**Jenny 1999**

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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)

\_\_\_

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.

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"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.