever decided to do this to her must have been really pissed!", she laughed leaning forward to get a better look.

Of course Jenny could hear none of the personal conversations taking place about her "performance" from up on the stage. Even if she could she was too busy trying to cope with her situation to care.

Quickly rolling over from her exposed sitting position and onto her hands and knees, she finally decided to try and crawl under the curtains. This left her firm smooth ass sticking right out at the audience and also gave all 1500 people there a beautiful rear view of her tight hairless and smiling pussy lips framed by trim thighs!

With tits and tomato swinging, she inched her way to the curtains but not before several scouts with their pea shooter ran up to the front of the stage and gave her several bulls eye shots right in that wonderful slit! Jenny screamed with fear and embarrassment and with each hit, shot a hand back in a vain attempt to cover her pussy and shield it from the assaulting little stinging peas!

Ashley, Natalie and the rest were not about to let the show end so soon however and had planned for this very thing! Running back to where Jenny was trying to crawl under the curtain, Roxanne grabbed a large bucket of ice water and waited for Jenny to get near the curtain.

When Jenny was about 5 feet from it, Roxanne threw open the curtain, exposing herself to the audience, and let Jenny have it! Jenny let out an ear piercing scream as the ice cold water drenched her entire body! The crowd let out another loud burst of cheers and laughter as their reluctant stripper was now soaking wet! Jenny's nipples immediately hardened in the cold water and were visibly erect even as far back as the 10th row!

Jenny then jumped to her feet and finally tried to run off of the well lighted stage into the left wing! However, the Legal Lady, Roxanne AND the Banker Babe were ready for her!

Just as Jenny made it to the wing hugging her bouncing tits and covering her blonde bush, the three women stepped forward in front of the rest of the 20 or so people there, grabbed her, spun her around and gave her a hard slap on her naked ass! Jenny screamed and this sent her running to the other wing! She was just as unlucky on this attempt when Natalie and Kate, Ashley ducked behind the curtain so as not to be seen by Jenny, pushed the screaming naked girl back out onto the stage in front of the howling audience again!

Jenny flew backwards to the middle of the stage and fell right on her ass and rolling over started to flop around on her tits and stomach again!

"HELP! THIS ISN'T HAPPENING! I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED! GIVE MY DRESS BACK! STOP LAUGHING AT ME YOU JERKS!", she continued to scream at the top of her lungs as she faced the howling crowd while flopping around on the stage floor!

"This is just too funny!", yelled Natalie to everyone.

"I've got something of a plan myself to humiliate her even further!", she said to Ashley reaching into a bag and pulling out a pair of hand cuffs, a cow bell, a large ostrich feather and a can of some white powder.

Ashley's eye grew wide and she said to Natalie, "What made you think to bring those!?"

"Just had an idea that I might need them!", she laughed back. "I've got to do it now while she's like that on the floor!"

And with those words, Natalie sprinted out onto the stage to where Jenny was worming around, screaming and pounding her fists leaving an aw struck but smiling Ashley in the wings.

Natalie didn't waist any time!

She quickly stood astride Jenny, who didn't even notice her there, and reaching down slapped the cuffs onto Jenny's left wrist. Jenny was taken completely by surprise but was too shocked to react! Natalie then pulled the cuffed arm behind her back and with great force did the same to Jenny's right arm! Natalie then, with great skill, secured Jenny's arms firmly behind her back!

"What are you doing!", screamed Jenny as she struggled with the cuffs and strained her head around to see who her assailant was.

"Just shut up you big titted cow and hold still!", Natalie yelled back.

Then she took the black and white Ostrich feather and firmly planted it straight into Jenny's ass!

"Yeeeeeeeeeeeeoooooooooow!", Jenny screamed at the shock of the big feather being stuck in her ass with a good coating of Crazy Glue!

With Jenny laying on the floor it stood straight up! The audience loved it. They all knew that this pretty young girl with the long dark hair was going to further the naked girl's embarrassment and howled their approval!

Then Natalie grabbed the cow bell and quickly place it around Jenny's neck! With that accomplished, Natalie grabbed Jenny by the arms and began to make her stand up!

"No!", screamed Jenny.

But it was too late. Natalie already had the completely naked Jenny standing up on stage in front of over 1500 hysterical people. Natalie looked out over the packed howling house with Jenny struggling and screaming in front of her holding her there. Then she took the can containing the white powder and, while still holding the struggling Jenny, threw it all over her pussy and rubbed it in!

"Well this is where I leave you!", she yelled in her ear and ran back to Ashley leaving poor helpless Jenny standing naked in front of the audience with her hands cuffed securely behind her back, a cow bell clanking around her neck, an Ostrich feather sticking out of her ass like a tail on a large, funny looking bird and a large dose of Acme Atomic Itching Powder (TM) coating her beautiful pussy mound! Ashley and the rest of the gang were slapping their knees and howling at what Natalie had just done. They all gave Natalie a high-five!

Jenny didn't know what to do! These horrible people had her trapped on the stage and she couldn't run off! Now she was left cuffed and couldn't even cover herself. Then it hit her like an atomic blast! The itching powder Natalie had powdered her pussy with took effect! It felt like a thousand ants were crawling all over the delicate lips! Her eyes grew wide and she stopped in her tracks! With her hands behind her she could not scratch of course. She had to do something fast; it was driving her crazy!

The only thing poor naked and itching Jenny could do was to use her legs to try and relieve the horrible itching sensation! With eyes bugging out she stopped screaming her indignations at the audience and her situation and began lifting one knee up, then the other in a futile effort to scratch her pussy! She was hopping around on stage trying to stop the itching as beast she could but was getting little relief. People howled and hooted, laughed and cheered as Jenny did her hysterical dance around the stage hopping on one foot then the other!

With her hands cuffed behind her and the Ostrich feather wagging in her ass, she looked like a cross between a naked woman and some type of funny bird strutting around doing a comical mating dance! Her elbows stuck out looking like two bird wings as she "flapped" them trying to get loose! She was also trying to shake the stubborn feather out of her ass. After she would do several hops, she would stick out her firm smooth ass and wag it back and forth trying to dislodge the object! Every time she did, the big feather would swish and sway and wag with her shaking ass! The audience howled at her every time she did it. Everyone knew what she was trying to do and guffawed and her repeated failed attempts to shake out the Ostrich feather! To all in the audience she looked like a chicken clucking and strutting as she bent over raising her knees and letting her huge tits hang and swing along with her cow bell then sticking out her ass and wagging her feather as she flapped her "wings"!

Ashley never laughed so hard in her life! Of all the stripping she had done to Jenny this was the best and funniest and had to be the most humiliating to Jenny!

"What was that powder you hit her pussy with!?", she yelled to Natalie.

When Natalie told her, Ashley yelled back "You're a genius!", and kissed her on the cheek.

Then she looked back at Jenny still doing her naked bird dance, leaning over, hopping from foot to foot and making those big firm tits bounce and swing with her new cow bell gonging all the way and flapping her "wings"! Ashley couldn't believe it; Jenny was actually keeping time with her "dancing" to Stars and Stripes Forever" and with the audience's clapping sending her big jugs into bouncing fits! Ashley took many more photos as did Natalie and everybody there!

"Look honey!", the old woman yelled to her husband as she pointed at Jenny doing her "Ostrich Dance". "That girl looks just like a big Ostrich hopping around like that! That's got to be the most humiliating thing! She looks absolutely ridiculous! I don't think she can get that feather out!", she laughed out loud!

"Look mom!", the little girl yelled. "That naked lady is dancing with a feather in her butt! She looks like a big bird! Why did that girl stick a feather in her butt!?" she laughed.

"I think that she just wanted to make her look real funny, honey!", her mother laughed back snapping a picture. "Look at the funny lady trying to shake out the big feather! Doesn't she look like a ridiculous Ostrich!?"

Try as she might, Jenny couldn't stop the itching or get rid of the feather. There was only one option left! Through the theater! She didn't like it at all but she just had to get away from this nightmare!

Jenny ran to the front of the stage, big tits bouncing happily, cow bell ringing and tail feather swishing about and began to try and climb down off of it. This was VERY difficult being cuffed like she was. She knelt down quickly and laid on her stomach. Then she wriggled her ass and legs off the front of the stage! This, of course, gave everyone, especially the scouts in the front row a perfect close up of her delicious pussy which she was inadvertently spreading for the entire crowd!

Jenny thought that she had almost made it until she became stuck! With her upper half lying on the stage and her lower half hanging off of it, she began to panic even more! Writhing and squirming, she began kicking her legs all over the place! This gave the howling audience glimpses of her tight little pussy slit, especially when she spread her legs wide! The large feather in her ass was fanning from side to side with her rapid squirming movements!

The scouts were not about to let this opportunity get passed up! Two of them jumped up and each grabbed a leg! The two scouts then pulled Jenny's kicking legs wide apart as she screamed in protest! A third scout ran up between Jenny's legs and, kneeling down so as not to obstruct to audience's view, began to rub her right on her clit!

"This is going to be good!", yelled the 16 year old to her boyfriend. "Be sure to get a shot when she cums!"

"Oh my!", laughed the old woman to her husband. "I've never seen anything quite like this! I think I'm going to pee in my pants if this gets any funnier!"

"What are they doing to the naked lady now mommy?!", laughed the young girl to her mother.

"Well, honey!", she laughed back. "Those are boy scouts and they are just trying to help that girl find the little man in her canoe!"

Her daughter just looked at her mother quizzically and began pointing and laughing at Jenny again.

Jenny thought she was going to die of shame and embarrassment! Of all the stripping she had endured this was the worst! It was bad enough to get stripped by accident, but to be stripped on purpose, in public and on a stage with a packed theater was the worst! She was already the center of attention to begin with! The final embarrassment was to be stripped deliberately by several other women!

And now this! Stuck hanging off the stage with the stop light shinning right up her legs, hands cuffed behind her back, a cow bell around her neck and a big feather sticking straight out of her butt! And to top it all off, those horrible scouts masturbating her as almost 2000 men, women and children watched with glee and howled mercilessly!

As she fought with the scouts she knew what was about to come despite her fighting the feeling! Still kicking and screaming, she felt the first waves of an enormous orgasm building! The scout's finger delicately flicked her little sensitive clit back and forth. At least it relieved some of the itching. Jenny began to shake and quiver and the entire audience suddenly became very quiet and Sue turned down the music playing over the loud speakers! You could hear a pin drop!

Then it happened! Jenny let out a loud moan, much against her will, and began to buck her beautiful ass up and down very rapidly! She couldn't stop herself much as she tried! Her whole body jiggled a quaked and it looked like she was having epileptic spasms! The theater had wonderful acoustics and the entire audience heard Jenny's involuntary moans and gasps. They watched as she bucked and jiggled her firm ass on the edge of the stage!

"AHHHHH! OOOOHHHHH! NNNNNNOOOOOOO!", Jenny screamed out as the orgasm rushed through her quivering body! The ostrich feather shook and quivered along with her!

Then all hell broke loose! The entire 1500 in the crowd let out a deafening cheer! Camera flashes were shot by the thousands and Ashley just looked wide eye and didn't say a word!

Natalie, on the other hand, let out a loud cheer of her own and laughed uproariously!

"Now that's what I call humiliation!", she yelled and snapped another picture.

Sue turned "Stars and Stripes Forever" back up and continued on with the show!

Jenny couldn't believe what she had done. She lay half on and half off of the stage, the loud cheers and laughter of the crowd ringing in her ears, and just collapsed from exhaustion with her hands cuffed behind her back and with a wide eyed dazed look on her face. But she wasn't about to get any rest just yet!

"Let's help her down!", yelled one of the scouts.

And they pulled Jenny off the stage by her legs, tits squeaking on the wooden stage floor! They let poor Jenny fall to the floor right on her sweet naked ass causing everyone in the first few rows to stand up to get a better look!

Jenny looked up to find herself surrounded by two dozen of the horrifying uniforms and let out another loud scream! Several had video cameras with glaring lights aimed at her. Fumbling to get to her feet, several of the scouts tried to "help" the young woman up but mainly "helping" her up by her firm tits and smooth ass! Jenny continued to scream and once she got to her feet made a break for it!

Running in her high heels between the stage and the front row, she made it to the center isle with several stop lights trained on her naked form. Her big tits were bouncing and swinging wildly with her big tomato still stuck between them, much to the delight of the crowd as all the people there stood up to watch her exit.

Turning to run up the isle Jenny was greeted with hoots and shouts. Most of the comments were about her big bouncing tits and firm ass. She heard several about her trimmed pussy.

Jenny streaked up the isle! She looked both beautiful and ridiculous at the same time. Huge bouncing tits, shapely pumping ass, long beautiful legs. But also there was the big bell flying around her neck and ringing loudly between her tits and that Ostrich feather "tail" Natalie decided to give her, not to mention her cuffed hands held behind her back! All that made poor screaming Jenny look like a ridiculous spectacle which is exactly what the girls had in mind!

As Jenny ran screaming up the isle, bell clanging and feather swishing wildly back and forth with the movement of her little ass, she tripped and fell right into the lap of the 16 year old girl. Jenny began fumbling around trying to get back up.

She looked up into the laughing girl's eyes and screamed, "HELP ME! THEY RIPPED MY DRESS OFF! I'M NAKED!".

The hysterical girl just kept laughing at poor Jenny and snapped a close up picture of her face in her lap!

"That's a great expression girly!", she yelled to Jenny as she was laying across her lap on her back with her tits sticking straight up! "Let me get one of your pussy!".

She snapped another of Jenny's wriggling blonde pussy, hair and all!

Just then her young boyfriend reached out and grabbed one of Jenny's big firm tits in his hand! He then gave jenny a good squeeze and vigorous shake! The young girl howled with laughter and took another picture of her boyfriend's hand violently shaking the huge tit around as the naked girl herself looked down, screaming with here eyes about to pop out of their sockets!

Then the young lad plucked out the tomato from her tits and yelled "Looky! A souvenir!".

Jenny screamed again and struggling, finally made it back to her feet!

The girl gave Jenny a very hard slap on her ass and she continued her comical run to the back of the Ritz Theater!

Ashley, Natalie, Sue, Roxanne and everybody back-stage were now looking from behind the curtains. They guffawed as they saw Jenny's feathered ass pumping furiously up the isle! They could see the feather flying about and hear the bell ringing as well as Jenny's screams of humiliation and embarrassment!

"I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED!", she screamed while running very fast. "THEY RIPPED MY DRESS OFF! HELP! THEY RIPPED MY DRESS OFF!"

Those in front of her were treated to the sight of her beautiful full breasts swinging and bouncing wildly with the rhythm of her run! Also, her finely trimmed bush was a big treat as well! Everyone was still clapping in time with the loud music and she was not even one tenth of the way to the doors!

Then the itching sensation overwhelmed her again! She began doing her "Ostrich Dance" again, much to the delight of the crowd! Raising one knee then the other, she began hopping around in the isle in the middle of the theater. She also began shaking the Feathered "tail" around in another futile attempt the shake it out! People all around were laughing, pointing, hooting and jeering at her as she looked like a large funny chicken strutting around! She needed relief fast and any way she could get it! So she ran up to one of the seats next to the isle where the old woman was seated and straddled the back of it wit her legs!

The old women looked at her wide-eyed and jaw dropping to the floor!

"Good lord girl! Don't you have any shame!?", she laughed at Jenny watching the spectacle before her!

"It itches! It Itches!", cried Jenny looking all around at all the people laughing at her.

"Let me scratch it!", the old woman's husband yelled out just before his wife slapped his hand away.

Jenny couldn't hold it back, the itching was too much! So she began "humping" the back of the seat and rubbing her itching pussy up and down on it! The rough fabric felt sooooooooo good and it momentarily brought some relief. As she "humped" the back of the seat her big jugs bounced up and down with her rhythm.

The old woman and her husband laughed widely as their heads nodded up and down looking at the bouncing tits! The old woman raised her camera and shot another picture!

Then, while Jenny was still "humping" the chair, a boy about 12 years old ran up behind and gave her a hard pinch on her naked ass. Jenny let out a loud scream and began her run back up the isle!

As Jenny ran, people simultaneously began to throw things at her. She was pelted with popcorn, milk duds and hand fulls of ice! Mostly it was the women and teenage girls in the audience who were getting off doing this to humiliate the screaming naked girl even further!

All those young women greeted her with loud boos and jeers as she ran past them! "BOO! GO ON HOME!", the girls yelled and laughed at her!

"GET OUT OF HERE YOU BIG TITTED COW! YOU SUCK OSTRICH GIRL!"

Half way to the doors a 13 year old girl stuck her foot out and tripped Jenny in the center of the isle! She landed with a thud on her stomach and tits with her ostrich feather sticking straight up like a flag pole!

All the people around her pointed and laughed at the spectacle!

The young girl then ran out and began spanking Jenny on her naked ass as she continued to scream in protest!

"SOMEBODY STOP HER!", she screamed. "HELP! SOMEBODY GET HER OFF OF ME! STOP SPANKING ME YOU LITTLE BRAT!"

Nobody stopped the little brat.

Everyone was too busy cheering her on as they pointed and laughed at the odd looking Ostrich laying on the floor and squirming to get up! People were taking many photos of this spectacle for their scrap books. The girl's mother howled at the sight as she snapped another picture of her daughter spanking the Ostrich Lady.

Jenny finally made it back to her feet as the young girl was still spanking her ass. With one last hard slap, Jenny was running again with her large feather wagging like a dogs tail!

Finally making it to the doors with the spot light still shinning on her, she pushed the doors open with her shoulder and ran from the theater which was still in an uproar of laughter and hysterics. Running in a total panic, she ran by the ladies room only thinking to get out of the theater all together and headed straight into the lobby!

Several dozen people stood in silence with jaws dropped as a young beautiful naked lady ran through the lobby totally naked in high heels with a bell tied around her neck and a large Ostrich feather wagging out of her ass! Several of the women laughed and giggled at the sight as Jenny streaked by and ran up to the velvet rope in the lobby. Jenny straddled the rope and began to rub her violently itching pussy over it! Those in the lobby began to howl and guffaw at Jenny! She didn't care. The rope brought some relief from the itching which was all she cared about at this point! Now those in the lobby were surrounding her as they howled and pointed at the girl "masturbating" herself on the rope! Finally getting all the relief she could, the naked "Ostrich" lady ran out of the doors into the open street in broad daylight screaming all the way!

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!", she screamed running down the street as her bell gonged between her bouncing breasts.

"I'M NAKED! I'M NAKED! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK! THEY RIPPED MY DRESS OFF!

Jenny's eyes were wide with panic and her face was beat red with humiliation and embarrassment. What was she going to do out here in the middle of the crowded city totally naked with her hands firmly held behind her?!

All up and down the side walk people began pointing and laughing hysterically at the naked lady running down the street, soaking wet and covered with egg and tomato, feather and all! Stopping at a small tree on the side walk, she began to "hump" that too to get some more relief as the crowd of about 50 people around her laughed and pointed!

"HA! HA! HA! HA!", laughed a young woman in the crowd. "She looks like a big chicken! Look and her tits! This is the wildest thing!", and reaching out, pinched Jenny's humping rear.

Jenny didn't care about the howling crowd around her just now. The relief to her poor itching pussy was all she could think of. As Jenny scratched her little pussy against the rough tree trunk, it looked to everybody around her like she was masturbating herself on the side walk! As all the people pointed and laughed, Jenny continued to scratch making her Ostrich feather wave up and down and her cow bell ring around her neck!

"OOOOOOOOHHHHH! IT ITCHES! IT ITCHES!" yelled Jenny as she pumped her pussy on the tree trunk. It was hysterical and all of the men and women pointed and laughed at the naked "Ostrich Lady" before them while those with cameras shot photo after photo!

Finally finishing her scratching, Jenny looked around at all the people surrounding her. Wide eyed, she screamed and tried to make a break for it! But no one would let her pass! People kept pushing her back and grabbing at her ass and big tits! With her hands tied behind her she could do nothing! Men and women were grabbing and pinching her ass and boobs as they pointed and laughed at the ridiculous looking "Ostrich Lady"!

"Help me!", screamed Jenny. "They ripped my dress off! I'm naked!"

"Hey! Nice feather!", yelled the young woman. "Shake those tits bitch!". And she reached out and grabbed one of Jenny's huge bouncing tits and gave it a good squeeze and shake! This sent a burst of laughter from the surrounding gang as Jenny let out a loud scream with eyes almost popping out of her head!

Another hand reached out and gave Jenny a good pinch on her left ass cheek. Jenny let out a high pitched squeak and clenched her cheeks up! Everyone was enjoying the show and all were laughing at "Ostrich Lady" running around naked on the side walk!

The discomfort of the feather in her ass was too much and again she tried in vain the wag it out of her ass! The entire crowd burst into laughter when they saw Jenny stick her butt out and shake her ass from side to side wagging the feather just like a dog's tail!

"SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!" she screamed. "GET THIS FEATHER OUT OF ME! PLEASE!"

Nobody helped poor Jenny. The men and women were having too much fun watching her shake her ass and bounce her big tits.

"Wag your tail for us girly!" yelled the young women and reaching out, she grabbed the giant feather and shook it vigorously, much to the crowd's amusement.

Finally Jenny broke through the wall of laughing spectators and ran, leaving the howling crowd behind and giving many more people a good show!

The last anyone saw of Jenny was her naked ass pumping up the street with her big feather wagging about. They could hear her screams and cow bell gonging as she disappeared down the street. The last Jenny heard of the crowd were the cheers and screams of laughter as she ran down the street.

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**Jenny The Gym Teacher Part 1 by The General**

Jenny stood at the edge of the gym as she surveyed her class. It was her first day as the new 7th grade gym teacher and she had no idea that there would be so many students!

Over 150 students stared back at her, waiting for her to announce todays activity. Jenny was suddenly very conscious of how little she was wearing. Somehow Ashley had managed to shrink all of her clothes when she had washed them for Jenny last week! That left Jenny with the choice of borrowing some of Ashley's clothes or just making do.

Unfortunately, Ashley's clothes were just too revealing for Jenny, so she decided to make do with her own. But it got worse. Using the pictures of Jenny naked, the paperboy had blackmailed Jenny into giving him all of her underwear, and Ashley's didn't have a chance of fitting!

So there Jenny was, and she was stunning! Even wearing her longest skirt, as she was today, Jenny's legs felt exposed. And they were. The skirt, which zipped up in the back, was small enough to fit many of her students! It was super-short, barely covering her butt, and was skin tight, encasing her beautiful ass like a second skin, making it hard to even walk and leaving no doubts about whether she was wearing panties or not. It didn't help that Ashley had borrowed her 3 inch heels, leaving her with only her 5 inch heels to wear. The view was just as good on top. Jenny's blouse now several sizes too small, and each button was strained keeping her ample 40DD bust covered.

Jenny's nipples hardened as she thought more about how exposed she was. Luckily her nice dress jacket hadn't need to be washed and Jenny felt better knowing that at least her breasts weren't on display.

Jenny trembled as she read her agenda for the day; wrestling was just the kind of activity she had hoped to avoid dressed like this. But Jenny told herself that she was teaching the children of tomorrow and decided to go on.

Jenny stepped forward and took a deep breath, "All right students, today we will continue where your last teacher left off. She left me a note, it says 'G Champ vs Teach', can anyone tell me what that means?"

Two of the larger boys stepped forward. "That means that the girls champion from our wrestling tournament is going to wrestle you today, Ms. Jenny!"

"But I don’t know how to wrestle," Jenny protested as the two boys guided her towards the wresting room and the rest of her students moved to the other end of the Gym where a Big screen TV was set up.

"And why are the other students watching TV?"

"Because they all wouldn't fit into this room, so there are cameras in the room that relay everything to the TV out there. Also, this way we can videotape all of the matches to examine our techniques. There is your opponent, could I have your jacket please? Jackets aren't allowed in the wrestling room and neither are shoes, I'll need those also," said one of the boys who Jenny identified as Andy from roll call.

"And wrestling is easy! Just hold Ashley's shoulders against the mat for 3 seconds. It should be easy, she is much smaller than you," said Joey, who Jenny had now also identified.

Jenny had now seen Ashley. Ashley was very small and must have weighed only 80 or so pounds. Jenny was so astonished that Ashley had beaten all the other girls, many of whom must be twice Ashley's size, that she didn't even protest as Joey and Andy took off her shoes, then her jacket. By the time she remembered her bra less state her jacket was nowhere to be found.

"And what about my clothes! I cant wrestle like this!"

Jenny blushed at that, realizing she shouldn't be doing ANYTHING dressed the way she was. Even just standing here exposed more of her than she liked. She crossed her arms over her chest hoping to cover her the fact that her enormous breasts were almost bursting out of the blouse and her nipples were poking through again.

"Nonsense, you'll be fine!" Replied Andy.

He and Joey had reviewed the wrestling tapes and found that Ashley's amazing winning streak was due to a string of accidents involving her competitors clothing, none of which could be proved of course.

He gave Jenny a slap on the ass and pushed her into the ring.

The slap shocked Jenny more than anything else, causing her to take a sudden deep breath. This was more than her strained blouse could take, and as one every button on her blouse popped off. Horrified, Jenny stood staring at her exposed chest for a few seconds allowing everyone to see her enormous globes. Then she tried to pull her blouse closed in the front, only to hear a loud rip as the back of her blouse ripped open. Joey and Andy trotted over and grabbed one half of the blouse each, pull them out of Jenny's grasp.

"That’s all right Ms. Jenny, this would only have gotten in the way," say Joey, staring at Jenny's huge breasts as she tried futilely to cover them with her hands. Yeah, in the way of our view, he thought to himself.

"Ah, an exhibitionist," said Ashley in a mischievous tone of voice. "In that case, let me help you with your skirt."

"No!" Jenny nearly screamed. "I am not an exhibitionist!"

But Ashley disregarded Jenny's protests and grabbed her skirt. Like a deer in headlights, Jenny froze, unable to do anything but plead. Finding the skirt too tight to pull off, Ashley searched around the back until she found the zipper, then pulled it down and threw the skirt against the wall, where it was promptly sucked into a nearby air vent.

Being stripped by a 7th grader, and in front of her entire class was too much for Jenny, and combined with the fondling of her but as Ashley was searching for the zipper she noticed that Jenny was quivering and wet down below. Noticing this Ashley saw another possibility.

Signaling to Joey, who had gone back to controlling the cameras after taking Jenny's blouse, to zoom in, Ashley faced Jenny.

"So, not only are you and exhibitionist, but a naughty girl too! You need to be punished Ms. Jenny!"

Seeing that she had no control over the situation, Jenny pleaded with Ashley, then Joey and Andy, all to no avail.

The two boys brought a pole from a volleyball net over to Jenny, then held her as Ashley used line tape to secure her hands and feet to the pole, holding her with her but facing away from the pole and the pole stuck snugly between her breasts where the cold made he nipples harden even more and pressed hard against her pussy as well, which to Jenny's mounting horror made her body even more excited.

Then her horror grew even more as her students lined up at the door to the wrestling room and one by one each got five minutes of time to do anything they liked to their gorgeous teacher. After nearly an hour of spankings, fondling, and forced masturbation, Class ended and the students left.

Jenny pleaded, then screamed at them not to leave her like this, she even threatened to give them detention. But Joey, Andy, and Ashley held a tape in front of Jenny's face and said:

"This tape says you wont! We recorded the whole thing, and we think that some things will have to change! We hope you liked today, cause tomorrow may be just as fun!!"

With that they left, leaving Jenny to be found by the maintenance worker who kindly let Jenny go, though not before having a little fun with her and taking a couple dozen digital pictures for his website!

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**Jenny and the Uniform Debate by The General**

Jenny was feeling much better today. After her humiliation the previous day at the hands of her gym class, Jenny had gone out and bought some new clothes, as well as some new underwear. Today she was fully covered and confident.

As Jenny walked into the Gym, to of her students, Sarah and Judy, stood up and walked over to her. To Jenny's surprise, instead of their gym clothes, the two girls were wearing their school uniform. Jenny, a stickler for the rules, demanded to know why the girls were not dressed correctly.

Sarah answered. "Well Ms. Jenny, there is an all-school assembly today. Judy and I will be part of a debate over the school uniform and the whole school will be watching."

"That is wonderful!" Jenny exclaimed.

"I'm glad you like it, Ms. Jenny," said Judy. "Because you are going to be helping us. Though I think your outfit is a little inappropriate."

Jenny turned to look at her reflection is a window. She was wearing a blue skirt that ended just above her knee and a white blouse. Underneath she had on a white industrial strength bra and a pair of white panties. She knew that without the jacket that she had left in her office her blouse was a tiny bit revealing and also that her skirt was probably a little too tight, but she liked to look sexy as well as proper.

"I am not improperly dressed!" Jenny retorted. "If anything you are, especially you Sarah!"

Sarah was turning into a very beautiful young woman. The blonde was 5'6", with long legs, wide hips, and a tight ass. Up above she was even more impressive, with a set of 36C breasts jutting out prominently above her 22 inch waist. Sarah knew she was a looker and dressed accordingly, with short skirts and tight blouses.

Jenny walked around to behind Sarah, looking at her tiny grey skirt which encased the girl's quivering buttocks. "I mean, what size is this skirt?" Jenny reached down into Sarah's skirt and pulled out the tag.

"What was this, the smallest pair you could find, Sarah?" Jenny stood up, forgetting that she was still holding onto Sarah's tag. With a snap, the catch at the top of Sarah's zipper broke, and, with nothing left to hold the skirt's zipper in place, it began a quick journey downwards until, an instant later, Sarah's skirt came off in Jenny's hand, revealing that Sarah hadn't worn any panties. When Sarah realized that her skirt had come off, revealing her naked pussy and ass, Sarah gasped in shock, creating just enough pressure to defeat the strength of her blouse buttons as one by one they burst off, until there were only four buttons left, all of them bellow her breasts. Without the buttons, there was nothing left to restrain Sarah's large breasts, and with her next breath, they too were displayed for all to see.

Blushing with embarrassment, Sarah whispered, "Don't move, Ms. Jenny," before running to the locker room, breasts and buttocks jiggling the whole way.

A minute later, Sarah appeared, dressed once again in a school uniform, with her ruined blouse in one hand and a video camera in the other. As she entered the room the entire class started applauding her.

Embarrassed, Sarah nonetheless spoke. "Thank you, but you haven't seen anything yet. Ms. Jenny, When we said you were going to help, we meant that you would help us display the school uniform to the debate judges. This uniform I am now wearing was to be yours, but, since it is no longer available, you will have to use my old uniform." With that Sarah handed Jenny her blouse and handed the video camera to a boy in the front row of the class.

"There is no way I am wearing these clothes!" exclaimed Jenny as she held up the uniform. "I would be totally exposed!"

"Oh, you wear the uniform, or we'll tell the principle that you undressed one of your students!" replied Judy. With that, Judy grabbed the back of Jenny's blouse and pulled. With a loud ripping sound the blouse burst open in front, displaying her bra as her enormous 40DD breasts bounced furiously, trying to escape their white prisons.

As with the previous day, Jenny froze. All she could do was plead as Judy finished removing the now ruined blouse from her unmoving body.

"Well, well, Ms. Jenny over here isn't even trying to cover up! In fact," Sarah continued to speak to the camera as she examined Jenny's bra, through which her erect nipples were easily visible. "I think that she is enjoying this!"

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**Jenny The Gym Teacher Part 2 by The General**

Her first 2 days as a Gym teacher had been horribly embarrassing For Jenny, the only reason she had come back at all was because of the blackmail her students had on her, there was probably enough tape of her naked to get her fired and some jail time if she wasn’t careful. This meant she had to do exactly what her students demanded, and that was to keep doing her job.

Luckily for Jenny the students had calmed down, some had even apologised, this set Jennies mind at ease, thinking they had just been “hazing” her because she was a new teacher and that she was off the hook, little did she know how wrong she was!

When she pulled into the parking lot on Friday She had no reason to think that her bad luck might be returning. As she entered her office she didn’t notice anything amiss but had she paid more attention she would have noticed the stack of equipment in the corner was unusually high, this was due to the 7th grade girl hiding under it, she had been sitting there for almost an hour after she and her friend Judy had snuck in while a Janitor was cleaning.

Satisfied that everything was normal Jenny began preparing for her pre-class shower before changing into her Gym uniform. Sara watched with Glee as Jenny began to strip right in front of the air duct they had hidden a camera in. First Jenny's Jacket came off, then her white button down blouse was off and her huge natural tits were exposed while encased in a heavy duty, yet slightly revealing white bra.

The amount of cleavage exposed was unbelievable. Jenny wasted no time in undressing, in no time she was standing naked and putting her clothes in one of the lockers in her office and wrapping a towel around herself. Today she would have to shower in the boys end of the locker room, the reason being the girls shower room was being re-tiled, so there would be no girls gym today.

Being as Jenny was at school early the boys locker room was still locked and the only other way in was through her adjoining office which was connected to both locker rooms by 2 doors and hall ways. SO she was assured of privacy, just to be safe she checked both doors as she entered the room, satisfied no one was in the locker room and both doors were locked she slipped into the shower, it wasn’t strange to be in the boys locker room anymore because she had to check it each morning and night to make sure nothing was damaged or missing, but showering in their showers was another thing all together. Never the less she went right ahead.

Back in her office Sara and Judy had come out of hiding and began their mischief, Judy ran to the boys locker room and after only a moments pause to make sure the showers were running she slipped inside, she quickly made her way over to the showers and found Jenny's Towel and wash cloth, these she grabbed then watched her gorgeous teacher bathing herself, Finally Judy saw what she was waiting for, Jenny lathered up her hair, when her face was covered in foam Judy shut off the main water tap and ran to the main locker room door and unlocked it, the usual half dozen football players were lounging around waiting for the locker room to open, all they heard was a click and they saw the door swing open and a white bra hanging on the wall behind the door. They all looked at each other and ran into the locker room.

Sara on the other hand had been changing Jenny's wardrobe a bit, she stole all of Jennies cloths and replaced them with a white thong, white cheer leader skirt, and a flimsy white tank top that was about 4 sizes to small for Jenny.

Back in the showers Jenny stumbled around in confusion, the water has suddenly been shut off and she couldn’t see where she was going, she fumbled around for he towel but to no avail, she tried wiping the soap from her eyes but it kept streaming in and stinging her eyes. Suddenly she heard voices, her body went rigid and her nipples began to harden. Those voices were DEFINATLY male. She began to panic and slipped on the floor and landed spread eagle on her back.

This is the first site the boys got of their gym teacher, Jenny spread eagled on her back in the middle of the shower room floor covered in shampoo foam. All of them were stopped dead in their tracks, jaws agape taking in every detail, from her prominent breasts and hard nipples to her neatly trimmed blonde bush. In no time flat they were on her, one on each arm and leg with a few other grips and the other 2 just grabbing her for the joy of it. Jenny let out a shriek as all of a sudden she was covered in hands, in no time at all she was bound on her back to a bench with her legs spread, the boys debating what they should do, one of them found the camera Judy Had left out in the open for them to find and started taking pictures. The others were busy “exploring” Jennies possibilities.

Jenny on the other hand had become highly aroused and couldn’t decline their touch, the ecstasy was to much and she wanted more.

One boy got up and ran to his locker and returned with shaving cream and a razor, the other boys seeing this began to back away and let him do is work, the camera man continued documenting while he neatly exposed Jenny even more. All Jenny could do was moan with pleasure as he gave her pubes more attention then ever before, in no time at all she was as hairless below the waste as the day she was born.

The boys spent another 10 minutes groping and caressing Jennies entire body, she had orgasm after orgasm, finally she was exhausted and passed out. When this happened the boys untied her and carried her into her office, seeing her new wardrobe laid out on a chair they decided to dress her too, making sure to hike the thong up her ass crack for good measure, then they left her propped up on her desk with her legs spread apart and a perfect view up her skirt for anyone who happened to come in.

Boy was the principle in for a surprise when He came to check on her, asleep on the Job and wearing clothes sized for some of her students, and obviously going bra less today, of course Jenny wouldn’t be able to remember the events preceding her arrival on the desk asleep, she would just assume she had fallen asleep, the boys had toweled her off and even combed her hair to hide what really took place!

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**Jenny meets Lana by Lost Q**

Jenny tapped the keys on her keyboard slowly this time, ever since her husband had set off for Elbonia on a diplomatic business trip she had been feeling lonely.

Ashley, had been so much happier since she met Leon, the conversation they had on the phone yesterday had lasted nearly an hour. Ever since Leon walked by Jenny to speak to Ashley in the night club, Ashley had been a great friend and less cloth losing incidents had occurred. Strange? Jenny thought, maybe Leon was a good luck charm for her too.

Jenny turned her interest to the computer monitor again, she was in a chat room on something called MSN, she had gone into the romance room for fun, plus she couldn’t easily embarrass herself when no one could see her. As she was typing a reply to a query from a guy called ‘B\_Biker’ another window cell on her computer opened up, it read ‘whisper from Big\_Jon’, he asked:

‘Hi Jenny, ASL?’ as is always, this was Jenny’s first time so she didn’t know what that meant, her top of the line new computer still baffled her at times, she had been playing with the WEBCAM earlier in the morning and had nearly crashed the computer.

‘ASL? What’s that?’ Jenny typed back.

‘Age sex and location.’ Was the instant reply.

Jenny made an ‘Oh’ with her mouth and giggled, she typed in her response and went back to the main room. Soon Big Jon called back.

‘Ca. Me too, What r u doing?’ Was written in the whisper box.

‘Talking in the chat room.’ Was the innocent response.

Big Jon’s reply came a little later, ‘You new at this?’

‘Yes.’ Jenny said honestly.

‘Hmm, cool. Want to cyber?’

Jenny read the last call from Big Jon, she had no idea what he meant and told him as much. After she typed to Big Jon another whisper box popped up.

‘Hi.’ It said.

Jenny pulled an amused face and typed, ‘hi’ in response.

‘I’m Lana. Your bio says your in Ca.’ Lana wrote.

Jenny smiled, this was what Jenny had hoped for to meet a new friend, Big Jon seemed okay but Jenny had a feeling about him and not a good one. Jenny wrote back.

‘Yes, I’m bored so I’m meeting people on the Internet.’

Jenny pressed the send and looked out the window of the ground level study, her husband didn’t like her using this room, but what he didn’t know. Their new house had an extensive back garden but little in the way of a front lawn, the sidewalk passed directly in front of the house. It was in a cul-de-sac and sometimes kids would play in the big circle of road in the middle of the houses. She could easily make out at least five twelve year olds kicking a football around.

‘Trust me, just do what I say.’ Big Jon sent a message.

‘Ok.’ Jenny replied.

‘Yeah, I understand it can get lonely being a housewife, why don’t you get a job?’ Lana wrote.

‘I do, but the office I work at is being fumigated and they gave us the week off.’ Jenny sent back to Lana.

‘What are you wearing?’ Big Jon wrote.

Jenny paused, why did he want to know? Oh well, its not like he could see her, she looked down to her voluptuous 38cc breasts rising and falling with her breathing.

‘I’m wearing a T-shirt and knee length pencil skirt.’ Jenny typed back to him.

‘I’m just bored at least you have a man, my fiancé is a pain at times. Do you have a web cam?’ Lana sent to Jenny.

‘My husbands wonderful, I really love him. Yes I do.’ Jenny replied to Lana.

‘Upload to me and I’ll upload to you and we can talk properly.’ Lana wrote.

Jenny thought that was a wonderful idea, but she wasn’t sure how to do that exactly.

‘That would be great. I’ll upload to you now.’ Jenny replied.

‘Okay, but give me five minutes I have to sort out something I’m cooking.’ Lana wrote. Jenny said she would wait, but decided to send her web cam to Lana now and save time. (Lose the smirks)

Jenny opened the camera programme and turned it on, all she had to do was click on Lana’s name. As she hovered the mouse over Lana one of the kids in the street fell and made a huge row, Jenny turned to look as she clicked. Standing up Jenny, who had always had a soft spot for kids, leaned out her window and called to the kids.

“Are you okay?”

The kids waved back and said everything was fine, but they all noticed the blonde babes heaving bust. They had to get a better look.

Jenny turned back to the computer it said that the uplink had been successful.

Big Jon’s whisper box reappeared, ‘Take off your skirt sexy.’ It read.

Jenny’s stomach twisted, how dare he, she wanted to reply with something nasty, but Big Jon sent a message again.

‘It’s all in the spirit of fun babe, its not like I can see you.’

Jenny agreed with that and she had been planning to change for her afternoon shopping spree. She stood and slowly undid the zip that ran down her hip, half way down the skirt the zip could go no further and the skirt slid gently from around her bottom and hips and to her bare feet, revealing her satin ivory low cut panties.

Jenny felt a little uncomfortable but no one could see and she was in her own house.

She sat back down, on Big Jon’s whisper box it now read, ‘Now take off your T-shirt.’

Jenny gasped but typed that she would, she held the opposite sides of the t-shirt with her hands and pulled it up over her head, she wasn’t wearing a bra so her gorgeous perfect sphere breasts appeared from beneath the shirt.

Then Jenny realised Lana would be seeing this, in a fluster she checked the connection box, and nearly screamed, it said, Connection to Big\_Jon successful.

Jenny’s heart leaped into her throat this sick pervert had been watching her take her clothes off. She ended the connection and nearly started crying.

At her front door there was a loud bang, then the sound of a child crying reached her ears. Jumping up, Jenny forgot about her unclothed state and ran for the front door, yanking it open she stepped outside. Only when the “Holy shit.” Sounded from the children who had been playing football but had wanted to lure the blonde babe outside more, Jenny realised she was only in her panties. She wrapped both arms around her ample breasts and try to cover up.

The boy who had knocked on the door and pretended to cry, was laying on his back by the front door originally hoping to see up the babes skirt, he was now confronted by the satin panties clad booty of the babe.

He acted quickly as she covered her wondrous breasts he reached up and grabbed her panties by either hip and pulled down. His fellow football players cheered when the perfectly shaved, blonde pubic hair appeared, Jenny had shaved it into a neat vertical rectangle on her husbands request but even he hadn’t seen it yet, these five twelve year olds were the first to see her new pussy style.

Jenny turned to run as she began crying, but tripped on her panties, the boy slid them off her ankles as she crawled back inside. The boys all cheered and took turns in sniffing the blonde babes sexy underwear.

Jenny crawled back to her computer, Lana had sent a message.

‘Do you want to meet?’ Jenny had to get other the past events so she decided it would be nice to meet Lana. They agreed a time and Jenny turned off her computer and went to get dressed.

Big Jon grinned dirtily, he saved it, those magnificent breasts popping out from beneath the t-shirt and the skirt falling. His work mates would enjoy watching ‘Jenny’ strip off. He played the recording again as he pumped his fist.

Jenny admired herself in the mirror, wearing a long (slightly too tight) skirt of that material with the foamy feel to it, her favourite short sleeved loose fitting top which covered her nicely, and a strong, if lacy, under wire bra and matching panties, in a sweeet satin pink (oops too many E’s).

Outside the sun had begun to shine brightly and the day was warming up, after her brief (and best forgotten) episode on the net, she and Lana had agreed to meet at their local mall. It had turned out that Lana lived barely two miles from Jenny’s house and the mall was right in the middle.

Jenny happily walked to her car (she would have skipped but bounce was a problem), in the centre of the cal-de-sac the five boys saw her and started laughing again. Jenny glanced hatefully over to them, as she did she noticed a small flag on one of the kids garden, they were playing with water guns on this hot day, and the flag represented home base.

Jenny almost felt warm, when she realised her panties were the flag. She huffed and got into her car. Pulling out she headed over an interstate, which was backed up, to get to the mall and pulled into one of the enormous car parks they had surrounding the massive complex, Jenny parked beside a large coach and got out, locked her car and started toward where she and Lana had agreed to meet.

In the centre of the mall was a small podium where bands would display whatever music talent they had. Around it were small benches, to watch and listen from, Lana would be waiting there. Jenny arrived at the podium and walked around it once she quickly spotted the flower Lana was holding and sidled up to introduce herself.

“Hi? Can I help?” Lana said, she had a soft luxurious voice.

“I’m Jenny are you Lana?” Jenny asked in her bubbly and happy tone.

“Jenny!” Lana leaped up and embraced the buxom blonde, who noticed that Lana was not small herself. Jenny felt slightly embarrassed when she realised where they two were connecting.

Jenny stepped back and held Lana by the hands like old friends as she took her new friend in. Lana was boarding on six foot tall and had long shapely legs, her tummy was perfectly flat (in fact Jenny thought Lana may curve in slightly [in that sexy way{trust me!}] ).

As Jenny scanned up she realised that Lana too had humongous breasts, they were easily as large, firm, ample, pert, soft and wondrous (eh hem) as her own. Lana had beautifully shaped arms and a sexy long neck leading to an unbelievably perfect face. She was much like Jenny except, Lana’s eyes where a deep green and she had shoulder length black hair with a slight hint of red in it.

Lana was wearing and rather small crop top, which strained at her perfect masses, a long flowing summer skirt, and a small cool coloured Jacket. She looked a vision. In fact when they embraced again, the men watching the podium stopped to watch these two visions of unbelievable beauty press themselves up against each other. (There are enough breasts here to choke the army!)

“Jenny, oh wow you are gorgeous.” Lana chirped.

“Oh my gosh, what about you? You look absolutely fabulous. (zheewooom).” Jenny chirped back.

They then set off, a small group of men slowly walking behind, making as if to head somewhere but really following the fine, fine, pair of butts walking their way around the mall. (yeah we’ve all done it!)

Everything seemed to be going fine for a short while, Jenny and Lana found out they both had the same bra size and excited several men and horny young teenagers hanging out near the lingerie section as they each choose each other a bra and tried it on. Jenny and Lana got along famously. When they decided to stop to get coffee.

A group of (you guessed it) Boy Scouts were trooping around the shopping mall with a small box with a slit through the top. Their Scout Group were in the mall doing questionnaires, this particular four had noticed the two unbelievable babes wondering around hugging, and had decided to play a game. They had saved a box from one of the nearby stores, cut a hole in the top and were pretending to take donations for the OGODYME foundation. They had collected enough cents to make the box sound authentic (these guys are good). And the four trooped up to Jenny and Lana.

“Hey Miss, wanna give a donation?” Said the first boy.

“Oh sure why not.” Jenny said innocently and retrieved her purse.

Lana followed suit and both women got some loose coinage from their purses. Neither woman noticed that the group of four Scouts had arranged themselves so that the front two were hiding the two behind them, for they had the strings attached to the bottom of the box.

The coffee stall the ladies had decided to sit at was an open bar style one. It was situated on a raised platform which was in the main centre. Tables and chairs were set up all around the bar, and Jenny and Lana sat next to one of the railings that ran the edge of the platform. The two boys with the strings had their backs to the railing for a speedy getaway, and some customers had noticed that something was amiss when they saw the two string pulls and a small group of about ten men had started ordering a lot of coffee.

When Lana finally dropped her last coin in the two boys pulled their strings in unison spilling the collected money all over the floor at Jenny and Lana’s feet.

“Don’t worry miss we’ll pick it up.” The two rear boys said as the front two moved closer to Jenny and Lana to cover their partners in crime.

“Gee lady you got a lovely necklace.” Boy Scout two said to Lana, who flustered informing him that her knew friend Jenny had bought it for her. Whilst the first two scouts kept the women busy at their feet the other two boys began pinning the skirts to the floor with extra strength push in self drilling nails and pretending to gather the coins. Many of the onlookers saw the boys doing this and settled back to watch the show.

One of the boys pulled something from his pocket and placed it by the women’s feet, then jumped up suddenly.

“BIG FREAKY SPIDER!” He yelled and the boys all dove over the railing and to the lower floor (its only a short way). Once down there Scout four readied his camera.

Jenny and Lana reacted simultaneously both jumping up from their seats. Jenny felt the tug on her skirt too late as the waist tore at its seams. RRIPPP. Jenny gasped suddenly.

Lana reacted by jumping away, her skirt, even flimsier than Jenny’s, went RIPPP, clean off.

Both women stood clutching their hands to their chest wearing only their tops, theirs shoes and their panties. The men almost cheered out loud, one guy spit up his coffee when he saw Jenny’s sexy pink lace satin high thigh panties, then saw Lana’s deep maroon silk thong (both women wore expensive underwear.).

Jenny suddenly realised she was missing her skirt in front of an ever growing crowd, she squealed and made to pick up her skirt. Lana was not far behind as she went down to collect her own skirt. As they dropped they saw the spider again and both freaked out.

Jenny made a run for the stairs off the platform as she did her loose shirt caught over the railing, when she heard the much dreaded (and loved) RRIIPPP! Jenny’s pink lace bra spilled into view with a cheer. Lana followed Jenny, and past her just as Jenny’s shirt ripped Jenny reached out to grab the first thing in her reach to stop from falling, Lana’s crop top.

RRRRIIPPP.

Lana’s luscious breasts spilled from beneath the top, her small pert round little nipples belying her shock from beneath her maroon see through bra. With her arms pulled back by Jenny clutching her top, Lana couldn’t cover up and all the men (now standing) got a perfect look at her bra clad spheres. Jenny pulled herself up and both women dashed for the nearest exit in hope to get to a car and relative safety.

As they ran both women tried to cover what they could, they came to the multi-door exit and tried to push through one that an old man, whose heart started again at the sight of two gorgeous women in just their underwear, had just come through. Much to the old mans delight both women bounced off of him as they past. Lana bounced hard and her bra caught on the exit door.

RRRIPPP, bob, bob!

Her perfect, well tanned, 38cc breasts appeared to the sun.

A group of skateboarders saw the beautiful spheres appear from the sexy bra (being collected by the old man) and cheered. Lana fell from the pull of her bra snapping away from her breasts and lunged forward only to catch Jenny’s bra. The added weight of Lana snapped the shoulder straps of Jenny’s bra and it slid down her body with Lana. The skaters cheered again and a large group of people hoping to enter the mall saw Jenny’s large, milky, soft, pert round breasts appear as if from nowhere.

“Holy shit Dad, that woman’s glub wubs are juicy than Sarah’s!” A teenager in the crowd shouted.

“Nooo!” Jenny and Lana cried together.

Both women were back on their feet and racing into the car park, both trying to cover their exquisite bosoms and hide their panties. Many of the people they rushed by started to follow, an join the men from the coffee bar, a large crowd of hard onlookers followed the women at a rush across the parking lot.

It was then that both Jenny and Lana realised that their car keys and sundry items were back at the coffee bar. They couldn’t go back, they were only just ahead of the pervert brigade following them. Jenny and Lana exchanged frightened glances and kept running.

They ran hard over a road, with no cars fortunately, and carried on, their fans followed. The crowd was beginning to gain when both women slipped on a downward wooded bank and vanished into the trees. Jenny and Lana both slipped down the dry soft chips that gathered at the bottom of the verge.

Jenny emerged first, victoriously still wearing her panties. She stood up and saw a stream of cars moving at barely thirty miles an hour, the interstate. One car honked when he saw Jenny, but kept going, when Lana emerged she slipped forward and grabbed out one last time, on to Jenny’s panties.

RRRIPPPPPPPP!!!

One car skidded to a sudden halt and a pile up began at the sight of Jenny’s neatly trimmed beautifully blonde bush and perfect creamy skin. Jenny chirped a scream and tried to cover her soft love mound on view to all only to reveal her perfect breasts. HONK!!!

Lana stood next to Jenny and forgot to cover her own voluptuous spheres. HONK!!!

Both women screamed and tried to scrabble back up the bank, when they heard the lecherous cheers from above, Jenny realised her sex was on full view to the cars below. Squealing she turned to cover up and slid down the bank. Jenny knew what she had to do and cover as best she could charged into the honking cars, several of the drivers and riders had got out of their vehicles, one even got to slap Jenny’s bum as she thundered by.

Lana saw what Jenny was doing and began to follow. She still had her thong and covering her breasts with both arms wasn’t too bad. She dodged in and out of the cars quickly staring straight ahead.

RRRRIIIIPPPPPP!!!

Lana stumbled as her panties, snagged on a car hood ornament (a Jaguar), ripped away from her body, four pairs of hands helped her up coping feels at her clean shaven pussy and groping her arse and breasts. She ran with tears forming in her eyes, and joined Jenny at the other side of the road.

Risking a glance back Jenny and Lana saw two men with their trousers and underwear down jacking off in their direction, one squirted quickly and even hit Jenny and Lana’s legs. Screaming the women ran hard for Jenny’s house.

They arrived incredibly tired at the small wood that lined the entrance to Jenny’s cul-de-sac. She had a spare key hidden on her porch and they could both get dressed and go and retrieve the minor loss of lipstick and money, and keys, from the mall. They would wait in the relative protection of the trees until it got darker.

When the dark finally came Jenny and Lana crept from the trees and lightly stepped towards Jenny’s house. They were near the centre of the cul-de-sac when Jenny noticed the Jenny’s satin panties flag, was still flying. Stealing all the bravery she could Jenny decided to get her panties back. Lana not knowing which of the mighty houses was Jenny’s followed her.

Jenny gulped hard and released her boobs to reach out over the bushes for the panties, but they were attached to the stick fast. Jenny gulped the last of her courage and reached out with her other arm revealing her entire beautiful 38cc, perfect stomach, and neatly trimmed pussy to the cool night wind. But she could not free the panties. Seeing her friends plight Lana reached out revealing her perfectly tanned, smooth skinned, 38cc breasts, incredible stomach, and beautiful shaven pussy to the world. Butt naked both of them tried to free the panties, eventually they came free and both women landed with a small ‘Oww’ on the floor.

Then they struck, the five boys, joined by six other friends appeared from behind the bushes, what greeted them was a sight of two gorgeous naked women. One the blonde babe from the cul-de-sac, and another hot black haired babe. Both women sat on their perfect rears, arms down by their sides, and knees up, legs spread. The eleven boys' eyes grew wide. The sexes of two unbelievably fucking sexy, well built, hot babes were staring back at them.

Click, flash, and whirr. The camera went.

Both women screamed, then even louder when the supermegatotalultra soakers appeared. The boys took one woman each, five shots aimed directly at Lana and Jenny’s sexes. The cold water hit their hot mounds with a splash and both women, screamed (with some enjoyment). They jumped up and Lana followed Jenny to her house, the boys followed all the way across the cul-de-sac.

Soaking the women as they went. Jenny arrived at her door and bent down to get the key, only to get shot in her revealed sex once more, she jumped up in shock. Lana joined Jenny at the door and tried to block the oncoming water whilst Jenny got the key. It wasn’t there! Jenny screamed again, she’d lent it to Ashley so she could let herself in, in the morning.

Jenny and Lana hugged pressing their lustful naked forms together, their mighty breasts compressed against each others as the boys, still firing the soakers, advanced groping, feeling hands out…

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**Jenny and Lana Ride the Orient Express by Lost Q**

The sun hung bright and warm overhead, shining through a bright blue sky down onto Jenny and Lana. They had arrived at the Taxi stop in Thailand, they were both inanely excited today they would get on board the Oriental Express, and take a wonderful trip through Singapore up into Malaysia.

Jenny and Lana had become good friends since they had first met two months ago over the net and the mall ‘incident’ had occurred. The month after had been difficult for the both of them as they had to suffer an entire months ban from the mall, and several photographs had appeared in the local paper. Both of the beautiful women still blushed at the thought of what happened after they had got back to Jenny’s and the price they had to pay to the boys to get into the house.

Jenny’s husband had been unable to make this trip, he had far to many other responsibilities but Jenny didn’t mind, she had hoped this could be just her and Lana. Jenny’s husband had agreed that Lana would be an excellent travel partner, especially when he meet Lana, her dress caught in the door and tore away from her body, his eyes had nearly bulged from his head.

Jenny and Lana were joking happily to each other as they boarded the taxi to their train. The taxi driver could hardly believe his luck, one unbelievably gorgeous blonde with heaving breasts followed by an equally incredibly well endowed babe with jet black hair, sitting in the back seat of his taxi. Both women had perfectly smooth creamy skin, although Lana was beginning to tan in the sun. Lana leaned towards the driver and blinked two beautifully innocent green eyes at her phrase book.

“Um… Oriental Express por favor.” Jenny threw a confused look at Lana when she said this.

“Lana, that’s Spanish isn’t it?” Jenny said sweetly, her bright blue eyes looking a little worried.

“Oh shoot. I grabbed the wrong one. That may explain why that pilot insisted I sit in his lap.”

Lana closed the phrase book to look at the cover. The sleeve clearly said Thai phrase book. Removing the sleeve, however, showed that the phrase book was indeed Spanish.

“How’d that happen?” Lana said confused.

“It’s ok ladies, I know English. Your heading to the orient express no problem.” The driver said, not once taking his eyes of the leaning, and straining cleavage of Lana.

The taxi took off and both women pulled cameras from their respective bags and began taking photos of everything they passed. As they passed a particularly beautiful statue Jenny asked the driver to slow down and wound down the electric window. Jenny just about managed to fit her entire upper body out of the window, her breasts were in the way at first but she managed. Lana decided she wanted a picture too and asked the driver to open the sun roof so she could stand through it. The driver was rather eager to agree.

The eyes turned as a taxi with two beautiful women drove past. There were already wolf whistles and shouts. Jenny was dressed in a conservative pair of loose flared summer trousers, light in both colour and material. Her light pink top was ‘V’ neck thin sweater top, whilst it was enough to provide good modesty protection, she could only wear a bra beneath it as it was too warm any other way. Sleeves rolled up she was snapping away at everything they passed.

Lana was a little braver than Jenny, she wore a blue silk skirt, which was very loose to stop it from making her sweat, and had a beautiful dragon motif heading up the left leg. On top she wore a vest top which was grey and quite tight (straining is a better way of putting it!). So to save modesty a little she wore a white shirt tied at her waist. Both women were smiling happily at the sites, when almost simultaneously they needed to change their films.

Jenny began to slide back into the taxi as Lana began to crouch down. Lana’s bum bumped Jenny’s back and the blonde was thrown against the closing window. The lower part of Jenny’s, slightly short, pink top snagged on the edge of the retreating window. The pink top began to rise dangerously, Jenny panicked and began to struggle, only to lose her footing and her legs shot out from under her dropping her waist far enough to fully reveal a beautiful pink satin and lace bra.

Lana bounced against Jenny and she slipped through the Sun roof. Her vest top snagged on the lip of the sun roof and rose straight over her head, pinning her arms over her head. Her ample 36 DD bra clad breasts dropped instantly into view. Her bra was a small satin red number which glistened in the sun.

The shouts soon became cheers as the admiring throng realised what had happened, the beautiful blonde had her pink bra clad breasts pressed up against the window and on the inside another hot babe had her arms trapped over her head by her top revealing a saucy red bra.

Inside the car despite the pleas the driver continued on slowly, completely amazed by his luck, the dark haired babes, breasts where so close he was able to squeeze them every so often, even lick them!

Eventually, the taxi arrived at the train station, after taking the scenic route, and the driver released Jenny and Lana from their predicaments. Both Jenny and Lana refused to pay the driver after what he had done, but he smiled at them and pointed at the in car camera, normally used to film the faces of anyone who tried to run without paying a fee. This time, however, it would provide the payment for them. Fuming and bright red both women stalked off to the station.

Jenny adjusted her sweater over her 36 DD’s again as the two women waited to board.

Looking down the train, it was an exquisite sight (most of the men boarding were thinking!). The train was a classic and well cared for steam engine. It was a clean dark green and had the third most interesting stack in the general vicinity. The carriages were ornate and religiously cleaned, and looked wonderful. Towards the front were the passenger carriages and the rear the cabins, separating the two were the luncheon carriages. Steam was already beginning to float up from the stack and boarding went without incident, much to our disappointment. However, whilst taking photos of the train at the station Lana could have sworn she saw a familiar looking uniformed boy. Shrugging and boarding the train she joined Jenny in their cabin.

It was really beautiful, an area for them to sit and enjoy the ride and through a small connecting door was a bedroom with two ornate beds. They both chatted excitedly as they unpacked. After settling in they decided to enjoy the start of the ride at the very front of the train (Hehehe). They exited their cabin and made their way forward, as they did the neighbouring cabin opened then closed suddenly. After the two babes passed, it open again, revealing a rather happy group of four boy scouts.

As they travelled through the passenger carriages all male, and some female, eyes followed every little bounce and the sexy swing of hips. Jenny and Lana arrived at the very front of the carriage only to discover the seats were all taken, but the entire carriage appeared to be full of men, but two were more than happy to relinquish their seats to the two most incredible pairs they had ever seen.

The Oriental Express, soon started up and they were on their way. Everyone was mostly enjoying the view outside the train, the incredible scenery was a match for most things. However, in the front carriage, all eyes were enjoying the show Jenny and Lana were mindlessly putting on for the other passengers. So excited were they that Lana had taken off her shirt, and she and Jenny were bouncing around the carriage and even leaning over the happy smiles of other passengers.

“Is this fantastic!” Lana said to Jenny.

“Oh its wonderful, it makes the taxi ride with my breasts pressed up against the window seem like it never happened.”

When Jenny said this, all ears pricked up as well.

After lunch the longest leg of the journey began, and the scouts had waited for this part to make their move. They were now free to travel the train, and four of them decided to have their fun. Getting a piece of paper, they began collecting signatures on it, telling the people they were signing a little petition to let the four of them see the engine.

They used this excuse to get into the front carriages, they were beginning to think they wouldn’t find the two babes, they had been told about from friends across seas. But when they entered the front carriage, bingo. Sitting happily chatting to one another were the two babes. They made a little show of getting other signatures leading up to the women. Then they arrived at them. Gulping the lead scout, smiled weakly.

“Hello, miss and miss. We’re getting signatures to go see the engine and if we get two more we can take two other people with us. Would you please sign.”

All four boys pulled puppy dog faces and despite their hesitation around scouts both Jenny and Lana, decided it couldn’t hurt and signed.

“Hey, thanks.”

The scouts made to leave, then a thought seemed to catch them.

“Hey would you two like to come see the engine with us? It’ll be fun and it’s only through there.”

He pointed at the entrance to the engine as he spoke. The thought of being able to see the engine at work was to good an offer for Jenny and Lana to pass up and they figured scouts overseas had to be nicer than the ones back home.

So they agreed.

After showing the petition to a member of staff and slipping him half of their holiday money the scouts and Jenny and Lana stepped out onto the main engine. Lana had to grabbed onto her skirt as in the high wind it whipped up to her thighs quickly, and the boy scouts immediately knew it was money well spent and readied their video camera.

Whilst the drivers paid full and complete attention on the two hapless women, the scouts got to work. Two left to go back to the carriage and get ready, the other two waited until the women were completely immersed in the engine.

The first scout grabbed a metal hook, used to hang cleaning rags on, and slyly attached it to Jenny’s jumper it was easy due the fact it was knitwear. Scout two had noticed Lana had let go of her skirt in the relative wind protection of the engine. He took the very tip carefully and snagged it on the bucket hook. The drivers had both seen this, but strangely enough decided not to do anything.

The drivers then showed Jenny and Lana the braking lever, they both huddled close to it unaware of the snagged clothing, Jenny reached out and put her hand on it. Both scouts licked their fingers and pinched some firm, round and sexy bum each. Lana and Jenny both jumped at the same time, Jenny knocked the braked and the train began to screech in the sudden braking.

Apart from a few spilled drinks, the brake bothered no one, except in the engine. Jenny was thrown forward into one of the driver and her top had no intention of trying to support her weight, straining and stretched as it was anyway. The sound Jenny fears and all else loves.

RRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!

Her pink top, split directly between her breasts and her bra fell into view. The top pulled her arms back, then slipped straight off them. The driver cupped his hands to catch Jenny, only to have her mountainous breasts meet his hands, he nearly had an orgasm.

Lana shot forward as Jenny did, her snagged skirt, which rose up, pulled her from her feet and the one button holding it on her did not even try. It popped and the skirt slipped away from her with a silky ‘THWIP’ sound, her pert and curvaceous panties clad bottom was on show for all to see. A sexy pair of red panties, satin at the front, but very see though over the bum.

The co-driver was knocked off his feet and had Lana sprawled on top of him wiggling her hips in shock, he did orgasm. The scouts could hardly contain themselves, the first grabbed Lana’s butt and the second grabbed Jenny’s breasts with the driver.

Jenny and Lana both screamed and jumped to their feet with lightning speed. Seeing their respective states of undress, Lana tried to cover her low cut panties and Jenny put a hand on each soot covered breast. They both began to run as best they could from the engine.

Arriving at the door they realised they couldn’t run through the carriages like this, to many people would see them, again! There was only one other option, over the top. Jenny and Lana looked to each other, knowing what the other was thinking. They saw a small ladder leading to the roof of the carriage and swallowing their pride uncovered themselves and climbed. The scouts caught up to them just as Lana began climbing, a hearty smack on her sexy rump seemed warranted.

Once on top of the carriage Jenny and Lana laid down on their fronts (plenty of suspension!) and began crawling across. They were halfway across when a long, sudden, turn came up on the tracks. Lana squealed as her hands slipped under her and she slid towards the side of the carriage. Jenny turned at the squeal and was in time to grab Lana’s legs. Lana’s upper half swung off the carriage and she was hanging in front of a passenger window. She clamped her hands over her mouth so not to wake the sleeping man behind the window. The man was a rather big fat leering man and snoozing quietly to himself.

But when another passenger yelled “Holy shit, hot babe in front of the window!” He woke instantly. He looked at her and noticed the massive heaving breasts. He opened the window and yelled.

“Here let me help you.”

Taking a firm grasp on Lana’s breasts he tried to help her in the window, pulling her down far enough to reveal her red satin panties to the entire carriage.

“You’ve got nothing covering your underwear!”

With that he tried harder to get her in.

On top of the carriage, Jenny showed a surprising amount of strength to pull her best friend back up to the top.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!!

Lana landed with her face in Jenny’s bosom, without her vest top. The man below held the tattered remains of the hot jet black haired babes top.

In only her red satin bra and panties, Lana followed Jenny across the carriage. They arrived at the end and listened the door below them was being banged. So eager were the men to see them they were blocking the door. Jenny and Lana knew they would have to jump. Lana decided to go first and as she stood she still tried to cover herself, up and down. Taking three steps back she skipped up to the gap and jumped over. Landing with a thump she was ok. She turned around and gestured for Jenny to follow.

Jenny stood and jumped straight off, as she did the door below her burst open and threw off her concentration, she didn’t make it. But she managed to grab the next carriage and began hauling herself up with Lana’s help.

Disbelief stopped the men in their tracks, then excitement as Jenny’s loose summer flares caught on the door handle of the next carriage.

Lana found some sudden resistance to helping Jenny up and began pulling harder. Jenny’s eye’s became wide with realisation.

“Wait, Lana don’t!!!!” Jenny squeaked. Too late.

RIIIP, RIIIIIIIP, RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!

The trousers, tore at the waist, then the bum, then dropped straight off.

Jenny’s light pink panties clad bottom was there for the wide staring eyes of the men to take in all its tight glory. Her panties were high hipped and low cut. A little ‘V’ of lace started at the waist of the panties and pointed down, revealing more of her bum cleavage then Jenny would have liked.

A huge cheer erupted from the crowd of men.

With one last big effort Lana pulled Jenny up and Jenny landed between the spread legs of Lana, and the fell on top of each other, lips connected. Another huge cheer. Jenny and Lana blushed even more furiously and began across the next carriage.

They got across this one without too much trouble. But they realised they couldn’t carry on like this. Deciding they were close enough to run and they did still have their underwear they began to climb down. No ladder this time so they turned around and on hands and knees began to lower themselves.

They were both almost down when they both felt a challenge to their progress. Both bras had caught on the small rail running around the top of the carriages. A sudden bump from the tracks and both women lost their foot holds and swung free. They were hung up on their bras, and their breasts threatened to drop out into view.

Getting frantic Jenny started to claw at the snag in the hope of freeing them. Suddenly the door began to bang, the men had caught up.

“No, no, no. Come on!” Lana whimpered as she and Jenny fought with the snag.

“Aww, please. Come on.” Jenny was close to tears.

The door burst open and a collective gasp was released, the front three men’s jaws fell to the ground. Jenny and Lana struggled even harder to free themselves, their breasts slipped closer to freedom. Eyes grew bigger with each inch.

HALLELUIAH!!!!!!!!!! Slop, slop, slop, slop.

“Oh god please no!!!! Not again!” Jenny squealed.

“Please don’t!” Lana screamed, to no avail the bras weren’t going to listen.

Both women’s beautiful, round, soft, creamy, spheres dropped into view. Jenny’s perfectly round and naughty pink nipples standing rock hard for the men to see. Lana’s darker nipples so inviting it was unbelievable. Both pairs of monumental breasts, were so welcoming and begged to be caressed, Jenny and Lana desperately tried to cover their wondrous globes, but their arms were held high by the bras.

Before anyone could get close, Jenny did something she could not recall having ever done. She undid her bra clasp and fell from her bra. A huge cheer. Then Lana snapped with a ‘TWANG’ and she fell on Jenny again in a sixty nine position. Jenny had had her mouth open for a scream but found it full of Lana’s secret place ;). Lana found her lips on the front of Jenny’s soft panties. The single loudest cheer you’ll ever hear.

Both women scrambled to their feet and charged for the door to the next carriage. They bolted inside to whistles and cheers and some shocked gasps. Blushing from their faces to their soft, slim, perfectly toned stomachs, both women ran. They got through into the next carriage only to be confronted by an old man going back to his seat after using the toilet. Jenny bumped into him and landed on him her free gorgeously sexy breasts, found their way into the face of the old man.

A young woman stood up at this sight and began waving her finger at Jenny. Her body not as curvy as our two favourite babes, but she was still really hot, and also the very strict leader of the scout group.

Lana, slightly behind Jenny, didn’t see her friend getting up off an ecstatic old man before it was two late. Lana knocked the apologising Jenny down face first into the hard crouch of the old man. Lana reached out for the first thing.

The scout leader had earlier decided to change into a low cut summer dress. Lana’s hand found the ‘C’ cup cleavage and tore dress away as she fell. The scouts leader shrieked she wasn’t wearing any underwear at all. Two hard dark nipples appeared on soft looking breasts and her pussy was clean shaven. She turned to fast and fell onto the laps of three happy scouts, she wouldn’t get up for a while.

Lana had tripped over Jenny and began to stand, the thrashing foot of the being felt up scout leader, hooked onto Lana’s panties however.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

They tore away and the entire carriage went silent. Lana’s perfect, silky, shaved into a tiny triangle, dark black pubic hair came immediately into view. She stood there for a moment before her brain caught up.

“OH MY GOD NOOO! DON’T LOOK!!!”

She screamed, they cheered, and Lana tried to cover her entire self, with no success. Lana just ran for the exit. Jenny had managed to apologise her way off, the now wet?, crotch of the old man and chased after Lana forgetting to cover her breasts. The bobbing as she skipped over the old man was so hypnotic everyone fell silent again.

Jenny nearly caught Lana when the toilet door opened in front of her, she tried to dodge and was successful in only catching her panties on the snub lock. She kept going however and was yanked down to her feet her panties slipped up to her knees. The person leaving the toilet tried to close it to let her past, pulling the panties free of Jenny’s ankles. Jenny screamed.

“NO NOT AGAIN!!!!” Jenny covered her pussy before anyone could see and ran.

The last carriage to cross was the food cart. Both women huddled between the closed doors, totally and completely naked apart from their sandals. Jenny squealed to herself.

“We have to just run. Ok.” Jenny said.

“What about climbing again?” Lana asked, but knew there was no way up.

They edged the door open slowly, and peeked inside. Jenny scanned the carriage, it was empty, apart from one sleeping aging over weight man! Everyone was off doing ‘other things’.

At last a bit of luck, if they could just get to their room there’d be no problem. Jenny and Lana both removed their shoes, and tip toed in. They made it up to the sleeping man and very slowly snuck past him. He snorted but didn’t wake. Lana scanned in front of the and saw several cream pies laid out on a table, possibly for a party later on. Just as the passed the sleeping man, they struck.

The two other scouts appeared from behind the large table with the pies and aiming the camera at them, grabbed the nearest pies and threw them. The pies splattered all over the horny bodies of the young sex-pots. Jenny and Lana squealed as the cold pies slopped down their bodies. One caught Jenny just above and between her breasts, the white cream left sexy trails as it slipped down over her incredible breasts and tweaked her nipples as the foil plate dropped from her. Lana got one directly in her unprotected pussy she screamed as the force of the hit, squirted some cream inside her.

So far Jenny had succeeded in hiding her most special place (for us!). The scouts had noticed this and both picked up a large cream pie each and lobbed both at her face. Jenny raised both her hands to protect her face but wasn’t fast enough and took both pies in the face. Disorientated she spun around and bounced on the table the fat man sat behind.

She fell face first onto it and crawled a little way forward, then stood to clear the cream from her eyes. The fat man was very much awake and staring directly at Jenny’s perfect blonde bush, neatly trimmed into a sexy rectangle, the blonde pubes glistened in the sun. He longed to have that pussy pressed up against his face, but his honour made him maintain the ladies complete privacy.

Clearing the cream Jenny realised where she was and what the man was looking at, she screamed and lost balance as she tried to cover herself. The fat man had slipped slightly beneath the table to get a better view, but he was shocked beyond stiff, when Jenny fell and dropped her knees either side of his head and present her open love to his face, he couldn’t stop himself from firing his tongue in to Jenny even though he tried.

Jenny squealed and jumped off him and began to run. Lana’s entire front was slopping with cream as the scouts had focused on her whilst the man had some fun.

Two pies remained.

Jenny took Lana by the hand and the began to run, but they slipped to their hands and knees because of the cream on the floor. The scouts had been hoping for this, the one place not hit, that had to be hit!

The scouts both walked up to the women crawling away and swung their arms back and placed the last pies directly on the hot lips of Jenny and Lana’s sex.

Both women, stopped and pulled shocked and maybe a little turned on faces. They screamed so loudly, the scouts covered their ears.

Jenny and Lana, crawled away to the cabins. Arriving at theirs they slid the door back and dived inside. Once in they closed the door and caught their breath.

“Phew, that was horrible.” Jenny squealed hugging her body nearly crying, and trying to slide the cream off. “I’m not going to be able to show my face out there.”

“Um, Jen? What's this?” Lana said and picked up a photograph. It was a photo of the tow of them, completely naked in front of Jenny’s house, water guns aimed at them. On the back was written, ‘these stupid babes are coming your way guys!’

Lana squeaked as Jenny picked up a pair of scout shorts. Oh no, they had gone in the wrong room in the rush. The door was kicked open and three water guns and a camera appeared.

“Hi babes. Time to pay the toll.” The three scouts fired, whilst the other filmed it all…

Two weeks later, Jenny and Lana had come home and were quietly getting over the embarrassment. They had not stopped blushing for the rest of their trip, but had managed to thoroughly enjoy it in the end, once the scouts had left. They both sat on Jenny’s sofa and were chatting when a noise from outside caused them to look out the window.

The boys from the cul-de-sac were dressed in their uniforms and the lead one was waving a stick, whilst his friends took money from about twenty other kids. Jenny and Lana could just hear what he was saying.

“That’s right, boys and… Well, boys. These are the two fine, fine, big boobed, tight bummed, sexy pussy babes from the video we showed yesterday, from the Oriental Express trip the Thailand unit took. And now for your viewing pleasure, the real thing.”

Jenny and Lana began to duck behind the sofa when Jenny realised they’d left the front door open to let air through the warm house! But that’s a story for next time…

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**Slapstick Jenny by ?**

“It was so nice of Ashley to give up this job for me!” thought Jenny as she sat in the dressing room of the television studio.

She had gotten the call shortly after Ashley had returned from her own audition for the show. Ashley had told her that the part she had been offered was one she had to turn down, but she had enthusiastically sold the producers of the show on hiring her friend Jenny.

As Ashley put it, “Jenny, you were born to play this part!”

Jenny had hurriedly dressed and gotten down to the studio and met with the producers of the show “Uncle Wacky’s World of Mayhem” with excited anticipation. She could see herself finding her way into a career in show business!

She had arrived dressed in her favorite business attire, which accentuated every curve of her luscious body without being too revealing. Somehow, and for once in her life, she had made it to the studio without any embarrassing mishaps. Perhaps her luck was going to turn around at last. When she walked in the door of the Executive Producer’s office he had immediately dropped to his knees in front of her and begged her to take the part!

He explained that it was a role in one of the sketches they were taping to be shown later in the season. She wouldn’t have to follow a script as it was a silent sketch and the Director could give her the cues without fear of compromising the sound. She had immediately said yes and they had her sign a contract right then and there.

Now, here she was in her dressing room (Her dressing room!) having had her makeup applied by a very nice man who complimented her on her skin tones and beautiful features all through the session. He did seem to spend an awful lot of time preparing her face but when she looked in the mirror she had to admit that she had never looked prettier.

Her large, innocent eyes peered out of a face with just the right hint of color in the cheeks, and just the right shade of red lipstick on her full lips. Her thick, blonde hair had been pulled back into a bun which was held in place by a beautiful, gold clasp. As he had done her hair, the makeup man had chuckled slightly and assured her that it was most important that her hair be done in such a way as to allow clear access to her face. She couldn’t help but wonder what he meant by that, finally figuring that he meant they needed good light on her face for her camera close-ups.

She had to admit to herself that the costume they had chosen didn’t seem appropriate for the role of a teacher at a Boy’s School but as she was new to show business she wouldn’t argue. Truth to tell, she felt like a million dollars in the outfit she was wearing!

Her underwear was all of silk, which Jenny had never bothered with much, preferring the reliability of her cotton undies. The bra lifted her massive breasts up, making a wonderfully full cleavage, which peeked out from under the tight, red sweater. So tight, it had taken three minutes just to get it on!

The panties were so light on her full, round bottom that it felt like she wasn’t wearing any at all. They had put her in suspenders and fine silk stockings that caressed her thighs ever so softly. Somehow, they had found a pair of four-inch high heels that fit her feet perfectly and had finished her costume off with one of the tightest, black miniskirts Jenny had ever worn. It seemed like the skirt was a bit short for the role of a schoolteacher since the tops of her stockings and a few inches of creamy thigh showed just below the hemline. Here again, she had to defer to the wishes of the producers.

As she waited for her call, she kept repeating to herself, “Do whatever the Director tells you, do whatever the Director tells you, do whatever the Director tells you!” until an assistant knocked on the door and called her to the set. It was Showtime!

There were six members of Uncle Wacky’s World of Mayhem and when Jenny made it to the set they were already in their places.

It looked like any classroom in any school anywhere with three rows of two desks each, an aisle separating the two desks. There was a teacher’s desk at the front before a large blackboard with basic math problems drawn on in chalk. The only thing that seemed out of place to Jenny was the presence of a table, which held 20 of the largest cream pies she had ever seen in her life. When she asked the Director about it, he said, “Oh, don’t worry about those, they’re for use in another sketch. They aren’t even real they’re made of shaving cream! Just props! Ha!”

The members of Uncle Wackys were all dressed as schoolboys and when they saw Jenny in her costume, they had to collectively pick their jaws off the floor. Each turned to the Executive Producer sitting off camera and gave him the Thumbs Up! sign. Jenny took this as her official seal of approval and felt that finally she may have found her true calling!

The Director explained her movements, “Now Jenny, all you have to do at first is walk towards the teacher’s desk in front between the rows of students and as you move, I’ll let you know what to do! Can you follow that?”

“Yes, I think I can,” said Jenny who was beginning to feel a little nervous now that it was almost time to begin taping her first television role.

“Please don’t be nervous, Jenny, I know you’re just the girl for this sketch!” the Director reassured her.

He turned to the Wackys and said, “She’s perfect, isn’t she boys?”

All the members of Uncle Wackys grinned at her and said in unison, “Oh, yeah, she’ll do perfectly!”

Then with an authoritative, “Quiet! OK, lets make magic!” the Director escorted her to her starting point, just off camera.

“OK, Jenny, begin walking! Roll tape!” the Director yelled and things were underway.

Jenny strode confidently forward into camera range, noticing that three of the four cameras were following her every move. She walked forward sensing one camera following every jiggle of her boobs, one pointed squarely at her bouncing butt, and one at her lovely face. The other camera was shooting the reactions of the various members of Uncle Wackys as they responded to her walk.

Jenny’s walk was something to behold! Her long legs moved effortlessly forward, her bouncing buttocks strained against the fabric of her miniskirt, and her breasts begged for release from the sweater and the silk bra. As she moved closer to the students she felt confident that she had finally made it to the big time!

Then, as she passed the first row of desks, it happened. It was a sensation she was quite familiar with. The two Wackys sitting in the back row of desks had unmistakably reached out and pinched both her ass cheeks! She gave a slight jump of surprise that caused her buttocks to wiggle suggestively under the miniskirt, and her breasts to jiggle even more under the sweater.

The Director called out, “Don’t worry about that, Jenny, you’re doing fine! Keep moving!”

So, repeating to herself once more, “Do everything the Director tells you to!” Jenny continued on into the set.

Passing the second row, she was, again, greeted with a familiar sensation as the Wackys on each side of her reached out and slapped the ass cheek presented to them as she passed!

This caused that familiar ripple of motion as the impact of hands on cheeks caused her buttocks to jiggle violently, all the way down into her thighs. She couldn’t remember ever having been slapped on the fanny so hard!

“Great, Jenny! Fantastic! Just keep moving!” called out the Director.

A little apprehensively, Jenny approached the front row of desks. The two Wackys sitting there beamed up at her angelically, and she was beginning to feel like she could get through this first part of the sketch safely when she suddenly found she couldn’t move!

The worst part of it was that the reason she couldn’t move was that each Wacky had reached under her skirt and was holding firmly to her ass cheeks! The camera assigned to get shots of her posterior was closely watching as the hands snaked around under her skirt, fondling her buttocks, squeezing and caressing every inch of luscious ass flesh.

Unfortunately for Jenny, the presence of those hands meant that she couldn’t move forward or backward as those same hands were firmly placed between her buttocks and the fabric of her skirt! If she had moved, the camera would have seen much more than Jenny wanted to show!

She had just about resigned herself to staying there when the hand on her right cheek deftly slipped itself under her panties and gently but firmly probed the crack of her ass. This caused her to let out a squeal of protest and she jumped forward, not caring now what happened to her skirt. The camera assigned to her face dutifully taped the expression of indignity she felt as she turned around to face the class. Fortunately for Jenny, her escape from the probing hands didn’t cause her skirt to rip or ride up over her hips.

“Thank goodness for small favors!” she thought to herself.

“Fantastic!” shouted the Director, “Now, Jenny, there’s a piece of chalk on the floor just in front of the desk. Would you pick it up, please?”

Jenny has a way of picking things up off the floor that has to be seen to be believed. For some reason, she has never learned that when she picks something up, it’s much more decorous to do so without bending at the waist leaving her legs straight and never, never, with one’s back to anyone! In the tight miniskirt she had on at the moment, it caused a gasp to escape from the mouths of every man on the set.

Her hips flared as she bent to pick up the piece of chalk, her buttocks spread slightly making her rounded cheeks even rounder, and the fabric of the miniskirt, already under a great deal of stress, was taxed to even further limits. The flimsy, silk panties just peeked out from under the hem of her miniskirt. Her legs in the silk stockings seemed to go on forever. Nothing any man there had ever seen could compare to the sight of Jenny bending over to pick up that piece of chalk! It was a sight each man swore he would remember to his last breath.

As she grabbed the chalk, Jenny felt something new to her experience as one of the Wackys, she thought it may have been the one on her left in the front row, expertly bounced a spitball off her partly exposed left buttock. The slight sting of the weapon and the wet mark it left on her ass caused Jenny to again jump up, in complete shock that anything like this could be happening.

“Oh, no, not again!” thought Jenny, “What have I gotten myself into now?”

“Wonderful, Jenny, now turn and face the class!”

Jenny, figuring it was still better to do everything the Director told her, turned her attention to the front of the class.

As soon as she did, she regretted it. The Wacky in the last row on the right had a fishing rod and quite easily snagged the hem of her miniskirt with a hook. When he pulled back on the rod, the skirt, figuring it had had enough stress for one day and that life as a rag was preferable even over covering a fine rump like Jenny’s, gave way with a loud Riiiiiiip!, and left Jenny in her silk panties, suspenders, and stockings. The sweater, seeing what had happened to the skirt, immediately surrendered when the hook grabbed hold, and Jenny was left with no covering at all but her flimsy underthings.

She knew from past experience this wouldn’t last long, and she was right as first her bra was popped off, leaving her breasts swaying in the warm air of the studio, and then her panties followed. The suspenders were next, giving way with a slight twang as they were released from around her slim waist and lost their hold on her stockings, which sagged down around her ankles, making it impossible to move in her four-inch heels without tripping over them.

“Jenny, you are incredible!” shouted the Director, “Now, don’t move!”

Jenny closed her eyes in humiliation, knowing that, once again, no matter how hard she tried not to, she was naked in front of a roomful of complete strangers. And, to make matters worse, it was all being caught on videotape and would be shown to the world! Surely it couldn’t get any worse than this!

And that was when the first shaving cream pie hit her squarely in the face.

A sense of detachment came over her after her face was engulfed in the cream. She still felt the deep sting of humiliation at being caught naked. Hell, that was a feeling that fit her like an old shoe, but at the same time she felt as if she was sitting back, watching it all happen.

Strange analyses popped into her mind, even as the cream pies accurately landed in her face and on her head. For instance, she could see why they would use shaving cream as opposed to real whipped cream. Her face and head were totally covered in the thick cream and it didn’t seem like it was ever going to fall off. It wasn’t melting and the cream continued to build up on her face and head as the pies kept coming.

Indeed, there was so much cream covering her lovely features and finely coiffed hairdo that she had trouble hearing the Directors commands and was only able to breathe because she could blow out through her nostrils and leave herself air holes.

As far as the Director, all she could hear of him was shouts of, “Lay it on her, boys!” so she figured her part was simply to stand and take it.

It was remarkable to her how all the pies they threw seemed to find their mark so well. Each pie had hit her right between the eyes or landed on the top of her head! Did they practice this or was it a god given talent?

At the same time, of course, her modesty had her trying to cover her breasts and nicely trimmed bush, as well as protect the crack of her lovely ass from the camera she sensed had crept behind her. When the pies finally stopped coming and her face and head was buried under a gigantic mound of shaving cream, Jenny was sure the whole thing must be over, and that’s when the hands began roving over her naked body.

“Oh, shit, what now?” Jenny wondered, “Will this ever end?”

Three members of Uncle Wackys had come to the front of the set each taking a part of her to explore. Her breasts were so large that the Wackys assigned to fondle them were able to use both hands on a single breast. By this time, some of the shaving cream had dropped off the top of her head onto her boobies and they used this as a lubricant to further make her breasts do all those wonderful, squishy things breasts can do when you play with them! As the hands slid the cream over her nipples, she let out an involuntary shudder, feeling them stiffen under the probing she was getting.

Her ass had, apparently, been assigned to only one Wacky, and he was in heaven! Let those fools up front play with those breasts, beautiful as they were, he thought. This was the most perfect hiney in all existence! He rubbed, he spanked, he pinched, he squeezed, and he even leaned over and gently kissed each cheek in turn. He pressed Jenny’s cheeks together, making her crack seem like it was twice as deep, and he spread her cheeks out, opening her to scrutiny she usually left to her gynecologist. He felt he could safely say he had now done everything he wanted to in this life.

She wasn’t sure where the other three Wackys had gotten to, but then felt herself being borne aloft by all six members of the troupe. She detected the missing three as two grasped her inner thighs and one lifted her up by hoisting her with his hands between her legs of all places! She appreciated the fact that his hand gave her a little bit of covering, but that middle finger was in a highly inappropriate place!

The ones who had been fondling her breasts supported her back while at the same time pressing her breasts together so they jutted proudly towards the ceiling. And, of course, her ass worshipper had her butt cheeks firmly in each hand, holding on for dear life.

Having no idea where they were taking her, Jenny was sure the sketch must be over when she was deposited on the top of a sliding board that had been wheeled onto the set even as the pies had been finding their marks. At the bottom of the slide was a huge tub that the set decorators had filled to the top with more shaving cream. When she was put on the slide, Jenny didn’t stay in place long, and she made a quick, straight and true slide, right down into the tub, finding herself totally smothered in more cream than she ever thought to find in one place!

She was barely able to hear as the Director yelled, “Cut! Beautiful! Great work everybody!”

Thinking the ordeal was finally over, and thanking the powers that be that at least all this shaving cream would cover her, Jenny sat up, and cleared enough of the shaving cream from her face that she could see and breathe more easily.

The Director was beaming down at her saying, “Jenny, you’re the best girl we’ve ever had on the show!”

She kicked off her heels and was able to work her way out of the stockings so that at least she could walk. She stood up, still confident that the shaving cream would protect her, finally, from any roving eyes and strode off the set.

Unfortunately, she didn’t realize that when she stood, all that was covered was the front of her nude body and a camera had been assigned specifically to follow as she walked to her dressing room. The front of her body was covered and protected by a thick layer of shaving cream. The back of her body, including of course, her pert derriere exposed for all to see.

Later on, in the editing room, the Editor superimposed the words The End on her swaying, wiggling ass.

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**Jenny's Revenge by ?**

Chapter One – In which our heroine plots her revenge on her friend Ashley with the help of her former adversaries, the Boy Scouts.

“Miss Jenny?”

“EEEK! Please not here, not now! Oh, HELP MEEEE!”

Jenny knew it was silly to be afraid of all Boy Scouts, but there had been so many incidents involving those adolescent creatures in their khaki uniforms and evil, cherubic faces that she couldn’t help it! Ever since she and Lana had returned from their adventure in Thailand (How had those boys found cream pies in Thailand of all places?) just the thought of Boy Scouts made her shudder.

“No, Miss Jenny, I don’t want to hurt you!” said the young lad standing at her door, “We’re having a Boy Scout Jamboree in a couple of weeks and we need help with some of the booths we’re going to use to raise money. Someone suggested we ask if you’d like to help.”

Jenny did still have a weak spot for children, and failed to notice that the boy was paying more attention to her slightly open robe and the generous cleavage her breasts presented than he was to her face. She figured that maybe it’d be a way of showing there were no grudges held for all the indignities of the past.

“Come on in and we can talk about it,” Jenny said, “What did you say your name was?”

“Davey, Ma’am! Some of the older Scouts said you’d be the one to come to for what we had in mind.”

Jenny led the young Scout into her living room, and he followed like a lovestruck kitten, mesmerized by the swishing of her generous bottom, lovingly outlined by her silk robe. She sat down on the couch and motioned him to sit in the chair opposite her. He sat and got a nice glimpse of her smooth, creamy thighs as she adjusted the robe under her. She had just stepped out of the shower and had yet to put on her clothes for the day.

“Now, tell me, Davey, what kind of booth would you like me to work in?”

“Well, Ma’am, I’ve been put in charge of finding volunteers to sit in our Pie Booth. We’d collect money from people who would pay to throw pies at the volunteer’s faces! ”

Jenny hesitated. “P-pie B-booth?” Memories of Thailand and of those horrible members of Uncle Wacky’s World of Slapstick came instantly to Jenny’s mind.

“Oh, don’t be concerned, Miss Jenny, we heard all about that experience you had in Thailand! We have no intention of asking you to go through something like that. That was truly a dark day for Scouting all over the world!”

He had, of course, seen all the video of Jenny and Lana’s adventure on the Orient Express. Not to mention Jenny’s appearance on Uncle Wacky’s World of Slapstick! He had both on one video and he watched it a lot! Often alone (heehee)! They had plans for this pie booth and it involved Jenny in a big way!

He continued, “No, we wouldn’t even think of asking you to be in the Pie Booth. We were hoping you might know someone who would be willing to help us out?”

Now Jenny has been the brunt of many a practical joke, most of them quite cruel and all of them involving the loss of her clothes. More often than not, these practical jokes were the brainchild of her friend Ashley. Jenny did not have a cruel bone in her luscious body, and would never have thought of doing anything to hurt Ashley, but when the Scout made his proposal, she couldn’t resist cooking up a scheme of her own!

“Davey, I can provide you with the perfect person to volunteer at your pie booth, but you’re going to have to do something for me. Can you keep a secret?”

“Yes, Ma’am! I’m a Boy Scout, we’re trained to keep secrets!”

“Well, Davey,” Jenny leaned closer, almost giving the young Scout a heart attack as her robe opened even more, showing him more boob flesh than he thought possible for one woman to have, “I have this friend named Ashley. I think she’d be the perfect person to put in your pie booth but we’re going to have a little fun with her at the same time! Can you and your friends do that for me? I guarantee you won’t be disappointed!”

“Absolutely! What do we have to do?”

“OK, Davey, here’s what I want…”

And the two of them spent quite a long time discussing Jenny’s plans for her friend Ashley. Davey did have a bit of a problem standing up after they finished seeing as how he had caught more than one glimpse of Jenny’s sweet, suckable nipples under the robe, but with a bit of effort he was able to squeeze his erect pecker into a safe place.

“Davey, if you and the rest of the Scouts can pull this off, it’ll be the best thing to happen to me in a long time!”

“Don’t’ worry, Miss Jenny, we’ll take care of everything!”

“That’s so good to hear, Davey! Bye for now!” Jenny called, turning to go back in her house after showing him to the porch.

She failed to notice that Davey had planted his feet on the bottom hem of her robe. When she turned to go back inside, as she walked away the robe slipped gracefully off her shoulders, down her waist, past her hips and landed in a silky puddle at her feet.

“Yipe!” shrieked Jenny as she turned to retrieve the robe, “How did that happen?!?!”

“So sorry, Miss Jenny!” Davey replied, reaching down and handing her the robe.

The sight of the twin globes of her bare buttocks had caused temporary blindness on his part, and when he reached out to hand her the robe, he handed it to her left breast instead, getting a good handful when he let go of the robe. He wasn’t sorry at all, but left full of apologies. To make sure she knew he was sincere he averted his gaze, which didn’t matter much since the sight of her naked form was etched into his memory forever.

“We’ll get right on the plans, Miss Jenny! Again, I’m so sorry about the robe! I won’t tell a soul!”

‘Yeah, right!’ he thought, ‘Scouts are dependable, but not to that extent!’

Davey hurried down the street, eager to tell the guys about his visit with Jenny and eager to get home to change his now slightly damp underwear!

Chapter Two – In which Ashley volunteers to assist the Boy Scouts only to find herself in a difficult situation.

Ashley wasn’t sure why Jenny would call on her to assist at the Boy Scout Jamboree.

Considering Jenny’s past dealings with Boy Scouts and the local troop in particular, there had to be something up. At the same time, they had given Ashley invaluable help in the past whenever she had needed them in getting Jenny out in public and out of her clothes, so surely there was no way they’d turn on Ashley. She was, however, prepared to be on her guard, and was also confident that if something did come up, she could easily find a way to turn the situation around and get Jenny involved in any practical joke as the victim rather than the perpetrator!

As it was a wonderfully bright, sunny Spring day, Ashley had chosen to wear a light, floral pattern sundress. Since it was the first day she’d be out in the sun this year, the dress had spaghetti straps over her creamy shoulders to maximize her sun before bathing suit season. Her full breasts were covered by a strapless bra, which pushed them together making a delightful cleavage that rode proudly under the front of her dress, peeking out at the top. Her breasts bounced slightly under the dress as she strode forward, causing many a man she passed to stop and take a second look!

Down below, she had chosen a light, wispy pair of panties that rode high on her hips. They were so thin as to be almost transparent and the air she felt when the breeze would lift slightly under her skirt was delightful. Her hips swayed as she walked and her fanny bounced along under the dress, inviting those who passed her to follow and enjoy a moment of vicarious bliss at the thought of seeing it devoid of clothing. Sandals with three-inch heels complimented her outfit and gave her legs a nice lift making them seem even longer and shapelier. Her thick, shoulder length hair was pulled back in a ponytail.

According to Jenny, the Boy Scouts wanted all volunteers to enter through the back behind the exhibits, and so that was where Ashley came on the scene. Apparently she was a very important part of the whole show as there were six boys waiting for her when she came in through the gate. As soon as they saw her, all six boys snapped to their feet, almost like soldiers coming to attention at the sight of a superior officer.

‘I just might enjoy this day’, thought Ashley. ‘I’ve always enjoyed having men under my command!’

Ashley knew many of these boys, as they had been co-conspirators so often in the past, so she walked up to Davey and said, “Here I am, what is it you need me to do, Davey?”

“Miss Ashley, if you can come this way, we’ll show you to your place!”

Two of the Scouts grabbed her hands and began to pull her towards the back of one booth as the others crowded around behind her, urging her along to their destination. Every once in a while, Ashley could feel a hand surreptitiously brushing against her butt as they walked. She was about to say something when they stopped behind one exhibit. It consisted of an eight foot by twelve foot plywood wall with two holes cut in the front just above waist level. Nothing gave a clue as to what was to go on here so Ashley turned to the Scouts.

“Well, if this is my post, what do I do now?”

“Miss Ashley, if you could put your head through that hole, we have some boys on the other side who can help you get started,” Davey replied.

Ashley bent down to the hole and hesitantly pushed her head through. It wasn’t tight and she had no trouble fitting through the hole, but at the same time, if she’d had to get out in a hurry, it would have taken a bit of effort. As soon as her head was through the hole, she knew something was up as she felt a wooden stock being slipped over her neck in back, and heard a padlock being secured to hold it in place.

‘This can’t be good,’ she thought, and she was right.

There in front of her was what looked like every man in town, and they let out a hearty cheer when she appeared through the hole in the wall. Off to her right, she could see a Scout, she thought it might have been Brendan, taking money from the men assembled around her. On her left, at a long table, stood Michael who was assisting the men in choosing from a huge array of cream pies.

‘Uh, oh!’ thought Ashley, ‘I really don’t like the looks of this!’

She had reason to be suspicious when her attention was drawn to the front of the booth area where she saw Michael’s father carefully taking aim and releasing a banana cream pie which landed right in her face, splattering all over her lovely features! A loud cheer erupted from the men at the hit and the next man in line stepped up to the throwing area.

Ashley has always been one to keep her cool under any circumstance. But she found herself momentarily losing control when she was blinded and smothered by what felt like eight inches of pie filling, whipped cream, and crust.

The feeling didn’t last long, though, as our Ashley is a resourceful girl, and she was able to give herself some breathing room and even open an eye when the weight of the pie crust caused some of the cream to fall off her face. She was just able to shake her head enough that a lot of the rest of the pie fell off, as well. This didn’t last long, however, and another pie, chocolate pudding with heavy dollops of whipped cream this time, landed right on the button.

She had turned down every man in town at least once, mostly just to torture them, and now she figured they were out to get even. Apparently it didn’t matter that every man in town had his chance after she tired of torturing them!

While this was going on, Ashley was unable to see what was happening behind her, so she was taken completely by surprise when she felt another stock being closed around her hands, and leg irons being secured to her feet making it impossible to move from the spot. Her bent over position, she was sure, was giving the Scouts behind her a good look at her sweet rear.

‘Look all you want, you bastards, it’s as close as you’ll ever get!’ she thought.

The Scouts had other ideas since she was now, for all intents and purposes, their prisoner. They immediately went to work. As Mr. Broward, the local hardware store owner sent a vanilla cream pie to it’s target, his son Jeff was behind the wall, carefully cutting the straps to Ashley’s dress. He was so glad he’d remembered to bring his Scout Knife today! He’d even sharpened it just in case something like this came up. After all, the Scouts motto was Be Prepared!

As soon as the straps were cut, Jeff’s older brother Tom went to work on the buttons holding her dress up. This was actually kind of difficult for Tom, not so much the task itself as for the distraction of her breasts that were now only covered by the strapless bra. In her bent over state, her breasts seemed to reach out to him, swaying slightly at each pie impact, and her cleavage looked deep enough to get lost in! Tom couldn’t help but get in a little feel and his hand disappeared into the cleft between her breasts for a short moment.

Then duty took precedent, and he went to work. Taking each side of the top of Ashley’s dress, Tom gave a mighty yank and all the buttons popped off in quick succession! They popped off so loudly that the people manning the Popcorn Booth next door couldn’t understand how their machine could be popping corn while it was being cleaned! Fortunately, the Scouts had built a barrier on either side of their Pie Booth so no one was any the wiser as to what was going on.

After this, Ashley’s dress dropped to her feet leaving her bent over, her head in the hole in the wall, her face being smothered by cream pie after cream pie, and her bra and panty clad body displayed for all the eager Scouts in the back of the booth.

‘I hate men!” thought Ashley, “Men of all ages!”

The Scouts wasted no time. As much as they savored the appearance of Ashley in her silky underwear it was obvious that they could go as far as they wanted without problem. So, they took turns wielding Jeff’s Scout knife and slowly, slowly, slowwwwwwwwly cut through the strap of her bra. Everyone wanted a hand in helping Ashley out of her bra! Finally, with little fabric to hold it in place, and with the weight of Ashley’s gorgeous boobs pulling it ever closer to the ground, the bra gave way.

Ashley’s breasts spilled out of the falling bra. Even as their fathers cheered another direct pie hit in the front of the booth, the scouts gave out a cheer of their own at the sight of Ashley’s knockers. Taking turns again, they each had a good, long feel, running their hands over every inch of creamy breast flesh, tweaking her now erect nipples, rubbing, squeezing, pressing them together, and of course sucking and kissing every square inch! Jeff was a little shorter than the others, and he found that he could crawl under Ashley, sit up, and his head was totally covered by her breasts. He was having a little trouble breathing but figured if he had to go, this was the way to do it! He put his hands on the sides of each luscious boob and pressed them together, smothering himself in Ashley’s wondrous mammaries. His brother finally pulled him out of there when it became obvious he was losing consciousness.

Out front, the men were almost out of pies when Mr. Ezzell, the town baker, came up in his van, opened the back, and began handing out a van load of freshly made cream pies. By this time, the boys who had been in charge of the front of the booth had escaped to the back and the men were left to their own devices. Mr. Ezzell was so taken by the whole idea; he freely donated his entire stock of cream pies!

By this time, Ashley’s makeup, hair, and attitude were in a shambles. The whipped cream, filling, and pie crusts weren’t so bad, she’d had the opportunity to play with them in the past with various lovers, most notably that asshole baker. Every man in town had laid her so her body was used to the treatment it was getting in back. No, what pissed Ashley off was the fact that it was she and not Jenny caught in this humiliating situation!

The Boy Scouts were beginning to get tired of waiting in line to play with Ashley’s boobs and so some of them had taken to caressing her thighs. This, of course, led to their discovery of her sweet, round butt, which meant they had twice the play area they once had! Panties were new to them all, except in pictures, so Ashley’s took a lot of attention. They loved the feel of the fabric, which strained against Ashley’s bent over butt and how smooth it felt as they glided their hands over it. It was so good to slip their hands under the waist band and feel the bare flesh of Ashley’s fanny under their palms with the feel of her silky panties on top. Finally, they convinced themselves that the panties had to go! This time, however, they didn’t resort to Jeff’s knife. No, it just felt so much better to slide them off her hips, drag them down her long, smooth legs, and leave them at her feet.

Now that Ashley was naked, they had more to play with than they had ever hoped for in their lives! Her sweet butt was cradled, her breasts were suckled. She was spanked, she was squeezed, she was caressed, she was rubbed, fondled, felt up, and grabbed by every boy in the local troop!

One thought kept rolling over in Ashley’s mind as all this was going on, ‘Where the hell is Jenny? She should be somewhere nearby if she orchestrated this whole thing!’

Chapter Three – Jenny arrives, her clothes depart, her dignity follows.

Jenny waited outside the Jamboree in breathless anticipation. Ever since Davey had visited her and she had hatched the plot against Ashley, she had felt so wicked! Something, though, made her feel sorry for all that she knew Ashley was going through. She’d been there before, and she knew how it felt. Still, she suspected Ashley had been the one to pull some of the pranks she had been victim to, so it was time she found out what it was like, so there!

Jenny was dressed in her favorite Spring outfit. A white halter top with lace at the bodice and waist with denim short shorts to compliment. Her long legs were the focus of much attention wherever she went in this outfit, although, as always, she was unaware of the effect she had when she dressed that way. As she was in the halter, she too was wearing a strapless bra. Her 38 DD breasts really needed the support of a bra, otherwise she had a tendency to cause unfortunate accidents everywhere she went. She never could understand why she encountered so many fender benders during the springtime!

The shorts rode rather high on her generous hips, so she had put on a nice, white thong to keep her panties from showing. Just enough of her ass cheeks peeked out from under the shorts to cause even more trouble for the men who were caught looking at her swaying hips rather than concentrating on the road!

Running shoes and ankle socks completed her outfit. She had her long, thick, blonde locks in a ponytail, and had on her favorite shade of lipstick. Her wondrously innocent blue eyes were framed by the longest, most perfect eyelashes ever seen on a woman. If there had been a picture in the dictionary for the word beautiful, it would have been a picture of Jenny that day.

Davey had told her to wait ten minutes after she saw them take Ashley to the pie booth before coming over to get a look. At the appointed time, she headed to the back of the Jamboree and let herself in the gate. She had been shown where the pie booth would be set up and she had no trouble finding it. It was the one with the most scouts working in back!

When she rounded the corner to enter the booth, she was momentarily taken aback! It was almost like looking at herself in such a situation! With slightly smaller breasts, mind you, and apparently without a head, but still!

Ashley’s butt was red from the spanking and fondling she had gotten. Her breasts were pink from the hands that had rubbed and squeezed them and her nipples were swollen to twice their size from the sucking!

“What do you think, Miss Jenny?” Davey asked when she entered the booth, “Is this the revenge you were looking for?”

“Davey, I don’t know what to say!” Jenny replied.

“Would you like to have a go at her ass, Miss Jenny?”

Jenny had never done anything like that to anyone ever before, but she figured, why not, I’ve earned it, so she reached out, and with the flat palm of her hand, slapped Ashley hard on the left butt cheek. Ashley’s buttocks rippled from the effect of Jenny’s blow and kept jiggling and wiggling for a good second and a half afterwards.

“Ooh! That felt good!” Jenny exclaimed. So, she did it again. And again and again and again! Wow! It was such a release to spank the bare butt of her friend!

Ashley’s ass felt so tender under her hand, and the sting she felt when hand met butt couldn’t be half as bad as the sting Ashley must feel! The scouts stood by and marveled at Jenny’s ability to give out a spanking. However, their plans were still not complete so when Jenny paused to take a rest, Jeff approached her.

“Miss Jenny, would you like to see Miss Ashley getting cream pies thrown in her face?”

“Oh, Jeff, that would be delightful!” Jenny replied “Can you show me how to get to the front of the booth?”

“It’d be really hard to get up there from here as you’d have to go all the way around all the other booths. Plus, as you know, all the men in town were alerted to what was going to happen so there’s a big crowd out front. I think it’d be much easier for you to see if you stuck your head in that hole over there.”

Jeff pointed to a hole at the same height as the one Ashley was looking through. It seemed like it was far enough away from Ashley that any cream wouldn’t splatter her flying off a pie, so Jenny bent over and peeked through the hole.

Brendan and Michael were ready for just this occurrence and the stocks were around her neck and locked in place almost immediately. Her hands were similarly locked and her feet were cuffed before Jenny even had time to react!

The crowd of men, and by this time some of the women of the town, erupted into an even louder cheer!

No sooner had Jenny realized what was going on than a big, thick, chocolate cream pie slammed right into her lovely face! At the same time, Brendan and Michael went to work on her clothes and she was soon as naked as her friend was!

Now, there’s one phrase that has gone through Jenny’s mind more often than any other combination of words. Just four simple words, three with one syllable one with two. A phrase which had come to mean more in the way of dire situations for Jenny than any other. When Jenny felt the cream and chocolate filling engulfing her face, when she could feel her clothes falling around her feet cut into rags by Jeff’s scout knife, that old, familiar phrase fairly exploded into her brain, ‘Oh no, not again!’

The scouts had been in heaven ever since they had divested Ashley of her clothes. When Jenny’s thong landed at her feet, cut to shreds, they all paused briefly in total awe. When he saw what he had uncovered, Jeff promptly fainted. The sight of Jenny’s perfect, naked form would forever haunt his dreams!

They wasted no time in getting to work on Jenny. The boys left with Ashley’s almost as perfect form were very disappointed and negotiated a deal whereby they would take turns, to give everyone a chance to play with Jenny.

By now, Ashley was aware of Jenny’s presence and was able, through the cream that covered her from chin to forehead, to look over and smile at her.

“Well, Jenny, you got me! I assume this whole thing was your idea, right?”

“Oh, Ashley,” exclaimed Jenny, “If I’d known it’d turn out like this, I’d have never made you go through this!”

“Ah, don’t worry about it, Jen! In fact, I can’t think of anyone I’d rather share a special -(Oomph!) (Hey, another banana cream! Woo-hoo!)- Moment like this! Ow! Hey, watch those fingers back there!”

Davey called back in a muffled voice, “That’s not my finger!”

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**Jenny Teaches Sex Ed by The General**

When Jenny strode into the classroom all activity stopped. The boys from first period had talked about their beautiful new sex-ed teacher, the one with 40DD breasts and the 22 inch waist. They spoke of her flowing blond tresses, her long slim legs, her wide hips and her luscious round ass. But no one had believed them. And they definitely didn't believe that she had ran into class naked on the way to her office, only to begin teaching class where they had forced further humiliations upon her!

Jenny could barely believe it either. She still didn’t understand how she had been assigned to a sex-ed class, much less a boy’s sex-ed class. She remembered the principle telling her that after her fiasco teaching GYM she would have to have a better reason to object than simply not wanting to teach sex-ed.

Even worse was how she had dressed for school today. The 28 year old teacher still couldn’t say no to Ashley, especially when she put so much work into Jenny’s outfits! But this was ridiculous. She thought back to the morning and the disastrous events that occurred during the bus ride.

Not knowing that Jenny had stopped teaching GYM, Ashley had insisted that Jenny restrain from wearing a bra, saying that Jenny would just change into her sports bra, and then there would just be more laundry to do. Jenny had tried to explain that she was teaching sex-ed, not GYM, and that she wouldn't be able to change, but Ashley hadn't let her finish. Ashley hurried her into the rest of her outfit.

Jenny didn't get a chance to even look at what she was wearing until after she had gotten onto the ride-on. Forced to hold onto a ceiling bar because of the lack of seats, Jenny finally looked at her outfit—and nearly fainted.

Jenny was dressed in a all silk business suit. Where Ashley had gotten it Jenny didn't know, but obviously it had been hard to come by because it wasn't in her size. In fact it wasn't even complete!

The suit didn't come with a jacket, which wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for to things.

First there was Jenny's bra less state.

Second was the fact that the blouse was for a woman with a size 28b chest--not a 40DD one!

Jenny's chest would have strained the blouse under normal conditions, but without a bra the blouse barely stood a chance. In between each pair of buttons was a section at least two square inches in area where the blouse had parted, allowing anyone who cared to look a excellent view of Jenny's flat stomach.

What was worse was that the top three buttons of the blouse were all gone, leaving the blouse gaping wide open down to just UNDERNEATH Jenny's breasts!

One wrong move and either or both of Jenny's breasts could pop out and Jenny wasn't sure she could get them back in.

Jenny's skirt was better but not much. The silk skirt was short, but at least it covered her thighs, stopping only just above the knee. The skirt was also incredibly tight, but Jenny was less concerned about that than what she discovered next. It was the slit on the side that worried her. It went all the way to the hem of her skirt, above even the top of her panties.

And her panties, Jenny gasped in shock as she realized that Ashley had dressed her in the smallest thong Jenny owned! The thong was invisible from the back and dug into her sex, causing, to Jenny's embarrassment, arousal which Jenny could barely hide.

To top it off, Ashley had given her a pair of five inch heels, which pushed her butt and chest out if she stood up straight!

James, who was sitting behind Jenny, smiled as he watched the beautiful woman in front of him twitch in shock, then mild arousal at the manner in which she was dressed. He recalled an incident where he and a few of his friends had handcuffed one of his friend's sister to a porch, then soaked and stripped her. Thinking of this made James bolder and he slipped his hand through the slit of the blonde's skirt taking hold of her thong.

Jenny looked back, startled, to find that the man sitting behind her had grabbed her thong. She was about to shout when the man shook hi head, no, while at the same time pulling Jenny’s panties down half an inch. Afraid of losing even the small protection of her thong, Jenny stayed quiet.

Then, taking hold of Jenny's skirt James pulled the thong quickly down Jenny's legs and pulled, snapping the waistband and putting the tiny item into his backpack.

Jenny still couldn't say anything, knowing that if she made any noise the man could pull down her skirt, revealing her to everyone on the bus. Jenny thought that she recognized the man; he looked like one of her brothers friends, one of the ones that had helped soak her with water guns and strip her naked while she was handcuffed to the porch. Of course this was over 10 years ago, but just the thought of this man stripping her as a teenager made Jenny feel weak and a little submissive.

James could feel Jenny slump as she realized he was in control of the situation. She was submitting to him! All he could see of Jenny was her long blond hair, tiny waist, her long legs, and her voluptuous ass. James wanted to see more. Especially he wanted to see the look on the woman’s face as he humiliated her on the bus. James wasn't a mean man, but something about the woman seemed to MAKE him want to strip her. If was like an aura of strippiness, if there was such a thing.

James took a firm grip of Jenny's blouse with his free hand. "Turn around so I can see the rest of you."

Slowly, trembling with fear, Jenny turned. James almost had a heart attack when he saw the enormous cleavage looming above him. James had wanted to see Jenny's face, but the enormous breasts obscured his view of anything above Jenny's shoulders.

"Squat down."

Jenny squatted, thrusting her luscious butt at the riders closer to the front of the bus, at the same time spreading her knees, revealing her bush to James.

James hands moved on their own. The hand holding Jenny's blouse let go, instead reaching into his backpack and bringing out a pair of scissors. James struck Jenny's blouse first, cutting through the shoulder seams, then cutting off all but the button just below Jenny's straining breasts.

The blouse was now held up entirely by the pressure of Jenny's huge tit against the one remaining button. Jenny's eyes began to tear up, but she still didn't make a sound. James then used the scissors to cut a second slit in jenny's skirt, on the opposite side and from the bottom all the way to the waist, just like the first.

James, deciding to deliver the final blow, put away the scissors and reached into Jenny's blouse bringing out first one breast then the other. Her blouse, devoid of support, fell to her waist. Jenny's hands flew up to cover her breasts on instinct. Though they were doing little good and covered only about a tenth of her assets, James decided they were covering to much.

He unbuttoned the remaining button of Jenny's blouse, then grabbed Jenny's hands and lifted them over her head. Gasps of delight came from all corners of the bus as they were allowed to glimpse Jenny's tits, her nipples standing firm and proud as a result of James handling of them.

Lifting Jenny to her feet by her wrists, he put her hands over the ceiling pole which Jenny had been holding and used Jenny's own blouse to tie them there, keeping Jenny from covering or escaping while also forcing her chest, along with all it entailed, out further.

The passengers on the bus began to get up, ignoring the posted warnings about getting up while the bus was moving. They had to see (and feel) the gorgeous blonde with only a skirt and heels. If the bus had an accident at least they would have gone out with their heads in the most beautiful cleavage in the world!

Now Jenny started to plead, but the passengers were all enjoying the show by now. And the show had become hands on, as first one, then many of the passengers waited in the aisle to get a chance to fondle the young woman.

While the other passengers amused themselves with Jenny's abundant chest, James focused his next efforts lower.

Grabbing both sides of Jenny's skirt, James pulled the tight covering down to Jenny's ankles, then lifting one foot at a time he pulled the skirt off her legs entirely.

The rest of the trip was a series of climaxes, one after another, as passengers fondled her nipples and penetrated her, some with their hands, some with their cocks.

When the bus finally got to the bus stop in front of the school, James untied Jenny. But to her surprise and dismay, he through her clothes out the bus window! Jenny raced towards the door of the bus, her body sweaty and swollen from the trip.

After getting off the bus and grabbing up her few remaining items of clothing, Jenny took stock of her situation. Across the street was about a dozen of the local college kids, all pointing at her and coming her way.

On her side of the street there was two elderly couples, one on each side and both coming towards her. Hoping that class had already started and the students would be out of the hall, Jenny ran as fast as a woman in pumps can run, headed toward the school.

She passed under the school motto; "Expose yourself to the world; Let it see how magnificent you are." Jenny turned down the hall leading to the teacher lounge, which had a changing room in it. Finding it locked and herself without a bathroom key, Jenny knew she would have to change in her office. But to get to her office she would need to go through her class room.

Still desperate and not quite thinking straight, Jenny didn't stop to put on her clothes in the hall, instead she gathered up her courage and ran, boobs bouncing and butt jiggling, through her classroom full of boys, and into her office.

Jenny knew that this was not a good way to start the first day of her new class. Jenny paced back and forth as she considered the situation, then she decided that she would have to put on the clothes that she had worn that morning and teach the class. She would have to be extra strict, for she already had trouble controlling her students (not to mention her own body) and she didn't need them getting ideas. She would...

Jenny never finished her thought, because just then she was blinded by a bright flash of light. When her eyes cleared she saw that her office curtains had been left open, and her entire class was staring at her through the floor to ceiling window. Many had digital cameras and two even had digital video cameras!

Jenny started for the window, intent only on getting there as fast as possible and closing the blinds.

Unfortunately she didn't see the door-stop in her path. Jenny's foot caught the offending object, causing her to lose her footing and stumble into the window. Her enormous breasts smashed against the glass, expanding to nearly the size of dinner plates as her nipples grew hard from contact with the cold window. More flashes went off and the two video cameras ran their lenses up and down Jenny's voluptuous body.

Long seconds later Jenny managed to push herself upright again. She reached up to grab the string that lowered the blinds, and tugged on the stubborn string for another dozen seconds, giving her students one last good look before she managed to lower the curtains.

In the classroom, Jenny's students worked furiously. They deleted every picture off their cameras except the shots of Jenny, giving themselves hundreds of shots more. Granted, many of them deleted pictures that went with projects, emails, and one set that was for the school newspaper. But these kids knew what was REALLY important; and besides, with any luck JENNY was going to be on the front page of the school newspaper.

The two students with video cameras relaxed, they had hours of film left. If (and when) Jenny exposed herself next, they would be ready. Already the class was doing more math than they had ever done in math class, calculating how much money they could make selling the photos and footage on the Internet before someone hacked their sites and began distributing it for free. (Eventually the photos and recordings would make over three and one half million dollars and spread to over 650 thousand homes across the world. One day of Jenny's life sent every single student in five of her classes through college and some through grad or med school.)

When Jenny re-entered the classroom, every student caught his breath. Jenny was dressed, but none of her students could tell if she was more or less exposed than she had been when she was naked!

The silk blouse strained to come together at the one remaining button, with disastrous results. Jenny's entire chest was exposed with the exception of maybe two square inches covering each nipple. The bottom of her breasts were uncovered, and her cleavage was revealed from the base of her neck to the bottom of her breast, with only one small white button to interrupt the line. And even her nipples were exposed, for though covered the blouse was white and very thin, allowing Jenny's rock hard nipples to poke their inch long heads into easy visibility.

Her skirt, though went all the way to her knees, revealed just as much as her blouse. It was incredibly tight, encasing her firm ass like a second skin. The two slits that ran all the ways the the waist of her skirt were pulled open with every step Jenny took. Jenny's four inch pumps only enhanced her exposure, forcing her to thrust her chest out and her butt behind, and keeping the slits on either side of her skirt open continuously. And no one who could see their own hands could miss the fact that Jenny was wearing neither a bra no panties.

Resigned to her exposure in front of her class, Jenny nonetheless wanted to keep her audience to a minimum. So Jenny wiggled her way to the door, still open from her abrupt entry. Jenny pushed the door and turned away, hoping to get as far away from that potential trap as possible. But it was this very move, the abrupt spin, that caused the left side of Jenny's blouse to be blown away from her body and become caught in the door.

In the typical Jenny fashion, Jenny didn't once think of opening the door, or even pulling on the blouse with her hands. Instead she tried to dislodge the garment with sharp movements of her torso, with the inevitable results. The last remaining button finally gave way, sailing across the room to land in the far corner.

Jenny's breasts, finally free of the constricting blouse, seemed to explode outward until they stood proudly, nipples erect, at attention, extending a full half foot from Jenny's chest. The sudden change of Jenny's center of balance was too much for Jenny, and with a loud rriiiipppp, the blouse gave way as Jenny fell, half naked, to the floor.

Jenny stood up, dazed, and stared at her heaving bosom for nearly a minute before the horrible realization that she was entirely topless sank in. With a scream, she crossed her arms in a vain attempt to contain her huge chest and tried to run for her office once again. The back section of Jenny's skirt, flapping behind her, caught upon a hook from one of her students' backpack, and once again with a loud tearing noise Jenny went down, only to rise again, entire naked except for her absurdly high pumps.

As before, Jenny was stunned, and thought she recovered more quickly, hundreds of photos and nearly half a minute of tape was taken up with Jenny's bouncing breasts, trembling buttocks, and her shocked expression of humiliation.

Jenny dashed into her office, slammed, and locked the door. Jenny plopped down in her rolling chair and tried to keep from crying. Desperate for help, Jenny called Ashley, but no one picked up the phone. Left with only one other person she could trust, Jenny dialed Lana's number.

Finally unable to restrain herself, Jenny sobbed out her story into the phone. Lana agreed to go to Jenny's house and get a change of clothes for Jenny.

When the bell rang Jenny's students reluctantly filed out of the room to be replaced by another groups of boys. The first group related their unbelievable experience and lent the new class the two video cameras in addition to the four video cameras that were included in this class' arsenal.

Twenty minutes later , the door to Jenny's classroom opened and in walked a vision of stunning beauty holding a shopping bag. Lana had a body that equalled Jenny's, a heart shaped face and long flowing black hair. With an audible whir nineteen cameras and six video cameras were turned on and aimed at the huge bosom attached to the stunning woman.

Unaware (of course) of the scrutiny that she was under, Lana sauntered to the door of Jenny's office, knocked, and was let in. A moment later, Lana exited the office and the lock clicked shut again. Lana leaned back against the wall next to the door of the office.

Lana, as usual, was dressed quite modestly, though still less than Jenny usually did before her "accidents". Her large, perfectly formed, round ass was tightly encased in a form fitting blue, button down skirt which extended to an inch or two above her knees. Her superb upper body was hidden by a tight tank top with a deep v-neck that showcased Lana's large 40E breasts and deep cleavage.

The fit of her outfit has forced Lana to resort to less than modest undergarments. Where an industrial strength bra might have served admirably, Lana instead wore a lace push-up bra a size too small and thin enough for her large nipples to be easily visible without any stimulation. Where she would normally wear a pair of cotton panties, today she wore none at all. Lacking support, Lana's boobs and buttocks strained the limits of her outfit. A pair of five and one half inch pumps completed the ensemble.

A series of flashes made Lana realize that her position against the wall was thrusting her large bosom out towards the the very appreciative class. Suddenly very self conscious, Lana stood up abruptly. What she didn't know was that her position had also gotten her tank top caught on a nail protruding from the wall.

With a loud rip, Lana and her top parted company. Lana stumbled forward towards the class, and each student she passed put down his camera and gave her something to remember him by, a slap on the ass or a firm squeeze on one of her bra clad breasts. Turning left and right, frantically trying to find the source of her torment, Lana stumbled into the center of the class. She had finally caught one of the boys red-handed and was about to give him a piece of her mind when another boy reached out, and instead of slapping her inviting buttocks, he grabbed it and squeezed.

With a squeal, Lana jumped forward, but the student's grip on her skirt was too strong, and series of snaps, the skirt's buttons, starting at the bottom, popped off. With a louder snap the fastener at the waist of the skirt flew open and the skirt came off, leaving Lana in only her tiny bra.

Trying desperately to cover herself, she tried to run to the safety of Jenny's office. Unfortunately, her pumps had other ideas, and just before she cleared the last desk, Lana tripped and fell. This was just too much for Lana's poor bra, and with a snap the clasp broke and her bra flew across the room.

Picking herself up off the floor, Lana made the final lunge to the office door.

"Jenny, let me in! Please!"

"I'm changing Lana! You wouldn't want my students to see me changing, would you?"

Knowing that there was no way Jenny's modesty would allow her to open the door before Jenny had changed, Lana suddenly remembered the class behind her. Slowly she turned around, still trying to cover her breasts and anus with her hands. To her surprise the two biggest boys in the class had snuck up behind her with rolls of industrial strength packing tape. When Lana turned around, each grabbed one arm and taped it to the door of Jenny's office. Both legs followed suit, and soon Lana was helpless, spreadeagled before a whole class bristling with cameras.

Then it got worse. It seemed every boy wanted to prove they had been there, and so each had their picture taken with Lana. But many of the buy had interesting ideas of how the picture should be taken. Each one would fondle Lana, having their picture taken with their handles on her breasts, her butt, even on her pussy. When Jenny finally opened the door and released Lana, Lana's breasts and butt were covered with hand marks and her pussy was dripping wet. And of course, the students got it all on film.

Jenny and Lana were not having a good day. Already Jenny had been stripped and humiliated twice, and Lana once. Right then both were inside Jenny's office changing into the ultra small outfits that Ashley had provided.

The boys from Jenny's third sex-ed class were going insane. They had all heard tales about the beautiful new blonde teacher with the huge breasts. They had heard rumors about her black haired friend with a matching set. They had the cameras from the previous class (now down to 11 cameras and 14 video cameras) and the students with the last classes video cameras had hooked one up to the projector and was showing Jenny and Lana being stripped by themselves, the furniture, and students. But neither of the two gorgeous women were there in the room. The boys could hear the strain of buttons and cloth as Jenny and Lana changed and could even hear some of their comments on how small and tight and revealing the clothing was. But they couldn't see anything and it was making them wild.

Which was why they could barely keep themselves from cheering when a exquisite red head entered the room. The few boys who already knew spread the knowledge that this was their new Principle, just hired yesterday. And she was a killer. But it got better. After seeing their new Principle, many of the students went on line, looking for naked photos or a porn site dedicated to this beautiful woman.

Instead they found her on a site dedicated to the stripping and humiliation of beautiful women. Their new Pricipal was a lesbian. A lesbian with a passion for stripping and humiliating hot women. A lesbian with a passion for stripping and humiliating hot women and she had come to JENNY'S CLASS! Once again the cameras came out.

Emma Prim was enjoying her new job as principle of Striperd High School. She had only been at the school for one day and already she had been hit on by three teachers and one student, and the student was female. Evidently word was already getting around among the students of her special inclination. But thought the girl was very pretty, Emma had her eye on another.

When Emma had come to Striperd for a tour of the school, she had left with two things on her mind. These were respectively, the breasts of the beautiful gym teacher and the ass of the beautiful gym teacher. Determined now to get the job, Emma worked hard and eliminated all of her competitors, trading on every favor she had. When she finally got the position and arrived in her official capacity, the first thing she heard was the stories about the hot gym teacher, Jenny, being stripped and spanked, dominated by her female students, and brought to orgasm by those same girls.

When she heard that Jenny had resigned as Gym teacher and instead was now teaching a boys sex ed class, Emma decided to step in. When she heard the stories of Jenny's morning humiliations and the introduction of Jenny's friend Lana into the picture, Emma decided to go down to Jenny's classroom right then and there, hoping to catch the two beauties in another exposing situation.

Instead, she arrived to a classroom devoid of beautiful teachers other than herself. The room was full of boys with cameras, and all were watching a movie very intently, moving for a better view, Emma realized that the movie was a recording of Jenny and Lana's morning exposures!

From what Emma could see from the recording, Jenny and Lana were incredibly well endowed. Emma herself was a 38DD-22-34, a little bit slimmer than Jenny or Lana and also with slightly smaller breasts. All the same, her body was more than enough to make most men (and many women) think twice.

Today Emma had dressed for work, not for play. She had chosen a modest office suit, but had made sure she picked a suit two sizes too small for her. She wore a expensive tailored jacket that fit perfectly, not revealing too much. She left that for her blouse and bra. She had picked a full lace bra, and a silk blouse, both of which were designed for a woman with 36C breasts, not 38DD's. The bra barely held her large bosom, and her blouse's deep v neck displayed her amazing cleavage when she took off her jacket. Both her lace panties and her 18 inch pull up skirt were designed to fit a 20 inch waist, not a 22 inch waist. Her skirt was taught across her wide hips, showing off her round ass. All the same, Emma knew she couldn't compare to how sexy Jenny and Lana had been dressed.

On the wall, the scene where Lana had lost her clothes was playing. Just as the lack of a real Jenny or Lana was driving the students crazy, the lack was also taking its toll on Emma. All this stripping and nudity and she couldn't get her hands on one single breast or leg! Emma was so horny she thought she would explode.

This explains her relief when the new teaching assistant, Cindy entered the room. Cindy was 22 and just out of college. She had been overjoyed when Jenny accepted her application for the position of teaching assistant, she loved kids. Jenny was overjoyed to have her, mainly because of Cindy's looks. With any luck Cindy would take the classes attention off Jenny and she might stop having so many accidents.

And Cindy was a looker, that was to be sure. She had a cute, heart shaped face and long brown hair held up in a ponytail. Her nubile young body was barely contained by her outfit. She was wearing a tiny t-shirt that might have fit Emma's 38DD's, but barely stretched around Cindy's enormous 44EE's. The t shirt's neck was a deep u shape, revealing all of her gigantic bosom above her nipples, including her deep cleavage. Cindy's 40E push-up bra didn't help any, neither concealing her pointy nipples or helping contain her ample chest. Her tiny 9 inch micro miniskirt strained around her large ass and wide 36 inch hips. Her tiny extra small thong was clearly visible through the skirt, its tiny 16 inch elastic band was already shot after being pulled up to her 22 inch waist. To complete the ensemble, Cindy wore a pair of six inch pumps. The pumps forced her breasts and buttocks out, straining her clothes even more.

Desperate for a woman's body after seeing Jenny and Lana stripped, Emma was nearly overwhelmed by Cindy. Not too overwhelmed, however, to slip a dissolvable pill into a cup of coffee and present it to Cindy. The pill had been developed by psychiatrists to help delve into the minds of their patients. Emma used them to humiliate good looking women. The pill hypnotized the victim for exactly one minute, though the effects of any orders lasted forever or until a set trigger was performed. Usually the trigger would be clapping hands. Emma didn't set triggers. Her orders lasted forever.

"Welcome, my name is Emma, I'm the new Principal. Here have some coffee; there's a pot all done and I cant stand the stuff myself! Take a seat here, we are watching a movie."

Emma pointed to a spot on Jenny's desk just next to where she was sitting, where Emma would have Cindy well within reach. Cindy was surprised by the kindness of a woman who was obviously her superior, so she drank all of the coffee and took the seat. She noticed an odd taste as she drank the coffee, but didn't want to insult Emma by complaining.

Emma spoke in a loud voice, "Cindy, you will become aroused whenever anyone touches you. You will become aroused by the humiliation of women, including yourself. You will also obey any order given by anyone as long as they state the order as follows: 'Cindy I order you to' and then the order. Any order I give is to be obeyed over anyone else's orders." The entire class heard Emma's orders.

Cindy was stunned. "What are you doing?"

"Relax hun, it's just an act. Its a lead in to a discussion I'm planning for the kids."

"Oh, ok, if its for the students it must be ok."

When she saw what the students were watching however, Cindy felt it would be wrong not to object to the humiliating video displaying the woman who had hired her. Cindy was about to speak when she felt an odd sensation. She could feel heat and wetness between her legs and her nipples had come erect.

What is happening, why is this movie making me aroused? Thats is a woman being stripped!

All the same, Cindy was slowly being aroused by Jenny and Lana's humiliations.

Emma saw that the arousal was taking its toll on Cindy. Her nipples poked through her tight t-shirt and bra, and her breasts jiggled as Cindy tried to find a position where she could be comfortable. Smiling, she got up and turned off the projector.

Instantly all eyes were on her, though only for a few seconds. Soon the students noticed the new woman sitting on Jenny's desk. In seconds cameras clicked to life and video cameras whirred to life, all pointed at the newcomer. Cindy didn't notice all the attention she was getting. All her attention was focused inward as she battled furiously against the urge to cum right there on the desk.

Emma gestured at Cindy. "As you can see, you have a new member of your teaching staff. Cindy will be Jenny's assistant. Now if you would focus your cameras and recording devices on Cindy, she will help me demonstrate a vitally important part of sex-ed. She will simply be herself, and I will use her to show you the art of non-consensual stripping and humiliation."

The class was stunned. They had expected the known dominatrix to attempt to strip Jenny or Lana of maybe their tops or skirts. They had never expected this!

Inside her private fog bank, Cindy heard Emma as if from very far away. Dimly, she connected what Emma was saying with her gesture in Cindy's direction. As the realization sunk in, Cindy's eyes widened in indignation.

"No, I'm not going to do that. That is wrong. I'm not like that!" Cindy exclaimed, released for the moment from her arousal by the pure shock of the Pincipal's statement. "I'm leaving."

"No, I don't think you will. Cindy, I order you to stay in the room until I say you can leave."

Predictably, Cindy tried to leave the room anyway. The cameras followed her as she walked to and opened the door. Then she stepped through the doorway; or tried to. Barely an inch away from the door her foot stopped. Trying again Cindy found that like Emma said, she couldn't leave the room.

"But I thought you said you didn't really hypnotize me!" Cindy protested.

"I lied. And now you have to do whatever I tell you. Cindy I order you to stand in the middle of the room."

And Cindy did. But when Cindy got there, a student spoke up. Before Emma could order Cindy to do anything, a boy from near the back of the room yelled out an order.

"Cindy, I order you to give me your bra!"

Without a counter order from Emma, Cindy was forced to do as the student commanded.

Cindy reached behind her back to unclip her bra. Doing this caused her breasts to push forward even more, straining her t-shirt to its limit. Then she unclipped the push up bra, releasing her excellent bosom from its confinement. Her nipples had become erect once more as her humiliation set off one of the commands and she began to become aroused. The combination of her posture, her larger than normal nipples, and the sudden release of her breasts was more than a match for her poor shirt, and with a loud rriiiippppp it virtually exploded, tearing on both sides along her shoulders and ribs, the two halves flung off her body as the t-shirt snapped back to its intended size.

In the background a student gives a cup of water to Emma. Absorbed by the busty secretary's humiliation, Emma doesn't even think and instinctively drains the cup. The student then whispered something to Emma and returned to watching Cindy.

In the meantime Cindy had finished removing her bra, as per the earlier command. She walked to the desk of the student who issued the command and bent down to give him the bra. Entirely uncovered, her breasts, wet from a constant stream of tears, hung down in front of the student's face. As would be expected, the student reached out and grabbed them. They were firm and soft at the same time, easily malleable yet not saggy in the least. The instinctive reaction of the student fulfilled the first command, and Cindy gasped as the boy massaged her tender nipples.

"Stop that! Please stop! I'm your teacher! Why are you doing this to me?" Cindy pleaded with the student.

Still bent over, Cindy presented her perfect butt directly to the student in back of her. He also reached out, taking each glorious buttock in one hand and squeezing.

Cindy felt her resolve falter and wetness began to seep out from between her thighs. But the student wasn't satisfied. Releasing one buttock, his hand soon returned with a pair of scissors. He used them only to cut through her waistband, unknowingly snipping the waistband of her thong as well.

Her micro mini stayed in place, held up by the immense pressure her large ass placed on it. her thong on the other hand slipped down her legs to fall un-noticed to the ground. Still not content the student reached again for her buttock, and tacking a hold of each, yanked sharply apart. With yet another rriiiippppp, the super tight miniskirt burst apart, flying directly into the student behind her face.

Seeing her victim devoid of coverings, Emma strode forward, a large marker in her hand.

Grinning maliciously, she drove it sharply into Cindy's tight vagina. Overcome at last, Cindy fell to the floor, twitching, as she orgasmed for the class and their cameras. After nearly tens minutes of orgasm, Cindy finally passed blissfully into unconsciousness.

With a smirk, Emma turned to the class. "Well, what do you think?"

"I think it isn't over yet, Ms. Principal! I saw how you used pills to hypnotize poor Cindy. While you were watching her I stole them from you and put one in the glass of water I gave you. Don't you remember? Oh yes, thats right, I ordered you not to remember. Well let me refresh your memory. I only gave you one order, that you must do whatever I say. My first order is this: take the two cups and give one to Jenny and one to Lana. Then tell them both that they must do whatever Darren tells them and then tell them to forget the last five minutes and stay in the office till I tell them to come out."

Meanwhile, when all this was going on, Jenny was having problems of her own.

When Lana had arrived at Jenny's house she was greeted by Ashley. She explained Jenny's problem. Ashley disappeared and returned a moment later with a bag of clothes. She said that she had picked out two of Jenny's favorite outfits and Jenny could choose which she wanted to wear. Of course she hadn't really. Ashley had quickly gone and made two of the sluttiest outfits she could from a stash that she kept around for when she wanted to make SURE that Jenny ended up naked. The stash consisted of clothes that didn't even fit Ashley's smaller frame and didn't have a chance of fitting Jenny. But Lana didn't know that...

And so there Jenny was. She had picked the larger of the two outfits, but it was still the lesser of two evils. First she tugged on the tiny thong panties. They were an adult X small, with a 16 inch waist. They didn't have a chance of fitting over Jenny's 22 inch waist, and to get there they would have to first go over her wide 36 inch hips. It was impossible. And yet somehow Jenny did it. After nearly five minutes of careful tugging, Jenny had gotten the thong up to her waist. Yet it was so tiny it might as well not even be there. And worse, the crotch of the thong dug deep into Jenny's ass, so deep it began to arouse her just by its presence!

With a sigh, Jenny took pair of scissors and cut the waistband saving herself precious minutes she would have wasted trying to take the thong off. The bra was a closer fit, but not by much. It was a half cup push up bra, which, though a bit more sexy than Jenny was used to, would have been fine if it had been in her size. Unfortunately it wasn't. Jenny spent almost another five minutes trying to clasp the 36B bra over her 40E breasts. The end result left her breasts looking even bigger than normal, with the bra only lifting her breasts up and out, and not even coming up to her nipples.

All the same, Jenny couldn't bring herself to part with the bra. This would soon come to haunt her as she tried on the sheer, button down vest that had come in the bag. It, like the bra, was made to fit a woman with 36B breasts, not 40E's. Though Jenny eventually managed to close the vest, it ended up being tighter even than the blouse she had worn on the bus. Jenny examined herself in her office mirror. The vest was filled to the bursting point. The push up bra, instead of confining her massive globes, enlarged them, straining the already deficient vest.

Her nipples, diamond hard from her embarrassment, could be seen poking through the thin fabric, and the deep v neck extended to below the base of Jenny's breasts, allowing full view of all of Jenny's magnificent cleavage.

The skirt was no better. It was a cotton pull up skirt, with a six inch slit on one side. This wouldn't have been so horrible if the skirt hadn't been only nine inches long, not even reaching the bottom of Jenny's perfect ass, leaving nearly two inches in view.. Add the fact that the skirt was so tight Jenny could hardly breathe and Jenny was a walking recipe for disaster.

After Jenny had finished putting on her new outfit she finally opened the door. To her surprise, she found Lana secured to the door, naked, as her class took photo after photo of the humiliated woman. Getting her scissors, Jenny quickly cut Lana free and helped her into the office.

Not concerned with Jenny's apologies, the only thing on Lana's mind was getting on some clothes. In the bag was the second outfit Ashley had sent. This was even smaller that Jenny's and didn't come with and undergarments, being that it was supposed to be worn with the bra and thong Jenny had tried on. The pull up skirt was just as tight as Jenny's, but even shorter. It was a micro mini, and it was only eight inches long, stopping nearly three inches above the bottom of the curve of her buttocks.. The top, a tank top similar to the one she had worn to the school only much smaller, was meant for a woman with 34B breasts, but the lack of buttons and the absence of the push-up bra made it just possible to fit Lana's 40E's into the tiny shirt.

Emma, secretly burning with fury at having been outsmarted by a child, approached the door to Jenny's office, and asked to come in. Hearing a request from her superior, Jenny opened the door and closed it quickly behind Emma, locking it in the same motion. Emma gave Jenny and Lana the drinks, marveling at how the outfits displayed the two women, making them look sexier than when they had been naked! After they had downed the liquid, she recited the command Darren had told her and left the office.

"Are you happy now? I did what you said. You have outsmarted your principal and your teachers. Now let me go." Emma was anxious to leave. She had an antidote in her car for the hypnosis pill, but it only worked if it was administered within two hours of the pill. She would need to take the antidote before noon, or she would remain under the control of this obnoxious youngster.

"No not yet. First, take off your jacket."

"What? I'm not doing that!" To Emma's dismay she found herself already taking the jacket off, revealing her large breasts in her tight blouse and bra.

"Now your blouse."

"You little..." But Emma was already complying, and soon her her boobs were restrained only by her bra, bouncing up and down as she breathed.

"Next the skirt."

Emma pulled down her skirt and slipped it over her ankles. Under the control of the pill she lacked her normal finesse, and she began to weep as she felt her tiny lace panties pulled down with it.

"And now the bra."

There Emma stood, totally naked except for a pair of 4 inch pumps which only served to emphasize the largeness of her breasts and the roundness of her ass. Her body quaked with embarrassment, her breasts bouncing wildly and her buttocks clenching and relaxing again and again.

"Now take Cindy and go get some long pieces of rope and some duct tape from the art shed."

It was Cindy, less one marker, who protested now. "But people will see us! The art shed is all the way on the other side of the school!"

Darren responded. "Cindy, you may put on Emma's skirt and blouse. Emma, you can wear your jacket, but nothing else."

Cindy pulled on the skirt and slipped on the blouse. When Cindy tried to button the blouse, however, she found that a blouse for a 36C bust fit even worse on a 44EE bust than on a 38DD one! Though she managed to fasten all the buttons, when she took a deep breath for a sigh of relief, her relief turned to horror as every single button burst off the garment and the back split from the collar to her waist.

Cindy and Emma left the room as a matching pair; Cindy's perfect breasts bobbing up and down as she tried to contain them with just her hands and Emma's perfect ass jiggling and tight pussy exposed to the world. By the time they returned with the rope and duct tape, both Cindy and Emma were covered with red hand prints on their breasts and butt respectively.

Darren then told the two of them to wait outside the door, but not to attempt to cover themselves or even protect themselves from further stripping or humiliation while out there.

Darren called Jenny and Lana into the classroom. The group of boys gasped when they saw the two women. Jenny and Lana's short skirts covered only parts of their gorgeous posteriors, leaving nearly half of their firm half moons easily visible. Jenny's vest bulged, her huge bosom straining the buttons, her tiny half cup bra already broken and discarded. Lana's tank top was several sizes to small and smashed her breasts against her chest, forming cleavage almost up to her chin. And from the lack of panty lines and the evidence of long puffy nipples, no student was unaware of their teacher and her friend's bra and pantyless state.

Darren turned to the class.

"All right, I think that we should disregard Ms. Prim's example of how the pill effects should be used. We should use them to learn, not to hurt. This is why I think Jenny and Lana should give us a lesson explaining the female anatomy. Lana, you are going to show the class the three major parts of female anatomy, the breasts, the pussy, and the ass. You will show us on Jenny, who you will strip as is necessary in order to show the class each part. Jenny, you must stay in the center of the room at all times. You may not run away from Lana. You are allowed and in fact encouraged to try and keep Lana from succeeding in her tasks.

"Lana would never do that to me," Jenny said confidently.

"I'm sorry Jenny, I have no choice," said Lana from behind Jenny.

When Jenny turned around, Lana announced that she would be exposing the breasts first. Then she reached out and unbuttoned the top two buttons of Jenny's vest, allowing her breasts to fall out.

"What are you doing?" Jenny screamed, stuffing her huge boobs back into the tiny shirt.

"Stop!"

She continued, as Lana grabbed a hold of each side of Jenny's vest and pulled, sending buttons flying in every direction and revealing her heavy breasts once again. She pull the vest off Jenny until it was around her wrists, then she twisted the vest and tied it off, trapping Jenny's hands behind her back and forcing her to thrust her bosom into the air. Her humiliation was evident in the redness of her face and the hardness of her nipples. Then with a yank, Lana ripped Jenny's short skirt, her last covering, from her body, displaying Jenny's pussy and ass to the class as requested.

"Lana, take Jenny, Cindy, and Ms. Prim out to in front of the school and tie them to the front columns. Then tie yourself to a column. Cindy and Ms. Prim are waiting outside the door."

Lana did as she was told. Soon all four of the gorgeous women were tied up in plain sight, all but Lana stark naked other than their sexy pumps and Lana as close to naked as possible while still legally being dressed. This of course lasted only until Darren and the rest of Jenny's class arrived and promptly removed all of her garments as well.

Darren, always looking out for his classmates and himself had one more idea of how to make money in addition to selling the pictures and videos. He put a sign in front of each lady:

Breasts: $5

Ass and pussy: $8

All fondling limited to one minute per payment.

A moment later, with a loud ring, school got out...

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**Ashley Strikes Back by ?**

Jenny was in a total quandary. It seemed like no matter what she did, no matter where she went, no matter who she met, she always found herself divested of her clothes and dignity. Humiliation had become her middle name as surely as if her Mother had christened her with it at birth.

In her young life, she had learned that it was better for her if she avoided any contact with children, adolescents (Especially Boy Scouts!), teenagers, adults, dogs, cats, birds, fish (Eesh! That one still gave her shivers!), all other members of the mammalian and reptilian and avian kingdoms, office buildings, restaurants, sports arenas, public restrooms, churches, swimming pools, hospitals, schools, trains, planes, boats, automobiles, bicycles, motorcycles (Although that biker guy was kinda cute!), other countries, any dessert that included whipped cream as an ingredient, shaving cream (Even now, she shuddered whenever John shaved!), friends, enemies, strangers, and family. She was running out of things to do and places to go!

That was why, when she got the invitation to visit the local Old Folks Home and do social work with the elderly, she felt a nervous twitter inside. On the one hand, her innate kindness told her that it would be a wonderful opportunity to help people who needed it. On the other hand, she was convinced that now, no matter where she went, she was going to end up naked and embarrassed.

She finally decided there was really only one thing to do about it and that was to face her fears and go. Even if she had to wear a deep sea diving suit, she was determined to give those old people some comfort and help! As much as they needed loving attention, she needed someplace to go that she wouldn’t end up making a fool of herself. She was sure that working there would be as good for her as it would for the old folks.

She had decided to be as careful as possible in choosing her wardrobe for her first trip to the home. She had an old sweatshirt of her husband John’s that he had cut the bottom half off of which she paired with a nice, heavy, supportive bra. As with all her bras, it did nothing to hide the fact that she was very generously endowed! In this case, however, it didn’t show her nipples underneath whatever she wore. Her slim tummy showed invitingly from under the sweatshirt, and when she leaned too far, the shirt had a tendency to ride up over her bra, but she didn’t anticipate doing anything that would require such a maneuver so she figured it’d be OK just this once.

An old pair of jeans she used for working around the house covered a nice pair of conservative, full cut cotton panties. The jeans were ever so tight but not such that they showed off everything she had much to her satisfaction!

‘Maybe I should have been dressing like this years ago!’ she thought to herself.

Her running shoes and a pair of ankle socks finished off her dressing for the day. She got one of John’s sturdier belts to hold up her jeans, having to cut a hole for the belt hook halfway down to fit it around her slim waist. Thus attired, she felt ready to take on the world, and so she climbed into her car and headed off to her newfound life as a volunteer caregiver.

Meanwhile, at the old folks home, Ashley was still getting her preparations together. She had been thinking about this for weeks, and was determined that this time, she was gonna get Jenny and get her good! After the humiliation of the Boy Scout Jamboree nothing she could do would be too excessive. And, speaking of Boy Scouts, Ashley couldn’t forget how they had betrayed her by turning on her like they had. She could still feel the clumsy fondling of their adolescent hands on her body. It was time they were taught a lesson as well!

After checking to see that everything was ready, Ashley called Davey, the ringleader of the enemy scouts.

“Davey, I have it all arranged! You’re gonna have Jenny all to yourselves for as long as you want with no disturbances!”

“We’ll be there, Miss Ashley!” exclaimed Davey, “And thanks for not holding a grudge for what we did to you!”

“Oh, no problem, it’s all water under the bridge!” she replied thinking to herself, ‘…and now you’re gonna drown in it ya little twerp!’

Poor, poor Davey! He was either too young and inexperienced to know when he was being lied to or too overcome with a budding testosterone level to care. Ever since the Boy Scout Jamboree all he could think about was the wonderfully soft, silky feel of Jenny’s breasts in his hands and inside his mouth. The chance to play with that babe’s body again was more than he could conceive of happening in one lifetime! He would grow up to be a very successful owner of several topless clubs, all the lessons he learned as a Scout coming in handy, so to speak.

Davey got on the phone to Jeff and Michael, the first names in their phone pyramid. He got them to make the calls to the other guys, and soon, their entire troop was on its way to Morningwood Convalescent Center for another visit with bliss in the form of Jenny.

When Jenny arrived at the Home, she was invited into the director’s office for an interview. It was decided that since Jenny was in remarkable shape and since she had experience as a fitness instructor that she may be most useful in leading the community in their daily exercises.

Of course, the director was sitting at his desk with one thought and one thought in mind, namely getting Jenny into exercise tights and a sports bra and seeing how many of the old men she could send to the cardiac ward at once. Not to mention getting a good look himself!

He escorted Jenny down a hallway to the gymnasium. He showed her the women’s locker room and gave her a key to the locker containing the exercise therapist’s equipment, which consisted of the aforementioned tights and bra.

‘Oh, god, this is gonna be good! Where the hell did I leave that digital camera?’ he thought.

Jenny was a little nervous about this now. Tight clothing and she did not have a good history. Add to that the fact that she’d have to remove her bra and panties in order to get into them without leaving her underwear hanging out all over the place and she was beginning to get a feeling of imminent doom. But, since she still felt obligated to go through with this to the bitter end, she politely asked the director to leave so she could prepare.

He complied, but only as far as the broom closet separating the men’s and women’s locker rooms. He had a special viewing area set up for new exercise therapists and was about to take part in a moment of vicarious pleasure at the sight of Jenny’s voluptuous, naked body when he was overcome by fumes from an opened bottle of wax stripper and passed out. He awoke after all the brouhaha was over with a massive hangover and no memory of having had a drink. He had a vague memory of balloons in a bra and tights but couldn’t understand the connection. He was puzzled by this vision for months afterwards.

Now alone in the locker room, Jenny removed her clothes and put them in the locker. Since she did have her running shoes and ankle socks on, she figured she was ready for an exercise program, anyway, and a senior’s routine was fairly easy so she didn’t anticipate any problems. Good thing it didn’t require any bending or stretching, since when she put on the bra and tights, she found that they were two sizes too small and fit her like a coat of paint!

‘Oh, well,’ she thought, ‘it won’t be a long session and I’m sure the old folks won’t notice as they’re all close to blind anyway.’

Little did she know that after Jeff had made his calls on the Boy Scouts phone tree he had called his grandfather at the home and all the old geezers were waiting for her, reading glasses, bi and trifocals cleaned and firmly in place! It seems Jeff had inherited his pervert genes from his grandfather and they had a lot more in common besides impossibly large ears.

When Jenny entered the gym she was mildly surprised to find it full of old men and not a single woman. The men had made a point of telling all the women at the home that exercise class for the day had been cancelled and that they were going in to watch the janitor clean the floor. This had apparently satisfied the old women of the home and they had all gone to Madge’s room to watch her Chippendale Dancers videos.

All the men of the home had been well informed of the rather unfortunate accidents that had a habit of befalling our Jenny and they were eagerly shoving each other out of the way to get to the front of the group when she entered. The home immediately came a heartbeat closer to losing every male resident when they saw Jenny in her exercise clothing!

As was stated previously, the tights and sports bra fit her like a second skin. When she walked to the front of the class, her breasts jiggled around under the bra like kittens under a blanket. Each sway and swivel of her breasts caused the material to rub against her nipples and they began to grow under the fabric. Her hips had that familiar swing that had mesmerized men wherever she went and her buttocks bounced invitingly under the tights. The tights themselves had molded to her ass so that every detail of her cheeks, every little dimple, every nuance of her deep crack was evident. Those who weren’t focused tightly on her nipples were equally rapt in their attention to her delicious posterior!

When she reached the front of the class, she called for everyone’s attention, although she shouldn’t have bothered since it appeared she already had it!

“OK, class, why don’t we start off with some arm raises, are we ready?”

Oh, they were ready, all right! When Jenny raised her arms over her head to begin, none of the members of the class followed suit. They knew what was about to happen, and sure enough, when Jenny’s outstretched hands met, the sports bra was under such strain that it finally popped off her breasts and up to her neck with a slight “thwup!” sound! A collective gasp sounded in the gymnasium, coming from the men and also from Jenny, herself.

Her breasts were pulled up over her face as the bra came loose and when it finally gave way, they flopped back into place, sagging slightly from their fall before jiggling invitingly in front of the leering faces of the male population of Morningwood. When her breasts finally stopped their provocative bounce, Mr. Daniels was heard to exclaim, “And now I can die a Happy Man!” Everyone agreed wholeheartedly.

For her part, Jenny was surprisingly unperturbed, but then she found, when she tried to wrestle the bra back over her breasts that it was going to be quite a job to get it on. Then much to her chagrin, the elastic around the bra gave up trying to stretch itself that far and popped loose. Jenny found that no matter what she did to try and cover her massive boobs with the material that without the elastic to hold it in place, all she could cover was the top of her breasts leaving her nipples and everything below uncovered!

Mr. Von Hollen, Jeff’s grandfather, was always one to take advantage of a situation and politely offered to help. Unfortunately for Jenny, his assistance consisted of his sidling up behind her, reaching around her body and cupping her breasts lovingly in his hands. Not too surprisingly, this caused quite an uproar in the other members of the class, all of whom volunteered to help.

Soon, Jenny found herself surrounded by the suddenly very energetic and eager to please males of the Morningwood Convalescent Center, all of whom where lucky enough to get a chance at “helping” Jenny by covering her breasts with their hands.

The closer they got to her, the more they crowded in, the more Jenny felt she was going to finally crack under all this strain. It had finally reached the point that she couldn’t take it anymore! It had to stop sometime, and maybe it was just as well it stopped here!

“All right, godamnit, if that’s what you want to see, let me give you a gooooood look!” she yelled.

Backing away from the very angry Jenny, the men were astonished and not altogether displeased when, instead of finding something to cover her breasts, Jenny pulled the remnants of the sports bra over her head and threw it in the nearest leering face.

Reaching behind herself, Jenny took the waistband of the tights in her hand and began to pull. The elastic around her waist soon snapped, and to make sure they all got what they wanted to get, she turned her back on her now rapt audience and slowly pulled the tights down over her butt. When her ass came into view, she stopped, leaving the tights covering her long legs and with her butt hanging out in the open air for all to see!

“Well, whattya think, ya perverts!” she exclaimed, “Is this ass enough for ya?”

Jenny’s obvious displeasure at what was happening, even though it was all at her own hand, was beginning to make the men nervous and a couple of the more timid souls actually ran for the door. Jenny wasn’t through, though.

“Where ya goin’ ya pansies! There’s more!” and with that, she bent over, grabbed the legs of the tights and pulled with all her might. The tights gave way starting at the crotch with a loud RIIIIIIPPPPP! And Jenny was soon standing in front of her class nude except for her shoes and socks.

She turned to face her now equally aroused and terrified class.

“OK, boys, who wants a shot at me first?”

She walked up to Mr. Von Hollen and grabbed him by the ears, shoving his face into her breasts, shaking them back and forth, smothering him in her massive mammaries. She pushed him away and went on to the next man. Our poor Jenny had finally reached the end of her rope! If she was gonna be naked to the world, she might as well see that the world suffered as much as she had, even as it pleasured in her nudity!

She worked her way through all the members of the class who hadn’t bolted at the sight of Mr. Von Hollen collapsing to the floor, gasping for breath. Most of them were convinced he had just suffered a heart attack, none realizing that even though he had never been so scared in his life, he wouldn’t have minded another go ‘round!

When Jenny had finished smothering the remainder of her class, she did just that! Only this time, since her class was all on it’s collective knees, she tried a different ploy. Standing with her back to each man in turn, she reached back and pressed their faces deep into the crack of her delectable ass, rubbing her bulbous cheeks over their faces with a nice slow grind of her hips. She didn’t stop until each man was at the point of passing out before moving on to the next.

When she had finished and everyone but she was collapsed on the floor exhausted by equal infusions of bliss and terror, Jenny called out, “Class dismissed!” and strode towards the door to the women’s locker room.

Ashley observed all this from the comfort of an office with a window overlooking the floor of the gymnasium.

“Holy Shit! I never thought I’d see this day! Jenny has finally gone nuts!” she exclaimed to herself. “No telling what she’s gonna do to those poor Boy Scouts!”

Ashley underestimated Jenny’s newfound sense of power since, by the time she got to the locker room, she felt as if her legs were going to give out from under her. She would be so relieved to get into her clothes and out of this madhouse!

Jenny couldn’t understand why the lights were out when she entered the locker room. The light in the shower gave her enough to find the locker containing her clothes and she was surprised when she found that the lock had been picked and was justifiably upset when she found that all her clothes had been stolen!

That could only mean one thing! “Miss Jenny?” BOY SCOUTS!!!!!!

“AGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!” Jenny screamed!

She tried to run for the door but Brendan and Michael were hiding under the seat in front of the locker and they were able to grab her ankles and hold her there for the other boys to come out from their hiding place in the shower. They were immediately all over her, not rough, not violent, but in that clumsy, pawing way that boys have that is so exciting to them and so annoying to the girls.

Hands were all over her body! She was touched and probed in places even her husband hadn’t found yet! Oddly, her skin felt alive under their caresses and she sensed herself, although humiliated and ashamed, becoming aroused at their touch. She was about a second away from surrendering to their hands when the door burst open and the lights came on.

“Just what is going on in here?!?!” a loud, commanding voice yelled.

It was the parents of each and every Scout present and none of those parents were happy!

“Boys, all of you are to be out of this building and in the cars outside in five seconds starting NOW!!!!!!!!!”

Considering they had to detach themselves from their respective iron grips on various parts of Jenny’s delectable body, that was no mean task.

Jeff had his hands full of both cheeks of Jenny’s ass. He couldn’t help himself, and as he pulled away he reached out and gave her left cheek a pinch and her right cheek a firm slap. The sound echoed through the locker room.

“Jeff! Consider yourself grounded for a year!” his mother yelled.

Jeff had to admit to himself that it was worth it, although hearing about all the other Boy Scout exploits over the next year secondhand was pure torture!

For his part, Davey had again latched onto Jenny’s left breast. He had been so taken with it during the Jamboree that he was sure his teeth marks were still on it. So, when his mother burst through the door, the sight of her son, mouth firmly suckling on Jenny’s left nipple, confronted her.

“Davey, mere words cannot describe what I have in store for you!”

Although his mother was angry, Davey spent many a night afterwards relating the story to his eager father who had newfound respect for his son after hearing the story the first time. From that day forward, Davey and his Father were more like buddies than Father and Son.

When all the boys had been extricated from their positions around Jenny, and she was left alone in the locker room, she thought she was going to faint dead away right then and there. Never again would she be able to show her face in town! Any woman who had not had a son in that room ravishing her delicious body would soon hear about it, and she knew she’d be getting more stares than if she were to walk downtown naked every day! She was sure life would be pure hell from now on!

She was able to find a small bath towel to cover herself with, although it was so small and flimsy that she was left with the choice of exposing her breasts or her luscious ass and pussy whenever she moved.

She finally decided to leave her boobs exposed even though it meant giving anyone who saw her while she walked home a good look at them. John had put a spare set of keys under the left wheel well of her car, so she thought if she could just get across the parking lot to her car, she may be able to get home safely. Once in the car, she could cover her boobs with the towel and leave her lower half-unclothed and nobody she saw while driving would be any the wiser. Maybe she could salvage the trip home, anyway.

It was not to be. Ashley was waiting in the gymnasium as soon as Jenny stepped out of the locker room. She had made a point of turning out the lights in the gym just as she had set up the lighting in the locker room, so when Jenny stepped out, she couldn’t see Ashley in waiting behind her.

“Oh, Jenn-eee!” Ashley called out.

Just as Jenny turned to give Ashley a piece of her mind (Who else would have done this?), Ashley hoisted the massive shaving cream pie she held and slammed it right into Jenny’s surprised face! Jenny was immediately engulfed in a thick layer of foamy cream, completely obliterating her features. Before Jenny could react, Ashley had moved behind her, securing her hands with a pair of handcuffs she had brought along.

Two more shaving cream pies, one on each side of Jenny’s head, and a third on the top of her head made Jenny look like a voluptuous statue with a fluffy, creamy head. Her hands bound, and her eyes, ears, mouth, and nose covered, Jenny wad completely helpless.

Ashley didn’t want Jenny to suffer too much, so she graciously opened Jenny’s nostrils so she could breathe. Other than that, she showed her no mercy as she now steered her captive down the hallway towards the bedroom area.

Mr. MacKenzie and Mr. O’Dell were best of friends. They greeted each other jovially every day when they awoke in their shared bedroom, introducing themselves to each other each and every day. Both were afflicted with senile dementia, but both were in perfect health, and were well taken care of by the Morningwood staff. Ashley threw open the door to their room, and shoved the helpless and quite naked Jenny inside, slamming the door before she made her escape out the side exit.

Mr. MacKenzie took one look at Jenny and immediately clambered under his bed, convinced that an alien monster with quite a nice body but the head of a cloud had come to take him away in her space vehicle, there to experiment on him in many barbaric and not quite nice ways.

Mr. O’Dell, on the other hand, thought the Venus De Milo had come to life and had come to visit him! He couldn’t quite understand why she had her head hidden by that fluffy stuff, but he figured it didn’t matter, as all the best parts were very visible! He waded in and when the Head Nurse finally got the door to their room opened, Ashley having thoughtfully locked it on her way out, she found Mr. MacKenzie cowering under his bed. Mr. O’Dell, in all his toothless, insane glory, was happily suckling on Jenny’s breasts while Jenny helplessly stood, her arms bound and her head still engulfed in what had to be three entire cans of shaving cream.

The nurse couldn’t help but laugh a little as Mr. O’Dell, with the beatific smile on his face, looked for all the world like a toothless, wrinkled, rather large baby suckling on his Mother. This was one the other nurses would never believe!

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**Ashley’s Wedding by ?**

‘Heavenly Heights!’ thought Jenny, as she walked along the corridor towards Lana’s room ‘How on Earth had Ashley been able to get Heavenly Heights for her wedding?’

It had been a strange two weeks; firstly Ashley had suddenly announced that she and her long term boyfriend were finally going to get married, before which Ashley had never even mentioned the idea of getting married. Secondly, the date for the wedding was in only two weeks – Jenny thought this odd and maybe Ashley was in the club.

Thirdly, out of nowhere, they’d been able to reserve ‘Heavenly Heights’, one of the most prestigious hotel complexes in America, for not only the reception, but the ceremony as well. Jenny knew that the hotel was usually booked up for at least eighteen months in advance; she heard stories of film stars and foreign dignitaries being turned away; in short ‘Heavenly Heights’ was more exclusive and harder to get into than the White House.

Then, one day, Ashley had turned up at Jenny’s house, while Lana had been visiting, and asked if they would both agree to be her bridesmaids. Jenny had expected that Ashley would ask her, but had never even thought that Lana would be asked, because she was Jenny’s friend and had never really met Ashley much. However, Lana jumped at the chance. Ashley then told them that they were booked in for a fitting session for their dresses the following day and not to worry as everything was being paid for.

The next day, Jenny and Lana met Ashley at the wedding outfitters. Once they had announced themselves, they were ushered into a luxurious fitting room at the back. Three entire walls of the room were covered in mirrors, and the fourth was almost hidden from view by unbelievably lifelike mannequins that were dressed in an assortment of the wares that the outfitters offered.

It was at this point that Ashley had told them that they would all be wearing specially made to measure dresses, by a top designer. The designs had already been finalised and were being made as she spoke. All that was needed was certain measurements to allow the perfect fit. Three young women entered the room, and from their uniforms Jenny knew that they must be the fitters.

“Good morning ladies” said one of the fitters “If you could all just strip down to your panties and face that wall, we will be able to have this done in no time at all.”

Jenny flinched; she always did at the thought of taking her clothes off, or more usually having them removed in front of people – and that was another odd thing, she suddenly realised, normally both she and Lana were very unfortunate when it came to losing their clothes, like the time at the shopping mall and then again on the Orient Express, but since Ashley had first mention the wedding the mishaps had stopped, much to the relief of Jenny and Lana.

Jenny looked at the other two. Ashley without hesitation pulled her sweater over her head and placed it on a chair, then she unclipped her white cotton bra and letting her ample breasts bounce slightly as she placed it on top of her sweater. Ashley unzipped her denim skirt and let it fall to the ground, she stepped out of it and bent over to pick it up, in so doing she paraded her firm butt to the room.

Lana had followed Ashley’s lead and unbuttoned her jeans, slid them to her ankles and then stepped out of them. After placing her jeans on a chair, Lana unfastened the front of her cream blouse and took it off, revealing her 38CC breasts being contained only by a lacy white bra and a lot of luck. Lana undid the clasp of the bra and placed it with the rest of her clothes.

Jenny nervously undid the buttons of her summer dress and slipped it off. At this point she thought that she heard someone gasp and mutter something, but as she glanced around the room there was only the three attendants, Ashley, Lana and herself.

She faced the mirror once more and unfastened the clasp at the front of her pastel yellow bra. Pulling the cups from her impressive breasts, the 38DD orbs jiggled for a moment as she pulled the bra from her body.

Again she thought she heard a gasp, but not wanting to be silly she put it down to her general reluctance at being seen naked. Then she joined Lana and Ashley in front of the giant mirrors as the attendants went about their work, taking all the measurements for the dresses.

Apart from Jenny’s discomfort at undressing, the fitting session had gone smoothly and without incident.

Lana opened the door to her room “oh thank god it’s you, can you help me with these last few fasteners please” she said as Jenny entered.

Lana was stood in the middle of her room in her bridesmaids dress. As with Jenny’s dress, Ashley had opted for an old-fashioned style dress, but with a modern slant. Both Lana’s and Jenny’s outfits had Victorian style rigid bases, which flared out at least two foot in each direction. By contrast, the upper part of the dresses were very figure hugging and tremendously low cut. At first, both bridesmaids had been hesitant as they would not be able to wear a bra underneath, not even a strapless one.

Ashley had calmed them down by telling them that Gustav, the designer, had allowed for this and built support into the dresses, so they had nothing to worry about. In fact both women had been amazed how well supportive and protective the dresses were. After their final fitting they had realised that there was no way that the usual mishaps could happen to such a well make garment.

Along with the dresses, which were a lovely deep maroon colour, Ashley had provided colour-coordinated shoes, thong panties, stockings and suspender belts. And, as Jenny helped her friend to secure the last few clasps of her dress, they both looked and felt like princesses. All hey had to do now was collect the bride and take the elevator up to the roof garden for the ceremony.

“Come in!” called Ashley. Jenny and Lana entered the room to see Ashley already dressed in her bridal gown, which was of the same style as the bridesmaids’ dresses, but in white and had a veil attached to the floral hair band.

“Are you ready Ashley?” asked Jenny

“As ready as I ever will be” she answered, “How about you two, are you looking forward to today?”

“Of course we are” they both replied.

“Well, Come on then let’s get on with it” said Ashley, with a sly smirk on her face.

The three women walked slowly towards the elevator, this was because their dresses, although beautiful, were rather cumbersome and did not allow for rapid or unusual movements. This was not to much of a problem, Jenny had thought, they only needed to walk to the end of the corridor and then take the elevator up to the roof gardens, where the ceremony was due to take place. Nothing could possibly go wrong with that.

They finally reached the elevators, the first of which was temporarily out of service for routine maintenance, as the sign that hung across the doors and the barrier in front of made perfectly clear. Lana, therefore, called for the second elevator and within seconds all three of them were inside. Much to Jenny’s relief no-one’s clothes had inconveniently got trapped in the doors as they slid to.

No sooner had the doors shut, than Ashley’s husband to be appeared from around the corner in the corridor and quickly moved the sign and the barrier back to their proper location across the doors through which the three women had just passed. With a mischievous grin he then jumped into the working elevator and made the journey to the roof. ‘Boy this was going to be worth it’ he thought ‘All this planning is really going to pay off and give Ashley the wedding that she’ll never forget that she’s always wanted’

Jenny pressed the button for the roof gardens.

‘How lucky Ashley is, it’s a beautiful day and to be getting married with the whole cityscape as a backdrop. And then to be whisked away by helicopter!’.

The lights on the indicator panel began to move, fourth floor, fifth floor, sixth…

As the indicator was just leaving the twelfth floor, there was a sudden jerk and the elevator lurched to one side. This sent the three friends barrelling into each other. Then the lights went out. There was no movement, the elevator had stopped.

“What’s happened?” asked Jenny

“I don’t know” replied Ashley “But I’m going to kill whoever’s responsible if I’m late for my own wedding!”

“Don’t worry, we’ll just phone for help. We’ll be out of here in no time” said Lana, feeling her way in the dark to the access panel that contained the emergency phone. A small light came on as Lana opened the panel door, giving the women at least some light.

“Hello,” said Lana into the phone “yes we’re trapped in one of the elevator cars between the twelfth and thirteenth floors, is there anything that… …what do you mean? No it was the other one that had the maintenance signs on”

Jenny and Ashley glanced at each other worry was written across both their faces, for they had both been in far too many situations like this before, and they both knew the usual out come.

“Climb! We can’t climb anywhere!” exclaimed Lana, becoming more and more worried herself “we’re in wedding dresses, we can’t fit through the escape hatches! What! …Yeah in your dreams!” Lana slammed the handset down and turned to Jenny and Ashley.

“They say that someone switched the signs on the elevators and that part of the tracks on this one are being replaced, so they can’t move the carriage. If we want to get out we’re going to have to climb” Lana explained, nearly in tears.

“I am not missing my wedding!” Ashley repeated

“But” continued Lana “the escape hatches aren’t large enough to get through with these dresses on Ashley, we’d have to leave them here if we climb!”

“I don’t care” screamed Ashley, becoming more upset by the second. “I am not, under any circumstances missing my wedding!”

Jenny felt really sorry for her, and also shared Ashley’s sinking feeling at the thought of how they would have to escape.

“There’s more,” said Lana, not really wanting to upset Ashley further, but feeling she needed to say this. “There are only two exit points from the shaft. One in reception and one on the roof, either way some one is going to see us!”

“We’ll go for reception!” blurted Jenny.

“What?, Why?” asked Lana.

“I’m not missing my wedding!” sobbed Ashley.

“Well if we go up” Explained Jenny “we’ve got forty floor to climb and we’ll arrive at the wedding in nothing but our panties. But if we go down, we’ve only twelve floors to climb, and then three floors to run up and we can put our other clothes on. I know you won’t be able to wear your dream dress Ashley, but at least you will get to wear something!”

Both Lana and Ashley were quite amazed at Jenny’s reasoning, usually when she lost her clothes Jenny just screamed and ran away from where she had been stripped, and usually towards a large group of men. But Jenny had started to alter her view somewhat, after being stripped in public so often the idea of damage limitation had finally introduced itself to Jenny’s mind. Rather than just running with one hand over your bush and the other trying to keep your tits under control, so that people didn’t see too much; Jenny had reasoned that a couple of seconds worth of men ogling at your breasts was well worth it if it meant you could work out the shortest way to some clothing and therefore reduce the period of embarrassment.

Lana and Ashley agreed that Jenny’s suggestion was the best plan of action, and the three women crowded around the escape panel in the floor of the elevator. Between them they managed to remove the hatch and place it on the floor. Then they glanced into the shaft, it was quite well lit, but then anything would be after the elevator car that they were presently in. The access ladder was in easy reach and looked sturdy. The only problem was that one of the elevator tracks had fallen away from the shaft wall when the carriage had passed over it, and was blocking the centre of the escape hole.

“Damn!” said Jenny “we’ll never be able to squeeze past that track” no sooner than she had finished speaking, the carriage lurched again and falling several feet in the process.

This resulted in the piece of track being thrust up through the bottom of the elevator carriage. All three women dived out of the way, but unfortunately the track not only passed through the elevator floor but also managed to spear each of the dresses, pinning the large bottom halves of the dresses to the ceiling. Suddenly the elevator lights came back on, and unbeknown to any of the women several surveillance cameras began to record the proceedings.

Jenny struggled to move; all she could see was the front of her bridesmaid dress pushed up in front of her face. As she tried to turn to see the others, the fabric tightened and a now familiar sound filled the elevator.

RRRRIIIIIPPPPPP!!

The dress gave way and Jenny fell forwards, now only in her panties, stockings and suspenders. She hit the floor and her left breast pressed up against one of the hidden cameras. Jenny Looked over to Ashley, who had been lifted clean off the floor and was dangling form the track, sobbing to herself. Lana had turned when her dress had been caught, her firm cheeks peeping out at either side of her thong.

Jenny jumped up and began to help Lana. She first uncoupled the fasteners on the back of Lana’s dress, so that her friend could slide the outfit over her head. Lana did this, but unbeknown to Jenny some of the fasteners latched on to Lana’s panties, and as she squirmed her way out of her dress there was another loud RRRIIIIPPPPP!! And her panties were left hanging from Lana’s outfit.

As Lana turned, the hidden cameras zoomed in on her neatly trimmed bush, which she was not trying to hide, being unaware of anyone watching. The two women then went to help Ashley. Lana held her up so that Jenny could unhook the back of her bridal gown. Once this was done they helped Ashley, still crying, slither out of the ruined dress.

Ashley, Jenny and Lana stood in the centre of the elevator, staring at the huge metal track that barred their escape down to reception and clothing. The cameras filmed every move of their breasts, butts and Lana’s bush.

“It looks like we don’t have much choice left” said Lana “ we’ll have to go up”

“We can’t” remarked Jenny “that’ll take us out into the wedding like this!”

The elevator shuddered again. Ashley just sobbed.

“We’ll have to do something, I don’t think this elevator is going to last much longer!” said Lana “Help me up to the other hatch, Jenny”.

Jenny did this by letting Lana sit on her shoulders. Lana unfastened the hatch and pushed it out of the way.

“Right I’m going to try and get up there, then I’ll haul you up Jen’ and then we can both lift Ashley up”

Lana pulled herself up through the hole, as she found her leverage points, her firm butt and trimmed bush hung in mid air, still being recorded by the hidden cameras.

Finally she disappeared from site and a moment later her head, arms and breast reappeared to help haul Jenny on to the roof of the elevator. Jenny reached up and took hold of Lana’s hands; Ashley cupped her hands to give Jenny a step up. In minutes Jenny’s feet were vanishing through the hole, but as they did her shoe caught the side trim knocking it out a bit.

Jenny then helped Lana to get Ashley out of the carriage. Lana dangled from the waist down to reach Ashley, while Jenny lay on the roof of the carriage holding Lana’s legs, the idea being that Jenny was to pull Lana up once Ashley was on the roof. Ashley caught hold of Lana’s arms and began to climb up her. Ashley’s head appeared through the hole, followed by her torso, but just at that point her panties caught on the dislodged trim.

“I’m stuck!” she said.

Jenny quickly hauled Lana back up, both of them now had thick black duct from the roof of the carriage all over their Breasts, legs and stomachs. But ignoring this for a moment the grabbed Ashley’s arms and pulled her on to the roof.

RRRIIIPPPPPP!!

Jenny stumbled backwards and came to rest sitting on the winding gear of the elevator Lana and Ashley stared down the hole to see Ashley’s thong panties floating back down to the floor of the elevator.

“What’s happened?” asked Jenny as she stood up.

RRRRIIIIIPPPPPP!!!

Jenny completed the manoeuvre, but her panties had remained on the winding gear, where they had snagged on to the cable. All three of them stood by the hatch, wearing only their stockings and suspenders, and Ashley with her wedding veil as well. The cameras below captured the moment for prosperity.

“How many floors did you say it was?” asked Lana

“What before we can get out, or before we get humiliated?” asked Jenny

“Forty, which ever way” answered Ashley “But I’m still not going to miss my wedding”

Ashley’s husband-to-be, was sitting in his seat, on the front row of the congregation. He was of course responsible for his intended’s current misfortunes. He was a good friend with the manager of Heavenly Heights, which is how he’d be able to arrange everything. He was also owed a few favours from the company that maintained the elevators in the hotel, and being a stunt co-ordinator himself, safety was not an issue.

And then, there was Jenny’s husband, who enjoyed seeing his wife stripped whenever and wherever possible, asking him to be his best man was a stroke of genius and it also meant that he could get hold of as much video equipment as he wanted. The entire ceremony would be captured on film, as well as footage of the fitting sessions at the bridal outfitters from behind the two way mirrors, the goings on in the elevator and the shaft, which was also full of cameras.

Ashley really would never forget her wedding, he’d made sure of that.

“We’ re here, at last” said Jenny, as Lana and Ashley climb on to the narrow platform behind the maintenance door.

“Yeah but now what?” asked Lana “we can’t possibly go out there like this!”

Ashley opened the door and crept over to the bouquet table, Jenny and Lana followed.

Suddenly, one of Ashley’s mean streaks came on, she may not have planned this humiliation, but she was damned if she was going to let it pass – even if it did mean that she’d have to get married virtually naked.

“There is one thing for sure” she said “I am going to get married today, and you two are my bridesmaids, so get out there and do want your meant to be doing” with that she lowered her veil, and passed the two dumbfounded and uncovered bridesmaids their floral posies.

Then she yanked them to their feet and grabbing her own bouquet marched them towards the awaiting guests.

Lana and Jenny squirmed under the avid gaze of every man in the congregation as they walked towards the altar. The eight massive video screens didn’t help either, as they displayed shots of all three women as the walked Some were close ups of their breasts; some of their butts and the others focused in on their trimmed bushes, which were trying to be hidden with the bridesmaids posies.

When Ashley arrived at the altar, she grinned at her fiancé and turned to the priest.

“Father is it possible to have the full ceremony with mass, instead of the abridged version?”

Jenny and Lana’s hearts began to sink.

Monkeyshines by leisurely59

Jenny and Lana Vs. Oliver Rushnel Get Yer Own Back!! by Outlaw

Carry on Camping! By ?

Smoke and Mirrors by leisurely59

Jenny and the Boys School by Bernanke41

Jenny and The Spider By Eltan

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**Monkeyshines by leisurely59**

Jenny waited in the short queue trying to assume an air of bored nonchalance. She was unsuccessful as always but no one watching her was interested in her mental state anyway. When she paid for her ticket the attendant was so focused on her proud breasts that he was barely aware of the transaction at all. The pink halter she wore covered her chest completely except for the hint of a ripe curve at her sides and the outlines of her spectacular nipples. Jenny thought of it as being quite modest and liked the way it showed off what she considered one of her best features, a well-toned back. Being Jenny, the thought that the vulnerable knots at nape of her neck and middle of her back drove males of all ages mad to pluck never occurred to her.

The bulky purse hanging from her shoulder bumped heavily against her hip as she pushed through the turnstile. An errant breeze opened the gap of her wrap around skirt and revealed much more of her shapely thigh than Jenny had intended. She quickly clutched the skirt closed but dropped the contraband filled purse to the ground with a solid thump. Guiltily, Jenny glanced behind as she bent to collect her bag. The suddenly attentive guard was admiring the lush curves of her bum but she was sure he suspected her errand. Blushing hotly at the attention, Jenny grabbed up her things and scurried off with a rapid-fire rattle from her high heels.

Jenny’s top struggled to contain the rapidly heaving breasts as she took deep breaths and tried to calm herself. Her pulse gradually returned to normal as she walked toward her target. It was a brilliant autumn day in the middle of the week. Children were in school and adults mostly at work. The zoo seemed almost deserted. Jenny approached the primate enclosures with a rising sense of optimism. All the sounds of human activity were agreeably distant. Scanning the area Jenny confirmed she was alone.

“This is going to work”, she thought mistakenly.

Jenny loved to watch the orangutans. The interactions within their group fascinated her but one thing had always offended her sense of fair play. When the apes got special treats from the staff the biggest and oldest always got the lions share. Eventually, softhearted Jenny had hatched a plan to give the smaller animals a bigger share. Glancing nervously around, she worked the zipper of her bag and reached inside for a handful of veterinary approved monkey treats. The simple plan was to toss them quickly and widely enough that everyone would get an equal amount.

At first the plan seemed to be working. The goodies scattered across the ground drew the apes to the front of the enclosure with Big Herb the dominant male directly in front of her. The eager jostling reminded Jenny of some of the Scout events she had inadvertently attended. She suppressed a shiver brought on by those memories and continued her work. The only flaw was the number of treats that were hitting the thick bars and dropping outside the cage. Hairy orange arms reached through the gaps and gathered what they could but even the ape’s long arms couldn’t reach the majority. Rows of brown eyes looked up at Jenny pleadingly. With the best of intentions Jenny took the first step of the “Jenny Sequence”, that series of decisions that took an embarrassing situation and made it mortifying.

Lithe and athletic, Jenny had no problem clambering on to the fence even while wearing skirt and heels. The slick leather soles didn’t furnish much traction on the rounded metal crossbars but as long as she was careful that shouldn’t be a problem. Cautiously, she spread her legs to shoulder width and leaned far forward. A swirling autumn breeze pressed the flimsy skirt tightly to her luscious bottom and teasingly flipped the hem. Absent-mindedly she smoothed it back in place. The sun warmed top rail pressed against her legs and prevented her toppling forward. With her hand just

inches from the cage this was as close as Jenny had ever been to her favorites. From this distance they looked less like cuddly toys and their wild nature was much more evident. Their eyes were bright with intelligence as they watched Jenny work. She was practically dropping the crackers in their eager hands and the apes were noisy with appreciation.

Big Herb had been watching the handfuls of snacks swing right and left past his position with interest. When Jenny paused to let the crowd quiet down his shaggy orange arm shot out and his powerful callused hand closed around her wrist. Jenny gave a surprised “eep” as she was drawn inexorably forward and her free arm windmilled wildly. The strap of her purse slid from her shoulder to her wrist just as she managed to grab a handhold. Herb had stopped pulling and was carefully selecting his first treat from the captured horde. Jenny assessed her situation while Herb nibbled the treats delicately from her hand one at a time. Until he released her she wasn’t going anywhere. She could scream for help, of course, but explaining her compromising would be difficult. Once Big Herb finished the yummies surely he would lose interest and release her arm so Jenny decided to stand pat for the moment.

The others had watched with lively curiosity. A pair of medium sized juveniles ambled over to investigate the purse that was dangling just outside the bars. Jenny hissed an ineffective “shoo” at the two as they grab the bag and dragged it through the opening. In desperation Jenny let go of her handhold and tried to jerk the bag away from the apes. The youngsters thought a game of tug-of-war was a fine idea and tumbled and shrieked playfully as they easily thwarted Jenny’s every attempt to retrieve her keys, money and ID. Unfortunately for Jenny, the only results of her efforts were negative. The first consequence was the purse strap had become tightly twisted around her wrist so that now both of her arms were trapped until the apes released her. In addition, her feet had slipped

forward on the fence and the cross bar had become jammed between the ultra high heels and the front half of her shoes. Jenny couldn’t have been more completely restrained if she were in a medieval pillory.

While the primates were capturing Jenny’s attention in front the afternoon breeze had grown in strength. The filmy material of the skirt had been lifted higher and higher on her firm thighs with each passing moment. Finally, an extra mischievous puff rolled the light cloth up and over her upturned bottom and left her sheer white panties glowing in the afternoon sun. Jenny gave a yelp of chagrin when she realized her ass was on public display. Unable to think of a more effective solution, Jenny began shifting her weight back and forth and shaking her hips to try to scoot her skirt back into position. As usual for her the attempt to retrieve her modesty just made the situation worse but the security camera tape of her sensuous wriggling would be a tremendous hit at the next zoo staff Christmas party.

Unknown to Jenny the dangling end of her skirt tie was caught between her leg and the fence. Each sway of her hips gave the trapped end a gentle tug and gradually loosened the knot holding her waistband closed. Jenny was unaware of her peril until the knot opened with a gentle “pop” and the clothing fell away with a silky whisper. The errant breeze lifted it across the gap where the ever-alert orangutans gathered it in. A large group chased gleefully around the enclosure until it was utterly destroyed. The two apes gripping her purse had discovered the bag had an inside and were busy pulling each item out for a thorough examination. Big Herb had finished the treats from Jenny’s hand but was maintaining his grip on her wrist as he watched the others frolic with the rapidly disintegrating skirt.

Jenny whispered, “Let go, Herb. Let go. Please, let go. Treats all gone. You can let go, now!” repeatedly.

He ignored her pleading with the studied deafness of a naughty three-year-old. Then without warning Big Herb reached out and snatched the flimsy neatly from Jenny’s body. Pleased by his new toy Big Herb broke into a simian grin and released her arm. Happily, he draped the ruined top over his head for an impromptu hat. His victim was shocked speechless as her full breasts were suddenly exposed. Irrelevantly, her first thought was the pink clashed horribly with his orange fur but she reflexively covered her breasts as best she could with her free hand. Hopefully, she looked over to see if the purse-snatchers might be ready to let her other hand go.

“Ow”, cried Jenny as a sharp poke with a cane tip made her ass cheeks jiggle delightfully and a querulous voice demanded, “Young lady, what are you doing to those animals?”

Jenny blushed a brilliant red from her hairline to the top of her chest. She twisted her neck and tried to peer through the hedge of her fallen hair. A gnomish old man in shabby tweeds stood behind her and continued his questioning; “Don’t you know feeding the apes is not permitted?”

Each word was accompanied by a painful jab at her increasingly tender bottom. He seemed oblivious to her near nakedness, which made him very old, indeed. Desperate to escape his assault Jenny blurted out; “I’m stuck and can’t get down.”

Her tormentor paused and with a sudden change of heart said; “There, there, my dear. Don’t worry. We’ll have you loose in a jiffy.”

Reversing his cane he hooked the waistband of her knickers and began pulling mightily. The orangutans holding her purse gripped their prize more tightly gibbered excitedly. The fragile stitching of the dainty panties failed almost instantly under the strain. The scrap of material vanished from Jenny’s body as if it had evaporated.

The unexpected loss of resistance tumbled the surprised octogenarian but the change of tension allowed Jenny’s captive wrist to slip free. Naked except for her heels, Jenny fell backwards and landed on top of her would be rescuer. With profuse, albeit incoherent, apologies Jenny sprang to her feet. The tweedy gentleman goggled up at the magnificent breasts looming over him as if seeing her nudity for the first time.

Giving it up as a bad job, Jenny abandoned her property and her explanations and sprinted for the hoped for safety of her vehicle. Whistles, catcalls, and shouts of surprise tracked her bouncy progress through the zoo.

Later the local evening news included an interview with an eyewitness during their report on the nude protest of an unknown animal rights activist. With his eyes still slightly bulging, the elderly man waved the remains of Jenny’s knickers in the air and vowed to turn them over to the police for DNA analysis. Decrying the current lawlessness, he volunteered several times to oversee her community service when she was captured.

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**Jenny and Lana Vs. Oliver Rushnel Get Yer Own Back!! by Outlaw**

“Boys and Girls! Welcome to get your own back!! The Funkiest game show around!”

The cheerful dark skinned presenter roared.

“Let’s meet today’s contestants…”

As the presenter started yelling out names Jenny started to feel the butterflies in her stomach grow, how had she got into this? She simply prayed nothing would go wrong now…

Two weeks prior…

Jenny was chatting quietly to Lana out in the front garden of Lana’s English Spring house. Both ladies had decided it would be nice to take a quiet couple of weeks away from the hustle and bustle of city life. Now that talked quietly and watched the children play cricket in the field just across the road.

Jenny wore a light summer dress, the skirt of which fell just below her knee and billowed happily in the gentle wind. For those of you who don’t know, Jenny had a gorgeous figure, kept in tiptop shape by a lot of running for cover. Her long legs disappeared beneath the breezy material of the skirt.

At her waist the dress became body hugging and snapped to her form like magnet to metal, the waist curved lusciously in then out again to the most admired pair in the world. Jenny had 38dd breasts and they were flawless, as most North American men were aware. The dress hugged close to her firm and pert boobs then halted, showing more cleavage than usual, but the dress continued in the form of two sturdy looking straps.

Her slender and soft neck drew perfect lines to her, sharply defined features and her big innocent blue eyes and long flowing blonde hair. Her soft red lips parted as she took another pull on the straw in her drink.

Beside her was the only vision as lovely as Jenny. Lana.

She was slightly taller than Jenny. But nonetheless, just as full. Lana wore a sexy skirt that billowed from her hips in a seductive and taunting manner. Her luxurious long legs were barely perceptible beneath the translucent material. Above the skirt barely containing the revered 38d breasts was a crop top with short sleeves.

Lana had paler skin than Jenny making her look possibly more innocent, her sexy neck led to a perfect face, green eyes following the game before her. Lana had medium bobbed black hair, which made her sand out just as much as Jenny golden locks.

Both women were a sublime vision of the greatest wet dream fantasies, and right now most of the male (and some female) crowd members were focused on the women dreaming those fantasies.

Suddenly the cricket ball made a rude appearance into Jenny and Lana’s conversation, mashing Lana’s rose garden as it did. It didn’t take long for the scout of boys to come up to the garden, adults in tow, and ask for the ball back. All eyes had one fixed position to stare.

“Miss can we get the ball back?” Said a decidedly American and female voice.

It belonged to Kirsty Bayner a tough talking, will try it for laughs type girl. S

he and her friends in the scout group had come over to England for the annual Adventure and Boy Scouts pudding war. Kirsty leaned on one hip as she sneered at the two perfect forms before her.

“No!” Jenny said abruptly, “You destroyed our rose bed. We’re are going to keep the ball.”

This was uncharacteristic of Jenny’s normally timid behaviour. Kirsty stared at the buxom blonde with ice-cold eyes. But before she could answer Snotty Oliver Rushnel interrupted.

“Aww come on, it’s not that bad. We’re sorry. Please.”

“Ok, but don’t let it happen again.” Said Jenny, now sweet as ever.

The crowd left the two women with lingering glances and went back to the game.

Lana turned to Jenny. “You were a little hard on them weren’t you?”

Jenny blushed. “Well, kids should apologise for making mistakes.”

Out on the field Oliver grimaced. “That bitch making us apologise.”

“Yeah, don’t worry I got an idea. What’s that program you guys like to watch?” Said the ever-confident Kirsty.

“Get your own back.” Oliver replied as the plan dawned on him. He nodded and made an evil face.

It wasn’t long before the ball landed near Jenny and Lana again, just outside Lana’s gate. The crowd once again came running and started yelling for them to throw the ball back. Jenny and Lana smiled and stepped out of the garden to pick up the ball.

“Hey Lady, you the blonde! You up for a challenge?” Oliver yelled to Jenny.

Jenny hesitated. “Um, sure.”

“If you can land the near me, we’ll buy you an new rose bush. If you can’t you have to come on TV with us!”

Jenny thought it over and decided it didn’t sound to bad a deal.

“Ok.” She yelled back and got ready to throw.

The entire crowd watched, as Jenny sighted her target. A car came whipping down the road at that very moment, and stormed past Jenny, it kicked up a mighty wind launching the skirt of the summer dress up Jenny’s thighs to her soft, flat stomach. Bright yellow cotton panties revealed to the now roaring with pleasure crowd Jenny simply dropped the ball.

Lana rushed to Jenny’s aid and snatched the skirt in her hands and yanked it down. Unfortunately in her haste missed the skirt and knocked Jenny off her feet.

Jenny fell onto her bum, her skirt over her head and Lana fell face first between Jenny’s spread legs, her own skirt riding up over her bum revealing a sexy pink lace pair of panties.

Both women were frozen in this sexy display for a heart beat. Then regained composure and ran for the house.

Three days later Oliver and his scout group appeared on Lana’s doorstep to inform Jenny she would be his opponent on a TV game show called Get your own back.

Present day…

Jenny had managed to see an episode of get your own back, which is possibly why she was so nervous. It was a basic twelve to fifteen year olds show, were kids in that age group challenged adults that had done them amusing wrongs would compete against them.

The winning kids got some prizes and the satisfaction of beating the adult. A series of three random games were what Jenny would have to go through, and win, in order to avoid being beaten by a dumb kid on TV.

Suddenly the smiley presenter yelled Jenny’s name and she walked cautiously out onto the stage.

Jenny did have a wild card however, Lana sat in the crowd, and Jenny spied her out as soon as she could. Lana would do what she could to rig or interfere in the games so Jenny was assured victory. Lana waved at Jenny, causing her voluptuous mounds to bounce and bob.

Horny fifteen year olds surrounded her and they did not miss this private showing. Lana wore a pair of black, tight, three quarter length trousers and anklets. Covering her swaying breasts was a black tank top. Lana smiled and gave Jenny the thumbs up.

Jenny smiled weakly in return she could feel the hot lights upon her and the evil stare of the camera. As she walked out, all the boys in the audience gasped.

Jenny wore a pair of the customary boiler suits in red. And all in one uniform that would be unflattering on anyone accept one of two ladies. Jenny’s suit had been delivered to her a bit to small and it hugged her pert and smackable bum very closely. Her breasts were another story, the suit buttoned up at the front and Jenny’s unbelievable breasts were pushing against it and her bra for all they were worth. For jenny only had her sexy underwear on underneath the suit as her clothes would not fit.

She smiled at the happy presenter as she finally arrived to the biggest cheer ever.

“Well you’re certainly a popular one aren’t you? What’s your name?” The presenter beamed at her.

“Jenny.” Jenny quietly replied.

“Well we hear you’ve been grabbing Oliver’s balls and playing with them yourself. And even smacking his wicket around.” The presenter said, happy in his ignorance.

“Wha?!.” Jenny mumbled, but was carted off as the presenter announced the first game.

The Shark pit

The presenter was once again smiling to the nearest camera. He had a big friendly smile that was able to put people at ease, even Jenny, that why he was a children’s TV presenter, jenny supposed.

This was the first match up and Jenny was still nervous, she scanned the audience partially hidden by the bright lights. It was nearly all children; in fact with the exception of Lana, it was all children!

Jenny continued her scrutiny of the crowd, her eyes squinting under the hot lights; she finally came to rest on a huge group of kids occupying the front two rows. Boy Scouts!

Her heart thumped against her chest a rose to block her throat the entire crowd were boy scouts, not a single girl. The corner of her mouth twitched, not just Boy Scouts, she recognised some from her hometown.

One she was sure was involved in the kite incident, and at least three from the train incident. They held a banner up she read it and her heart began to beat faster in her gorgeous chest.

“GO OLLY RUSHNELL!”

It read. Jenny gulped, every time she was around boy scouts something awful and embarrassing happened, the time they had locked her in a wooden display brace and stolen her clothes only to sell them off brought a surge of blood to her face.

Jenny scanned for Lana, knowing she needed some support, but Lana wasn’t there. Jenny started to panic, her big, blue, come to me eyes darted over the crowd. Then she remembered; Lana was trying to help fix the games so Jenny wouldn’t suffer in the final round. Jenny forced her breathing to slow and her face drew its normal colour again.

“Ok boys and girls its time to get your own back!” The presenter happily yelled.

Suddenly the cameras were on Jenny and the three other contestants, Oliver, and another boy and his father. The father hadn’t missed Jenny’s sexy bosom and had been enjoying staring when she had begun to breath hard and fast. Now his attention was directed to the cameras.

The game was simple, the kids had to grabbed a sponge of their colour dunk it in a vat of water then deposit it in the tights snapped over the lower half of the suits Jenny and the Father wore. The adults had to try and block the kids from getting to the water, and then avoid having the sponges stuffed down the tights. Simple.

Jenny felt ludicrous. Standing there in her red, rather tight, boiler suit with a pair of ladies natural colour pantyhose pulled up over her lower half. She had managed to stuff her suit into them neatly so there was little gather around her waist but she still felt silly.

Without warning the presenter roared, “COMMENCE!” And the two kids were off like bullets. The father also reacted quickly but by the time Jenny had started Olly already had a sponge and was half way to wetting it. She threw her hands up like she was blocking a basketball player, she wasn’t allowed to grab the kid just get in the way, so Jenny stretched her arms out.

The only effect this had was to put strain on the poppers holding her suit closed across her magnificent and hefty breasts. Olly stumbled momentarily when he saw the two massive mounds of joy thrust towards him, but shook his head and continued.

Lana cursed again, she was not happy with her current predicament, she had managed to slip away from the audience and make it up high into the rafters. She was currently crawling on all fours over a gangway over looking the studio. At the end of the walkway was a control box she had discovered; by pressing herself against a fat, sweating security guard controlled certain effects for the colourful set below. Lana arrived at the controls and popped up behind them smiling, they were all carefully labelled this would be easy.

Lana was so consumed with studying the control box that she hadn’t noticed she had been followed to the rafters. Kirsty and two other girls in the Adventure scouts group had spotted her and followed. Now Kirsty wore an evil and vindictive grin, she would get both these women back, she just wasn’t sure how. Then it struck her, a flash of inspiration. Her evil grin became an evil smile.

Jenny was not fairing well in the game, she was back away from Olly as fast as she could, but the scrawny, greasy haired, pimpled-faced little geek was tenacious. She spun around to run for it and he grabbed a handful of her suit and the pantyhose and pulled on her. He wasn’t strong but it stopped Jenny in her tracks because she was all too aware her suit poppers were straining to contain her beautiful body as it was. Olly yanked her tights back and stuffed the soaking wet sponge down them, he was sure to press the sponge and exhume some of the water on her bum. They had arranged for it to be freezing cold, that would teach her.

Jenny’s eyes bulged when the freezing cold water soaked through her panties to her bum, she even felt a trickle of the ice cold liquid run down between her firm, peachy bum cheeks. Jenny squealed when she felt her nipples harden at the sensation. She wasn’t enjoying this. So focused on the freezing trickle was she, that Jenny failed to notice the poppers securing the suit together at her famous, and so desired crotch snap open, revealing the hint of pink silk.

Up on the walkway Lana had seen Jenny’s plight and prepared to help out. She had found a lever that would activate a big foam bomb and drop it on the father, hopefully knocking him down and allowing the boy to score more points. She pulled back on the lever without waiting any longer. The bomb dropped but halted just at her side, Lana frowned at it, what was wrong?

She leaned over the rails to try and pull on the cord that pulled the bomb back up. As she did this she did not see a small hand grab the bottom of her top and snag it on the wiring around the bomb. Lana leaned back satisfied nothing was wrong and pulled the lever again. The bomb whooshed downwards; Lana smiled, it would work. Suddenly a sharp tug threaten to pull Lana off her feet, her smile vanished as she heard a familiar sound. Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii…iiiiii…iii…ii…iiiiip. She knew it was the stitching on her shirt. She twisted around to snatch at the offending tear, but the sudden movement was all that was needed. RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!!!!

Her face went white as her beautiful, bouncing breast clad only in the black sheer with lace pattern bra bobbed into full sight. Had any man seen this view he would have heaved a huge sigh of satisfaction. The bra was straight black, but the cups were sheer with lace flowers over the nipples, Lana squealed in shock and fright.

‘Not again!’ she thought, ‘Not NOW!’

Olly hadn’t missed it, the poppers at the hot, steaming babes pussy had popped open! He was delighted, but he knew he had to be quick, time was running out. He grabbed two sponges, illegal in game but worth it. He charged past Jenny and knocked her over, an accident, but now to his advantage.

Splashing the sponges into freezing water he waited. Jenny cursed under her breath and picked herself up, Olly squeezed both sponges into one hand and yanked them from the water and charged at Jenny. He squeezed the soaking sponges on her breasts first, she yelped and her hands shot out to the side in surprise. The Oliver Rushnel pulled the tights as far open as possible and, in slow motion, pressed the sponges to Jenny’s crotch to his delight the hole was big enough and both dripping wet, freezing cold sponges were stuffed inside Jenny’s suit, but it didn’t stop there, to his surprise and everlasting delight the sponges found there way into Jenny’s silk panties and right on to the beloved love spot; Jenny’s succulent pussy.

Jenny felt the two freezing sponges hit her well-shaved pubic hair and kiss her inside as Olly squeezed. She screamed just as the buzzer sounded masking her icy shock.

As the presenter came bounding up to Jenny, her face slowly went from ‘blood chilled from face by frozen sponges being squeezed into my pussy’ to ‘utter embarrassment if anyone notices’.

“So let’s see how Olly did shall we?” And the presenter started pulling sponges from her tights counting them as he went.

“Gosh there cold! Four, five.” Then he stopped.

“Oh wait. I see another one.” And he pulled one of the sponges sticking from Jenny’s suit out, dragging it against her now soaking sex, Jenny shuddered with pleasure, then went even redder.

Completely oblivious the presenter plunged his hand into Jenny’s suit and retrieved the other, another wave of pleasure, and then even redder. The whole time this had been going on, the camera was focused elsewhere, Jenny’s soaking mounds heaving quickly; and the wet material hugging her shape perfectly, and her rock hard nipples poking through.

Oliver Rushnel grinned, that had gone very well.

The gauntlet

The second game was now prepared, and up in the rafters Lana was feeling the cool air caress her pert and wondrous breasts, this was making her nipples incredibly hard and in turn making it difficult to concentrate. Below her Jenny was now wearing a giant foam sumo diaper and being inserted between two inflatable walls, standing on a blow up floor. Much like a bouncy castle tunnel without the roof.

Lana knew she had to do something to help Jenny this time. She looked at the control panel, her only hope and noticed a key that controlled the lights. Following the path of the most powerful spotlight in the studio, she discovered it was aiming directly where Olly would run; she could use it to put him off!!

Yes. Jenny squirmed in the foam sumo diaper it was incredibly uncomfortable and she felt even more ridiculous than before. Her sexy, curvaceous butt was still clammy from the soaking, and the wet material at the chest of the suit was still hugging her breasts. She was thankful that nothing had gone wrong in that game, she hadn’t lost any clothing, but still it had been embarrassing. And Jenny wasn’t sure if that boy had done it on purpose, it certainly seemed that way. The presenter turned to the contestants and yelled, “Start!” And they were off again.

Olly came bounding towards her, he would have to push past her to get to the big foam puzzle pieces, then back past her to piece them together. Jenny licked her lips; she was ready this time, no more freezing cold water to surprise her. Olly hopped onto the tunnel and charged at Jenny. Jenny charged back.

Lana was watching the action below, maybe Jenny wouldn’t need her help after all. Jenny and the boy scout had charged at each other, Jenny looked like she would win, until at the last moment the boy scout bounced off the wall and around her. Lana knew she would have to help, she turned to the control panel and found the right switch and waited until the boy was looking the right way, and she flicked it on.

Nothing. She tried again, nothing. Lana threw her hand over the control panel, causing her breasts to wobble in an incredible seductive manner. The key was missing. Lana crouched down and began feeling around on the metal grate floor. Nothing, then between the grates she saw it hanging off a rafter. Lana leaned off the side of the walkway and stretched, she couldn’t reach. Lana realised with a gulp she would have to climb down to reach.

Lana cocked a long, well toned leg over the side and the other followed, as she swung towards the key her breasts swung with the bra, any man would have messed his pants, but she was safe no one knew she was there. Lana steadied herself and launched a hand at the key, snatching it and throwing it back onto the walkway, and then she looked down. A good thirty-foot drop. She gulped and began to panic. Lana hauled her self up so quickly she never noticed her trousers snag on the rafter.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!!!!!

The seam of the trousers either side of her hips tore cleanly and her trousers fluttered off to snag on a distant light fitting. Lana was now hanging thirty-foot over at least a hundred perverted boy scouts and seven cameras, not to mention the all male camera crew, in her bra and panties.

A sexy sheer with lace black bra, And even sexier matching panties. They were black and were basically two sexy sheer ‘V’ panels with a tiny bit of satin tied on either hip. The lace flowers covered her sweet, tender sex, but her firm bubble butt had no lace, simply sheer and very see through.

Lana’s panic accelerated and she nearly jumped onto the walkway and immediately hugged her legs to her fantastic chest. She was not going to move. In the shadows Kirsty and her two friends were trying so hard not to laugh out loud, they had had nothing to do with that.

Jenny was starting to get worried, Lana hadn’t helped and the kid was almost finished with his puzzle. He had the last piece and only she stood in the way. She gritted her teeth and awaited the rush. Olly came at her at full speed, as they slammed together Olly put his hands in front of him. With his speed and Jenny’s bad equilibrium on the bouncy castle floor, he was able to bowl her over. But his hands found a wet target. Both two very happy hands squeezed Jenny’s voluptuous breasts; Olly could even feel two rock hard nipples. His little hard on pushed against his boiler suit, my god those breasts were perfect.

Jenny squealed beneath him, her eyes firmly shut from the hit. She hadn’t noticed his groping yet so he took the opportunity to rub his crotch against hers and it felt unbelievable. Then he jumped up and made for the far end of the tunnel, but Jenny managed to grab him and used his momentum to pull herself up. She stood with her back to him facing the audience, eyes still tightly shut. Then Olly realised she hadn’t grabbed him; his cuff was snagged on her collar. He pulled with all his energy. Pop. He began to run. Pop, pop. He freed himself and charged. Pop, pop, pop, pop.

Jenny could feel the strain on her chest, the first pop she missed, even the next two. But when the last four went she noticed, because the upper half of her suit feel limp and draped on her shoulders, she open her eyes in time to see the contorted faces of the cheering boy scouts, as her top fell down.

There was a HUGE roar as Jenny’s bra came into full-unimpeded view, right in front of camera three. It was a sexy as fuck light pink sheer nylon bra with two satin patches over her hard pointing out nipples. The straps were quite thick and had a small lace flower pattern on them.

Jenny screeched and dropped down to cover her breasts, fortunately her arms hadn’t slipped out so she hastily pulled the top back on. And blushed so hard she felt a warm flush down over her breasts and to her pussy.

“Well we weren’t expecting that were we boys and girls!!” The presenter roared.

Jenny sob silently in the darkened recessed of the studio, that had been so embarrassing, she didn’t know if she could continue. She gritted her teeth, she couldn’t let this boy beat her that would be just as humiliating.

Up in the Rafters Lana had begun to panic being nearly naked in such a compromising situation had her nerves on edge, what if someone came up here to check on something?! She was so embarrassed just at the thought of someone seeing her like this again! She blushed and made her decision…

Hand gliders

Jenny was getting worried, Olly had won both games so far and Lana hadn’t yet interfered. Jenny had to admit she was worried about Lana; her friend wouldn’t let her down unless she was in an even worse situation.

Just as Jenny was pondering this, and her recent on screen underwear modelling (blush), a giant foam bomb landed on the presenter off to the left. He yelled comically as the big fake weapon bounced off his head and the audience all laughed. Jenny was giggling at him, glad that attention was off her, when she spied the little black top laid neatly over the top of the bomb, and a fresh surge of panic washed over her, hadn’t Lana been wearing a black top?

Lana could not believe this was happening again, she was so embarrassed her entire body was glowing red despite there being no one to see her. Lana continued to hug her legs feeling very disappointed in herself, she glanced down to the stage below and got a fresh surge of vertigo.

She scanned the walkway, usually there was a harness with a safety rope to wear, and maybe it would cover her panties whilst protecting her from a fall. To her delight she saw one, she scrambled over to it wiggling her bum in such an inviting manner any man would, well you get the idea… Lana snatched up the harness and clicked it around her waist, her delight disappeared, only around the waist no cover at all. She noticed the rope was rubberised which meant that if she fell it wouldn’t snap her in half.

Relieved for having some safety, if no cover (ain’t that easy!), she went back to work. Sheepishly at first but when she reminded herself Jenny needed her and no one was around to see, she became braver and strode around sexy sheer and lace underwear on full display. She figured she would be able to grab a suit like Jenny’s and wear that to get home, plus she still had her underwear.

Jenny was becoming more and more nervous as the details on this penultimate game became apparent. She was being strapped onto the underside of a foam plane, the straps went over her legs and arms and she had to bars to hold onto. She was thankful that whilst she felt silly, she did not look as foolish as the children did. Both Olly and the boy were dressed in a big cotton wool cloud; only their arms and heads were visible over the poof of white. Olly wasn’t too happy about it but knew it couldn’t be helped. The idea was simple the kids charge at the adults and try to snatch the flags hanging off the plane. The adults could swing the plane this way and that making it harder for the kids to grab anything. Olly smiled, easy enough the father was obviously stronger than Jenny; he could win this easily.

“CHOCKS AWAY!!” Yelled the presenter and they were off again.

Up in the rafters Lana had managed to find the strings that Jenny’s plane was hooked up to, they had emergency controls to help stop the swing if it became erratic. Lana knew she could use these to help Jenny.

In the shadows behind her the girls were all still enjoying the woman’s embarrassment.

“Well,” Kirsty whispered. “If she wants to be naked then we should help her out.”

With that the three expert climbers (come on go with it!) made their way towards their prey.

Jenny was astonished at how well she was doing; so far Olly hadn’t managed to grab a single flag. Every time he got near she was able to skilfully pull the plane out of the way. Although; the plane was sometimes going in directions she didn’t choose. Of course, Lana was helping somehow. Jenny smiled sweetly and started enjoying the ride.

Olly however, was becoming frustrated, how could this woman move the plane so quickly and accurately. He kept snatching at the flags but they were just out of reach, he glared at the hot blonde as she smiled sweetly and whooshed past him, then he noticed a couple of things that weren’t out of his reach. His evil grin returned.

Lana was pleased she was doing well no hiccups so far, then she felt a tugging on her bra and she and her heart froze. Almost to scared to look down she crept a hand down her left shoulder strap then slowly over her delectable and juicy breast only to discover that the bridge of material stretched between her plentiful breasts was snagged on the wire pulley system connected to Jenny’s plane, if there were a sudden jolt whilst she was still snagged! It didn’t bare thinking about; she released the controls and began fiddling with the bra.

Below Lana’s frustrated efforts to unhook herself from the pulley, Jenny herself became worried. The plane had stopped, and Olly was charging towards her. Jenny tried to swing but it was to no avail she had no momentum and it would take a few seconds to build it up. Olly charged straight down the middle and raised his hand into the air grabbing the cleavage of the hot blonde.

Above Lana saw Olly on his attack run and knew she had to do something, swinging Jenny would hurt the sexy black bra but that little brat yanking a flag off might. Lana grabbed the controls and pulled on them just a fraction too late.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!!!!!!

POP, POP, POP, POP, POP, POP, POP, POP!!!!!!

Lana’s bra stretched her breasts teasingly hanging on to cover then the bra straps all gave and fired the bra across the rafters. Her gorgeous 38d breasts bounced out of their coverings, pink (suckable) nipples firm as diamonds pointing to the sky. Lana screamed.

But Lana’s scream was masked but Jenny’s who was now out of control, she was swinging wildly over the audience’s heads, over the camera crew. But that was the worst part her suit had been pulled completely undone that sexy pink sheer nylon and satin bra strained to keep her bountiful, bouncing breasts in control.

But now her sexy and very tight (like tiger!) silk thong was in view. It was a simple thong a high French cut, which meant it sat high on Jenny’s lusciously curved hips, but the centre cut low down her tummy to the promised land. In the same pink as the bra, the view had the entire crowd on its feet hands stretched into the air desperate for the faintest stroke of Jenny’s skin or sexy underwear. The roar was unbelievably deafening, Jenny struggled and struggled but could not get a hand to cover her up. She watched wide-eyed as hands stretched and stroked across her body.

‘Oh my god’ Jenny thought. ‘What if someone hooks my bra? Or my THONG!!’ She began to sob and clenched her eyes closed.

Up on the cat walk Lana struggled to pull Jenny under control and cover her magnificent breasts with just one arm, she finally had to let both swing free, the cool air circulating around and playing with her free nipples. She finally pulled Jenny under control and rushed to another, darkened, walkway to cover and hide in.

As soon as Jenny stopped two burly old men came and helped Jenny down. Unfortunately they tripped and one ended up with both alluring breasts in his squeezing hands and the other with his stroking fingers on the front of her silk thong. Jenny squealed blushed and ran. She got no more than three steps before she bounced off the presenter.

“Miss, please stay. I know that was embarrassing, but we can edit it out. Besides it’s the last game and it’s a question round.”

His cheerful demeanour calmed Jenny down and she agreed, at least she had won that one.

Final Round

They had lied to her. Jenny squirmed in the chair she could not believe her bad luck. Her breathing had quickened and her heart was pounding in her chest so hard she could feel every beat against her breasts.

They had lied.

The reason for Jenny’s rapidly growing panic was evident from one glance around her. She sat in a chair that rested upon a sloped track; running parallel to her was the father in the same situation. Her nerves were further displaced by a huge circular tank before both adults, and the tracks beneath both chairs disappearing ominously into green and yellow slime. The ooze before her seemed to have bits in it and there were milky white blobs floating around in it too. Jenny pulled herself as far back in her seat as possible, she was disgusted by the notion that she may very well end up in that gunge.

The presenter arrived at the gunk tank with the two children and they took their places beside two levers flanking each adult. Jenny watched Olly climb to his lever with a horrified look on her face. Her eyes pleaded with him ‘please don’t do this’ but it fell on deaf ears. Beside her the father was far more comfortable, he seem almost relaxed. The whole situation was knotting Jenny up inside so bad she felt like she needed to pee.

The question round was simple; the kids answer a question right and they get to pull their adult up a notch. Four questions, four chances. In Olly’s case only three as he had won the physical rounds.

“So Olly won the heats. So we take Miss Jenny up a notch!” The presenter roared with delight, and Jenny’s chair backed up the track one notch.

Jenny gulped, fighting her nerves. Lana had better have a plan.

Lana had no clue what she could do to help. Jenny was on her own for this one.

Lana sat on the walkway going over the tank watching the spectacle below. Nothing she could do.

Behind her were the three girls; Kirsty’ devious mind was formulating her last act of revenge. She was so pleased how this had turned out, although she had to admit that this woman had a fantastic body.

The dark haired ladies breasts were so perfect, and those hard little pink nipples she just wanted to bite them. Kirsty stopped herself and shook her head, she realised she actually wanted to see Lana completely naked, she even wanted to brush her fingers over the no doubt well shaved pubic hair, and kiss up the inside of the woman’s thighs and taste her… Kirsty grimaced, she felt funny.

“What is the capitol of Spain? Olly.” The presenter finally asked his first question.

“Madrid.” Olly answered confidently.

The presenter and crowd cheered as Jenny went up.

“Boy. What is the chemical abbreviation NA used for?” The presenter asked.

“Not applicable?” Said the boy, and the crowd cheered again to Jenny’s surprise.

“Olly. What do bees make?” Jenny was sure the presenter was smiling at her.

“Honey.” Jenny went up a notch.

“Boy answer this or Olly could win and Jenny will be in the slime.”

An ‘Ewww’ erupted from the crowd. “Nice and easy, take your time. What is the meaning of existence?”

“Be buggered if I know.” Another cheer, and the father was rubbing his hands together and trying to get a better view in his seat.

“Olly answer this and you’ve won. Who is commander in chief of America?”

“The president.” The loudest cheer exploded from the crowd and Jenny lost control of her nerves. She panicked and started pleading with Olly, with anyone.

“Please little boy, I’ll do anything. Don’t do this please; I’m so sorry for whatever I’ve done to upset you. Olly please, PLEASE!”

But Olly didn’t care he pulled the lever down and Jenny’s chair went shooting towards the gunk. As she did she heard an all to familiar and heart stopping sound.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPP!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Her suit had snagged on the track at the top and tore completely from her lush, tantalising body. Her gorgeous boobs clad in the sheer nylon and satin bra was once again exposed for all to see. Her silk pink thong on view for all in the crowd, and behind the cameras. In the control booth they were zooming in.

Jenny squealed in shock and despair, why always her? The green and yellow slime came rushing towards her; the chair came to the end of its run and tipped.

But Jenny remained in her seat. At least her bra held her there snagged onto the soft material of the seat. The bridge between her breasts strained to hold on as her entire weight was placed on it. Suddenly Jenny realised her luck and snatched her hands behind her to hold on to the chair. She got it; she had the back of the chair in her hands holding her away from the ooze. That was all her bra needed, her movement pushed her breasts out further and as if in slow motion and the songs of the gods had begun the bra snapped.

The two mighty 38dd cups flew aside and the firm; milky skin of Jenny’s full-bodied breasts came in to hushed view. Her deep pink nipples standing ashamedly to attention; pointing to the crowd. They were delicate, tender and so inviting.

“Fuck me, those are gorgeous.” The presenter mumbled over the speakers into the hushed awe and reverence.

Jenny held herself for a moment and then just shrieked. Her face went bright, burning red and she flung her arms across the wondrous chest just as the almighty cheer lifted from the crowd. Jenny hovered momentarily, and then plunged head first into the gunge; her gaping mouth gulping down a mouthful, only to discover it was CUSTARD! With colouring, and some white stuff. She splayed about in the sudden cold of the custard gunge, she rose and sunk like a bobbing apple any thought of covering her breasts gone.

She rose up and everyone watched with silent perversion as the custard dripped from her nipples, or trailed down her cleavage, over her tummy and into her thong. When she sunk again she rolled revealing her thong to the audience and her stiflingly hot arse. The two perfect peaches rose in the sludge and the shape of her pussy lips could be seen under the matted silk thong.

Lana could stand it no longer and she stood to leave in search of some clothes. She turned and was confronted by a hot looking teenager.

The girl had long dark hair with streaks of red and blonde in it, her face was very pretty but held in a constant cocky look. Her pale blue eyes bore into the heavenly breasts at her eye level. Lana was suddenly shocked and tried to cover herself.

“So it’s you…” Lana started but was muffled as the teenager grabbed her head and thrust her tongue into Lana’s mouth. The beautiful young woman was caught so off guard she dropped her arms, and a roving, soft hand traced down into the sexy black panties. Lana’s eyes bulged in desperate shock as the finger entered her.

My god this kid is fingering me!! And it’s a GIRL!!!!!!! Lana’s mind screamed at her.

Kirsty withdrew her tongue, their saliva leaving a bridge between them. Lana was paralysed with shock.

“I’ll see you and your friend again. But I wanna keep these as a souvenir.” Kirsty indicated the panties by pulling on the waistband.

Then in a sudden motion bent down to her knees and whipped the panties down to Lana’s ankles, Kirsty’s desire over took her mind and she licked the hot pussy before her. Lana was now standing naked in a TV studio, her lush neatly shaven pubic hair was on display for a coming out lesbian. Lana freaked out. She tried to step backwards away from the probing tongue only to trip on the panties. She fell over the edge.

Screaming as she hurtled toward the tank of gunge she remembered the harness the rubber rope. It would pull her back out of view, in a moment of bravery she decided to grab Jenny and save her from the torment.

The crowd cheered at the stunning display, the hot blonde was in only her thong thrashing about in the slime. And in a heartbeat it got better, they all glanced up when they heard a scream, but the hot body of a dark haired foxy babe BUTT naked coming into view was unexpected.

Many of the kids made a mess in their trousers when they saw the perfectly rounded 38d breasts come into view. Many more messed themselves when it was revealed she had a sexily shaved pussy, that was as tantalising as it was unreachable.

Lana grabbed Jenny’s flailing arms and hauled her out of the gunge.

SHHHHHHHLLLLLLOOOOOOP!!!!!!

Jenny’s thong couldn’t handle the weight of the slime and slipped delicately off as she was hauled from the tank.

Lana’s plan also backfired the added weight halted the rope in it ascent. They now hovered over the gunk tank both completely stark frigging naked.

Jenny’s fabulously, neatly shaved blonde bush on show to the audience, and the cameras. And above that wonder her massive heavy breasts trickled and dripped with coloured custard. Above her Lana’s hot perfect breasts stretched to hold Jenny and her sex haven neatly shaved and dark black. And above her the rope snapped.

Both naked hotties plunged into the tank of custard and were dunked up to their hair. The father couldn’t stand it anymore, his throbbing hard on was so painful, he reached over and pushed his own lever, as he hurtled to the gunk and the two hottest babes in the history of the world. He stripped his suit and dived in after them also butt naked with a throbbing cock.

He landed on Lana who threw her hands up to protect herself, only to be pushed under the slime. Jenny had frantically begun searching for her panties and was on her hands and knees facing away from the father. His lips were lucky enough to kiss hers and his tongue lashed out with pleasure.

Beneath him Lana had grabbed the easiest thing to pull her self up with, her mistake as she brought her face directly in the firing line of his cock. She released it in disgust and only then realised that the hot white goop running down her face was not custard. She screamed as he hit her three more times.

Jenny’s eyes bulged and she had to bite her lip for just as he came the father thrust his tongue deep into her. Her pleasure at the intrusion was frightening to her. She screamed and leapt from the tank, Lana was right behind her and the both sprinted away, powered by unearthly embarrassment and terror. Their breasts bobbing freely perky nipples crying for attention. Some of the crowd followed them but most were already wasted.

Jenny and Lana rushed from the studio and blitzed for the car park, the wolf whistles and gasps of disgust went unnoticed.

Trying desperately to cover themselves they arrived at their car.

“Keys. Oh Christ everything is back in there and they’re coming!!” Jenny balled.

“Wait!” Lana screeched and disappeared down to the tyre rim and jumped up again. “Emergency keys, I forget my bag a lot!” With that they jumped in the car and drove off. Stopping for nothing.

2 days later

Jenny sat on a chair at the picnic table in Lana’s garden, she still had not shifted the red from her face the whole ordeal was still embarrassing her. That morning they had received their clothes, although Lana’s and Jenny’s panties were missing they didn’t say why, and a note informing them that the show would not be taken to editing and the film destroyed. Much to both women’s relief.

Jenny turned to her paper and flipped it to the front page. She spat her coffee out when she saw the photograph. The father from the game show had been arrested and the picture of him was when they retrieved him from the tank still butt naked. The caption read arrested for date rape… man says it was worth it… As she studied the picture she saw the young scout girl, long dark hair and cocky grin.

Jenny’s eyes nearly fell from their sockets when she saw the girl had her and Lana’s panties hanging from her hands. Lana joined Jenny at the table and saw the photograph too. Both women began to glow a brighter red…

In the quite of his personal cinema the bright cheerful presenter leaned back in his seat. Eight of his best friends all sat around him quietly chatting about what they were about to see. The presenter mused happily to himself, those kids had had a great idea bringing that blonde onto the show. He started the reel and waited.

“This better be worth the money we paid.” Said one friend off to the left.

“It sure is.” Said the presenter. “And remember tell your friends or work colleagues for a slightly higher price they get to see too.”

The room went silent, then in awe and as one the friends whispered “Whoa, that blonde is HOT!!” And on screen Jenny seemed to blush as she appeared on an unscreened episode of ‘Get Your Own back’, trying to beat Oliver Rushnel.

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**Carry on Camping! By ?**

A couple of days away from her prankster ‘friend’, Ashley was what Jenny needed. What better way to enjoy her spring break and forget all her troubles than to hike out into the country, pitch a tent for the night, and relax in the peace and quiet, miles from anywhere.

All was going well throughout the afternoon, even if the sun had gone in and the sky was turning a little dark. Jenny found a suitable clearing in the woods and, with only a minimum of scrabbling about, erected her tent. No sooner had she achieved this than it started to rain! Jenny crawled inside the tent and listened to the heavy splattering on the canvas above her. After a while, the noise seemed to stop and Jenny poked her head out of the tent to assess the situation. She wasn't quite prepared for what she saw - it was snowing! and heavily too. A fearsome wind was whistling all around the forest and snow was beginning to drift against her tent.

"I thought it was supposed to be Spring!" shouted Jenny - with no one around to hear her.

It was time for Jenny to get into some warmer clothes. She slipped out of her shorts and sweater. Being done too happy with her situation, Jenny expressed this by tossing her garments carelessly aside. Bad move. They landed just outside the door of the tent and were immediately picked up by the wind and carried off into the wilderness to adorn some treetop or other. Jenny was past caring - she reached into her rucksack for some jeans and a thick jumper - at least she had come prepared.

YEEOOWWCCCH! Something very painful happen to Jenny's fingers and she whipped them quickly out of the rucksack to find a lethal looking mouse-trap attached to them. As she removed it from her throbbing fingers she saw the note attached to it - Love from Ashley - her scream was carried away on the wind!

Inside the note was more writing - "Dear Jenny, Hope you enjoy your time away. You've obviously found my 'going away present'. Oh, I also helped you pack your rucksack. Happy Tramping! Love, Ash."

"What does she mean?" gasped Jenny, who distinctly remembered packing her own rucksack. She began to sob as she scrabbled through her belongings. All she could find was heaps and heaps of sexy underwear!

"Please don't let this be happening!" blubbered Jenny "I'm going to freeze to death out here!".

Right at the bottom of the sack she did manage to find the skinniest of T-shirts bearing the words 'Bimbo' across the bosom area, and a very short tight skirt.

"Oh, thanks a lot, Ashley!....I'll be fine in these!"

Jenny moaned sarcastically as she got dressed, her anger beginning to take over from her fear. She wasn't going to freeze to death staying here all night. She was going to walk to the nearest road, get a lift back to civilisation (she was, after all, perfectly attired for hitch-hiking!) and then strangle her friend horrors whilst she slept! With that, Jenny marched purposefully out into the snow.

It was not long before Jenny had completely lost her bearings. The wind and snow had calmed down but the going was tough even though she was still wearing her walking boots; the visibility was poor in the snow; but most of all, she was freezing to death in her skimpy outfit!

Jenny's teeth were chattering, she had goose bumps on her goose bumps, and the nipples on her 34DD hooters were swollen and hard. She hugged her arms around her self but was beginning to despair of ever getting out of this crazy situation alive. It was then that she saw a light in a clearing ahead of her - it was a camp fire! She tried to run towards it but her legs wouldn't work properly, she began to lose balance as she pitched forward and she hit the deck - sinking face first into the snow. This was probably the most efficient way of making progress, as there was a gentle slope all the way down to the campsite. The now barely conscious Jenny began to slide forward, picking up speed as she went but ploughing deeper into the snow as well.

The troop of Boy Scouts were sitting around their campfire when they heard a whooshing noise behind them. They all turned round to see an object the size of a person sliding towards them, tunnelling into the snow as it went. They arose from the log they had been sitting on waited for the object to come to a halt. It did this by crashing into the log! A very muffled "Ouch!" alerted them to the fact that the object was a person, in fact it sounded like a member of the fairer sex!

The Scouts began to shovel the snow from around the poor girl and were eventually able to haul her to her feet. They could hardly believe their eyes. They asked Jenny if she was alright but her teeth were chattering too hard to answer.

One lad looked quizzically at her T-shirt - "I should think you are a Bimbo for being out in the weather dressed like that!".

Jenny would have dearly loved to explain her predicament but was in no fit state to do so. When she did manage to speak it was only two words and then in a very faltering manner.

"Beat.....Me". She managed, through chattering teeth.

"I beg your pardon?" replied the scout who had spoken to her.

"I'm.....freezing...to.....death." bleated Jenny, picking up momentum

"Strip....me.....and.....beat....me...with....sticks". Jenny knew that this was the only was to get warm. She had been on the receiving end of a few spankings but this was the first time she had begged for one! She was now craving the glowing warmth that such a beating produced. The Scouts lost no time in obeying her instructions. They were camping in a Birch grove so the branches that they gathered were perfect. The peeled off Jenny's sodden garments and set to work.

Jenny could feel nothing at first. Blows rained down on her buttocks, legs, tummy, breasts, arms, and back but she was too cold to register any sensation. The Scouts were all working up a sweat by the time Jenny began to tingle. She slowly turned from blue to white to pink to red. She could now feel warm blood circulating around her body. She asked the boys to stop but they didn't seem to hear her, so enthusiastic they were in their task! Jenny was yelling at the top of her voice before they finally got the message that she was warm enough now thank you very much!

Jenny was given a blanket and a hot mug of tea. She now felt like she was in Heaven and spent the next few hours laughing and joking and telling ghost stories around the camp fire with the Scouts. She managed to dry her underwear over the fire but discarded the T-shirt and Skirt that Ashley had "kindly" supplied her with. Anyway, her new friends had promised her a tent for the night and some new clothes in the morning. She said her good nights and retired to bed. She slept soundly and soon it was morning.

As Jenny emerged from the tent she was greeted with wolf-whistles and cat-calls. She had kept her walking boots on but her new outfit was a sight to behold - she was wearing a spare scouts uniform - grey flannel shorts and a thin green sweater.

Being the shape that she was, Jenny looked a little odd. The shorts were designed to fit a young boy, and whilst Jenny definitely had the waist, her hips and buttocks were straining at the seams - there was not a fraction of space left inside the shorts, she had even considered discarding her panties to make a looser fit but if the stretched fabric did rip she did not want to be left bare. The sweater too was impossibly tight - her breasts pushed the material to its absolute limit, the bottom of the sweater didn't quite reach the top of the shorts either, leaving a good few inches of smooth midriff on display.

Jenny did a twirl and even gave the scouts a bit of a jiggle! She was feeling happy that she had been rescued, the sun was out and the snow had all but melted.

Slowly though, she began to realise what sort of looks she was getting. She told herself to remember that these were young men full of hormones - and that usually meant trouble for her! Jenny quickly offered to cook breakfast for everyone. As she cooked and served the porridge it helped slightly to take her mind off the fact that she quite definitely was being stared at!

Soon it was time to pack up and head for home. As Jenny had completely lost her way, the scouts were only too eager to let her join them on the hike back to civilisation.

As they set off, Jenny decided she would deliberately remain at the back of the party. That way, no one would be able to ogle her curvaceous backside whilst she walked - the last thing she wanted to do was give them any encouragement.

The disappointed boys grumbled amongst themselves when they realised that Jenny was depriving them of their view. They had not gone very far before reaching a particularly dense section of the forest. Ahead of them a sturdy branch blocked the path. The scouts were able to duck under quite easily and carry on walking. As Jenny approached the branch she thought she would have to crawl, or limbo, under as she was somewhat taller than the boys and the branch was chest-height to her.

However, two boys directly ahead of her grabbed hold of the branch and began to pull it back from the path so that she could walk through - they struggled against the force of it but eventually managed to clear the way.

Jenny smiled sweetly "You didn't have to go to that trouble but thank you anyway" she said, beginning to relax again in the company of the boys.

Jenny started to walk past but unfortunately, when she reached the point where the branch had been, somehow the scouts managed to lose their grip on the branch! It went twanging back to its original position - a position which was at that moment occupied by Jenny's firm young breasts.

With a force similar to a vicious swing of a baseball bat, her boobs were completely flattened against her. She was also thrown off her feet and sent flying through the air to land, in a sitting position, with a bone-shaking thump on the forest floor.

The boys quickly gathered round and, trying to hide their smirks, apologised for their clumsiness whilst asking if she was alright. Jenny did not seem to respond. She was sitting bolt upright but her eyes were crossed and it looked as if she were about to pass out. It was only when a couple of lads rushed forward offering to "rub them better" that she came to her senses.

"Get away from me!" she snapped angrily "I'm alright, I don't need any help!".

Jenny certainly did not feel alright - after the initial shock and numbness her tits were beginning to throb like mad, it felt like they were ready to burst out of her ridiculously clingy sweater. Her bottom lip began to tremble as she stumbled to her feet.

"I've decided I'm going to walk at the front!" she exclaimed and started off along the path. This was partly so that a similar 'accident' wouldn't happen again but also so that she could hide the tears of pain and humiliation that were beginning to roll down her cheeks. The scouts all gave the thumbs up to each other and then set their collective gaze on Jenny's wiggling arse as she forged ahead.

After about ten minutes of this delicious spectacle, it all became too much for one poor lad and he could resist temptation no longer. He took a catapult from out of his pocket and stooped to pick up a large pebble. Loading his ammunition he pulled back the elastic as far as it would go and took aim at the inviting target. Whoosh! the stone shot through the air and connected hard with Jenny's rear-end, making a very satisfying "thwacking" sound before bouncing off.

The unsuspecting brunette shrieked in pain and alarm, both her hands instinctively coming round to clasp the injured area. Unfortunately, this sudden movement disrupted the momentum of her stride and she stumbled. Pitching forward, Jenny didn't seem to have time to bring her arms back round to break her fall. It was her throbbing boobs which were the first to thud onto the forest floor, closely followed by the rest of her body! As the ground was still wet from the snow, her landing was accompanied by loud GLOP!

Again, Jenny lay motionless for a while, emitting a low pitched groaning noise, slightly muffled by a mouthful of mud. Meanwhile, the scout who had fired the catapult was looking up into the tree above where Jenny lay. He could not believe his eyes - this was a once in a lifetime opportunity, he could never forgive himself if he passed it by!

Hanging from a branch, about ten feet directly above the girl's protruding derriere, was a bees nest. As the lad took aim with his catapult, he knew what he was doing was extremely cruel - the poor bees would have to build themselves a new home - but he knew he had to do it anyway! The pebble hit the nest at exactly the right spot, causing it to break at the top and plummet down from the branch.

Jenny was just beginning to gather some wits when she felt a heavy thud on her bottom. This was closely followed by the sensation of something very warm and sticky soaking rapidly through the material of her shorts and knickers and beginning to spread across her inner thighs as well. Without getting up she turned her head to see what had happened. Her backside was covered in honey - large lumps of waxy honeycomb also adorned her and were in the process of sliding off to fall on the ground around her. It was only then that she registered the swarm of bees that were beginning to buzz angrily around the honey-soaked region of her body!

Jenny was on her feet and moving fast by the time the first sting dug into her flesh. This sting was followed by another; then another; then another. Within the next few seconds this had multiplied to somewhere near a hundred. Jenny's only thought was to run for the nearby river - about fifty yards away - and immerse herself where the bees couldn't follow.

Although she was close to setting a new land speed record, the run felt like an eternity, sting upon sting piercing her honey covered throbbing bottom until she was delirious with pain and shrieking at the top of her voice. By the time she flung herself full length into the shallow stream she almost unconscious - soon regaining her senses though as she surfaced, coughing and spluttering, for she had gone under open-mouthed. Jenny quickly gulped in some air (not quick enough to stop one angry bee from stinging her on the nose though!) and went back under - this time for as long as she could possibly manage.

For the boys who had watched her, the sprint had gone far too quick. Jenny's bouncing breasts, flecks of mud flying off of them, had been quite a sight as she raced for the water and it was all over too soon. Compensation was to be found in the sight that now met their eyes as Jenny came up for badly needed air, her lungs were ready to burst - certainly if the tightness of her sweater was anything to go by!

The bees had gone now and Jenny started to wade towards the bank. Water was cascading off her as she clambered on to dry land. Her hair was plastered to her face, her already tight outfit had now darkened several shades and had basically become part of her skin, and her boots made a lovely squelching noise with each step.

The scouts were making no effort to hide their mirth by now, in fact they were all pointing at her and aching with laughter. Any sympathy they showed was clearly a mockery and there were the inevitable suggestions of "shall we rub it better?"

"Anyone comes Anywhere near me and I shall scream the forest down" she seethed angrily.

She was trying to hide any fear in her voice because the pain in her swollen backside was beyond belief and she knew that the slightest touch to that area would bring unbearable agony. Her badly bruised tits now felt like a minor inconvenience.

"You adopt that tone with us and you will get a spanking!" warned one of the older boys who seemed to have picked up on her fear.

This remark left Jenny quaking in her boots and she quickly bit her lip to hold back an involuntary sob of despair.

"I'm sorry" bleated the poor blonde girl "I didn't mean to annoy you."

Another scout then told her to shut up and get moving again - she had been slowing them down all morning. Jenny was reluctant to follow this instruction because it would put her ravished bottom on display again, but the threat of a full blown spanking was enough to send her forging off ahead once more.

The scouts followed behind her, giggling between themselves and quite obviously planning what might next befall their unfortunate female companion.........

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**Smoke and Mirrors by leisurely59**

Jenny ended her call from Ashley feeling a familiar sense of trepidation. So many of their outings ended in inexplicable disaster but once again she hadn’t been able to say “no” to her friend’s proposal.

Possibly she had agreed to dinner and a show because John was gone on an unscheduled business trip and she was at loose ends for the evening. Besides Jenny was sure she had seen Scouts in the neighborhood earlier and maybe discretion was the better part of valor.

Ashley had been cagey about details of the show but did say it was a truly “eye-popping” magic act.

Glancing at the clock she saw there was just enough time to get ready and dashed upstairs to

pick out her clothes and grab a quick shower.

Jenny had finished her shower and stood in front of the mirror doing her make-up. The fluffy bath towel she was wrapped in rose above her cheeks when she leaned forward. It was a glorious sight wasted by the lack of an audience. With a few quick dabs of completely unnecessary war paint, Jenny strode briskly into her bedroom to get dressed but paused to check no unexpected eyes were on her and only then, discarded the protective towel. Her clothes were laid out and she wanted to be dressed to forestall any style “suggestions” from Ashley.

Quickly she shimmied up her panties, prim white in color but sexy thong in style. Next she wrestled her breasts into the restraint of a matching strapless bra. Strictly speaking the bra was rendered unnecessary by the top she had selected but Jenny was determined to take no chances. The top was a confection of deep crimson brocade and dark leather strapping. Although the bustier exposed the top third of her chest it was solidly stitched and extensively boned. This garment would never shift or fail a critical moment and it had the additional advantage of being closed by both a strong zipper AND solid buckles. Nothing short of supernatural forces could defeat this top.

Brief doubt flickered in Jenny’s eyes at the sight of her soft flesh cresting slightly above the cups but since she planned to wear a jacket over she shook off her misgiving. Jenny slipped into a micro-suede skirt that hugged her curves and ended an inch below her top. For shoes she had her latest footwear acquisition, a pair of above the knee boots made from soft as butter Italian leather and sporting four-inch heels. Last of all, Jenny shrugged on her biker’s jacket. Specially tailored for her the leather garment faithfully followed every breath-taking curve providing a dangerous distraction to any motorists in its vicinity.

Impatient knocking announced Ashley’s arrival but Jenny took the time to quickly evaluate her

appearance. An edgier than usual woman looked back at her from the full-length mirror but the clothes fit her properly and exposed a minimal amount of flesh; just a discrete V of cleavage, a narrow gap between top and skirt to show off her trim tummy and a little bit of shapely thigh above her boot top. Smiling and optimistic, Jenny flounced from the room and jiggled down the stairs.

Ashley felt a flash of irritation when the door swung open and she saw Jenny was ready to go. She had arrived early in hopes of selecting an “appropriate” outfit for the evening but hid her disappointment as the women hugged hello. Ashley consoled herself with the thought that in the end it really wouldn’t make any difference. The jealous brunette had dressed herself in a sexy skintight outfit of severe black but she was convinced that all eyes would be unfairly focused on the blond yet again.

A wide-eyed bicyclist seconded her point by colliding with some bins while watching Jenny fold herself into Ashley’s tiny convertible.

Jenny tried to coax more information from her companion during the drive but Ashley only smiled and said she didn’t want to ruin the surprise. Besides the hooting horns of passing trucks made conversation difficult.

Night had fallen before Ashley whipped the vehicle into a space and shut off the engine. She checked her watch with satisfaction. They were right on time and everything was going smoothly. The striking pair attracted a good deal of attention as they followed a steady stream of people down a set of steps and into the venue.

Using a combination of bribery, sexual favors and a secret accomplice Ashley had secured them a

place in the front row. While waiting to be seated Jenny realized the room was oppressively overheated. Halfway to their table perspiration was beading on her skin and by the time she was seated a trickle had begun the plunge into her ample cleavage. Jenny sighed in frustration but bowed to the inevitable and slipped out of her jacket to forestall heat stroke.

Conversations at neighboring tables subsided and the waiters became ever present but otherwise the two women were able to enjoy their meals in peace. Ashley kept urging drinks on a resisting Jenny who became tipsier than she liked to be but still much less drunk than Ashley had wanted her. Ashley on the other hand had indulged a great deal in trying to get her friend smashed. All in all, Jenny was grateful when show time dimmed the lights and slowed the pace of drinking.

Creepy music composed of mainly minor keys and sub-sonic tones announced the start of the entertainment. A narrow spotlight lit a hooded figure sitting cross-legged in mid-air. The magician lifted his right hand and green smoke boiled from his palm. Sparks flashed in its interior and lit the swirling coils like a miniature thunderstorm. When it reached four feet in height it stopped expanding and hovered in place. With an identical gesture of his left hand, the magician produced another cloud in a deep purple. Briefly the pair flanked their master then at his word and gesture soared out into the audience. Dodging through the crowd they left behind them a trail of oh’s and ah’s and an occasional scream.

Jenny yelped with surprise as one, the green, swooped along her bare shoulders and left behind an electric tingle where it touched her. Ashley had decided to rest her eyes and was curled up snoring on Jenny’s jacket. From the stage the magician spoke again and his creations zoomed obediently to him. The smokes whirled around his hands in a Technicolor vortex then disappeared with a flash and a double boom. The magician tossed back his hood and smiled at the applauding audience.

Jenny was trying to rouse Ashley or at least tug her friend’s skirt down and tuck her breasts back

inside her low blouse. Annoyed by the shapely blonde’s lack of attention the magician decided to modify his act for her “benefit”. From the edge of the stage he called for three volunteers and quickly selected two beefy men and a surprised Jenny. Her neighbors urged her on the stage before she could decline or even recover her jacket. Embarrassed at being the focus of so many eyes, Jenny mumbled her replies as the magician bantered with his three helpers.

He announced his next illusion would be a technique used by Egyptian embalmers to ease the processing of mummies. Placing Jenny between his other two helpers the magician had her fold her arms on her chest Nefertiti-style. Using two conjured scarves he loosely bound Jenny’s wrists while chanting something that at least sounded like an ancient Egyptian incantation. The ends of the scarves he handed to the helpers who were flanking his lovely assistant.

“On my signal, gentleman. One, two, three, PULL!”

As the men heaved Jenny felt a strong jerk then her hands were free. The audience roared with laughter. Jenny was mortified to see a white strapless bra disturbingly similar to her own knotted between the two scarves and hanging in full view of the crowd. Although she didn’t quite believe it was hers the idea some people might think it had been magically snatched off her body was horrible. Jenny’s bright pink face only encouraged louder and longer applause. When the noise died down the magician thanked his male helpers and shooed them off the stage. He detained Jenny with a grip on her elbow she was some how unable to shake off.

A pair of stagehands rolled a large box from the wings. It was similar to the classic saw-a-woman-in-half apparatus except it was oriented vertically and besides the end caps, completely transparent.

Interested in spite of herself, Jenny forgot to escape when the magician released her arm. Deftly he opened the box and smoothly guided her inside. Years of practice enabled him to lock her in place before it occurred to her to un-volunteer. At this point most of the men and many of the women would have been happy simply to admire Jenny’s captured body and enjoyed the sensual quiver brought on by her nervous breathing. Several 360-degree turns of the box displayed Jenny’s body from all sides and allowed an expectant hush to fall. As it turned the box filled with smoke until only a vague suggestion of her form was visible.

From one of his assistants, the magician accepted a six foot ebony spear. Jenny watched the wickedly barbed head nervously as it approached. A sudden lunge drove the point through the box and out other side with a loud bang. Jenny flinched at the sound and closed her eyes but it looked to the audience that she was reacting to the spear’s passage. The crowd gasped then began to titter nervously. Smoke trails leaked from the entrance and exit holes but what had elicited the giggles was the pair of prim white thong panties dangling from the lance point.

Whispered arguments broke out between the credulous and sophisticated about ringers and sleight of hand. Some people thought the smoke in the box had dissipated slightly. Her vision limited by the solid end cap, Jenny was happily ignorant of the source of the crowd’s amusement.

The room quieted when the magician picked up another spear. Again he lunged with his full weight behind the weapon and drove it through the box and from her reaction, seemingly, Jenny also. There was a long intake of breath by the audience then loud cheering. Fixed to the end was a pennant of suede that might be a skirt. More smoke was leaking at the new punctures and the smoke inside WAS noticeable thinner. True believers argued violently with skeptics about the reality of the ultra-feminine silhouette crossed by two dark bars but even the skeptics held their breath when the magician picked up a third spear.

Carrying the spear over his shoulder at a jaunty angle, the magician walked in a slow circle around Jenny’s box. Smoke continued to leak from the sides as he turned the apparatus one leisurely revolution. The audience waited in absolute silence. Jenny was having trouble catching her breath as the tension grew moment by moment. Taking careful aim the magician drew back his arm and drove the spear through the box. The crowd moaned as the weapon penetrated and burst from the other side with a familiar looking bustier swaying gently from its tip.

Scattered applause began while the magician quickly freed the three spears and tossed them off stage. The hanging clothing dropped to the floor as each shaft was withdrawn. He gave Jenny’s box one last turn before he faced her toward the room and opened the apparatus. The remaining smoke rose into the air and blurred Jenny’s vision as she stepped on the stage naked except for her tall boots. Gallantly the illusionist steadied her with an arm around her waist.

Still unaware of her vanished modesty she was confused by the riotous reaction of the audience to what seemed to her a fairly ordinary magic trick. Suddenly, Jenny realized his hand was gently stroking her BARE hip and the silk material of his sleeve was pressed to her BARE back and his shirt was brushing against her BARE ribs. With elaborate casualness she rolled her eyes downward then froze in the pert glare of her twin headlights. The crowd thundered on with the paralyzed woman glowing redder by the second. Finally, the spell broke when the magician turned to thank her.

Long legs churning Jenny bolted for the wings to be met by the request for her signature on a liability waiver in exchange for clothes. John stood proudly at the back of the room and basked in the public admiration of his lovely wife. A disheveled Ashley slid inconspicuously to the floor to be discovered several hours later by an appreciative cleaning crew. The audience spent the rest of the evening in heated discussion of whether or not the magnificent blond had been a plant. The film people packed their gear and agreed that, fake or not, the sequence would be the high point of their television special.

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**Jenny and the Boys School by Bernanke41**

After her problems as both a gym and sex education teacher, Jenny set out to regain her dignity while attempting to remain in the teaching field. Not only did she love dealing with children, (no matter how many times it seemed to blow up in her face), but she desperately needed the money. She was determined to gain attention for her teaching skills, not just for her pretty face and gorgeous body.

Jenny finally landed a job as an aid at the Springwood Boys Middle School. This she felt was a great opportunity in that it was a well funded school, and if she were able to somehow land a full-time position she would be in great shape. Because of this, Jenny dealt with the marginal tasks she was asked to complete such as making copies and fetching coffee without complaint.

She did it all with a smile on her face, trying not to ruffle any feathers. The boys in the school all loved her as well, though she didn’t realize that they felt this way due to the fact that she was the only pretty young woman they saw all day, and not for her prowess as a teacher or for her pleasant demeanor.

Because many of the teachers were older, clueless and protected by tenure, the students had less and less respect for their authority. They cut classes, stayed at recess for longer than was permitted, and hung out in the bathrooms.

The worst part was that the administrators at Springwood did little to curtail this behavior, thus undermining their teachers’ credibility. Instead they kept everything as quiet as possible so as to not upset the parents and the alumni. Though these groups continued to pour the money in, experience told the headmaster Mr. Pemberthy that they did not respond well to their boys being berated or punished. So students at Springwood had more liberties than ever before.

One class that was continuing to spiral out of control had been Ms. Lincoln’s 7th grade class, to the point where Ms. Lincoln offered her resignation. She was a woman of nearly 60 years of age, and no longer needed the splitting headaches associated with teaching 20 mischievous boys.

So being the resourceful man that he was, Mr. Pemberthy had an idea that he thought would stimulate interest again among the students, as well as give the rest of the faculty a much needed thrill or two. He offered Ms. Lincoln’s job to the pure, innocent aid known to all as Jenny.

“Oh, Mr. Pemberthy, I’d love to! Thank you so much! I promise you that I’ll work hard and uphold the sanctity of this institution,” replied Jenny.

“Uh… I’m sure you will Jenny. Just sign this contract, and you’ll be a full-time member of our first-class staff,” offered Mr. Pemberthy. “Be sure to get here a half hour early tomorrow morning and to come see me before school begins.”

Jenny awoke the following morning as excited as could be. She was finally on her way to being taken seriously as a teacher. She dressed modestly as usual, wearing a neatly tailored gray pants suit, black pantyhose and modest heels. She wore her hair up as well.

“Good morning Mr. Pemberthy,” exclaimed Jenny, as she entered the front office.

“Hiya Jenny. You’re right on time. Don’t you look nice today. Why don’t you go in the other room and change into the uniform I have for you laying on the desk, and I’ll be along shortly,” said Mr. Pemberthy.

“UUUniform? But I’m already dressed? Can’t I just wear what I have on?”

“Sorry Jenny. Part of the contract you signed was the agreement to wear a uniform.”

“It was? I guess I didn’t read the whole thing,” replied Jenny, now convincing herself that wearing a uniform wasn’t the worst thing in the world.

But as she stepped into Mr. Pemberthy’s office, her thoughts changed immediately. There was no way she was going to wear what was laying on that table. All she saw was a tiny pink thong, black thigh-high stockings, pink opera gloves, black strappy heels, and some white nylon rope which she deciphered had been misplaced.

“Jenny, do you like your outfit? I picked it out myself,” said middle school president Mr. James upon entering the office.

“Um, not really Mr. James. I don’t understand why I have to wear this. All of the other teachers dress professionally. Why do I have to dress like a lap dancer?” asked Jenny.

“Just think of yourself as helping shape young minds, Jenny. We feel you’re the key to the future of this school, and the new direction that we’re headed in the new millennium. The other teachers don’t have your talent. This is a new program, and we want you to be at the center of it. Besides, you said you do need the money, and the job market doesn’t exactly provide too many alternatives. By signing the contract, you’ve agreed to do what is stated. Please don’t make this into a legal battle. Our institution is highly respected,” replied Mr. Pemberthy.

“But all I see is underwear on the table. Isn’t there a dress to go along with it? I don’t even see a bra!” complained Jenny.

“Unfortunately, that’s all there is. Why don’t you get changed. Class is going to begin soon,” answered Mr. James.

“The boys in Ms. Lincoln’s class have been disinterested in learning all year. We have been given carte blanche to do what is necessary to make learning a priority in this school. Right now hanging out in the bathroom and disrupting class has been the priority for most of our students. And until that changes, we’d like to continue to implement this program. Now, we’ll give you some privacy, and you just give us a holler when you’re done,” added Mr. Pemberthy.

With that, Jenny reluctantly began disrobing. This wasn’t exactly what she had in mind in her pursuit of teaching excellence, but for some reason Mr. Pemberthy and Mr. James had made her to feel important and part of a cause. And of course, her weakness for kids weighed on her mind.

“Mr. Pemberthy, I’m dressed, or at least wearing everything that was provided,” offered Jenny, clearly shaken at her near nakedness in front of the men. “Well, everything but this rope. I obviously didn’t think that was part of the uniform.”

“Oh, but it is Jenny,” said Mr. Pemberthy, nearly keeling over as he entered to find a stunning woman wearing nothing but a thong, opera gloves, stockings and heels. “The rope must be used to tie your arms. We don’t want you covering up. That could cause this whole program to fail, as well as you to lose your job. You wouldn’t want that to happen, would you?”

“Of course not. But isn’t there some other way? I mean, I promise I won’t cover up,” answered Jenny, now unknowingly covering both of her unclothed globes.

“But you’re hiding yourself right now! I’m afraid we’ll have to proceed as planned. But not to worry- we’re going to monitor the success of this program based on how it was initially worked up. Then we’ll make adjustments where applicable later. Now, let’s get you fixed up. School starts in 10 minutes.”

Jenny’s arms were then quickly bound tightly behind her at the wrist and elbow. Her flexibility allowed her elbows to touch behind her back, and in doing so further accented her full, soft breasts. She was now in ‘uniform’. After Mr. Pemberthy tied off the last knot, he allowed his hands to wander a bit over Jenny’s helpless body, but retreated before Jenny grew suspicious. She was too busy testing her bonds to notice anyway.

Mr. Pemberthy then took Jenny’s arm and lead her to her classroom. Students began to travel to their classes, when they dispersed to opposite sides of the hallway and stared at Jenny and Mr. Pemberthy, (actually only at Jenny), as the pair made their way down the corridor.

Boys immediately noticed Jenny’s sultry outfit, but also the fact that it appeared she had no arms as the ropes applied by Mr. Pemberthy served to pull them out of view behind her. A number of hands reached out from either side of Jenny and grabbed a handful of breast, thigh, or ass, thus causing Jenny to wince and Mr. Pemberthy to smile. He made no effort to reprimand anyone. He only wished he could do the same.

Finally, Jenny had reached her classroom, only to enter and find 20 boys seated and waiting to learn like they had never before.

“Oh, Mr. Pemberthy, I can’t do this,” whispered Jenny. “You saw those boys in the hall. They’re just going to try to touch me, and it’s going to interfere with the lesson.”

“Don’t worry Jenny. Just set aside some time at the end of the day for them to touch you.”

“But I don’t want them to touch me at all! I only want to teach!!”

“Jenny, relax. This is the opportunity you’ve always wanted. Now just let your leadership skills take over and you’ll be fine…”

Mr. Pemberthy then abruptly closed the door behind Jenny, and she was now forced to preside over a class of unruly boys while dressed in ridiculously little clothing and tied up…again.

“Nice tits teach,” yelled one boy.

“Boys, boys. Settle down. My name is Ms. Richards, and I’d like to be treated with the utmost respect, regardless of what I’m wearing,” scolded Jenny. “Can I please have a volunteer to come to the board and help me with today’s exercise?”

“Sure, I’ll help you. But first we thought you could come around and introduce yourself to us one at a time. We’d like to get off on the right foot after what happened with Ms. Lincoln,” stated a boy seated in the back wearing a baseball cap backwards, which was of course not part of the school’s dress code!

“What a lovely idea,” said Jenny, now figuring that maybe her situation wasn’t all that bad. “Why don’t each of you tell me something about yourself? Won’t that be fun? So what’s your name?” asked Jenny upon approaching the first boy’s desk.

“My name is Jeffrey, and I like to collect baseball cards. Ms. Richards, why are you all tied up?”

“Because your headmaster thought it would help you to learn. Let’s try to forget about that and focus on everyone getting to know each other. Unless, Jeffrey, you’d like to untie me?”

“Uh, I don’t think that would be a good idea, especially if the headmaster says it’s alright,” said Jeffrey.

“That’s what I figured.”

Jenny made her way to the next boy’s desk, and proceeded to lean against it, apparently growing tired of standing with her arms bound. His eyes widened to the point of nearly popping out, ogling every line of Jenny’s figure, which was now only inches from his seat.

“I’m Danny, and I like sports cars.”

As Danny finished his introduction, he intentionally separated the wobbly front right leg of his desk from the main structure. Jenny, seated against the back left corner, was unable to maintain her balance, and slid directly into Danny’s lap, as well as his outstretched hands! Ostensibly, she was now more than just dressed as a lap dancer.

All the other boys began cheering wildly, with Danny seizing the opportunity by running his fingers from Jenny’s shoulder down to her monstrous right breast. With Jenny still unable to recover, Danny continued to trace her stomach as well as the thin silk band that held her tiny pink thong in place. He then caressed her creamy white thighs, to the heavenly crevice where her stocking top and bare thigh met. He marveled at the smoothness of her skin, and at how curvaceous her body was. So curvy that if Jenny’s figure were a road, he figured that even the highest performing car he fancied would be unable to avoid plummeting off a cliff.

As Jenny grew more and more frustrated, the fire bell began to blare.

Jenny lamented as she couldn’t quite shift her weight to regain her balance with Danny’s hands still pawing away at her. Jenny screamed for Danny to release her, but he appeared to be content to perish in a blaze for the chance to touch her a little more.

A couple of boys seated in the back made their way to Danny’s chair to assist Jenny, but she found out their motivation was more out of desire to end Danny’s monopoly of Jenny. They helped Jenny to her feet while they felt her up and stroked her thong-clad ass.

Jenny then desperately tried to organize a straight line for the class to make their way out to the courtyard and out of harm’s way. But the class insisted on ‘ladies first’, asking Jenny to lead them outside.

Every student groped Jenny on her way to the front of the line. One student even wrapped her up at the waist to aid her in keeping her balance down the stairs with her arms still bound.

For this Jenny was grateful, until of course she descended a couple of stairs in advance of the boy and the flimsy material of her thong strained as he gripped her with his hand inside the waistband. It finally gave way and ripped apart, and as the doors to the courtyard were opened, the entire school was treated to a vision that they all thought had to be a dream.

Here was a buxom blonde with two visible hairdos, clad in only stockings, heels and gloves, with her arms tied inescapably behind her back, a distressed look on her face, accompanied by 20 giddy 7th graders- one of which still heroically guiding her to safety.

“Jenny, nicely done! This is the quickest this class has been organized in quite some time for a fire drill,” exclaimed Mr. Pemberthy. “I knew you could do it!”

“Fire drill? Fire drill? I humiliated myself in front of the entire school for a fire drill?” replied Jenny, still in shock over her predicament. “That’s it. I quit. Now if you’ll excuse me…”

“Ms. Richards, please don’t leave us!” said a melancholy Jeffrey, peering up into Jenny’s forgiving eyes. “We promise we’ll behave.”

“Oh, Jeffrey. I can’t say no to that face. Okay, I’ll stay…” answered Jenny, unable to finish her statement.

“Great! Jenny, this is great. We’ve got the local fire department coming in a few minutes, and I told them that you would volunteer and help them communicate fire safety techniques to the school,” interrupted Mr. Pemberthy.

“Why am I not surprised?” asked Jenny, conceivably having gained some measure of respect as a teacher through the unlikeliest of ways.

Now, if she could only get a similar measure of clothing, Jenny thought.

“Teachers, please take your students back inside to your respective classrooms. The fire department will be here soon, and a firefighter will be assigned to each class,” shouted Mr. Pemberthy.

“Mr. Pemberthy, perhaps I could get something else to wear before they get here? I don’t want the firemen to see me like this,” whispered Jenny.

“Jenny, don’t worry about that. Besides, I’m afraid I don’t have anything additional. I thought you’d at least be able to keep the brief amount of clothing I gave you on your body!”

“Well, for some reason that is always a problem for me. Do you think you could at least untie me? You tied my arms so tight, they are starting to go numb...”

“Ms. Richards, there you are! Let’s go back inside. C’mon, I’ll help you,” interrupted a fast approaching Jeffrey, now wrapping his right arm around Jenny’s torso and resting his hand across her toned stomach.

“Jenny, I’ll catch up to you later,” smiled Mr. Pemberthy as he walked off for some quiet time alone in his office.

“But, but…”

Jeffrey continued to lead Jenny back into the school, but stopped her abruptly as they reached the base of the stairs. This was the same dreaded staircase that earlier claimed Jenny’s last and only layer of protection from hundreds of pairs of prying eyes.

“Ms. Richards, be careful. Why don’t you go in front of me, and I’ll make sure you don’t lose your balance,” offered a sincere Jeffrey.

Jenny smiled in approval and began her journey by placing her black three-inch strappy heel on the concrete surface of the first stair. As a result, her long, lithe leg extended outward- revealing the feminine muscles in her right calf created from wearing heels so often. Jeffrey ogled the backs of her thighs, as they slowly yet confidently ascended stair by stair.

Jenny then paused two stairs from the top, and Jeffrey, being the caring boy he was, placed his left hand squarely on Jenny’s now bare ass which served to stabilize her body, (or so he rationalized to himself). Surprisingly, Jenny did not seem to mind, until of course Jeffrey’s hand slid down inside her right thigh, which she thought was initiated little in the way of helping her!

“I can manage there buster,” scolded Jenny, as she hurdled the final two stairs in rapid succession, leaving her breasts bouncing and swaying from side to side.

Jeffrey opened the door to the classroom, and in gentlemanly fashion allowed Jenny to pass through first. She was appalled as she found the rest of the boys either play fighting, tossing paper airplanes, or writing lewd phrases on the blackboard, one of which read, “Miss has got big tits.”

Jenny scrambled over to the blackboard with a forlorn look on her face. She nagged the boys to return to their seats, but they were more interested in staring at her than listening. Jenny struggled to grab for an eraser, but with her wrists tied together behind her, she only managed to knock it to the floor. She did, however, succeed in clutching a second eraser, but was unable to wipe away anything on the board because the tight ropes encircling her elbows severely limited her movement.

The boys laughed hysterically, which apparently provided them just enough entertainment to agree to return to their seats. Jenny angrily hobbled around her desk, propped herself up, and sat cross-legged in the hopes of hiding some of her nakedness. Although the boys sat mesmerized by her body, Jenny took solace in the fact that they remained calm.

“Excuse me, Miss? I’m Lieutenant Joe Douglas, from the Springwood Fire Department,” exclaimed a stocky, gray-bearded man slowly entering Jenny’s classroom. “I’m here to discuss fire safety with the boys. I was told you would be very helpful.”

“Hello Lt. Douglas. I’m Jenny Richards. I don’t know how much help I’ll be,…”

“Excuse me, Jenny? Can you come out to the hall for a moment,” asked Mr. Pemberthy, peeking his head into the room just behind Lt. Douglas. “I’ve got some good news.”

Jenny made her way out to the hallway, and was surprised to see that Mr. Pemberthy had found her some clothing, albeit not much. He unfurled a minuscule white apron that appeared only large enough for a six-year old. It looked more like something worn with a naughty French maid uniform than during home economics class. It covered her pussy, but did not extend south enough to even reach her stocking tops. It did nothing to cover her breasts, or for that matter her ass, unless you count the small knot Mr. Pemberthy tied in back to affix it to her body. In any case, Jenny accepted it and returned to the fire safety discussion.

“Okay boys. Let’s get started. It looks like you have a very nice teacher here,” stated Lt. Douglas, trying hard to focus on getting the boys’ attention and not on Jenny and her little apron. “Fires are chemical reactions involving rapid oxidation or burning of fuel. For fire to occur it needs three things- fuel, oxygen and big breasts, er, uh, I mean heat. A chain reaction can then take place when each of these elements is present. If they aren’t then the fire cannot take place, or it will be extinguished if it was previously burning. Yes, young man, you have a question?”

“So you’re saying that Ms. Richards’ breasts can start a fire?” asked one boy, resulting in chuckles amongst the class, and a dirty look from Jenny.

“How can that happen? Like when you reach out and squeeze them?” added another boy, as well as providing a ‘hands on’ illustration of his question by feeling her globes, sparking a mixture of arousal and disgust in Jenny.

“No, haha, you misunderstood me guys. Ms. Richards’ breasts can start fires, just not ones that burn down things,” replied Lt. Douglas.

“I beg your pardon? Lieutenant, I don’t think I like how this is going!” said Jenny. “Can we get back to talking about fires?”

“Sure, sure. Boys, let me skip ahead a bit and demonstrate to you a very important element in fire safety- the evacuation of elderly and disabled or injured people. Having a floor plan where you are aware of at least two ways out of a given room is of paramount importance. You’ll notice in this room we have the door, and since we are only on the second floor, a window escape is also an alternative.

Now Ms. Richards, since you are already in somewhat of a helpless position being all tied-up, I’d like you to volunteer. Now, if you’ll please sit on the desk like you were when I came in, we’ll get started.”

“Alright Lt. Douglas.”

“Now, boys, what you want to do is approach the person cautiously. Stay as low to the ground as possible, since smoke rises. It is usually dark as well, so you want to kind of feel around in front of you to make certain of your safety, like this.”

Lt. Douglas could not help himself, as he proceeded to fondle Jenny from head to toe. As she whimpered erotically and writhed against her ropes, he lifted her with one arm and slung her over his shoulder while supporting her weight with a large hand on her naked, upturned ass. He set her down near the door, (or safety as he called it), but not before he grabbed her innocent flesh a few more times.

The students enjoyed this tutorial, but roared in approval when Lt. Douglas suggested that each boy duplicate the technique he just explained. He understood that the boys would not be able to carry her individually, but advised that they should break into groups of two or three to complete the task successfully. This concept was not lost on Jenny.

“No they will not! I will not be subjected to any more of this humiliation. They’ll have to make do with what you showed them,” yelled Jenny.

“Ms. Richards, I have to say that I’m a bit disappointed. Mr. Pemberthy told me that you’d do anything to help these kids. He said you were a special teacher. Now, why won’t you help us out?”

“Help you out? Help you out? This is only my first day as their regular teacher, and already I’ve been either naked, or nearly naked wearing one ridiculous outfit after another. I’ve been tied-up all day, and my arms are aching, but no one seems to care. Instead, every boy in this class, as well as you Lieutenant, has taken the opportunity to touch me. So, I ask you, don’t you think I’ve helped enough for one day?”

As Jenny fumed, Mr. Pemberthy returned to the room thanking Lt. Douglas and dismissing the class for the day. He had heard Jenny’s rant, and immediately yet reluctantly cut the ropes that held her arms so tightly behind her for the entire day.

Jenny was so relieved to regain use of her hands. He also offered her the business suit she had originally worn that morning, and consoled her for going through so much for the Springwood Boys School.

“Jenny, I really, truly appreciate everything you did today. Will you please continue with us tomorrow?” asked Mr. Pemberthy.

“Well….I guess so. I don’t really have much choice, but…” answered Jenny.

“Remember, come to my office a little early before school starts.”

“You mean I’m going to have to dress like this again? I’m going to be tied-up and all that?? I don’t think I want to go through this all over again!”

“Jenny, you did great today. And as they say, Rome wasn’t built in a day. I saw some real improvement in the class, which I attribute solely to your presence. I think we’re ahead of schedule. And I’ll try to make sure that the students and other men here don’t take liberties with you like they did today.”

“Okay, thanks Mr. Pemberthy. That does make me feel a lot better.”

“Oh, and Jenny,” continued Mr. Pemberthy as he began to depart. “I’d like you to start the day tomorrow with that fire evacuation technique that Lt. Douglas wanted the boys to try. See you bright and early!”

Jenny returned to Springwood after a very eventful first day. Stepping out from her car, Jenny fastened the top button of her black blazer before approaching the front of the building. Again she was dressed very professionally in a black pants suit, but Jenny had a feeling that wouldn’t last long.

Arriving a half-hour early per Mr. Pemberthy’s request, Jenny found a seat outside his office to wait for him. She was uneasy- she had hoped she wouldn’t be subjected to more of what she thought was humiliation even though she took the whole ordeal very well. She needed the work, but was forever unable to comprehend the oil-and-water characteristics that she carried with her and that were primarily the cause for her losing her clothing. Those qualities, of course, were her beauty and trusting attitude towards others.

“Why hello there Jenny. Good morning to you. Thanks for coming in early again. Why don’t you step inside? I’ve got something new for you to wear today,” stated Mr. Pemberthy, carrying an oversize mug filled with his morning coffee.

“Good morning Mr. Pemberthy. Great, I was hoping I wasn’t going to have to be dressed like that again. What is it?”

“It’s over on the table in the corner. Let me just send this email, and I’ll take a walk and let you get dressed.”

Jenny was again appalled at what Mr. Pemberthy expected her to wear in front of a class full of unruly boys. She saw a pair of black heels, white knee socks, and a red thong shaped like a heart in front. Before Jenny could protest, Mr. Pemberthy quickly exited expecting Jenny to slip into this ‘outfit’. Jenny did so reluctantly- she had done so the day before, so why not continue with what she started?

Mr. Pemberthy was extremely aroused as he caught his first glimpse of Jenny. She looked like a school girl with the knee socks, although sans plaid skirt and white blouse. He thought she looked better under the ‘less is more’ theory, and who in their right mind other than Jenny herself would argue that?

“Alright, I guess I’m off to my class. I’d like to get there before all the boys have a chance to ogle me,” said Jenny, her breasts bouncing every which way in her haste to leave Mr. Pemberthy’s office.

“Oh, Jenny. Wait a moment. Aren’t you forgetting something?” asked Mr. Pemberthy, holding a length of white rope in his hands.

“Oh please, not again. I promise I won’t cover up!”

“Jenny, you know the deal. Don’t make this harder than it has to be,” explained Mr. Pemberthy, as he strictly tied Jenny’s thin arms behind her. Her tiny forearms swayed from side to side trying to mitigate the effects of the knots, but to no avail. Mr. Pemberthy tried to convince her that her predicament wasn’t all that bad, but Jenny departed before he could finish. She didn’t want to hear it.

“Hi Ms. Richards. You look very nice today,” said Brian, looking up at his teacher as she negotiated her way into the classroom. “Can I give you a good morning hug?”

“Uh, I’d prefer that you didn’t, but only if you agree to be my assistant for the day helping me with the lesson and in writing on the board. Oh, and if you wouldn’t mind, please erase those naughty phrases you boys wrote about me yesterday.”

“Sure no problem,” answered Brian, as he expeditiously did as Jenny asked so he could enjoy his hug as soon as possible.

Jenny was startled though, as Brian wrapped his arms around her body, while simultaneously resting his head on Jenny’s ample chest. After a long embrace he slid his fingers down to Jenny’s ass, causing her to feverishly tap at his hands with her bound arms indicating she was not in approval. He obliged and fixed them on her smooth hips, while he started to gently nuzzle her nipples. Jenny let him continue for longer than he expected, but broke free of his clutches as the rest of the boys began filing into class.

“Good morning everyone. Brian here will be helping me today. Brian, why don’t you pull down that map of the United States and we can start with some geography,” asked Jenny.

“Okay, but Mr. Pemberthy told me to make sure that we started by practicing that fire safety technique from yesterday,” answered Brian as he flashed a sly smile. Not surprisingly, all of the boys were in agreement with Brian’s suggestion.

“I don’t think that would be a good idea. I’ll make you boys a deal. What, within reason, would you like to do that Ms. Lincoln wouldn’t let you?” offered Jenny.

“Well, for one, she wouldn’t let us go on our field trip to Safety Town. She said because we were bad and wouldn’t listen to her,” said Brian.

“Okay, then I’ll discuss with Mr. James and Mr. Pemberthy a reinstatement of that trip. Will that be agreeable to all of you?”

With that, the boys were satisfied, at least for the time being. Safety Town was something everyone had looked forward to, where they had the opportunity to operate cars the size of golf carts in a miniature city with lifelike roads and traffic signals. It was a controlled environment that stressed driving care and understanding of street signs, but all 12-year old boys were concerned about was being able to drive the little cars. If Jenny could make that happen for them, they would even pass up the chance to evacuate her delicious body from a make believe fire.

Day number two progressed nicely for Jenny. She had the class immersed in busy work for most of the day, so as to minimize her time standing in front of them with their prying eyes and curious hands. She figured her mention of a possible future trip to Safety Town combined with their outrageous behavior from the day before had served to calm them down. One of the boys even asked if she could come by his house after school to tutor him on her geography lesson! Jenny immediately agreed, thinking she was starting to get through to them.

On their way out, the boys handed in their written assignments. Jenny perused a couple of the papers, and was dismayed to see elaborate drawings of her body, and not the answers to the capitals of the 50 States as she had hoped. She saw Jason’s paper, (the one who had asked to be tutored), and although it mostly contained errors, Jenny realized a concerted effort on his part to complete the assignment.

“Well, hiya Jenny. How was your second day?” asked a wide-eyed Mr. Pemberthy.

“It actually went pretty well. I think I’m really reaching these kids,” said Jenny, moving towards Mr. Pemberthy to be freed from the ropes binding her arms.

“Any plans for tonight?”

“Yes. In fact, I’m just about to head over to tutor one of the students in my class. He’s really trying hard, but needs extra instruction.”

“Wait, you’re going to tutor right now? That’s great, but unfortunately you’re going to have to remain tied up and wearing what you have on. It’s technically still part of the school day, and that’s the policy we have in place,” said Mr. Pemberthy, as he tossed his scissors back into his desk.

“What?? How can that be? I can’t go dressed like this? I thought I’d be able to wear some regular clothes. And just how do you expect me to get there?”

“I’ll call you a cab. We have a car service for situations just like this. They are very good. And they’ll drop you back off at the school afterwards.”

“You’ve had to call cabs for teachers that are tied-up and wearing next to nothing?”

“Well, actually you’ll be the first under that heading, but we have the service for people with car trouble, or for teachers that are dropped off in the morning- that sort of thing. Why don’t you wait out in the front lobby, and I’ll call them right away.”

Now Jenny began to worry. She made a commitment to tutor Jason, but now she’d be going to a strange house dressed erotically to say the least. She tried to reassure herself thinking that maybe his parents will realize the hilarity of the situation, and untie her as soon as she gets there. But knowing Jenny’s luck, anything was possible.

“Uh, yeah, is there a Jenny Richardson here? I’m supposed to take her over to Sycamore and Redhook,” asked a portly gentleman wearing a tee shirt and baggy jeans that looked to be stained with spaghetti sauce.

“Yes, that’s me- Jenny Richards.”

“Well, heeelllo! I’m Gus, Gus Verplank. Why don’t you come with me? My cab’s right out front. Looks like you may need a hand,” added Gus as he cupped Jenny’s left ass cheek in helping her out the front door.

“Thanks, but I can manage without your hand on my behind.”

“Sorry babe. Listen, why don’t you sit up front, and I’ll belt you in. There are no functional seat belts in the back, and I don’t want you tumbling around back there! Let me just clear away some of this junk,” said Gus, as Jenny watched him empty the front bench seat of a plethora of unsightly and foul smelling items. As it was, an unpleasant odor still lingered, making Jenny all the more excited about this upcoming ride. “There you go. I think we’ll belt you in the middle seat here so I can make sure you’re okay,” continued Gus, as he stretched his soiled right hand around Jenny and affixed it across her right shoulder, just inches from her mountainous breast.

“Um, thanks, I guess. Will it be that long a ride?”

“Shouldn’t be. You know, I don’t have too many women like you in my cab. You’re very attractive. Can you tell me why you’re dressed like this?”

“It’s a long story. Would you mind watching the road? I’d feel a little safer,” asked Jenny, squirming against Gus’ hand and trying to deflect his attention from her chest.

Gus snapped out of his trance just in time as he slammed the breaks and came to a screeching halt- narrowly colliding with the car stopped at the light directly in front of him. As a reflex, he grabbed for anything he could, and since some things are larger than others, Jenny’s firm breasts were the selection. He pressed her body against his to prevent her from falling forward. Jenny screamed, and tried to wriggle free of his clutches. His hands left a remnant of what appeared to be chocolate on her flawless body.

“Let go of me! Look at what you did! You smeared chocolate all over me.”

“Oh, yeah sorry. I was eating a few chocolate bars before. Here, let me lick it off,” offered Gus, as he repositioned himself with his face in Jenny’s tits, and his left hand firmly planted on Jenny’s bare right knee, slowly drifting north up her thigh. As he continued to suck away at her breasts, his hand worked up toward her heart-shaped thong, causing Jenny to struggle even mightier.

“Get your hands off me you pervert,” said Jenny as she raised her right knee and buried it in Gus’ pudgy stomach, causing him to crumple accordion-style back into the driver’s seat. “Please just take me to the house!”

“Okay, okay. Calm down. It’s right here around the corner”, answered Gus, desperately trying to catch his breath as he pulled up right next to the driveway. He unbelted Jenny and assisted her out to the car- this time touching her only where and when was necessary. “I didn’t mean to get carried away like I did. I wanted to make sure I got all of the chocolate off of you. Listen, I’ll just wait out front here for you to be done. I was told you’d be here for an hour.”

“Let’s forget it. And don’t bother waiting for me. I’ll get another ride later.”

With that Gus sped off, leaving Jenny on the front stoop of Jason’s house. She knocked as best she could, and before long she was greeted by a beaming Jason.

“Oh, Miss Richards. Please come in. I didn’t expect you to still be dressed in your work clothes,” said a sarcastic Jason.

“Very funny. Are you parents home? I’d like to speak with them for a minute.”

“Umm, no they aren’t. They both work late tonight. I hope you don’t mind, but I invited a few of the other guys from class who needed some tutoring too. They’re all waiting in the kitchen.”

Jenny hobbled into Jason’s kitchen to find Kevin, Sammy and Danny sitting at the table engrossed in their textbooks. This befuddled Jenny as she targeted these boys as the problem kids that did little more than sit in the back of the class and enjoy the scenery.

“Oh, my, I didn’t expect all of you boys to be here. Sammy, I saw the paper you handed in, and all you did was doodle pictures of me! What would make me think you want to learn now?” asked an annoyed Jenny.

“Because I really want to go to Safety Town, and also want to do well in school. I can’t get into the stuff we do in class though,” answered Sammy. “It’s just too boring.”

“Well, I’m sorry you feel that way, but that’s the material we have to cover. And you’ll be expected to learn it like everyone else. Now, let’s get started.”

As Jenny began her discussion, she couldn’t help but notice the boys salivating at the way she bounced across the kitchen. Their eyes were focused directly and solely on her cleavage. She knew she had to do something fast before she wasted the entire hour.

“Okay, boys, listen to me. And look up here at my face,” pleaded Jenny. “Here’s what we’re…”

“Miss Richards, I’ve got an idea! How about we play a game where you can quiz us on the capitals, and if we get the right answers you can let us do stuff!” offered Jason.

“That sounds like a good idea, if that would make it more enjoyable for you. But what ‘stuff’ would you want to do?” asked a hesitant Jenny.

“How about you let us touch you for every question we get right?” said Kevin. “Wouldn’t that be fair?”

“Yeah, that’s a great idea!” agreed Sammy. “That’s like in that Adam Sandler movie ‘Billy Madison’, except Miss Richards is already naked!”

“Very funny,” scolded Jenny, silencing the boys’ laughter. “Actually, I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I don’t think it would be fair at all- mostly because I saw your papers today, and they were miserable! But assuming we play, what if you get the answers wrong? What will you do for me?”

“We could still touch you if you want,” giggled Danny, hoping that their motives matched hers.

“I don’t think so. How about you untie me, AND tell Mr. Pemberthy tomorrow that you don’t need me to be dressed like this anymore! I’d be willing to play if you’ll do that,” exclaimed Jenny, dreaming that she could get her way for a change.

The boys huddled up and nodded in agreement of Jenny’s demands. They felt the extra studying they did before Jenny arrived would pay off. Of course, they held hostage the whole class’ semester based on their knowledge of the capitals. Since Jenny became their teacher two days earlier, it had been pure heaven for all of them.

“Okay, let’s begin. I’ll ask each of you three questions,” explained Jenny, shivering at the thought of the game not going her way. “Now, Kevin, the first question is for you. What is the capital of Idaho?”

“Figures. Why do you have to give me the hard ones? I don’t know- Potato City?” said a facetious Kevin.

“Sorry, that’s incorrect. The correct answer is Boise”, answered a relieved Jenny. “Sammy, what is the capital of Montana?”

“Let’s see- Helena? Am I right? Is it Helena?” said Sammy, eagerly awaiting confirmation from Jenny.

“Why, yes! It is! I’m very proud of you Sammy!”

“Yeah, yeah, thanks. Now, you said we could touch you?” continued Sammy.

Jenny begrudgingly complied, and stood over Sammy telling him he could rub her legs for getting the right answer. She purposely began with what she thought were the harder capitals, but it was beginning to backfire on her. She underestimated the boys’ focus when given some extra motivation.

“Okay Sammy, that’s enough,” said an annoyed Jenny, trying to get back to the quiz. “Now, Danny, what is the capital of Wyoming?”

“That’s an easy one. It’s Cheyenne. My uncle lives there!” said a bold Danny.

“Wow, that’s right too! Very good. I can’t believe this. Danny, you can rub my legs just as Sammy did,” offered Jenny, now wondering to herself how one of her students could possibly have a relative living in Wyoming! She was convinced that nothing could go her way.

“Danny, I said only my legs,” scolded Jenny, as Danny could not contain himself from tweaking her nipples too. “Please, let’s play the game by the rules. You have to keep getting right answers! Now Jason, what’s the capital of Louisiana?”

“Lemme see. The Saints play in the Louisiana Superdome, so is it New Orleans?”

“No, I’m sorry, but that was a good try. It’s Baton Rouge. So now that’s two wrong and two right. Not too shabby. Kevin, back to you. What is the capital of Mississippi?” asked Jenny.

“Fuck, I don’t know that one either. You’re giving me all the hard ones!” said Kevin.

“Watch your language young man!! I’m not giving you anything tougher than I’m giving the others. And the correct answer is Jackson. Sammy, how about Nevada?”

“Nevada, Nevada. I think that’s Las Vegas, yeah it’s Las Vegas. Oh wait…it’s Carson City, ” said Sammy, correcting himself.

“Sorry Sammy. I’m going to have to accept your first answer of Las Vegas-which was incorrect. Carson City was right however,” said a frightened Jenny, attempting to get away unscathed.

“That’s not fair! I got the right answer,” cried Sammy.

“Alright fine. You’re right. You can touch my stomach,” said a deflated Jenny. “And just a little bit! Don’t get too comfortable!”

Jenny was starting to reevaluate her plans to introduce this game, as the boys had fared much better than she had anticipated. While Sammy readied himself, Jenny caught a glimpse of Danny and Jason looking on and warming up their hands, hoping to have the same opportunity as Sammy.

“Ahhh, okay,” said Jenny, wiggling free of Sammy’s embrace. “Now then, Danny, how about Phoenix?”

“That’s not a state! You tried to cheat again!” accused a pugnacious Danny.

“Oh, I apologize. I made a…” said a frazzled Jenny.

“Too late,” interrupted Danny, now rising out of his chair and grabbing two handfuls of Jenny’s inviting tits. Her nipples grew very hard, as the constant handling of her body had finally worn her down.

Jason recognized that Jenny was not protesting Danny’s actions, and quickly took advantage by kneeling behind Jenny and caressing the backs of her feminine thighs. Kevin, who had been shut out up to this point joined in the fun as well by removing Jenny’s minuscule panties and exploring her trimmed mound and moist slit .

Sammy, who was exhausted from his earlier experience, was content to collapse into his seat and watch his buddies. As Jenny decided to surrender, she closed her eyes, but was instantly awakened by a loud slam of the door.

“Hey! What in God’s name is going on in here? Why is this woman undressed?” shouted Jason’s mother, as she strode into the kitchen carrying a bag of groceries, causing the boys to scatter in all directions from the helpless Jenny.

“Um, hi mom, this is our new teacher, Miss Richards. She just came by to tutor us…” said Jason.

“In what, human anatomy? This session is over. You’re in big trouble young man, and you’ve got a lot of explaining to do. Danny, Sammy, Kevin- I suggest you go home. And Miss, I don’t know why you’re all trussed up, but I don’t really care at this point. I want you out of my home. A car is waiting outside for you in the driveway to take you back to the school. I spoke with the driver a minute ago- I think he said his name was Gus?” said Jason’s mom, causing the tiny hairs on Jenny’s bound forearms to stand on end.

“But, but…” replied a struggling Jenny, as Danny, Sammy and Kevin escorted her out of the house and assisted her back into the stench that was Gus’ cab.

Weeks had now passed, and Jenny was becoming as comfortable as possible with her role at Springwood. Today, however would be different as the night before Mr. Pemberthy informed Jenny that she was finally permitted to be completely dressed.

Jenny figured it had to be as a result of the students’ scores on the last test which had skyrocketed when compared to those earned earlier in the semester. In any case, Jenny wasn’t about to argue the rationale.

Jenny’s glee caused discouragement amongst her twenty eager young students, (who again arrived promptly, a usual occurrence ever since she took over as their teacher), as they found her dressed in jeans, tennis shoes and an oversized sweater. She smiled as she witnessed their collective sigh.

“Now, now boys. You’ve had your fun. Can’t I be dressed for once?” contended Jenny. “Mr. Pemberthy has requested that the whole class meet him in the lobby this morning, although I can’t imagine why. It seems that I’ve left some materials in the faculty room, so once I’ve retrieved them we can be on our way…”

The boys were beginning to get restless as Jenny had been gone for almost 10 minutes. Many of them were contemplating cutting class, especially since Jenny had a newfound clothing allowance! But as Jenny returned to class, every boy thanked his lucky stars that they stuck around for a few extra minutes.

This was because she was dressed very differently now. The jeans, tennis shoes and sweater had been deposited in a large shopping bag which she carried in her left hand- the jeans now crumpled and peeking out from the top of the bag. They were replaced by a satin lavender–colored thong, as well as a sexy pair of white, three-inch, open-toed sandals. That was it! Jenny had voluntarily gone topless for the class!

The boys greeted her with a series of whistles and shouts, as they were even more excited than usual due to her willingness to dress this way for them.

“Do you like this outfit better? I thought you would, but don’t get used to it! I’m only doing it because of your last test scores. I’m very proud of you all!” explained Jenny. “Boys, please proceed to the lobby. Sammy, Daniel, I’d like you to stay behind for a moment so that I might have a word with you. We’ll join the rest of the class shortly.”

A giddy bunch quickly filed out as Sammy and Daniel remained, staring with mouths agape at Jenny’s heaving breasts.

“Since you boys scored highest on the last test, I wanted to reward you for all of your hard work. Go into my shopping bag over there and I’m sure you’ll find something of interest,” offered Jenny.

The two quickly rifled through her bag, finding what Jenny was referring to immediately. They peered back at her with puzzled looks on their faces.

“Ms. Richards, all we see here is this bundle of rope. You really want us to tie you up with it?” asked Daniel.

“No, I’m going to use it to tie the two of you! Of course it’s to tie me with, silly! Don’t you want to?”

“Hell, yeah!” the boys shouted in unison. “It’s just that we didn’t expect you to let us do it,” continued Sammy.

“Well, I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I’m sort of used to it by now. As long as it’s just during class time, I guess it is alright,” answered Jenny, now clearly believing she was losing her mind. “Now let’s hurry up so that we don’t keep Mr. Pemberthy waiting.”

The boys nearly fainted, but were able to compose themselves enough to begin gathering the rope. Meanwhile, Jenny made some last minute adjustments to her thong and heels, (her only clothing) as well as her hair before her hands were immobilized for the day.

Sammy and Daniel made sure to concentrate the knots much like Mr. Pemberthy did, tying Jenny’s arms behind her in several areas both above and below her elbows in addition to her wrists. This caused her hands and arms to once again disappear from sight when she was viewed from straight on. Her soft breasts swayed while her hair covered her eyes as she tested her bonds. She surmised that they were even tighter and more restrictive than ever before, and thus had terrible trouble balancing her body.

“Boys, you will make sure I don’t fall, won’t you?” pleaded Jenny, basically inviting the boys to place their hands on her. “You made the ropes so tight, I don’t think I’ll be able to travel to the lobby on my own, especially with these heels being so difficult to walk in.”

“Sure Ms. Richards!” exclaimed Danny, as he approached her from behind placing both hands on either side of her tiny waist, aiding her through the doorway and out into the hall.

Several minutes later Mr. Pemberthy looked like he had been electrocuted upon seeing Jenny bound and topless making her way to the front of the building. Mr. Pemberthy asked that Jenny step into his office for a moment, but not before Sammy loosened his grip on her left breast that he had cupped for dear life. Jenny politely asked him to let go, and Sammy obeyed.

“Jenny, you do know that I didn’t require you to be dressed like this today, right?” asked Mr. Pemberthy. “Today is their trip to Safety Town, and you’re their only chaperone!”

“The trip is today! Then I can’t be dressed like this! No one told me about the trip!” replied a frantic Jenny.

“Didn’t you notice the students all dressed in jeans and sneakers today?” answered Mr. Pemberthy.

“Not really. They rarely follow the school dress code! How was I to know?” said Jenny. “Mr. Pemberthy, you’ll have to untie me! I can’t go like this!”

“I’m sorry Jenny. You’ll have to work that out with the boys. I wasn’t involved in this one…” said Mr. Pemberthy as Sammy interrupted by poking his head in to alert them that the bus had arrived. “Oh, okay. Have a great time!”

As Jenny was escorted by Sammy and Daniel up the stairs and into the bus, she couldn’t help but realize her fate. Even when she voluntarily put herself in a position to be humiliated and embarrassed, there was always more to come. As if her predicament within the school wasn’t enough, now total strangers were going to see her this way.

Jenny took her seat in the fourth row between Sammy and Daniel, who rapidly became the envy of the rest of their classmates. To Jenny’s dismay, the bus was equipped with decrepit shocks, causing her to bounce uncontrollably with each pothole the bus encountered. Luckily for Jenny, the two made sure they held her in place by wrapping an arm around her waist while offering a second hand to strategically cover the breast nearest them.

As Jenny sat cross-legged, she studied Sammy and Daniel, and came to understand her role. She was the only woman among twenty hormone-crazed boys, which many women, (including Jenny at first), would view as a death sentence. Both boys were dressed in baggy cargo pants, sneakers and tee shirts, but Jenny only wore the barest of essentials. Her discomfort extended to her arms being horribly wrenched together behind her back, while the boys had complete use of their limbs as was currently demonstrated by four hands resting comfortably on her smooth, feminine, curvaceous body.

For some reason, after all of Jenny’s past experiences, she was able to deal with it. Maybe it was because after all was said and done, the students listened to her and genuinely tried in school. Or maybe it was because her being in a near-naked state wasn’t one hundred percent gratuitous. She wasn’t entirely sure. She was, however, sure that she would continue to toil at Springwood Boys School if she could make a difference.

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**Jenny and The Spider By Eltan**

\*knock\* \*knock\*

Jenny bounded downstairs barefoot to see who was at the door, opening the door she was confronted by three grinning boy scouts, the one in front holding a large cardboard box

“Hello miss buy a box of cookies?” said the scout, Jenny’s immediate reaction in the presence of a boyscout was to scream “NOOO!” but remembering she was at home, and seeing the confused expressions on the boy’s faces, then calmed herself, “err I mean, no thank you boys”.

“Awwww please miss” moaned the lead scout, but Jenny couldn’t help the situation, she had no money on her, and knew she didn’t have any money inside

“I’m sorry boys, but I don’t have any money here right now, you see I’m here alone and my husband is out and” Jenny stopped herself, realizing she was rambling, “maybe next time boys”.

Jenny watched the boys faces droop, and started to turn back into the house, but quick as a flash, the lead boy had reached into the cardboard box (which only had 1 half-eaten box of cookies in it, the rest of the cardboard box’s contents composed of many other things that weren’t cookie related) and withdrew a glass jar, whipped off the lid and, leaning forward, emptied the contents on to the back of Jenny’s dress as she took a step back into the house then deftly replaced the jar in the box.

“Oh, miss..” one of the boys began, as Jenny was reaching out to shut the door “looks like you’ve got a spider on your dress there”.

Jenny froze in terror, arms clamped to her sides, she HATED spiders, and hurriedly stammered “c-c-c-ould one of you nice boys get rid of the thing for me?”, “Sure” piped up the lead boy, Micky “but come out side here so we can make sure it doesn’t run inside”.

Jenny complied, and taking slow backwards steps, being careful not to trip, backed onto her front lawn.

Now it was a warm summer’s day, and Jenny was dressed, mostly appropriately, in a loose flowing summer dress of pale yellow, and simple white cotton panties and a matching white bra, but all that was about to change.

Micky and the other boys, rushed over to Jenny’s position, Micky dumping his box behind Jenny on the grass, “Ohhhh getitoff getitoff getitoff” Jenny whimpered, “Right!” said Micky, as he dove into his box, rummaging around, coming back up with the scout’s most trusted tool, the swiss army knife.

“Hold her steady guys” Micky motioned to his friends, each boy took a hand and lifted Jenny’s arms up and away from her waist, “Now miss it’s very important you stay completely still, and you might want to close your eyes”

Jenny did exactly as she was told, putting faith in the little professionals, and Micky couldn’t believe his luck when darting around to Jenny’s side he saw that she had indeed closed her eyes.

Micky quickly grabbed his small pet spider, a quite harmless, garden variety spider, (but Micky knew that most girls couldn’t put the two words spider and harmless in the same sentence) and set it down on his arm, then sighting the panty line, Micky grabbed the material of Jenny’s dress just below her butt and cautiously looked at the back of Jenny’s head, showing no signs of movement. Then, using his swiss army knife, quickly as he could he cut a circle around the material of Jenny’s dress, letting what he had cut off fall to the ground.

Jenny felt a warm breeze across the back of her thighs, and opening her eyes to gaze at her dress, she saw her previously respectable knee length summer dress had turned into a cut-off at the thigh minidress, a slight breeze blew through, ruffling Jenny’s dress, showing the 3 boys glimpses of Jenny’s white panties, they could only grin in unison.

“Ummm, what in the world are you cutting my dress for?” Jenny queried, not doubting the boy’s abilities, but doubting how exposing her soft flesh had done anything to catch a repulsive spider.

“Darn, sorry miss, I was hoping to cut that bit of dress and the spider off together, but he moved too fast” said Micky, feigning frustration as he stamped a foot, then reaching up and letting his spider jump back onto Jenny’s dress “but we’ll get him”.

“O..ok” Jenny said uneasily, still more concerned with the spider than losing part of a good dress.

Micky slipped his swiss army knife back into one of the many pockets on his uniform

“Ok miss, I know how to get him for sure, just get down on the grass there”

Micky closed his eyes and uttered a quick prayer that she’d go along with it,

“Ok, if it’ll help” Jenny replied with a sigh, eager to get this over with.

Micky’s heart quickened and his grin grew, much like his friends

“Ok just kneel down on the grass there miss” Jenny knelt down, feeling the warm grass touch her knees “and put your hands out in front of you, down on all fours”.

The other boys let go of her hands, and Jenny indeed went down on all fours.

Jenny’s brief dress, no longer able to cover her panty-clad butt, merely sat on her hips, exposing the entirety of her thighs and what little bum flesh was peeking out the sides of her panties. The other two boys stood back to admire the sight, and Micky once again took the spider back from Jenny’s dress, not believing that Jenny had still not checked to see if he was telling the truth about the whole ordeal.

Jenny couldn’t bare to look at the spider, what if it was one of those spitting ones! Again reminding herself of the urgency of concluding this business, Jenny pleaded as calmly as she could “Please, take it off”.

Micky loved her choice of words and almost bit his tongue after he said carelessly “I can’t wait”, rushing to reassure her Mick said “ummm please just hold still again miss, I’m pretty sure you jumped last time and that’s why we missed him”.

Micky shook his head to himself, but Jenny apologized! “Oh, wouldn’t you know it was my fault, I’m sorry boys, I’ll hold still this time”.

The boys moved to grab Jenny’s arms, but Micky waved them away, drew his knife and lifting the fabric of the dress off of the back of Jenny’s ass, cut a line straight up to the neck of the dress, as the entirety of the dress began to slip away from Jenny’s body, Micky took the few precious seconds to get out another “Be very still miss” then as carefully as he dared let the small spider land on Jenny’s bra strap, seeing that at least one leg was touching Jenny’s skin, Micky grabbed the vacating dress and whipped it away from Jenny’s body and tossed it aside.

Jenny didn’t know what was worse, the tiny, probably hairy legs tapping along her back near her bra strap, or the fact her dress was now gone, but Micky didn’t want to give Jenny time to come to conclusions “Oh would you believe it, he jumped! Must be one of those jumping spiders, rare in these parts” he nodded to his friends and waved a hand as if to say keep it going!

“Oh… yea! Definitely rare, only um… seen those in books” said one boy,

“Yea you um, wouldn’t want to give a spider like that a reason to panic or umm get… angry!” finished the other, they both cringed at their sorry excuses, but trusting Jenny ate up every word

“ohhhh” Jenny moaned, as quietly as she dared, thinking the spider might respond to sounds too.

Jenny now didn’t care she was on all fours on her front lawn in only a bra and panties, she might be in mortal danger! The boys were so busy drinking in the sight of Jenny’s body, only a bra covering her low hanging breasts, her trim midriff reflecting the afternoon sun, quivering occasionally, that they didn’t hear Jenny until the third time she said “Boys?”.

Micky broke away from staring and saw his spider had journeyed halfway across the bra strap and was leaving it altogether, thinking this façade was about to come to an end if Jenny saw the small spider, but he let things play out, something told him to let the spider go.

The spider reached the side of Jenny’s bra strap and continued until it hit a large cup, Jenny was staring straight forward and saw something small, brown and many-legged out of the corner of her eye

“ee\_” Jenny began the start of a scream but stopped and whipped her head up and to her left, clenching her eyes shut “oh god I can’t stand the sight of them” she whinged, an idea hit Micky then.

Darting back to his cardboard box Micky found what he was looking for, a black blindfold he’d turned up rummaging in the attic one day, amongst a magic kit that so many kids received and soon discarded at a young age. Bounding back over to Jenny he checked for the spider’s location, it had paused at the bottom of the cup containing Jenny’s right breast, “stay!” thought Micky, stuffing the blindfold into a pocket momentarily and putting his hands on Jenny’s shoulders.

“Jenny, I’m going to rock you upright, just push up with your hands and then sit your… bottom.. back on your legs”.

Micky wouldn’t have been surprised if any other girl he’d said to in this situation would have slapped him square in the face, but this wasn’t a situation anybody else would likely get into, and this girl obviously wasn’t like any other.

Jenny whimpered a little under her breath, and slowly as she could, rocked back, Micky’s hands guiding her as she went, until she felt the fabric of her panties touch the backs of her legs and her arms hung limp at her sides.

Micky took a deep breath and figured it probably best to tell Jenny what he was doing, in case she wanted to get up and kill him,

“Ok Jenny, I’m going to put a blindfold on you” Micky closed his own eyes and braced for the sting, but none came.

Jenny, unable to argue with the logic, that she couldn’t bear to look at spiders and that this boy would be so kind as to cover her eyes for her just to make her more comfortable, agreed “Oh..ok, erm.. thank you”.

Without hesitation, Micky wrapped the blindfold around Jenny’s head, tying it tight in one of the most secure knots a scout was taught, Jenny then seemed to relax slightly, as Micky and his two friends reviewed the appearance of the stunning blonde, her chest thrust forward, a white bra the only thing standing between the three onlooking boys and what they’d only dreamed of until now, her bare feet and legs now housed Jenny’s curved ass, covered in a brief pair of panties,

Micky knew of what was down there between her tanned legs, but had never seen, he stood and wondered for a moment, before getting back to the task at hand.

Jenny was relieved she wouldn’t see the spider anymore, but she still dreaded it’s revolting touch, and wanting to cover herself from anybody who was looking, which Jenny reasoned was probably everybody, but not wanting to risk a bite, her hands would come up instinctively, then she would throw them back down.

Micky watched Jenny’s fidgeting, then another idea struck him, rope!

He sent one of his friends into the house to get to the garage and locate rope, he couldn’t believe his luck when a length of sturdy rope was handed to him, now Micky’s hands shook fully, he knew what he had to do, but all laws of common sense and reality crowded into his mind, filling him with self-doubt, but he shook the thoughts away.

Taking a deep breath, Micky explained in as stern a tone as he could muster what would happen next to the hopefully willing, Jenny.

“Jenny, you keep moving your hands, if I’m going to get the spider, you have got to stop moving!”,

Jenny just knew that she was to blame that this had dragged on as long as it had, and even hung her head a little, muttering “I’m sorry, I.. I just can’t help it”.

Micky didn’t pause, but continued with his plan “Well look, I’m going to have to tie your hands, or we’ll be here all day”,

Jenny’s mouth opened to protest, but knowing that as a trained scout, this boy was trained to deal with dangerous animals in dangerous situations, Jenny simply nodded her accord.

Micky couldn’t contain himself, now that Jenny was blindfolded, he jumped in the air, as did his friends, thankful that fate had delivered them all to this wonderful day.

Returning to earth, Micky took the rope and bound Jenny’s hands in the most sophisticated and secure knot he could manage, the rough material rubbing against her wrists made Jenny squirm a little, but Micky scolded her “Still please” and Jenny obliged, sitting back and letting the boy do what he did best.

Finding he had ample rope left over, Micky cut off the excess with his knife, and bringing Jenny’s elbows in together behind her back, bound them together, Micky, expecting a kick in the groin for his troubles if it was any other girl, worked frantically, and was finished in seconds, being top of his class in knot-tying was coming in use today!

Micky stood back to review the knots, while his friends darted into Jenny’s house, Micky, not caring, watched Jenny’s heaving bosom, her breasts thrust out even further with her elbows bound behind her in the middle of her back, her chest rising and falling with each breath.

Micky’s friends returned dragging two fold-out chairs from Jenny’s house, and sat themselves down to watch their leader and today, their hero, do his thing.

“They’re not too tight are they miss?” Micky asked, not truly concerned for the beauty that wouldn’t buy his cookies, but wanting to convey that image.

Jenny squirmed in her bounds, they were indeed tight, but not uncomfortable, and Jenny was more concerned with her exposed chest, but allayed her selfish concerns

“No they’re fine thanks, but please, the spider”, this boy was going out of her way to help her after she had so heartlessly initially turned him and his darling friends away she reminded herself, her exposed body would have to remain that way.

Micky grinned, “Yes of course, the spider”, miraculously the spider had retained it’s position on Jenny’s right bra cup, and Micky put out a finger and the spider leapt back to Micky’s waiting hand, then, very carefully, Micky hovered his hand right above Jenny’s heaving cleavage and upturned his palm, the spider dropping to land on soft breast flesh.

Jenny jerked her body under the spider’s touch “erk!”, and Micky gasped, expecting his pet to launch into the air, but the spider held fast to her chest, and with the movement under it, the spider began running circles over Jenny’s partially exposed breasts.

Jenny fought back the scream, instead replacing it with series of words “getitoff ohmygod getitoff getitoffffffff!”

Micky drew his knife, “Of course!” and deftly lifted each shoulder strap of Jenny’s bra and severed it, then cut her bra in the middle, then dropped the blade to the grass and circled around behind Jenny, yanking the bra off her by the strap, letting it land on the grass, his friend’s jaws dropped, but Micky returned to Jenny’s front and maintained a focus, mentally blanking out the sight before him, to locate the spider, below a breast, then with some air blown in it’s direction, Micky encouraged the spider as it ran as fast as it legs could carry it, down Jenny’s stomach, around her navel and ended up on the waistband of her panties.

Micky snatched the spider up, put it on his arm then reviewed the fruits of his labours.

Jenny’s bare breasts finished their bounce as Micky returned his gaze to Jenny’s inviting chest, feeling something surge down below, Micky saw the bulge in his pants, then he could have sworn that Jenny’s nipples grew in length, much like his the bulge in his pants grew at the sight.

Micky knew he was excited by the sight, and understood the very natural reaction in his pants, but he wondered why Jenny’s nipples grew stiff and taut, her bottom lip started to quiver and her legs pushed hard together, when she was sitting topless in front of strangers on her front lawn, did this excite her?

Jenny wanted to clamp her hands onto her breasts, and run inside screaming, spider bite be damned, but Jenny’s common sense took hold, and she remained still, trying to suppress the stirrings in between her legs and all over her chest.

Micky put the thoughts aside for another time, and looked to the spider on his arm, running circles around his arm, he could have kissed the spider then, but he remembered his priorities and returned to the task at hand.

“Miss, you probably felt it, the spider, it darted down to.. your…. panties” Micky said, as he returned his gaze longingly to Jenny’s breasts, how he wanted to touch them!

“Y-yes I felt the d-damn thing” said Jenny, fighting with her inner urges “pleeeeease get rid of the thing”.

“Gladly!” replied Micky, taking the knife back up from the grass, he thought about how to do this.

“Jenny, can you very slowly, sit up so that you’re kneeling?” asked Micky, all caution and fear thrown to the wind, she was enjoying this and Micky now felt the urge to make her happier.

Jenny raised her ass, legs still quivering and assumed a kneeling position. Micky pulled back the waistband of Jenny’s panties from her backside, peering down at the curve of her ass that stared invitingly back at him, without a second thought, Micky put his hands on Jenny’s hips, Jenny jerked her ass back at his touch, further curving her already curvy figure, and Micky lowered the panties down her legs ever so slowly, revealing each precious inch of forbidden flesh over what he made a tantalizingly long 15 seconds, before letting the panties slip to Jenny’s knees, severing them and ripping them from her body, then letting his spider hop down onto Jenny’s exposed ass.

Jenny shuddered, the spider ran all over her exposed rear, which she reasoned she could have covered if her hands weren’t bound at the elbow, then Jenny squeaked most audibly “Eeeeee” as the spider crept down to her asshole then darted away, running all the way around to her pussy, and running rings around it, Jenny hated the spider, but the feelings it evoked made her body sing out in praise, as she let out a low moaning “OOOOooooohhhhh”.

Micky reviewed Jenny’s beautifully curved behind as the other boys came down from their chairs to stare at Jenny’s bush, Micky couldn’t help himself any longer, and reached out to stroke a finger over a rounded bun as Jenny was in the throes of spider-induced ecstasy, and didn’t even notice.

Micky smiled, and moved around front to join his two friends looking at Jenny’s (blonde!) pussy, “Wow…” uttered Micky, he had never seen anything like it, and the golden hairs of Jenny’s bush glistened in the sunlight, “Wet?” Micky asked himself. Jenny barely could raise a defense now “T…The sssp…spider..oohhhh”, as the spider raced around her lower regions.

But Micky had other ideas, blowing at the spider when it paused for a momentary breather on a round, quivering buttock, he chased it up Jenny’s back, around her breasts, to the ends of each nipple, much to Jenny’s ‘objections’ “no..” she whispered.

Micky chased the spider to her back, all the way down and in between the cleft between her buns then he let the spider roam of it’s own free will as he headed inside Jenny’s house.

Micky returned with some items which he set down next to Jenny, then saw that most of Jenny’s body was now glistening, the combination of the summer sun beating down on her body, the spider setting off reactions and the arousal that Jenny felt had made Jenny quite a sight.

Her body sparkled with a light sheen of sweat, the sun was baking her neglected (pale) areas a red which was receding into a browny gold and in between Jenny’s legs was positively soaked with her ‘suppressed’ emotions.

Putting his hand out, Micky lifted the spider off of Jenny’s belly, and Jenny’s breathing slowed slightly,

“Miss, I’m sorry, I didn’t catch the spider in time, but I have to ask you, do you feel a tingling ALL over your body?”

Jenny was tingling all over her body a hundred times over “y..yes” she managed.

“Well I don’t want to alarm you but the spider may have bitten you, or as you might not know, it could have uhhh… shed hairs, which could be dangerous you see, but don’t worry, I have the remedy here with me!”

Micky himself doubted his explanation of events, but he knew this beautiful lady better.

“Oh… thank heavens!” Jenny said through laboured breaths, this beautiful boy would go to any end to help her, Jenny smiled “please… hurry, do what you have to”. Micky sighed contentedly at her grateful, perfect white smile, it made the spectacle even more magnificent, “Sure thing miss!”

Micky stood before Jenny’s chest with a large pitcher of milk, her nipples strained hard from her breasts invitingly, her head lay resting on one shoulder, the blindfold secured. Micky nodded to himself and let a slow stream of milk coat Jenny’s chest, Jenny arched her back at the feeling of the cold milk hitting her sensitive nipples, throwing her head back and moaning

“OOHHHhhhh GOD” then moving it from left to right, Micky made sure each of Jenny’s breasts got a thorough coating of white creamy milk, then poured a generous quantity between her breasts, which trickled down her belly and over her hot pussy then going behind Jenny, poured the remainder over her buns which clenched tightly at the cold sensation.

Jenny’s body quivered when the last drops had left the pitcher, the heat returned to her body, and she found herself almost wishing that cold stream of whatever it was kept coming. Micky tossed the pitcher to one side, then picked up a large squeeze bottle of honey in his shaky hands

“OK miss, I’ll need you to bring your legs around in front of you” the kneeling Jenny complied, and first sat her bottom down on some cool, milk covered grass, then pushed her legs forward from under her and extended them out, feeling more spilt milk and grass sticking to her legs and butt as she shifted.

“That’s good miss” said Micky to his blindfolded belle “now if you could just lie flat on your back…”

Jenny nodded and carefully lowered her back onto the grass, lying on her bound hands, and felt an all over warmth as the sun bathed her glorious form in it’s rays.

Jenny could have nodded off to sleep there, but a warm, gooey substance hit her in between her breasts presently and Jenny opened her mouth in an O to let out an elongated “ooooohhhhh!”.

One of the two previously seated boys was up now, standing over Jenny and squeezing hard on a plastic bottle of honey aimed squarely at Jenny’s chest, as directed by Micky.

Micky didn’t even pause to explain what he was about to do to Jenny as he watched the honey coat Jenny’s melons, then tentatively reached out with both hands and clamped them onto Jenny’s breasts, much to Jenny’s confusion.

“eeeEEEE!” squeaked Jenny as the boy’s smaller hands clamped onto her sensitive, honey-coated boobs, squeezing their delectable mass as Jenny almost jumped off the ground.

Micky let his urges take over, as he squeezed Jenny’s breasts together, watching the honey squelch over the top of her bust and run down the sides of Jenny to the grass below, pulling her nipples, pinching them, pushing her breasts this way and that as the honey continued to stream down onto Jenny’s globes from above, “that’s enough” said Micky to the boy with the honey, who didn’t hear at first, then shrugged his shoulders and let the honey squeeze bottle drop to his side, too entranced to move.

Micky knew that this was pushing his luck, Micky knew that this could prove disastrous, but he licked his lips and leant forward, put a hand on either side of Jenny to steady himself, and before he had time to second guess himself, Jenny’s honey-glistening nipple was in his mouth.

Jenny felt warm air blasting a nipple, then the next thing she knew, something warm and wet was presumably eating her breast! Jenny jogged the possibilities through her mind, along with overwhelming thoughts of arousal, and then she knew! It must have been the boy, bravely sucking poison from a bite the spider had given her!

“Oooooohhhhh y-you’re so skilled for your age” complimented Jenny through a series of squeaks, moans and whimpers, referring to the scout’s ‘survival’ skills.

Micky’s eyes widened, and he knew that this lady was enjoying this as much as he was, maybe even more as he gorged himself on Jenny’s boob flesh.

He drew back for a moment to catch his breath, then descended to Jenny’s 2nd nipple, giving it a similar treatment to the first, as he nibbled on her nipples, orbited her areola and sucked on her breast for many more minutes, Jenny’s urges took over and she bucked her back and cried out her approval, slamming her butt up and down on the grass, clamping her legs together to try and contain her urges, then a semblance of reasoning returned to Jenny

“have…you….got it….all?” Jenny managed, Micky rocked back from Jenny’s form, a mixture of saliva, honey and milk now covering Jenny’s heaving chest and erect nipples.

“Oh um… yeah.. sort of” replied Micky, licking his lips, and motioning for his friend to bring the honey back to Jenny, then pointing to her belly, streaks of honey already lining it.

The honey traced lines down Jenny’s taut belly, to her knees, and back up to her pussy, Jenny squished her legs together harder still, honey squelching out from between her legs, but Micky’s hands came in once again, and it was all Jenny could do to bite her lip as the hands rubbed the honey across her belly, down her legs and into her thighs, then back up to her glistening pussy.

Micky paused as his hands hovered above Jenny’s clit, then he pushed Jenny’s legs apart, the warm air on her pussy causing Jenny to go into little convulsions, Micky watched as some honey trickled down into Jenny’s pubic hair, and she thrust her pelvis into the air, held it there for at least several seconds squealing all the while, then let her rump descend back to earth with a little thud, as she gasped for breath.

Micky decided to leave that very sensitive area for the time being, and hoisting one of Jenny’s legs up, rolled her over, as the honey descended down from above and hit her other soft globes, the honey descending into the cleft between her buns, Jenny clenched them together and again a squelch was heard as the honey squeezed up and out, and glided down the expanse of her butt. Micky slapped his hands onto Jenny’s buns, the clap was quite audible, so was Jenny’s yelp, honey splashed back onto Micky’s scout uniform, but Micky wasn’t concerned, and if Jenny was, she wasn’t voicing her concerns.

Micky went to work massaging Jenny’s soft bum, pinching it when he had the chance, admiring Jenny’s cute squeaks every time he did, one of the other boys had produced a camera and took the opportunity to snap a few photos.

Then Micky decided as much as he was enjoying this, it was time for the grand finale! Micky rolled Jenny onto her back, now her front and back covered with the mixture of grass, honey and milk, Jenny ground her butt into the ground, her body was crying out for more attention, as Jenny struggled in her mind to remain in some semblance of control.

Micky hopped up and over to his two mates, and they had a small huddle as Micky pointed to some things that he had brought out earlier that were sitting on the grass with the discarded pitcher and mostly empty squeeze honey bottle.

And then, all at once, it happened.

Micky uttered “Kneel” and felt quite superior at that moment, as the two other boys ‘helped’ Jenny get upright and onto her knees, as Micky got into position behind Jenny with his knife, one other boy picked up two clothes pegs, one in either hand and stood in front of Jenny’s heaving chest, poised to strike, and the third boy picked up a spatula and positioned it over Jenny’s prone, red rump.

Jenny felt fuzzy all over, and all she wanted to do was break free from the bonds that held her and finish what the boys couldn’t, she struggled, but this only heightened her arousal, as her body screamed out for satisfaction, moisture trickled down between her legs, her nipples stood firm and erect and her breaths came short and quick, as all thoughts of the spider, the boys, decency and decorum left Jenny’s mind, and only the overwhelming thought of sexual pleasure remained.

“ONE” Micky ordered, and the two clothes pegs clamped down on Jenny’s nipples, the boy gave them a playful tug for good measure, as Jenny managed a “Ahhhhh!” and arched her back, pointing her stressed nipples skyward, the boy continued to tighten and tug, loosen and pull on the clothes pegs as Micky yelled “TWO”.

The second boy brought his spatula down in a short arc, spanking Jenny’s inviting buns, “Ooh! Ooh!” Jenny replied as each of her buns received a good spanking, again and again and again.

Micky watched for a good minute, saw the sweat beading all over Jenny’s body, hearing her groans and squeaks becoming more urgent, more strained, more needful.

Micky watched as she struggled against the binds at her back as frantically as she had, and then yelled “THREEEEE” as he sliced the rope, the spatula came down in the hardest spank the boy could manage, and the pegs were squeezed as hard as they could be squeezed, then all three boys dove for cover as Jenny’s free hands whipped around to her pussy.

The boys watched her from behind as Jenny went to work, one hand massaged a breast and the other disappeared between her legs, Jenny’s moaning now heightening to screams of ecstasy, as she bucked up and down on her own hand, and then all at once, it was over.

Jenny eased backwards onto the lawn and fainted into a contented slumber, the boys crossed back to her and stood over her, a smile splayed across her face, “What a performance” Micky grinned, his friends returning the grin, then darting off at Micky’s command, one of the boys returning with a hose and the other returning with some large towels.

They washed her down quickly with the hose, removed the clothes pegs, toweled her off, wrapped her up in the remaining towels, hosed away the remaining mess on the lawn, put what leftover honey there was in Micky’s box, returned the pitcher and spatula inside, and set off running.

The sun was low in the afternoon sky as John returned home, pulling the car up to a halt in the drive, then he noticed the toweled figure on the lawn. Initially fearing the worst, John dashed over, to find that it was indeed Jenny, but she was sleeping soundly, and smiling, John couldn’t help but smile back

“Another adventure eh Jenny?” John mused, as he heaved the sleeping beauty up over his shoulder, his hand resting protectively on her rump. John proceeded to the front door, and fumbled for the keys with his free hand, leaning against the door to make things easier, but the door swung open, and John was lucky to get a foot in front of him and maintain his balance.

“What have you been doing today anyway?” John said to the snoozing Jenny as he shut the door behind him, corners of the towels catching in it, then slipping from Jenny’s body, to leave her nude once again,

John laughed out aloud that Jenny could even strip herself in her sleep, then headed upstairs with his precious cargo, his hand resting over Jenny’s bare rump.

Ashley Hypnotised by Vern

Charity Circus by leisurely59

Damsel by leisurely59

The Ad Game by leisurely59

In Too Deep by leisurely59

Jenny in Shanghai by Cristena

Jenny's Day at the Fair by Edward Mackenzie

Jenny goes to Wimbledon by Edward Mackenzie

Jenny's Formal Encounter by Edward Mackenzie

Jenny and the Investigator By Z

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**Ashley Hypnotised by Vern**

Ashley was glad to see Friday afternoon at her office as she closed out the various programs on her computer, grabbed her gym bag and headed for the ladies’ lounge. She was excited about the evening’s agenda because she’d fought with her boyfriend earlier in the week and she was going to the bar where he’d be to lure him back. She went into the changing room, took off her work-a-day outfit and put them in a compartment of her gym bag. Out of another compartment of her gym bag, she took out the outfit that would win her boyfriend back and she imagined how his jaw would drop when she came into the bar wearing her sexy clothes. He had no idea she was coming.

She had chosen slutty lingerie. She fastened her garter belt around her waist and rolled The brown stockings up her creamy thighs. After fastening the tabs to her stocking welts, she slipped her feet into the mosaic mirrored platform shoes and slipped on her crotchless thong. She put on her quarter-cup, balconette brassiere, her sheer black blouse and a grey, pleated mini-skirt that just concealed the dark welts of her stockings. She concealed her lascivious get-up with a leopard print raincoat then applied slutty makeup before exiting the ladies’ lounge.

Ashley hoped nobody would see her teetering down the hall in her fuck-me shoes but as she passed her office, she saw that her computer was still on. She closed the door and sat down at the key board. The screen was flashing, “press any key to continue” so she gave a tap to the “T” key. A green and orange pinwheel spun onto the screen and a caption flashed rapidly on and off that read, “YOU’RE GETTING VERY SLEEPY”. She couldn’t take her eyes off the screen until her head flopped back and she was out, cold.

Several minutes passed before the security guard made his closing rounds and since her door was locked, he didn’t discover her. Ten minutes later, Gustav, the janitor, let himself into her office with his passkey and being careful not to look at the computer screen, he turned off the monitor. He was astounded that the program that he’d spent a month’s pay on had actually worked, but there was the luscious girl, in a comatose hypnotic trance.

He reached into his shirt pocket and found the printed instructions that came with the CD. He said in a strong voice,”You will obey my every command and you will call me Master!” to which Ashley mumbled, “Yes, Master.”

Gustav knelt in front the chair of the sprawled-out scrumptious morsel and gently spread her spectacularly shapely legs. He sucked in a gasp at his first up-the-skirt glimpse of her slutty lingerie. He often sat below the drainage grate in the sidewalk in front of the office building in the afternoon as the ladies made their way to the parking lot, getting “Worm’s Eye Views” up their skirts. He rarely saw garter belts and stockings on the ladies at work, only when he went to a go-go joint or rented a porn video did he get that treat.

He took the penlight out of his shirt pocket and sent a beam of light up her skirt. He gasped again as his gaze drifted up her legs to the little bulges of creamy inner thigh flesh, squished out by the welts of her stockings. His eyes grew big as saucers when he spied her crotchless thong, her coral-pink pussylips glistening with a cloudy mucus of arousal.

“How had she come to be dressed so slutty?” Gustav asked himself, but he didn’t care what the answer was and could only marvel at his good fortune. Still sitting on the floor, he ordered Ashley to stand up and remove her leopard print raincoat. “Yes, Master.” was her reply. Her pubis was level with his face and only a few centimeters away but she seemed to not notice this as she shrugged off her raincoat.

Gustav decided to do another experiment. He took a mirror and placed it on the floor between Ashley’s desk and computer station then ordered her to climb up. As he steadied her chair, she scrambled up like an eager puppy. The hem of her gray, pleated mini-skirt rode up over the coffee welt of her stocking, exposing the porcelain flesh of her upper thigh Ashley placed the soles of her stiletto sandals, one on the desktop and one on the work station of her computer, then bent slightly, and put her hands on the wall to steady herself.

He ordered her to point her toes inward. The seventy-five centimeters between the desk and the computer work station caused her to spread her feet about as wide apart as they would go. Gustav ran his hands up the back of her stocking-clad calves and thighs until he reached her welts the he tucked his penlight into one of them so its light beam illuminated the crotch panel of her thong. He stepped back to admire his handiwork and gazed down at the heavenly reflection in the mirror.

Her pigeon-toed stance stretched her inner thigh tendons and adorable little dents formed on the bare flesh where her legs joined her pubis. Her puffy labia were squeezed out of the split in her crotchless thong and the crinkles of the brown ring of her bottom’s mouth were bisected by the black thong of her lascivious panties. Gustav’s mind drifted off as he thought about the acts the two of them would perform during long weekend that lay ahead.

He pressed his thumbs into her hineycheeks, spreading them to their limit then he pressed his flared nostrils to her pucker and sniffed her pumpkin pie odor. The stiffened tip of his tongue snaked into her split pantie thong and flicked into her pussy chamber, swirling around the scarlet walls which began to weep a creamy, lubricating mucus.

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**Charity Circus by leisurely59**

Jenny stood on the slightly swaying platform raised ten meters in the air and wondered yet again how Ashley had talked her into this.

“It will be fun”, her friend had insisted, “And it’s for charity”.

Soft hearted as always Jenny had yielded “for the children”.

The platform lurched and the buxom blonde’s grip tightened to white knuckle status. She was

finding it difficult to maintain a terrified death grip and the graceful sexy pose required of an acrobat’s assistant.

Not for the first time in her eventful life Jen was wishing for more than two hands.

“Four”, she thought to herself, “Four hands would be good. Two for holding on, one for handling the trapeze and one for the constant costume adjustments.”

It was an antique circus outfit provided by the event organizers by way of Ashley. On a real aerialist it would have been fine but Jenny wasn’t built like an acrobat. The only part that actually fit was the nipped in waist. While Jenny’s breasts threatened to explode from the overmatched cups, the bottom was wedged uncomfortably between her cheeks.

The “OH’s” and “AH'S” from the audience during her ascent of the ladder had nothing to do with her daring and everything to do with the sexy jiggle of her exposed bum. Ashley had “forgotten” to provide tights so Jen didn’t even have the comfort of their illusory coverage.

Ashley smiled encouragingly from the other side of the platform, “OK, Jenny, just like we practiced. Get ready, wait for my signal, and swing the trapeze out to him.”

Jenny nodded and reluctantly released her hold on the support cable. Cautiously, she stood at the platform edge and raised the bar above her head in a firm though sweaty two-handed grip.

Unfortunately, though not unexpectedly, the stitches holding the shoulder straps broke in a ripple of nearly inaudible pops. The top slipped lower until it barely covered the pink aureoles of her breasts but trouper Jenny grimly stuck to her post. Ashley’s steadying hand resting in the small of her back was a great comfort.

Suddenly, there was a small bump and Jenny felt herself tipping forward. Behind her, Ashley shrieked with fear (or possibly laughter) as Jen swung into space. In a panic, the flying blonde filled her lungs to scream. Strained past the breaking point the hooks holding the costume together exploded and the heavy sequined top dropped past her waist. The cool air flowed over her crinkled nipples as Jenny sailed across the big tent. Her undulating wail was nicely complimented by the rapt silence of the audience.

Gently but inexorably gravity tugged the slippery cloth down her legs. Too late, she tried to clamp her thighs together and save her costume but when she reached the end of her swing, the ruined outfit arched high in the air and landed in the lap of a pleased carpenter/cartoonist.

Meanwhile, Jenny swung back toward Ashley wearing just a diaphanous silk thong, her slippers and the deep red blush of panicky embarrassment. Ashley made a grab for the fast moving, freaked out blonde but mostly missed and only managed to snatch away delicate panties. As Jenny traveled back and forth in ever-shorter arcs, first one shoe then the other fell in to space. Completely naked, Jenny glided to a halt in the center of the tent. Suspended high above the ground she kicked desperately as she felt her grip on the bar weakening. The audience that had begun laughing while she was swinging quieted as Jenny danced erotically in mid-air.

When her fingers finally slipped from the trapeze, Jen plummeted to the net in a flailing bundle of arms, legs and breasts. After a series of bounces she made a mad dash for the edge of the net. The jiggling of her ripe flesh continued to rivet the crowd’s attention so they all saw her tumble off the net and land with a clearly audible “oof”.

Medics wiped away tears of laughter and adjusted their trousers before they dashed to the rescue. It was a stunned but conscious blonde that looked up at them as the medics rolled up. Wary of neck or back injuries, the team carefully immobilized Jenny’s neck then strapped her body to the stretcher and strapped her body to the stretcher and strapped her body to the stretcher. And then strapped her body to the stretcher some more. They were quick and thorough and by the time they were finished Jenny could only roll her eyes and wiggle her fingers and toes.

In the meantime, a curious and titillated crowd had gathered round the action. Cameras of all sorts from disposables to high-end camcorders were focused on Jenny’s helpless form. Somewhere in the bumpy trip across the rough ground the stretcher blanket had been lost and the multiple straps did little for her modesty despite their excessive number. The crowd parted reluctantly as the medics moved their patient slowly toward the exit. There was appreciative silence until the nude blonde disappeared from view, which switched to raucous chatter as everyone tried to relive the event simultaneously.

Sadly, the remaining acts refused to follow Jenny’s triumphant performance and the circus had to be canceled. On the up side, the donation boxes were overflowing with cash and any number of notes demanding a return engagement by “that amazing blonde”.

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**Damsel by leisurely59**

Jenny lay stretched on an enormous log with rope binding her wrists and ankles while the fight between her abductor and would-be rescuer raged around her. She raised her head and looked warily at the jagged buzz saw aimed between her spread knees. It was motionless now but soon enough the horror would begin again. Her slender joints might have slipped free of the loose bonds but determined to play her part she remained in place.

Part of her was glad the end was near. The whole evening had been an unending nightmare. Happy in her behind the scene role, bad luck had once again shoved her into unwelcome prominence. Assistant costume mistress and understudy for a star who never missed a performance were the jobs handed her when the local and very amateur theater group decided to stage a 19th century Western melodrama. There had been plenty of drama when the tall, broad shouldered, but clumsy hero knocked his regular leading lady unconscious rehearsing a love scene. That was right before curtain and mass panic was the predictable reaction.

Jenny’s bleated objections were ignored as the director and wardrobe boss, Ms. Demeanor, bundled her in the dressing room (the ladies, converted temporarily by the addition of folding tables and make-up mirrors) and nearly tore her clothes off. The director’s eyes goggled when her modest shirt and comfortable jeans were whisked off her voluptuous body by the matter of fact, but ruthless, wardrobe lady.

The simple white bra had to be sacrificed to the off the shoulder style of her costume but Jen managed to retain the scant cover of her panties. Left clad only tiny knickers and a pair of folded arms Jenny turned pink under his astonished gaze. She flashed him one last peek when her arms rose over her head to slip on her costume. Ms. D. muscled the zipper closed and gave Jenny an encouraging pat just before the director dragged her away.

Jenny used her free hand to hold her bodice in place as they dashed for the stage. She was both taller and more buxom than her fallen predecessor and the gown was straining to cope. The long hoop skirt was several inches too short but even Jenny didn’t object to the glimpse of well turned ankle it exposed. On the other hand, the fragile top was packed to bursting and causing Jenny considerable nervousness. She made a last futile adjustment in the wings and then found herself shoved precipitously on stage.

The Fare-Well-to-Our-Brave-Soldiers scene of the first act was in progress when Jenny performed her inelegant entrance. Jumping into his role, the leading man made the situation worse when he captured the hand sustaining her top and bowed low to kiss her fingertips. The motion and loss of support let most of Jenny’s ample cleavage slide into view. Only by speaking her lines without breathing was the desperate blonde able to prevent complete wardrobe malfunction. If the audience hadn’t been equally breathless with anticipation her words would have been even less audible.

The hero was dressed in a magnificent cavalry uniform and prided himself on his dashing appearance but its dearest feature was the extra long saber bumping against his leg. He thought the massive weapon suggested extreme manliness and had refused to be parted from it during the weeks of rehearsal. Rumors circulated that he slept with it nightly. The rest of the cast was less happy with the sword’s presence on stage. Sheathed, it swung in wide arcs and menaced everyone’s shins. Drawn, it threatened decapitation to anyone in a twelve-foot circle.

Now Dudley Dooright found a new hazard to inflict on his cast mates and naturally, Jenny was his victim. The two turned away from one another and Dudley began a long-winded and over wrought exchange with another character. Jenny mimed a conversation with an extra as she waited. Unnoticed, the tip of the scabbard slipped under the edge of Jenny’s skirt. When the hero bowed courteously at the end of his speech the back of Jenny’s skirt was lifted high above her waist. For long seconds the audience was treated to an unobstructed view of her delectably rounded bum. Dudley lowered the “curtain”, so to speak, when he straightened and Jenny remained happily unaware her temporary naughtiness.

The loud cheers and whistles of the audience puzzled both principals and the rest of the cast were torn between exasperation and barely repressed giggles.

Now the lovers had to say farewell. Dudley embraced Jenny and crushed her to his massive chest. It was a case of the immovable object meeting the irresistible force. With no place else to go Jen’s pneumatic breasts leapt up and out of the inadequate bodice. The soldier’s rows of medals were uncomfortably cold and sharp on her bare skin as Jenny struggled to stay in character and discretely adjust her costume. Her costar droned on and the crowd waited eagerly for the moment when two actors stepped apart. When finally released Jenny salvaged what modesty she could with an improvised gesture of supplication.

Gamely, she tried to deliver her lines with her partner staring at her chest in disbelief and the audience tittering like schoolboys (or scouts). The scene ended to thunderous applause despite the fact no one heard a word she said.

After the first scene, Dudley and Jenny were separated until the finale. The plot had proceeded predictably. The lovely heroine and her ranch had attracted the attentions of the lurking villain, a local carpenter who played his role with mustache twirling glee. Absent her leading man, the worst Jenny endured was the odd burst button and immersion in a horse trough of water that left her costume soaked and clinging to every curve. Nothing spectacular by her standards but enough to keep the crowd interested.

During the first Act attendance had been rather sparse but at intermission the word had spread via mobile and the room was now strictly SRO.

For the final scene, Jenny was kidnapped from her bed and carried off to “the Old Sawmill”. Wearing only a plain white shift she was tied to a log and threatened with destruction unless she ceded her ranch. Jenny’s simple role was to protest loudly and struggle ineffectually. The “log” was part of contraption built by the villain in his secondary capacity of scenic designer. The log was paper mache and the blade was a fake. A small but powerful electric motor spun the saw and inched the log forward a little at a time. The blade ran in a slot built into the log so the tender flesh of the damsel was absolutely safe if she was properly placed.

The bad guy laughed maniacally as he tied Jenny in place but was careful to put her on the proper mark. Jenny screamed and kicked but allowed her self to be tied in place. The big lever was thrown and the machine rumbled to life. The hero crashed through the door and the fight between Good and Evil began. When the hero was winning he would stop the saw to save Jenny. When the villain gained the advantage by some clever though despicable trick he would restart the big blade. All during the battle Jenny crept slowly toward her doom.

The play was nearly at its climax when Jenny’s particular destiny struck. With the last minute substitution, no one had considered that the taller Jenny would closer to the rapidly spinning saw. Her soft flesh was still in the clear but a fold of her costume overlapped the blade slot by several inches. In the final moments of the fight, the jagged teeth reached the flap of material. A loud Bwriiiipppppp! announced Jenny’s denuding. The shift peeled from her body and wrapped around the blade before the surprised blonde could take a breath. The flimsy saw twisted under the strain and instantly jammed fast. Sparks flew. Smoke poured from the screaming machine. There was a loud pop and the lights failed.

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**The Ad Game by leisurely59**

Jenny’s long legs carried her along with a brisk tip-tap accompaniment from her ultra-high heels. Her silk dress clung enticingly to her figure as she passed the long line of empty shop fronts. Ashley’s new business was the first to open in the just finished block but across the street a beehive of an office complex was alive with workers. In every second or third window there was a pair of eyes tracking Jenny’s progress. Familiar feelings of self-consciousness were turning Jen pink by the time she reached Ashley’s door. Quickly, she slipped through the barely open door as Ashley responded to her nervous knocking.

Jenny looked around at the stacks of boxes and scattered equipment as Ashley relocked the door behind her. The shop was scheduled to open in two days but it was obvious that there was a lot of work left to do. Ashley latest brainstorm was a sort of one stop boxing and shipping provider. She would sell you anything from a single stamp to gift wrapping, boxing and sending your mother-in-law’s birthday present. As the Grand Opening day had approached and the mountain of details hadn’t diminished, Ashley had solicited Jenny’s help. And if a little fun could also be had then that would help relieve the stress of starting up a small business.

Jenny set her bag on a work table and turned to her friend, “What would you like me to do?”

“I need you to help me with some promotion. I was going to do it myself but I have a million things to do here. Plus some workmen are supposed to show up soon. So the first thing you can take care of is passing out some flyers in the square. Then when you get back we can sort things out around here.”

“Isn’t there something less… public, I can do?” asked Jenny appealingly. The idea of attracting attention on purpose made her shiver.

“Oh, Jenny! Don’t be difficult. No one will even know who you are once you’re in costume.”

“Costume?” she thought anxiously.

Jenny peered inside the bag Ashley had tossed her then dumped the contents on the counter. They included a fool’s cap of bright green and gold with bells on each point, a domino style mask, a pair of satin elbow length gloves, and medieval-ish shoes with more bells dangling from the curled toes. She looked at Ashley and asked, “These are the accessories. Where’s the costume?”

“I’m getting it now, sweetie. Get your stuff on and we’ll get you ready to go. Hurry up. I want you in place before the lunch crowds are out.”

Ashley had pulled two large sheets of material from a roll mounted to the wall. It was a thin but somewhat stiff plastic covered with a pattern of gold and green diamonds separated by narrow black lines. She tapped her foot impatiently as Jenny quickly tugged on her accouterments. Ashley draped the colorful sheets over her friend and began busily sealing the edges around Jenny. Static electricity from the silk dress made the material difficult to handle so an exasperated Ashley reached inside the unfinished costume and with a series of swift tugs stripped the dress from her helper.

Then, strictly for fun, she untied the ribbons securing Jenny’s dainty knickers and tossed them aside. Removing the dress left Jenny wearing only the colorful accessories and the uncomfortably thin wrapper. Too late she protested but one look from the stressed out Ashley silenced her. It took five more minutes to finish Jenny’s “costume”.

Ashley stepped back to evaluate the effect. Jenny’s head, forearms and feet protruded from her gaudy wrapper. She looked like an enormous sweet and was eye catching as hell. A permanent electric charge made two sides balloon apart so even though it was very thin the wrap didn’t allow any hint of the traffic-stopping figure hidden inside.

Ashley was satisfied her friend would attract plenty of attention.

Ashley scooped up the box of flyers and headed for the door on her way to her car. She would drop Jenny then run a quick errand before going back to the shop. Jenny trailed along after her with her fool’s bells jingling merrily. The partly closed bottom edge hobbled her a little but not too badly. With each movement cool air leaked in and caressed her bare skin. It made her feel very naked. The sensation of vulnerability was nerve-wracking but tolerable since no one could actually see her lack of real clothing. Jen sighed with relief. The outfit would be a little silly but not too embarrassing.

Ashley was shooing her through the door when Jenny asked, “What is this stuff? It won’t tear, will it?”

“It’s a sort of shrink wrap. You seal it with a special ultrasonic tool then use a heat source to shrink it to the package. My supplier says it’s an experimental material and this is a sort of field test. Don’t worry. It’s supposed to be practically tear-proof. And it’s not costing me a penny.” she concluded with satisfaction.

Ashley didn’t mention the specific problems being tested and Jenny didn’t think to ask.

Jenny folded herself into the low sports car as Ashley revved the engine impatiently. For once she was able to sit in Ashley’s car without an outrageous display of legs and panties. Maybe today would be different than all her other outings with her friend. Jen closed her eyes and clutched for a handhold as they dashed through traffic with Ashley’s customary verve. It was only a short run but the shaken blonde scrambled eagerly from the little vehicle at their destination.

Ashley handed over the flyers and said, “I’m sorry but you’ll have to walk back. Come back to the shop when the flyers are gone or in an hour or so whichever comes first. It’s only a few blocks.”

She pulled away with a wave and a squeal of tires.

After the wild ride Jenny was innocently glad she would be walking back.

Jenny looked over the small green for a good location. The central area seemed best. It had a double X of converging walkways and food vendors were already setting up for the lunch crowds.

“There should be plenty of action there”, she thought prophetically.

Quickly, she strode forward and even more quickly staggered to a halt. The opening for her legs was smaller than she’d remembered and had nearly dumped her on the pavement. Careful to take smaller steps Jenny made her way to the center of the little park.

At first, things went smoothly for the shapely blonde. The sky was bright blue and the sun warm on her shoulders as she handed out the adverts. Anonymous behind her mask, Jenny was enjoying the attention her costume generated but as the crowds grew she noticed her movements were more and more restricted. The warm sunshine had begun to shrink the sensitive plastic and the increased contact with Jenny’s flesh had accelerated the process.

By the time Jenny focused fully on her problem her elbows would barely lift away from her ribs. Looking down she saw the plastic clinging to the high points of her curvaceous figure and to her embarrassment the firm tips of her nipples were clearly visible through the thin plastic. That explained the popularity of her flyers with the gathering businessmen. Why so many were approaching from behind was a soon-to-be-revealed mystery.

Desperate to escape, Jenny shoved through the rising tide of office workers and turned south toward the closest available haven, Ashley’s shop. Already the leg opening was as tight as any hobble skirt she had ever been tricked into wearing. Before she reached the street the plastic was skin tight around her hips and upper thighs. Dodging the noontime traffic she scurried awkwardly across the roadway. On the far side it was a battle to raise her foot high enough to step on the curb but eventually she managed. Jenny worried how much more the strange material would shrink.

The sidewalk was crowded and Jenny was constantly glancing down to check her footing. It was then that the second defect of the experimental material became apparent.

To her horror, Jenny could see the green and gold colors of her costume fading to transparency in the bright sunshine. The black cross-hatching that remained didn’t provide any concealment at all and she could see deep into her cleavage. Luckily, the fading process was proceeding quickest from top to bottom and so far only her shoulders and the upper third of her breasts were clearly visible. If Jen moved quickly maybe she could reach her sanctuary with some modesty intact. An epiphany of mortification turned her a brilliant pink when she suddenly realized why so many of the businessmen flocking to her had approached her from behind.

During her time at the park with her back to the sun the rear of her costume must have completely disappeared. The thin diamond pattern would have emphasized her naked backside even more than complete nudity.

Doggedly, Jenny teetered along the walk and did her best to ignore the grins and stares of the passing pedestrians. Inevitable the situation got worse. When she reached the end of the block her elbows were locked immovable to her sides and her knees pressed solidly together. To maintain forward progress she had to pivot her entire body and throw each foot ahead in a sidelong arc. Since the steadily shrinking plastic no longer simply covered but coated the fabulous breasts their side to side sway attracted plenty of admiration with each jerky step.

The street was empty of traffic when Jenny started across but that changed as she approached the halfway mark. A motorcycle roared around the corner and the startled woman froze in the middle of the road. The bearded rider slowed the big bike as it approached the motionless naïf. Smoothly he rode around Jen in leisurely 360’s and scanned her from every angle as if committing her to memory. Helpless to escape Jenny twisted her neck trying to keep her “admirer” in sight. Finally, he gave her a friendly but knowing grin and accelerated down the street with his tire smoking. Relieved Jenny

finished the rest on the crossing without incident.

A block and a half more and Jenny would be back at the shop. She took a deep, ill-advised breath before pressing on. Under the increased strain the shoulder seam split and instantly Jenny was exposed to the top of her nipples. It was like wearing the strapless dress from hell. With every movement the pneumatic blonde threatened to squirt from the minimal cover of the increasingly transparent plastic and she had only her fierce will power to hold it up.

Humiliated but determined Jenny continued her goose-like progress toward the shop. Glowing pink and dripping perspiration from embarrassment and exertion Jenny was negotiating the last corner when catastrophe struck. Her toe caught and she crashed to the ground with a solid thump. Decorated below the waist with green and gold scales, her hands and feet fishy fin green and her curvaceous body covered by intersecting black lines Jenny flopped on the pavement looking like a newly netted mermaid. The few seconds of solitary struggle seemed much longer but eager bystanders quickly hoisted her to her feet after just a few moments.

Her mask had slipped and blinded her sometime during the fall so the helping hands were invisible to her. Jenny squirmed uncomfortably as they wandered over her body brushing her clean. The cheerful ringing of the little bells was a jarring discord to the situation. Oddly, the hands on her ass were working with painful vigor while others went about their task entirely too gently, almost caressingly. Jen shivered with emotions that she didn’t care to examine closely and tried to express her objections in English instead of inarticulate whimpering. A weak but indignant “hey” was the best she could manage before the strangers’ overly familiar hands disappeared. Someone slid her mask back in position and she was left to her own efforts once more. It was only half a block farther to the shop.

Jenny’s head was spinning as she wiggle-jiggled the last few feet to her goal. Whether it was whirling from the experience or physical effort or the oxygen robbing constriction of the still tightening plastic didn’t matter. Once in the shop, Ashley would free her and the whole ordeal would be over. Five feet from the door Jen froze in dismay. Taped to the frame a note in Ashley’s neat printing said, “Workmen canceled. Be back soon.”

Behind her the office hive buzzed with growing excitement. It was a half-day and quitting time was fast approaching. Soon hundreds of workers would pour from the building.

Across town Ashley kicked angrily at the tire of her stalled car. It would be hours until she could return to the shop. All the fun would be over before she got back. She wondered if Jenny would even think to check the unlocked door.

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**In Too Deep by leisurely59**

Ashley and Jenny were attending their firm's corporate leadership weekend and had drawn the spelunking section of the team building relay race. All they had to do was find their way through simple maze of passages in the shortest amount of time. As even third place would keep their team in overall contention, Ashley was keen to show her stuff but Jenny wasn't so sure. Somehow she had gotten the impression the weekend would be more like a company picnic and less a struggle for corporate survival.

Standing at the cave's entrance, Jenny's eyes were locked on the dark opening as she tried to concentrate on the stream of rules and safety precautions the starter was rattling off. In turn, his eyes were fixed on the hypnotic rise and fall of Jenny's barely contained breasts as he struggled to recite his checklist coherently. Ashley's eyes were firmly on her goal as the company's youngest VP ever and the instructions rolled smoothly off her consciousness and into the void.

Slapping a pair of miner's caps on the two women, the official propelled them inside and swung the heavy door shut with a chilling thud. Jenny felt goosebumps crawling over her skin and gave a tiny yelp when she bumped pneumatically against Ashley in the intense dark. Their lamps lit almost simultaneously and the women looked around the small antechamber.

Impatient as always, Ashley grabbed her partner's hand and dragged her deeper into the cave. The cool air was thick with moisture and beads of sweat soon sparkled off the bare skin of the spelunkers. Jenny's typically thin clothing began to cling moistly to her uber-feminine curves and chill-crinkled nipples. After traversing a hundred feet of twisty passage, the pair stepped into a high ceiling chamber containing three other openings.

Jenny's blue eyes were wide with her normal apprehension at a new environment. Ashley's were narrowed in thought as she struggled with her elusive recollection. The night before she had suborned an official into revealing the fastest route through the cavern but, not having pen and paper or even pockets (or in fact, clothes of any sort) handy, she necessarily had committed the route to memory. Unfortunately, the alcoholic nature of the interrogation had made the details more than slightly fuzzy. She \*thought\* the left-hand tunnel had been specially emphasized but couldn't recall why. Anyway, it was the largest and straightest as far as her small light could reach.

While Ashley struggled with her memory Jenny looked at the sandy floor and the line of footprints leading to the middle passage. Tentatively, she cleared her throat to point them out.

"Quiet", Ashley demanded before Jenny could speak, "I've got it figured out. Let's go!"

When Jenny hesitated, Ashley grabbed her by her elbows and shoved the sputtering blonde ahead of her, until they were well along the left-hand branch. At first, the going was fast but gradually, the walls and ceiling closed in. As the roof got lower and they had to stoop to continue, Ashley shifted her grip to Jenny's wrists and kept forcing her along. Piqued at the rude treatment, Jenny decided not to tell her partner about the footprints. Abruptly, the walls and ceiling closed in so much that either they would have to crawl on hands and knees or turn back.

Jenny jerked out of her captor’s grip and dropped to the ground. With an angry glance over her shoulder she scrabbled ahead. Ashley had been about to admit defeat but the look ignited her easily inflamed resentment, so that she bent forward and followed the buxom blonde. Jenny crawled along at a good pace that was fueled generously by her furious-not-speaking-to-that-woman attitude. The passage twisted often so Jenny could see just a few feet ahead at a time. Stuck in the rear guard, Ashley's view was limited to the bobbing derriere of her voluptuous friend. The enforced study began to give her an insight into the behavior of every male that ever came near Jenny. “Near” being defined as line-of-sight. The slight concealment offered by the tight clothing only emphasized the firm Jenny flesh inside. The powerful impulse to lean forward and sink her teeth into Jenny's left buttock had become nearly overwhelming when the Jenny abruptly stopped. Ashley pulled her head out of her friend’s ass and shook her head to clear it of her momentary lesbian vampire fantasy before asking, "What's the problem?"

Jenny didn't answer immediately while she looked over the situation. The tunnel, which had been gently sloping up, suddenly dived steeply downward. Cautiously, the top-heavy blonde leaned forward over the abyss. She thought she heard the sound of falling water at a distance but the bottom was invisible in the blackness beyond the reach of her lamp and she was about to tell Ashley that they would have to backtrack when the inevitable happened.

Once again, Ashley's impatience collided with Jenny's karma. Annoyed that she was being ignored, Ashley goosed her partner with a sharp nailed finger. What would have been a simple indignity on the surface became a catastrophe.

Jenny "eek”ed in surprise and jerked upright fast enough to rap the top of her hard hat against the low ceiling with stunning force. Coming back down her hands missed their grip on the edge of the pit and in an instant the stone gullet swallowed her upper body. For a brief second her wildly kicking legs hung in the air. Given longer to think Ashley might have left her friend and nemesis to her fate but reflexively, she grab Jenny's shapely ankle and held on tight, even as the weight of the larger woman pulled her toward the edge. With a scream that echoed Jenny's Ashley disappeared after her into the hole.

The women tumbled down the natural water slide in a tangle of arms and legs. They clawed at the glassy smooth walls and each other in a frantic attempt to slow their descent. Their lights flashed on and off with every bump and added to the confusion. The sound of ripping cloth was mostly drowned out by a sustained duet of undulating screams. Suddenly, they shot from the tube and dropped with a double splash in a deep pool of very chilly water.

First the buoyant Jenny bobbed up, then the energetic Ashley kicked her way to the surface. The surviving lamp floated upside down in the water and lit the room wth crazy patterns of rippling shadows. The shaken women swam to shore and dragged themselves out of the water where the bedraggled pair lay on the stone shelf and waited for their pulses and breathing to return to normal. Finally, Ashley opened her eyes and stood on wobbly legs. She roused Jenny with a sharp nudge of her toe and waited for her to stagger to her feet. Except for minor bruises and some mutually inflicted scratches neither was injured but their clothing was a different and sadder story.

Ashley's shirt had lost a sleeve and had been torn open during her fall. Almost all the buttons were missing and her perky breasts peeked from the gaping top. The snug jeans were split from hip to knee and the bottoms adhered wetly to her calves. Her hair fell across her face in dark clinging strands.

Jenny was an even more pathetic case. Her top had disappeared entirely and the broken strap of her over-stretched bra nestled forlornly in her cleavage while its surviving mate struggled heroically to maintain the doubled load. The sexy shorts she had slipped on in the morning were now a bundle of flapping rags that showed a disconcerting inclination to slide to her knees. One of her stylish sandals had floated briefly on the surface of the water before it followed its mate into the depths. The stunned look in her enormous blue eyes wasn't unusual but seldom had it been so justified.

Shivering in the subterranean chill, the less than intrepid explorers looked around the chamber. Ashley tied the tattered ends of her shirt across her chest as she turned in a slow circle. Other than the hole in the ceiling, there was only one other opening in the smooth stone walls. Expecting more bad news, they limped over to the exit and peered cautiously inside. The doorway opened into a large cavern that echoed with their whispered conversation. On the far side was a steep slope that led to yet another single exit. It wasn't until they reached its foot that Ashley and Jenny realized the shiny surface wasn't wet rock but an avalanche of sticky black mud.

Ashley glanced sidelong at Jenny as she considered whether to send her accident-prone friend first or take the lead herself. She certainly didn't want the big cow tumbling down on top of her, but being swallowed by the deep mud didn't appeal either. Finally, the desire to be the leader decided the matter. The nearly naked Jenny shivered miserably in the chill but listened carefully to her partner's instructions. Ashley said, "I'll go first. After I'm halfway you do as I did and follow quick as you can."

Starting twenty feet from the slide Ashley charged forward and hit the slope at full speed. Her feet churning like pistons she fought her way upward but the heavy mud quickly slowed her to a labored crawl. By the halfway mark her chest heaved as she gasped for air and her slow progress was threatened by exhaustion. At last, Ashley was too tired to pull her feet from the sucking mess and fell full length on the slimy surface. To her surprise, instead of slipping back down she stuck in place like a fly in amber.

Thirty feet below Jenny watched open-mouthed as Ashley wriggled carefully forward. By keeping her body halfway submerged in the glop she was able to half swim/half crawl upward. The stirred up mud stank horribly and was getting in everywhere but fifteen more feet would see her to the top. Behind her Ashley heard Jenny's running start then the glutinous plop as she threw herself face down in the muck. She smirked as she pictured the large breast shaped craters but had no attention to spare from her own primordial progress. Having watched Ashley's technique Jenny made faster time and was nipping at her heels as she neared the top. Jenny received a mouthful of kicked mud as a reward for her extra effort. Wearily, Ashley hooked an elbow over the top and dragged herself off the slope. Tapping her foot impatiently, she waited for Jenny to slither the last few feet.

The black goo covered the two women so thoroughly that they looked as if they'd been dipped in India ink. The only relatively clean areas were stripes from the back of their heads to the end of their spines. They looked and smelled much like the sexy lady skunks from the Pepe LePew cartoons. Ashley's tattered clothes clung to her like a second skin. Jenny's shorts had disappeared sometime during the climb and her bra had drifted down to her waist with the broken straps dangling absurdly along each thigh. For several horror struck moments each stared silently at the other then, in mutual unspoken consent, they turned their backs on the mudslide and stalked off down the passage.

There they found literally light at the end of the tunnel. Beyond the reach of their remaining lamp they could see the reflected glow of daylight. Ashley scraped the mire off her watch and was amazed how little time they had been underground. She accelerated as they neared the tunnel's end and Jenny had to break into a jiggly trot to keep up. The pair burst from the passage and confronted the last obstacle before the finish line.

High up in the center of the domed ceiling was a yard wide circular hole. Directly below the exit was a pool of still water. Hanging from an outcrop was a knotted climbing rope with a grappling hook fixed to the end. Ashley seized the coil of rope and scampered to the edge of the pond while Jenny followed more slowly. Cautiously they waded into the water but found it was barely more than ankle deep. Without pausing to explain her plan, Ashley shoved the rope's bitter end in Jenny's hand and spun the hook in a blurred circle. With a lady-like grunt she heaved the grapple and the coil toward the opening.

Whether it was the sudden jerk or slippery hands or simply misunderstanding her job, when Ashley made her toss Jenny let go of her end too. The hook and rope sailed cleanly through the sky lit circle leaving just a two foot tail dangling inside to mock them. Aghast, Jenny turned to look at Ashley and flinched at the expression she saw there. With her hands held up placatingly she back slowly away from the other woman. Jenny had reached the edge of the pool when Ashley charged.

The panic stricken blonde turned to run without any clear idea of where to escape to but it didn't matter because Ashley hit her with a solid tackle before she had gone two strides. They crashed to the floor and Jenny's breath whooshed out of her. She was pinned helplessly to the floor with Ashley straddling her back. Jenny kicked and screamed as her attacker slapped her ass with rage inspired energy. The muddy coating hid the rapid reddening of the klutzy blonde's firm cheeks but displayed an interesting pattern of overlapping hand prints, as Ashley landed blow after blow to the bouncing derriere.

With inspiration born of desperation and dire necessity, Jenny suddenly blurted, "Stop, stop! I have an idea. We can still win if we hurry."

Ashley may have stopped the spanking more from fatigue than interest in Jenny's brainstorm but as Jenny outlined the idea it began to make sense.

Ashley signaled her acceptance by sliding to the ground and stripping out of her clothes. Jenny unhooked her sole remaining article of clothing and added it to the pile. Quickly, they got to work and knotted Jenny's bra, Ashley's shirt, jeans and a bootlace into a literally ragtag rope. The other lace they used to connect the boots in a makeshift bolo that was then tied to the rope.

They waded back into position and peered up at the rope's end that dangled above their heads. Ashley hefted their McGiver then looked Jenny in the eye and said, "Hold on this time!"

Jenny's knuckles turned white in compliance. Miraculously it worked on the first try. The whirling boots wrapped securely around the first knot and, with a gentle tug, Ashley dragged the rope back within their reach. As an added bonus they found that the grapple had engaged somewhere on the surface, so all they had to do was scramble to the surface and cross the finish line.

Jenny held the rope steady for Ashley and watched her climb gingerly up the rough hemp line. When she disappeared into daylight, Jenny started her own climb while, from above, Ashley urged her to hurry.

The rope was every bit as uncomfortable on her bare skin as she had anticipated but doggedly she hauled herself upward while bits of debris fell on her. Near the top Ashley grabbed her wrist and pulled her into the bright sunlight. A hundred yards down a gentle slope was the official finish. Covered with sticky slime, bits of leaves and grass and powdered liberally with dust the competitors bounced forward to the enthusiastic cheers of the spectators. The noise slowly died as the bizarre looking pair approached the tape but grew deafening when their time was called out. An exuberent crowd closed in around Jenny and Ashley…

… Wrapped loosely in her favorite fuzzy pink robe Jenny was stretched out on the sofa with a glass of wine balanced on her taut belly. The rest of her tale of woe came out in a breathless rush.

“Of course, everyone was very excited and there was lots of hugging and backslapping (and backside slapping, I didn’t like THAT) and I was pleased we had done so well, but then someone sluiced a cooler of sports drink over us and we didn’t even have the mud covering when they lifted us on their shoulders and carried us to the podium, but I don’t think anyone needed to put their hands THERE, and then Mr. Haranguer’s speech went on and on while we were standing there NAKED in front of everyone, but finally we got our medals and when we got down I found a paper table cloth to wrap myself in, but Ashley drove off without me and, of course, everyone else had to stay so I had to accept a ride from a bus load of Scouts, which made me nervous, but they were very nice except they kept sneaking bits of the table cloth to show me their origami, so when they dropped me, I barely had enough to cover me, which is why I had to hide in the bushes until the neighbors were done working in their garden, but it wasn’t long because it started raining, which was lucky except the rest of my table cloth sort of melted, so when the postman came I had to dive behind the bins to hide but FINALLY, I got safe inside and why do these things always happen to me”, she wailed!

Suddenly, Jenny sat up and asked, “You don’t think they’ll fire us, do you?”

John looked at his adorably luckless wife with her robe slipped off one shoulder and shook his head.

“I think it’s more likely you’ll be promoted and put in charge of company morale”, he said.

Jenny blinked her big blue eyes and giggled at the thought.

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**Jenny in Shanghai by Cristena**

Jenny was bored. This was definitely NOT the way she had hoped the trip to Shanghai would turn out. Even though her husband had emphasized that this was primarily a business trip, he had promised to make some time to take her around to see some tourist sites and take in some shopping. But now he was away all day at business meetings, leaving her all alone in the hotel room until dinnertime.

Idly she flipped through the brochures the hotel had provided, reading about nightclubs and stores where she could buy designer merchandise for a fraction of what she’d pay in the States. Well, she thought, there was no reason she had to sit in the hotel all by herself when there was an entire city to explore. Plus, she was feeling somewhat reckless; if her husband wanted to abandon her for the day, she could damn well take it out on his credit card.

So resolved, she slipped on a pair of white high-heeled shoes that complemented her red and white polka dotted sundress, and completed the outfit with a pair of designer sunglasses. She knew that, as a well-endowed Caucasian woman, she was a novelty and a source of admiration as walked through the hotel lobby, and the attention felt good. It was nice to be appreciated for her looks alone, and not because she’d got herself in another embarrassing situation!

The intense heat and humidity of a full-blown south China summer hit her as soon as she went through the revolving door into the street, and she was glad that her light cotton sundress had a built-in support that made wearing a bra unnecessary. Even so, Jenny’s body felt sticky almost immediately as she wandered up the sidewalk following the map directing her to Shanghai’s shopping district. About ten minutes later she could see the brightly colored storefronts across the street. Eagerly she stepped off the curb to cross the street a gust of hot air suddenly shot up from a grate in the asphalt, blowing her filmy cotton dress up above her waist and around her head!

Totally flustered, Jenny tried hurriedly to push her skirt back down. All she was wearing underneath was a pair of white lace bikini panties, very sheer and offering barely any protection for her modesty. Problem was, when she tried to hold her skirt down in the back and front, it billowed out on the sides, and when she moved her hands to her sides the skirt would simply fly back up in the front and back again. The hot burst of air tickled her crotch through the bottom of her panties. She frantically looked to both sides, but the traffic was too heavy to cross the street. Around her, people were stopping to point and stare.

Finally, the stream of cars slowed to a stop, allowing her to scamper across the street and duck into the nearest shop. By now all she craved was to fade anonymously into the crowd and wishing she wasn’t quite so conspicuous.

At least shopping was a welcome diversion, and Jenny finally managed to put the incident out of her mind after a blissful afternoon blowing her husband’s money. By the time she exited the last store she realized the sun was going down.

Oh my, she thought. She had plans to meet her husband back at the hotel for dinner. Well, if she hurried perhaps she would have time to get back to the hotel and surprise him with one of her brand new outfits.

So focused was she on getting back to her hotel on time that she failed to watch where she was going, until all of a sudden the ground disappeared underneath her feet. Her dress billowed up and her legs kicked out reflexively as she scrabbled for a handhold. Luckily, her fingers found purchase on the curbstone and she hung there, one hand grabbing on the street, the other clutching stubbornly to her shopping bags.

To her dismay Jenny realized what had happened. She remembered vaguely hearing on the news about people stealing manhole covers to sell for the metal, and now she had fallen and gotten herself half-suspended in an open manhole. Even worse, her light summer sundress had blown up around her and had settled round the edge of the manhole, leaving her naked from the waist down save for her panties and shoes. Even though nobody could see her lower half, she nevertheless felt horribly exposed.

“Oh! Help!” she cried. A number of bystanders rushed over, grabbing her arms to help pull her out, to no avail. “Ow, that hurts!” she protested. Her would-be helpers let go and stood around helplessly scratching their heads.

Evening fell. A crowd had gathered around the hapless blonde, chattering unintelligibly in Chinese. By then Jenny had lost both her shoes, having unintentionally kicked them off in her panic. The bystanders had helpfully erected a makeshift brace of wood and metal pipes around her shoulders and arms so that she didn’t have to hang on to the curb. So she wasn’t hurt at all, just feeling horribly self-conscious. At length the crowd parted, and Jenny was relieved to see her husband approaching, along with his Chinese interpreter.

“Don’t worry honey,” he said, “help is on the way. I’ve contacted the authorities and they’re going to get someone inside the tunnel to lower you down.” The interpreter translated this for the assembled crowd, who cheered appreciatively.

Just then, from somewhere underneath her dangling feet came the sound of male voices. Her rescuers must have found their way through the subterranean tunnels to where her legs dangled suspended. With a blush Jenny realized that from directly below her the men could have a direct view of her naked legs and panty-covered crotch.

The interpreter listened to the underground voices and then translated, “The men down there are going to try and get a ladder up to you. But you have to be very careful.” At Jenny’s cringe he added, “Don’t worry, they’re professionals.”

Suddenly a pair of arms wrapped around Jenny’s hips, and a hand planted itself firmly between her legs.

“Hey!” she squealed and squirmed instinctively, prompting another flurry of Chinese from below.

The interpreter waved his hands in distress.

“The men say to be still! You are dislodging the ladder!”

Her swaying body only caused the arms around her hips to slide down slightly, taking her panties halfway down her hips.

“No! Help!” Jenny squealed, but the momentum of her swaying body was unstoppable.

Her rescuer’s hold slid down even further, and her panties were now down around her knees.

“Ah! It’s no use!” said the interpreter. “The men say they will have to come back with a different ladder.”

“Wait!” Jenny began, but it was too late.

Helplessly she felt the arms around her legs disengage, causing her panties slide the rest of the way off. Now that she was nude from the waist down the men would be able to see – literally – everything!

After what seemed like an eternity (and much untranslated commentary from below) the interpreter announced, “The ladder is now in place. This time will you PLEASE try and keep still!”

The arms were back wrapped around her hips. Jenny cringed inwardly at the touch of stranger’s hands on her exposed rump and pubis but tried to keep from moving.

More Chinese instructions followed, which the interpreter translated: “OK Jenny, the men have you securely, but the ladder might not hold for long. Please let go now and allow them to lower you down.”

Jenny released her hold on the wooden brace and prepared for descent when she realized she had another problem.

“Wait! Wait!” she cried. “I can’t go now! My dress is caught under the boards!”

Sure enough, the wood and metal support holding the top part of her body above the manhole had also anchored the bottom hem of her skirt securely to the pavement. As hard as she pulled, there was no way she could dislodge it without bringing the whole structure down on top of her.

The interpreter relayed her message down below and listened for the reply.

“They can’t wait,” he explained to the increasingly frantic Jenny. “The men can’t hold the ladder forever! You should be glad they have even come to your rescue!” he added irritably.

Duly chastised, Jenny allowed herself to be lowered down through the manhole, still tugging ineffectually at the hem of her skirt. Her breasts sprung back slightly as they were released from the dress’s built-in support, and her exposed nipples hardened instantly at the feel of the warm circulating air in the underground tunnel. Then the dress was around her neck, and she had no choice but to let go and resign herself to ending up naked in public once again.

She felt more hands grab on to her body and ease her down until her bare foot touched onto the reassuringly solid plank of a ladder. The last of her dress left her body as she descended at first unsteadily, then with greater surety as both feet found purchase. There certainly seemed to be a lot of helpful strangers, Jenny thought. She tried to indicate to them that she was perfectly all right now, that she didn’t need any more assistance climbing the rest of the way down the ladder but, not knowing any Chinese, it was impossible to make her message understood. Besides, the feel of all those strangers’ hands touching her breasts and bottom was starting to give her a rather tingly feeling in lower belly that made her flush with embarrassment. Added to that was the fact that her rescuers had brought powerful lanterns which flooded the subterranean tunnel with light and exposed every inch of her nakedness to all her rescuers!

… And so it was that Jenny was finally led out from the underground tunnel. Quite a large crowd had gathered by then in front of the entrance, and a cheer rose up as the brigade of rescuers escorted the naked blonde to where her husband stood waiting. Relieved as she was, all she wanted to do was get back to her hotel room.

Just before she reached him a reporter from the local English-language paper shoved a microphone in front of her.

“Ma’am, you have just been rescued from a manhole accident. Do you have anything you would like to say??”

Without a moment’s hesitation she replied: “Next time I’m going to Disney World!”

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**Jenny's Day at the Fair by Edward Mackenzie**

After kissing her husband goodbye, when he left for work, Jenny decided to find something to do with the day. It was a cloudless Saturday, the temperature approximating a sweltering 32 degrees Celsius. She remembered seeing something in the newspaper about a major touring fair, which was in town for the week. Since the week was nearly over, she thought that it might be a nice way to spend the day. But she didn't want to go alone, that would be much too boring, but who could she go with? Her shyness prevented her from making very many friends, something she wished she could change. Then she had an idea.

"Why, I'll ask Ashley! She came home from that week in Florida with her boyfriend last weekend, and I haven't seen her for a month now." It dawned on Jenny that she missed Ashley's company quite a bit. "She has probably also missed me." she thought to herself. "Yes," she concluded with a smile. "I'll call her right now." Jenny then picked up the phone and dialled Ashley's number.

A few minutes later, on her end of the line, Ashley hung up the phone.

"Great..." she thought to herself. "That's just great. A nice and sunny Saturday, and I get to spend it with that airhead Jenny."

Smiling, she came to realize that this would give her a chance to publicly humiliate the blonde once again. But this time she did not want to miss out on all the fun, like the time she had asked Jenny to help her advertise for her packing business, wearing that costume which became transparent in the sun. But her car had stalled while she on an errand, so she didn't make it back in time, and never got a chance to see any of Jenny's underdressed embarrassment.

Ashley decided to wear something suitable for the heat. White cotton knickers and brassiere, bright blue shorts, a white tee-shirt, and a pair of sandals. She then grabbed her handbag and went outside to where her red sports car was parked, jumped in, and started driving towards the fair, where they had agreed to meet.

Jenny went into the bedroom and pondered what she should wear for the occasion. It was pretty hot out there, and it was sure to get hotter before it got any cooler. She decided to pick out a light blue sundress. With bra and knickers underneath, equally shaded of course, so they couldn't be seen through the dress, she looked in the mirror. This would be quite enough, with the heat outside. She picked up her handbag and walked to the garage, where her silver-grey car was waiting. Not as flashy as Ashley's, but then again she wasn't trying to outshine anyone. After opening the garage door, Jenny got behind the steering wheel and backed out onto the road, heading for the fair.

At the fair, as she stepped out of her car, Jenny spotted Ashley's red Trans Am easily. It was pretty hard not to notice, as it looked like a racing car with those white streaks painted on. After locking her own car door, Jenny saw Ashley had just got out of her car, so she must also just have arrived. Jenny started walking towards Ashley, calling out her name to get her attention.

"Oh, Ash-leyyy! Over here." Ashley turned around and saw Jenny.

She turned on a smile and said "Hi, Jenny."

When Jenny was close enough, she gave Ashley a friendly hug which made Ashley roll her eyes while she hugged back.

"How many times have I explained to her, that I don't like being hugged." she thought to herself.

"Okay. So let's see what there is around here." Jenny said with excitement.

As they were entering the main area of the fair, they saw the place was full of life. There must have

been dozens of people looking for a good time. They saw all kinds of things. Ring-tossing stands, candyfloss booths, food carts, ice cream counters, and all sorts of other forms of entertainment.

"Oooh, let's go over there." said Jenny with enthusiasm.

She grabbed Ashley's left arm and dragged her over to a game booth. Ashley followed, so as not to fall over, and she noticed what Jenny was refering to. They walked up to the counter, where there was no one except for the fellow operating it. There were several plastic animal heads on the back wall. All big, all with their mouthes wide open. The objective was to throw large rubber balls into the mouthes. Jenny bought five balls and looked at Ashley.

"Aren't you going to try, Ashley?" she asked.

"No, you go ahead, sweetie. I'll just watch." said Ashley, who was looking behind her back.

Jenny was giggling with excitement as she threw each ball. Much to the booth keeper's pleasure,

her gorgeous 38CC breasts jiggled every time she threw a ball. He was completely lost in her upper torso for a moment, until he realized that she had run out.

"Uh, wouldn't you like to try again?" he asked with a smile, hoping for more of the same.

In the meantime, Ashley hadn't been watching Jenny performance at all, but had instead spotted a tram-like ride, which was standing still at the moment, but people were piling on board. She thought of a way to use it and said, "Jenny. Let's ride on that." while grabbing her arm.

Jenny, who was being pulled away from the counter, replied to the booth keeper's question.

"Oh, sorry. Maybe later in the day."

The tram was intended for the kiddies, to give them a fun ride around the fair, and it was free. It was divided into rows, each fitting two adults, and there were only doors on the left side. Ashley invited Jenny to get in first, so Jenny did. Ashley sat down next to her. Moments later, the tram was off. It bumped a little on the uneven ground, but was still a pleasant trip. Jenny was looking out the side, enjoying the ride. She then turned to Ashley and gave her a smile, and Ashley smiled back.

"Aren't you glad that I suggested this outing? I'm having a wonderful time, Ashley. Are you?" Jenny said.

"Oh yes, Jenny. This was a good idea of yours." Ashley forced herself to say.

"This is great. Here I am, riding in a tram with my best friend, through a fair." Jenny said, while turning back to the view.

The driver had started to ring vigorously with the bell, to get some of the people, who were blocking the way, to move. The last comment made Ashley feel sick to her stomach.

"I'm not your best friend, you big-busted bimbo." she muttered under her own breath.

"pardon?" Jenny said, realizing that her friend was saying something. "I'm sorry, I couldn't her anything with the driver ringing that bell." The ringing then stopped.

"Oh, nothing." Ashley said. "I was just talking to myself."

After a few minutes, the tram had reaching the end of the ride, quite far from the parking lot, where their cars were parked. Ashley opened the door and got out. While Jenny was stepping out, Ashley was holding the door for her. Smiling her approval, Jenny planted her feet on the ground. Just after, Ashley closed the door right behind her, making sure that a good portion of Jenny's dress was caught in the crack. Not noticing this, Jenny started to walk away, but Ashley jumped in front of her, which caused her to stop.

"Er, Jenny, you know, umm, I'm starting to feel pretty hungry, uhh, how about we grab ourselves some lunch?" Ashley said.

The idea was, that if Jenny started to walk away from the tram, she'd feel that the dress was trapped. But if Ashley could get the tram to drive away from Jenny, hopefully her dress would be torn away. Ashley stood, counting the seconds, hoping the tram would soon drive away, while debating with Jenny were they should eat. The tram started to move. Finally, Ashley thought to herself. Jenny looked as if she had spotted a place they could eat.

"What about over there? There is a food cart that looks... OOHHHH!" Jenny felt herself being pulled off her feet.

She quickly lost her balance and landed flat on her backside, being dragged along the ground.

"Oh, Jenny! Your dress!" Ashley called, faking her concern.

Jenny looked back at the tram and saw her dress was caught on the door, hearing a constant ripping that was eminating from the seams at the sides of the dress.

"Oh no, please. Not my dress." she sobbed. "Please don't let this happen to me again."

Soon after, the seams gave, and poor Jenny was left on the ground in her underwear. She got up and ran for the tram, but stumbled to the ground, and looked up in horror as a ripped, blue cloth that once was her dress was dragged out of view. Panicking, she got up and ran for the nearest cover she

could find; a thick bush. Feeling completely humiliated, she stood there for moment, hoping no one had noticed, though not likely. Suddenly the bush began to ruffle. Someone was trying to get at her. Startled, she turned and saw Ashley spreading the thin branches.

"Oh my Goodness, Jenny." she said. "Ashley!" Jenny said with relief. "Thank god it's you. Please help me."

"But of course I'll help you, kiddo." Ashley said. "I'll go and get you some clothes."

Jenny realised that she was still clutching her handbag. She pulled her purse out, and handed it to Ashley.

"Here is my money." Jenny said.

Ashley took the purse at began walking away from Jenny's view, when Jenny called to her.

"Where are you going, Ashley? There's a clothes stand right over there." she said, pointing.

Ashley followed her finger, to where there was a mobile clothes boutique. Rats, she thought. There goes the chance of leaving her in the bush, only with her underwear. Ashley motioned over to the stand, and, after a few minutes, returned with a yellow tee-shirt and a white micro-miniskirt.

"This was all I could get, Jenny." she said, which was a lie, but Jenny didn't know that.

Jenny took the clothes and donned them. The tee-shirt was certainly not designed with Jenny protruding chest in mind, and the buttons on the front would not be able to withstand that kind of pressure for long. That she was aware of, but she was not aware of the fact that the miniskirt allowed anyone not too tall to see what colour knickers she wore. Jenny felt covered, but her

joy and excitement was long gone.

"Ashley, I don't feel like staying anymore. Let's go home." she said with her head bowed in embarrassment.

"Aww, there, there, honey." Ashley said with reassurance. "If you're enjoying yourself, then there's no point in staying. But shouldn't we get something to eat first?" she said.

Jenny couldn't answer at first, as she was feeling sad, but eventually she gave in.

"Alright. We find something to eat, and then we go, right?" Jenny asked.

"Sure thing." Ashley replied. "I'm buying."

After a few minutes, they found a food stand next to a group of picnic tables. Jenny picked out one of the tables and sat on one of the benches, while Ashley walked over and bought some food for them. She soon after returned and sat down on the bench opposite Jenny, handing her a tuna fish sandwich.

"Thanks." Jenny said, and proceeded to chomp on the delicious sandwich. Ashley nodded and began munching on the beef sandwich she had picked out for herself. They didn't talk much, since Jenny was feeling rather down, due to her dress being torn away from her. As soon as they were done eating, Ashley rose to a stand.

"Okay, then. Let's go." she said.

Jenny also stood up, but unfortunately her knickers were caught on a loose nail on the bench, and since they were pretty worn already they were ripped away from her behind. She gasped and looked down to see what once were her knickers attached to the bench. They were certainly beyond repairing. She looked up and saw Ashley walking away, towards the parking lot.

"Ashley, wait!" Jenny called while running to her, much to the delight of those looking her way.

The miniskirt was short enough as is, but without underwear they allowed a good look at her cheeks to those behind. The people in front were teated to an occasional glimpse of her blonde bush. By now, many were looking her way. Jenny realized this, and blushed to a bright crimson colour.

"What is wrong?" Ashley asked.

Jenny tried to squeeze her together, blocking as much as possible from view.

"My...my knickers got caught on the bench, and now they're gone." she whispered.

"It's okay, sweetie. There's only a few hundred metres to our cars. We'll just hurry..." Ashley

replied.

Jenny leaked a few tears.

"Please, Ashley... I... I can't go on like this. My privates are exposed to everyone who is looking. You have to help me. Ashley, please." Jenny pleaded.

"Awww. There, there." Ashley comforted. "I'll help..."

Saying that, Ashley grabbed hold of Jenny's miniskirt and yanked it down a little.

"Aaa, what are you DOING?!" Jenny said, startled.

"Relax. Now it's better. Not perfect, but better."

Ashley explained how. Jenny saw that now it was the very top of her blonde bush that was exposed, but at least none of her behind was visible, which made her feel slightly more self-confident.

"You're right. Thanks, Ashley." she said.

"You're welcome." Ashley replied with a snigger.

She had 'forgotten' to mention that there was no elastic band in the skirt, and it was only secured by resting on top of the person's hip bone. This soon became apparent when they resumed their walking, as it quickly dropped to Jenny's ankles, which in turn made her trip. Crashing to the ground, Jenny looked back at her feet and saw the skirt had been ripped in two halves. Now she was

wearing only a tee-shirt and her brassiere. She was naked from the waist down.

Ashley was fighting hard to stop herself bursting into laughter. Jenny panicked, and got up, broke into run towards the parking lot. She ran and ran. Getting back to the lot, meant that she had to round a corner that was boarded off by a chain link fence. As she rounded the corner, Jenny brushed against the fence. The tee-shirt she was wearing got caught on a protruding wire of the fence. It wasn't until she had cleared ten metres from the corner, that Jenny felt quite cold around her body.

She looked back in horror as she saw a band of boy scouts standing near the fence where the tee-shirt had been ripped from her body, cameras clicking while being pointed at her. They must have been right behind her all along. Those little guys could be very cruel to an under dressed woman,

Jenny knew from past experience. So rather than risking anything, Jenny continued running towards her car, with only a bra remaining. She realized that Ashley was no where to be seen. She was all alone in her crisis.

She turned around the corner of a large, green bush, and saw to her horror a small group of teenage boys heading her way. They hadn't spotted her yet, as they were looking at each other, while talking to one another. Jenny dove into the thick bush, and tried crawling on the ground underneath it, hoping to get on the other side of them, because she knew that if they spotted her...

Jenny wriggled her way through the thin branches, which felt more like arms trying to grab at her. When she made it the other side, the teenagers had their backs turned and were walking away. And with her car in sight on the lot. "Safe." she told herself. Not quite, though. By now, there were many people who had noticed Jenny's performance. And they gathered in a semi-circle around her point of exit.

One of the branches had snagged a hold on her bra, and since Jenny was determined to clear the crowd, the bra was easily ripped away from her by the bush. The crowd of people gave a cheer, and as Jenny passed through them, they couldn't help themselves but give her nice backside a few

slaps. When she reached her car, she grabbed the door. It was locked.

"Oh my god, no. Now what do I do...? Ashley's car!"

Jenny ran over to where Ashley's red Trans Am was parked. Thank goodness, she told herself. Ashley should be back soon. She could help her. When she was standing over by Ashley's car, Jenny turned to see a ring of people walling her in. She could only watch as they moved in closer, hands extended in front of them. Prodding her, feeling her, touching her.

"NOOOooo..." she pleaded, tears leaking from her eyes. "Come on, Ashley. Where are you?" she thought.

In the meantime, Ashley was standing from a high vantage point, watching every detail through the pair of binoculars she had just bought from a souvenir stand. Jenny was clearly waiting for her to give her a ride home. But as long as Jenny was waiting, Ashley would be staying right where she were, watching everything, with an evil grin on her lips.

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**Jenny goes to Wimbledon by Edward Mackenzie**

Jenny couldn't believe what she had agreed to. It all started with her inviting Ashley to watch some tennis at Wimbledon. But as they were standing in the queue, Ashley had grown more and more impatient until she finally got fed up waiting. She wanted to get inside straight away, to she persuaded Jenny that they should sneak inside. Jenny had been reluctant at first, but Ashley eventually talked her into it.

After they had met up in Jenny's place, she had been stunned at Ashley's appearance. She could have sworn that Ashley had become a teenager again, by the look of the makeup and clothes on her. Ashley had managed to convince Jenny to do the same. After all, they were only in their early twenties, so it shouldn't have been too hard with the right disguise. At the time, Jenny didn't know what Ashley was up to, but had gone along with no objection.

As they were walking around the perimeter, they spotted a side entrance, blocked off by two broad-shouldered guards. Ashley marched right up them, with Jenny slightly behind.

When they were close enough, one of the guards noticed them.

"No entry!" he sounded. "Go back to the queue."

Ashley already had a plan. "We were told to go this way." she said. "We're the new ballgirls."

Jenny caught up. "What are you doing?" she whispered in Ashley's ear.

"Ha!" the other guard said. "Even if that were true, you should have been here hours ago."

"We had trouble on the way. Kept getting lost" Ashley continued. "Look, we're late enough already. If you delay us even further, you'll get in trouble as well."

The first guard nudged his colleague. "We should probably check with the boss, just in case."

"Hmm, you're prob'ly right about that. Hold on..." the other guard said while fishing his walkie-talkie out of his pocket.

"Uhh, boss?" he said, holding it up to his ear. "We've got a couple of girls by gate B5. They claim to be ballgirls..."

"Well, it's about bloody time!" It crackled loudly enough for Jenny and Ashley to hear. "We've been waiting for I-don't-know-how-long. Get them in here, now!"

Ashley and Jenny exchanged glances. This must have been their lucky day. Ashley didn't even know about that. Now Jenny realized why Ashley has suggested that they should make themselves look as young as possible. They had indeed succeeded in looking age-appropriate enough to pass as ballgirls. So this was Ashley's plan.

"Understood." the guard said, clicking it off. "Well, uhh, in you go I guess." he opened the heavy-duty steel door for them, and the two women stepped inside. The door closed behind them.

They were in a corridor. The overhead lamps did their part in keeping it well lit. Soon after, a man came into sight, heading straight for Jenny and Ashley.

"Are you the new ballgirls?" he said, when he reached them.

"Yes." Ashley responded.

"Where the bloody hell have you been?! You should have been here..." he started to give them a lecture but Ashley cut him off.

"I know, but the directions we got were useless. It took forever to finally find a way..."

"Yes yes, alright. The point is that you're here. Now go get changed." he handed each of them a key. "Locker room 8, and hurry up. You're wanted on Centre Court in..." he checked his watch. "...eight minutes."

Not knowing where they were going, Ashley started down one of the side corridors with Jenny close behind.

"What ARE you doing?!" the guy shouted, aghast. "It's THAT way!" he pointed the opposite direction of where they were headed.

They turned around and followed his finger. After they were a good distance, they heard him mutter something about "rookie replacements... really...!"

They soon found locker room 8. Jenny and Ashley went inside. There was no one but them. They found their respective lockers, the keys telling which. As they began to change into the dark green outfits, that were inside the lockers, Jenny thought it prudent to say something.

"I can believe you talked me into this." she said. "We could get in trouble."

"Only if we get caught." Ashley replied with no worry in her voice. "And that's not going to happen if we play our roles right. We'll be getting the best viewpoints: from the court. Besides, if those two other ballgirls aren't here, we're only helping by filling in. We are actually doing them a favour."

"Yeah..." Jenny said, convinced. After all, she liked to help others. "Yeah, you're right, Ashley."

Ashley had to stand with her back to Jenny, since Jenny was too shy to undress with anyone looking, even if it was her best friend. After she had finished donning the dark green outfit, Jenny looked in the full-length mirror that was built into the wall.

"Oh, no." she exclaimed. "This won't do at all."

With her ample 38CC breasts stretching the fabric of the shirt, it would be only too obvious to anyone, that she was too old to pass as a ballgirl.

Ashley noticed her situation, and had unclasped her own bra under the outfit she was wearing. "Here, try wearing my bra." she said, handing it to Jenny.

Jenny realized that Ashley's chest was not quite as generous as her own, so maybe her bra could squeeze her boobs flatter up against her body. So she took the bra, and tried it on. She also used an elastic band to tie her shoulder-length blonde into a ponytail. Once again, she looked in the mirror, and was almost stunned. She was fifteen again. Ashley's brassiere really did the trick, though it was rather tight.

They left the locker room, and made their down the corridors to Centre Court, following the signs on the walls. They opened the door leading into the court, and were taken aback.

It was a magnificent sight. Neither of them had ever seen the courts of Wimbledon at floor level, except on the TV. It seemed three times bigger than on screen. The grass had been groomed to perfection. Around the court were the seating for the audience. There were hundreds of people filling the seats. Next to one side of the net, the umpire sat in the elevated seat, with the two players seated on either side of her. The players were taking full advantage of the break, drinking plenty of liquids. The linesmen and ballboys/girls were lining the walls of the courts, but the was no one to tend to the needs of the two players, so Jenny and Ashley quickly came to the conclusion that it was their place.

Each of the two women picked the player, that they would service, and ran over to them. Jenny had watched these matches so many times on TV, that she knew to stand next to and across the player with her arms crossed behind her back, so she did just that.

She briefly glanced over at the player, whose side of the net she would be covering. Jenny saw her as quite an attractive women, with her long, dark blonde hair tied into a ponytail. She then looked at the name tag on the sports bag, by her side. It read "A. Sharpton, USA"

Sharpton noticed movement in the corner of her eye, and looked up to see Jenny standing by her side.

"Well, its about time someone came!" she said, annoyed. "Get me a fresh towel!" she commanded.

Silently, Jenny ran along the side of the court, grabbed a towel from the corner bag, and ran back to Sharpton, handing it over.

Snatching the towel from Jenny, Sharpton began wiping sweat from her face.

"Time." the umpire said.

Both players got up from their chairs and made their way into the court. Jenny and Ashley crouched down on either side of the umpire's raised seat.

Jenny's eyes rested on the scoreboard at first.

Miss A. Sharpton vs Miss P. Mutwilla, where Mutwilla was a good-looking Polish woman, whose black, straight hair was trimmed just above shoulder length.

Sharpton served first. She brought the ball into Mutwilla's court with ease, who in turn drove it straight into the net. Jenny watched as Ashley bolted forward to intercept it, and returned, ball in hand.

"Fifteen-Love" the umpire sounded.

On the next serve, Sharpton did not manage to get the ball over the net, and it now rested on Jenny's side. She knew this was her cue, as she ran forward, gathered the ball and returned. The noticed that for the first time, her breasts did not bounce in that uncomfortable manner that they usually do. It must have been that several-sizes-too-small brassiere she was wearing.

Sharpton served gently this time. Sure enough, the ball was quickly intercepted by Mutwilla, and once again she drove it into the net. This time, however, the force behind was enough to make it land on Sharpton's side. She went for it, but was not quick enough, as the ball bounced twice. Jenny made a break for it, but since it was near Sharpton already, she bent down to pick up. Jenny was too close to stop, and plodded her foot flat on Sharpton's hand, which was on ground level. There were a few murmurs from the audience.

"Hey!" Sharpton cried out at Jenny, who turned around and ran back at the umpire's side.

"I'm so sorry." she thought to herself.

"Fifteen-All" said the umpire.

Sharpton served a hard one this time. Mutwilla caught it, but just barely, and it accidentally turned into a lob. Sharpton saw her chance and made for smash. She succeeded in smashing the ball, but underestimated the height of the net. Needless to say, it was up to Jenny again. At first she hesitated, since it was near Sharpton's feet again. But she had not noticed this, so Jenny thought it safe to retrieve the ball. As soon as she had her hand on the ball, though, Sharpton had turned around, and before she could react to Jenny by her feet, she tripped over her. Both women lay sprawled on the ground. There were quite a few boos from the audience, but also plenty of laughs.

"Fifteen-Thirty".

By now, Sharpton was getting really fed up with Jenny, and she tried to prod Jenny out of the way with her racket. They both got to their feet, and Jenny tried running back to the umpire, but something was holding her back. The racket had snagged a grip on the waistband of Jenny's shorts. With great vigor, Sharpton ripped her racket loose which cut the elastic in the waistband. Jenny, finally loose, could feel her shorts dropping, and grabbed the shorts with her hands. She managed to hold them up for now.

Sharpton served again. Jenny mind wandered from the game, she was feeling quite hot. She was in the sun, but there was a coolish feeling radiating from the umpire's seat. Jenny thought is must have been the cooling system from the drinks dispenser which was built into the base of the seat. So she hugged up against the chilly metal, this really helped. A few seconds passed, and Mutwilla scored another point.

"Fifteen-Forty". Sharpton served.

By now, Jenny had a little cold and wanted to move away from the chilled metal. But the side of her tee-shirt had caught onto a protruding hook.

"Oh no." she thought.

She grabbed hold of the fabric and tore away with it. Alas, the hook retained its grip, whilst the stitches on the other side of the tee-shirt gave up. Jenny was separated from her tee-shirt, and her wonderful 38CC breasts showed as tiny airbags being compressed in that much too small bra. The force of the sudden pull made her stumble a few steps into the court. Jenny blushed a bright crimson when she realized that anyone could see the shape of her boobs, and crossed her arms over her chest. But that required letting go of her shorts, and with no waistband, they instantly dropped to

her ankles. The outline of her blonde bush was visible to everyone.

"Oh, my god!" she shrieked.

Meanwhile, Sharpton had her eyes on the ball, as Mutwilla sent it her way. The sudden outcry from her side made her look sideways briefly, to see the blonde ballgirl standing in her underway. She then refocused on the ball, but it was too late. It flew right past her, landed in court, and she had lost the point.

"Game, miss Mutwilla." the umpire sounded.

Sharpton buried her forehead in her hands. By now, everybody's attention was turned to Jenny, who picked up her shorts and the tattered remains of the tee-shirt. The crowd cheered wildly, but not at Mutwilla's performance.

"Get out of here, you stupid girl!" the umpire hissed at her.

Jenny made a break for the door she came from, her lovely bottom bouncing and jiggling under her knickers. This only served the audience to cheer even louder.

Ashley was laughing so hard her stomach hurt. After she was done, she noticed the umpire saying something to her.

"We'll take an early break. You run inside and fetch someone to cover for her." she said.

Ashley nodded and ran inside, after Jenny.

Once inside, Ashley paused for a moment, wondering where she could find someone. She didn't have to search for very long, for soon she spotted five teenage girls walking her way, down one of the corridors. Three of them were in ballgirl uniform, two were dressed in casual clothing.

"Hey, you!" one of the girls not in uniform called to Ashley. "We heard that two impostors have taken mine and Desiree's place as ballgirls. You know anything about that?"

Ashley had to think for a moment. Then in dawned on her. The two girls not in uniform must have been the two who were late, and she and Jenny had taken their places. And she could feel them suspecting her, so she had to sound like one of them.

"Yes, now that you mention it. I did see a grown woman running around in uniform. Thought it seemed a little strange." she said.

"Where is she now?" the first girl asked.

A smirk appeared on Ashley's face. It seemed mean to sacrifice Jenny like this, but it would be the only way. And if she knew Jenny well, which she did, she knew that she would be with her clothes again.

"I think you'll find her in locker room 8." Ashley said, pointing in the right direction.

"Right! Let's go, girls."

"Hold, on." Ashley said. "There is a shortage of ballgirls on Centre Court. I need one of you to come with me."

"You go with her, Eileen." The first girl said to one of the girls in uniform.

"Okay." Eileen said, and she and Ashley made their way to Centre Court.

In the meantime, Jenny had donned the back-up uniform that was stowed in her locker. She looked at herself in the mirror.

"I can't do this." she thought. "I couldn't go back out there. They'd recognize me."

She moved over to put on her own clothes, when she noticed four teenage girls standing in the doorway to the corridor. Two of them were dressed in ballgirl uniform.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" one of them asked sternly.

"I, uhh, umm, what do you mean?" Jenny said with her eyes in the tiled floor.

"What are you doing in uniform? Are you a ballgirl?" one of the girls not in uniform said.

"Uhh, sure I am..."

"Really? Well then let me ask you something. Where do you live?"

Jenny looked up, and saw that all four had rather unhappy expressions. They had seen through her disguise. She knew what the question was for. She had heard something about, the job of ballboy or ballgirl was only for children who lived in a children's home. But she couldn't remember the name. She began to think hard.

"Well, I, uhh, umm..." she stuttered.

"If you had been genuine, you would have answered Doctor Bernardo's Home." the first girl said.

Jenny didn't even know that. What she did know was that her cover was blown.

"Then isn't that your uniform she's wearing, Chloe?" one of other girls asked the first girl.

"It must be." Chloe said. "And I want it back, now! Hand it over."

Jenny hesitated. "But, I'm only wearing underwear underneath..."

"Now!" Chloe said. It was clear that she was serious.

Still Jenny hesitated. They couldn't mean it. She couldn't undress in front of Ashley, much less a group of strangers. But a few seconds later, the girls' patience ran out.

All four sprang into action. Before Jenny could react, they were holding her to the floor. They were much younger than she, but there just too many of them. They began pulling the shorts and tee-shirt off Jenny.

"No, wait. Please, don't..." she pleaded, but without result.

"Be careful, now." Chloe said to the others. "Don't tear anything. I'm to wear it."

Soon after, Jenny was left in her knickers and bra. Chloe took off her clothes, except her underwear, and donned the uniform. The girls snickered at the look of Jenny's ample boobs crammed in a bra that was too small for her. Jenny was terrified. It was happening again. She was beginning to part with her clothes.

"Right." Chloe said. "Now we just need to find a uniform for Desiree, here. Where's your friend?"

"M-my f-friend?" Jenny stuttered. She was afraid of what would happen next.

"Don't play dumb." Chloe said. "The guard told us there were two of you."

Jenny realized that she was referring to Ashley. But Ashley was her friend. She couldn't let these girls strip her friend of her dignity.

"I, I don't know..." she said.

"That's it!" Chloe said. "Grab her. We're going to Center Court."

All four seized her arms, and began to guide her down the corridor.

"No! Please! Don't do this to me!" she sobbed, but to deaf ears. She could feel the tears streaming down her cheeks. What were they going to do? The corridors were empty, but anyone could show up. Jenny was terrified.

Soon they reached the door leading into Centre Court, and they stopped. Instead, they held Jenny up against the wall.

"Right!" Chloe said. "We're going to teach you a lesson. The job as ballgirl is a special privilege reserved ONLY for the socially handicapped, like us."

Jenny didn't like the sound of that. "What would they do to me?" she thought.

They then grabbed hold of her bra straps and knickers. Jenny realized what was happening. She was going to be stripped by teenagers.

"Oh my god! No, please don't!" Jenny pleaded.

Her bra succumbed to their brutal tugging, and fell to the floor. They weren't confined to a tight space anymore, but that didn't make her feel any better.

"Please don't do this to me!" she sobbed. "I promise I won't do it again! Just let me go!"

Then her knickers burst. The girls threw it aside. Her lovely blonde bush was visible for anyone to see.

"We know you won't do it again." Chloe said. "Desiree, open the door."

Desiree quickly stepped over to the door, and held it open. It dawned on Jenny that she was going to be thrown back into Centre Court, this time with no clothes on.

"NO! DON'T DO THIS! PLEASE!" she cried.

But they didn't care. Jenny was brutally shoved into the open courtyard, where the ball was already in play. The door closed behind her. Jenny grabbed hold of the handle but it wouldn't open. The wind had picked up quite a chill by now, and Jenny could feel it stroke her bush, and caress her body. The feeling made her nipples stand to attention.

The linesman standing next to her enjoyed the sight of this lovely naked blonde. In fact, he enjoyed it so much, that he needed to see if she was really there. He pinched her bottom, which made her straighten her back in surprise.

"EEEEKK!" she shrieked.

This made everyone look her way, including Sharpton, who once again missed her shot due to a distraction.

"Game and set, miss Mutwilla." the umpire sounded.

Sharpton hammered her racket into the ground with sheer anger, when she realized who it was that made her lose the set.

The crowd broke into a cheer. This time it was louder than before. Much louder. Jenny had never felt so ashamed of herself in all her life. She had had many accidents with her clothes in public before, but this was Wimbledon, Centre Court. There were a few thousand people sitting in the audience, and dozens of TV cameras. She was on display for millions of people.

Jenny sprinted for the nearest door. Normally, she would cover her private areas, but this was different. This time, all she cared about was not being identified. If she let the cameras get a good look at her face, she would be recognized everywhere. She couldn't let that happen. She buried her face in her hands and ran for it, tears leaking down her cheeks.

She finally made it through one of the doors. Now she had to figure out the best route back to the locker room, and her clothes. And also, she had to be careful not to run into those girls again.

In the meantime, Ashley and the five ballgirls were rolling on the ground, amongst themselves, laughing with so much vigor that they couldn't stand up. Eventually, they were able to control themselves.

"That oughta teach that impostor not to mess with Doctor Bernardo's Prodigy." Eileen said.

"Doctor who?" Ashley asked.

The smiles on the five ballgirls instantly disappeared. They turned to face Ashley with rather angry scowls.

"What?" Ashley asked. "Have I said something I shouldn't have?"

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**Jenny's Formal Encounter by Edward Mackenzie**

Jenny was absolutely ecstatic. The company she worked for had arranged a big business dinner with a new client of theirs, and Jenny had been asked to attend. She was allowed to bring a date, so of course she asked her husband to come along, which he agreed to. She was standing in her bedroom, pondering what would be suitable to wear for the occasion. She picked out a deep blue evening dress, with matching bra and knickers. She tried it all on, and looked at herself in the mirror. She saw some very thick outlines of the bra in the dress.

"Oh, no!" she said to her reflection. "This won't do at all. I might as well wear it on the outside of the dress."

With a few maneuvers, she removed the bra and kept the dress on, along with the knickers. This was much better. She checked her hip. Were the knickers showing through? No, she could keep those on. She completed the look with a pair of classy, blue pumps.

"Are you ready soon, Jenny?" her husband called from the hallway.

"Coming, dear." Jenny answered.

A smile appeared on Jenny's husband's face when she stepped into view.

"You look absolutely fabulous." he said.

She gave him a cute smile back. "Why, thank you so very much, sir." she said. "Shall we go?"

"After you, my lady." he said, his hand showing the way.

They stepped through the front door of the house, Jenny's husband a few steps behind her. He enjoyed to watch the way her lovely backside swayed with each step she took. They got into the car. Jenny took the driver's seat, while her husband sat in the passenger's side. She put the car into gear, and off they were.

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In the meantime, Amy was getting into her car. She was very pleased with the set of clothes she chose to wear for tonight. It was a strawberry-red full-length evening gown. She had also picked out matching high-heels to go with it. She was determined that tonight's dinner was going to be a success. She would only be too glad to do business with the company, but she had never thought they would throw a company dinner in exchange for her signing that contract with them. She was asked to bring a date, but her boyfriend backed out at the last possible moment, so instead she invited her best friend, Laurie. She put the car into gear, and drove off.

She followed the route she had preplanned with ease. Traffic was quite heavy along the main road. In fact, there was a whole line of cars on her left side, while her lane was empty but for her. She continued down the lane, when all of a sudden, a car swung out from the crowded lane right in front of her. She stomped on the brakes, avoiding a collision. Startled and angry, she looked at the other car, and managed to get a good look at Jenny behind the wheel.

She recognized that face. All the anger was then replaced by shock.

"Was that really her?" Amy thought to herself. "No... no, it couldn't have been."

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"Good heavens!" Jenny's husband said. "We almost collided with that other car."

Jenny had one hand clamped over her mouth. "I know..." she said, shocked. "I know... my goodness..."

"It's okay, honey." he said to reassure her. "Nothing bad happened. That's all that matters."

"We're here." she said, and proceeded to pull into the parking lot. It seemed impossible to find a proper place to leave it. But there had to be someplace. It took them a good few minutes until Jenny finally saw a vacant spot. She headed straight for it, and elegantly pulled into it. But apparently, another driver had that spot in mind. Jenny got an annoyed honk from a car, that was also cruising around in the lot.

"Uhh, Jenny..." her husband said. "I think that other guy had this spot in mind, as well."

"Oopsie!" Jenny said, faking innocence. "Well, they'll find another place soon. Let's go inside."

They got out of the car, and headed for the entrance. The place was quite large. Almost the shape of a mansion. It must have been at least four floors high. As they entered the restaurant area, they were surprised to see how decorated it was. It looked like a two-star establishment. They quickly found their assigned table. It was a circular table, with room for them and two other couples, for social interactions with co-workers. First of all, though, they went over to Jenny's boss' table and she introduced her husband. They would also have greeted the client, but he/she had not yet arrived.

Time passed, as they ordered and ate dinner. All six at Jenny's table chatted about all sorts of things, though Jenny was very shy, so she didn't say much. They had just finished eating the main course, when Jenny felt the need to visit the bathroom.

"Would you excuse me?" she said, while getting up. "I need to visit the ladies' room."

She moved along in between all the tables, and found the staircase which led to the lavatories. For some reason, they had placed them on the second floor, which was very inconvenient for Jenny. But she finally got there, turned into the side corridor and entered the wooden door to the ladies' room. She went into one of the stalls, and relieved herself.

She then heard the wooden door open. Two women entered the ladies' room, talking.

"You're just being paranoid." one voice said.

"It's not paranoia." the other voice said. "I'm telling you, it was her."

Jenny jolted upright. That voice seemed very familiar to her. She tried to listen hard, as she was suddenly curious.

"C'mon, Amy." the first voice replied. "Chances are slim to nil."

"Amy?" Jenny thought to herself. "I don't know an Amy, do I?"

"Look, Laurie." Amy said. "I'm not making this up. That blonde bimbo nearly crashed into me on the main road. And then she goes and steals the parking space I was headed for."

Jenny's eyes widened. Amy was talking about her. It must have been Amy's car she crossed in front of on the road. And it seemed that it also was Amy that she stole the parking stall from. Jenny knew she would get into trouble if she let Amy see her. But why would Jenny recognize her voice?

"And it was that same blonde that kept distracting me at Wimbledon." Amy continued.

It suddenly dawned on Jenny. She clamped her hands over her open mouth. Six years ago, she and Ashley snuck into the Wimbledon arena, disguised as part of the staff. While Amy was playing a match, Jenny had accidentally caused such a distraction, that she lost the game, the set, and ultimately the match.

"Oh my goodness. It's Amy Sharpton." Jenny thought. "She's here? Is she the client?"

"Well for her sake, I hope you're wrong." Laurie said. A trickle of water could be heard now. They must have come in to wash their hands.

"You're quite right." Amy said. "If I ever got my hands on her, I don't know what I'd do to her."

Jenny was feeling quite nervous now. She decided that she could not let Amy see her. She would just wait until they had left, before she got out.

One set of high heels moved towards the wooden door. And the other set moved into one of the other stalls.

"See ya downstairs." Laurie said from the exit.

"Yep!" Amy said from the other stall.

Jenny saw her chance to leave. She walked over to the hand basins and washed her hands. And then moved towards the exit.

Now, unbeknown to Jenny, Amy had simply walked into that stall because Laurie had taken the last sheet of paper towel to dry her hands. Amy had just finished drying her hands on some toilet paper when she opened the door to the stall.

Jenny, who was moving right in front of that stall, saw the door coming straight at her face, and, by sheer reflex, threw her hands to stop it. This resulted in Amy getting her nose bashed on the door, under Jenny's strength.

Jenny's jaw dropped. She panicked and ran for the exit. In the side corridor, she tripped over her own heels. Those shoes were not made for running in.

"Alright, dammit! Who threw the door in my face?!" Amy shouted from the other side of the wooden door.

Jenny managed to stand up, but not until Amy burst through the door. Their eyes locked. Jenny's widened with fear, Amy's with anger.

"I was right!" Amy exclaimed. "It IS you!" And without another word, Amy put her hands around Jenny's throat and squeezed hard.

Jenny was absolutely terrified. She tried to apologize but her windpipe was blocked by Amy's hands. What now? Her eyes darted around the corridor, looking for someone who could help, but there was no one to be seen.

In the corner of her eye, she spotted her husband! He was looking very concerned, as he rushed over to help his wife.

"Dammit!" Amy said. "I forgot my purse." and with that, she went back into the ladies' room.

Jenny was finally able to breathe again, and sighed with relief. Her husband was now by her side.

"Are you all right, Jenny?" he asked.

"Yes." she sobbed. "I think so... oh, honey, I was so scared."

"It's okay, dear." he said. "You just go back to the table. I'll handle her when she comes out."

"Okay." Jenny said. And she went back downstairs.

A few seconds later, Amy came out from the ladies' room, and was about to go downstairs when Jenny's husband called to her.

"Hey! Just a minute, you!"

"What?!" Amy spitefully retorted.

"How dare you lay your hands on wife like that?" he asked.

"Screw you, pal!" Amy said. "That bitch wife of yours has been nothing but a pest to me."

Feeling even more angry, Amy grabbed a walnut from a nearby dining cart, and tossed it at him. It hit him on the chest.

Clutching the sore spot, Jenny's husband was outraged. Nobody, not even a woman could hurt him and his wife, and get away with it. He picked up a clam from another dining cart in vicinity. Amy saw this, and acquired a dinner plate from the cart nearest her. He hurled the clam straight at her. Amy, being a pro tennis player, was able to hit the clam mid-flight with the plate. Splinters scattered everywhere, as the clam flew back towards Jenny's husband.

WHACK the clam hit him right between the eyes, instantly knocking him unconscious. He fell to the floor.

"It serves you right." Amy said. And she went back downstairs.

After she left, some of the staff found Jenny's husband on the floor. They brought him into one of the rooms, and proceeded to wake him up.

After a few minutes of friendly chat at the table, Jenny was able to enjoy herself again. Though it seemed strange that her husband hadn't returned yet.

"We're going to the dessert island, Jenny. You coming?" one of her colleagues asked.

"Sure." Jenny said.

The dessert island was a centre counter in the room. Various types of fruit, pies, ice creams, yoghurts lined the disk. There was a smallish queue, but it was no problem. The small group, including Jenny, stood in the queue, with Jenny at the front. When she was able to reach the disk, she first of all picked up a strawberry tart, which she loved. She would also want a chunk of that delicious pineapple, that was near her. So she held up the tart in front of her, on her right hand, and reached for the all-purpose knife, for the pineapple. In order to do that, she had to bend over slightly. One of her colleague's husband was standing right behind her, and the sight of that well-shaped bottom in front of him was a too good a chance to resist. He just had to get a feel in.

"Yipe!" Jenny exclaimed and stood upright, as she felt something on her backside. The tart was loosely balanced on her hand, and it flew forward, hitting the women in front in the face.

"Oh, dear." Jenny said. "I'm so sorry..."

Amy brushed most of the tart away from her face. There were still cream and crust in her hair and face, though. She and Jenny locked eyes again.

"You again!" Amy shouted. "That's it! I've had enough!"

With that, Amy took the ice cream scoop from the island, dug out a good portion of orange-flavour ice cream. She then grabbed the front of Jenny's dress and pulled. Jenny was too shocked to react, even though anyone at the right angle would see her wonderful breasts spill into view. Amy threw the ice cream down Jenny's cleavage, and Jenny had to react.

"Aaaa. It's so cold!" She started jumping around. Everyone was quite liking her dance, mostly because it made her breasts bounce with each hop. Jenny could feel the ice cream sliding down her body, and was headed for her crotch. She had to do something. So she made a dash for the ladies' room, her handbag still with her.

After running up the stairs, down the corridor and finally into one of the stalls in the restroom, the ice cream had pooled in Jenny's knickers. She slid them down her legs and took them off her ankles. She then grabbed some toilet paper and wiped the front of her body, under the dress until she was dry. She picked up her knickers. They were beyond hope, so she exited the restroom and threw them in a nearby bin. Now that she was naked underneath her dress, she knew she had to be cautious.

As Jenny started walking back towards the staircase, she once again managed to trip over her own heels. She landed with her stomach on one of the wheeled dining carts, which picked up speed under Jenny's force. She screamed as both she and the dining cart were heading straight for one the open windows. The dining cart slammed into the wall under the window, while Jenny was thrown out. The first thing that flew through her mind was that she was two floors above ground level. She was afraid she would be hurt, but a giant bush was planted right underneath the window. Her dress was snagged on several places by the bush. Jenny gave a sigh of relief. She realized that she was still clutching her handbag.

She could not see anybody that might be able to help her, so Jenny decided to get down on her own, since the window was too high to reach. She began to wriggle her way down the front of the bush, but she then realized that the branches and twigs refused to let go of her dress, so she tried to stop. But she had already created enough momentum to let gravity do the rest of the work. She could feel the dress being ripped away from her body.

"Oh, no." Jenny sobbed. "Please, not my dress. Let me keep my dignity, just this once."

And finally, the dress gave up resisting. The seams gave apart, and Jenny dropped away, falling head first. She had to let go of her handbag, in order to break the fall with her arms, which she succeeded in doing as she hit the ground.

Jenny now lay in the parking lot, close to the building, stark naked. The evening wind was very chilled, and the way it caressed Jenny's hot naked body caused goose bumps to appear on her. Her face blushed a deep crimson colour.

She then heard voices coming from the entrance. Everyone was going home! She couldn't let them see her like this. Not her colleagues. She had to get home, and it was way too far to walk, so she ran for the safety of her car. No one had actually exited the restaurant yet, so there was time, but not much. As soon as she reached her car door, she grabbed the handle. It was locked.

"My keys." she thought. "They're in my handbag. I dropped it by the bush."

She ran back to the bush, and sure enough, her handbag had caught on one of the twigs. It was way too high to reach, but it was facing down and it was open. Jenny looked at the ground and saw all her utensils scattered around. She began to look for her keys, though it was a little dark under the lot's poor lighting. She searched for what seemed an eternity, but her keys were just not there.

"No..." she said. "Oh, no..." She could feel tears pooling in her eyes. "What am I going to do now?" Jenny was about to lay down and cry her eyes out.

"Looking for these?" a familiar voice said.

Jenny looked up. Amy was standing a few metres away, holding up a set of keys. Jenny felt so ashamed of herself. Her naked form was on display for Amy. She was already in a kneeling position, so she brought her legs together to hide her delightful blonde bush, and crossed her arms across her gorgeous 38CC breasts.

"Amy, please." Jenny pleaded. "I'm freezing. Please let me have my keys back." She started to get up.

"Don't move!" Amy said, holding Jenny's keys over a grated drain. "If you move, you'll never see your keys again."

"No. Please don't." Jenny begged. "Not my keys. I need those. Please..."

"Now, get down on all fours." Amy commanded.

"What?" Jenny couldn't believe what she was hearing.

Amy once again held Jenny's keys over the drain.

"Alright." Jenny held up her arms, in a surrendering way, which exposed her breasts to the cold wind. "Alright, I'll do as you say. But please don't throw my keys away."

By then, everybody was piling out the main entrance. It didn't take them long to find Jenny on her hands and knees, naked. Curiously, they all walked over to see what was going on.

Jenny could hear them. She could only wonder what they all must be thinking. What they were saying to each other about her. It was darkish, but she was easily recognized. All these thoughts made Jenny start a quiet sniffle.

Amy was enjoying this. She really hated Jenny, and this was too good an opportunity to pass up. She was cruel and she knew it, but she was not about to let Jenny off the hook. Not now, when she could drive the humiliation to the extreme. Amy wondered what she should make Jenny do. Meanwhile, Jenny was beginning to cry quietly.

"Now bark like the bitch you are." Amy commanded.

This made Jenny emotionally shatter. She openly cried with all the might her lungs could stand. She dropped her gaze to the ground, and cried and cried and cried.

"Jenny?" It was her boss. "What on earth are you doing?"

This was more than Jenny could take. She didn't move her gaze from the ground. She just couldn't look him in the eye. That much be too much for her. Instead, she looked up at Amy and gave her a pleading look.

"How can you do this to me?" Jenny said to Amy in a broken voice.

"You brought it upon yourself." Amy said. Then the unthinkable happened. Amy let go of the keyring, and Jenny watched with horror as her keys disappeared into the grated drain. Amy turned on her heels and walked towards her car.

"No!" Jenny screamed as the threw herself at the grate. She looked down. There was a small ledge, on which her keys lay. She was partially relieved, as they were within reach. So she put her hand through the grate, which was just about wide enough. But she could not get further than her wrist would allow, so she was only able to prod the keys with her forefinger. She put her other hand through the grating as well, so now she was holding the keys between her two forefingers. She was slowly getting her keys up.

Jenny's colleagues were treated to the delightful look of her bottom pointing at them. This was too much to bear for one of them, who just had to get himself a handful.

"EEEKK!" Jenny shouted, as she felt a hand on her behind. She jerked her hands downwards, into the drain. This made her grip on the keys loosen, and there was nothing she could do. They were gone forever.

Everyone was laughing at the sight of this, and suddenly everyone wanted a feel in. They all gathered around Jenny's nude body, and started feeling, prodding, poking, stroking, caressing her. Jenny wanted to fend off the hands, but her reaction to the first hand had driven her arms downward. The grate was too narrow to allow her to get her hands free. She was trapped.

Under all those hands, Jenny felt humiliated and violated. How could they do this to her? How could her own colleagues treat her like this? She knew most of them personally. She got along well with every last one of them. She had even tried her best to be a good listener whenever any of them needed to talk about their problems, and now they were treating her like a piece of meat.

Eventually, one of them tried to slip a finger into her sex. This was too much for Jenny to bear, and it made her panic. She started to cry, struggle, scream, very vigorously. This made most of them back away. Her newfound strength allowed her to break free of the grate, and she ran for her car. She received a few slaps on her lovely bottom as she ran past the cheering crowd. The way it jiggled as she ran, made some of them want more, so they ran after her. When Jenny reached her car she grabbed the handle but it was still locked. She hid in one of the bushes nearby. It was too thick for them to see her, but the happy crowd didn't give up easily. They began searching the grounds high and low for more Jenny. She just prayed that her husband would find her before they did.

Jenny's husband regained consciousness three hours later.

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**Jenny and the Investigator By Z**

The doorbell rang at eight o’clock sharp, just when the investigator said he would arrive in his brief phone call the day before. Jenny looked at her high white blouse in the mirror and smoothed a wrinkle in her gray calf-length skirt, then answered the door. A businesslike middle-aged gentleman in a shirt and tie stood in the morning sun. He held a file of papers and a camera. “Good morning”, he said, presenting his business card. “I am Mark Brock, the insurance investigator. I would like to speak with”, he consulted his file, “Jenny?”

“That’s me”, Jenny said, ushering him in to her living room. “But, I really don’t understand what this is about. No one was hurt in that little accident, and I haven’t filed a claim against anyone. It was nothing, really. Who reported this, anyway? I didn’t.”

Mr. Brock frowned. “Do I understand that it involved a fall from a ladder?” he asked. “Ladder falls are a leading source of injury, both in homes and in business. 50% of ladder falls over a height of seven feet are fatal, according to the European Ladder Safety Commission. Many falls from ladders result in sprains, fractures, and disabling injuries. Even minor falls must be examined to determine their cause. And as for who reported the incident, all accident reports are strictly confidential. My only goal is to get at the truth and prevent future injuries.”

Jenny was impressed, and resolved to be more careful around ladders. “If there is any way I can help, I will be glad to”, she said.

Mr. Brock smiled. “It’s my job to make this a safer world”, he said. “I believe another person was involved, a gentleman from next door named Mr. Jamison. I have contacted him and asked that he be ready to assist in a re-enactment of the incident”.

Jenny blushed. “Is that really necessary?” she asked. “I don’t want to bother him, and… it was kind of embarrassing…” Her voice trailed off.

“Actually, Mr. Jamison also was hesitant at first, but don’t worry – he was glad to help once he understood how important it is to ensure safe ladder use. He has agreed to meet us out on his patio area, next to yours. Please begin by dressing in the same clothing that you were wearing during the incident, as he will also. We just have a few minutes before 8:22, when I believe the accident happened. I want the sun to be in the same position to see if the lighting had any relationship to the accident.”

“The same clothing?” gasped Jenny. “Um, it was first thing in the morning… I wasn’t even dressed yet, really. And some of it was, uh, damaged…”

“Don’t worry”, said Mr. Brock. Get as close as you can to the same type, size and design as what you were actually wearing. Can you direct me out to the patio? I have to take some pictures of the area where it happened.”

Jenny showed him the way to her outside patio, where he began taking pictures of everything in sight with his digital camera. Then she went to her bedroom and closed the door. Good heavens, she thought as she removed her blouse and skirt. What had she been wearing two mornings ago? She had just got out of bed and gone out to water the plants…. She blushed again, even with no one to see. She had been wearing just a short pink nightie that was nearly transparent, and those little panties! The nightie her husband had given her was still in her drawer, and she had a similar set of panties… they were also pink, lacy and barely covered her pubic area. The panties were small and thin, and the nightgown was open in the middle and had only a single loose string near the neck to hold it together. She steeled herself with the thought that by cooperating in the investigation she might prevent someone else from being badly hurt, and hurriedly changed her clothes.

Before going out to the patio she hopefully thought that perhaps she had misunderstood Mr. Brock’s instructions about what to wear. She put on a long terrycloth bathrobe over her nightie in case the reenactment might not involve her being in front of her neighbor and the investigator in her sleeping clothes.

When she went outside her neighbor Harry Jamison was across the low wall next door, looking nervous. He was a young and athletic man who helped her with gardening and odd jobs sometimes. She was thankful that he was wearing a bathrobe, too – it was more than he was wearing the last time she saw him! Perhaps this would not be so embarrassing, after all.

Mr. Brock was taking pictures of her patio. Jenny was proud of her green thumb and delighted in her varieties of colorful flora. A trellis partially separated her yard from Mr. Jamison’s, and a thick growth of ivy from hanging pots covered most of that side of her patio. She had planted it for privacy when she sunbathed, but Mr. Jamison kept thinning it so that she sometimes wondered whether it really provided her enough privacy. Then again, he had assured her that he couldn’t see a thing through it, and that it would be healthier plant from the thinning. Mr. Jamison seemed to know a lot about plants.

“Is this the ladder from which the fall took place?” Mr. Brock asked, pointing at a wooden ladder near the low wall that separated the yards.

“Yes, that’s it,” confirmed Jenny.

He immediately photographed the ladder from all angles, read it’s warning labels out loud and examined it for damage. How thorough he is, thought Jenny. “Could you place the ladder exactly where it was when the fall happened?” he asked.

Jenny positioned it near the wall next to Mr. Jamison’s yard, where he took another picture of it. “Now if you both could please assume the same positions as you were in just before the accident occurred, and we’ll begin,” he said as he raised his camera. “Mr. Jamison, was that exactly how you were dressed at the time?”

Harry Jamison flushed a bit. “Er, no. Not exactly. Do I have to take this off?”

“Yes, of course. Good accident investigation requires an exact reenactment,” said Brock.

Mr. Jamison removed his bathrobe and stood in his boxer shorts. “I always water my flowers straight out of bed”, he said. I remember because that morning I bruised by foot on a pebble just before it all happened”.

Mr. Brock looked up with alarm. “You didn’t mention that injury!” he said. He prodded the foot and asked where it hurt, poking and massaging the area to assure that there was no hidden damage. He took several pictures of Jamison and his bruised foot then directed him to go on the other side of the hanging flowers in his side of the yard.

“And Jenny, was that exactly how you were dressed at the time?”

Well, if Mr. Jamison had to do it… “No”, she said with a sigh and removed her bathrobe. Her high firm breasts were clearly visible through the gauzy pink nightgown, and her nipples stiffened in the cool morning. A gentle breeze moved the sides of her nightgown apart, giving Mr. Brock a fine view of her little panties. She gasped and pulled the sides of her nightie together. He seemed not to notice, but took out his camera and took several pictures of her from various angles. Jenny would have protested, but she was sure that if Mr. Jamison had to be photographed in his boxer shorts the same had to go for her.

“Now, what were you doing on the ladder at the time?” he asked.

“Well, Harry….. I mean, Mr. Jamison, he gives me gardening advice and said that the best way to water plants is to do it first thing in the morning every day, before the sun heats them up too much. He says that as soon as I get up is the best time, so I had just come out to water them and had to go on the ladder to reach the tall ones.”

Mr. Brock nodded. “That is indeed the best botanical advice. Any experienced gardener would agree. Well then, up on the ladder with you. Are you ready, Mr. Jamison?” A voice from a few inches away on the other side of the hanging ivy answered affirmatively. “Is that exactly how you were wearing the clothing on the morning in question?” Jenny admitted to herself that the nightgown probably had not really been tied tightly around her neck that morning… as a matter of fact; just out of bed she wasn’t sure it had been tied at all. She untied the string and reknotted it loosely so that the sides of the nightie were a few inches apart, and her erect nipples were almost on display.

Mr. Brock handed Jenny a watering can and she carefully went up the ladder, as Mr. Brock took pictures of her from various angles below. He seemed to spend a lot of time examining the view up her legs to her tiny panties. When she was nearly at the top of the ladder she stopped and looked down at him. “This is where I was at, I think. I was watering this one first.” She indicated a plant about three feet in front of the ladder.

Mr. Brock moved to the front of the ladder and asked, “Would you show me exactly how you did that?”

Jenny complied by stretching forward, leaning over the top of the ladder. Her waist bent over the top step as she concentrated on moving the watering can into place, and her upper body was almost horizontal as she stretched her arm out. The sides of her nightie fell straight down, and were on both sides of the investigator’s head. Jenny’s entire breasts were in view just inches from his face. “Stay like that for a moment”, he said. “This is a classic example of overextension”.

He pointed the camera up at Jenny’s upper body, which was completely revealed by her hanging nightie. “Um, do you have to take pictures?” she asked. “Of course”, he said. “Don’t worry, they will only be in our internal files. All accident investigations are confidential”. With that reassurance Jenny resigned herself to him circling her and taking pictures of her as she extended herself uncomfortably on the ladder.

After what seemed an eternity he said, “And what did you plan to do next?” She pointed to another plant, this one a few feet to the side of the ladder. “I figured that as long as I was up here I should water that one as well. I guess it was too far away. I put one foot on the wall and the other on the ladder, and the next thing that I knew I was falling.”

“Well, Jenny, we certainly don’t want to exactly reenact an actual fall”, said Mr. Brock. Jenny was relieved at this information. Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad after all! “So we’ll just have to do the best we can with me supporting your body in the way that you fell. Don’t worry; I am well trained at this. Now I’ll support the ladder, and you put one foot on the wall”, he said. “Are you ready, Mr. Jamison?”, he called to the waiting neighbor behind the plants. Another affirmative reply came through the foliage.

Mr. Brock stood in front of Jenny holding the ladder with one hand as she gingerly extended her leg over to the wall two feet away. At the height she was at her little pink lace panties were right in front of his face. “And was this where you were when you lost your balance?”, he asked. “Yes”, she said with a gulp. “It just went out from under me, and I fell through the vines to Mr. Jamison’s side of the fence.”

“Since we can’t exactly replicate the fall in real-time, we’ll have to do it in slow motion”, said Mr. Brock. He carefully climbed over the wall and moved some hanging vines aside, where Jenny observed with surprise that he had set up another ladder on the other side. He stood on it and put his hands under Jenny’s arms, which had the effect of opening her nightdress so that her full breasts were exposed. “I will carefully lower you down and we will examine what happened next. I believe that you were watering your own plants at the time, Mr. Jamison?”

“Yes, I just happened to be, by chance. Then suddenly here comes my neighbor falling down towards me. I was afraid she’d be hurt, so I tried to catch her”. He put up his arms, hands outstretched towards Jenny’s body above him.

“Jenny, do you remember exactly what happened next?” asked Mr. Brock. Jenny nodded no. “It all happened so fast”, she said.

“I recall every bit of it quite well”, said Jamison. .”I tried to catch her, but she almost slipped through my hands.” Mr. Brock gently lowered Jenny towards Mr. Jamison’s waiting hands, which first contacted her at the knees and then slid lovingly up the outside of her thighs. Somehow my thumbs got caught”, he said as those thumbs went under the waistbands of Jenny’s panties on both sides. The rest of his hands extended back towards her lovely rump, kneading it gently. Jenny’s panties stretched upwards as her body lowered, and her blonde pubic hair quickly became visible on both sides of them. Jamison’s face was just inches below Jenny’s sex, looking upward worshipfully between her spread legs.

“I believe the garment actually failed, did it not?” asked Mr. Brock. Jenny nodded yes as she moved lower. Her panties were now pulled up almost to her navel, and their crotch practically disappeared inside her. “Um, that’s starting to hurt!” she gasped. Mr. Brock immediately pulled her over to the ladder on Jamison’s side and put her on an upper step, to her immense relief. He then stood next to it and directed Mr. Jamison back to his position in front of her, and took out his camera. “Please go back to where you were, and we’ll just simulate the fall by lowering you down the ladder. I believe your feet also were caught on his garment, as well?

Jenny blushed as Mr. Brock looped the edges of Jenny’s toes around Mr. Jamison’s boxer shorts. As Mr. Brock lowered her down the ladder they would come down too.

First Mr. Brock had to examine how Jenny’s panties were going to fare under the stress of the fall. As she stood on the ladder Harry Jamison enthusiastically put his hands inside Jenny’s panties and pulled them revealingly up and forward as before. Mr. Brock had to take several pictures of this phenomenon. Then he asked, “And did the other pair fail structurally on both sides?”

Jenny acknowledged that they had. The investigator then pulled out a small pair of scissors and cut them at the waist on both sides. “The company will replace these, of course”, he assured her. Jenny blushed as her lower body was fully revealed and her little pink panties fluttered to the ground. With a concerned voice, Mr. Brock asked whether the stress between her legs had been painful, to which Jenny replied, “A little”. Of course he then had to examine the area in a similar manner as he had when confronted with the earlier foot injury. He took several photographs one-handed while gently prodding and rubbing Jenny’s pubic area, causing a warm feeling in her and evoking several “Oh, my!” exclamations. Jenny actually began to feel a bit dizzy and tremble from the attention.

“Well, thankfully there is no injury.” he said and turned to the patiently waiting Jamison. Now if you can just go back to where you were and slowly reenact the incident…” That worthy dutifully placed his hands just above Jenny’s hips and his face an inch from her pubic hair. “You continued falling, I believe.

She couldn’t actually remember exactly how she had fallen, but if that was how her panties had torn then she supposed that this part had to come next. Gradually she lowered herself onto Jamison’s waiting face, as his hands slid up her body towards her breasts. For a moment she felt his warm breath at her most intimate place, and then it was gone.

Mr. Jamison stopped. It was at that time that I lost my balance and had to try to break her fall as I went down”, he said. “I tried to cushion her upper body, I recall, but it was hard because my shorts were around my ankles”. He dropped his boxer shorts, causing Jenny to avert her eyes. “I think that I first caught her again about these parts of her”. Then his hands were cupping her breasts, with her nipples between his fingers.

“Is that how you remember it, Jenny?” asked Mr. Brock. “I’m not sure” she gasped as her neighbor’s warm hands applied gently shifting pressure to her firm breasts. “It went so fast, it might have been, I was a little dizzy after the fall, wouldn’t I have remembered?” she babbled. The earlier pubic massage along with the nipple tweaking was causing the effect of a ringing in her ears and occasional involuntary gasps for breath.

Jamison said, “I am not sure exactly how it was, but I know they were in my hands somehow”. He then had to test several ways of holding her breasts – softly, firmly, squeezing them hard and then caressing them lightly from different angles. Mr. Brock then both photographed her nipples and tested them himself to make sure there was no bruising. He was very thorough.

Jenny was now breathing deeply and her face was flushed. “Do you remember how you landed, Jenny?” Brock asked. “Um, not exactly”, she replied. “Sort of in a heap. Um, I was kind of all over him.”

Her neighbor took over. “First, I was falling backwards myself now and she was coming down on top of me.” Mr. Brock simulated this by having Jamison lie down on the ground and then had Jenny come off the ladder. “Lean over him like you’re coming down”, he said. Jenny had to bend over deeply, which Brock photographed from several angles… particularly from behind, she noted distractedly. “I’ll support your body from here” he said and firmly held her at the waist so that she would not fall.

“How did you try to catch her?”, Brock asked Jamison. “Well, one hand was still over here”, he answered and once again seized her right breast and fondled it. Then he thought it might have been the left breast… no, definitely the right one – maybe the left? It took several minutes of testing to conclude that it had probably been the left breast after all.

Jenny then prepared for the final descent of her last two feet down onto Mr. Jamison’s nude body, with her neighbor’s hand vigorously clutching her breast. Brock guided her body down until her right breast was right above Jamison’s face. “I started to yell for help”, the prone man said and opened his mouth. Then Brock lowered her completely on top of him, so that one of Jenny’s nipples was in Jamison’s hand and the other in his mouth. She could feel his tongue searching it in little circles. Then he decided maybe it had been the other breast in his mouth after all, and had to switch hands and try that one. In between he said, “I think my knee might have hit her between the legs a little”, at which Mr. Brock had to give the area a thorough examination and another massage. Jenny moaned as pent-up sexual energy rocked her body. She shuddered with an orgasm and then convulsively went limp so that she was laying on top of her neighbor as he sucked her nipples.

“I think that at this point she slid down me about a foot” said Jamison between mouthfuls of Jenny. She dutifully slid a few inches and then became aware that he wasn’t wearing any boxer shorts any more, and that something was beginning to slide inside her! “Omigod, I am sure that didn’t happen!”, she objected. Jamison reluctantly admitted that his memory might have been wrong on that part.

“Was this then the way that you remember it, Jenny?” asked Mr. Brock. She agreed that she did remember something like landing on top of her neighbor and winding up naked, embarrassed and with her breasts in his hand and mouth. “And what happened next?”

“I jumped up and climbed back over the wall as fast as I could. I was so embarrassed!” she said.

“All right, I believe that completes the reenactment portion of our investigation” , said Brock. Please carefully proceed back to your living room and meet me there, dressed as you are, for a final examination. Let me have a moment for a brief interview and examination of Mr. Jamison, and I‘ll be over in about five minutes. I’ll also measure you for a new pair of panties then.”

Jenny nodded and got up off her happy neighbor, then carefully climbed the ladder and disappeared through the hanging plants and went back to her home.

“Whooee, Harry, you were sure right about that girl!”, said Brock. “Gorgeous and gullible at the same time, what a combination. This sure beats taking reports about dented fenders.”

Harry Jamison grinned. “I thought the game was up and she knew I’d been watching her when she came flying right over the fence at me. Turns out she was just clumsy. Say, you’re going to give me copies of those photos, aren’t you, Mark?”

“Sure, old pal. Thank heavens for digital cameras, I must have about 200 on here. I think I’ll put them on my website, that girl deserves a whole page devoted to her. But first I have an appointment with Jenny… to examine her all over, and to measure her for new panties! See you later!” And Mr. Brock climbed back over the wall with a smile on his face….